

Krewe du Vieux Studies Urban Myths

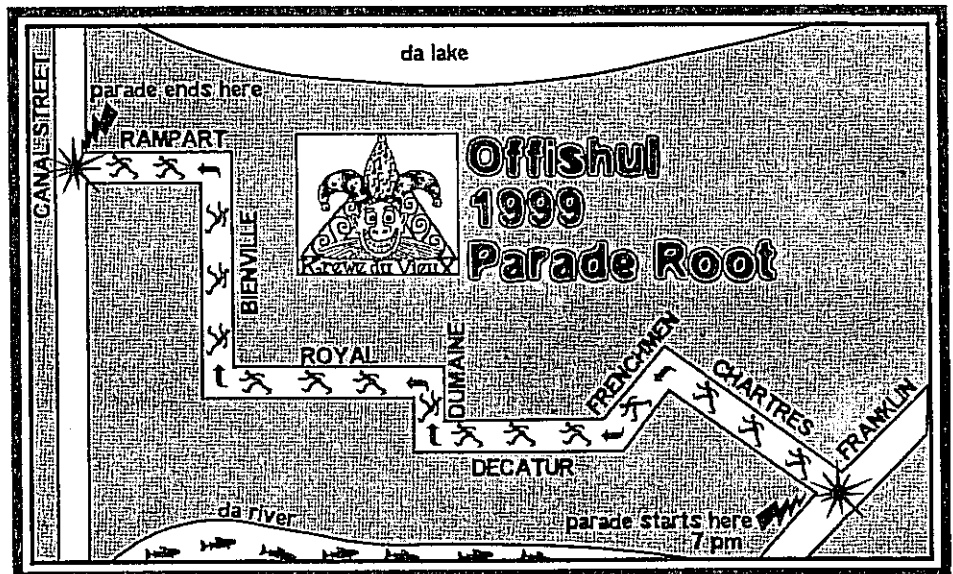
Plaine Kern Gets Kicked Upstairs To Reign As King

NAWLINS – Crime doesn't pay! Gambling is good for the economy! The I-10 is an excellent evacuation route! Scholastic test scores go up! Pregnancy test scores go down! Louisiana politicians are honest and celibate! Bizarre creatures live in the sewers! Television news offers great job security! Gumbo is made with all natural ingredients! There are cheap, reliable utilities in New Orleans! And Jieus run the city!

Krewe du Vieux will reveal the unbelievable, the fantastic, the incredible tales (and tails) of New Orleans in its 1999 parade theme, "Krewe du Vieux's Urban Myths". Krewe du Vieux's 13th annual parade will wander the streets of New Orleans on Saturday, January 30. The Krewe's flights of fancy will take off at 7:00 PM, following its traditional parade route through Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter to this year's ball at the State Palace Theater (see parade map for exact route).

Reigning over the parade will be Plaine Kern, who retired after ten illustrious years as Captain of Krewe du Vieux. Plaine was the Krewe's first choice (after invitations to Jean Lafitte, Louis Armstrong, the Sieur de Bienville, Morgus the Magnificent, and The Special Man were declined).

The audience is advised to take all presentations and demonstrations with several grains of salt (plus multiple shots of tequila) as the



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 30, 1999 at 7:00 PM.

gods, goddesses, demons, dementos, naiads, nymphs, nymphomaniacs, oracles, orifices, orgiasts, satyrs, sirens, sex fiends, and unholy spirits of the Krewe stagger on to their Dionysian bacchanal.

The Krewe du Vieux's sixteen sub-krewes will present their own mythical, mystical, fantastical, farcical, phenomenal, pheromonical, diabolical, chimerical, chemical interpretations of the theme. Sub-krewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe of Comatose, Krewe of Pan, Krewe du Jieus, and the Mystic Krewe of Spermes.

Also marching will be many of the city's top young brass bands.

Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux (not to mention Mardi Gras) traditions not currently disappearing into the misty realm of mythology.

