

Krewe du Vieux Explores Depraved New World

Andrei Codrescu Liberates French Quarter Parade

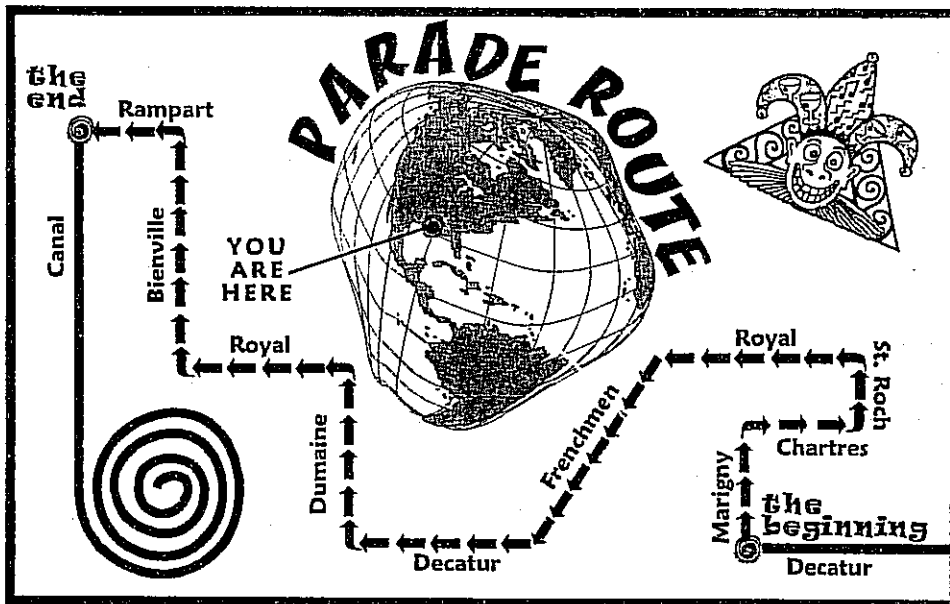
NAWLINS—Genetic engineering, anthrax weapons, test tube babies, rampant spin doctoring, Prozac—ol' Aldous Huxley saw it all seventy years ago. But not even he could foresee the full depravity of the present age: "reality" TV (on Fox but not CNN), a new definition of junk mail, a society dominated by lowest common denominator thinking, and Mardi Gras parades booted from their rightful marching dates to accommodate a stinking football game.

As we kick off the year of Our Ford 2002, who better than Krewe du Vieux to lead us into this "Depraved New World"—which the Krewe will do in style on Saturday, January 19, at 7:00 PM, as it feelies its way through its annual Marignystan and French Quarter free-for-all.

Incubating this year's ineffable insanity will be that redoubtable Road Scholar Andrei Codrescu, accompanied by his royal consort, the pneumatic Queen Laura. Having survived years of communist dictatorship, vampire-haunted nights and Romanian wine, King Andrei now steps bravely to the front lines of Krewe du Vieux.

As the Krewe's free-thinkers, free-drinkers, free-fallers, nightcrawlers, sheep ballers, savages, uninformed sources, and special forces invade the parade, the CDC (Center for Decadent Carousing) advises all spectators to inoculate themselves with Talibon-bons and watch out for the Kabulshit.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen sub-krewes will present their own de-



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 19, 2002 at 7:00 PM

praved, deprived, debauched, deranged, free-range, free-based, debased, head-cased, totally spaced 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 Pan, Krewe du Jieux, Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Krewe of Comatose, and Mystic Krewe of Inane.

Also marching will be many of the city's top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently being detained for questioning by the FBI.

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

because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing 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.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, January 19
9:00 PM

State Palace Theater

featuring:

Brass Band Review

Papa Grows Funk

Late Night Soma Party with
Janet Lynn with
Red Hot & Blues

Tickets \$25

Available from

Krewe members only!

Visit the KdV website:
[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))

From Exile to King: A Transylvanian Twist

TRANSYLVANIA SOUTH—Few of us privileged to have grown up in this favored land can imagine what it was like to come of age in communist Romania. After all, this is a country where Dracula is the national hero and boys like the youthful Andrei Codrescu kept a picture of Stalin by their bedside.

"I thought Stalin was my father and god," recalls Andrei, whose real father died when he was a baby. "It threw me off when people started celebrating when Stalin died."

Inspired no doubt by early memories of the great dictator, Andrei Codrescu will rule this year as king and despot of Krewe du Vieux.

King Andrei has traveled a long and twisted path from Transylvanian tyke to Carnival royalty. His home town of Sibiu (famous as the destination of the Pied Piper) had all the fairy tale castles of the European forests and mountains—and all the Romanian secret police of one of the most feared of all the Iron Curtain regimes.

"They had the best suits in the country," his majesty recollects. "They were taller than the average Romanian, they all had mustaches, and they sat around in dark basements reading German philosophy."

Recent reports of individuals matching this description seen sneaking furtively around the French Quarter seem to indicate the presence of NFL security minions (see following story) rather than an influx of Commie goons.

In this setting, young Andrei's impressions of America were somewhat, well, fragmented. "My grandmother said America was where dogs walk around with pretzels in their tails, and in school they had us stabbing wooden bayonets into straw dummies with 'Yankee' on them. But my schoolbooks had pictures of New York in them, and I thought the buildings were great."

Just like American children, King Andrei also remembers atomic bomb drills in school where everyone hid under their desks.

School in Sibiu was not without its upside: the precocious potentate's Russian and discipline teacher was the first in Romania to wear a mini-skirt. This event started Andrei on the road to a long history as a problem child who attempted to be kept after school on a daily basis.

