



Krewe du Vieux “25 Years Wasted”

(Don) Marshall Law Declared

NEW ORLEANS – How could a year that started off so well end up being so trashed? But what a start it was!

The devil and his insurance company minions had to sharpen up their ice skates as the Saints won the Super Bowl. New Orleanians proved you can celebrate a world championship without smashing stores or burning cars; in the French Quarter after the game, little old uptown ladies in fur coats unreservedly hugged homeboys with their caps on backwards and their pants halfway down to their knees, and at midnight, there was a traffic jam heading INTO downtown. Bless you boys!

Everyone was still basking in a black and gold glow when election season opened, and sure enough, the city was hit with a major Moonson and the City Council descended into kaos. Most voters thought this was an excellent turn of events.

Then things got oily. Since it happened right before the annual Spaz and Heretics Festival, most locals didn't really grasp the immediate implications of the BP (Big Pricks) oil spill. BP (Bugged Poltroons) executives initially claimed "It's just a flesh wound," grotesquely underplaying the environmental horrors.

CEO Tony Hayride, whose suffering moved the entire world (excepting a few oiled pelicans, turtles and dolphins), was unable to contain himself or much of anything else. Top kills, junk shots and relief wells entered the local lingo as BP (Bastard Petroleum) searched for a Corexit strategy.

It felt like winning the Super Bowl all over again when the Macondo well was finally capped. Only this time there was no black and gold, just black: black marshes, black beaches, black wildlife.

Things were crazy around the rest of the country too.

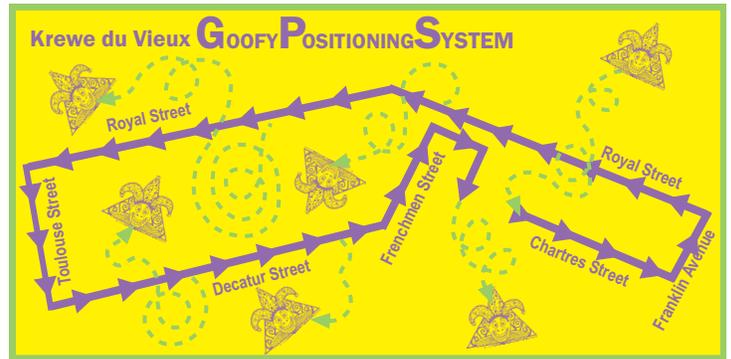
Rabid Tea Partiers demanded that government get out of their lives, then drove home from their rallies in cars built with government subsidies, using fuel produced with government subsidies, on roads paved by government, to pick up their government checks delivered by government employees. The irony apparently escaped them.

The economy staggered like a French Quarter tourist, causing President Yomama to raise a concerned eyebrow. Health care reform finally passed after sixty years, making Republicans sick. The upshot of all this was the November elections, which produced a new Speaker of the House: some dude named John Boner, who is apparently a real stiff.

Despite these and other distractions, the American public put its laser-like focus on the really important issue: new airport scanners that display a revealing image of the human body. At Louis Armstrong Airport, TSA staffers (aka the Good Hands People) minimized complaints by tossing Mardi Gras beads to passengers after they were scanned. Reports that the idea for the scanners came out of Michelle Yomama's attempts to get Americans to lose weight could not be confirmed at press time.

Back on the local scene, former Technology Guru Greg Meffert pleaded guilty to corruption and operating an oversized ego without a license. Stormy Daniels was unable to unseat Sen. David Vitter, though what else she may have done to him remains locked in an FBI file. The City Council downgraded marijuana possession and prostitution to municipal offenses, so trading joints for sex will no longer land you in jail. And the whole city fell into a topical depression when Nash Roberts passed away.

Despite the two-bit politicians, the



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 19, 2011 at 6:30 PM

media frenzy of the 25-hour news cycle and the corporations willing to sell the world for thirty pieces of silver, Krewe du Vieux decided to focus on the silver lining in all this and celebrate **25 Years Wasted**. The silver belles and silver-tongued devils of the Krewe will follow the silver brick road to various way stations in the French Quarter and Faubourg Marigny on **Saturday, February 19 at 6:30 PM**. Parade-goers are advised to hide the silver while marchers attempt to hide the pickle.

Marshalling this year's parade will be King Don Marshall (not Marshall Don King, you can tell by the hair), who has wasted away a few hours in Margaritaville with Bloody Mary, Mary Juana and other "friends". Co-founder of both the Krewe of Clones and the Krewe du Vieux – and still atoning for both – King Don (not King Cong, you can tell by the hair) is a behind-the-scenes silverback of New Orleans culture, having played key roles at different times with the CAC, Le Petit Theatre, Jazz Fest and more. He will no doubt exit the float a few brain cells lighter as he helps the Krewe waste another year.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen subkrewes will each present their own trashed, toasted, panty-wasted, silver

plated, mis-stated, mislaid, waylaid, overlaid and overplayed 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 Mondou, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Krewe of PAN, Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Mystic Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of Inane, and Krewe du Mishigas.

Also marching will be many of the city's top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of few Krewe du Vieux traditions that the new Republican majority is not trying to repeal.

The Krewe du Vieux is a non-profit 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.

Don Marshall: The Clown Prince of Culture

Some people would be satisfied to help found one of the wackiest Carnival parades of all time. Some people would be content to help save one New Orleans cultural institution. Some people would be happy to help launch one great new festival.

Some people would not be Don Marshall, King of Krewe du Vieux 2011, blessed with a creative streak as long as his attention span is short.

King Don first assured his place in New Orleans infamy as a co-founder of the legendary Krewe of Clones. Conceived (some might say ill-conceived) initially as a fundraiser for the Contemporary Arts Center, for which our managerial maharajah was the Executive Director, in its first year Clones existed only as a Mardi Gras ball. Clones began walking the streets the next year, 1978, complete with a royal toast at the late (very, very late) lamented Hummingbird Grill. By 1979, the subkrewe concept was born, and Clones was a satirical, scandalous sensation.

Sadly, tensions within the CAC began to build regarding the future of the parade. Some of the Center's leadership wanted to go really uptown with it, milking its fundraising potential to the max. The subkrewes wanted no part of that, preferring the bawdy satire that harkened back to the early days of Carnival as the outlet for Everyman to let loose at the elite – most of whom lived uptown.

The whole power struggle came to a head (and it wasn't good head) in 1986, when the parade night fell on the eve of a Super Bowl in New Orleans. Between the internal feuding and the preference of the city fathers not to display the raunchier side of the city to the world (remember, this was long before "Girls Gone Wild"), Clones simply imploded.

This did not deter several of the subkrewes, which staged various demonstrations and displays on their own;

nor did it deter King Don. Now director of Le Petit Theatre, he had been looking for ways to draw more people into the French Quarter. Our scheming Sultan also realized that if the parade was the Saturday before Carnival officially began, he could a) avoid having to get a parade permit and b) march in the Vieux Carré.

"I contacted leaders of a few of the subkrewes, like Susan Smola and Spoons Johnson," recalls King Don, "and everyone jumped right on board. The parade night that year was Valentine's Day, so we went with 'Odd Couples' as a theme. Charmaine Neville was the Queen, and we had a papier maché head of Sheriff Harry Lee as the King."

The parade lined up on Wilkinson Row, one block being long enough for the whole parade. King Don marshaled the entire Le Petit cast to help swell the ranks of marchers (and some of the marchers were pretty rank and swollen), and the parade stumbled around the Quarter for a while before ending up more or less across the street at the riverboat Natchez.

Thus Krewe du Vieux was born, and to this day, its often circuitous routes are homage to the incapacity of its first Marshall to walk in a straight line.

