



Krewe du Vieux Achieves "Decade-ence"

Ronnie Virgets Will Unreel Parade to New Ball Location

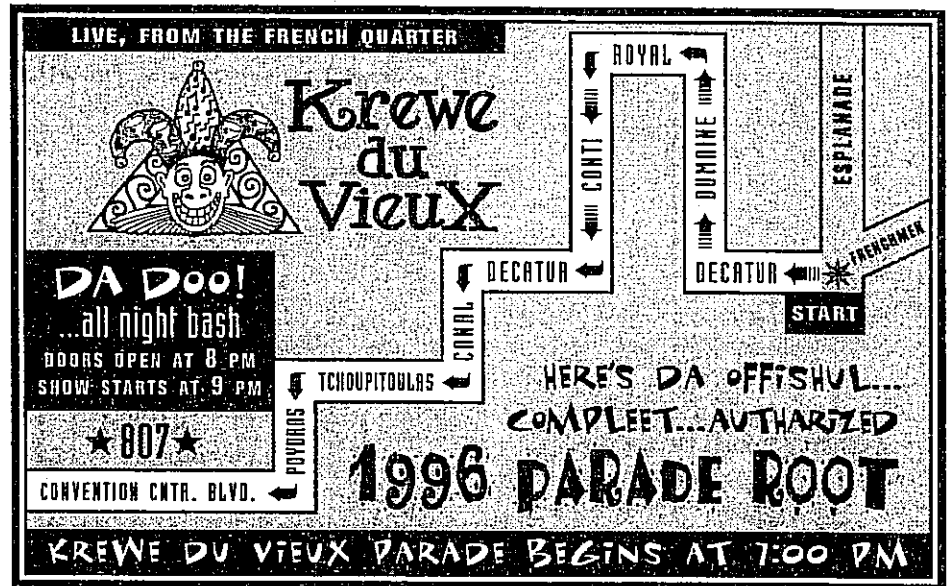
NAWLINS — It'll be Deja Vieux all over again as the Krewe du Vieux reaches the "terrible tens": its 10th annual stumble through the streets and bars of New Orleans' French Quarter at 7:00 PM on Saturday night, February 3. See map for parade route.

While few observers believed that the Krewe would ever get past its infancy (and fewer still actually believe that it has), in fact decade-ence has long been a top ten priority and motivation for Vieuxers. In honor of this unreal and "X"-rated achievement, Ronnie Virgets, television humorist and general decadence expert, has been chosen as king, and Lynn Jensen will consort as queen.

The Krewe du Vieux's fifteen sub-krewes will present their own decadent, depraved, and/or distasteful dissections 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, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, Krewe of T.O.K.I.N., Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe Rue Bourbon, and Krewe of Pan.

Also marching will be many of the city's top young brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently being splattered all over daytime talkshows nationally.

Following the parade will be the Krewe du Vieux Doo, the annual ball



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, February 3, 1996 at 7:00 PM.

and *debauch extraordinaire*. The public is invited and forewarned. Acts and celebrations commence at 9:00 PM at a new location, 807 Convention Center Blvd. Music will start with selected brass bands, followed by sizzling salsa from *The Iguanas*, late night tunes by *Lenny McDaniel* and the *Adams/Griffin Project*, and an all-star line-up of past Doo performers -- the *Krewe du Vieux Doo Drop Inn*. Tickets are \$12 at the door.

In addition, all past Krewe du Vieux royalty (at least, all those who will admit to it) will be honored at the Decade-dance; and 1995 Queen *GiO* will reprise her singularly smoldering burlesque performance.

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. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras -- and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

(the Decade-Dance)
Saturday, February 3
9:00 PM

807 Convention Center Blvd.
Admission \$12
Open to the Public

Featuring:

Brass Band Review
Presentation of Past Royalty

GiO

The Iguanas

Lenny McDaniel Band
Adams/Griffin Project

Krewe du Vieux Doo Drop Inn

Inside

Profile of the King page 2
Dongs page 3
Trash page 4
Religion page 5
Boobs page 6

Ronnie Virgets: Unreeled!

BATH (TUB) -- Some people are "unplugged". Some are unhinged. But Ronnie Virgets, star of "Real New Orleans" and famous Yat Philosopher/King, is unreeled.

"Unreal is the only way to describe the feeling of being King of Krewe du Vieux," said his Eminence. "Most people never dream this could happen to them -- in fact, most people *pray* that it never happens to them."

