

The Krewe du Vieux Presents

Le Monde de Merde



Vol. 15, No. 1

February 11, 2006

Priceless

PURPLEPROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE
LUST FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Says "C'est Levee"

Oh Yesss!!! Walter Williams to Help Levee-tate Parade

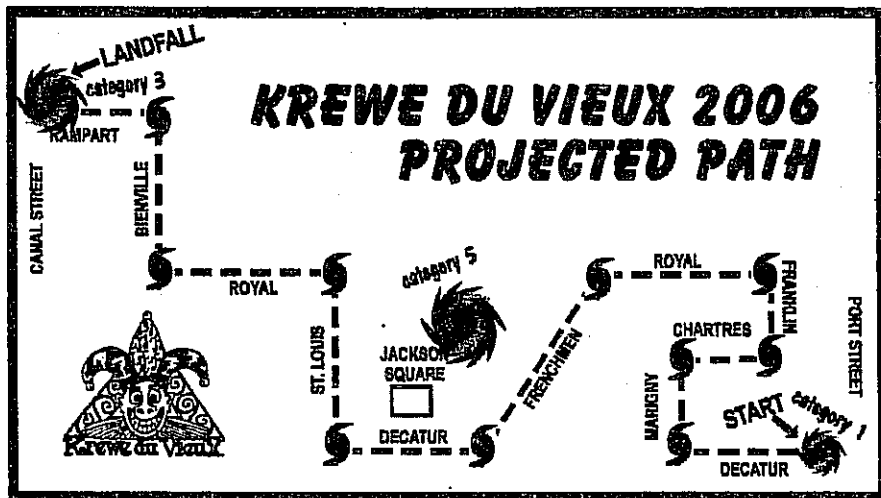
NAWLINS-BY-THE-SEA — We've learned a lot this past year. We've learned new meanings for "open house" and "waterfront property". We've learned that there are nine different types of mold and they all smell worse than a Congressional appropriations committee. We've learned that sometimes you can't help but sleep on the wet spot. We've learned that FEMA's just another word for nothing left to lose. And all because the Army Corps of Engineers doesn't know the London Avenue dike from a Bourbon Street dyke.

Now the highest spot in town is the Lakeview Alps. The Superdome turns out to have a semi-retractable roof. MR GO is hopefully MR GONE for good; too bad he took Chalmette and the Ninth Ward with him. And if you're looking for leadership in the middle of this mess, well, happy hunting — just remember to vote whenever we finally get around to having an election.

Faced with this rising tide of disaster, in true New Orleans fashion Krewe du Vieux says, "C'est Levee". Life's a breach, and sometimes you just gotta go with the contraflow. So pop a cold one (pop a looter too if you have to), torch the nearest mound of trash and roast some weenies, and pretend that convoy of National Guard hummers rolling by is just another parade.

Speaking of parades, Krewe du Vieux will storm the city on Saturday, February 11, at 7:00 PM, surging through Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter with an unusual mix of floats, FEMA trailers, brass bands, army brass, brassy broads, and brass balls.

Leading the soggy celebration will be New Orleans environmentalist and comedian Walter Williams, creator of "Mr. Bill" of Saturday Night Live fame. As Mr. Bill knows much more about flood protection than Mr. Bush or Mr. Brown, the Krewe considers its 2006 king a true wet dream. King Walter, himself a man of many breaches, will help the Krewe keep its finger in a dyke.



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 11, 2006 at 7:00 PM

As they swim, splash, paddle and piddle their way through the Quarter on their way to the 2006 Krewe du Vieux Doo, the evacuees, ejaculators, speculators, snorkelers, scuba divers, dumpster divers, muff divers, divas and deviates of the Krewe will spill out of their breaches, breach all etiquette, have sex in the breach, breach for the stars, and prove that they are truly canal retentive. Spectators are advised to smoke some good mold, stake out the high ground, and beware of the Army Corps.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen subkrewes will each present their own free-flowing, tree-floating, muckraking, trash-talking, trash-burning, Bush-burning, FEMA-gated interpretations of the theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S. Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe of PAN, Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of Inane, and Krewe du Mishigas.

Also marching will be many of the city's top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently waiting for a FEMA trailer or being rejected by insurance company maladjustors.

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 11 • 9:00 PM
 State Palace Theater
 featuring
Ivan Neville's Dumpstaphunk
 ♦♦♦
late night special!
Juice
 with special guests
 ♦♦♦
opening act
The Claim Jumpers
 featuring Mike Hood and Michael Sitar
 with special guest Coco Robicheaux
 Ticket information on page 3

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

King Clarineticus Gets It ALL On Film

When you're born and raised with the specter of the big one hanging over you, you learn how to handle disaster. Even getting torn limb from limb becomes routine.

You just pick up the pieces and move on. Do it well enough, and you get to be King.

If there is a single metaphor for the disaster that has befallen New Orleans as well as our ability to rise back up from the mud, it might be the great Mr. Bill of "Saturday Night Live" and coastal restoration fame. We may scream "ohhh, noooooo!!!" from here to Bayou Adrinque – but once our limbs come back together and the hangover wears off, we're here to fight another day.

Who more fitting, then, to be King of Krewe du Vieux 2006 than Walter Williams: New Orleans native, champion of our coast, and creator of Mr. Bill.

King Walter actually found the inspiration for Mr. Bill in childhood, having been "hooked on the smell of Playdoh from an early age." The earliest Mr. Bill sagas were not exactly Cecil B. Demille productions, filmed on Super 8 with an average budget of \$10 – including beer money.

Nonetheless, our cameraman King sent a roll of Mr. Bill and other tasteful examples of his sensitive and moving style up to SNL producer Lorne Michaels. The submission reached Mr. Michaels on one of those rare nights when the stars and the drugs were aligned perfectly – and the next thing the King knew, Mr. Bill was going nationwide the next Saturday night.

Well, not *exactly* nationwide. It was Carnival Time in New Orleans – and Channel 6 was preempting SNL to show the Endymion parade. King Walter had to watch the broadcast in a back studio at the station – and to this day, there are friends of his who swear this whole thing is just another Mardi Gras fantasy.

The rest of us know better. Mr. Bill became the most popular character in SNL history, appearing on 28 different episodes, more even than the Coneheads. King Walter actually tracked a slower path to stardom than his creation, as having Mr. Bill on SNL – while worth its weight in gold in terms of exposure – was not exactly a *paying* gig. Living in New York in a prostitute hotel with a shared bathroom, selling stale popcorn as a day job, and pricing refrigerator boxes as a possible next abode, our multi-talented monarch was one step above homelessness when he finally got an actual paying contract with NBC, ultimately becoming a staff writer for SNL at its absolute hayday.

"It was a very exciting time," King Walter dimly recalls. "The cast was great. I might wish I had taken the time to have a little more fun, but I really wanted to take advantage of the opportunity."

Krewe du Vieux promises to help our royal writer make up for at least a little lost time on parade night.

After SNL's fifth season, producer Michaels, much of the cast, Mr. Bill, and King Walter all left. Resisting the temptation to just maximally cash in on his character, our King turned down offers to have his Playdoh Prince appear on slot machines, car commercials (those crash test dummies are but a pale imitation) and the body parts of various exotic dancers.

While still a man with a unique sense of humor, King Walter ultimately turned his talents to more serious topics. A chance encounter from which our curious King gleaned the information that Lake Pontchartrain was not even as old as the pyramids (which, by the way, were NOT built by the Army Corps of Engineers) led him to produce an exceptional documentary on the natural history of our soggy southeast Louisiana region.