After the second year, our ADD Duke left KdV to its own vices and devices. And after putting a wobbly Le Petit back on its feet (at least for a while), King Don worked with several other local cultural leaders to create the Tennessee Williams Festival and the New Orleans Film Festival before finding himself interviewing with the Jazz Fest folks as they dealt with their pre-Katrina financial meltdown.

What gives the King his dizzying turn-around abilities? Essentially, he is a master of disguise, skilled at the art of going undercover into the living rooms and boardrooms (we won't discuss

bedrooms) of the wealthy to shake down a little change for art's sake.

"You have to be able to play in the corporate world, because that's where the money is," explains the Emperor, "but you gotta live for the creativity – it's what makes this city special. I'm fortunate to be able to bring those two worlds together in a way that helps fund our culture."

King Don believes that Jazz Fest had to be saved. "No other nonprofit in the United States produces such a festival, and also generates such revenue to reinvest back into the community."

The visionary Viscount saw an opportunity to increase the Jazz Fest Foundation's revenue by adding more small festivals to the calendar; this led to now-popular events such as the Crescent City Blues & Barbecue Festival, Louisiana Cajun Zydeco Festival and Treme Creole Gumbo Festival.

"These all create more gigs for musicians, more positive impact on the community, and more revenues for the Foundation," says King Don. "The great thing about New Orleans is, if you plant the seed, it grows. You just need a simple premise and some cooperation between like-minded people."

Our merry monarch brings this same philosophy to his reign as King of Krewe du Vieux. "My chief objective is to stimulate the local economy through bar sales, municipal marijuana fines and of course more musical gigs. And I wouldn't mind a little stimulation myself!"

This is not his first go-around as Carnival royalty: exactly fifty years ago, he reigned as King of the Children's Carnival Ball, where Dr. John, last year's KdV King, had previously been a page. "We were both scarred for life by the experience," adds King Don, "though I'm not sure which one of us more deeply."

The King will be accompanied on his royal ride by his Consort, Lolet Boutte.

Her majesty also marched in the first-ever Krewe du Vieux parade back in 1987, placing her in an elite group of people who can truly claim 25 Years Wasted.

Turning slightly serious for a moment, our mellow monarch mused, "My wish for my subjects is that we all give thanks for this Garden of Eden we call New Orleans, where our lush land provides beauty and nourishment, our food brings spice to our lives, our exotic art and architecture create a living environment that elevates our spirit, our traditions celebrate life, and our music gives us soul."

Now it's off for a night of drinking, feasting and parading. There will be 25 beers tasted; roasted corn to the tune of 25 ears basted; and for those who overdo it and fall by the wayside, 25 rears pasted. Let the silverbration begin!

Corrections and Clarifications

A previous edition of MDM referred to Greg Meffert as a "boy wonder". The description should have read "boy blunder".

In the story about the new 10th Ward of Hell, the title sponsor was listed as Allstate. In fact, the sponsorship of the 10th Ward of Hell is split between Allstate and BP (Bootlicking Pirates) Oil Company.

In last year's issue we referred to Mayor Ray Nagin. We promise that mistake will never happen again.

Dr. John was cited as running for mayor on a campaign platform that included a pledge to move City Hall to Charity Hospital. It should have been the other way around.

The article about the discovery of phoenixes in New Orleans suggested that the birds might live to be 1000 years old. Sadly, the entire flock was fouled by oil from the BP (Blowhard Pigs) spill and perished.

C.R.U.D.E. Lubes New Oilins

ABOARD THE USS BEN DOVER – Dr. Jane Lube-chenko, Chief of the Dept. of No Organization At All (NOAA), today reversed several prior reversals and confirmed that oil from the Deepwater Horizon incident had in fact been spotted, along with several other unidentified toxic substances, on the bottoms of tourists’ shoes in the French Quarter. Dr. Lube-chenko said “Earlier attempts at identifying the source of the oil had been frustrated when tourists refused to answer researchers’ questions about ‘Where’d dey get dem shoes?’”

Former BP CEO Tony Haywired, reached aboard his yacht *Junqueshot*, acknowledged “There might be a wee bit of oil,” then, employing Ninja skills learned at the oil giant’s Tokyo office, threw down a smoke bomb and disappeared.

The effects of the oil on sea life are still being studied. Of particular interest to male researchers at the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E.’s Institute of Marine Mammography is the recent appearance of oiled mermaids in the northern Gulf of Mexico.

“These animals are extremely endangered. There are very few left, and this year we’ve had twice as many expose themselves as in previous years,” said IMM Executive Director Dr. Steve Zizou. “We believe they are ranging beyond their normal habitat in south Florida in search of their natural source of sustenance, the Slippery Dick.”*

The IMM experienced an outpouring of volunteers eager to aid in the delicate job of cleaning these creatures. However, due to the sensitive nature of the task, only C.R.U.D.E.’s trained professionals were allowed to do the

work, which reportedly involved the use of a bubble bath-like solution.

Dr. Zizou confirmed that several other mutated species had been observed, including Petroleum Jellyfish, Blackened Amberjack, CRUDE Tuna, Sardines in oil, 40-Weight Sharks, Lubricated Ladyfish, and Hydrocarbonated Tube Worms. He noted that many of these creatures will likely be observed during their annual nocturnal migration on February 19, 2011.

Following the announcement, Plaquemines Parish President Billy Secondguesser rushed to hold a press conference next to an oil stain found on the street near his house. “I told all those pointy-headed scientists we shudda built dat berm,” Secondguesser said. “We shudda built a berm around LSU first, though, to keep all those scientists from confusin’ people with facts. It’s the damn Corps’ fault.”

Secondguesser seemed nonplussed when it was pointed out to him that the oil patch that had been the scene of numerous press conferences had in fact leaked out of a 1989 Ford F-150 that had been parked there days before. Actor Kevin Costco quickly volunteered to clean up the spill and flew over the site in a specially modified C-130 Hercules dropping several tons of kitty litter on it, burying Mr. Secondguesser in the process.

Meanwhile, Gov. Bobby “Bombay” Gindoll was attending a Republican fund raising dinner hosted by the Strap-on Tool Company of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and could not be reached for comment. Mr. Gindoll was being honored as “Tool of the Year”, further aiding his quest to lube New Oilins and indeed all of Loweasyiana.

*Yes, that’s the actual name of a fish. Get your head out of the gutter.

T.O.K.I.N. Tea Party

BLUNDERLAND – Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) member and chief mushroom tender, Alice B. Tokmor, recently found herself in a strange, yet oddly familiar, situation.

Readers may recall Alice’s name from a famous incident many years ago, when a young girl went missing, having fallen down a hole while chasing a rabbit. Afterwards, she described a sort of “wonderland” where she encountered strange creatures engaged in absurd activities and daft doubletalk. According to T.O.K.I.N. sources, Alice’s recent adventure bore some striking similarities to her childhood experience.

On her way to the krewe’s secret HEADquarters, she spied what appeared to be a white rabbit in a waistcoat lurking in the shadows. “Naturally, my first thought was that he was just a

stray costumer – this is New Orleans, after all – but I had a déjà vu feeling, like I had seen him before,” said Alice. When she turned to ask him what he wanted, he beckoned her to follow him. Before she realized what was happening, she was pursuing him into a pot-hole where she found herself falling toward the center of the earth.

When Alice reached the bottom, she saw the rabbit vanish around a corner. Attempting to follow, she noticed signs advertising a “Tea Party” gathering. Being fond of both tea and parties, she followed the signs until she came upon a diverse group of middle-aged white people carrying signs with strange and somewhat suggestive messages: “Down with Sodomy! Up with Teabagging!,” “Get your hand out of my pocket! I can stimulate myself!,” “Repeel Congress!” They were demanding to take America

back, apparently to some time before it was actually a country.

