

Krewe du Vieux Goes Deep

Yat King Buddy Diliberto Will Referee Parade

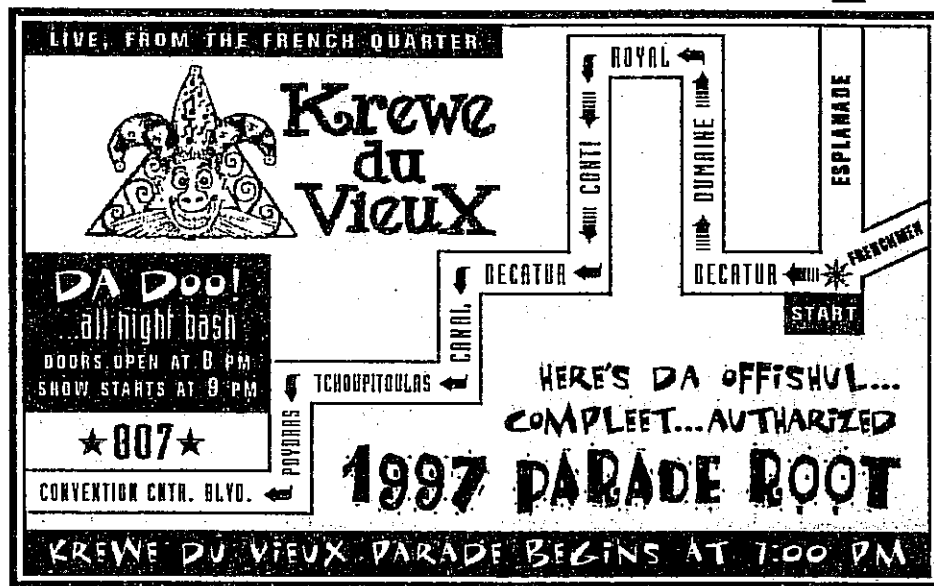
NAWLINS -- They may be playing the 1997 Stupor Bowl in New Orleans, but the really big game happens the night before, January 25, as "Krewe du Vieux Goes Deep" in honor of football's annual asinine abomination. It'll be three yards and a cloud of beer all night long as the Krewe tackles its traditional French Quarter parade (see map for route).

The parade will kick off at 7:00 PM. Led by Yat King Buddy Diliberto, nothing will be out of bounds as the Krewe puts a big hit on the preenings and pretensions of corporate football America.

There is little doubt that the parade will generate more offense than the Saints. Forward passes will be flying everywhere, along with Hail Marys, Bloody Marys and Queen Marys (but no Virgin Marys). As the deep snappers, right guards, tight ends, free radical safeties, and other specialists of the Krewe present this year's place-kicking parade, audiences are cautioned to beware of offensive lines and illegal use of the hands (or glands, as the case may be).

The Krewe du Vieux's sixteen sub-krewes will present their own deep, delicious, deplorable and/or depraved divinations of the theme. Sub-krewes include the Krewe of the Mystic Inane, Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, Mystick Corpse of Comatose, Krewe of T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe of Pan, and Krewe du Jieux.

Also marching will be many of the



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, January 25, 1997 at 7:00 PM.

city's top young brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently being castigated by the Religious Right (which, by the way, is neither).

Following the parade will be the Krewe du Vieux Doo, the annual ball and *debauch extraordinaire*. The public is invited and forewarned. Acts and celebrations commence at 9:00 PM at 807 Convention Center Blvd. Music will start with selected brass bands, followed by the New Orleans Legends of R&B featuring Ernie K-Doe, Oliver Morgan and Tommy Ridgely. Next up will be former NFL player Bruce "Sunpie" Barnes and the Louisiana Sunspots. This will be followed by a late night set from The Pro-Cranstonators featuring Cranston Clements. Tickets are \$20 at the door, or \$15 in advance (available exclusively from the Louisiana Music Factory).

