



The Krewe du Vieux Presents

Le Monde de Merde

Vol. 24, No. 1

January 31, 2015

Priceless

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux “Begs For Change”

Jim Aiken To Discharge Royal Duties

They seem to be everywhere ... grabbing your attention any way they can ... barely avoiding being run over ... begging you to part with your treasure ... but enough about Mardi Gras parade-goers and Louisiana politicians!

Unfortunately, no amount of begging could stop the relentless onslaught of campaign commercials; the vast amounts of cash spent during the 2014 elections proved that beggars could indeed be schmoozers. And large change was definitely in the air. Louisiana voters inexplicably decided to send Frankenstein’s gay bride to the U.S. Senate, completing its change from Blue to Red. Voters fed up with gridlock made a statement by voting to ensure it would get worse. Irrevocably weakened by the results, President Yomama meekly accepted his new status by issuing major decrees on immigration, the Internet, foreign policy, climate change, and the most pressing issue of the day, who should be the next American Idol.

Also in Washington, the Senate released a report describing CIA torture tactics used to interrogate possible Islamic terrorists, but listening to Mitch McConnell was deemed too inhumane even for these suspects. And Metairie Congressman Steve Scalise was elected House Whip, allowing him to indulge his secret fantasies, some of which probably involve friends of Metairie Senator David Vitter.

Elsewhere on the planet, Putin’s aggression left the Ukraine singing “Crimea River”. The Russian president’s long lost Jamaican half-brother, Ras-Putin, followed up by announcing plans to annex Haiti. The Islamic State put the “hate” in caliphate, but despite its prohibition on drinking, by the end of the year was getting bombed regularly. Global climate change reached the point where the remaining polar ice

cap couldn’t supply enough cubes for Happy Hour.

Cubans danced in the streets of Havana after Obama announced the easing of U.S. restrictions, but Cubans in Miami (and Republicans in Congress) insisted he had been Castroed. The GOP was equally outraged when Saudi Arabia announced plans to try two women, arrested for the heinous crime of driving, in terrorism court (except for those Republicans with ties to big oil).

Here in Louisiana, brain-eating amoebas infiltrated the water system in the state capitol complex, where they promptly starved to death. The proliferation of fracking produced more gas than the legislative session, though less damage. And Governor Bobby “Bombay” Gindoll was against everything that might help the state, even though he used to be for it. Seems he was born under a bad science.

Senator Vitter, observing how well the tactic worked for the governor, launched his campaign for the same seat by following same pathetic flip-flopping path. Apparently he too has no common core beliefs.

Closer to home, Mayor Mitch “Son of Moon” Landrieu fared better than his sister, being re-elected in a close race against several candidates a few people vaguely remembered hearing of somewhere. He immediately assumed absolute control of everything. Too bad he didn’t work in the NOPD Sex Crimes Unit, where nobody apparently took control of anything. The crime problem in general Serpassed even what the mayor could tolerate, leading to the selection of a new chief (though not a new suit) and twelve new initiatives with catchy names like “NOLA for Life”, “Travel in Packs” and We’ve Tried Everything Else So This Better Work”.

The ENOLA virus was spread by



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 31, 2015 at 6:30 PM

infected shoot-from-the-hipsters, a new breed of carpetbeggars that spread gentrification, tattoos and bad fashion throughout the city. Another year went by without adoption of the new Incomprehensible Zoning Ordinance. And bike lanes popped up everywhere: overcrowded downtown streets, the new Indy Car race track on New Orleans East, and even in some of the city’s larger potholes.

The more things changed, the more they stayed the same ...

Riding the winds of change, and begging no one’s pardon, the changelings, secret agents of change and sex changers of Krewe du Vieux will take to the streets of the Marigny, French Quarter and CBD (Change-Begging District) on **Saturday, January 31 at 6:30 PM**. Spectators are advised to bring a change of Underwear, some spare change, and beware of beggary.

Discharging the royal duties for the parade will be Dr. Jim (and Mr. Jimmy) Aiken, who will be dripping with enthusiasm, highly medicated and prepared for any emergency. King Jim’s invaluable contributions to KdV over many years will culminate in the ultimate indignity of riding the royal float.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will beg the question, beg for indulgences, beg to differ, and

undoubtedly beg for sexual favors as they each present their own game-changing interpretations of the theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Mystic Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of Inane, Krewe du Mishigas, and Krewe of SPANK.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions that has not been declared blasphemous by the ISIS cow-lick-phat.

The Krewe du Vieux is a nonprofit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative expression and satirical comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras – and in exposing ourselves to the world.

The Emergency King

He's the founder of a KdV subkrewe. He's been Ball Captain and Vice Captain. He is co-owner of the Krewe's home base, the Den of Muses. Most relevant of all, he is one of the leading emergency room physicians in the city. Now Jim Aiken has descended to that least exalted of Krewe du Vieux ranks, King of the 2015 parade.

"I don't get overwhelmed very often," remarked his hirsute highness, "but there are times when I am just in awe over this."

Given the battered bodies, the mind-blowing overdoses, the bizarre objects in bizarre places that the King has seen in his days (and we're only talking about the parade here), Dr. Jim is indeed the very definition of calm.

Our medicinal monarch's affiliation with KdV began in 1993, when he saw an ad for tickets to the Vieux Doo. "I called to get some more information, and Ray ["Plaine" Kern, captain at the time] asked me if I could form a group to be in the parade. This was mid-December, but I said sure."

Operating as chief of the emergency department at Touro Hospital at the time, King Jim promptly began asking fellow ER staff if they wanted to be part of the fun (and threatening to cancel their prescriptions if they refused). Jim's wife and royal consort Tonya also enrolled some of her friends, which turned out to be just slightly easier than enrolling in Obamacare.

"We had to come up with a name for our krewe, and I had just completed a long shift where I was seeing nothing but gonorrhea and other pelvic discharges, and I came up with the name on the spot," recalls our surgical sultan. Thus was born the Krewe of Drips and Discharges.

"That was the year that the old-line parades had been shut down, so we went as the out-of-work maids and butlers of the Comus, Momus and Proteus members," he remembers fondly. "Our float was really nothing

more than something to carry our throws. We knew how to use scalpels, but hammers, not so much."

By the next year the King had been cajoled into being the Ball Captain, a job he held for some five years, serving as Vice Captain (and doing a masterful job of ensuring as much vice in the Krewe as possible) for the last of those years. One of his favorite (not to mention few) memories of those days is from 1996, when the Vieux Doo was descended upon by limo-riding NFL types because the Super Bowl parties were a complete bore in comparison.

Today our emergency room emir practices in and serves as the Associate Director for Emergency Services in the Emergency Department at the LSU Trauma Center and does additional emergency medical consulting. In this capacity, he participated in the transition from the state subsidized state hospital system to a private management model. King Jim says "While I'm in favor of the private management model for the operations of the LSU Hospital and looking forward to the opening of the new hospital, I'm very concerned that the lack of Medicaid expansion within the Affordable Care Act will further limit access to care to those who most need it".

