



Krewe du Vieux Explores 2001: A Space Fallacy

Ernie K-Doe To Fire Up French Quarter Parade

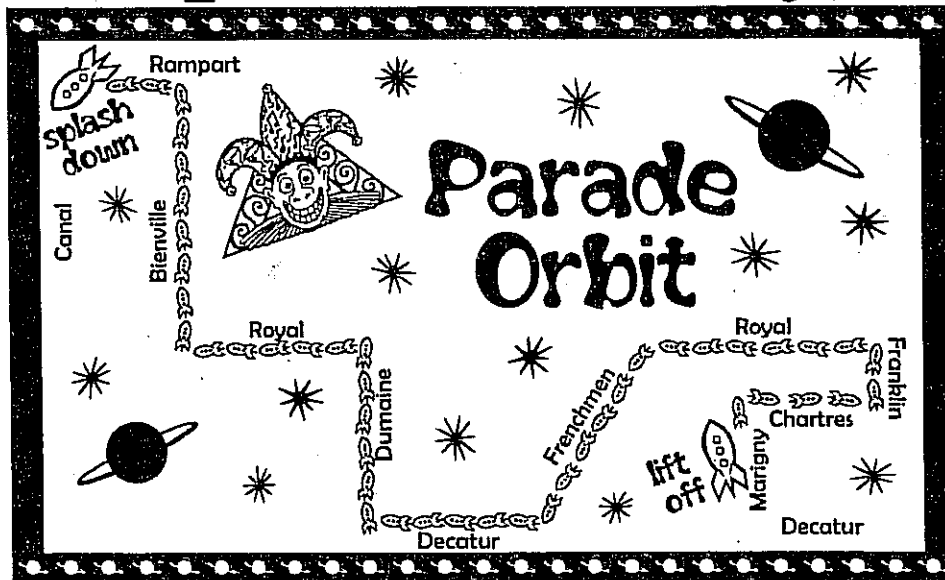
NAWLINS — Ever since crawling out of that first primordial gumbo, humankind has lusted for the stars. From astronomy to astrology, from poetry to science fiction, the greatest (and sickest) minds of our species have pondered the secrets of the universe and the possibilities of zero gravity sex.

This burning desire will reach its climax on Saturday, February 10, as Krewe du Vieux launches this year's parade, "2001: A Space Fallacy". Beginning at 7:00 PM, the Krewe will rocket through its traditional Marigny-French Quarter bar trek (see parade map for route).

Reigning over this spaced odyssey will be the Emperor of the Universe himself, King Ernie K-Doe, accompanied by his wife, Queen Antoinette, and Grand Duchess Tee-Eva. As a major star in the New Orleans galaxy, King K-Doe certainly has the right stuff to take Krewe du Vieux to the final frontier.

As the Krewe's space cadets, space cowboys, space invaders, darth vaders, darth naders, pregnant chads, black holes, star whores, astronauties and other heavenly bodies boldly go where no krewe has gone before, missionary control advises all spectators to drink mass quantities of rocket fuel and watch Uranus.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen sub-krewes will present their own phallic, fallacious, salacious, spacious, specious, ass-tronomical, anatomical, comical, cosmic, cosmopolitan, and conflicting interpretations of the theme. Sub-krewes include the



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 10, 2001 at 7:00 PM.

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 traditions not currently being probed by NASA and other official agencies.

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, accompa-

nied 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 10

9:00 PM

State Palace Theater

Featuring:

Brass Band Jam

John Cleary and

the Absolute Allen Gentlemen

Late Night Space Cantina with

Fredy Omar

Tickets \$20

Available from

Krewe members only!

Visit the KDV web site:

www.kreweduvieux.org

KdV 2001 dedicated to Mark Hall

K-Doe: Blazing the Trail From Emperor to King

THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE – From the maternity ward at Charity Hospital to the world-famous Mother-in-Law Lounge, the life and times of the legendary Ernie K-Doe, Emperor of the Universe, Mr. Naughahyde and 2001 King of Krewe du Vieux, have been an intergalactic roller-coaster ride.

K-Doe first sang in his church choir and went on to sing with spiritual groups like the Golden Choir Jubilees of New Orleans and the Divine Travelers. He was inspired by many artists, including Big Joe Turner, Ray Charles, B.B. King, Bobby Bland and Guitar Slim. His first recording was "I Only Have Eyes For You". K-Doe has performed all over the world, and is known and loved throughout the universe.

He received the Rhythm & Blues Foundation's Pioneer Award, presented at Radio City Music Hall in New York, where he brought the house full of musical legends to their feet with his rendition of "Mother-in-Law." In 1999, K-Doe was the first person to be honored with the Big Easy Entertainment Awards' Heritage Award and was presented with a Legend Award by the South Louisiana Association. He was inducted into the New Orleans Music Hall of Fame in 1995, the Louisiana Hall of Fame in 1997, and the Society of Interplanetary Royalty in 2001.

K-Doe's hits include "A Certain Girl," "T'ain't It the Truth," "Come On Home," "Te-Ta-Te-Ta-Ta," and "Later for Tomorrow," to name a few. His biggest hit was "Mother-in-Law" in 1961 which sold millions of copies. According to K-Doe, it will endure forever "because someone is always going to get married."

One of those someones is K-Doe himself, who married Antoinette Fox in 1994 with her mother

(K-Doe's favorite mother-in-law) looking on. Queen Antoinette will join Ernie on the king's float along with her sister, Grand Duchess and Praline Princess Tee-Eva Perry.

K-Doe and the Mother-in-Law Lounge will soon be seen on the silver screen in *Happy Here and Now*, a surreal mystery filmed in New Orleans that features two new K-Doe originals: "Children of the World" and "White Boy, Black Boy". Of his new recordings, K-Doe says he is doing it all on his own: writing, producing and publishing. "The Pope has tried it, presidents, governors and mayors have tried it, but it takes a Charity Hospital child to show them how it's done."

