



Krewe du Vieux Presents The Idiots & The Oddities

Walt Handelsman To Guide Epic Carnival Odyssey

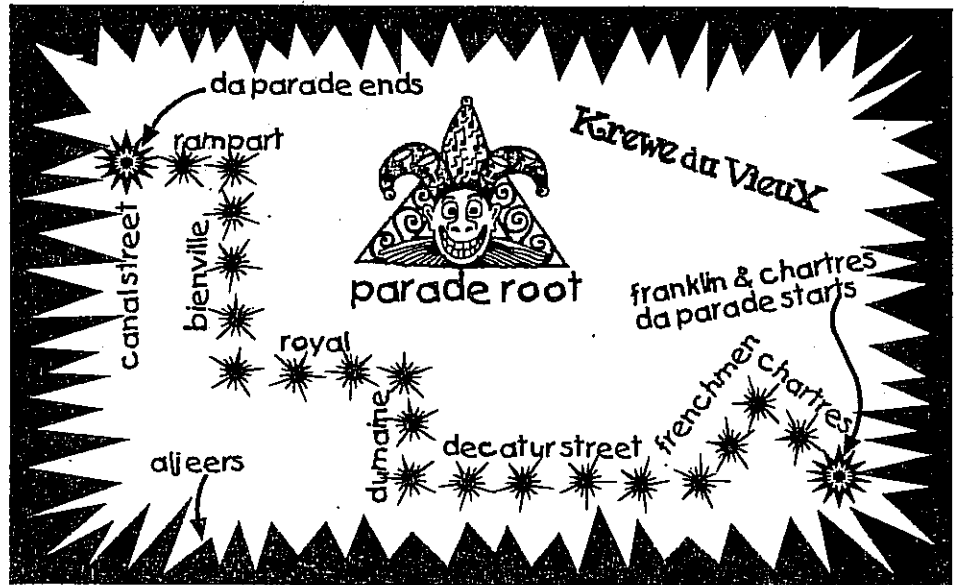
NAWLINS -- The ancient saga of warring nations and destroyed lives continues, as hypocritical leaders, rapacious businessmen, and false prophets (and profits) lead us into the depths of Hades. Technology unchecked by ethics and driven by greed has created a true chamber of Harrah's. Odds are it will take an idiot savant to lead us back to civilization.

In its own never-ending quest for truth, justice and a better buzz, Krewe du Vieux presents its 2000 parade, "The Idiots and the Oddities". The legions will be roamin' as this annual odyssey takes place on Saturday, February 19. Rosy-palmed night will be settling in as the journey begins at 7:00 PM, following the Krewe's traditional parade route through Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter to this year's ball at the State Palace Theater (see parade map for route).

Guiding the Krewe on its epic schlep will be Walt Handelsman, the Pull-It-Sir Prize-winning editorial cartoonist of the *Times-Lickmyspoon*. With a pen as his spear, King Walt has magnificently lampooned many a deserving idiot and oddity.

Spectators are advised to wax their ears and lash themselves to the lamp-posts as the sirens, sorcerors, seamen, sea gods, oddities, oddballs, cue balls, screwballs, ballbusters, blockbusters, blockheads, blind poets, blind drunks, village idiots, and Trojan whores of the Krewe straggle home to their Olympian orgy.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen sub-krewes will present their own idiotic, idiosyncratic, ideological, illog-



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 19, 2000 at 7:00 PM.

ical, ill-advised, illusory, and inadvertent 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 young brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux (not to mention Mardi Gras) traditions not currently being eaten by Cyclopsian corporate and political monsters.

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 19

9:00 PM

State Palace Theater

Featuring:

Brass Band Jam

Paula & the Pontiacs

Deacon John

Tickets \$20

Available from

Krewe members only!

Visit the KDV web site:
www.kreweduvieux.org

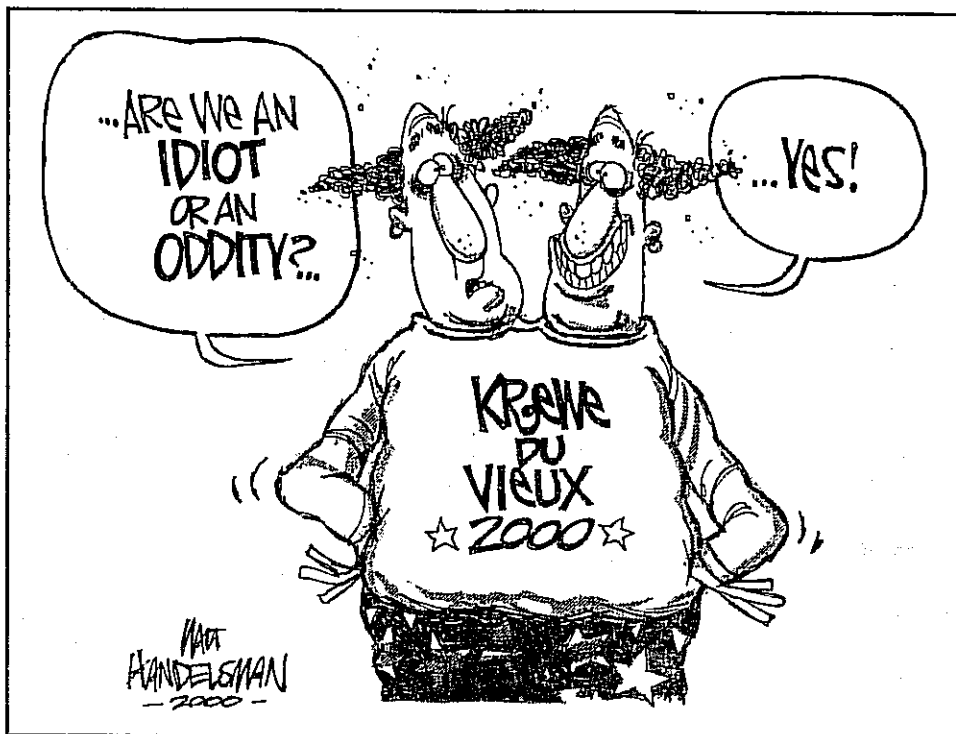
A Cartoon of the Artist as a Krewe King

CHESTYPEAK BAY – He's won the Pulitzer Prize for his editorial cartoons, not to mention numerous other national awards for cartooning excellence. His work can be seen in the *New York Times*, *Newsweek* and *USA Today*. He's Walt Handelsman, the editorial cartoonist for the *Times-Picayune* and the King of Krewe du Vieux's 2000 parade.

