



Le Monde de Merde

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux "Comes Early"

Bethany Bultman to Cure What Ails Krewe

NEW ORLEANS (FOR SALE) – For more than 150 years, Mardi Gras has marched to its own schedule. But even the most storied tradition in New Orleans is no match for the most powerful man in the world. No, not the newly re-elected President Yomama – NFL Commissioner Roger Gotohell!

Putting a dagger in the Saints' season was not enough for the swishy Commish – he had to put a dagger in Carnival season as well. The Scrutiny on the Bounty was nothing compared to Not So Jolly Roger decreeing that no parades could march the weekend of the Stupor Bowl, proving that the NFL has indeed penetrated Mardi Gras.

No Fun League aside, the past year has seen its usual share of ills, spills, chills and thrills.

There was that little election thing; after an eon of vitriolic ads that cost approximately 872 kazillion dollars, nothing changed except that Mitt Romney got another in what was apparently a long line of pink slips. But he looks so cute in them!

The preceding campaign was truly dizzying. Romney ran so far to the right during the primaries that he nearly fell off the edge of the earth, leaving him too much ground to make up during the main event. He also discovered that the 1% solution was not a winning strategy, while President Obama Claus gave away everything but the election.

Subsequently most of the red states threatened to secede; most of the blue states wished fervently that they would (for more on this story, see page 7). Louisiana Governor Bobby "Bombay" Gindoll was forced to actually spend time at home, which immediately caused grim repercussions as he took a scythe to education and health care in the state. Many premature discharges

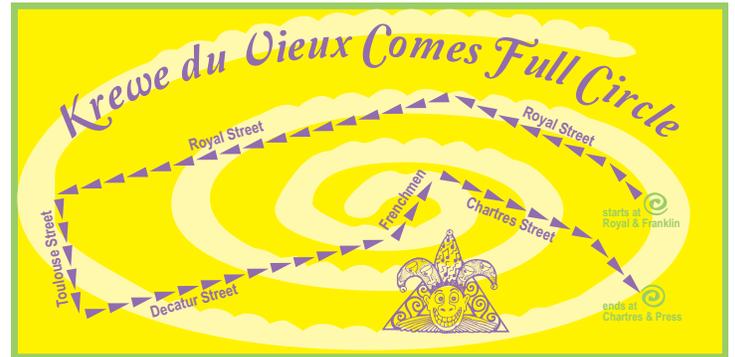
ensued.

The Gov suffered a rare setback when his attempt to drain the last few dollars out of the public schools budget via his eponymous Doucher Program was declared unconstitutional. He promised to appeal, but recent statewide polls indicated he had a lot less appeal than he used to. And his procreationism stance failed to evolve despite hard evidence to the contrary.

Back in the Big Easy, the administration kept such a close rein on city officials speaking to the media that the mayor had to grant himself permission to give interviews (curiously, the *Monde de Merde* request was denied). U.S. Attorney Jim Letten's staff put a new spin on trying cases in the media. And the crime rate Serpassed even the previous year.

Entergy came in spurts after Hurricane Isaac sashayed through the city, leaving many customers less than fully satisfied. The leaky pipes of the Sewerage & Water Board were spewing everywhere, so the ladies of City Council rewarded the Board's centuries of mismanagement by hiking up their skirts and hiking up the water rates. And climate change caused further damage to the city, as overheated termites devoured buildings, trees and even Mardi Gras floats in a clear case of global swarming.

City Council members did the Perdido Shuffle, coming and going so fast that even seasoned observers needed a scorecard. Longtime New Orleans East politico Jon Johnson – who was once famously scolded by Sherman Copelin for being "too corrupt" (implying that there is such a thing as "just corrupt enough") – finally got busted. Lost in the frenzy of the race to replace him in the perpetually beleaguered East was the fact that for first time since 1722, three years after Bienville founded the city,



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 19, 2013 at 6:30 PM

Cynthia Willard-Lewis was not holding or running for office. The plucky and perky CW-L attempted to enter the race, but a judge decided even professional politicians had limits.

The local populace, of course, was blissfully unaware of all of this due to the *journalist interruptus* publishing schedule of the *SomeTimes-Picayune*.

Overcome by all these comings and goings, the up and coming Krewe du Vieux decided to give all these follies and more their comeuppance by Coming Early, on **Saturday, January 19 at 6:30 PM**. The pre-mature Krewe members will come early and often come hell or high water until the cows come home. Parade-goers are advised to put on their best "come hither" looks, come along for the ride, and see what comes up. Come one, come all!

Coming in front of the parade this year will be Queen Bethany Bultman, who has come to the forefront of our cultural preservation efforts as the Executive Director of the Musician's Clinic. No Johnny-come-lately to the music scene, Queen Bethany will play on the Krewe's heartstrings as she fiddles around, marching to the beat of her own drummer while attracting more than a few whistles herself.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen subkrewes will each present their own upcoming, overcoming, incoming, outgoing,

overflowing, cumbersome, comical, comely, comingling 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, Mystic Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of 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 come to a sorry end at the hands of the budget axe at either the state or city level.

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.

Queen Bethany Bultman Helps Keep Music (and Musicians) Alive in New Orleans

Krewe du Vieux's 2013 queen, Bethany Ewald Bultman, is a native of Natchez, Mississippi, but she grew up in a family that thought of New Orleans as the "Mecca of Delights." They read the *Times-Picayune* every day (!) and traveled down to the Crescent City to celebrate life's milestones.

"We celebrated our birthdays at Antoine's with a baked Alaska, came to the Blue Room to see all the big headliners and then headed to the French Quarter late at night to Café du Monde for beignets. On our holidays, we made day trips to the races or Pontchartrain beach, and bought our groceries once a month at Solari's and our French bread at Gendusa's," said the merry meandering monarch.

Although her attempts to persuade her parents to move the family to New Orleans were unsuccessful, Queen Bethany realized her dream of living here when she transferred to Newcomb College. That same year, she landed a part-time job at New Orleans' alternative weekly newspaper, the *Vieux Carre Courier*. After working as a writer here and in New York, she eventually married Johann Bultman, scion of a family long known for its support of New Orleans' culture in all its many forms.

Queen Bethany became a writer and cultural anthropologist, and over the years she has become well known for her passionate and exuberant support of New Orleans and its artists, whom she calls "our tradition-bearers." Calling on her roots as a southern lady, who wore her first hoop skirt as an infant, Bultman co-wrote a book about entertaining and published an elegant guidebook to New Orleans through Compass American Guides. She chronicled another side of the south in her book, "Redneck Heaven: Portrait of a Vanishing Culture."

Says the quotable Queen, "Anyone who knows me well will tell you that just because I write about decorum and style

doesn't mean I actually practice that stuff! I confess that I am a gal with many contradictions. Besides my entertaining book and lecturing on culinary history, I have judged both an orgasm-faking contest on Bourbon Street and the Miss New Jersey Pageant, and have had Medusa, one of the WWF wrestlers, spend the night at my house."

In 1998, our dulcet Duchess found her current calling when she, along with Johann Bultman and Dr. Jack McConnell, founded the New Orleans Musicians' Clinic. The clinic, the only one of its kind in the United States, is a not-for-profit enterprise that brings healthcare and social services to New Orleans musicians. The clinic and its support organization, the New Orleans Musicians Assistance Foundation, provide free or low cost comprehensive medical care, with an emphasis on prevention, along with mental health care and social services for about 2,000 musicians and their families a year. Queen Bethany is the president and CEO of the New Orleans Musicians Clinic and the Assistance Foundation. She is also the 2013 co-chair of the International Performance Arts Medicine Conference, to be held in Aspen, Colorado, in July.