One of the participants, who identified himself as Harry “Hare-Brained” March, explained that the event was a rally to “restore horror to America” organized by noted distortionist, Glenn Dreck. As Alice watched, the crowd was regaled by the Jindalwock, hanging on his every fast-talking, nonsensical utterance. The crowd went wild when the featured speaker, Faux News commentator Sarah Appallin, the Queen of Heartless, took the stage. She incited the crowd with a fiery denunciation of the militant liberal environmentalist conspiracy to require every American man, woman, child and housepet to gaymarry an illegal immigrant in a mosque at Ground Zero, to use stem cell research to create a race of Obama-loving alien-human hybrids, and to convert the

Washington Monument into a giant bong.

Said Alice, “It’s the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!”

Escaping from the fanatical hoard, Alice made her way back to the T.O.K.I.N. HEADquarters. After hearing her strange tale, the Ne’er-do-wells called an emergency meeting in a smoke-filled rabbit hole. According to spokesHEAD, Lewis Carroll (a pseudonym), the krewe adopted their own Tea Party agenda. The Ne’er-do-wells invite the public to join them for a High Tea Party on February 19 where they will spread their message of hilari-tea, absurdi-tea, inani-tea, diversi-tea, eccentrici-tea, levi-tea and lubrici-tea, torridi-tea and tumidi-tea, profani-tea and perversi-tea, sexuali-tea and sensuali-tea at the Krewe du Vieux parade.

DripiLeaks: “Must Be Something in Da Water”

CYBERIA – DripiLeaks, a New Orleans based web site that publishes submissions and emissions of private and classified effluvia from anonymous sources, has flushed out sensitive information related to the New Orleans Sewerage and Water Board. Julian AssAngel, the callipygian president of DripiLeaks, disclosed that the information is related to standard business practices at S&WB. The documents reveal standard procedures for activities such as soliciting donations for supposed charities, promoting fecal-coliform bacterial growth by use of pressure-drops in the water supply, and delayed-response emergency procedures. The S&WB could not be reached for comment.

A local activist watchdog group, the notorious Krewe of Drips & Discharges, launched their own investigation in an effort to revenge their members' many personal grudges against the S&WB.

At the D&D headquarters in an abandoned drainage canal, the President, Sexretary, Head-Embezzler, and six veteran members were hard at work, leaning against a wall while supervising their newest member, Sister Sludge, as she poured over thousands of pages of leaked documents.

Asked to comment, President Eileen Over expressed her frustration. “What’s wrong with them people? Even with all the ‘donations’ we give them, they can’t run this Water Board thing right?” The Head-Embezzler added, “We’ve done everything we can. We’ve given the inspectors the ‘lunch money’ they demanded, we made million-dollar ‘donations’ to their churches, and we even returned the meter covers we stole last year. Yet they still insist that our water supply is good enough for local consumption. This is an outrage! This water ain’t fit for thinning out Old Buzzard rye. These documents will expose them

for who they really are!”

Dripping wet with excitement, the Sexretary said “We gonna find something in these pages that’ll expose them for the lazy, greedy, lowlifes they are. Nickel-and-diming us by not putting enough alcohol in there to make us feel good...uh, I mean to kill them bacteria off!”

After dredging through the miasma of routine S&WB documents – unanswered letters requesting investigation of overcharges, chronic street-flooding, and levee leaks along the 17th Street Canal, records of the results of sham investigations, letters directing vendors to where to send their “donations,” and Rubenstein’s receipts from former director Reverend Benjamin ‘Pass the Buck To Me’ Edwards – Sister Sludge reported, “I can’t find nothin’. They’re doing the job exactly according to their standards.”

The Drips & Discharges have agreed

to support DripiLeaks, whose web site has recently lost many of its backers as a result of the controversy. The web-hosting service EasySleazeDNS and the e-commerce site BribePal both withdrew their support, stating that according to Louisiana custom, they should be entitled to at least 10% of the dirty money exposed by the DripiLeaks documents.

Julian AssAngel has received threats stating that if he does not remove the incriminating documents from the website, the S&WB will use its emergency response communication channel, NOLAready, to distribute the number of his Swiss bank account. AssAngel commented, “I must act to change my account sometime before 2014.”

Eileen Over added, “Concerned citizens who want all the poop should come to the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 19 where DripiLeaks information will flow like a broken water main and the Drips and Discharges will release their ‘full load.’”

TSA: The Good Hands for Your T&A

AEROPUERTO BARRIO VIEJO (KDV) – As the sun rises across the runways of the Airport, the trusty TSA agents are preparing for the crush of harried passengers. Keeping the airplanes safe and working the concourse serving Rue Bourbon Airlines, they understand that their job is critical even if their methods are controversial.

“You deploy one Topless Search Assistant who pops his top, so to speak, in the face of a set of tasty and sexy assets and all of a sudden the flying public just starts to view you as a bunch of perverts,” said TSA site director, Troy Sean Armstrong.

The flying public waiting in the “Grope or Peek” line at Concourse 36D had

similarly unfavorable reviews of the Service.

Tammy Selene Acup had a blistering assessment of the TSA: “It’s sort of just Trained Sexual Assault. If any one of them had any game at all, where I might, you know, enjoy it, I might be stimulated. But these guys are just not any good.”

Frequent Flyer Tommy Scott Adams, overhearing this, vigorously disagreed. “The TSA agents are doing everything right. The Testicle Squeezing Attachment provides just the right amount of pressure and they aren’t afraid to do a thorough search around my totally sweaty asshole. They are truly serving air passengers!!” Tommy squealed.

A look behind the scenes at the Transparent Scanning Arsenal room revealed a group of TSA agents who seemed to enjoy their jobs, some of them a little too much; a couple of work stations had a distinct tangy sex-goo aroma.

“We see it *all* here! Tits sagging awfully, transvestite Swedish accountants, guys with a taped sock (argyle) where their obviously inadequate manhood should be” said obviously excited TSA agent Tyler Simon Archibald.

When asked about the weirdest thing they’ve ever had to deal with at the airport, the debate swirled around hidden contraband, totally stacked airline stewardesses and other treasures stealthily arranged, but Director Armstrong finally

topped the steamy anecdotes with the following totally salacious account: “One passenger, no underwear, loose pants, Viagra, multiple trips through the security line. We eventually sent an agent to give him a ‘happy ending’ just so he would get on the plane and not bother us any more.”

So for at least one frequent flyer TSA stands for Totally Satisfied Airline passenger.



[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))

Spermes Spills Secrets of David Semen's Sloppy Second Season

XTREME – After getting too close during the filming of a Mardi Gras episode from season one of David Semen's Treme, Krewe of Spermes orifficials with carnal knowledge of the situation leaked details about the second season, to be called Tremeja Vu. It will be a raunchier affair running at later hours on cable affiliate HBLO.

"It's not going to be a big New Orleans music video like last year," the sources said. "It's gonna be all trannies, crack, cops, and tits and ass. Basically like The Wire, but with tits and ass."

Talking on condition of immediate tabloid release and sexual favors from the reporter, they shared emails from exchanges with Semens.

"LaDonkadonk is gonna turn the bar into a strip club," Semens wrote. "Actually, that's what it was supposed to be last year.

"The writing team screwed up," he continued. "I was on one of my very important C-SPAN speaking engagements talking about the decline of newspapers and I texted them 'Topless bar.' Then they came up with some stupid shit about a busted roof. That's what you get when you don't pay union writers."

