

Mama Roux Endorses Mayorial Candidate

M-I-L LOUNGE—With Mayor Morial's bid for third term crushed like a jilted teenager, the pundits of Mama Roux met recently over a booze-filled jazz brunch to discuss to whom their powerful endorsement would go.

As political hangers-on swarmed like mosquitos, everyone wondered which of the towering titans of New Orleans politics Mama Roux would endorse. In their altered state, the actual names of these gifted individuals—synonymous with good government, booming business, prosperous citizenry, progress, and massive group hallucinations—somehow evaded the Krewe.

Should they pick um, the young guy? What about the merits of ol' what's his name, the shifty-looking older guy? Or the chick—you know, the one who's the state whatchamacallit. And don't forget Sergeant, er, Commander Whosis, whose leadership of NOPD is no doubt responsible for the recent crime surge. Oh wait—what about that bald guy who raises your cable rates every other month?

Faced with such formidable options, Mama Roux called for another round of drinks. As each member's vision blurred further, a collective vision took hold. It was wearing a long, black 'do and some righteous duds. "Boin, K-Doe, Boin!" it proclaimed. "Why settle for a measly mayor, when you could have me: The Emperor of the Universe!"

A cry of triumph rent the thick, smokey air, and the slogan was quickly taken up by all:

Keep the Jive Alive: K-Doe For Mayor

"It was the only logical choice," slurred a Krewe spokesperson. "When your choices for mayor are a bunch of live ones, one can only say, 'Vote for the Dead Guy—It's Important.'"

Observers concurred that when faced with a field of candidates who were brain-dead, it made sense to vote for the guy who was completely dead.

Key planks of the K-Doe campaign, released by Mama Roux interns, include:

- Bring real change to City Hall by moving it to the Mother-In-Law Lounge.
- Stop the Saints from fleeing the Superdome by renaming it the Ernie K-Dome (check your Bible to see what happened when the original saints pissed off an emperor—not pretty).
- These troubled times cry out for a new, easily-sung national anthem. The late Mayor K-Doe will immediately redirect the resources we've wasted trying to attract business and improve education and instead focus on changing the anthem to the easily remembered and crooned "Mother-In-Law".

Last but not least, once elected, the recently deceased Emperor K-Doe will immediately abolish the office of Mayor and crown himself Emperor of the Isle of Orleans for all eternity. No more silly, endless elections. No more candidates braying meaningless platitudes.

Picture it: one city—one people—one voice: a basso profundo singing "Mother-In-Law".

KSAL Bridges The Crack

WORSTBANK—In yet another instance of creeping, crappy commercialism settling its stench over the city, the Bone car sales empire announced that it had purchased naming rights to the giant flying saucer on Poydras Street, which will henceforth be known as the Bone Dome. There was no word as to whether the football field itself would terminate in the Bone End Zone.

Reacting to this dismaying news, the Krewe of Space Age Love proclaimed that it would "bridge the crack". Its massed members pledged to storm across from the Worstbank, via either the Crescent Shitty Connection or the Algiers Fairy, to reclaim the Bone Dome.

Meanwhile, spokesman Dick Bone announced that, while a new retractable roof for the Dome was too expensive for the budget, a retractable crack would be built into its roof. "This way, whenever the Saints play like crap, we'll have a way of acknowledging it," said the Bone-head.

An official from the No Farts League refused to analyze the plans. Many local observers, however, felt it was a rather cheeky move.

Other companies seeking Dome deals were disappointed. For one, this clearly precludes converting it to a Wal-Mart. There had also been talk that Rite Aid would buy the facility and just close it, like they have done with so many local drug stores. And we will never see giant golden arches framing the "McDome".

More immediately, the KSAL invasion is expected on the night of January 19th, under the cover of the Krewe du Vieux parade. Disguised as Bone-head salesmen and Algiers Fairies, they will do their best to bridge the crack.