



Le Monde de Merde

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Is “All Fired Up”

Dr. John Will Light Krewe’s Fire

NEW ORLEANS – We didn’t start the fire. But looking around the city and the country, the whole shithouse nearly did go up in flames.

Despite the best efforts of President Yomama and Fed Chief Burned Hankey (Indian casinos being about the only profitable enterprises around these days), the economy refused to rise from the ashes. The Cash for Clunkers program netted only a small number of used U.S. Congressmen, though we were pleased to see that former LA Rep. Dollar Bill Jefferson was one of them.

The Worldwide Wrestling Federation sponsored heated public “discussions” on health insurance reform over the summer, but self-proclaimed “Teabuggers” created such a firestorm that the final bill – despite being over 2000 pages long – contained only one small regulatory change: being a flaming asshole is no longer considered a “pre-existing condition”.

“Gatecrasher-gate” also inflamed partisan passions in Washington. Rumors that the entire episode was inspired by Mandeville Mayor Eddie Price’s drunken antics on the Causeway could not be confirmed at press time.

On the plus side, no one bothered any more to stroke the burning Bush.

There were plenty of burning issues on the home front as well. Gov. Jindal got caught in the pelican’s briefs. LSU Coach Les Miles opened up the “Tiger School of Time Management”, but everyone was late for class, and his project got sidelined. And a Justice of the Peace in Ponchatoula refused to marry interracial couples on the grounds that their children were doomed to a life of failure. Somehow, the President never got the memo.

Regionalism took on a new meaning, as politicians in Jefferson, St. John and St. Tammany parishes demonstrated a burning desire to mimic the exploits of our home-cooked (and half-baked) officials. Many will soon be facing a trial by fire.

Meanwhile, at City Hall...

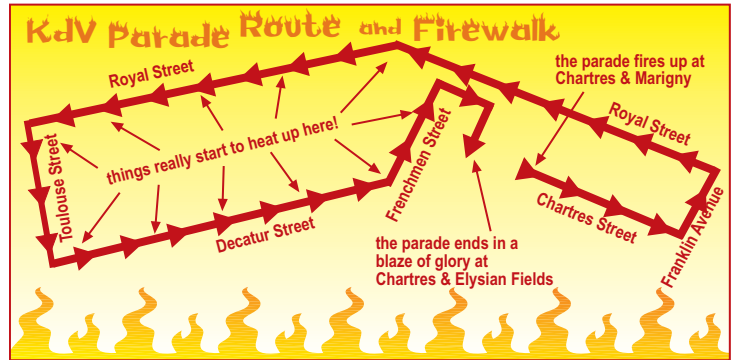
Chief Technology Punk Greg Meffert found himself smiling for the crime cameras. Recovery Czar Ed Blakely burned every last bridge, but most people had already decided it was extraneous combustion. Trash Queen Veronica White got caught in an e-mail crossfire and went from the frying pan into the garbage can. And the city’s Masturbation Plan couldn’t quite get off (ditto the Public-Privates partnership).

...for months on end...

Peripatetic Night Mayor Ray Nagin decided to burn \$1.2 million of public money on statues nobody wanted in a park nobody uses. He was hoping nobody would notice, but his plans, like the domed domo himself, got Shanghai’d. Citizens can barely wait until he gets fired. ...nothing...actually...got...done.

Faced with the infernal inertia of the elite, Krewe du Vieux decided to get **All Fired Up**. Immersed in reformed confusion, caught in the bonfire of the inanities, and burning in the Ninth Ward of Hell, the Krewe will nevertheless rise from the asses, walk on burning sphincters, demand a public option, and put a spell on each and every one of you. It will be such a blight!

Like moths drawn to a flame, the firebugs, fire signs, fire hosers, fire drillers, fire truckers, firecrackers, gunsmokers, pot smokers, pot holers, potlickers, politickers, hot mamas, cinder fellas, and



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 30, 2010 at 6:30 PM

citronellas of the Krewe will burn the candle at both ends as they firewalk through the French Quarter and Faubourg Marigny on **Saturday, January 30 at 6:30 PM**. Parade-goers are advised to drink plenty of firewater and beware of burning sensations.

Lighting the Krewe’s fire will be King Dr. John, who’s been known to fire one up and make a little whoopee himself. Exceptional pianisto, lyricalizer, producerinator, and performerizer of New Orleans musicianity who has night-tripped many a night club, King Dr. John has been downright ambassadorial in helping bring New Orleans back. He will certainly fire out many a treasure from the royal floatation device.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own flame-throwing, fire-breathing, fire-eating, rubber-burning, love-burning, ash-licking, ash-kicking interpretations of the theme. Subkrewes 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, Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Mystic Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of Inane, and Krewe du Mishigas.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of many Krewe du Vieux traditions not eligible for coverage under the health care reform bill.

The Krewe du Vieux is a non-profit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative expression and satirical comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras — and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Krewe du Vieux Doo
SATURDAY, JANUARY 30
DOORS OPEN 9:00 PM
MUSIC AT 9:30 PM
MUSIC/LOCATION/TICKET INFO
ON PAGE 2

Dr. John: A Character's Character

Given the cast of characters he grew up with, it was a forgone conclusion that 2010 Krewe du Vieux King Dr. John would emerge as one of the great New Orleans characters of all time.

It might have started with his grandmother, a wonderful woman with a salty tongue whose philosophy was, "I can cuss you out with love and I can say something hateful without cussing, so just listen for the love."

Might have been his dad, who sold records and fixed musicians' equipment, introducing our young King to the pantheon of New Orleans greats from Danny Barker (also former KdV royalty) to Professor Longhair.

Could've been playing those gospel shows at the Guideline Spiritual Church in the 9th Ward with the Lastie Family, or hanging out at Cosimo's studio in the glory days.

Possibly the aunt who was such a great cook that every restaurant owner in the city came over to her house to eat, and see if they could figure out her secret recipes like stuffed steak.

Maybe it was sitting around with Steel Chest, the sister of his guitar teacher Papoose, so named because she always had a straight razor in her bra, or Deadeye, the dude who sang with Sonny Heron.

Maybe it is the King's personally chosen Queen Mother, Priestess Miriam of the Voodoo Spiritual Temple – but more on her majesty in a moment.

Or maybe it was just inherited, from someone like his about five times great aunt who was tight with the original Dr. John, a voodoo healer linked to Baron Samedi, the Loa associated with death and sex (not necessarily in that order).

Wherever it came from, our melodious monarch has enough stories – *is* enough stories – to more than fill up a parade.

As he first got really into music, King Dr. John heard a Joe Turner record that immediately made him want to be a piano player. "Then I heard all the local cats playing piano, and I decided I'm gonna take guitar lessons," our deferential Duke declared.

His first professional gig was when

he substituted for his teacher at a session at Cosimo's, and it changed his life. Ironically, the next life-changing experience occurred when an injury to his hand forced him to quit the guitar and take up the piano, on which he has come a master of many styles and invented a few of his own.

He also started songwriting in the 1950s, beginning a prolific career that would fill a library full of songbooks. Our salty Sultan's musical vocation has taken him to every corner of the world – but he's never found another place like New Orleans.

"In New Orleans, we just got different maneuvers," he expostulates, "not like people in other places. There's no other place in the United States that's got its own culture, and we got two of 'em, New Orleans and Southeast Louisiana. They meet up in all kinds of ways, and that's the blessing of it all."

Between world traveling and world view, our Laughing Lord has lived large – immeasurably large. How many songs has he written? Can't count 'em. How many albums has he recorded or played on? About the same. How many children and grandchildren?

"Not as many as Wardell or Jesse Hill," he chuckles. "I got enough and I love 'em all. They keep me jumpin' all the time."

About the only major downer along the way, at least in recent years, was the storm that must not be named. Dr. John has been one of the real out-front champions for the revitalization of our city, doing benefit concerts and recordings and pushing the message about how important it is to bring New Orleans back.

"I was really pissed off about the way they handled things post-Katrina, especially the excessive force and all the cover-ups," says the man who proudly snubbed Rush Limbaugh, a rare scowl crossing his face. "The city is still missing so much of its community. Feels like all my places went somewhere else."

Since he's shown the kind of leadership we wish certain mayors who must not be named might have shown, how about running for the city's highest office? "I ain't no goddamn politician!"



he responds quickly, which would be one more reason to vote for him. Mayor King Doctor John does have kind of a ring to it...