In turn, this led to a strong interest in the wetlands. In support of restoring our coast, King Walter has donated not just the Mr. Bill character, but also an enormous amount of his own time to produce television spots and generally do everything he could to promote awareness of this problem.

Even though Ms. Katrina played Mr. Hand with our city, King Walter remains committed to fixing the problems and helping New Orleans to rise again. Residing in the French Quarter, he is currently working on a project filming residents from various parts of town as they return, creating a powerful and deeply moving series of mini-documentaries.

Though thoughtful at first of the hurricane's victims, King Walter realized that many Krewe du Vieuxers had lost their own homes, and that the parade itself could help send a message to America. Ruling as "King Clarineticus" after an unfortunate childhood accident, the merry monarch's own message to his loyal subjects is "self-medicate – and watch out for throws, because I will unload!"

After the long, damp, musty nightmare of Katrina, Walter Williams is a Krewe du Vieux wet dream – so let's all achieve mutual climax in welcoming him as our King for 2006!

Wandering Jieuxs Land On Mt. Smellarat

BETWEEN IRAQ AND A HARD PLACE — Like so many of their fellow New Orleanians, the members of the Krewe du Jieux found themselves inundated by the flood – it just had a little more *déjà vu* for them.

Some members were able to book a nice room with a window and just the most precious cabin boy on NOLA's Ark and evacuated the city safely. After so much shuffleboard they all had to see the doctor about the pain in their shoulders, they safely made land on Mt. Ararat.

However, another group of Jieuxs was distracted by an intense debate over the Talmudic implications of contraflow, and can you believe it? They missed the boat! Forced into bagel-shaped rafts, they remained adrift for days and daze in a haze of Manischewitz wine and matzoh balls. Finally, they made land in a separate realm far from their brethren: Mt. Smellarat.

Once the waters receded and New Orleans was again declared kosher, the first group returned. They caught cabs into the city, paying the drivers with FEMA vouchers, and called their mothers. They then turned to their next most important task: rebuilding New Orleans one parade at a time. They began preparing for the Krewe du Vieux parade.

Back on Mt. Smellarat, you know, well, it was a little different. Those vapors will do things to you! And while there was no end to the kvetching, the truth was a new direction beckoned them like aged gefilte fish. They had to follow their noses. And so they bid Krewe du Vieux farewell.

Desirous of retaining their Jieuxish heritage, they successfully petitioned the Almighty Mother Krewe to retain the name "Krewe du Jieux". Among the wandering Jieuxs, some have even wandered into this year's parade, establishing small enclaves in other subkrewes.

This left the parading patriarchs to anoint their band with a new name. After consulting the sacred texts, and smoking a few of them, they declared themselves the "Krewe du Mishigas", and are formally welcomed into the 2006 Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, February 11 at 7:00 PM.

And if you ask me, they're all crazy!

Comatose Corps Cleans Up After The Big Spill

IN THE BREACH — The Army Corps of Engineers has been under intense scrutiny ever since hurricanes Katrina and Rita dealt a double punch to this mysterious, musical city. However, investigations of the Corps are proving difficult to pursue, since they kept all their records on toilet paper in the basement of their Lakeview headquarters.

Certain Corps practices have nevertheless been exposed. Levee inspections were so streamlined that all 101 miles of the system could be scrutinized in a mere five hours. Complaints about wet spots and leaks were handled by grass cutters who learned how to mow carefully around them. Other issues were put into a magic eight-ball that told the Corps what other agencies and contractors to blame.

Since the Corps is not legally liable for anything it does, it is freed from constraints of time, gravity and quality control. However, Corps experts do consult regularly with the "little people" who live inside the levees: fairies and elves. Now Corps officials are blaming these pixie consultants for not warning about the coming of The Big Spill.

Others take a different view. Geologists, hydrologists, St. Bernard scientists and Ninth Ward engineers have produced any number of theories about what caused the levees to fail: whackos with dynamite, white supremacists on barges, greedy developers wanting waterfront property, hungry Mexicans looking for construction jobs, and God's punishment for not partying hard enough are but a few of their suspicions. The one thing they all agree on is that the tragedy was worsened by years of subsidence caused by excessive quantities of beads and doubloons in everyone's attics.

Soil analysis has revealed that spongy layers of old Mardi Gras costumes and Popeye's chicken bones were the only layers of the levees that the nutria refused to eat, leaving the floodwalls as resistant as a soggy Zapp's potato chip in the face of heavy rain.

Even worse, it has been discovered that the original contract for the design and construction of the levees went through so many subcontractors that the system was actually built by Boudreaux Brothers, later famed for the development of their world-renowned Butt Paste. The good old boys at this firm never saw the original specifica-

tions, and their shop was only 17 feet long anyway, so they could not have built longer pilings even if they had wanted to.

Faced with a rising tide of negative publicity in light of these revelations, the Army Corps has turned to its elite inner circle of experts who really run the show: The Comatose Corps of Engineers. Rumors of the existence of this shadowy group have floated around the Netherlands for years, primarily in Needle Park and the Heineken Brewery.

Further investigation has indicated that while The Big Spill was the responsibility of the Army Corps, the response was orchestrated by the Comatose Corps. Following the CC's advice, disaster planners quickly sent drainage pump operators out of the city. The New Orleans police were put on Ecstasy as soon as possible, allowing them to stay on "high alert". Many Cadillac Escalades were commandeered from the Sewall showroom and driven heroically into the breach of the collapsing levees in a doomed attempt to halt the flood-

ing.

While some may question the wisdom of these and other Comatose maneuvers, a Comatose Corps spokesperson pointed out that it takes many kegs of Heineken and years of procreation with tall, blonde Dutch dykes to achieve this level of expertise.

In the aftermath of this disaster, the people of Louisiana and Mississippi now beckon the upper 48 to do the right thing. Provide trailers with pontoons until the real Dutch engineers show up. Build a chain of coastal barrier islands with the trillion cubic miles of trash the storms have created. Use all the flooded vehicles to train for terrorist car bomb attacks.

Coupled with this plea is a threat to secede if Congress fails to understand the value of the Gulf Coast and keeps on giving tax breaks to the rich instead of fixing what the federal government broke in the first place. The oil, gas and gumbo that the rest of the nation consumes in mass quantities will never leave our borders. The South — and the levees — will rise again!

Home Is Where the Tarp Is

MOLD GENTILLY ROAD — Be it ever so humble — or moldy, mildewed, ravaged, ruined, flooded, and devastated — many New Orleanians feel there is no place like home.

New Orleans has always been the most unique city in the United States, and now it is more so than ever. For example, blues have always wailed from the streets of the Crescent City; now satellite photos reveal that ever since Katrina blew through, the blues have risen to the rooftops of buildings throughout the ravaged town. There are blues at the St. James Infirmary — and blues by yo mama's house too.

The Krewe of Mama Roux is addressing the problem of universal blues in uniquely New Orleans fashion: by having a parade. The Krewe was able to get a special discount in blue canvas costumes from a FEMA sub-sub-sub-sub contractor for a mere \$985 per yard. And people around the country are worried about wasting tax dollars due to corruption in New Orleans! Officials here are rank amateurs compared to the bureaucrats and politicians in Washington.

Presiding over Mama Roux this year will be King William Blieux II, ascending to the Tarped Throne in his illustrious Elen Retinue. Proficient in both French and Yat, his majesty delicately sniffed the perfumed air and proclaimed, "Eau de Mold! Oh dat Mold!"

