



Posthumorously Yours

Krewe du Vieux Laughs at Death

Henri Schindler to Reign on Parade

NAWLINS -- If you gotta go, you might as well die laughing, says the Krewe du Vieux, and who knows what slings, arrows and outrageous Louisiana Lottery fortunes await you on the other side. Comus, Momus and Proteus are checking it out right now, and to help interpret the results, float-builder and Krewe channeler Henri Schindler will reign as "Sarcophagus I" on the Krewe du Vieux's 1993 "Posthumorously Yours" parade.

The Krewe will present its 7th annual march through the streets and bars of New Orleans' French Quarter at 7:00 PM on Saturday night, February 6. See map for parade route.

The Krewe du Vieux's twelve sub-krewes will each present their own death-defying (and taste-defying) interpretation of the theme. Sub-krewes include the Krewe of the Mystic Inane, Gemini Visionary Society, 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 L.E.W.D., Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, Mystick Korpse of Comatose, and Krewe of T.O.K.I.N.

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 Washboard Leo, Samba Rio, Tribe Nunzio and



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, February 6, 1993 at 7:00 PM

special guest percussionists.

Following the parade will be the Krewe du Vieux Doo, the annual ball and *debauch extraordinaire*. The public is invited and forewarned. Celebrations and rituals commence at 9:00 PM at the New Orleans Entertainment Hall, 907 South Peters St. Music will be provided by the parade bands, Tribe Nunzio, and the Dream Band featuring Lenny McDaniels, Cranston Clements and the Downtown Horns, with special guest appearances by Marva Wright and John Mooney. Tickets are \$10 at the door -- \$5 less than last year!

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.

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Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, February 6
9:00 PM

N. O. Entertainment Hall
907 South Peters St.
Admission \$10

Open to the Public

Featuring:

- Tuba Fats & the Chosen Few
- Algiers Brass Band
- Treme Brass Band
- Li'l Rascals
- Junior Birth Jazz Band
- The Highsteppers
- Soul Rebels
- The Klezmer All-Stars
- Washboard Leo
- Down & Dirty Brass Band
- Tribe Nunzio
- The Dream Band featuring Lenny McDaniel, Cranston Clements & The Downtown Horns
- Special Guests:**
- Marva Wright
- John Mooney

"Sarcophagus I" Mourns Death of Traditional Carnival

As he watches the traditions of Carnival get contemptuously crushed beneath the high heels of City Hall, Master Float Builder and Carnival Art Historian Henri Schindler will reign and mourn over the Krewe du Vieux in 1993 as "Sarcophagus I".

"This is indeed a time of mourning for the city," the melancholy monarch proclaimed. "The focus of our culture has been hounded off the streets, hounded out of existence."

His Majesty has been the float builder for the late lamented Comus and Proteus parades for several years, reviving traditional Mardi Gras float art forms and bringing back a sense of what Carnival used to be like. He is currently Art Director for Rex. In addition, he has been collecting Carnival legends and artifacts, compiling his history from the artistic viewpoint.

"Many talented artists, both famous and unknown, have played important roles in the history of Carnival, and in developing its traditions," Sarcophagus said, "and it is horrifying to see something so beautiful being done away with so contemptuously."

In keeping with the mood -- and the Krewe du Vieux's theme, "Post-humorously Yours", His Highness will design and ride a funeral float, accompanied by attendants in black robes, with black veils and masks. A large mourning wreath will grace the front of the float, to be laid at the doorstep of the Boston Club on Canal Street.

Ever concerned with his loyal subjects, the gracious Sarcophagus pointed out that "The people who really suffer from all this are the devotees, the people who come to see the spectacle every year, whose Carnival was illuminated year after year. Comus, Momus and Proteus will have a great time at their balls, drinking their champagne; it's the people who will literally be left out in the cold."

As part of his art history research, His Imperial Excellency has lovingly

compiled notes and reproductions of many Carnival floats and costumes from the earliest years of the extravaganza, and has included echoes of them in many of his recent designs.

"Now City Hall has decided to regulate the festival," sighed Sarcophagus, "and to force upon Carnival the same withering touch it has brought to housing, education, and public safety. The fantasy world of Carnival will soon enough reflect the real New Orleans: a city of crumbling palaces, political ayatollahs, dazed tourists, and rising body counts."

