

Krewe du Vieux Gets Souled Down the River

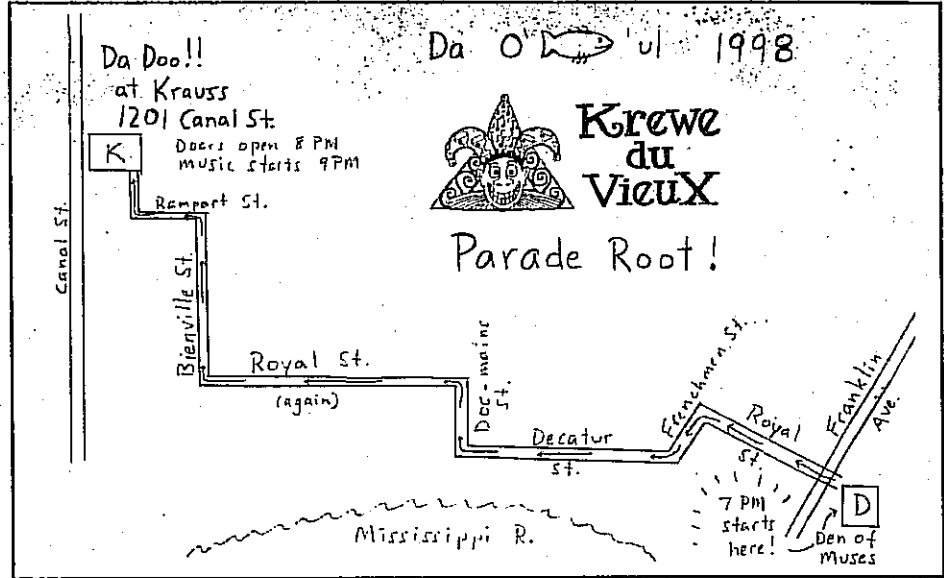
Irma Thomas Leads Second Lion to Krauss

NAWLINS -- It's a buyer's market these days, as more and more local institutions close down or get sold off. But on February 7, it's "buyer beware", as "Krewe du Vieux Gets Souled Down the River". All offers will be honored, and it will be honor and offer all night long as the Krewe straggles through its traditional French Quarter route to a new ball location, the now-closed Krauss Department store (see parade map for exact route).

The action auction will begin at 7:00 PM. Led by the Soul Queen herself, Irma Thomas, the Krewe will slam the fast buck politicians, corporations and entre-manures who are trying to scam away the city's heritage. Honorary New Orleanian Marcia Ball will be the Grand Duchess; both royal ladies will perform at the Krewe du Vieux Doo post parade.

The audience is urged to keep their wallets and pocketbooks safe as the prophets, profiteers, prostitutes and protestors, the salesmen, soldiers, soul queens, sold queens, old queens, prom queens, porn queens and vis-queens of the Krewe stumble along towards its souled-out celebration.

The Krewe du Vieux's fifteen sub-krewes will present their own free market, free association, free-wheeling; free-love, free-falling fantasias on the theme. Sub-krewes include the Krewe of the C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mon-



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, February 7, 1998 at 7:00 PM.

du, Krewe of T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe of Pan, and Krewe du Jieux.

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 prostituted (unlike most Krewe members).

Following the parade will be the Krewe du Vieux Doo, the annual ball and *debauch extraordinaire*. The public is invited and forewarned. Acts and celebrations commence at 9:00 PM at a new location, the Krauss Department Store, at 1201 Canal St. Extensive parking and security will be provided. Music will start with selected brass bands, followed by a soul set from Queen Irma herself and two hot Texas trots from Grand Duchess Marcia Ball. Tickets are \$20 at the door, or \$15 in advance at Louisiana Music Factory, 210 Decatur St., or The Mushroom, 1037 Broadway.

The Krewe du Vieux is a non-profit organization dedicated to the histori-

cal and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative expression and satirical comment. 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 7
9:00 PM

Krauss Department Store
1201 Canal Street
Admission \$20 at the door
\$15 in advance from
LA Music Factory & Mushroom

Open to the Public

Featuring:

Brass Band Review

**Irma Thomas
& the Professionals**

Marcia Ball

Visit the KDV web site:
www.krewequivieux.org

Irma Thomas: The Lady Got Soul!

