

# 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!

