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.

Jock-a-mo feena hey

Photo by Ryan Hodgson-Rigsbee. This cat knows how to captcha New Orleans.

Apologies for the radio silence, my multitudes. The Writer has been OCD-level consumed with an epic exploration of New

Orleans/Mardi Gras/Musical Gumbo since September. It was supposed to be a nice, little article about one of my favorite NOLA bands, The Panorama Jazz Band. In the end….well, let's just say that it took on a momentum of its own and became something a wee bit more….involved. Story gone got hold my chicken wire, put the good foot pumping, let the voodoo loose with the boozy whoop and a fatmouth beer.

Indeed, this ranks as "a very serious, thoughtful, argument that has *never been made* in such detail or with such care."<fn>Bonus points to anyone who catches the reference. No Googling!</fn> I'm busting buttons here.

Anyway, it's almost done, and it should appear on your nearest Internet device at The Bitter Southerner this coming Tuesday, Mardi Gras Day.

Today, I came across this Spotify playlist from the Rounder Records folks, and it is a cool collection of 18 very diverse tracks that paint a broader picture of NOLA music than most people typically imagine. Give it a spin to get a little *tu way pocky way* vibe going in your world.

Come Tuesday, please check out the very serious, thoughtful etc. magnum opus. I can promise that, even though the words may drive you to drink (you're welcome), the photography is gonna bullseye hit your cultural g-spot.

Return to regular i2blogging resumes soon. Til then, *mighty kootie fiyo*.