



The Krewe du Vieux Presents

Le Monde de Merde

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Priceless

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Presents The Crass Menagerie

Bunny Matthews Is Drawn to Royal Role

THE INDEPENDENT PRINCIPALITY OF ORLEANS – Consensus reality has officially become a myth in the United States.

Not that it ever really existed, but now there are hundreds – thousands – of different realities. Hillary Clinton was the most qualified presidential candidate in half a century. Hillary Clinton was the most corrupt presidential candidate ever. Donald Trump cares only about Donald Trump. Donald Trump will make America great again.

America is already great. America elected Donald Trump.

Paving the way for the country to go to hell in a handbasket of deplorables, the Electoral College turned out to be as much of a fraud as Trump University. Russian hackers under the direction of Russo-Jamaican President Ras-Putin took Wiki-leaks on the voters, who were too busy screaming at each other to notice. Candidate Trump made Pinocchio look George Washington, while Candidate Clinton was too busy counting her chickens to break through the crass ceiling – though she did land a gig as Megyn Kelly's replacement on Fux News.

Clearly, even H.L. Mencken overestimated the intelligence of the American public – and *Monde de Merde* was way ahead of its post-truth time.

At any rate, the result was the accession of President Forrest Trump, who immediately named a pussy grab bag of bad hombres and nasty women to his cabinet. His transition team, led by son Eric Clapton "Small Hand" Trump, promoted a flaws and disorders platform that included mandatory greenhouse gas emissions (with the White House

leading the way), mandatory gun ownership, and a national registry of all Muslims and Democrats. Also included were walls around all "blue" states and a ban on higher education.

All this begged the question, "What's in your rectum?"

Down home in Louisiana, the state budget made a sinkhole look like a Poverty Point Indian mound – and poverty was indeed the point. Among the items taxed to repair the Jindal devastation were mosquitos, crawfish boils, the LSU offense, the Saints defense, swamp gas, potholes, and breathing. The attempt to tax businesses, however, was not successful.

When not busy leaving gaping holes in the budget, the state legislature displayed the gaping holes in their brains by passing a law mandating that Bourbon Street strippers could not be younger than 21, then passing another law mandating that they could not be older than 21. This helped "Surreal ID" driver's licenses become immensely popular.

State Treasurer John Kennedy channeled his inner Ross Perot, winning the open U.S. Senate seat with a campaign theme of "There's pot in every chicken when you taste like a Conservative alligator." Attorney General Jeff Landry channeled his inner David Vitter, seizing the title of the most mean-spirited hypocrite in Louisiana.

Locally, reality was also spinning in many directions, while the crime rate was spinning further out of control. Mayor Mitch "Son of Moon" Landrieu told the people to jack off while he rewrote their Masturbate Plan, but then he couldn't get over the low barrier to shelter. Like his buddy emperor Sidney IV, it became increasingly clear that he had no clothes. Nor will anyone else, if



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 11, 2017 at 6:30 PM

housing and health care prices continue to skyrocket due to the increasing number of STRs (Sexually Transmitted Rentals). But in one bright spot, the proposal to repurpose the Fly as the Autobahn Zoo never really got into gear.

These and many other divergent realities will come together in a crass, cosmic and completely surreal performance, when the critters, Twitters, porn-fritters and oh baby baby babysitters of Krewe du Vieux will take to the streets of the Marigny, French Quarter and CBD on **Saturday, February 11 at 6:30 PM**. Spectators are advised to watch out for wild animals, wandering crassholes, and menageries à trois.

Artfully ruling over the parade this year will be Bunny Matthews, renowned portrayer of local color, culcha, characters, and Goofy Guys. King Bunny will reign Vic-torius and be Nat'ly dressed while performing brain salad surgery on the Krewe.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen subkrewes will each present their own crassy, sassy, brassy, gassy, lower classy, smart-assy, glassy-eyed and definitely grass-fed versions 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, Mystik Krewe of Comatose, Krewe of the Mystic 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 Donald Trump has not attacked on Twitter – yet.

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.

A Man of Character – and Many Characters!

If N’Awlins ain’t got nuttin’ else, it got culcha, hawt!

And no one, absolutely no one, has captured our whacky, wonderful culture better than artist and writer Bunny Matthews. Now, in a case of life imitating art imitating some alternate universe, King Bunny will be living that culture as the merry monarch of Krewe du Vieux 2017.

“Even as a child I could see that we were different,” recalls our scribbling Sire. “My mother used to bring me with her to Schweggman’s, which is where it dawned on me the people in New Orleans talked in a different way. I don’t think that’s bad, I think it’s good.”

In many ways, the results were probably pre-ordained. “I like to draw,” understates our artistic Archduke. “So I just put myself in their shoes. Everybody’s like Vic and Nat’ly, really.”

Ah yes, Vic and Nat’ly Broussard, the quintessential New Orleans characters. Purveyors of sloppy po’boys from a vaguely located 9th Ward shop, this illustriously odd couple first appeared in 1982, in the pages of the old *Figaro*. Since then, they have traveled the world in books and even the “Vic and Nat’ly Show” on television.

Our cartooning Caliph was himself the host of the show, which featured its own collection of characters as guests, from Cab Calloway to Marilyn Chambers to Pete Fountain. And if the guest du jour failed to appear, our King would simply run down to the bus stop on the corner and grab people.

“Everybody in New Orleans has a story,” laughs our Liege. “People here like to talk about anything. They talk to strangers. They talk in the elevator.”

Not only did the TV show introduce Vic and Nat’ly to new audiences, it introduced our delightful Duke to

his wonderful wife, Debbie, who will join him on the royal float as Queen of the parade.

While perhaps best known for Vic and Nat’ly, as well as “Tammany Toons” and a number of other cartoons, King Bunny is indeed a real artist. While his instantly-recognizable style has an almost inherently humorous bent, he has tackled serious subjects when the occasion called for it. A prime example came after the BP oil spill, when he did a remarkable parody of Picasso’s “Guernica” called “Nint’ Wardica”. That it was created with charcoal on a sheet of Tyvek only served to further emphasize the message. The piece now hangs in the Ogden Museum of Southern Art.

That said, the King’s natural subject matter tends to trend towards the lighter side of New Orleans life, whether it’s offering a unique look at Mardi Gras or producing a series on that favorite local fauna, the cockroach, for the Audubon Insectarium. Those wishing to explore his artistic talents further can find his work at the Arthur Roger Gallery locations and website.

(And just to prove that in New Orleans there are no coincidences and at most two degrees of separation, Mr. Roger’s father was a conductor on the original streetcar named Desire)

Our multi-talented monarch is also an exceptional writer. In particular, he has covered the regional music scene for a variety of publications over the years, which has only increased the variety of characters available to this Sultan of Sketch.

No one ever seems to make it through life without a few major curveballs thrown their way, and King Bunny’s great challenge arrived in the form of being diagnosed with brain cancer in June 2015. You will not be surprised to hear that he has faced it with an exceptional mix of determination and good humor.



