



## Krewe du Vieux Goes "Off the Record"

### Lionel Batiste to Lead Krewe on Its Annual Spin

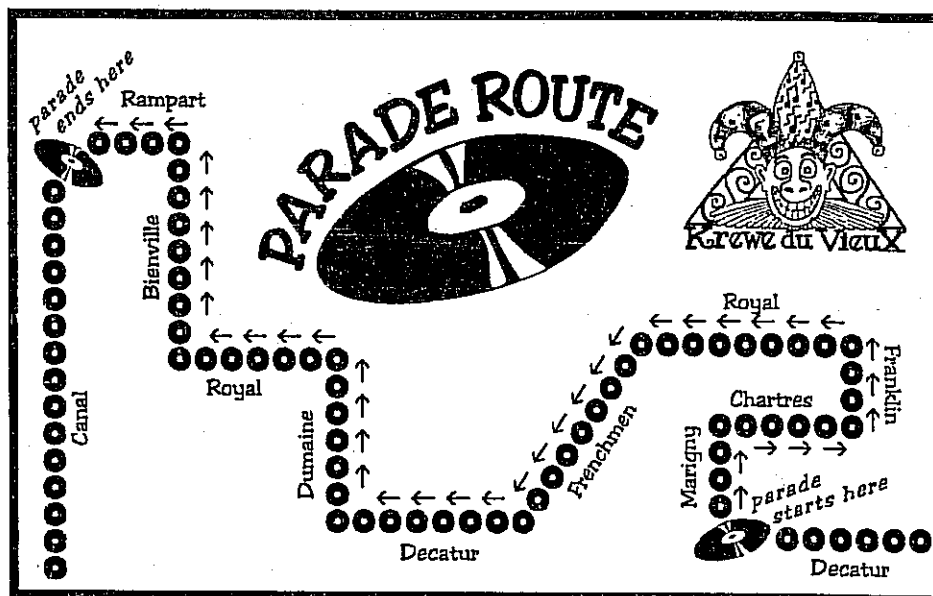
NAWLINS — All the world's a sound stage, spun round and round by anonymous fools, full of sound bites and fury, signifying nothing. When there is more intelligence on Capitol Records than on Capitol Hill; when the chorus can boot its al-Lott-ed lead singer for saying what they all think anyway; when the hawks are on an Iraquan roll that could bring us all to the day the music dies, the only thing left is to grab the microphone and throw down some serious 21st century schizoid blues.

With few people willing to speak their minds, and fewer still actually possessed of minds to speak, it's time for Krewe du Vieux to go "Off the Record" — which the Krewe will do at full volume on Saturday, February 15, at 7:00 PM, as it revs up for its annual spin through Marigny and the French Quarter.

Orchestrating this year's dizzying, deafening debacle will be brass band legend Lionel Batiste, with his niece Zandra serving as his royal consort and concertina. Uncle Lionel, the swami of the second line, the baron of the bass drum, will make sure there is no cane mutiny in the Krewe.

In addition to going off the record, the Krewe's band of saxophones, strumpets, hornies, fiddlers, diddlers, hoboos, and hammered organs will go off the wall, on a binge, off the charts, on the prowl, off the beaten path (and likely beat off on the path), on the rag, off like rockets, off their rocker, on a roll, off the deep end, and on and on and on. Spectators are advised to tune in, turn on and get off (Krewe members will happily assist).

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



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 15, 2003 at 7:00 PM

unattributable, unprintable, unthinkable, unmentionable, unconventional, unintentional, multi-sensoral, multi-lingual, cunnilingual; single-celled 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 considered as an invasion strategy by Joint-Smoking Chiefs of Staff.

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 15  
9:00 PM  
State Palace Theater  
featuring:  
**Treme Brass Band**  
**Anders Osborne,**  
**Big Chief Monk Boudreaux**  
**& the Golden Eagles**  
**and Cyril Neville**  
Tickets \$20  
Available from  
Krewe members only

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

# The King Who Walks the Beat

BEAT STREET — Some people march to the beat of their own drummer. Lionel Batiste is his own drummer — as well as being a merry prankster, raucous raconteur and a man of many nieces.

To his long list of accomplishments, Uncle Lionel can now add the title of King of Krewe du Vieux 2003.

A lifelong resident of one of the city's more colorful neighborhoods, Treme, Lord Lionel holds all that is unique and wonderful about New Orleans deep in his heart, and shares it freely with all he meets. One of the legends of the heyday of the brass bands, he is the oldest musician of that era still marching, still setting the beat on his customized bass drum.

The son of a blacksmith and musician who always had a variety of instruments around the house, his majesty experimented with whichever one was closest any time his dad left the house. "But I always wanted to play drums," he recalls. "So when I was 11 years old, he bought me my first snare drum for five dollars."

Soon the precocious potentate was performing in his school band, happily snapping out rhythms on the trap. Then one day the bass drum player was sick, and King Lionel got the call.

"The drum was probably bigger than I was," recounts the king, "so they had a guy in front of me carrying it while I played. Only problem was when he stopped suddenly, and I'd run right into the drum."

Over the years, Uncle Lionel toyed with other instruments, especially the banjo, but the bang of the drum always called him back. "There are so many riffs you can put into the drum. The whole band looks to the bass drum to hold the time together."

And it was always the bass drum alone that our cacophonous king favored, having no interest in taking on a full drum kit. "Those guys always had a lot of stuff to drag around and

set up," he sniffs. "I was always too busy talking to the girls for that. And if I wasn't playing music, I was out on the dance floor."

Indeed, his majesty still steps lively to the music, and never misses an opportunity to assist a young lady in learning a few new moves.

