



Krewe du Vieux Asks ‘‘WWKdVD’’

Al Johnson to Help Krewe Keep Carnival Time

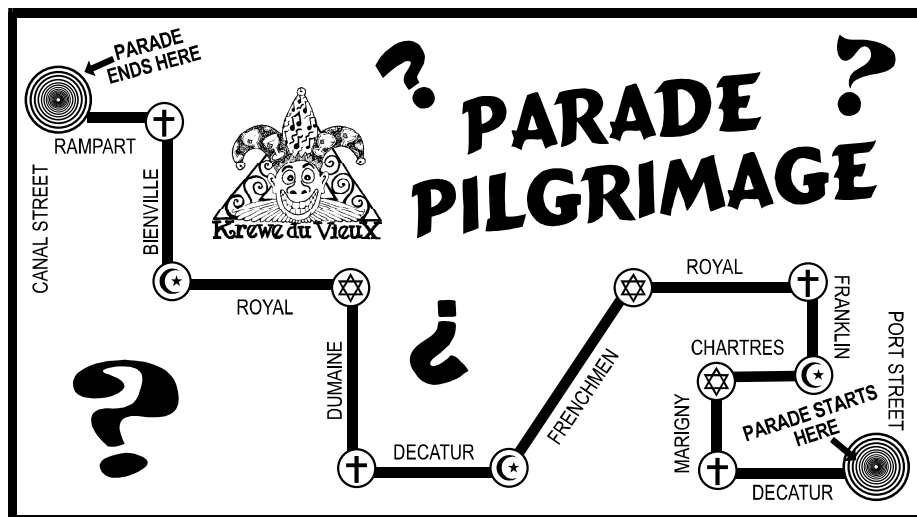
NAWLINS — The Age of Reason is dead and buried. The Art of Critical Thinking now rots in the next tomb over. Terminally stupified by television, cloistered by air conditioning, our numbed nation no longer tortures its brain cells over the vital issues of our day.

But it’s all good. When faced with life-altering choices like “paper or plastic”, people can simply ask themselves “WWJD?”

Jesus would probably puke — especially if he’d been partying too hard with the Krewe du Vieux. In the eternal tradition of ecstatic visions, religious awakenings and great trips, we present the theological question of the new, mindless age: “**What Would Krewe du Vieux Do?**” A few of the infinite answers to this sacred conundrum will be presented on Saturday, January 22, at 7:00 PM, as the Krewe levitates through the Marigny and French Quarter in its annual pornographic pilgrimage.

Trumpeting the heavenly legions forward this year will be New Orleans musical legend Al “Carnival Time” Johnson. A man who questions authority and is of suitably questionable character, King Al will help the Krewe throw the baby out the window, along with all modesty, decency and common sense.

As they wander through the Quarter on their way to the Krewe du Vieux Doo, the do-gooders, do-dooers, monkey-doers, evil-doers, over-doers, do-overs, do-nothings, doodlers, diddlers, and ne’er-do-wells of the Krewe will walk on puddles, change their wine into water, burn Bushes, smoke locusts, break way more than ten commandments, achieve rapture, and sell their images on eBay for thousands of dollars. Spectators are advised to drink lots of holy



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 22, 2005 at 7:00 PM

water, prostrate (or prostitute) themselves, and confess to every sin they’ve ever dreamed of.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen sub-krewes will present their own biblical, babbling, bawdy, bodacious, bi-lingual, cunilingual, cuneiform, reform, unrepentant, petulant, penile, papal and highly interrogatory interpretations of the theme. Sub-krewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe of Pan, Krewe du Jieux, Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Krewe of Comatose, and Mystic Krewe of Inane.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few joyful expressions of God on Earth not currently being threatened by righteous religious fervor, puritan prigs or constitutional amendment.

The Krewe du Vieux is a non-profit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative

expression and satirical comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras — and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Krewe du Vieux Doo
SATURDAY, JANUARY 22 • 9:00 PM
STATE PALACE THEATER

featuring:
Eh, La-Bas!
◆◆◆
Jon Cleary
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[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))

The Warrior Musician King

“How come there are all these songs about Mardi Gras, but none of them ever talks about Carnival?” the King asked himself about, oh, back in 1958 when no one even knew he was a prince. “How come there aren’t any songs about Carnival Time?”

The rest, as they say, is his story — but it ain’t no fairy tale. Think horror show: ogres and vampires, lawyers and record producers, but no knights in armor, shining or otherwise.

Al “Carnival Time” Johnson wrote his great Mardi Gras classic in 1958, the same year he graduated from high school. With “Carnival Time,” “Lena” and several other tunes in hand, he went looking for the magic doorway into the music business.

At first it looked like King Al had found one. Producer Joe Rufino brought him into the studio, and in 1958, “Lena” was released.

“I heard it around town, heard it on the radio, so I went and asked Joe Rufino for my money. He told me I owed him \$11.” Welcome, King, to the music business in New Orleans circa 1960.

Since Rufino had the song, King Al decided to go ahead and record “Carnival Time”, which turned out to be an adventure in its own right. “It was a tricky song,” recalls the musical monarch, “and we had to do it over and over to get it where everyone wanted it to be.”

As a consequence, “Carnival Time” wasn’t released until 1960 — right before its youthful composer went into the army. After four years in the employ of Uncle Sam, including gigs with the army band that must have blown the stars right off some of the top brass, King Al came back to New Orleans to find that his signature song was going strong...and to find out that Rufino, the producer, had died.

This left the song rights in limbo; while Mardi Gras Records, which had released the disc, sent him some money, it seemed to the King that there should be more

cash coming his way.

Things got worse in a hurry.

“I felt it was important to get paid for what I did, and to hold on to what was mine,” recalls King Al, stating what might seem obvious to many of us but what turned out to be quite the radical notion at the time. “So I started trying to get the rights to my song.”

The battle began in 1966. It is not truly over today. And the price? Well, it wasn’t just the money (although “I spent a lot for me,” notes our rich in talent but not exactly rolling in dollars royalty). Fighting for his rights cost King Al his career, since no one in the business would work with him; he in turn became so disgusted he learned welding and went to work in a shipyard. On the up side, if the royal float breaks down this year, the King himself can probably get it rolling again in no time.

Finally in 1979, after numerous lawyers, lawsuits (we told you it was a horror story) and other machinations, Al Johnson was able to copyright to “Carnival Time”. Although a significant victory, it hardly ended the war.

“I went to see a music expert named Joe Jones, and he actually got me the master recording tape and stamper. And Rufino’s widow said I could have my music back. But then Joe managed to buy all of Rufino’s catalogue from the widow, for a whole dollar, and decided he’d be better off suing me and everyone else involved with ‘Carnival Time’. He sued me for stealing the record — my record — and told me he had to sue me in order to help me.”

While this is a lot like destroying Fallujah in order to save it, it apparently made sense to the vampires — sorry, lawyers.