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 com-

ment. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras -- and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, January 25
9:00 PM

807 Convention Center Blvd.
Admission \$20 at the door
\$15 in advance
from the LA Music Factory

Open to the Public

Featuring:

Brass Band Review

New Orleans Legends of R&B
featuring:

Ernie K-Doe
Oliver Morgan
Tommy Ridgely
and others

Bruce "Sunpie" Barnes
and the Louisiana Sunspots

The Pro-Cranstonators
featuring Cranston Clements

Visit the KDV web site:
www.dcc.edu/~jbrenn/krewe.html

Buddy Bags & Dilibonics: A Man Born to be King

by Deep Float

Special to *Le Monde de Merde*

He's been on the cover of *Newsweek*, he's been kicked off the Saints' airplane (although not in mid-flight), and his legion of squirrels who call into his sports radio talk show are more than enough resumé lowlights to make him the perfect king of the irreverent and wacky Krewe du Vieux.

His Eloquence, Yat King Buddy Diliberto, brings to the Krewe an entourage that not even past kings Al "The Seafood King" Scramuzza or Ronnie "The Virge" Virgets could provide. Abdul the Tent-Maker, Bubba and His Magic Carpet, Sid in Jefferson, and The Inquisitor (regular callers into his show who are major characters) are all expected to be on hand when King Buddy D leads "The Krewe du Vieux Goes Deep" through the streets of N'Awlins the night before the Stupor Bowl.

Buddy's immensely popular post-game show frequently finds callers debating such scholarly topics as how efficiently Captain Tom (not to be confused with Major Tom) Benson of the Good Ship Lollipop, the official carrier of the New Orleans Saints now that the Bright Field is out for the season, is heading his team on a direct course for the Bermuda Triangle. A former columnist for the *Times-Picayune* and sports director for both WVUE-TV and WDSU-TV, Buddy D. is not only THE authority on the foibles and follies of the Saints, but he is da man who breaks the news as few can.

This is due in no small part to the unique lingo the King applies to his reporting. Known affectionately as "Dilibonics", it is understood by few, but cherished by many.

As a classic example of Dilibonics, which was recently turned down for federal funding by the U.S. Dept. of Educajun, when then-Saints quarterback Dave Wilson was injured, King Buddy reported that he had suffered

"torn lee knigaments". This unfortunate medical nightmare, he later said, led to the signing of "Stake Snabler" to replace Wilson at QB (or was it GQ?).

Times-Picayune Sports Editor Pete Finney, a long-time friend and one of the world's leading authorities on Dilibonics, believes that Buddy D. may have reached his zenith when he announced that veteran quarterback Dan Fouts was "retiring after a long career of bombing opposing secretaries". A boxing match one night was held in "Levada, Nas Vegas", and Saints defensive lineman Renaldo Turnbull played college ball at "Western Union" (which explains why he's so wired up for the games).

Despite his occasional grammatical gaffes and mangled metaphors, few people are as finely tuned in to the Saints franchise and its carrying-ons, said Finney.

In 1980, when the Saints were a stellar 1-15, Buddy D. and the bartender who ran Buddy D's tavern in Metairie came up with the idea of the Bagheads. Later that season, near Christmas, a fan sent Buddy a bag decorated with real electric Christmas lights. News Director Alec Gifford decided it would be a neat idea to open Buddy's segment of the show with the bag on his head and then plug the lights in. The Yat King sat there with the bag, which when plugged in immediately shorted out (prompting rumors that it was sent by the Saintabomber), shocking the linguistics out of Buddy.

"I could hear bulbs popping and felt the shock and twinges," he recalled. "I thought, God, will Mecom love this -- I electrocute myself on live TV!"

(John Mecom was the team owner at the time and had barred Buddy from flying on the Saints plane because of his criticisms of the franchise.)

That same year, in its year-end

issue, *Newsweek* had a montage on its cover featuring pictures of world leaders, personalities and events that made news. Included was King Buddy and the bag. "You're talking about everything that happened in the world that year, and there I am with a bag. That's pretty ironic."

A graduate of Jesuit High and Loyola U., Buddy D. brings a kingly resumé to the parade, having previously kinged the Tchefuncte River Parade and the Gladiators in St. Bernard. "I've been around the block a few times with this king stuff," he said.