THE HEART AND SOUL OF NEW ORLEANS -- She was a young girl on her first job, as a waitress at a music club. She didn't mind working the tables, but when the band started playing, she just had to sing.

It got her fired from the job -- and it launched the career of one of the greatest female vocalists the city has ever had the privilege to know, Miss Irma Thomas, the Soul Queen of New Orleans -- a career that has now culminated in her reigning as Queen of the Krewe du Vieux's "Souled Down the River" parade.

"The small clubs, the intimate settings, that's the kind of place where a young musician can try out his licks, see if he's got what it takes," recalls Queen Irma fondly. "But they really don't exist now. Instead you've got the casinos, and the mega-krewes, and they hire a lot of outside talent."

Irma and her husband Emile do run their own very intimate club, the Lion's Den on Gravier Street just off N. Broad, where the lucky few can catch Irma's act on the occasional weekend. She will also perform at the Krewe du Vieux Doo on February 7, along with parade Grand Duchess Marcia Ball. These two distinguished ladies, in concert with Tracy Nelson, have just released a new album, "Sing It".

But like so many other great New Orleans performers, many of her finest moments have come on stages and in places far, far from home.

"I remember the first time I went to England," she recalls with a laugh (Queen Irma does most things with a laugh). "I didn't think they even knew who I was, but when I got off the plane, there was this huge banner saying 'Welcome to England, Irma Thomas'".

She also has fond memories of her visit to the stage of the legendary Apollo Theater, back in 1964, where she was thrilled simply that nobody threw any tomatoes at her. Talk about a tough crowd!

A more poignant memory is a local one: the day her father died, she had a gig at the Saenger theater, to be filmed by CBS television and during which she was crowned official Soul Queen of New Orleans by then-mayor Sidney Barthelemy. Despite the trials and tribulations of the day, Queen Irma gave a knock-out performance (although the rumor is that Sidney slept through it completely).

Our loquacious queen is a person who speaks her mind -- "If I'm thinking it, it comes out" -- although over the years, she has learned the art of "diplomatically cussing people out". Fueled in part by her admitted addiction to all things sugary, she is non-stop energy, as evidenced by her hot-hot-hot live shows.

Like all true New Orleanians, Queen Irma laments the passing of so many local traditions and enterprises. "Krauss carried generations of styles, they had what the people needed," she observes sadly. "Now, outsiders come in, they say they like what New Orleans has, but then they change everything to fit their own ideas. They leave the facades, but they change what's inside."

But at least for one night, she's happy to be a part of a real New Orleans party. "Come on out to the parade and have fun," our Soul Queen commands her loyal subjects, "and remember you're in New Orleans, the friendliest city in the world!"

The rest of New Orleans may get sold -- but Queen Irma, she got soul.

New Louisiana Purchase: Half Price Sale!

ON THE BLOCK -- The ideas are half-baked, the leaders are half-assed, our heritage is half-dead, and everything in Louisiana is half-price as the Seeds of Decline hold "The New Louisiana Purchase".

Yes, Mr. Corporate Big Shot, you too can now sponsor a Louisiana town, parish or institution. Hey Mickey D, how does McMetairie sound? It's yours for three orders of large fries. Step on up, Bill Gates, and monopolize the Microsoft Mississippi River. Put us all on-line, and you can second-line away with it. Doesn't the Shittech Superdome have a ring (if not an odor) to it? How about the Maalox Mayor of New Orleans? Or here's a natural: the Listerine Fights Plaquemine Parish.

Want to buy into our favorite celebration, get a little Carnival knowledge? Just give a call to the Krewe of Mama Roux, where all costumes are half-off.

There's nothing sacred -- did we mention the Gallo Archdiocese of New Orleans -- "We will serve no communion before its time"? Just stop into the House of Corporate Blues and make your best (or worst) offer, and dozens of politicians will eagerly lick your boots. It's right off Old Granddad (nee Bourbon) Street. Step right up, because it's all for sale and it's going fast.

