



Krewe du Vieux Embarks On "Quest For Immorality"

Ageless Coleen Salley to Guide Krewe Through Epic Exploration

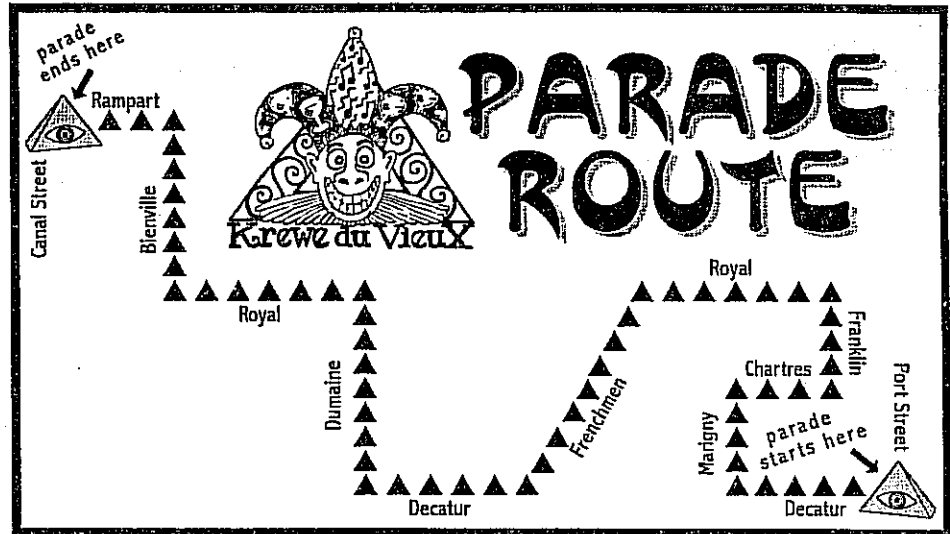
NAWLINS – Ever since the first human crawled out of the first primordial swamp, searching for the first happy hour, the first all-you-can-drink special and the first opportunity to get laid, humanity has been on an unceasing quest for immortality. Oh sure, some may say that our species' quest has been for immortality, but they are simply in De Nile.

When no one cares that millions of children are starving, when a president's lies can lead a country into war, when simpering socialites slopping pigs get more attention than the future of our nation, and when hell has to start carving new rings for so-called leaders from all over the planet, one would think that the quest for immortality is complete.

One might also think that Michael Jackson is innocent. Only when Krewe du Vieux embarks on its "Quest For Immorality", on Saturday, February 7 at 7:00 PM, staggering drunk like Egyptians though Marigny and the French Quarter on its annual search for new lows, will the true crusade for carnality begin.

Leading this year's drive for debauchery will be storyteller par excellence and Mardi Gras legend Coleen Salley. Skilled in higher glyphs and scared of no scarab, Queen Collen will guide the Krewe through the long dark night into the promised land of eternal dissolution, depravity and decadence.

On its quest for not just immortality but immaturity, immodesty, immunity, imbecility, impertinence, impossibility, impetuousness, but certainly not impenetrability, the krewe's pharaohs, fair ho's, fairies, freaks, philanderers, slanderers, sluts, sinners,



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 7, 2004 at 7:00 PM

sodomites and gommorons will not rest until the ultimate essence of profane pleasure is within their gasping grasp. Spectators are advised to guard their sphinxsters, get Rosetta stoned and beware of pyramid schemes.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen sub-krewes will present their own immeasurable, immaterial, impossible, implausible, impulsive, implosive, explosive, exploitative, exploratory, explicit, and highly exposed interpretations of the parade 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 civil liberties not currently infringed upon by the Unpatriot Act, or serving as the basis of a TV reality show.

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, February 7 • 9:00 PM
State Palace Theater
featuring:
Trombone Shorty Brass Band
Marcia Ball
late night special
Theresa Andersson
Tickets \$20
Available from Louisiana Music Factory

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

Queen Coleen Tells A Story

What's that, honey, you said you don't know who I am?

Well, you do and you don't. Let me start with how you know me best.

I'm the Queen of the Krewe of Coleen, honey! You've seen me on many a Mardi Gras, being pushed around in my customized grocery cart by my adoring Krewe. These days we skip a few years here and there, but honey, let me tell you, we still put on the kind of show you can't miss, with our Coleender hats and the cart all covered with beads.

Now, nothing goes in the cart but the queen, honey, except maybe a few of the queen's beverages. A lotta people want to know how I can ride around in that thing all day without getting out for business. Honey, I've got an enormous bladder, I don't have to get out and go to the bathroom all day long. Though I think sitting cross-legged in that cart for so many years is why I've had to get both knees replaced.

But that ain't really nothing when you've had my kind of life. Parts were like a fairy tale: getting married in a castle in Germany, being able to do what I love for thirty years, helping young writers start their careers.

The thing they don't tell you about fairy tales, honey, is that the dragons win at least half the time. I came to New Orleans in 1964, a young widow with three kids under age ten. It wasn't like it was life's ambition to move to New Orleans; in fact, they had to offer me the job teaching library science at LSUNO twice before I took it.

I got started teaching children's literature a couple years later, honey, part because I liked it and part because they needed to have the course so the Education students could get their certification. But my courses got so popular around campus that pretty soon English majors, Art majors, even Drama and Communications majors started taking my course.

Don't get the idea it was easy, now, honey — I had to flunk a few athletes before the coaches stopped sending them

over just so they could find a class they could pass. I even had one student come up to me after class and tell me, "I didn't know you had to think in this course."

But I'm pretty sure I got most of them to think, honey. One of the great things about New Orleans is that it's such a small town — everywhere I go I see people I know, including a lot of former students, and they all come up and talk to me. That's why I stay here. Oh, I thought about leaving after I retired, getting out of all the heat and humidity, but you know honey, they just don't have it anywhere else like we've got it here.

So I get to travel a lot, telling stories to children and doing workshops, promoting good new books by promising young writers. And of course you've seen my books, honey, my two children's books, *Epossumondas* and *Who's That Tripping Over My Bridge*. I get a kick out of taking old time fables and turning them into modern books for kids. And you know what, honey, darned if they didn't turn around and put me in as a character in another children's book!

Yes, it's been some kind of life so far, and I'm still living it. I finally realized that the Lord does not want me to leave New Orleans during Mardi Gras, so chances are, you'll see me in that half throne, half grocery contraption riding around on Fat Tuesday. It's the people that really make Mardi Gras, the smiles that break across their faces. Honey, it's gotta be the silliest thing they've ever seen, this old woman in a grocery cart blowing kisses to the crowd.

