



The Krewe du Vieux Presents

Le Monde de Merde

Vol. 29, No. 1

February 8, 2020

Priceless

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Campaigns In “Erection 2020”

B.B. St. Roman Will School KdV Electoral College Drop-Outs

NEW ORLEANS – It wasn’t the best of times, and god help us if it wasn’t the worst of times.

The Liar-in-Chief shut down government (not necessarily a bad thing), declared a fake emergency (he was the real one), and attempted to launch a new career as a weatherman (maybe he does know which way the wind blows – he blows enough of it himself).

Unable to buy Greenland, The Donald put in an offer on Westwego, which rejected him faster than a porn star. While his relationships with world leaders seemed to Kim and go, there was no disPutin’ his true bromance. Meanwhile, every time Lindsey Graham opened his mouth, John McCain spun in his grave.

Then came Mueller Time, followed by the “perfect” phone call. None of this seemed to get through the thick presidential Ukranium. Forced to eat impeachment pie, the Bleached Boy launched his latest, greatest hit, “Bomb bomb bomb, bomb bomb Iran.”

All this left much of the population praying that by election year’s end, Trump would get fired.

At the state level, Louisiana Republicans channeled their inner Democrat and again managed to lose the gubernatorial election to John “Bel Boy” Edwards. Faced with an ultra-conservative legislature, he may regret his victory soon enough. On the bright side, LSU football Burrowed the opposition enough to reach the national championship game.

Locally, the tourism industry caught its “fair share” of abuse as Mayor LaToy Mattrell focused single-mindedly on one thing at a time. While the local infrastructure needs all the help it can get, residents voted down yet another millage after property re-assessments

apparently mistook New Orleans for New York.

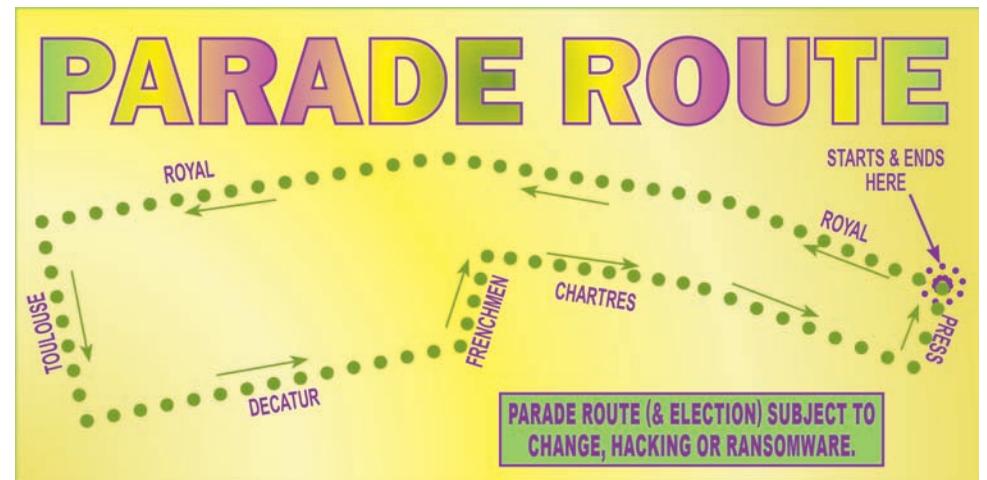
While cleaning the drainage system, Sewerage and Waterboarding found the Baccha-Gator float in one of the pipes – and it had been breeding. Also pulled from the drains were several tons of uncooked broccoli, a World War II Soviet U-Boat, and Sidney Torres. Residents reached the boiling point and were ready to blow up.

Also competing for the biggest fiasco of the year, the Soft Rock Hotel went completely limp, giving an entirely new meaning to erectile dysfunction. Attempts to get Mexico to pay for tearing it down and carting it away were apparently unsuccessful. Westbankers were asked to believe in Ferry Tales, while the *S.S. Mitch’s Folly* rusted away in dry dock. Many of Mitch’s other follies produced similar results, including The Circle to be Named Much, Much Later.

