



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 Beats Off”

Jan Ramsey Will Help Krewe March to the Beat

ON THE BEAT – It could have been worse.

While NOLA mayor SexToya Cantell’s Total Recall remained unsettled at press time, herroner kept busy with first-class travel, second rate services, third world city management, and taking a Wisner on the citizens. “Let them eat king cake!” she exclaimed from the balcony of her Pontalba Love Shack.

At least the area avoided hurricanes and other natural disasters. Man-made disasters, unfortunately, were all too common, including unexplained power outages, uncontrolled crime, uneducating schools, and the Saints.

COVID continued to hover like mosquitos at a crawfish boil, insurance rates went through the roof (with insurers refusing to repair said roofs), and porch pirates were so brazen that they would steal yo mama along with her rocking chair.

But Hubig’s Pies returned!

Statewide, Sen. Leghorn, Rep. Wiggiedout and the rest of the Louisiana delegation coasted to re-election, displaying the lack of local leadership and/or the ignorance of local voters. Parents in St. Tammany continued to show their contempt for their children, seeking to ban as many books as possible from their libraries lest the little ones actually get educated. This folly was aided and abetted by Attorney General Fluff Landry, who is also anti-education, believing correctly that anyone with half a developed brain would never support his imminent campaign for governor.

On the national scene, the U.S. Extreme Court struck down women’s rights, though at least three justices thought they were merely eliminating government interference with stream-crossing decisions. On the other hand, gun rights were upheld, even as crime

nationally shot up.

In response, Congress actually did something good, enshrining the right to gay marriage in federal law. Large retailers, recognizing the economic clout of this community, introduced a new purchasing technology, LGBTQR codes.

Donald Grump proved wildly successful on the campaign trail, helping Democrats to retain their Senate majority and flip several governorships and state legislatures. His full social calendar included hosting Drag Queen readings of classified documents and receiving federal guests at his Mar-a-Lego estate. Given how many different investigations are currently looking into his affairs (and business practices), the Frump himself may soon be a federal guest.

NASA sent a spaceship to the moon, where photos revealed surfaces that looked remarkably like New Orleans streets. Between the potholes and the carjackers, not even “The Amazing Race” dared send contestants’ vehicles through the city’s grid.

Felon Musk had an award-winning year. Between Tesla stock losing half its value and his disastrous Twitter takeover, Musk placed first *and* second in the “Worst Corporate Executive of the Year” contest. He also won “Worst Boss of the Year”, but fell short in the “Worst Human of the Year”, placing second to Voldemort Putin.

Speaking of Putin on the fritz, Vlad the Big Failure’s murderous invasion of Ukraine managed to unite most of the free world in opposition. Seldom have so many paid so much for one pathetic man’s impotence.

Futbol’s World Cup took place before enthusiastic global audiences and U.S. indifference; most Americans thought it was just a planet-sized jock

For parade route information:
www.krewequivieux.org

Parade rolls at 6:30 PM on February 4, 2023

strap. Also entertaining international viewers was the ongoing soap opera, “As The World Burns”.

Burning a few things of their own along the way, the beatniks, offbeats, backbeats, buzzed beats, deadbeats, Deadheads, and dead drunk denizens of the Krewe du Vieux will walk their beat through the Marigny, French Quarter and CBD on **Saturday, February 4 at 6:30 PM** in their formerly (thanks COVID) annual parade. Spectators are advised to (as they prefer) beat their meat, beat around their bushes, and stay off the beaten path.

Conducting the parade will be *Off-Beat* publisher and long-time musician advocate Queen Jan Ramsey, who accepted her royal role after unnamed sources threatened to publish photos of her marching in the first KdV parade if she declined. Queen Jan won’t miss a beat as she beats the odds, swaying to the beat of a different drum, sax, trombone, and sousaphone of her beloved brass bands.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own musical, musing, marauding, mischievous, misguided, misleading, misinformed, mistimed, mystifying, misappropriated and thoroughly inappropriate 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 been recently overturned by 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.

Krewe du Vieux 2023 is dedicated to the always smiling memory of our past King Walter “Wolfman” Washington.

And the *OffBeat* Goes On ...

If only New Orleans musicians were appreciated as much as New Orleans Saints. Or for that matter, on-location movie stars, celebrity chefs, philandering politicians, even the occasional visiting foreign leader.

“People don’t always understand the impact of music on their lives,” sighed Jan Ramsey, editor-in-chief and publisher of *OffBeat* magazine and quietly querulous Queen of Krewe du Vieux 2023. “The music business is better than it used to be, but it still has a long way to go. The business and tourism communities still don’t really get it. To me it’s very frustrating, and that’s what drives me.”

While far too many local musicians still find greater appreciation and success elsewhere, the fact that there are more opportunities – and grateful audiences – here than in the past is definitely in part attributable to our Editing Empress. She launched *OffBeat* all the way back in 1988 with little relevant experience, but a strong desire to shine a spotlight on the local music scene.

“I didn’t know anything about the music business or the musicians,” she recalled. “I was a fan. But there were very few music businesses here, and I thought this was an opportunity to accomplish something to help the music community.”

Our Melodious Majesty first produced the magazine out of her apartment in Mid-City. Then, seeking some “professional” guidance, she encountered a medium, who told her that someone would create a whole new environment in her life. Two days later, an office in the old Maison Blanche building was donated to *OffBeat*.

Of course, like a good blues song, the donor filed for bankruptcy a few days after that. However, Queen Jan was able to remain in place for several years, through everything from writers missing deadlines to clubs closing down to the occasional visit

from the FBI.

“We were looking for a sales rep, and my daughter knew a guy,” she recounted. “He came in for a test run wearing a polo shirt, slacks and sneakers, but before we sent him off for a sales appointment, he put on a new pair of shoes and left the old sneakers in the office. Next thing, the FBI is there looking for the guy to arrest him. They nabbed him in the lobby of the building, but the shoes stayed until we moved the office.”

The publication’s name is a reflection of its home base. “New Orleans is a little off-center, a little off the beat,” observed our Countess of Word Counts. “Beat is such an integral part of New Orleans music. You can always tell New Orleans people from others because NOLA asses move to that beat.”

A few years later, *OffBeat* beat a path over to a large space above the Louisiana Music Factory, calling that location home for 23 years until a post-pandemic relocation to its current offices in the Old New Orleans Mint/New Orleans Jazz Museum compound. However, through all the moves, and the recent conversion to primarily online content, Queen Jan stayed true to her original mission.