After the ceremonial kiss of certain sudsy frogs ("ancient Indian power medicine," according to our leaping lord), the King will lead his troops from the sanctity of his royal bathtub as they reel through the French Quarter. Fortunately, King Ronnie has undertaken rigorous training for the ardors of the trip. "As the first King of Vieux to do the entire parade on his back, I have spent two hours a day practicing throwing beads and cups from a reclining position," quoth the prostrate potentate.

Additionally, stumbling through some twenty Italian-American parades, and a like number of St. Patrick's Day marches -- not to mention playing silent trombone in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Elementary School marching band -- have left the

magnificent monarch ready to brave the rigors of the ride.

His Highness will be accompanied by his consort Queen, Lynn Jenkins. Queen Lynn will costume as a sort of combination mermaid/Roman bath attendant, a concept that leaves king and spectators alike drooling at the possibilities.

Waxing Yat-philosophical, the supine sovereign remarked of the Krewe du Vieux's 10th French Quarter sashay, "This is where Carnival started. So much of the city is going into slickification -- I'm proud to be part of such a glorious retro movement."

When not indulging in Carnival capers, King Ronnie actually has a real job in the reel world, having recently switched channels to WWL-4. "This is my first regular paycheck in five years," he revealed mournfully, "but I regard it as only a temporary setback."

Krewe du Vieux is proud to honor such an accomplished king of comic decadence. While commercialism and politics rear their ugly heads in so many other Mardi Gras events, the Krewe invites you to enjoy the real New Orleans thing.

Decade-ence: Krewe du Vieux, Ten Years After

ONLY IN THE FRENCH QUARTER - Jerry old buddy, you were right, and we only wish you could be here to see it. What a long, strange trip it has been.

The Krewe du Vieux was born out of the ashes of the much-loved, ill-fated Krewe of Clones. When, in 1986, Clones imploded under the weight of too many funky egos, a few dedicated sub-krewes got together to stage a clone funeral. Despite having the constabulary called on them by certain forces of evil, all participants agreed it was too good to let die, and lo, unto them a Krewe was born.

Dedicated to the time-honored traditions of Carnival as a chance for everyman to satirize the elite and let it all hang out, the group obtained permission to march in the French Quarter -- Vieux Carre -- and Krewe du Vieux was baptized. A year-by-year list of themes and royalty:

1987 - Lovers of the Stage and Screen; Charmaine Neville and Harry Lee dummy

1988 - Krewe du Vieux Eats Out; Paul and K Prudhomme

1989 - Krewe du Vieux Predicts!; Lois Simbach and a 12-foot ju-ju doll

1990 - Krewe du Vieux Smells Something Fishy; Al and Sarah Scramuzza

1991 - Lost Conventions; Ricky Graham and Becky Allen

1992 - Krewe du Vieux Rights the News; Angus and Anne Lind

1993 - Posthumorously Yours; Henri Schindler

1994 - The Ballot of New Orleans; Danny Barker

1995 - Unnaturally New Orleans; GiO

1996 - Krewe du Vieux Achieves Decade-ence; Ronnie Virgits

As the threat of imminent commercialization of Mardi Gras grows ever stronger, we wonder how much longer it will remain a party of the people. Regardless, Krewe du Vieux is forever dedicated to the pure spirit of Carnival: satire, music, fantasy, fun, and naked public intoxication.



The Last Harrah: Decade-ence for Rent

"World's Largest Casino" Now World's Largest Real Estate Opportunity

NEW VEGAS - Harrah's, the company that promised to give New Orleans the world's largest casino, has instead given it the world's largest shaft: the world's largest unfinished building and longest list of worthless promises. In tribute to this noteworthy accomplishment, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. has titled its Krewe du Vieux presentation "The Last Harrah - Decadence for Rent".

The K.A.O.S. float will depict the world's largest unfinished casino, also known as "The Catastrophy on Canal Street". Members will portray the casino workers, construction workers, city employees and others who foolishly based their hopes of feeding their families on Harrah's "read my lips" promises.

When reached at the K.A.O.S. Winter Palace, the Exalted Emeer of K.A.O.S. observed, "Harrah's has had such an impact on New Orleans -- kind of like a meteorite -- that we thought it only fair to give something back. Since we don't have anyone with bomb-making technology in our Krewe, we decided that this is our best chance to settle the debt without having to file a proof of claim with the bankruptcy court."