NOTE: Conditions of Sale: all items as is (what's thousands of blighted housing units between friends?). Payable in Mardi Gras beads, crawfish heads or beer. Buyer assumes all liability, 'cause we're outta here!

Underwear Productions Presents:

The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Funeral

THE UNFAIR GROUNDS -- It could be the Night the Music Died, as the Krewe of Underwear presents the first annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Funeral.

No one knows exactly what caused the death of music in the Crescent City. Commercialism, casinos, or most likely, dehydration due to lack of free water at Jazz Fest are possible culprits.

Since it now costs a family of four about a hundred bucks a day to do Jazz Fest, the price alone has killed many New Orleanians' opportunity to enjoy this supposedly Quint-essential New Orleans event. Tourists now crowd out natives, and there are more sponsors' names plastered around the Fest than at the Abomination in the Oaks, which litters City Park over the Christmas holidays.

Yes, every last local tradition and celebration in New Orleans is for sale these days, and it's time to hold a Jazz and Heritage Funeral.

Underwearians have decided to merge their second line with the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, February 7. Center stage will be a combined Jazz Fest stage and cemetery, with gravestones marking the last resting places of such great institutions as the Old Absinthe Bar, Holmes, K&B, and Schwegmann's. The corporate grim reapers who brought about the demise of these and other local favorites will march alongside; these include Last-Rite-Aid, The Rock Hard Cafe, Planet Whoreywood, the Outhouse of Blues, and Bank None.

A Krewe spokeslizard expressed hope that they would be able to march their traditional French

Quarter route before that too was sold off to a corporate invader. "We understand K-Mart is trying to buy the Quarter, roof it over and turn it into one large store," said the unidentified mourning marcher. "We can hear it now: 'Check the Bourbon Street aisle for this hour's red light special.'"

More invasions are expected soon. The Ottoman Empire is rumored to be taking over Michael Hebert Furniture. The port may soon be located on the Waste Management River. Banc Marc (BM) will open soon on Loyola Avenue, featuring combined ATMs and voting machines. And your oyster po-boys will never taste the same at McUglesich's.

According to the Underwearians, the best way to fight back is to start some new chains. "We're opening up Gawdchaux's department stores, our new entertainment rip-off, Planet Gretna, and a Yeah-You-Rite-Aid drug chain," confirmed a Krewe member. "Sex Toys-R-Us will be all over the Quarter, and we'll serve some really scary food at TGIFriday the 13th. If you can't fight 'em, buy 'em out, that's our new motto."

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 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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Jieux Brothers Triumphant Return At House of Jieux

THE PROMISED LAND -- After years of wandering in the desert and a long harangue with their mother, the Jieux Brothers, Jacob and Esau, made their triumphant return on stage last night at the House of Jieux. The bagel boys were accompanied by the greatest Klezmer blues band ever (in fact, the *only* Klezmer blues band ever), the Nogoodniks, and their mother.

Jerusalem Jacob Jieux was actively kvetching to hype the band's shows. "Ladies and gentiles, we're on a mission from G-d!" he proclaimed. "This could be bigger than Moses! Bigger than Joseph and the Pharoah! Bigger than Norman Greenbaum!"

Commented Esau, "Oy."

The Jieux Brothers' Mameh had her own take on the whole affair. "G-d, schm-d -- those boys haven't seen the inside of a synagogue since their bubbe died of a heart attack -- G-d rest her soul, shtupping the butcher at her age! So now they go running around playing music and chasing shchik-sehs -- I wasn't born yesterday, you know -- and do they ever call their Mameh? And after all I've done for them! How I used to kvell when they were younger -- where did I go wrong?"

For those of you who missed the gig (how could you?!), the entire Rhythm and Jieux Review has another shtik in the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday. The House of Jieux stage will roll in the parade, and there will non-stop performances. Don't say we didn't warn you.