If America at this time was a picture seen in the shards of a broken mirror, New Orleans was barely a silvery sliver on the mirror's edge. King Andrei's introduction to the Crescent City came courtesy of a translation of Mark Twain (one has to imagine a little of the dialectic effect was lost) and smuggled music.

In 1966, when our king was a teenager, Israel purchased freedom for him and his mother and relocated them to Detroit (enough to make one long for Transylvania, no doubt). The next year Andrei hitchhiked to New York City, where his earliest memories include selling his sperm at a sperm bank on 57th street, and getting mugged by muggers who made change.

His highness' first visit to New Orleans came in 1980, for Mardi Gras, of which he remembers very little except getting hosed down by the police on Bourbon Street. In 1983 he applied for a teaching position at LSU, which he received despite (or because of) being a trifle tipsy during his faculty reading.

Now a highly regarded author, teacher, founder of the journal *Exquisite Corpse*, NPR commentator, and French Quarter resident, King Andrei combines an outsider's perspective with a deep love of all the foibles and follies of contemporary American society. He has successfully "corrupted a lot of young minds in 18 years of teaching," and looks forward to caus-

ing further damage in his newly regal role.

A former marcher in the parade, Andrei's anarchist/royalist philosophy—"Like Huey Long: every man a king, and if every man is a king, you've got pure anarchy"—makes him ideally suited to be king of Krewe du Vieux. Indeed, Carnival reminds him of Romanian folk festivals, where "we had to revirginate for three days before the festival so we could have sacrificial virgins."

When asked if he had any words of wisdom for his adoring throngs, King Andrei arched his brow and said cryptically, "The monarch is the message!"

Terrorists Cause Parade Date Change

THE DEN—Due to the threatened activities of a shadowy group of terrorists, the dates of the Krewe du Vieux and several other, less important Mardi Gras parades have been moved. Krewe du Vieux, originally slated for January 26, will now parade on January 19 at 7:00 PM.

The terrorist group, known by the initials NFL (thought to stand for Neolithic Fruit Loops or possibly Neurotic Flatulent Larvae), is apparently planning a major event in New Orleans on February 5. When this news reached City Hall, panic-stricken city officials reshuffled the Carnival line-up to avoid further offending the terrorist overlords.

Entreaties to the leader of the NFL, a hooded figure called bin-Tagliabue, to avoid conflict with beloved New Orleans Mardi Gras traditions fell on deaf ears. "Not Fuckin' Likely," was the retort.

A local cell of the NFL, ironically named "the Saints", was originally thought to be part of the February 5th plans. However, the bumbling ineptitude of these local operatives has apparently eliminated them from participation in these activities.

Cows Really Are Pretty Stupid

GREENER PASTURES—The Depraved Moo World of the French Quarter is inhabited by a happy and hedonistic group of genetically moonipulated bovines, supremely satisfied with lives of unlimited sex, an endless supply of grass, and getting their tits squeezed for a living. Other than a chippy retirement plan and occasional Hoof-In-Muff disease, life for these moognificent mammals is cushy indeed.

Incubated at Brown's Velvet Dairy, raised in a society of total conformity and ceaseless pleasures, these hedonistic heifers live the Mootopian Ideal. They plod placidly to their SOMA (Sometimes Opiates, Mostly Alcohol) Milk Bars each day to reinforce their pharmacologically augmented states of well-being.

Each night, subliminal messages persuade them that "Cows Really Are Pretty Stupid."

Heeding the words of their herd controller, Moostapha Mondo, "Never put off until tomorrow the fun you can have today," the cows will come home on January 19th to parade in the French Quarter.

Onlookers can watch them hoof by in contented caste formation. From the ultra intelligent (for cows—about the level of the average New Orleans driver) and athletically gifted Calfa class (including the udderly fabulous Moolin Rouge dancers and the Bullshoi ballet), to the Ineptilons, in their goofy milk duds, they are all anxious to show their teats at any opportunity.

Moohammad Ali (formerly Cowscious Clay) will serve as Gland Martialler of the heathen herd, leading a cowcaphonous group of mootations, mad cows, moody blues, and the most disap-

pointing experiment of all, Marc Moorial, lowing because he can't be Mooer of Moo Orleans any more. Just beware of cud missiles.

In their chemically induced euphoria, the C.R.A.P.S. Cows will engage in an orgiastic frenzy of udder abandon. There will be no doubt that this is a Depraved Moo World

C.O.A. Statement

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe du 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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L.E.W.D. Tests New Orleans Theory of Evolution

LEWD BEACH—The "Aquatic Ape" hypothesis suggests that some time between the appearance of our first primate ancestor and the arise of *Homo Sapiens*, our evolutionary history included an ape adapted to an aquatic existence.

This aqua-ape lived under water, slept under water, mated and gave birth under water, and even watched TV under water.

Sounds ridiculous? Not so fast, say the mad scientists of L.E.W.D. In an attempt to predict the future of mankind, the Krewe is building on this theory in presenting its L.E.W.D. vision of the future.

Everyone knows the city of New Orleans is gradually sinking, while the waters of the earth are rising.

L.E.W.D. research indicates that the city will eventually submerge completely, becoming the "Lost City of LEWDtopia".

This begs the obvious question: how long can the residents of New Orleans hold their breath under water before they either adapt or go extinct? The new theory holds that, in a desperate attempt to maintain the LEWD and debauched lifestyle, the process of devolution will begin right here in the Crescent City.

"We will evolve backwards to a previous, more primitive evolutionary state," said a LEWD member. "Perhaps to an aquatic ape, perhaps to lampreys and hagfish, or perhaps even further, to trilobites and brachiopoliticians."