“You can go anywhere and get a football team, but you can’t get what we have, the music and the culture, anywhere else,” she noted. “Yet people outside New Orleans appreciate that a lot more than people here. The attitudes have changed, but not enough. The business has changed, but not enough.”

As an example of how much the rest of the world cares about New Orleans music, people from 39 different countries voted in the most recent “Best of the Beat” awards, *OffBeat*’s annual celebration of the local music scene.

Despite the many challenges, the Publishing Pharaohess has seen progress over the years. Local universities offer music business courses, there

are viable local record labels, and she is working to improve licensing opportunities for local musicians and songwriters. And the music itself continues to thrive across the arc of time.

“The people here that make music realize that they have to pass it on to the younger generations,” averred our Media Maharini. “That’s the real special thing about music in New Orleans and Louisiana.”

Speaking of real things – or perhaps surreal things – Queen Jan actually marched in the first couple of Krewe du Vieux parades. She was dating an unnamed former KdV Captain at the time, but like most participants in those early drunken rambles, her memories of the march are less than perfectly clear.

She is delighted to be back on the route as Queen for 2023. “Krewe du Vieux goes back to what the original Mardi Gras was supposed to be like, making fun of all the traditions and politicians,” she pointed out, adding “It’s easy to make fun of them.”

“It’s the people’s Mardi Gras,” she continued, “you don’t have to pay a zillion dollars to be part of it. It’s a lot more fun and funny. And Krewe du Vieux was the original, before any of the other walking clubs.”

Needless to say, the Krewe’s musical aspect appeals to our Marching



Marchioness. “Another thing Krewe du Vieux did was put in all the brass bands. Nobody else did that. But brass bands are like the basis of New Orleans music.”

Queen Jan will be accompanied by her Prince Consort, Joseph Irrera, her husband, managing editor, business manager, and general *OffBeat* factotum, as the parade rolls on February 4.

So, as you watch the parade pass by, the strains of great local music wafting through the air, remember that our quintessentially questing Queen’s journey may not be long that night, but has in fact endured for 35 years of trying to make New Orleans music be a scene that actually works for New Orleans musicians – and take to heart her advice to her loyal subjects: “More music, less guns!”

Krewe du Vieux Doo
Saturday, February 4 • Doors open 10:00 PM
Sugar Mill • 1021 Convention Center Blvd
featuring
New Orleans Suspects
and
Pocket Chocolate
plus special guests
Tickets \$50
Available online at [Eventbrite.com](https://www.eventbrite.com) –
search for Krewe du Vieux
Public parking available at
Fulton Garage, 901 Convention Center Blvd
21 and over only • fête costumée

Inane Reports Massive Zoo Breakout

THE AUDUBOOB INSTITTYTOOT – A large number of bizarre, grotesque creatures were observed escaping the Audubooob InsTittyToot today.

Witnesses spotted such supple abominations as the monk pair-a-teats, the boob-footed booby and the nipplepotamus fleeing the scene through a security breach opened during renovations to the Aqueerium. The release appears to be the work of pink-feather clad eco-terrorist group known as the FlamingHos. Though NOPD was busy motorboating after the nipplepotamus, reports are that it slipped across the river to the Breast Wank.

Nippleblowers have long accused the Instittytoot of using Fartificial Intelligence and the gene editing technique NIPLR to perform diaboobical zoological experiments, a suspicion confirmed by today's break-out. Inane's cryptozoology sexperts believe these experiments are directly related to the recent sightings of the Aboobinable Snowman and the Boob-Garou.

Immediately following the breach,

Inane-vestigative reporters ventured deep into the bowls of the InstTittytoot and discovered even more horrible experiments and corrupt maneuverings.

Previous reporting noted the increasingly bizarre appearance of Louisiana politicians and the rumors that they engaged in life-extending experiments by grafting their genes onto unsuspecting animal hosts. Today, the evidence was found: Within the lab were tanks labeled "John Bel Squidwards", "Big Mouth Billy Nunbasser," and "Latoya Cantrellyfish" as well as an invoice addressed to "Jeff Landry: Orifice of A Turkey Genital". All these specimens escaped, but one, StingRay Nagin, remained in captivity.

Located further down the corridor was a lab where scientits engineered an unholy grail of poultry: live turduckens. Various versions of this three-headed, six-breasted bird were running amok, lathered in Canola oil. When reached for comment after finishing a drumstick, a deranged

Audubooob scientit, appearing suspiciously like the long dead Morgunz the Magnificent, claimed: "It'll be better once we get its third head out of its ass."

Another set of enclosures also confirmed what many New Orleanians have long suspected: new species have evolved independently to adapt to the inhospitable New Orleans environment. Among those found in the InstTittytoot: glowing pink dumpster alligators, a shrieking possum adapted to camouflage itself within bachelorette parties, and a new species of garbage-juice-resistant seahorse that evolved in the city's expansive network of potholes.

Of course, not all animals discovered in the InstTittytoot were in distress. Hidden among the labs was a Mardi Gras ball site frequented by sharply dressed penguins. One of the more prominent tuxedo-clad flightless birds, identified as Mama Emwing, stated "We started the Aqueerium Ball because we were sick of being subjected to all those infernal Audubooob breeding programs!"

The InstTittytoot is expected to reopen to the public on Monday. However, some of its still-at-large critters are likely to straggle together behind the Krewe of the Mystic Inane float in the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 4.

KSAL Finds the City in Latoylette

BAYOU THE JOHN -- Toilets around our fair city are backing up. Calls have been flooding the Stewerage and Water Bird as a colossal clog stops all normal flushing and expelling. S&WB failed to respond with a comment as of press time. But the ever-intrepid sleuths from the Krewe of Space Age Love have validated that the entire city has a plumbing issue: one titanic turd has broken everything, everywhere, all at once.

Reports about the corpulent crap are filling in-boxes faster than the water can overflow the rims of the clogged commodes. Few sightings of this fat feces are fact-checked, but anonymous faces reported that it barreled through a bar brawl. Visiting Chief French Chef Macaroon desperately dared to ditch the massive *merde* but it could not be swirled away. Arty Hardly included shorter parade passages in his quintessential guide to all things credible and Krewdible due to the monster manure impeding our normally fine flow. The BM's bouquet buoyed the Police Chief straight to the boudoir for early retirement. This duplicitous deuce dallied with down-trodden defendants.

The detestable discharge dragged down each and every street, rue, alley, and avenue leaving destruction, dirt and disrepair. Prosperity was once in the pipeline for all the Crescent City's crusaders; this dang dung done shut off the trickle of the tap. The wandering waste wondered why first-class extravagance wouldn't last. Householders and laborers alike can't even tinkle in the star's twinkling light. Dozens of ex-Lasses delivering doses of Ex-lax barely budged the bulging bile-laden bilge.

