



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 Is Revolting

Little Freddie King To Reverberate Over Parade

HELL NO-LA – In the immortal words of Daffy Duck, it was a revoltin’ development – “it” being most of the last year.

Speaking of daffy, Felonius Trump campaigned successfully on one outlandish promise after another, most of which he began backtracking before the final votes were counted. People were shocked – shocked, I tell you! – to find out he had lied. By nominating sex offenders, science deniers, communist sympathizers and a general mélange of crackpots and crooks, the Dumpster made it clear that he was not so much filling a cabinet as a junk drawer. And after bitching about him for weeks, House Republicans re-elected Mike “Tiny” Johnson (R-Shrivelpport) as Speaker, displaying their own tiny johnsons when facing the Trumptator.

As H.L. Mencken said about a century ago, “No one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public.” But maybe a century from now, American voters will join progressive nations like Pakistan, Namibia, Peru, Sri Lanka and Liberia in electing a woman to lead the country – if we ever actually have another presidential election.

Meanwhile, whales and dolphins fed up with humans damaging the oceans launched a massive drone barrage over the central Atlantic states. Massive storms battered Florida and even wreaked havoc far inland in North Carolina; climate change-denying Republicans wasted no time turning the disasters into political fodder. Our thoughts and prayers are (NOT) with them.

Closer to home, Alabamastan declared that embryos are children, thereby assuring that fewer babies would

be born. Texastan treated women with equal barbarism, while also demonizing immigrants and the poor – but not their corrupt politicians.

Up in Baton Rouge, Governor Laundry (aka “The Blowfish”) and the state legislature worked diligently to bring Louisiana back to the Dark Ages. This included a special session on criminal justice, the results of which would have made Kim Jong Un blush. Another session finally made Louisiana the number one state in something: sales taxes. The glowering gov even turned down free federal funds to feed poor children.

Other legislation required public schools to display the Ten Condiments, though heated debate over whether the holy hot sauce should be Tabasco or Crystal nearly spiked the measure. Talk about the Boobonic Plague....

Back here on the streets of The City That Cars Forgot, people were amazed to find that the endlessly incomplete road repairs could actually get worse before they got better, as the city and the NFL tried to fix our crumbling infrastructure prior to the Super Bowl. Efforts to fix city government, sadly, proved futile.

Alleged Mayor SexToya Cantrell abandoned any pretense of respect for her constituents, racking up more frequent flyer miles than a space station astronaut and frolicking conspicuously with her police “body” guard, Officer Jeffrey Vapid. Vapid was subsequently indicted on charges of wire fraud, false statements and bad taste. The list of charges on the anticipated indictment of Herronner is likely to be considerably longer.

The City Council was full of sound and fury, but pretty much accomplished nothing. This will provide a great platform for Councilmember-at-Large Helena Morono in her campaign for mayor. Being at large will also help her expected main competitor, District E member Oliver “No Free Parking” Thomas.

As a consequence of the terrorist attack on Bourbon Street, many aspects of Carnival are being revisited. This includes the Krewe du Vieux parade route, which was thus not available at press time. Please go to kreweduvieux.org, where the route will be posted as soon as it is confirmed.

All of Krewe du Vieux mourns this unspeakable tragedy.

With nothing else important going on in the metro area, public attention fixated on Scrim, that Houdini of Hounds. The peripatetic pup has been running for his life for months. What does he know that we don’t?

And then some subhuman cretin plowed into the New Year’s Eve crowd on Bourbon Street. There’s a reason plenty of good people don’t really care if there is a heaven, but pray there is a hell. And Trump, Hawley, Graham, Nungesser and the other Republicans who immediately seized upon our horrible tragedy to score political points deserve to be right there with the terrorist in its deepest ring.

Revolting against the hatred, the madness, the revolving door of greed and incompetence, the relentless stench of corruption and ego, the revolutionaries, revisionists, revivalists, retrogrades, reprobates, and irreverent revelers of Krewe du Vieux will restore disorder to the streets of the Marigny, French Quarter and CBD on **Saturday, February 15 at 6:30 PM**. Spectators are advised to revert to deep reverie, relax their rear ends, and renounce all remaining New Year’s resolutions.

Reigning over the parade will be blues legend Little Freddie King, providing him with an entourage even larger than his musical collaborator Beyoncé. Never fret, King King will pick his way along the route, hitting all the right notes as he plays to the plucky crowds.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own revealing, revolting, reverberating, revengeful, revelatory, non-reviewable, and irrevocably irrelevant interpretations of the theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Mystic Krewe of Spermes, 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 hasn’t yet been banned by the Louisiana legislature.

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.

KdV Has a King At Last!

Krewe du Vieux has had a long roster of illustrious, infamous royalty in the past – but until now, we’ve never had a true King. Meet this year’s sovereign: blues guitar legend Little Freddie King.

Our Musical Monarch’s long path to redundant royalty began some 85 years ago in McComb, Mississippi, where classic country blues were a part of his life from the moment his ears first opened.

“My daddy used to play guitar and blow harmonica,” recalled our Delta Duke. “I used to sit on the porch and watch him. I asked him to teach me, but he said ‘you have to learn yourself. I can show you three chords.’”

“I learned those three chords and I never forgot ‘em.”

While still just a Prince living at home – and also not yet a King, as his given last name was Martin, he didn’t adopt his *nom de musique* until after moving to New Orleans – he regularly borrowed his father’s guitar to practice his licks while the old man was at work. This strategy worked fine until he broke a string one day.

“I hid the guitar,” he remembered, “and when he asked where it was, I said I had no idea.”

Not surprisingly, the ruse was discovered quickly. Realizing he had to chart his own course – not to mention get his own guitar – Little Freddie hopped on a train and headed for the big city.

“I bought a little Sears and Roebuck guitar,” recounted our Chancellor of Chords, “and from that point on, I really taught myself.”

Early gigs with the likes of John Harmonica Williams and Boogie Bill Webb expanded his musical horizons and helped him learn a wide variety of blues styles. Today, however, our Pharoah of Finger-Pickin’s sound is distinctly his own. While he can coax out a slow, soulful ballad with the best of them, the King doesn’t play “pretty” music. His is blues from the gut, the shrieking notes fleeing the strings, resounding around the room, latching onto listeners’ ears, vibrating their bodies, ultimately resonating deep into their hearts and souls.

While this raw, natural, heartfelt style has never translated into major

commercial success, it has made for an interesting life, affording our Guitar Guru the opportunity to see the world.

“I went to Rome to play, that was real exciting,” he recalled. “I went to where the Pope lives. I tried to convince them to fix those old Roman temples. I went to the Colosseum, where they used to feed people to the lions – that really shook me up.

“Getting out there, going all over the world, meeting other artists like Sonny Boy Edwards, Big Bill Morganfield, Big Time Sarah, KoKo Taylor and the beautiful Beyoncé – that’s all been great.”

Indeed, working on a project with the Lemonade Lady was another memorable moment in King King’s career. He was asked to be part of the music video for a new Beyoncé song, filming for which took place in an old fort out in New Orleans East.

“They told me it was in a bomb shelter,” said our Sultan of Strings. “When I got there, first thing I said was ‘where the bombs at?’”

Wacko Wade, Little Freddie’s drummer and manager of thirty-five years, picks up the story from there.

“She had just written this song, and Freddie had to learn it. They put it on a phone, he had to learn it off the phone – and he learned it fast. The day of the video shoot, she rolled up with this huge entourage. She started walking down the tunnel at the fort, and she heard him playing the song. She started singing it while she was still walking down the tunnel.