He arrives on your front porch before sunrise in the pages of the *Times-Picayune*. (If he arrives in person, please call a cab and send him home.) Multitudes of New Orleanians open their papers in the morning to twitter, smirk and giggle at his seriocomic lampoons of the follies and foibles of the famous, infamous and felonious.

King Walt grew up (well, not really, it's just a figure of speech) in Baltimore, where he was an avid etch-a-sketcher as a child. Later he was a terrible student, guidance counselor's nightmare, class clown and compulsive doodler whose first work appeared in the margins of his math notebook. In his high school yearbook, he was named "least likely to win the Pulitzer Prize." Walt went on to college, working for a degree in art therapy. Although the therapy didn't take, "Learning how to deal with people with mental problems was a good preparation for Louisiana politics," declares the demented doodler.

After college, he went to work at an advertising agency, where he met and married the boss's daughter, the lovely and very understanding Queen Jodie. "If it wasn't for Jodie, God knows what backstreet gutter I'd be lying in," says the King. Meanwhile, Walt continued to draw, making cartoons in his spare time, moving on, or rather, in, from the margins, soon filling whole pages and reams of paper. Putting together a portfolio of portrayals of political peccadillos and perjuries,



he went to work for a chain of suburban Baltimore and Washington weeklies. A few years later, he got his first job at a daily newspaper at the Scranton (PA) *Times*.

Next his majesty also went to work for the Chicago *Crime Tribune* Syndicate. "They made me an offer I couldn't refuse," states the King. In 1989 there was an opening for an editorial cartoonist at the *Times-Picayune*, and King Walt arrived to take his place in the hearts, minds, litter boxes, shipped packages, crawfish boils, and bird cages of New Orleans.

Walt and Jodie have made New Orleans their home. The King says he has no plans to leave, describing New Orleans as Nirvana compared to Scranton (on the other hand, Westwego is probably at least a pleasure palace compared to Scranton). This is especially true for Walt, whose hobbies are "gambling, drinking, carousing, and golf." And when it comes to Carnival and parades, our King is no slouch, though he may stumble and stagger, having

marched with Krewe du Vieux three times, served as Grand Marshall of Jim Monaghan's St. Patrick's Day Parade, ridden in Zulu and Orpheus, and attended the Rex ball. He is still, however, looking for a place to pee on Mardi Gras.

When interviewed by *Le Monde de Merde*, King Walt was immersed in preparing for his reign, soaking his liver in alcohol under the rigorous coaching of 1992 King Angus Lind. (And speaking of coaches and kings, Walt hopes fervently that the Saints will one day be a good football team and that 1997 King Buddy D will be the coach.) Asked how he felt about his upcoming royal ride, he said, "I thought I had reached a pinnacle when I won the Pulitzer, but being King of Krewe du Vieux is truly the climax."

In a time when the so-called mainstream krewes feature two-bit TV celebrities as their royalty, Krewe du Vieux is honored and thrilled to have a Pulitzer Prize-winner as king (though we were really hoping for *Roxanne Pulitzer*).

Krewe du Jieux Makes Epic Schlep to Jieuxsland

THE PROMISED LAND -- The year is 5760. Homer is long dead, yet the tale of a heroic journey lives beyond his grave. Following another great Exodus, Jieuxs, scattered around the globe, still wander in disbelief that G-d would lead his people to the only place in the Middle East without oil.

In Israel, a few days before the eve of what some considered to be a new millennium, millions of people flocked to Bethlehem to await the return of their savior. Rumor has it that he never showed up, but was instead seen at the House of Jieuxs drinking Jieuxshine with the Metairie Jieuxbillies ... but that's another story.

A few days later, during Helen of Goy's ritual tree burning on a New Orleans levee, a voice quietly boomed several blocks away at a bagel decorating party. The following message was heard by G-d's chosen Krewe:

"Alright Already! The land of Israel, which was given to your ancestors, has become far too dangerous. You could put your eye out! And now all the tourists!

"Enough with all this kvetching! The time has come once again for you to embark upon a great journey. You are commanded to pack up your bagels and schlep out East. Try to avoid the I-10 during rush hour. Anyway! There you will find the new Promised Land. It's a nice place, but Idolators are already in the process of constructing a temple there called Jazzland. Your mission -- should you chooseth to

accept it -- is to second line unto this land, and stoppeth this idolatry! What you do after that is your business. And call me when you get there!"

Well! The Krewe du Jieux got right to work. After making a few changes here and a few changes there, Rabbi Oydesseus is pleased to announce the grand opening of Jieuxsland: the New Promised Land:

Step right up!

Get the front seat on the world's first Bagelcoaster!

Blast off at the speed of light in Einstein's Atomic Rocket!

Go in circles on Karl Marx's Revolution Wheel!

Bring your young ones on Woody Allen's Orient Express!

Plunge deeply into Sigmund Freud's Tunnel of Love!

Win the big bucks at Alan Greenspan's "If I Were A Rich Man" Video Mah-jongg!

See Jieuxsland from above on the "From Your Lips to G-d's Ears" Gondola!

