



Le Monde de Merde

All the
News Fit
to be
Tied

Vol. 3, No. 1

January 29, 1994

Priceless

Krewe du Vieux Braces for "The Ballot of New Orleans"

Danny Barker Will Lead Troops

NAWLINS -- Faced with an imminent onslaught from massed, marauding hordes of politicians, the Krewe du Vieux is fighting back with "The Ballot of New Orleans". The troops, tramps, vamps, and other vets and vegetables of the Krewe will be led by King Danny Barker, New Orleans music legend and probably not a direct descendant of Andrew Jackson.

The Krewe will present its 8th annual march through the streets and bars of New Orleans' French Quarter at 7:00 PM on Saturday night, January 29. See map for parade route.

The Krewe du Vieux's twelve sub-krewes will each present their own incremental, excremental and/or temperamental interpretation of the theme. Sub-krewes include the Krewe of the Mystic Inane, Krewe of the C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of Drips and Discharges, The NO/AIDS Task Force, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, Mystick Korpse of Comatose, Krewe of T.O.K.I.N., and the Krewe du By-You.

Also marching will be most of the city's top up-and-coming brass bands. Showcasing the top new local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently under investigation by the FBI and the New Orleans City Council. More music will come from Samba Rio and the Mystic Herd of Nutria.

Following the parade will be the Krewe du Vieux Doo, the annual ball and *debauch-extraordinaire*. The pub-



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, January 29, 1994 at 7:00 PM.

lic is invited and forewarned. Celebrations and rituals commence at 9:00 PM at the New Orleans Music Hall, 907 South Peters St. Music will be provided by the parade bands, followed by a powerhouse New Orleans performance of Li'l Queenie and Her Great Big All-Star R&B Demo Derby. Tickets are \$10 at the door.

As a special treat, Krewe du Vieux King Danny Barker will also perform at the ball.

The Krewe du Vieux is a non-profit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative expression and satirical comment. If nominated, we will not run; if elected, we will not serve unless bribed outrageously.

Inside

Profile of the King	page 2
"Ballot of New Orleans"	page 3
"Anarchist Park".	page 4
Candidates Exposed	page 8

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, January 29
9:00 PM

N. O. Music Hall
907 South Peters St.
Admission \$10
Open to the Public

Featuring:

- Rebirth Brass Band
- Treme Brass Band
- Algiers Brass Band
- Soul Rebels
- Li'l Rascals
- Pinettes
- Tuba Fats & the Chosen Few
- Junior Birth Jazz Band
- Down & Dirty Brass Band
- Danny Barker
- Samba Rio
- Percussion, Inc.
- The Mystic Herd of Nutria
- Li'l Queenie
- & Her Great Big All-Star
- R & B Demo Derby

King Danny Barker to Lead Krewe du Vieux Troops Into "Ballot of New Orleans"

STORYVILLE -- Jazz: the great American musical form. Born in the dance halls, clubs, and cat houses of the most famous red light district in America, Storyville -- birthplace also of more than one shady political deal and equally shady politician. So, as the Krewe du Vieux braces for the Ballot of New Orleans, who more fitting to lead the troops than one of the greatest living legends from jazz's earliest eras, Danny Barker.

"You got to have some humor in this thing," says the guitar-playing, song-writing King, referring no doubt to both jazz and politics (strange bedfellows, but what is New Orleans famous for if not bizarre escapades

between the sheets and in City Council meetings). And anyone who has listened to the King's onstage patter -- or really paid attention to the lyrics of some of his songs -- knows the mischievously risqué twists of his ever-fertile mind.