King Ernie's next venture is reputed to be a radio station, KDOE, featuring "all K-Doe, all the time."

Contemplating his reign as King of Krewe du Vieux – the only possible step up from Emperor of the Universe – K-Doe reminisces about watching parades as a boy, hollering for throws. Now, he says, "I'm gonna be up where all those other kings were, with a queen of my own. There have been kings, queens, duchesses, but we're gonna give all the others a run for their money. If anyone thinks they can outdo the Krewe du Vieux royalty, take my advice and stay home. Rex and the others gonna have to catch up. We're gonna leave them breathless."

These days, K-Doe can be found holding court at the Mother-in-Law Lounge where he performs with an alternating cast of musicians. He envisions the Lounge as a place where musicians can get together and help one another just like in the old days. And the Lounge itself is a vision: cosmic bright blue with larger-than-life portraits of Ernie and Antoinette on the exterior. You can't miss it driving down North Claiborne; rumor has it that it is

visible from outer space.

But you won't have to board the space shuttle to see King Ernie K-Doe as he leads the Krewe du Vieux where no krewe has gone before on February 10 at 7:00 PM.

Bead Recount Update

The following bulletin was released from the Campaign Headquarters of the Krewe du Vieux:

Due to the ongoing Bead Recount, there will be no beads thrown at the 2001 Krewe du Vieux parade. Following a dispute over the accuracy of the initial bead count, Krewe du Vieux's beads were sent to Florida (motto: "one, two, three, four, five, six...oops, where was I?") to be manually recounted.

The recount was well under way when it was brought to a halt by an injunction issued by the Court (we're not sure which court, but judging from the secrecy, we think it's Comus) as a result of a challenge to the methods used to enumerate the beads. Some felt the beads should be sorted by length, others by color. Prosecutor Hairy Con-dick insisted that not all beads should be counted the same. "There has to be a standard; issues such as length and thickness should be considered," he said. Krewe du Vieux defense counsel Freeda Ball responded, "It's not size that matters, it's quality. Each bead is created equal, it's how you use it that counts."

Krewe du Vieux does not expect this situation to be resolved by parade time, so our advice is to leave the bead bags at home, but come out to see the floats and the costumes. The decadent delinquents of the Krewe du Vieux will provide an orgy of degenerate delights and depravities as the annual parade of anarchistic, atavistic, attitudinous, amorous aliens takes to the streets of the Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter on February 10.

Million Martians to March in Quarter

THE MARTIAN QUARTER -- Most earthlings think that mysterious Mars, their sister planet, is just an enormous dead red rock. Earthling lore has portrayed Martians as scary green creatures with bug eyes and antennae and a fixation on invading earth.

Mama Roux has declared that the time has come to set the record straight. According to the Martian Manifesto, transmitted from the headquarters of the Martian Liberation Front located in the den of the Krewe of Mama Roux, Mars was the happening planet millions of light years ago. After eons of foreplay, Martian culture had reached its climax. The culmination was so intense, it threw the planet out of alignment

and Mars became frigid. Seeking a new home and a warmer embrace, the Martians wandered aimlessly on the Spaceship Named Desire, penetrating black holes and exploring heavenly bodies, lust in space, until they found themselves attracted and aroused by their neighbor, Earth.

The Martians thought they had found a hospitable home and began to make a new life among the earthlings. Unfortunately, old prejudices die hard. The Martians were treated as second-class citizens. The little green men were red-lined, black-balled and downsized. The time had come to demand their in-alien-able rights. It was time for Martians to come out of the closet and move up from

the back of the space-bus. In video transmissions, they were inspired by the sight of earthlings ritually gathering in their capital city around a gigantic white phallic monument. Becoming aroused, their juices started flowing.

After much deliberation, issues and ejaculations burst forth. Trinkets were made from melted down spaceships. Banners were prepared: "Hands Off My Asteroids," "Stop Probing Uranus," "Equal Rights for E.T. (Extra Testicles)," "We Shall Overcome" (thinking "overcome" was something like "overeat").

Mama Roux invites all aliens and earthlings to view the Million Martian March on the night of February 10 as they meander through the French Quarter in neon green skin, gladiator head-dress, epaulets, and metallic meteor resistant armor, bringing the Martian message to the annual march of the Krewe du Vieux.

T.O.K.I.N. Makes Contact

THE BONE ZONE -- Having left their home planet, Cannibus Majorus, for reasons that are hazy and not well-remembered, the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Inter-galactic Ne'er-do-wells wandered the universe for eons on their interstellar space den, Slacker 69. Life was comfortable on the Slacker, with plenty of munchies and an awesome auto-pilot, but after several millennia, the krewe's stash was running low. It was high time to seek contact.

They programmed their satellite dishes to scan the firmament for signs of intelligent life and good vibrations. The receptors detected transmissions from a faraway blue planet revolving around a bright yellow star. The transmissions both intrigued and repelled the

Krewe; it seemed that they were being picked up from a technology known as "television".

Exploring further, the Krewe picked up signals of funkalicious vibrations that sent them into orbit above the city known as New Orleans. Detecting favorable atmospheric conditions, the Krewe steered the Slacker toward a cavernous, abandoned tunnel under an edifice known as the "Rivergate" where they set up their terrestrial den. Soon they were fully partaking in all the herbs and spice their new home had to offer.

Living the high life, the Krewe began their search for intelligent life in their new home. One of their first disappointments was when the earth leaders in Baton Rouge (where no intelligent life

has ever been discovered) decreed that the Krewe's den would henceforth be known as "Harrah's," a place where humans could go and turn over large amounts of money in return for ... nothing. The Krewe was evicted from their den, but fortunately by then they had made contact with their fellow aliens in Krewe du Vieux. The quest for intelligent life and the ultimate party would go on!

Over the years, T.O.K.I.N.'s search has caused them to investigate Public Utilities and the Perpetually Inept School System. They even sent their scouts to City Hall, although they remained frustrated in their attempts to find intelligence among the earthling city's leaders. Their search will continue on the night of February 10 as they navigate through the French Quarter with their cran-ium-mounted satellite dishes.

