



Le Monde de Merde

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Exclaims “The City of Yes Yes Oh God Yes”

Walter “Wolfman” Washington To Lead the Pack

OH NOLA – No, no, oh god no.

This refrain was heard commonly, desperately, despairingly across the land over the past year. From the latest political calamity to the latest New Orleans “flooding event”, negativity reigned and rained.

Nobody reined in the second-grade playground bully squirming in the Oval Office, tweeting out of his oval orifice. Indeed, the Washington Post had to hire extra fact-checkers just to keep up with the president’s NOtorious lies. It was enough to make PiNOcchio blush.

The igNOble fraud that was the Trump Foundation was shut down, to the dismay of its namesake, who had thought it was the foundation for his lusted-after border wall. Speaking of lust, the Tweeter-in Chief pulled out of Syria prematurely, continuing his long (or short) tradition of premature pull-outs.

Stormy weather, indeed.

The damage in DC spread like a NOcturnal emission across the country. The Environmental Plundering Agency nullified one protective measure after aNOther, ensuring our children’s planet would be a hot, poisonous mess. Women and Democrats pleaded Kava-NO, but the Supreme Court listed further to the right. And the number of Americans seeking asylum in Canada reached record proportions. #MeLeavingToo.

The rapid turNOver within the White House and Cabinet left hell scrambling to build more room for its future inhabitants. Wayne’s World, aka the NRA, was infiltrated by a bumbling female Russian spy, proving the organization was NOthing more than a bunch of Bulltinkle.

And the mass shootings just continued to pile up...

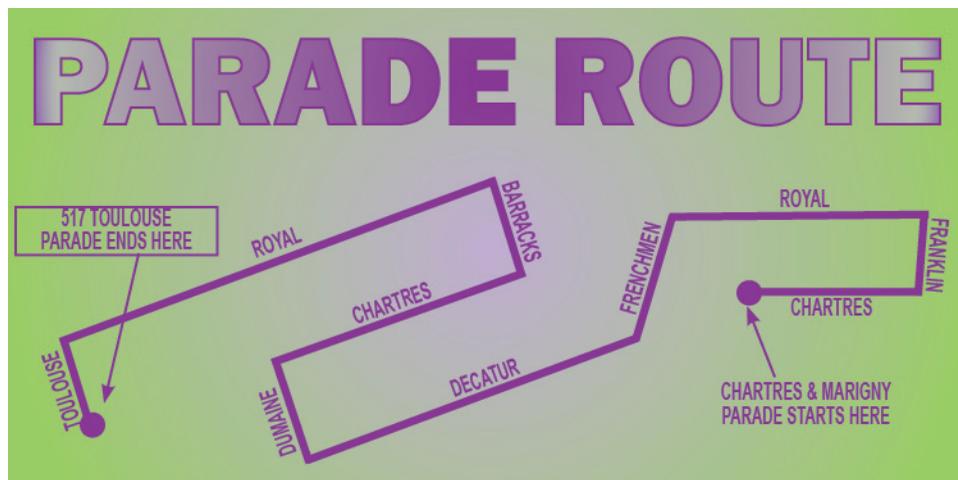
Ultimately, the electoral blue wave only crested in half the waters, leaving us with a divided government that was a perfect metaphor for our divided nation.

NOtably in Louisiana, the sundry swamp creatures that pass for state legislators finally – okay, temporarily – solved the state’s budget crisis in special session number 3,142. Meaningful criminal justice reform continued to progress, prompting President Trump to purchase an in-state residence he dubbed “Bayou-a-Lie-go”. This did NOt amuse LA Senator John Kennedy and his NOisy ally Attorney General Rabid Jeff Landry; Kennedy announced he was NOt running for governor because “yellow pickles don’t palpitate a scarab’s NOse.”

On the local scene, LaToya Don’t Ask Can’trell became the first female mayor in the city’s 300-year history. The try-sin-tenniel fervor was dampened by revelations that former Mayor Landrieu had been balancing the city budget with funds designated for other agencies; he hopes the statues of limitations will run out before things get too deep.

Speaking of deep, the Sewerage and Waterboard, having found that neither electricity, gas turbines or mules provided a reliable power source, built a huge tower that would store water and then send it plunging downward to keep the pumps running – only to find out that gravity sucks. In other water-related NOsense, the new, multi-million-dollar ferries failed Coast Guard inspection, sinking yet aNOther Landrieu initiative. Good thing the ex-mayor’s family has about NOillion short-term rental units to help pay the bills and gentrify the neighborhoods.

NOne of this really mattered, though,



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 16, 2019 at 6:30 PM

as the Saints racked up the best record in the NFL and captured Dome-field advantage for the playoffs. True believers suggested that the Circle That Must NOt Be Named in fact be renamed Brees Circle.

Faced with all these NOes, the yesses, tresses, messes, misses, asses and pissers of Krewe du Vieux responded with an orgasmic ecstasy of affirmation, and will spread themselves along the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter on Saturday, February 16 at 6:30 PM. Spectators are advised to boil their water, stifle (at least partially) their screams and moans, and say yes to every proposition that comes their way.

Leading the stacked crack pack of slackers along the route will be musical legend and Roadmaster Walter “Wolfman” Washington. King Walter’s past and future will present themselves in a howling good time as he heads the merry, musical, magical caravan.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own orgasmic, miasmatic, phantasmic, protoplasmic, plastic, fantastic, elastic and completely ecstatic 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, Mystick 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 is not being appealed to the Supreme Court.

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 Lone Wolf of Many Packs

A musician who has played with, and been influenced by, a pantheon of New Orleans music icons – yet has forged a unique musical legacy and is an icon in his own right. A man who has played in many bands and led no small number of his own – and is now about to lead the biggest, baddest band (of gypsies, tramps and fevered Eves) of them all.

Walter “Wolfman” Washington will reign as the 2019 King of Krewe du Vieux, and as with everything else in his life, he will do it in his own unique style.

Like the Krewe’s own meandering path, King Walter’s route to becoming a living musical legend took any number of twists and turns.

“Growing up, all I did was sing. I didn’t think of myself as a musician. My mom wanted me to learn the piano, but I didn’t take to it. I sang in school, then in a spiritual vocal group. I realized they needed a guitar in the group, but no one wanted to do it. So I chose to do it.”

In classic Wolfman fashion, our Musical Monarch began by building his own guitar, a crude assemblage of loose parts found around his Central City home. Finally one of his uncles (one of several musicians in the family clan) gave him an old acoustic guitar.

“It was open-tuned due to me singing, I didn’t really know how to tune it. One day our group played at WBOK, and I saw this cat playing with all his fingers. I saw what could happen with a guitar. So my uncle showed me how to tune it, and from there I just kept watching all these cats play.”

Our Singing Sultan received his first electric guitar from his late cousin Ernie K-Doe – past Krewe du Vieux royalty himself – a Gibson model. To this day, King Walter prefers Gibsons.

His obvious talents and musical connections landed him a variety of high-profile gigs, beginning when he

was still just a young pup. He was the guitarist in the house band at the legendary Dew Drop Inn, and toured with New Orleans greats like Johnny Adams, Lee Dorsey, Irma Thomas, and David Lastie.

Still, our Musical Maharajah was in his late 20s before he realized he was truly a musician. This insight hit him while he was on the road with Lastie.