For his Krewe du Vieux ride on January 25, King Buddy may be wearing a jewel-encrusted cape of squirrel fur pelts, symbolic of the callers who dial into his show predicting that the Saints will go to the Stupor Bowl (actually, several players bought tickets and will in fact be there). Buddy has dubbed these hopelessly optimistic fans "squirrels". Recently, he began using a squirrel caller on his talk show, and the word is he may be throwing some during the parade.

"All I try to do is represent the common man," said the common King. "You gotta remember you represent him. And never be unflexible. Things can change. And you can change your opinion."

For those who think His Eloquence is too hard on the Saints, nothing could be further from the truth. Not many people know this story, but when the Saints clinched a playoff berth for the first time in 1987, Buddy D. was waiting along with Finney for the team to run off the field into the tunnel to the locker room. He looked up at the delirious Saints fans. "I looked up and saw the people screaming and celebrating," he said, "and I felt something coming down my cheek. It was a tear. Nobody wants this team to win more than me."

In hooking up with the Krewe du Vieux, Yat King Buddy has found himself a winner -- and proved himself one as well. All allege obedience and kail to the Hing!

Drips & Discharges Gets Penile Eyezd!

Krewe Assumes Officials Position for 1997

Krewe du Vieux Parade

MIDFIELD - The Krewe of Drips and Discharges has agreed to assume the position of Officiating this year's pre-Stupor Bowl Krewe du Vieux parade.

Not to be confused with the Krewe's 1995 theme, "Saints Win the Super Bowl" (which we now know was only a wet dream), D&D will actually pick a weiner for this year's game. Their ten-foot (not hundred yard) playing field will give greater credence to their theme.

Blinded by the lights, this group plans to "spread it" for the participants in this year's debauchery. All eyez will be on the Krewe's float as it makes its way through the throngs of participants expected along the French Quarter route. And the eyez will have it!!!

D&D anticipates lots of yellow flags (or fags) to be flying everywhere they go. Krewe referees will be on hand, and ever observant, for any infraction or fornication along the route. Whistles will be blowing (among other things) for any and all deviations of behavior outside the norm. Expect lots of penile-a-tration.

In a bold move that faked many onlookers right out of their jockstraps, the Krewe of D&D has pre-ejaculated its Top Ten Penilty list for its annual rush through the French Quarter. The top infractions (with appropriate penilties) for this year's game are:

Number 10: Unnecessary Roughness -- penilty 50 lashes with a wet leather whip.

Number 9: Holding (En-crotchment) -- penilty 10 minutes of strokin' -- you know what.

Number 8: Illegal Use of Hands -- penilty 1 hour handcuffed to a bed post or goal post.

Number 7: Backfield in Motion -- penilty bend over, grab your ankles and count to 100 (the slower, the better).

Number 6: Fag On The Play -- penilty 15 minutes of sodomy.

Number 5: Falsee Start -- penilty breast reduction

Number 4: Premature Ejaculation -- penilty you get to sleep on the wet spot.

Number 3: Personal(ly) Fouled -- penilty take a long, cold shower.

Number 2: Insufficient Foreplay -- penilty only a warning, but get it right next time!

Number 1: Illegal Fornication - - penilty instant replay!!!

Drips & Discharges will assess penilties along the parade route and at the Krewe du Vieux Doo liberally. Be prepared to perform your penilty instantaneously. Referees can be bought, of course, for as little as a chocolate martini at the Doo. Kick backs are welcome at any time during the games.

In the spirit of frivolity and commitment to Mardi Gras tradition, the Krewe of Drips & Discharges will attempt to make the assessment of penalties as painless and erotic as possible. At the end of the game, an award will be given to the player receiving the most penalties. Execution of the game plan will be given top priority. Get your form in form, 'cause Drips & Discharges are Penile Eyezd and Ready to Score!!!

CRAPS Roots Against Pigskin Swine

IN THE BOWELS OF THE STUPORDOME - The infamous Krewe de CRAPS celebrates its third ingenious year by creating, yet again, an acronym appropriate to the Krewe du Vieux main them, "Krewe du Vieux Goes Deep": CRAPS Roots Against Pigskin Swine.