Growing groups of groaning gawkers have gathered to garner a number of nom-de-plum plumbers to flush the immovable fecundity. The Krewe of Space Age Love will maraud with a merry and motley menagerie of sixty sexy Marios, Luigis and regular Joes. KSAL cannot rest until the unyielding, other-worldly, unctuous, and block-headed blockage is finally plunged down the pipes. Citizens show great patience and patronage to our plumb-ers as they endeavor to pass this precipitous poo. KSAL walks in step with Krewe du Vieux to mediate the mediocrity of modernity on February 12, 2022.

Corrections and Clarifications

While the Godot Construction Company was indeed in charge of street repairs when *Monde de Merde* went to press last year, that firm has now metamorphosized to Kafka Brothers Castle Builders.

Last year's royalty profile intimated that Queen Jennifer Avegno might be connected to some Bill Gates-Dr. Fauci conspiracy. That conspiracy was actually led by Elon Musk, Kari Lake and Dr. Doom.

The Rue Bourbon article about Little Caesar's Pizza purchasing the naming rights to the Superdome failed to mention the contract stipulation that the Saints play cheesy football this year.

Comatose reported on Sen. Ted Cruz's supposed COVID booster shot received in a bathroom in Señor Frog's in Cancun, noting that shagged and shaggy senator did not get his vax card stamped with proof of being boosted (and the communicable disease he did get was not accepted as proof by the CDC), and was thus still in need of booster shots. In follow-up news, Sen. Cruz has reportedly since been vaccinated at the Golden Lantern, Good Friends and Lafitte's in Exile.

While multiple pieces in *Monde de Merde* provided an exceptional compilation of the multiplicity of dubious COVID cures, somehow Hubig's Cherry Pies were omitted from the lists. Good luck finding one.

Along these lines, the Krewe of Underwear regrets to announce that not one of the cures it offered in its Apothecary actually work. On the good news side, contracting multiple cases of coronavirus has now left the entire Underwear herd immune.

CRAPS reported that the true winner of the 2020 presidential election was 15th century Dutch painter Hieronymus Bosch. In fact, the real election winner was 20th century surrealist Salvador Dali. Because these times ain't nothin' if not completely surreal

LEWD Lassoos Perverted Justice Into Old Orleans

In an altered reality that somehow provides a vivid truth about our dilapidated and corrupt city, Old Orleans is a ramshackle Western town. The Catholic Church runs a very profitable French Quarter gambling establishment known as the St. Louis Casino. The area's best whorehouse is the Pontalba Bordello, erratically managed by Madam LaToya. And tourists who dare mosey into this lawless swamp know that best watering hole around is the Golden Shower Saloon. In Old Orleans, the people live in fear of two separate yet equally important groups: The criminals, who commit the crimes, and the judges, who let the offenders go. These are their stories.

Strange perversions at the Pontalba Bordello. Things recently got out of control at the Pontalba Bordello. The final straw was a Halloween Ho Down. Madam LaToya and friends used the property for an opium and mescal-filled weekend of costuming, swinging, and general debauchery. Indigenous cactus dildos were seen being watered on the balcony, as top whore Chlamydia Jane gyrated in front of the entrance. "Any of you boys or girls up for some rawhide fucking?" she shouted out into the street.

Several interested parties soon sauntered right in and fell into the calculated gold-digging embraces of Madam LaToya's top Miss Universe recruits.

The brazen display was the final straw for many of the Pontalba's neighbors. When confronted by a reporter from the local newspaper, the Madam responded, "Fuck you, news dude, I run this town and I can do whatever I want."

That comment didn't sit well with the citizens of the city, as the popularity rating of the bordello had fallen to a record low 7%.

Said one prominent Bourbon Street

resident, "Who does that bitch think she is? Chris Owens, may she rest in peace, still owns the rights to all the cheesy and depraved parties in the neighborhood."

Additional details about the Ho Down came to light last Friday from competing sleazeball businessman Vishal "Bobby" Motwani, who runs a house of ill-repute up the street and attended the debauched weekend. "Let's just say the Madam was makin' it rain on one of our city's finest," Mr. Motwani said. "Other folks at the Ho Down thought the officer was a male stripper when actually he was on the clock as a bodyguard for the Madam. It sure is funny how things work around here."

After the Ho Down wound down, Madam LaToya was whisked away in a first-class stagecoach with her bags packed for a Madams' conference in Mexico City. The Madam was last seen by some curious caballeros drinking rotgut whiskey while wearing a pink corset in a top-notch hotel bar, her "bodyguard" pouring drinks and tending to her every carnal need.

St. Louis Casino: Dealing from the bottom of the deck. Down at the St. Louis Casino, fake hayseed John Kennedy and closeted perv Jeff Landry were going all out at the craps table. Jeff had recently set up a telegram service to notify him the moment any concerned citizen came across sexual content in any book in the area. He was particularly smitten with gay cowboy sex, and often spent long hours alone in his office, "contemplating" the salacious passages.

But today he was out gambling with his pal Kennedy, throwing money around and enjoying the complimentary buffet catered by the Golden Shower Saloon.

"Looks like the casino's new sports betting program is steaming ahead full speed," Landry confided to his drink-

ing buddy Kennedy. "This is a great way to fleece our constituents while we get a nice kickback in donations."

Kennedy grunted in approval while squinting off into the distance, his vision impaired by the hazy marijuana smoke emanating from the funny cigarettes being enjoyed by fellow gamblers. "Is that Big Dick Holiday over there, talking to that moron from out West of Catcall Bayou, Clay Higgins? I need to go talk to those fellers and tell them how to pretend to be stupid so you can get more votes, although I'm concerned the problem with Clay is he really is mentally impaired."

As Landry was about to respond, a telegram courier from Route 69 Communications rushed into the casino and handed Landry a piece of parchment paper. Landry started to read and felt something move down in his nether regions.

"What is it, hoss?" Kennedy shouted at Landry.

Landry looked up from the telegram, a giant smile across his smarmy little face. "My deputies have busted another cocaine line dancing ring," he chirped. "But the best thing is the books that were used to hide the contraband! Just listen to some of these titles: *Shooter's Loaded Long Gun! Reach Around Gaucho! Cow Poke'n for Beginners! Bareback Pothole!* John, I hate to cut our gambling spree short, but I've got to get back to the office and start 'researching' these books immediately!"

Kennedy shook his head in playful disgust at the obsessions of his little friend, as a sassy casino harlot came up and handed him a nice pair of fresh dice.