“I didn’t do anything wrong, I just got cancer,” is the King’s matter-of-fact explanation; indeed, the disease runs in his family. “Now you got it, so now you fight it. You can’t think about stuff too much, you just have to do it.”

“Cancer is part of our evolution – sharks and elephants don’t get it,” observes our erudite Earl (many of his Vic and Nat’ly cartoons include quotes from great literature). “It really shows you what’s important in life.”

King Bunny credits Queen Debbie with being a tremendous source of support in his battle against the disease; she in turn points out that “he is the only person I know who has gained weight while having cancer!”

While the fight has occupied the largest part of his life for the past 18 months – he’s had four brain surgeries and been hospitalized much of that time – it has done nothing to dampen his spirit and little to impact his art – with one exception.

“I stopped drawing Vic with a cigarette in his mouth,” notes the King. “I promised my doctor I would do that. I realize I have a bully pulpit through my art, so I use it to show people you can fight.”

And the battle seems to be turning his way. “I can feel my body coming back,” he says, aided by physical

therapy, occupational therapy, speech therapy – and now, Krewe du Vieux therapy.

Our comical Count’s connection with the Krewe goes back a long way. Bunny and Debbie used to go watch the old Clones parades, and were friends with Don Marshall, the prime instigator of Krewe du Vieux. And when the Krewe needed a logo, the choice of artist was obvious.

“We talked about doing a parody of the old-line krewe logos,” remembers His Majesty. “Krewe du Vieux should be fun, so that’s the direction we went.”

The result was the much-beloved Goofy Guy, the legendary symbol of the Krewe. Rex himself has nothing on Goofy.

In this context, selecting Bunny Matthews to be this year’s royalty was a natural. “Everybody says Krewe du Vieux is perfect for me – what does that mean?” ponders the puzzled Potentate. “But truly, it’s an honor. I’m glad to do it – I’m glad that I’m alive!”

As he and Queen Debbie prepare for their royal ride, King Bunny has a simple piece of advice for his equally simple subjects: “Have fun and party hard!”

Yeah you rite!

The Russians Are Coming!

NEW MOSCOW – February 11th, 2017, is to be another day that will “live in infamy”. A scarlet tsunami of Russian spies, hackers and bartenders will attack New Orleans near Jackson Square. Our beloved Krewe du Vieux parade and our lives are in peril.

Top secret invasion plans were discovered when former President Obama counter-hacked Russia’s cyberspace division. The war plans were horrifying.

WVOZ has been deemed a high value target and easy to conquer. Spies know that Saturday night’s radio show host Jamie Dell’Apa will be drunk. The new call sign will be WCCCP, and the station will feature all polka, all the time. The Tropical Isle Hand Grenades shop takeover will follow and assure victory over the State Police. Cafe du Monde will be the third location to conquer since New Orleans Police are powerless (and powderless) without sugar and coffee.

“Operation: From Russia with Glove” will also employ pussy snatching and purse snatching as Krewe du Vieux passes by. The Uber logo will change to a hammer and sickle with “Russia uber alles” decals. French Quarter mules will be replaced by dancing bears and New Orleans bike taxi drivers will become old Russian women with babushkas.

The battle is to be swift and violent. Political prisoners will be sentenced to work details with Sidney Torres’ “IV Waste Unto Death” empire. Even the venerable Mississippi River will be renamed “Crimea River”.

The good news is that The Mystick Krewe of Comatose is, surprisingly, fully prepared for battle. Fifty two confirmed alcoholics will confront the Communist pinko thugs, whack the hackers, and smash them like a stale Hubig’s Pie in your back pocket.

When asked to comment on this dangerous development by a reporter

from *The New Orleans Hypocrite*, the city’s newest pseudo-newspaper, Krewe Captain Boris Borscht bellowed, “We’ll need to erect a wall of go-cups and crappy beads soaked in Lucky Dog wiener water to keep them out! Their assault will commence at 6:30 PM on parade night and of course the entire city will be watching pornographic floats while the KGB and former K&B clerks quietly slip ashore.

“Red State Republicans will have paved the way for the once-hated pinko commies,” the Captain predicted. “Baton Rouge will become Baton Russe! Mayor Mikhail Landruvich and Stasha Headski will sell what’s left of our local culture.”

Among the additional horrors predicted by Comatose, Wikipedia and most of the Internet will crash under the weight of millions of leaked documents as World War III appears

on the horizon. The CIA and FBI will be disbanded and the KGB will operate out of Trump hotels. Vladimir Putin will win the contract to replace America’s voting machines; they will feature not-so-easy-to-read Cyrillic script, and voters will be required to provide their bank account numbers and pins in order to vote.

Restaurants will cancel individual orders, instituting collective buffets instead, featuring Soviet delicacies like obedience and servitude. The holy trinity of bell peppers, celery, and onions will forever become potatoes, beets, and turnips. Commie Cajuns can harvest soil from Louisiana’s Superfund sites to grow monster beets for their Borscht Gumbo. Ancient garfish from Louisiana swamps will be trapped and gutted for their caviar by the ousted members of Schmuck Dynasty. (Watch out for beard hair.)

Taaka Vodka will ramp up production

of their industrial-waste beverage using the blood of clubbed baby seals to flavor a new “Revolutionary” spirit, though Black Russian cocktails will be forbidden because they contain Kahlua made by Mexican rapists.

Magnet schools will morph into Magnate Schools as Russian Tea Party Republicans teach coercion, racism, cronyism, and corruption. Drunken husbands and soldiers will trade nuclear weapons for sex. Russian gift shops will sell sets of molesting dolls.

Trump’s ascension to the bully pulpit of the Comatose float will not-so-secretly include “Vlad the Impaler” Putin. “Tiny Hands” Trump will be “feeling the Bern” as Vlad shags him. The country needs to know what these plutocrats are up to. We cannot let despair settle like a thick fog over Orleans Parish, the one blue island in a sea of red Louisiana madness. COME PREPARED TO FIGHT!

Comatose’s Top Ten Predictions For 2017

Democrats have finally released documents from the Fox News vaults that promise to show how unfair and unbalanced their news and our future is:

1. Chernobyl is to be the site of Trump’s next hotel. He bought it with “other people’s rubles” at a reduced price. Guantanamo will follow soon thereafter.
2. Louisiana will secede and use the city of Cut Off as its gulag. The town of French Settlement will become Russian Resettlement.
3. Secret medical records will reveal that Vladimir’s obsession with horses stems from possessing a gigantic asshole that only a stallion can satisfy.
4. Washington’s Capitol Building will become onion-domed; the Statue of Liberty will hold a hammer and sickle; and the new Black Heritage Museum will be filled with “White Only” toilets and colored servants.
5. Trump’s propaganda will further vanquish anti-Soviet sentiment among Republicans who couldn’t even locate Russia from Sarah Palin’s porch.
6. North Korea’s glorious leader Kim Young Suck will get a blow job from Donald “Puffy Lips” Trump for granting him Pyongyang hotel rights.
7. Natashki Ramsey and Sean Scummings will finish gentrifying our city in accordance with the Master Disaster Plan.
8. Words like “detente” will vanish as the Russians finish hacking Google. A search for “Ukrainian freedom fighters” will produce a knock on your door.
9. The Russian takeover of the Muses parade will result in drunken professional women stealing your shoes and beating you. (Actually sounds like fun.)
10. Rex and Comus will fight to the death over who got the baby in the last King Cake they shared. Mayor Landruvich will then join the battle to skewer haughty bluebloods and make shish kebabs as the 2017 Hungry For Power Games commence.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

**Saturday, February 11
Doors open 8:00 PM**

**Civic Theater
510 O’Keefe Avenue**

**featuring
Herlin Riley
and His Krewe du Funk
with very special guests
and**

Water Seed

Tickets \$40

**Available from
Krewe du Vieux members**

**Up in Smoke
2101 Magazine Street**

**Louisiana Music Factory
421 Frenchmen Street**

King to Losers: Laissez Les Rouxling Crass Rouxler!