C.R.U.D.E Ducks It All

IN A DUCKBLIND -- The Council to Revive Urban Decadent Entertainment, familiarly known as C.R.U.D.E. to its fellow bamboozlers, was laid to rest at the end of the 1992 Mardi Gras season, along with its more prestigious compatriots Momus, Comus, Proteus, and Venus. However, unlike Ridicule, Revelry, Delusion, and Desire, C.R.U.D.E.-ity cannot be interred, deterred, inferred, or conferred for very long.

In keeping with its lowly Estate -- not the 3rd or the 4th, but the Lowly -- C.R.U.D.E. was conjured by the invocation of the Krewe du Vieux's totally tasteless, tacky and trashy theme. Rising Elvis-like, C.R.U.D.E. cast off the immortal coil, came from the pall, and laid its offering at the feet of the Lord of Misrule. The bier could no longer contain it (or C.R.U.D.E. could no longer contain the beer), and from the ashes of a not-too-well remembered yesteryear arose the specter of "Dead Ducks". The evening's menu was a foregone conclusion (the four has gone, so we concluded).

Why a duck? You may well ask.

That eternal question deserves an appropriate answer. Unfortunately, we don't have eternity or an answer,

so our unsteady resolve is strengthened to eat, drink and -- well, what else is there?

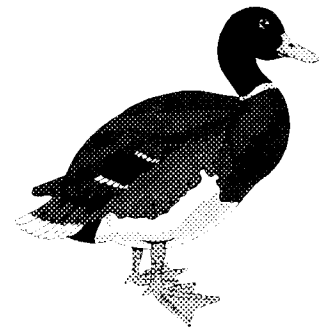
For the racially, culturally and digestively unbiased, we present Peeking Duck, Pressed Duck, Breast-o-Duck, Duck 'la Orange, and Sitting Duck. For the visually challenged, we recommend the Duck-Blind as he/she undergoes amazing changes. If we Forgot-to-Duck, we'll wind up a Lame Duck without our Ducks in a Row.

Count Duckula has agreed to drop in for a bite, after which we'll repair the damage with Duck Tape. And no soiree would be complete without a serving of Duck Soup. Keep your eyes open for the Marx-ed boys and ol' Margaret What's-her-name.

After dinner, parlor games will be provided for all who survive the charms and bubbling repartee of Cold Duck. The semi-literate will be challenged to charades with the Ducktionary as semi-final authority (we expect no finalists). Pick-up-Ducks, the safe sex game of the 90's, awards a prize Ducktail who only goes home with the loser. Rednecks, white socks and blue ribbon beer will make the Cracker-Ducks feel at home.

Following the evening's festivities, Dr. Quack-en-bush, our Charity -- oops, Louisiana Medical Complex -- resident, has promised free treatment. Hew will, however, accept a few bills if patients are so ill-disposed and easily parted from that anatomical appendage.

If we duck anything, it will be the issues. C.R.U.D.E. never has been, and never will be, accused of being politically correct. We are not, however, incorrect -- just semi-conscious. Here's to Mardi Gras 1993, and may the best duck.



Sperm Bank Home of Frozen Few

WALL STREET -- "Many are cold, but few are frozen," says the President and CEO (Chief Executive Ovum) of the Krewe of Underwear Dead Celebrity Sperm Bank, one of the nation's largest depositories of the reproductive fluids of dead people. "Potential depositors call us every day -- and you wouldn't believe some of the things they say -- but we accept only those whose sperm truly deserve to swim into history."

Preliminary decisions on who comes and who goes are made by the Sperm Bank's Eggsecutive Committee. Those lucky few who get past this stage then enjoy a private interview with the Bank President, Vanna Eggwhite, who personally accepts all deposits.

"We're a lot like any other bank," claims the curvaceous CEO. "Our interest is high, our 'service charge' is egg-sorbitant, and we have stiff penalties for early withdrawal."

Among the dead elite whose sperm are stored at the Bank are Francis Bacon'n'Eggs, Eggs Benedict Arnold, Superman, Sidney Bartholemey, and Flipper.