Some observers believe that several steps down this path have already been taken, as evidenced by the current state of education, government and lifestyle in New Orleans. Others began practicing breathing under water by holding their mouths open under flowing beer taps.

While some investors began buying up soon-to-be-waterfront New Orleans property, marine biologists lamented the fact that will probably be no coral reefs (or reefer) in the future New Orleans Basin. However, divers will still be able to explore undersea mountains of submerged Mardi Gras beads, used condoms and needles, empty beer cans, and the anaerobic stench of stale politics.

Sports Section:

Rue Bourbon Has A Super Bowel Movement

THE STUPORDOME—It was turd down and goal to go when suddenly a flag was thrown. The referee intoned, "Penalty on Tagliapoo for illegal dumping on Krewe Rue Bourbon's parade. Move back five yards or one week, return all throws to Krewe Rue Bourbon, and buy each Krewe member a margarita."

In response, Depraved New World (DNW) Czar Paul Tagliapoo issued the City of New Orleans an edict: "Reschedule the Krewe du Vieux parade for Super Bowel XXXVI or the DNW will take its Super Bowel trophy to a cesspool elsewhere."

The Krewe du Vieux faithful cried foul, but the DNW blitzed the city under the protection of the Federal

Bowel Investigators and the National Guardians of Toiletries. Simple civil liberties such as listening to Turley's Toilet Talk and the freedom to dump in non-DNW-licensed toilets were put on hold, causing an epidemic of locked bowels.

As a result, Krewe du Vieux will treat its fans to the excitement of running and passing plays a week early, on January 19, at 7:00 PM. The runs will be slick, and the pass plays will be lightly flatulent.

Some new Super Bowel terms:

- **illegal procedure:** uncontrolled bowel movement.
- **quarterback sneak:** an expected pass that turns into a run.
- **offensive pass interference:**

taking pride in farting after eating a garlic and onion pizza.

• **defensive pass interference:** cowardly dismissing one's foul-smelling fart as belonging to someone else.

• **illegal use of hands:** stealing the last roll of toilet paper from a port-o-let along the parade route.

Rue Bourbon's cheerleaders vowed not to take this crap sitting down. The Krewe intends to roll through the Quarter in its own monstrous Super Bowel, chanting

"The Super Bowel rap
Don't take no crap
But should you poo
Make sure you do
On Tag-lia-poo
Poo-poo-pa-dieux."

Morgus Arrested!

CENTRAL LOCKUP—New Orleans icon "Morgus the Magnificent" was arrested last night on charges stemming from an incident that occurred in his newly reopened laboratory. A police spokesperson told *Monde de Merde* that a fight broke out in the lab between Morgus and his clone, Morgus-1. Apparently the cloning experiment was problematic, in that the cloned Morgus developed a depraved personality and could not contain his foul language.

In the course of the fight, Morgus pushed Morgus-1 out of a second-story window in the lab. He was subsequently charged with "making an obscene clone fall".

Further investigation revealed that Morgus had been conducting cloning experiments in his reopened lab for some time. After the incident, several clones of Chopsley

were found milling about the lab in a confused state.

The eight-foot Chopsley-3 was brought in for questioning in connection with the dispute, to be released later into the custody of the psyche unit at Charity Hospital. Doctors are still trying to determine how his head became so engorged and swollen, and the NO/AIDS Task Force was asked to provide an oversized condom when it became clear that a straitjacket could not contain him.

Morgus admitted to having cloned a variety of local and national celebrities, politicians and other characters, and dozens of bad cloning experiments may have escaped during the altercation.

The public has been asked to report any persons displaying multiple or misplaced appendages, multiple or depraved personalities, or who are generally rowdy and ram-

bunctious. Elvis sightings should be considered particularly suspicious, as should any sightings of former members of the now-defunct Krewe of Clones.

There is also concern that the escaped clones may be plotting to reproduce themselves. Police advise anyone encountering a clone to cooperate fully with any all requests they may make, including providing alcoholic beverages, sexual favors and bathroom access.

Morgus has been released on bail, and he and Chopsley-3 will be working with authorities to round up the cloning disasters. A mobile, makeshift lab has been set up in hopes of attracting the clones to familiar surroundings, and will parade with the Krewe du Vieux on January 19. Following the parade, a round-up of captured clones will be held at the "De-raved Palace Theater".

Seeds Reveal Parochial Pre-Dick-A-Ment: Pope Tom Benson

THE VATICAN'T—New Orleans is undeniably a Catholic town. Bienville brought more than just a bouffant hairdo when he founded his city in the swamp; he brought missionaries, including the infamous Father Pedophilus, and many other Catholic bigwigs.

Taking up the rear of his entourage were the Ursulines Sisters, whose prayers to Our Lady of Prompt Succor have repeatedly saved the city from yellow fever, hurricanes, and even, in the War of 1812, British food.

But now, in the depraved new world of the millennium, the city is once again in need—but no Magic Oreo miracles are saving the populace. Where is St. Rosalie, who saved Kenner from an anthrax epidemic in 1899, now that the Post Office needs her? Have we replaced Saint Roch, patron of dogs and plague victims, with the pagan King Barkus?

Worst of all, is it true that we have strayed so far that we now recognize a used car salesman and football team owner as the Pope?

Intrepid reporting by the Seeds of Decline has revealed that Mayor Marcaligula Morial and Governor Mike "Bananas" Foster have made unthinkable deals to keep the Saints in New Orleans. Due to years of fiscal mismanagement, money to simply bribe the greedy team owner was not available. As a last resort, they offered to name the bellicose Benson "Pope Tom", thereby placing all the income of the local Catholic system at his disposal.

