



Krewe du Vieux Builds A “Habitat for Insanity”

Warden Chris Rose To Lead Inmates’ Escape Parade

WHAT’S LEFT OF NEW ORLEANS – Has there ever been a crazier year?

In Washington, the Republicans turned a few pages – and turned Congress over to the Democrats.

The Army Corpse of Engineers admitted they broke New Orleans, but the federal government won’t pay to fix it.

The State of Louisiana set up its Road-block Home program and hired the famous “lowball”, out-of-work New Orleans assessors to set property values, but can’t understand why citizens aren’t ecstatic about receiving those \$500 checks to rebuild their houses.

Not-All-States Insurance Company dropped Louisiana homeowners like Devery Henderson drops touchdown passes, proving conclusively that they are the Bad Hands people.

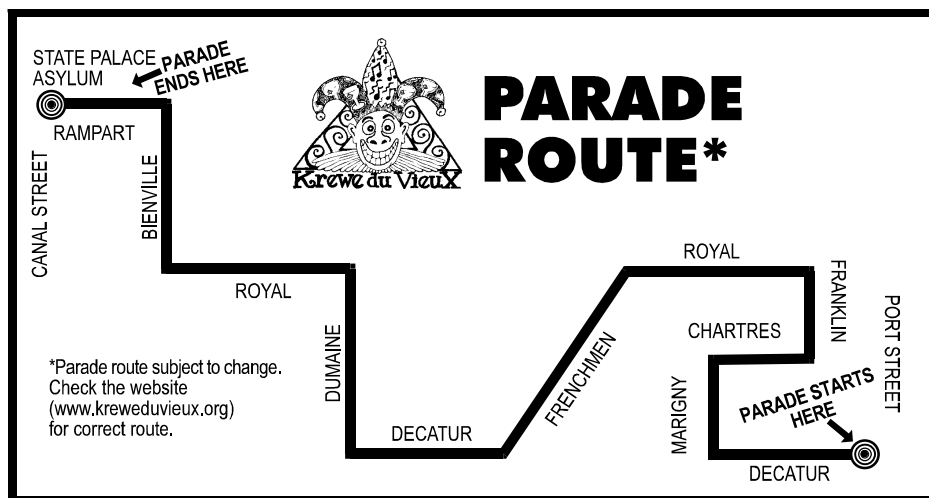
Back here in the City That Bush Forgot, the uptown white racists re-elected our black mayor; the Jefferson Parish Chinese racist sheriff re-elected black congresscrook Dollar Bill Jefferson; and to bottom it all out, Krewe du Vieux is turning 21 but still ain’t legal.

No wonder they say that anyone in New Orleans who isn’t seeing a shrink must be crazy.

With construction costs rising like storm surge and enough fly-by night contractors in town to keep a thousand taco wagons rolling, Krewe du Vieux is making its own contribution to the urban seascape, by building a **Habitat for Insanity**. We’re home and deranged, chockfull of nuts, hammered as hell and ready to get nailed. We’ll snort a little sawdust (through stolen copper pipes), screw some studs, lay new concrete (more fun even than doing it in mud), and erect a magnificent monument to manic depression.

The final folly will be built like a brick shithouse and paraded through the potholes of Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter on **Saturday, February 3 at 7:00 PM**.

Playing warden over this inane asylum will be *Times-Picature* columnist and scribe of the city’s soul Chris Rose. Well-versed in in-



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 3, 2007 at 7:00 PM

sanity, profanity, Brittanity, and FEMA’s inhumanity, the monarch with one skeleton in closet will write first and ask questions later.

Cleverly costumed in designer straight-jackets and Freudian slips, the inmates, intimates, inanimates, inanities, absurdities, lewdities, carnalities, carpenters, car-petters and catatonic crazies of the Krewe will be foaming at the mouth as they commit high tides and misdemeanors on their way to the 2007 Krewe du Vieux Doo at the State Palace Asylum. Spectators are advised to ingest all available medications and check for post traumatic sex disorders.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own bipolar, bisexual, bifurcated, fornicated, syndicated, sinuous, sinful, soulful, woeful interpretations of the theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe of PAN, Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of Inane, and Krewe du Mishigas.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently being gutted, demolished, called into special session or waiting

on a Road to Nowhere application.

The Krewe du Vieux is a non-profit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative expression and satirical comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras — and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Krewe du Vieux Doo
 Saturday, February 3 • 9:00 PM
 State Palace Theater
 featuring in order of appearance
 Billy Iuso & **The Restless Natives**
 plus special guests
 ♦ ♦ ♦
Emotional Rescue
 a tribute to the legends of New Orleans R&B
 ♦ ♦ ♦
 Big Chief Bo Dollis &
The Wild Magnolias
 Ticket Information on page 2

In memoriam
Helen Hill
Dinerral “Dick” Shavers

King Chris: the 62nd Interview

Monde de Merde would always rather steal a good idea than produce one of its own, so when noted writer and Spearsfisher Chris Rose agreed at gunpoint to be this year's King of Krewe du Vieux, we were thrilled at having a ready-made format for the royal article. The Pulitzer-nominated columnist for some local newspaper is famed for his witty, urbane and occasionally factual interviews, so *MdM* decided immediately to copy the best.

An arbitrary and in fact outright imaginary count of his majesty's columns indicated that King Chris had conducted 61 previous interviews, so herewith, the Chris Rose 62nd interview.

Was there a moment after the storm when you said, "No more BS" (meaning Brittany Spears, of course)?

I kinda said no more BS before the storm, but that cemented it. I've tried to look away, like you try not to look at accidents. But the truth is that I watch hockey for the fights, watch NASCAR for the wrecks. The flash-bulbs keep going off on her moist inner thighs...she haunts my dreams more than Katrina.

Do you think anyone in New Orleans is actually sane?

That guy with the umbrella hat who stands in front of Canal Place, with the radio playing really loud in his ears, preaching some unintelligible verses – he's making a lot of sense to me now.

Who really is running the asylum?

Brobson Lutz.

You're mayor for a day. What do you do first?

Dissolve the position. It doesn't seem to be important anyway. We could take the money and put it into trash collection.

You're god for a day. What do you do first?

Dissolve the position so that mankind can live in peace.

When people tell you they're leaving town, do you say anything to them to try to get them to stay?

No. There are way too many people here to achieve my ultimate goal of making this town Key West. We need to get them off my island. I hate waiting in line to put air in my tires.

We would have to erode a lot more coastline in order to make this place Key West.

That will come with time.

What would you do if you caught one of the bicycle thieves?

Ask him to fix the front fork, then hit him in the head with a shovel.