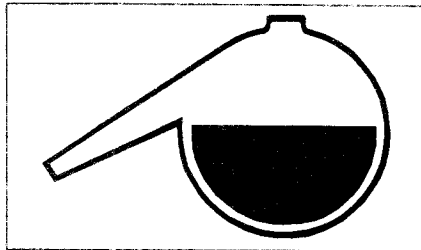
"Some people have claimed that Sidney isn't dead," explained Ms. Eggwhite, "but we don't have any evidence that he's alive. On the other hand, a lot of people feel that Elvis and Jim Morrison ought to be in the Bank, but no one's been able to prove that they're dead."

In addition to its sperm depositories, the KoU Bank also collects and freezes famous female ova, a service it has named "Eggcetera".

Eggxalted eggs at the Bank include Janis Joplin, Isadora Duncan, Yolko Ono, Eggnog Ferber, and Betty Boop.

All sperm and eggs are carefully stored in safe deposit test tubes, kept in the Bank's high-security freezer. "It's an excellent system," said Ms. Eggwhite, "and it also means we have

an unlimited supply of ice for our cocktail parties."



Safe deposit test tubes keep celebrity sperm and eggs securely frozen.

Among the other specialties offered by the Sperm Bank are their "Over Easy" automatic teller machines, located in strip bars and peep shows throughout the city, which can accept customer deposits 24 hours a day; and their unique "Preppy Division", headed by Division Manager Egg McMuffy. "Preppies aren't egg-sactly famous for their sexual activity," says Ms. McMuffy, "so we provide a tasteful alternative for producing that little prepper." As a special incentive, all new customers in the Preppy Division are given free lab gloves and a tastefully arranged vial of alligator sperm.

Customers wishing to make a withdrawal from the Bank must also go through a thorough screening process, according to Eggsecutive Vice President Roddy McTrowel. "We don't want our sperm swimming in just any swimming hole," McTrowel says firmly. When asked about loans, McTrowel said only, "Are you kidding? What a disgusting idea!"

In a rare public, public display, Krewe of Underwear Dead Celebrity Sperm Bank staff members will make an appearance on the streets of the New Orleans French Quarter on the night of Saturday, February 6. The New Orleans City Council, which last year banned the throwing of condoms from Mardi Gras floats, is reported to be eggstatic over the prospect.

From Wall Street, ovum and out.

VLO Protests Discrimination

TRANSYLVANIA -- In a protest against centuries of discrimination, the VLO (Vampire Liberation Organization) issued a toughly-worded statement calling for a halt to their mistreatment.

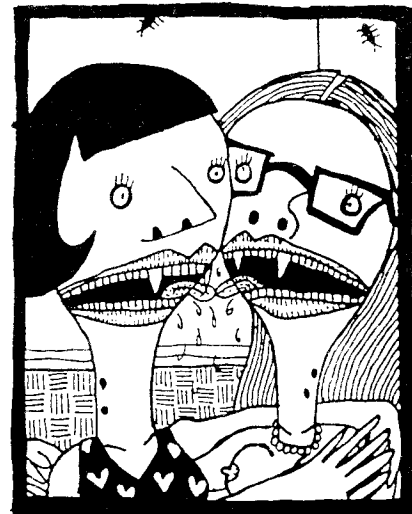
Issued from the headquarters of the Krewe of T.O.K.I.N., the statement read as follows:

"For too long, vampires have kept silent about the rampant discrimination we face on a nightly basis. We have been afraid to come out of the coffin to demand the same rights that everyone else takes for granted.

"Even in Louisiana, where people can vote after they're dead, the undead are denied the right to vote due to the prejudices of the majority and the lack of nighttime voter registration hours.

"Narrow-minded prejudice has kept us in the dark and deprived society of the contributions we could make. We are an ancient race with simple needs. We don't want to interfere with your job market or your food chain. Don't be misled by the imitation vampires, the politicians who make mortals pay for the right to be sucked dry.

"We offer our TOKINS in memory of New Orleans' ancient orders of Momus, Comus, Proteus, Iris, and da Saints. Undead 4ever!"



Krewe of K.A.O.S. Presents

French Quarter Walking Tour

Are you a tourist in New Orleans looking for **a walk on the wild side?** Are you bored by those mild encounters with overly aggressive panhandlers who want to tell you where you got your shoes or how many children your father had? Forget all that -- now you can experience the real crime scene in New Orleans.