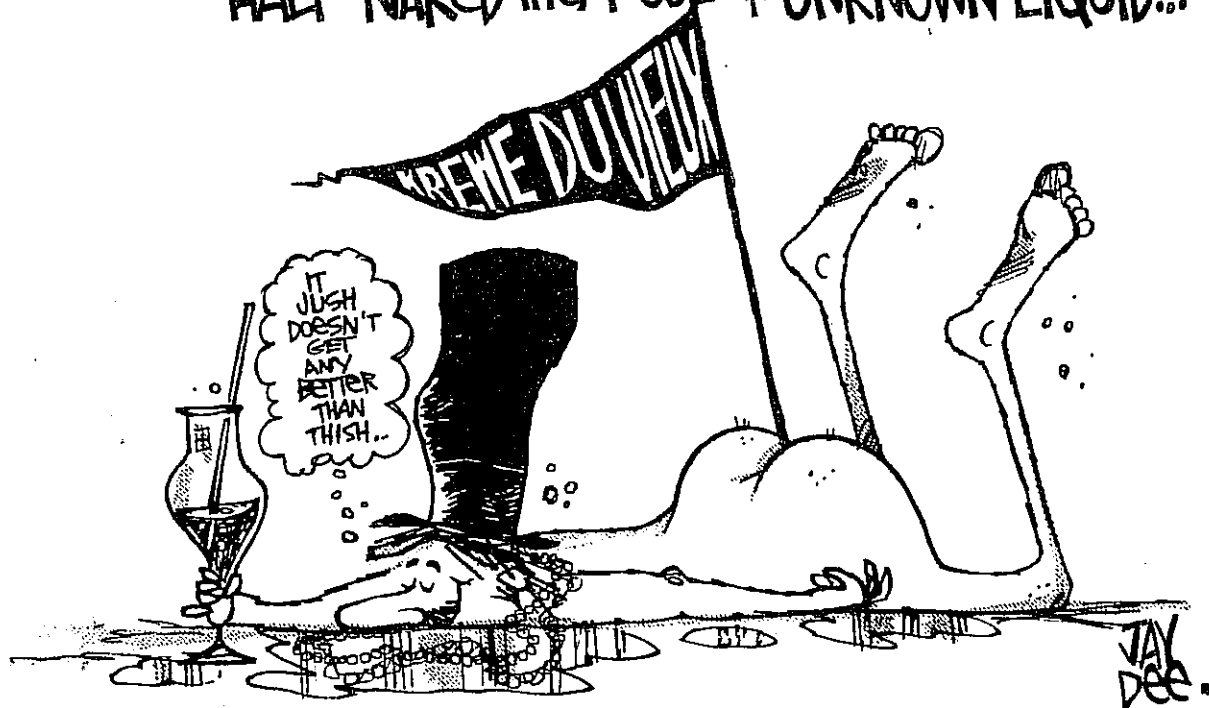
Among King Danny's most important contributions to the New Orleans musical scene is his leadership in reviving the brass band scene, a mainstay of all Krewe du Vieux parades. When this venerable form was dying, in the early 1970s, Barker founded the Fairview Baptist Church Brass Band, out of whose ranks came some of today's most prominent players. Some twenty years later, brass bands

are thriving, rivalled only by New Orleans politicians for the amount of hot air they put out.

One suspects that Barker himself may have political aspirations, having recently told *Offbeat* that "I'm a storyteller -- that means I'm a liar." And of course, as one of the most famous song and dance men in the history of New Orleans, the King is eminently qualified to be a New Orleans politician. One only wishes that the rest of the rascals could perform as well as Danny. He'd certainly have more energy than Sidney!

Having played with everyone from Jelly Roll Morton to Dr. John, from Cab Calloway and Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie to Wynton Marsalis and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the man is well prepared to be King of Krewe du Vieux. If there is anyone who has truly seen it all, it is our beloved and esteemed King Danny Barker.

... PASSED OUT STONE-DRUNK FACE-DOWN
HALF-NAKED in a POOL of UNKNOWN LIQUID...



Long-Lost Document Holds Original Text of "The Ballot of New Orleans"

CHAL-METTE BATTLEFIELD --

The unearthing of a hidden cache of War of 1812 relics, stuffed in an old ballot box, has revealed the original text of the inspirational military paean "The Ballot of New Orleans".

The song, which previously existed only in oral history form and had been corrupted over the years to "The Battle of New Orleans", describes the vicious attack of a rampaging horde of politicians on the City That Care Forgot, and the victorious repelling of the repellant attackers. Actual authorship of the stirring saga remains unknown, although some historians now credit it to Francis "Off" Key, the grandson of the composer of the American national anthem.

