

New Orleans Rising

Timeline made possible by graduate students Brendan Nee and Jedidiah Horne who taught a course on the New Orleans planning process in Spring 2007 for the Department of City and Regional Planning at the University of California at Berkeley. Photographs and graphic design courtesy of students enrolled in the course. For more information, visit www.nolaplans.com

Acquaintances greet each other Friends that haven't seen each other in ages.

Strangers meet strangers
'How is your house, darlin'?'
'How is your life and your mementos,
Your tchotchkes and your mother?'

It's gone, I'm gone, but he or she is fine.
Mostly, I seem to be alive.
Mostly, I seem to be alive.
It's dark where I'm staying,
So I came to the Quarter,
So I came to the Quarter.
There is nothing where I used to live,
So I'm crashing in the Quarter now.

I drove 400 miles to be here. It's the old 'hood, the old ship By the quiet, thank God, Mississip.

I've pulled away from the USA And set my anchor in the Quarter, Right here in the La Rose Envie Café

I feel the death around me
When times past
Came right here and sat in the coffeehouse
And tried to think of what came next.
Something always did.

Some conspired to make money, Others wrote, kvetched or hid. Something always came next.

In 1812, in 1850, 1956, 1968
Main thing is we're still alive
Here in the old French Quarter,
In the old French mothership,
In the old French mothership.

By Andrei Codrescu.