

# The 'In's' And 'Out's' Around Our Town

(Editor's Note: On Wednesday, the Lifestyle section of this newspaper listed what's "in" and what's "out" on a national level. Since New Orleans has a mind of its own, the Vivant staff noted several local variations on the national trends, as well as a few trends unique to the Crescent City. Therefore, we offer the following as an addendum to the first report.)

And you thought we had forgotten; were leaving you to wander into a new season in aimless abandon, misstepping into the maelstroms of misfortune which propel one into the backwaters of social limbo... and the tragedy... one never suspects the treachery of the currents.

Never, ducks, would this be consciously allowable. Heed: What is in! Avoid, with genteel distaste (sneering is acceptable only if done with style): What is out!

LUNCHEONS and dinners are back in vogue... wine and cheese parties are *passee* (refuse, gracefully of course... they are Kamikaze dives to social oblivion).

Preppy is in... scruffy out.

USL is where it's at... Harvard is nowhere in New Orleans.

Take the rings off all the fingers — tacky... leave a single emerald (or diamond, sapphire).

Now that the PCP is out, shrimp is in.

Lavender, darlings, for EVERYTHING... flowering prints for nothing (unless combined with nylon net in some clever fashion, to form a pot scrubber, a *la* Hints from Heloise).

Parlor games are chic... television is not (certain elitists are said to be checking homes for aeriels, but this is mere rumor).

Pickslay's chicken salad is THE thing to serve (the fact that it's known to only a select few gives it added cachet)... Beef Wellington... *de trop*.

Pasta, yes-a...meatballs, no-a.

Condos are opening up... mansions (regrettably) are closing.

Louisiana State University Press for its marvelous faith and foresight ("Confederacy of Dunces") is firmly in... Doubleday for its remiss consideration, out in shame!

CLOSED PUMPS and colored stockings, yes yes.. stiletto-heeled strap sandals and nude stockings, no no.

Honoring restaurant reservations had better be in because being shunted to the bar to wait is out.

Alligators to eat but not for the feet.

Chevre cheese is in... Boursin is out (if you had to ask about either, YOU'RE out).

Zoo people are in... dissenters on the zoo are out (Who WERE those people?).

Discos are out, and God willing, nothing will blow in to replace them.

A weekend in Slidell in lieu of a trip to the Orient... far out.

Going fishin' is thought to be charmingly cute... water skiing, boorish and show-offy.

Entremont, in... Slatkin, out.

J. Press shirts — frayed (goody) and faded (goody, goody) — are being seen... silk, open-necked numbers must go. They are just too dreadful for anything.

AMERICAN CAVIAR is *tres* good... Beluga is *tres nouveau* (good though) and may be fed to the cat (assuming you have an exotic breed such as Siamese or Abyssinian, as alley cats must be put out).

For *soignee* nomenclature, it's Bywater... for inelegant name-calling, it's da Nint' Ward.

And Mardi Gras is definitely in... rumor that Mardi Gras is out is out.

Pick up something at the deli... do not pick up anything at the health food store.

Rum is in... bourbon's out... pity.