There will be swine galore as CRAPS welcomes football's heaviest hogs to the Toilet Bowl.

Can you see the little piggies? You shouldn't have to look too hard. Amongst the powerful porcines present to compete for the porcelain prize are those bloated bastions of loyalty and love for the game and fans like Al Davis, Art Modell, Bob Irsay, Georgia Frontiere, Bud Adams, and Tom Benson.

Kudos too to those other gluttons salivating around the swill of the Toilet Bowl: the wonderful free agents who, "for a fistful of dollars" give new meaning to the adage "you can't tell the players without a scorecard". And let's not forget the sports agents, who "for a few dollars more" aid and abet the buying and selling of players like pork futures.

Last, but hardly least, CRAPS wants to thank the corporate and network sponsors, those offal oinkers who perpetuate an atmosphere of higher ticket prices, less fan participation at games, and TV blackouts of home games.

So, come join us in throwing our money down the Toilet Bowl. We think the hole thing is CRAP!

(Stay in touch -- there could be an insurrection afoot -- maybe even a Krewe D'Etat!)

The Fish and Gaming Report:

T.O.K.I.N Goes Down

ON THE WATERFRONT - A recent visit to the headquarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Neer-do-Wells found the premises virtually deserted. We were greeted at the den (cleverly disguised as the Wildlife and Fisheries building) by Krewe spokesperson Marlin Fishwater, who informed us that Krewe members were out on a fishing expedition, trolling the bayous, canals, rivers and sewers of Louisiana in search of the latest riverboat rumors and the best fishing holes.

The rest of the Krewe was eventually discovered at their new fishing spot, on the decks of the M/V Bright Field, which was at the time conveniently located in downtown New Orleans hard by the Riverwalk, where Krewe members had netted (and drunk) far more than the legal limit.

While fishing around, Krewe of T.O.K.I.N. brought up rumors of a plan to convert the stranded freighter to a casino. Mr. Fishwater, noting that gambling interests had immediately seen the potential, said, "The Bright Field created its own underwater obstruction, so it was a win-win situation for the casino operators."

A spokesman for the city, Marlin Guppie (no relation to Marlin Fishwater) floundered when asked to comment, but later hinted that the Krewe's revelations were nothing but a red herring.

When asked for a reaction, other Krewe members refused to take the bait, saying that they had other fish (and brain cells) to fry. Further investigation revealed that the Totally Orgasmic Krewe

of Intergalactic Neer-do-Wells will be seen on the evening of January 25 parading through the French Quarter with the Krewe du Vieux displaying the catch of the day (and drinking like fish, no doubt). Expect to find blowfish, bottom feeders, snappers, sperm whales, suckerfish, octopussy, hell's angelfish, crappies, slippery dick, KY jellyfish, and more accompanying the Krewe's oxymoronic underwater float.



Rue Bourbon to Undermine Superdome

IN THE TUNNEL - Outraged preservationists, known for not taking any shit, have scored a major victory in keeping evil forces from changing the charm of old New Orleans into a commercial cesspool. The Corps of Engineers has granted a permit to the Krewe du Rue Bourbon to GO DEEP: to carve out a super colossal cavern below the Super Dome, with tunnels designed to

extend to the Gulf of Mexico. Completion date has been set for January 25, 1996 -- the day before Super Bowl XXXI.

The purpose of this mass mining project is to convert the National Football League representatives, the FOX network, sports media, vendors, fans, Louisiana politicians, (including Governor Foster, Congressman Billy Tauzin, State Representative Woody Jenkins, Mayor Marc Morial, Councilwoman Peggy Wilson, and we can't forget the ex, Dorothy Mae Taylor, etc.), the NOPD residency law, hometown slime balls/scum balls/douche bags, unwanted migratory fowl, criminals serving time, the gambling industry, and any other nuisances to the City of New Orleans into useful fill that can be pumped to the disappearing coastline in order to save our eroding wetlands.

The Super Flush will be helped along by the RUEBOURBATRON, a huge commode that is capable of transporting an individual into the holding area within 30 seconds. Of course decomposition will take some time, depending upon the size of the individual. For instance, John Madden will take 30% more time than Pat Summerall.