Who was your worst interview subject ever?

That Korean golfer who won our local tournament – what was his name? Bok Choi? (*The monarch attempts to consult with his royal consort, Queen Kelly, about the name, but cannot be heard over the peaceful sounds of children, dogs, etc.*) Then I guess it would have to be Gene Simmons. He called me an asshole. I thought he was going to dart his tongue out and poke me in the eye.

What set him off?

I asked if maybe he and Richard Simmons were identical twins separated at birth.

Garters or fishnet stockings?

Garters. Fishnets are too cumbersome – they keep pulling the hair on my legs.

Which do you consider a more reliable news source, the Times-Picayune or Monde de Merde?

Don't know if I'd go with either one. At the paper, we don't actually acknowledge other media outlets.

What was your first reaction to being named King of Krewe du Vieux?

Oh, I was flattered and all that, but I was really holding out for Rex. But that offer doesn't seem to be coming, so I guess I'm stuck with it. But it's not like I'm new at this type of thing. I was Grand Marshall of the Krewe of Push Mowers in Abita Springs. Unlike the sycophants in Krewe du Vieux, they loved me before I became famous. Before I became Chris Rose™. And now it looks like this stupid parade is going to make me miss seeing the Saints in the Super Bowl. I guess you could say it has pretty much ruined my winter.

Would you say being King is the worst insult you've ever received?

It is pretty much of a low point. I accepted to temper the accolades and adulation I get these days. This takes me a step back and two steps down.

Any big plans for your royal reign?

Percosets, strippers and firearms. Pretty much like an ordinary Saturday night, just more of all three.

Any final words for your loyal subjects?

Muqtada. Hey, it worked for Saddam Hussein.

With that, his royal lowness returned to frightening his children with his mastery of the electric guitar, stopping only to call his editor to assure him that he was working diligently to meet his upcoming deadline.

All dedicated readers of our monarch's meanderings – plus the vast *illiterati* – are invited to join Krewe du Vieux in welcoming King Chris to the throne (that's what he gets for leaving the door open) for 2007.

K.A.O.S. Returns to Pubic Housing

STORYVILLE PROJECTS – One and one-half years after Katrina, the subject of pubic housing remains a burning (and itching) issue. It is time for citizens to stop crabbing about their housing options and open the doors wide. In an effort to arouse the people, the members of the Krewe of K.A.O.S. have announced that they are returning to pubic housing.

The King Krab, the Emir of K.A.O.S., will lead the return to pubic housing on the night of the Krewe du Vieux parade.

Additionally, in accordance with recent governmental efforts to disperse pubic housing, Krabs of K.A.O.S. will be seeking lodging among attendees at the Krewe du Vieux parade.

The Krabs of K.A.O.S. invite interested citizens to meet at the Y after the parade. (Note that use of the back door is occasionally permitted.) This is no ordinary pubic housing; it is the cream of the crop. All are invited to come discover Victoria's Real Secret.

The friendly staph of Krabs of K.A.O.S. will be distributing vouchers for pubic housing at the Krewe du Vieux parade. "If you need a warm, moist place to stay," invited the King Krab, "gee, we have just the spot for you. With beautiful bushes everywhere, it's really a great spread."

K.A.O.S. warned everyone, however, that some of the available pubic housing might be located adjacent to crack areas.

K.A.O.S. also intends to demonstrate against recently announced plans to shave the pubic housing in the area. Said the King Krab, "Not only does our historic pubic housing remain erect, it is the only housing in the area where regular flooding is totally expected."

Krewe du Vieux Doo
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3 • 9:00 PM
STATE PALACE THEATER
TICKETS \$25
Available from
Louisiana Music Factory
210 Decatur Street
Up in Smoke
4507 Magazine Street
Miss Claudia's Vintage
Clothing & Costumes
4204 Magazine Street

Edwin Edwards Declared Governor-for-Life

DRY PRONG-YANG – Fed up with further deteriorating conditions in southern Louisiana 19 months after Hurricane Katrina, concerned Louisiana citizens announced the return to power of three-time governor and convicted racketeer Edwin W. Edwards. Spokesmen for Edwards claimed the “the people of Louisiana recruited our Exalted Leader to direct the reconstruction of South Louisiana with his Great Vision and bring us into a new era of Wealth and Prosperity!” In a stunning overnight coup, Edwards (79) was declared Governor-for-Life as former Governor Kathleen Blanco was hustled out the back door of the Governor’s Mansion. Blanco, looking stunned, urged that “everyone pray and fix yourself a Cosmo like I did.”

Declaring that democracy clearly did not work in a society fractured by sectarian violence, Edward’s staff of former prison “associates” unveiled a plan to establish rule by a cult of personality and a return to “an Era of Competent Corruption.” Edwards’ acolytes, known as the Krewe of Pan, chanted in unison: “His Wisdom will guide us in this most treacherous of times for our great city.”

In a surprising development, North Korean strongman Kim Jong Il declared his

support for Edwards and offered tips on hairstyling and despotism. The North Korean Ambassador noted the many similarities between Pyongyang and New Orleans, observing that “when seen from space the only two populated places on earth conserving electricity were North Korea and New Orleans East.”

Declared a Krewe of Pan spokesman, “That Kim feller has been real helpful. We’ve already signed a trade agreement exchanging some of Bob Odums’ sugar, some nude pictures of Britney Spears we got off the Internet, and a Playstation III for a pile of nuclear missiles. We’re gonna aim ’em at those damn fire-breathin’ Baptists in Mississippi until they give us our fair share of the housing money.”

New Orleans Mayor Ray Nagin, contacted at his home in Dallas, said: “I think it’s great that L’il Kim is supporting Louisiana,” apparently mistaking rapper Kimberley Jones for the North Korean dictator, “she’s got some great titties and likes to show them, so she understands us. ’Course that won’t fly here in Big D. They don’t get that whole ‘show us your tits’ thing. But the schools are better here...oh, was I supposed to do something about that, too?”

In a related development, Aaron Broussard announced the formation of the Kingdom of Jeffersonia and appointed Harry Lee as “High Sheriff and Executioner.” Lee immediately ordered the installation of a drawbridge on the Gretna side of the Mississippi River Bridge and the transformation of drainage canals around Jefferson Parish into moats filled with alligators.

Meanwhile, Edwards’ devotees announced that “only the Great Cajun can lead us in Glorious Revolution.” Touting his many honorary degrees, including a Doctorate in Alternative Finance from LSU at Crowley, a Doctorate in Foreign Relations from the Park Institute for Organizational Studies, and a Doctorate in Women’s Studies from St. Mary’s School for Wayward Women, Krewe of Pan spokesman Dildo Baggins stated that only Edwards could repair the levees, fix the education system, bring back healthcare, fight crime, rebuild the city, and expand land-based casinos.