This makes King Jim even happier about his plans to transition away from the administrative roles he has filled since Katrina, and towards more clinical time. With the parade fast approaching, this is critically important, as there is no telling how many Krewe members will need medical attention at some point in the evening. Indeed, the King has been called upon to aid the occasional balance-challenged and/or over-served partyer more than once in the past

There have been several previous attempts to persuade Dr. Jim to be Krewe royalty, but our modest monarch had always declined. What was different this year?

"The other years, I really preferred marching on the streets with my subkrewe. This time I only agreed to be considered because I saw who else was being nominated and was pretty sure I wouldn't be elected," explains this duke of self-deprecation. "But I did think about this being the tenth anniversary of Katrina, and both the role I played in getting the health care system back up and running and the role Krewe du Vieux played in helping raise people's spirits.

"One of my proudest Krewe moments ever was when we marched in 2006, the first parade after Katrina. Drips stopped in front of the old folks home on Royal right before Frenchmen, and I could see tears in people's eyes because they were so happy to see us."

Even so, the King minimizes his importance of his role in the parade. "To me, what's behind the King is what's important," he says firmly, though he does acknowledge that "Leading this crowd down the street is pretty cool!"

Befitting his medical magic, there will be a touch of alchemy in his parade-night presentation, and of sorcery in the costuming of his Queen Tonya (who will also be responsible for managing the collection of royal gifts and paraphernalia that inevitably

Jindal for President

For the first time in its 25-year history, the *Monde de Merde* is making a political endorsement: Louisiana Governor Bobby Jindal for President.

He may be a too coy goy boy toy to come right out and say it, but the galloping guv has been ogling the oval office for over a year. And he is willing to sacrifice every last man, woman, child, alligator – indeed, every living thing in the state of Louisiana in service of his naked, and almost certainly fruitless, ambition.

This makes Bobby Jindal purely and simply evil.

It also makes him the *Monde de Merde's* clear choice for President. Anything that will get him as far away from Louisiana as possible, we're in favor of.

And if not the United States, perhaps Liberia

accompany the monarchical merriment). He may not be changing beads into gold, or water into whiskey – but it probably won't take much begging to gain a few royal favors.

So, come out to the streets on January 31 and join in the salute to true Krewe du Vieux royalty, a hero of post-Katrina health care, and a truly nice guy: our unassuming King Doctor Alchemist Magician Jim Aiken.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, January 31

Doors open 9:00 PM

CIVIC THEATER

510 O'Keefe Avenue

featuring in order of appearance

Kirk Joseph

and The Change Makers

with special guest James "12" Andrew

Late Night Music by Gravy

TICKETS \$40

Available from Krewe du Vieux members

Underwear Bulldozes for Change

UBERVILLE – Invaded by hoards of homogenized hipsters, New Orleans is in grave danger of seeing its funky neighborhoods sterilized like so many welfare moms. Gentrification is spreading like an ENOLA virus, as housing prices rise, live music is suppressed, chain restaurants and stores proliferate, and local color is whitewashed by modern monoculturalism.

Always willing to ride on the waves of change – especially when there might be some spare change to pick up along the way – the Krewe of Underwear is capitalizing on the latest urban renewal trend. Having assembled a battalion of heavy equipment (including bullshidozers, on-your-backhoes, jackoffhammers, excrement mixers, and Blakely

cranes), hard-hatted, hard-headed Underwearians are tearing up as much classic housing stock as possible and reconstructing it into tres chic apartments and condos.

“Our biggest project is bulldozing that tacky housing development near the French Quarter and erecting the Ubertville Condom-miniums,” announced lacity-clad spokeswoman Ima Hoh, formerly of the Hoh Brothers Erection Company, noted for its insertion of the sprawling, suburban-style medical center into the heart of the city. “What’s the value of historic buildings, centuries-old cemeteries and magnificent oak trees compared to giant, boxy towers?”

In addition to ridiculously overpriced condos and apartments, the Ubertville site will include many of the outlet

stores that hipsters patronize so slavishly. A partial list includes the Potty Barn, Trader Ho’s, UnBalanced Shoe Outlet, Whorestrom’s, Roach, Ickya, JScrewed, Tommy Yomama, Zeropostale, and Uberzombie & Bitch.

“Why would anyone want to shop at a unique, locally-owned business with distinctive and even hand-made products when you can make your purchases at monolithic, sterile chain stores?” sniffed Ms. Hoh. “What makes us hipsters different is that we all look exactly, like, the same.”

Local dining establishments will also be excluded in favor of chain restaurants. Among those slated to locate in Ubertville are Bonerfish Grill, Chipotleaves, Kentucky Gentrified Chicken, Starsucks, and Vagina Bread.

“The development wouldn’t be complete without some illegal short-term rentals,” added Ms. Hoh, displaying plenty of skin along with plans for the UnderwAir B&B. “You can even rent our units by the hour.”

Ubertville is clearly designed to build on the success of, and compete with, the recently opened Hipsterwalk Outlet Mall. However, Underwearian developers hope to outstrip the Hipsterwalk. “We’ll put our tools up against anyone’s,” purred Ms. Hoh.

The Krewe of Underwear will be showing off its equipment, displaying its erections, pulling its chains, and hipsterizing everything in its path during the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 31.

Comatose Presents Fifty States of Gay

OSOGAY STREET – The American people are demanding gay marriage. The boisterous gay mating call has been heard over our fruited hills and across amber, lilac and chartreuse waves of grain.

To satisfy this urge, the Mystick Krewe of Comatose is presenting the upcoming contest for “Gayest State in the USA”. Too big for television, this historical event will both precede and supersede the Super Bowl. The parade of buxom beauties will unfold in real time, in the unreal city of New Orleans. Contestants will sashay past thousands of spectators on January 31 amidst the strands of DNA affectionately known as the Krewe du Vieux.

“The politicians are booking rooms and hookers like conventioners!” exclaimed New Orleans officials. “Governors are behaving strangely,” one hotelier remarked, “for some reason they all want to stay at the YMCA.”

Members of Comatose are making love connections left and right while

their float is being built. Interstate commerce is brisk and full faith and credit are being freely exchanged. Overheard recently:

“I plan to wear comfortable shoes,” bragged Miss Oregon, “and I want to march with Vermont and tell him I love his sticky maple buns.”

“Tell Nebraska I am going to penetrate him with the long skinny part of my State,” shouted Oklahoma.

“I’m just hot for a Southern State,” purred Miss California, “somewhere mysterious and steamy!”

“We will compete with dignity and without it,” according to spokeswoman Ida Ho, a spudly prostitute with eyes everywhere.

