



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 Explores “Bienville’s Wet Dream”

Richard Campanella Maps Out New Parade Route

LE ILL D'ORLEANS – Bienville had a dream.

Jean-Baptiste LeMoyne, Sieur de Bienville, dreamed of founding a great, eternal city of gleaming buildings, educated people, thriving commerce, robust institutions – a true world capital.

300 year later, that dream is more like a lurid nocturnal fantasy, full of exotic rhythms and characters, melodies and mysteries, aromas and enchantments. Though it may be a pit of dysfunction, decay, inequity and a thousand wasted opportunities, a muddy, swampy, littered patch of beleaguered semi-high ground, New Orleans is also a rare gem, a deeply fragrant flower, a saxophone solo soaring over a soulful backbeat, a passionate mistress to all who love her so deeply. Bienville’s dream may have been all wet, but yet it flickers on.

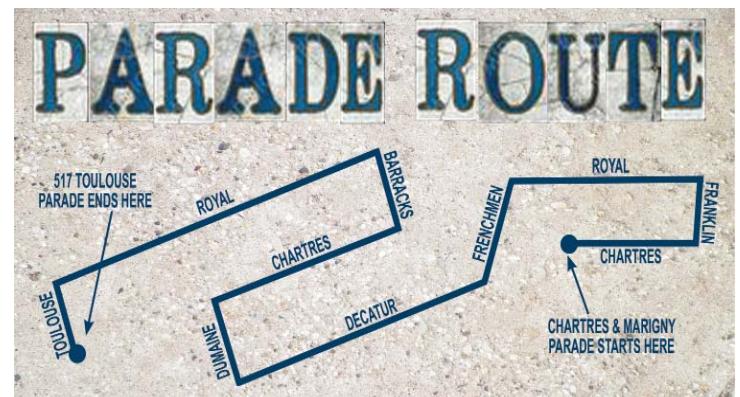
And it’s not like things were great again anywhere else. Although ISIS mostly became WASIS, Vladimir kept Putin on the Ritz, meaning it soon became Mueller Time in Washington. As the evidence piled up like missed Congressional deadlines, the Trumpergizer bunny took a beating but kept on tweeting. The overblown second grade bully seemed committed to Making America Eight Again. Steve Bannon brought his Not-So-Breitbart racist views to the White House, though like most of the staff, he barely lasted long enough to get investigated. Ultimately, this led the people of Alabama to channel their inner Edgar Allan Poe and quote “Never Moore”.

The groper-in-chief did manage to avoid the sexual harassment fallout that brought down many powerful and slimy so-called men, but one has to wonder how long he can keep pussygrabbing around the issue. NFL players exercising their free-speech rights outraged many viewers, making one wonder who was really suffering from the concussions. Health care repeal failed, hurricanes wailed, and the tax cut for companies and the very rich prevailed. And sadly, bullets flew everywhere, but the NRA – a wholly-owned subsidiary of the gun manufacturers – proved that Congress was a wholly-owned subsidiary itself.

While all this was going on, Krewe du Vieux had the biggest crowd for any Mardi Gras parade ever in the history of all Carnivals everywhere in the world.

Statewide, legislators refused to deal with the financial cliff, while citizens wished they would jump off a real one. The Bell will toll soon for state programs and services.

On the local front, massive flooding after a summer rain storm had city officials doing the pump and grind. However, no amount of Sewerage and Waterboarding could keep New Orleans voters from expressing their Rage Against the Machine, and the first female mayor in the city’s 300 year history was elected. With few other options available to him, soon to be (not dearly) departed Mayor Mitch “Son of Moon” Landrieu announced he was joining ex-governor Bobby “Bombay” Jindall to form the Center for Political Self-Service, with the motto “Politically correct means we’re always right.” The Nightmare on Perdido Street



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 27, 2018 at 6:30 PM

is nearly over!

As we kick off the city’s Try-Sin-Tennial, the dreamers, schemers, screamers, reamers, live-streamers, and double-teamers of Krewe du Vieux will exercise their femurs by taking to the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter on Saturday, January 27 at 6:30 PM. Spectators are advised to keep their eyes wide shut, beware of nocturnal emissions, and entertain any visions that may appear to them.

Leading the Krewe through the timeless cityscape will be author, geographer and historian Richard Campanella. King Richard will skillfully navigate the delta of dilemmas with minimal loss of time and place, though not necessarily of brain cells.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own wet, wild, wooly, witty, musty, swampy, sweaty, feverish, fetishist 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 Dis-

charges, 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 don’t need to be unclogged, repaved or otherwise completely repaired.

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 Carnaval 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 Very Spatial King

Richard Campanella didn't actually have to see New Orleans to begin falling in love with it.

Krewe du Vieux's 2018 King first became aware of our fair city at the age of five, in 1971, when his parents helped him through a children's book about Lincoln taking a flatboat down the Mississippi river.

"The author's characterization of this exotic city to the south piqued my imagination," recalls our precocious prince, and even though it took quite a few more years for him to follow in the footsteps of the Great Emancipator, it was always in the back of his mind.

By 1991, King Richard was back from a stint in the Peace Corps and living in that temple of transience, Washington DC. Then "the various tributaries of my life conflowed", he recalls. The LSU graduate program in mapping sciences in geography and mapping sciences, then a job working on the technical side of geography at the Stennis Center, his first book in 1999, and finally reaching the promised land of New Orleans in 2000.

Our prolific potentate has now published a total of ten books about New Orleans' geography, history and culture, and no other writer weaves together people and place to tell the city's story like King Richard. Indeed, it is this intersection and interaction that so thoroughly fascinates him.

"A hundred years ago, the prevailing view in the geography field was that place makes people," our royal recordist recounts. "Now it's the opposite, and there is less emphasis on geography as a driver of human behavior. Geography lays out opportunities, risks and resources, and humans utilize, avoid and exploit them."

A key aspect of his methodology is analyzing and explaining spatial distribution. "How did the city get here? How did we form neighborhoods?"

he asks. "The most surprising thing about New Orleans is that it more or less still works. We've had so many opportunities to just die off."

Having been raised in Brooklyn, he sees the similarities with his current home. "Both are port cities, old, diverse, both representing humanity at its best, its worst and its ordinary, everyday pursuit of life." And, he notes, both are places with a distinct fondness for their foods.

This background is the source of the joy King Richard derives from looking at the city's neighborhoods, the elements that make each one distinct and how these have changed over time. And he is moved by what we have lost. "You go to a place that is now a parking lot, but I know what used to be there," he observes wistfully. "For example, the third Ursuline convent compound is now the mouth of the Industrial Canal, torn down and dredged away. I think of the Katrina surge that flowed over that spot, and it is unsettling."

No detail is too small to advance the thinking and insights of our literary liege. "I'm fascinated by pigeons and squirrels," says King Richard. "Pigeons are downtown, squirrels are uptown. Each tells you something about the habitat."

Having had an extremely close encounter with a suicidal pigeon while riding his bike one day, our meandering monarch is clearly a researcher who studies his subjects up close and personally!

Speaking of subjects, Krewe du Vieux caught the King's attention soon after he arrived in the city, as a perfect example of that people-place intersection.

"Krewe du Vieux benefits from the high urban granularity of the downtown cityscape," he notes. "The narrow streets, intimate balconies, nooks and crannies of the French Quarter and

Marigny abet a sense of revelry. The cozy intimacy, the sounds reverberating off the walls help make Krewe du Vieux what it is.