“I loved playing music, but I didn’t feel I was really being one. But I began to realize that you don’t have to play what other people play. I started feeling more confident, like I understood the language. Each chord represents a word, and you have to know what each one means, and why you should play them.”

He credits the Lastie family with helping understand what it means to be a real musician.

“By me traveling, I learned more about the professionalism – how you carry yourself, how you want to be known. I traveled so many miles and hours, but I never really got to know the places I went. You’re always getting ready for the gig. I remember the people much more than the places.”

Along the way, King Walter began writing his own songs.

“When I write a song, I think about the music first. Then I start writing the words. Some come from my imagination, some from my life experiences. Once a song gets in my head, it’s all over – I’ll work on it for months.”

With his own growing songbook, and growing reputation as both a vocalist and guitar player, our Maestro of Many Melodies began landing his own gigs, emerging as a key member of the classic New Orleans blues/R&B scene. With his larger ensemble, the Roadmasters, or as a trio with Joe Krown and Russell Batiste, King Walter has played at every club you ever heard of around town, along with as many more you have not. He’s played

at festivals near and far, and recorded multiple albums.

Amazingly, our timeless King has just celebrated his 75th birthday. Coincidentally, close to this momentous occasion he also released his latest album, “My Future is My Past.” The album is something of a departure from his previous recordings.

“Ben [Ellman, the album’s producer] asked what did I want to record. I told him you pick the songs, and he picked mostly ballads. I always like singing them, but I never thought about recording them.

“The title comes from the future for me is being able to pay attention to what I’ve learned in the past and being able to use it in the future.”

“My Future is My Past” is an exceptional piece of work, and includes both King Walter’s first recording of a song by cousin K-Doe and first recording with Irma Thomas.

“It was a real thrill to record with Irma, one of the highlights of doing the CD. The whole album has a lot of musicians I had never recorded with. It’s the only time I’ve ever recorded with an upright bass. James [Singleton] played that thing like he was listening to what I was singing.”

Another first for our Songwriter



Tsar will be reigning over a Carnival parade. King Walter has played at several Krewe du Vieux Doos over the years, and seen the parade a few times, “but I never thought I would do something like that. It hit me as a complete surprise. It’s one of the thrills of my life.”

Given the incredible journey of our Lupine Liege, this is quite a statement. As a man who has traveled the world, and whose threads are woven into the tapestry of New Orleans music in so many places, yet walked this path in his own way and on his own terms, King Walter has pretty much seen and done it all.

Asked what advice he might have for his adoring subjects, our Singing Sovereign smiled that giant, infectious smile of his and suggested, “Just have fun, bro!”

Krewe du Vieux Doo
Saturday, February 16 • Doors open 10:00 PM
517 Toulouse Street
featuring
George Porter Jr. & Runnin’ Pardners
with Herlin Riley & Special Guests
and
Glamrock Superfoxx
Tickets \$50
Available from Krewe du Vieux members
Check www.kreweduvieux.org for other locations
21 and over only • fête costumée

It Came From the Catch Basin

New Orleans city officials said on Thursday that more than 46 tons - or 93,000 pounds - of Carnival beads were among 7.2 million pounds of trash pulled from clogged catch basins along a five-block stretch of a downtown parade route. "Once you hear a number like that, there's no going back," Dani Galloway, interim director of the city's Department of Public Works, said during a news conference.

The small blinking object passed through the throng of hands, hit the street and bounced harmlessly into the gutter. It was only a few ounces, but it became part of the tons of beads that would find their way into the catch basins. But the bounce had been hard, and the soft plastic was torn, the battery exposed. Few would ever guess what this seemingly insignificant event would unleash.

Waiting was the slime, the ooze, surrounding masses of cheap Chinese plastic of questionable composition, masses of leaves, red bagged newspapers, and the chicken bones, beer cans, cigarette butts, and other detritus the first days of excess had produced. And that first blink, that tiny shock, was all it took.

Vic brought the Vac truck to a halt and the crew began the set up. This catch basin had been cleaned a few weeks before Mardi Gras. Even with the beads from the first few parades, it should not have clogged again so soon. But after the last big rain six houses full of not-so-happy people with a lot of pull had water in their homes, so here they were again.

As soon as the boom and hoses were in place, they began the Vac operation. But something was wrong. A little flush of mud and leaves, then nothing. It seemed to be completely clean. Suddenly the truck shuddered, the hose jumped and blew apart. Vic shut it down, jumping out to check on the guys. Everyone was a little dazed but okay. But he could have sworn something was watching.

The throng of skeptical reporters listened as the reformed Sewerage & Water Board assured them the pumps

had, in fact, been working. But drains all over the city had been mysteriously clogging. Public Works reported that the entire system had nearly been shut down. The cause was not with the system; someone or something was behind it.

From the podium, noted scientist Dr. Holland described the grainy security cam video. From the catch basin, a lumpy green protuberance reached out and pulled masses of beads into the drain. Samples had been taken which unequivocally revealed a life form of unknown origin, composed primarily of beads, inhabiting the drainage system and able to block it at will. And it was growing, absorbing masses of beads into its body. What could be done?

The Mayor and city leaders pondered their options. Sightings of the creature continued to rise, and it was getting larger with each parade. Attempts to capture or destroy the monster had failed, as it simply disintegrated into masses of beads and reformed elsewhere. Sidney Torres' self-funded "Operation Bead Sweep" appeared to be an ineffective publicity stunt.

The premise that perhaps we should we simply stop throwing beads had already been dismissed out of hand. Filling the streets knee deep in Chinese plastic was simply part of our culture. There was no going back, another way had to be found.

A special task force was the only answer; a joint effort of scientists, engineers, and other experts from around the city to combat the monster. Banding together as the Krewe of SpanK, they would take to the streets as the Bead Busters, and the City's only hope.

Comatose Kills the Story

NEW ORLEANS – Faux News reporters, aka "Shills for Stupidity" are blanketing the city. They have infected *The Advocate*, *The Times-Picayune*, *Gambit*, and *Where Y'at*, a faux navigational tool. However, they cleverly left reports on all City Council proceedings intact. (Things at City Hall are bad enough already.)

While citizens sleep, these deceivers erase negative news stories and sugar-coat disasters. Killing the story has always been easy in The Big Easy where grammar and punctuation have always been unique.

Good journalism is literature in a hurry; it provides society with a guard dog, not a lap dog. This Invasion of the Truth Snatchers was born out of the Brain-Eating Amoeba disaster in Terrebonne Parish. Now infected deeply, the entire region is being rewritten in imaginary ink!

Headlines like we see these days don't write themselves. Pundits with pencils and editors with deadlines brandish truth and facts amidst a sea of deception and germs. The first victim was Hap Glaudi, a product of the Ninth Ward. He taught us that the less you know, the more you believe!

Newer Faux News reporters are Will Coviello and Clancy DuBos. They were flipped into Zombies like pancakes at Betsy's on Canal.

Margaret Orr, our eternal meteorologist, has been giving fake forecasts for decades – we think she enjoys making us carry umbrellas on sunny days – but not as much as she enjoys soaking the masses. Almost certainly Jim Cantore has been instrumental in proving that climate change does not exist – so we know where he stands!

Dennis Woltering, former WWL faux news anchor, struggled against murdering the Truth until marching in Krewe du Vieux pickled his brain.