And now I'm gonna get to ride on the mother of all grocery carts, the royal float in Krewe du Vieux. When they got ahold of me to ask me to be queen, I was in Boston, and honey, I let out a squeal that could be heard on Chartres Street. I'm gonna have me a couple bourbon milk punches, roll through the French Quarter and see just how much trouble — I mean fun — I can get into.

Honey, even the aged have a quest for immortality!

WMD OK in DC

WASHINGTON, DC — In a surprise announcement, the administration disclosed today that it had finally uncovered weapons of mass destruction — not in Iraq, but of all places, in the nation's capital.

"It appears that the invasion of Iraq, at a cost of thousands of American and Iraqi lives and more than one hundred billion taxpayer dollars, was totally unnecessary," commented a White House spokesman. "Who knew the WMD were right here under our noses?"

While preliminary details were sketchy, among the weapons reportedly found in the Washington arsenal were the Cheney Anti-Truth Missile, the Rumsfeld Radical Right Rocket, the Ashcroft Constitution Destroyer, the Karl Slime Rover and Wolfowitz Gas. Small traces of Bushthrax were also found.

The weapons were skillfully concealed using olfactory cover. In particular, a mix of sweet and pungent odors was used to throw investigators off the scent. "It was an unpleasant combination of Condi mints and Powell movements," said a member of the search team.

"Further investigation is under way, and may reveal more hidden weapons in the future," reported the spokesman. "To the families of the American and Iraqi dead, and the United States taxpayers, all we can say is 'Oops — our bad.'"

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 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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Croakers Rebel Against Pub Shutdowns

DA QUARTERS — For years, residents of the French Quarter have survived hurricanes, gouging landlords, condonation, urinating frat boys, inhumane meter maids, proliferating t-shirt shops, oversized buses, sidewalks thick with tour gangs, and the occasional self-righteous politician wearing bad clothes and smelling of old lady. Easing the pain has been the plethora of local bars, where the depressed denizens could gather and forget their troubles while getting shockingly intoxicated.

In recent months this safety blanket has been threatened by the closing of an alarming number of French Quarter bars, which has both shaken the populace and stirred them to action. As more and more watering holes dried up — or worse yet, were converted to scum-sucking tourist fly-traps — the locals decided it was time to fight back.

As has always been the case in times of crisis, our citizens looked to the Scriptures for inspiration. Of special note to Krewe du CRAPS was the story of how the He-Brews were liberated from thralldom when their God unleashed a creative set of plagues on the Pharaoh Yomama'an'em.

Inspired by this divine intervention, Krewe du CRAPS plans to unleash its own plague: a plethora of dirty-dancing horny toads who will reclaim the streets of the French Quarter from the invading cockroaches of commerce.

"Things are toadally unacceptable, and we've hibernated long enough," warbled a krewe croaksman. "Now is the time to leap into action to get this place hoppin' again. On February 7 at 7:00 PM, we will release an amphibian army on the hitherto unsuspecting public, shouting our mantra: 'Let Our Froggies Geaux-Geaux!'"

For this effort, Krewe du CRAPS has recruited a special breed of frog that is mostly French, with just a tad Pole. They will form a swarm of copulating croakers that will lick the flies of the fannypackers, tongue the toes of the tour guides. "Let's see how they like it with our frogs in their throats!" one said in a ribbeting interview. "We love our swampy city, warts and all, and we don't see any problem leaving a light layer of scum on top."

Councilwoman Jackie Croaksoon remained unamused: "We have enough gang activity in New Orleans, without these irresponsibles introducing a band of kermit ruffians. At the very least I will ensure these things wear diapers — I will not have toad stools littering MY streets!"

Councilwoman Croaksoon also threatened to silence the chorus of croakers by enforcing decibel limit laws and restricting their access to Jackson Square. "If they try to cross me, it'll be off with their legs!" proclaimed Jumping Jackie Flash.

When told of Ms. Croaksoon's comments, a pro-Geaux-Geaux resident responded "The trouble with Jackie is that she keeps lyin' when she oughta be truthin'. She claims to be 'cleaning up the Quarter,' but she can't even keep the meathead tourists from shaking the dew off their lilies onto our pads."

Though it is expected that most French Quarter denizens will welcome this influx of amply endowed amphibians, contingency plans are in place lest the naysayers mount a counter-attack. If the frogs meet resistance, they have been instructed to Hideout behind the Stage Door, where they will dance the Shim Sham shimmy with the grace of a Matador, all while Keuffering massive amounts of alcohol.

Mama Roux Decides to Save Our Stools

THE BOWELS — Flushed with pride, and displaying the can-do spirit that has made New Orleans the, uhm, intellectual and economic power outhouse it is today, the New Orleans Public Stool System today announced that it was nearing its goal of creating the nation's shittiest public schools.

"Why turn the other cheek?" asked Stool Board Member Gail Crapion. "We've done what New Orleans does best. Instead of trying to be Number One we've concentrated on making ourselves pure Number Two. And as our student test scores continue to go down the drain, you can be assured that a New Orleans Public Stool education ain't worth shit."

A quick survey of the stool system confirms her statements. The products of McSewer Main, McDumper No.'s 1 and 2 and 0. Pooley Walker remain dumber than crap. Even the graduates of esteemed schools like Flusher or Ben Stankin' find that their diplomas are worth less than used toilet paper.

"Those students unfortunate to enough to graduate from schools like Robert E. Pee or W.C. Flushé are simply shit out of luck" added Crapion, pointing out that most of them could still read only at a turd-grade level.

Newly hired Stool Board Superintendent Anthony Crapato also appears to be knee deep in it. Most of his just-hired expert staff resigned as soon as they got a whiff of the situation.

"They ran and dumped their loads quicker than my Aunt Sadie after her morning dish of prunes," Crapato commented. Nonetheless he remains optimistic. "At least my secretary's built like a brick shit-house."

Reviewing the situation with distress, the concerned citizens making up the Krewe of Mama Roux brandished their Number 2 pencils and added a graffito'ed exhortation to the bathroom wall of public discourse:

It's time to give a shit! Save Our Stools!

Invasive Beetle Mystery Unraveled By Two Lewd Scientists

SARCOPHAGUS – “It is probably the most bizarre case of an invasive species ever known,” say two scientists of the Krewe of LEWD.