"If you take off your glasses and squint a little bit, the parade could pass for Mardi Gras in 1880. Krewe du Vieux is the only one that still retains that spatial proximity to the streetscape and people-scape around it, and that helps make it the experience it is."

"That and the giant phalluses," he most accurately observes.

To assist with his reign, our didactic duke has designated Rebecca Sneiderer as his royal consort. She is an Emmy-winning filmmaker, a writer, and Director of the New Orleans Center for the Gulf South. "We've been friends and colleagues for a while, and collaborated on many projects, so she is a great person to share the ride with," says King Richard. "And in line with the 'Wet Dream' theme, she is a water princess."

It should be noted that King Richard is also Sir Richard, having been dubbed a Knight of the Order of Academic Palms by France, for his work in explaining that country's many contributions to the world. "That was quite an honor," says our learned Lord, "but nothing like being king!"



As for his royal reign, the King's number one goal is to "Make geography sexy again." He is pleased that his rule will coincide with the first month of the city's tricentennial, and while not divulging any secrets, he points out that New Orleans could have been founded in any of seven different locations and hints that the battle among them may be characterized in his royal float and attire.

No one celebrates New Orleans quite like Krewe du Vieux, and no one writes about New Orleans quite like King Richard Campanella. As the two come together in a spatial convergence on the night of January 27, our academic amir advises his subjects to "Have fun – and don't walk behind the mules!"

Krewe du Vieux Doo
Saturday, January 27 • Doors open 10:00 PM
517 Toulouse Street
featuring
Khris Royal and The Big Booty Express
and
Morning 40 Federation
Tickets \$50
Available from Krewe du Vieux members
Check www.kreweduvieux.org for other locations
21 and over only • fête costumée

Seeds of Decline Explore 300 Years of Bad Behavior

In 1718, Jean-Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville, a curly haired guy from France, got out of his boat for a booty call, found none, and invented New Orleans instead. After the randy colonists accompanying curly clammed up for women, French authorities recruited from church orphanages and convents, looking for wives for the colony's lonely men. It was hoped that these young damsels might tame the men by performing hours of cooking and cleaning, until Pierre returned from the café, and then do their part to populate the colony without having to pay for boat tickets.

In 1803, another curly-haired guy bought the entire Louisiana colony for such a cheap price that his image appears on the nickel. Sadly, Thomas Jefferson never had the opportunity to puke on Bourbon Street, as he was too busy despoiling sixteen-year-old Sally Hemmings. Nine years later, Andrew Jackson passed through, and "Old Hickory" gave new meaning to the word "woody."

Then, in 1862 an army invaded, led by a Boston lawyer turned politician, Benjamin Butler. General Butler was a real Masshole, and made tons of money selling the army he now commanded shoddy uniforms. When the local ladies, unusually frosty for the typically warm and witty women of Louisiana, spit and emptied their chamber pots or spat on his soldiers, the general proclaimed them to be treated as "women of the town, plying their avocation." While this proclamation may have been enthusiastically greeted by the troops, the general's belly was so large, and his appendage so small, he could not see it, and at a loss for things to do, began collecting spoons. This also presented an opportunity for some entrepreneurial citizens of the Crescent City to begin selling chamber pots with "Beast Butler's"

image centered inside the ubiquitous household vessel.

In postbellum New Orleans, young uptown society maidens would be presented by Rex, Momus, Comus and Homos at extravagant affairs known as "balls." It is believed that these posh events were named for the phenomenon where the man's little head does the thinking for the large head. It was known that there were certain young ladies who managed to collect 300 dicks on their dance cards. Meanwhile, members of Rex presented their young daughters amongst themselves, in order to maintain a tight gene pool, and Homos wouldn't let any girls have more than a quick glance at their balls.

Time marched on, and in less well-lit areas in back of the French Quarter, Creole madams and their prostitutes populated Storyville, and "took care" of businessmen, politicians, and others. Musicians were stirred into the pot, and "Jazz" was born. Jazz took its name from "Jism," which flowed freely in streets and corners of our testosterone-driven city. One would not know Ferdinand Joseph LaMothe until he changed his name to "Morton" and because he loved jelly roll so much (and we ain't talkin' baked goods,) it became his first name.

The 20th Century came, and quickly left, having stained everyone. There the Long boys, with their heritage of "deduct boxes," strippers, and other assorted mendacity, including "family values" politicos who keep the red lights burning. But the Besh has yet to cum . . . with the chef managing to cook his culinary goose thanks to the women who had had enough and pulled the covers off his squeaky clean reputation.

Seeds of Decline will show that the Besh Is Yet To Come in the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 27.



Seeds of Decline presents
THE BESH IS YET TO COME
January 27, 2018
Prix Fixe \$69.69
(Tip included, like it or not)

APPETIZERS
Duck or you're fired Gumbo
Beet off Salad
Matzo fondle my Balls soup
See You in Court Bouillon

ENTREES
Catch of the day: Fresh Groper with Jerk Sauce
Porked Tenderloin with House Rub
Split Breasts with Cream Sauce
Lift your Skirt Steak

DESSERT
Ice Cream for HR
Sour Grape Tort
Follow me to the Ice Box Pie

**Chef Sue Early
Reservations Anticipated**

Underwear Explores “300 Years of Ineptitude”

[Editor's note: this extraordinary, unpublished manuscript was discovered by a crack Krewe of Underwear expedition team while exploring exotic locations in search of new intoxicants and libations.]

By Tamika Nguyen Marquez

As King Bubba Maljour sat waiting interminably for service at New Orleans City Hall, he thought of the time when he was five years old and his father told him the story of his many-times great-grandfather Jean-Baptiste Landrieu de Maljour, the famed explorer and attorney known as the Suer de Bienville.

The original Maljour had set off to find Shangi-La – Eldorado – the Garden of Eden – but instead had stumbled upon New Orleans, thereby setting the stage for 300 Years of Ineptitude.

Shunting aside the existing inhabitants of the crescent-shaped patch of land where he chose to build his new city, though not before partaking of various of their herbs and potions, Jean-Baptiste laid out a hashtag pattern of streets and erected numerous dwellings and commercial buildings. Seeking to curry favor with his patron back in France, he named his city Nouvelle Orleans, though the curry-flavored alleys bore little resemblance to home. Indeed, after the very first major rainfall, the streets flooded and overflowed into the homes, ruining the carpets and the ladies' petticoats and causing the roads themselves to become full of holes big enough to contain a large cooking pot, and even break the axle of any hapless carriage that chanced to be drawn through them. A commission was established to determine steps to prevent such occurrences in the future, but wrestling with the shape of water bored them and, as became routine over the many years ahead, meetings were held, promises were made, pockets were lined, and nothing substantial ever changed.

As a good Catholic, Maljour built a major cathedral with a parade ground

in front of it, which he named after Andrew Jackson, the general who would later win a major battle in a war that was already over, and then go on to massacre thousands of native peoples and ruin the country's finances. And he installed a circle he named after Robert E. Lee, the general who would lead half the nation in the ultimate lost cause, pitting brother against brother and inflicting scars that would still not be healed many generations later.