LA NOUVELLE NOUVELLE—Orléans - A war of words has broken out in advance of the impending French Quarter Revolution, putting the current period of history-changing social and political upheaval on the back balustrades while both sides air their disagreements on social media. Sources inside the Palace of Versailles Boulevard tell *Le Monde du Merde* that King Justin-Baptiste Le Moyne de Mama Roux and Queen Annetoinette de la Mothe de Cadillac Coupe de Ville have now walked back remarks previously attributed to the royal Twitter account, @LEtatCestMoi.

As reported extensively in *MdM*, backed up with leaked e-mails obtained by the shadowy underground hacker collective formerly known as the Times-Pickileaks, despite the ravages of the War on Christmas, the desperate shortage of French bread among the po-boys of the River Parishes, and the refusal of the Hoe Bourgeoisie to pay any income taxes on their full-maison short-term rentals, the controversial House of Capet are determined to go through with their annual Bourbon Street Fashion Promenade and Cake Sale benefiting themselves, their relatives, and their various self-dealing charity-like organizations.

The palace came in for harsh criticism from blogger Jean-Paul Murat, who, in a cryptic posting on the popular website FriendOfThePeople.com, stated, “There is nothing about the affordable housing crisis that can’t be solved by the separation of a few thousand nobility, celebrities, hipster trustafarians, and rich Japanese tourists from their beautifully-coiffed little heads.”

King Justin made the royal position on the issue less than clear with a 3:00 a.m. tweet in response to criticism from Committee of Public Safety chairman Hebert St. Pierre. St. Pierre had questioned the propriety of the city’s barricading of streets and blatant

cultural appropriation in service of the antiquated march of the royal entourage and hangers-on through the most desirable parts of town during the height of the tourist season.

“St. Pierre better watch his mouth,” tweeted His Majesty, “I know a guy with very huge connections who has a photo of him without his pants! #SansCulottes.” The hashtag “Sans Culottes” is a thinly veiled reference to St. Pierre’s leaked e-mails, and refers to his nickname at the Canal Street Brothel.

Not to be outdone by her consort, the Queen later took to Facebook to call on all the kingdom’s taverns,

markets and big box grocery stores to give free King Cake samples and go-cups of lead-free water to all citizens who passed a urine test and submitted a photo ID. “Let them eat King Cake!”, Her Majesty demanded, in heavily accented and grammatically incorrect French.

The annual fashion show, taking place on February 11 and featuring the royal family, their courtiers, the aristocrass du jour, and the dominant clergy, will provide an entertaining viewing of the current mode in New Clothes, designed and produced by specially chosen foreign Tailors who cater exclusively to the upper crass.

Underwear Take a Wiki-Leak

ECUADORAN EMBASSY SUITES HOTEL – First it was “Anonymous”. Now a new pack of hackers, slackers, crackers and love-shackers has emerged -- and this shadowy new group, known only as “Underwear”, claims to have hacked the Mac-daddy hacker of all, Julian Ass-ange of Wiki-Leaks.

“It was a piece of cake,” smacked Underwear Spokes-hacker Norton McAfee. “That jackass was so busy trying to shack the Swedish bikini team that we just jacked his laptop and ran. Unshackling his password was an easy tack. About our third crack at it was ‘Trumpforpresident’, and his files unpacked like a sack of Crackerjacks. So piss on him!”

To back their assertion, Underwear released 6.9 million emails they claim to have hijacked from Ass-ange’s main server. However, the stack provided to *Monde de Merde* included only the “To”, “From” and “Subject” lines from the emails.

“We’re going to tackle the hot, wet bodies of those emails in private,” cackled McAfee.

Among the email headings tracked by *MdM* were the following:

To: Vladimir
From: Donald
Subject: Thanks for Everything
To: Jesuit High School
From: Mike Yenni
Subject: Great Student Body!
To: Airbnb
From: Mitch
Subject: Loved That Free Paris STR
To: Alexa
From: Siri
Subject: You Upstart Bitch
To: The Defense
From: Drew
Subject: My Arm Hurts
To: John Bel
From: Jeffy L
Subject: Fairness? You Want Fairness?
To: N.O. Department of Revenue
From: Mitch
Subject: Tits, Tax, Tows
“This is just a snack,” cracked another Underwear hacker, Barack “Shaq” Mac. “We have a knack for online attacks. Wait ‘til you see whose rack we whack next.”

The Trump Impeachment Pool that was slated to appear in this space has been cancelled. The pool was won by Walter Shaub Jr., Director of the Office of Government Ethics, who correctly predicted that Trump would be in violation of the Emoluments Clause of the Constitution on day one.

Mayor Cites Potholes as Safety Asset

THE BIG DIP – Mayor Mitchell J. Landrieu announced today that he is directing the Department of Public Works to stop fixing potholes in the city streets, citing public safety as the reason.

“Until we have traffic cameras at every intersection to catch speeders, we will rely on our much-celebrated potholes to reduce the speed of vehicles,” explained the mayor. He added that the process works in the same way as speed bumps, except in reverse. Landrieu cited the success of delayed street construction throughout the city as an example of how these street impediments can be used to control traffic flow.

As an added benefit, the mayor stated “These speed holes will improve our economy by providing more work for auto repair shops. Besides, the police are too busy protecting tourists and Short-Term Rental inhabitants to allocate personnel for traffic duty.”

Monde de Merde asked more than 6900 local drivers for their responses, but was unable to obtain anything printable even in this newspaper.

Poetry Corner Entitled

By Tennis E. Williams
Suddenly Last Summer,
A Cat On A Hot Tin Roof
Ate a Sweet Bird Of Youth.
Orpheus Descending caught
A Streetcar Named Desire
To get A Rose Tattoo,
While Small Craft Warnings
Blew away The Night Of The Iguana.

CRUDE Defeats Reality Using (Fucking) Magic

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW – The following manifesto was received by *Monde de Merde* from a mysterious cult believed to be named the Council to Revive Urban Decadent Entertainment:

“The dread year 2016 did not happen. It is rumor, nothing more. This is a proclamation written in letters made of rainbows, pulled across the horizon by a team of unicorns and heartily cheered by the gnomes, trolls, ape men and mermaids who inhabit our world.