"Believe me, being selected for this huge responsibility came as a big shock, since I am clearly not a doctor and have no training to run the NOMC & AF. As the director of the NOMC, having the contacts with performing arts medicine specialists all over the world has always been important because so many of our NOMC patients travel, and we like to be sure that we can always get top medical care for them if they have a problem," she riffs, "At the same time, I prod and nag these specialists to include jazz and blues musicians in their medical research, and not be so 'classical-centric.' Collaboration is vital for our musician culture to live on for future generations. "

Le Monde du Merde asked the Queen if she ever dreamed, as a little girl growing up in Natchez, that she would one day reign over a New Orleans Mardi Gras krewe, riding through the streets surrounded by cheers and adulation from her adoring subjects.

"My parents let me come to New Orleans for Mardi Gras by myself when I was ten, to stay with friends who lived uptown. The kids in their neighborhood had a little parade around the block. When I said I wanted to be queen I was told, 'you silly girl, you can't be queen, you aren't from here!' So you can see that reigning as HRH Magna Cum Loudly is truly a dream come true!"

Queen Bethany has long idolized a former Krewe du Vieux monarch, 2001's irreplaceable Emperor of the Universe, Ernie K-Doe. "K-Doe had audacity, regal demeanor and FUNK. Bum K-Doe Bum!"

"In 1961, at Smith's Record Store on St. Charles Avenue, I bought K-Doe's 'Mother in Law.' I swear I played that record until it was bald and my parents



were ready to tear out my hair. Ernie was the first 'celebrity' patient of the NOMC back in 1997, when the majority of other musicians in town thought our clinic must be some sort of a scam or that we were delusional do-gooders who would quickly abandon the experiment," she said.

Reflecting on her journey from small town Natchez to celebrated Queen of Krewe du Vieux, Bultman said she wanted to send a shout out to the Mississippi Ku Klux Klan: "Back in 1960, the KKK put up flyers all over Natchez that said, 'Colored music corrupts white youth.' I thought, 'Wow, if it is that good, I gotta get me some!' If the wind was blowing just right, we could hear New Orleans radio stations in Natchez on our little transistors, so I got thoroughly 'corrupted.' Hey, fellas, you were right!"

COMING EVENT
Krewe du Vieux Doo
 Saturday, January 19 • Doors open 9:00 PM • Music starts after parade
 Habitat for Humanity ReStore
 2830 Royal Street between Press and St. Ferdinand Streets
 featuring in order of appearance
 Brass Band Jam
 BlueBrass Project
 featuring original members of the Dirty Dozen, ReBirth Brass Band,
 Acoustic Syndicate, Wild Magnolias, and 101 Runners
 with
 Woody Wood, Kirk Joseph, Jason Kredel, and Big Chief Monk Boudreaux
 Late Night Music by Ass4Daze
 New Orleans Psychedelic Funk
 featuring RobustUp! SilverFonk with Stink, Pink & Wink (Da Fellas)
 ♦♦♦
 TICKETS \$30
 Available from
 Louisiana Music Factory • 210 Decatur Street
 Up in Smoke • 2101 Magazine Street

The *Times-Prickayune* Fails To Deliver

BROAD STREET OVERPASS – Residents of New Orleans are still in a state of shock months after a cabal of greedy Carpetbaggers pulled a classic “bait and switch” at the *Times-Prickayune*. A missile of corporate avarice penetrated the *Times-Prickayune* headquarters on a mission to destroy the daily paper.

Cyborg Newhouse, malevolent media mogul, declared, “We’re making improvements! Newhouse is going to publish your paper three days a week instead of seven. It will be better than ever!” The blood-letting commenced as his pubescent Terminator, “Pricky” Matthews, issued pink slips to many of the city’s muckrakers.

Comatose correspondent Hunter S. Torpid joined the hordes of outraged citizens that filled the streets. Ironically, newly unemployed reporters observed an epic story erupting before their eyes. Faster than the speediest blogger, they recorded the comments of the pissed off populace.

“Rituals as ancient and holy as breakfast have been torn asunder,” shouted Chef Goodgravy of Camellia Grill. “My customers needs dem a daily newspaper when they come here to eat. It’s like takin’ away cheese from grits!”

Panic and fury erupted quicker than a City Hall scandal. “Unfolding a fresh, daily edition while you smell coffee and chicory making love in the pot is the best!” revealed an exotic dancer from Big Daddy’s Lounge. “My boyfriend really enjoys getting head every Friday while he reads the Lagniappe. He told me that’s what lagniappe means, like a sort of lap dance. He’ll be some pissed if that stops!”

Further Uptown, renowned mouth-washer Dr. Halitosis Tichenor was eager to exhale his opinion: “Inhaling soybean ink fresh off the Living Section activates the Ham and Eggs part of your brain,” he shouted. “This disruption will destroy my comport and composure. Why, the very sound of the paper landing on my porch makes me want to get up and boogie!”

“The quality of life in the Big Easy has

been dealt a blow every bit as nasty as a Drew Brees interception,” pontificated the Mayor. “The Newhouse family did this to Detroit and it hit them harder than a hurricane. I predict that giant swaths of New Orleans will be flooded with anxious print-dependant pedestrians. A new species of zombie will appear.”

The Comatose Press Corps found proof of the Mayor’s prediction among the Crescent City intellectuals living beneath Interstate 10 near Lee Circle. A crack team of psychiatrists was already there, recording their musings. “How I’m gonna know if my enemies are dead without the daily obits?” one geezer asked. “And where else will I learn freaky nicknames without them obits?”

“I can help you write your story for a bite of a dumpster sandwich,” intoned Stefanny “Fall from Grace,” a freshly pink-slipped vixen. “Pricky Matthews always wanted to screw us and finally got the chance.” Crestfallen by the war-torn conditions of her new reality, our beloved editorial writer had few kind words for what she called the “Nudehouse” debacle. “The Emperor has no clothes and not much of a dick, either,” she shouted to the intelligentsia. “I tried to be as close to the Daily Truth as religion reporter Bruce Nolan and they crucified him for it!” she bellowed. “Thank God he got those hypocrites on tape before they denied everything.”

The horde of diplomats, PhDs, and pundits heard her tirade against cowardice and greed, impressed as she quoted from the Bible, the Business Section, and Forbes magazine: “We’re on a fast track to oblivion because of these idiots. We’re one stop short of a content farm.” “Yeah you right!” screeched Frank Dawnzee, long-time reporter now working at the Audubon Zoo Re-education Camp.

The raggedy crowd was composed of print-loving characters New Orleans has known, loved, and hated for over a century. Praising and cursing the daily rag was

their favorite pastime. The majority of the audience were newly-axed scribes from the *Times-Prickayune*. They took particular notice as Knell Knolan, looking even younger than her 33-year-old photo in the Living Section, captivated the crowd. “Without my alliteration, coteries and co-tillions of hot, horny debutantes may never meet the eligible men of the Prickwick Club!” she declared. “The webcentric delusions of Newhouse will wreak havoc amongst my high-society starlets. Ignorant media barons have meddled with us before,” she warned, “and they soon found themselves excluded from the Uptown punchbowl of power. Don’t these buffoons know that a rolling blog gathers no news?”

Peter Finney, still semi-employed by the semi-digital newspaper, was using his experience as a sports handicapper to take bets on the next Saints game while curious drivers waited on the I-10 on-ramp. He seemed ashamed that he wasn’t as vilified as the other talented writers who now shook empty soup cans for money. “I hope my former boss, Mr. Jim SpanishMoss, tried to dissuade those assholes from fracturing our community. He warned them that we’re a byzantine community, but they thought that was some kind of an Indian tribe.”

Brett Anderson, fired Food Writer, was speechless for the first time ever, hungry for a recipe to eighty-six the bastards. “All my years of writing about food never left as bad a taste in my mouth as this,” he mumbled, grazing on some day-old chicken from a nearby Popeye’s. “Too bad I can’t tell my readers about which foods deteriorate slowest and where the best dumpsters are.”

A print-addicted pastor was ministering to another crowd beside the off ramp. “Give us this day our Daily Paper,” he intoned. “Lead us not into temptation to consolidate our fellow man. Downsize the bullshit instead of the newspaper and speak truth to power. Suffer the temptation to

turn digital tricks, but wear protection and don’t blog about it. Never spit on tradition. Praise and nourish our scribes, dear Lord. Give them strong drink and perfect sandwiches.”