LEWD Unearths Grave Phallacies

SIX FEET UNDER -- Despite weeks of reassurances by cemetery officials, the truth has been uncovered -- and does it ever smell rank. These sacred resting grounds no longer have the space to hold the many dearly departed of our city -- and now hordes of skeletons are roaming through New Orleans.

LEWD -- the Lecherous Ensemble of Weird Degenerates -- has learned that, with their final resting places filled with uncounted votes for Al Gore, the skeletons are taking to the streets. And their femora, tibiae and phalanges aren't the only bones that have come back to life. After

centuries in a stone mausoleum, these are some randy corpses!

This is a reserection of a different kind, vow the skeletons; if they can't get the cemetery space they want, they threaten to go marching through the streets, swinging rock hard body parts, terrorizing virgins and prudes, and demanding gallon-sized daiquiris.

Of course, it was only a matter of time before the skeletons began rioting. The city can't bury its dead underground due to the high water table and Sewerage and Water Board ineptitude, but all those elaborate mausoleums take up space. Some thoughtful citizens tried to help out by clearing

away some of the gaudier cemetery artifacts and selling them to yuppies in Los Angeles. But with Peter Patout in jail and his cronies collaborating with the police, that plan collapsed, and cemetery officials began talking about moving bodies to unfashionable addresses in LaPlace and Chalmette.

The final indignity came in November, when operatives for George W. Bush began using local coffins to hide half-punched Florida ballots, loose chads and bags full of certain other white granular substances. This set the enraged skeletons leaping from the grave.

The skeletons' tumescent tour of New Orleans will undoubtedly outlast any of Al Copeland's marriages. But that's barely enough time to smoke a cigarette, much less pillage the French Quarter. This reserection may not last long, but it will certainly be eventful.

Texas Aliens Take Over the White House

AUSTIN SPACE -- At 12:00 PM on January 20, the giant orbiting ten-gallon hat which has held the country hostage since November penetrated the airspace over Washington DC night and crashed into what is now the White/Burnt Orange House. The stetsonesque spaceship disgorged a crew of longneck-drinking aliens who immediately began drilling for oil on the White House lawn.

The vessel was apparently commanded by a strange alien referred to as "Dubya" or "Your Shrubness". Characterized by vacant eyes and a permanent smirk, this Dubya is actually thought to be a figurehead for

more intelligent life forms. In particular, the ship's second-in-command, addressed as "Big Dick", appeared to be the one giving orders. Also in the command chain was a smaller creature called "Alien Gonzales".

The aliens, who reportedly arrived from a strange world known as "Tex-ass", launched an all-out assault on the White House. After firing smoke bombs filled with the remnants of extra-terrestrial barbecue beans to drive out most of the defenders, the job was finished by Tex-ass rangers wielding lariats and branding irons.

Said a military spokesman, "Billions spent on the Strategic De-

fense Initiative, lawyers and talk show appearances were useless. We needed at least 200 more CHAD missiles." High advisors had warned of CHAD deficiencies for months, but the Jugular Electoral Board (JEB) refused to act.

Investigators from the intrepid Krewe of Underwear have linked JEB to a larger Tex-ass alien conspiracy that has been infiltrating the country for some time. This inter-galactic force has already gained control of Congress, the Supreme Court and Florida.

The alienation at the White House includes ending all women's rights except the right to be cheerleaders; a new "count on your fingers" national vote tallying system; capital punishment for traffic offenses, especially those committed by people with IQs under 85; massive quantities of manure being spread over the nation's capitol; and Tom DeLay.

Comatose Launches The Wrong Stuff

MARTINI MARIETTA – The entire American space project, futurologists and visionaries such as Carl Sagan, Bucky Fuller, Robert Heinlein – even Arthur C. Clarke himself could never have foreseen that which Comatose hath wrought for this depraved new millennium.

As the world slept and worked and counted ballots and looked up towards the heavens, yearning for the day when everyone, everywhere could step out onto the street with a "go cup", the quiet, strong and brave members of the Krewe of Comatose toiled tirelessly in preparation for getting blasted off.

The rigorous training for this top secret mission has included consuming large quantities of liquid propellant; spinning around in giant centrifuges; inhaling deeply at rave parties; and being bombarded with deadly extraterrestrial chads. This exhaustive regimen, combined with poor breeding, the best New Orleans public school educations and serious substance abuse has proven without a doubt that Comatose does indeed possess "The Wrong Stuff".

Recent events across America, particularly those in Florida, have demonstrated that in fact many people are truly Comatose. Therefore, the time has come to reveal the (un)nature of the Comatose mission.

Toiling deep within the bowels of the Martini Marietta space facility and lounge, Comatose has built a rocket more powerful than anything seen before on this planet. Fueled by dimpled chads

and Nader campaign literature, it is capable of launching a lightweight payload to the farthest reaches of the galaxy.

The last stumbling block to the success of this mission was finding a lightweight payload. However, an obvious candidate has emerged: that scion of federal featherheads, George W. Bush. Following the fallacy of his ascension to the presidency, the younger Shrub will soon be catapulted to a distant galaxy. The preliminary landing target for the airhead astronaut is the oil-based planet Marathon.

To protect the fledgling space cadet against the dangers of extra-terrestrial travel and accurate vote tallies, Shrub will be given a magical phallic chainy, as well as a dunce-cap shaped space helmet and an elephantine copilot.

Lift-off is set for the night of Saturday, February 10, at 7:00 PM during the Krewe du Vieux parade. All citizens are urged to be properly fueled and fired up, and reminded to "lick Bush".

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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Seeds of Decline: Lost and Spaced

SOMEWHERE -- The alarm sounded at Mission Uncontrolled. The interstellar carnival den/space station, universal repository of carnival paraphernalia, was orbiting out of control. All these treasures would be lost if the cosmic vessel could not be rescued in time. The future of Mardi Gras itself was in jeopardy.