Despite local investment of several quadrillion dollars, the public schools remained far below national standards. In response, the school system changed its name to protect the not-so-innocent. Taking care of the innocents, aka students, was deemed to be of lesser importance.

The disaster of Brees’ thumb was thankfully assuaged by Teddy Bridge-Over-Troubled-Water, but blind, impotent refs managed to end another promising Saints season. Screw Roger Gotohell and the Neutered Football League.

City government was shut down by a massive ransomware attack, though few residents actually noticed the difference. As usual, the only laws and codes being enforced were the parking regulations. The City Council couldn’t decide if it wanted to sue Entergy, fine Entergy or get in bed with Entergy. Things got so



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 8, 2020 at 6:30 PM

bad that even the Committee for an Average New Orleans had trouble obtaining support.

Voting with their feet (among other anatomical locations), the electors, erectors, ejectors, ejaculators, explicators and expectorators of Krewe du Vieux will present their 2020 vision and version of this crazy world on **Saturday, February 8 at 6:30 PM** as they swell the crowds in the Marigny and French Quarter. Spectators are advised to get on the campaign tail and monitor the erections.

At the head of the parade will be Queen B.B. St. Roman, known associate of spiritual gurus from the Dalai Lama to Dr. John and pioneer in helping the homeless. Now trying to home the helpless of Krewe du Vieux, Queen B.B. will ride a giant cock-atoos as she miss-leads marchers over Viagra Falls to See Alice.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own elective, erective, selective, corrective, collective, invective, misdirective, and typically defective versions of the theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of

Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Mystick Krewe of Comatose, Krewe of the Mystic Inane, Krewe du Mishigas, and Krewe of SpanK.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions that isn’t going soft, being impeached or getting outsourced to Colorado.

The Krewe du Vieux is a nonprofit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative expression and satirical comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras – and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Krewe du Vieux 2020 is dediculated to the memory of former King Dr. John.

Queen BB Feels the Beat

So I'm sitting there minding my business when this cop just walks up and sits right down. But unlike most cops, she doesn't immediately start harassing me for something I supposedly did.

That's right, a lady cop, and along with her uniform, she's wearing a Mardi Gras crown. Go figure that!

Then, instead of grilling me like they usually do, she starts singing like a canary herself. And what a story she has to tell.

Turns out she grew up in Derbytown, Louisville Kentucky. Her old man was an inventor.

"He gave me the idea that if you need something, you just make it," she says. "I learned everything from sewing to soldering," she says. "It gave me a lot of confidence in life."

Then she lets loose that after college she moved up to the Big Apple and started working in the documentary film biz. She worked that gig for fifteen years, and met some pretty cool, spiritual cats along the way.

"I worked with Mother Teresa," she tells me. "She taught me about humility and acceptance, to have respect and appreciation for everyone. Do what you can each day to help out, and that will come back to you.

"I also met the Dalai Lama," she goes on. "He taught me that if you want happiness for yourself, you will never get it, but if you want happiness for others, you will find it for yourself."

By now my head is really spinning, but she's just getting started.

"I met spiritual leaders from Africa to the Himalayas," she says, "and one thing they have in common is they all have a good sense of humor.

"So that makes Krewe du Vieux the most spiritual Mardi Gras Krewe."

The light bulb suddenly goes off in my head. I look at her uniform, and it says "BB St. Roman" on it. Now I remember: she's the Queen of Krewe du Vieux this year!

Ain't no stopping her now, the lady is on a roll: "My role on these documentaries was mostly as a sound technician," she says, "and when video came in, there wasn't much need for a sound person any more."

I figure this is where the sob story begins, but you gotta remember, this lady knows how to make stuff, she's a force of nature. So she just keeps rolling along.

"I had been going to Dr. John concerts in New York for years," she says, "and one night after a gig I saw him on the corner waiting for a taxi. So I gave him

a ride," she says, "and I ended up spending the next ten years helping him make his dreams come true."

I think I know where she's going with this, but nope, I got it all wrong.