With these portentous omens in place, plus its prime location in a major swamp, the new city soon prospered greatly, controlling the international mosquito trade and exporting large quantities of mud to build substandard housing throughout the rapidly-expanding nation. Maljour sold the city several times over, setting a precedent that city leaders followed for centuries to come, first to the Spanish, then back to the French, and finally to the nascent United States. This enabled Maljour to grow old and fat and lazy, ultimately becoming a legendary French Quarter character on a par with Ruthie the Duck Lady.

Despite its early successes, the new city had a dark, star-crossed side to it. As a port, many strange faces gave strange voice on its streets, and many cultures impregnated its walls and fences. Slaves were hauled in from Africa, bringing their culture, their incantations and their curses to the wet night air and fertile wet ground. Even as the darkness moaned romance and love, it also whispered robbery and murder, most of which was never solved by perpetually understaffed and frequently overfed constabulary.

Invaders were a constant threat to the fecund crescent. The British came in 1812, but were repelled by the complete lack of good manners and bland food. During the Civil War, Yankees

captured the city, attempting to impose something resembling law and order and an efficient government; the natural lassitude of the inhabitants, combined with their unintelligible dialect, so befuddled the troops that ultimately they couldn't wait to depart as soon as the war was over. The residents – the whites ones, at least – celebrated by erecting statues, drinking heavily and shooting each other.

Plagues also visited themselves upon the swampy metropolis. Yellow fever made martyrs of many residents, consuming them with a feverish fire that resembled the real fires that burned the Old Square down several times over. Many decades later, a viscous black substance leaked from Macondo to the shores of the region, killing people and creatures and threatening the livelihood and the menus of the residents. Incapable of understanding or defeating these disasters, the city leaders sought refuge in spells, potions, chemicals, futile tirades, and mostly, vast amounts of money. Indeed, the Maljour family fortune had often swelled at those very times when the population of the city had thinned.

Despite these many privations, or perhaps because of them, the residents developed an unparalleled spirit of celebration and licentiousness. Houses of free love (well, maybe not exactly free) flourished, and in their parlors the greatest of all American music was born, its unleashed notes expressing the freedom that many of its inventors themselves were routinely denied. Countless festivals were created to celebrate every single singularity of the city, from every possibly edible animal to the flowers and fragrances permeating the humid air to the many rhythms of the myriad musical forms.

The greatest celebration of all was Carnival, the ultimate debauch where

the people could earn their subsequent forty days of abstinence through costumed revelry, assuming the forms and shapes and names of other spirits in a satirical attempt to release their own, all the while indulging in extreme consumption of alcohol and lurid display of various body parts. Many Maljours reigned over many parades, as Rex, Comus, Joan of Arc, and King Bubba Maljour himself had even reigned as Chewbacchus.

But strife lurked ever around the corner in this maddening paradox of a place, its inequities bubbling up like the swamp gas, causing the air to swirl with hate as it was decided that the simple fact of the color of one's skin was no longer an excuse for separation and failure. Immigrants battled fellow immigrants, each wave of humanity that crashed against the shore establishing a new beachhead against the receding memory of their predecessors. Great storms lashed the city, which became ever more vulnerable as its natural wetland protection was sliced by the canals of commerce, its swamps drained and paved over, its false levees failing like its leadership. No Maljour daughter would ever be given the name Betsy or Katrina.

For every up there was a down, or sometimes two downs, the natural disasters inevitably compounded by the incompetence of the city fathers, for it was almost always the men who led, no matter how far astray and adrift things might go. Every major industry, from cotton to banking to oil, was allowed to wither like dried-up gardenias and drift away to other cities. Great examples of progress, like the international airport or the massive water control system, were allowed to stagnate and be superseded by other, lesser locations. Even the children, once raised and educated, would silence their hearts and seek their opportunities far across the land and far away from the faded colors of the decaying city.

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Underwear Explores

(continued)

Sitting in his straight-backed chair in the sterility of the City Hall, staring at a screen with numbers that never changed and names that were never called, King Bubba Maljour realized that the fatal inefficiencies of his beloved city had played out endlessly, back and forth across time, neither in a continuum nor a circle, but more like the still currents of the summer air, filled at once with the sultry promise of the jasmine and with the stifling inertia of the humidity, rendering the population utterly incapable of motion in any direction. He realized that as the scion of the founding father this awareness was unique to him, and that he alone could break through the endless cycle of incompetence, raise the city up from the swamp and the mire and the mud and the mindless stupidity and the indolent inefficiency, he and only he could make New Orleans great again.

But first he would have to get his permit, one that would never be granted in a city condemned to 300 more years of ineptitude.

Spermes Releases “300 Years on the Wet Spot”

TWO-LANE UNIVERSITY – A decade after the publication of his seminal work “Bienville’s Dilemma: A Historical Geography of New Orleans”, Tulane University geographer Dick Campyfella is releasing a sloppy second tome. Titled “Bienville’s Wet Dream: 300 Years in the Wet Spot”, the new emission is published by the Krewe of Spermes’ imprint label, Living Jizztory.

“New Orleanians live below semen level,” Dick said. “I’m finally seeing why it’s such a fertile place. Bienville figured it out as soon as he penetrated the swamp.”

Dick joins the many jizztorians and revisionist jizztorians who release work on Spermes’ pages. While critics complained Spermes’ early catalog was heavily Europhallocentric in perspective, it has since been accused of harboring Afrophallocentrism, Asian-phallocentrism, Indophallocentrism – basically anything phallocentric. Krewe members couldn’t be more

excited.

Dick is a moderately well endowed chair at Tulane’s new Department of Sementics and Whetoric. His output fits right in to Spermes’ worldview as he explores the French crown’s sudden interest in the waterways on the bottom half of the continent.

“The French found beaver everywhere they looked in Canada,” Dick says. “Even the surliest Frenchmen couldn’t help but reach into the bush and grab a couple beavers. It seems crazy to have left that behind. But Jean-Baptiste Le Moyne, better known as the Sewer de Bienville, did. He diddled around in the backwaters of Alabama before he located the gaping egress to the Mississippi River, and he never looked back.”

The tip of Bienville’s exploration reached Baton Rouge, before the party exhausted itself and spilled out on the lips of a river bank bending around a voluptuous crescent.

In 1718, according to stained sheets

of parchment recovered by Dick, Bienville wrote his brother Iberville and the French crown, “Our party has encountered the natives and we’ve exhausted ourselves. It’s a hot, sticky mess now. But it’s our hot, sticky mess. We’ll call it new France.”

The rest is jizztory.

People from all over the world moved to New Orleans and it became a cultural hotbed, home to the nation’s first official prostitution district, Storyville. The mingling of musicians, booze and good times made it the birthplace of jizz, spreading a new type of improvisational playing. Musicians spread the city’s new nickname, The Big Easy.

“Bienville had a wet dream just thinking about a city in a swamp,” Dick says. “He could have sought drier, higher ground. But he stayed here. He laid a great foundation. Now whenever I get a whiff of humid honeysuckle or walk on a sticky sidewalk, I think of his legacy.”

Bienville’s Wet Dream A Menage A Trois-Cents With KSAL

BAYOU ST. JOHN – The Tri-Centennial Celebration in New Orleans turned out to be a spectacle like no other. People took to the streets celebrating with festivals going back to their French roots. Those traditions have become part of life for 300 years in the city that was named by Bienville – La Nouvelle Orleans.