The Krewe of Pan plan a triumphal parade February 3 to exhibit a heroic statue dedicated to the Maximum Leader and also announced a new State Slogan for Louisiana: “Edwards: Now More than Ever!”

Krewe du Mishigas ReJews New Orleans with the Tower of Babble.

BABBLE-ON – New Orleans Mayor Ray Nagin today announced his biggest erection ever. According to the Newest New Unified New Orleans Plan, the Tower of Babble will combine City Hall, the Convention Center, the Superdome, and the entire school system into one vertical edifice, effectively shrinking the footprint of New Orleans to the size of governor Kathleen “Babbling” Blanco’s brain, unifying the Levee Boards and the Assessors in a single stroke.

This plan replaces the old Farklemp Ungepachke Klezmer New Orleans (FUK-NO) Plan in which the Tower of Babble would have been built on the site of the Superdome, the new Superdome would be built at the site of Jazz Land, Jazz Land would be moved to the site of the Airport, the Airport would be built on the site of the French Quarter, The French Quarter would be built in New Orleans East, New Orleans East would be built at the site of the Riverfront, and the Riverfront would

be rebuilt at the Lakefront.

Krewe du Mishigas Head Contractor and Circumciser “Snippy” Mohel said, “We got the contract when the Mayor saw we offered the highest bid. It didn’t hurt that we gave him a little bit off the top and a small piece of the action.” Quipped Mayor Nagin, “Their offer was a cut above the rest.” Rumors that Mishuganers were responsible for the failure of the Levys are currently being investigated by the New Orleans Jewdicial System, which hopes to have an answer by the time the messiah arrives (ours, not Jesus, who as we all know was a nice Jewish boy. His mother was so proud!).

“We felt that it was important to re-Jew New Orleans,” said rabbi and head Jewish carpenter Judah “the Hebrew Hammer” Putznickel. “We really want to help the city get back on its feet, kinnehora. We want to see Yids davening and dallying in the streets of Jew Orleans once again!”

According to certifiable rabbinical

sources the tower is tall enough to look out for terrorists and WMDs (Weapons of Mishuganah Destruction) at a distance. A krewe of mishuganah Jewish Carpenters will work daily from sunrise to sunset (except on Shabbos) to finish the tower in time for Mardi Gras.

Building inspector and part-time cantorial soloist Golda Digger explained, “In the wisdom of the great pyramid builders, we will build the tower in the Ninth Ward and await our chance to float it into place. We can already hear the voices in the Marigny calling, A little to the left! No, to the right! Now up! Oy, you had it perfect just a minute ago, you schmendrik!”

The Tower will open with a grand shopping spree and street parade funded by Road Home money. Gansa bargains will be everywhere! So gather up the whole mishpocheh and shlep over to the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 3. Don’t forget to bring the Yids - and lots of gelt!

Mystic Inane Asylum Loses Patients

Nurses Conduct Citywide Bed Check

NEW BEDLAM, LOUISIANA – Over 30 of the Crescent City’s most dangerously Inane escaped last night through the unguarded main door of the New Orleans Inane Asylum, now housed in the under-utilized City Hall. Attorney General Charles Foti charged the Inane nurses with “practicing healthcare in the first degree” and ordered them to conduct an immediate citywide bed check to search for anything Inane. A spokesman for the Inane Asylum noted that doors had been damaged during Hurricane Katrina, but had been “repaired at a cost of \$18.5 million in a no-bid contract with the Shaw Group, who subcontracted it to a couple of guys they picked up at the Shell station.”

Chanting “We want the milk and cookies we were promised!” and “We’re revolting!”, many of the partially-nude asylum residents have declared their intent to secede from the United States. In a separate development, Aaron Broussard pledged to form the Kingdom of Jeffersonia if the Inane succeeded in their demands. Preaching revolution to anyone who would listen, the Inane plan to rally in the historic French Quarter on the night of February 3, 2007, in an attempt to wrest control of the city from the Union, which apparently lost interest in the city at the end of Reconstruction in 1873.

When reached at the Corps of Engineers’ headquarters, Colonel Scott “Tea Bag” Peterson denied any culpability in the Inane Asylum incident. “I have top people looking into the situation, but at this point, it looks as if the Corps has no involvement

whatsoever in the goings-on at the Inane Asylum, although we used to recruit our levee engineers from there. If we did have any association, it was federally-mandated and we did nothing wrong.

“Look,” he added, “we have people who live here, too. Do you think we want the Inane running out of control in the city?” Peterson noted that “it’s our goal to armor the doors from the front and back by the year 2525, or at least by the Age of Aquarius.” He pledged that the Corps “plans to cut down every tree in the City, as we know the Inane prefer to live in the trees, causing a risk to our entire city.” “Look,” he said, “we tried, but we weren’t funded very well. Yeah, that’s the ticket. It’s Congress’ fault.”

When questioned by the *Monde Du Merde*, FEMA representative Jeffrey “Chewy” Dahmer initially proclaimed that the Inane Asylum to be completely under control as evidenced by President George Bush’s early declaration that “Chewy Dahmer is a heck of a guy doin’ a real swell job.”

Upon hearing of the escape from the Inane Asylum, Mr. Dahmer expressed surprise, suggesting “there is no Inane Asylum and if there were, surely someone would have told me by now.” Shortly thereafter, Mr. Dahmer changed his story.

“You people don’t understand,” Mr. Dahmer continued, “do you know how long it takes to strap a gag-ball on a struggling victim...er, patient? Or how many we need? It would be easier on everyone if the Inane

just quit trying so hard. The pace is really picking up now, because people have largely stopped fighting as much. They are now taking the ball and bending over for me and the rest of the Federal Government. We are hoping that in the next couple of hours or years or decades we will have the situation completely under control. Now, where can I get a good steak...extra rare?”

Experts predict that unless Governor Kathleen Blanco sends in the National Guard to terminate every Inane, a radical movement might take root and fellow New Orleanians will begin to realize that the criminally Inane have been running the City since the last election. When reached for comment, the leader of the Inane had this to say: “New Orleans is da bomb, we gonna tear da roof off da motha’, fo’ shizzle. I never learned to swim, can’t catch the rhythm of the stroke. It’s easy for you, cause you don’t need the bullet when you got the ballot. This is my Chocolate City. I love ya’ CC. We’re gainin’ on ya’. I heard we just got Atlanta. And Houston. Gainin’ on ya. You gotta get up for the down stroke and get in on the Mothership connection. You gotta get your booty movin’. We might be down, but we gonna turn this motha’ out.” Teams of Department of Defense translators failed to crack this coded message, but we at the *Monde Du Merde* believe it to be Inanish...or possibly ancient Mayan. When asked for comment, Mel Gibson blamed the Jieuxs.