Democracy dies in darkness, so our gazillion-watt generator will drain the lights with Daniel Pearl-paid-for siphons as it winds through the narrow streets of the Vieux Carre.

Beware, New Orleans: the Mystick Krewe of Comatose has sold out to the forces of darkness. All it took was a few gold chains, bracelets, and a chance to dance with swords and a Saudi Prince. Look for a magical, glowing orb and an obese, orange-haired orangutan fellating a Crown Prince as the float dances by on Saturday night. Also look for the remains of Jamal Khashoggi. Come touch a bloody bone saw and see actual driver's licenses issued to Saudi women!

Remember: Journalists don't mistake slogans for solutions and every time you make a typo, the errorists win!

Corrections and Clarifications

Last year's *Monde de Merde* implied that the purpose of the Sewerage and Water Board is to drain water from the City of New Orleans. Overwhelming evidence suggests that the agency's purpose is actually to retain water.

The Krewe of Underwear article indicated that permits are never issued in New Orleans. Further research proves that a permit was in fact issued, on June 31, 1871.

Monde de Merde suggested that President Donald Trump had a reputation for screwing anything that moves. Sources close to First Lady Melania Trump now confirm that movement is not a requirement of his.

When listing the RTA submarine route destinations in the KAOS article, the following were omitted: Faubourg Marine, Sunk Roch and Fisher.

The CRAPS article intimated that Gov. Edwards wanted to use a time machine as a way to make winning football game bets to balance the state budget. His Belness' actual intent was to bet the ponies.

Lust In Space: A LEWD Odyssy

STARDATE 2.16.19. Space: the final full frontal. These are the voyages of the starship Orgasma. Its five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go to every unexplored orifice in the universe.

Captain LaToya Cunilingrella, or Captain C to her Krewe, has just been given the most important mission of her starship career: find a new planet for her people. An urgent cry for help has reached the starship Orgasma from planet NOLA. Sewerage on the planet was shooting up out of the streets and covering her homeland. The thick, dark muck of the notorious Sewerage and Water Board criminal network was taking over NOLA, seeping in and up from every crevice and crack. Her people had only days left before they would all be suffocated in the sewage.

Wasting no time, Captain C strapped on her dildo, armed herself with her vibrator and cracked the whip at her side. The starship Orgasma leapt into hyperspace, its first stop the planet Leatherette. Captain C had heard its people were welcoming and would be tolerant of the diverse and hedonistic peoples of planet NOLA.

As the starship entered Leatherette's airspace, Captain C assembled her exploratory krewe. Accompanying her to the planet's surface were the old but wise Doctor McKennIhaveithere, her First Mate Helena MoreOHmore and her engineer, Lieutenant Jason Will-i-ever. With the flick of her riding crop, the small krewe beamed down to the planet below.

The krewe was greeted by Leatherette's ruler, a diesel dyke named HER, nearly seven feet tall with short cropped hair, black work boots, a wallet chain and so many different types of plaid on that the krewe had to shield their eyes for fear of triggering a seizure. HER greeted the small group of visitors with the planet's welcome,

her first two fingers forming a V, her tongue flickering between them. HER had heard of the plight of the New Orleanians and was prepared to welcome the nomads to Leatherette.

A brief survey of the planet, while pleasurable, convinced Captain C that it was not suitable for NOLA life forms, as she could not find a dick anywhere. The Captain reached for her riding crop to beam the group back to the ship when First Mate MoreOHmore appeared at her side with her U-Haul packed. While Leatherette might not have been the next NOLA, it was home for First Mate MoreOHmore.

Captain C did not want to lose her First Mate, but she knew the people of NOLA's time was limited. She quickly ordered her remaining krewe back to the ship and the Orgasma plunged into hyper-drive, the ship's navigation system set to the next planet, Primateon. As the Orgasma reached Primateon, it began orbit the strange earth-like planet. With a flick of Captain C's crop, the exploratory krewe was transported to the planet's surface.

The group arrived in a lush green jungle paradise, humid enough to feel like home. Dr. McKennIhaveithere confirmed the planet's atmosphere was perfect for NOLA inhabitation and proceeded to start scientific testing. The small group broke up and set off to explore the seemingly uninhabited planet.

As darkness began to fall, loud screams, grunts, growls, and what sounded like hooting shook the planet to its core. An S.O.S. signal came in from Lieutenant Will-I-Ever. Captain C and Dr. McKennIhaveithere quickly returned to the rendezvous point. As the Captain squinted into the horizon, Lieutenant Will-I-Ever came hurtling butt naked at a break-neck speed, screaming "We need to get out of here now!!!"

Suddenly, behind him appeared an army of naked ape-men with slongs as long as their legs. Several held pieces of the Lieutenant's clothing and were uttering some kind of war cry. As soon as the Lieutenant made it to the group, Captain C beamed them to safety on the ship. As the figures materialized on the deck of the Orgasma, Lieutenant Will-I-Ever fell to his knees, crying "we will never, ever speak of what happened on Primeton, understood?"

Captain C knew she had to think fast. She was running out of fuel, and New Orleanians were running out of time. Captain C had heard rumors of a planet in the next galaxy. It was a long shot, but at this point, Domula was their only hope. She set the Orgasma on course for the mystery planet.

As the weary krewe arrived, Lieutenant Will-I-Ever was still sedated from his adventures on Primeton, so the Captain added Sergeant Kristin Palm-me, her trusty communications specialist. The group materialized on Domula and Captain C knew she had found NOLA's new home.

The Orgasma krewe found themselves in a large, rambling and decaying castle, greeted by the planet's leader, the Great DeSade Payne. She was clad in strategically placed strips of leather, each adorned with hundreds of spikes. She carried a Dragon's Tail in one hand and the biggest dildo

Captain C had ever seen in the other. Captain C's big C shuddered a little.

"Welcome to our planet" purred the Leader of Domula. "We have heard of your plight, you are welcome here, our Black Sheet Party is just about to get underway, help yourselves to anything or anyone...."

The group looked around the large hall and knew they had found their new home. Strung up on the walls were writhing nymphs of every shape and size, being anal trained for the Leader. There were small orgies in every corner. A large marble fountain in the center of the room served as a basin for golden showers.

Captain C's krewe quickly disappeared. Sergeant Palm-me slid behind a door inscribed "Queening". Screams of pleasure and pain echoed in the hallways as Dr. McKennIhaveithere quickly found his figging fantasy.

Suddenly Captain C was all alone with the Leader of Domula. "Madame," she shyly asked, "may the people of NOLA come to your planet?" The Leader grabbed Captain C by her hair and whispered in her ear. Captain C let out a sigh of relief knowing her planet and the people of NOLA were saved. She then looked in the leader's eyes and a cry rang out as she realized ... in space, no one can hear your safe word.

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
shut down the government.

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Spermes Gets Entergy Customers Turned On

THE POWER IMPLANT – For most New Orleanians, Entergy New Orleans’ 2018 performance was not a turn-on. The few people who said they were satisfied by the public utility were faking it. They were paid adult actors.

Actual customers were stiffed by Entergy’s billing department, led astray by its executives, and subjected to power outages caused by inclement weather or meddlesome fauna, including a cat that shorted the system when it was zapped at a substation.