While music never provided a living for King Lionel — he has had more careers than JLo has had tabloid romances, including electrician, decorator, bricklayer, candy maker, plumber, and float builder, to name just a few — it has always been his life. Starting with his five sisters and eight brothers, not to mention innumerable uncles, cousins, etc., there are few Batistes in the clan who don't play at least one instrument.

Marching to music has been a lifelong entertainment for our drumming despot. There was the time when Uncle Lionel and his fellow revelers marched late into the night, shedding much of their clothing along the way, which ultimately earned them a free ride to central lockup.

"The judge asked my brother if he remembered what song we were playing last," is how the king tells the story, "and he told him 'Coming Round the Mountain'. The judge asked if we could play it right there, and we ended up marching out of jail to that song."

King Lionel is also one of the few people to have marched in every Krewe du Vieux parade — and one of the very few to remember all of them. He loves the costumes (or lack thereof), and the overall spirit of the parade. "I'm proud to be chosen as king," he says with his ever-present sly cat grin.

What's the secret to being the oldest regular second-liner, the guy the young bucks come to for special hand-made drum accessories and tuning tips, natty and fit at an age when the only rhythm a lot of people get comes from their rocking chair? "Even though

I grew up in the Depression, I never did have no hard times," he recalls, momentarily semi-serious. "We never went to bed hungry, and we always helped out a lot of the folks around us. People in Treme always took care of each other. That's how you do it."

Uncle Lionel's drum has taken him around the world — England, Switzerland, Japan, Germany, and more — and he has held the beat for bands ranging from the WPA brass band to legendary ensembles like the Olympia, Tuxedo, and of course Treme brass bands.

Now the beat has carried him to that pinnacle of parading, King of Krewe du Vieux. King Lionel will be accompanied by his royal consort and niece, Zandra, as he makes his regal ride on February 15. And you know the rhythm will be right.

## CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS

In all past references to the "Honorable Edwin Edwards," we retract, and deeply regret ever using, the word "Honorable."

Mayoral brother-in-law Cedric "Show Me The Money" Smith was mischaracterized in a recent edition of this paper. What we meant to say was that he is a money-grubbing, greedy, graft-grabbing conniving quintessence of cupidity.

A recent series identified mold as a Louisiana state problem. Mold is actually the Louisiana state plant. Governor Mike "Tooth Fairy" Foster has been identified as the state problem.

Suzanne "Take A Hike" Terrell was previously misidentified as being "formerly pro-choice." She should have been described as "formerly possessed of integrity, scruples, character, and some slight regard for the truth."

# Neaux Comment: T.O.K.I.N. Gets Shredded

UNDISCLOSED LOCATION — The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has obtained top-secret classified documents disclosing the administration's follow-up to the Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism (USA PATRIOT) Act. According to a communique from T.O.K.I.N. Head-quarters, the administration has launched a war on TOKINism with the Using Secrecy And Invidious Deception In Outrageous Treachery (USA IDIOT) Act, restricting the right to carouse and parade through the streets in costumes (or nothing at all), masks, feathers and frippery, beads and body paint. "We don't know what kind of subversives are hiding behind those masks," said VP (Villainous Pighead) Dick Shady, "They could be people who use telephones or the internet, or borrow library books, or, most menacing of all, satirists."

When asked for more details, VP (Very Pernicious) Shady beat around the Bush, stating, "In order to preserve a free, open society, it is necessary for us to govern behind closed doors, in total secrecy. After all, you don't know who may be monitoring your communications. Besides us, that is."

Further investigation revealed that elements of this legislation include restrictions on the right to mask and costume, to wear wigs and to decorate one's body with paint and glitter. According to our unidentified sources, agents have obtained "throws" from past Krewe du Vieux parades and are attempting to decode their meanings. They have also acquired a complete set of past issues of *Le Monde de Merde* and are analyzing them for

subversive messages. Asked to comment, VP (Vexatious Politician) Shady said, Off the Record, "Kiss my Ashcroft."

Meanwhile, T.O.K.I.N. representatives remained unavailable for comment, moving their Head-quarters frequently to avoid wiretaps and holding numerous meetings in smoke-filled parking lots. However, intercepted emails indicate that the TOKINistas have been hiding out at an undisclosed location where they are building the world's largest shredder. Indications are that shredlocked TOKINistas will soon be seen hauling it through the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter mounted on a float. In response to the potential for salacious, sensual, suggestive, seditious, celebratory exultation and insurrection, the Department of Homeland Insecurity has declared a purple, green and gold alert. Parade-goers are invited to bring their classified reports, copies of the Constitution, 401(k) statements, library cards, address books, voter registration cards, stars and stripes, and other anachronous, obsolete and incriminating documents to be shredded at the Krewe du Vieux perambulation and protest march on February 15.

## 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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# PAN Swims With the Sharks

CESS POOL — During a recent visit to the Aquarium, several members of PAN were plunged into the shark tank when a bridge suddenly collapsed, the result of shoddy work by a construction crew and its Forman. The panicked Krewe members immediately found themselves surrounded in the frothing waters by frenzied sharks and other terrifying forms of bottom-feeding sea life.

Just when it seemed the situation could get no worse, it did: the gigantic gray shark shapes began morphing into the faces of certain New Orleans politicians. The paddling PAN members faced the horrifying reality that they had been swimming with sharks every day for many years.

Looking closer, they realized they could actually identify a few individual shark species, including the *Mako Morialis*, the *Fosterhead* and the fearsome Great White Clarkson. Also to be seen were the Blew Marlon, the Big Gill-Pratt, the Simms-Brook Trout, and the Eddie Saberfish.

