Welcome, Bitter South!

Come on in, Bitter Southerners. Welcome to the Immune to Boredom vineyard, where The Writer toils day and night to amuse and delight you.

As if.

If you clicked over from the big Mardi Gras opus, please hang around a spell, maybe click the Follow button, maybe check out some of the existing posts that have amused and delighted tens and dozens of your fellow human persons over the past year or so.

Short story: I am an Unreliable Narrator seeking connection in a fragmented world.

Longer story: I love music, books, movies, food, drink, people, stories, culture of all kind (lo, mid, and high brows are all dandy). The blog is my outlet for smart-assery and deep-ish thinking. I am militant about the Oxford comma. I play guitar, try to be a decent parent/spouse/neighbor. I think that covers it.

I hope you'll stick around, or come back and visit from time to time. Door is always open.

As for the epic Mardi Gras article, some honorifical hyperbole and harumphage is in order:

- Mad huge thanks to the Bitter Southerner team for the opportunity to share a story and for the incredible

art direction and execution.

- Ryan Hodgson-Rigsbee knows how to point and shoot a camera box. Seriously, the guy has the eye for New Orleans. I’m honored to see my words next to his images.
- Tip of the band hat to Ben and the Panorama team for support and patience. Not many people make it upstairs at The Spotted Cat; the honor is mine. People: go buy everything they have to offer. You have my personal guarantee.
- Mazel tov to the Krewe du Jieux heroes who took me in even as they had no idea what I might say about them. I hope they don’t regret their kindness.
- My tight bud and wingman Thelonious Morganfield gave me guidance, inspiration, and essential designated driving support as we conducted “research”. I am most fortunate in my choice of friends.
- Mi familia. Words fail. I am the luckiest boy ever.

Thanks for checking in. And Happy Mardi Gras.