

# d.b.a.

April

Sun.1- Paul Sanchez 6PM  
Johnny J & the Hitmen 10PM  
Mon. 2- Bob French & Friends 10PM \$10  
Tue.3- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM  
Wed.4- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM  
Thu.5- David Torkanowsky Trio 10PM  
Fri.6- Hot Club of New Orleans 6PM  
New Orleans NightCrawlers Brass Band 10PM \$5  
Sat.7- John Boutte' 7PM  
Steven Walker's Funk & Horns 10PM \$5  
Sun.8- Paul Sanchez 6PM Schatzy 10PM  
Mon. 9- Andy j Forest 10PM  
Tue. 10- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM  
Wed.11- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM  
Thu. 12- Gal Holiday & the Honkey Tonk Revue 10PM  
Fri. 13- Ingrid Lucia 6PM  
Brian Seeger & the Gentilly Groove Masters 10PM \$5  
Sat. 14- John Boutte' 7PM The Iguanas 11PM \$10  
Sun. 15- Linnzi Zaorski 6PM Lynn Drury 10PM  
Mon. 16- Bob French & Friends 10PM \$10  
Tue. 17- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM  
Wed.18- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM  
Thu. 19- Paul Sanchez 8PM Clint Maedgen 10PM  
Fri. 20- Hot Club of New Orleans 6PM  
Egg Yolk Jubilee 10PM \$5  
Sat. 21- John Boutte' 7PM  
Corey Henry & the Young Fellas 11PM \$5  
Sun. 22- Linnzi Zaorski 6PM  
Wayne Maureau Trio 10PM  
Mon. 23- Joe Krown Organ Combo 10PM  
Tue. 24- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM  
Wed. 25- Walter Wolfman Washington 10PM  
Thu. 26- Chappy 6PM Rotary Downs 10PM \$5  
Fri. 27- Kenny Brown 8PM  
Little Freddie King 11PM \$5 Eric Lindell 2AM \$10  
Sat. 28- John Boutte' 8PM \$5  
Happy Talk Band & Morning 40 Federation- Midnight \$10  
Sun.29- Linnzi Zaorski 8PM \$5  
Staton Moore Trio- Midnight \$20  
Mon.30- Bob French & Friends 7PM \$10  
Illuminasty Trio (Mike Dillon, Skerik & James Singleton) 11PM \$10

www.drinkgoodstuff.com

618 Frenchmen St.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA

## COLUMN commentary

# NOTES FROM LA VISTA LIFE IS BUT A DREAM

by patrick strange [patrick@antigravitymagazine.com](mailto:patrick@antigravitymagazine.com)

Los Angeles has angularly trimmed hedges. Its sidewalks are power-washed and carefully caulked as to leave no room for thistles or tattered dandelions. Los Angeles has linoleum-smooth streets, buses that run on environmentally safe super-clean fuel sources, timed irrigated flower beds, painted white crosswalks (three coats), blue recycling bins (made of recycled plastic, of course), middle-aged women dressed like teenagers and crisp candy-bright neon signage. Los Angeles has acupuncturists, lots and lots of acupuncturists.

Comparing Los Angeles to present day New Orleans is an exercise in the resolution of extremes. Apples and oranges. Kittens and orcas. Nagin and Bloomberg. If Los Angeles were to seep across the North American continent like a slow vinegary ooze of suburban sprawl, finally lapping up against the rocks of Nova Scotia in giant folds of curdled cement, it would no doubt be repelled from watery New Orleans in large wide circular fashion.

The two just don't mix.

The complete departure from all things hometown – humidity, pot holes, bowed door frames, cheap whiskey, heavy rains, gun fights, blighted houses, friendly faces – in exchange for all things La La Land has an almost immediate affect on sensibility. Strolling down Sunset Blvd. on a sunny Friday afternoon is proof positive that if you populate your surroundings with enough designer boutiques and non-native palm trees, not to mention an ample distribution of glitzy drag queens, the outside world just sort of dissipates into the great beyond. New Orleans could be a lonely outpost on a melting Arctic glacier as far as Los Angeles is concerned. The disconnection is astonishing in its absoluteness.

To be here is, in a way, to surrender to excess and self-amusement. To be here is, in a way, to forget.

I have to admit that since I've been in L.A., I've felt a not-so-pleasant weightiness slowly slide off my back – a purging of something dark and thick like bromine. I know how fashionable it is to hate LA. and prefer NYC with all of its hipster boroughs and elevated public transit, but there is something enthralling about a place that reaches a collective orgasm every time Kanye buys a new mansion in Beverly Hills. Who knows, perhaps I'm a just a glutton for the absurd, which might explain just about everything.

And the escape is almost complete; ideal, pure and perfect. New Orleans nearly occupies a place that is somehow, if only temporarily, nudged to the side and dulled in the distance. I really think someone could have a clean break with time to heal if only there weren't so many Los Angelenos that are so...well, how's one say it? So...detached.

I really think I could happily row my boat gently down the river Lethe if I wasn't spurred to action by the ill-informed, insensitive and downright insulting comments of some of the people I've met here – and I don't even get out much. I sometimes stay in my apartment for days at a time.

For your consideration:

I was having dinner one night with some friends and a few new acquaintances when this woman decides to chat it up about New Orleans. She leans over to me and with that airline attendant type way of appearing courteous but not overtly flirtatious, she starts.

"So, I have some friends that just came back from New Orleans," she said New Orleans like *New Or-lee-ons*, "and they say you guys don't even have street signs down there. Is that true?"

"Well...there're not a lot of street lights working either," I countered.

"But no street signs!" she said just loud enough so everyone at the table could hear her. "What the hell is going on down there? I can't even imagine."

I restrain myself from taking my fork and jabbing it into her undulating throat as she struggles on a chunk of half-chewed roasted duck curry. I take a deep breath.

"Well, street signs are one thing, but we barely have a functioning justice system."

A pause. Nothing.

"It's just a mess down there. Isn't it?" she continued, "no street signs...absolutely unbelievable."

These people. The condescension is maddening. How could I ever describe to her the scope of the situation? I decide not even to try to explain that there are whole neighborhoods without inhabitants; whole areas still pretty much the same as they were a year and a half ago.

Lady, fuck the street signs.

And then there was the guy sitting around a hookah at this weird pool-side party that sort of reminded me of something out of Karate Kid. After taking great pains to make sure everyone at the dojo understood that he was not only from Harlem but grew up listening to Motown and gospel and that his grandparents picked cotton as share croppers in Alabama, this guy turns to me without warning and grabs my hand as if he has some very special secret to tell me and only me.

"So, were your friends and family alright?"

"Yeah, they were all alright," I replied. "Thanks."

"Oh, I forgot," he said. And then, equipped with sarcasm and despicable grin, he added, "You're not poor and black. I guess you and yours got out just fine."

I won't go into what happened next, but I will say that it involved some nasty words on my part and repeated apologies on his.

These people. If only I was left to my own devices and able to obliviously tromp about this playland of shimmer and giant sunglasses, I could definitively check out, go native, make believe that the world stops at Catalina Island and becomes uninhabitable just past Vegas. But I really don't think I could no matter how much I try and no matter how big and dark my eyewear becomes.

I'm beginning to think that living in Los Angeles is a lot like dropping acid: You'll be just fine as long as you don't talk to strangers and don't stare at anything for too long. I'll just have to wait and see if I'm able to stay within my limits this time around. **AG**