

Comatose Launches The Wrong Stuff

MARTINI MARIETTA -- The entire American space project, futurologists and visionaries such as Carl Sagan, Bucky Fuller, Robert Heinlein -- even Arthur C. Clarke himself could never have foreseen that which Comatose hath wrought for this depraved new millennium.

As the world slept and worked and counted ballots and looked up towards the heavens, yearning for the day when everyone, everywhere could step out onto the street with a "go cup", the quiet, strong and brave members of the Krewe of Comatose toiled tirelessly in preparation for getting blasted off.

The rigorous training for this top secret mission has included consuming large quantities of liquid propellant; spinning around in giant centrifuges; inhaling deeply at rave parties; and being bombarded with deadly extraterrestrial chads. This exhaustive regimen, combined with poor breeding, the best New Orleans public school educations and serious substance abuse has proven without a doubt that Comatose does indeed possess "The Wrong Stuff".

Recent events across America, particularly those in Florida, have demonstrated that in fact many people are truly Comatose. Therefore, the time has come to reveal the (un)nature of the Comatose mission.

Toiling deep within the bowels of the Martini Marietta space facility and lounge, Comatose has built a rocket more powerful than anything seen before on this planet. Fueled by dimpled chads

and Nader campaign literature, it is capable of launching a lightweight payload to the farthest reaches of the galaxy.

The last stumbling block to the success of this mission was finding a lightweight payload. However, an obvious candidate has emerged: that scion of federal featherheads, George W. Bush. Following the fallacy of his ascension to the presidency, the younger Shrub will soon be catapulted to a distant galaxy. The preliminary landing target for the airhead astronaut is the oil-based planet Marathon.

To protect the fledgling space cadet against the dangers of extra-terrestrial travel and accurate vote tallies, Shrub will be given a magical phallic chainy, as well as a dunce-cap shaped space helmet and an elephantine copilot.

Lift-off is set for the night of Saturday, February 10, at 7:00 PM during the Krewe du Vieux parade. All citizens are urged to be properly fueled and fired up, and reminded to "lick Bush".

C.O.A. STATEMENT

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

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Seeds of Decline: Lost and Spaced

SOMEWHERE -- The alarm sounded at Mission Uncontrolled. The interstellar carnival den/space station, universal repository of carnival paraphernalia, was orbiting out of control. All these treasures would be lost if the cosmic vessel could not be rescued in time. The future of Mardi Gras itself was in jeopardy.

There was only one solution: call in the Seeds of Decline. It had been many years, many parades and debauches since the krewe had provided the expertise that made it possible to export Mardi Gras to the stars. Now that legacy was in danger and the only krewe with the knowledge to save it were the decayed, debilitated, decrepit, declining Seeds. If they could even remember. Some younger krewes protested: "Speed of light? They can't even go the speed limit on Earth."

Nevertheless, the greybeards and cronies of Seeds readied their craft, The Spaceship Oldtimers, stocking up on geritol and viagra. The warranty was expired and parts were unavailable for the ancient ship, but dazed though undaunted, the Seeds hobbled on board and blasted off.

The geriatric pilots wandered the cosmos, lost and spaced. They couldn't find their eyeglasses to navigate or grasp the controls with their arthritic fingers, they forgot where they were going and why, but somehow they located the lost space station and remembered what to do. After completing their mission, saving Carnival, and taking their afternoon nap, they returned to Earth just in time to roll their wheelchairs and push their walkers to display the aged but undying spirit of the Seeds of Decline in the 2001 Krewe du Vieux parade.