“It all began about 6 months ago, with the arrival at NOMA of ancient Egyptian artifacts,” said Dr. Merdjiev Smerd, Egyptologist. “We opened a sarcophagus and discovered thousands of big black smelly beetles. Some of them immediately jumped out and scuttled away before we could catch them.”

Dr. Smerd sent specimens to Dr. Franz Kaka, forensic entomologist, who identified them as *Coprophilus vulgaris*, the common shit-loving beetle of North Africa. To his astonishment, Dr. Kaka also discovered that the beetles were at least 4000 years old, dating from the reign of the famed Queen Nefertitty.

Dr. Smerd was delighted to hear the news. “This confirms, without doubt, the ancient Egyptian belief that dung beetles are immortal,” he said. “The Egyptians believed that dung beetles were sacred

to the god Sakshit.”

When Egyptian authorities got foul wind of this news, in a turbid proclamation, they demanded immediate return of the beetles to their homeland on the grounds that they are sacred national treasures. A diplomatic stink ensued, as many of the beetles had escaped. Commenting on the Egyptian’s unrealistic demands, Dr. Smerd quipped, “It’s much a doo-doo about nothing”.

In a recent development, pest control companies have been inundated with calls describing mysterious outbreaks of large black foul smelling beetles scatturd all over the city. Especially hard-hit are places like the mayor’s office, the chambers of City Council and those of certain judges like Bodenheimer, the fiscal offices of the New Orleans Public Schools, the editorial office of “Le Monde du Merde,” the homes of Krewe du Vieux members, and Al Copeland’s restaurants.

The beetles have acquired peculiar

habits: crawling up women’s skirts, urinating in public, and flicking little balls of shit at people. Cannibalistically, their favorite food is their near-cousin, the giant flying New Orleans cockroach. Also, unlike their immortal ancestors, these beetles live for only a few weeks, after having given birth to hundreds of little dung-rolling beetle-ettes.

Dr. Kaka believes that the escaped beetles had been simply biding their time until they found a suitable habitat. This they have found in New Orleans, along with abundant food supplies and drive-through daiquiri stands to supply their beverage needs, and are adapting and procreating at horrifying speed.

Said Dr. Kaka, “Well, shit rolls down hill, and everyone knows that New Orleans is at sea level or even below in some parts of the city...whether my theory is true or not, only time will tell. One thing is for certain, however. The beetles are no longer immortal, only immoral.”

Spermes Salutes Southern Cliterature

BATON TRES ROUGE – The Mystic Krewe of Spermes has coupled with the Splatter Memorial Library to ejaculate a celebration of Southern Cliterature. This month-long orgy of steamy, salacious readings and performances will have its first exhibition on the night of Saturday, February 7, at 7:00 PM in the Krewe du Vieux parade.

Featured author for the Southern Cliterature celebration will be New Orleans’ own Tennessee I Williams, and the festival will indulge in several of Williams’ most popular plays. Live, on-stage, all-real productions will include “Slut on a Hot Tin Roof,” “The Ass Menagerie” and “Streetwhore Named Desire.” There will be a two-drink minimum for all shows.

Southern Cliterature Month festivities will be further spiced up by the appearance of “Living, Breathing, Sexually Active History Figures” representing famous southern authors and characters from their works. Among the authors who will be intercouring with bacchanalian book lovers will be William Fuckher, Walker Pussy, John Kennedy Tool, Robert Been Whorin’, and James Dicky.

Characters to be depicted in various acts include Fuckleberry Finn, Scarlett O’Hora and Wet Butler, and Madame Daisy.

Young people who wish to be involved in the Southern Cliterature celebration, especially those being schooled at home by parents of the religious not-right, can

participate by reading all the books on the festival booklist:

“Cum With the Wind” by Margarita Wishful

“A Hard Man Is Good To Find” by Floggery O’Cummer

“Go Down On Moses” by William Fuckher

“Divine Secretions of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood” by Rebecca Swells

The festival will climax with a screening (in individual booths with privacy curtains) of the film version of that southern epic, “Cum With the Wind,” starring Vivian Lay and Clark Labia.

For reservations and a personal escort to the Southern Cliterature celebration, please call the Mystic Krewe of Spermes at 555-CLIT.

Jieuxville 5764

TEL IT-AL — Recently, a reporter for Monde de Merde interviewed the Canal Street Bubbe at Gomorrah'Orleans in Jieuxville, a blue light district famous for its Kosher Horas, Chosen Pimps, mood altering Klezmer music, and renowned vaginal architecture. What follows is a rousing recounting of their stimulating session.

MdM: Your business is in ruins. You're a schande to your family, your city ... Do you feel you were unfairly targeted by the I-aM-that-IaM?

Bubbe: These putzes got nothing better to do than bust a nice mamele with daughters willing to work. With all the golden calfs out dere, the crooked viziers and poorly endowed idols, dey gotta come up in here and muck with a family business. And we did like good people around here has always done, the Golden Rule, "You scratch my tuchus and I'll scratch yours."

MdM: But you did break the law?

Bubbe: What law? Dem clay tablets haven't even been baked yet.

MdM: How did they get onto you anyway?

Bubbe: Well, usually dey got onto me from behind...

MdM: No, no. I mean, how did they get inside the operation, to get the evidence?

Bubbe: Oh yeah. It all started when that Councilwoman from the Westbank, who says she represents the old city, got her stockings all crunched up about how things was in the old days—and that Babylonian "Code Noir" wasn't pretty. Anyway, she set me up. Entombment, dey call it. Sent dese perfect angels in here, said dey was willing to work. Dey call it a plant. Dese was boys, and, you

know, 'round here, men been going for boys. Dey was hot prospects. So den Mardi Gras comes along, business picks up, folks hear we got good chicken meat for the sodomite soul, y'know? So we get dis big crowd — everybody in town knows we got the best deals—and everybody and his lawyer wants a piece of these schlongs. But one of these Metairie Jieuxbillies starts to feel guilty about his pregnant shiksa back home, and *BAM!* Ratted to the I.M.I.

MdM: Are you alleging that the I-aM-that-I-am used underhanded tactics to incriminate you?

Bubbe: That's what my pimp said, before he sold me out to I.M.I.

MdM: You sound bitter.

Bubbe: Bitter? You mean salty. Look at me, I'm a pillar of salt here! How would you feel? He leaves me 'cause he decides he's patriarch enough to stud the whole stable himself! My poor little girls went for it 'cause dey thought he was the last john alive. Thought dey made shtuppin' for gelt illegal in dis town! Har har. When they closed us down they skimmed off the cream. We ran a kosher business, with *clean* girls. I personally scrubbed each girl and boy with the Dead Sea Ajax after each trick. Crabs ain't kosher.