“This is also the message of CRUDE and we will share it in a grand and fitting fashion as Krewe du Vieux rolls. Our theme is this: CRUDE is Fucking Magical....Reality Blows.

“We are not deniers. We are mythmakers and we have made 2016

into a myth. How? By using fucking magic, of course.

“There is no other choice. If the events that some claim for 2016 did indeed unspool onto the world, that would truly blow. Who wants reality to blow? CRUDE reserves blowing for other things - starting with your mind.

“Magic also begins in the mind, and when CRUDE rolls it will spill out onto the streets to paint a different reality.

“This is a reality of hair that grows more lush with age, boobs that only grow perkier, unicorn horns always pointing the right way, bubbles spun from thin air, booze that flows forever, and Jell-O shots that never stick to their cups. It’s about priorities.

“Does our world make sense? Who

cares? It makes people happy. Being magical makes people happy. Being fucking magical makes people fucking happy. So when CRUDE rolls, we will

blow reality back where it belongs, back in to the realm of myth as our magic rules the street.”

Inane Solves the Riddle of the Sphinxter

VALLEY OF THE DOLL-KINGS – The Great Sphinx has befuddled, bemused and constipated scientists for ages. How was it built? Did it get a good lawyer for that botched nose job? So many questions. But few poked around its darkest, deepest, tightest puzzle of all.

Until now. The Krewe of the Mystic Inane has dared to challenge that knobbiest and slipperiest conundrum: the big weird head with the Darth Vader haircut is all well and good, but what is seriously up with the Sphinx’s back end? Hidden under eons of sand and stone, its mysteries are so hard to reach around. Was the Sphinx regular? Did it suffer hemorrhoids? Could it hold in farts?

To answer these, the Krewe embarked on a great journey to solve the Riddle of the Sphinxter.

They tracked down the acclaimed egyptoproctologist Miles Long Pu’Upschute to snap on the latex gloves and lead the way. Little did they know, he had already solved the riddle. From his office on Aycock Street in New Orleans one puckered afternoon, he told his story.

He began with how the Sphinxter came to be. Millennia ago, the mud god Anusamongus fell in love with Nefrititties, an Egyptian queen known for her sensible shoes and mountainous breasts. For their first born, Anusamongus gave Nefrititties a little Ramses, which left them both very sore. But then they got a little frisky with the cat goddess Cuntuncommon one evening after smoking too much papyrus, and out

popped ol’ Sphinxy.

They soon found their offspring behaving oddly. Complaining of stomach problems, the Sphinx whined constantly. After ruling out a gluten allergy, Anusamongus and Nefrititties realized with horror what had truly gone wrong. The Sphinx had an entrance but no exit.

Nefrititties sprang into action. She called on her eldest son Ramses to hammer out a solution. And so with diligence and Astroglide, the Sphinxter bloomed into the world.

At least, that was the myth. Pu’Upschute spent the next 40 years ruling out other theories behind the actual statue and, well, its behind.

“Aliens were easy to dismiss,” Pu’Upschute said. “Everyone knows their probes only work on cows and Midwesterners. They never made it to Jersey, let alone Egypt.”

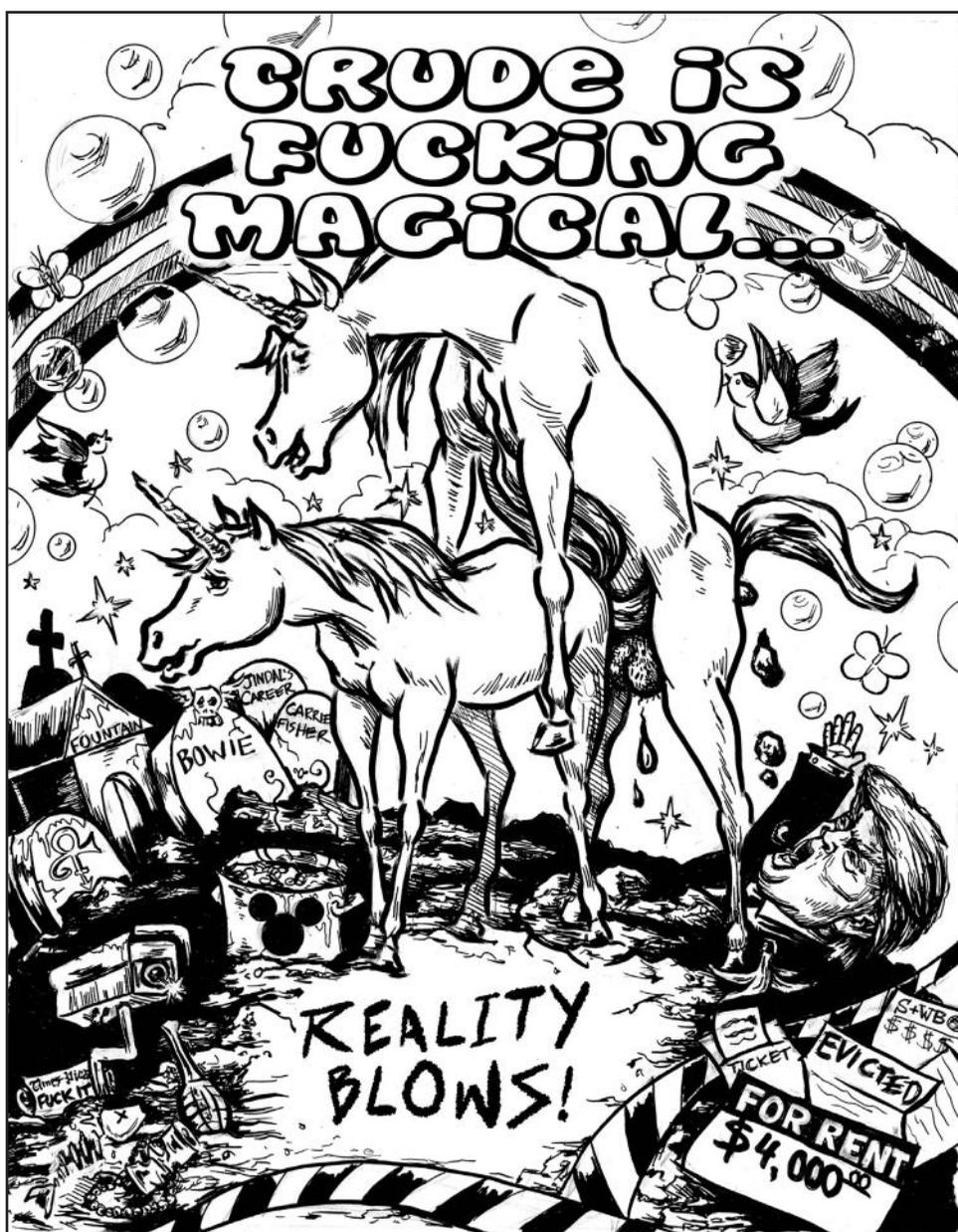
In the end, Pu’Upschute traced the statue’s origin to the dynasty of Ramses — the king, not the god. Ramses became pharaoh after his lesser known older brother, Handses, got a little grabby. The king honored his eponymous god by digging a big hole and putting a human-headed cat on it.