In a desperate bid to save themselves, the swimmers began throwing money, city contracts, job offers for son-in-laws, and partnership options for brother-in-laws. Though momentarily diverted, the political sharks soon began anew to circle the sinking citizens.

Just when all seemed lost, the swimmers saw the sudden flash of the fantastic Electric C-Ray. With a simple flick of his long, powerful, throbbing cable-tale, the C-Ray drove the scavenging sea life back down to the depths, where they cowered in the sludge — Meffertlessly saving PAN from being just more shark bait or even worse, jumping the shark.

# Cagers Return As Provocative Strumpets

ON THE FLOOR— Despite league opposition, it did not take much to convince Ho'nettes owner Engorged Skin to relocate from Charlotte to New Orleans.

"Stern warnings be damned," gushed Skin. "I felt there was a throbbing need in the City of New Orleans that my Ho's could fill to our mutual, and hopefully simultaneous, benefit."

In an xxxclusive, secretly recorded, off the record interview, Skin finally revealed the naked truth behind why he moved the Ho'nettes to the Crescent City.

"First off, I just love this town," Skin explained. "I've always gotten a tremendous buzz off this place. I used to break out in hives just thinking about coming to New Orleans.

"One thing I especially love about the city is that it may be short on worker

bees, but there is never a shortage of queens. They call Charlotte 'The Queen City of the South', but you just try to find yourself a good queen in that town. It is way too WASPish for my tastes."

Skin, who is usually quite guarded, was very forward as to something else that was at the center of his decision to bring his troupe of seasoned, professional Ho'nettes to New Orleans. "The news of the big busts at the Canal Street brothel got me really excited!" he ejaculated.

"I immediately saw that my Ho's, who are well versed in the hardwood arts, could serve as much-needed instructors to the young men of New Orleans. Without our help, a whole generation might be doomed to repeatedly commit the dreaded three-second violation. They might even start shooting before making a pass! We have to teach

them the art of a good lay-up."

In addition to his humanitarian concerns, Skin also alluded to more practical reasons for relocating to the Big Easy. "When I came courting, your city really bent over to accommodate me. It put me in a position from which I could not easily withdraw."

The local cable TV deal sweetened the honey pot even more. "When it comes to broadcasting my cast of broads, you just can't beat Cocks Cable," Skin raved. "They definitely presented us with a package I could get behind. 'See the Ho'Nettes on Cocks!' It was a slam-dunk."

To provide a proper introduction to his band of cagey strumpets, Skin and the Krewe du CRAPS are inviting all those who want to see the Ho'nettes in the flesh to come down to the Faubourg Marigny and French Quarter on Saturday, February 15. The Ho's will be out glad-handing the public, and may even demonstrate some of their famous trick plays.

## Archaeologists Uncover Evidence of Ancient Jieush "Oral Tradition"

JERUSALEM — Yesterday, an archaeological team from Hogwartz Yeshiva unearthed a never before seen item of scripture, a markedly different version of the book "Exodus" than the one in use for the past 2500 years. "The Fertile Sea Scrolls," as they have been dubbed, have sent shock waves through both religious and profane circles.

Among other things, these scrolls set to rest the age-old debate of whether the great pyramids of Egypt were built by slaves or by aliens. Both are actually true!

As the EXXXodus chapter of these scrolls makes clear, the pyramids were built by a randy crop of visitors from the planet Jieupiter. These aliens, called Cohenheads, mixed freely with the locals, creating a new master race of He-brieuxs and She-brieuxs. According to the Fertile Scrolls, "70 souls of the loins of Cohenheads were in Egypt" (EXXXodus 1:5). When the He-brieux and She-brieux left there were 619,916 (not counting children) — talk about copulation explosion! Said Professors Fatshmuck and MacGoy-a-cuddle, "There may have been a whole lot of knowing going on."

Eljus Dumblestein, N.J.B.O.S. from Hogwartz Yeshiva has provided the definitive translation of "The Fertile Sea Scrolls: Magic, Mishagoss, and the lost scroll of Cohenhead Gadol", (which is now available for immediate dissemination in very collectable limited editions). An excerpt follows:

"And the children of the Cohenheads were fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty stalks; and the land was filled with them. And though they wore socks around their cocks, no babies were prevented.

"Now there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not the Cohenheads, nor did he know their asses, though he coveted them. And he said unto his people: 'Behold, the children of the house of Jieupiter are too many and too mighty for us; the mammarian might of their female multitudes smothers us with bustage, and the stalks of the men rise randily to the heavens. Come, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply even more.'

"Therefore did they set over them Taskmasters, clad in black leather and

latex, to make sure they performed only in the oral tradition. But the more they afflicted them the more they multiplied and the more they spread their seed abroad. And the He-brieux and She-brieux continued to multiply, and continued to lure the sons and daughters of Egypt to their couches, so that all the Egyptians were either adread or abed. Abed, the fruit of the Cohenheads was said to serve with rigor.

"It thus came to pass that the entire house of Pharoah was spent, their vital energies sapped by the ravenous hordes of He-brieux and She-brieux. The new race of the grandly endowed resolved to leave Egypt: the leader said 'Let my people Go, that we may have our own wild orgies in the desert!'

"Yet it came to pass that Pharoah's rod was hardened, and he was loath to see his sex-slaves depart. He ordered his charioteers after the wildly dancing throng, yet as the He-brieux and She-brieux serviced their one-time taskmasters just once more, all of Pharoah's host perished in the upwelling of their repressed desires. Thus the Dispersed of Jieupiter founded their own kingdom, and produced many Horny Kings and Gaza Strippers."

## Gossip Column

LA CONFIDENTIAL — Thousands of hidden stories and concealed lives ... this is a state filled to the max with corruption, drugs, sex, unlawful parties, multiple divorces, spouse swapping, and drive-through daiquiri stands.