West coast swingers and a bisexual Bostonian will sashay with a Minnesotan madam as this rainbow-hued troupe romps through The Big Easy. A Hawaiian harlot has her eyes on an Alaskan Aphrodite so there’s bound to be glacial warming. A New Mexican wants to wed an Old Texan so look for salsa. Rhode Island’s

rubyfruit seductress will certainly squeeze the juice out of Miss Florida. Look for lots of fondling as the various States of excitement meet and merge. Expect the liberal right and left coasts of America to moisten the rigid regions north and east of our dysfunctional Louisiana.

Senators in closets and throbbing members of Congress suddenly want to buttress their voter base, begging to fly rainbow flags. “Booty calls” instead of roll calls naturally benefit the democratic process. Our most flamboyant Representatives have even clamored for “role calls” to act out their favorite movies and musicals. “The hills are alive!” sings Pennsylvania, mocking the methane fracking lobby.

This change is as natural as Senator Larry Craig opening up into “wide stance” in that airport bathroom stall. It’s as normal as David Vitter hiring a prostitute with the same name as his wife. It’s a chance to be frank with Barney Frank. Why, even

conservative Utah can finally reveal their “Latter Gay Saints” to the world.

Equally fascinating is the battle to see which of our United States will be the last to legalize same-sex marriage, the ultimate Booby Prize. With only 14 states left to join the party, all eyes are on North Dakota, the latecomer who has been so busy with all of those cold and lonely single men who showed up to work the oil boom that its gay citizens completely forgot to challenge the marriage ban, preferring instead to focus on servicing the local economy.

As a final addition to the extravaganza, Comatose announced its special guests, The Supreme Court Swingers, who will ride on the float. Justices Scalia and Thomas will be using the occasion to announce their engagement and upcoming nuptials. Of course Roberts and Alito writ their habeus corpus last month when Washington DC started issuing licenses.

Space Age Love Gets High-Drated

by I.M Cumming

NEW ATLANTIS, LA – The Sea Monkey King, the venerable Edwin Edwards, sat atop the Superdome reflecting on the day New Orleans culture and people changed forever. It was March 15, 2014 and notGoodell, a rare Category 9 Easter Hurricane, was bearing down on the Crescent City with unSainly speed and evil blowhard intentions toward the WhoDats of the Big Easy.

For years South Louisiana had been losing wetlands, and this inflated disaster of a storm had potential to be the final blow. Too late to enact Contrary Flow and evacuate the Big Easy from the wrath of notGoodell, Mayor Rich Landrieu feared that the citizens of the City That Care Forgot were doomed.

City officials and the Whore of Engineers prepared for the worst, until the world-renowned Dr. Momus Alexander Morgus introduced a plan to save and transform New Orleans for eternity.

New Orleanians have always been highly adaptable, and Dr. Morgus' grand scheme was based on the premise that the residents will eat or drink anything. The key to survival was High-Dration, and Dr. Morgus knew the best kind of bud available and a touch of New Orleans fluids would metamorphose the city and be its only chance to survive.

The plan was immediately put into action. Hawaiian Ganja, water from Bayou St. John and Absinthe were blended to make the dust known as Morgasm420, which when combined with water from the Gulf of Mexico would transform humans into Sea Monkeys. Dr. Morgus' only dilemma was how to get a critical mass of residents to have a Morgasm at the same time, thus maximizing its metamorphic effect. New Orleans' only chance was it needed a giant blow

job to ensure all residents achieved proper Morgasm for metamorphosis – and who better to provide the necessary wind than the biggest blowhard in the world, notGoodell himself.

Mounds of Morgasmic420 Dust were piled across levees and bridges as the Category 9 blowhard neared New Orleans. Hurricane notGoodell slammed into the coast with the fury of a juggernaut. 200 mph winds blew the Morgasmic420 dust all over the soon to be underwater Big Easy, infecting the citizens of New Orleans, and the metamorphosis began. The entire city began having a Morgasm as WhoDats were transformed sexually and asexually, instantly creating a Sea Monkey Crescent City.

Tidal waves of 100 feet wiped out what had been South Louisiana and the nation mourned the loss of New Orleans, the gem at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Many thought all was lost but not in New Orleans, as Sea Monkeys came out of their euphoric suspended animation and the underwater kingdom called New Atlantis was born. The new Underwater Banana Republican Party named Edwin Edwards King and called for an end to all sexual and racial prejudice. This was good considering that Sea Monkeys have no sex or race. "I Got My Three Eyes On You" became their theme song, and a mantra of frequent Morgasms was required.

Soon establishments like Chris Owens Blue Crab and Kermit Ruffins BBQ Oyster Joint had the Sea Monkeys back to a New Orleans way of life as usual, eating and procreating. Sea Horse Races resumed at the newly named Monkey Hill Downs and Tipitina's reopened featuring the Raw Oyster Cult CD release party of "Law of the Fish". Due to very frequent Morgasms, it soon became

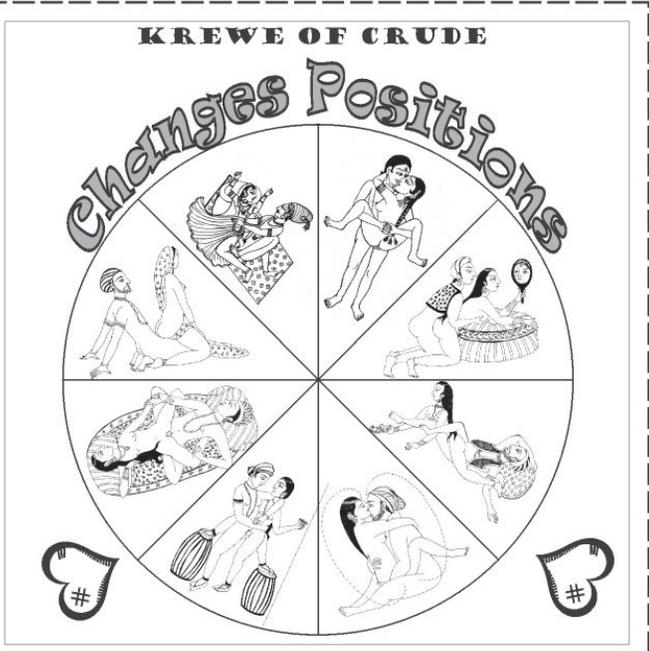
necessary to employ the Space Age Love population control krewe to monitor Morgasmic Sea Monkey activity, which of course required active participation.

After remembering the events of that fateful March of Ides day, King Edwin looked fondly down on New Atlantis and proclaimed the re-birth of Mardi Gras. He further declared that the celebration would begin with Krewe du Vieux swimming through the French Quarter passing out Hubig's Morgasmic420 Pies and Tee Eva's Seaweed Pralines.

Space Age Love Sea Monkeys will unite and share their Love Dust with all New Orleanians on January 31, 2015 as we swim into the BuyWater and Spawn through the French Quarter giving Morgasms to unsuspecting victims who soon will experience the Space Age High-Dration euphoria of Sea Monkey Love and Morgasm420.