Satisfied, Inane honors Pu’Upschute’s life achievement this year and has left the old man to plunge into new mysteries softly and at a medium pace. Pu’Upschute, however, said he’d rather spend his time titillating dinner guests with riddles on their cocktail napkins.

A favorite: “What is red when it pouts and brown when it shouts?”

“No one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public.”

– H. L. Mencken



Opening Night at Studio 504 – A Hedonistic LEWD Zoogropia

NEW ORLEANS AP (after party) – Everyone in New Orleans knew this was THE place to be: Studio 504 opening night - Zoogropia. The line snaked around the corner. Famous and infamous disco animals were everywhere. The door gorillas, furry, muscular and mean, were turning away the unworthy left and right; if they were not sparkly enough, hot enough or interesting enough they were turned away. Even a then-unknown Donald and Ivanka Duck didn't make the cut.

The crowd was so eager to get in one door gorilla later stated "It was sheer madness. Fur and paws and claws everywhere."

Inside the music throbbed and the disco fleur de lis twirled. Tons of glitter covered the floor and the patrons. It was like "standing on stardust," according to one animal. A giant cocaine spoon traveled to the nose of the Man in the Moon in the center of the club. Shirtless, muscular, sweaty bear-men manned the bar and danced on top of it. The drinks flowed freely into the mouths of the disco animals.

To one side Andy Warthog and Hyena Turner were doing bumps off the chest of one of the bartending bears. Farrah Foxette pranced around dancing by herself in the middle of the dance floor, the disco lights circulating above her head. Whatever she was on, she didn't need groping to feel good. The 11-year-old Beaver Shields twirled around her in a dizzying array of fur and glitter, her paddle tail spanking those who got too close.

Celebrities flocked to Studio 504's Zoogropia. Lizard Minelli scurried up the DJ booth. Freddie Monkey lived up to his name, swinging from chandelier to chandelier. Jackal

Nicholson was seen passed out in the corner. Taking it all in with a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth was Salvador Dingo with his trademark mustache.

Quaaludes from the good Dr. Doolittle were passed out like candy. It wasn't long before an orgy the likes of which may never be seen again ensued. Everyone was groping everything. There were paws and teeth and tails and claws and, of course, one Dildo Porcupine at the center of it all.

Confetti fell from the ceiling like snow. The fashion designer Hawkston flew through the crowd. Gloria Gator donned a sequined green dress snapping her giant jaw around an unknown deer. The Bee Gees groped and groaned each other and everyone else, squealing in delight in their high pitched voices.

Just when the crowd reached its orgasmic pinnacle, Bianca Jaguar arrived riding a giant white horse.

Mishigas Reveals Latest Trump Twitter Feud

Rosie O'Donnell, Bill Maher, U.S. intelligence agencies, Meryl Streep, Arianna Huffington, SNL, Barack Obama, Mitt Romney, climate change, Megyn Kelly, Cher, John Lewis. What do all of these have in common? They – and so many others – have been the targets of Donald Trump Twitter attacks. Now the Krewe du Mishigas has revealed the Trump's latest vendetta victim: Jabba the Hut.

Donald J. Trump @RealDonaldTrump

Krewe du Vieux is going to be amazing this year. Huge. Bigger than ever. I hear the Mishigas krewe is making a float of me. I bet it's going to be spectacular. Best float in the whole parade.

Jabba the Hutt @JabbaTheHutt

Chuba! Yoka to Bantha poodo.

Donald J. Trump @RealDonaldTrump



The crowd surged around her. They were furry, they were fabulous, and they were fucked up.

The party lasted 'til dawn, only

to start up again the next night, and the next. The LEWD Studio 504 Zoogropia was the party that would never end.

Wrong! You're the loser. The float is of me and it's going to be great. They all want to build a float of me. But the Jews know how to make floats. That's why theirs will be the best. #KreweOfMishigas.

Jabba the Hutt @JabbaTheHutt

Noah, noah! Tinka me chasa hopoe ma booty na nolia.

Donald J. Trump @RealDonaldTrump

We don't need any more Hutts. Go back to your AlieNation. You fat loser. I'll have you locked up.

Jabba the Hutt @JabbaTheHutt

Hagwe je killya, dolpa kikyuna!

Donald J. Trump @RealDonaldTrump

Loyal American? You're a fat liberal #Liberal. You should be sent back to your world with the rest of your kind. Then we will build a wall to keep you out. And you will pay for that wall #Wall. And take the Jews and the Muslims with you.

Alec Baldwin @DonaldTrumpSNL

You've got to be kidding me. This has gone too far. Someone stop this trainwreck before Trump becomes leader of the free world.

Donald J. Trump @RealDonaldTrump

Shut your face, Billy Boy. This isn't about you. You're weak. D-list actor. This is about The Donald. The Donald float will be unbelievable. Everyone will be worshipping me. It's my float. The Mishigas love me. Krewe du Vieux loves me. Everyone loves me. Even the Hutts love me.

Jabba the Hutt @JabbaTheHutt

Dobrah gusha tu trawbbio grandio, mend-eeya.

Donald J. Trump @RealDonaldTrump

Now you get it. You can't beat me, Jabba the Hutt. You can only hope to contain me. All the people at the parade will worship me. It's all about me. Me, me, me, me, me!

Krewe du Vieux Announces Inaugural Crass Pass

UNFAIR GROUNDS – Krewe du Vieux has announced that it will mimic another arts, charitable and cultural organization’s ability to bleed every last penny from its loyal fans with the introduction of the **Krewe du Vieux 2017 Crass Pass**.

For a minimal donation of only \$69, any wannabe can obtain this soon to be treasured Krewe du Vieux keepsake

and faux VIP treatment. The benefits are few, but it will give white people the ability to Buck Jump and an ear for brass band music that will enable them to realize the band is not playing the same song over and over again.

This year only, the deal includes the “Bunny Bonus”: paid Krewe du Vieux dues with your Crass Pass gets you free entry to the Krewe du Vieux

Doo, plus you get to march in the 2017 Krewe du Vieux parade.

For an additional \$1069, paraders can be gifted with the Crass Menagerie Pass, aka the Big Sucker Experience. Suckers will get a prime marching spot at the rear of the parade, and will receive special Mule Waste Krewe t-shirts, complete with an illustration of KdV mule handlers Vic ‘n’ Nat’ly

Broussard and the forged signature of KdV King Bunny Matthews. Additionally, each VIP will get a gold spray-painted shovel engraved with Krewe du Manure on the handle and a limited edition Crass Menagerie mule diaper.

Big Suckers will also get a VIP Bling Bag. Each Bling Bag will contain a Krauss Hat with a Krewe du Vieux logo pin, a Joy Theater KDV backstage pass, and a video of Big Frieda at the KDV Captains Dinner last year.