Politics in New Orleans have long featured vicious battles over turf, votes, kickbacks, patronage, parole power, and the rights to the names of the recently dead. "The Ballot of New Orleans" apparently describes a typical election year, with its apocalyptic description of burning election signs, broken promises, and the lies of "Old Peggy", who seems to have been a leader of the entrenched political gangs.

The text, which is reprinted here in its entirety, appears authentic, although New Orleans City Hall officials tried to downplay its importance. Mayor Sidney Barthelemy fell asleep while reading it, and City Council members were too busy arguing and talking on the telephone to pay attention to a performance of the song in Council chambers. Typically, most of City Hall bureaucrats simply ignored it. "We're not treating it any differently than we would treat any ordinary citizen," said a spokesman. "If you got some money for us, maybe we can talk."

Along with the "Ballot" document, the treasure trove contained a campaign poster from Edwin Edwards' first governor's race, a number of

The Ballot of New Orleans

In the year '94 we took a little sip
From the dirty muddy water of the toxic Mississipp
We drank a little Dixie and we smoked some magic greens
And we axed the politicians in the town of New Orleans

Well we cast our votes -- politicians kept a-comin'
Wasn't as many as there was a while ago
Voted once more and Lord they stopped a-runnin'
Ship 'em off to a home for ex-politicos

Lookin' at the neutral grounds we seen the posters sprout
Musta been a million of 'em scattered all about
They grew so high that you couldn't see the road
But we stood beside the ballot box and burned 'em by the load

Well we cast our votes -- politicians kept a-comin'
Wasn't as many as there was a while ago
Voted once more and Lord they stopped a-runnin'
Ship 'em off to a home for ex-politicos

Well they ran for mayor and they ran for city council
And they ran for tax assessor 'cause that's where the money goes
They ran so hard but they couldn't get elected
Pack 'em off to a home for ex-politicos

Old Peggy said term limits could catch 'em by surprise
But then they all switched council seats and told us brand new lies
We held our ire 'til we seen election day
Then we started voting and we really made 'em pay

Well we cast our votes -- politicians kept a-comin'
Wasn't as many as there was a while ago
Voted once more and Lord they stopped a-runnin'
Ship 'em off to a home for ex-politicos

Well they promised lower taxes and a job for everyone
Then they threw us the casino so we'd really have some fun
Filled their pockets up with cash and kissed ol' Hemmeter's behind
And when he didn't get the license well it really blew his mind

Well they ran for mayor and they ran for city council
And they ran for tax assessor 'cause that's where the money goes
They ran so hard but they couldn't get elected
Pack 'em off to a home for ex-politicos

Tulane University scholarship documents, a wad of unused Saints tickets, a packet of Sherman Copelin's medi-

cal and legal records, an old bill for purchased votes, and Dorothy Mae Taylor's political career.



Krewe of K.A.O.S. Proudly Presents Election Night Gaming



The Casino by The Rivah (a/k/a The House of Lose)

Come Gamble With Your Future at the Casino
Where Every Voter is a Guaranteed Loser
FREE ADMISSION!!!¹

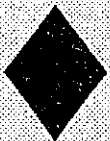
Free Door Prizes!!

* Four-Year Scholarship to Tulane University (winner need not be present, but **must** be politically connected or related to the mayor)

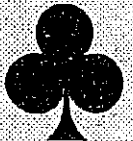
* All-Expenses-Paid Gambling Junket with Gov. Edwin "The Silver Zipper" Edwards (we don't know who pays for it either)

* Two-Week All-Expenses-Paid Stay at Reality Treatment Center (winner may have to turn state's evidence to qualify)

* All-Expenses Paid Trip to Hawaii with Chris Hemmeter (only elected officials eligible for this prize)



¹ Mandatory exit fee requires that you pay ever-increasing sales and property taxes plus assorted fees and surcharges *for the rest of your natural-born life!*



New Orleans City Government: A Bureaucracy of Dunces

SHITTY HALL -- It took seven hours in the hot, grimy corridors of the New Orleans Shitty Hall. It took enough paperwork to reforest half of Brazil. It took thousands of dollars in cash fees -- and a like amount in bribes paid to insolent civil servants. But in the end, the Krewe of Underwear unearthed the truth: the ignorant, arrogant cast of retreads, rejects and political appointees that comprise our city government collectively form a bureaucracy of dunces.