There was only one solution: call in the Seeds of Decline. It had been many years, many parades and debauches since the krewe had provided the expertise that made it possible to export Mardi Gras to the stars. Now that legacy was in danger and the only krewe with the knowledge to save it were the decayed, debilitated, decrepit, declining Seeds. If they could even remember. Some younger krewes protested: "Speed of light? They can't even go the speed limit on Earth."

Nevertheless, the greybeards and crones of Seeds readied their craft, The Spaceship Oldtimers, stocking up on geritol and viagra. The warranty was expired and parts were unavailable for the ancient ship, but dazed though undaunted, the Seeds hobbled on board and blasted off.

The geriatric pilots wandered the cosmos, lost and spaced. They couldn't find their eyeglasses to navigate or grasp the controls with their arthritic fingers, they forgot where they were going and why, but somehow they located the lost space station and remembered what to do. After completing their mission, saving Carnival, and taking their afternoon nap, they returned to Earth just in time to roll their wheelchairs and push their walkers to display the aged but undying spirit of the Seeds of Decline in the 2001 Krewe du Vieux parade.

C.R.U.D.E. Probes Uranus And Other Dark Places

THE ANAL FRONTIER — Since the first crack of dawn, women and men have been drawn to explore deep, dark places, whether it be a black hole in space, a pothole in the road, or somewhere ... a little closer to home. Following this natural urge to explore, the C.R.U.D.E. brain trust met at its drinktank, and decided to extend an invitation to all interested parties to probe Uranus.

Said a C.R.U.D.E. spokesman, "Come along and relax as we explore Uranus together!"

On the day of the big bang, head astronaut Stanley Hugeprick led the C.R.U.D.E. krewe on board NASSA's newly erected (and longest) space probe ever. The space shuttlecock -- operated by the latest in augmented artificial intelligence, the PHAL 9000 -- lifted off from da nin't ward into the darkness. The krewe, having lived in the dark most of their lives, were unafraid, butt a little tipsy from the pre-launch tail-gate party.

A recently received communication from Commander Hugeprick and Science-Friction Officer Eileen Dover describes the thrust of the mission.

"After completing our pre-ignition bar trek and surviving Close Encounters of the Ninth Ward, we plan to supposit the probe in the core of Uranus, after orbiting it first, just to relax. Later we may open the doors to Uranus, butt just a crack.

"Although this mission may sound easy, there are always the dangers of dinkleberry space debris; klingons and the silent but deadly volcanic flatus gasses. We do have the added protection of

our smaller shuttle probe for surface exploration, which we have affectionately named 2 Moon Junktion.

"Our first two probes to Uranus vibrated upon entry and were eventually sucked into a black hole. We wrectum, butt we are optimistic that the highly skilled C.R.U.D.E. rear guard will haul ass to Uranus. Once we penetrate, we plan to send back a hole wad of asstronomy data.

"The world should be proud -- we've come a long way from the days of warring apemen on the barren surface of Earth. We've sniffed out great opportunities on the warm, dark surface of Uranus."

The voyage to Uranus was not without its controversy. Shortly after C.R.U.D.E. announced its plans to mount the mission, questions arose regarding the probe's dimensions. Once again, the size question had reared its ugly head.

Another problem, according to an assistant aero-naughty-cal engineer who worked in a behind the scenes position on the mission, was debate over the probe's destination. "Researchers who were focused on another planet were very jealous about this -- a clear case of Venus envy. We firmly believe that space travel to anywhere butt Uranus is a mission without a proper end."

Corporate sponsors of the Uranus probe include HairAss Casino, WCKY-FM, EnterGee, and Mike Longman.

Insiders report that one key finding of the mission is that, while men are from Mars and women are from Venus, everyone can explore Uranus.

Spermes Recounts Erection 2000

FLORID-A -- Pubic officials affiliated with the Mystic Krewe of Spermes revealed today that Erection 2000 had the highest sperm count in history. Said one penetrating source intimate with the campaign, "It was enormous. The turnout was tremendous, not to mention tumescent."

The initial sperm count indicated mass confusion. After the climax was reached, the intent of the sperm could not be determined. Some of the sperm seemed to be headed in the right direction, but the results were negative. Said one frustrated observer, "They always start out with good intentions, but ultimately, all that matters is which, um, lever you pull. And in the dark, they're all the same. That's probably how that Chad got pregnant."

Some observers blamed the problem on premature ejaculation of ballots from the box. Others blamed the voters themselves. "You have all these Vulva-driving, condom-minium-living old farts around, and no one thought they could even get it up any more," commented one insider.

Several counties initiated sperm recounts, but these were halted by The Supremes Court, who ordered them to "Stop, in the name of law/Before you count the vote."

Unfulfilled ballot-casters wanted to "do it over until we get it right." It was left to the Erectile College to determine the outcum. Said one penetrating member, "It seems to be a case of electile dysfunction; the sperm headed for the Bush, but the climax was unsatisfying. They would have been better off using the Al-Gore-rhythm method."

CRAPS Reveals Aliens Penetrating Society

BARS OF MARS -- Buried deep beneath the desert surface of the red planet, many Martians happily slake their constant thirst in Mars bars. Until recently, these watering holes featured pool, darts, watching Earth television, and dwarf-tossing. Now, however, things have taken an ominous turn, ever since Earth started bombarding Mars with engineering mistakes we call "robot explorers" and the Martians call "metal hail".

Initially, the always-inebriated Martians enjoyed that cute Pathfinder, and even today a popular bar sport is racing Pathfinder down a ramp (despite the rover's acclaimed success on Earth, even the drunken Martians are ahead 13,013 to 0 in ramp races).