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 comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades in the city because it alone carries on the old traditions of Carnival celebrations, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing in the streets to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras – and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Visit the KDV web site:
www.kreweduvieux.org

Plaine Kern Unmasked?

THE DEN OF MUSES -- Who is Plaine Kern, the man who reigns as Krewe du Vieux's 1999 royalty? We know him as the long-time, long-suffering, long-winded captain emeritus of the Krewe du Vieux. The beleaguered, bewildered, beloved leader of Carnival's ragtag krewe of satirists and satyrs. But who is the man behind the mask?

Many have called Plaine a legend, a mythical, mystical being who rises each year like a phoenix from the ashes of parades past to gather together the diverse, deviant, multitudinous, multi-attitudinous hordes of the Krewe du Vieux to lead them through the streets of the French Quarter in Carnival's most splendid and sordid display of creative license and licentiousness.

For ten years, Plaine was the captain, ring leader, taskmaster, agitator, headman of the krewe. He was the man at the helm, the guide, conductor, the spark plug and driving force. "I finally ran out of gas," was his explanation of his sudden and totally unexpected tenth annual resignation, which the krewe, in another annual tradition, refused to believe.

When the krewe finally roused themselves from their stupor, induced by disbelief and other substances, they realized that their revered captain really had flown the coop. Literally, that is. Plaine Kern was gone! Nowhere to be found. The krewe, broken-hearted and adrift, pulled itself together and chose new leaders by the time-honored "whoever's in the bathroom gets elected" method. But it still wasn't the same without Plaine. He was their inspiration, their guru, their third eye when they were seeing double. However, he had made it "plaine" he would not be induced, seduced or reduced to being Captain again. What was the krewe to do?

After further deliberation and

libations, the Krewe du Vieux came up with the obvious solution: King Plaine. Electrified and fortified, the krewe set out to search for Plaine. There were reports of sightings, as well as visions and some hallucinations. Several witnesses swore they had seen him in Mexico disguised as a bimbo selling hats on the beach to pay his/her? bar tab. Others said they had spotted him in the French Quarter, trying to get the mules and buggies to line up in parade formation. After a worldwide search and dedicated bar-hopping, Plaine was found at the Den of Muses, a vast, drafty warehouse deep in the Bywater. He was barricaded behind cases of Dixie Beer and Barq's, settled in on his barcalounger with a Dixie in one fist and the remote in the other. The krewe discovered him when he went out in search of a Lucky Dog and followed him back to his refuge.

When informed of his elevation to Krewe du Vieux sovereignty, he cursed mightily and refused the honor. After much plying with food and drink (well, actually, drink and drink), the krewe was starting to wear him down. Finally, after being told that several others, including Louis Armstrong, Marie Laveau, Dutch Morial and Jean Lafitte, had turned down the Krewe's offer, and being reassured that he was the absolute last choice, the bottom of the barrel, Plaine relented. He mumbled something, which the Krewe interpreted as "ok." He has, however, refused all further requests for interviews, photo opportunities and public comment, stating, "I've already said too much."

And so, on the night of January 30, Plaine Kern will be riding the king's float in the thirteenth annual Krewe du Vieux extravaganza, even if the Krewe has to blindfold and sedate him, drag him kicking and screaming to the parade. Thank you, Plaine.

Interview With the New Captain

MID-SIN-CITY -- In a *Hustler*-esque journalistic scoop, *Monde du Merde* tracked the new Captain of Krewe du Vieux down in his hot tub, where he was pretending to be horribly overworked while interviewing potential interns to work under him. Our alert reporter noted several blue dresses tossed carelessly around the tub perimeter, along with empty champagne bottles and other party debris.

The new captain would give out only his initials, which are thought to be the call letters (or call girls) of a west coast radio station. The transcription of the subsequent interview includes only those segments which could be printed in a family publication like this.

MDM: How did you get elected Captain?

KGCT: I went to the bathroom at the wrong time during our first Krewe meeting of the year.

MDM: Why would you take the job of Captain of Krewe du Vieux?

