

Favorite French Quarter Watering Hole is Now "Old Absent Bar"

JIM BEAM STREET -- Have you ever had a "dreamsickle" that you got "Goombay smashed" in one bar and had an "old fashioned" "eye-opener" the next morning in a strange place? What's stranger than trying to get a "three-legged monkey" in a &*%#\$@%*#@ daiquiri joint in the heart of the French Quarter? Can frozen wet t-shirts be far behind?

After pitchers of "chocolate martinis", the Krewe of Drips and Discharges will toast the royal court in testimony that the above event actually occurred.

The Krewe went to the Old Absinthe Bar for an evening of music and libations, potables and sustenance such as "prairie chickens", "tequila mockingbirds", "salty dawgs", "grasshoppers", and "brave bulls", being a bunch of animals themselves.

But ... as the evening progressed (or digressed) in the Old Absinthe, the Krewe observed "Fred-dy Fudpucker" and "Harvey Wallbanger" trying to line up a "slow comfortable screw" -- with hopes of "screaming orgasms" -- with "Bloody Mary" and the "Pink Lady". Those "whore dogs" dressed in their "hot pants" couldn't stop going on about their "slippery nipples".

Other infamous lounge lizards, bar flies and b-girls were present (but not accounted for). In a dark corner, butts against the wall, were the "godmother" and "godfather", huddled with "Fast Eddie" and looking guilty. The "Black Russian" and the "White Russian" at the bar were passing out "Russian Quaaludes". Nearby a "dirty mother" and a "hillbilly" were talking with a "presbyterian" from the

"casino". "Margarita" in her "sombbrero" and "Sweet Maria" were in line for the ladies room with their "silk panties" in a bunch.

Brian Lee, house musician par excellence, took a break -- and the nightmare began. When the break was over, one could feel the chill as far as Fat City, as a daiquiri machine took his place. Mr. Lee remains "Absolute"ly Absent.

Now, what is a true New Orleanian or bona fide tourist to do? To mourn the loss of a real Bourbon Street drinkstitution, the Krewe of Drips and Discharges will hold a Jazz Funeral on Saturday, February 7.

In honor of the "Old Absent Bar", the Krewe will distribute its traditional "Top Ten Drink List for 1998."

1. Flamingo Frappe
2. Krauss Kolada
3. Holmes Collins
4. Schwegmann's Swizzle
5. K&B Fizzle
6. Harrah's On The Rocks
7. Woolsworth Wallbanger
8. 1st NBC Highball
9. LL&E Straight Up
10. Popeye's Punch

Programming Note:

The Psychic Network will be off the air today due to unforeseen technical difficulties

Election Day

Vote (often) for new leadership to help New Orleans invade the 20th century (we'll get to the 21st century later):

Mayor: Alexander the Mediocre
City Council: Attila the Nun, Ghenghis ConArtist, Crapoleon, Francisco Bizzaro, Julius Geezer, Adolph Shitlist, & Saddam Insane.

LEWD Gets Flushed Down the River

DOWN THE DRANO -- It begins in Minnesota, a mere trickle of winter snowmelt. Southward it flows, picking up first drops, then streams, then mighty rivers as it rushes down to the Gulf of Mexico. Of course, it also picks up the sewage of countless towns and several major cities, the pesticide and fertilizer run-off of thousands of farms, the chemicals and waste of hundreds of factories. It's the mighty Mississippi, and by the time it hits New Orleans, it is one bad body of really bad water.

For all its trials and tribulations, Old Man River ain't seen nothing like what's been flushed into it recently by the Crescent City. The history, the tradition, the character, the very soul of New Orleans has been flushed gleefully down the river by big corporations and their politician stooges -- and now, in the unkindest cut of all, the Krewe of LEWD joins the rush of effluent fouling this fair flow.

The only problem is that the toilets for the Krewe's royal flush belong to the School Board, and are not in working order. However, the Board's grass cutting contract with Nolmar, Inc. has been extended to include toilet maintenance, and officials were confident that repairs would be made "before hell freezes over" (see related story on page 7).

As Mardi Gras goes up for sale, as the chain stores, restaurants and clubs move in like a plague -- as everything that is uniquely N'Awlins, indeed the soul of the city is sold down the river, LEWD feels there is no real reason to stick around. "We'd rather be 'flushed down the river' than hang out with the crap that's taking over the city" was the plucky Krewe's last words. Sounds like they need some serious T.P.