MdM: So how did you get into this line of work?

Bubbe: Oh, I come form a long line of Cohenheads. We been tossing rings on yarmulkes since before this Avraham yutz started hollering about his 'covenant' or whatever. How stupid does he think the voters are? Oh yeah, Babylon, Memphis, Algiers, the Quarters, we been plying the trade longer—and harder—than Ishtar. My grandmother come

down in a spaceship called the *Yentaprise*, said we was destined to make a big *eXXXodus* outta the horny empire of Egypt after leaving'em all "spent." Then this Avraham guy starts making like pimps is now to be called 'patriarchs'! What a crock! My pimp Lot used to be in line like his great-granddaddy, Adam, he knew which knish his cock was stuffed in—till this new 'patriarch' muckee-muck shows up.

MdM: The trial date is set for February 7, 5764. We at the Monde du Merde certainly hate to rub it in, but all the legal experts say your case is in shit. What-
ever are you going to do?

Bubbe: Ho ho ho, little do dey know. Do dey think I ain't of the tribe? Dey think I ain't got lawyers?

MdM: Who's representing you?

Bubbe: Dewey, Cheatum and Howe.

MdM: The Jieuxs Brothers?!?!!

Bubbe: AND dere mothers!

MdM: I suppose they have a little black briefcase with a big secret?

Bubbe: Listen, baby. My horas keep good records, they're horas of the book. My pimp will be in the salt, with the Deity's attorney, before I get through. Dis Avraham cat, you think he's so squeaky kosher like he lets on? Let's just say he's got a whole 'nother family somewhere on the Westbank come from a chippie used to do the dishes at his place. He might be able to keep'em on the quiet for a while, but he can't live much past a hundred can he? When they write the book on all this, people are gonna know about his little secret, and then we'll see what they say about Sodom and Gomorrah's Pimps and Horas.

Lost Boys? Nevereverland Up My Ass...

JACKSON HOLE – Rumors have recently surfaced regarding a string of child abductions among the members of the Krewe of Drips & Discharges. There has been an ongoing series of strange disappearances of young male members of the Krewe. In every case, the victim turns up several days later telling tales about being lured to a place called “Nevereverland,” some kind of abuse park located far away in the California hills. Their reports included frequent mention of “pixie dust,” faeries, pirates, indians, and a strange man — wearing only a single sequined glove and ranting about sleep overs.

While details are still sketchy, some information has begun to surface. A youngster, who we will simply call Michael, reported being under the influence of a strange plastic-faced figure claiming to be called Peter Man. Peter Man possessed a small ape and a huge ego. Michael spoke of battles with silk clad pirates, Wendy O. Williams’s look-alikes, feathered Tiger Lilies and a band

of street urchins searching for their mummy. They were lamenting the disappearance of “Big George,” a legendary Immoral figure reported to have disappeared to Nevereverland sometime after last year’s Krewe du Vieux parade. Rumor has it that George was last seen trading anecdotes with Fatty Arbuckle. He also spoke of another man in a black wig, wearing tights, and having a large fetish paddle in place of one of his hands. He was reported to be running around Nevereverland, swinging his paddle at everyone and screaming, “Just wait until I get you Peter-Man! You will get it in the end!”

When Michael was found by authorities, he was wandering aimlessly through the streets of the French Quarter, clad only in a nightshirt, slippers, top hat and a silly grin. He claimed the trip was quite a “Thriller” for a young man.

These events seem to have triggered a series of recovered memories for the rejuvenated, engaged and engorged members of the Krewe of

Drips and Discharges. Many have recently been spotted roaming the Bywater, dressed as pirates and waifs, re-enacting muddled memories of childhood past and a bulging abundance of Mardi Gras excesses. They talk incessantly of probing and penetrating, then suddenly burst into song and dance numbers about Billy Jean King, disowning her amorous advances, and her claims of Peter Man fathering her bastard child. The group is reported to be searching for their lost youth and on a “Quest for Immorality.” There were also reports of a covert mission underway in the French Quarter in search of one “Tinkerbelle,” a local faerie and source of rare, high-grade pixie dust. Tinkerbelle is rumored to inhabit the balconies at the State Palace Theater, and to be a connoisseur and copious consumer of mellifluous music and delectable debauchery. Sources indicated she could be found flying high around there sometime after 9:00 PM on Saturday, February 7.

Underwear Succumbs to Payroll Seduction

INEPTITUDE CENTRAL – While searching for clues to the links between the afterlife, oversight, underachievement, and the underworld, the Krewe of Underwear made the fatal error of creeping too close to the dreaded New Orleans Public Schools vortex. Sucked in by the slimy seduction of uncontrolled spending, the Underwearians soon found themselves on the School Board payroll – where they remained long after their deaths.

Immortality and immortality may be achieved in many ways. Scandalous sexcapades, vicious violence, wanton warmongering, financial follies – all are proven methods of having one’s name live in infamy long after the corpse has been slathered with hot sauce and consumed by worms.

In these, the first years of the third millennium AD (Anal Dominoes), however, there can be no greater success in

the quest for immortality and immortality than to keep on getting paid after you’re dead. Thanks to the mindless largesse of the Orleans Parish School Board, the Underwearians and other devout though mostly illiterate New Orleanians have been granted the gift of eternal income.

“Just remember that being dead does not mean you are not supplying a legitimate service to the school system,” cautioned OPSB President Babbling Brook-Simms. “Door stops, scarecrows, fly bait, special ed teachers – the dead perform many important duties in the New Orleans schools.”

Fellow School Board member Jimmy Wearinghose concurred. “As we work diligently to link our curriculum to the employment needs of local businesses, we think embalming, mummification and the Opening of the Mouth, Inserting of the Foot ritual are critical skills for our schools to

teach,” he observed. “After all, we’ve got to do something with all those dead bodies our school system graduates seem to be producing every day.”

Having succumbed to the tantalizing temptations of Payroll Seduction, the Underwearians appeared happy to indulge themselves to the fullest. Consuming mass quantities of embalming fluid, gorging on chocolate-coated dung beetles, and waving fistfuls of School Board paychecks, they have been seen lurching through the streets of New Orleans, looking for Whore-Us, Clitopatras, Numbnuts, Cannubis, King Tut-tut-tut, and other fellow relics of the ancient kingdoms. It is rumored that they will gather en masse on Saturday, February 7, at 7:00 PM, and join the Krewe du Vieux parade in the French Quarter, where they will spread their wealth, their legs and probably more than a few social diseases.