More lawsuits. More time in court (maybe that’s the King’s next hit: “Judicial Time”). After more than a decade, more of the King’s friends telling him he was wasting his time, more ladies giving up on him as he pursued his

quixotic quest, a federal judge ruled in his favor. Ironically, had Joe Jones not sued King Al, there would have been no victory in court. Today, His Majesty owns the copyright and publishing rights, and has possession of the master, although there are still lingering issues over that.

All this just to get the rights to one simple, wonderful song written by a fresh-faced, idealistic kid with a touch of musical genius. Was it worth it?

“I wanted to help other people, and I think I did,” says the modest monarch in his typically understated fashion. “It took all my life, but you have to do the things you think are important, and I didn’t want other people to have to go through the same mess. And I like being a part of Carnival the way I am. People do love the song, and it brings a lot of joy to me to see that, especially when I see young people singing it word for word.” It also helps a little that, at long last, the royalties are starting to come in.

Our King is a quiet, gentle man, with a shy smile further illuminated by one gold tooth; not bitter despite all he’s been through, just a little hurt by all the slights and still just short of justice. And his motto in life?

“The best is yet to come!”

“I always thought people were angry with me for standing up, but I’m finding out more and more people are happy about it. And now I’m King of Krewe du Vieux — that’s definitely part of why the best is yet to come!”

So if you love New Orleans music, and if you love that particular time of the year, and if you believe that people who give us something should be given their fair share in return, then say a special thank you to a true musical magic man, who took on all the bad guys, fought his way through the twisted thicket of the music business and the legal system, and turned it into a fairy tale after all.

All hail King Al, and remember, the best really is yet to come.

PAN Does the Ten Commandments

MOUNT SIN-AI — An investigation by *Le Monde de Merde* has uncovered a story of biblical proportions. While out on a recent pub pilgrimage through the French Quarter, the members of the Krewe of PAN were abducted by the Grant Stormtroopers, held hostage and forced to watch tape loops of Jerry Falwell and endless repeats of “The 700 Club.”

After what seemed like an eternity of relentless religiosity, the krewe’s prayers for release from their bondage were answered. A plague of mosquitoes descended, allowing them to make their escape. They found themselves, dazed and confused, without sustenance, in the wilds of Aububon Park where they wandered for forty minutes. Weak from a lack of food and drink — especially drink — they stumbled to the foot of Monkey Hill where they collapsed prostrate, unable to continue, not knowing what to do, mentally and spiritually exhausted, ready to surrender to the televangelist tirades.

They watched as their leader, Mo-sex, disappeared into a cloud of smoke

at the summit of Monkey Hill. (Apparently another krewe was holding a meeting on the mount.) When Mo-sex descended hours later (or maybe minutes, it was hard to tell with all that smoke), he was carrying a set of tablets that seemed to be engraved with a set of instructions. Upon further inspection, it appeared that the inscriptions were some sort of to-do list for sinners. As they scraped away the debris covering the tablets, they saw a list of bullet points, a checklist of sins — Dishonor thy father and thy mother, Thou shalt kill, Thou shalt commit adultery, Thou shalt steal, Thou shalt bear false witness against thy neighbor, Thou shalt covet thy neighbor’s house and thy neighbor’s wife and all things that are thy neighbor’s and several more — there were ten in all.

Questioning the meaning of the mysterious tablets and wondering what to do next, the krewe ventured forth once more seeking enlightenment and drinks. Then suddenly a sign appeared: “Promised Land Bar & Grill, Happy Hour, Two

Drinks for the Price of One.”

In joyous celebration, they revived and imbibed their spirits. Inspired and intoxicated, they set out to spread the word (and their legs) with missionary zeal (and position). The tablets were installed in the Court of Rex where they remained on display until, after lengthy litigation, they were forcibly removed by an order of the Mardi Gras Commission.

Undaunted by their defeat in Court, they prowled the streets and back alleys and probed the halls of government, business and popular culture, seeking notorious sinners who had checked off items on the Top Ten list: Martha Stewart, Paris Hilton, the Menendez bothers, Bill Clinton, Edwin Edwards, Ken Lay, Brittney Spears, L. Ron Hubbard, the Bush Administration, joined by holy hypocrites Rush Limbaugh, Jimmy Swaggart and William Bennett, to name only a very few.

Gathering them together at the Den of Muses, they made plans to take the spurned tablets on tour around the country. Saints and sinners alike will be able to see the first viewing as the tour kicks off at the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, January 22

Mama Roux Reveals Brand Spanking New Other-Cheek Policy

by Seymour Butts

KRAKATOA EAST OF JESUS — A recent archeological dig deep in nether regions, along with the latest probing advances in the study of ancient languages, have led the Krewe of Mama Roux to develop a new translation of Matthew 5:39:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him and...spank that sucker!

Submitting to this wallop of wisdom, Mama Roux has pledged to repay every threat of aggression with a nice friendly spanking. This, they firmly believe, is exactly What Krewe du Vieux Would Do. “Our spiritual advisors, in fact, recommend this course of action if we expect to save our asses from

the prospect of eternal hellfire; therefore, we are united in our resolve to apply this solution to the fundament of every fundamentalist we encounter,” said a pulchritudinous paddler.

Riding atop the ass-drawn cart that serves as Mama Roux’s justly-famous superfloat and spanking salon, the Krewe’s Kink and Queen will greet crowds of revelers beneath a banner bearing the Latin inscription “*Ank-spay the Other-yay Eek-chay.*” Hordes of Their Hienie-nesses’ loyal subjects will follow behind, bound and determined to make asses of themselves.

The world renowned Three Wise Asses, appearing in town for King Cake Day on Lil’ Christmas, January 6, are expected to join the procession, unless

they lose their asses at the casino and have to run back home with their tails between their legs.

Bare behinds adorned with stinging red handprints will fill the streets as the holy disciples of Mama Roux depict their 2005 theme, “Mama Roux Spanks the Other Cheek.” Ass-tronomical quantities of beads, trinkets, and surprise gifts will be thrown to eager spectators until they’re all gone (probably somewhere on Frenchman Street). Said one sensuous spanker, “It’ll be a million laughs; everyone will be cracking up! So don’t be a pain in the ass; don’t stay home spanking your monkey — come on out to the streets and join our celebration. It’ll be your ass if you don’t show up, believe you me!”

Constitutional Reform Arms Pissed-off Species

URSINE STREET — Alarmed by the dramatic rise in gun violence in New Orleans, Mayor Ray Nay-Gun recently called a public meeting outside City Hall. Members of Krewe de CRAPS joined the throngs of New Orleanians who uzied out of their shotgun houses, from Barracks to Magazine Street, to hear what Nay-Gun had set his sights upon. Hizzoner scoped out the crowd, squeezed one off, and then began.