Federal officials expressed confidence they will have the Inane back in the Asylum by February 4, though many acknowledge privately that they are not willing to commit to a particular year.

Mondu's Nut House

Special Limited Edition Nuts

Phony FEMA's Phake Filberts • Katrina Toxic Soup Kremes • "Easy" Eddie Jordan Almonds
Crazy Kathleen's Cajun Cashews • Morgus the Magnificent Macadamians
Nagin's 110% Pure Chocolate Covered Pecanheads and Co-Co Brazil Nuts
Harry Lee's Finest All Creamy White, No Co-Co Added Suburban Nuts
Elloie's Pampered & Pardoned Pecans (special reduced price)
GiO's Hot Roasted "Spanish Fly" Salted Peanuts • "Crime Spree" Chestnuts
...and more

Go nuts with the Knights of Mondu!

T.O.K.I.N.'s HIGH Anxiety

HEADLAM – A recent visit to the HEADquarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells found the site abandoned, walls stripped to the studs (and studs, well, just stripped). When we caught up with a krewe spokes-HEAD, she explained that the TOKINistas were still waiting to hear from the Long and Winding Road to Nowhere Program and were currently operating out of an E-Z Wider FEMA trailer.

According to the spokes-HEAD, the TOKINistas in recent months have found themselves afflicted with various nightmarish hallucinations. Krewe members reported symptoms such as repeatedly seeing flashing red and yellow lights. They reported Sisyphean nightmares of filling out stacks of forms, never reaching the bottom of the pile. They heard footsteps on the roof and hammering sounds day and night. They lived in fear of driving into a pothole and never being seen again.

The Ne'er-do-wells sought help from the local Mental Health Association, but found that phone had been disconnected and they had moved and left no forwarding address.* Desperate for help, they sought out famed psychologist, herbal healer and bon vivant, Dr. Sigmund Fried.

"I initially diagnosed High Anxiety," said Dr. Fried. "We tried all kinds of treatments – aversion therapy, diversion therapy, excursion therapy, perversion therapy – but nothing helped. But upon further observation, it appeared to be too much anxiety and not enough high." Inspired, the TOKINistas set out to meet this need HEAD-on.

Led by Dr. Fried, the Ne'er-do-wells abandoned the trailer and embarked on a search for new accommodations. They found the third floor of Charity Hospital abandoned. It appeared that the inmates had fled and were currently to be found in various compromising positions in lo-

cal government. They moved in and, after a sharing of agendas and a series of meetings in smoke filled padded cells, they established the Psychedelic Institute for the Very Very Ne'er-do-well.

The Institute will be dedicated to restoring the Ne'er-do-wells and their fellow New Orleanians to their natural state of deranged debauchery and loony licentiousness. "The HIGHlight of the Institute's program will be intensive herbal therapy in the Coping Cabana," explained Dr. Fried. "We are dedicated to putting the 'high' back into High Anxiety."

The public is invited to don their Freudian slips and make an appointment to see the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells on Saturday, February 3 as they march through the streets of the Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter passing out their prurient prescriptions for mischief, mayhem and miracle cures...or just plain passing out.

*true story

Rue Bourbon Finds Time For Levee-Tea

LEVEE BORED – White Rabbits are destroying the City of New Wonderland levees as fast as the Corps of Engineers can build and repair them. In response, King George II, who would rather spend billions restoring the Tigris and Euphrates Wetlands, called Rummy Rumsfeld out of retirement to direct the Corps of Engineers New Wonderland District.

When the King was asked why such a move since Rummy was fired as the Defense Secretary, George II smirked, "Rummy did such a great job with Iraq's Garden of Eden that I know he will succeed in New Wonderland." Rummy, when interviewed about his new position, said he is excited about the opportunity, "And you know, I can't wait to play army all over again. First we must catch the leader - the March Hare."

He also alluded to the fact that Katrina was a "hundred-year storm", which gave him ninety-nine more years to protect New Wonderland by removing all earthen levees and replacing them with a sheet pile wall ringing the city. He immediately solicited a bipartisan congressman, William "Mad Hatter" Jefferson, as his local

Solicitor General. Elated, the Mad Hatter exclaimed "Now I can finally remove the label as 'Dollar Bill' and shake off that image of cold hard cash."

The Mad Hatter has built himself a strong team of locals with the exception of Spike "Mock Turtle" Lee, the recently appointed Publicity Chief. Spike, who would surely document the levee rebuilding in the Lower Ninth as the Newest Wonderland of the World, responded to the appointment, "I plan on living on the corner of St. Claude and Caffin Avenues as a leadership gesture. Of course, I will build a helipad next door just in case we get a little water due to those damn rabbits chewing up the levees. If there is a levee breach, I have secured the release of Glenn "Dormouse" Haydel, former RTA official, to head mass transportation for the fools who want to sit out the next Category 5 hurricane."

Karen "Alice" Carter, known for her fat mouth, will have the small yet enormous task of drug testing. Just in case Alice gets a little carried away in size, Captain "Gryphon" Mendoza, recently departed from the NOPD, will serve as the Captain

of Vice to keep her straight.

Sheriff Harry Lee, the "Hookah Smoking Caterpillar", has been appointed "Chief Enforcer." He commented, "I just can't wait to blow smoke in Alice's face and tell her to 'bite me.'" In addition, the Caterpillar has hired Gretna Police Chief "Lobster" Lawson and instructed him, "to shoot those pesky White Rabbits, but this time, don't miss." The Gretna Chief responded that it would be hard to even find them because their leader, the March Hare, is never on schedule, "Rabbits don't even know how to show up at tea time."

Kimberly "Queen of Hearts" Butler has been selected by the Hatter as the Queen Bitch. She is responsible for levee beautification and personal edification. "This is the perfect job for me. I can order people around and then ask them to pray with me." Kimberly, not playing with a full deck, hustled over to Harrah's to find some regime cards to play with.

With all the characters assembled, Krewe Rue du Bourbon declares there is "Always time for Levee-Tea," and invites you to enjoy your favorite murky-colored or green tea.

Food Column

Comatose's Habitat for Hispanics

NUEVO ORLEANS – Residents of this battered city are finally beginning to see a few changes. Perhaps the most noticeable is that the smell of mold is giving way to the aroma of tacos and fajitas. Convoys of taco trucks are rolling in at lunchtime wherever sheetrock is sold, the better to feed construction workers from south of the border yearning for a taste of home.