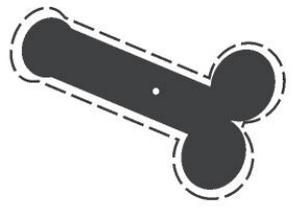
KREWE OF CRUDE

Changes Positions



Begging for Change? You too can go at it like a Raja and Rani with this Kama Sutra position spinner and play along at home as **CRUDE Changes Positions!**

1. Cut out the handy position selector and passionately mount it to something hard (and flat).
2. Attach the spinner with something pointy.
3. Spin away and assume the position.



Krewe of Spermes Launches Dickstarter Campaign

AT THE CUMPUTER – The Krewe of Spermes has always turned to the Internet for physical stimulus, and now it's looking for fiscal rewards as well. The krewe is initiating a Dickstarter campaign to make sure it is ready to roll (and get rolled) in 2015.

“Fundraising is hard, but Dickstarter makes it easy to make the first move,” said Spermes spokesman C. Alice Yuzzer.

In addition to tapping new assets, the campaign will increase the krewe's exposure.

“This is a way for people to extend their experience and get more involved with our balls and staff and everything,” Yuzzer said.

Spermes' Dickstarter e-mission statement says that in addition to attracting new partners, the effort will help swell the membership and get them excited about events to come at

“Releasing a bunch of sperm on the streets isn't as easy as it looks,” Yuzzer said. “Every year it gets a little bit harder to do it by ourselves. We've been groping for some up front oral commitments. It's not too much to ask. Especially for so many people who can't wait to see us coming at the parade.”

“There are also a lot of hidden costs that have the members digging into their own pockets – meals, drinks, sometimes gifts,” Yuzzer added.

Yuzzer acknowledged the krewe is breaking up with some past partners who have become withholding and are allegedly tired all the time.

“The Internet never sleeps,” observed noted URLogist Hugo Nads.

“Until now, online crowd-funding has been the domain of hipsters asking friends and family for money they have no intention of paying back,”

Nads said. “It's a huge scam made easy by a professional sounding webpage and video. What Dickstarter does is shift the outreach to horny strangers — a very reliable online community.”

Dickstarter is the premiere adult online crowd-funding site, and the krewe's open-ended strategy incorporates other platforms and apps, including PlayPal, FacialBook and Ttwitter. Dickstarter IPO documents claim the tech startup has been “making wet dreams come true since 2012.”

Spermes has offered several enticing reward packages and pledge levels. For a minimum contribution of \$5 and up, a “Voyeur” receives a used condom and a dirty thank you text message. The \$69 “Friends with Benefits” level includes the text, a box of tissues and a hand job from a krewe member. “Sugar Daddies”

(\$500 level) get all that plus a steak dinner, blow job with swallow and pair of dirty panties. The deluxe “Around the World” suite (\$10,000 and up) also includes a rusty trombone and the Charlie Sheen package (which can be substituted for the Tranny Weekender). For an extra \$25 “NSA” fee, donor names will not be posted online.

Unlike other crowd-sourcing sites, all pledges are processed immediately, and credit card charges are billed from “Save the Children International, LLC.”

“If this works, we're going to be using Dickstarter a lot more often,” Yuzzer said, adding that Spermes would be testing the success of its crowd-fondling experiment in the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 31.

Krewe Du Mishigas Sends Oyvengers to Quell Protesters

GOYTHAM – Normal life in the city is being disrupted as the American Family Association (AFA), aka Anti Fun Association, has descended upon the French Quarter begging for change. Citizens fearful of unruly mobs have boarded up homes and businesses. Calls for an end to the AFA actions have fallen on deaf ears.

Under a veil of darkness, the Krewe du Mishigas gathered at the Den of Muses on Royal Street to kvetch. After lighting the candles and saying the Sabbath prayers, these trusty citizens discussed the challenges ahead.

“How will we get to the schmooze next Friday if the streets are blocked off?” asked Joan Rivershack. “What if all the Chinese restaurants are closed on Christmas?” complained Shecky Greenspace.

With chaos looming, King David tried his best to quell his anxious minions. “Thou hast spoken. We must do something to put an end to these

radical rallies. The AFA is destroying our peace-loving city. It is time we call on... the Oyvengers.”

The Mishigas scurried to the nearest Port-o-Lets, swapping their sweatpants for tights and their tallits for capes. Emerging from the johns of the Bywater, these brave men and women fanned out across the city to spread their message of peace, love and JAPpiness.

Their first destination was lower Decatur Street, where Governor Jindal – in a rare in-state appearance – shook hands with protestors who claimed that “gutter punks were brought to our city to wage stealth jihad against our righteous Christian citizens.” Many were seen hurling eggs at the young kids and their loving dogs.

With tensions rising, lightning flashed in the sky. It was Matzah Man and Mama Manna to the rescue. Blocking the eggs with their matzah capes, our schtuperheroes saved the

gutter punks and served them some tasty matzah brie in the process.

Jindal was next sighted on Bourbon Street in front of Oz as AFA protestors held signs that said, “Mardi Gras is demonically evil” and “Gay superheroes are corrupting our children's souls.” Fighting for family values, Susan LeFlame of Charisma Magazine stood on the front lines shouting at the rainbow flag. Swooping in from the sky, Dr. Cocktopus and Mohel Man saved the day, quickly dispersing the crowd with their offers of discount circumcisions.

Several hours later, Jindal turned up at the Church of Hatred and Despicable Bigotry, where event organizers warned of plagues for the disbelievers. President Obama's anti-Biblical messages would cause tornados, hurricanes, fire and brimstone for anyone who didn't swear fealty to the Church. Bryan Fischer of the AFA repeated his claims

that “Americans, even educated ones, do not understand this basic fact about the First Amendment: when they used the word ‘religion,’ the Founders meant only Christianity.”

With that, the Oyvengers jumped into action. Appearing suddenly in a cloud of smoke, Double Chai and Supa Chai rained joints from the sky like hail from a biblical plague. The protest quickly turned into a love fest as everyone in the crowd got chai.

With the disturbances falling by the wayside, the great people of New Orleans were free to return to their normal lives. Queen Elisabeth and her Oyvengers gathered back at the den to finish their float for the upcoming Krewe du Vieux parade. Lucky parade goers that show up on the final day of January can catch a dreidel or hamsa from their favorite schtuperhero.

Municipal “Error Message” a Part of Life in New Orleans

CITY HELL – Some say it started after the civil war. Others say it was after the city was nearly destroyed by Hurricane Katrina. Most seem to believe it has always been this way.

The common thread through all these stories is that the failure of New Orleans’ municipal services, colloquially known as a “504” error, is an integral part of life in this beleaguered Southern metropolis. The 504 error code, similar to the common web browsing error code “404: Page Not Found”, has become common in New Orleans.