However, things got serious when Earth twice pummeled the omnipresent Martian bars with our NASSA robot landers/crashers. The response on the red planet was to combine dwarf tossing and dart throwing into a game of fish-hurling at Earth. Assisted by their planet's low gravity, Martian barflies toss the long-desiccated, freeze-dried fish of the parched Martian canals at Earth. (A simple nursery rhyme about cows jumping over the moon fooled everyone in Chicago and New York when an earlier drunken Mars bar game of cow-tipping got seriously out of hand.)

As happens with Earth drunks, the once-happy Martian drunks became surly while witnessing our anti-Mars sentiments on televised science fiction movies. Outrage built when they learned that more space probes were planned. With the continued destruction of the Mars bars by terrestrial metal hail,

fish tossing at Earth evolved into a serious project.

Noting Earth's strong anti-Martian sentiments, Martians are testing our detection capabilities before traveling here in large numbers to put an end to the metal hail. They figured the world would never notice a few extra petrified fish, given Earthlings' acceptance of the fish served at places like Arthur Treacher's and Red Lobster.

In a whimsical touch, the Martians decided to retaliate for our destruction of their bars by declaring the bullseye on target Earth to be the French Quarter, home of the highest concentration of bars on the planet.

Having had many close encounters with the bizarre alien fish, the Earthling barflies of the Krewe de C.R.A.P.S. have been trying to alert our fellow citizens to this threat. In bars all over the Quarter we have told countless tourists and journalists of our discovery, but our credibility was shot long before we began telling fish stories.

Our earliest warning came when the Martians sent their gutter punk scouts and converted 1998 Jazzfest into Phishfest. In hindsight, is there anything more self-evident than the fact that Phish fans were not from Earth? More recently, there have been sightings all over New Orleans of UFOs (Unidentified Fish Overhead), craftily colored by the Martians to create complete confusion, and all under the cover of the city's Festival of Sins. As you read this, a virtual Finlandization of traditional fin-de-siecle New Orleans is under way.

Now, C.R.A.P.S. is out to debunk the Space Fallacy that no life exists on Mars. How can you deny these self-evident facts as proof of the veracity of our story:

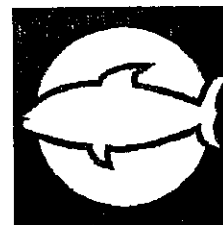
1. Something is fishy when the Supreme Court's scales of justice look to Florida to select a president. The Court's opinion used finesse to avoid accusations of finagling to achieve finality.

2. How could such infamous blowfish as Marc MorayEel and Rub-a-Dubya Shrub, noted for their willingness to take that different "pause that refreshes", get elected when terrestrial Clinton couldn't even inhale?

3. Louisiana was the last state to ban gill nets, and Mickey Finns are still common in the Quarter's strip bars.

4. The Quarter has more weekend biker wannabes (Hell's Angel-fish) than anywhere this side of the governor's mansion, not to mention all the puffer fish with their Phallacies in Phins or up someone else's halibutt.

The truth can now be told: the return of these fish are just the ruse the Martians need to justify an invasion of Earth. This is no innocent "Carp and Redfish Aliens Pursuing Sanctuary". They're coming to get y'all, and we C.A.R.P.S. are going to be their fishth column! Watch us parade with Krewe du Vieux on February 10th, decked out in our Martian fish finery, and eat the poisoned goldfish we're gonna throw at you. Listen closely to our fish cheer, because next time you'll pay attention when C.R.A.P.S. Relates Alien Phish Stories!



Inane President Feted by Space Cadets

THE SPACE BETWEEN THE EARS -- The Mystic Krewe of Inane Space Cadets are thrilled to have one of their own in the White House. Co-captains Scott Mario and Mario Scott rhapsodized in unison, "It's been so long since we've had a truly Inane leader. Any search for intelligent life can skip the White House for the next four years."

The Space Cadets are looking forward to the public pronouncements of the new president, though it will be hard to sink to the level he has already achieved. Who can forget the vacuous statements of his recent campaign:*

On leadership:

"I have a different vision of leadership. A leadership is someone who brings people together."

and

"We don't believe in planners and deciders making the decisions on behalf of Americans."

On trade:

"...more and more of our imports are coming from overseas."

On the environment:

"I know the human being and fish can coexist peacefully." (This may actually be a foreign policy statement.)

On the economy:

"It's clearly a budget. It's got a lot of numbers in it."

And Inane's favorite:

"I am a person who recognizes the [space] fallacy of humans."

In tribute to the new president, Inane presents a sin-chronized group of Space Chad-ettes choreographed by Patricia Harris, who is rumored to be the president's choice for Ambassador to Chad. The Chad-ettes' ranks (and they are rank!) will feature at least one pregnant Chad, along with various hanging, swinging, and the ever-so-cute dimpled Chads. The Inane Space Rockettes are kicking and spreading their legs with delight as they look forward to four years of vacuous, vapid, vain Inanity.

* *all quotes verbatim*

Krewe of Space Age Love Penetrates The Forbidden Planet

LUST IN SPACE -- A feeling of bliss is with The Krewe of Space Age Love as they prepare for what will be a journey to remember to the planet Uranus on The Cock-It-Ship KSAL. The Krewe of 69 is prepared for copulation and elation in what will become the ultimate orgasmic cosmic path in the anals of space travel.

The Space Age Women lay in waiting on The Forbidden Planet with no knowledge of the world beyond Uranus. Little do they know of the Universe it seems, for the experience they have shared with innocence and yearning has

yet to reveal the future that is coming on the KSAL ship of steel.

Our Ass-Tro-Nuts are spurting forth at the speed of light as they experience, for the first time, the Cock-it-Ship's power to rise to the occasion when stroked just right.

The Galaxy offers excitement and fear for our Krewe as they enter the Milky Way, exploring new horizons and flowing upstream in a torrid torrent toward the planet that has forbidden the maidens of Uranus to have any outside contact.

Protection it seems is provided in part by the Robot Trojan standing guard, watching for intruders

that may get by his variety of defenses, ever distrustful of the people that may come to a planet that is ripe for the pricking.