After an internal review described a culture of chronic impotence and inability to deliver during peak demand hours, Entergy demoted its CEO to its legal department. The company also looked for exciting new input from engineers and staff at the Krewe of Spermes’ tail propulsion laboratories.

“We have a lot of energy,” said Spermes’ Chief Executive Orifacer Jack U. Lashun. “We just keep coming.”

Spermes engineers revealed the development of their own new power generating system based on the principle of basic attraction.

“Think of it as a giant pussy magnet,” said Spermes engineer Cleopatra “Cleo” Torus. “We detected tiny vibes in the power surge of millions of our members. Storing up that reserve was easy. We’re just looking for a partner to disseminate it.”

Spermes expects to roll out a large-scale prototype in February, and says it will deliver 69 kilotwats of juice to area consumers during the Krewe du Vieux parade.

“People are going to get really excited,” Cleo Torus said.

In preliminary test trials with women running personal electronic devices, the supply was rated very dependable.

“With Entergy, I got used to losing power at the crucial moment,” said one woman in a public feedback forum. “I was ready to go back to batteries, but this little Spermes’ vaginator device really delivers.”

Recently released internal sext messages between Entergy’s bored members revealed that the utility was concerned Spermes would go solo and compete with it, possibly spurring an

increase in independent generators, an increasingly popular renewable energy movement known in the industry as “jerking off the grid.”

In an effort to get customers to give it a second chance, Entergy begged consumers to take it back, conceding some of its inadequacies. Its online service monitoring tracker was replaced with the Power OutRage Map, which charted negative reviews on social media. A Frequently Unanswered Questions (FUQ) section was added to its webpage, and after it was overloaded with traffic, an updated version (FUQup) was launched.

New Orleans Mayor LaSexToya Cantrell convened a Future of Utilities Task Force, or Futilities Commission, and appointed several social scientists and former felons. So far, the Futilities Commission has recommended Entergy remodel itself based on the Sewerage and Water Board.

“SWB can’t bill accurately or provide consistent service either,” Cantrell said. “But it does help many New Orleanians get wet.”

DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX REQUEST FOR PROPOSALS

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
The Department of Homeland Security is requesting proposals to build a wall.

Purpose of barrier is to enclose flabby orange prevaricator.

Size approximately 18 holes.

Must be soundproof, tweetproof, and cheeseburger-proof.

Worker documentation not required.

Interested contractors should contact DHS at notrump@dhs.us.gov (assuming the government is actually open).

Like an Airport but Lower

Drips and Discharges provides support at city’s new “swamport”

NEW ORLEANS – Unlike other coastal cities that have used resources to combat and mitigate the effects of climate change, the City of New Orleans has once again bucked the trend, instead embracing environmental changes – and its new amphibious overlords – by building its new airport, nicknamed “Swamport,” under water.

The new terminal, a term that can be applied in this instance on several levels, will serve as the hub for Cock (h)Air, an airline recently spewed from the collective members of the Krewe of Drips and Discharges. The airline features a unique collection

of specially endowed seaplanes that utilize the particular aerodynamic qualities of the human penis.

Make no mistake, though, as these aircraft carry way more than human penises. That’s because, in the spirit of “two heads are better than one,” the krewe is offering a distinctive assortment of emotional support animals for all Cock (h)Air passengers. And who couldn’t use a little extra support after dodging serpent-strewn waters just to get to the terminal before facing long lines, delayed departures, and the occasional pat down?

Or, worse yet, no pat down?

While some may prefer the warm fur of a well-heeled pooch or the opposable thumbs of a chimpanzee – known as the “gimpanzee” in emotional support animal circles – the Drips have chosen a more local bent to their bestial business.

Among the consensual critters on command are, of course, the alligator and its longer, harder cousin, the cockodile. What could be more comforting than a cold-blooded, mindless killing machine when one is faced with a layover in Atlanta? Plus, you’re never more than a plane crash away from a great pair of boots.

Or for something a little less obtrusive but no less terrifying, one can choose the emotional support cockroach, whose benefits include survival skills when the place degenerates into inevitable anarchy.

Other options include the porkuine, the cock-a-two, and the surprisingly finicky emotional support beaver.

See the entire menagerie when the Drips take to the streets on February 16. They just may take it all the way to Kenner, brah! Just don’t let the wing-nuts hit you on your way off the tarmac.

City Teams Up With DomiHoes Pizza To Fill Pot Holes with Pot Money

City Hall announced today a public-private partnership to deal with the engulfing problem of potholes in our city streets. The Mayor and executives from DomiHoes Pizza were on hand to hail the deal.

“Today we embark on a new era that will lead us to smoother streets, disciplined construction crews and relief from the munchies.”

The plan was outlined in a presentation by City Administrator Rachelle Bloviatay. “The city will begin selling pot from city run dispensaries, then the money from the sale of cannabis will be dedicated towards fixing the streets. Our friends at DomiHoes will be involved in two ways: first, they will be providing some for the start up cash for the dispensary and second, their team of dominatrixes will be in charge of the work crews. We think it is an exciting opportunity to be able to increase the number of citywide dominatrixes our subs desperately crave.”

Ronnie Beatauf, regional Vice President for DomiHoes, was upbeat about the project. “For years DomiHoes has been your place to go for pizza and the humiliation of pro-dommies. This is win-win-whip-whip for everyone. The municipal pot dispensary system will ensure the munchies, which will help our pizza bottom line. The ability to expand our dominatrix stable means that our customers will get better beatings. Our participation in street work means that a Mistress has the opportunity to have her sub operate a steam roller or find other ways to smooth down the assfault while licking her shoes, leading to an overall more humiliating experience.”

The mayor announced that “in order to ensure no hint of corruption” she was placing her husband in charge of the municipal dispensaries. “He has a long history of cannabis consumption, even in the criminal court building, and can assure us of quality control.”

The mayor’s husband assured the crowd that the dispensaries would

carry all of the best strains of pot “as well as some local favorites, like Rusty Bebe and Rex Bud.”

DPW head Ruene Ballowacks commented, “This is a whole new experience for us, fixing streets. Who knew we could actually do that? The crews had a lot of resistance to this at first. They were quite willing to go on tearing up streets, but the folks at DomiHoes sent us a team to whip them into shape. We are also going to be using a new formula for the base layer of our hole fill which will incorporate stems and seeds from the dispensary. Our only concern is that with our fertile soil and tropical climate, our potholes will start sprouting cannabis plants.”

City Planning official Robinya Blind described some of the changes. “For years our official policy was Completely Destroyed Streets. It was the latest in city planning fashion, where we would do everything possible to make the streets completely impassible by vehicle traffic. In addition to potholes, we used bike lanes that reduced vehicle lanes to half a lane, pedestrian ‘bumpouts’ that encouraged head-on collisions, and letting the Sewerage & Water Board workers cut random holes in the street which they then filled with a combination of burlap and river silt. Then we found out this was incredibly unpopular with the people of New Orleans, which was surprising to everyone in the City Planning office.”

Local old money preservationist and uptown obstructionist Ruthie Beauregard was ambivalent about the partnership “At first I thought ‘But our decaying streets are part of our culture, part of the ‘tout ensemble’ that makes New Orleans the third world country my family has ruled over for centuries and prevented people from getting to work on time and discouraged the investment that challenges our position of primacy in the city,’ so I was completely against fixing them. But then I found out they were going to be

beating the workers, just like grandpa did, so I perhaps took a softer line than I should have. Anyway, the fact that all of the peasants are going to be getting high should keep them from agitating for other things, like good schools ... or our heads.”