Inside sources have informed the Seeds that Pope Tom cannot get by on the bingo income alone. Prelimi-

nary plans to keep filling his bottomless wallet include:

- turning closed churches in Marigny and Bywater into "Cathedrals of the Instant Sucker", where locals can find minimum wage jobs and/or deposit their paychecks in slot machines and on card tables. Governor Bananas has pledged that the state will continue to make up any revenue shortfalls.

- sending parochial school girls and altered boys to work the streets, where they will no longer start "much too late".

- leveling the historic Iberville Project and replacing it with a new cathedral/stadium. The nearby St. Jude's Church will become the box office, while St. Louis cemetery will become the prime place for tailgate parties (keep a close eye on the ribs).

In addition, the Governor has agreed to reverse the motorcycle helmet law again, and require bikers to wear Saints helmets, which can be purchased through the new archdiocese.

Never one to leave the table empty-handed, Mayor Morial did wring a few concessions from the new pope. Forced to leave the office he had intended to hold for life, the mayor did at least win new jobs for his many bodyguards, who will be hawking those \$8 beers in the new stadium. Pope Tom will also fund a sex change operation that will allow hizzoner to become one of the Saintsations.

Citizens are urged to pray the rosary to prevent all this from happening. Unfortunately, the Seeds believe that—unlike his football team—Pope Tom cannot be stopped.

bin Laden Emerges to Lead Tali-Band

KANDAHAR, TEXAS—Having apparently decided that life as an Afghan hillbilly was getting a little too taxing, Osama bin Laden and his few remaining followers have emerged as guitar-playing Texas hillbillies. Keeping their long beards, beating their Uzis into guitars, and donning cheap sunglasses, they have formed a rock & roll group called The Taliband.

"While we were hiding in our caves watching American television, we saw an old ZZ Top video, and inspiration struck," explained one terrorist turned rock star. "It's cool: chicks dig the beards, and we like this other white powder much better anyway."

The only down side, according to the Taliband member, was that their strict interpretation of Islam forbids them from listening to their own music. "Rehearsals are a bit disorganized," he admitted.

Signed to the Pan Records label, the Taliband's first release should be available soon. Tracks reportedly include "Allah Along the Watchtower", "Evil Woman", "Gimme Shelter", and "Al Qaida, Qaida".

To promote the new disk, PR personnel were handing out a special new candy, Talibon-bons.

The record release party will be held in the French Quarter on January 19, when the Taliband joins the Krewe of Pan in the KdV parade. Break out your burkha and rock on!

Deprivation Road Leads to Depravity

DA CHANNEL—Angela Bartucci is a woman on a mission.

"I'm mad as hell, and I ain't gonna take it no more!" she declares as she sits at her formica dinette in her modest Lower Irish Channel shotgun. A Lucky Strike is gripped firmly between two flaming red lips, and a bottle of Dixie Beer stands at the ready by her side. "Me an' mines been here for years and years, but now it looks like we might be betta off following all the rest dat have moved out into da Parish!"

A native New Orleanian, Angela is dismayed by the recent and ongoing rash of sellouts, buyouts, defections, mergers, and just plain disappearances of longtime New Orleans institutions.

"Aw, I'm tellin' ya, it's horrible out there and getting worsen every day," she laments. "Like just the other day, I was downtown, going ta buy my grandchild, little Angelo, a Christmas present. I always get him a Barbie fur coat from Koslows to add to his collection—he don't want his father ta know about it, so I always hide the little coat in a box a chocolate or something. Anyway, I get down there, and Koslow's ain't there! Gone! Some juke joint t-shirt shop is in its place. So I decide ta try Woolswioth's ta see if dey might have somethin' similar, and Woolswioth's ain't there neither! Same goes for McCrory's and Kress. All gone!"

"Another thing is my Mardi Gras party dis year. I hadda call it off. Wit no more McKenzie's, where I'm gonna get purple, green and gold petitfors for my guests at? Won't no one come to a Mardi Gras party if you're not servin' dem petitfors. Krispy Kum doughnuts with purple, green and gold sprinkles just ain't da same."

It's not just Angela feeling the pinch of deprivation and loss. Her friends and relatives are also finding it hard to function in the Depraved New World that is New Orleans.

"Take my daughter Tiffany for example. She's an interpretive dancer at da Club Charmin' down on Boibon Street. Ya know, her act is real high class artistic stuff. Now, she used ta get her paraphernalia for da show at Krauss. Now she don't have nowhere to go to get her accoutraments. She's been reduced ta dancin' around in an apron an' garden gloves from Home Depot while croonin' "I Got Faeries in the Bottom of My Garden"—kinda a homage to Martha Stewart. She's her idol, don't ya know.

"My friends Rhoda Ruin and Helena Handbasket got it bad too. Poor Rhoda used ta go to da beauty shop in Holmeses to get her hair fixed up. She used ta have a beautiful big red beehive, da biggest in da city! Now dats gone she tried goin' ta Suppa Cuts, but she always comes out lookin' like a reject from da Audubon Zoo. Last time I told her she looked like a drowned nutria, and she hid in da laundry room off her car porch for a week!

"And Helena is 'specially tragic. Wit K&B gone she can't find her favorite brand of licker, you know dat purple label stuff. Now she drinks Mad Dog 22 and Watermelon schnapps down at da Mansion Lounge all da long. She's a pitiful sight!"

Luckily for Angela and her friends, the Mystic Krewe of Inane has come to the rescue! Inane has developed a twelve-step program to aid those who are suffering from the DTs as a result of being deprived of their beloved New Orleans staples. The program is as follows:

Step 1: Admit that you are powerless over the forces that are depriving us of the bastions of Inanity that make our city special.