“She knows a real musician when she hears one,” he concluded.

While his musical abilities have led to all these adventures, King King pointed out that it comes with a price.

“The downside is having to do all this traveling, so many hours on the road, just to play one hour of music,” our Virtuoso Viscount observed.

For sure, our King’s Ninth Ward castle is definitely a musician’s home, a sweet little shotgun happily cluttered with albums and concert posters. One wall is lined with guitars hanging on pegs, each one topped with a dazzling hat, a long row of glittering stage shoes arranged neatly underneath. A rack of the colorful jackets that are



part of his trademark stage appearance sits nearby. For him, it is clearly his comfort zone, his home.

However, this does not make him a homebody by any means. He enjoys New Orleans life, and is definitely a Mardi Gras aficionado – despite an early Carnival misadventure.

“I was 19, and I got shot on Mardi Gras,” recounted our elegant Emperor, who thankfully suffered no lasting damage from the episode. “But Mardi Gras didn’t have anything to do with it. All on a Mardi Gras Day.

“I always did like Mardi Gras, it was my main scene,” he continued. “I couldn’t miss any of it, from 6:00 AM ‘til 10:00 at night. I always liked Frenchmen Street, and I always liked Krewe du Vieux.”

His Melodic Majesty has frequently played gigs at the D.B.A. music club

on KdV parade tonight, and he remembers coming out of the club to watch the parade go by.

“Krewe du Vieux puts on a dynamite parade,” he said. “Being King this year means the world to me. I’m excited, I feel so good, it really makes my year.”

Partying with the Krewe at the annual Brewe Doo got the relationship off to a flying start. “My legs were sore the next day from all the girls sitting on my lap to take pictures,” he exclaimed with a laugh.

With parade date rapidly approaching, our Baron of the Blues is working on his costume and getting ready for his royal ride. He signed off with a suitable command for his loyal subjects:

“I want all of you to get out there, stay safe, and have nothing but Krewe du Vieux fun!”

Krewe du Vieux Doo
Saturday, February 15 • Doors open 10:00 PM
Sugar Mill • 1021 Convention Center Blvd
featuring
Pocket Chocolate
HISB Dark Side of the Swamp
[Honey Island Swamp Band Does Pink Floyd]
Big Werm
[New Orleans Psychedelic Supergroup]
and in the Courtyard... **Sasha Masakowski's Trash Magnolia**
Tickets \$60
Available at Eventbrite.com or **Broadside Box Office (5PM-10PM nightly)**
21 and over only • fête costumée

Illegal Elions Invade Mars

MARS – A pioneering group of earthlings, led by entrepreneur Elon Muskrat, has finally made it to Mars. Unfortunately, much like he crashed Twitter’s stock, Muskrat crash-landed his SpaceSex rocket on the planet’s surface.

“I must have gotten the algorithm wrong,” sexclaimed a distraught Muskrat. “I knew we should have stopped at that last asteroid charging station. And I guess there are still some bugs in the self-driving feature. But nobody better criticize me for it, or I’ll have one of my Artificially Ignorant robots haul ‘em off to be forced labor in one of my Chinese factories.”

The rocket, whose design is widely understood to be Muskrat’s attempt to compensate for the tiny rocket in his pocket, shriveled on impact.

“That’s some really small space junk,” noted one observer.

Initial analysis suggests that the rocket is irreparable, just like the damage its owner has been causing back home. However, it appears that the crew, which consists primarily

of sex-neutered sycophants, political wannabes and the final three X account-holders, survived the crash.

Yet even some of the Elion invaders were displeased with the outcome. “Muskrat said we would see giant craters, not make one,” huffed a passenger. “I will be reporting him to DOGE [the Department of Geeky Extremists].”

Reactions from residents of the rocky planet were swift and almost entirely negative. A spokesmartian for the Mars Immigration and Customs Enforcement (MICE) agency angrily denounced the arrival as an outright invasion.

“Earthlings act like we’re not aware of their true nature,” stated XRay BradburY, intergalactically renowned chronicler from the MICE communications department, “but we know who they are. This Muskrat clown associates regularly with a convicted felon and self-proclaimed sex offender who, astoundingly, seems to be the planet’s most powerful leader. Lying, polluting, retaliating, and profiting

from other terrestrials’ misfortunes seem to be their main priorities.

“We hear that earthlings are assembling space convoys to overrun Mars, take our jobs, bring in illegal drugs, assault our beautiful green women,” he continued. “Well, we’ll teach them a few things about space lasers.”

Patrons of several Mars bars were equally indignant. “Who does this Muskrat think he is?” asked one, taking a moment’s pause from sipping his Martiantini. “He and his billionaire right-wing cronies are not welcome here. We may be the red planet, but we are definitely not a red state!”

Another patron chugged his Space Dust IPA and belched, “If that asshole wants to start a War of the Worlds, bring it on! This dude is supposed to be famous for electric vehicles, but those pathetic little rovers can’t even get over a small ridge or a Congressional vote.”

Said a third, sneering under his MMGA (Make Mars Green Again) hat, “I knew we should have built that space shield border wall. Earth

definitely would have paid for it!”

Another was more forgiving. “I like his brain chips,” she said. “They go great with brain dip. I just wish inflation hadn’t made it cost so much, but I guess these days, you have to kill a lot more earthlings to get a pound of brains.”

Back on earth, supporters are rallying to rescue Muskrat and his crew. A benefit concert has been organized, with Galactic opening for Bruno Mars. However, ticket sales are reported to be slow, since 99.99% of the population appears to be fine with Muskrat remaining in space forever.

The Krewe of Underwear, famed for its red union suits, declared total sympathy with the denizens of the red planet. In fact, rumors abound that several UFOs’ worth of Martians will join the Underwearians in the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, February 15. Parade-goers should watch for the giant SpaceSex rocket that the Martians are reportedly bringing back just for the event – and watch out for rockets in their pockets.

Unlucky Pussies and Poodles Pleasing People’s Palates

THE IRISH SETTER CHANNEL – Chaos erupted this week in the Crescent City with what can only be described as rabid pandemonium. Tufts of fur rolled down St. Charles Avenue like tumbleweeds as citizens across the metro area took to savagely devouring their household pets in what one report described as a zombie-like apocalypse causing total mayhem. People are literally eating their dogs and cats.

“This really gets my dentures clacking. It’s like a Wes Craven movie, except it’s the John Waters remake,” Ms. Donna Labradoodle told us over Zoom, barricaded in her French Quarter condo. “I could do without the smell of entrails on top of the usual human urine stench outside, but I guess I’m just lucky I don’t seem to have any symptoms. I haven’t craved a wiener in decades.”

Walking down the city’s grand avenues, the distinct aroma of canine barbeques was abundant. Neighborhood feline boils have become commonplace as people bond with their friends over their newly

acquired taste for domesticated protein.

To keep up with their clients’ changing palettes, area restaurants have introduced several new menu items. Commander’s Palace debuted a Shar-Pei Soufflé, while Galatoire’s featured a Dachshund Étouffée. Both establishments have indefinitely replaced turtle with terrier as the soup du jour. Meanwhile, Leidenheimer’s is baking its bread with Fidough.

“It is a little disturbing, but hey, this is New Orleans, we roll with the good times!” exclaimed Russell Rottweiler while marching with the newly formed Krewe of Kitty Lickers, during their inaugural parade down St. Bernard Avenue.

