

Neaux Comment: T.O.K.I.N. Gets Shredded

UNDISCLOSED LOCATION — The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has obtained top-secret classified documents disclosing the administration's follow-up to the Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism (USA PATRIOT) Act. According to a communique from T.O.K.I.N. Head-quarters, the administration has launched a war on TOKINism with the Using Secrecy And Invidious Deception In Outrageous Treachery (USA IDIOT) Act, restricting the right to carouse and parade through the streets in costumes (or nothing at all), masks, feathers and frippery, beads and body paint. "We don't know what kind of subversives are hiding behind those masks," said VP (Villainous Pighead) Dick Shady, "They could be people who use telephones or the internet, or borrow library books, or, most menacing of all, satirists."

When asked for more details, VP (Very Pernicious) Shady beat around the Bush, stating, "In order to preserve a free, open society, it is necessary for us to govern behind closed doors, in total secrecy. After all, you don't know who may be monitoring your communications. Besides us, that is."

Further investigation revealed that elements of this legislation include restrictions on the right to mask and costume, to wear wigs and to decorate one's body with paint and glitter. According to our unidentified sources, agents have obtained "throws" from past Krewe du Vieux parades and are attempting to decode their meanings. They have also acquired a complete set of past issues of *Le Monde de Merde* and are analyzing them for

subversive messages. Asked to comment, VP (Vexatious Politician) Shady said, Off the Record, "Kiss my Ashcroft."

Meanwhile, T.O.K.I.N. representatives remained unavailable for comment, moving their Head-quarters frequently to avoid wiretaps and holding numerous meetings in smoke-filled parking lots. However, intercepted emails indicate that the TOKINistas have been hiding out at an undisclosed location where they are building the world's largest shredder. Indications are that shredlocked TOKINistas will soon be seen hauling it through the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter mounted on a float. In response to the potential for salacious, sensual, suggestive, seditious, celebratory exultation and insurrection, the Department of Homeland Insecurity has declared a purple, green and gold alert. Parade-goers are invited to bring their classified reports, copies of the Constitution, 401(k) statements, library cards, address books, voter registration cards, stars and stripes, and other anachronous, obsolete and incriminating documents to be shredded at the Krewe du Vieux perambulation and protest march on February 15.

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.

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PAN Swims With the Sharks

CESS POOL — During a recent visit to the Aquarium, several members of PAN were plunged into the shark tank when a bridge suddenly collapsed, the result of shoddy work by a construction crew and its Forman. The panicked Krewe members immediately found themselves surrounded in the frothing waters by frenzied sharks and other terrifying forms of bottom-feeding sea life.

Just when it seemed the situation could get no worse, it did: the gigantic gray shark shapes began morphing into the faces of certain New Orleans politicians. The paddling PAN members faced the horrifying reality that they had been swimming with sharks every day for many years.

Looking closer, they realized they could actually identify a few individual shark species, including the *Mako Morialis*, the *Fosterhead* and the fearsome Great White Clarkson. Also to be seen were the Blew Marlon, the Big Gill-Pratt, the Simms-Brook Trout, and the Eddie Sabertfish.

In a desperate bid to save themselves, the swimmers began throwing money, city contracts, job offers for son-in-laws, and partnership options for brother-in-laws. Though momentarily diverted, the political sharks soon began anew to circle the sinking citizens.

Just when all seemed lost, the swimmers saw the sudden flash of the fantastic Electric C-Ray. With a simple flick of his long, powerful, throbbing cable-tale, the C-Ray drove the scavenging sea life back down to the depths, where they cowered in the sludge — Meffertlessly saving PAN from being just more shark bait or even worse, jumping the shark.