"He had no manager, no one really helping him with his business," she says. "He would stop to get a hot dog and leave his contracts on the guy's cart. He would show up a day early for one gig and a day late for another gig," she says. "I helped him get organized.

"He was mostly doing solo gigs in New York, he didn't have band, or charts for the music," she says. "I helped him get all that together, so he could just play the music that he loved."

Just as I'm trying to figure out how this New York lady became a New Orleans cop, she moves on to the next part of the story.

"In 1991 I moved to New Orleans, bought a house in the French Quarter," she says. "Pretty soon I got to be part of a group trying to help the 8th District police," she says.

I'm hearing loud warning bells in my head, but she just ignores them. "The 8th District captain at that time was very creative, he wanted to set up a homeless unit, and he asked me to do it. I didn't know anything about homeless people, but I had Mother Teresa whispering in one ear and Dr. John in the other. Dr. John always cared about the 'regulation' people."

So she sets up this Homeless Assistance Unit, while she's also doing a candle-making business and volunteering with a couple other organizations. Finally they give her a real, paying gig actually running this Homeless Assistance thing, even though she's the only one on that beat and she's responsible for all those homeless folks in the entire city.

"We have much better homeless services now than we used to," she says, "but there's still a lot more we need to do."

I'm guessing all this is why those crazy Krewe du Vieux cats chose her to be their Queen, knowing that they like to shine a little light on some of the under-appreciated heroes in New Orleans. So, since she's finally come up for a bit of air, I ask her about it.

"It meant a lot to me that the Krewe chose me," she says, "I'm touched by the fact that people appreciate someone who is just out there helping other people.

"I really like all their fantasy and creativity and making things up," she says. "It's kind of how I was raised," she says, "just jump in and have fun."

She even lets slip that she made her own scepter



Queen BB and Iko

for the parade. And she's got some final words for her loyal subjects.

"After traveling the world, having adventures in some forty foreign countries, I can say that New Orleans is by far the most fascinating place of all," she says. "In New Orleans, our Mardi Gras parades are a treasured tradition, so to be Queen of one is exciting, but to be Queen of Krewe du Vieux, the most raucous and creative of them all, is an ultimate experience!

"It's a rags-to-riches kind of experience for me," she says. "I want to get to know all the subkrewes. I'm looking forward to watching the floats get erected (that's a Dr. John-ism) and learning how to serve you with grace and dick-nity," she says. "This will be a real highlight of my life!"

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, February 8

Doors open 10:00 PM

**2900 Dauphine Street
entrance on Royal Street**

**featuring
In Business**

and

**late night band
Frogs Gone Fishin'**

Tickets \$50

Available online at

vieuxdoo.brownpapertickets.com

Check www.kreweduvieux.org for

other locations

**21 and over only
costuming encouraged**

Krewe of Spermes Has an Enormous Cockus

ON THE CAMPAIGN TAIL – With its traditional caucuses in small, finicky, not particularly attractive states, primary season can have an anticlimactic start. But it starts with a bang in 2020 as the Krewe of Spermes holds its enormous cockus February 8 in the French Quarter.

“Everyone knows Spermes has a huge cockus,” said Spermes election commissioner Eric Shun. “This year, we’re inserting ourself in the national debate and seeing just who wants the coveted Spermes bump.”

Spermes’ massive cockus is easily the most attractive prize in the February primary calendar, following Iowa’s February 3 caucus and subsequent events in New Hampshire, Nevada and South Carolina.

“Talk about the axis of irrelevant,” said megabillionaire candidate Michael Bloomberg. “What do I care about South Carolina? Am I going to go to some diner in Iowa and pretend

to care about ethanol subsidies? Slog through the New Hampshire slush so some rube can lecture me about rural economies? No way! I’m blowing my money on a big cockus.”

Many candidates acknowledged the pressure to embrace Spermes’ cockus.

“I am not getting cockus blocked,” said early favorite Spermie Sanders, who quickly promised to tax the rich and provide free drinks.