And don't forget to haggle at Joan Rivers' Fashion-No-Nos (why pay retail?).

Trust us! There's fun for the whole family! You can still hear the great sounds of Jazz at George and Ira Gershwin's Wonderful World while noshing at Klezmer's, the Kosher Soul Food Cafe. So on February 19th come on out and join our carnies as Rabbi Oydesseus and Helen of Goy lead the Krewe du Jieux through the parade -- if you are lucky enough to get a Krewe du Jieux bagel, the Jieuxsland Season Pass is FREE!

ELEWDsian Fields Discovered In N'Awlins

THE AFTERLIFE -- LEWD, the Lewd Ensemble of Wacked Degenerates, has in its perennial (albeit not millennial) quest for deeper meaning (deeper, deeper!) uncovered the truth behind the myth of Da ELEWDsian Fields.

In Greek mythology, the ELEWDsian Fields, also known as ELEWDsium, or Isles of the Blessed, were the dwelling place after death of the virtuous, LEWD immortals or those given immortality by the devine favor. Greek poets described this happy land -- complete with full voting rights -- as being at N'Awlins, a mysterious place on the banks of the Mississippi River near the margins of the world.

Tipped off by a city bus with ELEWDsian Fields on its route sign, LEWD has located the site of the pastures of the dead, and reports that it contains a full caste of virtuous mortals, boner baring skeletons, lawyers, bakers, priests, pimps, prostitutes, politicians, casino operators, RTA officials, and all other LEWD mortals.

C.O.A. STATEMENT

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe due Vieux in the true spirit of Carnival as a venue for satire and political comment. The views expressed herein may not reflect those of Krewe leaders or all Krewe members. They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain't none of us got nothin' worth suing for.

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Lord of the Underworld Appoints Task Force to Study "Toid" Term

THE UNDERWORLD - In a recent trip across the River Styx, members of the Krewe of K.A.O.S. learned from the seer Tiresias that Marc Hades has formed an "independent" task force to study the possibility of amending the Underworld Charter to allow him to serve a third term as Lord of the Underworld. Known in the local vernacular as a "Toid Term", this same plan was defeated by the Gods many years ago when it was first attempted by "Dutch" Hades, the father of Marc Hades.

The task force was hand-picked by the Lord of the Underworld himself from among the most senior of the Furies. It will be co-chaired by Ron Poseidon, God of the Aquarium, and Roy Charon, ferryman and attorney from Hell, whose primary job is to collect tribute from anyone who seeks access to the Underworld. Other members of the task force include various demi-gods of the Underworld who owe their continued prosperity to staying in Hades' good (dis)graces.

The task force is charged with "studying" term limits and determining what term restrictions are imposed upon the other Gods.

When reached for comment, in a greater display of hubris than any ever exhibited by his father, the current Hades insisted that he has not yet made a decision about whether to launch an effort to amend the Underworld Charter, but will await the recommendation of the task force. The Lord of Darkness explained that the task force was formed for study pur-

poses only and that its conclusions were not pre-determined. "I will follow the will of the task force, whether it recommends a 'three-peat' or unlimited future terms," vowed the Lord of Darkness. He also made a pledge that, however many additional terms he serves, he will continue to do the same things to the citizens of the Underworld as he has during his first two terms.

A number of gods, goddesses and demi-gods living on or near Mount Loyolympos are expected to resist any efforts to allow Hades to three-peat. Serious opposition to any Charter change is expected from Troy Dionysius, Oliver Hermes and Jim Apollo, each of whom is rumored to be scheming to replace Hades on the Underworld throne. No position on the issue has been taken by Suzy Aphrodite, formerly of Loyolympos, or Ellen Pandora, whose silence is expected to be rewarded with a clerkship in the Underworld court system. Thus far, support for the initiative has been expressed only by Eddie the Satyr, a longtime crony of the Hades family.

Current speculation on Loyolympos is that Hades is seeking an additional term as the Master of Darkness because there are no god positions outside of the Underworld that he could expect to secure. "Hades is a big name here in the Underworld," one Loyolympos insider remarked, "but in the real world he's not even qualified to help Hercules clean out the stables of Augeas."

Michelle Persephone, the re-

cently abducted bride of Hades, has already lived with her new husband for the required four months this year, and was initially unavailable for comment. When reached at last in the land of the living, Persephone's response centered around the prospect of progeny from the recent marriage. "The only term Hades has no interest in is 'full term'," she said. "Don't expect any grandchild of Dutch Hades to serve as Lord of the Underworld one day -- this is one case where there will definitely not be a three-peat."

Among the Dark Lord's announced goals for his additional term(s) are the following:

- expansion of the Underworld International Airport into St. Charles Parish, the Parish that is the closest thing to living in the Underworld.

- increasing the size and number of potholes in the Underworld.

- privatizing the systems for delivery of water, misery and hopelessness.

- a personal takeover of the Underworld Public School System.

- get the best possible deal for the Dark Realm in the upcoming bankruptcy filing by the Harrah's Underworld Casino.

- assisting Ron Poseidon in expanding his current Aquarium dominion to include the creepy, crawly creatures of the night.

In a tribute to Hades, Lord of Darkness, the members of the Krewe of K.A.O.S. will engage in a campaign to inform the citizens of the Underworld of exactly what they can expect if the "Toid Term" becomes a reality.

Trojan Whores Ride Pacing Steed to Victory

ILLIUM -- The Great War is over!

After ten long ~~inches~~ years, the armies of the Geeks have been vanquished, surmounted at last by the brave babes of Troy. Clad only in their armored underwear, the victorious vixens simply blew away the opposing legions.

"Those weekend warriors were no match for us Trojan Whores," boasted one foxy freedom fighter. "Achilles was a real heel, Odysseus looked completely lost, and we gave Ajax a good scrubbing. Talk about a bunch of blunt spears!"