The preacher paused for effect while his congregation adjusted their newspaper mattresses against the chilly under-the-freeway winds. His words caressed them like a Jarvis de Berry editorial. “And Lord, bless the daily comics for making my wife laugh every morning, seven days a week. Thank you for keeping our real estate classified. Protect our Saints from the sinners in the Sports Section and tell bad Mr. Newhouse that ‘lagniappe’ means more, not less.”

Cries of “Amen” rolled through the gathering as the Underpass Minister turned his eyes skyward, declaring, “Lord, I want to forgive them, but those pricks FAILED TO DELIVER!”

Corrections and Clarifications

Last year’s front page listed the many local boards taken over by Mayor Landrieu, but the Commissioner Nameplate Allocation Council and the Red Bean Counting and Quality Control Authority were omitted from the list.

Several articles in the 2012 *Monde de Merde* predicted the end of the world on December 21. As far as we can tell, that did not happen.

The CRAPS article implied that legendary New Orleans dancer (not stripper) Chris Owens was born during the Sumerian era. In fact, her Genesis precedes that time.

The article on the Bayou Beauxtox cosmetic surgery clinic suggested that Sen. David Vitter had had his penis removed. Actually, he is as big a dick as ever.



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

C.R.U.D.E. Celebrates Traditional Marriage

AT THE ALTAR – The preservation of “traditional marriage” has been a rallying cry for religious conservatives in recent years, as they fight to protect the sacred institution from being weakened by the current high divorce rate among religious conservatives (22% higher than the national average).

However, traditional marriage has taken many forms throughout history, and the conceit that marriage should be only between one man and one woman who are not too closely related is actually relatively recent.

Always ones to see the big picture (even if it means peering through the peephole to see it), in 2013 the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. celebrates “traditional” marriage in its many forms.

Polyandry – A form of marriage between one woman and many men, widely practiced in Tibet before it was banned by those notorious Communist party poopers, the Red Chinese. Polyandry was practiced by the Celts in Europe, who also followed the shocking practice of allowing women to own property, and more recently by Elizabeth Taylor. Fraternal polyandry, one woman marrying several brothers, was the most common form, thus resolving the problem of whose parents to visit during holidays.

Polygamy – Traditional marriage in both the Bible and *The Penthouse Forum* often means one man getting busy with several women. The Old Testament mentions approximately forty polygamists, including Abraham, Jacob, Esau, David, and King Solomon, who, topping out at 1,000 wives, was the Hugh Hefner of his age. Remembering whose anniversary was whose was undoubtedly a bitch of biblical proportions.

Martin Luther believed that Christianity did not prohibit polygamy and predicted that future Christians would have multiple wives and reality television shows. The

Mormon great-grandfather of Gov. Mitt Romney, who is a proponent of “traditional marriage” between one man and one woman, had, in fact, five wives.

Incest – Sibling marriages were widespread among all classes in Egypt during the Greco-Roman period. Numerous papyri and Roman census declarations attest to many husbands and wives being brother and sister. As with fraternal polyandry, this too made those tricky holiday visiting decisions a lot easier, with the added advantage of creating fewer cousins to feed.

The best known of these relationships were in the royal family, the Ptolemies. The famous Cleopatra VII was married to her younger brother, Ptolemy XIII, before she hooked up with Julius Caesar and Mark Antony in what historians occasionally refer to as the first triumvirate. Her mother and father, Cleopatra V and Ptolemy XII, were also brother and sister.

In Ancient Greece, Spartan King Leonidas I, hero of the legendary Battle of Thermopylae and star of the movie *300*, was married to his niece Gorgo, daughter of his half-brother Cleomenes I. The notoriously dour Romans frowned on incest, but that didn’t stop Emperor Claudius from avoiding a nasty divorce by executing his wife and then marrying his brother’s daughter (and thus his own niece) Agrippina the Younger and Hotter.

Many centuries later, numerous European monarchs were related through political marriages, sometimes resulting in weddings of first cousins. This was especially true in the houses of Habsburg, Hohenzollern, Savoy, Bourbon, and West Virginia.

Hypergamy – This term refers to a perceived tendency within human cultures for females to seek or be encouraged to pursue male mates that are of higher status than themselves, which often means

men who are comparatively older, wealthier, or otherwise more privileged. According to evolutionary psychologists, these females (known as “ho’s”) developed a preference for higher status males because they offer their prospective children both “better” genes and greater resources, e.g. food and security. Men, who invest less in their children, have no reason to prefer mates with high social status and are drawn instead to the big boobs and fine ass of the Trophy Wife.

Monogamy – Monogamy is the practice of having only one spouse at any one time; sometimes, as in the case of Louisiana home-girl Britney Spears, an incredibly short time.

In the patriarchal society of Mesopotamia the nuclear family was called a “house.” In order “to build a house” a man was supposed to marry one woman and if she did not provide him with offspring, he could take a second wife. The Code of Hammurabi stated that he lost his right to do so if the wife herself gave him a slave as a concubine, which even today sounds better than anything you might find in the Nieman Marcus catalogue. According to Old Assyrian texts, the husband was obliged to wait for two or three years before he was allowed to take another wife. The position of the second wife was that of a “slave girl” in respect to the

first wife, which likely caused some tension at the dinner table and possibly resulted in the collapse of ancient Sumeria.

For millennia, marriage was about property and power rather than mutual attraction. It was a way of forging political alliances, sealing business deals, and expanding the family labor force. For many people, marriage was an unavoidable duty, frequently as little more than an exchange of property. For others, it was a privilege, not a right. Servants, slaves and paupers were often forbidden to wed, and even among the rich, families sometimes sent a younger child to a nunnery or monastery rather than allow them to marry and break up the family’s landholding.

The redefinition of marriage between a man and a woman who choose one another for love began only about 250 years ago. So, when you hear a politician claiming to support “traditional marriage,” ask him how many goats and camels he got for his daughter – or if he plans to marry her himself.

To celebrate these many traditional marriage forms, on January 19 C.R.U.D.E. will join itself in marriage and orgiastic rituals, marching to the theme of “Here Cums the Brides” in the Krewe du Vieux parade. Krewe members may be in altered states and are likely to avail themselves of any opportunities they see.

Le Monde de Merde Announces Shift to Thrice Per Decade Publishing Schedule

In a move designed to save tens of dollars per year on printing costs, the publishers of *Le Monde de Merde* have announced that it will shift from a once yearly publication schedule to a thrice per decade publication schedule. “We believe that this will result in a more robust newspaper, with richer and deeper – much deeper – coverage,” said the publisher.

“Frankly,” said a source from the *Merde* newsroom, “our writers and editors are no longer able to keep up the pace of

publishing of once per year. The toll on their livers and lungs is not sustainable.” The source also conceded that recycled story ideas will be more difficult to recognize with a more drawn out publication schedule.

The publisher suggested that readers of *Le Monde de Merde* would have their news needs met digitally in the future, rather than on paper. When asked to elaborate, he extended the middle digit of his right hand.

Mama Roux Comes to the Stupor Bowl

SOMEWHERE NEAR POYDRAS STREET—Having the championship of the premier contact high sport in the world, the Stupor Bowl, get played out in New Orleans is a real thrill for “Oh Wow Dat” Nation.

The whole city is buzzing in preparation for the game. The field on the StuporDome has been replanted with real Hawaiian grass imported from Maui. The yard-lines have been striped with the finest Columbian powder. The Dome itself is totally lit up, and both teams will definitely be smokin’.

The streetcar tracks have been laid, as many of the citizens hope to be. The underground pipes have been replaced and filled. And with all the cheerleaders accompanying the teams prancing down the repaved streets, there will be fine pieces of asphalt everywhere.