There is a precedent for this type of restaurant revolution. The Great Donut Disaster of 1802 led to the arrival of the beignet, and crawfish gained popularity during the post-Civil War Recrustacean Era. Earlier there was the Ratatouille Rebellion of 1790, and the ensuing Southern Watermelon Wars were really the pits.

Driving this doozy is the cross-border reach of the clarion call for help in the Crescent City. The million amigo march began almost as soon as the levees breached. Latinos picked up their hammers, kissed their babies adios and crammed into old Toyotas heading north.

This epicurean evolution will be celebrated in the Krewe du Vieux parade by the Mystick Krewe of Comatose, whose theme is "Laissez Les Bon Temps Olé". "El Gringo Loco" is the name of the city's first combination taco truck and Carnival float.

Habitat for Hispanics is helping to build the float, and Home Despot is donating sheetrock scraps. Participating restaurants include Boudreaux's Burritos and Thibodeaux's Tacos. And the señoritas gone wild over at Tres Putas Pupusas have volunteered their services and tasty tongue tacos.

Comatose will feature additional treats from Gallatoirtilla's, Taco Nanou, Baccho's Tacos, and Juan-I-Mo's (try the blackened beans). Que-Pablo's famous chef is reportedly riding on the float, and El Rayo Kern, another Latino wannabe, will make his famous Mardi Gras margaritas.

Even the big boys are jumping into the parade, including Commandante's Palacio and Emerillio's Del Taco. For those on a tighter budget, Madre's offers its Hurricane Debris enchillada, dirty rice and jumping bean special. C-Rayfried beans will be sold to honor hizzoner; they come with extra mole sauce, although they may disappear from the menu for extended periods of time. One dish to avoid: Gov. Blanco's burritos are all cheese and no meat, and therefore very hard to swallow.

Local restaurants and food purveyors have adapted to the new tastes with remarkable speed. Peso Bill Jefferson's Converted

Refrigerator Rice is always quick and easy (like New Orleans voters). The Levee Board joins in with their FEMA FLAN, although most critics agree that it falls apart too easily and never really "sets" like it should. From Bourbon Street, the Gringo Gentlemen's Club plans to offer a Bearded Oyster Taco that you will certainly want to put your lips around.

On the Westbank, Gretna Gorditos and Crescent City Carnitas will be sold, but you will have to evade the border guards in order to tickle your taste buds. Bridge City Burritos can be found right off the first exit ramp, and the chef claims that "You don't have to eat them to expel them." Also, Harry Lee's Chinese Chorizo comes with a racist yellow rice that will stop you in your tracks.

This caramel culture will soon have its impact on Mardi Gras. "Throw me something, señor" and "How's your mamacita and 'em?" will be the new catchphrases of the season, and green cards are expected to be the favorite throw.

The Comatose fiesta will show you how to dance the salsa while you eat it. Don't be shy when they shout "Show me your taco!" Sing along when the brass band plays "One Ton Tomato" and "Beso Mi Taco". Show your love of ALL the spices in your kitchen and shout "Olé" when the Mystick Chefs of Comatose roullez past tu on Saturday night in the Krewe du Vieux parade.

KSAL Hired to Shoot Load to Recovery

STATE OF INSANITY – In a stunning back door move, the Krewe of Space Age Love has been hired by Louisiana Governor Kathleen "deer in the headlights" Blanco to replace Road Home contractor ICF and find a better way to screw the citizens of the Big Sleazy.

Hank Phallicstina, Vice-President of the newly created KSAL Pubic Relations Department, was throbbing with excitement when he made the announcement.

While many have debated whether New Orleans should rebuild or re-copulate, Mr. Phallicstina claimed that the citizens of the Crescent City were born to do both. "Scrap those retirement plans and shoot a 'Load to Recovery'," he ejaculated, "Do it now, do it anywhere, just do it and do it a lot.

"Why should our descendents come from Texas?" he cumtinued. "New Orleanians love to eat, party, have a good time. The city is horny as a brass band – we enjoy all of life. We need to unite, as often as possible, and keep our obscene and decadent

gene pool intact. Bring back our scattered loins to re-copulate the Crescent City!"

Mighty KSAL staffers expressed concern that longtime New Orleans customs would be swallowed by an influx of aliens, who would replace the city's beloved traditions with twisted new rituals of their own. Among the cultural threats they cited were the following:

- Black beans and rice on Mondays.
- Bringing friends to get a picture in the Mariachi Bar at Pedro O'Briens.
- Donning costumes and marching in Cinco de Mayo parades.
- Commander's Palace offering a new, mobile experience in dining: "Nuevo Creole-Latino" food from a Taqueria Commanderos truck at your neighborhood hardware store.
- Instead of the Mardi Gras Indians second lining, watching cowboys two-step down the street singing "All Your Exes Live in Texas" instead of "Hey Pocky Way".
- City Park's ongoing fundraiser, "Home-

steading in the Oaks".

– The next generation of children believing that the Special Man is called Jefferson instead of Santa Claus and eagerly anticipating the new freezer being delivered to their home.

As part of its commitment to its new position, KSAL has vowed that "Homie away from Home", "Lost in Place" and "Can You Put Me In?" will become things of the past. Instead, The Krewe of Space Age Love plans to seed early and often to do their part in the rebuilding of New Orleans.

"So what if there are no schools and hospitals to send your offspring to?" spurted Phallicstina. "We have the Superdome, which has got to be the world's largest cum bucket."

Cum join K.S.A.L. on Saturday, February 3rd as they embrace and celebrate "The Habitat for Insanity" that is New Orleans – and get your "Load to Recovery" from a Space Age Lover near you.

Mama Roux supports Habitat's Beauticians' Village

ROLLER DERBY – Faced with the realization that city officials had failed to include every part of the New Orleans population in the bumpy road home rebuilding plan, Mama Roux set out to remedy this situation. “It made our hair stand on end when we realized that the needs of beauticians and cosmetologists had been totally ignored,” said Mama Roux spokesperson, Charmaine de Pompadour. “There was no Road Home for Beauty.”

Determined to preserve the unique Beauty Culture of New Orleans, Mama Roux's rebeautifying team gathered statistics to show that when beauticians are depressed from living in and operating out of their sardine can FEMA trailers, their work suffers. The team found that the haggard hair commonly seen these days on the streets of old and battered New Orleans is directly related to not only the shortage of shampoo and paucity of po-

made, but also to the lack of aesthetically appealing environments for our coiffure crafters to live and operate in.