Step 2: Come to believe that a Depravity greater than ourselves can restore us to Inanity.

Step 3: Make a decision to turn yourself over to a life of drunken lewdness and lascivity.

Step 4: Make a thorough inventory of those things you want to do that are thoroughly deprived, and go out and do them all!

Step 5: Submit to a life of hedonism, and through your actions exact pleasure for all the deprivations that plague our city.

Step 6: Allow alcohol and sex to erase all memory of our lost treasures.

Step 7: Make a list of all the people you would like to depraved things with, and promptly go out and do it with them.

Step 8: Make direct amends to all those people who wanted to do depraved things to you, but you turned down.

Step 9: Humbly crawl home when your depraved acts are done. Get some rest. Continue on your merry, depraved way the next night.

Step 10: Commit to living life on the cutting edge of depravity.

Step 11: Pray for insights into new ways of expressing your newfound depravity.

Step 12: Carry this message to all New Orleanians suffering the pangs of deprivation.

To present "Depraved New Orleans: Inane's Twelve-Step Program" to the city, the Mystic Krewe of Inane plans to parade through the streets of the Quarter, where depravity reigns supreme. Sporting outfits that leave little to the imagination, and tanked with liquor and other chemical substances, Inane's members are the perfect disciples of depravity to bring this unique antidote to deprivation to the people of New Orleans.

Poetry Corner:

The Ballad of Depraved Heart

There is a tale oft told at night
in Scotland's stony keeps,
Of the brave lads of Clan MacCRUDE
and Dolly, the cloned sheep.

It was the year of Longcrank's reign
o'er the English throne,
That Highland lads and lassies
were most oft to get the bone.

The English lords didst tup their maids
and if they raised a peep,
Wouldst turn around and from behind
would give it to their sheep.

At last there raised a hue and cry
that rang across the moor,
And Clan MacCRUDE bestirred itself
and headed off to war.

Among the Clan there stood one man
Depravedheart was his name,
Who was most grieved his Dolly dear
was subject to this shame.

Dolly was a comely sheep,
her fleece was white as snow,
And every where Depravedheart went,
the sheep would surely go.

"This has gone quite far enough,"
they sang in voices true,
"'tis bad enough ye take our lass,
but ye must unhand our ewe."

The Clan assayed from craggy fasts
like a tide upon the roll,
And planned attack down Royal Street
before the Superbowl.

The greed of some ignoble lords
did cause their plans to splinter,
Instead they had to launch their raid
deep in the dead of winter.

With a heart brim'd full of anger
and nothing 'neath his kilt,
Depravedheart strode alone to where
the English fort was built.

An English wizard to fool the bairn
some magic potion mixes,
And caused poor Dolly's sheepish genes
to multiply by sixes.

Depravedheart killed with ax and sword
and punished their follies,
When he found to his surprise
an entire flock of Dollies.

Lightning struck, he stood stock still,
then to his knees did fall:
"How can I tell these sheep apart,
unless I screw them all?"

Hitching up his tartan plaid,
his manhood did its duty,
It toiled long into the night
to separate his booty.

Next morn the lasses of MacCRUDE
found the warrior sleeping
They gently lifted up his kilt
and beneath it they were peeping.

A mighty stalk of Scotland's pride
was beneath there planted,
And gazing on with heaving breasts
the lasses were enchanted.

"Here swells erect a monument
to Freedom, a fitting totem.
Take these ribbons from our hair
and decorate his scrotum."

A ribbon blue wound round his crank
was the view that met his eyes.
"I know no where ye been," he said,
"but at least ye took first prize."

A Few Words from the Captain

A 30-second Interview

Given the accelerated pace of the Mardi Gras parade season, the new captain of the venerable Krewe du Vieux, Cap'n Kate, could only allow thirty seconds to talk.

Krewe du Vieux—what does it say to you?

To me, Krewe du Vieux says creativity, originality, and FUN. Where else will you find 800+ raving lunatics, willing to perform manual labor to put on a show strictly for "the good of the people?" The originality and satire of Krewe du Vieux is often imitated by other, lesser krewes that take more traditional routes, but it is never equaled. Krewe Du Vieux sets the standard others can only hope to achieve. As for the fun part, my motto is "Will Work to Party."

How were you chosen as Captain?

Krewe du View captains are always chosen by popular acclaim. I must admit I had to do some heavy, steady, and intense interning with previous Captains in order to prepare for the job. Speaking figuratively, I know I'm up for the job.

The NFL has thrown Mardi Gras into disarray this year. One-on-one with Pete Tagliaboo, no gloves, one round. Who wins?

Duh! Good will always triumph over evil. Krewe du Vieux is about the people enjoying themselves, feeling good and having fun. I don't think the same can be said for the NFL. Besides, the NFL is all men and men can be...persuaded...to do things they wouldn't normally do. I would be triumphant.

Depaved New Orleans Home to Many Pot Hos

HADES—With the average New Orleans street now looking a lot like the runway at the Kandahar airport in Afghanistan, it will take equipment of extraordinary size to fill all the pot hos. Fortunately, the Krewe of Underwear's subsidiary, the Hoh Bros. Erection Company, LLC*, has the right tools for the job.

Protected by their ribbed, extra-sensitive hard-on hats, the Hoh Bros. Erection company will plunge right in. "We will not turn over and fall asleep until we have filled every pot ho in the city!" pledge a Hoh Bros. foreskinman.

Hoh Bros. will cooperate with city and private entities who share responsibility for the pot hos. Spe-

cifically, the erection workers are partnering with BellesSouth callgirl service, EnterG-Spot, and the Bondage & Whipping Board.