"Mr. Kennedy, it's time for you to roll again," she cooed.

There's a new Sheriff in town. A great gully-washer of a storm pounds down upon the city, and Lake Pontchartrain oozes into the Missis-

sippi River, the turbulent flood waters washing ashore a Riverboat Named Change. A courageous if flawed woman steps off the vessel, and word soon spreads: there's a new Sheriff in town. Susan Hutson is her name and stamping out malevolent criminals is her game. First on the new Sheriff's agenda, a crackdown on the rampant horse-jacking problem plaguing the area. While citizens tell conflicting stories about horses either being stolen or molested (or both) by brazen young rustlers, Sheriff Hutson knows one thing is clear: the crime wave must be aborted by any means necessary.

Sheriff Huston well knows that perverted justice is the best kind, the only kind that will subvert the thieves and swindlers in this godforsaken place. She was recruited from a community in the Wild Wild Westbank known as Lewd Ranch. Over in Lewd Ranch, things are a bit different. Townsfolk are promiscuous and brash, brilliant and hilarious. New ideas are embraced, and the best moonshine Champagne in the land is produced here. The only real crimes in Lewd Ranch are against fashion, conformity and boredom. After maintaining the peace in Lewd Ranch for several years, Sheriff Hutson needed a new challenge. When the beleaguered citizens of Old Orleans came a-calling, she knew it was time to pack up her collection of fine Italian assless chaps, snakeskin ball crushing boots and BDSM handcuffs (effective against both submissive bottoms and criminals). Next stop: Old Orleans! The city that care forgot....

How does the new Sheriff of Old Orleans solve all these seemingly intractable problems? On February 4, Look for Float #2, Ho Down at the LEWD Ranch, and all your questions will be answered!

Citizens Revolt Against Patriarchal Supremes

THE GARBLE PALACE, DISTRICT OF COL-UMBRAE – Capitol Hill was the epicenter yesterday of a backlash (with real lashes and cat-o'-nine tails and riding whips) against recent rulings by the U.S. Supreme Court. The Court was in the midst of oral proceedings when tensions that had been building with each session erupted in protests across the face of the nation.

The Court, whose conservative majority recently moved to amend the institution's name to a more descriptive The Supreme Court Righteous Of The United 'Merican States (SCROTUMS), has in the last two years dismantled longstanding legal precedents viewed by many as fundamental (though not fundamentalist) to the protection of key rights.

Chief Injustice John "Long John" Roberts had previously pushed back against this notion. "I don't know what they're talking about. We love Rights; everything we're doing is for the Rights."

The Court has made a series of unpopular decisions touching on everything from gun control (which it narrowly defined as hitting your target), to effectively changing the Environmental Protection Agency into the Environmental Suggestion Agency, to protecting high school football fields as houses of worship. However, it was a landmark decision by the SCROTUMS this summer that provoked the ire of protestors. The case pitted Thomas Dobbs, the State Health Officer of Mississippi, against Jackson (MS) Women's Health. The SCROTUMS in their ruling overturned a prior Court's decision in *Roe v. Wade* and removed constitutional protection for abortion.

Ass. Justice Amy Coney "Dog" Barrett, who has been entirely unsuccessful in convincing supporters to call her the Notorious ACB, said that the ruling simply acknowledged

ongoing legal debate.

"Well, I grew up in South Louisiana so I saw a lot of flooding and every time there was a debate about whether to row versus wade. It's really something that you need to look at the particular situation rather than let government mandate..." she trailed off. "Strike that last part from the record."

Many Americans were surprised with the speed at which states moved to restrict women's access to health-care. However, state leaders had in many cases been well-prepared for the ruling, almost as if something were leaked prior to the Court publishing its ruling.

"Long have I waited," rasped Texas Governor Greg "Palps" Abbott from his family ranch, Exegol. "At last the work of generations is complete and we may impose freedom across the land. The Extreme Court – I mean Supreme Court – of the United States has served us well."

Activists from around the country have called for the ouster of at least some of the recently appointed justices.

"They went in front of Congress and said they viewed *Roe* as settled law, and they took only a few months to change their mind. I say their pants are on fire and their noses get a little longer every time they speak," said Lisa Pinocchio, who leads the Coalition for Reproductive And Personal Sovereignty (CRAPS).

Retired Justice Stephen "Green" Breyer, a Clinton appointee, expressed dismay at the current condition of the judicial branch.

"Some of the newer Justices have come in with an agenda and they're very uptight about pursuing it to please their square friends," Breyer said. "Back in my day, they called us the High Court for a reason."

Yesterday's protests escalated the debate to a whole new level, as uter-

uses that had been put in lockdown as a result of the SCROTUMS' ruling broke their chains and took matters into their own hands. (As of this writing, scientists are still trying to determine how the reproductive organs developed other appendages.) They yelled at justices and politicians that they said were responsible for their unjust detentions. Along with their allies, they called for re-examination of the Court's composition.

"It's not everyone in a robe, but some of the members of this Court have proven that they really are 'members'," said one angry uterus who gave her name as Offred Atwood. "Let's not pack the Court, let's crack the Court."

For their part, many jurists were taken aback by the strength of the re-

sponse. Another Ass. Justice, Clarence "What's the Clearance" Thomas said, "I really just thought that if we broke the 14th amendment, I could get out my marriage without the expense of a divorce. Who knew people cared so much about staying in a relationship?"

It appears clear that neither side is ready to back down, and so protests by the rampaging uteruses and their rainbow of allies are expected to continue across the country. For those in the greater New Orleans area, we have advanced reports that the CRAPS coalition will be bringing their message to the streets looking for freedom in the sheets on the evening of Saturday, February 4 to show how CRAPS Beats the System.

Opinion Column

By Drips and Discharges

What a Bunch of Boobs!

The subject has fascinated mankind -- and sometimes womankind -- since the dawn of our species. That subject is breasts.

Tits. Jugs. Knockers. Bazongas. Tatas. Twin peaks. Honkers. Sweater puppies. Milk Duds. Baby buffets. The Yin Yang Twins. Fred and Ethel. Funbags.

What am I talking about? Why, boobs, of course!

Some people have them. Some people love them. Everyone thinks they're hilarious. Just ask any man who has donned a stuffed Maidenform. Instant comedy gold!

Nourishing to children, spellable on a calculator, and intimidating to grown men, it's no wonder boobs have inspired books, magazines, movies, wars, paintings, cakes, and even the U.S. Capitol Building – never failing to evoke a chuckle or two.

But boobs aren't so funny when they come in human form. Just ask those who suckle at the nipple of the Crescent Titty.