K.A.O.S. will be accompanied by a squad of real estate salespeople promoting alternative uses for what has become "The World's Largest Handyman's Special". Spokesperson for this real estate contingent, Ladder N. Bloom, said, "We view the large crowds that turn out for the Krewe du

Vieux parade as an excellent marketing opportunity, and will be looking for individuals who might be interested in assuming Harrah's lease." However, little else should be assumed about this project.

Bloom warns that any prospective lessees should act quickly, because "we are already talking to someone who wants to convert it into the world's largest timeshare condominium." He claims that a purchase offer of \$24 worth of Mardi Gras beads has been made, although local real estate experts called that price "highly inflated".

A spokesman for Harrah's was unavailable for combat -- uh, comment. Top Harrah's officials have reportedly sought haven from enraged New Orleanians in Bosnian safe zones. But what else would you expect from such a bunch of worthless ace-holes?

Top Ten Alternative Uses for Unfinished Casino

10. Site for 1996 Republican Convention.
9. Home for Retired Louisiana Politicians.
8. Edwards-Barthelemy Inc. corporate headquarters.
7. World's Largest Whorehouse (see #s 9 and 8 above).
6. Site for private Comus, Momus and Proteus parades.
5. Home of next New Orleans World's Fair.
4. New NASA space and CBD shuttle launch pad.
3. Krewe du Vieux den and Doo site.
2. New Federal Bankruptcy Courthouse.
1. Blow it up and rebuild Rivergate.

Underwear Offers Ten Years/Inches of Pleasure

THE POUND - Every dong has its day, and the swinging dongs of the Krewe of Underwear will display their "Ten Years/Inches of Pleasure" in this year's 10th annual Krewe du Vieux parade.

Some dongs are luckier than others, and only the luckiest will ride the Underwear float, the world's largest Lucky Dong (check out those buns, baby!). Of course, condom-mints will be distributed to particularly lucky parade-goers.

The X-rated (and we ain't talkin' Roman numerals here, sport!) presentation will reflect the typical Underwearian restraint and good taste, as displayed in such past themes as "Bedtime With Bonzo" and the sperm bank, with its phallic cannon that shot white pearls out the front. The dogs, dongs and dames of Underwear have always displayed a lot of mustard, and this year, they'll be displaying more than that!

"Yeah, we gonna kick some funky butt this year," said one member. "Underwear'y'at!?"

World's Largest Condom Staying Under Wraps

DA QUARTERS - In related news, the world's largest condom will not be appearing in this year's Krewe du Vieux parade. "It had already been used three times," said an anonymous observer, "and frankly, it was getting more than a little gross." This definitely means the Lucky Dong goes bareback!

Can We Talk ... Trash?

UNDER THE RIVERGATE-
In a recent interview, noted trashy talker Icky Lake, spokesperson for T.O.K.I.N., discussed the Krewe's plans for the upcoming Carnival season. According to Ms. Lake, the bins at the Krewe's den and recycling center, located in the Riverfront Expressway tunnel at the foot of Canal and Poydras streets, are just overflowing with scandals, scuttlebutt, funky butts, and just plain trash.

"The City Council has authorized sending our trash out of state," she stated, "so we have been going through ten years of garbage, hoping some other state will take the trash off our hands. Unfortunately, we still haven't found a taker for Edwin Edwards."

Ms. Lake was joined by noted purveyor of trash Landfill Debris, brother of Oilfield Trash spokesman Pierre Debris. Mr. Debris noted that T.O.K.I.N., having spent the last decade (or two, maybe three) getting wasted, are true authorities on the subject of trash.

"This is no small accomplishment in a state known for its ability to turn anything into garbage," said Mr. Debris. "Krewe members have been hard at work collecting litter from the state's highways, byways, halls of government, and temples of chance."

Among the items seen at the Krewe's subterranean headquarters: betting chips from Harrah's and River City casinos; Tulane scholarships; the roof of the Rivergate; underwater obstructions from Lake Pontchartrain; floats from the Krewes of Comus, Momus and Proteus; 25,000

casino jobs; and many other items destined for the trash heap of history. Krewe officials denied, however, that the body of ex-mayor Sidney Barthelemy was buried under the site. "He's really just sleeping," said one trashy official who asked to remain synonymous.