And you know what else? They

don't ask, they don't tell, and they don't care!

In the giant pothole that is the Dept. of Streets, one complaining Underwearian was told to "stick that broken traffic light up your ass!" And an uncivil servant in the Registrar of Voters snarled, "Just how come you're so interested in voting, anyway? You ain't even dead yet!"

As we watched the steady stream of incompetents shuffle, amble, stroll, and sashay around, mumbling indecipherable directions in unintelligible languages, we were moved to

wonder how anything ever gets done. And then, like the flash of a television light reflected off Jim Singleton's forehead, it hit us: nothing ever does!

Therefore, in homage to these paragons of patronage, the Krewe of Underwear will present "A Bureaucracy of Dunces" in the Krewe du Vieux parade. All requests for beads will be studiously ignored, unless applicants have filled out 18 forms in triplicate ahead of time. Even then, the strands will most likely be defective. And to satisfy that urge to defecate that fills most citizens who come face to face with our beloved bureaucrats, our float will feature our very own Port-O-Let, "Shitty Hall".

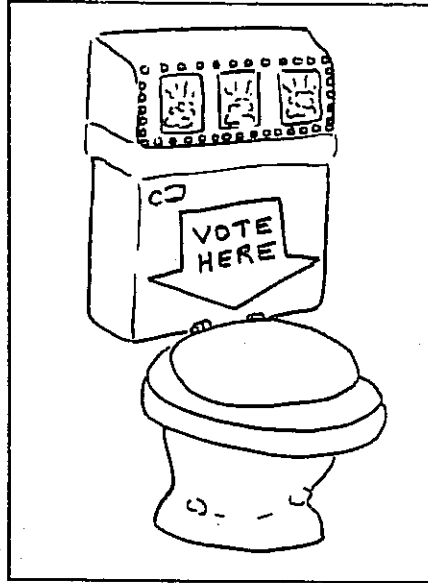
New Orleans Political Races: "A Real Crap Shoot"

OUT BACK OF THE OUTHOUSE -- Just before going to press, *Le Monde de Merde* was privy to the scene at the commodious (and odious) headquarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Neer-do-wells, where the room was flush with frenzied activity as krewe members let the chips fall where they may preparing for their 1994 theme and fecal point, "New Orleans Crap Shoot".

T.O.K.I.N. is a pubic-interest group that takes no position -- except the occasional squat -- on any particular New Orleans candidate/gambler/thief. Gray Poopon, of the T.O.K.I.N. Excretive Committee, told *Le Monde de Merde*, "While some commentators have described the field of candidates and casino operators as 'fertile', we feel that a more appropriate description is 'fertilizer', or as the title of your publication would have it, 'merde.'"

The krewe will be unveiling the proctotype of its innovative contribution to the elective and digestive processes: the Outhouse Voting Booth. The model comes, of course, equipped with a throne for royal flushes, and a curtain for those who prefer to excrete their democratic duty in private. According to one undercover krewe source, known as "Deep Poop", designers are on a roll working on a "one-armed bandit" model.

Paradogers are forewarned that these cockamamie ca-ca-maniacs will be voiding themselves of unusual throws. In the words of Mr. Poopon, "After careful, rectal examination of the candidates and the tissues, we have reached an excretion: Poop, there it is!"



Preliminary sketch of the T.O.K.I.N. Outhouse Voting Booth & slot machine

Advertisement

POSITION WANTED

Soon-to-be-former mayor of major southern city seeks gainful employment following imminent expiration of term of office. Accomplished world traveler and experienced negotiator. During my term in office, I have succeeded in making my city's police department exceptionally newsworthy and have taken care of innumerable "friends". Major strengths include fundraising and implementation of total institutional inertia.

Would prefer position in gaming-related field, preferably with opportunities for travel and long naps. Would also prefer position that does not require the ability to manage large numbers of people or a budget. May be possible to trade university scholarships for promise of future employment. Six figure salary a must, as current 90K barely enough to get by. Willingness to compromise personal principles will be commensurate with size of salary. Call Sidney, 555-DOZE.