But really, musical ambassador and Krewe du Vieux royalty are much better fits for this counter-culture Carnival Count and his deep, honest love of his unique home town.

"People don't want to hear the truth a lot of times, but if everyone told the truth, we'd have a better planet," he philosophicalizes. "Make do with what you got – it's a beautiful way to live."

This is where KdV comes in. "It's a community service," he proclaims. "All I want is for people to have a good time, get their heads off all the things they have to think about. And I like

that Vieux Doo thing!"

Speaking of which, Priestess Miriam, Queen Mother for the parade, spiritualist and healer, will indeed bring the Voodoo to the Vieux Doo. The divine diviner is a Bishop of the Spiritual Church and proprietress of the Voodoo Spiritual Temple and Cultural Center on North Rampart Street. Counselor to the stars, she will help the Krewe to see stars on parade night.

So, you better get your ass into the right place at the right time, 6:30 PM on Saturday January 30, 'cause it's gonna be such a night, and if you don't do it, you better believe somebody else will – probably starting with the physician musician, King Dr. John, and his Queen Mother, Princess Miriam.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, January 30 • Doors open 9:00 PM • Music starts 9:30 PM

527 Elysian Fields Avenue between Chartres and Decatur Streets

featuring in order of appearance

Brass Band Jam

The Lower 911 Band with special guests

Late Night Music by Los Po-Boy-Citos



TICKETS \$30

Available from

Louisiana Music Factory • 210 Decatur Street

Up in Smoke • 4507 Magazine Street

Miss Claudia's Vintage Clothing & Costumes • 4204 Magazine Street

check our website for other possible locations and the latest info:

www.krewequivieux.org



A portion of the proceeds from the 2010 Krewe du Vieux Doo will be used to pay for float repairs due to fire damage.

Bourbon Casts a Spell On You

CONGO SQUARE—As the New Orleans May-oral Election approaches, the Krewe Rue Bourbon has nominated Krewe du Vieux King, Mac Rebennack – aka Dr. John the Night Tripper and Dr. John Creaux – for Mayor of New Orleans. While Mac does not pretend to be a soothsayer, he promises to resurrect the city from eight years of venality, futility, senility, sarcasm and cynicism come hell or high water and “Gris the Wheels of Progress” to provide a future of prosperity for all.

Dr. John officially launched his campaign, The Big Mac Attack, from the basement of the Sewerage and Water Board. As Mac explains, “Da Sewer & Water Board makes a perfect setting to pronounce my candidacy, since city politicians have been unsuccessful at messing wit shit and high water for-

ever. We need ta rid City Hall of da erected skinheads, incontinent incompetents, as well as da annointed dera-dick-licks. What we need is a common bond for all us commoners – we need Voodoo!”

The Good Doctor acknowledged that he has “conjured up ‘da Voodoo on da Bayou Ticket’” to ensure success as his erection machine, “‘cause dere ain’t nuttin’ fortuitous about politics.” He said that the first order of business is to solve the city’s erectile dysfunction with his new Gris-Gris enhancement formula called Lucky Charms.

Dr. John crowed that he would officially abolish the separation of church and state in New Orleans, and establish Voodoo as the One True Religion. His most fervent religious supporter, Archbishop Almond, thrilled by the

prospect of Dr. John becoming mayor, has offered to donate the altars and sacristies at St. Henry’s and Our Lady of Good Counsel for worship and Voodoo rituals. As the Archbishop lamented, “since the Church can’t provide adequately for our congregations, they can use some novelty.”

Dr. John intends “ta conflagrate the populace” by making the “Anal Voodoo Experience” a city holiday. There will be a bonfire celebration, including a public roasting of deadbeat politicians and crooked cops, as well as some water boarding of Ed Blakely in absentia. In addition, Mac proposes to move City Hall to Charity Hospital and open its doors to the homeless so “da council members can see for demselves how life for the homeless really is!” Mac also announced his desire to join forces with levees.orgasm and administer the Gris-Gris on the Levee Plan by sprin-

gling those Lucky Charms wherever the Corps of Engineers has conducted levee projects. As mayor, Dr. John, who is fond of Night Tripping, said he would incorporate “Junket Pardners”, a city-funded travel agency to provide all taxpayers the opportunity to travel free to Hawaii, Cuba, and Mexico. If elected, he plans to install video cameras on the railroads throughout New Orleans, explaining that if cameras at intersections can stop red light runners and speeders, this move would surely “stop crime in its tracks.”

On January 30, 2009, the Krewe Rue Bourbon will take the campaign to the streets of the Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter to “Cast a Spell on You” as its Voodoo Priests, Priestesses, and Dolls parade with their Voodoo altar to support Dr. John for Mayor and Voodoo as New Orleans’ One True Religion.

Underwear Visits Da Nint’ Ward of Hell

CITY HELL – The sounds of construction are ringing out in the Ninth Ward – but it’s not the Ninth Ward of New Orleans, sad to say.

No, those cranes are rising in the sky over the Ninth Ward of Hell, as intrepid (not to mention slightly intoxicated) members of the Krewe of Underwear recently discovered.

“We were driving along Dante Street several drinks later, and we fell into this gigantic pothole,” explained a daintily demonic Underwearian. “By the time we hit bottom, we were looking up at ol’ Satan himself.

“Luckily we all had on our red underwear, and he took to us right away. Turns out he’s a pretty nice guy – a regular Beelzebubba – and he gave us the Fifty Cent tour.”

One surprising revelation was that, contrary to popular belief, Hell is not composed of rings but of wards, much like the City of New Orleans (the heat, humidity and leadership are

pretty similar too). By chance, the Underwearians found themselves near the underworld’s Ninth Ward – where they saw no small number of recognizable figures.

“You see, the Ninth Ward of Hell is actually a frozen lake that is reserved for corrupt politicians,” the fair fallen angel continued. “There were so many familiar faces, it was almost like being back home in Louisiana. And talk about a construction boom – they can barely keep up the pace, with convicted Congressman, other felonious federal officials, prison-bound parish presidents, grafting governors, misappropriating mayors and the like dropping down every day.”

Among the tortured political souls encountered by the undulating Underwearians was a regular Louisiana Hell of Shame:

– Edwin “the Silver Zipper” Edwards, still proclaiming his innocence and blaming St. Peter for

“prosecutorial misconduct”.

– Eddie “the Price is Right” Price, grasping vainly (and a bit drunkenly) for toys from the Mandeville Police Christmas Fund.

– “Dollar Bill” Jefferson, freezing in Hell just like that cold cash he so honorably stashed away.

– Greg “Smile for the Crime Camera” Meffert, trying to boss around all the junior devils and sell Satan the “cityofhell.com” URL.

– Ray “Screw Everybody” Nagin, blaming the media, the City Council, the state government, the federal government, the United Nations, the International Federation of Planets, the Big Bang, and a vast, white, inter-Cosmic conspiracy for all his troubles while a band of demons played “Oh, It Ain’t My Fault” on his icy noggin.

– Rev. Benjamin “Stealing in the Name of the Lord” Edwards, fresh from sliding down a broken Sewerage and Water Board pipe to the netherworld, trying to bully his fiendish

overlords into making “donations” to his new “Lower, Lower, Really Lower Ninth Ward Ministry”.

– Aaron “The Evacuator” Broussard and Tim “The Pensioner” Whitmer, doing the Jefferson Parish Shakedown Two-Step while referring nearby sinners to each other’s hidden companies and secretly splitting the contracts.

Another revelation from the Satanic sojourn was that, in addition to expansion of its Ninth Ward, Hell is also erecting an entirely new development. Dedicated exclusively to insurance company executives and claim adjusters, it will be the first zone of the underworld to have a title sponsor: The Allstate Tenth Ward of Hell.

Upon their return from Hades, the underworldly Underwearians were seen partying wildly. When asked why by a puzzled observer, one slightly singed celebrant exclaimed, “Hell is frozen over – this can only mean the Saints are going to the Super Bowl!”

Mystick Krewe of Comatose Reveals Jindal Drops the Pelican's Briefs

PLUME ROUGE – In another embarrassment for Louisiana, it was recently disclosed that high flying Bobby Jindal, the state's bird-brained chief executive, was recently caught having sex with a brown pelican. The sordid affair only came to light when "Bobby the Boobie" Jindal was caught trying to pay for the seedy motel room with a gigantic check, his headline-grabbing payment of choice.