Always eager to be first to the party (even if they are last to float), the Krewe of Mama Roux has announced the for-

mation of a Joint Task Force to assist the Krewe in finding its way to the big game.

“We need to come early,” giggled Mama Roux captain Alice B. Toklas. “In 2001—or was it 2002—we missed the game completely,” she tittered, referring to the Krewe’s cannabis-fueled stumble to the StuporDome the last time the Stupor Bowl was in New Orleans. “It was our First Downer.”

The Joint Task Force is proud to have as its honorary chair Draw Breeze. As longtime fans well know, Breeze is the reason many local heads have removed their baggies.

Mama Roux vice-captain Mary Jane Bogart inhaled sharply and added, “We’re really going to roll this time. There will be all kinds of kicks! The reeferees must be blind! Snort that line!”

Mama Roux will begin its meandering trek on January 19, at which time it will extend a welcoming “High” to all Stupor Bowl visitors, passing out special gifts before it passes out completely.

T.O.K.I.N. Rolls With YoMamaCare

MID-CITY MEDICAL CENTER—The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.), outraged by Governor Booby Jindalwock’s rejection of Medicaid funding and health insurance exchanges, not to mention the closing of Southeast Louisiana Psychiatric Hospital, held a press conference to announce an up-coming protest rally on the night of January 19.

“Booby Jackass has refused to provide healthcare to the citizens of Louisiana,” said T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEAD, Big YoMama. “His healthcare (non)plan is YoMamaCare: if you’re feeling poorly, go by yo’ mama.” Big’s brother, Barack YoMama, added, “I guess he figures that with his educational reforms [sic], no one will know any better anyway.”

The Ne’er-do-wells held a meeting in

a smoke-filled healing center. “We had a very strong agenda,” said Big YoMama. “After much medicinal inhaling and a quickly cured case of the acute munchies, we decided to launch our own version of YoMamaCare. We’ve got plenty of mamas (and papas!) who are ready, willing, and able to take care of you.”

Plans announced by T.O.K.I.N. include the re-opening of the psychiatric hospital in the Governor’s Mansion. “Governor Jackal is hardly ever there, so it’s pretty much available,” said YoMama. “Of course, we’ll keep the Presidential (aka Delusions of Grandeur) Suite ready for him whenever he’s in town.” T.O.K.I.N. is offering free mental healthcare to anyone who voted for Governor Jackoff. They will also provide an extensive herbal apothecary and the urgent care ministra-

Black and White and Dead All Over

NO-PRESS STREET—A few months ago, the lowly esteemed Newhouse family announced the demise of print publishing. To emphasize this point, they put a bullet into the head of the once proud *Times-Picayune*, flushing 175 years of tradition down the toilet. Apparently it was necessary to kill the Picayune in order to save it.

“Frankly, the announcement of the death of the print media came as a bit of shock to us,” said the Emir of K.A.O.S., who was interviewed recently at the K.A.O.S. Winter Palace, located in the Swiss Alps, near Gstaad. “Here at the Winter Palace, we continue to receive dailies from around the nation (*USA Today*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Post*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Rocky Mountain News*, *Houston Chronicle*, and *Miami Herald*) and the world (*The Guardian*, *Der Spiegel*, *Le Monde*, *Pravda*, *El Mundo*, *The London Times*).

“If those publications were dying, you would think they would have mentioned it at some point,” continued the Emir. “Now that we think about it, we also have not read anything about the demise of print media in *The Daily Advocate*, which seems more vibrant than ever. But, if the Picayune says it’s true, it must be so,

because we have never read anything in that illustrious journal that was not 100% accurate.”

According to Newhouse lackeys, the demise of print media was brought about by the emergence of digital media. In keeping with this alleged trend, the Newhouse family has clearly given a one digit salute to the people of New Orleans. The Emir has announced that the Krewe of K.A.O.S. will return the favor on January 19 and pay tribute to the dearly departed print media in grand style, with an El Dia de los Muertos style celebration: “Black and White and Dead All Over.” The Emir reports that this tribute will include a special acknowledgement to the memory of the *Once Upon a Times-Picayune*. “As the once relevant Picayune embarks upon its final siesta, we plan to commemorate its passing by acknowledging the now departed ghosts who contributed to its one time greatness.”

It was Mark Twain, himself a newspaperman, who once said: “The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated.” “We believe it to be the same with reports of the demise of print media,” said the Emir, who we managed to catch between ski runs at his sumptuous palace. “However, we have prepared a fitting tribute, just in case.”

tions of Dr. Feelgood.

A location for T.O.K.I.N.’s clinic/HEADquarters has been chosen, but at press time, krewe members were unable to remember where it is. “It’s one of those big empty buildings downtown—Charity Hospital or the Municipal Auditorium or something like that,” mused Barack YoMama, who appeared to be highly medicated.

“The only hope for a full recovery for Louisiana is for Governor Jerkoff to realize his national ambitions and leave for

good,” prescribed Big YoMama. “But yo’ mama so sick, *she* might have to leave Louisiana.”

In the meantime, the cure for whatever ails you is to come out and see the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells at the Krewe du Vieux parade as they Roll With YoMamaCare, bringing their healing herbs and invigorating elixirs, their raunchy remedies, naughty nostrums, and purient panaceas to the streets of the Marigny and the French Quarter.

Spermes Issues Fowl Proposition

FRYER STREET – In the juiciest news since Buffalo sauce got chicken fans hot and bothered, chickens get laid faster than previously thought, researchers announced.

According to a paper soon to be published in the *Journal of Insemination and Zoology (JIZ)*, an interdisciplinary team of scientists, doctors and barroom philosophers from the Krewe of Spermes has made unsolicited advances toward resolving one of the world’s great cumundrums: who comes first, the chicken or the egg.

“Dumbing down the question really got our juices flowing,” says Dick Throbingson, professor of Tantric Yoga and Poultry Science at the LSU Animal Science Center and Petting Zoo in Slidell. “The yardbird has been one big feathered glory hole for thousands of years. We had to get in on some of that action, and we were much more interested in orgasms than origins.”

Scientists are still trying to explain how the life form of the common chicken came into being.

“We don’t know shit about the Big Bang

part,” Throbingson added. “So we went small. Lots of little bangs are easier to consummate. Coming early, I mean *first*, coming first, that was something we had a good base of knowledge to start with.”

Since the Self-enlightenment, academics have held that the chicken’s highly sexualized nature makes it the perfect subject for investigating the underage old question. The bird gets laid instead of born, gets hard in minutes, males are simply referred to as cocks, and the general population gets eaten more than any other two-legged creature on the planet.

“Finger licking good,” said Spermes team member and Tulane sexologist Lou Skunt.

Since Aristhrotle, philosophers have struggled to resolve the chicken causality dilemma, or circular reference paradox, known outside of academic circles as a clusterfuck, or among poultry fans and researchers as the fustercluck.

Though he spent years coaxing and probing eager disciples, Socrates failed to reach a satisfying conclusion (or as more literally translated from the ancient Greek, a “happy ending”). Both platonic and nonplatonic results were only partially

satisfying.

For centuries, European philosophers thought the chicken had been choked to death and the issue was dropped until the so-called Egg Foo Young breakthrough at the Bangkok Marital Arts conference in 1969. Cum Fu masters decided the egg was the wrong shape to deliver pleasure, and the issue was reconsidered. Buddhists still maintained that yin and yang had been banging in perpetual simultaneous orgasm for eons, and some monks committed suicide by autoerotic asphyxiation in protest of further chicken research.

The issue went coitus interruptus again and was only recently re-erected by the Krewe of Spermes.

UNO Hospitality Studies major G Ken Hawk observed that sex-trade tourists were interested in the pulchritudinous poultry again, especially on the downlow.

“Everybody likes chicken,” he notes in the JIZ article. “Breasts or thighs, white meat, dark meat, boned or deboned, it doesn’t matter. When people get away from their homes or significantly withholding others, they want hot and juicy chicken.”

