everyone is talking about stimulation and regulation, the louche past and the austere times to come. Our economy is suffering mightily for the greed and wantonness of a relative few, and now we all must prepare to do without, to sacrifice for the greater good.

But that grim, puritanic prospect is brightened somewhat, as it is every spring, by the promise of one more drunken turn round the carousel. One final, 24-hour fling before the clampdown. One more wild night. The Lenten season is hard upon us, but first comes Fat Tuesday—that last hurrah before that cold, bleak stretch of deprivation that leads to spring and rebirth.

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As always, the debauch commences with a parade that sets off promptly at 5pm from the corner of Elmwood and Forest Avenues. The motorcade—about 40 floats piled high with costumed merrymakers—cuts a noisy, drunken path down Elmwood Avenue, turns left on Allen Street, then jogs down Main Street to the Chippewa Strip, before returning to Allentown and finishing at Kleinhans Music Hall.

All along the way, participating bars, nightclubs, and restaurants—more this year than ever before—will be packed with bead-bedecked people sipping drinks, taking in live music and sundry entertainments, and eating good food—because they all know, as you do, that the next day the belt-tightening begins. They’ll be eating barbecued alligator at Lagniappes, turtle soup at Shango, barbecue at Fat Bob’s and the Lafayette Tap Room, where the Sauce Boss will also be cooking up some gumbo onstage—and washing it all down with that most appropriately named cocktail: the hurricane.

Your ticket to this annual bacchanal is a five-dollar wrist bracelet, available at all participating venues (which are listed for your convenience on the following pages, along with a map of the parade route), as well as at Mardi Gras Central, our headquarters in front of Quote nightclub at 236 Delaware, just north of Chippewa. That five-dollar bracelet buys you entrance everywhere you go, and a garland of beads at each door you pass through, courtesy of our gracious volunteers.

And, as we say every year, don’t be afraid to buy those volunteers a drink. These folks are giving six hours of their night to raise money for Hospice Buffalo, and that is thirsty work.

That’s right, the whole affair is for a good cause. Every penny of that five dollars goes directly to Hospice Buffalo, which for 30 years has been providing care and comfort to those nearing the end of their lives, as well as to their loved ones. The Artvoice Mardi Gras is one of the largest philanthropic Mardi Gras events in the country—and growing—and we cannot imagine doing this for anyone but Hospice, nor could we do it without their help.

We owe others a great debt, too, of course. Our sponsors include some stalwarts who have been with us for years: Southern Comfort, Labatt 103.3 the Edge, Mix 104, 97 Rock, and BuffaloBarFly.com, whose intrepid correspondents will document the debauchery and post it online the very next day. We also thank the Buffalo Police Department, all the good folks in Buffalo’s City Hall, Comfort Suites, Elmwood Taco & Subs, Quote, the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Curt Rotterdam, Ilya’s Belly Dancers, and of course the indefatigable Chevon Davis and her friends.

Thanks also to the heavenly host of float-builders, club owners, musicians, costumers, parade route volunteers, and the rest of those who toil to make the whole thing go off without a hitch, year after year.

Finally, thanks to all of you who come out in cold weather every Fat Tuesday, to make the Artvoice Mardi Gras celebration one of the city’s best parties, year after year.

—geoff kelly
Lagniappes chef Chris Silverstein's Mardi Gras tradition: barbecued alligator

For the second year this Fat Tuesday, Lagniappes chef Chris Silverstein will be spit-roasting alligator on Allen Street. Only this time, he had to promise the city he wouldn’t do it out on the sidewalk.

Though eating alligator might seem strange to us northerners, it’s very popular in the south and Silverstein has gotten a lot of positive feedback from Buffalonians. He heard countless stories last year from people who would have it once or twice a year as a child in the South but hadn’t eaten it in years. One patron, who was standing in line when Lagniappes opened last year, called his brother in Boston from the sidewalk and told him to get on a plane. A few hours later, the brothers were eating alligator together at the cafe.

The alligator meat comes frozen, via air, and Silverstein stresses that it’s USDA-approved, farm-raised meat. The alligators come whole, skin and all; they’re about five feet long and 40 to 50 pounds each. It’s a daunting task, but Silverstein swears that braising them in Southern Comfort barbecue sauce, then roasting them on a spit for about four to five hours per gator will produce succulent results. “It’s no different from doing a pig roast,” he says. Silverstein says it has a “fishy pork” taste and ends up looking like pulled pork.