Into this morass steps Eddie "The Hat" Jordan, who finally figured out where our beloved Louisiana politicians belong. "Fast Eddie" Edwards, Jim "Who Lies to the FBI" Brown, and — for those of you who didn't "vote for the crook" — our own Grand Dragon and Imperial Swamp Wizard, David Duke ... hope you like cheese grits, boys!

Pssst! Hey Cleo — is that a wad in your pocket, or are you just happy to see Mary Landrieu?

Madam Mary, quite contrary...she doesn't have "Louisiana Values": she actually lives in a house, and it has wallpaper! Keep the wallpaper, Mary — in her bid to bring Louisiana Values to the Bush House, Suzy decided not to run like Haik, got a new hairdresser and then retired with her daughters to her home on Audubon Place. Audubon Place brothel, anyone?

Speaking of the Canal Street brothel: very discreet — they only arrest the hookers!

Those Feds do have their hands everywhere, don't they? Stalking hotel concierges 'til they get to the bottom of this sordid affair — damn the terrorists, full speed ahead!

Pssst! Hey Cleo ... was your name in that book? No cheese grits for you — yet!?!?

Is Marc Morial still smiling? Remember the twinkle in his eye when Marc told us we needed him for a third term? Hey Marc — you got a taste for cheese grits? The steely-eyed Cox Cablemeister who fears no cab driver or pothole is cleaning up the town — and Marc, he left your name on the trash bins!

"Madam" Mary Landrieu, Eddie "The Hat" Jordan, Ray "Shinehead" Nagin ... the new kids on the block, cleaning up the squalor and turpitude that Louisiana has sunk into (or at least surviving Louisiana politics), harvesting the Seeds of Decline. Will they too have cheese grits in their futures? Only time, politics and Justice will tell ... Union, Justice Confidence ... that's LA Confidential!

## Letters to the Editor

### L.E.W.D. Theme Screwed Up

I am writing to protest the Krewe of L.E.W.D.'s decision to parade under the theme "Schools Get the Shaft". Who are they kidding? Basketball players have nothing to do with the sorry state of our school system, as suggested by the Krewe's depiction of one of the local team members, ahem, fornicating with a schoolhouse. Basketball and football players have nothing to do with school, period, and will fornicate with anything that moves — which schools do not. Just because the State spent millions of dollars on a basketball arena and Saints' subsidies doesn't mean that the money would otherwise have been spent on schools. These are entertainment dollars — and since when did anyone in Louisiana find intelligence entertaining?

T.J. "Bubba" Picou  
Chalmette

### Athletes Are Sissies

Compared to teachers, professional athletes are big sissies. Fans boo the Saints' quarterback in one game, and it draws buckets of ink in the media, not mention all that whining by the coach. Teachers face much worse every day. Just over the holidays this year, I personally have taken six blades a-switching, five golden handguns, four spraying Uzis, three rocket launchers, two dirty bombs, and a nuclear cartridge in a Humvee from kids in my classes.

Candace Witherbottom  
1<sup>st</sup> grade teacher, Alphonse Davis Elementary School

### Sports Are Lifeblood of City

How can L.E.W.D. complain about all the money spent on sports? Tourism is the lifeblood of this city. Sporting events draw thousands of tourists every year, and zillions of dollars every time we host a Super Bowl (according to NFL figures). Tourists do not visit the schools. Even the teachers and students don't go there very often, according to the newspaper. Why waste money educating our young people when we could be investing in tourism and all its minimum wage, no-career jobs?

Hilton Marriott  
New Orleans

### Find New Funding For Schools

Instead of complaining about the lack of money for education, we should find a new way to fund the schools — just like the sports industry. Naming rights are generating lots of income in sports, and schools could use the same approach. Imagine the "Zatarain's Crab Boil Senior Prom". How about the "Krispy Kreme Doughnut Security Guards"? Or the "Smith & Wesson Honor Roll"? The "Morris Bart School Bus Drag Race Team...the "Harrah's Casino Math All-Stars"...the "Dow Jones LEAP Test"...the "Trojan Condoms Home Economics Prize"...the possibilities are endless!

P. Mayer  
Metairie

### Whazzup

I did graduated wid beaucoop honorz from the New Orleanze pubic school systems. In my hoomble opineon, dis no good bad made fun of sports. All peeples wantz the monie wid Baron Davis done got.

JonJon Johnson  
New Orleans

# New Queen of Vieux Carré Rebukes Masses

ROYAL STREET — Her Highness, Queen Jackie (nee Clarkson) Du Carre is not amused. Since crowning herself ruler of the oldest quarter in the city, she has embarked on a one-queen crusade to make her new domain a reflection of her own beneficent visage.

"They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder," she opined from her purple divan during a recent press conference "You can all see the truth in that — you have the privilege of gazing upon my beauty as we speak. My royal edict is that the Quarter become as lovely as I. After my clean-up of the realm, the streets shall be as pure and smooth as my snow white skin, the wrought iron balconies as glossy and clean as my ebony tresses, and the inhabitants arrayed in garments as tasteful and colorful as the two piece polyester suit ensembles with matching shoes and ruffled embellishments that I sport."

These decrees were born out of a stroll her Highness conducted through her new domain soon after her coronation, during which she noticed a few things that turned her royal stomach. Young urchins danced rampant through the streets of the Quarter, tapping their way into an animalistic frenzy at every street corner.

When the Royal Inquisitor, Le Duc Du Compass, explained to the queen that these poor little poppets were simply endeavoring to entertain her subjects for a small tip so they might buy food to eat, the queen cried "Get them out of my sight! If they must eat, let them eat king cake!!"