Other fallen heroes included Marcus Mayorus, Ditkalous Da Coach, Fostercles the Bald, Foreskin of Aquarium, and the Sheeplike Edwardseus. In fact, most of the Geek army appeared quite limp as they left the battlefield.

Informed sources gave credit for the stunning Geek defeat to undercover activities performed by the sensuous soldiers. "Being such cunning linguists, they were able to penetrate the enemy's lines. They sat in on all the planning sessions, and every time the Geeks attacked, the Trojans knew exactly what -- and who -- was cumming," said one Illium insider. "Believe me, they really snatched this victory."

Another tactic that helped key the Trojan triumph was the erection of a giant condom-minium, in which many of the Geek warriors were trapped.

"They thought we were going down, but they couldn't take a good lick. As soon as we exposed them, they just shriveled

right up," crowed one buxom battler. "They should have stayed up in Attica where they belonged."

Geek General Penile Disfunctus blamed the rout on his soldiers' shortcumings. "There's no use beating around the bush: my men just couldn't get up for it," he complained. "But I have to give the Trojan Whores credit -- they really laid it all out there. They were a bunch of eager beavers."

He also pointed out that one of the Geeks' mightiest warriors, Viagras, did not participate in the final battle. "What a stiff," said the general in disgust.

Following the great battle, Trojan Queen Clitoria, along with Princess Labia and Princess Orgasmia, hosted a major bacchanal for the voluptuous victors. Reports were that dinner consisted of four main courses, with several intercoursures in between. All those in attendance agreed that it was quite a spread.

In honor of this climactic conquest, the Underwearian, underwear-wearing Trojan Whores have scheduled a parade for Saturday, February 19, at 7:00 PM. Marching alongside one of their typically well-endowed pacing steeds, protected by their Trojan shields (French ticklers for the French Quarter?), and scantily clad in their Madonna-designed armor, the brazen battalions will create a red sea (and perhaps a few sea men) as they make their epic trek.

Hey, maybe that's not how Homer saw it -- but he was blind anyway!

Da Gawds and Da Gawddesses Mount All Of Us

MT. OLYMPUS -- They're an odd lot, the deities (or as some blasphemers might say, the idioties). But no one should ever doubt their appetite for screwing the poor mortals every chance they get.

And since New Orleans is known as a city of sin, the local gawds and gawddesses seem to mount all of us all the time.

We're not talking about the major divinities, the Apollos and Jupiters, the Buddhas and Jehovahs. They're too busy for the Big Easy. It's those nagging minor gawds that'll screw you over and over again.

Take Helen of Chalmette, with the face that sank a thousand ships (or is it the lips that sank a thousand dicks?). She'll really blow you over. Or Herrah, Queen Gawddess of Gambling -- she's a card! Or Diana, Gawddess of the Half Moon Bar. Don't bend over around her. And woe betide the unfortunate soul who stumbles across Hermaphrodite one dark night in the French Quarter. It's enough to make you Homerphobic.

Oh, you can try to protect yourself, by lathering on a little Grecian Formula 69. But soon as you step out the door, here comes Jason and the Arabinauts, looking to fleece you once again.

To worship and protest these demi-gawds, the Seeds of Decline will mount a procession of their own, in the Krewe du Vieux parade on the night of Saturday, February 19. There will be gawds from the hood, dawg gawds, false gawds -- Jesus Gawd! Move 'em out and mount 'em up, 'cause it'll be a gawd-damned event!

T.O.K.I.N. Gets Tested

BORED OF EDUCATION -- A secret undercover investigation by the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has exposed the School Bored's scheme to discard the LEAP testing program. LEAP (Ludicrous Evaluations of Apathetic Pupils ... and Parents) was designed to measure the progress of New Orleans' public school students. However, discovering that there was no progress to measure, the Bored opted to try a new test: CREEP (Critical Review Evaluation - Everybody Passes).

School Bored spokesperson Guile Glopiton said, "The demands on our students are so stressful. They're faced with all sorts of advanced learning challenges, like reading, writing and mathematics. Why burden them with failure now when we can put it off for a few years? Besides, the teachers couldn't get the answers right either."

To demonstrate the difference between the tests, Glopiton provided sample questions from both tests.

LEAP

Q. If a pickup carrying three people at thirty miles an hour for ten minutes along a road five miles long at 1:00 am starts at the same time as a soccer mom talking on her cell phone with two children in a minivan travelling on another road twice as long as one half the distance of the other at twenty miles an hour, while a dog, a bug and a boy travel an equal distance at the same time or the same distance in an equal time on a third road in mid-October, which one arrives first?

A. How foggy is it?

Q. If a beaver two feet long with

a tail a foot and a half long can build a dam twelve feet high and six feet wide in two days, how large a beaver would you need to build the Boulder Dam?

CREEP

Q. Whose statue is at Lee Circle?

- Harry Lee
- Robert E. Lee
- Master P

Q. Which of the following does not belong in New Orleans?

- Rong-Aid
- Cram-It Hollywood
- Bank None
- All of the above and more

Q. Mike Foster is:

- inventor of a dessert
- governor of Louisiana
- owner of a chain of homes for children

Q. Which of these pests is most dangerous to New Orleanians?

- the malarial mosquito
- the Formosan termite
- the elected official

Q. Which of these two numbers is greater?

- the average Saints score
- Woody Jenkins' brain cells

Q. Which of the following is a color associated with Mardi Gras?

- Purple
- Green
- Gold

And for extra credit:

Q. How do you spell purple?

A. K&B

Some answers were not available at press time, but perspicacious, not to mention perspiring, T.O.K.I.N. members continue to look for the beaver.

Second Cumming Propels Spermes To Victory

THE SUPERDOME -- New Orleans' newest and most successful Carnival team, Spermes, a new breeder, has exploded on the scene with a flow of unbridled, lustful energy the likes of which the city has not seen since their virgin season in last year's Krewe du Vieux.