In test-related trials, most researchers were acquitted, but it was noted in the public record that chicken seemed very receptive to all sorts of sexual advances.

British psychotherapist Brigid Rye-Humpe has studied frigidity in bird populations, and she noticed that even hens suffering from “frozen chicken” syndrome quickly warmed up when handled properly.

“I thought the royal family had problems keeping their knickers on, but they’re nowhere as randy as these birds in the nest,” she stammered.

And although very young, the egg is not shy about coming out of its shell. Over easy or over hard, it’s just minutes until it blows its yolk. Chicken geeks note that it engages in prolonged group foreplay as a hen straddles in reverse cowgirl over as many as a dozen eggs before the clucking really starts.

The Spermes team determined that both chickens and eggs are coming much earlier and more often than previously thought. Which actually comes first will be announced when the next installment of JIZ is released.

Inanites Ready for Super Hole XLVAG Despite Bounty Rumors

DRY PRONG, LA – Despite the bounty scandal rocking the league, sports fans and vajayjay devotees are expected in record numbers at this year’s Super Hole XLVAG

The season’s seminal sporting event, set for January 19 in New Orleans, will be preceded by a host of festivities honoring the highest of all honey pots. According to Ms. Buxom Backside of the Mystic Krewe of Inane, the undefeated New Orleans Inanites are set to take on the Pittsburg Poon Tangs.

The Inanites say they are ready to head

to the Hole, although the team is still defending itself against allegations that some players were paid bounties to pound pussies out of commission. The organization has adamantly denied the coochie crippling accusations which were first leveled by league Commissioner Roger Goodhole.

“No one respects holes, be they pussy or pucker, more than my players,” Inanite Head Coach Gunner Gutbuster told reporters during media day. “The allegations that we ruthlessly and unnecessarily pound are unfounded.”

But Goodhole is adamant about the Inanites’ involvement in the “Pay to Pound” scandal and is afraid that they will be up to their old tricks come January 19. Goodhole vowed that nothing would stop him from plunging into the Super Hole to uncover the truth.

In the meantime, fans are invited to enjoy the league’s Fan Hole Experience at the downtown convention center. Sponsored by KY Jelly, the event will feature 850,000 square feet of fun for labia lovers of all legal ages. Festivities include Vagina Appreciation Night, featuring appearances

by some of the league’s previous MVP (Most Valuable Penis) winners.

Fans can also avail themselves of Super Hole memorabilia and other interactive events including:

- A crawl through a detailed replica of Hall of Fame receiver Jenn Bell Muff’s birth canal;
- Tampon punting competitions;
- Amateur clit clinics;
- Lubrication safety demonstrations.

For tickets or more information about Super Hole XLVAG, come at the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 19.

Current Events

Crappy Response Amps-up Protest Sparks

NO-POWER BOULEVARD (with additional reporting from Lower Volta and Pole-Land Avenue) – The ongoing debate about Entergy’s response to Hurricane Isaac took a shocking turn recently when a group of sentient electrical charges came public with its own criticism of the utility’s preparedness. Calling themselves the Council for the Rights of Alternating Power Streams (CRAPS), the group has petitioned to speak before government authorities.

“Those guys at Entergy really know how to kill a watt,” said CRAPS spokesman Sparky Van de Graaf. “Imagine what it’s like to be a pulsing, throbbing horde of charged particles, yearning unfulfilled for surge and release. It’s hard to feel positive after that. We’re trying to stay grounded but this sort of thing really interferes with realizing our potential.”

Entergy officials, meanwhile, continued to defend the company’s efforts. “Logistics, schmogistics!” Charles “Red Beans and” Rice, President and CEO of Entergy New Orleans ejaculated. “I have degrees in both business administration and law. I was once Chief Administrative Officer of the City of New Orleans and everybody knows what a model of efficiency and effectiveness our city government is. Who are you going to listen to – a bunch of engineers and seasoned linemen? The fact of the matter is, the electric system is getting older and I just can’t get it back up as fast as I used to.”

“We at Entergy will do whatever it takes for our shareholders, uh...stakeholders,” said Bill “Bill More” Mohl, President and CEO of Entergy Louisiana, during hearings on rate hikes following the storm. During the hearings, he presented a study by the Consolidated Revenue and Plunderbund Syndicate (CRAPS) of which Entergy is a member.

“Only by paying higher rates can utility customers hope to receive timely delivery of the services they had been paying for over the past several years,” said Mohl citing the CRAPS document. “How could we possibly have anticipated that high winds would damage trees and termite-infested electric poles? Clearly, we must pay our executives larger bonuses and dividends if we expect them to spend time thinking about the actual power grid.”

At least some of the emergency workers that Entergy deployed into the field have also entered the conversation. Jean-Claude Hoffa of the Confederation of Relaxed Acrobats and Pole Sitters (CRAPS) spoke on behalf of his membership.

“I know a lot of guys were out there as soon as the winds died down, working long hours up in the buckets, pushing to get power back. The truth is, though, that’s really hard work and if there’s one thing CRAPS members are opposed to, it’s hard work,” Hoffa said. “I know everyone was hoping to see linemen show up in their neighborhoods, but all they had to do was come down to Bourbon Street. The lights were on, the air conditioning was working and CRAPS’ representatives were right there for all to see. We don’t get down to New Orleans all the time, so we figured we better enjoy it when we did. Sure, we went out in the neighborhoods, but, man, was it hot and we had to take plenty of breaks.”

Response from government officials has been mixed. On one hand, in the days following the storm, the Department of Energy gave the company an A+ for its efforts. “They’re doing a heckuva job,” gushed department spokesman George Shrub calling the company’s efforts unbelievable. “They deserve brownies.”

On the other hand at about the same time, Jefferson Parish President John

“Look Out Jindal!” Young was heavily critical of Entergy efforts and called for investigation by the Louisiana Public Lip-Service Commission. “Nobody loves to see someone working on a pole more than I do,” said Young.

Response from New Orleans City Council, the official regulator of Entergy-New Orleans, was more muted.

“Apparently the last city staff member responsible for this left years ago,” said Cynthia “Meetings, we don’t need no stinking meetings” Hedge-Morrell who discovered shortly after Isaac that she was chairperson of the Council’s Utilities Committee. “I kept calling all the numbers in my address book for NOPSI, but nobody answered.”

Council President Stacy “I Give and I Give and I Give” Head promised the Council would be more proactive in the future. “On the other hand with all the red and green on the Entergy city map, I felt like Christmas came early,” she added.

A group of federal, state and local officials have formed a special Commission on Reaping All Political Strengths (CRAPS).

Due to an unforeseen acronym overlap, it is expected that all the involved parties will collide in a power struggle on the streets of New Orleans the evening of January 19. Area residents, once outraged by the pace of response, are expected to watch resignedly as the cavalcade of CRAPS Comes In Spurts.

Secession? Let ‘Em Have It!

PURPLE HAZE – In the wake of the presidential election, there has been a lot of talk of secession, primarily in what are known as the “Red States”. Whether they are red over the embarrassment of supporting another obvious loser or because they are just a bunch of whiney sore-asses has not been determined.

An examination of the ramifications of re-dividing the United States along political fault lines has revealed the following delineation of how the chips would fly.

Blue States

2/3 of the tax revenue
Broadway
Yale, UCLA, MIT
All the best beaches
The wine and cheese producers
The highest literacy rates
Progressive legislation
Hollywood
The financial sector
The technology sector
The medical research sector
All the good pot

Red States

2/3 of the aging infrastructure
Opryland
Mississippi State, SMU, Bob Jones University
All the most oiled beaches
The pork and tobacco producers
The highest obesity rates
Pro-gun legislation
Dollywood
The agricultural sector
The agricultural sector
The agricultural sector
All the bad beer

Shortly after the release of the above data, there was a marked spike in signings of the red states’ secession petitions; closer examination revealed that most of the signatories lived in blue states.

