

Hangin' in the Treme Watchin' people sashay Past my steps By my porch In front of my door

Church bells are ringin'
Choirs are singing
While the preachers groan
And the sisters moan
In a blessed tone

Down in the Treme
Just me and my baby
We're all going crazy
While jamming and having fun

Down in the Treme
Is me and my baby
We're all going crazy
While jamming and having fun
Trumpet bells ringing
Bass drum is swinging
As the trombone groans
And the big horn moans
And there's a saxophone

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## Treme

The first riffs of the song "Treme", transports me straight to New Orleans. I can see the different neighborhoods, taste the Creole cuisine, and hear the sounds pouring out from one street corner to another.

New Orleans is a special city. Summertime in New Orleans smells of sweet magnolias and the air is so thick you can literally cut it with a knife. The pace is slow, the smiles are genuine, and the days pass by like boats on the great Mississippi.

On our first visit to New Orleans, we wandered through the Treme district to listen to some jazz music at Kermit Ruffin's Treme Mother-in-Law Lounge. Kermit was performing that evening in a quintet with four other top-tier jazz musicians. We had a wonderful time, sitting at the bar, relishing the music, nursing down ice-cold beers and munching on chilled crawfish. At the end of the night, we hiked back to our hotel in the Quarter. People living in Treme called out to us from their stoops, warning us that it was too dangerous to walk these streets after dark. But we did, and ever since, we've managed to explore every street and alley way of Treme, and have been treated just fine.

The people of New Orleans absolutely love to celebrate---where else in the world would people have a "costume closet" as a standard household fixture. For this series, I've projected a series of painted images of New Orleans scenes onto a model Nicky, who is "jamming and having fun," as she swings to the rhythms and beats of New Orleans.























