Mardi Gras officials from the Rue Bourbon Krewe were excited. “You mean we can get baked and the potholes won’t swallow up our float!? You can’t beat that!”

As those in charge of the beatings, some members of the local dominatrix community were on hand for the announcement. Mistress Raven Beauty was excited about the opportunity but was concerned about the challenges. “This is a chance to take our skills out into the community and really benefit the city. But most of my clients are really repressed white collar middle

managers, so being able to either beat construction workers or get those rich worms to do street repairs is going to be something different.”

One of Mistress Raven’s clients, who identified himself as Ratched Lil Bitch, was on hand and expressed his opinion. “She’s going to make me run the backhoe while she pushes her stiletto heel into my chest, I’m aroused even thinking about it.” Mistress Raven pulled him up by the collar he had around his neck and pushed his face to the ground “No one asked you, maggot, now lick my little toe!”

The Mayor announced “See, everyone is excited about this. We are going to spread the assfault. We are going to whip the streets into shape. We are going to get high as fuck. We can’t beat this program.”

Poetry Corner

Red, White and Jew

Reigning over the Marigny,
And saving the nation from tyranny
A superhero of enormous strength
No need for a cape with her collars of lace!

Seeing through deception and lies
With her spectacles of unusual size.
Determined to keep us a land of the free
All hail the glorious RBG!

She doesn’t have time for ribs that are broken
Her words are strong, though she’s soft-spoken
Don’t be fooled by her physical size,
She’s proof of the power of exercise!

Light of frame and heavyweight on the court.
Protecting our rights to earn and abort,
Oversized glasses on a petite frame
Our country’s hero – long may she reign!

Battling with her intellectual gloves
Fighting to protect the nation she loves

She works to make equality permanent
Smashing glass ceilings with legal dissent!

In her words she asks for no favor for her sex,
All she asks is that they take their feet off our necks!

A leader of all, not just women and Jews.
THAT’S the true meaning of Red, White and Blue.

K.A.O.S. Overrules

WASHINGTON, D.C. – The United States Supreme Court announced that it has concluded a sponsorship deal with the Anheuser Busch Company. The deal, the price of which was not disclosed, includes naming rights to the court room in which the nine justices hear cases. It will reportedly be named “The Highest Court in the Land – Brought to you by Budweiser.”

The Anheuser Busch deal was negotiated by recently seated Justice Brett “Brewski” Kavanaugh. After being appointed to the court, Kavanaugh lobbied hard to be named court marketing director. Reached by a reporter at The Capitol Lounge, a bar near the Supreme Court building, Kavanaugh said, “I believe that I was a natural for this post, given my extensive experience in high school organizing beach trips, keggers, road trips and the like.”

Kavanaugh defended the selection of a beer brewer as the Court’s official sponsor. “I have always liked beer, ever since the keg party that my Dad threw for my tenth birthday. I still like beer and love seeing that big Budweiser sign when I come in to work

every day. It gives me fond memories of my underaged drinking days.”

He added that this was not a decision that was reached without considerable research. “I sampled hundreds, if not thousands of different beers before deciding on Anheuser Busch.”

Kavanaugh conceded that there were some objections raised to the idea of corporate sponsorship of the Court. But he was not deterred by them. “I have never been one to listen to objections,” he said in a wide-ranging albeit hazy interview. “Even as a teenager, I ignored objections that were raised to what I wanted to do.”

This is not the first time that justices of the Supreme Court have been involved in sponsorship deals. Many court watchers recall the McDonald’s sponsorship in 1969 that resulted in the nickname “Burger Court.” Recently, court historians have unearthed details regarding the previously undisclosed Hebrew National/Felix Frankfurter deal of the 1950s.

What sets the agreement with Anheuser Busch apart, however, is that

it involves the court as an institution, not individual justices as was the case with the Burger and Frankfurter deals. Kavanaugh refuted the suggestion that the sponsorship agreement indicates that the Court is “for sale.”

“At best, this is a short-term lease of the integrity of the Court,” slurred the justice. “It will be renegotiated in five years.”

Kavanaugh also confirmed that there have been discussions among certain justices about allowing for sponsorship of individual court opinions. “Considerable interest in sponsoring opinions has been expressed by Hobby Lobby and the NRA,” he said.

Kavanaugh was quick to assure everyone that the new sponsorship deal would not affect his objectivity as a justice: “I promise to devote equal time and attention to every case that comes before me. And also to every keg.”

Kavanaugh would not disclose the price behind the sponsorship deal, but confirmed it was substantial. Likewise, he would not discuss the court’s

plans for the unexpected income, besides observing that the court’s deliberation room “is in desperate need of a Foosball table, some free weights and a bed.”

Kavanaugh declined to comment on rumors that Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg is in negotiations for an individual sponsorship deal with mixed martial arts promotion company Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC). However, he was heard to mutter “that lady scares me.”

The remainder of the Kavanaugh interview devolved into a session in which the justice alternated between screaming unintelligibly and sobbing uncontrollably while thumbing wistfully through a tear-stained wall calendar.

On February 16, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. will celebrate the official naming of the Supreme Court building. The Emir of K.A.O.S., who also still likes beer, has proclaimed that the celebration is sure to shine a light on events that everyone but Judge Kavanaugh will find objectionable.

KSAL Proffers Its Proposal of Pot for Potholes

DEPT. OF PUBIC WORKS – As all New Orleans’ denizens know, our undercarriages are constantly molested by the holes of ass-phalt which we call streets. Within the pulchritude of a miracle, one must first assume the position – on one’s knees – when entering the temple. As the attention of those on High is otherwise occupied, the Krewe of Space of Love herefore proposes an earthly solution to blunt the adulteration of our axels. KSAL recommends the reefer resolution: fill all the crags, cracks, and cavities with cannabis.

In this era of reduce, re-use, recycle, and re-light, it takes a greener answer. It simply is a matter of concreting rather than composting. Before one gets their sativa skivvies in a state,

consider not tossing those seeds and stems onto the top of the compost heap, but gathering the green-leavings at your local lacuna and tamping them into submission to temper that tempestuous gaping gap. The Space Age Lovers suggest to the clan at Krewe du Vieux’s Motherly den, a pious, penetrative, and persistent attitude. A deep calm mantra of “Inhale, exhale, pass-it-down-the-pew.”

The Krewe musters its own ranks and resources for support. Some members gravitate to bang and bong through the buds. Many have joint pursuits in blunts and bubblers. Our Lover Superiors coax our escorts, as one does all good altar boys and girls, and implore them to keep those bowls lit. On parade night, when all

must take to the streets, poisoned in sinful pot-holiness and making quiet vespers, the krewe offers oysters to the demi-god of city streets and their stigmata. The path is pocked and pitted but KSAL ploughs forward to an almighty: “Parry, pass, puff, puff.”