Yes, in addition to blue, black is the "in" color in New Orleans this year. Who knew there were so many types of mold — and shades of black. The mold decided to take all our red doors and paint them black; yet plucky New Orleanians have fought back the only way they know how. Using large quantities of alcohol as an internal disinfectant, scraping off the mold and smoking it, people here are doing everything they can to drown the blues.

Why? Because no matter how long the blues plan to stay (and it looks like quite a while), this is still home. The roofs may be gone, but the people are staying. Home is where the tarp is — way down yonder in New Orleans.

Krewe du Vieux Doo
SATURDAY FEBRUARY 11 7:30-9:00 PM
STATE PALACE THEATER

TICKETS \$20
Available from
Louisiana Music Factory
210 Decatur Street
Miss Claudia's Vintage
Clothing & Costumes
4204 Magazine Street
Up in Smoke
4507 Magazine Street

K.A.O.S. Rules FEMA

CONFUSED STATE — The Krewe of K.A.O.S. is on high alert. As its own emergency management response, K.A.O.S. has proclaimed a radical departure from 15 years of solemn tradition. The Emir of K.A.O.S. is pleased to announce the appointment of the first ever Grand Marshall of K.A.O.S., scheduled to appear in the 2006 Krewe du Vieux parade.

As part of the Grand Marshall Plan, the members of K.A.O.S. will roll up their sleeves and pay tribute to an organization and individual that embody the true spirit of K.A.O.S. — FEMA and its former Director Michael D. Brown, Esq.

Some presidents have inspired Americans for generations to come with their words: "Ask not what your country can do for you..."; "Fourscore and seven years ago..."; "We have nothing to fear but FEMA itself...".

Likewise, "Brownie, you're doing a heckuva job" are words that will define a president for all time. Indeed, these words will resonate throughout the Gulf Coast for many years to come.

Brownie, we all now see and agree: you did one heckuva job!

In the face of the calamity that was Katrina, Brownie distinguished himself by his steadfast grace under pressure. The Oklahoma-born former equestrian czar showed the world his new New Orleans

spirit by proving to be the kind of man who can go home, walk the dog, hug the wife, eat a burrito, drink a stiff margarita, get a full night's sleep and then get right back in that FEMA saddle. The hardships that this hero endured should inspire us all.

The job done on them by Brownie is one that the citizens of New Orleans, both near and far, will never forget. Even today, Brownie is never far from their thoughts...or their nightmares...or their twisted, violent fantasies.

As the final word on this Emergency Response Appointment, any mention of Brownie's past requires due consideration of his inglorious future. Just months ago, Brownie launched a new career in the private sector, a well-deserved reward for his few, pathetic years as a public servant.

The new firm launched by Brownie offers consulting services for disasters. And who is more of a disastrous expert than this former FEMA Director? After seeking advice and receiving two days of very intensive training in sexual harassment from his upstart Colorado-based readiness consulting firm, the public can finally feel safe now that K.A.O.S. rules FEMA.

To a man whose wife, children and grandchild still love him, whose parents are still proud of him, and who has inspired countless evacuees to stop blaming others for their problems and accept personal respon-

sibility for being poor, disenfranchised, and not heeding mandatory evacuation warnings, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. says:

All Hail Michael D. Brown, 2006 Grand Marshall of K.A.O.S.!

In recognition of the role that K.A.O.S. played in FEMA's hurricane response, members of the Krewe of K.A.O.S. have been appointed official FEMA Carnival Adjusters. Their role is to make certain that Krewe du Vieux has all of the items necessary to stage its annual parade. Unfortunately, due to the unprecedented and unanticipated demand for throws, beads, doubloons, trinkets, float decorations, condoms, beer, and recreational drugs, delivery of some of these items may be delayed.

Please rest assured that every effort is being made by levels and sublevels of contractors and subcontractors to deliver these necessary items as soon as possible for the best price possible. (Believing promises of a trailer ghetto, Jieux that have wandered into K.A.O.S. will make sure that this best price will not excite the attentions of a grand jury, and will provide temporary "Fiddler on the Blicux Roof Matz-o-Shingles" for the asbestosly impaired).

The FEMA Carnival Adjusters of The Krewe of K.A.O.S. feel well prepared to be of no help at all, and look forward to servicing you.

Federal Emergency Mardi Gras Agency Application for Carnival Throw

Name _____ Telephone _____

Address _____ Social Security Number _____

Type of Carnival Throw Desired

(Select only one. A separate application must be completed for each throw desired.)

- Beads (specify length, millimeter and color): _____
- Doubloon Spear Plastic Rose Pentize Cup

Entitlement to Throw

- Yelled "Hey mister, throw me something" as parade passed.
- Someone in my family know(s) _____ on float # _____ Specify rider position including number and neutral ground or sidewalk side.
- Displayed body part in exchange for carnival throw. Please describe body part in complete detail: _____
Submission of photos or sketches of body parts are encouraged.

FEMA recognizes the importance of throws to your Carnival enjoyment. Every effort will be made to ensure delivery of the throw selected by you in time for this year's Fourth of July celebration. However, delivery by that date is not guaranteed.

K.A.O.S. RULES

Chris Nose

Public Futilities Get Goofy

As entertainment reporter for this august fishwrap, I recently had the pleasure of interviewing that New Orleans personality, none other than Goofy Guy from the world famous Krewe du Vieux. The conversation took place in the Krewe's home, the Den of Musca.

Chris Nose: So tell me Mr. Goofy, where did you go when you evacuated? And when did you get back?

Goofy Guy: After a six week exile in lovely downtown Podunk, a dry county with lousy food, I came back in early October.

CN: And when you came back, how were things at the Den? Did you have power or any other utilities?

GG: It took me no time to realize that nothing worked! We had to get the Futilities. I grabbed that Magnabux cell phone that cost me two fingers and a testicle from Cinguverizonaire (Can Anybody Hear Me Ever?), and first on my list was Southern Bell. This is what I got, here, I taped the phone call:

"(Ring, ring) Welcome to Southern Bell, where we'll just think about all your problems tomorrow. If you are calling about one of our special promotions, dial the Justice Department. If you want service restored, we are working on it...after all, tomorrow is another day, and another day, and another day... If you need to speak with a represen-

tative, you do not have enough battery power or daylight for that to happen. Please visit our business offices either in the 17th St Canal, or our convenient location under the barge in the lower 9th Ward. Thank you for calling Southern Bell. We put the FU in FUtilities, and remember, in this time of tragedy and disaster, we are bending over backwards to ensure that our stockholders get their quarterly dividend check."

CN: So how did you do with the electric company?

GG: Ah, Entropy - I recorded them as well:

"(Ring, ring) Thank you for calling Entropy - we have the power and you don't. For immediate service, please punch in your 57 digit account number. We are sorry if you are in the dark and cannot read the tiny print on your bill, as opposed to that large, bold-face number at the bottom. While also 57 digits, that is not your account number, but the estimate of what you owe for the six weeks that you didn't have power. We can do that, because we are the FUtilities! If you have no gas, do realize that our bogus excuse is that one of our workers peed in the gas line, and now there is water in it. A helpful suggestion exists in your MRE: those white pieces of gum are actually laxatives to counteract the binding effects of the MRE. We suggest that you chew a three

day supply of these at once, get a trumpet mouthpiece (if there are still any musicians left in town), insert it in your rectum, and very soon you will have gas."

CN: That would explain the, uh, aroma in here. Well, I see you have a light on now.