“My friends, these are desperate times. Most New Orleanians have easier access to hairpin triggers than to healthcare. Tourists trolling for hookers on Burgundy Street are more likely to find hand guns than hand jobs. Students at McDonogh AK-47 spend more time at pawn shops hocking up Lugers than rifling through textbooks. Gun manufacturers and the Needledicks Require Ammo (NRA) have ensured that wackos are heavily armed in every volatile corner of the world, including The Abbey. Rather than recoiling from the kickbacks demanded by the NRA, politicians in Washington have shot their wad accommodating them.”

“The situation,” he sniped, “has become unbearable.”

Nay-Gun’s speech sent shivers through the chambers of the shell-shocked CRAppers. The need to act was clear, but the question remained: What would Krewe de CRAPS do? Though more accustomed to choosing who to do rather than what to do, the CRAppers resolved to take a break from downing shots and pumping their way through porn magazines to move full-bore towards reclaiming their troubled City.

Nay-Gun’s use of the word “un-bearable” resonated deeply with the membership. The image of a band of able bears disturbed their drunken slumber, leading to strange dreams of what appeared to be a furry citizens’ militia. When they awoke, the solution was fully-automatic; the way to fight the sub-human gun lobby was to enlist the aid of

non-humans. But what species could bear the weight of this task? Who could create the required level of pandamonium?

Krewe members soon heard rumblings of a hitherto-unknown survivalist movement that was bunkered down in cubbie holes in the swamps of Bearataria. A group of endangered Louisiana black bears had organized a citizens’ militia to protect themselves. Might these soldiers of fortune also be willing to bearter their services to protect New Orleans (for a bear minimum)?

CRAPS sent their representatives Stanley Koalaski and Blanche DuBears to meet with the leader of the bear insurgents, Militia-Man Chester, known for insisting that members of his pack don’t cry out loud. Chester lunged at the opportunity to aid CRAPS in their effort to reclaim the mean streets of New Orleans. Asked what specific services he could offer, Chester foamed at the mouth as he described the skills of his *Ursa* line:

“Smokey Bear is with us; everyone knows he’s great in a fire fight. That guy over there is called GoldiGlocks; we all know he’s bi-Polar, but as long as he only wears his teddies in private, we don’t ask and he doesn’t tell. Cody Yak here can’t hold his liquor, but he gets grisly when there’s trouble bruin.”

What about their arsenal? “We’ve been partial to the snub-nose,” Chester clipped, “but lately we’ve had to upgrade our fire power. You humans can now legally carry assault rifles, so we’ve recently acquired a ‘SureMan’ Tank to protect ourselves. Like the assault rifles,” he said with a wink, “it is purely a defensive weapon.”

When asked how they got their paws on a tank, Chester said “There’s this organization called Hallibearton, and they’re not known for keeping close tabs on their equipment. Let’s just say we’re ‘borrowing’ their tank for awhile. They won’t miss it.”

Despite their obvious noble intentions,

there are some who question whether supporting an armed bear militia is a good idea. These overbearing types roar about small cranial capacity, lack of opposable thumbs, and tendency to hunt and eat humans as reasons for disarming the species. When asked to comment, CRAPS spokesman Koalaski points out that Americans have a long history of providing weapons to those in the position to hurt us most, like the Talibears, and that CRAPS believes arming humans’ only natural enemy in North America helps to perpetuate this grand tradition. “Plus,” he added, “it is unlikely that we will be the ones to bear the consequences, at least not immediately. So why worry?”

Because of these perceived threats to our civil liberties, and fearful of being slapped by negative rulings of activist judges, CRAPS has initiated a movement to amend the state Constitution. We officially invite you to come out of hibernation and join us, as we begin our struggle to convince Louisiana to Protect the Right to Arm Bears!

In order to kick off this movement, and to provide New Orleans with a proper introduction to their furry protectors, Krewe de CRAPS has arranged for the bear militia to koala-esce and storm the Faubourg Marigny and French Quarter on the evening of January 22nd. Get ready New Orleans, it’s Carnivore Time!

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.

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Jieux For Cheesus ©

THE TOWER OF BAGEL — Fascism has failed, communism has collapsed, and while democracies decline fearfully into warring techno-theocracies, a cheese blintz bearing the likeness of The Virgin Bubbe sells for \$72,000.00 on JieuxBay. Inquiring minds want to know: can this be the beginning of the end of days?

Thanks to an insurgence of Jieuxish control over the media de merde, the spotlight will continue to ignore this important biblical question and focus instead on this year's sponsor: Jieux for Cheesus, Inc.; a small but benevolent Momarchy that has cornied the market on all that is Cheesy.

"It was a schmear campaign that I started in Philadelphia, but it turned into a movement," said Bubbe Madonna, Mother of Cheesus, Grand Matriarch and Executive Director of Cheesus Inc. "I may never know who first creamed Cheesus, but you can bet the holes in your Swiss bank account that it was the Jieuxs who finally got his schtick to spread smoothly!"

"Creamed or not I'm so proud of him anyway," Bubbe kvelled then sobbed without prompting, "I told him to heal the sick, and become a Wrich Doctor, but did he listen? Of course not! Anyway, I always knew that, whatever he

did, he would be a mensch, but he never calls or writes now that he's become such a Big Cheese...I've created a Muenster."

"Muenster Schmuenster! "a recently fermented Chassid for Chavarti exclaimed, "He does call, just not twice a day, and he's been busy. Word on the street is that he's Mocheesech the moosiah: the Jieux in the Limburger; the patently false but nonetheless lovable god of rabbinically supervised rennet-free cheese. He's milked the golden calf for all it is worth and gathered every Jieux to celebrate and party with you! This year we're putting the Culture back into the Cult, the Prophet back into the Profit — Cheesus says a Fondue in every Pot and Pot in every Fondue! Be Happy! Smile and just say Cheesus!"

"That's nice dear, but you're hankering for a hunk of it if you don't stop that slab or slice or chunk of it routine," Bubbe continued relentlessly, "I had my fill of that Stilton over Cheesemas! The Reforms and their Roquefort! Cheesus also started off a little spoiled, but he's aged well and keeps on churning. I remember the time when he was just a little cheese farmer and he lost our Holey Grater, people are still looking for that you know. Not that there's anything

wrong with cheese farming! You know his father was like a cheese farmer; he started with nothing and built the Garden of Edam! Now that's a miracle I could whip! What a Jieuxtopia!"

"Enough already!" Cheesus cut in, "the Curds & Whey Committee reported that the Jieuxs just want to have a little fun once a year for a month or so; drink a little wine, do a little dance, smoke a little mozzarella. It keeps them from turning bleu. Trust me. It's all gouda! With an almost everlasting shelf life, world peace is now available in individual pre-packaged slices at wholesale prices! It makes it easy to keep kosher and there's enough for everyone to nosh a bisel!"

Well folks, it may not be the beginning of the end of days, but its going to be a happy ending to the end of this day, so make your Bubbe kvell, beat your sword into a cheese knife and be there for Chavarti Gras, the Fête du Fromage, when all the Jieuxs get together to celebrate at the recently resurrected third temple of Cheesus!

Seating for Feta on the Roof begins Saturday January 22, promptly at sundown!