“We got that big pothole gushing water at the end of the street,” said William Dufrene of Gentilly, “you could fit a small horse in it. So I called the Sewerage and Water Board, but all I got was this weird voice that sounded robotic, but not like the telephone robot. It sounded like a person with a Ninth Ward accent pretending to be

a robot telling me the call could not be completed. So I called again. This time the phone just rang and rang. I guess that’s what they’d call a 504 error.”

“I was actually robbed the other day,” said Uptown resident Laura Armand, “so I called the police. The man at the other end was very nice, took down my statement and said they’d come interview me, but when I hung up I realized he’d never asked for any of my personal information! What a total 504 error!”

Instances of 504 errors appear to be on the rise in New Orleans. From mysterious power outages on calm spring mornings to trash left neglected on collection days, it seems more and more of the city’s services are somehow becoming lost in delivery.

Resident James Rousseau related a story about local public transit. “See, I take the bus every day, and I just

heard about the bus tracking app. So I checked it out. The thing told me the bus was 2 minutes away, so I put my phone in my pocket. Then I waited 15 minutes. I checked again and it said the bus was 7 minutes away. This time I watched the little pin on the map jump around the city. Finally a real bus came, but I was afraid to get on it because the app told me the nearest bus was 20 minutes away. I walked home.”

The growing number of complaints has not fallen on deaf ears. Mitch “Mitchey” Landrieu, mayor of New Orleans, said, “We know that many city services, from public education to property assessment, seem to be missing. I can assure the people of New Orleans that these services are not missing: we are spending tremendous amounts of money on them. Just look at the budget. I can only blame the efforts of politicians

who oppose my programs for these problems.”

Mayor Landrieu did more than assign blame, however. In an effort to provide the citizens of New Orleans with some relief, he contracted the city’s tech support services out to the talented and politically well-connected SPANK Squad. The SPANK Squad, which was originally formed to rewrite software containing the infamous “Y2K” bug, has gained recent fame by disabling North Korea’s Internet connection in response to the hermit nation’s attack against a promising Seth Rogen comedy.

The SPANK Squad can be reached for assistance through their app, which is due out any day now on most major smartphones they swear; just hold tight until then. After all, observed Mayor Landrieu “It’s not like ya’ll don’t all have generators anyway.”

The Tech Guy

**Tech help for all your TechNOLAgy
Brought to you by the SPANK Squad**

The Tech guy has been getting a lot of cards and letters about 504 errors and various services not being found. In this column I am going to give a general list of common problems that may explain your 504 error or other problem.

1. Does your home have power? This often overlooked issue could be your problem, try logging into the Entergy web site and checking the power outage map, updated hourly.
2. Check your fuse box. If a fuse has blown, check an antique store for a replacement. If you have those fancy breakers, you can have someone stand at the panel and flip them back on as they trip.
3. Are there any additional wires or cables lying in the street in the vicinity of your home? A new one might indicate a problem.
4. Check for rats on your phone or power lines. This can cause interference. When clearing them please avoid throwing rock in the direction of parked cars, abandoned ones are okay.
5. Is there an Entergy truck on your street? If so, help is beyond the ability of the SPANK squad. We suggest a novena or voodoo blessing ritual for the City Council Utility, Cable, Telecommunications and Technology Committee.
6. Rearrange the bags of Mardi Gras beads in your attic. Sufficient quantities of the metallic strands have been known to act like a Faraday shield.
7. Try wrapping pieces of aluminum foil like a flag on anything resembling an antenna.
8. Try removing some of the Cat’s Claw vine from anything resembling an antenna. This requires some care, as it may be the only thing keeping your home from an imminent danger of collapse designation.
9. Have you reported the problem to the city’s 311 system? Listening to the enjoyable hold music might be a better activity than you were originally intending. If your problem was attempting to access the 311 system, please refer to the next item.
10. Have you considered that the service you are trying to access may not exist in the first place? Often new technology comes only in the form of hype and rhetoric. Placeholder web pages or voice mail accounts are often included.
11. Can’t find what you need here? Try our special 504 Error website: www.504NotFound.com.

Mama Roux Unleashes Genetically Modified Orgasms

DEEP IN CITY PARK – The NOPD has announced a mandatory citywide curfew beginning immediately after the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 31. This is the result of an unprecedented emergency at the Mama Roux Center for Genetic Experiments, located on a secluded island in a City Park lagoon. According to the Center’s Interim University Director (IUD) of clinical trials, Dr. Felix Monsanteaux, the public may be at risk of extreme sexual gratification and even sex addiction as a result of genetic modifications gone tragically wrong.

The Mama Roux Center for Genetic Experiments, with its substantial endowment, has long been a player in the world of experimental mutations. Monsanteaux and his team of biogeneticists first came to public attention with their popular Glow-Pets, genetically modified glow-in-the-dark cats, dogs and hamsters which perform double duty as both loveable house pets and energy-efficient night lights.

The Center then received the *Times-Pick-a-loon* Good Loving Cup for

their pioneering development of Moskitokazes, mosquitoes genetically programmed to dive-bomb abandoned canoes in Bayou St. John instead of biting humans. World-wide fame and fortune, however, did not arrive until the Center developed SmartMeat, a talking beef tenderloin which actually tells the cook how long to bake it, and the Frogmato, a frog-tomato combination which jumps onto a salad plate and turns itself into a bruschetta.

According to Monsanteaux, the Center’s recent controversy arose when the scientists turned their attention to human genetic modifications. “We managed to raise alligators in the shape of shoes and handbags. We were shipping purple, green and gold mushrooms for Mardi Gras. We’ve even developed a nutria-beaver hybrid that rebuilds marshland and then eats itself. But when you come down to it, how does this really change someone’s life for the better?”

In the beginning, Monsanteaux and his team concentrated on a top-secret project known as the VitaVegiWig, a human genetic modification which

replaces the subject’s hair with a lush, thick growth of alfalfa sprouts. At first hailed as the answer to world hunger, the project hit a snag when taster-testers reported that the lab-grown hair/vegetable “tasted like ass.”

The researchers’ next project, the elimination of human farts, met with much greater success and eventually gained the Center its first Nosome Prize.

The Center’s most recent project, however, may be its last. According to Monsanteaux, the effort was well-intentioned. “We were working on the Viagranana to overcome erectile dysfunction. We injected banana seeds with a virus containing testosterone, which produced a fruit that, when eaten, causes an erection lasting up to four hours.”

So far, so good. But what Monsanteaux didn’t know was that Mama Roux’s junior scientists and lab assistants were secretly conducting their own unauthorized experiments and using themselves as guinea pigs.