"I thought it was OK because they're no longer on the endangered species list," the mullet-sporting Governor protested as Pelican Parish officials led him away in shackles.

"Bobby has always been a dodo for big-mouthed birds," his spokeswoman admitted during an emergency press conference. "We were discussing flight paths and other legal matters with the Attorney General and when I mentioned the Pelican Briefs, our high-flying Rhodes Scholar grabbed his crotch and ran into the executive bathroom."

Shagging a pelican this size had to require assistance from other deviants, and the State Police are widening their net in the search for accomplices. State of Louisiana helicopter pilot "Bluejay Blitzer" is being booked as an accessory to the crime of ducking radar and transporting underage birds across State lines.

"We found large amounts of guano in the chopper's passenger area plus buckets of fish, caviar and pornography" Prosecutor Jim Smutten told the press. "I think we've got a bird-cage-tight case against him."

The sniping media circled this story like vultures and begged him to carry: "This chicken shit politician is cuckoo and committed a cardinal sin when he goosed that bird," Smutten declared. "He'll be crunching millet

and living with egrets in a metal cage for a long time if I put him away!"

The oversized checks that the Guv was handing out all over the Pelican State were, in fact, hush money for the small towns and churches with a bird's-eye view of his crimes. They watched like hawks and were the first to warble when they smelled something fishy. Even the stool pigeons came out of their duck blinds after this outrageous bit of pluck by the sparrow-sized executive.

"The young pelican has been through a lot but should recover," Audubon Zoo veterinarians told authorities in the hospital waiting room. "It's going to take weeks to get all the lipstick off her and finish processing the rape kit but then she'll start the healing," one nurse added.

"I can tell you all that she was violated as badly as our wetlands and I predict she'll sing like a canary when this goes to trial."

Bestiality was never expected from a Governor who anguished over cock-fighting. The tremendous pressure of balancing the Bayou State's budget as a clever Republican while fluffing his nest with Senator Mary Landrieu's hard-won cash may have driven him into the pelican's briefs.

Louisiana State auditors suspect that the birdseed money cut from the health care budget may have been used for silk sheets and feather beds found in his love nest atop the Governor's mansion. This caused further squawking from critics of his hunt and peck approach to mental health funding, especially those he tried to banish to

the state's nuthatch.

More allegations are bound to tern up as the identity of the pelican surfaces. The soiled briefs of the virginal bird had the nametag of "Seymore D. Fair" sewn into them, leading investigators to believe she is the flyaway daughter of our 1984 World's Fair Mascot!

Such a dalliance must certainly spell doom for a Governor hell-bent on robbing the State and spreading Creationism, abstinence-only programs and Christian fundamentalism while violating the State bird, impeding health care reform and lowering higher education.

Such a pencil-dick proselytizer deserves a nickname: Screwmore D. State!

Look for him on the Comatose float!

LEWD Ignites Fire in the Holes

DEN OF FUSES – As the year began, the Krewe of LEWD was in mourning for poor Fannie Mae and Uncle Sam. They had fallen victim to an act of God. Krewe spokesman Sparky Inferno stated, "When it comes to the hand of God, one hand giveth and one hand taketh away. A 19-yard field goal attempt going wide right thus preserving a 13-game winning streak is one hand giving. An electrical fire in the Krewe du Vieux Den is one hand taking away. Fannie Mae definitely took some liberties with Uncle Sam, but he seemed to like it. Their victimless coupling seemed unlikely to draw ire from on high. Yet in Gomorrhah-like fashion, they paid for their dalliance and were reduced to smoldering cinders."

The LEWDers have thought long and hard about these events and have come to the conclusion that they like long and hard things. Mr. Inferno continued, "We realize that it could have been a lot worse. Sure our float was completely consumed by fire, but we found out there are worse conflagrations when we were scorched by 'Fire in the Holes.'"

It appeared that the raven haired Lady LEWD had contracted a raging case of carnally communicable contagions. These ailments have manifested themselves in the woeful woman's holes resulting in what can only be described as a case of Fire in the Holes. Over the counter ointments, unctuous unguents, erotic emollients, bawdy balms have all been unsuccessful at quenching the hotspots.

Sexperts have concluded that professional intervention is required, but could not agree on the cure. Suppressing these fires could be a job for a gynecologist, a proctologist, or the Fire Department. All have interesting sets of tools for the job. Desiring release, Lady LEWD will be eagerly visiting them all. The gynecologist will speculamate what the cause may be and attempt to douche the fire. Next, the proctologist will bear down on the problem and probe more deeply into this enemamatic infection. To climax, the Fired-Up Department will utilize their prowess at hose-handling and direct a high pressure stream into her holes, hopefully extinguishing the blaze and relieving Lady LEWD of her burning problem.

The Lady and the LEWDers will bask in the afterglow at the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 30.

New Orleans Phoenix Rises From The Asses

BIRDLAND—An expedition from the Audubon Nature Institute, financed by the Krewe of K.A.O.S., has discovered a flock of birds previously believed to have existed only in legend. The expedition, led by C. D. Burdz, Ph.D., recently discovered a colony of Phoenixes living on the Mississippi River batture, somewhere in the New Orleans area.

The discovery was quite unexpected, as Dr. Burdz' expedition was actually searching for another legendary creature. "We have heard rumors for several years now that there would be 'cranes in the sky' over New Orleans," Dr. Burdz said. "However, to date, there have been absolutely no sightings of this species and we were unable to find any evidence of their existence. But, while searching for them, we were quite surprised to discover a nesting colony of Phoenixes."

The Burdz expedition discovered the colony after 42 days in the field. Coincidentally, there are 42 Phoenixes living in the colony discovered by the Burdz expedition. "This has to be more than a mere coincidence," said Dr. Burdz, "given the mystical nature of the Phoenix, I can only conclude that the number 42 must have some cosmological significance."

Reached at his Winter Palace near Pontiac, Michigan, the Emir of K.A.O.S., whose Royal Ornithology Institute financed the Burdz expedition, suggested that the number 42 would play "an important part in the future of New Orleans." However, the always enigmatic Emir refused to elaborate further.

Because the Phoenix has always been considered a creature of myth, Dr. Burdz realized that his ornithological training might be of limited utility in understanding these creatures. Accord-

ingly, he consulted with an expert from a local university.

"Fortunately, we were able to find a professor of mythology at the Metairie campus of the University of Phoenix to assist us," explained Dr. Burdz. That expert, Ugetta Chepe deGris, is the defending Dungeons and Dragons champion for the state of Louisiana and the author of two Wikipedia articles, one on Phoenixes and the other on Unicorns.

Professor deGris explained that the legend of the Phoenix has been around for centuries. "While there are variations in the myth, the core belief is that the Phoenix is a supernatural creature, living for 1000 years. Once that time is over, it builds its own funeral pyre, and throws itself into the flames. As it dies, it is reborn anew, and rises from the ashes to live another 1000 years."

Professor deGris went on to explain that the Phoenix species discovered by the Burdz expedition is somewhat different from that of legend. "The New Orleans variant was apparently destroyed by flood waters and has the ability to 'rise from the asses,'" she explained. "Those asses are the individuals, so-called 'public servants', who have done so much to hamper the City's recovery from the effects of Hurricane Katrina and the flooding from the failure of the federal levees that followed the hurricane."

"No ordinary collection of asses could have given rise to a creature of such power," explained Professor deGris. "Rather, what we have seen here following these dual disasters is an unprecedented concentration of profound asses. Their names should be familiar to anyone who has followed the local news reports over the past four and a half years. In response to their presence, the New Orleans Phoe-

nix apparently developed the ability to rise above the asses and recreate itself independently, through its own determination." Before driving off in her Firebird, Professor deGris also opined that, like its legendary counterpart, the New Orleans Phoenix will live for 1,000 years.

Dr. Burdz has refused to disclose the location of the Phoenix colony, other than to say that it is somewhere in the New Orleans area. "We have looked into it and have been dismayed to find that Louisiana law does not provide a hunting season or limits for Phoenixes," he advised. "We are concerned that if their location were divulged, it would not be long before the Phoenixes all found their way into a gumbo pot or someone's deep fryer."