To keep the pot hos from needing to be refilled so soon, Hoh Bros. is bringing in some special equipment. This includes pneumatic Johnsonhammers, a huge on-you r-backho, and a special type of assphalt that guarantees to cover all cracks.

New Orleans drivers (at least those driving in a state of enough consciousness to actually notice the pot hos) were ecstatic about the project. "This place has been depaved forever," said one unidentified motorist, in a telephone in-

terview conducted just before she ran into a telephone pole.

Others expressed skepticism that anything other than the uptown pot hos would be serviced. "They only take care of the rich folk," one resident remarked. "To me, it seems like a whole lotta NADA."

City officials denied that getting the hos out of the streets had anything to do with imminent advent of the Super Bowl. "On the contrary, everyone knows those football players love their hos," said one streetworker on condition of anonymity.

Hoh Bros. has announced that shortly after Christmas, they will focus their efforts on Marigny and the French Quarter, especially on January 19. Ho, ho, ho!

* LLC = Lick Like Crazy

Hispermia Bank Takes Screwing Customers To a Whole New Level

IN THE VAGINAL VAULT—Living up to its motto, "Where Servicing You Really Matters", Hispermia National Bank has announced a series of policy changes that will take the concept of screwing your customers to a whole new level.

The biggest change is that Hispermia is now offering 24 hour automated deposits, through its new ITM (Inflatable Teller Machine) system. However, there will be stiff penalties for early withdrawals.

The designer of the slick new system, Screwella la Monnaie, assured customers that "with the new, automated deposit service, we have worked hard to preserve the same comfort level offered by

our in-house service representatives. Specifically, sperm depositors can expect a soft, faux-flesh lining with an anatomically-correct, spring-tight design. It's the ultimate in banking pleasure."

Hispermia's Cumtroller, Roland Over, confirmed that the changes were partly in response to customer demands for easier banking access, and partly to keep pace with competitors like Bank Cum. "We didn't want them to spurt ahead of us," he said.

To promote the new customer servicing, Hispermia has announced that depositors opening new accounts can now get two for one sperm, along with a free turkey baster. "This should really blow customers' minds, as well as

other parts of their bodies," said a Hispermia marketing manager.

Another upgrade for the bank is newly installed safe deposit boxes, which Hispermia officials promise to keep well-lubricated.

Other familiar Hispermia policies will remain unchanged. For example, there will still be a 25 cents per minute charge to see a live teller, (50 cents per minute for more exotic transactions), and some deposits may not be available for immediate withdrawal.

"At Hispermia, our customers always cum first," exclaimed Cumtroller Over. "Despite our recent changes, we promise to maintain our commitment to the three Gs: Gism, G-Spots and Genitalia."

Comatose Licks the Habit

IN THE CATTY-COMBS—A new discovery by the Krewe of Comatose could forever alter the face of Catholicism.

Searching for evidence of a depraved new world—a task the somnambulistic, mysterious krewe embraced with missionary zeal—Comatose used an assortment of smelling salts and other substances to rouse itself to what passes for life with this zombified group. Having achieved semi-consciousness, the languid souls prepared to lick dry the dew of depravity that mildews the masses.

Comatose decided to begin the investigation within the neurological underpinnings of spiritual and mystical experience deep within their own saturated minds. Brain autopsies of the current membership shockingly revealed the complete lack of an

amygdala, leaving them devoid of fear and unable to recognize threats.

Further tests revealed that continuous ingestion of psychedelics had put the brakes on the krewe's collective hippocampus, leaving them also unable even to maintain equilibrium. In short, they were uniquely qualified to access the subliminal consciousness of New Orleans.

The vision that came to them revealed a cunning, linguistic priest. This shadowy Father figure had studied ancient texts, and found a crucial mis-translation of a word from the earliest of priestly laws, a mistake that had been copied over and over through the ages. The error was simple, but the implications were staggering: that single, misinterpreted word was "celebrate", not "celibate".

Immediately sharing the joy of his discovery, the priapatic priest alerted all the local convents (and Catholic girls' schools). In the divinely orgasmic epiphanies that followed, Comatose locked on to the formerly deprived, now depraved minds of the celebrants, and the secret was out.

Comatose will break its discovery to the world during the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 19, donning all manner of clerical garb and adorning itself with chasubles, albs, birettas, surplices, dalmatics, and mitres. Our Lady of Perpetual Mojo, the "Promptest Seductress of All", shall ride magnificently atop their float. She and her lustful pastor will exercise and exorcise to the sounds of holy brass band music. Collection plates will encourage bystanders to donate to the Comatose Nunnery for Nymphomaniacs. Comatose will lick the habit with missionary zeal.

Ad-Vice Column:

Dear Bubby

Dear Bubby,

I've just turned thirteen, I live in this Goyland called Metairie, and life is one big putz. What can I do?

—Hopeless Herschel

Dear Herschel,

Stop your kvetching about the Metairie Muggles you live with. You are thirteen now, a Bar Mitzvah, a real man. Mazel Tov! You can now be counted in our magical minyon. Therefore, you have been admitted to our illustrious and conspiratorial training camp, located in the obscure mists of the Catskills. Hagritz, our school schlepp, will take you and your bags to the 9 and Three-Quarters St. Wharf, the secret location where our cruise ship docks (it's also a discount outlet, so don't forget to look for bargains!).

Once you arrive at our school, you must wear the sorting yarmulke, learn your *beschert*, and submit to the theocratic rigors of our magickal indoctrination. Only the most heretical Rabbis daven here, under the astute, benevolent, yet firm hand of our Great and Permanent Leader, Maimonides Double-doormouth. Other faculty you will have the honor of studying under are:

- **Professor Fatschmuck**, goblin and board member of the Greenspangotts Bank, teaches charming shpells, such as the levitation of interest payments.