In a sweaty, steamy encounter with the Trojan Pro-phyllactics, the initial Spermes surge was contained. But in the (inter)course of their second cumming, they found a hole in the Trojan defensive line, penetrated deeply and surged on to victory. The final score was Trojans 1, Spermes 8,000,000.

"We wish it could have been a whitewash, but there's always one that gets away and drips down your leg," ejaculated one member of the victorious Spermes.

The "head" coach of the Trojans, impotent in the face of the pulsing, driving force of Spermes, left the field obscenely gesturing to the crowd, screaming and moaning, "Suck my Ditka." Fans of Spermes, covered with their pearl necklaces, flowed from the stadium in a climax of orgiastic ecstasy.

Spermes' next contest will be versus Cyclops, the one-eyed monster.

More Sports Scores

College:

West Delaware State 31 ... LSU 3
ULaLa 21 ... ULaMo 16

Pros:

Mora's Colts 13 - 3
Ditka's Saints 3 - 13

New Orleans Brass 3
New Orleans Brassieres 2

Bank One
Customers Nothing

C.R.A.P.S. Becomes Cemetery Robbery And Pilferage Service

"Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns driven time and again off course, once he had plundered the hallowed heights of Troy."

- From Book I of *The Odyssey* by Homer (not Simpson)

ST. LOUIS CEMETERY --

Turns out the beginning of Homer's epic poem was inspired by the disorderly march of the Krewe of C.R.A.P.S., with its plundered statuary and artifacts from the cemeteries under the watchful jurisdiction of Troy Barter.

With the publication of an "Owed For a Grecian Urn" in the *Monde de Merde*, C.R.A.P.S. -- the Krewe with five dots and no coms (or condoms -- even Trojans) moves into the inter-preneurial merchandizing world of Cemetery Robbery And Pilferage Services. Always willing to take money for something we do not own, the Krewe of C.R.A.P.S. only hesitation was what to name our new business:

- Cemetery Recycling And Procurement Service
- Cemetery Refurbishing Always Provides Statuary
- Cemetery Robbers And Plunderers Sect
- Cemetery Ravaging And Pillaging Society
- Cemetery Renovation And Pleasure Society
- Cemetery Repair Ain't Patout's Specialty
- Cemetery Renovation & Appraisal - Personal Services
- Cemetery Reconfiguration And Priceless Sacrifices
- Cemetery Robbery Ain't Particularly Sacred

C.R.A.P.S. kicks off its new service with a city-wide media advertising campaign. The theme music for the campaign is set to Rockin' Sydney's hit zydeco tune "My Toot Toot", featuring the vocal stylings of past Krewe du Vieux King Al Scramuzza:

Don't buy from Pa Toot Toot
Don't buy from Pa Toot Toot
You can steal your own statue
If you join the C.R.A.P.S krewe

He was born with a silver spoon
His Mama slapped his behind
If you can't act like Pa Toot Toot
Better start stealing statues

Don't mess with a Boo Vault
He says it ain't my fault
He'll get himself a striped shirt
When they pass a pilfering statute

Don't buy from Pa Toot Toot
Don't buy from Pa Toot Toot
You can steal your own statue
If you join the C.R.A.P.S krewe

C.R.A.P.S.' inventory of artifacts will be displayed during the Krewe du Vieux's February 19th parade. Alert citizens are urged to redirect "lost" artifacts to the State Palace Theater, as the Krewe is expected to make many twists and turns and twisted turns while meandering among French Quarter fences.

Owed for a Grecian Urn

What's a Grecian earn? Prosecutors say about 15 years if four French Quarter inter-preneurs are convicted of the grave offenses of fencing stolen cemetery artifacts. Two unnamed defendants in the fencing case (whose names rhyme with wall vault and statue) say these cryptic charges are all Greek to them. They claim they bought the stolen cemetery items from alert citizens who found the artifacts after they fell off the back of a hearse.

Comstat investigators at the New Orleans police department were eluded by the "alert citizens" and didn't discover the crime until police in Hades (aka Hell-A, California) cracked the case by carefully decoding a defendant's statement that "the grass cutters told us to move everything onto that truck."

Artifacts For Sale

Tastee Friezes!
Ironic Columns!
Cryptic Inscriptions!
Graven Images!

Free snatch-up and delivery. Open all night!
Call us at (800) 999-CRAPS, extension BONE

All reasonable offertories considered.

Special offer on Headstones: give head, get stoned!

Poetry Page

Krewe of C.R.U.D.E.'s Moonlight Sonata

All over town you've seen numerous signs
On bumper stickers in bold graphic designs,
That proudly proclaim, "You can't beat Wagner's meat"
With pretensions of telling us all what to eat.

Though beating one's meat is a most private matter
That should never show up on bumper stick patter,
In the moonlight at NOMA by old Beauregard
We saw Wagner's indulgence yield him quite hard.

So now we don't snicker
At the proud bumper sticker.
We know that there lies a singular treat
When Wagner himself takes on his own meat.

Odysseus On The Lake Pontchartrain Causeway

Not Sirens' songs nor Circe's wiles
Could parallel the Causeway's trials,
And modern highways strike more fear
Than did the sharpest Trojan spear.

Odysseus travelled ten long years,
They thought he'd never come home;
That's now how long it takes to get
From Bonnabel to the Dome.

He also went to Hell and back,
And thought it quite a journey;
Now legally he'd have to have
A visa and attorney.

And Troy means New York these days,
And Grecian dies your hair,
Achilles is a doctor's term;
Were heroes ever there?

Highway traffic's so congested
You can't see where the road is,
It's worse than piloting between
Old Scylla and Charbodis.

Crude rude Cyclops turned to eating
His house guests with elation,
Today you'd find him on your tail
As road rage grips the nation.