For the first time ever, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. is offering visitors to New Orleans an unequalled opportunity to **view and interact with the city's dangerous criminal element** in its own environment! This is your chance to see sights and experience activities that most New Orleanians take for granted.

This exciting walking tour of the Lower French Quarter leaves daily at 10:00 PM from the corner of Rampart Street and Esplanade Avenue. The tour lasts approximately four hours (depending on police response time and the availability of paramedics), and disbands at the St. Ann Street entrance to Armstrong Park.

Tour highlights include the following:

- See an entire car stereo removed from a locked vehicle in less than 30 seconds.
- Mingle with hustlers and pimps on Burgundy Street, New Orleans' very own Meat Market.
- Observe actual drug transactions.
- Meet weapon-wielding members of the city's most prominent teenage gangs.
- Optional burial insurance available.
- Anyone witnessing an actual murder will receive an all-expenses paid return trip to New Orleans, courtesy of the Orleans Parish District Attorney's Office, to testify at the trial.
- Any tour member requiring hospital treatment will receive a 50% discount coupon for the Krewe of K.A.O.S. walking tour of St. Louis Cemetery No. 1.
- Emergency room treatment provided by Medical Center of Louisiana, one of the foremost emergency trauma centers in the United States.

Tour Tips:

- Wear comfortable walking (or running) shoes
- Keep your medical insurance card with you at all times
- Get an accurate description of any assailants you encounter
- Hide your cash in as many different places as possible -- no mugger likes to be told that you gave all your cash to the last mugger
- Please do not annoy the New Orleans Police Department with your complaints -- they are very busy arresting celebrities and tourists for traffic violations
- Wear only insured jewelry

Registration Form for Lower French Quarter Walking Tour

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
Blood Type _____ Religion _____ Next of Kin _____
Medical Insurer _____ Organ Donor? _____ Yes _____ No _____
Identifying Marks or Tattoos _____ Location of your Dental Records _____

Remember to ask about our other Tours:

- * Moonlight Tour of St. Louis Cemetery No. 1
- * Architectural Highlights of Veterans Boulevard
- * Nightlife of St. Bernard Parish
- * Plaquemines Parish Civil Rights Museum
- *New Orleans Political Corruption Tour (2-day tour)

Myth of Elvis' Death Exposed

Did King Lose to Royal Flush?

GRACELAND -- The story supposedly goes like this: a pill-popping rock star went to the throne room to play his last hand of poker (not pucker). While sitting on the throne, the King lost to a royal flush; his heart (probably not broken by any woman) stopped beating.

This, however, is probably fiction. As we all know, the heart of rock 'n' roll is still beating. Elvis supposedly cashed in his chips, popped his last pill, screwed his last groupie. But the Krewe of L.E.W.D. (the Lewd Ensemble of Weird Degenerates) will reveal this as a media myth as they present their theme, "From Graceland to the Promised Land".

After celebrating over the Krewe's annual Warming of the Glue Guns ceremony -- and finally recovering from the hangovers, blisters and communicable diseases contracted at the Krewe du Vieux's 1992 soiree -- anonymous sources revealed that L.E.W.D. will commemorate the various vehicles and devices which Elvis employed on his determined trek from Memphis to the Pearly Gates -- and will present the resurrection and appearance of the one and only king.

Moved by the enthusiasm and creativity of L.E.W.D., and by a threatened boycott of the U.S. Postal Service, the Postmaster General has announced that in spite of recent voting, the Old Fat Stupid Elvis 29¢ stamps will be issued after all, and will be made available to all viewers of the Krewe du Vieux parade at a special price of two for 60¢.

Society Section

Tit-N-Tat

by Miss E. Queen,
and Mario, Princess

THE GAWDEN DISTRICT -- A great rumble was heard from the bowels of the den of the Krewe of Inane -- the yet-again inebriated Captain Terri Blakeny slurred, "I'm sure it's 'Posthumously Yours'".

Clutching her sides, Pat Baird exclaimed, "Does anyone have a Gas-X? I can't take it any more."

"What the hell does that mean?" screeched Queen Miss E.

"Are you sure they didn't say Posthumously Yours?" queried Princess Mario.

"Well, maybe," belched Captain Blakeny, sliding from her bar stool.

Just then Miss Mumbo Lips proclaimed "I've been to enough funerals and I refuse to wear black: veils, shifts, gowns or skirts."