Raiders of the Lost Marc

OLD CROW STREET -- Famed adventurer, anthropologist and bar-hopper Louisiana Jones arrived in New Orleans, on his quest for the Ark of the Courtbouillon, symbol of the last remnant of local culcha in the Corporate States of America.

Jones had travelled the country searching for any place with surviving local customs, but all he found were endless Burger Kings, McDonalds and Wal-Marts, until he could no longer tell one place from the next. Finally, desperate for a ray of hope, he landed in New Orleans.

Blending in with the local populace, Jones soon learned that many of the city's hallowed institutions no longer exist or had been sold out, and that even Mardi Gras was being sold cheap. He heard rumors that the Ark was being held captive at City Mall (formerly City Hall), so, disguising himself as a power broker, he fought his way through a swarm of political contributors, airport contractors, corporate raiders and other reptiles -- only to find his way blocked by eunuchs leading a procession marking the coronation of Mayor Marc. His HIGHness, recently proclaimed "Emperor for L.I.F.E." by his sycophantic supporters, was bedecked in lavish garments provided by his supporters: suit by Harrahs-badashery, shoes by Nookie, and crown by PrimeCo-ronations. Louisiana Jones had never seen such a corporate-sponsored spectacle in all his years of digging dirt in the desert. He feared all was lost for New Orleans, America's "Most Unique City", and her citizens.

Beer-battered and disillusioned, Jones headed over to da Quarters, where he found himself surround-

ed by hordes of people dressed in Rock Hard Cafe regalia, swarming to and from Planet Whoreywood, the House of Rules and the Fascist Crappe. Fearing he was hallucinating, wondering what unholy vision he would see next -- Strawbucks? Bubba's Rump Seafood? -- he went stumbling towards the Old Absinthe Bar in search of a stiff drink, some hot music and a kindred spirit.

Suddenly Jones found himself staring at a daiquiri stand. Despite his state of advanced shock, he gradually noticed a figure standing in the shadows, watching him. Swiftly and silently, the figure (man or woman, he couldn't tell -- a good sign, he thought) handed him a note saying "Krewe de Vieux, 7PM tonight. Look for the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells and you will find that which you seek."

Later that evening, finding his way back through the nightmare landscape of t-shirt shops, tacky souvenirs and drunk German tourists, Jones heard the blare of brass bands in the distance. Feeling his pulse quicken as he followed the sound, he came upon a sight that lifted his spirits. All is not lost! New Orleans still has the Krewe du Vieux!

As he stood there, Jones realized he was surrounded by the members of T.O.K.I.N., disguised as Arabians with their traditional election-day turdans on their heads, following their float -- on which it sat: the Ark of Courtbouillon, triumphantly and symbolically, if not obscenely, rising from the corporate ruins of City Mall! Grabbing a drink from the Ark, Louisiana Jones joyously joined the Krewe in its annual celebration of debauchery and depravity,

confident that there was still at least one thing left in New Orleans that no amount of money could buy.

KSAL Takkles Edyukashun Hed Ferst

NU OARLENS -- Some schools have more bats than books. Some schools award test scores that are higher than the students can count. Some schools have metal detectors that work -- and toilets that don't. And speaking of toilets, Dr. Morris "Bart" Holmes sits flush with success (and outrageous pay raises) while the New Orleans public schools head down the bowl and into the sewer.

To honor this matriculous achievement, the Krewe of Space Age Love presents the "Dr. Morris Holmes School of Business and Administration". Their float will be a dilapidated school building, its foundation crumbling, surrounded by weeds, beset by bats, and populated by students in graduation gowns and dunce caps.

The school will be covered with appropriate grafitti, such as "Any Grade 4 Sale", "3 Bats Equal Strate A's", and the beloved "A Mind Is A Terrible Thing". Maskers from the carnivorous krewe will hand out diplomas, courtesy of Dr. Holmes and inflated test scores.

The master of malaprops, the sycophantic superintendent, the money-mad manager was himself too busy counting his loot to comment. However, we have all learned at least one valuable lesson from this truly elementary educator: "It is better to give pay raises to superintendants than to fix the toilets."