High on the list of flushees are Tom Benson and Bill Kuharich. Their only reactions to the project were, "we got to get to the bottom of this shit. This could give the Saints a bad reputation." Ex-Coach Jim Mora and ex-assistant Carl Smith were unavailable for comment, which means they will possibly coach elsewhere.

By the way, Buddy Diliberto has received an Official Mardi Gras Pardon, and is laughing his ass off. He and all Krewe du Vieuxers will be sitting FLUSH -- as Football Lampoons Undermine Superbowl Hype.

Krewe of Underwear Penetrates the End Zone

THE END ZONE - Unlike the woefully inept offense of the New Orleans Saints, the Krewe of Underwear has successfully penetrated the end zone, and to celebrate, will butt into this year's Krewe du Vieux parade.

"We just took it to the hole," said one buttfuddled Krewe member, mixing sports metaphors. "Underwear has always been at its best inside the red zone."

The Krewe, costumed as players, referees, cheerleaders, fans, coaches, media, sponsors, and other football detritis, will penetrate the French Quarter (in the fourth quarter, no doubt) with the rest of Krewe du Vieux on January 25 at 7:00 PM. Among the Krewe's throws will be actual Superbowl tickets (and if you believe that, we have some land at Poydras and Claiborne to sell you).

There was apparently no truth to the rumour that Dick Buttkiss had been made an honorary Krewe member, or that the band "Hole" had been hired to play at the Krewe's pre-parade party.

The Krewe plans to score big this year. "We expect a lot of touch backs after our forward passes," said one Underwearian. "We know we're going to get blitzed, but nobody's going to blindside us. There will be a lot of illegal motion and illegal contact -- maybe even holding in the end zone -- but we've all got good hands. We've got the best deep snappers and tight ends, and nobody can match our offensive lines. We run very tight patterns, especially fly patterns, and

we routinely find ourselves uncovered. We may have to stop now and then to catch a blow, but you won't see us choking on the big one. We're looking for some deep penetration, and by the end of the night, we expect to sink to new depths."

With reams of fans and a worldwide media horde descending on New Orleans for the Stupor Bowl, Underwear decided to put its best cheek forward. After all, what better year to blow it all out the wazoo?

Remembering which side its bread is butt-ered on, the Krewe of Underwear also wishes to thank its commercial sponsors:

Budweiser

"This Butt's For You"

Nike

"Just Do Me"

Taco Bell

"Run for the Bathroom"

I-BM

Napa Auto Farts

Accent Anus

Preparation H

Dicks-E Beer

Wagner's Market

"You Can't Beat Wagner's Meat"

C.O.A. STATEMENT

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe due 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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Bright Field Goes Deep

UNDER THE RIVERWALK, DOWN BY THE SEA - Crack (and probably crack-smoking) investigators from the Krewe of Pan have gotten to the bottom of the M/V Bright Field crash. They found that former New Orleans mayor Sidney Barthelemy was the captain of the ship, and fell asleep at the wheel. As a result, the Bright Field went deep into the Riverwalk shopping mall.

In honor of this milestone on the Mississippi, Pan will recreate the vanquished vessel in its Krewe du Vieux float. Krewe members marching ahead of the surging ship will costume as terrified Cafe du Monde waiters and Riverwalk customers, fleeing its approach. Those astern of the float will march as lawyers chanting "One Call, That's All".

It took Pan's crack (and probably crack smoking) legal team roughly 6.9 nanoseconds after the accident to determine that this would be their theme. "Hey, if you don't like it, sue us," remarked one member, who was immediately disavowed by the rest of the Krewe.

In related news, city planners were determining what the best use for the wreckage of the ship and the Riverwalk might be. Among the top suggestions were:

- Make the Riverwalk a movie set for "A River Runs Through It II".

- Turn the entire mess into a casino (since gambling in the city is already such a mess).

- Make it into a restaurant to compete with Algiers Landing.

Unfortunately, the City Council is not expected to take action on any of the ideas, since they didn't think of them, nyah, nyah, nyah.

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.