GG: Lucky we have the generator here. By then I needed a break, so I connected the cable to the TV, fired up the generator, and got ready to watch "Sex and the City" - but NO! There were only two channels, and both of them had Margaret Orr telling me how hot it is going to be tomorrow, and how to make an MRE soufflé. So I tried calling Cocks Cable. They promised to be out by the end of the week.

CN: Did they come?

GG: Turns out they meant the week of September 19, 2007.

CN: Don't you feel a bit put out about all of this?

GG: We can't worry about the FUtilities. It's a good thing that FEMA don't work like them, or we would really be in trouble.

CN: Thank You Goofy, and welcome back to town. We trust that we will see parading through the Vieux Carre on February 11.

GG: You bet, Chris. But you better watch out: while you can't find anybody from the FUtilities, I heard that there are a lot of FEMAle impersonators running around all over town!

Gossip Column

Give Me That Mold Time Religion

In a not-so-fond farewell to Katrina, the Krewe of Space Age Love and its Ninth Ward Swim Team, National Guard Hooters, Honduran Flambeaux, Bobcat Boogiemens, Religious Thong and Gentilly Fungi Gospel Choir have released their list of The Space Age Love Mold-on-the-Brain Top Nine:

Kathleen Blanco - Not much to say, a deer in headlights would be Mensa material compared to Louisiana's version of Lost in Space. She has mandated that all FEMA trailer sites must have a hair and nail salon.

FEMA - Incompetent, unable to perform under stress. Diagnosed by the Space Age Love Ninth Ward Swim Team as hopelessly impotent.

Tom "San Antonio" Benson - Hey Tom, your life wasn't in danger in Baton Rouge, that was the LSU football team practicing for the end of their bowl game. That puffy hair is really the most severe form of mold

on the brain and is irreversible.

Army Corp of Engineers - Need a Bobcat to clean your streets, call the Corps. Need a levee - be advised that their 2006 motto is "We are the wave of the Future."

Aaron "Dog Catcher" Boussard - The Katrina Crusader. His latest crusade is to anchor all the FEMA trailers on top of the levees. The sporadic Broussard quoted "It's a no-brainer, the displaced families will have a view of the river and the levees will be ten feet taller.

George Bush - Some believe he was born with mold on the brain. It really all began during George's college years. He was found dressed as a scarecrow in one of Daddy's cow pastures singing "If I only had a brain."

Ray Nagin - Has the smoothest Fungi on the brain in the bunch. Mr. Mayor has proposed a two year study of the levee system in the Netherlands for the New Orleans City Council.

Murphy Oil - No mold here. They be-

lieve if you soak the land with oil, mold can't grow. Hell, Murphy feels the people of St. Bernard should be grateful for those oily oysters and petroleum pecans, just light them and they cook themselves.

The New Orleans City Council - Now here's a flight of button heads. Their newest plan is to add an eighth district in the Bayou Sauvage Wildlife Reserve housing FEMA trailers and call it Gator Bait. Appoint Kimberly Butler as its councilwoman reporting to Ray Nagin and call it the re-population of New Orleans.

On Saturday, February 11, the Krewe of Space Age Love will be second lining, dancin' in da streets and saying good riddance to those moldy oldies we came to love and hate as the spore of 2005. K.S.A.L. welcomes all New Orleansians to ex-sponge those with Mold on the Brain. Come! Celebrate with us as we spread through the French Quarter sharing our spore as only Space Age Love can. Amen!

Mayor Says: Trailers Ho!

by Cara Van

I-10 WESTBOUND — In a surprise news conference yesterday, the Mayor of New Orleans announced a new and radical plan to deal with both the swirling controversy over where to locate trailers for displaced residents in the city, and how best to evacuate the city in the event of another dangerous hurricane. On the steps of historic Gallier Hall, with the New Orleans City Council conspicuously absent, the mayor outlined his masterful and ingenious scheme.

"First off," hizzoner began, "I want to impress on all of you here how lucky we are that we got out of here before the storm hit. We may not be able to do it again should another big one head our way. And since we've been back we haven't been able to do diddly sh*t! We can't even put up one trailer without the Council bitchin', 'Not in my back yard!' I know for a fact that there's a trailer in every one of those a\$\$holes' family trees. I've gone to every tight*ss in this city for input for our comeback committee and what did I get? Not a one damn idea. So that got me to thinkin'. F*&! all those *ssholes at the top of the food chain. It's time to go out and look for the bottom feeders."

The Mayor related his tale of driving around town until he came across an encampment of FEMA trailers, each one bedecked in Christmas lights and pink flamingoes. Thirty or so sots sat around two kegs of beer and a bar made out of an abandoned Frigidaire. They may have been

some kind of gypsies, because each trailer had something about Mystic Inane sprayed on the side.

"No one even noticed when I sat on a water-soaked console TV at the edge of the fire," the Mayor continued. "I couldn't believe my ears. These people were talking about their plans for rebuilding New Orleans, and these were the best F@&^in' ideas I heard since we decided to send hurricane victims to the Convention Center. I left that trailer park with the beginnings of my plan."

The Mayor's blueprint is a bold stroke indeed. "My first initiative calls for the complete razing of the City of New Orleans," he revealed. "Since I am completely unwilling to decide where we will rebuild and where we won't, the best thing to do is bulldoze it all. Every home, every public building, every shop and supermarket must be laid low. And in their place? Trailers."

"Not just any trailers," the Mayor continued, "but trailers that look just like the buildings they replaced. This magnificent edifice you see behind me, Gallier Hall, will be replaced by an Airstream with real granite steps and columns. The St. Louis Cathedral will be replaced with a Jaybird, complete with steeple, matching spires and slide outs. Every home, every shotgun, camel back, St. Charles Avenue mansion, every Creole cottage will be replaced by a trailer that resembles it in complete architectural

detail."

"The best F*&lin' part of the plan is that come next hurricane season, when another big one is on the way, all we need to do is to hook up every trailer in the city, and get the hell out of Dodge," the Mayor concluded, to the hoots and hollers of all assembled. "The city will evacuate en masse, citizenry and architecture alike, and New Orleans will never fear a hurricane again!"

The Krewe of the Mystic Inane, the local rabble that spawned the embryo which became the mayor's diabolical proposal, has taken up his plan as their cause celebre. "We were all basically raised in trailers ourselves," said the leader of the group, Winnie Bago. "We revel in the trailer park lifestyle, and can't wait to share its joys with the rest of the city."

To kick off their campaign for the February 5 April 29 September 3005 election, the Mystic Inane have organized a parade through the streets of the very city they are proposing to demolish, pulling a float bearing a prototype of the home they want every New Orleanian to enjoy living in. On February 11, dressed as pink flamingoes, and bearing booty and other various body parts with which to lure the adoring crowd to their way of thinking, the Mystic Inane will march through the French Quarter, shouting out the phrase that will soon become the motto for the entire city: "Laissez Les Trailers Roulez!!!"

Buy Us Back, Chirac

LOUISIANA PURCHASE — In an effort to address US Government concerns about the tremendous cost associated with the rebuilding and rebirth of the great city of New Orleans, several sources close to the French Government say that an offer is in the works to reclaim it as a colony of France. Sources requesting anonymity claim that French President Jacques Chirac's power brokers are looking closely at a deal that "Bush won't be able to refuse."

Enamored of their French speaking relatives in Southern Louisiana, they are eager to reclaim, among other things, the original Eiffel Tower restaurant on St. Charles Avenue. Early reports that the French Government plans to argue that the US has defective title to the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 appear to be unfounded. Sources confiden-

tially explain, "They don't want the non-Francophile parts back anyway."