Said Krewe du Vieux spoke-shill Squint Pelvis, “It’s so easy to fool people into thinking they’re getting something special, when all they’re really getting is the mule shaft. There’s a Big Sucker born every minute.”

Krewe du Vieux Crass Pass and Crass Menagerie Passes are available from any KdV member (pre-orders only). Taxes, fees and sexual favors may apply.

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2017 KREWE DU VIEUX CRASS PASS

GIVES WHITE PEOPLE THE
ABILITY TO BUCK JUMP

ENABLES KDV MEMBERS TO
RECOGNIZE BRASS BAND SONGS

FREE ADMISSION TO
BRASS BAND STREET SHOWS

FREE ACCESS TO KDV DOO*

ACCESS TO ALL HANDICAPPED
BATHROOMS AT THE KDV DOO

FREE SUB-KREWE LEFTOVERS
FROM THE PRE-PARADE PARTY

* PASS ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS UNLESS
HOLDER HAS PAID KDV WRISTBAND

Spermes Went on Down to the Audubondage Zoo

THE OPEN FLY – Members of the Krewe of Spermes were among the first visitors to explore the Audubon Institute’s newest attraction, The Audubondage Zoo. Audubondage President Dom Foreskin was on hand to welcome curious guests to the strains of Jethro Tull’s hit “Bungle in the Jungle”.

“You can’t beat it,” Foreskin said, holding tight to a pygmy antelope. “Or actually, you can!”

Patrons enter through the Rough Petting Zoo, where they can stroke small furry animals before heading off to other attractions including the Fur Pen, Monkey-Around House, Pussy Room, Cougar Lair, Bywatersports Lodge, Pony Girl rides, and more.

Visitors must choose a safe word in order to proceed, and a sign recommends a word that’s easy to

remember and say under duress. Also, Audubon’s mild-mannered docents have been replaced by sneering dominatrices, such as Mistresses Sin D. Boggs, Jiz Landry, and Bitch Landrieu.

Some Spermes members asked where to find large primates or sheep. “I have always been an animal lover,” said one, who declined to give his name for fear of losing his volunteer position at the LA/SPCA. “They’re really uptight about touching the animals over there. Even the spayed ones.”

He eventually decided on a Primal Urges package.

Foreskin seemed pleased with opening day. “I’ve been in the animal attraction business for a long time,” he said. “People pay good money all the time to stare at animals in cages.

So I thought, ‘Let’s take it up a notch. Let’s go hands-on and bring in the cuffs and gag balls.’”

Audubon relocated some creatures from other facilities, including whooping cranes, wildebeests, otters, big pussies, and a host of monkeys, chimps and baboons.

“Fur is very popular, of course,” Foreskin said. “I recommend starting with the monkeys. You haven’t lived until you’ve had a rough handjob from a chimp. They can get a really good grip.”

Visitors can rent cage time by the hour, along with gear including collars, leashes, harnesses, and more. There’s also a line of Audubondage leather wear for sale in the gift shop, with zoo logo corsets, floggers and thigh-high Polyurethane butt plugs in the shape of alligators, pelicans,

and ribbed rhino horns – available in small, medium, large, extra-large, and homewrecker sizes.

Foreskin also noted that he has run a discreet capital campaign. “Two things are really important at Audubondage,” he said. “Big donors and consent.”

Foreskin appeared unworried about PETA protestors or skeptics. “There’s a learning curve for all new attractions, and ultimately each is accepted by locals,” he said. “Eventually people just roll over and let me do whatever I want.”

Aroused by the success of the new zoo, Foreskin is proceeding with plans to open the Audubondage Incestarium next year. His son Dom Foreskin Jr. will be in charge of operations. “Here at Audubondage, we like to say, ‘Keep it in the family,’” Foreskin said.

Rue Bourbon Breaks Free From the Circ-Ass

THE ASS-PHALT JUNGLE – Centuries ago, when the Dino-Sore-Ass roamed free, the asses that populated the planet had not yet evolved into the asinine beings that would come to be known as Poli-tush-ans. Many scientists believe Poli-tush-ans are the product of a spontaneous genetic mutation. Signs of the mutation include pseudo intellectualism, extreme narcissism and a love of putting one’s foot into one’s own mouth.

Poli-tush-ans can be seen throughout history clawing their way to the top of the food chain. Early Poli-tush-an Hercules went to Nemea to kill a Lion ass, Brut-ass killed fellow Poli-tush-an Caesar, and King Arthur killed the mythical funky dragon asses after an incident that left him muttering, “The dragon. He bit me.”

Most recently Donald Trunk has taken over the circ-ass as head heinie. Rumors abound that he is on a strict diet of prune juice and chicken curry to prepare the nation for the shit

storm to come.

Faced with this unending cycle of degenerassy, Bourbonites have become more antsy than ever. To investigate this phenomenon, *Monde de Merde* sent our most incompetent reporter, Cantun du Abra, to every bar in New Orleans in hopes of finding a member of Rue Bourbon.

Abra reported, “I searched hopelessly. Then drunkenly. And that’s when I saw her. The woman I’ve been looking for my whole life: Ana Lover.”

Ms. Lover is a well-seasoned Bourbonite known as the epitome of cl-ass, but very forgetful. She can usually be found ass up in search of various lost items. Of Rue Bourbon men she says, “The men in our club are true gentlemen. They’re always right behind me in my search.”

When asked why Rue Bourbon is in such a state of discontent, the voluptu-ass Ana Lover replied “For a long time our asses used to be free, butt now we’re better off being an ass

in the zoo!”

More and more Bourbonites are feeling the pressure of confinement creeping in, causing them to act like animals. Just as these asses thought they were going to crack, honorary Bourbonite and longtime bourbon drinker, Art Neville, proposed mutiny and offered to lead a second line with

the Funky Meters in tow.

In classic Rue Bourbon tradition, these animals can now be seen parading through the streets, asses out, and drink in hand. When asked what made these animals decided to take a stand, they all said the same thing: “Dey all assed for you!”

Corrections and Clarifications

Last year Monde de Merde reported that Last year Monde de Merde reported that Donald Trump had received the ISIS “Recruiter of the Year” award. The honor was actually “Recruiter of the Century”.

The CRAPS article stated that NOPD was not recruiting the undead. However, following the release of information on the negligible NOPD manpower increase last year, Chief Harrison seems to be going on an awful lot of those cemetery tours.

In its article, KSAL neglected to note that ATC stands for Abundantly Trashed Constabulary.

Rue Bourbon reported that Americans who didn’t like the result of the presidential election could emigrate to Planet XXX. MdM regrets to inform you that the planet’s immigration website has crashed.

The SPANK article on the Bromion parade inadvertently omitted the following in its list of the parade’s interminable “pre-floats”: the royal courtesans, the poison-tasters, the plumbers, the simpering sycophants, and the deplorables.

Cervical Rioters Attack Pussy Snatchers

PINK SQUARE, MOSCOW – Pushback against the new presidential administration has grown in light of documents revealed today showing an even more intimate relationship between the Russian government and Donald Trump than previously believed to exist. DickiLeaks, the international organization dedicated to exposing hard truths and naked facts, flashed the news at a press conference in New Orleans this morning. The group’s leader, Julian Ass-song, trumpeted the revelations to assembled reporters.