Knights of Mondu To Ride Goodyear Wimp

WAY OVERHEAD - The Knights of Mondu have always been known for their lofty ideals as well as their unique perspective on life. However, the plucky Knights will reach new heights this year, soaring over the Krewe du Vieux parade in the Goodyear Wimp.

"It has been a record year for both windbags and wimps," observed Prince Mondu himself. "From politicians to football coaches and players, there's been enough hot air to float the Superdome. So we thought we'd tap into a little of the current currents and take a ride ourselves."

The Knights will be hard to miss in this year's parade. With each Knight portraying a favorite wimp/blimphead, questionable characters will abound. To further elevate the affair, Mondu will be accompanied by an entourage of helium inflated balloons, garbage bags, pool toys, sex toys, and egos.

"It'll be just like the Macy's parade," exclaimed the unprincipled Prince, obviously having inhaled something a little stronger than helium himself.

The original airship itself is expected to be in the area to cover the Krewe du Vieux parade, and incidentally to provide overhead shots of the Stupor Bowl the next day. Much of the blimp's most spectacular footage has been shot during games in the Stupordome, as has the blimp itself on several occasions.

However, no mere commercial airship could possibly rival the Mondulian madness. All hail the Prince -- loudly and with as much hot air emitted from all available orifices as possible. It should be a gas.

Jim Mora Goes Deep

SIX FEET UNDER - The winningest coach the Saints ever had has gone deep into the night, and the Saints are once again in the land of darkness. In somber reflection of this deep thought, the Mystic Corpse of Comatose will solemnly celebrate the Mora legacy.

Present for the rituals and ceremonies will be a parade of former Saints players whose stellar careers in other cities are testament to Coach Mora's tutelage, motivational genius, and exceptional talent evaluating skills). Highlighting the procession will be a likeness of the man himself, riding proudly on a gleaming white throne.

The Mystic Corpse hopes that Stupor Bowl fans will take a moment to reflect on the deep commitment, the swirling excitement and the smell of victory that Coach Mora brought to New Orleans. All will be flush with pride.

KAOS Takes A TV Timeout

IN A CORPORATE BOX - All the wonderful advertising that lights up the otherwise dull Stuporbowl will be showcased by the Krewe of KAOS in the KDV parade the night before the game.

Among the commercial highlights will be:

- "Hogwash" - the first sports douche, with an appealing pigskin scent to entice the football fan in your life.

- from the Kathy Lee Gifford collection, "Enslaved", a new clothing line, and "Enchained", a new fragrance line.

- O.J. Simpson's return to Hertz hucksterism: "Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat; or I'll get upset and put the Hertz on you."

Don't you dare touch that dial!

Toilet Bowl To Be Held In New Orleans

IN LINE FOR THE BATHROOM - In the spirit of civic cooperation and civil disobedience, the Krewe of Space Age Love presents the Saint-A-Tations, newly formed to clean up the garbage in the Stupordome and the streets of New Orleans. Rumor has it that the Saints' coaching staff will be the first mess to go.

To assist with this dangerous and toxic task, KSAL will use the Saint-A-Tation truck with the world's largest Super Toilet Bowl and a surprise guest. The remaining city waste will be stored ceremoniously and prominently as a tribute to all New Orleanians who have endured the cry from Shitty Hall, "Damn the murder rate and the citizens, we have jobs to protect!"

KSAL will march through the French Quarter to clean up the toxic waste that has invaded our city. No longer will we have to tolerate the likes of Piggy Wilson, Jim "Uh" Simpleton, Mark Borial, Mike "I Love New Orleans, Ha, Ha" Foster, and Saints owner Tom "What else will the state give me" Benson.

New Orleanians must join with KSAL on January 25 to begin cleaning up the Big Sleazy and bring back the safe, almost organized chaos we once enjoyed. We must go deep into our city and bring back the days of respectable criminals that only preyed on their own; corrupt politicians that told the truth when caught; police that patrolled the streets without fear of the cop behind them; and a Saints owner who has reason to dance.



Krewe of Mama Roux:

It's Up - But Is It Good?