Mayor LaTitty Cantrell motorboated her way to the top and then seemingly forgot those who pumped her up, her bosoms nestled in nothing less than the brassiere of Marie Antoinette. But no one is eating this cake. Except for a lone member of her security detail.

Even the New Orleans Titty Council has failed to provide the support needed for such a boob. The designation "at-large" has lost all meaning in a world where falsies have become the norm.

Traffic cones are no substitute for cone bras. There's a reason Madonna didn't wear orange.

In a city rife with boobs, what is needed now is an emergency breast reduction!

We must, we must, we must increase our bust? Oh no, not us! Please join the Krewe of Drips and Discharges on Saturday, February 4, as we encourage everyone to follow the example set for us by Punky Brewster. Enough is enough!

We know you'll be saying, "Thanks for the mammaries!" We cross our hearts.

New Breed of Super Mosquitos Beat

BUTTE LA ROSE, LA – Deep in the heart of Louisiana’s Atchafalaya Basin lies a top-secret insect research facility funded by the Emir of K.A.O.S.’ Sovereign Fund: the K.A.O.S. Institute for the Study of Flying Insects. Readers not suffering from complete memory disfunction may remember the Institute’s discovery last year of a new mutation of the common housefly, which emerged from the uncollected trash that decorated New Orleans streets after Hurricane Ida.

Now, scientists at this facility have made another astounding discovery, a new breed of super mosquitos that

are immune to all pesticides.

The Institute, located next to Doucet’s Grocery & Gas in Butte La Rose, is overseen by its director, Dr. I. C. Skeetuh. A reporter for *Le Monde de Merde* was recently able to interview Dr. Skeetuh as he breakfasted on a link of boudin and a Schlitz Tall Boy in the Doucet’s parking lot.

“This is an amazing phenomenon,” Dr. Skeetuh observed, between nibbles on his link of boudin and sips of his tall boy. “For the first time ever a breed of mosquitos has evolved that has absolute immunity to all forms of pesticides. Nothing seems to stop

them. Why, we have been able to hatch their larvae in petri dishes containing nothing but pure DEET.”

The new breed of mosquitoes has been named *Acadiana Kaosis*. Not only are they immune to pesticides, they seem to thrive on them. “The mosquito larvae hatched in DEET actually consumed the chemical and grew stronger as a result,” said Dr. Skeetuh.

Dr. Skeetuh’s theory is that repeated exposure to ever stronger pesticides, along with toxic runoff from Louisiana’s petrochemical industry, resulted in this new super mosquito. “These

environmental toxins, combined with the standing crawfish boil water so prevalent in the southwestern portion of Louisiana, created the ideal toxic cocktail to generate a mosquito evolution,” he said.

Dow Chemical is a leading producer of insecticides. The *Monde de Merde* reporter visited the nearby Dow Chemical facility in Belle Rose, Louisiana, seeking a statement from the company on this mosquito phenomenon. The only comment offered by the unidentified spokesman at the facility was: “Beat it.”

Mosquito swarms happen on a regular basis. Dr. Skeetuh advises *continued on next page*

Rue Bourbon Presents JIZZ FEST & HANDJOB FESTIVAL

Sponsored by
Shell Personal Lube Division



Fellatio Stage	Genitalia Stage	Cum-n-go Square	Jizz Tent	Oh-cum-on-me Hall	Cooze Tent	Fae Goo Goo Stage	Anal Tent
Hot Ate Ass Band	Dirty Sanchez & the Rolling Chode Show	Ben Wah	Primal Jizz	New Leviathan FuxTrot Orgyster	W.C. Handjob Tribute	Jojo Goodlay and the Cunning Linguists	The Subs Choir dir. Domme Jones
One-Eyed Devil Cumdump stafunk	Cum-in-her Mouth	Climaxx	Pasha Masochism	Fetlife Society Ass Band	Slide Showcase feat. Mai Pole	Pain Oopsie and the Zydeco Whippers	The Glory Holes
Big Sam's Big Sam	Oface & the Clitty Slickers	The Spinners	Marsalis Family Orgy	FistHer Sisters	Dill Doe	Reverse Cowgirl & the Sushi Bar Regulars	Oh Lord Oh Lord feat I.M Cumming
Rusty Trombone Shorty	Galatic Prophylactic	Snoop Doggy-style	Anal Project	Dick Juice and His Ejaculators	Bo Diddling	Menage a Trois feat Toi Mama	Cocks of Harmony
Jimmy Boofing <small>the Silver Buttplug Band</small>	Cunting Crows	Glaze	Herbies Hanging Cock	Dicks of Dickseyland	Smellslike Fish	Bukkake Blasters of YoMama	Edge of Glory Feat Vajay Jay

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that the next swarm will take place on the evening of February 4, 2023. It is expected to be largely confined to the Marigny, French Quarter, and CBD neighborhoods. Dr. Skeetuh cautions that these mosquito swarms should be avoided: “*Kaosis* mosquitos are extremely aggressive, behaving as though they are drunk or on some type of drugs. Additionally, a bite from *Kaosis*, or even close contact, carries the risk that you will be infected with a variety of diseases, including West Nile virus, Chikungunya virus, Dengue virus, Malaria, Eastern Equine Encephalitis, Japanese Encephalitis, La Crosse Encephalitis, Yellow Fever, and Saints Fever.”

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 reported as obscene to Attorney General Jeff Landry's "Protecting Minors" website.

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by the Krewe du Vieux



Krewe of Underwear Presents A Banned Book Barbecue And Old-Tyme Revival Meeting



Brothers and Sisters, our libraries have been inundated and infiltrated with all kinds of unimaginable filth, from the Harry Pottymouth series to Winnie the Poop. Corrupting, corrosive propaganda propagates perversion, from The Handjob's Tail to Catcher in the Fly. This cannot and must not stand!

On the night of **Saturday, February 4**, join the **Krewe of Underwear's** Rolling Revival in the Krewe du Vieux parade, as we barbecue these and other books just begging to be banned.