The unctuous perfume of revelers parading and pea-cocking, irreverent in their prestidigitation, will be slipping, slanting, scissoring, and centering from their punctiously perfumed one hitters, single-shitters, and bowl-a-licious lanterns as they roam the wounded miles. The residue will be streaming down, down, even dirty-south-down, onto the bawdy and rowdy streets so the earnestly wanton holes give way. This gifted Krewe of a comical ardor are ALL for the saving

and proselytizing of one’s Pot-Soul. Ultimately, is only truly a matter of puffed up faith.

The locals know the differences, those nuanced nefarious ponderances of the nomenclature of a pothole, manhole, or sinkhole over a potty-mouthed bud. The gentle herb lends its potent promiscuity in its annual full bloom. The buddy “medicine” for the dark damaged streets is utterly useless in its vapid vaporous form as inserted into the modern electronic machination. Therefore, be sure to cram those butted up bundles of lush and kush into those relevant holes to make them heal by that joyous transmission of transformative steam into solid status. Stuff ’em if ya got ’em.



Let Us Prey

...Weekly Bulletin from The Seeds of Decline and

The Church of The Holy Hypocrisy

Going to Hell in a Hand Job since 325 A.D.

WEEKLY SCHEDULE:

Monday 8:00 a.m.....*Confession* time.
Wednesday 10:00 a.m.....*Confirmation* of our worst fees.
Friday 7:00 p.m.....*Youth Group*.
Saturday, Noon.....*Palmed Sunday* rehearsal.
Sunday @ 10 and 6.....*Mass Cover-up*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

The Tuesday Ticklers Bible Study group will now also meet on Mondays and Wednesdays.

Congratulations to Brother Dick, who has made it two full years in his new parish without needing an emergency transfer.

The “Why Celibacy Works” discussion group has been cancelled.

Today's Hymn:
Oops!...I Did It Again.

PLEASE REMEMBER TO SUPPORT OUR SPONSORS:



The U.S. Tax Code...
*Because Without It We Wouldn't Be Able
to Financially Support and Harbor Known
Pedophiles.*

Father Joe's
Moving Company –
Relocation Specialists.
*For when you gotta get out
of town in a hurry*



Law Offices of Wendy Vitter
*Low Settlements and Hidden
Confidentiality Clauses our Specialty
1-800-Pay-Offf*

Hard-On Boys Find New Publisher

The publishing world is buzzing with the news that the Hard-On Boys have found a new home with Seeds of Decline publishing of New Orleans. In print since 1927, teenage detectives Quarter-foot-Long Frank and his brother JO will remain students at Boyport High, where they have yet to finish their high school education as they have spent decades solving crimes of passion.

Creator Frank W. Dicksuk stated that the Hard-on Boys, “Can look forward to a long future, as long as they keep their pubic hair growth to a minimum. We have updated our stories to make them more relevant in this exciting new century.”

In the first volume published by Seeds of Decline, *The Search for Cardinal Knowledge*, the boys’ beloved parish priest has disappeared, and the Hard-on Boys are finding places they never knew existed. Following is an

excerpt.

The boys showed up at the parish rectumry for their weekly lessons on how to become altered boys. Using their key to the secret back door, they made their way to Father Peddy’s sacred chamber. There they found all of the Father’s secret drawers ransacked and turned inside out. Everything was gone, except for a few copies of Father’s favorite magazine, *Boy’s Life*.

“Holy Smokes” ejaculated JO, “all of the pages are stuck together!”

“Where did he go?” queried Frank, as he rubbed his appendage until it extended a full throbbing three inches, “and why did he leave his magazines?”

“Gee Whiz Frankie,” croaked JO, “I was so looking forward to today’s lesson. Father Preddy said that we were going to become the best altered boys he ever knew!”

Behind the boys, a door creaked

open. In a panic, the boys spun around as they zipped their zippers.

“What the hell is going on here?” croaked a deep menacing voice as a cloaked arm raised three feet worth of a steel yard stick.

“Hold me close JO” Frankie croaked as the shadow of the executioner’s ruler reached its zenith above a draped head.

“It’s OK Frank, you can pull it out again,” as JO recognized the pince-nez bifocals perched on Mother Superior’s head.

“What are you wankers doing here?” hissed Mother Superior.

“We showed up for lessons that we had never learned, and dear Father Peddy isn’t here. What happened to him?”

“Cardinal Knowledge himself,” said Mother Superior as she crossed herself, “showed up this morning and told Father Peddy to pack his things,

and that he was going to a new parish in Oklahoma.”

“Butt, butt, butt why?” stuttered JO. “Today we were supposed to learn about how to deal with unwanted pubic hair.”

“Cardinal Knowledge said something about legal complications and the newspapers, and that there was a parish that really needed him,” said Mother Superior.

JO, feeling as limp as his appendage, whimpered, “What are we going to do? And why Oklahoma?”

Mother Superior raised her eye toward the heavens, and said, “The lord works in strange ways.

Suddenly shot rang out. Frank cradled her in his arms as she uttered her last words. “There’s a shadow in the sacristy.”

The drama continues as Seeds of Decline presents “Let Us Prey” in Krewe du Vieux 2019.

Council Recommends Aberrant Priestly Status-Quo

ST. PETER'S BASE-ILICA – Details continue to emerge from the secretive deliberations of the Second Ecu-Cynical Council, popularly known as Ratican II, including the roles of several prominent participants from the New Orleans area.

The Council, convened to address the rising tide of revelations of priestly sexual abuse and its alleged cover up by Catholic officials, continues to provide clearer resolution on the relationship between the Church and its followers.

“As news of abuse by priests received more coverage in the media, it became obvious we needed to take action. This publicity has made it very hard to simply move offending clergy to different parishes as we did in the past. We have to nip that crap in the bud and defend our traditional rights,” said His Exereseence Eminence Mort L. Sin, Archbishop of San Pederast.

The Council, whose informal motto is “Suffer, little children,” consists of members throughout the church hierarchy who are dedicated to preserving the church’s traditional positions (missionary and otherwise) regarding clerical sexual activity.

“We believe in preserving *le droit de monseigneur*,” said Cardinal Sin. “Sex is for the sole purposes of procreation and pro(fessional religious re)creation. We believe everyone should come closer to God. With all the Papal Bull at our disposal, we can fortunately do whatever we want.”

To fully develop the mission of Ratican II, the assembly has broken into several commissions.

Gilbert Gauthé, a Louisiana native and early delegate to the Council, who chairs the Commission on the Discipline of the Clergy and the Christian People, explained while wearing the traditional black latex vestments of his office. “We believe a divide-and-conquer approach is the appropriate stance with our parishioners,” he said, cracking a nine-tail scourge. “The more bureaucracy, the better. It takes

a truly group effort to cover up truly group grope crimes.”

He said there were separate efforts geared at discipline and at the Laity. “You can’t get laid without the Laity,” he said, licking his lips.

Representatives of Hopeless Haven and Madonna Manure, fixtures on New Orleans’ West Bank’s BareAT-erroria Drive famed for their Spanish Inquisitorial architecture, have also joined the Council after recent revelations about treatment of orphans and the disabled at their facilities.

“We’ve been very pleased to join this assembly,” said Paul Ill-have-one, principal of Hopeless Haven, from their current headquarters on Religious Street. “We start each morning with a Glory Hole-allehujah and then move into our preparations for the future: misdirection, denial, discrediting...things like that.”

Ill-have-one and other members of the Sleezeian order were responsible for both West Bank institutions until recently. During their tenure families and courts regularly entrusted vulner-

able youth into their care.