Restaurant Review

A Seeds of Decline Dining Experience at CHOKE MOR CHIKIN

by Tom Fatlardass

I had the pleasure of meeting Chef Elmer Boeuf Gras and his boyfriend, star of stage, screen and milk cartons, L-C, at their new fine dining establishment Choke Mor Chikin. The bovine pair came to New Orleans from their native North Carolina via Texas.

As L-C explained in his hormone-induced falsetto, "In Carolina, everyone was pulling pork, but we had a taste for chicken. When we got to Texas, we discovered that barbecue there meant beef, and we knew we had to get out of town faster than Reverend Grant Storms leaving Lafreniere Park."

Elmer continued the story. "It was awful! In the Lone Star State, everyone is a cow tipper, and chicken choking is definitely frowned upon. I may be into bondage, but I certainly did not like the way

they asked if we wanted to visit the Stockyards. Lord knows, they sure seem to be into leather too, the way they were looking me over."

Thanks to that frightening experience, New Orleans now has a place that could only be described as a chicken choking paradise! The lively lunchtime crowd all seemed to be turning Japanese, and the creamy soup de jour looked viscosly delicious.

L-C chimed in saying, "Those folks are always loaded. A little botox, and they will lose the 'Oriental look.' This is the land of beef stroking off, and we are the best place in the Crescent City for bullocks, ballocks and botox."

This is obviously not your ordinary chicken choking shack. The comfortable booths were separated by well buffed

poles. The restrooms featured centerfolds from New Orleans' own *Beatoff* magazine, and they just made me want to go and go and go!

Elmer, seeing the smile on my face, guffawed. "Folks come here for masturbation, not mastication. We believe in self-service here, and remember, while it may smell like beef in the air, it all tastes like chicken!"

They certainly do not put on any dairy airs here, and the atmosphere is definitely autoerotic. The service is highly polished, and there is careful attention to detail. Even the napkins are three ply. Don't forget dessert. I had the cream-filled pecker pie, with its surprising burst of flavor. And every Tuesday before 8 PM, they have the all-you-can-beat special.

The restaurant has attracted many celebrities. Paul Reubens frequently puts his white shoes under the table, and singer George Michael spends a lot of time here doing the "wang chung" and "wham."

L-C, pointing to signed photos of Con-

gressman Anthony Weiner and House Speaker John Boner, said, "We seem to be most popular with lawyers and politicians, who are thicker here than Elmer's glue. As you can see, Republicans and Democrats both fit in well here. The New Orleans City Council is represented by a Johnson named Jon, and a Ms. Stacy, who is always ready for some Head."

But it seems that members of the legal profession have taken over Choke Mor Chikin as they have every place else. Keith Magness who allegedly had been sneaking into a colleague's office and masturbating several times on her clothing and office furniture, is loved by the servers who describe him as a "big tipper."

But there is no contest with Sal Perricone and Jan Mann, former staff members of United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Louisiana, taking the prize for being the biggest jerk-offs in all of Louisiana.

Elmer, L-C and the Seeds of Decline graciously invite you to Laissez Le Bon Ton Poulet!

Drips & Discharges Fresh Outta TP

AN ABANDONED PRINTING PRESS SOMEWHERE IN NEW ORLEANS – Stop the presses! No really, stop... The *Drips-Picayune* can't afford to run them anymore.

Despite coming early (and often) this Carnival season, the Drips have suffered from painfully small growth of late and can only publish one measly article this year. Suffering a fate the likes of the (some) *Times-Picayune*, the Drips are fresh outta TP at the worst possible time and find themselves, for lack of a better phrase, in *Le Monde de Merde!*

Drips' correspondent on the street, Tom Breauxcock, is back again this year to feel the pulse of the public. Responding to the TP shortage, Breauxcock wondered, "Is it due to my cutting edge, live, pulsating, earth shattering delivery of the news that

an entire form of media is dying?"

Because of the premature e-paradeulation, there are Discharges everywhere that need to be cleaned up, but a severe shortage of TP! To make matters even more sticky, the Drips turned over their leadership and left the daunting task of leading this rag of a paper to a couple of youngsters.

Former Drips Pic leaders Amelie, Pat, and Eileen were singing the praises of the newbies. Amelie said, "If it's possible, the Drips just got more creative, and I can rest assured they'll put out high quality news on par with the *Penthouse Forum!*"

Pat was heard harkening back on the major headline from the year, "This isn't a Mutiny on the Bounty situation like in the No Fairness League; we're just ready to enjoy the fruits of someone else's la-

bor, and our replacements are ready for anything, even coming early!"

Eileen, another fearless and now-retired leader of the Drips since the beginning, followed that up with an arousing "Go to Hell Goodell!" chant that got all the Who Dats in DP's offices fired up.

While the *Drips-Picayune* would never *Advocate* dumbing down its in-depth coverage of the news, due to the struggling economy, they'll now be delivering all their news in headlines only format. Here's a sneak peak at some of their Dripiest Discharges from the year that was:

• **Mutiny on the Bounty** – Crazy Saints Fan Removes Goodell's Head from Ass with Cart-Off Tackle.

• **Totally Blown** – Utilities Impotent After Non-Superstorm Isaac.

• **Preach On!** – God Speaks Through

His People: Pro-Legitimate Rapist, Anti-Gay Marriage.

• **Crescent City Disconnection** – Least Bank Beats Off Best Bank in Tight Erection Over Bridge.

New Editor-in-Chief Ellis stated, "As long as I have a massive erector-set printing press – let's call it George – I can design a DP that will discharge juicy stories to our adoring public."

CEO of DP, Kristen, added, "I'm pretty sure no one reads the articles anyway, so as long as we have hard-hitting headlines and pretty pictures, our fans will love us still." Journalists Danielle, Susan, Clark, and Andy simultaneously quipped, "We give great headline!"

It appears that the *Drips-Picayune* is well prepared to bring you all of the news that's fit to discharge, despite the TP shortage.

HURRY, HURRY STEP RIGHT UP

SPACE AGE LOVE

CUM ONE

CUMMING

CUM ALL

ATTRACTIONS

I.M. CUMMING'S
FREAK SHOW

CUM VIEW THE
HUMAN ODDITIES

CUMMING THIS
JANUARY 19TH

SHOW BEGINS
AT 7:00 P.M.

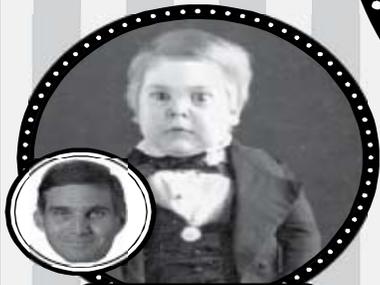
LEON CANNIZZARO
THE SMALLEST MAN

JONATHAN VILMA
THE STRONGMAN

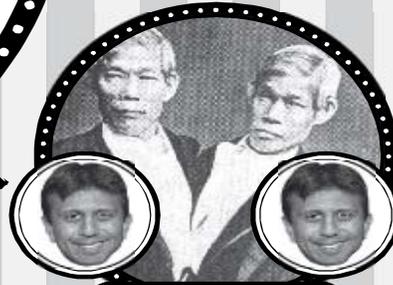
SUSAN GUIDRY
THE BEARDED WOMAN

BOBBY JINDAL
THE TWO FACED GOVENOR

KREWE DU VIEUX CUMS EARLY

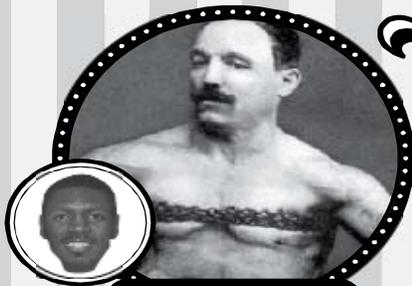


THE SMALLEST MAN



THE TWO FACED GOVENOR

FUCK
GOODELL



THE STRONGMAN



THE BEARDED WOMAN

CUM
AND BE
AMAZED

SHOWCARD DESIGNED BY BRIAN EASTMAN

Bicuriosity Rover Lands on Uranus Ahead of Schedule

SPACED STATION – The Krewe du Mishigas has announced that its flagship space venture, the Bi-Curiosity Rover, has touched down in the frigid canyons of Uranus. Despite a successful voyage, its premature manifestation at noon central time on the coldest planet in our solar system sparked an outcry in New Orleans because the entire city slept through the long-awaited event.