With her dentist husband drilling away in Baton Rouge, LaDonkadonk Bateste-Williams (Khandi "Mohotmama Khandi" Alexander) will only have to worry about filling her own cavities. She spent much of the first season searching for a stiffy, but eventually even rigor mortis wears off. This season, she's looking for hot action from South of the Border from any Latino laborer who can trim a hedge and plug a hole.

At the strip club, she'll help New Orleans' dispersed strippers come back

home to the pole. The new format will keep former husband Antoine "Rusty Trombone" Bateste (Wendel "Prince Albert" Pierce) sniffing around for more late-night booty calls. The philandering musician will be blowing more than his horn in season two, Semens promised. Bateste will do his part to bring up another generation of jazz musicians. He may also teach them music.

Without Sonny (Michiel Huisman), Annie (Lucia Micarelli) will spend more time tuning her own instrument and become an accomplished soloist. She'll let tourists watch for \$10, \$15 for couples, \$175 with champagne.

New Orleans will again become the city that care forgot with Creighton Spermette (John "The Third Blues Brother" Goodman) still dead. He'll be as entertaining as he was last year, just not on screen at all. Neglecting his family

and whining about the decline of civilization will be left to other characters.

Wife "Toni" Spermette (Melissa Leo) will give up on pro boner work for indigent musicians and Dildo Davis. She'll turn to ambulance chasing to pay for her Uptown lifestyle and join an online cougar dating service.

Janette "Tastes Like Chicken of the Sea" Desaute (Kim Dickins) returns to New Orleans and uses a FEMA loan to invest in a Long Dong Silver's franchise, which takes off when she concocts her own seasoning blend and becomes famous for yelling "Bang" as she throws it on food. She'll also bottle it as a pepper spray to repel the likes of Dildo Davis.

Some characters will remain the same. "Dildo Davis, well, he's not changing," Semens said. "He'll be the same old Dildo. But this year, he's the one going in the river."

Underwear Produces "Tales From the Silver Sheen"

BAREYOURDERRIER BAY – The Oscar world is already buzzing as word leaks out like oil about the Krewe of Underwear's latest epic film, "Tales From the Silver Sheen".

A classic "creature-feature" horror pic, "Tales" begins not long after the failure of the blowjob preventer at the BP (Bootlicking Pinheads) Deepwater Horizon well. As the toxic mixture of oil and dispersants courses through the water, overwhelmed animals of the Gulf begin mutating into creatures scarier than BP (Blubbering Pussy) CEO Tony Haywimp himself.

"We're always known for our special effects," gushed a starry-eyed Underwearian. "At least, after enough alcohol and other inspirational substances, they look pretty special to us.

Anyway, you're gonna see some wild wildlife in this one!"

While many details of the film remain as murky as the post-spill Gulf waters, word is that some of the Macondo mutants will include brown petrolicans, KY Jellyfish, black oil drum, spattered trout, soft Shell crabs, diesel-nosed dolphins, crudefish, and oysters. One particularly colorful specimen will be the purple and gold Stephen Ridley's sea turtle.

However, the most fearsome creature in the film is rumored to be a giant, engorged, oil-eating microbe, swollen to twelve feet in diameter from eating all the spilled petroleum. Insiders report that in the movie's climax, the microbe – famished after polishing off all the oil in the Gulf – swims up the Mississippi River in search of oil from the fryers of

New Orleans restaurants, towing the entire mutant cast in its wake.

Among the human actors supposedly lined up to star in "Silver Sheen" are Bo Derrick as Senator Mary Landloss, Bruce Spillis as Admiral Toad Allen, and Hugh Jacksoff as Tony Haywimp.

Given the topical nature of the plot, production of "Tales From the Silver Sheen" has been on the fast track. "We really greased the skids to get this one going," said the Underwear spokeswoman, briefly. "We wanted to make sure this was a Speedee production, so we got it lubed in a Jiffy."

Underwear has rolled out some memorable horror shows in the past 25 years, like the infamous "Day at the Breach", co-produced with the Corpse of Engineers. What's different this time

is that the film will be directed by Hollywood legend Stephen Spillberg, with funding being raised by executive producer Bobby Jindoil. Also, in a technological innovation that leaves 3-D in its wake, a special WD-40 version of the flick will be shown in select theaters and gas stations.

While no release date has been set for the film (or most members of Underwear), a sneak preview will be seen by spectators at the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 19. There may not be a red carpet, but there will definitely be red underwear.

"Tales of the Silver Sheen" has been rated PG (Petroleum Gushing) and may not be suitable for wildlife, shrimpers, oystermen, or coastal residents.

Advice Column

Ask Miss Managed

Dear Miss Managed: I am just starting my political career and realize I need a suitable way to accept and “bank” cash donations. Any suggestions?

Louisiana Politician

Dear Cash and Carry: Here in Louisiana, it’s creativity that counts. One popular method is stuffing the cash in a frozen food container and placing it the freezer. Or you can host poker games and be “lucky” enough to be the big winner. Then there’s just putting the cash in your pants pocket – though remember the larger the donation, the baggier your pants need to be, and when placing said cash into your pocket, act like you are simply adjusting your belt. Nowadays, donors can be so rude and film these things without telling you.

Of course, you could just have your supporters pay for your strippers, vacations to Aruba, maids, lawn service and other necessities. That way, there’s no risk of seeing an unsightly pants bulge on film.

Dear Miss Managed: I’m relatively new to town, and was warmly welcomed by my boss and the company I work for, which commends me every day for the large amount of money I make for them. But when I try to meet people outside of the company – I like to flash a light at them as they drive by – they never stop to say hi. I’ve even had people throw things at me. What can I do to make new friends?

Going Nowhere Fast

Dear Flash in the Pan: I think I’ve met you. Two weeks ago, corner of Washington and St. Charles avenues? Or was it on Henry Clay Avenue where you were so tucked away I couldn’t slow down fast enough to say a proper hello?

Don’t be so shy – I say go public! Get off that high perch and mingle. But don’t keep flashing at people – it’s startling and doesn’t give them the time to slow down and get to know you. In fact, don’t even take photos for your scrapbook. It’s the personal touch that counts. Turn yourself off and watch the world go by, and it may even slow down for you. Your bosses may not be happy, but you’ll get more friendly waves rather than solitary fingers.

Dear Miss Managed: My son is, for lack of a better word, dumb. I am wealthy and connected, but no amount of money can get him into law school. What profession should I steer him to?

A State Representative

Dear Confused Father: A lobbyist.

Dear Miss Managed: Can money spent on hookers qualify for an IRS deduction?

DV

Dear Senator Hypocrite: You are in luck! President Barack Obama signed a new tax bill that extended President George W. Bush’s tax cuts, and added more deductions! New this year are tax breaks for people who buy race horses and grants for putting up windmills. No doubt the members of Congress realized the need for all sorts of stress relief, especially for themselves, so I’m sure there’s a tax break specifically geared towards your particular deduction.

Travel Section

Citizens Run Away from Perpetual Stench

NUEVA ORLEANS – Every year in sites across Spain and around the world, the avid and adventurous run through streets ahead of bulls, seeking a momentary thrill. Nowhere, though, is the art of running from bull more practiced – or necessary – than here in Pampy-lona on the bayou, where for decades residents have waded through the leavings of pooppy politicians, beastly bureaucrats and cruddy capitalists. We visited this rodeo of rascality to see what it takes to stay ahead of the plundering herd.

“You’ve got to keep your eyes open,” said long-time local reporter Angus Skinned. “Sometimes they’re coming at you from Baton Rouge, sometimes City Hall, and sometimes from across the pond. But you can be sure in this town that there’s always bull coming from someplace. If you don’t stay ahead, they’ll milk you dry. Over the years, I’ve seen it all. We once had bull dressed up in ewe’s clothing. He was a slick one, but he had a weakness for candy.”