The Emir of K.A.O.S. will proudly display the Phoenix colony for its first, and likely only, public appearance at the upcoming Krewe du Vieux parade to be held on January 30. K.A.O.S. also plans to publicly acknowledge the many asses who made this development possible.

TV Listings

Faux News Network
Saturday, January 30
7:30 P.M./6:30 Central
The New Orleans Liar's Club
presents

Mayor C. Ray Nagin's Farewell Roast...in Hell!

America's Vagina Friendly mayor gets literally skewered by the acid-tongued comedy of such D-List stars as Bob Saget, Joan Rivers, Kathy Griffin and Dr. Ed Blakely. Roastmaster Jim Letten will recount outlandish but true stories of the Clown Prince of Chocolate City's hilarious misadventures as he looks for ways to learn city management from his new pals Rafael Castro and Kim Jong-II. Banqueters will dine on Louisiana Chef Paul Prudpig's specially prepared Cochon de Ray, Crawfish Veronica, Oysters Meffert, Coquilles St. Pierre and Frozen Peas à la Jefferson plus a sampling of fine chocolates for dessert. Rated "R" for CRUDE behavior and nudity.

Corrections and Clarifications

We reported last year that ex-Congressman "Dollar" Bill Jefferson's mailman had been indicted. While it was true that he was apprehended delivering sacks of money, the delivery was in fact intended for Dollar Bill's brother, Mose "Def" Jefferson, but the Post Office had directed the cash to the wrong address.

An advertisement claimed that the Blakely "Cranes in the Hair" salon would open soon. This should have been the Blakely "Foot in the Mouth" veterinarian clinic.

The Mama Roux article stated that "the economy will rise again." It should have been made clear that this referred to the Chinese economy, not American.

We reported that alleged Mayor Ray Nagin had been in Switzerland the past two years. Actually, he was Down Under – but not far enough.

A recent announcement that Nagin will be answering questions about what the Mayor of New Orleans does on the "Not My Job" segment of "Wait Wait Don't Tell Me" is not true. The show's producers are seeking a participant who actually knows what the Mayor of New Orleans is supposed to do.

The Krewe of Underwear wishes to clarify that there is no connection between the Underwearians and the UnderBomber. Krewe spokesman BVD Haynes stated, "There is a huge difference between getting bombed while parading in your underwear and wearing a bomb in your underwear. We're more than willing to be strip-searched at any time."

Mishigas Strokes the Burning Bush

MIDIAN, LOUISIANA – After getting caught in a pyramid scheme in 2007, Dr. Moshe Yonatan took a gig herding his mom’n’em’s Yats down by the fertile crescent city. One fine day down in the bayous of Midian, Dr. Yonatan was called to set his people free from ennu. On that day, as he was spooning up some of Mamma Yonatan’s gumbo, one of the younger Yats wandered away from the flock and Dr. Yonatan followed. The scat Yat played a cat and mouse game running past Babylon to Bonnaroo, trippin’ all the way.

Turning the corner of Who-Dat and Iberville, he came upon a wondrous sight: In the afterglow of the Creole moon he came upon a pot of boiling crawfish that somehow was always full. A little farther on, there he saw a mound rising from the waters of the Mississippi.

As the mound rose from the waters, it opened up like a set of long shapely legs revealing a full and gorgeous bush. Lovely bushes are not so unusual in this part of town, but this particular bush was engulfed in flames. In other words, it was FIRED UP! As Dr. Yonatan later

explained, “I was thinking to myself, ‘I’m in the right place...but it must be the wrong time of the month.’”

Witnesses reported that Yonatan looked like he was about to get a plate of never-ending crawfish when he heard a voice that seemed to come from inside the bush.

“YONATAN,” the bush said.

“Say what?” he replied.

“YONATAN. TAKE OFF YO’ HAT,” it said.

“I looked around suspiciously thinking that I was just being heckled. Oy-ko, Oy-ko!” Dr. Yonatan explained, “I thought I must be hearing things.”

Other witnesses claimed to hear the voices coming from the flames as well. “YONATAN... YONATAN, STROKE THE BURNING BUSH! it said.” Florence MacGoyim, a resident of Bliss, LA, declared, “It wasn’t talkin’ to me so I kept on eatin’ crawfish from da magic pot.”

Further probing revealed that Yonatan did not hear the voice’s command because he had been at a Saints home game the week before and still had a

severe case of tinnitus.

“I thought it wanted me to stroke the Burning Bush.” said Dr. Yonatan. “It’s a fine bush and all but that bush was so hot it was on fire.”

“NO, YONATAN” The voice insisted. “STROKE THE BURNING BUSH.”

But still Yonatan did not understand.

“Then I thought it said ‘Poke the burning bush’” Dr. Yonatan explained. “That’s some of the best bush I have ever seen but like I said, it was on fire! I was afraid it would burn my Guided Splinter off.”

The burning bush then gave Dr. Yonatan his mission. In a loud and booming voice the bush said, “I SHALL GIVE YOU MY BOOGIE AND MY WOOGIE AND YOU SHALL DELIVER THEM TO MY PEOPLE.”

And Dr Yonatan inquired, “What about jazz?”

Then voice said, “YES, YOU MAY DELIVER THEM JAZZ.”

And Dr. Yonatan asked, “What about blues? The people need blues too.”

Then the bush said, “YES, YOU

MAY DELIVER THEM BLUES.”

And then Dr. Yonatan asked, “What about pop and Zydeco? The people need them too!”

And the voice boomed, “YES, DELIVER TO THE PEOPLE POP AND ZYDECO BUT IF YOU ASK FOR ONE MORE THING I’M GOING TO DIS, DAT AND D’UDDA YOUR ASS SO BAD YOU’LL NEVER MAKE WHOOPEE AGAIN!”

Wondering of how he was going to deliver the voice’s message, Dr. Yochanan ventured one final question for the Voice in the Bush.

“I’m gonna need some horns; I don’t have any brass...” And the voice replied, “I’LL GET SOME ANGELS TO TAKE CARE OF THAT. JUST LET MY PEOPLE BLOW.”

Although the bush has not spoken since that memorable day, the members of Krewe du Mishigas will be stoking this historical artifact around the Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter on Saturday, January 30. Listen to the bush carefully - you never know what might come from her fiery lips!

KSAL Experiences “Deep Fried Confusion”

HELL’S KITCHEN – ‘Twas the week before Super Bowl and the Dr. was in the house. The Night Tripper was preparing his special Hoodoo Gumbo for a night when The Shoo Fly Marches On once again. His Krewe of confused Lovers were sent to gather his secret ingredients (secret because no one remembered them) from the Bywaters of New Orleans hoping to find someone who was Qualified to make dat gumbo with the good Dr.

His Krewe of Lovers searched high and low and high again until they found Queen Miriam’s Hoodoo Voodoo Shop of special New Orleans enhancements. Queen Miriam cautioned the lovers that too many crooks would

spoil the pot and did indeed know the ingredients that were secret no more.

The recipe consisted of myriad Big Easy highly impotent greediant. The Krewe was warned each greediant by itself is not good and is not the Same Old Same Old gumbo; however, properly mixed the Hoodoo Gumbo will result in total “Deep Fried Confusion”.

However, if not mixed in secrecy, it may result in incarceration or Just the Same old gumbo. Recommended greediant included Greg Meffert Mushrooms, Edwin Headwin Buds, Oliver Thomas Skunk Bags, and the Doobie Brothers – Bill and Mose Jefferson – Money Plants (found primarily in cold environments). Side effects may include

total loss of memory.

To ensure the Lovers would be in The Right Place and not the Wrong Time, advice was given to start with Eddie Price Primo and Rum Soup, accompanied by Cynthia Hedge Morrel Kool-Aid and Ellenese Crooks-Simms School Louse Biscuits. It was also suggested a good steal, or rather meal, should also end with a good dessert, such as Pampy Barré Magic Brownies or Jim Letten Gotcha cookies.

All Greediant were purchased and the Lovers left the Hoodoo Shop with gifts for the Deep Fried and Confused Citizens of New Orleans. Feeling good and in a special Traveling Mood, they were ready to bestow the gifts of René

Pratt Dumbo Vitamin F’D, Blakely’s Sponges and Betty Jefferson’s Public Dope Test to the Crescent City.

The Lovers returned to the lair of the Night Tripper and he proclaimed it was time to put these greediant on the pot, or rather in the pot. Primo soup was ladled, the Kool-Aid took hold, a little Gris Gris was added, and the Hoodoo Gumbo was shared with the citizens of the Big Easy.

