

d.b.a.

May

Tue.1- Joe Krown Organ Combo 7PM
Johnny Vidacovich Duo feat. Skerik 11PM \$10
Skerik's Maelstrom Trio 2AM \$5
Wed.2- Clint Maedgen 7PM
Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 11PM \$5
Thu.3- Ingrid Lucia 4:30PM
Grayson Capps 8PM \$5
Burnside Exploration Midnight \$10
Fri.4- Zydepunks 8PM \$5
Lost Bayou Ramblers 11PM \$5
Rob Wagner Trio 2AM \$5
Sat.5- Hot Club of New Orleans 8PM \$5
Anders Osbourne Midnight \$15
Sun.6- Tin Men 8PM \$5
Stanton Moore Trio Midnight \$20
Mon. 7- Bob French & Friends 4PM \$10
Back Door Slam 8PM 007 11PM
Tue. 8- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed.9- Walter Wolfman Washington & the Roadmasters 10PM
Fri. 11- Ingrid Lucia 6PM Russell Batiste 10PM \$5
Sat. 12- John Boutte' 7PM Otra 11PM \$5
Sun. 13- Linnzi Zaorski 6PM Gradeaux 10PM
Mon. 14- Bob French & Friends 10PM \$10
Tue. 15- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed.16- Walter Wolfman Washington 10PM
Thu. 17- Country Fried 10PM
Fri. 18- Hot Club of New Orleans 6PM
Chief Doucette & New Orleans Finest 10PM \$5
Sat. 19- Good Enough for Good Times
feat. Mercurio & Raines(Galactic) 11PM \$5
Sun. 20- Linnzi Zaorski 6PM
David Mahoneys Gathering 10PM
Mon. 21- Bob French & Friends 10PM \$10
Tue. 22- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed. 23- Walter Wolfman Washington 10PM
Thu. 24- Palmeto Bug Stompers 10PM
Fri. 25- Ingrid Lucia 6PM
Egg Yolk Jubilee 10PM \$5
Sat. 26- John Boutte' 7PM
Kirk Joseph's Backyard Groove 11PM
Sun. 27- Linnzi Zaorski 8PM \$5 Schatzy 10PM
Mon. 28- Bob French & Friends 10PM \$10
Tue. 29- Johnny Vidacovich Duo 10PM
Wed. 30- Walter Wolfman Washington 10PM
Thu. 31- Gal Holiday & the Honky Tonk Revue 10PM

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NEW ORLEANS, LA

COLUMN commentary

NOTES FROM LA VISTA A TALE OF TWO PRETTIES

by patrick strange patrick@antigravitymagazine.com

Being born and bred in Louisiana, one gets accustomed to a life without certain amenities like having hot school lunches, going to dentists that use novocain, walking on sidewalks or having jobs that offer adequate healthcare. This is not to suggest that such things are necessary for a meaningful or even privileged life, it's just that being a Louisianian means being grateful for what you got and being happy that what you got doesn't in fact kill you. Whether we admit it or not, to a certain degree we are all American ascetics by default. Of course, the key word here is *American*.

What can be said about Louisiana cannot be said about all North American states and provinces; however, especially California.

Originally named by Spanish explorers after the mythical Queen Califa, ruler of a paradise island entirely populated by beautiful and robust black Amazon women (that's right, Western Europeans have always been twisted little fetishists), California has been the end of the rainbow since its inception: the isle of sexually potent superwomen, the land of gold and silver...the cradle of Ryan Seacrest and Paris Hilton. All the mythmaking has truly paid off, not to mention the miles of fertile farmland and sheer people power, so that California has become the richest state in America and, if it was a country to itself, would have the eighth largest economy in the world. And boy, does it show.

Since I've been in southern California, I've been assaulted relentlessly and quite completely by one object of constant rumination. Money. And believe me, I've never been one to obsess much about money. Just ask my dad about the time he eagerly called to inform me of my MCAT scores only to hear that I had decided not to become a doctor but to study literature and maybe write a wee bit of poetry—he still can't talk about it without tearing up and summoning for a Coors Light.

Yet, here I am. I see a grove of imported South Pacific palm trees. Money. I pass the immaculate Ghery-designed Disney Concert Hall. Money. I walk by elementary schools that look as only airports look where I come from. Money. I enter a public library built like Cortana Mall with escalators, elevators, functioning computer labs, an audio book section, a comic book section, video documentaries and an entire floor of hardcover, first edition volumes on French and German Post-Postmodernism philosophers. Money. Money. Money.

And this is not the Cletus comes to the big city "Well gee whiz, look at that there big old heap of a building" moment, but something much more textured and troubling. Sure, I'm in no way immune to the intoxicating draw of pretty things. In fact, just the other day I tried on a pair of \$400 designer sunglasses just for kicks and let me tell you, it felt as if God herself was blocking my pupils from those invisible yet all too sinister UV rays. But my point is that there's something inside me that's not envious, but a little bit angry—a little bit suspicious of all these resources and for that which they are used.

Perhaps it's the plight of us New Orleanians that everywhere we go, we compare the price tag for their new botanical gardens or science center or green-screen booty-shakin' music video against what it would cost to repair our city's plumbing or streets or yes, even our unfinished levees. I can't remember if I made these comparisons before August '05, but I know that I've had a knack for evaluating the cost of public works ever since.

And what's really troubling is that although judgmental, I really can't find anyone suitable to blame. Who deserves it? The real estate tycoon who bequeaths his gardens to the citizens of Pasadena? The City Council member who wants to dish out an extra mil for a super-fast digital card catalog? Or maybe the record label that drops 800 grand on the WWF Girls and pillow fights for a music video? (Okay, so maybe that record producer is not entirely inculpable.)

But when it comes down to it, no one is truly fit for crucifying. And perhaps I am somewhat envious. Maybe I do wish we had the things that they take for granted. Maybe I am just a little bit petty. Maybe I should be blaming myself.

The realization of two distinct worlds coexisting in this country is nothing new, and the mentioning of it has become borderline cliché and problematic—as if by merely observing we have fulfilled our responsibility to enact change. It's just that these days the disparity is all the more distinct and therefore unsettling, especially when back home there is so much left undone.

So while I'm here, I guess the best I can do is to try to enjoy the finer things in life and try not to ruin everything with introspection. I'll take a stroll through the museum. I'll stop to smell those bright big Pasadena roses. Hell, I'd might even go and buy those designer glasses that felt so good if only I didn't look like such a fool wearing them. I'll take what this place has to offer, all the while trying to remember that even with all that has happened how damn lucky we are and how privileged we were to have grown up in the place that we did. There's really no other like it, which is a damn crying shame. **AG**