T.O.K.I.N. spokespeople extended an invitation to join the Krewe in its efforts. "If there is anyplace on earth known for its connoisseurs of trash, it has to be New Orleans," said Mr. Debris. "Just look at the people we elect, not to mention the tons of refuse we manage to produce on just one day in February."



Foster Goes Hunting in New Orleans

MONKEY HOUSE - "It's a jungle out here," Mike Foster thought to himself as he surveyed the landscape. A lion had just roared, and Foster thought he could hear the grunt of a hippopotamus nearby. The new governor removed his pith helmet to scratch his follically-challenged head. He fingered his shotgun. The ducks ought to begin showing up any time, he thought

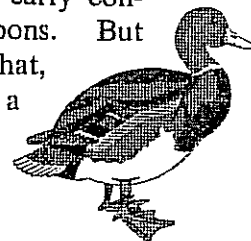
to himself. Ron Forman had promised him that. "The Great White Hunter", Forman called him. Foster liked the sound of that.

Nice guy, that Forman, letting Foster go duck hunting at the Audubon Zoo. All Foster had to do was agree to put Forman's beloved bug museum in the building planned for Harrah's casino. Of course, doing that -- not to mention hunting at the zoo -- might piss some people off. Did Foster care? No way, José. Wasn't *he* the governor now? Wasn't his plantation home bigger than the Governor's Mansion?

"I don't give a flying duck!" Foster said to himself, chuckling at his turn of phrase. He tried it out again - "I don't give a flying duck ... about having women serve in my government ... about having African-Americans in my administration ... about setting foot out of Franklin, except to go duck-hunting."

What about that crazy New Orleans group that was making fun of him -- the Krewe of Mama Roux? "Duck them too," he said aloud. "I'll make duck soup out of them. It's no water off my back. They ain't gonna ruffle my feathers."

Foster was cut short by a rustling in the weeds to his left. Suddenly, a dark, web-footed figure was rushing at him. A rabid duck in attack mode! Foster grabbed a paddle and fended it off - a la Jimmy Carter. The rabid duck retreated! Whew! Thank God, ducks don't carry concealed weapons. But you know what, it really is a jungle in New Orleans!



New Ten Commandments Delivered to New Orleans

THE VATICAN-CAN - In a move that shocked the religious community, God himself dropped off ten new commandments to John Paul Morial II today at Vatican City Hall. By special papal dispensation (and exchange of a few dollars), the Krewe of Drips & Discharges was chosen for the divine duty of distributing the new commandments to the people of New Orleans.

Quoth a member of the Krewe, "We're on a mission from Gawd!"

The new commandments for the Big Easy are:

I. Thou shalt haul ass through yellow lights (and three more cars shall go through red).

II. Thou shalt worship no other gods before the almighty dollar.

III. Thou shalt ~~not~~ turn left on Tulane Avenue.

IV. Thou shalt not omit adultery.

V. Thou shalt "axe" thy neighbor (or yo mama).

VI. Thou shalt not use turn signals while driving with daiquiris.

VII. Thou shalt pinch tails and suck heads.

VIII. Thou shalt drink Dixie, not sing it.

IX. Thou shalt show thy tits (for long beads).

X. Thou shalt not have a winning football team.

Upon hearing the "Good News", local religious leaders rushed to invest in drive-thru daiquiri shops. The Catholic church has extended confession hours to include happy hours, with all Hail Marys offered at 2 for 1, and has also reconfigured its altars to include cash bars (Nuns drink free on Wednes-

days). In place of wine and wafers, Dixie beer and king cakes will be served at communion, and mass will be said in pig latin.

The new Jimmy Swaggert Bible College and Divinity School on Airline Highway is running a red light special: two for one salvation with every donation. Video services will be provided by *Penthouse*, and Rev. Jimmy has recruited the Decatur St. girls for additional help with this project.

Tulane University has also gotten into the Acts, offering two new degree programs for political scholarship recipients:

1. The H.R. degree - a Holy Roller degree for divinely selected craps players.

2. The B. of S. degree (Bachelor of Sainthood) for football fanatics.

Scholarships will be awarded to those who have proven worthy by adhering to all the new commandments and have at least one politician in their back pocket (or still hold a Saints season ticket).

The Krewe of Drips & Discharges is committed to bringing the gospel of the Big Easy to the unenlightened masses of the city. Members will be available for parades, baptisms, burials, weddings, and prayer meetings.

And God said, "Laissez les bon temps roulez!"