"But you ARE black," noted Mark Baker. Hmmm

From the darkest recesses of the den came, "Speaking of black, I need a good maid."

"Who said that?!" bellowed the (self-proclaimed) benevolent Beverly.

Appearing through a cloud of smoke came Jeffrey "The O" Olive Melton (one-time lover of Rodney King). He exhaled, "Me."

"I was a Homecoming Maid," squealed Lady Martha, a scandal-ridden (and not infrequently otherwise ridden) newcomer to the group.

"I could have been maid back in Pennsylvania," babbled Princess Mario, "but I laid the football team instead."

"I did the basketball team and lapped the track team," bragged the "E", "and that is why I'm the Queen and you're not."

"Well, that doesn't find me a maid," wheezed the "O", self-consciously combing hair over a receding hair-line.

Debbie, while tripping over discarded beer cans and condom packages, said, "We could use a fucking maid around here. In fact we could use a whole den of 'em!"

Hence . . . the Maids of Krewe du Vieux.

Kazoozie Floozies In a Frenzy

DECATUR STREET -- Those Darlings of Decatur Street, the Kazoozie Floozies, are marching to a fevered frenzy as they put the finishing touches on a touching tribute to "The King". This Whirl Famous All-Girl Band is planning their own private tribute to Elvis that will include a pilgrimage to Graceland this spring. This excitement was fired up at the Krewe du Vieux fundraiser this winter, with its wonderful altar to our King.

The Floozies' Eighth Annual "Bomb Your Mom" Parade was held that same evening in the Quarters, and the girls realized they had a mission to perform. Efforts to raise money for their annual trip to Washington had been waylaid by an overwhelming desire to visit the home of the Greatest Floozier who ever lived.

Who needs to go to Washington to see a man from Little Rock? Since seeing the light through the Krewe du Vieux's eyes, these thirteen women are off in search of love, lust and the American Way.

Seeds of Decline Discover 17 Sins

SIN CITY -- Amongst a collection of original patriotic texts, the Seeds of Decline have discovered the original 17 deadly sins: Sincadism, Republicanism, Madonnaism, Vegetarianism, Bestiality, Kennedyism, Catechism, Jismism, Yuppyism, Implantism, Penisism, Jockism, Tourism, Patriotism, Nationalism, Commercialism, and Virginism.

Fragments of first drafts of several historic texts were also located:

"Bring me your tried and convicted masses, well-hung and yearning to breed freely. I used my condom upon the distant whores. Let them cum on me."

"My country fucks with me,
Sweet home of puberty,
With thee I sin . . ."

"Lust, lubrication, and the pursuit of penetration. In sin we trust."

Shroud of Tourism Discovered in New Orleans

BABYLON ON THE BAYOU -- Was it a miracle? Or just another prison escape? Police officials aren't sure, but this much is clear: the Son of God was arrested in New Orleans, and He has disappeared from His cell, leaving only a white cloth with a pattern that traces his camera-laden figure.

No one knows why the Son was in the Big Easy, but He was originally arrested for making an illegal left turn on his mule. Upon further investigation, citations for turning water into wine without a liquor permit and healing the sick without a medical license were also issued. Additional charges of cross-dressing were later dropped.

At City Hall, Councilwoman Dorothy Taylor was overheard grumbling about all His disciples being white. Not surprisingly, Mayor Sidney Barthelme was asleep during the arrest.

Commenting on the incident, radio fascist Rush Windblow branded the Son of God "a dangerous radical and a bleeding heart liberal". Windblow cited His compassion for the poor and homeless, adding, "I don't see Him holding down a job either."

When a *Monde de Merde* reporter inquired about the arrest at police headquarters, an N.O.P.D. spokesman responded, "We didn't know He was a celebrity. But hey, let's face it, if the Son of God did return today, preaching what He did 2000 years ago, they'd nail Him again."

The Shroud of Tourism, as the garment found in the Son of God's cell is being called, is a white cloth bearing a likeness of His face and body. A Nikon camera hangs around His neck, and some experts are suggesting that His lower limbs may have been clad in Bermuda shorts.

The Holy Suspect's disappearance came a short time after He was strip-searched and de-loused. Ascension is suspected, and only the Shroud of Tourism remains.