“We knew something didn’t smell right about the election, so we sniffed around for incriminating documents and ripped one right from underneath Trump’s rump,” he blustered. “We’re breaking wind of these revelations here because New Orleans was the butt of the plan’s first phase.”

The DickiLeaks dick-uments laid out a plan for lubricating soft, unprotected American cities for penetration by Russian potency. New Orleans, known for being both moist and easy, was the target of the plot’s maiden voyage. By grabbing control of the city’s Carnival krewes, the conspirators planned to slide into power before an inebriated populace realized what was happening. Trump was the key to infiltrating the krewes.

“Trump nominated Rex even before the inauguration,” Ass-song said in passing.

The documents included internal Russian government communications regarding the putsch.

One note from Russian President Vladimir Putin to his intelligence officers read, “Ivanka Trump in my pocket and New Orleans in my clutches by Ash Wednesday (but don’t tell the Patriarch I called it that). We will make it our Moscow on the Mississippi. From there we will thrust up into the soft, yielding interior of America to achieve the climax of our plans.”

Russologists generally confirmed that the strategy was in keeping with long-standing designs by the government.

“Since the visit of Grand Duke Alexei Alexandrovich to the city in 1871, Russia has not ceased to love the idea of grabbing New Orleans,” said Professor Dmitri Shotstogovich, who holds the Smirnoff Chair in Tulane University’s Baltic Studies program. “Plus, ever since President Putin saw photos of the shirtless guys in chaps on Bourbon Street, he’s wanted to join them.”

The precise motivation for Trump’s participation in the plan was unclear as of press time, but the DickiLeaks materials included ample evidence of his enthusiasm for it. A specially protected secure Twitter account, @surrealDonaldTrump, was apparently established for him to send messages to Putin.

“It will be huge,” Trump wrote in a series of messages in the stream. “We’re going to grab absolute power and all the beads...Then we’ll grab some pussies....We’re going to grab so many pussies, we’ll be tired of grabbing pussies....But we’ll keep grabbing pussies.”

In the wake of today’s leak, outcry has been swift and strong against both the substance of the conspiracy and the creepy metaphors associated with it.

Machelle “Clam” Shell of the bipartisan group People Unified for Simply Seeking Yes issued a statement which read, in part, “... seizing authority or seizing genitals against the will of the populace or the person are both reasons to deny someone entry into P.U.S.S.Y. We must tamp on these vile practices. Any of our members fingered for violating this rule will be discharged. Period.”

Several groups have promised direct counterthrusts against the unprovoked nab for power.

Major A. Labia, mouthpiece of The Women’s Army for Tolerance, held an afternoon press conference to describe her organization’s plans for response.

“We believe in going with the flow and letting everyone do themselves however they like,” she gushed. “But, when they start doing others without asking, no matter how small the hands...or other parts...we will take prophylactic action and they will be

blocked. We won’t allow Trump to build a Potemkin on the Potomac, or Putin to hide behind an orange merkin. He will not find a landing strip in America.”

She intimated that her group had begun reaching out to a variety of exciting partners to form a broad “coalition of the thrilling.”

“We’re pleased to announce that our favorite band, Pussy Riot, has agreed to headline our efforts,” she said. “They know a thing or two about getting Putin on the fritz, and they’ve agreed to mask up and come ... help us.”

Major Labia was then joined on stage by Jill Off, a representative of one of the coalition’s more unexpected members, the Sisterhood of Lady’s Intimate Touchables, an organization of giant vaginas.

“We’re a tight group, focused on the wellbeing of vaginas everywhere” said Ms. Off. “We provide education and encouragement for good vaginal contact, but when somebody starts grabbing without permission, we can show we have teeth.”

The coalition has organized as the Confederation of Really Angry Pudenda and Supporters (C.R.A.P.S.). According to Major Labia, the group will take direct action at the kickoff of Mardi Gras to stop the conspiracy. They plan to take to the streets against their opposition the evening of February 11, 2017, as Pussy Riot Snatches Back America.



Monde de Merde Interview:

New Cash Fest Producers

Spank Entertainment Group speaks out on local identity, national acts, and the future of The N’Awlins Cash and Shelling Out Our Heritage Festival.

UNFAIR GROUNDS – This may be the biggest Cash Fest shake up since 2004: while there has been serious criticism of the direction the festival has taken since then, it came as a real surprise when Festival Productions AEG Live was dropped as the producer of the grand dame of New Orleans music festivals. Even more surprising was the selection of the little known SEG, Spank Entertainment Group, as the new producer. What changes should fans expect from Cash Fest? *Le Monde de Merde* sat down with Max Bloom, spokesperson for SEG, to find out about what is being billed as a cooler, crasser Cash Fest.

First, what attracted you to New Orleans and the festival?

A few years ago, I hear this band from N’Awlins out in Vegas, well it might have been N’Awlins, Nashville, maybe? Anyway, they were good, all the horns and stuff. I have this buddy of mine with me, a lobbyist for Shell Oil. He tells me, Shell sponsors this big shin-dig in New Orleans with acts like this, big stars, too. They got a special area set up for the right folks, first class all the way. So, he gets me an Ass Pass, I come down, spend some time with the Shell people and I knew we had to get in on the action.

Spank Entertainment Group seems to be a new player in festival productions, with little experience in staging a seven-day event with half a million attendance. What made you the choice?

We’ve been on the scene since 2013 and we’ve been looking to get in on something big. So, I get word from my buddy that not everyone’s so happy with the current management. There’s that stink about the donations to keep the queers out of the ladies’ room, and so forth. And with Shell pulling all their operations out of N’Awlins, I saw

an opportunity. You know, someone gets the word out that Shell’s thinking of Shellin’ out of the sponsorship thing, starts a #shellinoutofnola thing. Next, someone lets it float that if Spank comes in, maybe Shell will reconsider, waves a little money around and bam!

There has been a lot of concern locally that the festival has lost some of its uniquely New Orleans identity, that it has come to resemble a standard “anywhere” festival. How do you respond to that?

Well, you gotta face that there’s a lot of competition, and the right kind of festival-goer has certain expectations. Sure, the local stuff has a place, like that guy on the golf cart, the Indian dancers, the hippy-dippy crafts, and shit. It don’t cost you much and it gives you that ‘authentic’ vibe to draw them in. But John Q Festgoer isn’t going to shell out money for a mud

hole with Cajun crap and no-name bands. To make bank you need a first-class experience with first class acts and the proper exploitation.

That leads to another common complaint, that in recent years there has been a lack of local musicians and few are given prime slots.

You got a lot of these little local acts here, and some are pretty good and they’ll play for cheap. But you need big names in prime slots to bring in the dough. Lots of good talent out there that’d love to come party in NOLA. Then you can fill out the schedule with the local acts. Toss in a jazz combo and few of those brass bands marching around the infield. You know, exploit the local character for the branding.