Hawaiian longshot and wingnut Tulsi Gabbard was also excited about it. “I get leid all the time,” Gabbard said. “But I am not going to miss this.”

Many women candidates and voters expressed interest, concerned that male candidates typically aren’t focused on their needs. “The stump speeches are all the same,” said Ann T. Klymacks. “But after the erection is over, you never hear from them again.”

Minnesota Democrat Amy Klobachar (who *Monde du Merde*

confirmed is a real person and is running for office) said she’s tired of the listening tours. “I need somebody behind me,” Klobachar said. “Maybe Spermes can get me over the top, if you know what I mean.”

Longtime Washington DC insider Deep Throat confirmed the widespread interest in large cockus. “I hacked the DNC server,” Deep Throat sputtered. “Well actually, I just guessed that the password is ‘Serverpassword123,’ and yeah, Spermes’ huge cockus is basically the subject of all the emails. Dickileaks will be leaking them soon.”

Spermes isn’t bothering with pre-cockus debates, but candidates will get to press the flesh in old-fashioned retail-style politics at a krewe mixer. Also invited are members of the Congressional Big Black Cockus, local ass-roots organizations and presidential stalking whorse, Stormy Daniels.

It’s far less clear what will happen in the GOP.

“Our members can barely resist an enormous cockus,” said one RNC official who asked not to be identified out of a profound sense of shame and self-loathing for being a party official.

President Donald Trump tweeted that he’d enter, but while looking at his tiny hands typing, he quickly reconsidered and tweeted otherwise.

Former South Carolina Governor Mark Sanford said he would be busy “hiking the Appalachian trail” which was understood to mean he was interested in Spermes’ cockus.

Former South Carolina Governor Darling Nikki Haley asked if there was a vice presidential cockus. “I mean, I’m available if other vice presidential candidates can’t make it, or I don’t know, are impeached,” Haley said.

After the biggest putz won the 2016 GOP primary, Spermes members are concerned about erection interference. Krewe tech czar Christopher S. Hard has been monitoring activity by Russian troll farms. “For the past two years, they mostly pirated porn from the internet and stole credit card data from food delivery apps,” Hard said. “But now they seem pretty hot for our cockus. We’re getting a lot of action on social media and Tindr from domains in Moscow, Vladivostock and Trump Tower.”

The krewe also is looking into forming a Super PAC. “We really like erections, but they typically come every two years, and that’s tough. Our members are looking for a lot more engagement, especially with big donors.”

Corrections and Clarifications

Last year’s Mama Roux article pointed out that surveillance cameras had been placed outside every house and business in the city, but failed to add that cameras had also been located inside virtually all residences. Fortunately, like most of the rest of the city’s technology, the majority are non-functional.

The CRAPS article indicated that the Catholic Church would be taking action to address the abuse scandal. Uh, not so much.

In listing alternate energy sources considered by the Sewerage and Water Board, several were omitted, including red bean gas turbines, Ride Share bicycle power, and evaporation of standing water left in the streets by the drainage system.

The Rue Bourbon article indicated that the Department of Public Works would begin filling potholes in the city’s streets. Uh, not so much.

Update: the Supreme Court sponsorship deal with Anheuser Busch, as reported by KAOS, has been replaced. It is now Mueller Time in DC.

The Spermes article indicated that Entergy New Orleans had found a new, dependable source of energy. Uh, not so much.

Responding to the Drips & Discharges report, Louis Armstrong Airport has announced that opussums, pole bears and garter snakes are also welcomed as emotional support animals.

Comatose implied that Faux News and other sources of fake reporting were taking over journalism in New Orleans. Take *Monde de Merde’s* word for it: uh, not so much!

C.O.A. STATEMENT

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe du Vieux in the true spirit of Carnival as a venue for satire and political comment.

The views herein may not reflect those of Krewe leaders or all Krewe members. They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain’t none of us got anything worth suing for that isn’t evidence in an impeachment probe.