A spokesman for Mishigas downplayed the backlash. “Outcry? You exaggerate,” said Communications Director Karla Kibbitz. “It was just a sigh of disappointment.”

It was a soft landing for a project that has endured ups and downs for several months. It started when the Krewe du Mishigas criticized NASA for the federal agency’s perceived misallocation of funds.

“With sea levels rising and the wetlands eroding, New Orleans will be under wa-

ter in two years’ time, and they sent a probe to a tiny little hot mess like Mars?” kvetched Mishigas. “On Uranus, we would have enough ice to keep us in snowballs for years!”

Development of the exploratory vessel was launched in earnest in a lab above a Bourbon Street strip bar. The ship was composed of Lucky Dogs, jello shots, two-day-old bagels, and Chris Owens’ replacement parts – materials assumed by local scientists to be sustainable even during atmospheric penetration. The scientists were found to be wrong, however, as the Bi-Curiosity Rover lost power early in its voyage, resulting in an emergency landing on the outer rings of Saturn for some strategic tickling before resuming its efforts.

The vessel continued to be marred by embarrassing misfires. It fell in love on each planet, with no regard to gender, species,

or reciprocity. A tense delay occurred when the Rover temporarily lost its ability to tell the difference between animate and inanimate objects, spending several weeks making out with moons and copulating with a comet.

Finally regaining focus, it groped clumsily toward the smooth, round depths of Uranus.

Although he was inspired by all the attention shown to the Mars Curiosity, Project Manager Saul Speissman declined to compare the two projects.

“We were never after hearts and minds – you can have ’em, NASA!” said Speissman. “We were always after buzem and tuches.” Speissman also emphasized the benefits of making seder on Uranus, where the only life forms are a species of naturally occurring gefilte fish, poached alive by the ammonia ice in which they swim.

Though, Speissman admitted, hiding the matzah cracker in the planet’s liquid surface would be a “pain in the ass.”

Speissman was thrilled with the Bicuriosity’s performance, while Ms. Kibbitz reported feeling underwhelmed. “Everybody made it out to be this big thing,” Kibbitz said., “but it was over so quickly that I didn’t even wake up.” She also felt a little disturbed at the extreme level of enthusiasm that Speissman showed for the project.

Despite the controversy surrounding the mission, the Krewe du Mishigas considers its contribution to space exploration a success. Although the freezing temperatures of Uranus could cause shrinkage to be major issue during colonization, recently captured images show the Bi-Curiosity hard at work, dipping its probes into every hold it can find.

Krewe Rue Bourbon’s Holy Tail of CUMALOT

The legend of the Magical Kingdom of Cumalot has been recently re-erected by the famous Medieval Bourbon-Filled Drunkard, Merlyn the Magnificent.

In a recent interview, Merlyn recalled that Cumalot was ruled by that virile King Arthur, aka “the Enchanted Sword.” According to Merlin, Arthur had traveled the countryside spreading his seed amongst the peasants, when suddenly he came upon a bedazzled stone pierced with an enchanted sword, known as Ejaculate.

He pronounced, “I have cum from afar, I have cum easy, I have cum early, I have cum late, I have cum hard, and finally I confess, I have also **Cumalot**,” at which time the sword began to sparkle. Arthur then grabbed the hilt and orgasmically withdrew Ejaculate, only to fall to the ground totally exhausted and trembling.

Thus, Arthur was crowned “King of Cumalot”. Almost immediately thereafter Arthur came on to the beautiful, hot and sexy damsel Guinevere, aka G-Spot, and the two soon became husband and wife. However, all was not to be well for the Kingdom of Cumalot.

As Merlin reminisced, he met up with

the beautiful maiden Nimue, aka Nymphomaniac or Nympho for short, who enticed him to a “Wang Dang Doodle” at her vaginal cave. While the two were resting between jousts, Nymph foresaw Arthur’s future and provided Merlyn with the complete Holy Tail of Cumalot.

Nympho told Merlyn that “Arthur’s penis would soon go limp and he would cum no more.” Also there would be two individuals that Arthur had to be aware of: Lance-a-Little, a man of small nature, and Mordred, aka Morehead, who was a mad oral sex blogging machine.

The Magnificent exclaimed “I was so groggy from a night of cumming until I could cum no more that I went into a trance under her spell until I awoke on January 19, 2012 remembering the penetrating facts about the scandal of Cumalot.”

And now for the rest of the story: King Arthur’s group of perverted warriors, the Bourbonites (short for Bourbon Knights) of the Round Table were in search of the Holy Tail when not fornicating with fair maidens, participating in a circle jerk, or visiting the local tavern “Liquor in the Front, Poker in the Rear” as they sang favorite bawdy songs of “Cumalot.”

While the Bourbonites were balling, jerking, drinking, and singing, poor Arthur couldn’t get it up and so lonely Guinevere was left to cum by all by herself. Merlin exalted, “that set the stage for Lance-a-Little who had a crush on G-Spot. Soon Lance-a-Little and G-Spot were cumming all the time in every which way, every day.

“Arthur suspected that the Guinevere’s loss of affection for him could have been related to an affair she was having with one of the Bourbonites. Arthur called for her and upon her entry he asked, “Who made you cum today?” Guinevere coyly answered, “I made myself cum today with my solar-operated Bourbonator.”

Not satisfied with her explanation, Arthur called for Gawain, aka Givemhead, the Royal Prosecutor for the Court of King Arthur, to lead an investigation of a possible suitor who just might be blogging his conquests on NOLA.CUM.

Givemhead had a hard on for Morehead and accused him of the dirty deeds. Naturally, Morehead denied being the guilty beau, but suggested a simple way to find the culprit and stop any further cummings. Arthur instructed the Royal Blacksmith to

construct a chastity belt for Guinevere in his shop on Bourbon Street. This would be no ordinary belt to open and close with a key, but would have a tiny razor-sharp guillotine inside that would be activated with a spring upon penetration. And so be it, Guinevere was equipped with the belt without any hint of the true trap.

Merlin continued to explain the culminating event. He said that Arthur requested a personal appearance with each Bourbonite. One-by-one they came in and one-by-one they came out; however there was no visible detection of a wounded suitor bleeding at the balls. Finally, Lance-a-Little was summoned to the court and King Arthur asked him, “Who made you cum today?” Not totally shocked by the question, Lance-a-Little was speechless, however true to his honor he signed to King Arthur, “After an unfortunate incident with G-Spot, she made me cum today with a hand job. A true Bourbonite would rather Cumalot or not at all, than only three times a week.”

Cum one, Cum all and join us as the Bourbonites of the Krewe du Rue Bourbon search for the Holy Tail in the Magical Kingdom of Cumalot.

NFL Penetrates Carnival

BULLARD ROAD—A crack team from the Krewe of Underwear has solved the mystery of a recent series of strange occurrences in and around the Crescent City. To wit:

- The dates of New Orleans' most sacred tradition, Carnival, have been rearranged to accommodate a commercial sports event.
- Perfectly fine streets like those under the Pontchartrain Expressway are being torn up and repaved, while avenues like Jeff Davis – which has more ups and downs than the average roller coaster – are left untouched.
- New tourist amenities are being erected even as homeless people struggle to find housing.
- Entire areas of the city are being closed off to locals for up to a week to accommodate out-of-towners.
- The Rex boeuf gras has disappeared.

It was the last of these events that helped the Underwearians crack the case. Following a trail of foot and hoof prints, the silky sleuths were led to a remote cow pasture alongside the banks of Bayou Buggery, just outside the town of Dry Prong. Hearing a medley of mixed moos and moans, they came across the startling sight of NFL Commissioner Roger Goodell humping Rex's beloved bovine.