It seems the cost of the festival has ballooned in recent years, pricing out a lot of locals, and, again, taking away some of its New Orleans identity.

The whole business has changed. You used to be able to hawk a few CDs with a good margin, but the kids don’t want them anymore, so you need to find new revenue streams and to exploit the ones you still got. Ticket prices are just part of it. Look, we give away a lot of tickets to keep the skids greased, you know, suppliers, bigwigs and so on. I’m sure a few of them will get passed on to locals.

Can you tell us what else SEG has in store?

We got some ideas. We’re working with the Thomas Kinkade Company on a new series of posters. Good stuff, painter of light, a big, big following. They should sell big. And we’re looking into some sort of mascot. So, keep an eye out for a name-the-mascot contest. We got the Brandiose people working on it, they really know N’Awlins, did some great stuff with that baseball team.

It’s Harder Than It Looks: Presidenting For Dummies

DUMP TOWER – A recent visit to the HEADquarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells found the members down in the Trumps following the recent presidential election. “When Donny Dumpstermouth first came on the scene, the buzz was that he would be a one-hit wonder, but it turned out to be a bad trip,” said T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEAD, pole dancer, and poll watcher, Jeri Mander. “We felt like we had come down in an alternate reality show and we didn’t know the rules of the game.” And neither, apparently, did the new prez.

Rising to the occasion, the Ne’er-do-wells held an agenda-heavy meeting in a smoke-filled voting booth. Unable to smoke out the opposition, T.O.K.I.N. fired up a penetrating probe in search

of a homegrown solution. They realized that what they needed was a New Deal, if not a new dealer.

They could tell that Donny didn’t realize that presidenting is harder than it looks, so they decided to take matters into their own (and each other’s) hands in the hopes of reaching a more satisfying (and unpresidented) climax. Coming together, they formulated a plan. They could not reveal all the details (though they did reveal some interesting positions), explaining that the inside dope is on a weed-to-know basis.

A deep inside source hinted that T.O.K.I.N. was putting together a shadow cabinet. Reportedly under consideration were George Clinton for Secretary of Funk and Bill Maher for Secretary of Cannabis.

At first T.O.K.I.N. weedership had high hopes that they would be able to contact President Dumpstermouth but their attempts were blocked by motormouthpiece KellyAss Conwoman. They would have to hash out another solution. When last heard from, they were hard – and long – at work to fulfill their desires.

The Joint Chiefs of Stash of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells invite the public to the “Presidenting For Dummies” book (and frustration) release party on February 11. Ms. Mander revealingly suggested, “T.O.K.I.N. promises an ecstatic expression of prurient politics and erotic electioneering. When they go low, we get high!”

MdM Travel Section

A New Orleans Staycation

By Stefanie Whizzwald

With Mardi Gras coming up, we decided to interview two friends from the River Parishes, Mike P. Nutria and Donald T. Gator.

MdM: I understand you two have not been in town for a while?

Donald T. Gator: We have not been to New Orleans for the last eight years because we were afraid of being forced into Obamacare. Now that the world is safe again in a bigly fashion, we know for sure dat da swamp ain't gonna get drained, we decided to visit the city again. We heard that Frenchmen Street is the "new" Bourbon Street, and decided to start there.

Mike P. Nutria: Yeah, yoo right! Da place was mobbed...it was crowded like Bourbon Street, the bars were all blasting music into the streets, and it even smelled like Bourbon Street.

Donald T.: We stopped at Three Fuses, some place with small plates that were so small that even Mike killed his in no time. We listened to the music, but then they told us we had to leave. I told them that we dropped a hundred and fifty bucks there, and could we finish our drinks. They told us that we had our forty-five minutes of food and fun, and that people from all over the world were waiting for our table.

Mike P.: Yeah, we didn't know what to do. The street was packed with people wearing beads, but there was not a tit to be seen!

Donald T.: A big disappointment! I was one randy gator after eight years in the swamp, so back to good old Bourbon Street.

Mike P.: There was a gate where we had to pay five bucks, and then walk through a metal detector. They said it was for security, and that any money left over would be used to fill the potholes. After that, we had to get

a drink. Some guy was holding a sign saying "Three shots – five dollars".

Donald T.: I plopped two Lincolns on the bar, and da bartender pulls out a revolver. Six bullets whizzed past our ears, and he tells us: "price just went up – it's five dollars a shot now."

Mike P.: Bourbon Street has changed, last time I was here we had Jello shots, and they didn't hurt nearly much when they hit.

Donald T.: Some guy told us we needed some Hand Grenades, but after those shots, I was just looking for a warm and slimy place to slither into.

Mike P.: Yeah, dat Hand Grenade guy wouldn't give up . . . he kep saying "Look'n for some? Look'n for some?" and dragged us from door to door. But man, every one we stuck our noses into had these babes with champagne bottles asking if we was the VIPs they was expecting . . .and dey was all older than twenty-one.

Donald T.: Some guy heard Mike complaining, and told us he knew a place with a broad younger than twenty-one. It was a corner joint, pretty classy with Mambo music. We sits down, and here comes this broad with black curly hair, packed into a Mambo outfit. She smelled like a swamp, and Mike was getting all excited, but she looked a hundred and twenty-two if she looked a day.

Mike P.: The sign at the door said "No Cover", but a FEMA tarp woulda come in handy wit dat broad.

Donald T.: Those small plates was coming back to haunt me, so I got a Yucky Dog. Den dis cab driver button-holed me. He said that all the real hipsters were hanging out on da new, really happening street, where everybody's going – Tulane Avenue!

Mike P.: He got my attention when he says he knows a place where we

Being the adventures
of an old man
whose principal
interests are hate,
intolerance,
and himself.



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could get a "Menagerie a Twat," and if dat wasn't enough, we could get some "Bail Bondage."

Donald T.: Sounded right to me! New Orleans got so tame after the Canal Street Madame packed up, and David Vitter went on a diet and had to give up the "Wendy Double-Stack." Next thing we drove down a wide avenue with signs which announced "Used Appliances," "Rooms by the month, week or hour," and "Bail Bonds." Obviously we was in a full-service neighborhood.

Mike P.: There we was, the two of us, in search of mendacity, on a stage setting fit for one of those Tennessee Faulkner plays where the actors chew da scenery faster than a gigaton of Formosan termites. We was ready for a night with udder possibilities !

Donald T.: Da cabbie knocked on da door, underneath a sign rusted sign proclaiming "Stone Cold Creamery – House of the Rising Cow." The door opened onto a darkened room with a opening on da other side, which was covered by a torn red curtain - and there, before us we, we . . .

Mike P.: I heard words of kindness

to strangers – Oh bestiality – Oh sacred cow – we are here to milk the public!

MdM: Well Donald and Mike, I'm sorry, but we seem to be running out of printers' ink, and we will just have to wait for February 11th, and watch the Seeds of Decline parade through the Marigny and Vieux Carre to tear back the torn curtain of mendacity.

C.O.A. STATEMENT

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Besides, ain't none of us got
nothin' worth suing for that hasn't
already been repealed by the
Republican Congress.**

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