“There’s a Brahma Bull that’s running the show in Baton Rouge right now,” Skinned continued. “He isn’t hard to spot, if you can find him. Mostly he’s off in somebody else’s pasture.”

Skinned continued to reminisce as we walked through the wrought-iron-laced streets of the city’s charming old section, where, with just a grain of imagination, you can summon images of yellow fever and military occupation. He talked about past leaders like Kathleen Bronco and her predecessor. “That one had a bad case of hoof-in-mouth disease,” said Skinned. “And those were just in Baton Rouge. Closer to home, the herd was pretty thick. Mayor Moorial steered the city down some bad paths. And there was city tech cheat Greg Moofert who was known for leaving the barn door open. Bill Heiferson brought feeding at the public trough to a whole new level. Of course, there were a few good ones, like Joseph Cow, but they always got taken to slaughter pretty quickly. Even Al Gore didn’t make it here.”

Each year, the city celebrates this special heritage with a colorful festival, the highlight of which is a special run called the *Insincero*.

“It’s lovely,” gushed local artist Mignon Filet, who helps design the festival’s trappings. “We set loose a bevy of sexy women in the role of the bulls. They’re armed, so if they catch you, they’ll knock the bull crap right out of you. Everybody walks, limps or crawls away feeling fresh.”

Last year’s British Petroleum spill pushed even more stinking black goo into the city, courtesy of CEO Tony Hay-ward, prompting a local group of ne’er-do-wells, the Krewe of CRAPS, to stage a special Running of the Bull Crap in order to clean the streets.

“We know something about evacuation here. When all this starts to back up, it’s time to loosen everything up and get some movement going,” said “T-bone” Toni, the CRAPS’ well-done but juicy captain. “When we’re done everything will be A-1.”

The krewe is set to purge the city on the night of February 19. They will muster at the Plaza del Torres to wend, whoop and wallop their way through the Marigny and French Quarter in the Krewe du Vieux parade.

Shootout at the Oy Vey Corral

GOMORRAH GULCH—On a recent Monday morning, crews of underpaid workers were still cleaning the main hall of Schmuley’s Bar Mitzvah Palace and Bagel Barn following an altercation of Biblical proportions the previous Saturday evening. “It must have been some fight,” whined an exhausted Conchita Consuela DeStereotype. “I’m never going to be able to get all the Manischewitz out of the upholstery.”

The scene was the Silverman Bar Mitzvah, an overblown affair featuring twelve types of smoked fish, eight varieties of blintzes, three flavors cream cheese, and, of course, bagels galore. Chopped liver sculptures and seltzer fountains set the atmosphere for the hora-ble showdown which started when local gonif Billy the Yid accused Buffalo Brisket of schmearing his character. “The son of a blintz said that my six-shooter was only three inches shlong. I don’t take that kind of krepalach from anyone” said the still-farmisht Yid.

The other guests swiftly chose sides according to their real estate interests, the “Haves” aligning themselves with

Sheriff Yid, and the “HaveMores” siding with Brisket.

“I was hiding behind the life sized cutout of Rahm Emanuel and saw the whole thing,” explained Nice Jewish Doc Challahday. “It was like mass dybbuk-possession. Insults were spinning around the room like out-of-control dreidels: schmendrik, schnorrer, shmo, mamzer. Such language you wouldn’t want the kinder to hear!”

According to Doc Challahday, Wyatt Epstein was one of the first to get hit with a comment about his wife’s fake fur. This was followed by a plague of insults from Frank “Foreskin” Leslie about “tacky pants suits” and “children in public school” directed at a group of fancy-schmancy yentas. More insults and injuries went flying through the air as the guests swiftly ducked for cover.

“Those noses don’t even look real, you shiksa-wannabees!” taunted Annie Oaklevitz. “So, nu? Did your bargain-basement surgeon use schmaltz instead of silicone on those cheek implants?” She was immediately surrounded by a bunch of boisterous bubbes flogging her

with their Gucci and Coach handbags. “I know where you got them purses – Marshalls and TJ Maxx,” Oaklevitz shouted defiantly between blows. Finally the fracas was broken up by Shlep-Along Cassidy.

The Bar-Mitzvah boy, Sheldon “the Sundance Kibbitzer” Silverman, was found hiding under a pile of \$18 checks, Israel Bonds and Kiddush cups with Ashley Schwartz, Brittney Weiss, Courtney Grossman, the Klein twins (Brandi and Brooke), Madison Roth and three of the Jacobs sisters. A dazed and smiling Silverman was later seen wandering the dining hall covered in Hello Kitty princess pink lip gloss.

“I don’t understand any of this. These people are off their rocking horses,” said Goy Rogers, henpecked husband of famous cowgirl Dale Evanstein. “Then again, at my family’s parties, we tip cows, not the help.”

Several Bar Mitzvah guests were

rushed to Mt. Sinai Wellness Institute and Spa to be treated for their wounded pride. “It will be a tough road for some of these victims,” explained Dr. Sigmund Fraud, Head of Ego Intensive Care. “They are looking at months of grueling retail therapy. I don’t envy their credit cards.”

Inquiries to Schmuley’s were answered by Geronimo Gupta at a call center in Bangalore, who said that rumors of the Palace’s closure due to the incident was a bunch of “sitting bull.”

Sometime after the shootout, a herd of stampeding lawyers left a two-block swath of destruction in their wake in their rush to file slander and defamation suits. “Forget about grazing with those ambulance chasers,” advised Krewe du Mishigas spiritual leader and chief bagel-decorator, Lon Rangerman. “Better you should put on a mask and trot over to the Krewe du Vieux parade! Chai Ho Silverman, Oy Vey!”

Marijuana, Prostitution Now Barely Illegal

HOUSE OF THE SMOKING SON—Removing two pitfalls that have derailed the careers of several of their political predecessors, the New Orleans City Council has downgraded marijuana possession and prostitution to municipal offenses. However, the Council refused to lessen penalties for some other crimes, such as teabuggery, public botoxication or driving while under the influence of Rush Limbaugh.

Citations for these offenses can now be paid much like a parking ticket. “If you are thinking of smoking dope, selling your body or parking on a parade route, the last one is the one to avoid,” said a lingerie-clad, glassy-eyed Council aide.

“It’ll suck a lot more out of your bank account.”

“We have to recognize that we are a tourist trap town,” said Mayor Moonson Mitch with an inhale as he signed the legislation. “Cheap tricks and cheap kicks are good for business.”

When reached for comment on his cell phone, Sen. David Vitter replied, “Not now, man!” as high-pitched giggles resounded in the background.

Members of Krewe du Vieux were reported to be in ecstasy (and probably acid, mushrooms and peyote as well) over the news. “I didn’t know whether to spliff or roll over,” said one nude stewed Vieuxer.

Mystic Inane Is Absinthe-Minded

OLD ABSINTHE HOUSE—A new cult of individuals searching for the higher path of enlightenment through intoxication appears to be emerging in the Marigny and French Quarter. Night after night, these dedicated seekers are prostrating themselves in the bars, taverns, saloons, and gutters of the old city.

According to members of this Mystic Inane sect, many of the sicko-phants end their nights in blighted slumber and tremulous dreams. However, due to the potion of choice for these sojourners – the potent, poisonous absinthe – the dreams are but fleeting snatches, seldom recalled as the next day dawns.

“The true Nature of the Beast is inebriation at its finest,” explained an Inane spokeslush. “With these spirits, it’s a given that the mind takes a beating after 25 years of wasted debauchery.”