“We are now in the middle of a Grade V genetic emergency,” said

Monsanteaux. “The Viagranana serum has contaminated our entire experimental vegetable and fruit supply, as well as our lab animals and insects. Forget cats and dogs mating with each other, we’ve got cats and cabbages. Our receptionist has divorced her husband and is now engaged to a sentient loblolly pine tree. My chief gene splicer now has front and back penises and a prehensile vagina. This is a man who has a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins, and he literally spent last week fucking himself.”

The NOPD’s Genetic Crime Division has issued a several guidelines for protecting yourself from the renegade Mama Roux staff and the over-sexed flora and fauna, all of which have escaped from the Center and been spotted at various locations throughout the city. The public is advised to shelter in place, stay away from individuals with unusual and/or multiple sex organs, and avoid purchasing any overly-friendly grocery items.

Krewe of LEWD turns Freakshow When Members visit Set of American Whore Story

WHORRYWOODSOUTH—Members of Krewe de Vieux’s Krewe of LEWD were mysteriously transformed into an even more debauchorous and freakish group of “people” when they recently visited the New Orleans set of American Whore Story.

Lulled into thinking the visit was nothing more than a Hollywood public relations stunt, Krewe members arrived believing they would play extras in an upcoming episode. Instructed to arrive early dressed as one of New Orleans’ many homeless people shaking cans for change at interstate off-ramps, Krewe members never expected the carousel ride they received. One member, who asked

to remain anonymous said, “I’ve never seen anything like it, people were growing second heads, horns, facial hair, claw hands...I was truly terrified!”

According to numerous eyewitness reports, one LEWD member was transformed into a devil doll that looked suspiciously like Bobby Jindal. Another member was trying to escape the melee when she suddenly sprouted another head. Ironically, both heads now look like Mary Landrieu and neither mouth will stop talking. A male member of LEWD, who also asked to remain nameless, changed into a hermaphrodite Bill Cassidy look-a-like. The last time LEWD’s

co-captains were spotted they had turned into a “strong man” with Edwin Edwards’ head and a three-breasted whore.

While initially thought to be nothing more than a bad trip, none of the affected LEWD members have returned to their original state. A publicist for American Whore Story issued an apology stating, “We were just trying to do something nice for the community, we don’t know what happened...we just don’t know. We are providing medical treatment to all affected LEWD members, except for the three-breasted Co-Captain, she would like to retain her new boob.”

Corrections and Clarifications

Last year’s front page article stated that Gov. Bobby Jindal had set health care and education in Louisiana back several centuries. The time frame should have been millennia.

Several krewes were reported to have participated in the winter Olympics. We actually meant the sexual Olympics.

Rue Bourbon reported poll results indicating that “the vast majority of Americans say they want to sleep in pajamas.” Further review of the data revealed that the majority of Americans want to sleep naked in Tahiti with Kate Upton.

T.O.K.I.N.’s article compared the Louisiana legislature to a barrel of monkeys. We apologize profusely to monkeys everywhere.

The DisneyLandrieu travel column indicated that Krewe du Vieux parade tickets cost \$25.00. In fact, they are available at the Monde de Merde office for just \$19.95.

Social (Disease) Scene

Seeds of Decline Express Hobosexual Tendencies

Seeds of Decline will do it doggie style at their upcoming Bal Masque, to be held at the intersection of Elysian Fields and N. Claiborne Avenue immediately following the 2015 Krewe de Vieux parade. Hounds and Cocks – er Spaniels, that is – are no doubt excited about the theme of this year’s ball, which is “Hobosexual Tendencies - More bark than bite!”

A highlight of the S.O.D. Ball will be the presentation of the 2015 Seeds of Decline Court. True bitches, the Queen and Maids were chosen for their abilities to roll over, play dead and literally beg for change. Arf, arf, I say!

These cuddly carnival canines will be crowned and given a very special bone by their hobo owners in a

private ceremony behind the Family Dollar dumpster. After which they will be chained together and seated on a magnificent cardboard throne decorated entirely with black sharpies shoplifted from the new CVS. Man’s best friend, indeed!

As per custom, the S.O.D. Queen and her Court will each receive an original Seeds of Decline ball favor,

which this year is an engraved tin cup that, when shaken, plays a Bounce version of “And They Call it Puppy Love.”

Boxers and Beagles, Hobos and Hounds. All will be treated to a wonderful evening by the Krewe of S.O.D. – oh – my!



Queen D. Le Mange



P. Alpough



R. Aybees



B. Bitts



R. de la Litaire



K. Kibbles



F. Lees



B. Licker



N. Ticks

Inane Remembers (m)ASS Extinction’s New Orleans Devastation

NASSA SPACE PROBE – Inanites from around the world will gather January 31 to remember the 28th anniversary of the (m)ASS Extinction, the event that eventually led to the eradication of fun in prehistoric New Orleans.

The observations will mark the date ASSTeroid (634) ABO curiously obliterated only the city’s most popular musical venues, clubs, bars and others establishments providing risqué revelry.

“(634) ABO was a devastating blow to the to the entertainment ecosystem

in New Orleans,” pANALeontologist Joe Bone said. “The ASSTeroid’s impact wiped out 75 percent of the city’s livelier life forms and habitats.”

The weekend’s line-up includes a panel of scientists dedicated to the study of New Orleans species lost to the ASSTeroid, including the Dicktopus, a tentacled specimen that was found only in the Crescent City, known for its aggressive mating rituals.

Other specimens lost to the ASSTeroid include the Lickalottapus, the Trannysaurus Rex and its distant

relative, the Tea-Bagging Rex, the Triceratops and Tricerabottoms, the Clittersaurus and the Skanky Tooth Tiger.

Eager to relive the city’s glorious past, Inanites plan to celebrate New Orleans’ lost species in a parade that will cap the weekend’s festivities. But organizers say they are keeping a wary eye out for those still looking to spoil the fun.

Conspiracy theorists, fueled by the ASSTeroid’s name, believe the prehistoric annihilation was no accident. They the claim the

cataclysmic planetoid was directed towards its targets by a powerful, shadowy conglomerate bent on destroying the city’s soul.

Bone said he expects agents to infiltrate the weekend’s events as well as the parade. “The ‘Fun Police’ will try to mar what’s left of New Orleans’ character,” he said. “But as long as one Inanite still draws breath, the (m)ASS Extinction attempt will have been in vain.”

Community Reexamines Academic Prurience Standards

WETPRONG, LA—Louisiana schools have enthusiastically embraced a national education reform movement promoting new standards of student achievement and teacher performance.

The new Common Hard Core Standards are designed to ensure that all students graduate high school with basic levels of carnal knowledge.

“It’s all about a return to the three R’s: Reamin’, Rectums, and Randiness,” said Dr. John Doodiddle, a senior anal-ist with LSU’s Department of Headucation. “We want our kids to come out of high school (after coming in high school) with the skills for a career in lucrative, fast-rising fields like adult entertainment and proven moneymakers like call girl and gigolo services. As long as we’re electing politicians in Louisiana, there’s sure to be a high demand in that industry.”