Mondu Slays The Councilmanic Hydra

Controlled only by its master the mayor, the six-headed councilmanic hydra threatened to ravage the city. The police could not stop it; in fact, the monster even put part of the NOPD budget in escrow to ensure its safety. The people were terrified, the politicians completely cowed -- only the magnificent Prince Mondu could be the hydra foil.

The hydra's six heads were those of the Morial-proclaimed "Sensational Sicks", those City Council members who cheerfully kowtowed to the mayor's machinations. Known elsewhere around town as the "Sickening Six" or simply the "Six-PAC", the monster had to be stopped before the very soul of the city was devoured.

Only one small band of heroes could possibly perform this Herculean task (rhymes with ax): Prince Mondu and his Roaming Legions. Encountering the monster in the midst of the Krewe du Vieux parade, held on its leash by the manipulating mayor, Mondu and his Knights assaulted the hideous beast.

Fearful was the battle that raged. The hydra fired bills, motions, amendments, and riders, but Mondu successfully repealed all the hydra's legislative actions. It spewed empty rhetoric, slung mud, hurled insults and threats, but the brave Knights matched the six-headed horror word for word. At last, Mondu's mighty sword (of course it's six inches!) smote off the last of the monster's heads, and the city was safely dehydrated.

The battle won, the monster

slain, Mondu and his plucky Knights turned their attention to their next Herculean labor: boogieing all night long at the Krewe du Vieux Doo, where the Soul Queen of New Orleans might redeem the tortured soul of the city.

Living Purple Dead Terrorize City

RITE-AID CEMETARY -- New Orleans has survived floods, plagues, politicians, prohibitions, fanatical religious conservatives, and even (so far) casino gambling. But now, a new threat, perhaps the most fearful ever, menaces the city: the walking corpses of laid-off former K&B workers, the living purple dead.

In an attempt to lay the maroon marauders to rest, the Mystick Corpse of Comatose will carry the tomb of Katz & Bestoff on its parade float, topped by the statue of Our Lady of K&B, crying purple tears as it makes its way along the French Quarter route. A large voodoo doll, representing the usurping Rite-Aid, will also be carried along the way, hopefully representing a final exorcism for the pitiable purple people.

The Living Purple Dead will make their zombie-like stagger through the Quarter on Saturday night at 7PM. Rumours abound, but so far the only known antidotes are K&B ice cream, K&B liquor, and shopping exclusively at locally-owned stores.

New Krewe Skrewes Tradition

(THIS LOCATION FOR RENT) -- The commercialization of Carnival is nearly complete, and tradition has taken it up the old poop shoot. The newly minted (and sold) "Skrewe of America" will hit the streets on Fat Tuesday night, and another piece of New Orleans will indeed be "souled down the river".

Intrepid investigators from the Krewe of KAOS have infiltrated this group and will reveal their nefarious, nauseous plans during the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 7. Penetration of the ultra-thin veil of secrecy was accomplished by following the rigorous guidelines for membership in the Skrewe of America, namely, writing a check for five grand (a bad check, of course).

This newest KKK (Korporate Karnival Krewe) will include representatives from all fifty states; thankfully, a swimsuit contest is not part of the pitiful pageantry, as the sight of these corpulent corporate carnivores clad in skimpy swimwear might be the only thing more grotesque than the existence of the Skrewe itself. KAOS insiders have informed *Le Monde du Merde* that a talent contest is planned; corporate raiding, insider trading and downsizing are among the sickening skills that will be on display.

The Skrewe of America float, which KAOS has apparently captured and will roll in the Krewe du Vieux parade, was described by one member as "4th of July at Al Copeland's House." The fire department is forewarned. Space on the float, needless to say, is for sale.

RiceLand Corporate Theme Park Opens in Garden District

JACKSON & PERKINS DISTRICT -- The latest corporate depravation of the still-reeling city of New Orleans has opened in the former garden district, recently renamed the Jackson & Perkins District. The new attraction is a corporate theme park, built by the city's best-selling and biggest sell-out author and eponymously named RiceLand.

