

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

MARCH 24, 2020 BY MIKE T

The Art of New Orleans, Tattoos, and the Infamous Mr. Tim

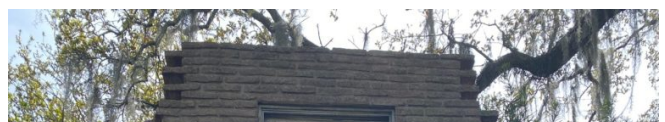
Well, last post from beautiful New Orleans mid city district. This particular area, as I have said, is just a regular old neighborhood... well, if regular means a bayou runs through it or filled with 100+ year old shotgun homes. It is also mercifully miles from the French Quarter. The random public art, all volunteered by residents, is marvelous... see gallery below.

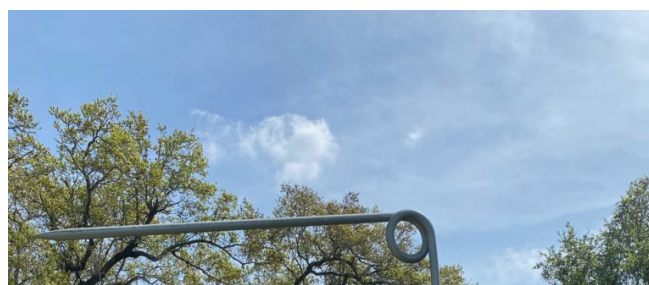






As well, we have the fabulous city park which has been walking distance (well, borderline hiking distance but that is just me) from our home. The sculpture garden is as well curated as the rest of the 1,300 acre park. Every inch seems to be well tended, enough to make any public works employee giddy.











Not to mention the surprising and random murals we see walking the back streets of mid city...



And the sights along the aforementioned bayou (don't you just love that word?) from dubious warning signs to wildlife and of course Mr. T's favorite pastime of just lying on the

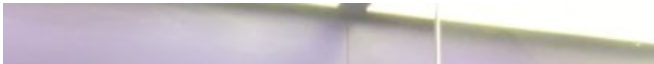
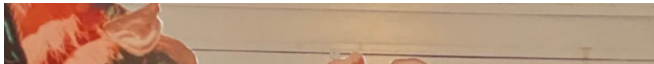
grass contemplating the universe... at least that is what I call it. Mrs. T has a completely different term for it...

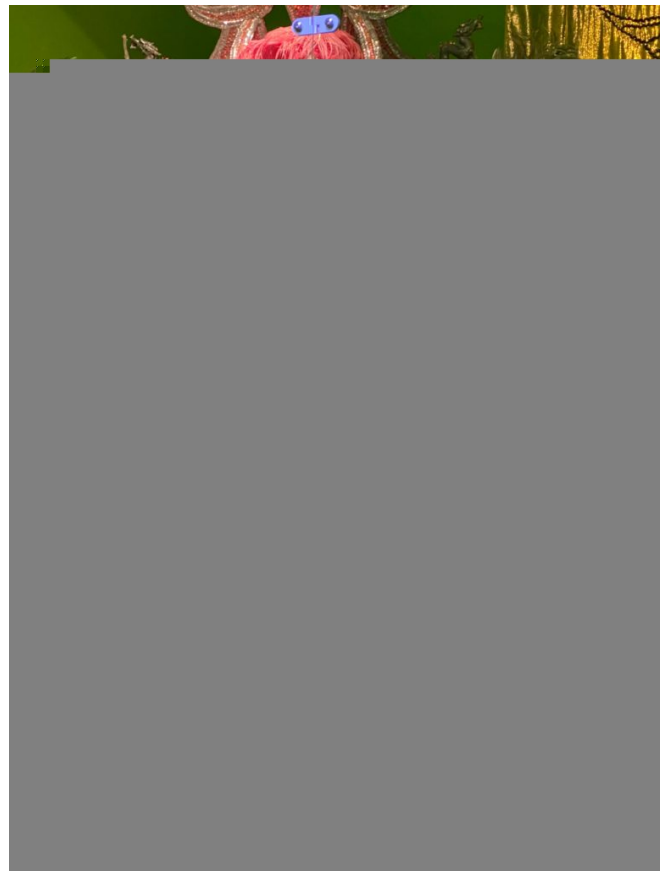




We had the pleasure of visiting the Mardi Gras exhibit which was almost as amazing as the event itself. Learned about the whole krew mentality and was fascinated by the Zulu Krew of the Zulu Social Aid and Pleasure Club, which is located just blocks from where we are living.







The last day of human contact for us was getting the scheduled tattoo from Downtown Tattoo in the Quarter. A bit risky, I suppose, but it was a week before the mayor shut everything down and the Quarter was empty, since the bars were being made to close at the horrible hour of 11PM... lousy temperance people..

We said a farewell to Mayhew Bakery just down the street. They have only been open for one year so I fear for their continued success. The bread wonderful, the owners working the place themselves from baking to serving 16 hours a day... best biscuits I have ever tasted.

And now my friends, the moment has arrived to introduce you to the remarkable, infamous, big hearted, musical encyclopedia, and often irritating Mr. Tim...

Let's start with his home. It is eclectic squared, from old posters from his band days, Dirty Butter, to autographed photos of Eddie Haskell. His New Orleans home looks like they transported his 3rd St Santa Cruz house lock, stock and pinups in tack to New Orleans. The 3rd St house had a bit of infamy of its own, being the scene of countless all night parties, dancing, drinking, singing, playing music, eating, and activities which I will leave to your own fertile imagination...

First stop, the race track with the big man... he lives across the street from it in the Gentilly District...

Afterward, a big fat italian dinner at Tim's place and countless spinning of 45's ... he is the doo wop master of the universe and has more vinyl than I have ever seen in one place

outside of a record store... He has a special fondness for Mrs. T, she being a regular oh so many years ago at his parties...

Don't you just love that face? He will curse you out for 20 minutes for being so dumb as to enter some tourist trap restaurant in the Quarter and then proceed to feed you forever. I cannot count the number of people who were down and out who were saved by him. I am writing this because there is little chance of him reading it since he still has a flip phone which barely works and refused to have any wifi or other silly form of new fangled stuff in his life, including a CD player... "That shit is just a fad, records are coming back."

Many meals at home lately with old standards like meatballs and spaghetti, sausage sandwiches, hamburgers on heavenly Mayhew's bakery buns. Then there is the local stuff I have fallen in love with... red beans and rice, boudin, fried pork chops, hush puppies. The fusion fun of andouille nachos as well...

Well, next stop is Panama City, Florida. We have a little bayside place there for a week with the luxury of having kayaks and paddle boards at our disposal to while away the self imposed isolation... sure glad I like this woman... well, in spite of her tortuous workout sessions twice a day. The bright side? We could be hiking!

Hearing conflicting reports of restricted travel, we will sneak into the sunshine state disguised as rogue alligators... speaking of which, we will in fact be kayaking but will most likely stay off the paddle boards in the bayous of Panama City!

our next home

 **UNCATEGORIZED**