Reports began trickling in weeks ago on neighborhood watch apps regarding missing pets, and then eyewitness accounts slowly emerged of seeing neighbors eating their domesticated fur babies in yards and public spaces. As of last night, the New Orleans metro area has been deemed a quarantined containment zone. So far, there have been no confirmed cases of human-on-human attacks, a proud first in New Orleans’ centuries-old history.

“I’m, like, really trying hard not to let this whole thing dim my inner light,” said Miss Anastasia Bichon-Frise. “I was just in the woods giving birth to a newfound sense of spirituality with my shaman, and this is what I come back to? We should have listened to nature – the signs were all there. Like, Scrim totally knew! It’s such a hashtag fail moment.”

Dubbed “The Petpocalypse,” the outbreak of pet-eating is thought to be linked to the black-market organ trade dominating our bayou parishes. Tainted alligator organs are being passed as human, which are then unwittingly implanted into desperate people in need of a transplant. Experts believe this altered the primal urges of patient zero, in a surgical procedure conducted in Baratterrier, but how it has since spread is still under investigation. The Sewage and Water Board, however, suggests boiling whatever is left over of the pet to thwart further spread.

“What we have here is a novel case of a pseudo-rabies with absolutely no known cure,” explained Dr. Armando Schnauzer of Ochsner Health. “Our ERs

are now overrun with animals in need of assistance. The last I’ve heard is the Haitians are developing a vaccine. But hey, at least people are seemingly enjoying themselves, even if pet parts are all over the place.”

Currently, the Louisiana Governor’s Office is declining to declare a state of emergency amidst the madness. At a press conference, a representative for the governor, Ms. Vanessa Vizsla, told reporters, “The governor has worked very hard to prevent this from happening. Putting the Ten Commandments in schools should have done the trick. While we are going to miss the tax revenue from Orleans Parish, our thoughts and prayers are with your pets.”

With the city riding a one-way ticket to a trainwreck, the *Times-Picayune* published photos of Mayor Cantrell putting barbeque sauce on a Maltese. It is unconfirmed if she has been infected or not. However, local groups such as the Krewe of Mishigas have formed interstate coalitions to obtain private helicopters at designated pick-up spots to evacuate our furry friends.

Mama Roux Has Fowl Intentions

FOWL GROUND – The Krewe of Mama Roux is conspiring on a feathered caper with fowl intentions. The winged creatures will not chicken out on their cunning plans to bring their best pullets and cockerels to the Krewe du Vieux gathering.

To learn more about fowl intentions, Mama Roux interviewed the honorable Professor Foghorn Leghorn II, a world-renowned expert on fowl behavior. Professor Leghorn holds the E. Fudd chair in the Barnyard Department at Poultry University (PU) in Houma. His dicktorial thesis was on all aspects of fowl behavior, with particular focus on two species: the cock and the pecker. The interview took place at his nest in the PU faculty lounge. He arrived all decked out in a white capon with a red truffle hat

and yellow leggings. Following are highlights of his/her/they's comments and observations.

Mama Roux (MR): Thank you Professor for taking the time to talk with us about this important topic. Let's start with the cock. What are the unique aspects of a cock's behavior?

Leghorn: I say, I say, I say son, I'm mighty glad you asked that question. The cock lies in the bush in waiting for unsuspecting chicks, crowing about its prowess and looking to invade their nests. Once satisfied, cocks shrink away until the next opportunity arises. Remember, a cock in your hand is worth two in a bush.

MR: Very interesting. And how about the pecker?

Leghorn: Well son, it's like this: the pecker finds a vulnerable location to

drill into, bashing its head into an orifice until a suitable hole is made for further penetration. Peckers are known to move from hole to hole without regard for future commitments.

MR: I see. And what might these two have in common?

Leghorn: Both respond to compliments and continuous stroking. Also, both are sensitive to and enjoy human touch. You should exert care to not rub a cock the wrong way or squeeze a pecker too tight. Each can take a lickin' and keep on tickin'.

MR: What advice do you have for our readers if they should encounter a cock or pecker?

Leghorn: Well I say, I say, I say it seems to me, when I think about it ... it is a pleasure to engage with both but expect moments of high energy that dissolve into a restful period of

recovery. Re-engagement is advised after a cooling off period. Cocks and peckers enjoy X-rated movies, especially the fowl behavior of other cocks and peckers. My advice is to take a hands-on approach to any interactions and you will find that to be both stimulating and capable of creating unique and memorable experiences.

MR: One final general question: What does your research say is the reason the chickens crossed I-10 during rush hour?

Leghorn: Well after years of pondering this age-old question it is clear to me they crossed I-10 to get to Kermit's Mother in Law lounge to catch the Clucker's midnight set.

MR: Thank you very much professor for your deep and penetrating insights.

Leghorn: I say son, you're welcome.

Crescent City Disconnection

BRIDGE CITY – The project to install decorative lighting on the Crescent City Connection bridge has finally come to a close, just before New Orleans is set to host Super Bowl LIX. The lighting project caused over six months of agony for those using the bridge. At times in the evening, West Bank-bound rush hour commuters experienced near standstill traffic on the Pontchartrain Expressway, with bumper-to-bumper traffic stretching to the Jefferson Parish line. Similar delays were experienced in the mornings with long backups on the elevated expressway headed east and various feeder roads. Originally forecast to cost \$16.5 million, the project was finally completed for \$23 million.

The CCC was originally strung with decorative lighting in 1987. However, the decision was made to replace that lighting rather than repair it. Officials explained that the system was left damaged and partially out of service due to exposure to ultraviolet rays, high winds, and years of inclement weather.

One engineer who worked on the original project conceded, "Frankly, when these lights were designed and installed, we had no idea that the bridge would receive sunlight on a daily basis and that there was so much

inclement weather and high winds in this city."

The contractor for the new lighting installation was Frischhertz Electric Co., Inc. This reporter has learned that the actual lights were supplied via a no-bid contract with an entity named "Most Glorious Emir, LLC," which has offices in the Cayman Islands and Gstaad, Switzerland. Informed sources have confirmed that the LLC is wholly owned by the Emir of K.A.O.S. A change order added to that contract was the sole reason for the \$6.5 million cost overrun.

Part of the funding for the cost overrun was provided by the State of Louisiana, subject to Governor Jeff Landry's condition that no black, brown, red, or yellow lights be included in the project.

Efforts to reach the Emir for information on how the contract was awarded and the reasons for the \$6.5 million cost overrun were unsuccessful. Informed sources have advised that the Emir is currently living on a West Texas cattle ranch that surpasses the size of the famous King Ranch, where he is recuperating from an undisclosed malady. Those same sources report that he is accompanied by the Royal Consort, who is being home schooled for a career in nursing.

An individual who claims to be one of the current "Captains" of K.A.O.S. confirmed that the sale of the lights included a 50-year warranty. However, that warranty is voided "if the lights are exposed to sunlight, high winds, or inclement weather."

Ima Shitten-Hugh, spokesperson for Mayor Latoya Cantrell, advised that the mayor was not available for comment. According to Shitten-Hugh, the mayor is on a global warming/sea level rise fact finding mission on a beach in Aruba. Shitten-Hugh advised that the mayor would "call on her flight back, assuming there is cell service in first class."

Reached on her way into City Hall recently, New Orleans City Councilmember-at-Large Helena Morono offered this observation: "As the next Mayor of the City of New Orleans, er as a candidate that is, I vow that we will find even more things to light up for the benefit of our visitors, cost of installation and maintenance and inconvenience to our citizens be damned."

