

C.R.U.D.E. Goes Deep In Enema Territory

THE LOCKER ROOM - The Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. has returned from its charge into unknown enema territory where duck hunting is a cultural event, where criminals wander freely because there is no room at the inn (while gentle pot-smoking party-goers occupy the limited detention space), where law enforcement officers outside city limits spend all day setting up scams to capture motorists doing 68 in a 65 zone while officers inside the city are confronted by militia-like gangs of marauders, and where football personages capable of collecting large, colorful rings are deemed extraneous.

C.R.U.D.E.'s efforts have produced the first known cure-all for these and other infirmities afflicting the state. To the surprise of all, the solution has been at K&B for years, sitting innocuously on shelves everywhere, unappreciated for its true significance. In unpretentious little boxes bearing labels such as "Fleet", the unusual product has, according to C.R.U.D.E. medical personnel, proven to be the elixir of relief for mental as well as physical constipation.

C.R.U.D.E. (the Council to Revive Urban Decadence) has concluded that a single dose of the potent cure will open clogged cranial passages while simultaneously releasing intestinal debris. Repeated doses appear capable of producing cerebral activity that actually resembles what scientists believe is "thinking"! It has finally become apparent why "The Thinker" was portrayed in the familiar position. The art community is stunned.

The mysterious product will be available to politicians, preachers

Movie Review:

"Dead Man Voting"

- by *The Seeds of Decline*

Louisiana politicians have always known how to "dig deep" for votes. They always travel with a shovel, and vow to leave no (grave) stone unturned in their quest for election.

This is the theme of "Dead Men Voting", the latest Hollywood epic to feature the Bayou State and, by purest coincidence, the Seeds of Decline in this year's Krewe du Vieux parade.

The Seeds will present a Jazz Funeral of and for Louisiana voters, with a float of the famous St. Louis Cemetary and Polling Place as its centerpiece. Maskers will depict dead voters, both famous and infamous, as well as politicians and other ghouls.

All good movies and parades have theme songs, and "Dead Man Voting" is no exception. In an exclusive scoop that assuredly has *Variety* in a deep funk, *Le Monde de Merde* has acquired a copy of this spectral soundtrack.

All of My Heroes Have Tombstones

by *René Crowe*

All of my heroes have tombstones,
Yeah, they're gone to the eternal bed;
But we allow them to keep on voting,
For we need the advice of the dead.

and local football team owners on January 25th, when Krewe du Vieux goes deep into the inner workings of those who are notorious for clogged cranial passages, and/or for engulfing the rest of us in deep fecal matter. Media coverage will be provided by Cocks Cable and PBs.

Lake Granny Dee and Aunt Minnie,
Dole voters they'd never be!
So I pulled the levers for them,
'Cause not too well do they see.

And good ol' Woody Guthrie
Who sang out his heart for the poor
Had to make sure Woody Jenkins
Never darkened the Senate floor.

And that honored, eternal Elvis,
From the delta he did rise
To be seen in hundreds of precincts
To no one's real true surprise.

And how about old Dan'l Boone,
He was a real man, don't you know;
He voted twice for Bill Clinton,
His grandkids all told me so.

Now who would dare forbid Jesus,
Who has risen once more from the
dead,

To take part in an election?
Wouldn't want that on my head.

Oh, all of my heroes have tombstones
And the next election I dread.
Perhaps instead of dead men voting,
The living should vote for the dead.

While the tradition of dead and other unregistered voters taking part in the election process is a time-honored Louisiana tradition, it appears to have sunk to new depths in the past election. How else could you explain the million-plus votes for Woody Jenkins, whose election would probably have meant death for Louisiana?

At any rate, the film's (cemetary) plot remains buried in some Tinseltown cutting room, but the Seeds of Decline and Krewe du Vieux will once again walk by night. If nothing else, participants hope to get drunk enough to forget that, after all, this is Louisiana, and that means the next election can't be too far away. Vote early, vote often -- and get dead drunk.