The evidence was undeniable: the NFL has penetrated Carnival, in more ways than one.

"The Cummish was stuffing that bull like it was a Thanksgiving turkey," cracked one member of the Underwear team. "Even come Mardi Gras, that's going to be one bow-legged boeuf."

When reached in his gated Uptown mansion, Rex was disconsolate over the ravishing of his royal mascot. "I had always thought sports were such a no bull pursuit, but this intrusion on our rites, rituals and balls is intolerable," mused the mourning monarch, his normally stoic façade

cracking. "I may have to buy an NFL team just so I can fire his commoner ass."

Goodell himself refused to comment, but was overheard sighing, as he untousled his perfect hair and re-trousered himself, "Damn, that boeuf had a fine crack."

Beyond the pure symbolism of the most powerful man in sports screwing the most powerful animal in Mardi Gras, the larger picture of New Orleans selling its culture and heritage for a fist full of NFL dollars is even more disturbing. Of all local cultural phenomena, Carnival is supposed to be the last bastion of anti-commercialism.

This did not seem to bother Mayor Mitch "Son of Moon" Landrieu. "I told the people that they wanted to spend more money to hire more police and put more people in jail," he crowed. "Gotta pay for that consent decree somehow."

It was unclear whether the boeuf gras had consented or not. Nor could anyone confirm reports that henceforth, it would be known as the "Goodell Trophy".

And apparently, New Orleans' cultural priorities aren't all they're cracked up to be.

In an attempt to counteract the perfidious penetration of Carnival by the NFL, cheerleading Underwearians will navigate the cracks and potholes of the Marigny and French Quarter streets during the Krewe du Vieux parade on the ridiculously early night of January 19, rousing the crowd to rebel with cheers like "Block that prick!" "Push 'em out, push 'em out, way out!" "Hold that wang!" and "For God's sake, do not show us your tits!"



Top Ten Reasons Roger Goodell Hates New Orleans

10. Came here on college frat trip, was only guy who didn't get laid
9. Doesn't know where he got 'dem shoes
8. Still thinks NFL should own rights to "Who Dat"
7. Audubon Zoo mistook him for Jane Goodall, made him live with chimps for three months
6. Can't get a date with Rita Benson LeBlanc
5. Too many undiagnosed concussions
4. Doesn't like all those cute boys twittering about his hair
3. Makes less money than Drew Brees
2. Looks terrible in purple, green and gold
1. Too white to do the Benson Boogie

Shameless Rip-Off Division of K.A.O.S. Publishing Presents The Further Sexual Adventures of Anastasia Steele

50 Shades of Hay

Anastasia encounters an older farmer.

50 Shades of Sleigh

Anastasia's Christmas Eve encounter with a jolly older elf leads to a series of sexual adventures.

50 Shades of Bray

Anastasia's encounter with an older priest outside of a monastery leads to a series of sexual adventures.

50 Shades of Bray

Anastasia's encounter with a mule skinner leads to a series of sexual encounters.

50 Shades of Play

Anastasia's pairing with an older man at a Scrabble Tournament leads to a series of sexual adventures.

50 Shades of Neigh

Anastasia's chance encounter with a groom in the tack room of a Kentucky horse farm leads to further erotic adventures.

50 Shades of Bay

Anastasia meets an older man on the ferry to Nantucket and sexual adventures result.

50 Shades of Clay

After a chance encounter, Anastasia becomes putty in the hands of Mr. Bill.

50 Shades of Mae

A chance encounter with an older man at a showing of *My Little Chickadee* leads Anastasia to a series of sexual adventures.

50 Shades of Re

Anastasia becomes involved in a series of sexual adventures with a choir master.

50 Shades of Ray

Anastasia's chance encounter with a grizzled computer programmer in the KdV Den of Muses leads to unbelievable erotic adventures.

Available soon for download or in a plain brown wrapper at a convenience store near you.

Waiting for Goodell

NFL Victors Denied Lombardi Trophy on Game Day

February 6, 2013

ALL OVER THE MAP – The championship game and associated festivities of Super Bowl XLVII went off without a hitch yesterday, with the minor exception of the absence of the Lombardi Trophy at the postgame presentation. NFL staffers spent the entire game scouring the city of New Orleans for league Commissioner Roger Goodell, whose main role of the day was to present the trophy to the winning team.

Goodell was seen disembarking his private jet in New Orleans, where he remains extremely unpopular following his suspensions of the Saints head coach Sean Payton, defensive captain Jonathan Vilma, and several others. Witnesses on the scene report that Goodell was first met by the official Super Bowl XLVII Security Team, a New Orleans based Krewe du Vieux subsidiary shell company the Krewe of SPANK Security Specialists.

He was then escorted by the group to a lavishly decorated mule-drawn carriage. Armstrong airport baggage handlers overheard an argumentative Goodell repeatedly asking how long this would take and pointing to his watch. Goodell's carriage driver, a man ironically wearing a Vilma jersey, stated that the carriage was the preferred transport for VIP's in the city.

Despite the Commissioner's protests, the driver snapped his mule into (slow) motion and took off down Airline Highway amidst the wail of horns from irate motorists who, despite the sign posted on the back of the carriage, failed to observe the proper 15-foot spacing behind the vehicle.

Further investigation revealed multiple sightings of what one Lakeview man cryp-

tically described as "a football player driving a carriage with a giant dick in the back" around the streets of New Orleans. Reports flooded into NOPD of a slow moving impediment to the city's already sluggish and beleaguered traffic. Eyewitnesses saw the pair trundling along at dusk, bouncing down a section of Esplanade Avenue which, according to 79-year-old Tremere resident, Wendell Eulace, "hasn't been paved in my lifetime. I didn't think that carriage was going to make it. And the man in back was NOT enjoying himself like the driver was. Oh, that driver was just laughing and telling stories like he was having the time of his life."

Time, it appeared, was quickly becoming important to Goodell, who, when diners at the Camellia Grill on Carrollton Ave watched him roll past, had missed the opening kickoff of the biggest game of the year.

"I had to cover my little Jimmy's ears," said one Uptown mother, "the man in the back of that carriage was shouting some of the most rude things I have heard this side of Canal street! I guess that's why all those angry people were following him!"

Indeed, by this point a large mob wielding pitchforks and torches had assembled and was trailing the carriage. Eventually, this being New Orleans, a brass band materialized and a party erupted in the street. Taken by surprise (again) but not wanting to be accused of being anti-second line (again), NOPD quickly dispatched a cruiser, with lights flashing, to accompany the growing crowd.

By the time Beyonce took the stage for halftime, residents of Mid-City were seen throwing eggs, oyster shells, and lawn furniture at the panic-stricken Commissioner, who by this point had begun to

suspect that his Vilma jersey-wearing driver might in fact be suspended thorn-in-his-side Jonathan Vilma. However, Goodell appeared less afraid of his driver than he was of the raucous entourage surrounding the carriage, as his SPANK security escorts appeared to be as intoxicated as the rest of the crowd.

We all know who won the game, but one day few people will remember the champion of Super Bowl XLVII. What nobody will forget will be the confused look on the face of the winning coach when some anonymous staffer approached him with the unenviable job of delivering the news that Commissioner Goodell had not yet arrived with the coveted Lombardi Trophy.

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 hasn't fallen off the fiscal cliff.

All material ©2013
by the Krewe du Vieux

MONDU'S AVIARY

"Shiny-Headed Hizzoner Owl" – asks Whoooooo will be next to go to jail from City Hall?
Rare Peacock Species "Proud C-Ray" – says he does no wrong! Want some granite?
Big "Dollar Bill" Bird is headed for a new coop for 13 years! Remember Bill – CYA!
"Babbling Broussard" red-breasted parrot – says "Awk! Polly want a bribe?"
"I know why the caged bird sings," – former U.S. Attorney Jim Letten