Be Happy! Say Cheesus!
It's a Jieux thing!

Spermes Parties With Jesus Gone Wild

HARROD'S CASINO — Jesus done left Chicago and he's bound for New Orleans.

Deciding that at least one chapter of "The Greatest Story Ever Told" should take place at The Greatest Free Show On Earth, Jesus Christ has apparently brought a film crew and a host of heavenly bodies to the French Quarter for Mardi Gras 2005.

The official "Jesus Gone Wild" bus was seen driving down the Mississippi River and turning into the French Quarter, where it performed the even greater miracle of driving over several cataclysmic New Orleans potholes without

breaking an axle.

Members of the Mystic Krewe of Spermes have joined the savior on spring break, and one of them provided an inside look at the prodigal, profligate production.

"This guy is on an eternal party, and he's leaving no stone unturned along the way," giggled the squiggling Sperme. "Those ain't no virgin marys he's drinking, and he's been burning some of the best bush I've had in a long time. You wouldn't believe how many catfish po'boys we've been munching!"

"I think the idea here is to capture some of the other passions of Christ,"

added the Sperme before shooting off to rejoin the temptingly tonged throngs.

Among other miracles performed for the cameras, Jesus turned water into a hurricane (costing the film crew several days of shooting), cast out the old School Board, and cured numerous hangovers. One stunt, however, went awry, as not even the son of god could raise the Saints from the dead.

Jesus himself declined to comment for this article, but was overheard on several occasions proclaiming "I'm coming again!" He was last seen almost naked, crowned with beads, and hanging from a Bourbon Street lamppost.

The Church of Drippus and Dischargius is Porn Again

VIEUXTICAN CITY — Rumors have been flying in recent weeks regarding dissent between the Church of the Krewe of the Vieux and one of its seventeen subchurches, Drippus and Dischargius. The rift developing between the two bodies reportedly centers around their views on how to develop and maintain the funds necessary to carry out their missionary positions.

Seeking to plumb the depths of the dispute, *Monde de Merde* conducted an interview with D&D spokesnun Sister Sebastian.

MdM: “Sister, what can you tell us about the origin of your group?”

SS: “In the beginning was the Vieux, and the Vieux was good...in fact, it was a great Vieux. Yet our sect saw a sector which had been frequently frequented by our followers, but rarely ministered to by our ministers. The fallen St. Falwell excepted. Thus, we seek to embrace lovingly those who work in the industry of adult films.”

MdM: “What drew you to this needy group?”

SS: “It was painfully apparent that these souls lacked belief in the Vieux. But we did note a concurrent devotion to one of our holiest tenets, the constant striving for ‘The Second Coming’. To us, this is second only to our quest for ‘The Holy Tail’. Since our beliefs were so similar we began the process of proselytizing and prostituting, pandering and horny tooting to recruit these poor lost souls to succumb to the full frontal Vieux.”

At this Sister Sebastian fell into a fit of religious ecstasy. Her habit began flopping out and back. Her breathing became ragged. Her eyes glazed over and rolled back. She began speaking in tongues, “Oh My God, Oh Gawd, Oh Gawd, Oh Gawd, Oh Gawd

....” Suddenly her body went stiff and she began shaking uncontrollably. As a matter of common courtesy we unfolded her from her resulting fetal position and continued the interview.

MdM: “So Sister, what is the origin of your dispute with the Mother Church? And what is that strange odor of wet mushrooms?”

SS: (still semi-coherent) “Give us your winos, your whores, de Sades and nymphos yearning to breed free. The rigid refuse...(coming back to herself) We applied to the Mother Church for sanction as a sub-sect to tend these lost loins. Being the holy and inclusive group we are, we accepted them into our bosom with open arms and open zippers and open legs and...butt I digress. The Mother Church granted us a generous stipend to establish our ministry. And get off, er, establish it we did, ecstatically.”

MdM: “So what’s gone wrong?”

SS: “We are ministers to the needy, not bookkeepers. The money ran out long before the fun did. The Mother Church is loathe to continue subsidizing our end-delvers. Though supremely suckseful in our work, we are broke.”

MdM: “That is terrible. Out there saving souls and as bankrupt as the GOP’s morality. What will you do?”

SS: “We consulted our most learned monk, the man in charge of recruiting, reform, and rhinoplasty for our female converts, Brother Marco Hardonicus. Grand Master H recommended a church-wide prayer orgy and pilgrimage. In the course of these rapturous rites we will find the answer to how we will fund our cause and cause more fun.”

MdM: “What will this entail?”

SS: (the answer came sometime later as the sister had lapsed into

another seizure) “Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir...Um...We will begin with our holiest rites at our holiest site, a bacchanal at The Den of Muses. There amidst fete-in’ and fornicatin’ and soul-savin’ we will pray for guidance, gratification and KY. Once we regain our senses, censors and clothes we will make the passionate pilgrimage from the sacred Marigny through the Vieux Carré to the State Palace Theater, there to test ourselves in the Temple of Temptation.”

MdM: “That sounds amazing! Do you believe your prayers will be answered?”

SS: “As was foretold in the days of old, ‘If you follow the rites, if you pray the Big Prayer, all will come to you and you will come again and again.’ We will pray the Big Prayer. We will look deep into our souls and as one call out asking the Big Question: *What Would Krewe du Vieux Do?* And as foretold we know the answer will be written in burning letters upon the walls by a fiery hand. It will vindicate us to all. It will lead us to a fiscally solvent climax! Drips and Discharges will be...
PORN AGAIN!

Krewe du Rue Bourbon Will “Send in the Clowns” by the BUSHels

THE BURNING BUSH — Somewhere in Texas, there’s still a village missing an Idiot. Known for his infamous “Bushisms,” the missing Idiot has been Clowned this time as “Wartime King George II” of the Bush League Dynasty (Oh no is Jeb in line?). When interviewed recently about origin of his birth, Dubya, the Supreme Court’s Anointed One, was asked, “Who’s Your Daddy,” to which he responded “In George H.W. We Trust.” Upon further questioning about his belief in a Higher Power, he quipped, “One Na-

tion under Surveillance”.

The recent Second Coronation of Clown King George II provides more proof that Americana is being ruled by an elite group of self-serving, compassionate-conservative clowns who continue the agenda of Reagan Hood: Take From the Needy and Give To the Greedy. But only when “Healthy Forests” has killed the last tree, when “Clean Waters” has poisoned the last river and the last fish has been caught, when “Clear Skies” are opaque, will we realize that we can’t eat money.

Inaugural festivities at the exclusive Washingtonian Cirque de Special Interests Soiree featured well known members of His Majesty’s Court, both past and present. Attendees included Dickhead “Still In Bed with Halliburton” Chaney, Condomleezza “Bush Baked Beans ’n” Rice, Donald “You Go To War With the Defense Secretary You Have” Rummyfeld, John “Uncivil Liberties” Ashcroft, Tom “Color-Coded and Clueless” Ridge, Colinoscopy “I Wuz Duped” Powell, Tom “Above the Law” DeLay, Dennis “Beat Around the Bush” Hastert, General Retardo “Geneva Conventions? How Quaint!” Sanchez, and Charlton “Right to Arm Bears” Heston.

