

Comatose Licks the Habit

IN THE CATTY-COMBS—A new discovery by the Krewe of Comatose could forever alter the face of Catholicism.

Searching for evidence of a depraved new world—a task the somnambulistic, mysterious krewe embraced with missionary zeal—Comatose used an assortment of smelling salts and other substances to rouse itself to what passes for life with this zombified group. Having achieved semi-consciousness, the languid souls prepared to lick dry the dew of depravity that mildews the masses.

Comatose decided to begin the investigation within the neurological underpinnings of spiritual and mystical experience deep within their own saturated minds. Brain autopsies of the current membership shockingly revealed the complete lack of an

amygdala, leaving them devoid of fear and unable to recognize threats.

Further tests revealed that continuous ingestion of psychedelics had put the brakes on the krewe's collective hippocampus, leaving them also unable even to maintain equilibrium. In short, they were uniquely qualified to access the subliminal consciousness of New Orleans.

The vision that came to them revealed a cunning, linguistic priest. This shadowy Father figure had studied ancient texts, and found a crucial mis-translation of a word from the earliest of priestly laws, a mistake that had been copied over and over through the ages. The error was simple, but the implications were staggering: that single, misinterpreted word was “celebrate”, not “celibate”.

Immediately sharing the joy of his discovery, the priapatic priest alerted all the local convents (and Catholic girls' schools). In the divinely orgasmic epiphanies that followed, Comatose locked on to the formerly deprived, now depraved minds of the celebrants, and the secret was out.

Comatose will break its discovery to the world during the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 19, donning all manner of clerical garb and adorning itself with chasubles, albs, birettas, surplices, dalmatics, and mitres. Our Lady of Perpetual Mojo, the “Promptest Seductress of All”, shall ride magnificently atop their float. She and her lustful pastor will exercise and exorcise to the sounds of holy brass band music. Collection plates will encourage bystanders to donate to the Comatose Nunnery for Nymphomaniacs. Comatose will lick the habit with missionary zeal.

Ad-Vice Column:

Dear Bubby

Dear Bubby,

I've just turned thirteen, I live in this Goyland called Metairie, and life is one big putz. What can I do?

—*Hopeless Herschel*

Dear Herschel,

Stop your kvetching about the Metairie Muggles you live with. You are thirteen now, a Bar Mitzvah, a real man. Mazel Tov! You can now be counted in our magical minyon. Therefore, you have been admitted to our illustrious and conspiratorial training camp, located in the obscure mists of the Catskills. Hagritz, our school schlepp, will take you and your bags to the 9 and Three-Quarters St. Wharf, the secret location where our cruise ship docks (it's also a discount outlet, so don't forget to look for bargains!).

Once you arrive at our school, you must wear the sorting yarmulke, learn your *beschert*, and submit to the theocratic rigors of our magickal indoctrination. Only the most heretical Rabbis daven here, under the astute, benevolent, yet firm hand of our Great and Permanent Leader, Maimonides Double-doormouth. Other faculty you will have the honor of studying under are:

• **Professor Fatschmuck**, goblin and board member of the Greenspangotts Bank, teaches charming spells, such as the levitation of interest payments.

• **Professor Schnapps** brews kosher potions, such as Creole sauces in which the ham hocks vanish before the guests arrive.

• If you're feeling randy or suffering from Jewish self-loathing, see **Professor MacGoy-a-cuddle**. She's an expert on transfiguration and can change your shiksa into a Nice Jewish Girl for a lifetime, an hour, fifteen minutes, whatever.

• Want to subvert the patriarchs? In this class you will fly high on brooms, frying pans, rolling pins, and other domestic symbols with **Madame You-get-no-hoochi-Gucci**, our strict Mistress of Quiddish Discipline.

• Finally, all of our hard-pressed efforts would be in vain if we failed to heed the lessons of **Professor Squirrely**, who teaches “Defenses Against the Goy Arts” (but is he secretly a Goy himself?).

Don't forget you must pledge fealty to Donna the Jieuxish American Princess and Charlie the King of the Jieuxs. And please remember that Herbology is not officially offered for first-years and is in no way condoned, sanctioned or encouraged by the Stoned Sorcerors of the Hogwarts Yeshiva! First-years found imbibing weed, herbs or fungus from the enchanted forest will be smothered in the embrace of Rindy, the Three-Headed Pig!

Next Year at Hogwarts!