New Orleans Taxpayers Now Comprise 94% of Homeless Population

IN SOME UNNAMED, URINE-DRENCHED ALLEY -- Shocking figures recently released by the Krewe du By-You indicate that the vast majority -- as much as 94% -- of the homeless population in New Orleans consists of city taxpayers. Krewe officials said the number would be even higher if the city actually collected more than half the taxes it is owed.

For those fortunate enough to still have a roof over their heads (the delinquent taxpayer group), the sight of down-on-their-luck fellow citizens standing on street corners wearing signs that read "Will Work for Homestead Exemption" has become all too common. Many formerly upstanding members of the community are now reduced to offering to fill out tax forms for quarters, or begging for enough money to bribe their city councilperson to get their tax problems miraculously solved.

The good news is that they have little to fear from the police, as almost none of their tax liability has served to add more cops on the beat. In fact, a lucky few are even treated to the posh travel junkets or gourmet meals so popular with N.O.P.D. management personnel.

A Krewe du By-You spokesman blamed the taxpayers' homeless problems on too much voting. "You never know what the politicians are going to do once you put them into office, but you can take it to the casino that raising your taxes will be a top priority."

World's Largest Condom Loose in French Quarter

FRENCH QUARTERS -- The world's largest prophylactic, a condom of truly epic proportions, has squirted out of its cage at the "Trojan Whores" nightclub and is rumored to be unsheathed and running wild in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

No city officials would take responsibility for the break-out (or even return phone calls, for that matter). The massive membrane was last seen dripping down Decatur Street, in search of a suitable resting place for the evening.

Anyone with information on the renegade rubber is asked to call the New Orleans Police Department. Deputy Superintendent Antwon "Grocery" Sacks has said that if he captures the colossal condom, he'll put it in the world's largest -- and no doubt most profitable -- prophylactic dispensing machine. Rumors on the street say that if the missing member-protector is still at large (at very large) by the night of the Krewe du Vieux parade, it will rise to the occasion and march with King Danny's troops.

Pubic Servants Have Nothing to Hide

SOMEWHERE IN THE PELVIC REGION -- Claiming that they have nothing hide (or in some cases, nothing to wear), a group of our city's most dedicated pubic servants will be marching in the 1994 Krewe du Vieux parade under the banner of the Council to Revive Urban Decadent Entertainment (C.R.U.D.E.) (not to be confused with the New Orleans City Council, where urban decadent entertainment is on display most Thursdays).

The group, also known as "Snow What Sidney and the Seven Oafs" (that's one from each district and two at-large, in case you're counting), proclaimed that "Our nudity is not indecent. It's an apt metaphor for the total openness and direct forthright dealings that the people of New Orleans have come to expect from their pubic servants!"

In this era of political correctness, C.R.U.D.E. members assure us that pubes of all races, religions, creeds, colors, and sexual perversions will be on display. Pubic service -- it's not just a job, it's grand larceny.

L.E.W.D. Nose Who Blows

NASAL PASSAGE -- As the people of New Orleans prepare to hold their noses and pull the voting lever to decide our city's future fate, the Lewd Ensemble of Weird Degenerates (L.E.W.D.) nose just who to pull the lever for. L.E.W.D. will stick its proverbial proboscis into each candidate's business (if not the business end of each candidate). It will then exhibit these candidates from the common person's point of view: looking down their noses at these drippy demagogues.

Relying on the steadfast honesty of the candidates, L.E.W.D. will depict each one as designed by the renowned puppet-maker Giappetto, creator of such famous truth-tellers as Pinocchio, Ananias, and Ronald Reagan. Individual revellers will portray their favorite would-be office-holder. Lie detector tests notwithstanding, the veracity of past performances and the reliability of campaign promises will be as plain as the nose on each candidate's face.

The event is BYOK (Bring Your Own Kleenex). As they say, you can pick your candidate, and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your candidate's nose (except by making a large donation to his/her campaign).

Remains of Pre-historic Politicians Discovered in "Anarchist Park"

HOLLYWOOD ON THE BAYOU -- The fossilized remains of several extinct species of politicians have been found on the site of the former New Orleans City Hall, which has been torn down to make way for the city's 477th land-based casino. Elated by the unexpected discovery, prominent paleontologist and dig director Stephen Shpielberg dubbed the site "Anarchist Park", and exclaimed, "Not even Edwin Edwards would have bet on us finding bones here." The Governor, who was in Vegas rolling some bones himself, had no comment.