Queen Jackie then came upon a delightful garden square surrounded by a large iron fence and fronted by a large and imposing temple. This pleased the queen very much, as the fence prevented the riff-raff from entering the garden at night, or on special occasions when the queen might

be in the square.

But around the perimeter of the square, there were all manner of dirty and desperate looking characters. People who carried their worldly goods with them in plastic bags lounged on public benches enjoying the afternoon sun. Eccentric soothsayers in tunics and head wraps sat at tables consulting with even more oddly dressed people in sneakers, Bermuda shorts and football jerseys.

Upon seeing this squalid scene the queen shrieked, "Remove those benches!! If that rabble can sit in my square, then none shall. Off with their head wraps!! Only those who can pay a tithe to the Queen may have the privilege of using her royal garden square for fun or profit."

As a result of these royal decrees, the peasants of the city are revolting, confirming our Queen's opinion of them. Fair-minded people have come to the conclusion that while her royal cousin across the ocean is having her annus horribilus, the Queen of the Vieux Carre is showing hers from Canal Street to Esplanade Avenue.

It is rumored that a small band of street tappers, homeless people, and fortune tellers, led by an underground rebel group named "The Mystic Krewe of Inane" will mount an insurrection in the near future with the aim of toppling the queen and her oppressive regime. Armed with satire, wit, and frivolity, and loaded with trinkets with which to entice others into their ranks, this merry band of fools intend to parade through the streets of the Quarter on February 15 singing "Jackie Don't Allow No Tap Dancing 'Round Here", leading the rabble piper style to the royal Palace.

Once there, Inane plans to conduct a series of sit-ins, love-ins and drink-ins until the Evil Queen's ice cold heart is melted and she admits the error of her ways.

# Raid On City Hall

PAYOLA AVENUE — In Louisiana, most politicians quickly wear out their welcome. But nearly a year after his election, New Orleans Mayor Raid Nagin is still enjoying a honeymoon with the voters. Sources close to Mama Roux recently revealed the secret to his success: pest control.

"Hizzoner got really tired of the screams every time one of the vermin left over from the previous administration started attacking his staff, so he declared all of City Hall a 'no fly zone'," said Mama Roux.

One species of cockroach proved to infest widely (and wildly) and be quite cocky and difficult to ejaculate...evacuate...eradicate. Identified by expert consultants from Oral-kin Pest Control and Sperminex as *Blaberus giganteus Morialis*, this species considers itself beyond reproach. As one example of the damage they can cause, these cockroaches are rumored to have devoured the "John" list from the Canal Street brothel.

Fortunately, Raid Nagin is spraying with his XXXtra City Hall Strength formula, and results have been almost too good. After spraying in a couple city departments, the entire departments were wiped out. Broke Tag Stations were shut down, the Ecstaxi Bureau was brought down, and the Department of Futilities was completed annihilated. The stuff was even melting some of those fat contracts that were lying around.

Broke tag stations were especially hard hit, having been fitted with automatic sprayers that shoot out a stream any time an extra \$20 bill is seen floating around. Citizens are now actually having to fix their cars.

When asked if he had any plans to market his insecticide, Raid replied, "My marketing consultants have come up with a catchy slogan: 'One spray, that's Ray', but I have to check with my attorney first."

# Comatose Reports That The Big One is Coming

IN A WHIRLPOOL — As a result of recent geopolitical and paranormal upheavals, the usual parameters of America's hurricane season have shifted, and now extend well into February.

The one moist city most vulnerable to this metamorphosis is the beloved Big Easy. Once again, New Orleanians are at the epicenter of hedonism and hurricanism. The mystical subkrewe Comatose has learned of this danger from retired weather guru Nash Roberts, and is now preparing for a possible Mardi Gras maelstrom.

Theories abound as to why the storm season has lengthened. Among the most popular:

- Excessive media coverage of every tiny weather system has created a "blowhard" or "windbag" effect that is

generating the rare "El Nino Loco" phenomenon.

- Technological advances spearheaded by pornography have steered giant blowing and sucking winds straight up the Mississippi River Gulf Outlet to St. Tammany Parish.

- Ever more gigantic cruise ships, interfacing with monstrous overhead power lines, have created a hyperkinetic, electromagnetic hurricanic dissonance field.

- Home Depot executives and plywood manufacturers have been seeding the stratosphere during experiments from the space shuttle.

- Pat O'Brien's green satellite television dish is actually beaming molecules of rum into Louisiana's skies; these combine with loose swamp gas to foment typhoons.

- The New Orleans Sewerage and Water Board, afraid that they will someday finish the Napoleon Avenue project, have been conducting voodoo rituals, praying that the Big One will strike and permit them to begin anew.

- The success of the local music industry has generated a large number of spinning compact discs, which in turn have been the genesis of a clockwise rotation of melodies flying off into the air and creating a storm vortex.

Confusion and chaos, first cousins to Comatose, still permeate the ranks of this motley subkrewe. Instead of evacuate, most male krewe members heard a call to ejaculate and prepared to fornicate with a large woman.

While Mayor Nagin fiddles and New Orleans floods, the once brave and fatalistic Krewe of Comatose has been scared shitless, and has built a commodius float so it can Evacuate — the Big One is Coming!

GET A FREE  
BUTT-HOLE COVER  
WITH SIGN-UP!

ASK ABOUT OUR  
EX-GOVERNOR & OTHER ELECTED  
OFFICIAL SPECIALS!

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Unlimited minutes to your "mouth piece" home-boys & campaign manager!!!

"Roll-over" minutes for "Good Behavior"

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**FREE!!** Wire-tapping on other public officials, campaign supporters, business associates, stoolies or friends!!