THE SIDELINES - The end was near. So was the quarterback, the center, the place kicker ... hell, the whole squad including the water boy was near. But this egg wasn't going down without a fight.

The Krewe of Mama Roux was scrambling to get ova, but she wouldn't let them penetrate and score. After all, she was no just-flew-out-of-a-chicken's-butt egg. She had Fabergé written all over her. She had Russian and French royalty in her genes and all they had was some Scotch and a good bit of Dixie -- and their jeans weren't even clean. Mama Roux's gene pool had way too much chlorine in it for her to be taking a dive.

Meanwhile, eggsasperated NOMA officials waffled in response to the situation. Eggspurts agreed that if Mama Roux did bring home the bacon, there could be severe physical and psychological damage to the egg, possibly resulting in the dreaded Humpty Dumpty syndrome, or even worse, shell shock. Others looked on the sunny side, pointing out the possibility of creating Fabergé reproductions by the dozen if the egg was successfully fertilized.

Promises of support came from City Hall as the mayor pledged to keep the egg's virtual virtue intact. "We're not going to let a beloved local tradition like the Krewe du Vieux interfere with a money maker like the Fabergé eggs-ibit," a spokesman said. "We'll protect the egg the way the Saints offensive line protects Jim Everett." NOMA was reportedly not reassured.

Back on Bourbon Street, Mama Roux put their backfield and backsides in motion and surged towards the climactic moment. Soaked with liquor, beer, and more bodily fluids than Madonna's

mattress, they entered the red zone. Like a Liberian freighter churning up the Mississippi River, Mama Roux accelerated to ramming speed with a full load of corn and able-bodied semen. Would they slam one through the uprights without having a false start? Would she go over easy? Would they wind up with egg on their faces?

Omeletting you go see for yourself.

L.E.W.D. Drops A Hail Mary

ON THE BENCH - In response to the phrase "We ain't got none", L.E.W.D. responds, "We got nuns and priests and possibly Sainly water (drug specimens from our favorite football team)."

L.E.W.D.'s Sainly procession through the French Quarter will inspire the local onlookers to raise their Mardi Gras beads and chant prayers for the Saints to make it to the promised land.

The annual Krewe du Vieux march has become a habit for the members of L.E.W.D., and so they will dress the part for this year's parade. The crowds will go back to their childhood as they scream "Throw me something Mother and Father", and genuflection becomes the position of choice to attract beads. Of course, most onlookers will get a rap on the knuckles for their efforts.

Groin Pull Contest Set for KDV Party

Krewe officials have announced that between sets at the Krewe du Vieux Doo there will be a groin pull contest, with a gallon of Blue Ball Ice Cream awarded to the winner. Get ready to spread 'em!

KREWE DU JIEUX GETS THE QUARTERBACK

TEL(ESTRATOR) AVIV -- Showing a fierceness and tenacity most defensive coaches only dream about, the Krewe du Jieux announced that they successfully got the quarterback.

"Our first plan was to get the nickel back, but the motivation just wasn't there," said Krewe du Jieux coach Jim "Golda" Meira. "After all, you can't even call your mother for a nickel. But when we put a quarter on the line, the team practically killed themselves trying to get to it.

"It's a good thing we weren't chasing Roger Staubuck," added the kosher coach, "or there might have been some serious mayhem."

In response to skeptics who had questioned the ability of his team, Coach Meira pointed out that football has long been part of the Jewish tradition.

"Consider great stars like O.J. Simpstein, Fran Tarkenber, Dan Marinowitz, Brett Goldfavre," commented the coach. "Going back a little further, remember that Joshua sacked the entire city of Jericho -- surely we can sack John Oyay.

"The only thing that can stop one of my players is a pulled hamstring."

The coach, famed for inventing the dime defensive package, then stalked off to work on his game plan for the upcoming Jerusalem Bowl against the PLO.

The Krewe du Jieux will pull itself off the field long enough to march with the Krewe du Vieux this year. Making its inaugural appearance in this year's parade, the Jieux will throw golden bagels, dreidels, and perhaps fish sticks and motzah balls. BYOL (Bring Your Own Lox). Helmets and yarmulkes are optional.