To commemorate this inauspicious occasion, the Knights of Mondu announced that their royal float in this year's Krewe du Vieux parade would feature the "D-Rex", along with all the mayoral candidates running as fast as they can go. The Mondulians themselves will dress as various political dinosaurs.

Among the prehistoric creatures unearthed by the (gold) diggers were the Sidneysaurus (*sleepus constantus*), a tall, lizard-like animal that scientists believe slept itself into extinction; the Copelidon (*virtuali Realitus*), a mud-crawler with a really slimy reputation; the Boissiersaurus (*corruptus councilmanus*), a close relative of the Sidneysaurus; the Mitchmarcodon (*nepotis extremis*), a two-headed creature best known for feeding off its male parents; the Mintzaurus (*greatwhite hopus*), an irascible water serpent; and the rare Kencarteryx (*taxii assessorus*), about which very little is known.

Most observers believe more skeletons will be found in the City Hall closets before the digging is over.

Dig Director Shpielberg, speaking for the Knights of Mondu, blamed greed and the inability to adapt to change as the probable causes of the extinction of the political dinosaurs. "Lead us into the 21st century?" scoffed Shpielberg, "You must be kidding. These jokers didn't even make it past 65 million BC!"

In Other News . . .

Sidney Fiddles While Home Burns

NAWLINS -- While the city crumbles, decays, slides and burns around him, alleged Mayor Sidney Barthelmy has fiddled and diddled and basically piddled away eight years in office. Why didn't the man ever leave a wake-up call?

Carmella Lamarque Nominated for Loving Cup

THE GAP -- The estranged wife of car dealer Ronnie Lamarque was nominated today for the Loving Cup, the *Slime-Picayune's* annual award to the citizen who has done the most for the city over the past year. "Hey, she tried to have Ronnie bumped off," explained *S-P* publisher Ashwip Pippis, Jr. "What more do I need to say?"

New Political Party Emerges in LA

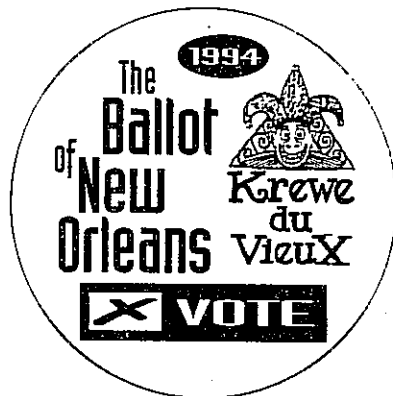
MONKEY HILL -- In response to the failure of the current political parties to solve the many problems facing the state, a group of disgruntled voters has announced the formation of a new political party: The Banana Republicans. Party spokesman Bubba "King" Kong claimed that only the Banana Republicans could peel away the layers of corruption and deceit from Louisiana politics. "Those monkeys have had years to fix the problems, and all they've done is fix elections. It's time for some fresh fruit in office."



Radio Jocks to Star in New Cartoon

Blithering conservative Rush Windblow and infantile shock jock Howie Sperm have announced that caricatures of themselves (is that redundant or what?) will star in a new MTV (Mucous TeleVision) cartoon, "Beaver and Butthole". Sperm will be Beaver, since he's such a dickhead, while Windblow is Butthole, since he passes wind every time he opens his mouth.

Yuks on the show will come from the stars' lewd comments about female supreme court justices, and their promise to set fire to each other at least once per episode. Yuck!



Programming Note:
Kitty Kincaid's "Psychic of the Stars" program will not air today due to her unexpected death.

COA Statement

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe due Vieux in the true spirit of Carnival as a venue for satire and political comment. The views expressed herein may not reflect those of Krewe leaders or all Krewe members. They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain't none of us got nothin' worth suing for.

All material © 1994 by the Krewe du Vieux.

Calling Space Age Love

VENUS -- The Executive Committee of the Krewe of Space Age Love met in secret and, in keeping with KSAL tradition, decided not to reveal their theme, although in a stunning break with tradition, this year they do actually have a theme.