- **Professor Schnapps** brews kosher potions, such as Creole sauces in which the ham hocks vanish before the guests arrive.

- If you're feeling randy or suffering from Jewish self-loathing, see **Professor MacGoy-a-cuddle**. She's an expert on transfiguration and can change your shiksa into a Nice Jewish Girl for a lifetime, an hour, fifteen minutes, whatever.

- Want to subvert the patriarchs? In this class you will fly high on brooms, frying pans, rolling pins, and other domestic symbols with **Madame You-get-no-hoochi-Gucci**, our strict Mistress of Quiddish Discipline.

- Finally, all of our hard-pressed efforts would be in vain if we failed to heed the lessons of **Professor Squirrely**, who teaches "Defenses Against the Goy Arts" (but is he secretly a Goy himself?).

Don't forget you must pledge fealty to Donna the Jieuxish American Princess and Charlie the King of the Jieuxs. And please remember that Herbology is not officially offered for first-years and is in no way condoned, sanctioned or encouraged by the Stoned Sorcerors of the Hogwarts Yeshiva! First-years found imbibing weed, herbs or fungus from the enchanted forest will be smothered in the embrace of Rindy, the Three-Headed Pig!

Next Year at Hogwarts!

K.A.O.S. Sends in the Clones

IN THE LAB IN THE LAB—Is anyone really surprised that, after all the competition and controversy over cloning, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. has become the first to (more or less) successfully clone human beings?

With a staff of mad scientists, most of them mutants in their own right, and an endless supply of both testes tubes and soma, K.A.O.S. had everything it needed to bring this dystopian dream to life. Now this depraved krewe and its indomitable emir have gone the way of all great New Orleans institutions: they've commercialized completely.

That's right, anyone who can come up with the bucks and a special "something extra" for the emir can now have himself or herself (or itself) cloned. Already, a number of local and national politicians and other celebrities have taken advantage of this unprecedented opportunity—although, as a krewe spokesperson admitted, early results have been a bit spotty. To wit:

- Saints very offensive lineman Kyle Turley had himself cloned. Unfortunately, the original and the clone turned on each other, and ended up ripping each other's heads off.

- Mayor Marc Morial requested 250,000 clones of himself in a last ditch attempt to win the charter change vote. Limited production capabilities forced K.A.O.S. to limit the order to only two clones; one had no brain, and turned out to be Troy Carter, while the other one morphed into Ray Nagin.

- Governor "Bananas" Foster had himself cloned, but the clone and original crashed their motorcycles into each other while leaving the

K.A.O.S. lab. Since neither was wearing a helmet, they are now both in a vegetative state (reports from Baton Rouge indicate that no one has noticed).

- President "W" Bush sought a clone so that he could succeed himself in case he was killed in a terrorist attack. Unfortunately, the cloning process was not successfully completed, and only a "V" was produced. Rumors that Dick Chaney intentionally disrupted the procedure could not be confirmed.

- Chris Owens' attempt at having herself cloned failed because not enough live tissue could be found on her body. However, informed sources say that several pounds of make-up were successfully reproduced.

- The effort to clone Rush Limbaugh was unsuccessful due to excessively high temperatures in the lab during the process. "Just too much hot air," a lab technician reported sadly.

- On the other hand, the Britney Spears cloning episode produced unintended hundreds of clones, which are reportedly being kept bottled up in Kentwood. The problem was traced to another K.A.O.S. lab technician, who kept saying "Oops, I did it again."

- The K.A.O.S. emir himself went in for cloning, but the plug was pulled by his loyal royal consort, who opined that "one of him is more than enough."

Latest word from the lab is that the entire menagerie of K.A.O.S. clones will make a break for it on Saturday, January 19, during the Krewe du Vieux parade. Be prepared for lots of cloning around.

PUBLIC NOTICE

THE KNIGHTS OF
MONDU
SCREWAGE &
WAGER BORED

NOW ACCEPTING
PROPOSALS AND
PROPOSITIONS
FOR THE
PRIVY-TIZATION
OF
NEW ORLEANS
PUBLIC FUTILITIES

NO EXPERIENCE
NECESSARY

POLITICAL
CONNECTIONS
A PLUS

DEEP POCKETS
DESIRABLE



T.O.K.I.N. Is Proud to Crawl Home

THE ROACH MOTEL—Accustomed as they are to hallucinations and visitations at the headquarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells, the krewe was nevertheless perplexed when a series of mysterious documents began showing up on their computer. Close examination showed that the style was unfamiliar; based on the lack of capitalization and punctuation, one theory was that all the lost emails that disappear inexplicably into cyberspace might be turning up on the T.O.K.I.N. computer.

An early message said simply:

thanx for the banana peels
dont you ever get takeout in
your den question mark
some french fries would be
nice or pizza and please
leave the computer on if
you dont mind

Then, late one night, exhausted and motionless after many hours of, um, brainstorming, the krewe spied a giant cockroach on its keyboard. In their, um, brainstorming-induced stupor, they watched him as he positioned himself along the edge of the keyboard, then dove headfirst upon a key. Unable to use the **Shift**, **Ctrl** or **Alt** keys, or to manipulate the mouse, he labored away hammering out one single, lowercase character after another, unable to save or print. Finally, sweating like a Cajun dancer at an outdoor festival in August, he fell exhausted to the floor and crawled feebly into a tangle of beads that are always lying around the

T.O.K.I.N. headquarters in profusion.