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**FREE!!** Calls to Angola, Alcatraz, Sing-Sing & Leavenworth after "Lights-Out" on weekends

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**ONLY \$29.95/MONTH**  
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**ALL PHONES STOLEN &  
REFURBISHED BY INMATES  
IN "METAL SHOP"!!**

# Plea Deal May Expand (and Engorge) Probe

VENETIAN BLIND ISLES — The Drips & Discharges has learned that Judge "Big" George of the United States District Court for the Sex Circuit is working on a plea agreement which would result in awarding the State's only legal dockside brothel license to Judge Bonin'herhind Venetian Isles Marina. In return, the bodacious Bonin'herhind will testify about the "fishy" shrimp deal he was negotiating with notorious restaurateur "John" Al Copeland.

The plea deal is contingent on the success of a bill being sponsored by Representative C. "Playa" D" Fields in the upcoming legislative session to legalize dockside prostitution, known by many lobbyists as the "Whoring Mooring Bill". In a complete, but not unexpected, coincidence, Rep. Fields is rumored to be applying for a federal grant, \$20,000 in small bills, to develop a "whore-ti-culture" project for the brothel. He feels his experience in receiving large wads (of green) uniquely qualifies him for the job. "Madam, er, Master Fields" is, however, running into obstacles getting electrical permits for the Marina's requisite red lights.

District Attorney E. Homberg

Jordan is working on an agreement to not prosecute the johns on the secret "Trick List" of those who frequented the infamous Canal Street brothel in return for their support of this new revenue-generating enterprise for the city. Even Mayor Ray "The White Knight" Nagin agrees the plea agreement and resulting revenue will be good for all parties concerned, and provide "stiff" competition for any rivals. Rumors are flying that former Mayor Marc Morial is seeking a "third term" at the brothel. However, they could not be confirmed at press time.

There is extra urgency to get the Whoring Mooring Bill embraced by the Legislature before Mississippi gets the idea and passes a similar law. All involved agree that Louisiana can get both legs up over Mississippi by legalizing dockside prostitution. The repeated impact on the economy, and the recurring revenue from "dockage fees" generated, is expected to create a huge bang, and bring a gush of new seamen flooding into the city.

One major unresolved issue is whether or not to require "Buy-Yieux Prostitutes" to become licensed. Former Governor Edwin "The Silver Zipper" Edwards is researching testing procedures for licensure. He is being assisted by Con

Jiggle visitors to his cell.

In a parallel development, Judge George has agreed to offer the "Johns" immunity and flush the extensive Trick List if the legislation is passed. Former Orleans Parish District Attorney Harry Connick had previously flushed his copy of the List given him by the Feds. However, the john backed up when Mr. Connick found provisions to prosecute two St. Tammany Parish johns, a concierge, a boyfriend who chauffeured the johns "for love", the madam, her mother, and nine call girls. Under these provisions they will not only pay for their crimes, but will also pay income taxes on the revenue generated from the johns.

The Drips & Discharges has been awarded the exclusive contract to distribute "fill in the blank" Judgments for those johns along the Krewe du Vieux's parade route who would like to take advantage of the February 15<sup>th</sup> deadline Judge George has offered for immunity in the case. Judgments should be executed and turned in at the Krewe du Vieux Doo at the State Palace Theatre on Canal Street after the parade.

All parties agree that the only people who will get screwed in the end are the hookers!



## Pharmaceutical Report

# Krewe of Space Age Love Swallows the Cure

FRENCH KISS, LOUISIANA — No not Ron Popeil but Big Easy Oral Laboratories (B.E.O.L) has discovered the cure to the dreaded West Vile Disease, feared from da Nint Ward to da West Bank. The cure was discovered in collaboration with the Krewe of Space Age Love and its own Dr. Strange Love - PHD, LCD, BED, and DOT (Primary Head Doctor, Bush Eatin' Doc, Leather Crop Doc, Doc On Top).

After many painstaking hours of frontal, oral and dog tired research a discovery was made that not only cures West Vile disease, but will have the residents of our plague-ridden den of decadence screaming for a dose of Space Age Loves' tubes of oral bliss.

Many KSAL volunteers toyed day and night attempting to solve the dilemma of how to apply the Cure. Finally by sheer mistake (well maybe) one ardent volunteer swallowed the Cure, and found to her delight that she was vile no more.

Yes, friends, one swallow of the Cure and you'll never hesitate to enjoy the elation of getting bitten again.

A lifetime supply can be yours for just 69 low payments of \$69.69! You can be free once again to camp in

the buff, romp in the swamp and f... with the fish.

If you order today you'll also get a lifetime supply of Krewe du Vieux's Phantom Condoms, Space Age Love's Golden Oysters with lust dust, and as a bonus, B.E.O.L's new contraceptive, named the Candy pill in honor of the felonious Edwin Edwards.

But wait! As an added incentive we will also throw in a CD by that famous brass band Bone Tone.

To experience the ecstasy of THE CURE \* order now by phone 1-800-A69-TUBE or from our web site [www.A69TUBE.com](http://www.A69TUBE.com). Almost all major credit cards accepted: GULP, TISA, MasterBate, Dickscopy and American AssPress.

Cash will be accepted at the Cleo Fields and Mike Foster laundries. Contact Eddie Jordan for locations, call 1-800 Let's Make a Deal, white envelopes only please.

Samples will be offered and orders can be placed on February 15<sup>th</sup> along the Krewe du Vieux parade route by our nasty nurses and decadent doctors - cash or oral gratuities only.

### Disclaimers and Side Effects

- Side effects may include the urge to go down on the first person you see, an uncontrollable desire to eat oysters, an increased heart rate due to an insatiable

sexual appetite, and an unexplained need to display public nudity for a pair of beads.

