

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

MARCH 19, 2020 BY MIKE T

The Streets, The People, and Chickie Wah Wah...

First, the streets of New Orleans... they read like history, a bit exotic but definitely musical.

I submit the following;

Bienville street

Bayou Road

Burgundy Street

Calliope Street

Carondelet Street

Dauphine Street

Gentilly Boulevard

Prytania Street

Tchoupitoulas Street

Ursuline Street

and my favorite, Evangeline

And now on to the neighborhoods, which I might underscore here, are distinct, with very very definite sense of the people living there taking great pride in where they are;

Garden District

Mid City

City Park

Uptown

Bayou St. John

Algiers

Treme

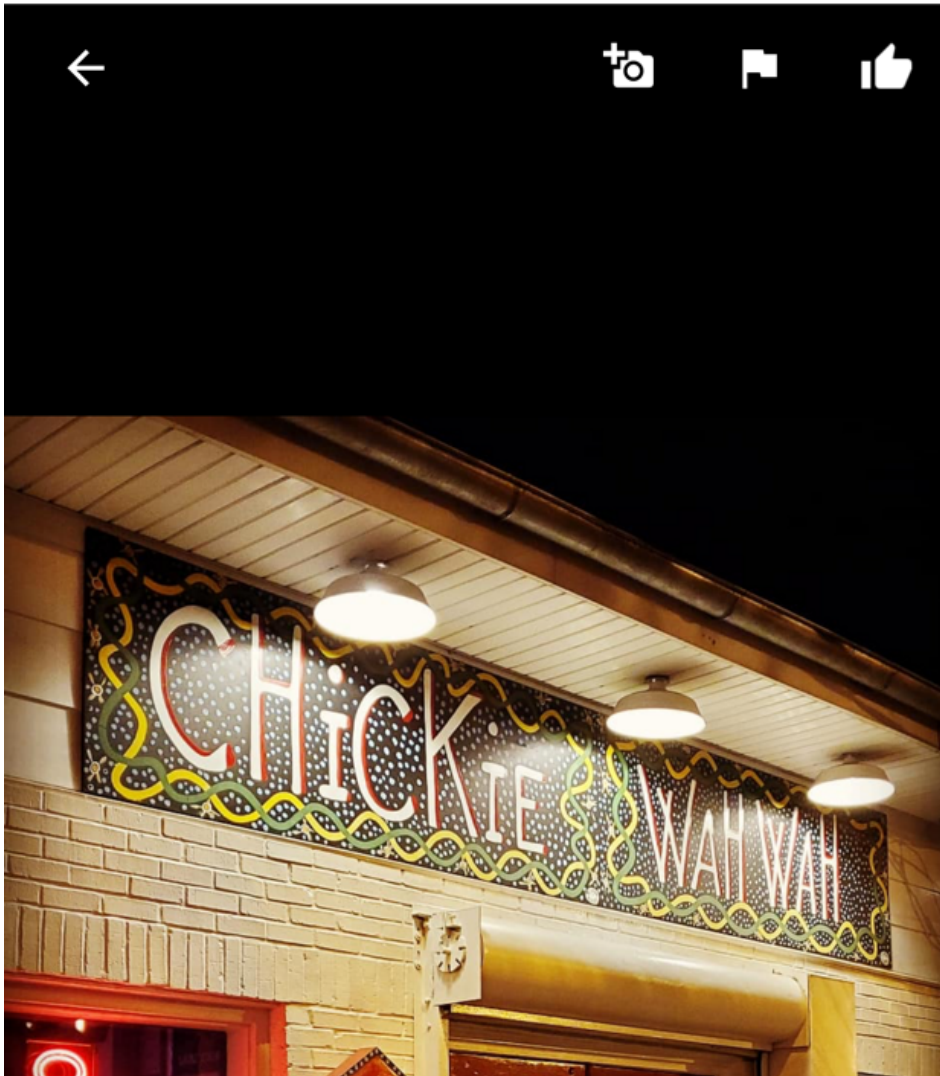
Bywater

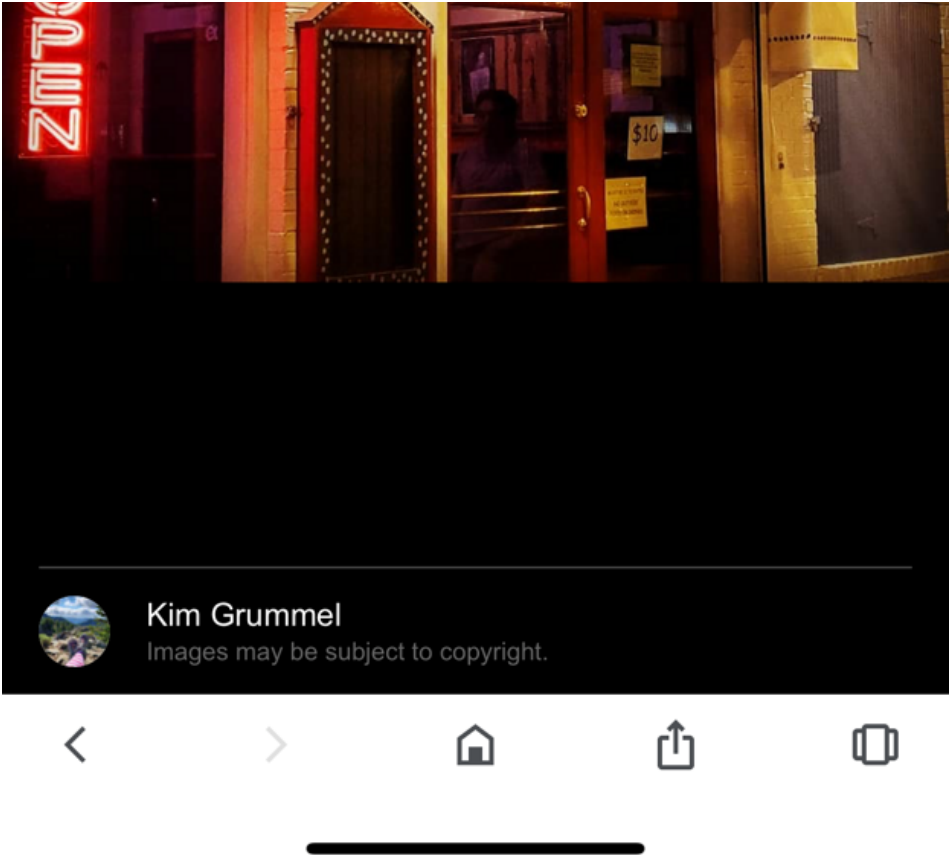
Holy Grove just to name a few

After only a few days I feel the rhythm of this city, not in its music, which is certainly alive and well, but in the people living here. It did not earn the name Big Easy accidentally. It is all good, It is good mornings and how ya doin and lovely day sort of exchanges. This is not to say that there are not the problems haunting any large city, but they just seem to carry on and not let it rule their lives... are you listening California peeps?