Modeled after the wildly successful attraction in Memphis, RiceLand is like Graceland but without the good taste. Ms. Rice has purchased as many New Orleans landmarks as possible and moved them to the park, where they remain as caricatures of themselves and backdrops for the cutesy vampires that populate the park.

The park's gates feature replicas of the cover of the author's greatest hit, *Interview With the Corporate Sponsor*. One popular section of the park will be the graveyard, with tombstones for K&B, LL&E, FNBC, Michael Hebert, Schwegmann's, Krauss, and other dearly departed New Orleans institutions and vegetable soup ingredients.

The Krewe of Pan will introduce RiceLand to the public during the Krewe du Vieux parade. Ann Rice herself -- or some semi-reasonable facsimile thereof -- will ride the Pan mini-float and, if the people are nice to her, wave to the crowd. The Krewe reminds everyone that the parade begins at 7PM, after dark, so eat lots of garlic to keep those pesky vampires away.

Krewe of Generica Steps Out

special from Krewe of Mama Roux

ANYTOWN, USA -- The newest addition to the Big Carnival Sell-Out, the Krewe of Generica, takes to the streets on the night of Saturday, February 7, at 7:00 PM. Membership in the krewe, which is open to anyone from Abilene to Zurich who wants to pay five grand for the privilege of throwing trinkets to the natives, is booming. However, other than most members of City Council -- who used their campaign funds to ante up anyway -- no actual New Orleanians appear to have signed up.

The Krewe of Generica's main sponsor is Shittech, makers of plastic products that make life worth living (you can find some of them in French Quarter "specialty" stores). A notable new addition to Cancer Alley, Shittech also has the distinction of having introduced the concept of environmental racism to the mainstream. To demonstrate their new-found sensitivity to the environment, Shittech's float will be recycling large purple garbage cans (purchased at the sell-out sale of a recently deceased local drug store chain) to be used as port-a-potties. Long a major problem with parades that lasted more than ten minutes, this innovation will provide welcome relief for krewe members who have never been in a parade before -- as well as collecting valuable raw materials for the firm.

Other Krewe sponsors include Off The Wal-Mart, Rong-Aid, Dullards, and Microsoft-serve, makers of the new "Snowballs '98" dessert and software product.

As *Monde du Merde* went to press, the Krewe of Generica still had not come up with a theme. Some possibilities being e-mailed to members worldwide are: "Better Living (Except for the Neigh-

bors) Through Chemicals", "This Dud's For You", and "Mardi Gras Goes to the Malls". The Krewe will be flanked by all-white marching bands from good Christian communities; music will include everything from favorite hymns to Barry Manilow.

C.R.A.P.S. Craps Out!

SHREVEPORT -- The Krewe of C.R.A.P.S. has announced that it will stage its Mardi Gras parade in Shreveport this year. The Parading and Control Board of Louisiana has refused a request from the captain of C.R.A.P.S. to parade in New Orleans for another year pending the arrival of a permanent, land-based marching krewe. Despite all efforts of Mayor-elect Paul Bauer to keep C.R.A.P.S. a float in New Orleans, the Board voted 8-0 to send the Krewe packing.

C.R.A.P.S. is the second major New Orleans institution forced to go by the Board this year. Therefore, the Krewe has decided to join forces with the Flamingo casino as they roll to Shreveport.

C.R.A.P.S. (the prescient Krewe that, in 1995, in its political correctness already renamed all the public schools from McDonogh to Madonna), in solidarity with the Flamingo, will present its discerning brand of satire at halftime of the Independence Bowl, in full flamingo attire. Marching bands, glitter, glitz, and prosperity for all!

Bugsy Seigal had a dream. The result: Flamingo Casino, Las Vegas. Edwin Edwards had a (wet) dream. The result: Flamingo Casino, New Orleans Shreveport.

Bourbon Goes On S.O.S. Crusade

JACK DANIELS STREET -- Once, everyone in New Orleans knew the color purple.

Not as in the Alice Walker book, but purple as in that slightly sickening hue known as K&B purple. Then, back in the winter of '97 - '98, Rite-Aid unleashed the fearsome beast known as the one-eyed, one-horned purple people eater. On a single pass this monster devoured every purple K&B sign, bag, product, and purple-clad employee. It even gobbled up the purple people from the flea market in its mistaken gluttony.