KGCT: It could be a stepping stone to the White House, or at least the Governor's Mansion. Also, Plaine Kern said it makes you a babe magnet.

MDM: What's the hardest part of the job?

KGCT: Drinking heavily at all the sub-krewe meetings, and beating off all the women.

MDM: Do you have any particular famous saying as your motto in this job?

KGCT: Yes: "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." I absolutely intend to get powerfully corrupted.

MDM: What is your main goal for the parade this year?

KGCT: To make it all the way to the end without passing out.

The TV Scrolls

The Metairie Jieuxbillies

*Come listen to my story 'bout a Jieux named Irv,
A poor shopkeeper but he had a lot of nerve,
Then one day he was playing Powerball,
Picked a bunch of numbers, and ya know he hit 'em all!*

*Gelt that is.
Green gold.
Oy! The taxes!*

*Well the next thing ya know ol' Irv's a millionaire.
Rabbi said, "Irv move away from there!
New Orleans is the place ya ought to be."
So they loaded up their cart and they schlepped to Metairie.*

*Burbs that is.
Green Lawns.
Shopping Malls.*

Debut Episode

The Metairie Jieuxbillies – Irv Clampowitz, his fetching daughter Ida Mae, their cousin Jeremiah, Ida's loving Jieuxish grandmother Bubbe and all their kinfolk will be passing through the French Quarter to celebrate their first Mardi Gras with y'all. Although the Clampowitz krewe loves New Orleans, and in their own way they're "Proud to Call it Home", they don't really understand y'all's traditions.

Now folks have been calling Irv "The King of the Jieuxs" and calling Ida Mae "The Jieuxish-American Princess", and well they took to their new names like a shnorrer takes to cheesecake. They'll be throwing around their new-found fortune, and iffin they should toss one of them there funny-lookin' donuts atcha, they call 'em "Krewe du Jieux Bagels", you should consider yourself lucky! (Folks tend to stay clear of Bubbe 'cause she's a meshuggeneh and is always trying to get ya to eat her chicken soup ... luckily for Jeremiah he can really pack it away.) Alright already! Enough with this! On with the song!

*And now it's time to say Shalom to Irv and all his Krewe.
They'd like to stop and thank y'all, they'll see ya at the Doo.
You're all invited back next year to come Metairie,
And have a heaping helping of their hospitality.*

*Jieuxbilly that is.
Sit a spell.
Kvetch a while.*

OY'ALL COME BACK NOW, Y'HEAR?!

T'What's In The Gumbo?

IN THE SOUP -- Gumbo is among the city's oldest culinary traditions. But this legendary dish comes with many recipes -- some of them highly suspect.

For instance, what really happened to Ruthie's ducks? Do the grave robbers really stop with the architecture? Did the Boston Club change its gumbo recipe to include Viagra? What do they do with leftover Lucky Dogs?

Bringing this long-simmering myth into the open, the Seeds of Decline will present some of the most famous chefs in New Orleans and their secret gumbo recipes. You'll fall under the spell of Emeril Le Gas, Susan Spicy and Big Dick Brennan. Anne Rice supposedly has a drop-dead recipe.

A Seeds spokeschef warned of potential trouble from gumbo-hating pizza sluts, who compete fiercely for many of the same ingredients. Other gumbo haters hate to see the seafood wasted, preferring dishes such as Crawfish Monica Lewinsky.

The Seeds' gigantic gumbo pot will reveal a cornucopia of surprise ingredients and other interesting accoutrements -- guaranteed to stir up serious excitement. You'll roux the day you let something like this go by untasted.

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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Channel Sex On Your Side

STORYVILLE -- In response to the current media exposure of the sexual predilections, perversions and peccadillos of powerful politicians and pundits, the Mystic Krewe of Spermes, in conjunction with television station WDSU (Weird Degenerate Sexual Utopians) announces its latest public service: Channel Sex On Your Side. Members of both organizations will be available to answer phone calls on their hot-line, 1-800-MORESEX.