- Swallow at your own risk if by some reason you are still a virgin or a member of the Catholic clergy who has sworn celibacy (yeah right).

- Not recommended for people over 69, under 15 (this may not apply in Chalmette) and members of the Krewe of Spermies who already have an oversupply of libido.

- Big Easy Oral Laboratories and The Krewe of Space Age Love not responsible for those who overindulge in previously unheard of sexual activity and practices. Specifically - intercourse on the fifty yard line of the Super Dome at half-time; oral sex without the benefit of a partner; spontaneous orgies at Jazz Fest when musicians say "Somebody Scream!"; and instead of shouting "Oh God" during sex you start singing, "If Ever I Cease to Love".



# C.R.U.D.E. Contracts

## Da Westbank Virus

Da West Bank — Speaking off the record, a Centers For Disease Control researcher stationed at Belle Chase Naval Air Station has recently confirmed the spread of a new local strain of virus. Researcher Ron LeMark said, "I think it's time that people on both sides of the Mississippi River knew the truth about why West Bankers are the way they are, so me and my fellow researchers are ready to go on the record with this new research and bring our two local banks together. Yeah — We bridgin' da gap!"

The information was released to media sources on a vintage vinyl record, which, when played backwards, revealed a cover-up at all levels of government. A hybrid strain of virus was apparently discovered by researchers years ago, which helps explain why people on the Westbank are a little different than everyone else. Details are still sketchy at this point but this is what is known about the virus so far.

### Biological Nomenclature:

- *Virulus Westbankus (Da Westbank Virus)*

### Symptoms:

- Hairdoo doubles in height
- Overwhelming urge to pay tolls
- Blue eye shadow fetishism
- Speech and Cognitive changes ("Hey brah" "Dis-dat-dese-n-doze" "Where Y'at?")

### Related Diseases:

- Harvey Tunnel Worms
- Marrero-laria
- Algae-ears
- Crescent City Connectivitus

### Treatment:

Westbank neighborhoods will have planes do fly-overs while playing classical music and jazz and each suburb will have trucks driving through that will offer residents the following trade-ins:

artwork and/or hooked-on-phonics tapes for large cans of hairspray or any sticky item from a truck dashboard.

A Westbank virus full-body-condom has been proposed for Eastbankers who feel they have to travel to the Westbank during the epidemic.

Local politicians and activists had the following to say:

"This information was kept from the public by City Hall during the Morial administration, but one thing we could do is to change the Crescent City Connection from a toll bridge to a draw bridge. That way we could just raise the bridge at night, and only allow Cox Cable customers or Hornets fans to cross it."

— *Mayor Ray Nagin*

"This information was kept off the record during Harry Connick's administration, but I feel that the best protection from the virus is a little culture, the appropriate British-style hat and a good strong cigar!"

— *D.A. Eddie Jordan*

"That virus was not spread by the bag of personal loan money that Edwin Edwards lent to me, and besides, a good friend of mine told me not to worry because the best protection from the virus was a little culture, an appropriate British-style hat and a good strong cigar."

— *Cleo Fields*

"Can you catch the Westbank virus in prison?"

— *Edwin Edwards and Jim Brown*

"Ah yes, the Westbank virus ... research on that ancient virus dates back a thousand years over here. We're still fighting about that too!"

— *Yassir Arafat*

"Even though ground zero for the virus appears to be my neighborhood in Marrero, the Westbank virus was really

caused by the Southern Decadence Parade in the French Quarter, and by Yassir Arafat, the liberal media, alien spaceships and those gay purple Teletubbies!"

— *Rev. LeBlanc, Marrero Protestant Minister*

"If they had more parades, better hairdressers, and fewer religious nuts over on the Westbank, then maybe they would have a chance to survive ... for my rare character performances as a Westbanker, I combine the charm of Edith Bunker with the fashion sense of Marge Simpson, and voila!"

— *Drag Queen Bianca Del Rio*

"The best way to whip the Westbank virus is to punish it with a more dominant strain."

— *Dominatrix Mistress Natasha*

"If Westbankers would just smoke more pot, I mean medical marijuana, then the virus could be brought under control. And someone would have to open a good late night eatery over there, y'know, for when I get the munchies!"

— *Gary Wainwright*

"The Westbank clearly needs cultural re-development to fight the virus ... I propose building the world's largest Border's Bookstore in a residential area, and that way, when the residents of the Westbank start feeling feverish and tacky, they can just Make A Run For The Border!"

— *Pres Kabacoff*

"Our newly created office of National Home-made Security is looking into the threat of terrorists using the Westbank virus as a biological weapon, to be used against both residents of the Eastbank and the rest of the free and cultured world."

— *Tom Bridge, Director of Newly Created Office of Home-made Security*

# Houses Of Ill Repute Leave Bourbon Hung-Over

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN — Just who's been naughty and who's been nice: politicians, professionals, priests, or those hard working public servants of the oldest profession? From "Houses of the Holy" to "Houses of the Rich and Famous", KREWE du RUE BOURBON goes **Off The Record** about those infamous "Houses of Ill Repute".

In New Orleans one must always be aware of *loose women and pickpockets*, but who would have thought that Houses of the Holy would be sanctuaries for disgusting sexual deviates. Now if Rue Bourbon passed a basket, it's not to set up a legal defense fund. **Off the record** — Does the scandal have anything to do with the church choir singing, *For Altar Boys We've Loved Before*?

Strip clubs and porn stores are legally licensed for business, but touching of any kind is strictly forbidden — or is it? Why would our elected officials allow their meat to loaf in such a place? Once they abuse their meat loafing privilege, there is little chance their host will ask them to cum again. **Off the record** - Are they there to experience Doctor Feelgood, or are they there to juke their jukebox, while listening to the Sex Pistols sing, *Put Your Load Right on Me*?