Tampon Rodeo Cancelled

GRAND ISLE -- The 1996 Tampon Rodeo has been cancelled. According to promoter Murphy Cotex, there simply weren't enough red snappers to make the event viable this year.

Ray Kern to Coach Saints

METRY -- Inside information from the Saints locker has explained why Ray "Plaine" Kern will be decreasing his duties with the Krewe du Vieux this year. According to an informed jock strap, Kern will become the new head coach of the Saints.

"I've been leading a stumbling, bumbling group of inebriated, incoherent idiots for eight years," said Ray, "so I guess I'm a natural for the Saints."

Rumors that Jim Mora will be the new Krewe du Vieux captain could not be confirmed at press time.

Letter to the Editor

Hey You,

What's all this fuss about your Carnival organization "achieving 'de cadence"? I have been attending parades for years and can assure you that a number of marching groups achieved 'de cadence long before yours ever did. Why, 'de cadence of the Mardi Gras Indians forms the basis for most Mardi Gras music! Moreover, crowds have been thrilled for years by 'de cadence of the SUNO marching band and the St. Augustine Marching 100.

Admittedly, your organization's cadence is highly entertaining, and is certainly better than that of the fussy old queens who march down St. Charles Avenue. However, the fact remains that 'de cadence of Mardi was first achieved by others many years ago. I urge you to drop this self-indulgent celebration of having "achieved" something long since perfected by other Carnival groups. What a load of *merde!*

Sincerely,

Emily Litella

Rue Bourbon Bares Boobs

THE PRIMORDIAL BOURBON ST. OOZE -- As the first organism squirmed, crawled or waddled from the primeval ooze, environmental conditions dictated numerous ontogenetic pathways for the creature. In the beginning, massive reptileans dominated the landscape. They did as they pleased for eons; then one day they woke up and the world was much colder -- and their fur coats were all at the cleaners. Most of them died, conveniently enough, so that later creatures would be able to use their remains to fuel their vehicles and pollute their air.

The evolutionary engine continued to churn, and a new set of creatures ruled the earth. These new beings walked upright, gave live birth to their young, and nurtured them from organs attached to the female of the species. The animals were named after this organ: mammals. The mammary became an object of great attention, affection and admiration. The exploitation of the female breast built an empire for Hugh Hefner, its enhancement created fortunes for plastic surgeons, and its revelation created a demand for longer and grander Mardi Gras beads.

There are breasts and then there are boobs! Being a boob has nothing to do with gender; all one needs is a pregnant idea and a place to put it (like the foot of Canal St.). Krewe Rue Bourbon recognizes Gov. Edwards and his legislature, Mayors Sidney Barthelmy and Marc Morial, and their city councils as the great coalition of boobs that mothered Harrah's "permanent" casino. To those during the past decade that looked at our problems and took the easy way out, we say "Thanks For The Mammaries".

Dionysos Craps Out

MT. OLYMPUS - New Orleans is an alluring and devastating place for gods as well as humans. In recognition of such divine decadence, the Krewe of the Korpse of Comatose tells the story of the ancient gods of Greek lore and their adventure in the heavenly sin city of New Orleans.

Led by Dionysos, god of dance, drink and gambling, many of the gods thought they could hit it big in this city of decadence. Dionysos had big plans to open the world's largest palace of Dionysian pleasure in New Orleans. To appease the big guy, Zeus, he named it after Zeus' wife, the queen of the gods, Hera.

To make sure Hera's Casino was done right, he asked his immortal pals to help. He got Hephaestos and Herakles to start building the temple, Aphrodite to dance and serve drinks, and Cassandra, goddess of bad luck, to cozy up to his customers. While Hephaestos and Herakles were hard at work, Dionysos hired Temperanos, the god of temporary things, to start business. Lo and behold, Hera's temporary Casino was opened.

But Dionysos was blinded by his own ambitions and could not see the omens. His fellow gods tried to warn him about his looming disaster. Poseidon, god of the sea, sent him a message on May 8, flooding out his temporary casino. Athena, goddess of wisdom, told him again and again that people flocked to the temples of Las Vegas and Mississippi to gamble, not to New Orleans. Hermes, the messenger god, showed him poll after poll making it clear that the people of New Orleans did not want his gambling hall.

But alas! By the time Dionysos got it through his drunken head

that he was doomed to fail, it was too late. All his prophets of profits had proven false; Cassandra and Temperanos had turned the tables, and Dionysos was forced to close up shop.