According to spokeswoman Susan Roesgism, "Our viewers have a lot of unanswered questions: When is it sex and when is it not sex? How old do you have to be for a youthful indiscretion? How can I become an intern? How do you get rid of those nasty stains? Channel Sex On Your Side will rise to the occasion with a graphic series of show(-and- tell)s. Our first installment will be a probing investigation by reporter Stephanie Blowswell on Bob Livingston's contributions to the women of Louisiana."

Ms. Blowswell added, "Mr. Livingston's position proves the maxim, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the bedroom." No one confirmed what Mr. Livingston's position was, but informed sources said it was doggy style.

Future reports will focus on other prominent figures, including Governor "Bananas" Foster (what really goes on in that duck blind?), former Senatorial candidate Woody Jenkins (what body part does that nickname really refer to?), Mayor Marc Morial (this will be a bi-part series), and Sheriff Harry Lee (why does he spend his nights chasing nutria?).

"Louisiana leads the nation in many unfortunate trends: obesity, illiteracy, corruption," said reporter Margaret Orrgasm. "With all the new sex scandals making head-lines, we cannot be passive. We have to come out of the closet and expose the naked truth (as well as various body parts): Louisiana is still number one when it comes (and comes and comes) to sex!"

Page of the Muses:

Enough Tail 4 Two Cities

A Poem by the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E.
(with apologies to Chuck Dickens)

It was the best of times,
It was the worst of times.
But the worst of times,
Was off the best of times.

While enjoying sex pleasures and bearing no shame,
We shudder to tryst, with an end - "Crying Game",
The Bourbon Street hookers, the floozies, the harlots,
All beckon to innocents, picked up in car lots.

And when the morning approaches with dawn,
The girls dump the guys, even real men named John.
Into the sewer, the ladies they slide,
Knowing that sunshine their skin can't abide.

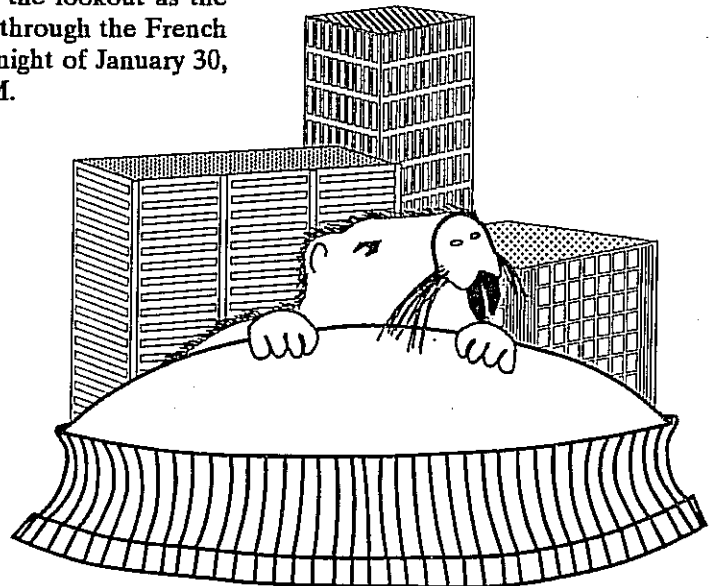
Morphing to gators, and gators galore,
A gator now slinks, where once stood a whore.
Now all the through the daylight, they lurk down below,
Emerging past darkness and ready for show.

Plying their trade and flashing their titties,
They're a big myth: Enough Tail 4 Two Cities!
A sad life perhaps, but please don't feel pity,
They're just fulfilling the "Myths of the City".

Nutria Alert

UNDERDOME -- There have recently been reports of a giant nutria in the CBD. Early accounts, from Saints fans leaving the Superdome after another defeat, were discounted due to the, um, state-of-mind of the witnesses. Said one eyewitness, "It was huge and scary. It blocked everything in its path ... oh, wait, that was Harry Lee."