New Orleans has been held in high esteem by the French for many centuries and has been a tourist destination for both French nationals as well as French Canadians, French poodles, and French kissers. They question how the city can continue to be governed by state legislators who can't even properly pair wines with cheese. When asked about regaining the colony, Parisians say that the wisdom of the acquisition is self-evident, declaring, "Mais oui, it is always better to be French."

Noting that things can't get much worse, New Orleanians welcome the return of French sovereignty. Local politicians hope that this bold move will salvage their reelections, and privately celebrate the prospect

of traveling to Paris instead of Baton Rouge.

Sources expect an official announcement shortly. In the meantime, New Orleanians are thrilled with the announced loan of artwork by the Louvre (including perhaps the Mona Lisa) to the New Orleans Museum of Art, the sponsorship of New Orleans musicians in Paris, and nearly \$1 million in donations already given to the New Orleans School System by the Government of France.

No wonder sentiments in New Orleans widely favor becoming a French colony once again and shouts of "Vive La France" can be heard throughout the Vieux Carré. As a sign that a formal announcement is on the verge of coming soon, a high-profile French dignitary will ride as a special honoree on the Krewe of Pan float in the Krewe du Vieux Parade on Saturday February 11.

Krewe Du Mishigas Floats Home Two By Two On NOLA's Ark

ARKANSAS — Reports have reached the Monde de Merde that an amazing, amphibious vehicle has arrived after crossing the United States in a noble attempt bring back New Orleans' citizens. The vehicle itself is truly a wonder to behold — an ark with wheels! The wondrous creatures that are aboard and around this mysterious and marvelous craft travel in pairs. To find out more, we interviewed a man who would only identify himself as "Mr. NOLA."

Monde de Merde: Can you please tell us about this craft and its purpose?

Mr. Nola: We're the Meahugeneh Mavins (crazy know-it-alls) and Mischevious Mohels (schmeckel circumsizeers) of the Mystic Krewe du Mishigas, come to repopulate our beloved City of the Crescent! And this is our Ark!

MdM: Oh, so you must be Noah!

MN: No — ah sir, I'm not Noah! I do however have the fortune to be married to Noah's fraternal twin sister, Nola!

MdM: Nola? Never heard of her.

MN: Oh, brave Nola! She has long been denied her rightful place in herstory! She is brave and true, and has immense love for margaritas, etouffé, beignets, gumbo, and Tabasco!

MdM: It seems like your wife's boat has a lot more people and things than animals on it. Wazzup with that?

MN: Well, I don't mean to malign my brother-in-law, but Noah was kind of a schmendrick, only taking his own family aboard the ark. What about the neighbors? Now, my Nola would never leave anyone behind!

MdM: So, would you say that it is Nola's personal mission to rebuild the land after the attack of the vicious Katrina — that horrible wastrel that laid waste to many a home, business, school, snoball stand, bar, well, hell, just about everything in her path?

MN: Indeed! After the flood, Nola and I journeyed to places far and wide: to Houston and Dallas, to Baton Rouge and Atlanta, to far off and freezing northern lands. We sojourned for a while in Florida. But there was no place like home! So home we came, gathering the people two by two along the way, from hamlets and villages, and ungodly places where one could not carry alcohol in the streets! Imagine! Places where parades were held but once a year, and beads were relegated to the necks of children playing dress-up and the occasional hippie! Oh, the

horrific tales that were told!

MdM: Beads only for children! What a world! Tell us about your journey.

MN: As the Ark rolled along, the bakers baked king cake, doberge and beignets! The odor wafted out, attracting the musicians! The musicians played as only those from New Orleans can, and two by two the folk followed, lining up for the greatest and most magnificent Second Line ever seen! My wife Nola's Ark was a beacon, a light onto the nation!

MdM: Could anyone get on board?

MN: As the Ark crossed the great Diaspora, more people begged to be taken aboard, to return to our Great City on the River. Poor and rich, old and young, goniffs and machers, bubbies, zaydes, boychicks and sheyna maidels — all aboard the Ark! At one point, the Ark almost got caught on a thorny Bush! The Bush tried to stop them from reaching the city, denying funding and grants. But we pressed forward!

MdM: Did you leave anyone behind?

MN: My wife deemed some people un-

worthy and so we left them by the side of the road. FEMA bureaucrats and politicians, overpriced contractors who don't return calls, tree guys charging eighteen times the going rate, the media sensationalists that tarnished the image of our beloved city!

MdM: I've heard that at first, she was reluctant to pick up certain elements?

MN: Well, yes... at one point, we were all starting to get a little stir-crazy. Nola started shouting, "NO LOOTERS, NO SHOOTERS, NO MAIDELS SHOWING HOOTERS!" Then she came to her senses. A city needs an income after all, so we went back to pick up the maidels with hooters.

MdM: Well, good thing, that's a mitzvah!

MN: (winks) You betcha! Although I have to say, my Nola has got a nice two by two herself!

MdM: Well, Mr. Nola, welcome back! And please give my thanks to your beautiful wife for bringing everyone back from the diaspora!

MN: You're welcome! As we say on the Ark, "Exile: It's not just for Jews anymore!"

Mondou Breaks Wind

BAYOU FATRE — Hurricane Katrina left a lot of odors and debris throughout southeast Louisiana, from the sickening stench of ruined refrigerators to the ugly aroma of failed leadership. Where stately mansions once stood, moldy frames surmounted by blue tarps now hunch forlornly against the elements, and political careers lie all about in ruins.

Even though hurricane season has finally ended (rumors of the formation of Tropical Storm Omega could not be confirmed by press time), the greatest threat of all still remains: smelly leaders in the private and public sectors. From George "Playing Guitar While New Orleans Floods" Bush and Mike "The Arabian Stallion" Brown at the federal level, to Governor Kathleen "I Can't Make a Decision — Or Can I?" Blanco in state government, to the local antics of Mayor Ray "If Only I Had A Spine As Strong As My Mouth" Nagin and Saints owner Tom "I Know What It Means to Miss San Antonio" Benson, the post-Katrina leadership stinks to high heaven.

Into this breach step the Knights of Mondou, ready to tame the three-headed refrigerator monster of Blanco, Benson and Nagin. "What's in your fridge?" the Mondulians sternly inquire — and they are willing to expose the worst of the horrors.

Indeed, even Congressman William "I Think It Just Came Out of the Ice Maker" Jefferson expressed relief that the federal

government had seized those tens of thousands of dollars from his freezer before the storm hit, preventing his cold cash from turning even more rotten in the aftermath of Katrina.

Yes, though the field and streets may be littered with wreckage, the brave Mondulians will parade forth on Saturday, February 11 at 7:00 PM. Clad in little more than blue tarps, their path lit only by the harsh glare of opened refrigerator doors, spending their FEMA money (if it arrives in time) on libations along the way, Mondou will break the wind the way the wind broke us. Only the strong and the politically well-connected will survive.

C.O.A. STATEMENT

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

All material ©2006
by the Krewe du Vieux.

Drips & Discharges Goes Home Again

KENNER - In keeping with their past year's "Porn Again" beliefs, the Krowe of Drips and Discharges decided to seek out a simpler, more corn fed, monochromatic life. The group pulled up the stakes to their pup tents and moved en masse to Kansas Avenue in the burb of Kenner. A simpler black and white (mostly white) existence suited them well. There amongst fields of gigantic cow pies they whiled away their days.

As is common during the season, a fearsome hurricane blew in on them, moving massive amounts of toxic wastes to their fields of cow pie dreams. Their once friendly mushroom friends turned on them with a vengeance, unleashing a cloud of evilly psychoactive spores, sending the entire district into a singular psychotic episode, and causing L. Frank Baum's long-rotted corpse to spin like a Corvette crank shaft in overdrive.