The problem was, Dionysos split without giving his workers the money or means to make it back to Olympus. Herakles and Hephaestos were left wondering what their creation, which they had spent the last year working on, would ultimately become. Athena suggested it be turned into an insectarium, where New Orleans politicians could be displayed in the roach room. Aphrodite ended up stripping at Maiden Voyage, trying to earn the dough to Valujet it back to Greece. The only god who felt truly happy about it all was Pan -- the god of chaos.

Top Ten New Slogans for Harrah's Casino

10. Harrah's -- Wanna Go Double Or Nothing?
9. Harrah's -- The Check's In The Mail
8. Harrah's -- We'll Respect You In The Morning
7. Harrah's -- Why Do You Think They Call It Gambling?
6. Harrah's -- Giving Our Employees More Time With Their Families
5. Harrah's -- A Sucker's Bet
4. Harrah's -- We'll Promise You Anything But Give You The Shaft
3. Harrah's -- We're On The Move (Out Of Town)
2. Harrah's -- This Time We Really Mean It
1. Harrah's -- We Fold

Knights of Mondu Shuffle "Deck 'O Dunces"

RED STICK - All the political failings of Fast Eddie and Horror's Casino will be on the table as the Knights of Mondu salute Krewe du Vieux's decade-ence. While Mondu and his merry men have been accused of playing with less than a full deck in the past, this time the joker is wild!

The Mondulian float will feature a mock-up of Horror's Casino (unfinished, of course), regally ridden by Eddie the Octopus, whose tentacles will be everywhere (parade-goers are advised to keep their hands on their wallets). Surrounding the float will be a veritable fifty-two pickup of playing cards, representing the creme de la crap of Louisiana paid-off political figures, fork-tongued gambling bosses, fast buck businessmen, and assorted other guilty parties.

While H.R.H. Prince Mondu plans to attend incognito, rumors abound that Gov. Mike "Fast Duck" Foster will play a cameo role as the Joker. The deuces will be truly wild as Mondu do decadence -- or "Deck 'O Dunces".

Decayed-ent Housing Plagues City

A PROJECT NAMED DESIRE - The old block continues to crumble, while that chip off the old block, Mayor Marc "Me First" Morial, continues to stumble. Under fire from all sides, Morial has turned to Baton Rouge for help. However, new Governor Mike "Hair on my Face, not my Scalp" Foster declined an invitation to go hunting on the city's mean streets. "Let them eat plaster," said the Guv. Meanwhile, N'Awlins decays while Marky Marc plays.

Pan Presents "Edwin Edwards' Greatest Hits"

NASHVEGAS - It's not available in stores! You won't find it in your record club! Only the Krewe of Pan offers the timeless classics of Edwin "The Silver Zipper" Edwards, collected for the first time in a single disc (which, we admit, looks suspiciously like a Harrah's poker chip).

After all, who in Louisiana has a better record of sustained decadence than the lovable guv? Here's just a sampling of what you'll find on "Edwin Edwards' Greatest Hits":

"I didn't take that \$10,000 bribe, my wife did" (duet with Tongsun Park)

"The public is very forgiving" (soundtrack from *Sixty Minutes*)

"The more you give to my campaign, the better job you'll have in my administration"

"The only way I won't get re-elected is if I get caught in bed with a live boy or a dead woman"

"We're both wizards under the sheets" (duet with David Duke)

"Who says we didn't need that hospital (I sure needed the money)" (from the film *Well-Hung Jury -- the Edwards Trials*)

"Casino gambling will save us all" (with special guest Sidney Barthelemy on snores)

"I'm your sugar daddy, you're my Candy girl"

Order now and you'll get two special bonuses: your very own "Vote for the Crook - It's Important" bumper sticker; plus the Edwin Edwards joke book. This limited edition (only so many people in this state can read, thanks to Fast Eddie's excellent educational adventures) volume contains all of the glib guv's best campaign promises. Who can

forget such side-slappers as "I won't get involved in the casino issue"? Or "this time I want to do it right"? You'll also chuckle over such Edwardian anecdotes as: Lady (to her legislator): "I think it is terrible the way the governor drinks, gambles and chases women." Legislator: "Ma'am, the governor doesn't drink."

