

d.b.a.

JUNE

Fri.1- Hot Club of New Orleans 6PM
Grayson Capps 10PM \$5
Sat.2- John Boutte' 7PM
Sun.3- Linnzi Zaorski 6PM
Washboard Chaz Blues Trio 10PM
Mon. 4- Bob French & Friends 9PM \$10
Tue. 5- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed.6- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM
Thu. 7- Paul Sanchez 7PM
Clint Maedgen 11PM
Fri. 8- Ingrid Lucia 6PM
Brian Seeger & the Gentilly Groove Masters 10PM \$5
Sat. 9- John Boutte' 7PM
Otra 11PM \$5
Sun. 10- Linnzi Zaorski 6PM
Mon. 11- Bob French & Friends 9PM \$10
Tue. 12- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed.13- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM
Thu. 14- Paul Sanchez 7PM
Joe Krown Organ Combo 11PM
Fri. 15- Hot Club of New Orleans 6PM
Mem Shannon & the Membership 10PM \$5
Sat. 16- John Boutte' 7PM
Steven Walker's Funk & Horns 11PM \$5
Mon. 18- Bob French & Friends 9PM \$10
Tue. 19- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed. 20- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM
Thu. 21- Paul Sanchez 7PM
Palmetto Bug Stompers 11PM
Fri. 22- Ingrid Lucia 6PM
Good Enough for Good Times
feat. Mercurio & Raines(Galactic) 10PM \$5
Sat. 23- John Boutte' 7PM
The Iguanas 11PM \$10
Sun. 24- Linnzi Zaorski 6PM Schatzy 10PM
Mon. 25- Bob French & Friends 9PM \$10
Tue. 26- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed. 27- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM
Thu. 28- Paul Sanchez 7PM
Scott Albert Johnson 11PM
Fri. 29- Hot Club of New Orleans 6PM
John Mooney 10PM \$10
Sat. 30- Papa Grows Funk 11PM \$10

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NEW ORLEANS, LA

COLUMN commentary

NOTES FROM LA VISTA TIME KEEPS ON STICKING

by patrick strange patrick@antigravitymagazine.com

Los Angeles has a wonderful way of making you believe in the impossible. The thousands of aspiring thespians, musicians and fashionistas that migrate to L.A. every year is a true testament to the city's power. From far-flung outcrops across Middle America to rural townships that litter the South, something about L.A. beckons the idealistic dreamers among us all; no matter ilk or education. Think back to when you were in high school and to those kids with the porcelain complexions, the insatiable hankerings for a summer abroad in Paris and killer deliveries in the school production of *Brigadoon*, if they didn't stumble into matrimony following the senior trip to Cancun, chances are that they are somewhere living the dream in L.A.

And good for them.

L.A. is a force to be reckoned with and its greatest talents are those that seep into your skin slowly, medicating you in small doses like a nicotine patch. The hype and the glitter dazzles, but the feel of a place is what holds you; anchors you and keeps you from moving on. It's this thing that makes a city. It's unnamable; unmovable. There is no relevant place without it.

Take New Orleans. People come to New Orleans for all sorts of reasons—the romance, the lifestyle, the way a row of shotgun houses line up in a majestic uniformity on a bright day—but why do they stay? It's something else. It's beyond the people and the talk and the smells and it's difficult to locate, much less communicate.

People that share a love for a place have a quiet understanding. Places are important.

What is fascinating about living in L.A. is the sense that time can be suspended, drawn-out, put on hiatus and completely stopped. To anyone from the Deep South where the years and days are nearly split in two perfect halves—summer and winter, equal hours of day and night, dry season and hurricanes season—time passes in a series of quick forward jolts like a wheelbarrow pushed through deep mud. We might for a while forget worldly matters, but sooner or later the blows of time smack us in the face. A sudden, dark thunderstorm on a hot summer day does this, as does a September cold front; an evacuation—all measuring sticks that help us gauge where we've been and where we're going.

The weather in southern California is glorious. I cannot lie. I've never seen such color. I drove through Salinas Valley and Steinbeck held dominion over everything. Until then, I never understood the meaning behind all the "mustard yellow valleys" and "glinted mountains" of the California writers, but I do now. And in the city it's no different. I, at first, thought that Los Angeles was just a jagged scrape of cement and metal; a big desert-Pacific version of Baton Rouge. I was wrong. I'm astonished at how angular the light can be and how many patterns a building can take during a single afternoon.

The only thing is...every day is a sunny day. For three months I haven't seen a drop of rain or a thunder cloud or even a fog that could make your shoelaces wet, much less the back of your neck. And the temperature, forget it. The temperature here is better controlled than in a natural history museum. Thus, the tonic starts to course through your veins and suddenly, nothing changes. With every day like the last one, you begin to lose track of time. You wake up in the morning and the sun's so bright through the windows that you forget to go outside all day, and even the next. People don't normally call you but when they do, it seems that the voice comes from some far insurmountable place where even if plans were made; you'd be too lethargic to carry them out. Why bother? There's always tomorrow.

Los Angeles does this. There's a heavy isolation that hangs around just long enough for it to become familiar; almost depended upon. A cozy conservatism wraps you up like a thick blanket and you start thinking that you can live here, just like this, forever.

I want more than anything a hard rain, like the ones that you can set your watch to during summer afternoons back home. I'd give anything for a crashing lightning strike, a power outage, a street flooding—a puddle. Perhaps there is something after all to the feeling of pending apocalypse in L.A. All the film images of urban decay, environmental catastrophe, earthquakes, and riots burning block after block speak of the primordial fear that Los Angelenos have of sudden, violent change. But, maybe it's not all dread but also a sort of welcoming; a preparedness for the inevitable. Maybe it's a secret, almost unthinkable longing for something to come and wake us up from all this dreaming and set us out again in a direction worth going towards.

And in this way, we will all be brought up to speed.**AG**