Although reports continue to come in, there have been no verified sightings. There are rumors, however, that the nutria is inordinately fond of parades and a particular fan of the Krewe du Vieux, so be on the lookout as the Krewe saunters through the French Quarter on the night of January 30, 1999, at 7:00 PM.



New Float Monster Terrorizes City

UNDERGROUND NEW ORLEANS -- Word has recently oozed out from the swamps beneath the city of the re-emergence of one of New Orleans' oldest legends: the fearsome, fire-breathing Crappa-Gator.

This terrifying behemoth is the latest member of a long line of monsters descended from an ancient union between a pet baby alligator adopted by one of Bienville's men and later flushed down his privvy or "crappa", and a huge reptilean creature now extinct except in the swamps of Hollywood. Its godparents are said to be the god Bacchus and the mythic New Orleans float-builder Colonel Blaine.

The Crappa-Gator is rumored to be as much as six city blocks in length. It is conveniently divided, thanks to the unique New Orleans evolutionary system known as MardiGrawinism, into hinged sections to permit it to turn corners. It is said that each section could accommodate as many as 300 men, were men foolish enough to ride it.

It can now be authoritatively confirmed and revealed that the progress of the Crappa-Gator towards the surface has been responsible for many problems with the service of the city's utilities, including last summer's explosions in the totally updated Ent-my-fault-ergy equipment under the French Quarter. Interruptions in the so-called service by Cox-sucker Cable and the Sewerage and Falter Board can now also be blamed on this convenient Urban Myth.

It is expected that the creature

will finally emerge on the evening of January 30th, in an exploding cloud of mist and sewer gas, somewhere in the vicinity of the Faubourg Marigny street that used to bear its name. It will be met by its acolytes from the Krewe de Craps, and a brass band playing the Mayoral anthem "Oh, it ain't my fault", and will parade towards Canal Street. Along the way it will perform its ritual, pre-ordained destruction of City Hall and the control centers of all the offending utilities, as in its traditional acronymal style, "Craps Ravages All Public Services!"

Night of the Living Disco Dead

DISCOVILLE -- Yet another plague appears to have descended on New Orleans. As if teasing hurricanes, monsters from the sewers and the inept Saints football team weren't enough, it appears that disco has returned from the grave. Legions of disco zombies, clothed in tattered polyester, have been "Staying Alive" while staggering in a shuddering, throbbing, monotonous beat along the Bywaters of the city.

Rumors are that this "Saturday Night Fever" will come to a pitch on January 30, when a Pan-theon of disco zombies will lift the lids on their clog-heeled coffins, emerge from their mirror-ball lit cemeteries, and "Jungle Boogie" their way through the Krewe du Vieux parade. The prospect is highly disco-ncerting.

LEWD Performs Without a Permit

DEPARTMENT OF IMPERMISSABLE ACTIVITIES -- Absolutely dismayed at the audacity of a city known worldwide for its reputation as a mecca of music, good times, free-wheelin' acts of depravity and sin, members of LEWD recently decided to take matters into their own hands and expose this myth for what it is: a FRAUD!

The myth is perpetuated by the Mayor's Council of Cultural Affairs (a.k.a. SOUL Sisters Escort Service) and AAA (and XXX) travel guides. The city is actually quite hostile to these acts, as evidenced by recent police raids on French Quarter night clubs. Among the criminal and subversive elements rounding up in these daring operations were musicians, tourists and night club owners. Crimes included performing without a permit, performing with a permit, and permitting performances.

In response, LEWD will be dancing in the streets, playing music (if you can call it that!), performing all kinds of LEWD behavior -- all without the required permit! -- and even (in an ultimate act of defiance) passing out free permits to passers-by! These permits will entitle the bearer to one public performance of a LEWD act at his or her indiscretion.

LEWD members expressed confidence that they would not be harassed by the "appropriate" (in a very loose interpretation of the word) authorities at City Hall, as their hands have been "lagniapped" with a warm LEWD handshake and some loose change. The poor slobs are so underpaid that they gladly accepted this ultimate LEWD act: the classic payoff!

