

New Float Monster Terrorizes City

UNDERGROUND NEW ORLEANS -- Word has recently oozed out from the swamps beneath the city of the re-emergence of one of New Orleans' oldest legends: the fearsome, fire-breathing Crappa-Gator.

This terrifying behemoth is the latest member of a long line of monsters descended from an ancient union between a pet baby alligator adopted by one of Bienville's men and later flushed down his privvy or "crappa", and a huge reptilean creature now extinct except in the swamps of Hollywood. Its godparents are said to be the god Bacchus and the mythic New Orleans float-builder Colonel Blaine.

The Crappa-Gator is rumored to be as much as six city blocks in length. It is conveniently divided, thanks to the unique New Orleans evolutionary system known as MardiGrawinism, into hinged sections to permit it to turn corners. It is said that each section could accommodate as many as 300 men, were men foolish enough to ride it.

It can now be authoritatively confirmed and revealed that the progress of the Crappa-Gator towards the surface has been responsible for many problems with the service of the city's utilities, including last summer's explosions in the totally updated Ent-my-fault-ergy equipment under the French Quarter. Interruptions in the so-called service by Cox-sucker Cable and the Sewerage and Falter Board can now also be blamed on this convenient Urban Myth.

It is expected that the creature

will finally emerge on the evening of January 30th, in an exploding cloud of mist and sewer gas, somewhere in the vicinity of the Faubourg Marigny street that used to bear its name. It will be met by its acolytes from the Krewe de Craps, and a brass band playing the Mayoral anthem "Oh, it ain't my fault", and will parade towards Canal Street. Along the way it will perform its ritual, pre-ordained destruction of City Hall and the control centers of all the offending utilities, as in its traditional acronymal style, "Craps Ravages All Public Services!"

Night of the Living Disco Dead

DISCOVILLE -- Yet another plague appears to have descended on New Orleans. As if teasing hurricanes, monsters from the sewers and the inept Saints football team weren't enough, it appears that disco has returned from the grave. Legions of disco zombies, clothed in tattered polyester, have been "Staying Alive" while staggering in a shuddering, throbbing, monotonous beat along the Bywaters of the city.

Rumors are that this "Saturday Night Fever" will come to a pitch on January 30, when a Pantheon of disco zombies will lift the lids on their clog-heeled coffins, emerge from their mirror-ball lit cemeteries, and "Jungle Boogie" their way through the Krewe du Vieux parade. The prospect is highly disco-ncerting.

LEWD Performs Without a Permit

DEPARTMENT OF IMPERMISSABLE ACTIVITIES -- Absolutely dismayed at the audacity of a city known worldwide for its reputation as a mecca of music, good times, free-wheelin' acts of depravity and sin, members of LEWD recently decided to take matters into their own hands and expose this myth for what it is: a FRAUD!

The myth is perpetuated by the Mayor's Council of Cultural Affairs (a.k.a. SOUL Sisters Escort Service) and AAA (and XXX) travel guides. The city is actually quite hostile to these acts, as evidenced by recent police raids on French Quarter night clubs. Among the criminal and subversive elements rounding up in these daring operations were musicians, tourists and night club owners. Crimes included performing without a permit, performing with a permit, and permitting performances.

In response, LEWD will be dancing in the streets, playing music (if you can call it that!), performing all kinds of LEWD behavior -- all without the required permit! -- and even (in an ultimate act of defiance) passing out free permits to passers-by! These permits will entitle the bearer to one public performance of a LEWD act at his or her indiscretion.

LEWD members expressed confidence that they would not be harassed by the "appropriate" (in a very loose interpretation of the word) authorities at City Hall, as their hands have been "lagniapped" with a warm LEWD handshake and some loose change. The poor slobs are so underpaid that they gladly accepted this ultimate LEWD act: the classic payoff!