



Dearest Muses,

When the gents who founded the Laissez Boys first came to me for guidance, I told them straight up that there were two carnival krewes with which they should aspire to parade - Tucks and Muses. Tucks for its earthiness and ribaldry, Muses for her sly wit, her subtle subversion, her class and flirtatious sophistication. One in daylight, one after dark. Symmetry. Tucks is already on board, which is wonderful. But you? You elude us. Typically, I would have advised the gents to buck up and accept your rebuff like men. But when I saw the heartbreak in their eyes, I felt that I must contact you myself.

So, here it is, on their behalf, my shameless plea for the Laissez Boys to be part of what you do. The male-dominated krewes have their dancing girls, their route candy, their playthings. The Laissez Boys will be yours. Men of strength, elegance and sophistication whom you own entirely. They will ride where you ride, ride when you ride, lead you or follow you. They are at your service and at your mercy.

So, I beg you openly to find a place for them if you can. Quoth Virgil:

*O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man?*

The boys and I await the honor of your reply.

Yours in Leisure,

J. Broussard Divan, Esq.
Chairman of the Board