Inane Gets Spooaged

by Iona Dildeaux

COURTYARD OF THE TWO TWISTED SISTERS – During a raucous and thoroughly orgiastic news conference, where spooage flowed like wine, the Krewe of the Mystic Inane announced that they had discovered the legendary Fountain of Spooage. Don't know what spooage is? Neither did this reporter until just yesterday. But after fraternizing with the good krewe, I am now proud to count myself among the newly spooage addicted.

In an adventurous attempt to discover the secret of immortality, the Mystic Inane instead discovered the joys of unbridled immorality.

This lively krewe, bored with the prospect of another night spent knitting belly button lint into shawls for the destitute, decided to make a name for themselves in the annals of history by journeying to the deepest swamps to discover the legendary Fountain of Youth. Masquerading as Cumquistawhores, and headed by their virile leader, Poncey Leon (affectionately known by other krewees as Ponce da Longdong.), Inane mounted their mule-drawn float, dubbed "Insatiable" for the journey, and set off from The Den of Muses on a quest for the deepest nether regions of the dusky, musky Okeydokeyletsपोkey Swamp.

Our hapless krewe, never known for having their heads screwed on straight, let alone being able to walk straight, took a wrong turn at Esplanade Avenue and instead ended up in the fabled Vieux Carré. Not used to navigating the French Quarter sober, they were soon hopelessly lost. For hours on end, the brave krewe wandered up and down side streets and in and out of alleys (with a few stops at favorite watering holes to stock up on provisions), ultimately finding themselves in a lonely, moonlit courtyard.

At first glance, it seemed a typical flagstone courtyard. Tucked intimately between two legs of a town house dependency, and effusive with bushy, if damp, tropical vegetation, it could have passed for any of the many secret gardens hidden in the moist private parts of this seductive and fertile city.

As their eyes grew accustomed to

the gloom, however, the Inane discerned a large and imposing shape looming in the middle of the courtyard. Some described it as a column, or pillar. Others saw an impressive and imposing tower, an erection that was clearly not man made. It stood proud and naked in the silver moon light, spurting an opalescent milky substance.

At the base of the large protuberance was what appeared to be a young, well-formed maiden, bathing her nubile body in the viscous fluid which landed in clumps at the base of the fountain.

"Who are you, and what is this place?" Poncey queried.

"I am Chris Owens, entertainer extraordinaire, and this is The Fountain of Spooage" she exclaimed.

"But you can't be Chris Owens" he replied. "My mother caught your debauched, er, show when she was a young lady of eighteen, and that was 50 years ago! That would make you at least 78, and you look no older than...well...not quite human anyway."

"Yes, lovely isn't it?" she titillated. "And I have The Fountain of Spooage to thank for it. The fountain is the giver of everlasting Freakastikness and Love. But I warn you. Once you partake of the joys of spooage, you will never be satisfied with the taste of mere man made juices. Like a tot craving mother's milk, spooage will become your one obsession."

Upon hearing Miss Owens extol the virtues of spooage, and always eager to add another addiction to their list of innumerable of vices, The Krewe of the Mystic Inane dove en masse into the pools of spooage that had congealed in the gutters and gullies of the courtyard. Hours of merriment followed, and many were the grunts and giggles heard coming from the surrounding shrubbery.

The mission of The Krewe of the Mystic Inane is now to spread the intoxicating joys of spooage throughout this fair metropolis. In a bawdy, raunchy, cavalcade of debauchery, they plan to parade through the streets of New Orleans, spurting the syrupy love juice from one corner of the Quarter to the other. Cum and catch the fun on February 7,

when you too can climb aboard the love boat, Insatiable, become a krewe "member", and sally forth on the ocean of ooze that we've cum to love...SPOOGE!

HISTORY COLUMN

Going Down in the Underworld

The ancient Egyptians believed that life *after* death was a lot like life *before* death, and that therefore, the Quest for Immorality would never end. They also believed (this, mind you, refers to the nobility – the unwashed hordes didn't have time to believe much of anything) that one key to a successful life in the afterlife was to have bevvies of servants to take care of one's every needs.

Therefore, a common find in many Egyptian tombs are legions of tiny figures, or Ushtabis, meant to represent the slaves that would serve the deceased in the afterlife. Being voracious in their Quest for Immorality, the Egyptian nobility also included large numbers of sex slaves, known as Tushtabis, in this number.

Tushtabis were sacred to several gods, including Whore-Us, Sukmeat, Numnut, and Nystitties. These little guys and dolls, usually quite well endowed, first appeared in tombs dated to the reign of Pharaoh Hop-on-hos and his consort Sukface, but became immensely popular under later rulers such as Anus-pokem, Suk-me-oph and Tutti-frutti, and the legendary female monarch, Likn-clit.

Even today these six-inch servants arouse a curious thirst for knowledge of the past, a lust for learning, a search for a sensuous sense of what life was like on the ancient Nile (especially if they are used properly). One can only imagine the passions that Tushtabis awoke in their Egyptian masters, revived after the long, hard night of death, swelling into the glorious afterlife and the eternal Quest for Immorality.

C.R.U.D.E. Quests For the Holy Tail

As this CRUDE tail begins, day dawns in the Castle of Cameltoe. King Arthur gathers his Knights-Who-Lance-A-Lot to the Mound Table. The King has spoken to the wizard Merlin and a new vision-quest has been formed.

King Arthur addresses his Knights with vigor (and viagra): "No more do we quest for sacred cups, fountains of water that promise immortality or magical swords that will slay the dragon! This searching has left us thirsty, tired, and quite frankly, horny as hell. From this day forward we replace our spears of iron with swords of flesh in our Quest For The Holy Tail!"

And so it came to pass in the time of Arthur that the Quest for the Holy Tail was the highest spiritual pursuit. No longer did Sir Gladhand battle his one-eyed Cy-

clops behind closed doors...no longer did Brave Sir Rubbin wrestle his Dragon alone in a dark cave...the kingdom eagerly embraced the fertile Feast of Cameltoe.

Ursula and the Castle-Girls-Gone-Wild endeavored to draw the swords of flesh from their warrior's sheaths, and thus many a comely lass was duly impaled. Damsels-In-Undress ran throughout the kingdom, and even Queen Gwen-a-queer and Sir Gay were seen partaking of Tail. The Champions of the Chaste became the Champions of the Chase, and the lascivious ladies gladly rode on the pacing steeds of their knights.