C.Ray woke up to a stunningly Technicolor world. He had a wicked bump on his head and the taste of musty sweat socks on his tongue. He could hear the colors and smell the songs of the crows. His lap dog Eddie was yapping and alternately running around in circles or in hiding.

When he went outside C.Ray could see that things were not as he remembered. His split-level ranch had been picked up and moved who knows how far and dropped into a strange place. He noted that it landed on quite a number people. Only their legs stuck out from under his house. "Eddie," he said, "I don't think we're on Kansas Avenue anymore."

Suddenly a large iridescent bubble floated down and deposited a beautiful fairy in front of him. "Fairy my ass!" she screamed at him. "I am FEMA, the bitch to the north. Your house whacked a bunch of acquaintances of mine. Not that I mind, but the paperwork is going to cost you. I expect to see you with complete documentation of the event in the Red Stick Enclave ASAP."

She stopped and thought for a moment. "The road to get there is a might messy, so you'll need these to ease you on down the road." She waved her magic checkbook and suddenly C.Ray's shoes were transformed into ruby shrimp boots. Then she scratched her ass twice and took off in her bubble.

"But I don't know where the Red Stick Enclave is!" cried C.Ray. Just then a flying monkey in a denim work shirt with rolled up sleeves came up to him. "My name is W. You are doin' a darned good job there Raymondo. Follow the blue plastic roofs."

Suddenly all the flowers turned into similar simian creatures. They started jumping up and down chattering, "Follow the blue plastic roofs." C.Ray and Eddie beat it out of there fast.

They traveled through an older section of the land, following the path of destruction and blue plastic that was ever before them. Standing at the corner of two streets with the odd names of Magazine and Nashville, next to a large Arabian stallion, was a scarecrow with his thumb up his ass and a dinner reservation in his free hand. "My name is Brown," he said as C.Ray skipped by. "I work for FEMA and was told to help you. But the restaurants are too crowded and I don't have a clue."

C.Ray and the scarecrow, with Eddie accompanying them on sax, broke into a Broadway-style rendition of "If I Only Had A Clue". "I am sure that if you come with me to the Red Stick Enclave that FEMA will help you and take care of my paperwork," said C.Ray. So the two wandered on.

They had many more adventures on their sojourn. They ran afoul of a strange headless figure, the wicked Speaker-bitch Hastert. "Who would want to go back to that home? Why should you bother to rebuild a city below the sea? What a pipe dream! I'll get you my pretties and your little dog too!" he ranted. They promised him a coffee high colonie to help pull his head

out of his ass. But they did take some of his advice and stopped for a pipe dream in an adjacent field of poppies.

They met the Tin Salesman, TomB, who did not have a heart. They met a lion named Kathleen with nerve, decisiveness and hair issues. Both joined the group.

That night they reached the Red Stick Enclave; which looked a lot like a balcony on lower Decatur. There with much other royalty stood FEMA. "Not only am I a bitch, but I am a master manipulator as well, puny mortals. To prove your worth, you must go to the Palace of State on Canal and bring me the head of Geraldo Rivera." The group agreed that this was a good thing which should have occurred long ago, and proceeded on.

Upon reaching the State Palace they were confronted with crowds of revelers, music, drink, and wild debauchery. C.Ray's eyes got big and he teared up. "This is what we came for," he purred. "I never really felt at home 'til I got to New Orleans. This is the home I've been in search of for so long." The others got lost in the crowds and were last seen gazing into a crystal ball watching Survivor reruns. The last that was seen of C.Ray, he had gathered to him all the Drips. They were pursuing more pipe dreams, clicking their heels together and chanting in one voice their newly found mantra, "There's No Place Like Home."

Spermes Declares Mandatory Ejaculation; Contraflow In Effect

SPEW ORLEANS - In an effort to beat the traffic while beating their meat, the Mystic Krewe of Spermes has declared a mandatory ejaculation for the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, February 11.

"We don't want to cause a premature ejaculation," said a Krewe spokeSperme, "but it looks like this could be the big blow job we've anticipated for years. We should all expect to get hot and wet."

To help grease the chute for the ejaculation, Spermes has declared that contraflow will be in effect. "No matter which way you like to go, you can be sure will be in a great position to ejaculate," added the spokeSperme.

Ejacuees are expected to cum into the city in large numbers for the event, from typical locations including Spewston, Phallas, Jacksoff, Licksburg, Spermingham, Lafayette, and Hotlanta. Closer to home, Slidewell, Cumington and

Beston Rouge should be well represented.

Krewe members emphasized the need for plentiful supplies on the sexcursion. Abundant lube is recommended to avoid dangerous levels of dryness. An ample stock of batteries is recommended to keep the sex toys from running out of juice. Inflatable dolls can be used not only for extra stimulation, but also as floatation devices if things get really wet. And mass quantities of alcohol are a must.

To ensure that traffic and other things flow smoothly during the ejaculation, Spermes members will help stimulate the contraflow, make sure people find the wet spot, and achieve simultaneous army orgasms.

"We've handled ejaculations many times in the past," said the slippery spokeSperme, oozing confidence, "and we've been ready for the big one for years."

T.O.K.I.N.'s Wet Dream

DREAMLAND — Our annual visit to the HEAD-quarters and dream palace of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells found the TOKINistas stripping moist dry wall (and each other) and banging away in an orgy of rebuilding revelry. However, a penetrating probe of recent events exposed a steamier, stickier story.

Said krewe spokes-HEAD Kenny Lingus, "Several months ago, the Ne'er-do-wells were in the throes of their hot, sultry summer saturnalia when an enormous, engorged hussy named Katrina stormed into town, forcing herself upon us. It was the worst catastrophe we've ever experienced — worse than yellow fever, the fire of 1788, even worse than the Barthelemy administration." According to eyewitness accounts, Katrina blew in, ravishing Plaquemines, subduing St. Bernard, and drowning New Orleans in her unnatural secretions.

The Ne'er-do-wells found themselves scattered far and spread wide. As a nightmare world engulfed them, they fell into a dream state and other stranger-than-fiction states including Texas, Georgia, Michigan, New Mexico and others too numerous to list. Struggling to survive without gumbo and crawfish boils, pralines and Roman candy, second lines and Tipitina's, they

began having hallucinations. They noticed strange phenomena in their new dis-locations: They were sending their children to school and they were learning how to read! When they called City Hall, someone responded! There were roads without potholes and the streets were actually clean!

"It was unbelievable," said Mr. Lingus. "We had never seen anything like this before, so we know it had to be a wet dream."

But soon the Ne'er-do-wells started longing for home and lusting for each other. Without an agenda and cut off from their usual sustenance and hedonistic pursuits, they were lost, so they made their way back to New Orleans. Amid the debris and devastation, meetings were being held on smoke-filled street corners all over town. Agendas were shared and new visions arose (and were aroused) from out of the muck. Back in their beloved but battered bacchanalian city, the Ne'er-do-wells were dreaming of good government, good schools, electricity and gas, FEMA checks, mail delivery, flood protection, elections, erections and being serviced. They were wet with excitement! The public is invited to join the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells as they share their wet dreams and act out their fantasies in the streets of the French Quarter in the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 11.

