

# Does It Take A Village To Raise An Idiot?

DA VILIJ -- Da Krewe du Voo unamourously decided ta do "Da Idiots and Da Oddities" for 2000. Only dose ingorants dat givashit know dat dis shoud be an IDI-YAT- DICK and pernigrafic team.

Fer just sum of N'Orlins' odd-titties:

- Ole Man Riva curves round us. So when ya cross da riva on da Crescent City Connection ya go east to reach da Wesbank. Now stand at da foot of Canal wit yur back at da riva. Look west upriva fer uptown and eas downriva fer downtown, sout fer rivaside and nort fer lakeside. But when ya standin on da corna of Sout Carrollton and Sout Claiborne, ya betta hava compass.

- Natrally, red beans and rice means dinna on Monday, erster poboy dresed (makes men luv looonga), soft drink at work - hard drink any otha time, crayfish (ya wanna suc wat, and pinch huh), aligata peers and meli-tawns(?), and deres chicory in da coffee.

- First came iddi bitti maskeetas, den da pest control got biguns ta eat da littleuns. Now we got Fomosun turmites. Du ya know dat dey had ta declare "war on dem turmites"? Maybe we can parade as turmites, and eat our way across da quartas.

Fer sum of our idi-yats:

- Why du dey think dey can outlaw da red lite district when dey can't control da idi-yats who think dat a yellow lite at an intaseckshun means step on da gas? Wat ya think 'bout livin ina fisbowl? Dat's rite, halfa milyun of us idi-yats live below da sea level. Shoud we spring a leek, "When da Levee Brakes" won't be just an ole

blues toon, cause we'll be swimin fer our lives.

- Our Guvnor sed he wun't support gamblin, but hadn't dun nuthin ta discourge it. Den we found out dat he (unknowingly?) owned stock in a gamblin en-titty. He didn't suport da beleafs of Davy Duke, but wooda supported Duke if he was da Republiklan candidate fer whatever orifice, and even ended up purchasin Duke's mailing list. While we know he's not in da same bed, he axe as if he's unda sum kinda sheet. He's a biker and he wears his helmut, but he supported "da no helmut law". We know dat an unhelmuted mind is a terrible thing to waste. So ax yurself, wood Duke have suported da "No Helmut Law"?

- Den da "Mayor Who Wood be King" wants a turd term. Is he halucinatin er sumtin? Enuf is enuf, cause we know dat in Loosiana, "Every Man's a King"!

New Orleanians, as dey call us from otha places, know 'bout da many odd-titties of N'awlins. We got our share of idi-yats from da garden variety districk ta yuppies, wanna b's, and just plane ole D'GENERITS (dats us). While dere are greata economical and environmental oppatunities in otha places, we still kling ta our roots. Ya know, our Mardi Gras anties even draws outsiders ta dis party mecca ta witnes what all da fun is about. Ta their shagrin, dey realize dat its not our fault cause, IT TAKES A VILLAGE TA RAZE AN IDI-YAT. Shoud someone ax us "Where y'at?", de Knights of Rue Bourbon, will be paradin' as VILLAGE IDI-YATS as da krewe stumbles thru da Quartas wit our granma beads aroun our necks.

# Comatose Revived!

CHARITY HOSPITAL -- In a medical miracle that few thought could ever occur (and fewer still hoped would ever occur), a source at Charity Hospital revealed that the Mystic Corpse of Comatose has been revived. Teams of cracked physicians worked for years to resuscitate the beast.

As it arose shakily from the operating room table, something that experts tentatively identified as music began to emanate from Comatose's lips. Shock gave way to horror as the tune was identified: the reborn Krewe's new theme song. "Once, Twice, Three Times A Mayor"!

Yes, Comatose returned to Krewe du Vieux life with the theme of "2002: A Mayor's Odyssey", and a mission to alert the people of New Orleans to hiz-zoner's plans for a third term. Cryogenic experts, voodoo priestesses, Vulcan mind-melders, and a motley assortment of mesmerists are being employed by Marc Morial's troops, who hope to convince the public that only "A son of a Dutchman" can govern them.

The Mayor's minions also plan a "MMM Good" advertising blitz and perpetual plastic surgeries to maintain his youthful appearance (Michael Jackson, look out!).

Having lain Comatose for so long, the Krewe awoke with what passes for a burst of energy. A "Flying Dutch, Man" ship was constructed to convey the Krewe to the far reaches of the land to spread the word. Special \$3 bills were printed up, and skilled corporate headhunters were enlisted to help Mayor Marc get a real job. They could only hope their efforts would come in time to save the beleaguered city.