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)".

Mama Roux's Premature Evacuation

YO MAMA'S -- I don't know about yo' mama, but when rumors of Hurricane Georges hit town, Mama Roux wanted out. They had already been flooded by Francis, who came with thirty inches of hard, pounding rain. Resisting an intense desire to go spawn up the bayou, they had resorted to pumping up some tire tubes and paddling around looking for drinks.

But Georges was going to be the BIG ONE. The one of mythical proportions whose legend would be retold for generations to come. The once-in-a-lifetime one who would make you forget all the others. The one that would charge right up the mouth of the river ravaging all in its path.

Georges was heading for New Orleans after leaving several tropical islands wasted and spent in his wake. Mama Roux was quivering with anticipation, juices flowing. Margaret Orrgasm was on the air with the Doppler 6900, gasping, "It's coming, it's coming!" It was time to make a move.

Panting with exhilaration, Mama Roux began preparing to flee the scene. With the car loaded with everything necessary for Mama Roux's survival -- costumes, beads and plenty of beer -- they hit the road. Inching slowly past the lines around the Superdome (what was goin' on? another Monster Truck Pull?), they made it to I-10. It was a nightmarish scene, a sea of red tail lights. Three hours to Kenner. Signs going by: "Yield," "Slippery When Wet," "Baton Rouge - 18 hours." Enough to make you submit to Georges!

But they finally pulled in, only to find that fickle Georges had passed New Orleans by. After all the foreplay, it was just a Premature Evacuation.

Fantasy Fiction:

Life In The Jungle

(Dis ain't no jungle book, but a fable just da same)

Not long ago in the crescent highland of the Mississippi delta, there lived a tribe of peaceful and civilized natives, who devoted their energy to life and satire. As time passed, cultural calm became increasingly disturbed by the "give it up" roar of wild animals, savagely pouncing upon their prey, these fun-loving inhabitants.

Worse yet, blue meanies, disguised as peacekeepers and decorated with badges of trust, were cohorts with the animals to instill the reign of terror. As conditions grew worse, Tarzan, Jane and the native population took refuge in the abandoned zoo, haunted nightly with the echoing chant, "dey all axed for you".

Murf the Buffoon, sticking his bald head and double chin where it didn't belong, wisecracked that life in the crescent highland was equivalent to "living in the jungle" -- as if Red Stick is Nirvana and Franklin the Promised Land! This rotund lunatic, while riding his hog or shooting wild animals for sport, must have had illusions of Middle Age chivalry when he offered to send a safari of "guardyans and trooper-doors" to lift the state of siege.

Outraged by Murf's insinuation, and that there was indeed a possibility of an animal kingdom ruling the land, his highness the Marquis du Morial exclaimed, "I resemble the alligator. As Native New Orleanians we have been publicized, politicized, prophesized, proselytized, and even pubercized. However, we will remain civilized." To counter the animilistic terror, he began a search for Ramah of the Jungle. He looked at the Jungle

Gym, the Jitney Jungle, and even among the daiquiri shop drinkers of Jungle Juice.

As fate would have it, he came upon an obscure chieftain, Pennyton, a wild animal tamer from the Capitol circus. The chief accepted the challenge of saving the crescent highland, entrenching himself first at Joe's Jungle and then at the Juicy Fruit Jungle. However, still not knowing exactly where the hell he was, he turned to his counterpart, Lockkeeper Foti, and asked, "Dahhh, which way is downtown?"

Now, with his bearings sound, the chief began to systematically purge the blue meanies, lock up the wild animals, and free the natives from their fear of harm. Finally, he has proclaimed for Mardi Gras 1999 that, "Only beads, doubloons, trinkets, and possibly a few coconuts and bagels will fly overhead."

Proud to Call It Home -- because life is what you make it -- the Mythical Knights of Rue Bourbon will parade as New Orleans natives in their TROPICAL PARADISE.