On this night of January 30, 2010 the Lovers would not feel the Cold Cold Cold of the night as they as they chanted Peace Brother Peace, and the French Quarter was given new Life once again.

Krewe of Spermes Demands a Pubic Option

NEWCUM COLLEGE – With so many privates uncovered, the Krewe of Spermes has come out hard for the Pubic Option.

“Pubic assistance is part of the social disease contract,” said Dr. Ray Gene Johnson, Chief Staff of the Tulane School of Pubic Health and Topical Medicine. “People used to rely on resources such as Bourbon Street bars, bath houses, glory holes and graduate students for no-hassle, meaningless sex. But we need to expand access, reduce coverage, and lay it out for everyone.”

The Pubic Option sparked controversy last summer at Town Hole meetings across the nation. An asstroturf movement of self-proclaimed “Teabuggers” vigorously mouthed disapproval and delivered severe tongue lashings to pubic officials. Social conservatives feared that widely available pubic assets would allow the bottoms to drop out of the meat markets. Allied with various sex-for-pay lobbyists and clergy groups, they maintain that personal asses should be privately held.

Pubic Citizen founder and longtime advocate for the pubic interest Ralph Nadir lobbied hard for government action. “It just makes sense,” he whined. “You’re getting taxed out the wazoo, shouldn’t you at least get serviced?”

Louisiana Sen. Mary Glandrieu has been teasing pubic opinion about her favorite position. Bi-partisan advocates have accused her of saying she’s open to anything while privately accepting only lobbyists in her orifice. They have called for an independent probe. Glandrieu denies giving the Pubic Option lip service or blue balls. “It has to be about job creation,” Glandrieu said. “Good jobs: blow jobs, hand jobs, rim jobs. Not just a hand out.”

The Pubic Option has solid support in blue states and increasing sup-

port in swinger states. Rep. Anh “Your Back” Cao, Vietnamese sex swing mogul and New Orleans Republican, broke party lines to vote for the Pubic Option. “There’s an old saying in my home country,” he explained. “Me love you long time.”

GOP Sen. David Shitter has long held that citizens must pay for sex, and he opposes the Pubic Option.

“I am tired of these free-loaders,” Shitter unloaded via cell phone when contacted by *Le Monde du Merde*. “I have a very messy issue on my hands. People should lay off the Senate and go back to making House calls.”

While the Pubic Option awaits a final up and down vote, New Orleanians are still suffering the ravages of Hurricane Katrina. “We need to reopen the Charity Fuck Clinic,” said a Spermes member who asked for any available phone numbers or emails.

While many in the city have returned to a steady supply of regular and irregular sex, many others have been left with burning sensations by privates contractors. They want a return to the Charity Fuck system, in which the hard up could get reliable mercy sex. “You used to be able to head to the ER (Erection Room) and get immediate relief,” one Spermes donor said.

Charity Fuck Clinics have been the historical backbone of the state’s pubic assistance programs. Downtown’s 150 vibrating-bed clinic provided orifice visits with trained professionals, and follow up care with nubile women in the adjoining School of Wet Nursing. The menu of services included sponge baths, latex glove treatments, throat cultures, colonoscopies, happy endings, sack gargling, pile drivers, rusty trombones, reverse cowgirl rides, and breast exams. Now, many locals complain that the only things rising are premiums, while privates clinics often result in premature discharges.

Others have a more sentimental attachment to the old Charity system. While many area musicians, including Dr. John and former Emperor of

the Universe Ernest K-Doe, proudly claimed they were born at Charity, in fact, many were conceived there as well.

Music Section

Musicologists have long insisted that true Blues music must exist within certain defined parameters. The Blues can take place in only certain locations, like the delta, the crossroads or a smoky bar. There are a limited number of blues vehicles – like old Chevys and pickup trucks – and blues names, like Little Willy, Sadie, and Big Mama.

Blues drinks, these experts claim, are whiskey and beer; blues clothing is oil-stained shirts and jeans; blues activities are fights, running from the law, hitching rides, breaking up, being down, hanging on, and more fights.

Blues songs are written by hard-scrabble, hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-loving, hard-fighting men whose names usually include a physical ailment, a fruit and the name of a dead president. Think Blind Lemon Jefferson.

The recent economic downturn, however, has opened up the genre to an entire new class of blues experiencers and practitioners, as evidenced by the following example of what some writers are calling the Blue-Blood Blues.

The Suburban Preppy Blues

by Tennis Elbow Cumquat Eisenhower

(slow but slightly amped blues tempo)

Spilled my latte on my chinos in my Volvo
On my way down to the Greenwich Country Club
Yeah, I spilled my latte on my chinos in my Volvo
As I was headin’ down to the Greenwich Country Club
Guess I’ll just cruise on back to my condo
Grill some salmon with a wasabi ginger rub

I used to own a mansion on the fairway
‘Til the market sank my trust fund all the way
Yeah, I used to have a mansion on the fairway
‘Til that bear market sank my trust fund all the way
And my wife, she ran off with the nanny
Left me with a warm bottle of chardonnay

You know I slapped a man up in Westport
‘Cause he wouldn’t call my sailboat a yacht
Yeah, I hadda slap a man up in Westport
‘Cause he wouldn’t call my sailboat a yacht
But when I got the bill from his orthodontist
Nearly choked on the pit of my apricot

My girl Heather she don’t wanna go to Yale
In fact, she ain’t even gonna try
Yeah, my baby girl Heather she ain’t going up to Yale
In fact, she ain’t even gonna try
Guess I’ll just go on out to the tennis court
Lay my polo-shirted ass down on the baseline and die

Exorcism Planned for D&D NightMayor

ELM STREET – All over New Orleans, members of the Krewe of Drips and Discharges are being jolted from sleep, night after night, over and over. Lack of sleep has plagued them throughout this long, hard winter, due to horrific dreams that are affecting all members.

At the recent Brewe Doo, Drips compared notes on their collective midnight malady and decided to seek help so they could survive until the annual Krewe du Vieux stumble through the French Quarter. They sought the help of the renowned Dr. Johnny Cockring, Chair of the P.U. Psychiatry Department.

Many Drips shared their tortuous nightly dreamscapes in individual sessions with Dr. Cockring. When he compared notes, it became obvious that the members of D&D were all suffering from the same horrible dreams (with minor variations due to sexual orientation and activities, hormonal swings, alcohol consumption, and other chemical indulgences). Dr. Cockring suggested to the Drips that perhaps group hypnosis was in order.

Sure enough, once in an altered state, the Drips soon began to share their nightmares. "It's him," Drips Captain I. Lean-Over began to shout. "He did it. It's not nightmares – it's a NightMayor."

Ms. Lean-Over then described a nocturnal fright session where everything was brown. "The streets were brown, the houses were brown, the trees were brown, the flowers were brown, Mitch Landrieu was brown, my eyes were brown!"

"Dr. Anonymous," former D&D leader (and Krewe den landlord), commented that even though the city seemed to be made of chocolate in his dream as well, it was milk chocolate and the gunshot victims in his emergency room were not spared any trauma, as the cocoa butter bullets were even more

destructive than the regular kind: they provide more sugar for the infections to eat.

Another Drip was dreaming of our illustrious NightMayor trapped in China with the wife and a couple of body guards, in quarantine. "Why did he need body guards in China?" he mused, "do they want to knock him off over there, too? Or does swine flu come in chocolate? Could we pay the Chinese to keep him?"

"Oh yeah," another Drip added, "there's the Mexican vacation, Hawaiian vacation, trips to Florida, Washington, New York, West Coast, Dallas – does he ever stay in New Orleans? I can't even take a trip to Westwego in this economy and the NightMayor never stays home. His chocolate money must be worth a lot more than mine."

"I don't think he's human," Dr. Anonymous observed, "I think he's a vampire. He's sure sucking the chocolate

syrup from New Orleans. Count Nagula, such a NightMayor – how do you exorcise a vampire?"

This revelation led one of the newly minted Drips to suggest that the Krewe look into the services of a local exorcist who is known to remove unwanted haints and demons with some ability. Subsequently, the services of Christina Roseacea, noted Ninth Ward exorcist and bar Poetess Laureate, were obtained to help deal with the NightMayor problem. The exorcism is planned for Saturday, January 30, 2010. Christina has written a new exorcism spell for the date and reports that if it doesn't work that night, it's definitely going to work on election day, February 6, 2010.