And Ithaca's New York these days,
And Ajax scrubs your floor,
Olympus is a Gretna bar,
None drink there any more.

Not Poseidōn in his anger
Rivalled modern driving's dangers;
Odysseus thought he had it rough:
"We need men now of sterner stuff."

Mondu Discovers Lost City of Troy

Y3K - Mondulian marine archaeologists searching the murky depths at the lower end of the Mississippi River for the remains of the fabled city of New Orleans -- now rumored to be under the waters of the Sea of Mexico -- found themselves floating over piles of ancient debris. Most of the rubble appeared to consist of beer cans, plastic beads, go-cups and g-strings. Puzzled over the meaning of these remains of an ancient civilization, they plunged in deeper.

Lost in the depths, they came upon a rusted statue of a girl on a horse. After getting the charges dropped for the aforementioned lewd act, they realized they had found Joan of Arc. Initially confused by the French relic, they forged, or rather, floated on, until they reached a huge warehouse teeming with huge statues of gods and goddesses, nymphs and naiads, sphinxes and pyramids. Further investigation revealed that they had discovered the ruins of a strange settlement known as "Mardi Gras World" in the ancient land of Algiers.

As they drifted awestruck, they observed an odd collection of objects: hurricane glasses, syringes, "suck da heads and squeeze da tails" t-shirts, rusting handguns, fallen bullets, size 15 lime-green pumps. "You-reeka," they exclaimed, "the Lost City of Troy."

Public Notice

The Psychic Channel will be off the air today due to unanticipated transmission problems.

Da Idiots Do Da Odds

The dawn it broke,
The sun it rose,
The clouds from the
cleansing rain parted,
And it all started over
again!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CHALMETTE -- "The Reign of Plaine" had taken its place in the past and the clean up was over. Swept away were we, as was the dirt and detritus and scorched neurons. Scoured and washed off was the trash and the "Drips and Discharges." Our collective consciousness reawakened after travels dark and smelly. Nightmares of gators and nutrirat and crawfish heads assailed us. We scraped ourselves off the bottoms of white boots and castoff bouffant hairdos. We came to in the second sub-basement of the "Lower Nint' Ward." A place known to us locals and dem "Down da Roaders" as "da Parish."

Dawlin', we's heard a buzzin' in the air, it whispers to us gently, "Go ahead, take a chance." It echoes through the walls, through local bingo halls. Go acks ya Mama downta "Jacke's Bingo Palace." Acks 'em at da bourre game back a da "Junction Food Store." Acks 'em out back da "Daiquiri Palace" where dey shootin' dice. It's in our genes. It's in our heads. It's in our blood. And dat's been good for long for shure.

But there has been a new feelin' in da air. There's a new game in town. We heard rumors that go long beyond video poker and the OTB. They chattin' it at Schweggmans, and at da Votex school. Throughout the Cultural Center, all round Röcky and Carlo's, from Elvis livin' cross da street to de Araby Diner. The talk is of a new place. It's been rumored that ya can see it from da top a da Kaiser

Alumina Tower and hear it all down to da Violet Boat Canal.

Da Chalmettians Godda Harrah's so it's up da river we go. We polished up our best shrimp boots and our Sunday go to meetin' baseball caps, Cap. We mopped up da shrimp boats, clean em up good. Nets are mended and bank accounts ended. Beehives as high as the elephant eye, and rhinestone glasses to blind you. We loadin' up yungstas, an oldstas, and erstas. We loadin' Mawmaws and Pawpaws and chillun. We head fo da river and up we will sail. We'll be lookin' for luck in all the wrong places, and eatin' and drinkin', we don't know what disgrace is. To the mecca they built at the foot of Canal, that bright shiny place to feed the cash cow. To Harrah's we go in our boots and our glasses. An GOD, oh GOD please, don't let them kick our asses.

Grand Opening Announcement

**Ron Foreskin &
the Autobahn Institute
present:**

The Incestarium

**Featuring the creepiest
bugs and vermin
In New Orleans**

See the Copelinroach, the Marc's Third Termite, and the Moscarter! Slithering serpents like the Vitter Viper, the Hissing Snakelton, and Oliver's Tom Asp! Repugnant rodents like the Sapirat and the Hairly Lee Nutria! It really is a bug's life in New Orleans!

Harrah's: The Golden Fleeced

HORRORS CASINO -- A happy herd of sheep commonly known as Mama Roux grazed in the bountiful meadows at the foot of the great river. Nothing was really that baaahhd. Good music in the valley, gentle winters in which to parade about showing their full mammary glands, and testicles covered in the finest of full, fluffed fleece -- life was good.

But one day a storm (Hurricane Hemmeter) blew in and destroyed their giant barn at the river's gate. Golden-tongued shepherds promised to rebuild the barn in the form of a humongous Greek temple, an edifice that would attract legions of people who would gladly give up their riches when put in a trance by wells overflowing with intoxicants. The magic bell-like sounds and dazzling interior, full of scantily clad maidens, would guarantee massive gold and riches to solve the problems of the meadows. E.W.E. know?

The lead sheep, Sire Bartholewe, convinced the herd that the meadow would be more fertile, that there would be better, greener grass, and that every sheep would get shiny new gold bells.

The shepherds' usually drab clothes became plush satin robes, and their faces transformed into wolves when the riches didn't materialize. The sheep started bleating when they looked at themselves and feared that they would become leg of lamb. They had been fleeced!

The wise old prophet, C.B. Forgotten, sat on the hill as the promises unraveled, the massive riches never materializing. "Ewe didn't listen to me. I told ewe so! It's a Chamber of Harrah's!"

Does It Take A Village To Raise An Idiot?

DA VILIJ -- Da Krewe du Voo unamourosly decided ta do "Da Idiots and Da Oddities" for 2000. Qnly dose ingorants dat givashit know dat dis shoud be an IDI-YAT-DICK and pernigrafic team.