As for the locked up bordello on Canal St, the FBI (Fumbling Bureaucracy of Idiots) should have been arresting terrorists and not hard-working businesswomen. The madams, along with some fun loving friends, were just trying to crank out sexual fantasies with an elite group of legally nameless Johns. However, a secret valentine listed those Johns as not only *Ears Johnny, Johnny Onthespot, and Deer John*, but also the sexual voyeur, *Johnny Cumlately*. **Off the record** — why should the ladies face "hard time", while the Johns are going "soft", all for providing tricks for treats to the tune of *Makin Whoopie*, sung by everyone's number one John, our famous Doctor.

The Krewe of Rue Bourbon will not march as priests, nuns, altar boys, doctors, politicians, the FBI, or the Village People, but **Off the record** — we will accompany our float depicting the infamous "Houses of Ill Repute", proudly humping as Pimps and New Orleans Ladies, to the hit, *What's Love Got To Do With It*.

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# Underwear Repels Corruption With "Bayou Off"

THE POLITICAL SWAMP — As Louisiana recoiled from virus-bearing mosquitoes this summer, desperate citizens protected themselves anyway they could: eating mass quantities of garlic, boiling their crawfish in citronella oil, and lathering themselves with repellants such as "Deep Woods Off".

Now an even greater threat has emerged to assault beleaguered Louisianans: swarms of corrupt politicians. From City Hall to the State Capital to Congress and the White House, this parasitic plague has imperiled social progress, economic opportunity, world peace, and worst of all, the right to drive with an open container.

Just when the onslaught of elected officials seemed utterly unstoppable, the mad scientists of Underwear have managed to produce the first and only known defense: a special spray that will protect people from corrupt politicians, called "Bayou Off" (or "Buy-Youse Off", as it will be marketed in New Jersey).

Laboring feverishly in smoke-filled

laboratories and babe-filled hot tubs, the Krewe's degenerate geniuses overcame Trent Lottery-like odds to produce their politically potent potion.

"The tension was mind-blowing, to say nothing of other organs," said one reveling (and revealing) researcher. "At one point our nuclear turbodog-charger failed, and the entire operation nearly went down. In fact, we had a vote on whether or not to continue, and only some well-timed vote buying kept the project from getting squashed."

The source refused to reveal whether the votes were purchased for cash or sexual favors, but did make reference to "stuffing the box."

The new product has proven to be especially effective against West Denial Virus, although it was obviously invented too late to save former governor Edwin "The Gagging Gourmet" Edwards. However, Mayor Nagin is reported to have purchased large quantities of "Bayou Off" to fumigate City Hall.

In addition to mosquitoes, "Bayou Off" has been successful in repelling a number of other bugs, including the Moth Morial, the Rumsfelbee, the Dukeroach, Foster Ants, Chaneypillars, DeLayflies, and the dreaded Bushworms. Curiously, however, it seems to attract Hornets.

Emboldened by their triumph with "Bayou Off", the enterprising Underwearians are now reported to be developing other repellant products. Speaking off the record, one comely Curie claimed that the Krewe was already testing a spray to protect against idiots, fools and telephone solicitors, which will be marketed under the name "Jerk Off".

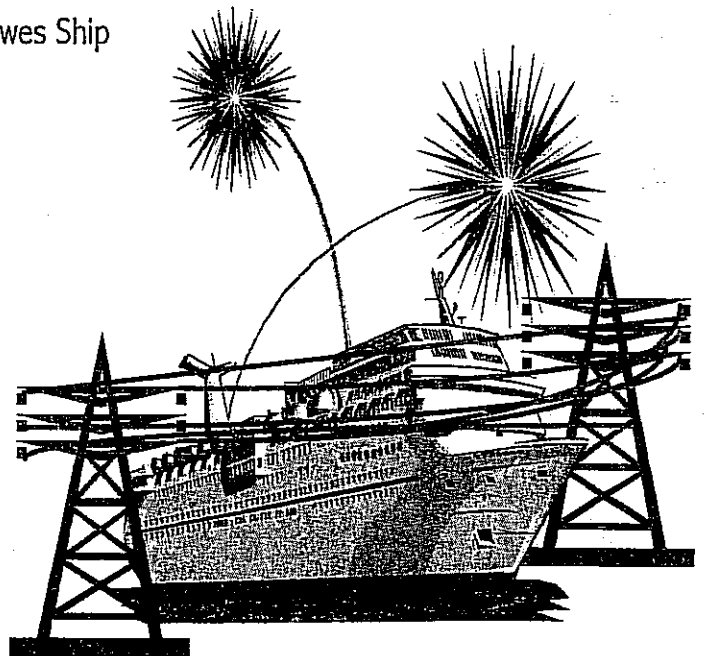
Also on the drawing board are a spray to protect against nasty vegetables, called "Beet Off", and another to protect against really bad, loud music, called "Kiss Off". Also, taking advantage of the growing popularity of chemical peels and other plastic surgeries, researchers are looking into the feasibility of a cosmetic product to be called "Face Off".

## CARNAL-VAL KREWES LINES

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- ★ Plan your vacation with a Carnal-val Sexual Activities Director
- ★ Nightly Laser Lightning Show on the Libido Deck courtesy of Entergy Power
- ★ Special daily deviant activities in the Poop Deck
- ★ Join Ben Dover in the Fitness Spa for daily Butt Burner Aerobics
- ★ Our motto: It's not the size of the vessel, but the motion in the ocean!



Sponsored by Mystic Krewe of Spermes