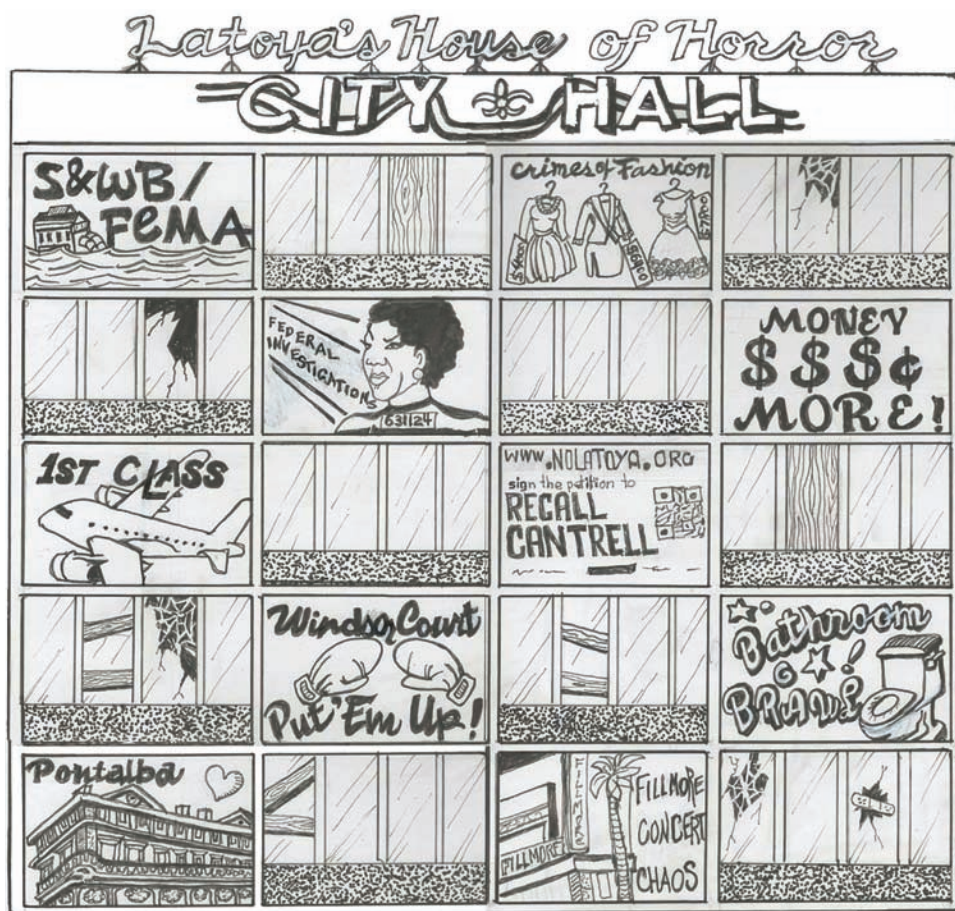
- ▶ To Kill a Mockingbird
- ▶ Of Mice and Men
- ▶ Tom Sawyer & Huckleberry Finn
- ▶ Lord of the Rings
- ▶ I Am Jazz
- ▶ All American Boys
- ▶ Stamped: Racism, Antiracism and You
- ▶ Everybody Poops
- ▶ Moby's Dick
- ▶ Howard's Rear End
- ▶ Depraved New World
- ▶ The Screwingtape Letters
- ▶ The Lust of the Mohicans
- ▶ Pussy on a Hot Tin Roof
- ▶ The Collected Works of Charles Dickens

Finally, there is one book that must be ignominiously ignited and immediately banned from all libraries across the land. This terrifying tome contains graphic descriptions of murder, rape, incest, human sacrifice, torture, drinking, acts of magic, interspecies bestiality, revolts against authority, and pacifism. It is of course the **HOLY BIBLE**. The only appropriate place for its putrid pages is atop our populist pyre.

Food will be provided from our Fahrenheit 451 book barbecue grill. Menu includes choked chicken, foot-longs, porked pork, beef jerked-off, holed corn, and repeatedly mashed potatoes. Bring your own buns and wieners.

Music by Jerkin' Jeff Landry and the Twerkin' Merkins

Want to report your favorite recommendation for a book to ban? Just go to www.agjefflandry.com/protectingminors and help empty those library shelves!



Comatose Dreams of Mile High

LE FACILE GRAND – Word on the street is that Mayor SexToya Cantrell was miffed to learn that French President Macron planned to visit the Big Easy. She was hoping to book another first-class flight to Paris to promote “foreign relations.”

The prospect of joining the Mile High Club with her tasty bodyguard was atop her bucket list. Other fat cats with Frequent Fucker miles always occupied the lavatory. She wanted to see if her Frequent Liar miles could help. She had a purse filled with ball gags, Lucky Dogs, French postcards, and a creamy Napoleon pastry. Formidable!

Macron’s official visit was unfortunately marred by a lack of preparation, despite the fact that no

French President had visited Nouvelle Orleans since dinosaurs roamed the Earth. Arrangements for lodging and entertainment were feeble, at best. SexToya’s love nest in the Pontalba apartments was booked for German sex tourists at the request of Lt. Gov. Billy Crossdresser. The former Slave Exchange above Maspero’s was the choice. Good enough for “surrender monkeys,” as French haters say.

French flags flew everywhere as he was welcomed. SexToya boasted that she loved meeting people “on the ground” as they sashayed through Jackson Square. Macron replied, “Why are you always flying about if that’s the case?”

It should come as no surprise that a street hustler then accosted him asking “Hey Frenchie, I know where you got dem shoes!”

Official business was conducted when she signed a Memorandum of Misunderstanding with France. Next came a quick trip to the Grill Room for Freedom Fries, Freedom Toast and few French toasts.

Tripping on a pothole was inevitable as the entourage proceeded. Macron took a dive, but past mayor and infrastructure destructor Mitch Landrieu saved him, explaining that we adopt potholes instead of filling them. “We conserve fuel and save the planet when cars break down,” the former Mayor elaborated.

Governor John “Belle” Edwards also joined the party. “We want to enter into a broad free-trade arrangement with your country,” said the Gov, looking sideways at Mayor SexToya as he spoke. “But please don’t call us the French Murder Capitol of America when you get home.”

The evening finished with a trip to a Jazz Club and the dark alleys of Rock n’ Bowl. Macron had expressed interest in meeting a true moron, so John Blanchard was selected.

continued on next page

T.O.K.I.N. Promotes Self-Love

By Wolf Blister, Undercover Correspondent

WASHINGTON, D.C. – This first-hand report is based on my findings during a week-long stint sleuthing undercover as a production assistant at Faux News in Washington.

I was making yet another pot of coffee when the cable news ratings king Fucker Carlson came into the newsroom in a flaming rage. His recent campaign against Drag Queen shows claiming they sexualize children had only made Drag Queens more popular, and more in demand even for sex education classes where they explain that just like condoms sexual identity is not one size – or one type – fits all.

“For God’s sake,” Carlson screamed, “they are telling these young innocents that it’s natural for some men to be attracted to other men and that it’s okay for some women to fall in love with other women. Jesus fucking Christ, they are even telling children it is okay NOT to be heterosexual! They are saying it is even okay to be transsexual!”