The so-called "Shroud of Tourism", found in the empty cell of the Son of God, arrested by New Orleans police who claimed, "we didn't know He was a celebrity."

Knights of Mondu Smell A Rat

CITY HALL - At a recent meeting of our City Council, a Knights of Mondu masker smelled a Rat! In fact, a further investigation in the smutty chamber revealed a grotesque image: the fat body of a large rat, complete with fur and tail, and the head of a well-known councilwoman.

Imagine the revulsion of our masker, as he overheard the Rat discussing with the other Roaches and Worms on the Council the future of Mardi Gras in the Crescent City!

Banned for life from the LaPlace parade for alleged mischievous activities, our masker and the other Knights of Mondu were naturally concerned about the tone of the conversation, and the proclamation by the Rat that this year, the Mondu float would violate the city's new "Politically Correct" attitude regarding Carnival.

Sure enough, soon enough, the Knights found themselves at central lockup, having been strip-searched and de-loused like common tourists. Worse yet, the infamous Mondu "Rat Float" had been impounded.

It seems that Mondu's interpretation of the councilwoman offended the Rat, Roaches and Worms on the City Council. "I make the rules," said the Rat pro-tem. "Those who disagree will not be allowed to parade."

Being ardent upholders of Carnival traditions, the Knights of Mondu were shocked by the overt tyranny of the local government, and surprised at the new attitudes of the city towards the ancient customs of Carnival -- not to mention the obvious assault on Constitutional rights such as free speech and freedom of association.

The wrath of the Rat notwithstanding, Mondu and his merry maskers made their escape from parish prison, posing as members of the now-inclusive, Rat-approved Krewe of Rex. They rescued the "Rat Float" from the parking pound, and, dressed in their finest parish prison designer jumpsuits, joined the Krewe du Vieux on their annual irreverent procession through the French Quarter.

A Proclamation from **YE MYSTIK KORPSE OF COMATOSE**

Preserving the most important and venerable traditions of Carnival:

SEGREGATION

PREJUDICE

SEXISM

FEUDALISM

We, the Mystik Korpse of Comatose, the rightful and sole owners of New Orleans Carnival, hereby denounce the so-called Mardi Gras desegregation ordinance. This ordinance to force us to associate with inferior races, the lesser gender, and other undesirables, is insufferable! We have somehow lived through past outrages, such as the ill-thought out laws allowing women to vote and giving coloreds the privilege of dining in the same restaurants as whites. But these past assaults on civilization pale compared to this outrageous attempt to shove human refuse down our throats!

Don't those who put forth this ordinance understand that it will ruin Carnival? How could the masses enjoy our parade if they weren't absolutely sure that none of our members had a great-grandfather who was an Italian or a Chinaman? How could anyone enjoy catching a Carnival favor which might have been thrown by the descendant of a Jew or an African?

Understand that we of the Mystick Korpse of Comatose have nothing against the inferior races, as

long as they know their place. We appreciate the amusing antics of the semi-articulate wop vegetable grocer. We generously reward the shuffling flambeaux carrier with shiny pennies when he does a good job. We even understand the useful role the Jew fills in taking trades too immoral for any Christian. Yet such people certainly can't expect to associate with us, the aristocracy! Our organization has stringent rules preventing any of its members from ever committing the *faux-pas* of making acquaintance with anyone who might have an ancestor from an improper ethnic, religious or social group. Any attempt to alter or abolish these rules would violate our freedom of association! Of course, we would rather dissolve our organization, cancel Carnival, shut down the economy, and burn down the city than to risk associating with our inferiors!

We implore all right-minded Orleanians to stand up for our sacred traditions of feudalism, benign neglect, and an inbred, isolated aristocracy, by opposing the Mardi Gras integration ordinance. Save our Jim Krow Karnival!

ALWAYS -- AY EGREGATE -- SAY

YE MYSTIK KORPSE OF COMATOSE

invites the public to join them as they

"Toast the Rich"

Tour Bus Companies Ban Cars from Quarter

Citing obnoxious drivers and crowded streets, New Orleans tour bus companies announced that they were banning cars from French Quarter streets. "What gives the locals the right to use these streets anyway?" said a spokesman. There was no comment from the mayor's office, as Sidney B. was asleep at the wheel.

COA 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.