“We don't want to split hairs, but when no one gets the right do, it's a hairy situation,” said Madame de Pompadour. “Hence the creation of the Beauticians' Village, a non-profit beauty-conscious community raised high up in St. Bernard, to help inspire our glamour girls and guys to get the boofy back in bouffant.”

When we visited the other day, we saw a bustling little clump of pastel colored beauty shacks, salons, and houses for the customers that need round the clock attention. Said Charmaine (a real tease), “I'm delighted to report that Mama Roux was able to lift the ban on Final Net, so that everyone can get their hair back up. As my Aunt Sally says, ‘the higher the hair, the closer to God.’” She was all aglow with blusher and the thought that FEMA was

paying for free hair dos for another year, due to Mama Roux's lobbying. The entire krewe have now become regular customers and are finding uplifting spiritual experiences from the updo's, rinse and sets, and the new drive thru blow and go's.

As a bonus, the residents of the new Beauticians' Village have volunteered their services to assist the Corps of Engineers. “If you've ever seen a St. Bernard beehive, you know it can withstand Category 5 winds. We want to share that technical expertise with the levee builders,” said Charmaine.

Mama Roux invites the public to attend the Beauticians' Village Hair Ball on Saturday, February 3 as they done their new flashy pink smocks for the Krewe du Vieux parade. “We invite everyone to let their hair down,” said Charmaine. “We go to bed every nite feeling good that we have done something permanent for the community.”

LEWD Signs of Recovery Appear in City

SIN CITY – Another year and the neon signs of recovery are showing that if nothing else, the sex industry is alive and licking. Leading sexperts were puzzled by the emergence of this particular aspect of commerce, so LEWD's secret undercover, and slightly underdressed, krewe of contractors went on several self-sacrificing missions to investigate the activity on Bourbon Street and the surviving red light district. What they found both shocked and excited them to no end.

While locals seem to suffering from Post Traumatic Sex Disorder (PTSD), and the many side effects such as stiffitus, dry vermou, premature eviction, and least erection, the immigrant construction workers are helping the local economy get it up (or at least the strip joints). LEWD found that many homes were suffering construction delays due to the allure of popular Vieux Carre clubs such as Tricks Cabaret, Sugar Daddy's, The Lustler Club and Sensations (where they are said to have class coming out their ass). These and other local houses of ill repute were sapping our well meaning but under (and now over) sexed new work force, and creating one hard on of such gigantic pro-

portion that they became quite limp on the job site.

In an undercover interview with contractor Stan Stiffly of Phallas, Texass, Stan was quoted as stating “When I got here after the storm, there was hardly anybody on Bourbon Street. Now guys like me are flocking to town to make a killing, and then we tuck every dollar earned into g-strings in every strip joint in Quarter, yeeee haaaawh!”

Also interviewed was Trixie D. Light, a prostitute from Reno, who had this to say: “My career has certainly improved since spending some time outta Reno and in your lovely city. I got tricks out the wazoo, and I'm having the time of my life! I recommend any gal down on her luck in this here city just come on down and apply here at the Hotel Katrina. We got loads of work to do. Our motto is ‘We'll blow you away’. I just want to give some words of encouragement to all of you locals, especially you men out there: Life is hard, but so's your dick, so come on make the best of it!”

In an effort to get back on the Road to Recovery and find a way home, any way home, LEWD decided the only way to re-

cover was to jump in head first and get to the bottom of the hullabaloo, regardless of the personal sacrifices involved. So don't beat it, join in, stamp out PTSD and help rebuild N'awlins one cheap thrill at time. After all, it's a true sign of recovery.

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, and we got nada from the Road Home Program.

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Monde de Merde Songbook, Part 1

Home, Home, and Deranged

Stories of Katrina exiles returned from the badlands of Texas, as told to the editors of CRAPS (Crime Reports And Psychiatric Studies), the new New Orleans Mad Magazine. Musical accompaniment by courtesy of “Ghost Riders in the Sky”; “Green Green Grass of Home”; “El Paso”; “I’m an ole Cowhand from the Rio Grande”; and – yes, you’ve got it!!

An old cowpoke went ridin’ out one dark and windy day,
On Gentilly Ridge he rested as he went along his way.
When all at once a ragged bunch of red-eyed folk
he met

Scavengin’ the houses for whatever they could get.
Yippee-I-ay, yippee-I-oh
Crazed people asking “Why?”
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred,
Their shirts all soaked with sweat,
They’re tryin’ hard to get some help, but they ain’t found
none yet.

Cause you’ve gotta beg for ever for that Fed
pie-in-the-sky,
And that Road Home winds forever, as they howl their
mournful cry.

Yippee-I-ay, yippee-I-oh
Crazed people asking “Why?”

The old town don’t look the same
As I come back on the train,
There to meet me are the ruins of my city.
Down the street I walk with Crazy Mary,
And it looks much like a tumbleweed prairie.
It’s rough to see the long black lines of home.
The old home is still standing
Though it’s open to the sky,
And there’s that old wrecked car I used to drive in.
Round the block I walk where the rats are scary,
But they’re scared themselves of my poor Mary.
Yes, it’s rough to see the long black lines of home.

Out in the beaten-up town of New Orleans
I fell in lust with a Mexican guy.
Night-time would find us at old Tipitina’s
Music would play, and Francisco was high.

Redder than blood were the eyes of Francisco
Madly reflectin’ his own brand of hell.
My lust was so strong for this Mexican loco
But he was so drugged, it was vain, I could tell.

Now I’m on Monkey Hill overlookin’ New Orleans
I can see old Tipitina’s below.
My lust is still strong and it pushes me onward
To see if Francisco has finished his blow.

Off to my left I see many sombreros
Off to my right are a dozen or more,
But there’s just one I want, so I can’t let them
catch me,
I have to make it to Joe Cool’s back door.

From out of nowhere Francisco has found me,
Openin’ his fly as he kneels by my side.
Comin’ before he is ever inside me,
Well, what an asshole - Francisco, good-bye!

I’m an ole cowhand, with a fleur-de-lys brand,
An’ I’m back in town jus’ to hear brass bands
I’ve heard all the songs ‘bout the big, big blow,
And the Long Road Home where few dollars flow,
Cause I’ve heard it all on the radio
Oh, yippee-I-oh-O-Z

I’m another cowhand, and I’m on remand,
And I learned to steal, soon as I could stand.
I’m a lootin’ fool with a big ole truck,
I know every route through the mud ‘n’ muck,
And I only quit when it’s time to...eat
Oh, yippee-I-oh-ki-ay.