For those poor starved aliens who are desperate to unearth the KSAL theme, the Krewe has decided to release a clue: a 1-900 number with only the digits revealed. The letters, if arranged properly, reveal the nature of the theme.

And the number is: 1-900-227-4666. From Venus, good luck.

INANE Skirts the Issue

THE WATERGATE -- Also shrouding itself in secrecy, the Motley Krewe of the Mystic INANE has announced that it too will not reveal its parade theme. Krewe officials did say (in a very high voice) that they would be wearing skirts. In light of past INANE themes such as "Blind Majorettes" and "Ku Klux Klowns", this should be taken as an ominous sign.

Dollahs fo' Scholahs

SCHOOL BORED BUILDING -- Just when you thought only the politically connected got free Tulane scholarships (or, like Johnny Jackson, you'd actually have to get elected so you could award one to yourself), along comes the Krewe of Drips and Discharges wit' its very own Dollahs fo' Scholahs program. That's right: parade-goers along the Krewe du Vieux route who call out the secret phrase -- rumored to be "Where y'at, dollah!" -- will be handed their very own Tulane scholarship (football season's tickets included). Now, if only our politicians would be so democratic in their principals . . .

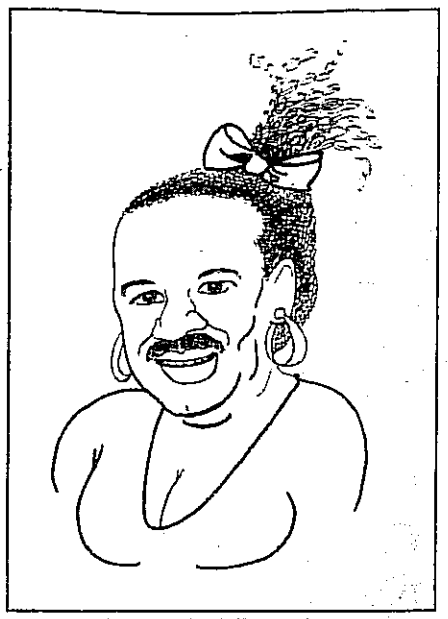
REBIRTH

K & C will respectfully honor the Public Servant!

Seeds of Decline Expose the Candidates: "Every Man a Queen"

THE OYSTER RANCH -- Huey Long promised "every man a millionaire". Teddy Roosevelt promised "a chicken in every pot". Promising a dress for every man, this year's New Orleans mayoral candidates are pledging "Every Man a Queen".

The Seeds' float will show off the mayoral candidates in their cross-dressing best, while marching to the tune of "Every Man a King". The crown motif is particularly appropriate since some of the candidates seem to feel they should inherit the kingdom by Devine right.



Lay-in-Bed Brassiere

Once you've seen the candidates, we know you'll make the right decision. So, vote early and vote often!



Pillow Mint

The Seeds of Decline, arriving with all the festive spirit and foolish finery of New Orleanians in the combined grip of Mardi Gras and election fever, will expose the swish side of each candidate in this year's Krewe du Vieux parade.



Sur'Would Copelin

Marchers will pay homage to the Magnificent Seven by bedecking themselves in their favorite queenly attire, drag or otherwise.



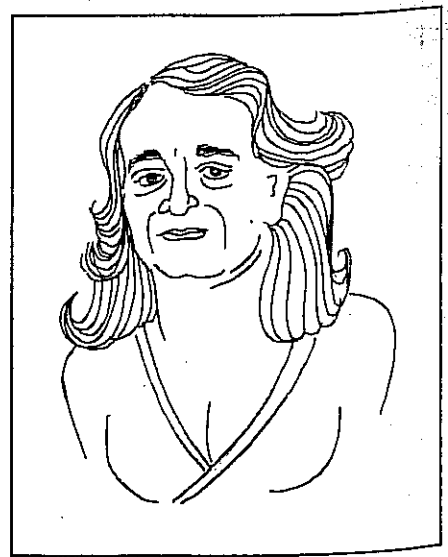
MoonChild



Dutch Girl



Cuddles Carter



Rosy Raspanties