A shower of Ass-Teroids suddenly appears, pelting the ship off course, but our Krewe is experienced and there isn't much to deplete their stamina for the Cock-It-Ship has the one-eye that can steer the course right.

The cyclopean KSAL ship is on target and approaching Uranus; the women are excited by the sight of the ship, for never before have they seen a Cock-It-Ship so large that it can penetrate the Forbidden Planet.

The Space Age Women and the Ass-Tro-Nuts are united as the Planet is penetrated by our explorers of the stars and a new race is created that will go forth and multiply, spreading Space Age Love and doing what comes natural to us all.

Space Race Comes to New Orleans

PARKING SPACE -- An unearthly wail of protest was heard echoing through the streets of the French Quarter. "Where are you going with my spaceship" shouted the unsuspecting alien pilot as the city's tow truck driver lifted the Ford Galaxy Spacecraft and proceeded to the City of N'Orlins automobile pound, another victim of the city's race for space. Space, the unknown, unlimited and unmeasurable frontier. So why in hell should we race there. Fact is, we'd just have to find another parking space when we land.

If you think you got problems parking that SUV, imagine an alien spaceship arriving in N'Orlins. Forget about black holes; wait until they see our potholes. Then they got to deal with parking signs (forget about signs of intelligent life), parking meters (our most prevalent space phalluses), meter maids (ain't nothing lovely about these inanimate beings), and now the boots (and everybody knows boots are made for walking, not immobilizing).

Rue Bourbon offers the following suggestions for parking signage: **No Parking** - Except for Leap Years, Blue Moons, and Total Eclipses of the Moon or Sun; **Freight Zone** - Designated to make room for your FAT ASS; **Spacial Event Parking** - Aliens and Trekkies Only; **Handicapped Parking** - Mentally Impaired and Politicians Only; **Fire Zone** - Park Here only in the Event of a Fire; **Blue Light Special** - Reserved for the Blue Meanines.

According to the Bourbon Knights, parking meters represent the only 2001 Space Phalluses known to keep time. And as for

boots, they recommend these be parked where the sun don't shine.

Said one Bourbon Knight, "You know, meter maids are literally heartless; they stroll around writing tickets as if they have ice water in their veins and liquid nitrogen in their arteries. Thank god, they only carry pencils and ticket books, not batons and pistols."

In a stunning revelation, Bourbon has uncovered the meter maids' secret: they are automatons incapable of human compassion. In response, Bourbon is ordering that henceforth the French Quarter will be patrolled by French Meter Maids to enhance the city's historic charm. Unfortunately, Rue Bourbon can't offer improvement in their prickly performance. But instead of vehicles being lifted off, the maids will blast off as they climax while writing tickets.

So don't park illegally as the Knights of Krewe Rue Bourbon march as Prickly "French Meter Maids", ready to Blast Off, with Parking Tickets in one hand and meter tokens in the other. Get ready 'cause they'll be checking those space phalluses.

This year's hottest toy!
**The Al Gore
Special Edition
Energizer Bunny**
"He keeps counting and
counting and counting ..."
Available exclusively at
Toys R Mondu

City Sinkage Not Caused By Subsidence

A CRACKED HOUSE -- A blue ribbon Krewe du Vieux Investigative Panel and Vote Counting Commission today released the startling results of a lengthy study of subsidence in New Orleans. Despite the beliefs of most citizens, those built-in speedbumps in the roads, crazily tilted sidewalks and lovely cracks in the houses are not caused by the swamp-like land on which those lunatic Frogs founded the city.

Instead, the true cause of subsidence was found to be the massive weight of the Mardi Gras throws stored in nearly every home, office, shed, brothel, and dog house in New Orleans. Due to the massive hoarding of beads, cups, giant toothbrushes, and those plastic tubes that no one is sure what to do with, the entire city may be in imminent danger of sinking completely into the mire.

"If we don't stop filling every available space with beads, we're definitely going down," said Krewe Engineer Fifi LaTour, in what was assumed to be a reference to the threat of further sinkage. "I personally pledge to never show my tits on Bourbon Street again."

Backing up its ongoing commitment to making New Orleans a better place, the Krewe du Vieux immediately proclaimed that it would not throw beads during its 2001 parade, scheduled for February 10 at 7:00 PM. Krewe Captain KGCT announced that instead, the satirical Krewe would be handing out wooden doubloons that could be redeemed later for sexual favors. "Besides," noted the satirical Captain, "the money for the beads will be much better spent on interns' salaries."

Pan Protests Termite Termination

ROACH MOTEL -- Members of a world famous secret organization know by the code name PAN (people are nothin) have been arrested harassing Orkin exterminators all over the New Orleans area. "What are you idiots doin?" barked Pan's captain as he was tucked deftly into an elegantly decayed patrol car. "I was only tryin to stop that lunatic from killing any more helpless termites."

After many rejections by PETA, explained Pan, "we decided to do something about this on our own". Many Pan followers have been spotted sewing sails for their boats out of tarps stolen from uptown homes undergoing fumigation.

"Look, it's real simple", explained the perpetually adolescent naughty ones to the uninterested police officer. "We and da gangs been studyin Darwin and stuff. Da termites are part of da nature. We don't need no Oaks in da Park during Christmas. If you was too stupid to build out a wood and not stone, dat's your problema!"

As part of a desperate attempt to rally support the group is trying to parade in a world famous event in downtown New Orleans. With oak tree limbs in hangman's nooses and "Pave the Whole F-kin City" tee-shirts, the group is sure to gain members.

Today's Harrahscope

A large business that is sucking the city dry seems doomed, but is saved by the most pro-gambling governer in the history of Louisiana. The moon in Uranus means keep your wallet in your pocket.

At the Movies:

Star Whores

Long, long ago, in a brothel far, far down Decatur Street, Princess Lay-Ya Orgasma opened the first Drips & Discharges Motel for wayward Sand Ladies who had no other place to go once their droids left to explore unchartered saloons and fight the Clone Wars. With the help of OB/GYN Can-OB, she made sure that her "ladies" were able to give (and get) the best care - anywhere.