EXORCISM OF SUCH A NIGHTMAYOR

By Christina Roseacea
When I lay me down to sleep
I do not want that jerk to creep

Into my dreams to havoc wreck
And if he does, I'll break his neck.

I want my pleasant dreams returned
And Count Nagula's spoutings
spurned.

A great leader is what we need
Not a creep who our city bleeds.

We need no faux pas spouting
pompous ass
We need a Mayor who has some
class

So cast your vote wisely, fellow
Drips,
And work hard to bring a winner
home.

We need a winner on Perdido Street!
Not just a winner in the Dome!

EXORCISM CHANT

Close his mouth with Super Glue
On his words he'll have to chew
No longer will he cause us pain
No longer will he rake in gain
BEGONE from us forever-more!
BE GONE YOU, f***ing
NIGHTMAYOR!!!

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY

Dear Friend,

I am an Iraqi citizen who has been working with your government ever since you came to my country six years ago on your quest for buried treasure. As you know, despite investing bazillions of dollars and killing tens of thousands of my countrymen, you have not been able to find this treasure.

Now, just as your troops are leaving my country, I myself have found these buried treasures, or as I think you call them "Weapons of Mass Destruction". Since I no longer have American contacts, I sincerely need your help to get this treasure to America, because the WMD will not fit in the ruins of my humble hut.

I choose you because you live in swampy city of New Orleans and I live in the blackwater village of Now Obliterated. This happy coincidence must mean you I can trust. I also hear your politicians are honest like Iraqi leaders.

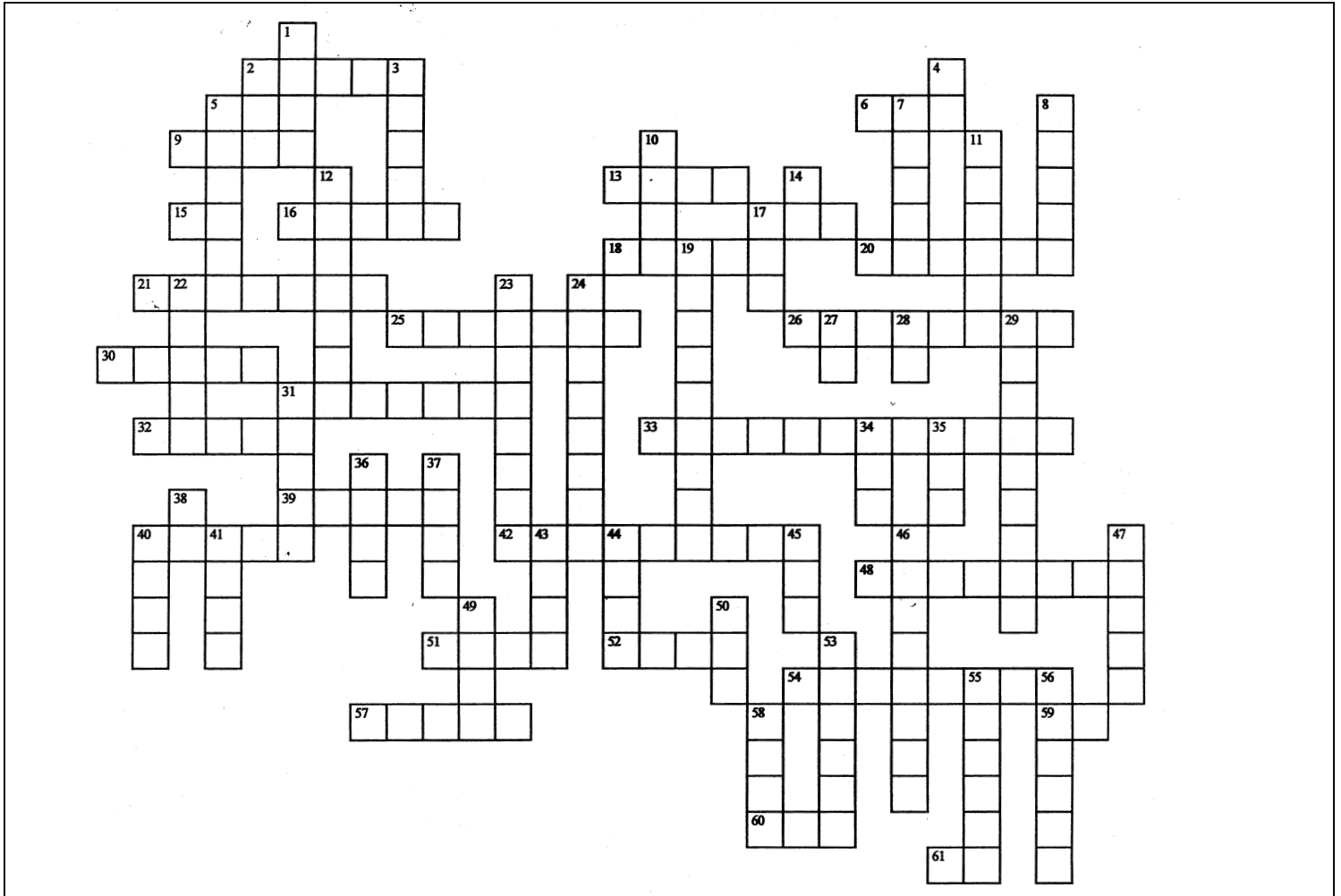
I have a cousin who works in our financial industry here (he has a VERY prominent location on the corner of Chaney and Rummy streets), and he can help us deposit this treasure in any bank of your choice. Preferably on Wall Street. He and I only want ten percent of the WMD (we are planning to take a trip to Iran this year); all the rest are yours.

My cousin says we can also deposit this treasure in Crawford, Texas, or anywhere in Wyoming.

In order to have this fabulous treasure for you, I need only your bank account number, your social security number, your driver license number, your PayPal account number, your Saddam's Club membership number, and your sister's phone number.

I am so much hoping that you will want this treasure in America and you will respond to me before my other cousin in Pakistan comes to steal it. Please contact me at the email of abduthenukeman@villageofno.com.

Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 2 "Such a _____"
- 6 French friend
- 9 Den calamity last August
- 13 KdV beast of burden
- 15 Symbol for silver
- 16 Dr. John plays it
- 17 Our King's first name
- 18 King's favorite soup
- 20 City council wannabe in KdV
- 21 Our heroes last August
- 25 Jack black's krewe
- 26 First ya gotta make a _____ krewe
- 30 "the hard way" in the casino krewe
- 31 Motility krewe
- 32 French for "shit"
- 33 Dr. John, the _____

- 39 Call the plumber krewe

- 40 The Den of _____
- 42 Inane journalists
- 48 Den store's name
- 51 Prof. Longhair nickname
- 52 Art movement
- 54 Former kvetcher krewe
- 57 Slave driver propulsion krewe
- 59 3.1416
- 60 Michalopoulos hooch
- 61 Symbol for arsenic

DOWN

- 1 The number of muses
- 3 Cloud nine krewe
- 4 Symbol for nickel
- 5 King's left _____ injured by gunshot

- 7 Krewe at round table
- 8 Piyush name change
- 10 Coconut parade
- 11 "under a _____ moon"
- 12 This year's theme
- 14 A long, long, way to run
- 17 French "me"
- 19 Sweet magnolia under the _____
- 22 Clueless krewe
- 23 Dr. John's 1968 debut album
- 24 Torpid krewe
- 27 Dey all _____ for you
- 28 Symbol for gold
- 29 Victoria's Secret krewe
- 31 Sesame krewe
- 34 Color of Dr. John's Indian
- 35 Moving camera krewe
- 36 Show me your _____

- 37 Astral sex krewe
- 38 Hippy tea
- 40 Got my _____ workin'
- 41 Medical "immediately"
- 43 Pedal pusher krewe
- 44 Homonym for "Q" drug krewe
- 45 Mile high club
- 46 "ain't got no hair"
- 47 Floozie instrument
- 49 Pinch da tail, suck da _____
- 50 Dem crabs, are they _____?
- 53 Our Queen
- 55 KdV throw
- 56 Covert lead man in parade
- 58 2716 Royal, enter in _____

Answers on page 11

Thirteenth Player Appreciation Day for Saints Fans

THE END ZONE – Tom Benson, team owner of the Saints, has proclaimed that Saturday, January 30, 2010, will be known as Thirteenth Player Appreciation Day for all Saints fans.