As possible lighting projects, she offered "the oak trees along St. Charles Avenue and in Audubon and City Parks, the Municipal Auditorium, St. Louis Cathedral, and carriage mules in the French Quarter. We are even working with Morning Call and Café

du Monde on a heat resistant blinky light that can be inserted into a beignet before it is fried."

The alleged K.A.O.S. "Captain" disclosed that the sub-krewe's investigation has turned up an additional cause for the original lighting malfunction, one that does not bode well for the new installation: trolls that live under the bridge. According to the ersatz "Captain":

"Trolls are magical creatures that frequently live under bridges, only coming out occasionally to post on the Internet or run for Congress. We have located a band of trolls that live under the CCC. The trolls' sleep is interrupted by the lighting system, and they have tampered with the lights over the years so that they can sleep peacefully. Trolls are also reputed to have the ability to control the elements, and we believe that they may be responsible for the daily sunshine, and occasional inclement weather and high winds that have proven to be a problem for the original lighting installation. We were amazed that the trolls were able to elude the recent homeless person sweeps orchestrated by Governor Jeff Landry. It turns out that they were able to blend in seamlessly with the residents of Gretna and Westwego."

C.R.U.D.E., Entergy Reveal New Recipe for Blacked Out Cooking

IN THE DARK – Entergy New Orleans today announced a new project that’s taking a page out of the past.

The utility has published a cookbook called “New Orleans Blacks Out, New Ways to Cook Local Delicacies,” which features tips on how to prepare many Creole dishes, and also ways to cook that most delicate of all local delicacies: Entergy’s own power grid.

“We think this will be of great use to our utility punchlines ... I mean subjects, err, I mean, excuse me, customers,” said Entergy spokesman Seymour Sparx.

The intersection of cuisine and potential electrocution has local precedent. Many years ago, when utilities were handled by New Or-

leans Public Service Inc., or NOPSI, the organization printed recipes to introduce customers who used its gas and electricity to new ways of cooking. With “New Orleans Blacks Out,” Entergy continues the tradition and is promoting an innovative new cooking technique, developed in close consultation with field research conducted by C.R.U.D.E.

“Louisiana is famous for blackened dishes, especially blackened redfish,” said Sparx. “We are now introducing blacked-out dishes, which are best prepared without the aid of lights.”

Whereas blackening takes just the right blend of seasoning, a piping hot skillet and expert timing, blacked-out cooking adds another layer by doing

all of this in the dark.

Thoughtfully, the utility produced the book in large print. “That will make it easier to read by candlelight or in the glow of your rapidly-dying cell phone the next time our community shares an outage,” Sparx added.

As for creating the blackout, that recipe is easy and wide open for interpretation and innovation. All it requires is cooking Entergy’s power grid, and the book provides some ideas of what can cause that. These include: Mardi Gras beads, squirrels, Scrim the famous fugitive dog, squirrels, feral cats, domesticated cats, mylar balloons, mylar anything, confetti, dust mites, dust, children blowing bubbles, children imitating the act of blowing

bubbles, squirrels, Saints wins, Saints losses, Teedy’s international travel itinerary, hurtful words, memories of Katrina 19 years ago, dirty looks, passing streetcars, passing bicycles and passing fancies. And squirrels.

Spokesman Sparx added the company is already working on its next literary project. “In honor of National History Month, we will produce a book series to educate customers further about great moments in human civilization,” he said.

This first edition is tentatively titled “Entergy Celebrates the Dark Ages.” Rumors that the project is a collaboration between the company, Governor Jeff Landry, and the Louisiana Legislature could not be confirmed as *Le Monde de Merde* went to press.

Leaked Documents Reveal FBI Landry Land investigation

“It’s a Lewd, lurid affair,” says leaker.

LEWDIANA – Documents provided to *Le Monde de Merde* during a clandestine meeting behind a Kenner porno shop revealed lascivious details regarding a previously undisclosed FBI investigation into several local political figures. Published below is the most shocking cable this disreputable rag received during what we hope is the first of many document dumps.

Privileged message to FBI Director Kash Patel

From: FBI Special Agent Kemper Boyd

RE: LEWD-iana Landry Land project

Highly classified/For Your Eyes Only

Dear Kash:

Thank you once again for selecting me for this investigation and getting me out of the DC office. It feels invigorating to get out and about with the common people of this “LEWD-iana”. The wiretaps have not revealed much, but the bedroom mic plants by Agents Boudreaux and Thibodeaux have been a veritable gold mine, as have the mics deployed by Agent Guidry in the VIP room of the Gold Mine Saloon down on Bourbon, where great intel emerged regarding “**Lord Licorice**”. While we are still reviewing and transcribing the audio files, here is a brief sketch on the four most dangerous degenerates.

James Michael “Tiny” Johnson, Shreveport, House Speaker, aka “**Lord Licorice**”: a BDSM maniac who smacks his whores about (mostly male, sometimes females with flat breasts) with a glass-encrusted Bible and is known to exclaim at the point of climax, “Baby, abort this!” Safe word(s) is “Jesus Pancakes.” Agents should note: while he looks like a fey librarian, he is quite violent and should be approached with extreme caution and guns locked and loaded.

Jeffrey Martin “Jeff” Landry, St. Martinville, Governor, kink name: “**King Kong Kandy (KKK)**”: suffers from little man syndrome. Inclination toward bestiality, weird fascination with tigers, rejected repeatedly in high school by girls named Gabrielle, gets high on oils spills in a “LaFouche Parish,” has a bad temper and is very scared of journalists. We can corroborate recent “pillow talk” between KKK and the CEO of Crescent Midstream. Salacious excerpt, track 008:

KKK: “That technicolor oil spill really brightened up the bayou, dontchu think?”

Crescent Midstream CEO (CMCEO): “mmmhmmm, just like that Jodie at the Red Goose Saloon made you blush, right?” [static, unintelligible]

KKK: “... that fucker Dr. Baker at the LSU Vet School better watch hisself.”

CMCEO: “I’m just trying to graft some money and I’m not comfortable with these intimate details, Jeff... but can I still count on you to flout EPA reg ... [garbled]”

John Neely Kennedy, Zachary, Senator, Adult Friend Finder alias “**Gramma Nutt (GN)**”, notorious drunk, known East Baton Rouge Parish “john” and cross dresser. We confirmed GN was bi-curious dating back to high school. When GN first tried to introduce this personality at Vanderbilt, he was sternly rebuffed. But it was GN’s time at Oxford in the UK where our darling Senator learned to truly shine. The British, it seems, have a long tradition of such things, and that’s why we Americans divorced ourselves from those perverts in 1776. Anyhoo, John the “john” is particularly sensitive about his secret “proclivities,” and that makes him ripe for exploitation when we need to press the “GO” button on this LEWD-iana project. And I’m only discussing his drinking. Particular weakness: cheap Scotch. We’ve also noted the fake “hick” accent, which we have determined is merely a reflection of his intoxication, and not necessarily an affectation.

Elizabeth “Liz” Murrill, Lafayette High/New Orleans/points unknown, Attorney General, OnlyFans creator name **Queen Frostine (QF)**. More dangerous than Supreme Court Justice Amy Coney Barrett, QF has made a name for herself by fleecing horny repressed right-winger dudes in hopeless marriages. Known particularly for grinding her baby-maker against a large stone dildo engraved with the 10 Commandments, QF has rebuffed all FBI efforts at surveillance. She is unpredictable, unyielding and a savvy operator. I’m gonna need some more agents down here, stat, to get a handle on this one. Quite frankly, she scares the shit out of me. I await further instruction and funding, and with kind regards, I remain your special agent in LEWD-iana,

Kemper

Comatose Warns The End Is Here

THE DUMB ZONE – Recent shake-ups in the New World Odor have produced paradoxes and ruffled feathers in the Pelican State. Reporters are rushing here to see democracy in disarray.