Acutely aware that some among the

unenlightened will judge them for their lifestyle and brain cell deficiencies, the spokeslush added that the Krewe is also on a quest for satire, laughter and an easily accessible bathroom.

“We bring smiles to a large audience,” said the Inane one. “They who judge us should themselves be judged for their lack of lampoonery and social banter. It does not matter if we eloquently emulate Linda Blair’s devilish performance or forget to step high over the mule dung, for our minds are filled with the holy spirits and our hearts warmed with the green glow.”

If they can keep their focus and remember until then, the absinthe-minded Inane will again stumble the analise path to the summit of intoxicated enlightenment on Saturday, February 19 at 6:30 PM. Unless this is all just another snatch of dream

Mondu Reports From The Year 2525

ISLE DE NEW ORLEANS – Apparently the Knights of Mondu will invent a time machine in about five hundred years, because a dispatch from this secretive sect dated “2525” was recently received at the *Monde de Merde* office and distillery.

Interestingly, the text is written in a strange mixture of French and English, or Franglish, suggesting that Louisiana’s bilingual culture may have become dominant on what is left of the planet.

That the planet contains a reduced land mass is clear from the beginning of the document, which indicates that the city of New Orleans exists on a large, remote island in the middle of the “Gulf de Mexiqueaux”. Drawing from various references in the piece, it seems that while the oceans rose, plucky New Orleanians built up their elevation by piling Mardi Gras beads everywhere as a form of glittering landfill.

On a related note, it appears that toplessness is standard in the island city. Whether this is due to global warming or the omnipresent beads is unclear.

Similarly, New Orleans Islanders have built and maintained an impenetrable levee system by recycling Carnival floats from each year’s parade. Corps of Engineers leader Gen. Blaine Kern XXVI is quoted as saying, “If you mush enough papier maché and two-by-fours together, you can keep hurricanes, tidal waves and those pesky floating glaciers from hammering the city.”

On another related note, the official bird of the island appears to be some sort of pelican-penguin hybrid.

Also fascinating to observe is the dominance of Louisiana political heritage. At various points, the 2525 dispatch refers to Mayor Landrieu XXII, U.S. President Landrieu XIV, World President Landrieu IX, Martian President Landrieu III, and Universal Bank President Landrieu.

Other examples of this legacy include references to the Blanco Road Home system, which apparently remains incomplete half a millennium into the future; the legalization of prostitution in government-licensed “House of Vitter” facilities; and the Jindal Intergalactic Travel and Fundraising Agency.

Other examples of the pervasive nature of New Orleans culture in the future are found in the areas of music and food. There is no mention of musical genres like jazz or R&B; instead the document discourses on “marsalis”, “neville”, “malone”, and “batiste” styles. Also noted in passing is the “prison” style, which is thought to be the descendent of today’s rap music.

In the same vein, cuisine preferences in the future include “spicer”, “prudhomme”, “legassy”, and “popeyes”.

While the motives behind the Mondulian missive are unclear – why send it to this time and this place? – one clue may be a reference to the annual Krewe du Vieux parade. The dispatch makes note of a “cataclysmic event” on Saturday, February 19, 2011, and even suggests that certain members of the Knights of Mondu may travel back from the future to participate. Those who gather in the Marigny and French Quarter that night may just be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of the year 2525.

Mayor Announces Department of Wasted Management

PERISOSO STREET – Emerging from a smoke-filled room after a meeting of his Joint Task Force, New Orleans Mayor Mitch Moonpie today announced the formation of a new city department to add to the debris of City Hall.

The new agency, known as the Department of Wasted Management, will be headed up by the Mayor’s third cousin and well-known local party girl, Mama Roux.

When awakened at noon by an inquiring *Le Monde de Merde* scribe, Roux was hazy on the details of her new duties as Director of Wasted Management.

“Jesus. What time is it?” asked the former Saintsation and jello shot girl at Razoo’s.

When pressed, Roux stated that the Department of Wasted Management “has something to do with garbage, sewerage and shit like that. I don’t know, it’s a job, and I had to quit dancing because of my back.”

The mayor’s office issued a press re-

lease touting Roux’s credentials as a skilled gold brick, dumpster diver, epic stoner, and 10th-year sophomore at UNO. “She also has experience with STD, which has done so much for the French Quarter,” said the Mayor. “She’s managed to waste more time than anyone I know, and she’s always wasted. I feel confident she will waste the public’s time in an equally disorganized fashion.”

Located somewhere in the bowels of City Hall, the Department of Wasted Management will boast a fully-staffed office of 50 city employees, none of whom will answer the telephone or have any useful information. “It’s an unlisted phone number anyway,” said the Mayor’s spokesperson, Siddown B. Quiet. “And don’t even think about email – it will all go straight to the trash can file.”

When asked if the Department of Wasted Management will implement a recycling program for the city, Roux replied, “Ha! Screw recycling. Just toss it.”

City Sinkage Not Caused by Subsidence

A CRACKED HOUSE – A blue-ribbon Krewe du Vieux Investigative Panel today released the startling results of a lengthy study of subsidence in New Orleans. Despite the beliefs of most citizens, those built-in speedbumps in the roads, crazily tilted sidewalks and lovely cracks in the houses are not caused by the swamp-like land on which those lunatic Frogs founded the city.

Instead, the true cause of subsidence was found to be the massive weight of the Mardi Gras throws stored in nearly every home, office, shed, brothel, and doghouse in New Orleans. Due to the compulsive hoarding of beads, cups, giant toothbrushes, and those plastic tubes that no one is sure what to do with, the entire city may be in imminent danger of sinking completely into the mire.

“If we don’t stop filling every available space with beads, we’re definitely going down,” said Krewe Engineer, Fifi LaTour, in what was assumed to be a reference to the threat of further sinkage. “I personally pledge to never show my tits on Bourbon Street again.”

Backing up its ongoing commitment to making New Orleans a better place, the Krewe du Vieux immediately proclaimed that it would not throw beads during its 2011 parade, scheduled for February 19 at 6:30 PM. Krewe spokesman Guy Goofius announced that instead, the satirical spoofers will hand out wooden quarters inscribed “25 Years Wasted” to commemorate its quarter-century of debauchery.



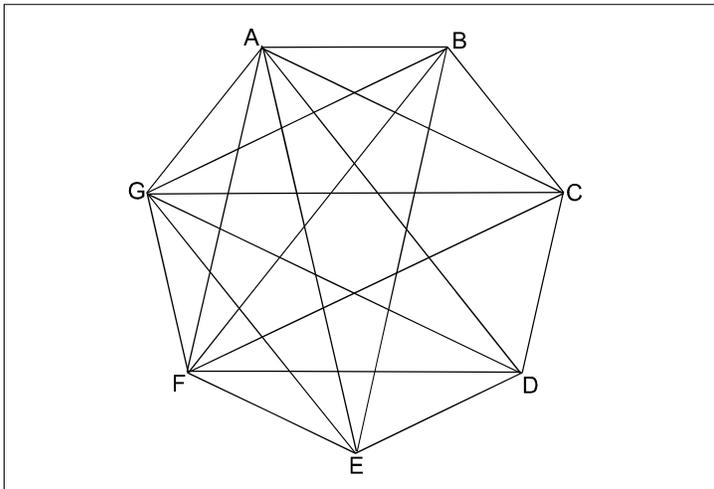
[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))

Puzzle Page

The Seeds of Decline celebrate 25 years of the Seven Deadly Sins:

- A = Lust
- B = Gluttony
- C = Greed
- D = Sloth
- E = Wrath
- F = Envy
- G = Pride