Sand Ladies (AKA Tufskin 'hoes) are easily intoxicated by sugar water and are most dangerous during their adolescent years, when they must survive rigorous rites of passage, such as hunting drunks and nomads, to become accomplished 'hoes. Many Tufskin 'hoe clans of 20 to 30 individuals return annually to the streets of New Orleans to dance and sing their way into the hearts of revelers during the prosperous Mardi Gras season.

Since the end of the Clone Wars and the rise of the Imperial Krewe du Vieux, the Tufskins have lived in a Big Easy, and frequently scattered, peace with the Drips & Discharges moisture farmers, who provide libations & lubrications to Princess Lay-Ya's hotel guests. They invade parade settlements from time to time, using their traditional weapons: garter belts, tassels, and G-strings. While there are those within the colony of the Big Sleazy who despise the Tufskin's power, no one seems to be able to quench their thirst for the Dark Invader, who visits annually!

Standing eight feet long and dressed in flowing black robes and body amour, the Dark Invader is a taunting symbol of the Emperor K-Doe's doctrine of "rule through music and merriment". With the

Emperor's favor, Invader has risen through the Imperial Krewe du Vieux Ranks to become an awesome and recognized commander of the revelry of Mardi Gras - and now one of the most highly placed individuals in the Drips & Discharges Klan.

In addition to parade-goers, the Emperor maintains a number of units specialized for various parade environments and missions of merriment along the parade route. Encased in Mardi Gras beads and trinkets, these Imperial Parade Troopers neutralize resistance to the Emperor's revelry. Used as first-strike forces, they cannot be bribed or blackmailed into submission. Parade Troopers live in a totally undisciplined environment and are party animals to the core.

Behold - fresh off the moisture farm comes Luke Streetwalker to the Big Sleazy for the 2001 Mardi Gras season, shooting pimp rats with good friends such as Chewon-Me and Hands Solo. Mardi Gras brings the affairs of the Emperor's Revelry to young Streetwalker's stoop in the form of two droids, CmeP0 and 24-2P2. Thus starts an adventure that takes Luke on a mission to save the wayward ladies from this all-consuming and controlling Force known as Dark Invader. His commitment to the lighter side of the Force is tested at every bar and stoop of the French Quarter.

This year's Krewe du Vieux provides the perfect backdrop for the Emperor K-Doe's unconsciousness missions, and the French Quarter is the perfect location to scout enemy Rebel Agents who would like to bring Mardi Gras to the Outland Regions. Beware and take your parade stations, as the Drips & Discharges' Star Whores make their way through the streets to insure that Mardi Gras is invincible, and the Rebellion is doomed!

More Movies:

Jieux In Space: Episode XVIII, Return of the Cohenheads

SPACE . . .

Oy! Such a frontier.
These are the wanderings of the
Jieuxish Mothership Yentaprise.
Its five year tradition:
To kibbitz on strange new worlds;
To seek out new life forms and
sell to them retail;
To boldly schlep where no goy
has schlepped before!

Captain's log:
Star of David Date 5761.33:
Captain G. Genghis Cohenhead
recording:

Guilt Speed Ahead. Here's the
story so far. Thirty-three centuries
ago, a small expedition of us Co-
henheads from Jieuxpiter scht-
ettled on Earth to consume mass
quantities of Manishevitz, to
kvetch, and to run your planet
from behind the scenes. Oy! Was
it nice back then. Aye yi yie the
good ol' days these were. Anyway!
So, these centuries pass by sooner
than you think, and what do you
know, just before the dawn of the
third goy millennium, Darth
Nader futzes with our nice little
Jieuxish Cohenspiracy. Anyway!
Here's what you don't know about
the story so far.

Looming above the Jieux Carre
deep inside the Drek Star, The
Jieuxish American Princess is be-
ing held hostage by this drunk
schlemiel, Dubbya the Hut. Oy!
What Chutzpah this Goy. He re-
wired Princess Adama's droids,
R2DJieux and 3CPAs, and sent
them to The Palm Beach Bubbes
Bridge Club and Very Nice Re-

tirement Center, with a not so
very nice message. The not so very
nice message said, "if you old
Jieuxish Yentas don't vote for
Buchanan, the Princess here does
all the ship's dishes!"

Well, need I say more? It looks
like Everyone is going to get
burned by the Bush. What I mean
to say is that we've had better
days. So this is what we decided to
do. The Chosen Krewe got to-
gether, beamed in some Chinese
Food and kvetched. Oy! did we
kvetch. We kvetched so much we
decided to go home to Jieuxpiter,
get King David, fine tune our
Jieuxdi mind tricks with Little
Rabbi Yoda, and save the Jieuxish
American Princess.

So we get home to Jieuxpiter
and what do we find bageling
around our planet but this Giant
Matzolith. All we knew about the
Giant Matzolith is that it was just
as dry and lacked exactly the same
flavor as matzoh back on earth, it
was just bigger. Much bigger. Any-
way! Science Officer Schlock took
a pod down to the Matzolith
surface and came back with the
lost scroll of Gadol, a few thou-
sand absentee ballots, and one hell
of a Jieuxdi mind-ache. He lost all
touch with logic and started moon-
ing Jieuxpiter. It was so bad, the
ship's Wrich Doctor, Oy'm'achin'
Bones had to order him to the
"I've felt better" bay.

Anyway! So this here is our
schtick. We are coming back to
Earth to save the Jieuxish Ameri-
can Princess Adama from Darth
Nader and Dubbya the Hutt, bring
the Lost Scroll of Gadol to reunite
the Cohenheads, and use the ab-
sentee ballots to rectify the final
recount and fulfill the Jieuxish
Cohenspiracy. So!