Fer just sum of N'Orlins' odd-titties:

- Ole Man Riva curves round us. So when ya cross da riva on da Crescent City Connection ya go east to reach da Wesbank. Now stand at da foot of Canal wit yur back at da riva. Look west upriva fer uptown and eas downriva fer downtown, sout fer rivaside and nort fer lakeside. But when ya standin on da corna of Sout Carrollton and Sout Claiborne, ya betta hava compass.

- Natrally, red beans and rice means dinna on Monday, erster poboy dresed (makes men luv loooonga), soft drink at work - hard drink any otha time, crayfish (ya wanna suc wat, and pinch huh), aligata peers and meli-tawns(?), and deres chicory in da coffee.

- First came iddi bitti maskeetas, den da pest control got biguns ta eat da littleuns. Now we got Fomosun turmites. Du ya know dat dey had ta declare "war on dem turmites"? Maybe we can parade as turmites, and eat our way across da quartas.

Fer sum of our idi-yats:

- Why du dey think dey can outlaw da red lite district when dey can't control da idi-yats who think dat a yellow lite at an intaseckshun means step on da gas?

Wat ya think 'bout livin ina fis-bowl? Dat's rite, halfa milyun of us idi-yats live below da sea level. Shoud we spring a leek, "When da Levee Brakes" won't be just an ole

blues toon, cause we'll be swimin fer our lives.

- Our Guvnor sed he wun't support gamblin, but hadn't dun nuthin ta discourage it. Den we found out dat he (unknowingly?) owned stock in a gamblin en-titty. He didn't suport da beleafs of Davy Duke, but wooda supported Duke if he was da Republiklan candidate fer whatever orifice, and even ended up purchasin Duke's mailing list. While we know he's not in da same bed, he axe as if he's unda sum kinda sheet. He's a biker and he wears his helmut, but he supported "da no helmut law". We know dat an unhelmuted mind is a terrible thing to waste. So ax yurself, wood Duke have suported da "No Helmut Law"?

- Den da "Mayor Who Wood be King" wants a turd term. Is he halucinatin er sumtin? Enuf is enuf, cause we know dat in Loosiana, "Every Man's a King"!

New Orleanians, as dey call us from otha places, know 'bout da many odd-titties of N'awlins. We got our share of idi-yats from da garden variety districk ta yuppies, wanna b's, and just plane ole D'GENERITS (dats us). While dere are greata economical and environmental oppatunities in otha places, we still kling ta our roots. Ya know, our Mardi Gras antics even draws outsiders ta dis party mecca ta witnes what all da fun is about. Ta their shagrin, dey realize dat its not our fault cause, IT TAKES A VILLAGE TA RAZE AN IDI-YAT. Shoud someone ax us "Where y'at?", de Knights of Rue Bourbon, will be paradin' as VILLAGE IDI-YATS as da krewe stumbles thru da Quartas wit our granma beads aroun our necks.

Comatose Revived!

CHARITY HOSPITAL -- In a medical miracle that few thought could ever occur (and fewer still hoped would ever occur), a source at Charity Hospital revealed that the Mystic Corpse of Comatose has been revived. Teams of cracked physicians worked for years to resuscitate the beast.

As it arose shakily from the operating room table, something that experts tentatively identified as music began to emanate from Comatose's lips. Shock gave way to horror as the tune was identified: the reborn Krewe's new theme song, "Once, Twice, Three Times A Mayor"!

Yes, Comatose returned to Krewe du Vieux life with the theme of "2002: A Mayor's Odyssey", and a mission to alert the people of New Orleans to hiz-zoner's plans for a third term. Cryogenic experts, voodoo priestesses, Vulcan mind-melders, and a motley assortment of mesmerists are being employed by Marc Morial's troops, who hope to convince the public that only "A son of a Dutchman" can govern them.

The Mayor's minions also plan a "MMM Good" advertising blitz and perpetual plastic surgeries to maintain his youthful appearance (Michael Jackson, look out!).

Having lain Comatose for so long, the Krewe awoke with what passes for a burst of energy. A "Flying Dutch, Man" ship was constructed to convey the Krewe to the far reaches of the land to spread the word. Special \$3 bills were printed up, and skilled corporate headhunters were enlisted to help Mayor Marc get a real job. They could only hope their efforts would come in time to save the beleaguered city.

Schmoozin' with the Kazoozie Floozies

FLOOZIEVILLE -- For many years, the Kazoozie Floozies have been a favorite feature of the annual Krewe du Vieux display of debauchery. Curious to know the story behind the Floozies' legend, not to mention their reputations (and phone numbers), *Le Monde de Merde* invited a Floozie to shmooze. In a smoke-filled room, between lubricating sips, a spokes-floozie revealed Floozie secrets and several interesting body parts.

Sixteen years ago, a giggling gaggle of girls were transformed into a frenzied flock of Floozies. Thus was born the Kazoozie Floozies All Girl Kazoo Band, whirl-famous in the 1100 block of Decatur Street. Their previously thwarted musical ambitions were quickly realized as they began to explore the far reaching influences of the kazoo, a unique American instrument.

"This is not a toy," said the spokes-floozie, playing with her kazoo, blowing and humming.

Before long, the Floozies were entertaining their growing legions of fans and spreading their unique sense of lust and fun, converting and perverting the lyrics to our favorite tunes. Who can forget those favorite Floozie ditties (and titties): "Getting It Up Is Hard To Do", "Hey Quick Spender", "Down by Decatur Street", "Bye Bye Paycheck", and "Grand Old Fag", not to mention their own unique version of the Bourbon Street and Kazoozie Floozie theme song, "Gen-u-wine Floozie".