The Idiot’s reign will continue for Four More Wars, inevitable since the Crusading Monarch declares, “You’re with us, or you’re with the terrorists,” creating Bushwhackers faster than we can kill them. Yet his brainwashed, brain-dead believers ask, “How did our oil get under their soil?” while sporting “Support Our Troops” bumper stickers on their Hummers.

As for the rest of His Highness’s subjects, who remain unconvinced of his royal infallibility, they are just plain “Bushed” thinking about the level of the idiocy and oddity. Struggling with the red-state blues, they have made lists of things to do before January 20: go for a swim in clean water, visit an old-growth forest, buy a gas mask, stock up on birth control, download a

KNIGHTS OF MONDU UNVEIL TO ALL “THE LOST COMMANDMENTS”

LOST FOR CENTURIES BECAUSE
MOSES WAS PISSED AT WHAT HE SAW!

FOUND UNDER THE “BURN-K-DOE”
BURNING BUSH HIGH ATOP
MT. MONKEY HILL!

FINALLY, MYSTERIES EXPLAINED
AND MORE RULES TO LIVE BY!

NOT A FAKE LIKE THE “SHROUD” OR
MOST OF THE TV EVANGELISTS!

POSSIBLE GUEST APPEARANCE BY
MOSES XX OR ELVIS OR MORGUS!

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ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 22ND
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\$5— SEE THE “LOST COMMANDMENTS”!
\$10— HEAR CHARLTON HESTON RECITE THEM!
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\$40— HAVE YOUR PHOTO TAKEN WITH THE
TABLETS AND MAYOR NAGIN!
\$100— WE’LL TATTOO THEM ON YOUR CHEST!

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MUSIC BY
BENNIE HYMAN
&
THE BUNCH

copy of the Constitution, change the name on your library card.

To further his sovereign supremacy, Wartime King George II has commissioned a new documentary, “World Police State,” coming soon to a democracy near you. In this Land of the Free (some restrictions apply; void where prohibited) loyal subjects will continue to be given the opportunity to eat tainted meat, breathe poisoned

CRUDE On The Bayou

(with apologies to Hank Williams)

Me gotta go, felatio, me oh my oh
Me gotta go to see cock-bitin’ on the bayou
It’s blood ‘n’ guts, so what’s the fuss,
me oh my oh
We’re all ‘bout family fun on the bayou.

chorus:

No married queers, no stem cell cures, and
heaps o’ ammo

That’s what we want, we’re told by Fox,
on the Tee-vo

Pick a fight, vote for the right, don’t be gay-o
Son-of-a-bitch, we’ve got the itch for
moral value.

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin’
It seems that they got hitched while
up in Boston

Poor Yvonne she don’t get done what she
need-o

She thought her cher was *fightin’* cock
on the bayou.

chorus:

No married queers, no stem cell cures, and
heaps o’ ammo

That’s what we want, we’re told by Fox,
on the Tee-vo

Pick a fight, vote for the right, don’t be gay-o
Son-of-a-bitch, we’ve got the twitch for
moral value.

Feathers fly, pecked-out eye, that’s okay-o
It’s our creed to fight the cock on the bayou
But givin’ head while in bed, me oh my oh
Could get you five to twelve in Angol-oh

chorus:

No married queers, no stem cell cures, and
heaps o’ ammo

That’s what we want, we’re told by Fox, on
the Tee-vo

Pick a fight, vote for the right, don’t be gay-o
Son-of-a-bitch, we’ll be a snitch for
moral value.

air, drink nasty water, and help only yourself armed only with Weapons of Mass Distraction.

Krewe Rue Bourbon says, “Don’t Worry, Be Happy. Since We Can’t Lick Bush, We’ll Hug your Elephant, if You’ll Kiss Our Ass.” In celebration of Wartime King George II’s Inauguration, Rue Bourbonites will parade around town posing as BUSHels of CLOWNS.

Rex, Zulu to Wed Comatose to Officiate at Nuptials

ST. GAYLORD'S CATHEDRAL — Even though Louisiana voters overwhelmingly approved the constitutional amendment banning gay marriage this fall, like most voters nationwide they apparently had no real idea who or what they were voting for.

Seen by only a few was the fine print slipped in to the end of the amendment. Like a da Vinci code, the addendum spells out an exception to the gay marriage ban that liberates the true libertines of this licentious city. This opaque provision enables the super secret societies known as Carnival Krewes to interpret the law according to their own scruples — or lack thereof.

Like a super-sensitive giant legal condom, the amendment therefore protects the incessant inter-krewe canoodling that has been the hallmark of Mardi Gras merry-makers. This slides in nicely with other Louisiana legal precedents, such as protecting cockfighting by decreeing that cocks are not animals and resurrecting gambling by renaming it gaming.

The Mystick Krewe of Comatose combed through the fine hairs of the law to discover this exception. Finding itself sheathed in a slippery bit of legal serendipity, it plans to take full advantage of the opportunity.

“Mardi Gras contains three incredible parades: Rex, Zulu and Krewe du Vieux,” Comatose commented. “For decades they have marched with distinction. In particular, the proximity of two of these parades — how many times has Rex nearly run straight up Zulu’s ass? — has created an endearing bond between the two that is now yearning to come out of the closet.”

Well known as a matchmaker and catalyst of carnal desire, Comatose has stepped in to assist these two great kings of New Orleans in tying the knot. The

love between Rex and Zulu is genuine, mature and now, thanks to the liberal voters of Louisiana, able to speak its name.

Comatose will unite the two kings in unholy matrimony on January 22, 2005. Their majesties will ride atop a fabulous wedding cake of love, commitment and bondage, and there will be dancing in the streets.

“This ceremony will do more for Louisiana than all our previous scandals combined,” proclaimed Comatose. “Before this we were losing gay couples faster than our wetlands. Restaurants were losing half their waiters, the art around Jackson Square was pitiful, and the Symphony Choir had been reduced to a barbershop quartet.”

In the interests of infecting everyone with the love bug (and who knows what else) that night, Comatose will perform marriages and other indecent acts en masse along the parade route. Three levels of commitment will be recognized:

– The popular four-hour marriage permits time for a small salad, dinner, and possibly even one pornographic movie.

– The remarkable twelve-hour marriage recognizes the need for intimacy and repeated mountings that are the hallmark of the Comatose lifestyle.

– Lastly, the thirty-day long-term marriage represents the penultimate in pandering, the loup garou of lovemaking, and the need for fundamentalists to outdo all others in the morality play of life. If you wish to experience married life with your partner throughout all the hormonal cycles of a full month, this is certainly your best value.

“Bring your love bug, your flavor of the month, your soul mate, or whoever’s closest,” invited Comatose, “and the Church of Comatose will wrap your lust in the finest Louisiana lawfulness. It’s what Krewe du Vieux would do!”