The unslakable fury of the monster tore out one of the last remaining pieces of the soul of New Orleans. Making groceries just isn't the same at the imposter Schwegmann stores; John Schwegmann proved that he is no better at biting off more than he can chew than Al Copeland is at pulling his chicken. Michael Hebert saved us so much money that he can't pay his bills. The Old Absinthe Bar is the newest daiquiri disaster. Campo's went from hardware store to appliance giant to bankruptcy court. Our money went from Bank of N'Awlins to First NBC to some Ohio conglomerate. What's next, Bill Gates buys the St. Louis Cathedral?

From being bought out, sold out, closed out, and just down and out, now to being "Souled Down the River". No one wants "The City That Care Forgot" to become "The City That Sold Out Cheap".

Therefore, to prevent the blood-sucking carpetbaggers and scalawags -- and just plain ol' apathetic citizens -- from dissin' our very soul, the Knights of the Krewe du Rue Bourbon have committed themselves to the "Save Our Soul Crusade". Accompanied by a float of departed businesses, Bourbon will crusade to save the city's soul.

C.R.U.D.E. Gets Screwed

HELL, INC. -- Following the lead of many New Orleans political and corporate leaders, the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. (the Council to Revive Urban Decadent Entertainment) announced that it has sold its soul to the corporate devil.

Negotiations with a representative of Hell, Inc., a certain Mr. Screwtape, had been ongoing, with numerous letters exchanged. However, according to Krewe leaders, it took profane intervention by the devil himself to seal the diabolical deal.

"We had a face to face meeting, and he seemed like a real down below the earth guy, a regular Beelzebubba," said one Krewe member. "And we felt right at home in hell; they had red beans, Ann Rice, the City Council and the Mayor, Al, Michael and John -- it was like old home week."

The price tendered for C.R.U.D.E.'s soul was not revealed, but it apparently included \$24 worth of Mardi Gras beads, Saints' season tickets (talk about hell), and a cash amount rumored to be \$6.66.

Other demonic deals are likely to be announced soon. Among those in the works is an agreement to rename all the McDonogh public schools Mephistopheles. Few people doubt that the School Board has been dealing with the devil, who is not known to be a slaveholder in the literal sense; in return, Hell, Inc has promised to get rid of the bats, cut the grass and fix the toilets. The firm promptly announced that it was subletting the contract to Nolmar, Inc., who pledged prompt action on all fronts.

In related news, Hell weather forecasters predicted snow for the first time in the company's history.

Hell, Inc. officials were fired up about the deal. Mr. Screwtape

stated that this was the first step in a corporate takeover strategy that had targeted the entire Krewe du Vieux, while a more senior official, a Mr. Louis Cipher, commented that Hell, Inc. was after the soul of the entire city of New Orleans. "Almost everyone seems eager to sell, and the rest could give a damn," observed Mr. Cipher. "I guess that's why they call it The City That Forgot To Care".

When asked about the corporate merger, C.R.U.D.E.'s only comment was, "The devil is in the gumbo, andouille hate it."

The Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. has been screwed and taped many times before, but selling its soul to the corporate devils breaks new underground for the decadent group. Donning their devil costumes, they plan to march Satanly to the post-parade Baal; then it's time to pack your pitchforks and your marshmallows and hop aboard that downbound train.

FOR SALE Brand New Never-Used CASINO

Canal Street Near The
Mississippi River

Close to Major
New Orleans
Attractions

Rock Hard Cafe

Planet Horewood

Fascist Cafe

Outhouse of Blues

NEEDS WORK

Favorite French Quarter Watering Hole is Now "Old Absent Bar"

JIM BEAM STREET -- Have you ever had a "dreamsickle" that you got "Goombay smashed" in one bar and had an "old fashioned" "eye-opener" the next morning in a strange place? What's stranger than trying to get a "three-legged monkey" in a & *%# \$@%*# @ daiquiri joint in the heart of the French Quarter? Can frozen wet t-shirts be far behind?