“Vulnerable youth were always my favorites,” said the Sleezeian. “They’re highlighted in our Salacious vows.”

Other area participants include Brother Ben Dover of the Church of the Bad Shepherd and Father Fabio Fellatio of the Church of the Blessed Assumption.

“So many of us were distressed by the weakening of canon law and Cardinal Law that we knew we had to do something to strengthen our cause,” said Father Fellatio. “There is nothing we love more than the head of the church, whoever gives it.”

Of course, not everyone within the Church views the Council and its new edicts as forward progress.

“Ratican II represents all that has gone wrong with the Church since... say the fourth century or so,” said John Devilry, unofficial spokesman for Archbishop Gregory Aymond of New Orleans. “Honestly, we’re just finding out about half this stuff ourselves.”

Devilry said the Archdiocese re-

mained committed to transparency and transferring of guilt to parties besides the Archdiocese.

“Just because they’re religious orders, doesn’t mean you have to follow them,” Devilry said.

In the chambers of Rome itself, Papal spokesman A.B. Diel has expressed misgivings about the assembly.

“We proclaim the mysteries of faith,” he said. “And one of the biggest is why we put up with this. The tide may be turning against some of our Greek unorthodox practices with youth.”

New Orleans’ faithful are encouraged to come to the streets of the French Quarter and Marigny on February 16, 2019 when the Curia for Revelation of All Priestly Sins (CRAPS) takes to the streets with the accused for a tableau of the transgressions and divine punishments of the errant clergy as they exclaim “No, no, oh God, no!”

Jindal–Landrieu in 2020

FULL OF BUNKIE, LA – One failed as governor and a presidential candidate. After a reasonably successful first term, the other failed as mayor of New Orleans.

Seeking to build on this stellar track record, Bobby “Bombay” Jindal and Mitch “Son of Moon” Landrieu held a joint press conference and mutual back-patting session where they announced they were running as a ticket for the 2020 presidential election.

“If we can’t bring Louisiana up to national standards, let’s bring the rest of the country down to our level,” said a sanctimoniously grinning Jindal.

“I’d love to do to the rest of the country what I did to the people of New Orleans,” echoed Landrieu with a sneering smile. “We divide, we conquer, we leave the mess for someone else.”

Landrieu – also known as Trump Left – added, “Of course I balanced the city budget – who cares if I used someone else’s money?”

Chuckled Jindal, “At least that’s better than the smoke and mirrors I used!”

When asked about their platform, the candidates responded with their typically rapid-fire vapidness.

“Get elected.”

“Give the people what they don’t want.”

“Pander to people we think will vote for us.”

“Take credit for everything.”

“No taxes.”

“Or maybe taxes out the wazoo.”

“Did we mention get elected?”

In a somewhat surprising note, the candidates announced that they would have no campaign advisers because “we already know everything. We’ve

never listened to anyone else before – why would we start now?”

Nor did the candidates take any questions from the assembled corps of two reporters, the Bunkie town drunkie and a stray dog. “We’ve got all the answers,” smirked Landrieu, “but the public is on a strictly need-to-know basis.”

“And we’ll be the ones to let you know when you need to know,” added Jindal archly.

With that, the anemic duo left the stage, humming what sounded like an off-key medley of “Nowhere Man” and “I Got Plenty Of Nothing,” and disappeared faster than their poll numbers.

DID PERVERTED GNOMES TWERK A POT HOLE IN YOUR STREET??

ARE YOU SCARED OF FALLING TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH?

DON'T FEAR ...



ROADTWERK.NOLA.OMG

... IS CUMMING TO HELP.

Travel and Leisure

T.O.K.I.N.'s Bong Voyage

HIGH SEAS – The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) has revealed that New Orleans will be the home port of their innovative hemp-powered ship, the SS Mary Jane, operated by Cannabis Cruise Lines. Captain Buzz Stoner and his First Mate Sir Puffs-A-Lot will head out on a zig zag trajectory through New Orleans, dodging hash oil rigs, blazing through beds of seaweed, and zoning in on the Gulf of Mexico's infamous Deadhead Zone. This is one trip not to be missed.

"The SS Mary Jane is proud to call New Orleans home," said TOKIN spokesHEAD Bud Bogart after a meeting with City leaders featuring a lengthy agenda in a smoke-filled chamber. "We will provide employment opportunities for hundreds of citizens who test positive – we like positive people," said Bogart.

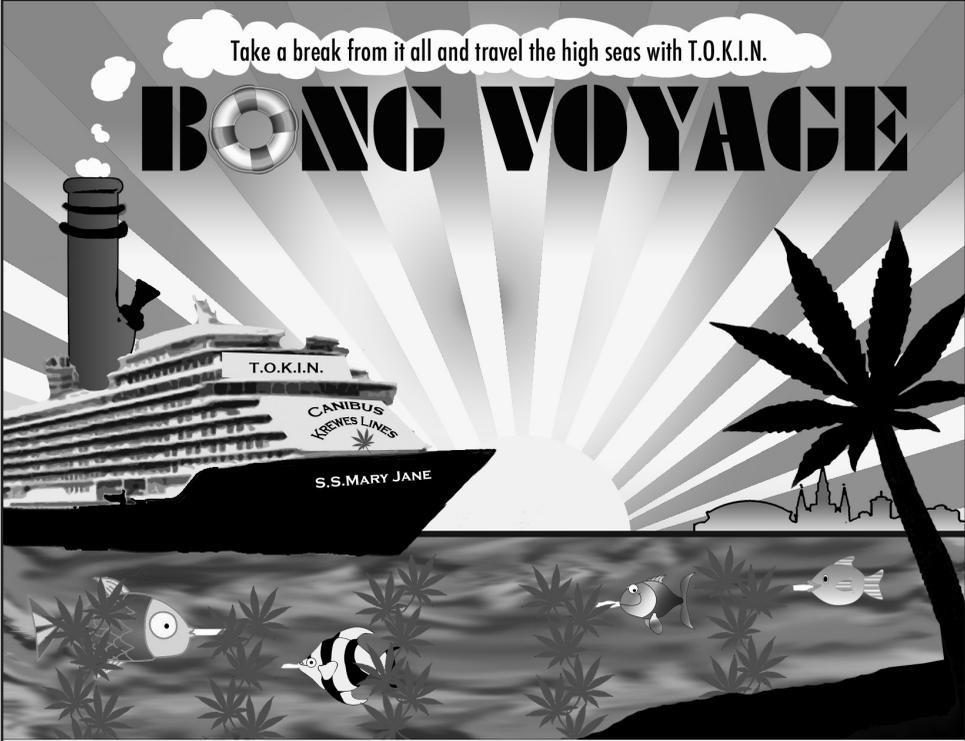
The floating funhouse will make waves with its all-inclusive onboard

amenities including the Endless Edibles Market, Delectable Dispensary, Mind-Body Spa, 24-Hour Light Show, Midnight Munchies Buffet, Wake'n'Bake Yoga, and refreshing potions concocted by Dr. Feelgood. Ganja tastings at 4:20 daily are sure to be the HIGHlight of each day at sea. Each stateroom comes with a fully loaded complimentary welcome basket filled with a variety of munchies and puffing paraphernalia.