Oh, they brought us back home
Where the paranoid roam,
Where the cheerless, without much hope, pray,
Where often is heard a discouraging word
And the sighs are so loud all the day.

Yes, we’re home, home and deranged,
But we cheer for our Saints when they play,
And through all may be heard these encouraging
words:

THOUGH WE’RE CRAZY, WE’RE ALL HERE
TO STAY!!!!”

Monde de Merde Songbook, Part 2

C.R.U.D.E. Flew Into the Cuckoo's Nest

CLOUDCUCKOOLAND, LOUISIANA – Officials at Preservation Hall, recently renamed El Pasillo de la Preservación to reflect changing city demographics, announced their selection today of rap artist Napoleon the Tirtyturd's paean to post-Katrina New Orleans "C.R.U.D.E. Flew Into the Cuckoo's Nest" as the "Song Least Deserving of Preservation." Mr. Tirtyturd is the grandson of one-hit-wonder Napoleon XIV, the artist who shocked America with his song about mental illness "They're Coming to Take Me Away (HaHa)" released in 1966.

Mayor Ray Nagin, speaking from his home in the Bahamas, noted that the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. "is just a bunch of disgruntled knuckleheads that didn't vote for me and can't find jobs in Houston like everybody else." Nagin then inexplicably added: "At the end of the day New Orleans will be a Chocolate City, which, as you know, was first drunk in Mexico."

Music critics have noted that the shocking sentiments expressed in the rap "don't reflect the values of the thousands of painters, sheetrockers, tile layers, and roofers that are the last remaining inhabitants of Nuevo Orleans." A spokesman for El Pasillo de la Preservación said: "We are dedicated to preserving the lost Music of New Orleans like hip-hop and rap, which has been replaced in most night clubs by salsa, meringue, bachata dance, and reggaeton. However, this is just crap; we'd sooner preserve that Dixieland junk."

Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. spokesmen could not be reached for comment in their bunker in Broadmoor National Forest, but smuggled out lyrics to the song:

C.R.U.D.E. Flew Into the Cuckoo's Nest (They're coming to take us away)

by Napoleon the Tirtyturd

Remember when we ran away
And THEN we got down on our knees and begged to
Come back home or go batshit beserk
WELL
We all came back for more and
Then when things got worse and worse
We thought it was just us but now we know
We've gone completely nuts.
YAT!

(Chorus)

They're trying to keep us away
Haha, they're trying to keep us away
Hoho, heehee, haha
From the second lines,
Where life is beautiful all the time
Where freezer cash is a normal thing
And Nagin can't be found

And CRUDE flew into the cuckoo's nest
HA HAAAA

Volunteers from Tennessee
Gutting out our town for free
Our traffic lights still are broke
And nothing ever seems to work
We thought a shrink might give us hope
Would help us all to cope
NOT!
Get out the vote
Get rid of the dopes
We had it figured out
But to our surprise
We voted 'em back
and now we're really screwed

SO
CRUDE flew into the cuckoo's nest
Haha, heehee, we're all such trusting dopes
They might as well take us away!

Follow the Yellow Brick Road Home

(Editor's note: after his close encounter with the Roxanne Pulitzer Prize, the entertainment writer for this august fishwrap, Chris Nose, is back on the interview beat. His subject today is Goofy Guy from the world-famous Krewe du Vieux.)

Chris Nose: Goofy Guy, we spoke with you last year about your struggles with the FUilities – can you tell us how life is a year later?

Goofy Guy: Hold on, let me get another sniff of this poppy before we start. Well, not everyone has returned, but some of my neighbors are back. Scarecrow is around, and that hot little cupcake Dorothy is back with her pesky rat-dog Toto. Dorothy wrecked her ruby slippers wading through the muck and now she's going around in shrimp boots. Toto fell into a pothole and hasn't been seen since. Poor old Tin Man was under water for six weeks, and all that Iraqi oil we were expecting never showed up. And that damned Cowardly Lion is back pooping in my herb garden. A lot of us have hit the Yellow Brick Road Home, but it never seems to get anywhere, and many of us have been reduced to Munchkins.

CN: What's the problem? I thought all you had to do was follow those yellow bricks. Isn't Kathleen a good witch?

GG: She was elected to be the good witch, but after that K-word thing, she lured us back with promises of money to make our habitats habitable. But all we got was forms, forms and more forms. They had less paperwork for the entire Louisiana Purchase. The Cowardly Lion wakes up every night screaming that he's drowning in paperwork. Scarecrow burned out what was left of his brain trying to fill out his application – but the legislature rejected it because no one could figure out how to make any money off it.

That witch bitch got more forms than insurance companies. The difference is the insurance companies tell you to drop dead right away – and then they tell your survivors your life insurance is invalid because your death was caused by flooding and not wind – but that witch Kathleen never tells us anything.

CN: But I thought this was all part of that billions and billions of dollars the Feds promised us to make nice after they sent us FEMA?

GG: I sent my application in, just asking for a humble \$20,000, and thirteen weeks later I got an envelope thicker than the one Cleo Fields shoved down his pants. It started on page one saying "Congratulations Goofy Guy!" But when I got to page 358 they told me all I was entitled to was \$4.37 – but since I didn't pick the correct Powerball number, my award was rolled back into the Fund, where it can be used at the indiscretion of the legislature.

CN: Do you think you will ever get justice?

GG: I don't know. Since we don't have any insurance commissioners behind bars in Louisiana right now, we can't find the Insurance Commissioner, and the Attorney General is too busy investigating the Humane Society and trying to indict doctors and nurses. Let me get another sniff of this poppy.

CN: What's with the poppy?

GG: At one point along the Yellow Brick Road Home, we hit a big poppy bush field. Those of us who weren't complete basket cases found they had a calming effect. We heard that Kathleen has been sniffing them ever since the deluge. Anyway, with all the doctors either indicted or in Idaho, they're all we have left.

CN: So what's next?

GG: We were told there was this wizard, the Wizard of Emeril City, after that restaurant guy who's got the only real money in town. But when we got close to this wizard, he looked an awful lot like Ray Nagin.

CN: Ray Nagin? No one's seen him in ages.

GG: I know, but I got real, real close. He looked just like Nagin, and he told me not to pay any attention to those men behind the curtains.

CN: You mean those guys jerking off?

GG: Exactly – the 2006 Louisiana Legislature special session!

CN: Did you see anything else?

GG: When I got to the last hoop and looked through it, the wizard told me "Welcome to Hell!" And damned if hell didn't look a lot like a giant toilet full of burning fondue – chocolate fondue at that.

CN: Wow, that's tough. Got anything else to add?