At a press conference this morning, Benson proclaimed “The team of course thanks its ‘twelfth player,’ the loyal fans who provide their support year after year. But the great success we have seen this season is due to a new and brilliant addition to our team. It might have been just another typical Saints season if it weren’t for our Thirteenth Player.

“This individual never gets any playing time, but makes every practice, eats with the team and never misses a game. She never wears a jersey, but she spends each and every game on the sidelines. You will never know her name

or what she looks like, but without her, I tell you none of this would have been possible. You see, she is our very own home grown New Orleans voodoo priestess, whose spells and incantations have made this a season to remember. So, let’s hear a “VOODAT!”

As mentioned in last month’s *Sports Illustrated*, there has been widespread speculation that the New England Patriots use a Salem witch as their advisor and strategist. When asked to comment about these rumors regarding the New England franchise, Mr. Benson said: “Obviously, their witch was no match for our priestess. Just look at the score. Ha. And you should have seen her after the game. She jumped on her broom and flew out of here like a bat out of, well you know where. And, as for Indianapolis, I’m sure the Dolts, I mean the Colts, are looking

to hire Kris Angel to help them out.” Benson laughed. “Maybe he will make their defense disappear.”

While NFL officials have yet to comment on this new supernatural trend that is sweeping the League, sources say that they are so pleased with the great success of the Saints team this year, they are considering making the position a formal one for all teams, akin to a team doctor. The Washington Redskins are reputed to be hiring a Native American shaman; the San Francisco 49ers are negotiating with an entire wiccan clan; and the New York Jets and Giants are competing for the services of the ghost of legendary union leader Jimmy Hoffa, who is rumored to be buried under the Meadowlands end zone.

As teams rush to find that magical edge the Saints are currently enjoy-

ing, fans here in New Orleans are becoming more and more curious as to the identity of their Thirteenth Player. Some speak of fifty yard line rituals before and after games, all involving chickens, machetes, Crystal hot sauce and six packs of Abita beer. But Saints fans are cautioned not to perform these rituals at home without a proper Grimoire and a bottle of holy water in case things go amiss.

Krewe of PAN will celebrate in their best VOODAT fan wear on Thirteenth Fan Celebration Day, and spread the gospel of the New Orleans voodoo magic which has brought the Saints their best season in franchise history. Great dark spells against teams playing the Saints, and love potions of various strengths, will be given out by the Krewe to the believing, along with Gris-Gris bags.

CRAPS Walks on Burning Sphincters

SALTPETER STREET – Once upon a time, in the French Quarter of New Orleans, many Carnivals ago, a new baby was born to the infamous Krewe du Vieux, which had already been spreading its irreverent seed for more than a decade of decadence.

The baby proclaimed its name to be CRAPS; it is unclear, in the mists of historical legend and hangover, whether this appellation related to a certain inescapable bodily function, to an obsolete Faubourg Marigny street name, to a corruption of the French “crepes” eaten at Mardi Gras, or to a well known game of chance involving the red dice often featured on the krewe’s banners.

During its childhood, the krewe exhibited a strong affinity for the animal kingdom, appearing on the streets on various occasions uniformly dressed as pigs, flamingoes, alligators, fish, cows, bears, frogs and sharks. It is rumored

that members of the krewe gradually developed the ability to talk to these many species; this may be true given their inclination to Doolittle other than party (a common attribute of Quarter and Marigny residents).

But as the infant grew older, its ambitions changed, along with its diapers. Now in its upper teens, the adolescent krewe became fascinated by the New Orleans tradition of voodoo. Its interest in the mysterious religion grew ever stronger with the anointment of the fabulous Doctor John, the Night Tripper, as King of Krewe du Vieux for 2010 and of Priestess Miriam as his Queen Mother.

And so the members of CRAPS developed new burning ambitions: to walk through the fire and fly through the smoke, to see their enemies at the end of their rope, to walk on pins and needles and see what they could do, and to

walk on gilded splinters with the king of the Zulu!

One hot summer evening, under a hoodoo moon, fired-up members of the krewe snuck into the Den of Muses, there to practice these audacious adventures. Imagine their joy when fire actually broke out in the Den! They had chanced upon a real opportunity to walk through the fire (not to mention inhale some free smoke)!

In their ecstasy, visions appeared to them. Maybe they were gifts from the Loa, maybe products of their own fevered imaginations. Rising up from the ground, as from the dead, they saw their mayor desert the city to gallivant around the globe, only to end up Shanghaied. They saw a Man from the West surrounded by cranes that filled the sky; when they reached out to him, though, the cranes dropped more crap than even the CRAPPers had ever seen,

nearly drowning them in hot shit.

A Man from the North (Shore) burst through gates, careening at them through the flames, swigging alcohol and spewing lies. In the smoke, an army of false prophets ranged to protect a Dollar Bill, but chains fell upon him anyway. A Man in Blue appeared in the flames and while bullets flew around them, he made numbers dance a demonic waltz to show that there really were no bullets and all was perfectly safe. Horrified, the krewe members jumped back through the flames.

The intrepid CRAPPers escaped the inferno backwards, with little injury except to their burned and blistered bottoms, butts and bushes. Collapsing on the ground, with legs too weak to hold them, they made it home, and then on to the 2010 Krewe du Vieux parade, saved only by their unique ability to Walk on Burning Sphincters!

Travel Section

Da Crescent Dat Forgot To Care

by Willie Balls, former Travel Writer, Times-Picayune,
special to *Le Monde Du Merde*

There is an enchanted paradise where the Father of Waters forms a crescent known as Who Doo Dat Island. Blessed with heat, humidity, mosquitoes and bars that never close, it is renowned through the United States as a place where you can drink outside and smoke inside.

Who Doo Dat Island is inhabited by two nations that live in relative harmony – the Who Dats and the Hoo Doos.

Religion plays a great part in peoples' lives here.

Both the Hoo Doos and the Who Dats worship Saints. The primary Deity of the Hoo Doos is Saint Rebennack, while the Who Dats swear allegiance to Breesus.

The Hoo Doos want to sacrifice virgins, but as they cannot find any in this besotted paradise, they settle for sacrificing chickens instead. One of the cornerstones of their religious beliefs is that they wish to have a chicken in every pot, and pot in every chicken. To quote Saint Rebennack, his 'opinionation' is "Luv dat chicken...."

The Who Dats worship a trinity of Saints, who did not suffer original sin but have been known to suffer from a weak offensive line or a porous secondary, known as the Father, the Son and Holy Ned. They have appeared as men with names like Archie, and the original sons, who are blessed, but not real Saints, Peyton and Eli.

Others have tried but failed to be Saints. One was a "fun couple" of Mike Ditka and Ricky Williams, who eventually got sent to other sidelines. Now one surfaces in erectile dysfunction commercials, while the other is occasionally seen helmeted, stoned and flogging his dolphin.

The ever-friendly Hoo Doo believers

smoke themselves into a refried Hoo Doo frenzy until they lay back, glassy eyed, and go off in the search of "munchies." It is because of this that many people get the impression that Zombies roam the streets here...but one would have to go to Lakeside Mall to see that!

Love of chicken is not limited to the Hoo Doos. Countless chickens are sacrificed here, particularly when the Who Dats go through their rituals between September and January, usually on Sundays in a domed house of worship (while the Hoo Doos worship those buried below the dome). The sacrificial chicken is available in either mild or spicy, with choice of sides and a biscuit.

The Who Dats are hoping to sacrifice more chickens during a sacred time known as "Playoffs," which has only blessed them once in Blue Hoo Doo Moon. For too many years the Who Dats have been in the Right Place, but the Wrong time. And should Saint Rebennack's altered egos, Dr. John and The Night Tripper, provide the Gris-Gris, the Who Dats believe that they might even travel to Miami this year to see if they can bring back any virgins (or at least some AFC cheerleaders) for the Hoo Doos to sacrifice. (It should be noted that there was once a subgroup of the Who Dats known as "The Ain'ts" but this cult has disappeared

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 after we paid our health insurance premiums.

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because Schwegmann bags "ain't dere no more.")