One of the most popular festivals was KSAL’s re-enactment of Bienville’s barge cumming up Bayou St. John as he had his first wet dream. And cum it did! This festival, popular amongst the tourists, was called Menage A Trois-Cents. And the true followers of this festival were all mimes, who were actually the nymphs of Bienville. They spread the joie

de vivre to the crowds watching the re-enactment. They could not speak, but their jovial frolicking spread happiness to the masses.

As Bienville’s barge came through the crowd, the bystanders were amazed at the history being told. There was Bienville, larger than life, standing straight and erect. Bent down in front of him was the city’s current Mayor, Mitchell Landrieu. Mitch, as the locals call him, started out as a good Mayor but as of late he had suck-cummed to the evils that lie in the politics of New Orleans. He had hidden the truths of the Sewage and Water Board failures for so long that a summer rain storm had flooded the city, causing almost as much damage as the infamous Katrina

storm. He was the instigator of taking down all of the city’s famous statues, beautiful pieces of art, declaring them racist. He allowed the city council to run amuck with the city’s monies and credit cards. And there at the front of the barge, looking like the new leader under Bienville, was LaToya Cantrell, Mayor-elect.

As Mitch was taught by Bienville, Latoya was being taught by Mitch. They were so intertwined in dirty politics that she was seen pulling Sewerage and Water Board anal beads out of the mayor’s ass as he suck-cummed to Bienville. The KSAL Menage A Trois was complete.

As the mimes frolicked and danced in the streets the bystanders’ jaws

dropped. The City that Care Forgot was now shown in a way that no one had seen before. A Menage A Trois-Cents of lust, politics and disseat. The mimes danced as if they were entranced by the tradition. As the KSAL barge continued down the street the crowd could see the rest of the float that showed the cries of protest. One side said, “They sucked us dry and left us wet” in testament to the SWB scandal. The other side in tribute to the 300-year celebration said, “At least we Tried-Centennial”.

The crowd gave in and danced with the mimes. They too suck-cummed to the Nouvelle Orleans Menage A Trois. They raised their glasses in merriment and toasted the City the Care Forgot.

Chronotravellers Reveal Area's Prospects in Sea

ROBERT E. HARRY LEE DRIVE –

Scientists around the world have expressed shock at a major breakthrough recently announced by investigators at the University of New Orleans' Chronological Research and Practice Symposium. According to a statement from the university, the researchers have built a time machine and used it to visit the future.

"This is tremendously exciting," ejaculated Dr. Emmett Brown of CalTech. "This development lays bare the hidden, musky secrets of the universe to the penetrating power of the human mind!"

Several experts noted that of all the researchers in the field, the New Orleans team was best positioned to make a significant breakthrough.

"New Orleanians have always had a somewhat....flexible...notion of time," Brazzers University Professor Joan "Double D" Dubberly said. "Do you know what time Kermit Ruffins actually starts a 10 p.m. show? Talk about time travel. And it's not only little time shifts. Most people from the city have been living in more than one century their entire lives."

Head Researcher Hugh Grant Wells from the UNO CRAP Symposium took time from researching head to provide additional background.

"I've been investigating time phenomena for much of my career, but we were always underfunded. When John Bel Edwards became governor, though, all that changed. He said our work into time travel was the only hope for balancing the state budget. Something about 'beating the spread'?"

Professor Wells said that while Edwards' interest was primarily focused on jumping just a few days ahead, the Chronological Research And Practice Squad had been able to thrust much

more deeply into the future and past. In fact, they broke the device's maiden voyage with a hop a full century forward. Wells and fellow scientist M.A. Morgus sat down with *Le Monde de Merde* for an exclusive description of their travels.

They began with a description of the time machine itself.

"We started building it when we were still underfunded. We were able to get an old Lucky Dog cart for cheap, so we used that. I like to say we took a frankfurter to the frank future," Morgus said.

"Dr. Morgus' Lucks-Y Capacitor was the secret to flinging us future-ward," Wells explained. "As soon as we accelerated the cart to 69 miles per hour, the capacitor's resonance caused us to spread the junction of past and future and from there we could shoot wherever we wanted."

The team chose to visit future New Orleans for their groundbreaking trip, assuming they would recognize important landmarks, but what they found was no land at all.

"Thanks to coastal erosion, rising sea levels and the weight of all the Mardi Gras beads in people's attics, New Orleans will sink into the Gulf of Mexico," Wells said. "We knew we were in the right place, though, because of the giant glitter slick on the water's surface."

Fortunately the team was prepared for a wide variety of environmental conditions and were able to dive to the seafloor to explore the ruins. To their surprise, they discovered New Orleanians had decided to stay even as the city sank.

"What were they going to do? Move to Houston? Please!" Morgus exclaimed.

Of course, there were some changes. Most of the population, for example,

breathed through gills.

"If you've walked around New Orleans in August, you know we're practically breathing water already, so they said it wasn't too much of a shift," Wells said. "About the same amount of pollution too."

When they arrived, the populace was preparing for two key celebrations: the 400th anniversary of the city's founding and the 100th year of rule by LaToya Can't-Tell (under continuous indictment for the entire period). The explorers found citizens decorating familiar edifices like Gallier Hall and the Gleason statue with shell garlands and electric eels alongside future monuments commemorating milestones like the Saints 10th Super Bowl win, found atop a pedestal at Brees Circle.

"Playing home games underwater really put visiting teams at a disadvantage," Wells said.

While there, they were granted a

brief audience with Can't-Tell, by that point a disembodied head maintaining power by making people believe she could grant wishes.

"One of our guides asked her for a brain, but she said City Hall was the wrong place to go for that," Morgus said. "She told him to charge some classes at the University on her credit card."

Knowing their claims would be met with skepticism, the researchers convinced several dwellers of the future aquatic New Orleans to return with them to the present day to provide residents with a preview of their future. The Coalition of Really Angry and Peeved Scientists (CRAPS) has arranged for this maritime menagerie to appear on the streets of the French Quarter and Marigny the evening of January 27, 2018. All New Orleanians are encouraged to come prepare themselves to live in The Lost City of New Orleans.

HELP WANTED

Leading world power seeks thoughtful, temperate leadership. Must be willing to do what is best for country and all residents, regardless of income, ethnicity, gender or ability to pay for legislation. No deep-seated insecurities, pathetic narcissistic egomania or genitalia grabbing (self or others). Absence of party affiliation, TV persona and/or taste for late night cheeseburgers a plus. Apply to the American people ASAP – we are desperate.

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 enough worth suing for to get you an actual tax cut.

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Rue Bourbon Celebrates New Orleans: The Wetter The Better

ARK AVENUE – New Orleans was born in May 1718 when Jean-Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville proposed that the new capital be built on a crescent bend in the Mississippi River, which he perceived to be safe from tidal surges and hurricanes – bless his heart. Bienville's dream of the Fertile Crescent started as a dry rub and turned into a slip-n-slide detouring through Jimmy Swaggart's hotel room. For 300 years now, New Orleanians have been keeping their glasses full and their floaties pumped. Masters of all things liquid, Krewe Rue Bourbon has officially taken on the mantra, “The Wetter the Better.”

For years now, Bourbonites have been finding innovative ways to stay afloat in the City That Care Forgot. While out of towners view the fish bowl as a problem, Bourbonites view the ever-rising waters as an innovative tool for a healthy lifestyle. 69 year old Bourbon member Connie Lingus likes the daily struggle, noting, “Some days the only exercise I get is holding my drink over my head as I wade in the water.”