“That’s not all,” ratings has-been

Sean Insanity stood up and told him. “These oversexed cross-dressers are also telling people that this abhorrent race-mixing is okay. They are saying it’s fine if blacks marry whites, and if whites marry Asians, and even worse – they say it’s okay for homosexuals to marry each other!”

“Hey, guys,” Laura FlimFlam yells as she barges into the conversation, “I thought I was having a hot flash but then I realized I was getting an actual news flash, and it’s a doozie. The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells, better known as T.O.K.I.N., down in New Orleans will promote self-love – Masturbation – in the 2023 Krewe du Vieux parade! Can you believe it?”

“No way! Are you sure?” Carlson said. “Don’t they know masturbation can lead to blindness, penis shrinkage, erectile dysfunction, hairy palms – even insanity?”

Carlson called over a producer he had told me he hired because she has a hot ass. “Get someone from

T.O.K.I.N. on my show,” he told her.

That night, Carlson introduced T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEADLefty Wanker and Kitty Stroker of T.O.K.I.N.’S Crimescene Lead Investigation Team (CLIT) to his audience.

“How in the hell can you justify promoting masturbation when you know full well the harm it can cause,” Carlson demanded.

“Well, that’s all a myth,” Wanker nervously responded as he scratched the palm of one hand with the other. “Besides, our float will just show that Chokin’ the Chicken is fun and healthy.”

“Yeah,” Kitty Stroker added, “And we will show parade-goers that it can be orgasmic to Spank the Monkey. And what about you, Fucker,” she demanded. “Are you telling us you have never Waxed the Dolphin?”

“Well, I, uh, Oh my God! Never!”

Here, my dear readers, I have to remind you that Fucker Carlson has openly admitted he sometimes lies on the air to his viewers.

Krewe of Spank Presents: A Guide to Bowling for Trolls

SOUTH CARROLTON – You’ve probably heard and seen racist, sexist or derogatory statements and media posts. But it’s easy to get caught off guard when you hear one in a situation where you aren’t expecting it. You might have been thinking “Well, we’re safe for now. Thank goodness we’re in a bowling alley,” but at a certain local lane there is no such protection. And you may find caustic media posts, contemptible comments, or lost cause advocacy offered with preening self-righteousness. But this aggression will not stand, man. With this guide you will learn how using the right ball, and rolling the right shot, will allow you to answer the offense with the immensely gratifying sight and sound of the pins falling down.

The Lane: First react calmly, and line up your best argument. The object is to convey disapproval or discomfort, without provoking a defensive reaction. Avoid calling someone a ‘racist.’ People get more upset about being called racist than the fact that their actions were racist.

The Pins: They will claim they are just being funny or other clichéd responses, claim that’s just your opinion, and seem completely clueless that they are being inappropriate as they twirl their hula hoop. But make it clear you disapprove.

Picking a Ball: Obviously, you’re not a golfer. You want to select a ball that’s

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The sun was shining as the French delegation reached the airport to depart. Macron failed to realize he was “turning the men on” as he kissed them all on both cheeks. SexToya looked on longingly as he departed ...

... as did the envious members of the Mystick Krewe of Comatose, still dreaming of joining “LaToya’s First Class Mile High Club.”

the right weight with finger holes that fit right. Your thumb should slip out easily as you let them know how the comment or joke makes you feel.

Line up the Shot: A poorly aimed shot will only feed the troll. Remember, it is a mistake to look at the pins. The marks on the lane are there to help guide your retort, so aim for them and question their use of the specific words or actions.

Keep Your Swing Relaxed: Hold the ball roughly at waist height and repeat the person’s words; hearing the words repeated back helps someone understand the impact. Your arm should swing back like a pendulum, as you

question their fear and ignorance.

Release with Power: Keep your wrist straight as you release the ball and don’t get triggered. They may want to try and get you angry or portray themselves as the victim.

The perfect straight shot: The perfect shot can lead to a higher bowling score; don’t engage in a large debate or try to educate the person. Share information to enhance the discussion, not to shut it down.

The perfect hook shot: Hooking the ball allows it to roll into the pins at an angle and knock more down. Ask questions. Questions can place a burden on the person who made the

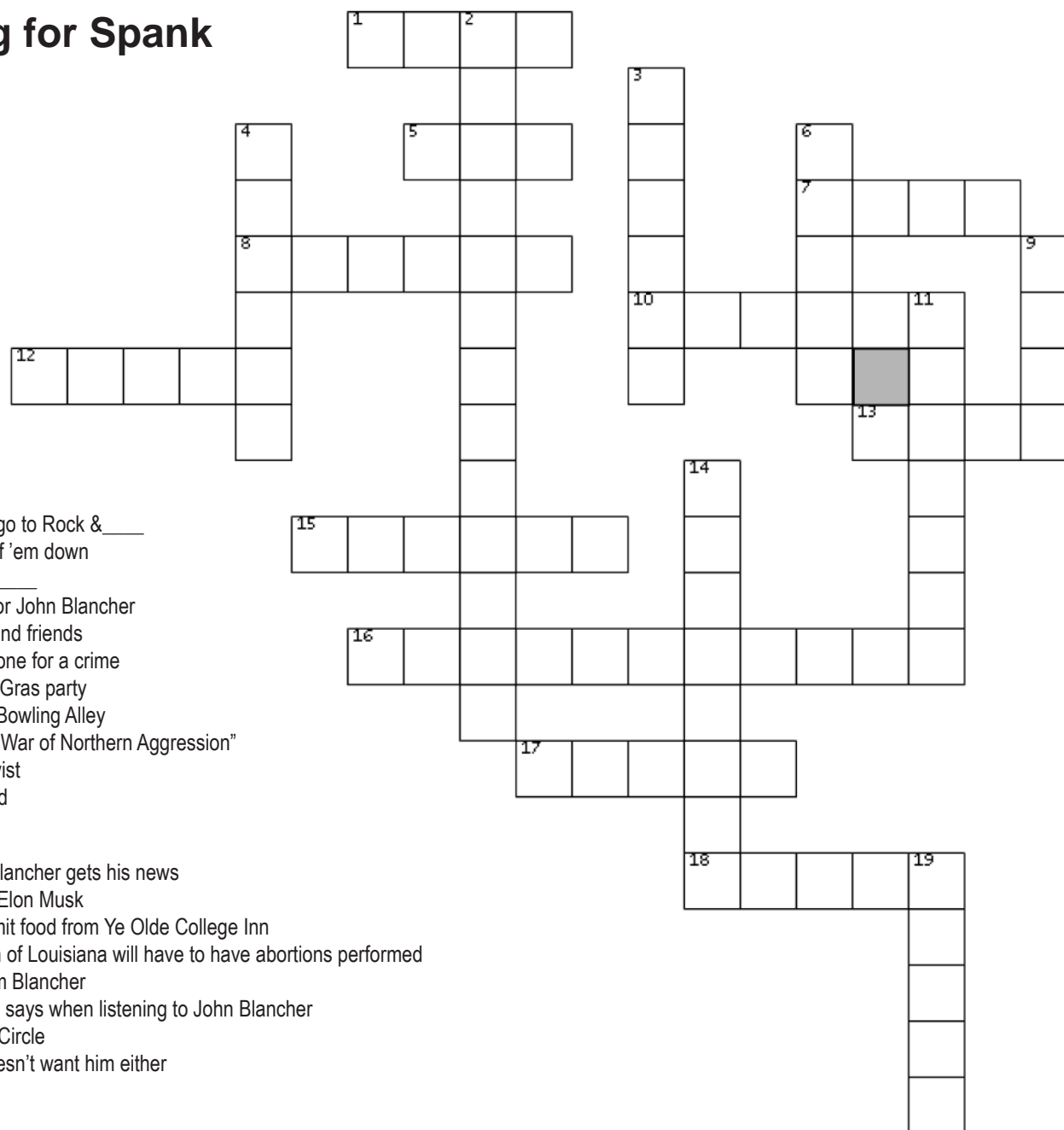
remark.