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The Whoring 20s: Rue Bourbon Predicts the Cumming Decade

2020: Attempting to again affect the outcome of the election, Vladimir Putin releases the infamous Trump “Pee Tape” which shows Donald taking streams in the face from Russian prostitutes. His supporters claim that he had to do that to ensure that “those girls are healthy.” Trump goes on to lose the election, then resigns in the last week to be pardoned by President Pence.

2021: A group of crack-addicted chipmunks invades several New Orleans pumping stations just as the city takes a train... of rain, leading to extensive flooding. A dozen more cars are found in the drainage canals, including several 2005 Cadillac Escalades that were “borrowed” from dealerships by the police after Hurricane Katrina.

2022: Hollywood continues its creative malaise with sequels, reboots, remakes and inexplicable mash-ups. Russell Crowe stars in the remake of “Last Tango in Paris,” recreating the ‘butter scene’ with gluten-free vegan spread. Two famous franchises get mashed together in the “50 Shades of Hogwarts” films, including “Harry Potter and the Rope Bunny of Carnaby Street”, “Hermione’s Magic Dungeon” and “The Sorting Cap

and Leather Flogger.” In yet another Spiderman movie, Uncle Ben dies for the 1000th time in some Dr. Strange time loop.

2023: To deal with the growing wet spot around the city, New Orleans leaders decide to construct a series of clear domes over it. Once the plan for the new cityscape is revealed, with its resemblance to a field of giant boobs, the entire project is underwritten by the producers of Girls Gone Wild.

2024: GOP presidential candidate Lou Cypher and running mate Bill Zebub excite the Republican base. Despite his porn films and brothels and videotape of him sacrificing goats to Satan, he captures 85% of the evangelical vote with a promise to “appoint judges who will end abortion.” GOP donors are excited by his plans to eliminate all endangered species and bring back child labor. Anti-immigration advocates are energized by his promise to dig a moat of molten sulphur at the nation’s borders. And his slogan, “Probably not the Anti-Christ,” enables his supporters to defend his candidacy. He loses in a general election that sweeps President Oprah to a second term.

2025: An entrepreneurial brothel owner and a well-known coffeeshop

chain partner on a new service called “Starfucks.” Touted as the world’s first Orgasmateria, its menu of services stretches from Vanilla/Vanilla Latte on up to the Hershey Highway Special. It successfully penetrates the marketplace, spawning multiple imitators including the budget brand “Get in/Get off/Get out” and the luxury provider “Black Dress/White Spots.”

2026: The popularity of genetic testing and genealogy leads to the discovery that over 85% of the population of Europe and the European diaspora are descendants of an 8th century ergot- and wine-fueled orgy in a small village on the current border of Italy and France.

2027: The completion of the clear domes over New Orleans makes it the first domed city in North America. Within weeks the Goodyear blimp, attempting to provide aerial coverage of the Superbowl, gets stuck between two of the domes, creating the world’s largest titty fuck.

2028: Exhausted by a political decade characterized by rising fascist tendencies, faux populist outrage and socialist agitation, many governments worldwide decide to take a year off. They forgo any legislative action and give over day-to-day administration

to cadres of graduate students conscripted out of the universities. Some nations even engage in government swapping for a year, just to spice things up.

2029: An extraterrestrial civilization makes contact with Earth, but quickly tires of dealing with earthlings because no one can agree who gets to talk to them. They make their mark on the planet by leaving an archive of Earth history that they have surreptitiously recorded for the last 4000 years. Seeing actual historical figures interact profoundly changes people; inexplicably, many become even bigger assholes.

2030: With air-conditioning under the Boob-domes of New Orleans (as they have become affectionately known) functioning as well as most city infrastructure, Mayor Lil Wayne declares Mardi Gras 2030 clothing optional. Everything below three feet becomes covered in bodily fluids as everyone forgets to bring a towel. Quickly the city becomes sorted into two separate camps: those whose immune systems rise to the challenge and become invulnerable to every disease known to mankind, and those who devolve into mutants upon contact with a door knob.

China Handles Erection 2020

PEEKING – Jealous of Russia’s meddling in the last election, the Knights of Mondu have enlisted the aid of China to handle Erection 2020.