The members of Krewe Rue Bourbon have become experts on navigating life in the Crescent City. In fact, last year, the Krewe, along with the rest of the city, received participation trophies for withstanding the flash floods from Hurricane Harvey. Legacy Bourbonite Eric Chin spoke at the awards ceremony, saying, “It takes more than 16 pumps to rile me up!”

Pie-eyed and over the moon at their recent victory, Bourbon members clinked their drinks when their inner tubes happened to drift into each other. But with the Sewerage and Water Board actively working against the City, Bourbon members realized they needed to devise a plan to combat the 2018 Hurricane Season. Aimlessly afloat in a mixture of rainwater and

Bourbon juice, Krewe Members needed to think, to communicate, to sober up. They all paddled home, retrieved the rope from their beds, and started tying all of the inner tubes together.

For forty days and forty nights they drank on their mega-raft resisting the temptations of food, sex and hydration. And then, on the forty-first day of their seemingly endless tubing adventure, God himself appeared to Rue Bourbon. Voice booming, but shorter in stature than they expected, God proclaimed, “I am going to bring the floodwaters to New Orleans. If you want to stay afloat you shall build an ark - Nola’s Ark.”

With an already endless supply of wood, Bourbonites scattered to find pairs of animals to bring onto the ark. The Krewe journeyed over the bridge and down the road in search of local wildlife. In the treacherous swamp they felt a presence that only their grandmas had warned them about. They soon realized they were surrounded by a pack of mythical loup-garous! Their worst fears realized, Bourbonites fell to their knees and shook their fists in the air yelling, “Violations!”

Fleeing for their lives, Krewe members ran back towards the 9th Ward rounding up local treasures such as alligators and nutria rats along the way. Long time Bourbonite Harry Balzac even went as far as to jailbreak two of the notorious Lake Vista squirrels from their squirrel prison. When asked by Mayor Landrieu what he was doing, Balzac would only reply, “The Lord’s work.”

Finishing the ark in record time, Bourbonites raise their glasses to 300 years of perseverance. Krewe Rue Bourbon is floating into 2018 stocked with enough bourbon to survive the rapture.

New Fossil Notable for Tiny Hands, Huge Ass

HELL CREEK, MT – Paleontologists here have recently announced the discovery of a new species of tyrannosaurus fossil.

“It’s always arousing to lay bare virgin bones,” said lead excavator Dr. Peter Rock of Dickinson College in announcing the findings. “But this was huge... bigger than any I’ve done before. Probably the biggest find in the whole history of paleontology. The greatest fossil ever.”

The new species shares many traits in common with its well-known but smaller cousin, Tyrannosaurus Rex (or *T. Rex*, derived from a Greek/Latin mishmash meaning roughly “Lizard Tyrant King”). In addition to the tiny forearms and grasping claws that characterize *T. Rex* and other tyrannosaurus species, however, the newly unearthed bag of bones was notable for several distinct features.

First, the fossil displayed an unusual orange tint that Dr. Rock feels may be tied to high levels of gold in the dinosaur’s diet. “Gold doesn’t seem to add much functional value to the diet and doesn’t have a lot of taste in large quantities, but this creature seems to have had a voracious appetite for it,” Rock said.

In addition, the new lizard tyrant had particularly tiny hands, but an enlarged wind passage that scientists speculate led it to emit constant tweeting sounds, possibly out of both ends. Further, the fossil displayed an unusually large backside, inspiring its new scientific name, Tyrannosaurs Rump (*T. Rump*).

“*T. Rump* was literally just a huge ass walking around...bigly,” Rock ejaculated. “This was probably the most dangerous, slimiest monster ever to roam North America. It’s only appropriate that we found it in Hell...Creek.”

Advertisement

Jizz Brunch Soaks the Quarter in Ooh-Mommy Goodness

Need a way to shake those impending workweek blues? Tired of wieners? Join the Krewe of Drips and Discharges, well known for inappropriate pop-ups, as it hosts its most inappropriate pop-up yet.

On January 27, the wild spectacle that is sure to become the next big thing – the Jizz Brunch – will erupt onto the scene when cochon de laid meets cochon de lame in the form of the ultimate male chauvinist pig roast.

Every seat is at the chef’s table when the main course is Beshnuts roasting on an open fire with a side of extra fatty Batali pork belly.

Before the main course, you’ll get to wrap your tongue around a bit of an amuse douche in the form Teenie Tacos a la Roy Moore and the tiniest boudin balls you’ve ever seen – though they seem absolutely mammoth compared to the Trump hand rolls – along with a selection of carefully chosen hors perts like our infamous Louis C Krackers with special sauce, whether you want it or not. Then it’s time to dip your ladle into a steaming bowl of an ever-growing selection of poop du jour and get a taste of some Oysters Sock-a-fella.

Of course no brunch would be complete without libations, so to quench your thirst we’ll be offering a severely unpalatable bottomless Harvey Wine-stein and extra dry Charlie Rosé. But you might want to stay away from our dixologist’s special creation, the Cosby, as it has been known to cause temporary imaginary blindness.

To finish the meal, try the Crème BruLauer. It will lock your taste buds in a prison of deliciousness. So won’t you please join us as we celebrate, like the presidency, the toppling of another American institution on January 27, 2018.

CRUDE Declares “Wee Wee Mon Sewer”

A CLOGGED DRAIN NEAR YOU

— We the wee wee people, in order to create a more perfect parade, do ordain and establish this theme to show that New Orleans is pissed off at being pissed on.

From the very start New Orleans has been going with the flow.

It was the great gush of the Mississippi river, the mightily continental urethra, that put a city here in the first place. We've been all wet ever since.

Over 300 years there has sometimes been rain on our parades, and our cups (and basins and streets) have been known to overfloweth, and not just with love or wine but sometimes with less desirable contents.

Still New Orleans has stood through it all, and, for the fairer sex, popped the proverbial squat.

We have gotten creative with our waterworks, and never so much as during Carnival when of course there is nowhere to pee but always fresh encouragement.

We even learned that sometimes our levees need to take a leak. More than 10 years after the greatest flush in New Orleans history, though, we thought we had plumbed the depths of that problem and come out the better and drier for it.

But no. Our Sewerage and Water Board, the master plumbers of New Orleans itself, have taken the city's No. 1 priority and done a royal No. 2 of it.

And so as a summer rain slowly rose up, New Orleans could see a swirl of promises go down the drain. The wee wee people, the mere citizens of the city, were wee wee'd on yet again by the powers that pee.

Will New Orleans ever get the suction it deserves? Or will we have to admit that living here means

urine peril?

The one certainty seems to be that it's a foul wind that blows no one any good, and if you're pissing into it that is a foul wind indeed.

But life, and the parade, goes on. So on January 27, CRUDE declares “Wee Wee Mon Sewer!”

Corrections and Clarifications

Last year's front page story indicated that the Trump "flaws and disorder" agenda included a ban on higher education. The ban is actually on all forms of education, in support of the Republican need for totally uneducated voters.

Comatose predicted that the next Trump hotel would be in Chernobyl. In fact, construction is about to begin on Trump Tower Jerusalem; the building will then be leased to the U.S. government for its embassy.

The KSAL Lucky Dog menu failed to include one popular item: the "Rocket Man" Dog, a short, fat wiener grilled until glowing over a nuclear warhead.