Katrina 12-Step Program

1. We admitted we were powerless over Katrina, that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that government and insurance companies could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of the Fashion God Michael Brown *as we understood him*.
4. Made a searching and pointless inventory of our possessions.
5. Admitted to the Fashion God Michael Brown, to ourselves, and to another citizen of New Orleans the exact nature of our thoughts.
6. Were entirely-ready to have the Corps of Engineers remove all debris and architectural vestiges of character.
7. Humbly asked insurance companies to go ahead and remove our shorts (and the shirts off our backs).

8. Made a list of all persons of government and industry we had telephoned and became willing to show them our rear ends.

9. Showed our rear ends to such people whenever possible, except when to do so would cause them to actually fuck us.

10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly doubled the estimate to repair or replace.

11. Sought through Bayer and other medication to improve our inconspicuous contact with the Fashion God Michael Brown, *as we understood Him*, praying only for knowledge of his bill to the government as a consultant and the power to carry out a hit on Him.

12. Having had a rude awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to others with poor fashion sense, and to practice having affairs with our insurance adjusters.

Poetry Corner I

Krewe Rue Bourbon's

Fridge Over Troubled Water

To the East of the city Katrina did pass
She had just missed hitting our ass.

We were so ignorant, we did not know
The true damage from her tempestuous
blow.

Who could foresee that Katrina's near-
miss
would rip up our levees with a deadly
kiss?

On a hot summer weekend our party was
burning
While out in the Gulf, Katrina was
churning.

Loaded with beer and plenty of cheer,
The imminent danger to us was not clear.

The fun from our bash had caused us to
craah
Some without securing so much as a sash

Unknown to us as we slept, dead to the
world
Others were caught in Katrina's wild
swirl.

Them levees, they broke apart all over
town.

Where they tried to hold up, that bitch
slapped them down

When we finally awoke, the yard was a
moat
Oh, who would help us poor drunken
folk?

Just then an old Frigidaire floated by in
the waves
And the thought to us came, "We're
gonna be saved!"

We lassoed that fridge and began to
devise
How to escape our plight and avoid our
demise

We rigged up a sail from momma's large
underwear
Secured on with her bra, it made people
stare!

Now with plenty of hope, but nothing to
take

We set out to float rather than croak

We made it out safe, wet, hung-over, but
alive

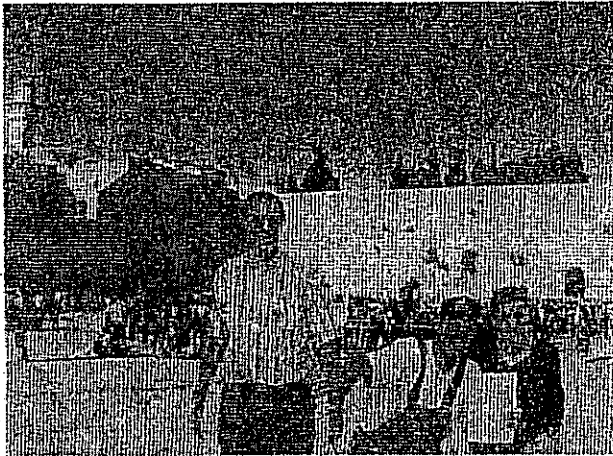
And Rue Bourbon survived with much
fanfare and jive

We're ready to parade and party at the
Vieux-Doo

With a 20-year-old babe named Krewe du
Vieux.

Travel Section

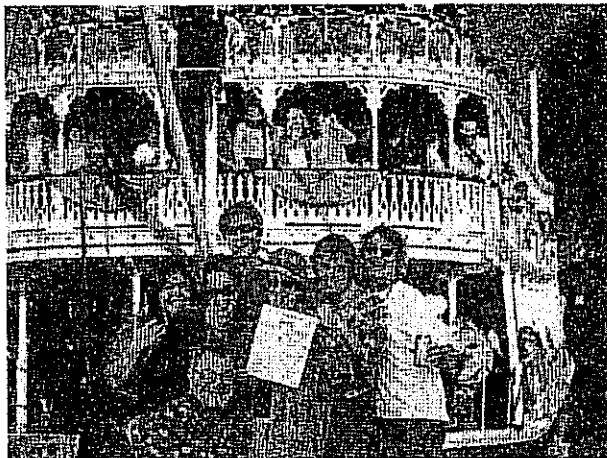
Are you planning an evacuation trip? Take a copy of *Le Monde de Merde* with you, get someone to take a photograph of you and send it to us for our Travel Section. Photos cannot be returned, restored, or forwarded to your FEMA trailer. Only mold-free photos accepted.



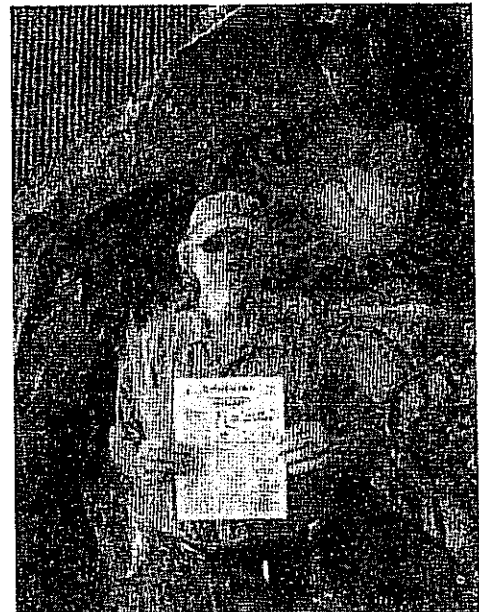
Krowe du Mishigas kvetching at the Western Wall
6900 miles from the 17th Street Canal



Tom Benson and friends in Baton Rouge
450 miles from San Antonio



T.O.K.I.N. rollin' on the River
3 miles from Gretna



Plaine Kern at the Den of Muses
5 miles from the London Avenue Canal



Lost souls at the Superdome
1 million light years from sanity



Movie Review

The Corpse of Engineers Present "A Day at the Breach"

SOGGYWOOD – The wettest new movie of the season is out, a true horror show produced by the Army Corpse of Engineers and distributed by the Krewe of Underwear. The poignant story of a boy, a girl, and the bureaucracy that is out to destroy their home and their lives, "A Day at the Breach" is sure to get lots of attention from the National Weather Service come awards time.

At the beginning of the story, Mayor Pray Notagain (played by Vin Diesel) is in the midst of a serious lovers' spat with Governor Kathleen Babbling Blank-o (Kevin Spacey in drag). Mayor Notagain has had a serious flirtation with another man, Bubba Gin,dahlin' (Ben Kingsley House), and Governor Blank-o has retaliated by withholding his gambling allowance.

However, the couple is on the verge of reconciling. To complete their return to each other's hearts and political parties, they decide to pack a small refrigerator and enjoy a day at the beach.

At this point, another woman enters their lives: Katrina (Arianna Huffington), accompanied by a stream of zombies in army fatigues and carrying slide rules: the Army Corpse of Engineers (played by themselves). Katrina blows into town with a fury, but the couple and their fellow beachgoers survive her initial onslaught. The party resumes.

Then night falls, and the deadly work of Corpse of Engineers emerges. Levees fail, the waters rise, neighborhoods are inundated, and even the daiquiri shops are forced to close. Our heroes join the masses who try desperately to escape by surfing the storm surge, riding the roiling waters on refrigerators, couches, pieces of Mardi Gras floats, and whatever else is available, all the while pursued relentlessly by the spectral Corpse of Engineers.

Ultimately, the lovers' picnic turns into "A Day at the Breach", a metaphor for their now-failed relationship (and leadership).