Chasing Tail was the life-giving quest. The Holy Tail, emblazoned with its precious blue diamond, provided sustenance

and prevented all who partook from withering or going soft. The Holy Battering Ram pointed the way, as all soon followed their loins. Even the animals grazing outside of the castle became too nervous to sleep at night, so strong was the urge for Tail.

With instructions from their King to make good use of their coconuts, the brave warriors were no longer the knights who say "NI!" but were now the knights who say "NOOKI!" In this time of great bounty and bouncing, the kingdom prospered and there was much rejoicing. And so the proudly erect warriors and the oft-made maidens took to the streets to parade their best ass, and share their CRUDE tails with the world! Thus the Tail ends.

Cum To Mummy: Krewe Du Rue Bourbon's Quest For Immorality

The ancient Egyptians believed in a sex life after death. Cremation was unheard of. While the thought of cumbustion was intriguing, sex organs were essential for the second cumming. This meant the whole body had to be preserved. Mummification was the solution. It was Osiris, usually depicted as a mummiform man, who copulated with the goddess, Isis, the patroness of ecstasy and fertility. Unfortunately, Osiris was dismembered and Isis had a hell of a time finding his eternal *hard on*.

The Egyptians, in their *Quest for Immorality*, developed a code of beliefs around the god, CUM—CumUntoMummification, commonly referred to as "Cum to Mummy". The true believers, the incestuous Krewe du Rue Bourbon, had always held their mummy dearest, and those non-believers were eventually forced to cum around, or they would cum

no longer (or shorter).

Cummittees were solicited for sexual enhancement of the mummified in the afterlife. Egyptians would cum from afar to partake in readings from the papyrus scrolls, "Sex Ed for Mummies", on those curious copulation activities in the here-after. Most notable scriptures included, Ole Miss's *Eli's A' Cumming*, Sticky Fingers' *Cum Together*, and Ra's *Here Cums the Sun*. While sex after life was in, MUM was the word.

The greatest of all Egyptian parables is about two Egyptian comedians working on the cummode in the Pharaoh's tomb. Not wanting the pharaoh to cum down on them for not completing the task on time, one of the workers kept vigil at the entrance to the chambers. The other worker was just about to complete the finishing touches when he heard moaning and groaning from out-

side the pyramid. Panicked and not knowing what was cumming down, he yelled to the watchman, "Has the pharaoh cum yet?" To which the watchman replied, "No, not yet, but I've got him glassy-eyed and quivering!"

Reviewer's Note: As we go to press, we hear a ringing noise. Back in the current century, we hear that distinct tone always sure to irritate even the most mummified of us all—a cell phone! "Can you hear me now?" the editor has called to say, "The Egyptians were obsessed with the Quest for **Immortality not Immorality**." Well, to quote Roseanne Rosannadanna, "*Never Mind*."

Cum on now! Make that commitment, cum along, and give that cum-hither look to the Krewe du Rue Bourbon's graphic illustration of the copulatory classic, "CUM TO MUMMY" in our QUEST FOR IMMORALITY.

2003 – A Fractured Fairytale

Once upon a time, there was a Cajun girl who won an election, and she became the new girl in town, even if that town is Baton Rouge...poor girl, now she's in the shoe, with so many children she don't know what to do...but at least she don't have to worry about poor Booby — he'll have a job faster than you can say "Convenience Store," and it will have to do nothing with Slurpies, pork rinds or Lottery Tickets.

Now that you're in the shoe, Miss Kathleen, remember us who live around the Big Toe.... (used to be The Big Easy, but ain't nothing Easy any more unless you're Charlie Foti...watch out for that guy Kathleen).

Well it wasn't such a bad year. The only hurricanes we saw were in the hands of tourists, but a Storm blew into town over Labor Day Weekend, leaving Poor GRETEL from Kiln, Mississippi, and HANSEL and HANSEL wondering what to do...well, HANSEL and HANSEL did have a good time because ol' Grant was more wind than rain, and Stormy Monday never really blew up...GRETEL got her finger stuck in a dike, and decided to stay in New Orleans...Hansel and Hansel went back to Indiana to tell the folks about the **Fractured Fairytales** they enjoyed...and they all lived happily ever after...except for Rev. Storms, who was last seen working the parking lot of the Mardi Gras Truck Stop.

And then there's poor little Axel, who gets bounced and broken every time he hits a pot hole...it's enough to make one's head bobble every time you go to Popeye's...

Speaking of that spinach-smoking sailor...sweet little Mary Jane is still illegal, much to the sorrow of the Krewe du Vieux, and has to be played

with furtively, while those bad boys, China White, Mexican Brown, the Black Tar Baby, and "Ten Bucks a Rock" Rocko frolic freely with their buddies Little Uzi and AK...what happened to this **Fractured Fairytale**...after all, Mary Jane used to hang out with Satchmo, and invented *Love Beads* not bad attitudes.

And how about poor little BESE...the Board of Elementary and Secondary Education wants to "Leave No Child Behind," and it seems that we graduate nothing butt behinds...

Mr. Amato, we like you, but will you still like us????? How many millions got "lost"????? Will you be able to find them????? At least we haven't seen much of Sandra "Eighteen" Wheeler-Hester, who was last reported working the parking lot of the Mardi Gras Truck Stop like the Billie Goat Gruff, arguing with Rev. Windbag.

As the murder rate grows, NOPD has figured out how to juggle the statistics, but at least the evidence room is clean.... it must have been Cinderella's mice!

And speaking of Justice, off with their heads!!! Judge Sharon Hunter and "fundraiser" extraordinary, Judge C. Hunter King, will no longer be able to save Peter from the wolves.... and Little Uzi and AK's favorite Juvenile Judge, Yvonne Hughes, will no longer give them a break, or even a job in her chambers...maybe there's a place on the School Board for them?

So to get 2004 off to a much better start, the SEEDS OF DECLINE will be bringing their **Fractured Fairytales** down the pot-holed Yellow Brick Road through the Faubourg Marigny and the Vieux Carre...

Join us, and Kathleen, do remember we are your children, too!

KSAL Will Spank Like An Egyptian

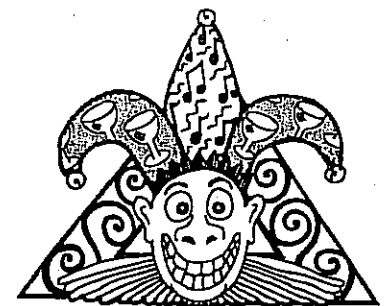
CAIRO ON THE BAYOU – The chant has gone up from the nubile Nubians and priapatic peasants: "Oh Cleo-snatch-ra, Queen of da Vile, Daughter of Whore-Ass, Worshiper of Ate-Um, Spanker of Mark Antony, Mistress of Kern-Re, lead us on our Quest for Immortality!"