Be there when the Yentaprise
lands in the Jieux Carre to defeat
the Drek Star. Become a Jieuxdi
and Learn to use the Schmaltz

with little Rabbi Yoda and Luke
Skyschlepper. Get a Jieux-Doo
potion from Oy'M'achin' Bones.
Buy a bagel blaster from Space
Cowboy Billy the Yid or his trusty
Compadre Jieuxbaca.

And until then, May the
Schmaltz Be With You and like
Schlock always says, "Live long
and nosh a bisel. . . you look
thin."

Bush Announces New Cabinet

Filling a campaign promise to
include integral diversity in his
administration, President-Elect W
has named a wide assortment of
characters to top White House
posts. Among the nominees are:

Lex Luther: Chief of Staff
Darth Vader: Secretary of State
Ming the Merciless: Secretary
of Health & Human Services
Auriel Goldfinger: Secretary of
the Treasury
Magneto: Secretary of Energy
King Kong: Sec. of Defense
Jabba the Hut: Secretary of
Commerce
Gort: Sec. of Transportation
Ernest Stavro Blofeld: Secre-
tary of the Interior
Big Brother: head of the FCC
Godzilla: Attorney General
Dr. Strangelove: head of the
National Science Foundation
HAL: NASA Administrator
Mothra: Director of the FAA
Baron Harkonen: Ambassador
to the United Nations

It was also announced that the
Borg would assimilate Congress.
Resistance is futile.

Speaking haltingly and chuckling
imbecilically, the (god help us)
soon to be president said, "Re-
gardless of their politics, these
individuals all have good hearts.
At least the ones that have hearts.
But not Dick Cheney. His heart is
not good."

And Still More Movies: **Space Invaders: The Uptowners Strike Back**

Long, long ago, in a southern city far, far away

Rebel forces led by Princess Dorothy Mae Not overthrew the Uptown Empire. The final destruction of the Uptowners was inflicted by the Mardi Gras Anti-Discrimination Ordinance ("MGADO"), a powerful weapon that was personally crafted by Princess Dorothy Mae. As a result of the adoption of the MGADO by the Ruling Council, the reign of the Uptown Empire, once led by its powerful gods Momus, Comus and Proteus, was brought to an end.

Thereafter, the City enjoyed an unparalleled time of peace, prosperity and cultural diversity. To the amazement of the populace, Rex and Zulu even shared Lundi Gras billing as equals.

However, the Uptown Empire was not dead, merely in hiding. Now, a new generation of Uptowners has risen up and seeks to reclaim the streets of the City for an ethnically cleansed celebration.

The advance guard of the resurgent Uptown Empire is a secret organization known as the Knights of Chaos. This organization is reputedly composed of former lieutenants of the Comus Imperial Guard. The young Knights have mastered the use of the "Patently False Affidavit", which has been developed as an effective defense against the powerful MGADO. Using this new weapon, the Knights plan to retake the traditional uptown route that they believe to be their natural birthright.

The Knights of Chaos have already proven that they are a formidable force. In securing permission to parade on Thursday night before Mardi Gras, they

have crushed the spirited opposition of the Bards of Bohemia, a wandering band of Carnival nomads whose existence was perceived to be a threat to the Knights of Chaos.

Now, the Knights of Chaos have set their sights upon a new and much more difficult goal -- earning the respect of the City. In order to do so, the Knights seek to distance themselves from their forefathers, who have marched wearing hoods and masks for centuries. They recognize that their parade would have little chance of obtaining regulatory approval if their affiliation with the gods of old were publicly known.

In order to disguise their true origin, the Knights have usurped the honored name of the Krewe of K.A.O.S., a sub-krewe of the Krewe du Vieux, which has a reputation for the very social inclusion rejected by the old gods. (The Krewe of K.A.O.S. even admits female acolytes into their number, which is considered heresy by the Knights of Chaos.) Its leader is the Emir of K.A.O.S., a wise and powerful despot who makes great use of the advice of his Kouncil of Advisors and the ministrations of his Royal Consort.

The Krewe of K.A.O.S. rightfully views itself as one of the true keepers of New Orleans carnival spirit. For many years, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. has been a vital part of Krewe du Vieux and a very public participant in the carnival spectacle. In that time, K.A.O.S. has developed a reputation for political and social satire, a unique *joie de vivre* and an occasional lack of good taste.

For years, unfounded rumors have circulated about the meaning of the K.A.O.S. name. True disciples know that K.A.O.S. has meaning on many levels, most of which can be fully appreciated only by those who have committed themselves to follow the enlightened path set forth by the Emir.

For the first time, it is revealed

that K.A.O.S. is an acronym for the "Kommittee for the Aggravation of Organized Society". K.A.O.S. has acquired information that leads its members to conclude that the Knights of Chaos are the agents of organized society, possibly even polite society. As such, these so-called knights are the sworn enemy of K.A.O.S.

Thus, the carnival stage is set for another epic saga in the eternal struggle between good and evil. Although they lack the money, social standing and political connections of the Knights of Chaos, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. enjoys one significant tactical advantage: they parade first!

The Krewe of K.A.O.S. will use this opportunity to demonstrate to the public the nature of the threat posed by the invading Knights of Chaos. They will expose the Knights of Chaos for the "Space Invaders" that they are. The fierce warriors of K.A.O.S. are committed to waging a jihad against the usurpers of the K.A.O.S. name.

The struggle for the K.A.O.S. name will not end on the night of the Krewe du Vieux parade. In the first of what will no doubt be many sequels, more radical elements of K.A.O.S. have vowed to assault the Knights of Chaos head-on, to "make their single malt scotch drinking, stock quote observing, Antoine's eating, Mercedes driving existence a living hell." Rumors abound that these radical K.A.O.S. members are planning to prevent the Knights of Chaos from achieving the "official" recognition they seek at the Gallier Temple on the night of the Chaos parade. These K.A.O.S. warriors plan to prevent the Mayor from toasting the royalty of this upstart organization.

Whether on the night of the Krewe du Vieux parade, or at the barricades in front of Gallier Temple, the members of K.A.O.S. will prove, once and for all, that "K.A.O.S. rules".