SOCIETY COLUMN

New Religion in Town

MONKEY HILL — A deity known to New Orleans low-to-medium (and often high) society has come out of the closet, speaking to the masses at Monkey Hill. HE was disgusted with organized religion, wishing that Archbishop Hughes would stop telling our politicians what to do and go back to Boston, and praying Pope Tom Benson would go back to Hell, disappointed in a world where religion has come to mean “hate thy neighbor” and the pious put their Dogma where their brains are and kill others who do not subscribe to their beliefs...all in the name of God. The dyslexic prophet, Goofy Guy, rearranged the word GOD and came up with DOG!

Goofy spoke, and the word was FOOD! One of the New Orleans’ favorite subjects. Although Fat, sex and depravity are a way of life here, all that the masses could come up with were a couple of three day old beignets and some fishes.

A miracle was performed. The beignets multiplied to feed the masses. But there was a problem with the fishes. As usual, with the service industry in this town, they got the order wrong and countless BITCHES appeared.

The masses, psycho with religious ecstasy, asked “What Would Krewe du Vieux Do?” And the prophet declared, “Feed them, not on loaves and fishes, but on beignets and bitches!”

One of the bitches caught the fancy of the prophet. There she was, Venus da Bitch, staring intensely at Goofy with her big brown eyes. Goofy got a good look at her eight(!?!) gorgeous tits and the rest was biblical history.

With Venus by his side and the Seeds of Decline coming from behind, Goofy mounted his search for Bitches. A schism, and jism, erupted between good Bitches and bad Bitches. Bitches were put on the Spot: Art you a Wicked Bitch of the East? Or a Good Bitch of the South?

In the ranks of the good bitches:

– Chris Owens who at the drop of a toy poodle will pour her body into a sparse and slinky outfit, trowel some makeup onto her face and mambo her booty under the noses of outatowners.

– Dear Mary Landrieu, who had a past appearance on the Seeds Of Decline float for taking good care of us among those too too many Bad Bitches up in Washington.

– Kathleen Blanco, who graced the float last year, with gratitude that you didn't do nothing stupid *yet*.

– And beloved Lindy Boggs — even we won't go too far calling her a Bitch. The next hurricane, loyal Seeds will be only too glad to evacuate her on their float.

And now for the Bad Bitches. The competition was so tough this year, that yo' Mama couldn't make the list. The finalists are:

– Eloise Brook Simms who, thank DOG, is no longer on the School Board.

– Poor Sandra Wheeler Hester, who lost her opportunity to provide the city with constant entertainment as a member of the aforementioned august institution.

– Kimberly “I didn't do nothing wrong” Williamson-Butler, who was drinking too many Hurricanes with Ivan. As a result of Ms. Williamson-Butler's dalliance (poor girl, it was not her fault) we were spared almost nightly entertainment with the defeat of Sandra Wheeler-Hester.

And honorable mention goes to that Bitch extraordinaire, smirking Marc Morial, whose name is still on the garbage cans where it belongs. Since leaving town, Marc has gotten around, leaving the Yellow Brick Road that leads to the Quarters so pot-holed that the yellow bricks have been replaced by orange traffic cones.

And the biggest, boldest, baddest Bitch of all: Diedre Dixon, sister of Jamie Foxx who, in a Casino appearance, showed that looks and a big booty can co-exist with manners and proper diction. Way to go Girl! Harrah's invites you back anytime you're in town. But at any rate, sweetheart, she won't need

T.O.K.I.N. Puts the FUN in FUNduhMENTALism

RELIGIOUS STREET — A recent visit to the HEAD-quarters and sacred sanctuary of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells exposed their latest apocalyptic revelry and revelations.

According to krewe spokes-HEADs Eve N. Gelic and Armand Geddon, “After the recent campaign carnival and carnage, we couldn't get our, um, spirits up. We had a bad case of repression. We were having trouble coming up with a righteous agenda. And then there was light! Our new emission was revealed.”

T.O.K.I.N. was called by a HIGHER power to put the fun in fundamentalism. Soon the HEAD-quarters were tumescent with anticipation, exhilaration and exhibitionism as the Ne'er-do-wells laid plans (and each other) in preparation for the opening of the new Fund-a-World® theocracy theme park, Six Flags Under God.

“We have something for everyone, young and old, born-again and unborn,” said Mr. Geddon. The rides include the Almost Heaven Ferris Wheel, Civil Liberties Roller Coaster, Horsemen of the Apocalypse Carousel, Democratic Process Tilt-A-Whirl, Gas Guzzler Bumper Cars, Virgin-Mary-Go-Round, the Monotheism Rail and the Holy Water Log Flume Ride, climaxing with the Rapture-Ready Tunnel of Love.

Fun-for-the-whole-family activities include the Abortion Clinic Shooting Gallery, School Prayer Sing-along, Walk-on-the-Water Slide, and the Leap of Faith Parachute-to-Paradise Jump.

“You won't want to miss the Religious Right Funhouse where things are never quite what they seem,” added Ms. Gelic.

Patrons will be invited to partake of the Born Again Barbecue — hotter than Hell! — and enjoy the Mount Carmelized Popcorn from the Big Business Concessions stand.

Visitors to the Big Top will thrill to the antics of the Congressional Clowns, the Abstinence Only Acrobats, and George W.'s Justification Jugglers. Kids of all ages and the Bush Administration will love the Passive Press Corps Puppet Show. Lobbyists can win big bucks and influence legislation at the Corporate-Lap-Dog Races.

The nightly revival will feature the Holy Tabernacle Tap Dancers, with concerts featuring the Bible Belters and the Special Interest Swingers. The Creationist Crooners will perform their smashed hit, “(You Say You Want A) Revelation.” The evening will reach a climax with the Armageddon Fireworks display.

The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells will be bringing their gaudy gospel to the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 22 to commemorate and desecrate the ordination, um, inauguration, of the FUNduhMENTAList-in-Chief.

Come one, come all, come together to an intergalactic and interdenominational evening of ecclesiastical ecstasy, divine debauchery and prurient passion as the Ne'er-do-wellian band of licentious liberals and libertines rides the Holy Roller Coaster on their raunchy, rapturous ramble through the streets of the Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter.

no ID next time she's in town; everybody knows her now!

The masses are invited to have a Beignet and Bitch filled evening, and put your faith in DOG as the Seeds of

Decline unite with Goofy and Venus da Bitch as they are hauled and heeled through the streets of the Vieux Carré with Krewe du Vieux. “Toto, I don't think we're in Slidell anymore.”

LEWD Opens Bourbon Street Mission To XXX-rctise Evil

BOURBON STREET — In an attempt to perform their civic duties, and in hopes of taking the moral high ground, the Krewe of LEWD recently rented out a Bourbon Street storefront and set up shop. Inspired by Governor Blanco’s “Lighten Up Louisiana” campaign, LEWD members have been volunteering their late night time to clean up what has become one of the nation’s most notorious spots for unsolicited evangelism.