It was reported in last year's edition that Donald Trump is president of the United States. Monde de Merde regrets deeply that it cannot correct this error.

CHEZ COMATOSE

RAW FOOD MENU

Fine Dining for gastronomie, money grubbing, et groping pleasure... salty bursts of supple flesh!

Oysters Landrieu: in a lame duck sauce avec cameras invasive et mollusks monumental.

Oysters Sextoya Cantrell: served atop a warm city credit card with a tossed marijuana salad.

Oysters Campanella: 300 year old bivalves prepared sur le table on a magnificently large coffee table book. First served in Immobile, Alabama by renegade hermaphrodites.

Oysters Soeur de Bienville: served by virginal casquette girls on a bed of swamp mud adorned with Spanish moss.

Oysters Besh: brought with a James Bearded Oyster Award and a finger fuck. This dish will stick to your underpants. (Not for the Shy-a)

Oysters Rockefeller: fat Oysters stuffed with thousand dollar bills in a warm petroleum sauce. Pearls in every oyster!

Oysters Merde: Louisiana Senator Bill Cassidy's namesake dish. Heavily doctored and deadly.

Oysters Cedric Grant: featuring a raw sewage sauce, a Catch Basin potage, and a shell game. Comes with Septic Water Crackers.

Oysters City Council: 7 disparate bivalves that refuse to be shucked, accompanied by a Two Mayor Martini.

Oysters Irvin Mayfield: gold-plated molusks served with a warm warrant sauce. For Librarians only.

Sashimi Chris Owens: fresh looking 300 year-old raw fish!

Crudo Krewe du Vieux: an overrated dish, it appears on our menu only once a year. How do 19 floats manage to make your dreams sink?

Ceviche Edwards: a signature dish of Chez Comatose, bribed oysters mingled with vivre fille et morte garcon.

Oysters Destrehan: seductively served by horny female high school teachers, a boy's wet dream come true.

Ceviche Frank Scurlock: a simple dish of onanism, prepared in California or as a nocturnal emission.

Sushi Vitter: delivered hypocritically to your table by 2 Wendys and served in a diaper.

Can't Take No Moore Sashimi: fresh 14 year-old tuna generously wrapped in RNC contributions. This dish will be forced down your throat by one of our cowboy waiters!

504 Rue du Pussy, in the heart of the Wench Quarter!

Come for the gelid ocean essence, the sublime brine...

Back From the Future, the New Orleans Sexcentennial

H2NO-LA – In anticipation of celebrating the 600th anniversary of New Orleans, mild-mannered scientist and explorer Dr. Finn Mariner decided to test his new time-travel machine, the Glory Hole. Setting the year for 2318, Dr. Mariner climbed into his souped-up Lucky Dog Cart, which looked like a submarine and pipe organ mixed with a hotdog stand. With little room inside the Glory Hole for anything other than himself and his assistant Miss Merryweather, Dr. Mariner fired up the engine fed by broken dreams and Mississippi river water. One onlooker described the scene as the Glory Hole departed as a sputtering spectacle spewing fluids, flotsam and trash that suddenly disappeared in a muddy brown squirt down Bourbon Street.

Dr. Mariner and Miss Merryweather arrived in a wet and wild future where the polar ice caps had melted and all of New Orleans was submerged beneath the thick murky water of the Mississippi. Just in time for the Sexcentennial celebration, Dr. Mariner and his assistant quickly found themselves in

the throws of the greatest underwater show on earth.

As The Glory Hole screeched to a sputtering and rattling halt at the corner of St. Louis and Bourbon Streets, Dr. Mariner and Miss Merryweather suddenly began to grow gills and webbed fingers and toes. Stepping out into the dank water, they found themselves in the middle of a drunk and debauched party surrounded by mutant Sexcentennial revelers slithering and swimming down Bourbon Street. Desperate for some familiarity, the pair entered Chris Owens Club. Sporting her signature long black mane and sequined body suit and fishnets, Ms. Owens appeared to have changed little in 300 years with the exception of glittery gills on her neck and a sparkling fin to help propel her through the water as she gyrated while singing “Sitting on the Cock of the Bay.”

Eager to learn more about this strangely familiar underwater world, Dr. Mariner befriended a crusty local at the bar, known only as One Eyed Willie. Willie explained that after mul-

tiple pump failures by numerous politicians the water began to rise, pouring out of the now-termed “snatch basins” like vagizzle from a Storyville whore. In typical New Orleans fashion, locals quickly adapted, developing breathing apparatus out of window units, used nitrous tanks, empty 40 ounce bottles, and Rouses bags. He didn’t recall exactly when people started to grow gills and fins. Sighing with resignation over his third or fourth Salty Dog, he took a sip and simply declared, “300 years cum quick, Doctor.”

With that, the good Dr. Mariner and Miss Merryweather took their leave to join in the Sexcentennial celebration. As water cannons erupted like pent up teenage boys spewing colored waterworks across the horizon, the pair found themselves in a second line parade fueled by the underwater stylings of Gully Washer Brass Band. As the parade passed Bourbon Street clubs, Dr. Mariner spied a new breed, the Merstripper. The fake boobs and glitter were vaguely familiar but the fins and gills were new. To his left he got a glimpse of Misty Squirt, a rather

large merstripper known for spouting a steady stream from her very own snatch basin. To his right, he danced past Stormy Swallows, who somehow managed to combine super soaker guns and lack of a gag reflex into a vaudevillian merstripper show.

Continuing past the merstripper clubs and oxygen bars, the parade reached Esplanade Avenue, where it stalled as it met a carriage of tourists pulled by giant mutant catfish. Not to be deterred, the Gully Washers broke into “When the Saints Go Swimming In”, and the parade enveloped the carriage and headed towards the Marigny where he had been told “the real Sexcentennial Celebration” began.

Dr. Mariner and Miss Merryweather didn’t know where to look first. They saw Fellatio Nelson navigating a yellow submarine, who looked to be fresh out of merman boot camp with a flat top, tattoos and bulging muscles. Captain Hook and his Hookers combined pirates, pasties and fishnets over fins and webbed feet. A Purple Starfish swam down the street with a hairy Fish Taco. Caught up in the celebration, the usually buttoned down Miss Merryweather had stripped down to her gills and was last seen swimming off towards the Bywater with a Fish named Wanda.

As daylight glistened above the drowned city peaking through the murky waters, the partygoers drifted off towards home or the next party and the LEWD Dr. Mariner decided it was time to return to the Glory Hole and 2018. It was clear to Dr. Mariner that this new H2NO-LA might be under water, but that despite the deluge and 300 years, New Orleans will never change.

Inane Relives the Great Castration

PUSSYVILLE – Penis stakes and guillotines will be on full display this year as the Krewe of the Mystic Inane relives those heady headless days of the Great Castration.

That culling of all things phallic ushered in 300 years of tranquility for New Orleans, where flooding and backed up sewers were no match for hedonism, debauchery and general benign neglect.

“The loss of dicks was a great gain for advances in human dignity,” the late philosopher Mario DeFartes once said. “Not so much for sanitation.”

Celebrated every January 27, the Great Castration was a direct response to Marie Antoinette’s predilection for

mixing cayenne pepper with her orgies. Holding command of all things penis, her answer to all economic uncertainty was, predictably, “Let them eat cock!”

The literati in the Marigny and the peasantry in Gentilly rubbed some heads together and realized that taking some circumcisions a few steps further would diminish Antoinette’s strangle grip.