Last year, he had a line of 80 people when he opened and ran out in two hours, so get down to Allen Street early. You can get your gator in one of two ways, either in a New Orleans po’boy or as a dinner with boiled potatoes and a vegetable. “It’s an odd thing to cook, I understand that, but it’s farm-raised meat just like pork or chickens,” Silverstein says. “Let’s take a bite out of it before it takes a bite out of us.”

—ellen przepasniak
Lagniappes Cafe, 244 Allen Street, 883-3663

Shango chef Jim Guarino presents the ultimate in slow food: turtle soup

If you’re not down with all the shirt-lifting and subsequent bead-throwing on Fat Tuesday, head to Shango Bistro on Main Street for a classier, more subdued Fat Tuesday. Executive chef Jim Guarino will be cooking up his traditional turtle soup to accompany the usual New Orleans menu.

He has made it specially every year since 2003 as an appetizer for his Fat Tuesday prix fixe menu. “It’s really nice when we can offer it as an appetizer. People are more hesitant to order something out of the ordinary if it’s an entree,” Guarino says. But the positive response he’s gotten about it in years past has made him want to continue the tradition.

Though turtle meat might seem a bit strange, it’s very popular in both New Orleans and Asian cuisines. Guarino gets the turtle meat from a farm in Colorado that raises turtles for consumption. It’s domestic, farm-raised meat, just like any chicken or beef. Turtle meat tends to be tough and tendon-like and tastes “seafoodyish,” as Guarino explains, but has a meaty taste.

To make the soup, he takes the hunks of meat, puts them in a meat grinder to get the toughness out, then simply browns it in a skillet with oil. He adds onions, peppers, and celery until they’re caramelized. Then he mixes in a bit of garlic and sherry—not enough to overpower the flavor of the turtle meat—along with veal or beef stock. He lets everything cook down and thicken, then serves it with a traditional hard-boiled egg garnish and a dry sherry on the side.

Fun fact: Turtle soup was President Howard Taft’s favorite food. So go raise a soup spoon to good ol’ Taft and Shango too, which celebrates its four-year anniversary on Tuesday.

—ellen przepasniak
Shango New Orleans Bistro and Wine Bar, 3260 Main Street, 837-2326

Sauce Boss Bill Wharton cooks gumbo with a blue flame

Bill Wharton, also known as the Sauce Boss, puts on a blues show like no other. He calls it “a rock-and-roll picnic of soul-shouting brotherhood” because during each show, he notoriously cooks a pot of gumbo on stage, during the show.

The band plays one song—Wharton clarifies it’s “not crying-in-your-beer kind of blues”—then he begins the cooking demonstration. During the rest of the show, he alternates between playing songs and adding ingredients, then at the end, everyone at the show eats. “It’s a meld between B.B. King and Julia Child,” he says.

As with any gumbo, Wharton begins with a good roux. He combines oil and flour in a very hot frying pan and stirs until it’s a mocha color. Then he begins adding everything else: seafood, meat, and vegetables.

Wharton’s not shy to share the secret to his gumbo recipe: his own Liquid Summer Hot Sauce. He manufactures and sells it at each show. Since he lives in Florida, halfway between New Orleans and the Caribbean, his hot sauce borrows influences from both locations. He uses the daddle pepper from Florida, which isn’t as hot but very flavorful. His is thicker than Louisiana hot sauce, but not as chunky as sauce from the Caribbean, which is closer to salsa.

Wharton has been playing in Buffalo for 20 years, but this will be his first Buffalo Mardi Gras. He loves that people just “come out of the woodwork” in the winter and knows people think he’s crazy for doing what he does. He first cooked gumbo on stage in 1989; 150,000 bowls later, he’s still ready to share some more.

—ellen przepasniak
6pm. Sauce Boss Bill Wharton at the Lafayette Tap Room, 391 Washington Street.
Like the masks on our AV Mardi Gras cover models? If so, you need to meet **Andrea Masse-Tognetti**, a self-taught artist living in Tonawanda, who has been working exclusively with leather sculpture for more than 16 years. Masse-Tognetti has created mask designs for Cirque Du Soleil, and last fall her masks appeared on stage in Tokyo in the "Muscle Musical" stage production *Magicarade*.

Her leather sculpture has been featured in *Weird Tales* magazine, the *Niagara Gazette*, and *Tokyo Living* magazine, as well as *Artvoice*.

You can find Masse-Tognetti’s online shop at [www.merimask.etsy.com](http://www.merimask.etsy.com).