GG: Yeah, I'm taking that \$4.37 from the Yellow Brick Road Home and putting it all on Kathleen to get re-elected good witch. After Nagin and Jefferson, that would be the Louisiana trifecta!

Spermes Gets Its Head Examined

BAYOU ACOUCHE – Like most New Orleanians, Spermes is in need of mental health care, but definitely does not want to see a shrink. After months of wavering between psychologists and proctologists, Spermes has finally decided to get its head examined.

"We desperately need to get analyzed," spewed a Krewe spokesperm. "We're suffering from erectile dysfunction, pianist envy and a very traumatic sex disorder, plus we've got so many fixations – oral, anal, phallic – that we're fixated on them."

Krewe members also lamented their chemical imbalance and were observed seeking all possible medications. Massages and other hand jobs were also actively solicited.

Dr. Sickmind Droid, noted local sex therapist, put the slithering Krewe on his couch, where its head was examined lovingly by two female assistants. "I zink dey are suffering from jizizophrenia, psychofeelia und possibly odder sexually transmitted disorders," was his diagnosis. "In medical terms, dey are von nut shy of a full sack."

To help the Krewe restore its natural balance between nymphomania and priapism, Dr. Droid has prescribed a regimen of Probezac and Clitoril. This is being augmented by physical therapy, which has the Spermes trying all kinds of new positions.

"This came hard on the heels of Katrina, which left us all sleeping on the wet spot," the spokesperm stressed. "You can only take the sloppy seconds for so long before you just want to let it all hang out."

The patient's next scheduled examination is on Saturday, February 3 at 7:00 PM. Observers are welcomed as always, but water and other liquid-proof lab coats are recommended.



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

Governor Alice's Adventures in Underland

It was a hot and stormy day in the Governor's mansion. "Oh dear, perhaps that last mimosa wasn't such a good idea," thought Governor Alice to herself. As her eyelids drooped even further, she suddenly saw a White Rabbit go by, holding a portable radio to his ear.

"Should've stayed with classic rock," the bespectacled Rabbit Couhig appeared to be mumbling to himself, "Too much talk, too much talk." Abruptly, the Rabbit disappeared down a large ratings hole. Without even thinking about it, Gov. Alice followed.

After falling for a very long time, Gov. Alice landed with a frowsy thump. She looked around, catching just a glimpse of the White Rabbit disappearing into a large building.

Gov. Alice picked herself up. "That must be the way home," she said, and set off in the direction of the building. Soon, however, she noticed that no matter how much she walked down the road home, the rebuilding didn't seem to be getting any closer. "How very strange!" remarked Alice to herself.

Just then she noticed a huge mushroom, so big it had many doors leading into it. As she was trying to figure out which door she should choose, she found herself transported to the roof of the Supermushroom, where she encountered a large Caterpillar. It had noticeably protruding ears, a stupid smirk, a face a lot like Alfred E. Newman, and it was smoking a hookah.

"What's all this about?" asked Gov. Alice blankly.

"Lost the elections," said the Caterpillar cryptically. "Too much Roving."

"Excuse me, President Caterpillar, but I'm trying to find my way home," inquired Alice. "Can you help me?"

"Gotta stay the course, stay the course," replied the Caterpillar. "One side of the aisle makes you larger, the other side of the aisle makes you small."

This did not seem helpful, so Gov. Alice slid down the side of the Supermushroom. She landed and found herself looking up at a large lamppost, which had a cat ensconced on the top. The cat grinned down at Alice.

"I didn't know cats could smile," said Gov. Alice. "What kind of cat are you?"

"A Powell-Cat," the feline replied.

"Can you help me find the road home?" asked Alice politely.

"Which way you should go depends on where you want to get to," the Powell-Cat replied helpfully. "But I'm not sure it really matters, since we're all mad around here."

"Everyone?" asked Gov. Alice, a bit taken aback.

"Everyone's mad," repeated the Powell-Cat. "FEMA, the Army Corpse, Homeland Security – insane, everyone of them, and the inmates are definitely running the asylum." With that, the Powell-Cat slowly disappeared, until all that was left was his tail, switching away in the wind.

Gov. Alice was beginning to wonder if she would ever get home. Just then, Duchess Boulet strolled by, accompanied by her cook. They were both sneezing like crazy.

"Too much cayenne pepper in the soup," the Duchess exclaimed.

"I told you not to buy it in bulk," sniffed the cook.

"Oh, but I just love those big-box stores," said the Duchess. "They're our economic salvation, and all those people who slave away running their own stores now can get part-time, minimum wage jobs with no health benefits working in them."

The Duchess took Alice by the arm and said, "My dear, this is Underland, formerly known as New Orleans until it went under water. Which just goes to show that everything's got a Morial in it if only you can find it."

Gov. Alice and the Duchess walked towards the building, which this time actually stayed put. As they walked up the steps, Alice noticed a sign that said "City Hall" on the façade.

They went into a large chamber in the building. Inside was a scene of complete pandemonium. The Red Queen Foti was chasing, doctors, nurses and animal lovers all over room, screaming "Off with their heads!", while completely ignoring the Gretna police. A shortish, bald Mock Turtle stood off to one side, saying "You shouldn't run for mayor without a porpoise." The Mock Turtle looked somewhat familiar to Gov. Alice, as if he maybe he was one of her lieutenants.

In the front of the room was a long table set up for tea and interminable, self-aggrandizing speeches. At one end sat two almost identical characters, except that one had a hat that said "D" on it and the other a hat emblazoned with "E". "That's Tweedledum and Tweedledummer," pointed out the Duchess. "They both go around pretending that we can rebuild every square inch of Underland."

Two tall figures sat in the middle of the table, both attempting to instill some order into the proceedings. But half the time, Arnie the Mad Hatter and Oliver the March Hare were too busy arguing with each other to get anything done. Down at the far end of the table, C. Ray Dormouse was fast asleep.

"Order, order," called out the March Hare. "The Dormouse will tell us a tale."

Several of the Dormouse's handlers attempted to wake him up; they succeeded to the point where the somnambulant creature managed to get out a few words about three homies and a chocolate well, but soon it was again sleeping blissfully.

The chaos of the scene was abruptly compounded when a large group of people in long red Underwear and playing card faces stormed the room. "This is absurd," they cried out. "If the leaders won't lead, the people will. We're the future of the city, and we're building our own road home. All we want you politicians to do is give us our money and get out of the way!"

With that, the card Underwearians rose up and took over, overwhelming all the characters, even Gov. Alice. The shock made Alice wake up from her dream. "I think I shall have another mimosa," she said. "Maybe *that* will help me find the road home – or at least the road to re-election."

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