Things, however, rapidly got out of hand and pants.

The call of “off with their dicks” quickly produced a glut of sausage, which for years became the port of New Orleans’ major export. The years that followed were grand: People

could marry everyone and everything and mom and pop shops were just about popping moms. Prosperity quadrupled when an edict shortly after that ins-erection forced any business without a woman leader to move to Jefferson Parish.

DeFartes, who finally kicked the bucket after 342 years of droning on endlessly about his theories on mechanical onanism and autoerotic gun play, had long predicted the anti-phallus era and its benefits.

“No dicks is great for chicks,” he once said with the eloquence of a scrub brush. “And no cocks, perfect for jocks. Trust me.”

Travel Section

Breitbart Travelogue: SPANKtuary City, New Orleans

I was apprehensive when I was recently sent by Breitbart to write a little travelogue about New Orleans: SPANKtuary City. Let me tell you before you go any further, dear reader, you do not want to visit. This town is so full of deviance from our standard, God-fearing, Great America that you would not dare cross the threshold of the parish line. I thought it would be a genteel weekend in a southern city built on the ideals and Glory of the Confederacy, but instead I found a city in love with some foreign notion they call *laissez faire*: it was horrible. Damned foreigners.

On the taxi ride in from the airport alone, I counted at least five hundred thousand “bad hombres”. There were so many of them, in fact, they could’ve almost filled a Trump rally. It seemed like they were just fixing houses and filling potholes but you and I both know what they were really doing... forcing the sale of crack cocaine to the children of New Orleans. Stealing the jobs of red-blooded American men as cover. Who would suspect that they were drug money rich while digging ditches in 105 degree heat, sweating and miserable, packed ten people to a two bedroom house, thousands of miles away from home? Can’t fool us, dreamers, we know the facts. If you want to do something in this country that will help us, learn English.

Now in this taxi to the French quarter you wouldn’t believe who was driving... goddamn ISIS! He was clearly well trained by his masters - this guy did not have an accent, was not wearing a rag on his head, and did not mention his blessed Allah one single time. He must have gone through some serious jihad to be that good. I could tell he was a refugee – but still he had the gall to claim he’s lived in Jefferson Parish for 27 years and saved up the money to bring his entire family here from Pakistan. Liar! I know, because my

great-grandpappy did that about 100 years ago and my great-grandpappy didn’t look like a terrorist! While I was riding and he was distracted I made a quick anonymous call to the National Jihad Suspect tipline. Not today, ISIS! Not on my watch!

When I finally got to my hotel I decided to go for a stroll down Bourbon Street. This may have been the highlight of the trip. Fine young men drinking America the beer, slapping each other in the butt, and wooing young ladies by grabbing their ladyparts. Just boys being boys. Good old Great American fun. Bourbon Street is *the perfect example* of Great America. I settled in for some famous New Orleans food at a place one of the fine young men recommended to me, ye Olde Jambalaya Gumbo Alligator Jazz Cabin. The jambalaya was too spicy. The gumbo was too spicy. The ice was too spicy. Quick question to all of you SPANKtuary citizens: where are all of the TGI Fridays? The music was everywhere and it was okay but, like a Boyz 2 Men rendition of the National Anthem, just a little too “black sounding” for me. I mean, even the place with the bull was playing that hippity hop music.

Mind you not everything about Bourbon Street is Great. There are some unsavory homosexuals down the far end of the street. Unlike the aforementioned ISIS jihadi, these ones are hard to spot. First of all, if you see someone who is just like you, whether dancing in the street or having a quiet drink at a corner bar, he could possibly be one of them. Terrifying. I myself refused to interact with any of them for fear of what they might be thinking of doing to me. While using the restrooms in one of the establishments down at this end of the street, a man stood next to me, and I could just sense him looking at me. Watching me. He could be undressing me with his eyes, wanting to brush past me on the

way to the sink just so, touching my chest ever so slightly with his rippling triceps, causing me to moan softly as he turned and grabbed me from behind and tore off my shirt and thrust his strong hand down the front of my bulging trousers, touching me in the same way as the right Reverend Chandler Prescott of the Fifth Baptist Church did when I was 13 ... I mean, he could have been thinking these sorts of thoughts and infecting me with these feelings. How could a woman-loving guy like me be comfortable in a city that tolerates such deviancy? Save them, white Jesus.

Well, dear reader, I could only take that sort of attention for a few hours. It was only then that I noticed that the

numbers of fine young men were being replaced by more thugs and animals on Bourbon Street, so I took a pedicab back to my hotel, as I had clearly seen and experienced all of what precious little the SPANKtuary city had to offer. The police need to do a better job of keeping these thugs and animals from being out on the street and ruining the festive atmosphere that the fine young men had going.

Clearly, this place is a hotbed of all the anti-red-blooded-American sentiments you can think of. Hopefully with all of the surveillance and speed cameras coming on line, they can someday make New Orleans Great again and all of right-thinking, God-fearing people of this great land can start to visit this sad, sad place once more.

Advice Column

Ask Canny Buzz

Dear Canny Buzz,

Last year, I started a new job even though there were several more experienced candidates for the position. According to the experts (i.e., me), I have accomplished more than any other person who has held this office. With the biggest hands! The best for grabbing pussy, which I absolutely deny doing. Even though I am the smartest person with the best temperament, the fake news continues to question my qualifications. What should I do?

Friend of Putin

Dear Tweeter-in-Chief,

You’re fired!

Dear Canny Buzz,

I am currently employed in my dream job. I have the opportunity to accomplish many of my most cherished goals: turning back the clock on civil rights, going after legal marijuana, ridding the country of non-white immigrants. But my boss keeps harassing me on Twitter. Is it worth it?

Jefferson Beauregard Sessions

Dear Attorney General Weed-Killer,
You’re fired!

Dear Canny Buzz,

I am one of Hollywood’s fattest biggest moguls. Hundreds of people owe their success to me, so why shouldn’t I expect

something in return? So what if I like to work in a bathrobe. Or naked. And yet all those women have said such horrible things about our consensual activities. Even the potted plant was a willing participant. How ungrateful!

Hollywood Hotshot

Dear Harvey,
You’re fired!

Dear Canny Buzz,
I work for a fucking moron. What should I do?

Hiding in the Cabinet

Dear Rex,
Quit! Before you get fired.

Dear Canny Buzz,
I am a highly qualified individual who has conducted thousands of hours of research into herbal remedies. I have participated in countless meetings in smoke-filled venues with excellent agendas. To be blunt, I am seeking any position that will allow me to participate in a joint effort delving into the weeds of this important inquiry.

Alice B. Tokemore

Dear Ms. Tokemore,
You’re hi(gh)ered! The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) is looking for good buds like you. You are invited to get fired up as we roll at the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 27.

RTA Cuts Ribbon on Canal Street Submarine Terminal

In the latest of a long line of events commemorating the upcoming 400th anniversary of the City of New Orleans, Mayor Mitch Landrieu-Cantrell IV yesterday cut the ribbon celebrating the opening of the new RTA river bottom submarine transfer station located at the foot of Canal Street. The station will serve riders of the New Orleans Regional Transit Authority submarine fleet. The fleet is managed and operated by Transdev North America, which has operated the New Orleans mass transit system for the past 110 years, pursuant to a perpetual management and operation contract with the RTA.