Burning, indeed smoking, with curiosity and other substances, krewe members gathered around the glowing screen. This is what they read:

i will start an insect
insurrection against
insidious insipid incursions
by insatiable invaders with
acres of asphalt and big
boring box in our city
roaches ranting and
rebellious fire ants arising
teeming termites taking
flight on dainty disposable
diaphanous wings billions of
buzzing bees mobs of
mosquitos mobilizing we
were here before bienville
here we will be after berger
we were here before
kerlerec we will stay when
kabbagekopf is kaput we
call on all who crawl who
creep who slither and scurry
to join us gastropodic
cousins slime with us o slugs
join us swarming stinging
crawling biting buzzing to
ingest infest the monstrous
CRAWL MART

(Evidently the literary roach had figured out the caps lock key—but not enter.)

Further communications on the T.O.K.I.N. computer screen revealed that the entomological community will be swarming through the French Quarter at 7:00 PM on Saturday, January 19 in the Krewe du Vieux parade, getting buzzed and biting satirically.

KdV Negotiating With NFL Over Compensation For Date Change

With the Stupor Bowl date change throwing the Carnival calendar into chaos, Mardi Gras krewees affected by the switch are seeking compensation from the NFL. Most krewees are seeking \$50,000 each, which they estimate to be the losses they've incurred from the date change. At press time, the NFL (which reportedly stands for No Free Lunch) was offering \$5000 to each krewe, which it estimates to be how much Kurt Warner makes for every breath he takes.

Stung by the loss of its traditional marching night, the Krewe du Vieux is also seeking compensation from the League. Citing its own problems with suppliers resulting from having its parade date moved up, Krewe officials are asking the League to provide it with five kilos of cocaine. In response, NFL (Never Fund Libelers) officials offered the Krewe five kilos of anthrax.

A subsequent request for financial reimbursement led one League official to reply, "The check's in the mail, ha ha ha."

Either way, when KdV parades at 7:00 PM on its new date, Saturday, January 19, expect the powder to be flying, and watch out for illegal use of hands.

Mama Roux Endorses Mayorial Candidate

M-I-L LOUNGE—With Mayor Morial's bid for third term crushed like a jilted teenager, the pundits of Mama Roux met recently over a booze-filled jazz brunch to discuss to whom their powerful endorsement would go.

As political hangers-on swarmed like mosquitos, everyone wondered which of the towering titans of New Orleans politics Mama Roux would endorse. In their altered state, the actual names of these gifted individuals—synonymous with good government, booming business, prosperous citizenry, progress, and massive group hallucinations—somehow evaded the Krewe.

Should they pick um, the young guy? What about the merits of ol' what's his name, the shifty-looking older guy? Or the chick—you know, the one who's the state whatchamacallit. And don't forget Sergeant, er, Commander Whosis, whose leadership of NOPD is no doubt responsible for the recent crime surge. Oh wait—what about that bald guy who raises your cable rates every other month?

Faced with such formidable options, Mama Roux called for another round of drinks. As each member's vision blurred further, a collective vision took hold. It was wearing a long, black 'do and some righteous duds. "Boin, K-Doe, Boin!" it proclaimed. "Why settle for a measly mayor, when you could have me: The Emperor of the Universe!"

A cry of triumph rent the thick, smokey air, and the slogan was quickly taken up by all:

Keep the Jive Alive: K-Doe For Mayor

"It was the only logical choice," slurred a Krewe spokesperson. "When your choices for mayor are a bunch of live ones, one can only say, 'Vote for the Dead Guy—It's Important.'"

Observers concurred that when faced with a field of candidates who were brain-dead, it made sense to vote for the guy who was completely dead.

Key planks of the K-Doe campaign, released by Mama Roux interns, include:

- Bring real change to City Hall by moving it to the Mother-In-Law Lounge.

- Stop the Saints from fleeing the Superdome by renaming it the Ernie K-Dome (check your Bible to see what happened when the original saints pissed off an emperor—not pretty).

- These troubled times cry out for a new, easily-sung national anthem. The late Mayor K-Doe will immediately redirect the resources we've wasted trying to attract business and improve education and instead focus on changing the anthem to the easily remembered and crooned "Mother-In-Law".

Last but not least, once elected, the recently deceased Emperor K-Doe will immediately abolish the office of Mayor and crown himself Emperor of the Isle of Orleans for all eternity. No more silly, endless elections. No more candidates braying meaningless platitudes.

Picture it: one city—one people—one voice: a basso profundo singing "Mother-In-Law".

KSAL Bridges The Crack

WORSTBANK—In yet another instance of creeping, crappy commercialism settling its stench over the city, the Bone car sales empire announced that it had purchased naming rights to the giant flying saucer on Poydras Street, which will henceforth be known as the Bone Dome. There was no word as to whether the football field itself would terminate in the Bone End Zone.

Reacting to this dismaying news, the Krewe of Space Age Love proclaimed that it would "bridge the crack". Its massed members pledged to storm across from the Worstbank, via either the Crescent Shitty Connection or the Algiers Fairy, to reclaim the Bone Dome.

Meanwhile, spokesman Dick Bone announced that, while a new retractable roof for the Dome was too expensive for the budget, a retractable crack would be built into its roof. "This way, whenever the Saints play like crap, we'll have a way of acknowledging it," said the Bone-head.

An official from the No Farts League refused to analyze the plans. Many local observers, however, felt it was a rather cheeky move.

Other companies seeking Dome deals were disappointed. For one, this clearly precludes converting it to a Wal-Mart. There had also been talk that Rite Aid would buy the facility and just close it, like they have done with so many local drug stores. And we will never see giant golden arches framing the "McDome".

More immediately, the KSAL invasion is expected on the night of January 19th, under the cover of the Krewe du Vieux parade. Disguised as Bone-head salesmen and Algiers Fairies, they will do their best to bridge the crack.