Never missing an opportunity to be the slowest, stupidest, and sickest state in the Union, Louisiana’s Department of Health & Inhuman Services is squashing the use of flu, Covid, and m-pox vaccines. This ignores the fact that New Orleans has endured more diseases than medicine has identified. Vaccines have historically conquered Yellow Fever, Measles, Polio, Dengue Fever, Malaria, Leprosy, “Spanish Influenza” and Covid.

Created out of mud and magical thinking, New Orleans would become famous for mingling art, music, and French kissing. This recipe for hope and joy strengthened amidst calamities like the Civil War, floods, and segregation. Sadly, hucksters still run for office and promise “A Disease in every Pot.” Truly, if there is a gigan-

tic lie or conspiracy afoot, Louisiana buffoons will leap at the chance to embrace it.

Former Queen of Krewe du Vieux Jennifer Avegno has been sickened by the news. She was a beacon of hope as we struggled to conquer Covid.

Alas, two of the right-wing wackos trying to capitalize on the misinformation are “The Dumb Kennedys.” The Krewe of Comatose was the first to realize that Presidential candidate Robert Kennedy and Louisiana Senator John Kennedy were fornicating, fabricating, and plotting to End The World for vaccine supporters.

The evidence is overwhelming that Americans are confused by their mountain of bullshit. Worms are fleeing Robert’s brain and a dead whale rides on his car to warn us. Even a cuddly baby bear committed suicide in Central Park as he passed by, sensing the End Times. This lifetime moron decries the Germ Theory because it’s only a theory. He screws babysitters to restore his ignorance and says

fluoride is bad for protecting teeth. A perfect choice to lead our Health Care system?

Senator John Kennedy’s elocution, meanwhile, has deteriorated into a “gosh, shucks” sort of Foghorn Leghorn cartoon character. Concerned LSU doctors performed an anal probe to analyze this and discovered rectal brain fragments. Living in Louisiana has transformed him. Perhaps a cock-fighting injury or another brain worm is to blame. Oxford University, his Alma Mater, apparently offers PhDs in mumbling and babbling. He now obsesses about dogs pissing down his leg or blaming the French Market Wet Market for bringing “Covid.” His famous “That dog don’t hunt” quote ironically references himself. He was born in Contagion Parish, of course, adjacent to Consumption Parish.

The 1980s band The Dead Kennedys exposed the American Farce. Songs like “Kill the Poor” “Ill in the Head” and “Bedtime for Democracy” show how prescient they were. One was

Klaus Fluoride, a dangerous musician from the Halogen Family. He warned of a comatose hoi polloi devouring McDonald’s and Tik-Tok propaganda through a dirty feeding tube. “Government Flu” is here, he sang.

All this has triggered Comatose’s “Brain Dead Kennedys” theme to highlight how Earthly life will end. Global warming, tsunamis, drones, and aliens have no chance to succeed with Republicans like these in charge. Newspapers and bloggers will be accused of “crying wolf” but it’s too late. Look for the brain-hushed geniuses of Comatose to offer palliative care and humor as the curtain falls on February 15, 2025. As the final sub-krewe of the final parade on this planet, look for our signs, warnings, and last-minute snake-oil cures: “Make Polio Cool Again”; “Love That Chicken Pox from Popeyes”; “House of the Sickening Sun”; “The Big Sicko”; “Put Pasteur Out to Pasture”; “Yellow Fever Moon”; “MRSA Is Not a Genius Group”.

Mardi Gras Krewe Creates Sparks, Burns Down City Hall in Unprecedented Act of Anarchy

SMOKY HALL – In an event that has left the city applauding and coughing heavily, a local Mardi Gras krewe known for its x-rated costumes and unpredictable antics has taken the celebration of Mardi Gras to a well-deserved destructive extreme. What began as a raucous parade of satire escalated into an all-out spectacle of color, chaos and chants, culminating in the burning of City Hall and then hauling it off to the River Bitch landfill, complete with the rats in tow. Anarchy in the streets!

Eyewitnesses said the anarchy was wild and wonderful. “Haul it away”, the crowds cried.

Firefighters responded as quickly as possible, but the flames had already consumed a significant portion of the building. The fire chief blamed the crowds in the street for his men’s tardiness. “We had to take another route, but then we hit a pothole that wreaked havoc on the fire trucks,” he

reported. “Damn city.”

Another unnamed fireman said, “We think the fire originated in the Department of Safety and Permits, and was started by an employee who couldn’t face dealing with the 38-year backlog of unfilled permit requests. Can you blame him?”

Others suggested that the conflagration could have been started by disgruntled citizens taking things into their own hands. Other possibilities were that a squirrel caused an Entergy power line to start sparking, or a balloon release hit a transformer.

A homeless man watched sadly as he claimed that City Hall was his hideout and his fire to get warmth had spread out of control. “I’ve been waiting at the One-Stop Shop for eight months,” he said. “No one ever called my number, so it was the perfect place to stay. Now where are we to go? They’ve taken away all our hideouts under the bridge. Even the rats have

it better than us.”

In a video posted on social media shortly before the fire, the krewe’s masked leader said, “The people are rising, and no amount of police or politicians can stop us. Mardi Gras is a time for freedom, not for control. We will burn the system down, one building at a time.”

“It was like something out of a movie,” said Sarah Delacroix, a New Orleans local who witnessed the events unfold. “City Hall had been reported this year as overrun with stoner rats. They had gotten into the police pot stash and ate all of the evidence.” Of course the mayor was nowhere to be found to reply to these allegations.

City Council President Helena Morono arrived on the scene and lamented, “All of our top-of-the-line technology equipment and computers are gone.” However, several city employees said that only a handful of the computers even worked. They said

that all the Mayor cared about was her first class tickets, the pot stash and her boyfriend’s sex toys.

There has been considerable speculation as to where City Hall might relocate. Observers noted that any number of empty buildings left to rot in the city would suffice. The Plaza Tower building or Charity Hospital are up for grabs. Others say no one really cares. Meanwhile, the rats have already relocated to the court buildings on Broad and Tulane.

Arthur Hardly, writer of the famous Mardi Gras guide, declared “The parades must go on!! No canceling of Mardi Gras for any reason.” Delacroix screamed, “Throw me something mistah!”

As investigations into the arson continue, the legacy of *The Krewe of Space Age Love* – whether as villains or visionaries – will undoubtedly linger long after the ashes of City Hall have cooled.

Constitution Rejectors Ambush Public Schools

1400s OF SPAIN STREET – After a courtroom setback, Louisiana’s education [sic] policymakers are reaffirming their dedication to the Got-One-Bayou State’s proud and unbroken tradition of academic underachievement.

The state’s theocratic hivemind has been buzzing since Federal District Judge John “Da Gavel” deGravelles ruled that a new state law, requiring all public schools to display the Ten Commandments, is unconstitutional. He issued the decision immediately before making a hasty exit out of town concealed under some blankets in a friend’s trunk.