This complete, incredible package can be yours for just \$19,995 (payable in a satchel of small, unmarked bills). However, for a very limited time, about 7:00 to 9:00 PM on February 3, you can experience the magic of the man as presented by the Krewe of Pan in the Krewe du Vieux parade. You'll thrill to the sight of the Edwin Edwards Memorial (AKA the world's largest unfinished casino). You'll chill to the sound of Latin music, in honor of his banana republic. You'll spill out over such masked revelers as Candy strippers (or strippers), horny gods and nympho nymphs.

You can bet this offer will end soon, so don't miss this unique opportunity to get Pan-fried with "Edwin Edwards' Greatest Hits". Hurry - before he decides to run for another term.

C.O.A. STATEMENT

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe du 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 © 1996 by the Krewe du Vieux.

Governor Conceals "Pistol" In His Pocket

IN YOUR PANTS - With the firm conviction that they have nothing to hide and the goal of revealing our new governor's true hobbies, a motley band of bald-headed, trench coat-wearing revelers (read: "private dicks") would like to remind all spectators of the 1996 Krewe du Vieux parade that "Concealed Revolvers Are Penile Substitutes".

The Krewe de C.R.A.P.S. recognizes that while it is not currently legal to keep pistols hidden in your pants (where we understand they can serve many other worthy purposes), it is perfectly acceptable to pack heat that is visible to the public (or pubic) eye. Apparently, the Krewe intends to do just that.

The governor's big bald head will be on hand (or in hand, as the

case may be), helping the group to let it all hang out -- not to mention a bevy of eager impersonators bent on asking Mr. Foster if that's a pistol in his pocket or is he just happy to see us?

In the spirit of safe sex, C.R.A.P.S. believes that it is good to keep one's pocket pistol covered -- but if it ain't the real thing, what's the point in having it under wraps? Nevertheless, to be good sports, and to make it easier for spectators to conceal their phallic devices, the group will provide latex sheaths to prevent any unwanted contents from getting all over the place. So whether your choice is single-chambered, double-barreled, strap-on, or battery operated, the Krewe urges all citizens to exercise their right to pack it in their pants -- before a license is required to do so.

Anal-Varsity Waltz Competition Honors Krewe du Vieux's 10th Anniversary

cANAL St. - To celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Krewe du Vieux with the dignity and distinction it deserves, the members of the not-so-dignified but very distinct Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. (affectionately referred to as "Crudities") will present their AnalVarsity Waltz Team competition. The team that is judged most anal and most waltzily correct will win the first prize of 15 cases of Rice-A-Roni, 32 cases of Dixie Beer, and a year's supply of Preparation H.

The competition will take place on February 3, 1996, during the Krewe du Vieux's 10th anniversary party-parade in the French Quarter, where personal proclivities, anal or

otherwise, are always expressed with non-anal abandon.

Contestants will be anal-ized objectively and fairly based on C.R.U.D.E.'s own unwritten code of unethics and (b)anality. No favoritism will be displayed for magnitude or decoration of naughty parts. Costumes must be appropriate for the waltz motif, reflecting the traditional refinement of uppercrust(ed) society. On-lookers at the event will be encouraged to influence the judges by means of applause, yelling and/or throwing back undesirable throws.

For further information, contact the AnalVarsity Waltz competition coordinator, Mr. Arthur Scopey, at 1-800-UP-YOURS.

L.E.W.D. Bares It All

HARD LUCK CITY - An unfortunate aftershock of the demise of casino gambling in New Orleans is that the members of the Krewe of L.E.W.D. could not scrape enough funds together for costumes. Consequently, in honor of the Krewe du Vieux's 10th anniversary, "L.E.W.D. Goes Nude".

Using 1995's Queen GiO as their role model, the Krewe has adopted her "birthday suit" costume as inspiration to (un)dress down for this historic parade.

L.E.W.D. hopes this 10th anniversary affair is not formal; however, some members may be standing at attention, while others will simply try to stay abreast of the situation.

Top Ten Questions Tourists Ask In New Orleans

10. Where can I get some of them "bignuts"?
9. You don't even know me, how can you know where I got these shoes?
8. Why can't we see the Gulf of Mexico from here?
7. Is this a legal parking space?
6. Which way to Bourbon Street?
5. How come the Westbank is south, and the Northshore is east?
4. Would you please take me to the hospital?
3. Is that really a woman?
2. Would you please call the police?
1. Stop that, or I'll call the police -- oh, you mean you are the police?

*Sidney Barthelemy
Slept Here
(and here ... and here ...)*