After pitchers of "chocolate martinis", the Krewe of Drips and Discharges will toast the royal court in testimony that the above event actually occurred.

The Krewe went to the Old Absinthe Bar for an evening of music and libations, potables and sustenance such as "prairie chickens", "tequila mockingbirds", "salty dawgs", "grasshoppers", and "brave bulls", being a bunch of animals themselves.

But ... as the evening progressed (or digressed) in the Old Absinthe, the Krewe observed "Fred-dy Fudpucker" and "Harvey Wallbanger" trying to line up a "slow comfortable screw" -- with hopes of "screaming orgasms" -- with "Bloody Mary" and the "Pink Lady". Those "whore dogs" dressed in their "hot pants" couldn't stop going on about their "slippery nipples".

Other infamous lounge lizards, bar flies and b-girls were present (but not accounted for). In a dark corner, butts against the wall, were the "godmother" and "godfather", huddled with "Fast Eddie" and looking guilty. The "Black Russian" and the "White Russian" at the bar were passing out "Russian Quaaludes". Nearby a "dirty mother" and a "hillbilly" were talking with a "presbyterian" from the

"casino". "Margarita" in her "sombrero" and "Sweet Maria" were in line for the ladies room with their "silk panties" in a bunch.

Brian Lee, house musician par excellence, took a break -- and the nightmare began. When the break was over, one could feel the chill as far as Fat City, as a daiquiri machine took his place. Mr. Lee remains "Absolute"ly Absent.

Now, what is a true New Orleanian or bona fide tourist to do? To mourn the loss of a real Bourbon Street drinkstitution, the Krewe of Drips and Discharges will hold a Jazz Funeral on Saturday, February 7.

In honor of the "Old Absent Bar", the Krewe will distribute its traditional "Top Ten Drink List for 1998."

1. Flamingo Frappe
2. Krauss Kolada
3. Holmes Collins
4. Schwegmann's Swizzle
5. K&B Fizzle
6. Harrah's On The Rocks
7. Woolsworth Wallbanger
8. 1st NBC Highball
9. LL&E Straight Up
10. Popeye's Punch

Programming Note:

The Psychic Network will be off the air today due to unforeseen technical difficulties

Election Day

Vote (often) for new leadership to help New Orleans invade the 20th century (we'll get to the 21st century later):

Mayor: Alexander the Mediocre
City Council: Attila the Nun, Ghenghis ConArtist, Crapoleon, Francisco Bizzaro, Julius Geezer, Adolph Shitlist, & Saddam Insane.

LEWD Gets Flushed Down the River

DOWN THE DRANO -- It begins in Minnesota, a mere trickle of winter snowmelt. Southward it flows, picking up first drops, then streams, then mighty rivers as it rushes down to the Gulf of Mexico. Of course, it also picks up the sewage of countless towns and several major cities, the pesticide and fertilizer run-off of thousands of farms, the chemicals and waste of hundreds of factories. It's the mighty Mississippi, and by the time it hits New Orleans, it is one bad body of really bad water.

For all its trials and tribulations, Old Man River ain't seen nothing like what's been flushed into it recently by the Crescent City. The history, the tradition, the character, the very soul of New Orleans has been flushed gleefully down the river by big corporations and their politician stooges -- and now, in the unkindest cut of all, the Krewe of LEWD joins the rush of effluent fouling this fair flow.

The only problem is that the toilets for the Krewe's royal flush belong to the School Board, and are not in working order. However, the Board's grass cutting contract with Nolmar, Inc. has been extended to include toilet maintenance, and officials were confident that repairs would be made "before hell freezes over" (see related story on page 7).

As Mardi Gras goes up for sale, as the chain stores, restaurants and clubs move in like a plague -- as everything that is uniquely N'Awlins, indeed the soul of the city is sold down the river, LEWD feels there is no real reason to stick around. "We'd rather be 'flushed down the river' than hang out with the crap that's taking over the city" was the plucky Krewe's last words. Sounds like they need some serious T.P.