Almost as if she expected federal courts to side with the First Amendment, State Attorney General Liz “Em” Murrill had an appeal at the ready. “This judicial decision was a miscarriage of justice,” she said. “And we all know that in Louisiana miscarriages are now felonies punishable by up to 15 years in prison. I’m Em Murrill and I will do whatever it takes to see this measure come to full term. Of course, state government has very little interest in nurturing anything after it comes into the world, so I can move on after that.”

She summarized the courtroom chokehold she has planned for the Bill of Rights: “Like some marriages that we’re coming after next, our case has two prongs. First, the judge said the law violates the establishment clause but we’re not operating any establishments, just schools. Second, we can’t be promoting religion by putting up posters with the Ten Commandments – we don’t actually teach our students to read, so how could this be an effective promotion of any particular view or faith? Maybe if we used emojis.”

State Stuporintendent of Education Cade “Prayed Glumly” Brumley said he was “shocked, shocked” by the decision. “This ruling is an offense to the sacred slogan carved above the portal to our Department of Education: ‘Freedom is Slavery and Ignorance is Strength’. Not just pretty words but an inspiration for our entire team. Despite this setback we are dedicated to developing strength in all our children with a healthy diet

of the 3 Rs – Religion, Republicanism and ‘Retchedness.’”

Governor Jeff “Phil” Landry, meanwhile, deployed his unparalleled communication style (seriously there’s nothing even close), honed as he built his fortune renting his forehead out as an interstate billboard. He chose to explain his administration’s policy response in a classic fireside chat.

With science textbooks crackling reassuringly in the fireplace, the governor mumbled unintelligibly to the microphones and cameras deployed around him. *Monde de Merde* reporters were fairly certain they caught a few English and English-ish terms: “I boss now...’Merica...feners...critters...barrel.” (In full disclosure, some New Orleanians on staff thought that last one was “boil.”) Fortunately, we were able to enlist the services of an interpreter and have some highlights from his address.

“I don’t know the meaning of the word quit (or of a lot of other words). That’s how I scored four touchdowns in one game back at St. Martinsville High. I’m happy to say I’m the product of a Louisiana public school education and that made me everything I am today,” he reassured his followers.

In a queerly emergent theme, he said that his administration is pursuing a two-pronged strategy. While the AG (he got a little help with the spelling from an aide) is following legal appeals, his administration is working with the legislature on a “Starve ‘em Out” approach to defiant districts.

“We cut off the school summer lunch program already. That way the poor kids don’t learn nothin’ for months. It’s just about the only time we’ve turned down free money from Washington. A lot of people said I was crazy, but now they see I’m crazy like a Fox News anchor.”

He also revealed his hand in ensuring massive budget cuts for New Orleans schools this year.

“Everybody hears there’s a 36-million-dollar error in the parish school board’s accounting and just assumes it was a typical New-Orleans-as-usual screwup. I mean, it was, but how do you think it got that way? We didn’t just

start underfunding the schools last year; we’ve been working on this for decades. They’re cutting staff and scrambling for loose change on the sidewalk to keep things running this year. How are they going to pay a lawyer?”

Of course, the fights and budget cuts are being felt in classrooms across the parish. One student complained about aging textbooks and was excited to learn that the Allies won World War II. “I would have asked my teacher,” she said. “But he’s spent most of the

year in the corner rocking back and forth and sobbing quietly.”

In an attempt to bolster local education, two groups have stepped up in support of New Orleans area schools. The Campaign for Resources in All Public Schools (CRAPS) and the Committee on Resistance Against Political Stupidity (also, strangely, CRAPS) will bring their efforts to the public on the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter on February 15 as CRAPS Teaches on a Budget.

WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

How to play: find theme-related words hidden in the grid. Words bend in any direction – horizontally, vertically, or diagonally – and each letter is used only once. There is a special “spangram,” a word or phrase describing the theme that spans two opposite edges of the grid. Focus on the theme to guide your search, and remember that words can change direction.

Theme: Quarter Satire

S	E	D	O	K	I	A	P	S	S	M
S	E	S	T	R	U	N	N	P	I	S
E	G	N	O	B	O	K	A	S	A	H
I	R	A	H	C	B	C	R	E	G	I
R	P	S	I	S	D	N	A	N	E	U
K	D	E	D	E	E	U	I	I	C	X
M	R	U	W	U	K	S	V	O	E	R
M	A	O	X	N	S	O	M	A	P	M
A	R	E	D	E	A	L	T	S	S	E
K	S	A	W	R	U	L	E	D	O	N
O	A	R	C	R	D	E	W	U	D	M

Solution on page 11.

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 anything worth suing for that hasn’t already been declared subject to Louisiana’s highest-in-the-nation sales tax.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

The Louisiana Feral Drone Management Advisory Task Force was created by House Resolution No. 828,000 during the extra special session of the 2024 Louisiana Legislature. This resolution charged members of the Task Force with making recommendations to state offices regarding the status and management of feral drone populations.

At the recommendation of the Task Force, Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries is opening a special season for the harvest of resident and migratory drones. This special season is intended to reduce the population of nuisance drones to sustainable levels, with the ultimate goal of reasonable preservation of privacy (e.g. recreational cannabis horticulture, nude sunbathing, cavorting/carousing, etc.).

Nuisance Drones

Landowners or their designees may remove drones within the airspace of their property without a special permit. Nets and firearms may be used to remove privately owned craft. Governmental drones may be removed by any means including pulsed high intensity lasers. Any nuisance drones trapped or shot outside of open salvage season may not be scrapped for parts.

Methods of taking game quadcopters and winged surveillance craft

A Basic Hunting License for persons 6 and older is required of all persons hunting quadcopters and winged craft (See exceptions for nuisance drones, above). A federal and state drone stamp must also be possessed by licensed hunters taking migratory drone species.

Drones of all types may be taken via shotgun not exceeding 10 gauge in unincorporated areas of the state. Within the city of New Orleans, there are, apparently, no restrictions. Go full-auto if ya wanna. Neither Department of Wildlife and Fisheries, NOPD, Sheriff's Office, State Police, nor National Guard will be enforcing this law or any others within city limits.

Prohibited Activities

Use of drone attractants including but not limited to lithium ion battery packs and associated recharge stations, spare propellers, and live nudes as decoys. It shall be a violation of this paragraph for any person to take migratory drones on an area where tame or captive sunbathers are present.

The taking of drones above properties containing any of the above-mentioned lures will constitute hunting over a baited field.

A baited field may also be any area on which cannabis buds have been placed, exposed, deposited, distributed, or scattered. This generally refers to the areas of Bywater, Marigny, Frenchmen Street, the French Quarter, and the vicinity of the rat-infested NOPD evidence locker.

Daily Bag Limit

The maximum number of migratory drones of a single species or combination of species permitted to be taken by one person in any one day during the special season.

Migratory Drones – 5 quadcopters only, or 3 quadcopters and 1 fixed-wing, or 2 fixed-wings only. There shall be no daily bag limit for nuisance drones taken from private property.

Field Dressing






No person shall completely field dress any migratory game drone and then transport the fuselage from the field. The nose cone and one intact wing must remain attached to the drone while being transported from the field to one's home.

Dual Violation

Violation of state migratory drone regulations is also a violation of Department of Droneland Security regulations.

Caution: More restrictive regulations may apply to St. John Parish. For additional information on regulations, please contact Knights of Mondu Drone Management Agent at latoyanudes@mostunwanted.com or vappiestinypp@dikkileaks.com.

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GLOBAL HAWKS!