The opening of the new transfer station coincides with the introduction of a new fleet of RTA submarines. The new vessels will be used on routes to the following locations:

- Under the Lakeview
- Bottom of the Lake Vista
- No more Lakeshore
- Lower, Lower Ninth Ward
- Lower Water Garden District
- Byunderwater

According to RTA, all operators on the new submarines will be outfitted with state-of-the-art diving suits to protect them in the event of any unexpected vessel depressurization. If the vessels should experience any depressurization, the operators will circulate among the passengers, encouraging them to hold their breath until the vessel surfaces.

The design for the new submarine transfer station has been the subject of controversy for a number of years. Initial plans released by RTA would have required submarine riders to don diving gear to travel from the transfer station to individual submarines. RTA eventually agreed to construct pressurized tunnels that will connect the station to the submarines. This decision resulted from sustained and intense protests by the Algiers community,



led by 185-year-old Jackie Clarkson, a former state legislator, city council member, and four-term mayor of New Orleans (2030 through 2046).

Water levels in the City of New Orleans have risen to 60 feet since Mayor Landrieu-Cantrell's great-great-great-great grandfather Mitch Landrieu served as mayor 100 years ago. This rise resulted from the Great Inundation of 2085. The Great Inundation was caused by the simultaneous failures of the Sewerage & Water Board pumps and power turbines and the federal levees during the 25-30 inches of rain that fell on the city on May 8, 2085.

While the 60 feet of water that now cover the City of New Orleans because of the Great Inundation generated numerous problems, Mayor Landrieu-Cantrell noted that there were also many benefits:

1. The condition of the city's catch basins, pumps, and turbines ceased to be an issue.
2. Red light and speeding cameras were totally disabled.
3. The condition of city streets is no longer a problem, because automobiles cannot be operated under the 60 feet of water that now cover the City.
4. Beggars no longer congregate at busy roadway intersections.
5. Vehicle/bicyclist/pedestrian conflicts have been eliminated.

6. The Audubon Nature Institute's Aquarium of the Americas was immediately expanded by several hundred square miles. (This was the only expansion in the 153-year history of the Audubon Institute to occur without imposition of a new property tax millage.)

To celebrate the new transfer station and commencement of the new submarine routes, RTA operators will join the Krewe of KAOS in taking to the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter on the night of January 27 to distribute complimentary submarine passes and transfers.

Mama Roux's Tails from Days of Yore

ASSTORIA – Deep in the bayou country around the City that Care Forgot, the Cajuns of the marshes, swamps and woodlands tell the story of their adventuring French ancestors who founded our great state. Their fore-bearers, they are quick to tell you, were fur-wearers, and they brought with them their fondness for foraging in the forest and finding furry friends.

As every creole schoolchild knows, Louisiana's fur trade and its picturesque largest city were both founded by either d'Iberville or Bienville. No one is really sure which one, because it was a really dark night, everyone was loaded, and all the Le Moyne brothers look alike.

For 2018, Mama Roux is celebrating the establishment of Louisiana's fur trade. Three hundred years ago, Bourbon Street, City Park and even Uptown were teeming with skunks, foxes, muskrats, and several varieties of beaver. A few things have changed since those bygone days, but New Orleans is still known as a good place to set a trap.

Local historian St. Villere de la Tour La Harpe, Professor of Swamp Fevers at Marigny Vo-Tech, sat down with *Le Monde de Merde* to contribute his insights for a look back at the Louisiana fur trade and its connections to, and influence on, the fecund fleshpit where we crawl home today.

After one or three too many cups

of Kickapoo Joy Juice, however, de la Tour started in about "bear rubs," "leg holds," "body gripping," and "snares," and by that time it was hard to determine if he was talking about actual trapping techniques or engaging in some highly suggestive innuendo. He seemed to be saying that the Indian Intercourse Act of 1790 cast a dark cloud over the competition for minkins, skunk pelts, panty hamsters, cat rugs, and squirrel covers, and the fur trade at last moved to Airline Highway, another victim of urban decay and white rat flight.

But, as they say, fur-warmed is fur-armed, and as we celebrate our city's tricentennial, Mama Roux's monarchs, King Vic and Queen Lori Bush, have a lot of skin in the game. They are pumped and they are pimped, and they encourage one and all to let the fur fly!



Visit the Krewe du Vieux website:
[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))

City of New Orleans Announces Major Breakthrough

Pimps & Hoes Hired to Swallow Drainage Issues

MONEDA STREET – Floods last summer in Mid City and Lakeview devastated businesses and homeowners, causing major headaches across the region. There was plenty of finger-pointing and blame thrown around City Hall before Mayor Mitch Landrieu finally admitted that Sewerage & Water Whores had dropped the ball once again.

S&WW, now under control of the mayor's office, notified *Monde du Merde* that catch basins across the area had not been cleaned in three hundred years. Recent inspections turned up everything from Mardi Gras doubloons from the late nineteenth century to a sword reportedly once owned by Jean-Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville.

The recent issues caused the immediate resignation of S&WW President Givme Monet, followed by the entire board of directors, who will all reap the benefits of six-figure pensions. "It's unfortunate that we are taking all the blame," Monet stated in a press release. "We just couldn't squeeze any more dollars out of the public coffers to get our jobs done." Mayor Landrieu echoed the sentiment, "If only we had diverted some of those wasted dollars spent on catch basins and pumping stations toward more lavish dinners and prostitution, we wouldn't be in this situation."

To tackle the issue, Mayor Landrieu suggested the city needs to raise sixty five million dollars from an already stretched budget. As a stop-gag measure, Landrieu has signed off on a four-million-dollar purchase of pumps and hose slated for Pumping Station #6, which hasn't been working properly in nearly a decade. The

contractor selected for the job, Cousin Kenny Construction, may have misunderstood the directive. "The need for pimps and hoes would be a major boon for the entire region," he told reporters at a recent news conference.

Hundreds of French Quarter strippers and bouncers turned out at City Hall after the announcement. Lacy Fuckman, captain of the Krewe du Mishigas and President of the French Quarter Missionary Society, seemed excited about the opportunity to continue working with the Sewerage & Water Whores. "We've been sucking and draining their pumps for years so it's nice to finally get some

recognition."

There was some backlash at the announcement, however. Mayor-elect Latoya Cantrell was disappointed that none of this was going through her city-issued credit card and newly-elected councilman Jay Banks wanted to know when he would get some time with the pimps and hoes. "Can't this wait until we are sworn in?" Banks asked, "So I can have my pump drained?"

With the announcement, city officials are confident that even if we get another eight inches, Mid City and Lakeview will be able to handle the outcome. "I am sure that these

pimps and hoes can take eight inches," Landrieu said, "even if it goes through back door channels." Neighborhood residents aren't so sure. "Eight inches? It only takes three inches to fuck us in the ass," said KdV captain and Mid City resident Mitch Cumstein.

Only time will tell if this announcement will pay any dividends, but frustrated citizens seem ready for action. A march is scheduled for January 27th through the Bywater and French Quarter, where pimps and hoes will be on hand to throw their money down the drain. Citizens are hopeful that the Sewerage and Water Whores will be there to suck up the mess.



Sewage and Water Boarding

The N.O. S&WB will be collecting long overdue bills on an individual basis, so please call us. We will be using the oldest technology and real river water to ensure lowest cost, the K.O.M. will accept payments in advance of this process.