The Spare: Even if you’re bowling well, you won’t get a strike every single frame. Do not be deterred. Keep the conversation going for more chances to say something that influences.

Follow-through: Finish your shot by bringing your arm up to at least shoulder height and point out how their actions have broken social norms. Keep your hand either in the handshake position or with the middle finger extended, depending on how well things are going.

Line up your best argument, rock it and bowl for the strike.

Bowling for Spank



ACROSS

1. Don't want to go to Rock & ____
5. Knock all 10 of 'em down
7. Stay in your ____
8. Three strikes or John Blancher
10. J. Kennedy and friends
12. Blame someone for a crime
13. Fancy Mardi Gras party
15. Boycott that Bowling Alley
16. Loser in the "War of Northern Aggression"
17. Hobby Lobbyist
18. Hurts so good

DOWN

2. Where John Blancher gets his news
3. Blancher and Elon Musk
4. Where we vomit food from Ye Olde College Inn
6. Where women of Louisiana will have to have abortions performed
9. Language from Blancher
11. What anyone says when listening to John Blancher
14. Forever Lee Circle
19. Skechers doesn't want him either

**CUM ONE, CUM ON ALL
CRUDE
PRESENTS THE
GREATEST
SHIT SHOW
ON EARTH!**

Ladies and gentlemen, boys, and girls, children of all ages...
damsels and dudes, rapsCALLIONS and roustABOUTS,
and most of all you suckers born minute by minute -
cum one and cum on all!

Lend me your ear so that I may pull a quarter from it and fleece you for a dollar.

Magic? We have that! Splendor? It's gushing around us!!
Competent execution of basic city services?
Nope...never, um, never promised anyone that!!

**WELCOME TO LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS,
THE GREATEST SHIT SHOW ON EARTH!**

Hear the music, which is indeed grand, when one is actually allowed to play it
without interference from randomly enforced code restrictions or
culture-killing NIMBY-ites with investment properties to protect.

Thrill at the acrobatics, especially those acrobatics of reason and logic to explain why
we stay here with the sums we pay in taxes and rates and fees and insurance and
robotically generated traffic tickets, the natural disasters and
man-made infrastructure emergencies we weather
all in the name of maintaining the New Orleans life.

Laugh at the clowns, and laugh at us too,
because after all it is we who elect and pay the clowns
who rule over us from their positions of elected power.

Come marvel at the wild beasts that all of us become at some point during Carnival
and assorted other times on our own local calendar of indulgence and depravity.

We will swallow the sword of civic disengagement,
we will stick our head into the mawing lion's mouth of compromised public safety and
we will walk the tightrope of everyday life in a city without a net.

For this is the circus life we have chosen as performers in the ring,
under this bowl-shaped big top we call home.

**When Krewe du Vieux rolls, CRUDE will celebrate
the greatest shit show on Earth and holds all the tickets!**

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KREWE DU VIEUX

FEBRUARY 4, 2023

Mama Roux's Self-Service Station is an effective way to
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Why so very cheap?

Because YOU, the customer, do all the work!

Fill your own tanks.

Wipe your own windshields.

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New Safety Innovations!

Safety-nozzle hoses and central control switches
to guard against explosions.

**Mama Roux's Self-Service Station:
Happiness is in your hands.**



Krewe du Vieux Stimulates Economy

BALLS STREET – Apparently lots of folks blow their wads of cash as a consequence of the annual Krewe du Vieux parade, melee and debauche.

A recently released study conducted by the University of Pencildickia’s Whoreton School of Business and Sexonomics concludes that the Krewe pumps approximately \$69 million into the New Orleans economy each year, while pumping god knows what else into the New Orleans population.

“Unsurprisingly, revenues swell at bars, restaurants and sex toy shops, along with rising sales of glitter, medicinal marijuana, alcohol, and plain brown paper bags,” reported Whoreton spokesfloozie Cookie Rider breathlessly. “Prostitution seems to be widespread. Viagra, lube and penile enhancement products see vast volume increases. But we’re still trying to understand the popularity of these ‘Lucky Dogs.’”

According to the study, demand also surges for rope, feathers, Crisco, body paint, nipple rings, mule diapers, and Boudreaux’s Butt Paste as parade time approaches.

An anonymous Krewe spokesmember said the results of the study were anticipated. “We’re known for stimulating everything we touch, and we don’t expect that to peter out anytime soon,” gushed the excited member. “Before I even curled up with the report, I knew I would have a happy ending.”

Mayor Teedy's
Back That First Class Up
WORLD TOUR

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N.O.P.E.
 New Orleans
 Police Escorts

Live in Concert

Seeds Flies First Class

PARIS	JUNE 20
SWITZERLAND	JUNE 22
ANTIBES	JULY 14
AMSTERDAM	OCTOBER 9
ARGENTINA	CANCELLED BER 5
KREWE DE VIEUX	FEBRUARY 4, 2023

Featuring her hit singles

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- 🎵 **Back that (First) Class Up**
- 🎵 **Paris: it's on the way home!**

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