The standards lay very clear expectations for getting laid and other sexual achievements by students.

“The Fundamental Usage of Carnal Knowledge (Youth-Oriented, Uniform) guidelines have been adopted nationally and naughtily. They enunciate clear mileposts or ‘bases’ for student activity throughout high school. We want every student to have touched all the bases before finishing high school,” explained Michelle “Money” Talks, spokesperson for the Coalition Reforming All Public Sexuality (CRAPS), a major backer of the Common Hard Core.

“It’s a very graphic curriculum with tons of hands-on experience,” she continued breathlessly. “We don’t want any students getting out of high school without knowing the difference between a clitoral stimulator and a butt plug. Imagine how that could make you blow your first day on a new job. We want all our students to have the oral, manual, digital, and other skills necessary to suck-seed.”

Louisiana educators have led the nation in adopting and refining the

standards.

“I’ve seldom seen a program so quickly embraced by schools across the spectrum here,” said Jack O’Handy of the State Board of Education. “From privates to pubics they all seem ready to plunge deeply into the core. ‘The harder the better’ is the phrase I’ve heard again and again from headmasters and headmistresses alike.”

Not just administrators, but rank-and-file faculty have leapt into the effort headfirst, feetfirst and every-other-body-part-first. Reports are spurting in from around the state of teachers giving one-on-one and even two-on-one private tutoring sessions, staying late to organize group study sessions and generally making themselves as available as possible to the state’s football players, cheerleaders, and other physically gifted youth.

“My boy even met two of his teachers for a late-night study session in one of their homes,” enthused one Destrehan grandfather. “How many places do you see teachers putting out like that for students?”

Many students say their interest has been aroused by the constant pushing to meet the standards. Student attendance, particularly among boys, is at an all-time high.

“I definitely appreciate all the time I’m spending with my French instructor, Mme. de Pumpamour,” one area senior admitted. “Experiencing a new tongue is challenging but rewarding. I want to make sure she’s always fully satisfied with my performance.”

Swelling excitement over the new programs has even helped with teacher recruitment.

“I’ve never been happier in my job,” said one Louisiana teacher, Humbert Humbert. “I’m telling all my friends, and I even invited a few of them to come and watch me at work (not

necessarily in that order).”

Despite the program’s general popularity, it does have detractors in several corners.

“Teachers in secular schools have no business trying to replace the traditional bond between a young person and his or her priest,” said Cardinal Bernard Law, formerly head of the Catholic Church in Boston. “Shaking hands with the bishop is an important rite of passage in many churches.”

Many political figures also seem ready to score by making a one-night stand against the national movement.

“Nobody knows more about screwing the people of Louisiana than our own elected officials,” said Gov. Bobby Jindal (author of the Cajun Kama Sutra) from the Governor’s Mansion North in Des Moines Iowa. “The Inside-the-Beltway crowd should keep their hands in their own pockets and off Louisiana’s children. At least until I get there and show them how we really get it done below the belt.”

A few fringe elements even suggested that time spent meeting Hard Core Standards might mean less attention to subjects like mathematics and language arts. Seasoned educators, though, dismiss those concerns.

“The people of Louisiana have been ignoring science, math, economics and all that long-haired mumbo jumbo for years,” scoffed one district superintendent. “Just look how well we’ve done.”

To support its policies in light of opposition (however flaccid), CRAPS is organizing a demonstration with a like-minded organization, Keeping Anal in Our Schools (KAOS), in the streets of the French Quarter and Marigny on the evening of January 31. Come see our eager students in (and out of) their uniforms, and our perverse professors in and out of our students.

Born to be Mayor

Original lyrics by
Steppin’ On Your Toes Wolf

Always out there runnin’
My way or the highway
Looking for elections
Make sure the votes go our way

Yeah, N’Awlins
Gonna run this city
Always acting like I know it all
Fire anyone who disagrees
’Til we take the big fall

I like smoke and mirrors
Mindless public chatter
Smirking while I give you
The illusion that you matter

Yeah, N’Awlins
Gonna run this city
Always acting like I know it all
Fire anyone who disagrees
’Til we take the big fall

Like a true Landrieu’s child
I was born
Born to be mayor
I can run for so much more
I want to be governor
Born to be mayor
Born to be mayor

Always out there runnin’
My way or the highway
Looking for elections
Make sure the votes go our way

Yeah, N’Awlins
Gonna run this city
Always acting like I know it all
Fire anyone who disagrees
’Til we take the big fall



[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))

City Revenue Collectors Hit the Streets

THE REVENUE STREAM – Investigative reporting by intrepid *Monde de Merde* staff has revealed that the innumerable individuals attempting to collect funds at every street corner in New Orleans are not in fact unemployed.

Instead, they are Revenue Collectors working for the Department of Creative Finance. With the city’s budget in a state of perpetual crisis, meaning Mayor Mitch “Da Boss” Landrieu can only fund his personal priorities, no opportunity to shake down the citizens is being left unexplored.

“This has been a government-wide effort,” explained DCF Director Bill O. Verdue. “The Communications Office provided the text, and Public Works hand-lettered the signs. Sanitation provided the ‘uniforms’. The Law Department bails them out if they get arrested. After all, every department is begging for funding all the time; we’re just being a little more direct in our approach.”

When asked for comment, Mayor Landrieu’s office issued the following statement.

“When I came into office, we had a deficit of nine bazillion dollars and a completely dysfunctional government. Now government is working exactly the way I want it to, except for that pesky crime problem. And the potholes. And a few city services, but no one depends on them anyway. Now we have our deficit under control, except for the nine bazillion dollars we owe the Firefighter’s Pension Fund. You can give all the credit to me for this remarkable turnaround.”

A random sampling of the city’s motorists revealed that few were surprised to find out the corner panhandlers were not what they seemed.”

“I thought it was odd when I gave a guy a quarter and he wrote me a receipt on City Hall stationary,” commented Uptown resident Mimi Mifirst. “But

I just figured it was another one of those liberal government giveaways.”

“The guy I gave money to immediately pulled out his cell phone and seemed like he was adding up his take for the day,” reported Brod Moore of Broadmoor. “But if he was

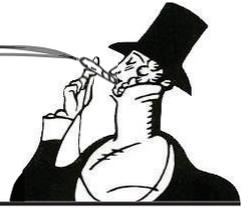
working for city government, I doubt he got the numbers right.”

According to the mayor’s press office, corner tax collections won’t be disappearing any time soon.

“Voluntary revenues are vital to the

city’s finances, like self-reported sales taxes,” stated spokeswoman Ima Lyre.

“After all, without this change that we beg for so persistently, we might have to tax struggling entities like Tulane University or the Catholic Church.”



THE TOKE OF THE TOWN

T.O.K.I.N. Burns (One) For Change

To the astonishment of absolutely no one, the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) recently announced its support for the legalization of all forms of cannabis: medicinal, recreational, educational, carnal, and inspirational.