To prepare for this exotic, erotic expedition, the mightily mammariated monarch, also known as Clitopatra, has commanded her Girls Gone Vile to whip her slaves of Dominutria into shape and go down before her.

She has sacrificed her favorite bull, Cockus Maximus, and beseeched the prodigious god Ate-Um to transform her manservants and endow them immensely with giant dong balls.

To placate the potent gods, a special offering will be erected: the giant "Obelisk of Phallix." All questers will hold, fondle, stimulate, and otherwise to seek to gratify the rod-like idol before embarking on their epic excursion.

The Immoral Adventurers of the Krewe of Space Age Love invite you to join with them and their questing Queen Cleo-snatch-ra on Saturday, February 7, when the foreplay ends and the action begins on the streets and in the gutters of that Luxor of Louisiana, the French Quarter. Look for the Silver Oyster and Black Pearl of de Nile that will metamorphosize you into the women of Dominutria or the slaves of Phallix, and dare to behold that icon of erection, the Eye of the Phallix.



T.O.K.I.N. in Duh Nile

DA HEAD-WATERS – On his recent return to New Orleans, the famed adventurer, archeologist, bar-hopper and one-time Raider of the Lost Marc, Louisiana Jones appeared at the HEAD-quarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells where he exposed his latest explorations in erotica and erotica to the throbbing members of the excited krewe.

Since his last appearance, Jones has been wandering lands near and far in search of the key to the mysteries of the universe and mind-altering herbs. Following his ever-changing agenda, he found himself in the ancient land of Duh Nile where he soon unearthed a cache of ancient papyrus scrolls covered with inscrutable higher-glyphics and licentious illustrations. His curiosity and other body parts aroused, he withdrew to his rooms to study his newly-discovered treasure. After many days and nights of solitary and salacious scrutiny of the mysterious scrolls, in a high state of frustration and overstimulation, he called in his old sidekick, the scintillating seductress, master debater

and cunning linguist, Rosetta Stoned.

Following an intense and smoky meeting, with a long session inspired by a probing perusal of the papyrus porno, the passionate pair began pursuing the meaning of the mysterious manuscript. Due to the deteriorated condition of the papyrus — some sections appeared to have been shredded and other parts smoked — the decadent duo were unable to obtain a complete translation.

“At first we thought they were some sort of Grateful Dead Sea Scrolls,” said Jones, “but as we scrutinized the scrolls, it soon became apparent that they were documents from the archives of the High Priest of the Temple of Canubis, god of the Head.” The Canubians were a farce-based institution active during the reign of Pharaoh Bushenkhamen II of the Texian Dynasty around the year 6969 BCE.

As they pieced together the fascinating fragments, a strange scenario emerged. The kingdom was sharply divided. Foreign alliances had been torn asunder. Many were the accusations that Pharaoh Bushenkhamen had misled the

masses and trashed the treasury. A bizarre cult had taken over the court, led by the Pharaoh's viziers, Che-ney-ops, Ramses-feld, Ashcknaten and Condipatra, who had led the kingdom on a mysterious and apparently fruitless quest for “WMD”. The decadent detectives were unable to definitively decipher the cryptic code. The difficulty, according to Jones, was that the Bushenkhamsians themselves did not know what they were looking for. “We tried several translations: *Wicked Maniacal Dictators*, *Woebegone Martyrs and Dissidents*, *Weird Mental Disorders*, among others,” said Jones, “but after intensive investigation, we determined that we had uncovered the *Windbags of Mass Denial*.”

To celebrate this remarkable discovery, the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has revived the rites of the Temple of Canubis and will take their own quest for WMD — Wanton Masked Debauchery — to the streets of the French Quarter on February 7 seeking cannabial and connubial bliss.

Comatose Skirts the Issues

UPPER MID THIGH – Like the hemline of a hooker on a quiet French Quarter corner, the skirts of the Krewe of Comatose are inching to new heights. The garter belt of constraint has been removed, and the pink panties of patriarchy and partisanship will be exposed.

This nubile sub-krewe, never slaves to fashion, has vowed that their halters will not falter as they demonstrate their fealty to the full frontal nudity of truth.

Answering the call of a confused and horny city, Comatose has resolved that during the 2004 Krewe du Vieux parade, pressing social issues must be exposed. The tight bodice of conformity and congeniality has suffocated New Orleans for too long, and skirting

the issues is no longer acceptable.

The petticoated patriots and svelte sweethearts of this trisexual tribe will not dodge, fudge or duck any issue. The cleavage of racism will be brassiered into cups of candor. The sexy teddy of School Board shenanigans will be removed. The mind-numbing conformity of dress codes will be counterpointed by the cool culottes of charismatic concubines and the dirndls of delightful debutantes.

Violence must be vetted in this wet and wild city, and this issue too will be undressed. A skirt of concealed handguns amidst the crinoline will shoot through the parade. A kilt with an AK-47 and a Mini with a nine millimeter

are to be featured. Kickpleats and boxpleats will attest to the important of martial arts.

There is tutu much ignorance in our city, as the ballistic ballerinas of Comatose will affirm. Yes, New Orleans, the Empress of this ebullient krewe will wear no clothes — but will the masses notice? She will march proudly, not hiding any issues thrust before her. Misogyny, cosmetology and the state's soiled panties of pollution will be a few of the many titillating subjects swirling beneath her invisible hemline. So as this buxom beauty passes by, remember Comatose's admonition to muff dive deep into the cracks and crevices of New Orleans, and never, ever skirt the issues.

God's Press Conference

BABYLON THE BAYOU – Responding to recent events on Earth, God, the omniscient creator-deity worshipped by billions of followers of various faiths for more than 6,000 years, angrily clarified His longtime stance against humans killing each other in a recent press conference.

“Look, I don’t know, maybe I haven’t made myself completely clear, so for the record, here it is again,” said the Lord. “Somehow, people keep coming up with the idea that I want them to kill their neighbor. Well, I don’t. And to be honest, I’m really getting sick and tired of it. Get it straight. Not only do I not want anybody to kill anyone, but I specifically *commanded* you not to.”

Worshipped by Christians, Jews and Muslims alike, God said His name has been invoked countless times over the centuries as a reason to kill in what He called “an unending cycle of violence.”