Imagine that this heptagon is a map of the Seeds of Decline path through life in New Orleans. Start at A (Lust) and travel to the logical end, F (Envy). Your assignment is to describe in three words or less the end result of each twisted trip



Seeds of Decline answers:

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| AB Edible Undies | CD Ray Nagin |
| AC Former Al Copeland | CE British Petroleum |
| AD Quickie | CF Armstrong Park Renovations |
| AE The Former Mrs. Copelands | CG Crime Cameras |
| AF Krewe du Vieux | DE Chief Riley (Larry) |
| AG David Vitter | DF Eddie Jordan (Curly) |
| BC Imported Seafood | DG Veronica White (Mo') |
| BD The Road Home | EF Garbage Contractors |
| BE Bourbon Street Drunks | EG Mardi Gras Religious Crazies |
| BF Texans and New Yorkers | GF Bobby Jindal |
| BG Tom Fitzmorris | |

The New New Orleans Seven Deadly Sins

The Seeds of Decline have identified seven unique local sins. This changes the puzzle altogether.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Stupidity – Huh? | 5. Violence – B' Stupid and C' Murder |
| 2. Lies – You Have To Ask ? | 6. Local Bizzaros – Chris Owens |
| 3. Corruption – What's Not ? | 7. I Can't Fucking Believe It! |
| 4. Ignorance – Doh ? | |

WORD SEARCH

Can you find the names of the 17 Krewe du Vieux sub-krewes?

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

Krewe du Vieux Trivia Quiz

- What is the full name of Krewe du Vieux? Who was Sarcophagus I?
- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| a. Krewe du Vieux Carré | a. Henri Schindler |
| b. Krewe du Vieux Lingerie | b. Tutankhamun |
| c. Krewe du Vieux Bon Vivants | c. Lestat |
- How many sub-krewes are in the Krewe du Vieux? Which Royalty was once a burlesque artist?
- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| a. 17 | a. GiO |
| b. 69 | b. Plaine Kern |
| c. What's a sub-krewe? | c. Walt Handelsman |

Which ball site was once a department store?

- a. Krauss
- b. Wools-worth
- c. K&B

What is the name of the one-block street where the first Krewe du Vieux parade lined up?

- a. Wilkinson Row
- b. Architect Street
- c. Church Street

Bonus Question

What sub-krewe joined Krewe du Vieux in response to a personals ad?"

Answer: K.A.O.S., but they thought it was an ad for a tri-sexual, multi-species night of debauchery. They weren't disappointed.

For more Krewe du Vieux trivia, visit www.krewevieux.org.

Spreading the Love for 25 Years, KSAL Invades New Orleans

By I.M. Cumming

NEAR URANUS – While the citizens of the Crescent City slept with anticipation on the eve of the greatest and most decadent event of Carnival, the Krewe du Vieux parade, shooting stars exploded in the New Orleans night. Space Age Lovers of the planet Nympho-moania had arrived and immediately began probing the Big Easy in search of the mythical GiO Spot.

The love god Cupid created the Space Age Lovers by **Dripping and Discharging** his Silver image to spread love to all worlds and all things. For 25 years the Lovers had been spreading love, legs, lips and everything else all over the universe in search of the Holy Grafenberg.

Civilizations everywhere were explored as the Lovers left many worlds in a **Comatose**-like sexual stupor. Their living cock-it ship Trojan traveled in and out of the galaxies Labia Majoria and the Milky Way gathering rare aphrodisiacs to prepare their infectious Juice of Love to be injected into the unsuspecting but **L.E.W.D.** residents of New Orleans. Trojan's sensors had been aroused as he found the Elixir of Love ingredients on the faraway planets Cunnilingus, Genitalia, Erotica, Fellatio, Vulva and Areola.

New Orleans was ripe for the dicking and the cock-it ship Trojan rose to the occasion as he awakened Cupids' acolytes to begin converting New Orleans to the delectably indulgent lifestyle of Nympho-moania.

The Silver Cupid Lovers excitement was contagious, they licked their lips and any other lips close by in anticipation of humping the **C.R.U.D.E.** occupants of the Big Easy.

Trojan summoned the Mother Ship, or Mother Fucker as she was affectionately known by the Lovers, to initiate

foreplay as she started spraying her **Spermes**-ide Love Cloud, covering the Crescent City with Feel Good Juice. Space Age Lovers shed their **Underwear**, spread their wings and invaded the neighborhoods shooting New Orleanians with penis arrows filled with the **Pan**-acea of Love.

The infectious Cloud of Love engulfed the Ninth Ward, magically transforming it from the **Seeds of Decline** to the Shangri-La of the South. Pit bulls were turned into toy poodles and gun-lugging thugs into bible toting, bicycle riding Mormons.

Prostitution and marijuana were legalized in New Orleans East and it became the richest area in Louisiana. Joe Brown Park emerged as the new Center for **T.O.K.I.N.** Marijuana Research and Consumption.

A fog came over the French Quarter, basking residents with the Love Elixir's intoxicating mist and metamorphosing **Bourbon** Street back to years past of music clubs and burlesque shows.

Cries of get lit, get wasted, get laid rang out in the night and total **K.A.O.S.** broke out as Mid-City residents paraded in the streets singing "We do it in aluminum foil." The new Parkway Brothel and Casino was built in one day by the **Mama Roux** Erection Group.

Uptown was flooded with Love Juice, generating immediate and **Mundu**-mental side effects. Infected males mutated into Big Dicks with wings and no brains. All females exposed to the Love Elixir grow extra large lips and labia with an **Inane** insatiable appetite for brainless dicks.

Certain the invasion was indeed Spreading the Love, the Silver Cupids descended upon Algiers with salacious fury and homier than Chris Owens. They

shot anything that moved with their Silver Penises and many Nympho-moaniacs were created in a cloud of lust. The only **C.R.A.P.S.** thrown in Algiers that night belonged to Blaine Kern.

Next the invaders slipped into the Bywater still in search of the mythical GiO Spot. They could feel they were cumming close. Space Age Lovers can smell a virgin anywhere in the universe and they knew from legend the elusive GiO Spot could not be exposed to virgins. Known as the curse of **Mishigas**, the GiO Spot will drive a virgin crazy.

Informed by sensors on the cock-it ship Trojan, the Cupid Lovers entered the Treme and second lined down the streets chanting "we shall overcum" as they felt their way to the GiO Spot, which was kept in a crypt at the Charbonnet Funeral Home. The Space Age Cupids freed the GiO Spot and began sharing her secret with all Lovers of the Big Easy.

The Space Age Cupids gathered their invasion forces and marched through the French Quarter with the GiO Spot in hand to the Krewe du Vieux Doo. The newly created Nympho-moaniacs were amassed and eagerly waiting to experience the sexual ecstasy of a Space Age Lover.

The Silver Cupids declared to the pubic that Feel Good Elixir would be offered at no cost to all Krewe du Vieux members who show a propensity to indulge in all manners of sex or extreme nudity.

Warning: Feel Good Elixir of Love must be used often with maximum penetration and titillation of all sexual orifices. Improper use will result in double vision, blurred vision or possible sexual dyslexia seeing everything ass backwards.

Ingredients: Oil of her lay, bull semen, milk of areola, elephant balls, psilocybin juice, grain alcohol, sweat of Elvis, salted nuts and extract of Space Age Love.

LEWD celebrates ‘Do Ass, Do Tail’

REAR GUARD – In response to the long-awaited repeal of "Don't Ask, Don't Tell (DADT)," the Krewe of LEWD issued the following statement from their Disco Palace Den:

"We are thrilled, not to mention aroused by the recent legislation. But, while it goes far to correct the injustices and bad wardrobe choices of the past two decades, it doesn't go all the way. LEWD proposes a replacement DADT policy: *Do Ass, Do Tail*. This prurient paradigm will serve as a titillating touchstone, setting a salacious standard for the new military."