<p>Global Hawk</p> <p>Male Adult in Flight</p> 	<p>You can help To report GLOBAL HAWK drone sightings in Louisiana please contact Hideyer Hine or Wesa Witall at NOLA.from.the.air@notprivate.com</p>	<p>Know the Difference</p> <p>Predator</p>  <p>Reaper</p>  <p>Raven</p> 
<p>Female Adult in Flight</p> 	<p>IT IS ILLEGAL TO SHOOT GLOBAL HAWKS</p>	

Wheel...Of...Misfortune

The exciting new game show from Spank Pictures Studio

EASTERN NEW ORLEANS – *Le Monde de Merde* received a special invite to view the recording of a new game show debuting this year. In a new studio carved out of the former Faubourg Brewery building, Spank Pictures presented the show they dub “New Orleans’ game”.

With a signature chant of the show title by the audience, the hosts emerged with welcomes all around. The contestants were introduced, and the announcer intoned this week’s big bonus prize.

“A hurricane evacuation welcome awaits at the last motel room at an Alabama truck stop. Take in the local charm and vibrant culture of this dry county as you while away the time wondering if you still have a roof on your house. An evacuation adventure awaits.”

Sounded exciting. The hosts wasted no time, starting round one with a ‘toss-up’ where letters are revealed one by one until one contestant guesses the puzzle.

“Is everyone ready? Great! The first toss-up is worth \$1,000. The category is ‘HEADLINE’.”

With that, letters were turned one by one and Bill, a server from Uptown, quickly hit his buzzer and took a guess. “MYLAR BALLOON CAUSES BOIL WATER ADVISORY.”

“Nice work! Keep those pots and bottled water handy,” the host energetically replied, then moved right along. “Our second toss-up is worth \$2,000 with the category ‘IRKSOME THING’. Contestants...”

Dominique, a nurse from Mid-City, guessed this one. “SEWERAGE & WATER BOARD BILLING ERROR.”

The host replied with more witty banter. “It is indeed irksome. You’re going to be spending a lot of time on the phone, mostly on hold. Now let’s move on to round one. The category is ‘UNEXPECTED EXPENSE’. Dominique, as the winner, will you do the honors and give the wheel a spin.”

This is where it gets interesting. Each spin lands on a wedge with a cash amount or other prize, the contestant guesses a letter, and if it’s correct they win it and a chance to guess the puzzle. The round ends when the puzzle is solved. Leslie, the third contestant, a teacher from Holy Cross, guessed an “R”, which gave her enough letters to solve the puzzle.

“HOMEOWNERS INSURANCE PREMIUM INCREASE.”

“That is correct!” The host kept the mood light with more banter. “You could try another company, but there aren’t any writing. Maybe up your deductible? Citizen’s? And the category for round two is ‘DISASTERS’. Leslie, you have the first spin.”

This one went on for a while until Bill announced he wanted to solve the puzzle. “BUILDING COLLAPSE CLOSES BUSINESSES AND RESTAURANTS.”

“Tough break there, Bill. Maybe you can get some temp work for the Superbowl. And now our final round with the category ‘WHERE YAT?’ Bill, go ahead and get us started.” Bill’s spin landed right on the bonus prize wedge. “Wow! You’re the winner of our featured prize! Give the wheel another spin.”

The round continued until Dominique guessed, “BEING REASSESSED OUT OF MY HOME.”

“Correct! You could always spend a day at City Hall and try to appeal.”

That was the end of regular play, at which point the contestant with the most cash and prizes moves on to the bonus round. The host sent off the other contestants. “Bill, thanks for playing and I hope they stabilize that building soon. And Leslie, good luck with the insurance woes. Dominique, you are our big winner plus that \$10K water bill and a reassessment, and you are on to the bonus round. This is for the big prize, the category is ‘INCIDENCES’. We’ll start you with the letters P S K N and A.”

Dominique said, “I’ll take an R, a C, a D and an O.” The host started the timer “Okay, looks pretty good to me, you have ten seconds, go.”

We’ll put what she had to go on here, and let you our readers give it a try:

C	A	R			S			O	O	D	D
D	R				A	D	O	N	O	R	

Spoiler alert! She solved it. And with that the host closed out the show. “You got it! Boy, the hits keep coming. That’s all for this episode. Tune in for more misfortunes tomorrow! Goodnight, everybody.”

ALL ABOARD
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This, the latest, the largest steamer afloat, will sail from KDV Den to the Sugar Mill

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15

Rue Bourbon has a Devolting Experience with GNU

by Reggie Bushin – Energy Reporter
OFF THE GRID – The frequency of blackouts in New Orleans has led to some people comparing the city to a third world country. As the *Monde Du Merde* reporter responsible for covering energy issues, I’ve uncovered quite a bit about the policy of what we, for legal reasons, have to call the Giant Nameless Utility – or GNU. But unlike that steady African antelope, our local GNU is barely steady on its feet despite its long history in the city.

Many of our service disruptions have taken the form of foreign objects finding their way into transformer substations, causing shorts and blackouts. The local citizenry is up in arms about the spotty service.

Acclaimed bakery owner Rachelle Boule expressed the sentiment of many residents. “It’s completely unacceptable. I mean the ovens run on natural gas but the timers run on electricity. How are we supposed to time our bread if the power keeps cutting off? I’ve burned a bunch of batches of brioche.”

Local dominatrix Regina Ballbuster was equally upset about how the frequent power outages had impacted her impact business. “You don’t know

how frustrating it is for everyone involved when you are pegging a sub with an electric dildo and it just stops on you. Do you realize how much whipping it takes to get the worm to finish himself?”

We contacted the City Council for a response. Councilmember Roland Barronne was the only one willing to go on the record. “Well, their check didn’t clear so I guess I can let the public know a bit about what is going on with the GNU. They are trying a new technique called ‘devolting’. As I had it explained to me, it’s where they make the service so unreliable everyone starts looking for alternative sources to power their devices and homes, or gives up on electricity entirely.”

Well-known preservationist and Garden District society matron Rosalind Beauvoir was particularly excited about the prospect of “devolting” and the opportunities it might bring. “Of course, our historic houses should only be maintained in the way that they were at the time they were constructed. For our family house, which was built by my great-great-great-grandfather in 1855, it is quite a simple thing to have the house slaves trim the whale oil lamps and stoke

the fires. Houses in New Orleans that weren’t built with electricity shouldn’t have to rely on it, when we simply have the iceman deliver a couple blocks for the kitchen staff to receive. So yes, I’m very enthusiastic about the new GNU policy, and since I have all the time to attend every Council meeting and contribute heavily to many of these campaigns, I expect the Council and Mayor to support it. Preservation is so very important for preserving ... our position.”

The Mayor’s Office was unavailable for comment, but sent out a press release explaining how the Mayor’s travel schedule made it impossible for them to comment.

We finally reached out to the GNU and they were nice enough to send a representative, Robert Banks, to meet me on the sidewalk outside of their downtown office building. His comment on ‘devolting’ was illuminating even if his company is not.

“Our ‘devolting’ policy is a response to changing economic, societal and environmental conditions. Our transformer substations are continually beset by nuisances like red balloons, rabid badgers, restive boa constrictors and redneck bullets. The maintenance

was constant and annoying. Then suddenly our Executive Vice President for Reliability and Balance had an idea – what if we just stopped? What if we reduced the reliability to, say, intermittent? I mean, this city looks better in candlelight, right? Your wife or husband, hey I don’t know and no judgement, looks better in candlelight? No one needs electricity that is on all the time, right? We did a small PR campaign to get buy in from the preservationists with a little dinner presentation at Antione’s and they were in.