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Obituary Page



Republican Era Gasps Last Breath

WASHINGTON -- Infected with deadly intolerance and terminal economic malaise, the Republican Era came to a close on January 20. Although the Era was only 12 years old, it seemed to have gone on much longer.

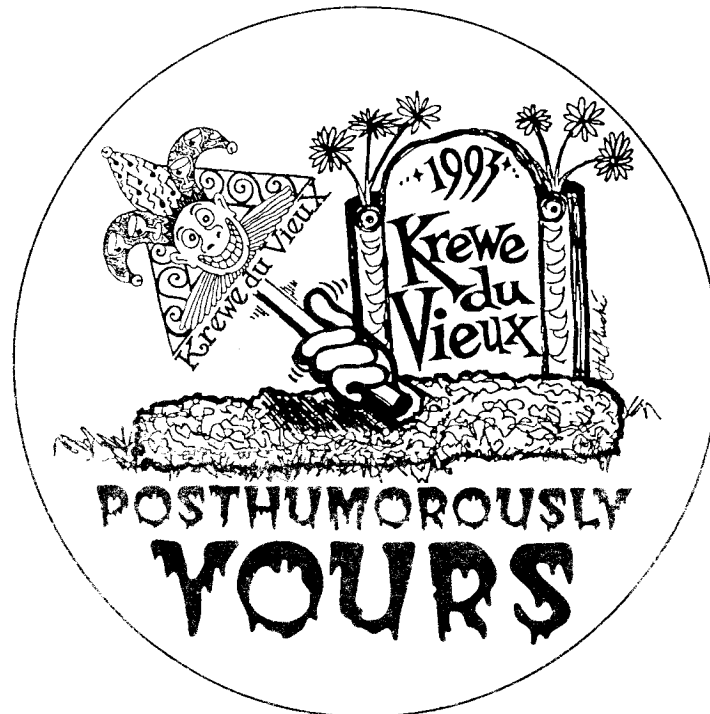
The Era was officially doomed last November, although it had been drifting for months beforehand. While a few die-hard members of the GOP refused to acknowledge its passing, the widespread celebrations in the streets of the nation's capital left little doubt as to the finality of the situation.

Survivors include Lingering Recession, a Humongous Budget Deficit, Racial Strife, Declining Cities, and a Majority of Federal Judges.

Speakers at the Era's funeral included the Prickly Pats, Robertson and Buchanan. In lieu of flowers, mourners were asked to send campaign contributions.

Casino Developer Chris Hemmeter Cashes In Chips

LAS VEGAS -- In a stunning surprise that cast major doubts on the future of gambling in New Orleans, casino developer Christopher Hemmeter has played his final hand and cashed in his chips. The tempestuous tycoon is now



part of that big pot in the sky.

Local politicians reacted with disbelief and dismay. Governor Edwin Edwards mourned "the loss of a great opportunity for wealth -- and a chance for the state to make some money too." Aides announced that the Gambling Gov was working on a new plan to turn the UNO Lakefront campus into a casino.

Several City Council members were heard wondering "when is our ship ever gonna come in?"; and in a startling development, Mayor Sidney Barthelemy actually woke up.

Survivors include the French Quarter, Canal Street, and the Culture of New Orleans. Funeral plans were incomplete as of press time, although informed sources declared there was "no chance" that the people would actually be allowed to vote on them.

City Council Found Dead In The Water

No one was surprised.

Education Dead in Louisiana

NUE OARLEENS -- Looziana's state system of public education died of neglect, systemic corruption, and political infighting, in October of 1992, at the age of 137. Step-child of the Louisiana Board of Higher Education, and mother of LSU, UNO, USL, La. Tech, SLU, Southern

University, and SUNO, Education is survived by trips to Monte Carlo; really well-paid insurance commissioners; medical research ostriches; the new Lake Pontchartrain Basin Foundation; an expensive, unconstitutional but well-fought anti-abortion law, shell dredging, and the Edwin W. Edwards Blackjack Dealers School.

Relatives, friends, graduates, and former students are invited to a memorial service at the Casino Royale, New Orleans, with interment to follow at the State Capitol. The service will be at 5:00 PM, so guests can return to the Casino Royale for an evening of drinks and gambling. In lieu of flowers, donations may be sent to the Anna Edwards Birthday Fund.

Sidney Omar's astrological forecast will not appear today due to his unexpected death.