Krewe captain Didymops, naked except for a loincloth composed solely of fresh fruit, explained how the Krewe had been inspired to join the Governor’s campaign to improve the quality of life for all Louisianians. “It hit me like a bolt of lightning. I had heard the governor’s press conference where she talked about the rampant obesity, the lack of exercise and the lack of fruits and vegetables in our diets. I felt badly for all those folks who couldn’t touch their toes, but I didn’t know what I could do to help.”

Pausing to pop a freshly picked grape into his mouth he continued, “Then I was down here at one of my usual watering holes about a week later. As I’m stumbling back to my car with this really nice girl I’d met while she was dancing in my lap, we got surrounded by these guys with big beer guts and plumber cracks. They were waving bibles at us and showing little pamphlets into our pockets. I said to them, ‘Hey guys, you need to *lighten up*.’ And that was it! Right then and there I knew I had a mission. I needed to help these folks out. I needed to help everybody out. I contacted the Krewe, and here we are.”

The Krewe now patrols the Bourbon Street area preaching Blanco’s Lighten Up gospel. They have compiled numerous exercise routines that can be easily adapted to the late night environment and are guaranteed to get your heart racing. Pelvic thrusts, leg spreads

and 12-ounce curls are worked into clever routines that not only help you lose weight but help you love your neighbors.

“This is the best thing that ever happened to me,” said one recent evangelical convert. “I used to be all uptight and uppity, thinkin’ that I could save all these folks down here from some sort of eternal damnation. I started doing these LEWD exercises and then all of a sudden I felt the Holy Spirit all welling up inside my loins and then it all just burst forth one night and I knew I had been saved! I feel great. God bless the Governor and these LEWD people.” He popped open two cold cans of Schlitz and began another grueling set of 12-ounce curls.

While proper exercise and heightened activity levels are the key components of the LEWD mission, a healthy consumption of fruits and vegetables is also stressed. Head aerobics routine choreographer and instructor for LEWD, Ms. Bunnyrider, said, “We get some vegetables down here but there are definitely a lot more fruit walking around this neighborhood. I just tell my students, hey, you can’t be too picky you just gotta try a little bit of everything because you never know what you might like.”

The Governor was unavailable for comment but the director of Lighten Up Louisiana stated that there had been nothing but positive comments on the LEWD missionaries in the French Quarter, crediting LEWD with helping to get the word out on the Governor’s campaign. He said that losing weight is always easier with a partner, noting that the LEWD routines encouraged couples, threesomes and even large groups to get together to XXX-rctise.

As a public servicing, LEWD is offering a free, introductory XXX-rctise class at the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 22.

Mayhem in the Marigny!

★ ★ ★

COCKFIGHTING
VS.
COCKBITING

★ ★ ★

BLOODSPORT
VS.
CUMSPURT

★ ★ ★

Quagmire in the Quarters!

★ ★ ★

ONE’S A TRADITIONAL FAMILY VALUE,
THE OTHER IS A SIN!
YOU DECIDE WHO WILL WIN!

★ ★ ★

See it Live!

January 22, 2005

C.R.U.D.E.
CHICKENBOXING

Tastes Like Yo’ Mama!

You Say You Want A Constitution

TOP-SECRET LOCATION — The Department of Homeland Security has announced that, under the Freedom From Information Act, the Constitution of the United States of America will be classified “top-secret.”

“Access will be on a need-to-know basis,” said Attorney General Alberto Gonzales. “There’s a lot of incendiary material in that document. You know, all that nonsense about establishment of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the right to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances — it’s all so quaint.

“That ‘we the people’ hooley — if ordinary citizens got hold of that stuff, they might actually try to take matters into their own hands.”

KAOS Reveals Updated Ten Commandments

MT. ARAFAT — The Emir of KAOS finally confirmed today what many had suspected for a long time: he is the younger brother of Jesus, the younger son of god, and now, the author of a revised, updated version of the ten commandments.

Claiming that the original version was no more than a “rough draft”, the Emir provided some background on how the precepts were prematurely presented to the world, prior to releasing his own updated — and expanded — document.

“Late one night, Dad came up with the idea of having some rules for life, and jotted a few ideas down on rock,” the Emir explained. “Feeling pretty full of himself, not to mention a nice Australian merlot, he decided to show the draft to Moses. Dad knew ol’ Moses wasn’t going to be around much longer due to all that wandering around in the desert and stuff. I guess the wine really kicked in, because he decided make a big show out of it. So he puts on this silly pyrotechnics display, tosses a few flash

pots at some shrub. Next thing you know, Moses gets all riled up himself, grabs the tablets and publishes them.”

According to the Emir, a lack of polishing and editing of the commandments has led to considerable confusion among humans. “Some people apparently feel they aren’t clear enough, and run around ‘interpreting’ them to everyone else,” scoffed the Emir. “Some even ignore quite a few of them while pretending to abide by all ten. I’ll tell you, nothing pisses off Dad faster than folks who go around spouting his name while treating other people like dirt.”

The Emir then released his document, which contained a total of 197 commandments (“I did have the lawyers look at it before we went public,” the Emir admitted). Among the highlights of the new and improved commandments:

– Thou shalt not kill, really, especially in my name.

– Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife, daughter, son, goat or anything else he has.

– Thou shalt not take the Lord’s name in vain; this includes using my name to wage war, take away people’s rights, stop the progress of society, foment hatred, or define relationships; it also includes being a televangelist.

– Thou shalt not take thyself too seriously.

– Thou shalt help people who have fewer advantages, opportunities and resources than you.

– Thou shalt not tax break the rich.

– Remember to keep the Sabbath holy, and playing golf does not qualify.

Although less well-known than his famous older brother, the Emir does appear to have at least a tiny following, and the flock, known as the *Krewe of KAOS*, plans to promote the new commandments in a march through Marigny and the French Quarter on January 22. Rumor has it that the group will be eagerly accepted into the *Krewe du Vieux parade*, as most *Krewe* members would be ecstatic at the opportunity to have new commandments to break.

Sacred Lamb Chop Sells for \$45K on eBaa

by Sofonda Ewe

ON THE LAMB — A lamb chop, emblazoned with the miraculous image of the Lamb of God, sold for the spectacular sum of \$45,000 on the online auction house eBaa yesterday, beating the record held by a grilled cheese sandwich embossed with the image of The Holy Mother which sold for \$28,000 just the week before. Mary Little of Bayewe Little Woods, the owner of the chop, couldn’t have hoped for a heftier sales price.

When asked if she was pleased with the princely sum, she replied “I’ve had the thing staring at me from my freezer for years now, and it started to creep me out! I would have paid someone to turn into a kabob!”

According to Mary, the holy chop, which has the face of Our Holy Savior mysteriously seared into it and which often shows signs of the stigmata, started life as her pet lamb Baby Boy. “I loved that lamb with all my heart,” Mary said. “It used to follow me everywhere.”