“Look, no one wants a new power plant. No one cares if they can’t get on some zoom call they don’t want to be on anyway, so long as we find a way to keep the beer cold. ‘Devolting’ is going to work great for the city.”

And then I hit him with the follow up he didn’t anticipate.

“You know we are discussing this in January. And you think this plan is just fine. You don’t worry about the messed-up service now, but seriously, how are people going to respond in August?”

Banks looked at me, as if the thought hadn’t crossed his mind, then he slowly swallowed and quietly said, “They’re gonna kill us.”

Cunterculture Desk:

Spermes Initiates Cummer of Love

HAIGHT-ASHBURY – The last shot of the Sexual Revolution was fired long ago. Or was it?

In the 1960s, sex, drugs and rock ’n’ roll set people free. The movement hit its climax in the Summer of Love, when mobs of hippies went to Haight-Ashbury to listen to the music, expand their minds and spread their legs.

San Francisco was overrun with deflowered children with names like Moonbeam, Harmony and Saffron, all tripping from one free concert, Eastern religion and orgy to the next. As The Youngbloods’ hippie anthem said, “Cum on people now / Smile on your brother / Everybody get together / Try to love one another right now.”

Despite the concerns of the establishment, Pandora’s box got super wet and all sorts of new things spilled out.

The arrival of the pill spread the

revolution to main street and middle America. The squares got in the revolutionary spirit and seized control of the means of reproduction. From trad wives to wife swappers, everyone was getting in the mood. The hippies prevailed.

Some say the orgy never ended. With today’s era of Tinder, anime cosplay, edibles and endlessly streaming music, the throbbing beat goes on.

But the Krewe of Spermes isn’t so sure, and its members have launched a sloppy second Sexual Revolution. They’re calling it the Cummer of Love.

“Americans are horny for change,” said Spermes mouthpiece Janus Joplin. “We’re bringing back the zipless fuck.”

It’s not just nostalgia. While many krewe members barely leave the jiggy bliss of molly-soaked cuddle puddles

to Zoom into work meetings, some started to notice the rest of the culture had lost its mojo.

“We sort of took our eyes off the balls,” Joplin said. “It’s like we got roofied by the counter-revolution.”

After watching the recent rollback of reproductive freedoms across the country, the krewe traced the problem to an unsurprising source: the ’80s.

The krewe says the Reagan era was dropping all the right signs.

“They were trying to put Clarence Thomas on the Supreme Court (SCROTUS), and at his confirmation hearing he was all like, ‘Hey, I’ve got a pubic hair on my can of Coke,’ so we thought it was all good.” Joplin said. “We read that one wrong.”

Though dismissed as passing fads, ‘Just Say No,’ Christian heavy metal bands and purity rings were harbingers of a creepy and creeping menace.

As SCROTUS now sends personal

freedoms down the “states rights” tubes, the Krewe of Spermes has put out a call to hot and heavy action and is taking it to the streets.

“We’re gassing up the love bus,” Joplin said.

The new flower power move is more bottomless engagement than top-down control, unless people like that, Joplin said.

“It’s more seduction than radicalization,” she added.

The krewe has been stockpiling supplies of lube, Magic Wands and mushrooms. Playlists have been updated.

But most importantly, they plan to win hearts, minds and ass by lowering their already extremely low standards.

So far, the response has been overwhelming across generations.

“Gen Z has questionable taste in music,” she says. “But once you start sharing pronouns, you find that they’re happy to fuck anything.”

INANE'S PLAY CORNER

THROUGH THE LICKING ASS

By Krewé of the Mystic Inane

CHAPTER 1

Down the Popper Hole



Alice N. Wonderland was leaving her drag show on St. Claude when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran by her and onto Elysian Fields. Alice heard the Rabbit say "oh my ass whiskers, How late it's getting!", and when the rabbit took a bottle of poppers out of its waistcoat pocket, sniffed it, and hurried on, Alice burned with curiosity and ran after it, into the Phoenix and up the stairs, just in time to see it disappear into a small opening between two round shiny cheeks. A sign identified this doorway as the "Licking Ass". How very curious! Alice thought, but when she got close she found the opening was shut tight.

Just then, a table appeared with a bottle on top labeled "SNIFF ME". Alice was not about to do that in a hurry, for Alice had read that the Louisiana Legislature had decided that these little bottles of poppers were against the law, that very year! These 'grown-ups' were always telling people that they couldn't use this thing or that, and for no good reason. "What nonsense!" thought Alice. Seeing that there was no reason NOT to sniff the bottle, she tried it. Finding it very nice, she soon had sniffed enough so that the Licking Ass relaxed before her very eyes! In another moment, Alice was through the Licking Ass and in a beautiful garden. "Curiouser and curiouser!" Alice said.

Come back next week to read about Alice's continuing adventures Through the Licking Ass, where she will partake in the Cockus Race, attend a Mad TeaBagging Party, and encounter the Hookah-smoking Cockterpillar, Twinkle Dick and Twinkle Dumptruck, the Cheshire Pussy, the Queef of Farts, and Humpty Cum-Dumpty.



I	R	L	E	M	L	E	M	I	T	A	T	P	T
N	A	E	I	S	R	O	Q	Q	T	I	I	P	T
I	U	R	V	E	A	A	A	S	S	P	U	A	R
K	C	A	M	O	L	N	C	I	N	A	N	E	E
S	F	T	S	D	L	B	T	A	N	T	N	K	R
T	N	D	B	C	I	T	R	U	R	P	T	C	B
U	L	U	A	P	R	I	C	E	E	P	I	F	
K	O	M	T	B	R	E	C	N	F	F	R	L	Q
N	S	P	T	T	E	P	E	R	G	N	O	C	U
I	T	S	S	E	T	P	R	S	N	U	S	T	E
W	S	T	T	K	T	O	R	U	H	P	E	A	E
T	I	E	U	K	A	P	F	I	S	R	B	I	F
R	A	R	F	W	C	B	R	E	E	H	U	N	C
I	T	I	F	F	S	T	A	N	A	L	D	T	L

- TWINK
- RUSH
- ROSEBUD
- SCATTERPILLAR
- ANAL
- REVOLTING
- POPPER
- ASS
- DUMPSTER
- SCRIM
- BUTTSTUFF
- QUEEF
- INANE
- LICK



Corrections and Clarifications

On the front page of last year's Monde de Merde, it was reported that New Orleans had 1.37 million potholes last year. The number was actually 2.37 million, but almost two dozen of them were repaired.

Also on Page 1, in detailing some of Gov. Jivin' Jeff Pandery's more endearing attributes and achievements, overlooked were dungeon-keeper, child-starver and tiger-baiter.

The KAOS article pointed out correctly that Louisiana Sen. John Kennedy lacks a brain, but failed to add that he is also missing his heart, his balls, his palate, and his sense of basic human decency.

The Comatose article reported on a number of "Hollywood South" film productions that were green-lighted in the aftermath of the Catholic Church's declaration of moral bankruptcy. Additional projects have emerged since last year's edition, including "The Lyin' Priest", "Monkeying Man", "The Fallen Guy", "Riding Sister Daisy", and "Wicked".

CRUDE's "We the Feeble" parade route omitted two key elements: the P-P Station (Pacemakers and Pampers) and Jerry Jeff's Walker Rentals.

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S	E	D	O	K	I	A	P	S	S	M
S	E	S	T	R	U	N	N	P	I	S
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