The movie is screened with full Sensurround effects, which adds considerably to its punch. Moviegoers will be flooded with sensations and knocked out by the Wrecknocolor special effects – but no doubt they will wake up in time to smell the mold.

Attention to detail is another watermark of the film, if not the design, engineering, review, construction, quality control, maintenance, and inspection routines of the Army Corpse. In fact, one of the most touching moments in "Breach" comes when, amid a sea of wreckage, the camera pans in on a section of failed levee wall to reveal that stamped upon it is "Inspected by #69".

A spokesperson for the Krewe of Underwear, the film's distributors, announced that the flick would debut during the Krewe du Vieux parade at 7:00 PM on Saturday, February 11. However, the underwater Underwearian disavowed any responsibility for ensuring that the screen would stay up, the projector would work or the quality of the drinking water. The Krewe also denied rumors that it had been offering \$6000 bonuses to get its members to rejoin.

Poetry Corner II

Ode to a Wet Spot

(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

You may talk o' hurricanes
When you're sittin' out a rain,
An' your roof has got a plastic tarp upon it;
But when it comes to water
We got more than we should oughter
An' we'll kick the bloomin' arse of them that's done it.
Now in N'Awlin's sunny clime
Where I used to spend my time
A-servicin' a little Cajun queen,
Of all that shame-faced bunch
Not a one has got a hunch
On how to beat that fuckin' bitch, ol' Katrina.

The Corps of Engineers
Are cryin' in their beers,
And wishin' they was on another planet;
While Babblin' Babbineaux,
Was comin' up with dough
To purchase countertops of Swedish granite.
It seems it's up to CRUDE
To find some John Wayne dude,
Who'll lead us to the land of milk and honey;
'Cause all the local talent
Instead of bein' gallant
Are handin' to their cousins all the money.

We're hopin' to rebuild
An' see our town get filled,
With somethin' more than roofers from Honduras.
We need our people home,
That were stranded in the dome,
If only they can come back and endure it.
It seems we're getting' screwed
So there's nothin' left for CRUDE,
But to just lie back and try to fake it;
Thus we took it in our head
To dress ourselves for bed
And look for someplace dry where we can make it.

The nightie that they wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty lace,
That covered not much space,
Was all the uniform that we could find.
It was once the lady's stern,
That was lyin' in the sperm
Where it trickled on the sheets all white and hot;
But now that we've been flooded,
And the houses have been gutted,
It all of us that's sleepin' in wet spots.

CRAPS Fingers the Dike

DUTCH ALLEY — Throughout the soggy Crescent City, whenever anyone breaches the topic of the redevelopment of New Orleans, the central requirement is an improved flood protection system. Despite a rising tide of pleas from the public, it had become clear that the federal government's commitment to the city is as shallow as the steel pilings in the 17th Street Canal, and that the Army Core of Engineers is in over their head. Given the necessity of immediate and decisive action, members of Krewe de CRAPS have decided that there is only one organization they can truly trust to get the job done right: themselves.

More accustomed to creating public spectacles of themselves than preventing public disasters, Krewe members were nonetheless surging with enthusiasm. They quickly organized a trip to Holland after hearing about the famed "Dutch Solution" for flood control. Dutch engineer Ed Am was gouda nuff to meet with the CRAPpers, and offered his assistance in developing a plan for New Orleans.

When asked about their budget, the Krewe members, fresh off a spending binge in the brothels and hash bars of Amsterdam, went through their pockets and managed to gather \$50 in loose change. "That will be about \$29,999,999,999.50 short for our modern system", said Am. "But we have an older flood control system that should fit your budget." He then related the tale of the Dutch boy who saved his town from destruction by bravely sticking his finger in a leaking dike. "While it's true that you can't solve your problems just by chasing some fairy tail, there is historical evidence that the insertion of a finger can be an effective method of reducing built-up tension in moisture-laden dikes."

"The Dutch are uniquely qualified to finger your dikes because of our long history of tending to our own tulips," he continued. "Plus, you won't have any difficulty finding workers that will fit your budget, given the fringe benefits."

Krewe members were immediately enthused (and erect) at the thought of a Dutch army spread out over our city fingering our beleaguered dikes. They quickly snatched up enough willing volunteers from the streets of Amsterdam. This group, who

dubbed themselves the Orleans Board of Guardian Yeomen from the Netherlands (OB-GYN), demonstrated a firm commitment to their vocation.

"It is well known that the holes in the dikes of New Orleans can be quite hairy," an OB-GYN spokesman explained. "We're not a bunch of bush-league eager beavers who are just going to give lip service to this. We are committed to give a triple-digit effort, to get in up to our elbows if necessary, though we promise to always do this Gently. We understand how important it is that we not muff this up."

The merry band of itinerant inserters has also indicated that they will also take over maintenance of the levees. "We've heard about the 'three martini lunch' inspections

that were done in the past, but rest assured that we will make sure that all of the dikes receive their annual. We don't want to stir-up any more trouble."

The OB-GYN spokesman also made it clear that they would stay only as long as the people of New Orleans want them. "If you think things start to smell fishy, or if we rub you the wrong way, we'll clam right up. The last thing we want is to get caught in a hot and sticky situation over here. We mean that literally."

This troupe of prurient penetrators is scheduled to begin their duties on the evening of February 11th, starting (appropriately enough) at the Den of Muses. Come out and feel the buzz and vibrations as Krewe de CRAPS fingers the dike!

LEWDers Go Wild on Canal Street

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE — As the streets of New Orleans began to fill with what looked like Barq's Root Beer, anxious members of the Krewe of LEWD congregated at the foot of Canal Street. Soon it became increasingly difficult to tell whether they were inside or outside the Aquarium, due to any number of strange creatures swimming by. The LEWDers scrambled up to a nearby balcony to assess the situation.

Quickly realizing that the situation called for a road trip, the LEWDers decided to stock up on a few essential supplies. With the boundless opportunities of Canal Street shopping stretched in front of them, they soon had quite a list. Consequently, one small group of LEWDers immediately set off for Sewell Cadillac, where they collected a few Escalades to haul away the loot and the LEWDers.

Back on Canal Street, the plucky band of LEWDers made their first stop at Sak's Fifth Avenue. Though disappointed to discover that the store did not carry any sacks of crawfish, the LEWDers did manage to cart off a large number of elegant nutria fur coats. They also grabbed many strings of pearls to throw as they paraded on down the street.

A quick stop at Rapps' Luggage provided suitcases to carry their booty while they shook their booties. Speaking of booties, they also hit Footlocker, and emerged wearing the latest in designer shrimp boots.

As they felt it would be essential to keep up with media coverage of ensuing events, the LEWDers made a sweep through several of the electronics stores, where they carted off plasma TVs (flat screen of course, the better to fit in the Escalades) and cell phones, although these proved to be good for little more than Morse Code transmissions.

Knowing that they would be going out into the wide world, and wanting to be sure they gave a good impression of New Orleans, the LEWDers continued their spree at Rubenstein Brothers, where all the male members came away clad in the finest Italian silk jackets and tuxedos. The lady LEWDers made a beeline for Mr. Goldman and Adler's, bedecking themselves in an array of diamonds and gold.

After passing through NOPD and National Guard checkpoints, where they generously shared some of their supplies with the constabulary, the LEWDers joined the large stream of fellow vacationers heading out on I-10, stopping only for an interview with legendary newsman Hans Christian Anderson Cooper.

The LEWDers will make their triumphant return to New Orleans in the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, February 11 at 7:00 PM. Spectators will no doubt recognize many members of the krewe from their numerous television appearances — and keep an eye out for them pearls!