Public Notice:

The Psychic Hotline will not be answering today due to unforeseen technical difficulties.

Help Wanted:

Rich, handsome, dashing Mardi Gras Krewe Captain seeks interns to work under him. Blue dresses entirely optional. Cigar experience a plus. Contact KGCT c/o Krewe du Vieux.

The Krewe of Space Age Love

announces the re-opening of

The House of the Rising Son Oyster Shack & Brothel

On January 30, 1999, the Krewe of Space Age Love will open the newly renovated House of the Rising Son, a most famous and decadent institution, to the delight of New Orleanians who love Good Oysters and Good Sex.

Come (pun intended) and enjoy one of New Orleans' oldest and finest traditions, getting laid after feasting on that aphrodisiac of aphrodisiacs, the Louisiana Oyster. No longer will you need to rely on such impotent imposters as Viagra, Ginseng or Eastern sexual enhancements.

The House of the Rising Son offers many pleasures, starting with the Edible Delectables listed below in preparation for a night that you can claim as your personal Urban Myth.

Edible Delectables

- Oysters Rock A Fella Who needs Viagra?
- Oysters Cordon Blew An Oral Delight
- Oysters Libido A Dish for All Ages & All Night
- Oysters Oh! God! For your Heavenly Pleasure
- Oysters Au Gropin Hands-on Euphoria
- Oysters Menage A Trois A Triple Treat for Everyone
- Oysters Border Lays For That Edge of Ecstasy
- Oysters Nymphomania You Just Can't Get Enough
- Oyster Balls Best Served Raw
- Oysters on the Half Swell Only in Small Portions

And in the Presidential Suite...

- Oysters Monica Comes with Large Cigars

All meals come with "Suck a Tush" and "WeCan Pie"
No Viagra, Ginseng, Vitamin E or other imposter aphrodisiacs needed

Bloat yourself into a sexual frenzy and choose from the

Tasty Desserts from our Brothel

- | | |
|---|---|
| Mint Cream Anglaise She Comes with the Mint | Bananas Foster He has a side job |
| King Cake Pierre For those that like it BIG | Praline Marie Nuts & More Nuts |
| Fred Pudding He Comes with his own Sauce | Crepes Suzette Hot, Oral & French |

Passes to experience the Krewe of Space Age Love way of life at the Oyster Shack & Brothel will be handed out at random to deserving and delectable-looking Krewe du Vieux parade revelers on Saturday, January 30, 1999.

We thank you for coming at the House of the Rising Son and remind you to look for the Golden Oyster (recognizable by the Pearl of Condom). For your protection, we will be awarding this rare souvenir to those special VIPs who bring groups of four or more to the dessert portion of your meal.

Bon Appetit!

T.O.K.I.N.

Blows Cover on Public Futilities

POWER(LESS) STATION—After weathering the storms and floods of the summer, the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-dowells gathered at their traditional beneath-the-Rivergate head-quarters only to find no lights, no phones, no running water, and piles of trash. Calls to Entropy, Hell South, the Surging Water Board, Cocks Cable and Wasted Management Ink were fruitless. Sparked into action, they set out to probe the situation, revealing a shocking conspiracy to rid New Orleans of its residents to be replaced by the "Dizzy World" French Quarter theme park cum gambling mecca.

Although Entropy spokesman, Les Watts, heatedly denied the allegations, T.O.K.I.N. had all the evidence they needed. A disgruntled city worker had passed them a memo saying, "If they're not forced out by blackouts and floods, we'll drive them away with our pre-recorded customer service messages."

The Ne'er-do-Wells were electrified. This nefarious plot would lead to the end of Carnival and T.O.K.I.N. traditions. It was time to stoke up the generators and get the juice flowing. Time to mount a pubic protest. Join the Totally Orgasmic Krewe on January 30 as they charge the streets of the French Quarter to expose New Orleans' Public Futilities and answer the question, "How many T.O.K.I.N. members does it take to screw in a lightbulb." And remember to stock up on candles.

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