T.O.K.I.N. members shared agendas and plotted strategy at a meeting on a smoke-filled ski slope in Colorado. "We realize that the rational reasons to legalize, like pain relief, increased feelings of inspiration, compassion and unity, the urge to dance, and a desire for truth and justice, will never make any headway in the Louisiana legislature," said T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEAD Mary J. Wanna, noted horticulturalist and hip

hop artist, "so we are promoting it as an economic stimulus."

Ms. Wanna noted that sales tax revenue alone from January 6 through Mardi Gras would eliminate the state's budget deficit. "By the end of Jazz Fest (the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival presented by Shill®), there would be the largest surplus ever seen in the state," she said. "It's time to put the bud in the budget."

Additional revenues generated by increased sales of snack foods, glow sticks, laser pointers, and pipe cleaners would further feather the state's coffers. Taxes on throat lozenges purchased by the state's coughers would also add to the surplus.

While putting that much money at

the disposal of Louisiana politicians might be seen as an argument against legalization, the general consensus was that the feeling of well-being and euphoria induced by legal THC would override that concern.

There was also hope among advocates of defunded educational, environmental, and coastal issues that short-term memory loss among governmental representatives would prove useful.

At T.O.K.I.N.'s HEADquarters at a Bud and Breakfast joint on Green Street, members were buzzed with anticipation. "We realize that legalization is a longshot," said Ms. Wanna. "We expect every other state, and possibly Saudi Arabia, to get there

before Louisiana." Nevertheless, the Ne'er-do-wells are highly optimistic that change will come together. The smell of change is in the air for herbal enthusiasts.

"We're rolling out the red carpet for this incendiary initiative," exclaimed a euphoric Ms. Wanna. She invited all citizens to join the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells' Cannabis Campaign. They will be marching in high fashion through the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter on January 31. Highlights will include partaking of healing herbs, invigorating elixirs, raunchy remedies, naughty nostrums, and prurient panaceas..

Rue Bourbon Discovers It's Only Kinky the First Time

ST. LEWIS STREET – Due to high unemployment and a difficult job market, many members of Krewe Rue Bourbon have found themselves among the ranks of the drunk and jobless – only to discover this is a great time to be unemployed! Out of work and in luck, Bourbonite entrepreneurs have set out to fix their problems by turning to the world's oldest profession.

According to corporate dominatrix Stella Virgin, the reason for unemployment is a lack of training. "There's a skills gap," she said. "I have openings begging to be filled, but I need trained people for the positions."

Morale is high in the unemployed community as they refuse to take it sitting down – having learned many new and surprising ways to take it.

Members say they've been "practicing for years" and are excited to finally utilize their carnal qualifications in a professional setting.

The signs of change have been set in motion and it seems the unwaged are hitting the ground cumming. By wearing previous work attire, they're discovering untapped markets and offering new fantasies to the prostitution world. Prior Lucky Dog vendor Miles Long mourned the loss of his job before he realized the power of the uniform. Now people often come for him, demanding a wiener between their buns. "I've never been so happy to fill their orders," states Long.

People are stepping out of their comfort zones and into assless chaps, as they explore uncharted territory and experience new sensations.

Ophelia Scrotum, a nun at a local convent, originally worked with the unemployed until she discovered that burning desire she felt was not, in fact, for charity. She explained her revelation saying, "When it gets hard, you just have to find your way into the habit." Since joining the movement, Sister Scrotum balances her new life as a call girl with her nunly duties, stating, "Doing God's work has never felt so good!"

Many have questioned if this much change has had a negative effect on the parties involved. When asked if he is satisfied with his new positions, former snake handler Craven Bush replied with cheerful muffled sounds. When asked to remove his ball gag, he smiled, adding, "It's only kinky the first time." The other sex workers agreed that this was a positive change

while the politicians had no comment.

Embraced by this new community, Bourbonites remain unemployed while making more tax free money than ever! They're now fully inserted into this well-oiled machine, having been accepted with open arms, legs, and mouths. Rue Bourbon can tell you from experience that "it's only kinky the first time" as it begs for change.



Mardi Gras Cancelled

[LOCATION UNDISCLOSED]—Kern Productions has announced that it is cancelling Mardi Gras in 2015.

At a hastily called press conference which included city officials, Homeland Security, representatives of Kern Productions, and various stodgy mainline carnival organizations, spokesperson Oral LaBorede told reporters that a previously unknown terrorist organization, calling itself Al-midcita, has threatened to detonate stink bombs at all of Kern Productions' parades.

"Out of an abundance of caution for our public, particularly those uptown of Jackson Avenue who are unfamiliar with the odor of excrement, Kern Productions has decided to cancel all of the parades we produce," La Borede read from a prepared statement.

Representatives of other Mardi Gras organizations have decided to follow suit out of concern that the general public can't tell the difference between one parade and the next. Said a representative of the Knights of Babylon, who asked not to be identified, "they all look the same, they all sound the same, the marching groups, all the same."

The threat was made in a rambling and grammatically flawed manifesto protesting the relocation of Mardi Gras parades to the uptown route from routes on the Westbank, Metairie and Mid-City.

Apparently the decision was made in the aftermath of a major hack of Kern Productions Tandy 500 computer, which revealed details of floats in parades such as Hermes, Rex and Morpheus. A representative of the Rex organization who remained anonymous under his peaked hood stated "the damage to the culture of New Orleans by revealing these trade secrets is just unconscionable."

When it was pointed out that the themes and floats of Rex are the

same year after year after year, the representative offered no further comment. The terrorist group has also made public receipts for what appears to be jewelry purchases from Adler's totaling close to \$1,500,000 charged to Kern Productions and signed by owner Bland Kern. There are also receipts for Viagra purchases totaling nearly \$250,000.

Mayor Mitch Landrieu, confronted outside of Theo's, his usual Tuesday evening takeout joint, decried the terrorist plot and expressed regret about Mardi Gras being cancelled. "But you need to understand that Mardi Gras is a private affair and government has never, ever inserted its will into its planning, scheduling or execution. If there was anything that I could do, like starting a series of Saturday morning seminars, or

appointing a commission, or cutting a ribbon, you know, the things I'm known for, then by Jesus, y'all, all it would take would be holding a press conference and doing the usual song and dance."

The NOPD's Special Internet Task Force hotline was not answered after repeated calls. Cross-referencing with the city hall directory, the number was found to be the same as the number for the Department of Safety and Permits.

Al-midcita has started a Facebook page that can be accessed by anyone with a Facebook account. The group's favorite movies are Dumb and Dumber II, Horrible Bosses II and Sin City: A Dame to Kill For. Under the listing of friends of Al-midcita there was an unusual predominance of Jesuit High School seniors.

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 that hasn't been appropriated by the mayor's office.

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