Ports of call include the Port of Jack Herer in Jamaica, the Northern Lights in Alaska, and the Blueberry Kush Fields in Mexico

"After cruising on the SS Mary Jane for just one night, we guarantee guests will exhale (after inhaling, of course) and exclaim through a puff of smoke, 'Yes, Yes, Oh Gawd Yes,'" declared Bud Bogart.

Come to the launch party and wave Bong Voyage as T.O.K.I.N. sets sail on the HIGH seas on February 16, 2019.



Take a break from it all and travel the high seas with T.O.K.I.N.

BONG VOYAGE

Is your head spinning from the revolving door of employees at the White House?
Is your neck aching from slapping your forehead in disgust after reading a tweet?
Do your feet hurt from pacing the floor wondering what's next?
Are you eager to get away from it all?

Come enjoy HIGH times on the HIGH seas!

The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) announces the inaugural cruise of their new herb-powered ship, the SS Mary Jane.

Take a trip on this vessel of wild abandon.
It's sure to have you exclaiming, "Yes, Yes, Oh Gawd, Yes!"

Underwear Says "Oh, My God, Yes" to Visitors and Gives Them What They Want

The 2019 edition of Krewe du Vieux celebrates the City of New Orleans and its rich history of saying "YES." We are certainly recognized for giving the nod to those things that make New Orleans and its culture different from other American cities: sexual and ethnic diversity, a rich and unique musical history, a reverence for history and architecture; and, of course, drinking in public, no closing times for bars, and the general celebration of debauchery and hedonism.

However, we have an equally rich history of joining other American cities in saying "YES" to endeavors that, in the interest of fulfilling some interest's money-making plans, might jeopardize our culture and the tout ensemble that makes us America's

Most Interesting City: high-rise development in historic neighborhoods, a plethora of tacky t-shirt shops in our oldest and most historic area, AirBnBs that turn residential neighborhoods into quasi-hotel districts, etc. We all know how it works.

Yet the latest assault on the beauty and flavor of New Orleans may be one of the most aggravating: red, double-decker buses filled with curious and eager tourists that roam the streets with self-proclaimed historical experts expounding their take on our beautiful city and its charms, threatening the lives of pedestrians and those on bicycles and in other smaller vehicles better suited to our narrow streets, and making every corner a potential bus stop and revenue generator.

The Krewe of Underwear, in its never-ending quest to see the bright side and the upside potential of all the things we say "YES" to, has developed a concept that would indeed make these scarlet behemoths a thrilling ride. Why should these rolling red monsters that prowl the streets of our fair city be content with carrying on as they do in every other city they operate in (and, believe me, they are in every major city in the world)? Why not put a salacious, local spin on their mission and give our beloved visitors the thrills they expect when they come to Sin City? To that end, the crimson crew presents HOP ON & GET OFF!

Not only will visitors get the opportunity to see the architecture and activity of the Crescent City, they will

also get the chance to partake in the debauchery that they were desperately hoping to find when they said "YES" to visiting in the first place. Underwear has changed a scourge on our streets to a gateway to true Big Easy enlightenment. Thanks to the Krewe of Underwear, regular, everyday folks from all over the world with their Bourbon Street t-shirts, fanny packs, knee-high socks and white tennis shoes can now board the Underwear version of the bus, experience the transformation from inhibition, and depart as the amazing sex machines that they knew existed deep in their hearts. They can then say "YES, YES, OH MY GOD, YES" to the real New Orleans in all its profane and magical beauty.

The Plain Truth About the Lyin' King

SHAMELESS ROCK, THE PLAIN LANDS – It is a truth as plain as the Plain Lands. It's a jungle out there, and to be king of the jungle you must have a creed. Some rulers look to the Circle of Life. But our Lyin' King is different. His creed is the Circle of Lies.

The Circle of Lies will guide you. It will bring you from the sulking base of Shameless Rock to its very towering tip.

Who proclaimed our Lyin' King to be pontiff of all patriots? Someone must raise him up for all to see. It was no baboon this time but a bamboozle, someone Putin his hand into the Circle of Lies to stir it up.

But yet within circles there are still more circles, a concertina of lies. And when your new lies contradict your last lies, what lies ahead?

The Lyin' King rules all that the light touches from sea to shining sea. But there are shadow places, and a dark web that may reveal more than light.

Why are the bones in the graveyard all from elephants? Once-proud Republicans who believe the Circle of Lies now lie in pieces. Hyenas lurk



within their very skulls.

Yes the Lyin' King's tweets can be a weapon like a wildebeest. But can the Lyin' King control a stampede of wildtweets?

Someday the rain will come.

The animals know. They can sniff

the truth on the breeze. How long, they ask, will the hyenas hold the Lyin' King's back on Shameless Rock, and when will they start licking their chops, circling new prey?

Look at the animals dance around the rock. They have seen many circles

and they make their own now, outside the Circle of Lies, swirling and leaping with horns and hooves and tusks and dicks and boobs of unusual size. They make CRUDE circles of dance instead of Circles of Lies.

They know the rain will come soon.

Dispatch From the Deep State

Dear Friends and Comrades,

I hope this letter reaches you safely. I have hidden myself deep in a Sewerage and Water Board tunnel to avoid detection by the ever-expanding surveillance dragnet. News doesn't get here fast - I didn't find out about the first boil water advisory until right before the third one. The leaks are terrible. My ankles are constantly wet and my skin grows pale from lack of sunlight.

Before I went underground, I did everything I could to stop the cameras. It happened so fast - first the cameras were only in a few dangerous intersections. People thought the cameras couldn't hurt, and they might make a few drivers slow down. Then they appeared at every intersection, on every street, and even every sharp bend in

every road. Soon the cameras were outside every house, shop and bar. The red and blue lights flashed even in my dreams.

It's not like we didn't try to stop this - you remember how hard we worked! Residents came together to form CASSANDRA - Citizens Aghast at the Spread of Surveillance And Rampant Authoritarianism - but no one listened. Soon, children were beeping like cameras in school playgrounds, and no one could smoke pot on their own front porch anymore. All packages from Colorado were turned away at the border. Stoop-sitting was outlawed after the first rock was thrown at a camera. Swathes of the city's neighborhoods were filled with people who did not know their neigh-

bors' names, the names of their kids, or the names of their mama'n'em.

The strippers on Bourbon were the first to leave, headed for the underground and parts unknown. Without them, the city fell apart. Lawyers and judges had nowhere to hold their Friday afternoon meetings. The only good paying jobs for women disappeared as quickly as the johns, who stayed in Mississippi where they could still at least bet on college football. Women, forced to work for pennies in the city's restaurants and hotels, decided they could get a better deal in one of the 20 states that decided to raise the minimum wage in 2019.

Even as the population declined, the cameras proliferated. The day I saw a camera recording surveillance

video of another camera, I knew I had to leave. We thought at first that maybe the cameras sponsored by Shell wouldn't be able to communicate with the cameras sponsored by Chevron, but the state's industrial tax exemption program funded the camera software. Ironically, the revenue lost from this exemption meant that the legislature had to close LSU.

I hope you can continue the fight, as I hope to one day be sunburned by the Louisiana sun once more. I miss the hot, humid breeze on my sweaty armpits, the one place never recorded by those cameras. How I long to return home and smell the scent of garbage mixed with night jasmine again.

Until then,
Mama Roux