We had our first night out for music at Chickie Wah Wah, a local bar and music club where we heard world class boogie woogie and zydeco by John Cleary and his trio. Moment of the night? When he broke into Tipitina, you would have thought the Saints had once again won the Super Bowl. The crowd went wild. Nice feeling to be in this place wrapped in this vibe.

6:01 ↵











Now let me tell you about the Parkway Bakery and Tavern... that shown above, faithful reader, is half of an oyster Po Boy which was as fast as Mrs. T could get a picture before I

ate the whole thing. In this neighborhood everyone knows, Monday and Wednesday is oyster days. Which is to say, those are the days you can feast on this little bit of heaven at the Parkway. Oh my.

NOTE TO READER: Well, here is your real time report. Gym closed but never fear, Mrs. T has taken it upon herself to re-form the booty girls, you know who you are back in Santa Cruz, who for the uninitiated are the group of ladies my dear wife trains on a regular basis. I have but one thing to say, I feel your pain. She is a whip and pair of leather boots away from being a dominatrix! And what the hell is this thing she does where she says, “Ok, let’s do twenty crunches” and then counts to 24! I call foul my friends... the Dude will not allow this to stand. But alas, twice a day I smile and enter into Mrs. T’s house of pain... this must be true love...

 **UNCATEGORIZED**