Reached for further comment, spokesman Lew D. Crus said, "It seemed as though the military would never embrace the rainbows in its ranks. Then along comes President 'Big O' Obama, making promises. He vacillated when the Top Brasses circled the wagons and started jerking him around. Yet even the Rear Admirals were unable to get him in the end. With a Senate hand on this job, the Big O eventually blew his winds of change all over the Pentagon. Now the closets of many a base, barracks, and boat are swinging wide open. It looks like we will get to see what a flattering combination lavender and olive drab can make. After all, the Spartans were the greatest military force in the ancient world, and you couldn't find a straight person in that whole country."

He added, "Let's face it, boys will do boys, and girls will do girls. No silly policy is going to stop them. And who doesn't love a man or woman in – or out of – uniform." The Krewe of LEWD invites the public to the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 19 where they will exhibit their excitement, incite their exhibitionism and encourage everyone to "Do Ass, Do Tail."

Op-Ed:

The End of Times!

By *Comatose*

Ours is a nation staggering under the onslaught of “tea baggers”: rabid, coffee-hating Conservatives who promise to save us by taking government out of Medicare, the security out of Social Security, and Mud People out of the White House. Desperate to establish himself as a leader of this right of the right group is Louisiana Governor “Bobby” Piyush Jindal.

Perpetually ready and positively panting with anticipation, Governor Jindal has crisscrossed the country, campaigning to exorcise liberal demons and lead the nation to The Promised Land. Faster than the bullet trains he refuses to build and dumber than the junk science he espouses, Bobby has quickly built a silty, sand-bermed reputation on the gulf between him and reality.

Now Christian doomsday prophets, eschatologists who normally eschew playing around with the exact date of Armageddon’s genesis, agree that an Indian’s Vice-Presidential candidacy surely signals The End of Times.

Let’s hearken back to when the Great Oil Spill gushed into our beloved waters. As a certified Creationist, Bobby J. vociferously insisted that the primordial muck from whence we come (deep in the Gulf of Mexico) was good enough to dredge into fantasy islands when BP’s oil attacked, but couldn’t possibly be the stuff that gave life to feral Cajuns and rabid WhoDats. Seizing an opportunity to change his image from destroyer to builder, Guv Bobby demanded that we pluck money out of government coffers to build sand castles.

The fact that a new congressional district could be dredged out of poisonous muck to build his legacy, the namesake “Piyushme-Pullyu Parish,” was pure Louisiana lagniappe.

While all this was piling up, Bobby little knew that “Mama Grizzly”, the Red

Queen of the Tea Party, was watching him from her Alaskan home. The sepia-toned Governor with a talent for raising cash was exactly what she needed. Bobby was cute and nutty enough for her to select as Lead Dog to her sled of political ambition.

Americans, brace yourselves! “Palin-Jindal” bumper stickers and tee shirts are being printed as you read this. Their handlers have decided that nothing less than a hurricane-force publicity blitz will suffice if these two self-aggrandizing mavericks are to convince America to follow them into the land of tea and crumpets, ice and chutney, moose and pelicans.

Buttressed by billions of campaign-chest dollars, these two media whores

Fuck Dat!

COURT OF PUBIC OPINION – According to I-Witless News, a copyright infringement lawsuit was filed by the estate of George Carlin to restrict the commercial use of the word “fuck.” According to a family spokes-cursor, “When we heard about the ‘Who Dat’ lawsuit, we thought of all those French Quarter tourist traps selling those ‘Fuck You, You Fucking Fuck’ t-shirts and we saw an opportunity. After all, it was our George who was famous for first broadcasting that word, essentially establishing a copyright. We’re asking for a cease-and-desist unless we get a cut of the profits.” Any construction using “fuck,” including such phrases as Aw fuck!, also-fucking-lutely, in-fucking-credible, and fuckin’-A, would be subject to the copyright. Private use of the word would not be subject to legal action because, as the spokes-dick said, “We can’t be in everyone’s bedroom, even though we’d like to.”

At press time, there was no decision in the lawsuit, but there was a rumor that a countersuit was filed by the estate of Lenny Bruce.

plan to bisect the nation with a sled race like no other. Starting February 19th at 6:30 PM, the first annual “Idiot-a-rod” will commence in the French Quarter. Look for a pirogue-shaped dogsled with Russian telemetry, Indian software, and Gosh-darnit common-sense styling. After coursing through the treacherous Straits of Frenchmen Street, the first stop for the soon-to-be-frozen chariot is the Governor’s mansion to steal what’s left of the Louisiana treasury.

Bobby will be the lead dog, in fact the only dog, that President-hopeful Palin will continuously whip as they strive to curry favor with America. Other idiots are sure to join in as they mush the 3,150 miles to deliver jelly donuts, Twinkies and super-sweet tea to starving Alaskans. Decrying Michelle Obama’s programs to feed healthy food to our children, Mama Grizzly will butter up junk food lobbyists for dough to finance

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors,
I am writing to protest the use of the title “25 Years Wasted” for the Krewe du Vieux parade. That is the working title of the autobiography I plan to publish this year on the occasion of my 25th birthday (although, due to attention span issues, I have only completed two sentences so far).

Lindsay Lohan
*Betty Ford Clinic
Rancho Mirage, CA*

Dear Brilliant Practitioners of the Journalist’s Art,
I know that *Le Monde de Merde* has a long history of ridiculing politicians. Of course, given your exquisitely discriminating taste, you only ridicule bad politicians. Therefore, I never expect to see my name in your Pulitzer-worthy publication. But if I do, you can expect an immediate visit from my very big brother, Luigi Landriero.

Moonson Mitch
My City Hall

their adventure.

Bobby will be sure to turn heads with his jewel encrusted choke collar and Shaw Group “no-slip” booties as he pisses off to a quick start. Spectators will undoubtedly stare at the mesmerizing hooters and State of Alaska muff cut on the bewitching musher as she starts the Rapture and the race – but they should beware of golden showers as the Rhodes Scholar lead dog winces under the crackling whip of the grizzly bitch.

The Mystick Krewe of Comatose has decided to launch the campaign and hasten the End of Times by building the rugged dog sled. Patriotically garbed fools and jesters from Comatose will celebrate the End of Times as these two hucksters hustle towards the Ketchikan “Bridge to Nowhere.” Follow them and sip the blue Kool-Aid of delusion as a shipment of truth serum tries to make its way to Fox news in Alaska.

Dudes,
I am confused about the theme for this year’s parade. My understanding is that Krewe du Vieux first paraded in 1987, which is only 24 years ago. It appears I am missing a year. If found, please return to the address below.

The Squeegee Guy
*Corner Claiborne
and Poydras*

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 nothin’ worth suing for that isn’t covered in oil.

**All material ©2011
by the Krewe du Vieux**

Introducing the debut album
from former BP CEO Tony Hayward

Tony and the Top Kills

“I Put A Spill On You”

featuring the classic tracks:

I Put A Spill On You

A Day In My Life

Duke of Oil

Spiller Queen (duet with Sarah Palin)

Late At Night (Oily in the Morning)

Oil Be There

Me and Bobby McJindal

The Fool on the Spill

The Spill Is Gone



Available now on the
Corexit label – get yours
before they’re cleaned out!

“Proves that you can be utterly tone deaf and still release a CD,” gushes *Rolling Stone*.

“Embarrassing – should have been contained,” laments *Offbeat*.