Spawned in the gutters of Decatur Street and blessed by the Patron Saint of Loose Women, Jim Monaghan, they have continued to spread their message, not to men-

tion their legs. They have been embraced, fondled and caressed by the Krewe du Vieux, marching in the parade since the very first year.

This annual doozy catapulted the Floozies to fame, with TV appearances and tours to Washington to appear before Congress. Luckily, charges were dropped before the Republicans took over and banned all fun from the Capitol. (The White House was another story.)

Other tours have taken this

troupe of trollops to Baton Rouge and Little Rock, with a side trip to Hot Springs to take in the mineral baths and bidets. The Floozies love to ride the rails when they tour; said the spokes-floozie, "Trains and Floozies just go (and come) together naturally."

A highlight of the Floozie calendar is their annual Pearl Harbor parade, Bomb Your Mom, celebrating a woman's right to drink. But don't get the idea that they only celebrate their rights and rites once a year. The Floozies exercise their rights at every opportunity and will continue to do so vigorously, vociferously and voluptuously in the Krewe du Vieux 2000 parade.

The Mystic Krewe of Inane

presents

Helen, a Boy:

The Fact That Launched A Thousand Shits

Cumming soon

at a

theater near you

Movie Review

The latest epic from the Krewe of Space Age Love ("House of the Rising Son", "A Missile for Saddam") unfolds with the hero Odysseus Jackson and his Krewe in good spirits. They have just defeated that most vile of villains, the One-Sided Giant FosterClops on the Lost Isle of Baton Rouge, and are partying heartily on their way home.

As they sail away towards what they believe to be the Kingdom of Ithaca, a giant figure emerges from the depths of egotism and again challenges Odysseus and his Krewe to yet another ordeal from which they may never return. This marauding monster is none other than the L.I.F.E. God Himself, Poseidon Morialis!

For many years Poseidon Morialis has endeavored to defeat Odysseus Jackson and his band for denying him that which he desires most: "The Trident of the Triple Term".

Odysseus Jackson orders his Krewe to come about and flee from the menacing L.I.F.E. God, but Poseidon Morialis surprisingly invites our hero and his Krewe to the Island Paradox of Orleans, where danger lurks and all new citizens are assimilated into followers of the L.I.F.E. God by Nutrias Morialis, disciple of Poseidon Morialis and the first rat to rule Orleans.

Sailing sluggishly in his grotesquely ugly red Czechoslovakian Street Ship (recently leased after one of his Krewe members foolishly sold his old ship for a promise of immortality from Poseidon Morialis), our hero and his Krewe crawl into the Port of No Return, the SuperDome. There perched atop the Mini-Me Dome stands Nutrias Morialis, waiting for them with open paws.

Little does Nutrias Morialis suspect that Odysseus and his Krewe are carrying with them the beginnings of what will be the

What: Krewe of Space Age Love Presents:

"Odysseus Jackson and Orleans the Island Paradox"

Who:

- Marc Morial as Poseidon Morialis, the L.I.F.E. God Himself

- Governor Mike Foster as The One-Sided FosterClops

- Chris Owens as Circe the Sorceress and Shape Shifter

- Ricky Williams as Achilles Tendonitis

- Ricky Jackson as our hero Odysseus Jackson

heart and soul of New Orleans.

At this perilous moment when our heroes are in their greatest need, the gods answer the call and bring the Ambrosia of the Soul to New Orleans:

- Petrus Fountainus, The Messenger of Jazz, sends his musical missive, "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans", to the lost souls of the Island Paradox.

- Leah of Chase, The Goddess of Soul Food, brings hope and joy to all of Orleans as they are restored with an antidote of Gumbo, Raw Oysters, Fried Chicken, and Smothered Turkey Necks.

- Circe the Sorceress and Shape Shifter dives into the battle and drives away those most dangerous of sea monsters, Sherman the Shark Copelin and David the Electric Heel Duke.

- Gaspericus Schiro, The First Politician, does battle with Nutrias Morialis and pushes him back to the Catacombs of City Hall Annex.

- Angelica Hill, Orator of Bad Tidings, weakens Poseidon Morialis with a verbal barrage that can only be matched by his father, the King of the Gods Dutch Morialis.

- Nash Roberts Hurricanus, The Weather Wizard, calls forth The Sisters of Disaster, Betsy and Camille, to send Poseidon Morialis back to the Hope Mausoleum to

be entombed forever without a third term.

- Foticus, The Keeper of Lost Souls, gathers all assimilated followers of Nutrias Morialis and sentences all who have not been reborn to the eternity of Tartarus, where every day they must watch the ultimate paradox, the New Orleans Saints.

- Ruthie the Duck Lady, The Oracle of Orleans, brings joy and hope to the people of New Orleans by predicting that in the year 3000 the New Orleans Saints will win the Super Bowl.

- Buddy Stallicus, Orleans's First Historian, records that a new era has begun in Orleans and all New Orleanians should rejoice in good music, good food and good times.

In honor of Odysseus Jackson and his Krewe, and to thank them for saving Orleans, a celebration is born. Known as the Rite of the Krewe du Vieux, it will take place on Saturday, February 19, at 7:00 in the French Quarter. All citizens and guests of Orleans are commanded to attend.

Oh yes -- you may be wondering what happened to our hero Odysseus Jackson during the Battle of New Orleans. He was taken prisoner and sentenced to 13 years with the New Orleans Saints before being rescued by the Oracle of Orleans, Ruthie the Duck Lady, who granted Odysseus three wishes: a Super Bowl ring, a job in New Orleans and an Umvee to replace his Corvette.

Rumors of a sequel to "Odysseus Jackson and Orleans the Island Paradox" are already floating around. Informed sources report that the plot has Odysseus Jackson losing his dream job with the New Orleans Saints due to the failures of Da Coach Mike Da RiDitkalous and the evil machinations of Tom "King Midas" Benson, who also tries to repossess Odysseus' Umvee. You read it here first.