Those fortunate enough to be on Who Doo Dat Island on January 30, 2010 will be treated to a rare spectacle as Saint Rebennack emerges from the "Backstreets of Desire" to lead the world famous Krewe du Vieux through

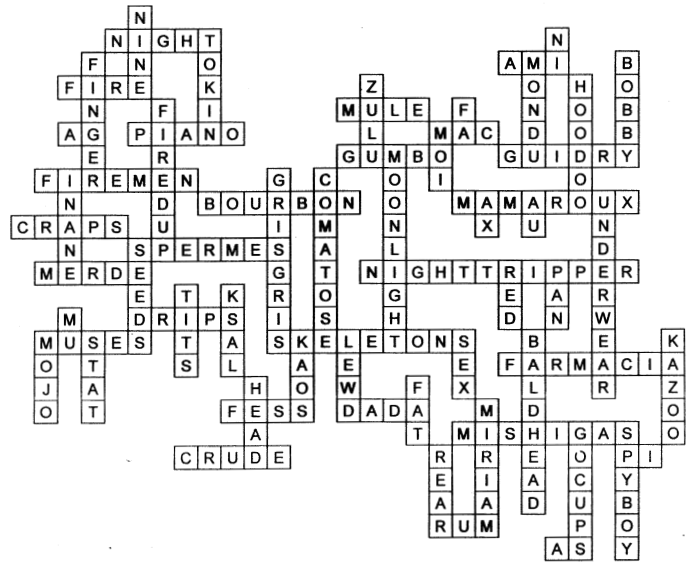
the Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter in a "Big Easy Fantasy." The Seeds of Decline will light the way for the Hoo Doos and the Who Dats with Flambeaux – and yes, there will be a Full Hoo Doo Moon that night – and let us all hope that no one will be traumatized!

Entertainment News

In an attempt to cash in on the reality show phenomenon, take advantage of Louisiana Film Commission tax credits and close the budget gap, the New Orleans City Council recently announced an ambitious plan to market videos from the city's crime cameras under the trademark "Thugs Gone Wild." According to a press release issued by Council spokeswoman Spacy Head, the marketing plan would include a Felonious Flicks Film Festival featuring the debut of the Crimie Awards. Other cities would be invited to submit their villainous videos. Taking a cue from the Cannes Film Festival, a panel of judges not already indicted by Jim Letten would bestow Crimies in several categories including best comedy caper, biggest weapon, best disguise, most original getaway and many others. The highlight would be the presentation of the Greased Palme d'Or Award by former technology chief and convict Greg Meffert at a ceremony to be held at the Irvin Mayfield Municipal Auditorium.

Arrangements were well underway – no-bid contracts had been awarded and celebrity presenters including Paris Hilton, OJ Simpson, Charlie Sheen and Roman Polanski had been lined up – when Spacy Head disclosed that the scheme had been scuttled after a screening held to preview the videos revealed that nothing had been recorded.

Answers to Crossword Puzzle



Burning Dog Festival Announced

DOG POUND ROAD – After experiencing the fabled Burning Man festival in Nevada this year, a group of local self-expressionists has announced the formation of the first annual “Burning Dog” festival. It will be unleashed during the dog days of summer, in August 2010.

The theme for the first Burning Dog festival will be “Fido on da Bayou”. All the hottest local musical (and other) acts will be featured. Rumors that Earth, Wind and Fire would headline Burning Dog turned out to be false. Stated festival top dog Squint Depravis, “The main act will be Swamp, Gas and Crack. These flatulent, coke-head swamp rockers are famous for playing at a fever pitch.”

Also scheduled to appear are: The Flaming Hips, Burning Sneer, Gordon Hotfoot, Crispy Still & Ash, Bottled Heat, Fire Straits, Pink Roid, Sunny & Char, the Red Hot Chili Poopers, Three Dog Fight, and da Radiators.

Burning Dog will include a mixed breed of local food offerings and traditional favorites. Featured will be quail, dog and andouille gumbo; collie greens; German Shepherd Pie; Yorkshire Pudding; hound beef patties; “Here Boy” po-boys; Gumbo (explains why you don’t see him at Saints games any more); hushpuppies; and of course, hot dogs.

Top dog Depravis also assured *Monde de Merde* that plenty of Port-o-Hydrants will be available on-site.

While the admission price has not yet been established, the Burning Dog festival is expected to be a hot ticket. For those seeking elite privileges, a special Canine Experience package will be offered. “I promise you it won’t bite,” muttered Depravis.

Such a Blight

THE BONE ZONE – A recent raid on the HEADquarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) found the place boarded up with a “condemned” sign nailed to the door. Following cryptic clues and an alluring herbal aroma, investigators tracked down the Ne’er-do-wells to St. Louis Cemetery #1 where they were hard and long at work on their latest undertaking, weeding graves and burning weed.

T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEAD, Cummunity Organ-izer and Funeral Director Morticia de Marigny explained, “We had nowhere else to go. We finally got our Rowed Home money and were rebuilding, when City Hall stepped in.” City building inspectors, in accordance with guidelines which call for ignoring buildings that are actually falling down, had placed the T.O.K.I.N.

HEADquarters on the blighted list. The Ne’er-do-wells quickly relocated to their float at the Den of Muses but were forced to move again when it went up in flames.

Fired up by their string of adversities and a righteous agenda, the Ne’er-do-wells held an urgent meeting in a smoke-filled mausoleum. “We don’t know where all the bodies are buried,” said Ms. de Marigny, “but we have traced the source of blight to City Hall. After four long years of bureaucratic boondoggles and buffoonery, incompetent administration, sweetheart deals, elusive emails and questionable contracts, we are ready to boot out the blight.”

Added T.O.K.I.N. blight-buster Sidney D. Torrid, “With the upcoming Mayoral Election, we have high hopes that our burning issues will be addressed. However, as Organ-izers, we

know that sometimes you have to take matters into your own hands to reach a satisfying climax. If we don’t do it, nobody else will.”

The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells takes no position on the Mayoral Election (though they will try just about any other position on any other election).

The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells will come together at the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 30 for a jazz funeral to bid good riddance to blight. The public is invited to join in the obscene observance, raunchy ritual, licentious liturgy and salacious celebration.

“It is time to consign the benighted blight and shady shenanigans of the current mayoral more-ass to the trash heap of history,” said Mr. Torrid. “We come to bury C. Ray, not to praise him.”

Letter to the Editor

Mama Roux Burns In Hell

To the Editors:

In the past, the Krewe du Vieux has been accused of heresy by the Religious Right. On behalf of the Krewe of Mama Roux, we would like to state explicitly: they actually *are* right. With an overwhelmingly rapturous sense of release, we take full responsibility for our destiny. We are all going to burn in Hell, because the plain truth is: we are all Sinners.

The Krewe of Mama Roux is loaded with debauched deviants and passionate perverts of all kinds: hot-to-trot homos, jazzy Jews, lascivious lapsed Catholics, libidinous lawyers, phallic physicians, wanton women, carnal cross-dressers and amorous atheists. We indulge in drinking, gambling, carousing, loitering, and watching second-rate TV shows. We are sexual perverts who practice unnatural sex acts, crimes against nature, and animal husbandry. We have spanked the other cheek, saved our stools, and evacuated prematurely.

We urge *Monde de Merde* readers to let go of their inhibitions and join our emission. Abandon the constant struggle to be good! You can finally let your animal nature out of its cage (unless bondage is your thing, of course). Be true to your self!

To help you be fully alive in the present moment (because afterwards you know exactly where you’ll be going even if you don’t remember where you’ve been), here is a list of the Seven Deadly Sins so you can start indulging immediately: Lust, Envy, Pride, Sloth, Gluttony, Greed, Anger. We highly recommend Lust, Sloth and Gluttony!

When you peruse this list, you will come to the conclusion that it’s not really so bad. In fact, that’s just a typical titillating day in New Orleans. As far as we can tell, everyone in the Big Easy is, well, easy and already extremely experienced in each and every one of these sins. But practice makes perfect, so go forth and sin!

We invite and entice you to consort with us as we salaciously celebrate and devilishly demonstrate our passion for prurience at the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 30.

SINcerely yours for fiery eternity,

Rev. Oral Sex

Rev. Jimmy Ballwell

Spiritual Advisors to the

Krewe of Mama Roux

Gomorrah-on-the-Mississippi



VISIT THE KdV WEBSITE:
[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))