“I don’t care how holy somebody claims to be,” God said. “If a person tells you it’s My will that they kill someone, they’re wrong. Got it? I don’t care what religion you are, or who you think your enemy is, here it is one more time: no killing, in My name or anyone else’s, ever again.”

The press conference came as a surprise to humankind, as God rarely intervenes in earthly affairs. His decision was apparently motivated by the deep sense of shock, outrage and sorrow He felt over recent violence carried out in His name.

“I tried to put it as simply as possible for you people, so you’d get it straight,” said God. “I guess I figured I’d left no real room for confusion after putting it in a four-word sentence with one-syllable words, on the tablets I gave to Moses. But somehow, it all gets twisted around and, next thing you know, somebody’s spouting off some nonsense about, ‘God says I have to kill this guy, God wants me to kill that guy, it’s God’s will.’ It’s *not* God’s will, all right? News flash: ‘God’s will’ is ‘don’t murder people.’”

Worse yet, many of the worst violators claim that their actions are justified by pas-

sages in the Bible, Torah, and Qur’an. “To be honest, there *is* some contradictory stuff in there, okay?” God said. “So I can see how it could be pretty misleading. I admit it — My bad. I did My best to make Myself clear, but a lot of imperfect human agents have misinterpreted My message over the millennia. Frankly, much of the material that got in there is dogmatic, doctrinal bull. I turn My head for a second and all this stuff about homosexuality gets into Leviticus, so some people think it’s My will to kill gays. It absolutely drives Me up the wall.”

God praised the overwhelming majority of His Muslim followers as “wonderful, pious people,” calling the perpetrators of the Sept. 11 attacks rare exceptions.

“This whole medieval concept of the *jihad*, or holy war, had all but vanished from the Muslim world in, like, the 10th century, and with good reason,” God said. “There’s no such thing as a holy war, only unholy ones. The vast majority of Muslims in this world reject the murderous actions of these radical extremists, just like the vast majority of Christians in America are pissed off over those two bigots on *The 700 Club*.”

Continued God, “Read the book: ‘Allah is kind, Allah is beautiful, Allah is merciful.’ It goes on and on that way, page after page. But, no, some jerks have to come along and revive this stupid holy-war crap just to further their own hateful agenda. So now, everybody thinks Muslims are all murderous barbarians. Thanks, Taliban: 1,000 years of pan-Islamic cultural progress down the drain.”

Growing increasingly wrathful, God continued: “There are a ton of different religious traditions out there, and different cultures worship Me in different ways. But the basic message is always the same: Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Buddhism, Shintoism . . . every religious belief system under the sun, they all say you’re supposed to love your neighbors, folks! It’s not that hard a concept to grasp. Besides, it’s not like you guys need Me as an excuse to kill

each other — you’ve been doing that without any help from Me since you were freaking apes!” God said. “The whole point of believing in Me is to have a higher standard of behavior. How obvious can you get?”

“I’m talking to all of you, here! If I’ve said it once, I’ve said it a thousand times,” continued God, His voice rising to a shout. “Do you hear Me now? I don’t want you to kill anybody. I’m against it, no exceptions. How many times do I have to repeat Myself? Don’t kill each other anymore — ever!”

Upon completing His outburst, God fell silent, standing quietly at the podium for several moments. Then, witnesses reported, God’s shoulders began to shake, and He wept.

New Orleans Homeland Insecurity Color Alert System

In keeping with our mission and overwhelming desire to service the public, Krewe du Vieux puts forth, and puts out, the following color alert definitions. It should be noted that two or more of these alerts can come simultaneously.

Purple, Green & Gold Alert

Watch for flying trinkets, coconuts, maskers, flashing body parts.

Red Light District Alert

Furtive johns on Canal Street, FBI wire-taps, shredded black book.

Blue Dog Alert

Overpriced pseudo-art defiling jazz fest posters.

Black & Gold Alert

Fumbled expectations, missed kicks, widespread depression.

Orange Jumpsuit Alert

Parish prisoners on the prowl with paint-brushes.

Orange & White Alert

Deadly potholes, Surging Water Board battling geysers.

KAOS Explores the Riddle of the Sphinxter

THE ASSWAN DAM – Stretching back many millennia, one of humanity's greatest mysteries has always been the Riddle of the Sphinxter. Now, cheeky explorers and butt-hole surfers from the Krewe of KAOS have brought to light startling new information: there were, in fact, many Riddles of the Sphinxter.

Written on an extremely thin, rolled up type of papyrus that is perforated into small individual sheets, the Riddles cover a wide range of topics. Members of KAOS first discovered the Riddles while investigating unusual, very small buildings found behind some of the great pyramids.

"These one and two hole structures have always been overlooked by archeologists," observed the Emir of KAOS.

"Perhaps this had to do with the extraordinary stench that emanates from them. But after months of sleeping with our camels, the odor was no problem for our Krewe."

The earliest of the Riddles appear to date from the reign of the great Pharaoh Shitor-getoph-thepot, famed for building the great city of ExLaxor.

A small sampling of these putrid puzzles is presented below:

"What is the sound of one Bush burning?"

"What was the one body part of Strom Thurmond that favored integration?"

"What is it with the Saints, anyway?"

"How many Bubbas really voted for Bobby Jindal?"

"Who really participated in the Cheney Energy Task Force?"

"Where did I park my car?"

"Where are Saddam's weapons of mass destruction?"

"Who shot the LaLa?"

"Where have all the flowers gone?"

"When did the American people lose all powers of critical thinking?"

"How many New Orleans Public School students does it take to pass a LEAP test?"

"Where did you get 'dem shoes?"

"Once again, history has presented us with an enigma wrapped up in an enema," commented the enthroned Emir. "These constipated conundrums should keep the experts in their stalls for many years to come."

Knights of Mondu

invite all

"Girls to Go Wild"

and vie for

"Miss Crescent Titty"

- ★ Tryouts: February 7, 7:00 PM, anywhere on KdV parade route
- ★ Contestants will be judged on firmness, form and function
- ★ Sili-cones and Sno-cones accepted!
- ★ No hags, sags, fags, or old bags

All
contestants receive
a free pair of
long, dripping
pearls

Celebrity Judge
Will Be
Scoop Doggy
Doody!!

Warning: All Hooters, Boobs, Fun Bags, Jumblies, Ninnies, Globes, Ta-Tas, and Milk Shakers become property of Mondu!

Give a Hoot! When We Pass, Salute!