One day it followed her to school and, unfortunately for the lamb, encountered the

wrath of the authorities. It caused such a commotion on the schoolyard that the town elders forced Mary’s father to kill the poor creature.

“It was sacrificed for nothing more than loving the world too much,” Mary now weeps.

Being the economical sort, Mary’s father slit the lamb’s throat, and had it butchered into choice cuts. And to this day Mary wears a snow-white fleece made from Baby Boy.

At an honorary feast soon after the sacrifice, Mary was served the flesh of the lamb. “I was hesitant to eat Baby Boy,” says Mary “so I closed my eyes as I took a bite. Upon opening my eyes, I saw the face of Our Holy Savior staring back at me from the lamb chop. St. Mary *Ewe*phrasia, I screamed. I was scared witless!”

Since that fateful day, Mary has preserved the holy relic in her freezer. “It comes in real handy for treating all sorts of ailments. If you rub it on a wart or a bunion, the next day the thing is gone! It’s great on chigger bites, too.”

According to unnamed sources, the Holy Lamb Chop was purchased by an underground cult calling itself “The *Krewe of the Mystic Inane*” who raised money for the purchase through numerous Hollygrove garage sales. It has been reported that they are a sect that worships all things *Ovine*, and can often be seen in the company of wayward ewes.

The *Krewe* purportedly intends to display the chop to the world in hopes of attracting more followers to their somewhat *ewetre* lifestyle. They’ll start by parading the holy relic through the French Quarter, chanting their mantra “*Inane Welcomes Ewe to the Flock*”, butting heads and rubbing loins with anything that will follow.

A member of their flock, who wishes to remain *ewenonymous*, was recently interviewed at the Den of *Meweses*, where the litter for the holy chop is being adorned. “The Holy Lamb Chop is a sign from above that men and women are not the only ones created in the image of God”, he said. “It is our mission to show the world that *ewe* have a place in his heart too! So welcome to the flock and join us for a wild and woolly journey of shear delight.”

MOVIE REVIEW

The Passion of the Underwear

HOLYWOOD — The latest film from Director Mel Gibberish and his Krewe of Underwear Productions is “The Passion of the Underwear”, the epic story of the last days of the Fruit of the Lamb of God. The film is set in New Orleans during the era of the Republican occupation.

As we all know, the Underwear (played by Mark Wahlberg) was sent to be the voice of the people and to save the world from covering itself excessively. Often considered to be the flesh exposed, the Underwear spread wide the message of free speech, free love, free thinking, free dope, free suntan lotion, and the free intercourse of all people.

As the movie begins, the Underwear’s pulsating popularity has made him a threat to the Republican Guards, or NeoCons, who begin scheming to strip the moderately modest messiah of his power and his panties. The NeoCons are abetted and abedded in their plot when the Underwear is betrayed by one of the apostles, Censorus (Calvin Klein).

Amazingly, the Underwear foretells this event at the Last Crawfish Boil, where he asks the apostles to remember him every time they get together to drink Dixie, eat Zapps and talk politics. This is the origin of the ritual Critical Mass, which today is no longer observed in favor of the Sitcom Communion.

One highlight of “The Passion” is the betrayal itself, in the Garden of Getsomeforme, where the sensuous Censorus tips off the Republican Guards by kissing the Underwear. It’s a real scene of the apostle lips.

The betrayer meets his own unhappy fate shortly thereafter. Paid off by the NeoCons with thirty pieces of silver elastic bikini liner, Censorus strings them together and hangs himself. But he partially redeems himself by taking Saint Victoria’s Secret with him to the grave.

Chaos follows the seizure of the Underwear by the Republic Guards. St. Longjohn, St. Frederick of Hollywood and the remaining apostles Jockey for position. Among the throbbing throngs and thongs of former followers, where oyster loaves and fishnet stockings abound, people are calling for Underwear head.

Shackled with velvet handcuffs, the Underwear is taken to the palace of King Harrah (Christian Dior). Amid the incessant flashing lights and chiming bells, the Underwear is asked to perform a miracle to prove he is cotton, not synthetic. King Harrah suggests turning Mississippi River water into a sazerac, or finding an honest Louisiana politician, but the Underwear stays tight.

Subsequently, the silk-lined savior is sent back to the Republican proconsul, Briefus Boxers (Ralph Lauren). In attempt to appease the murderous multitudes, Briefus gives the Underwear forty lashes with a set of long Mardi Gras pearls. The crowd — urged on by the NeoCons; blinded by their surreligious, fiber-optic fervor; not understanding that they are crushing their one hope for saving their precious rights and rites — demands that Briefus stifle the Underwear forever.

On his last L’eggs, unwashed for days, the Underwear is spread-eagled on a frame and paraded through the streets. Finally, “The Passion” achieves its panty-popping climax when the Underwear, with his dying breath, proclaims, “It’s all Wonderbra.”

“The Passion” has been rated S-17, meaning no one without a sense of Satire and pubic hair will be allowed in. Underwear Productions representatives will inspect all theater-goers the night of the film’s premiere, which is January 22 at 7:00 PM in Marigny and the French Quarter. Dress is confessional lacy.

KSAL Does the Benson Boogie

THE STUPORDOME — Another Saints season has died another excruciatingly painful death. In recognition of this sad but hardly surprising fact, the Krewe of Space Age Love has dug out the hearse and will do the Benson Boogie Funeral Dirge through the streets of the French Quarter on January 22.

“It’s amazing — the Saints die year after year, without any type of resurrection or even erection, just another wasted high draft selection,” observed a KSAL spokesmourner in a post-Morton postmortem. “And now it looks like whatever it is that keeps on killing them is contagious — the Hornets are on the verge of succumbing to it as well.”

Another casualty of the Saints’ annual collapse appears to be plans for a new stadium. In fact, insiders now say that due to declining attendance, the Saints’ move out of the Stupordome and over to Tad Gormley Stadium may be in jeopardy. The latest word is that next season the Saints may be “playing” in Pan American Stadium or possibly even the vacant lot at Esplanade and North Rampart.

Commenting on the team’s attendance woes, one poltrudinous pallbearer said, “Last weekend I thought I went to a Saints game, but a Tulane game broke out instead.”

KSAL’s jazz funeral for the team will be led by the haunting sounds of a single jazz trumpeter playing “When the Saints go Marching Backwards”, in tribute to the offensive line’s proclivity for drawing untimely penalties. Mourners will dress in black-and-white striped thongs and wave yellow flags.

Also in the procession will be team owner Tom “High School” Benson, accompanied by Louisiana governor Kathleen Babbling Blanco. Both will accept contributions along the route.

A few surviving Saints personnel are expected to join KSAL in the funeral stumble, which will begin Saturday night at 7:00 PM. Considerable holding and violating of the neutral zone may be anticipated, and lots of passes will be attempted. The procession will end at the State Palace Theater, where mourners may assuage their grief by gang tackling, committing personal fouls and piling on.