

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir, Madam or Unsure,

The Krewe of Drips & Discharges has uncovered "A Confederacy of Redundance" in the form of a letter written by our Mayor, Ignatius J. "Working Boy" O'Morial, which was recently given to us by one of his interns (who moonlights as a Lucky Dog Salesman) in the executive restrooms in City Hall.

Dear Fellow Hard(ly)-Working Denizens of City Hall,

Having exhausted all other taxing opportunities by imposing taxes on everything from personal property to an individual's underwear, we must locate a new source of revenue that will capture funds from the entire city population. We have decided that the fairest tax would be on fun or sinful activities, since all citizens seem to participate in these endeavors.

Therefore, I now propose Proposition Two, a "Sin Tax", which will raise worker salaries to the poverty level, or at least that of the city's Lucky Dog operators, strip joint bouncers, Decatur Street hookers (salaried, to keep the tourists happy), Maison Blanche workers, fortune tellers (to predict how the City will pay for services next year), and of course, the Saintsations (to keep the players happy and winning -- for a change).

The "Sin Tax" will also help pay for the traffic fines accumulated by the city's limo driver, Officer Mancuso; help the school board give Morris O'Holmes a lifetime of New Orleans citizens' tax money; and help destroy the Dome by allowing New Orleans officials to hold free, city-wide camp-outs, where the populace will be allowed to complain about free room and food, and abscond with all the furniture they can carry out.

Considering that most fun/sinful

items fall under the sales/amusement tax, this redundancy in the form of a tax could go unnoticed, if we can sneak it past the loudmouths on the City Council. I have therefore proposed that we the following become "taxable sins":

1. Buying politicians (individually or collectively by party)
2. Pinching tails and sucking heads (by the pound)
3. Drinking Dixie (not singing it)
4. Showing tits for cheap beads or doubloons (tax doubles for silicone and saline implants)
5. Adultery (unless it's committed with a person of the same sex - then the tax is doubled!)
6. Lying to citizens of New Orleans (on TV, the internet or otherwise)
7. Tampering with voting machines by individuals (dead or alive)
8. Driving while influenced (by anything or anyone other than the Mayor)
9. Murder (of another tax paying citizen only)
10. Gluttony of all foods (except Red Beans & Rice on Mondays)
11. Theft of property (except in the case of city workers stealing city property).

I will depart to pray to St. Dutch of Morial, patron saint of politicians, thugs and thieves, and St. Sidney of deBarthelomy, patron saint of drunks, gamblers and narcoleptics, in hopes that they will intercede in this worthy cause.

Ignatius J. O'Morial, your militant Working Boy

Late Sports Score

Bank One
Customers Nothing

Louisiana Payride Has Politicians Singing

ANGOLA -- The hayride of indicted Louisiana politicians and their sycophantic cohorts continues. What started as a colorful country hootenanny, launching many a musical career including that of Elvis, is now more like "Jailhouse Rock".

The famed Louisiana Hayride has now become the infamous Louisiana Payride.

Oh, they're still singing alright. Eddie DeBartolo crooned "I Left My Heart in San Francisco -- and My Wallet in Baton Rouge". The Treasure Chest Casino belted out "(Not) Rollin' On the River". And ex-governor Edwin "The Silver Zipper" Edwards gave a heart-rending rendition of "It Ain't Me, Babe". His performance was nicely counterpointed by Eddie Jordan's version of "I Got You Babe".

Honoring this great Louisiana institution (and great Louisianans who may soon find themselves in institutions), the Krewe of Underwear will present its version of the Louisiana Payride in the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, January 30. Singing with conviction, Fast Eddie Edwards, accompanied by his Crotchless Twirling Candy Dancers, will ride in the hay wagon/prison cell (which will undoubtedly be bugged, and possibly termite-infested). Underwearians in their striped prison outfits will accompany gallivanting ex-guv. Half-priced casino licenses will fill the air.

The Louisiana Payride lives on, its legacy of a poorly educated citizenry, big bucks corporate polluters, a pathetic taxation system, and politicians for sale a clear picture of "The Way We Were (and Still Are)".