“Since China manufactures all of the U.S. voting machines and software,” opined Prince Mondu, “they are a natural to handle this big erection. We’re not worried that they might do anything nefarious just because of those silly tariffs.

“To augment the erection supervision, Mondu has enlisted several notable Chinese to serve as poll dancers,

I mean poll watchers, including Bruce Lee, Cholly Chan, Mao ZeDong, and Hop Sing,” added the priapic prince. “After all, this is a country renowned worldwide for their fair and open erections.”

Chinese government security officials say their software cannot be hacked, sacked or hi-jacked, as it is as impervious as the Great Wall. Skeptical observers noted that the same wall failed to stop invading hordes of Mongols, Mongrels or Moguls.

In spite of the devastating tariffs,

China has guaranteed a fair erection, but will not determine which of the 143 Democrat candidates they will allow to win until candidate registrations are completed. However, an official speaking on condition of anonymity indicated that the early favorite was military officer turned politician General Tso, D-Manchuria.

As it will be the Chinese Year of the Dog, international poll monitors anticipate a lot of barking, panting and rolling over while this big erection is done doggy-style.

To encourage participation, Mondu is offering eggrolls and Peeping Ducks to citizens who vote early. For those who vote early and often, a large warm noodle will also be included.

U.S. election officials reportedly think they will save a fortune even before they crack the cookie, and are praising Mondu as he boldly enters the dragon.

K.A.O.S. to Conduct Monumental Erection Election

In 2015, in a blatant effort to put a long-shot presidential campaign on the political map, Mayor Mitch Landrieu pushed through a hastily conceived plan to remove four Jim Crow monuments from prominent places in New Orleans. The proof that this was a hastily conceived plan lies in the fact that over four years later no plans have been announced for the replacement of any of the removed monuments. In fact, no plans have been announced for a procedure by which replacements would be selected.

The most prominent of these sites is Tivoli Place on St. Charles Avenue, where an empty pedestal formerly occupied by the statue of a traitorous son of the South looms like a giant, lonely phallus. The sub-krewe of K.A.O.S. believes that the citizens of New Orleans have lived with this empty column long enough. While they did not have a voice in the monument's removal, K.A.O.S. will give them a voice in determining what comes next to Tivoli Place.

Accordingly, on February 8, K.A.O.S. will conduct a Monumental Erection Election. Members of K.A.O.S. will be distributing ballots to spectators at the Krewe du Vieux

parade that will allow them to vote on a replacement to sit atop the column. Unlike the practice back when the old monuments were erected, women and African-Americans will be allowed to vote on the replacement. That should mean we can expect more than angry white men to be in the running for monumental recognition.

The actual options that will be on the ballot had not been determined when *Le Monde de Merde* went to press. However, when reached for comment, the Emir of K.A.O.S. asserted that the ballot "will include a number of iconic things that have a special place in the hearts of all New Orleanians." The Emir mentioned as examples "beignets, hand grenades®, failure to use turn signals when driving, exploding turbines, traffic cameras, S&WB manhole covers, potholes, purple drank, and clogged storm drains."

Iconic individuals may also be included on the ballot, the Emir confirmed. "It has been suggested that it would be appropriate to honor St. Bernard's favorite son Sidney Torres III for his contributions to fashion (those scarves are to die for!), grooming (a ponytail AND a Royale beard! Brilliant!), and the New Orleans mu-

sic scene. In fact, we have been approached by representatives of Buffa's and Vaso, who have advised that in lieu of a statue, they would be willing to personally stick him atop the Tivoli Place column where he can live out the rest of his days without access to selfie sticks or eviction courts." The Emir also mentioned as other potential human honorees Chris Owens, Drew Brees, Lil Wayne, and Morris Bart.



**ENOUGH ALREADY!!!
LET'S PICK SOMETHING!**

Death Notice

Liberty, Lady



Lady Liberty passed away on February 8, 2020 following a four-year illness initially brought on by the 2016 election of a reality TV star, sex creep and known con man to the highest office in the country. She was 135 years old.

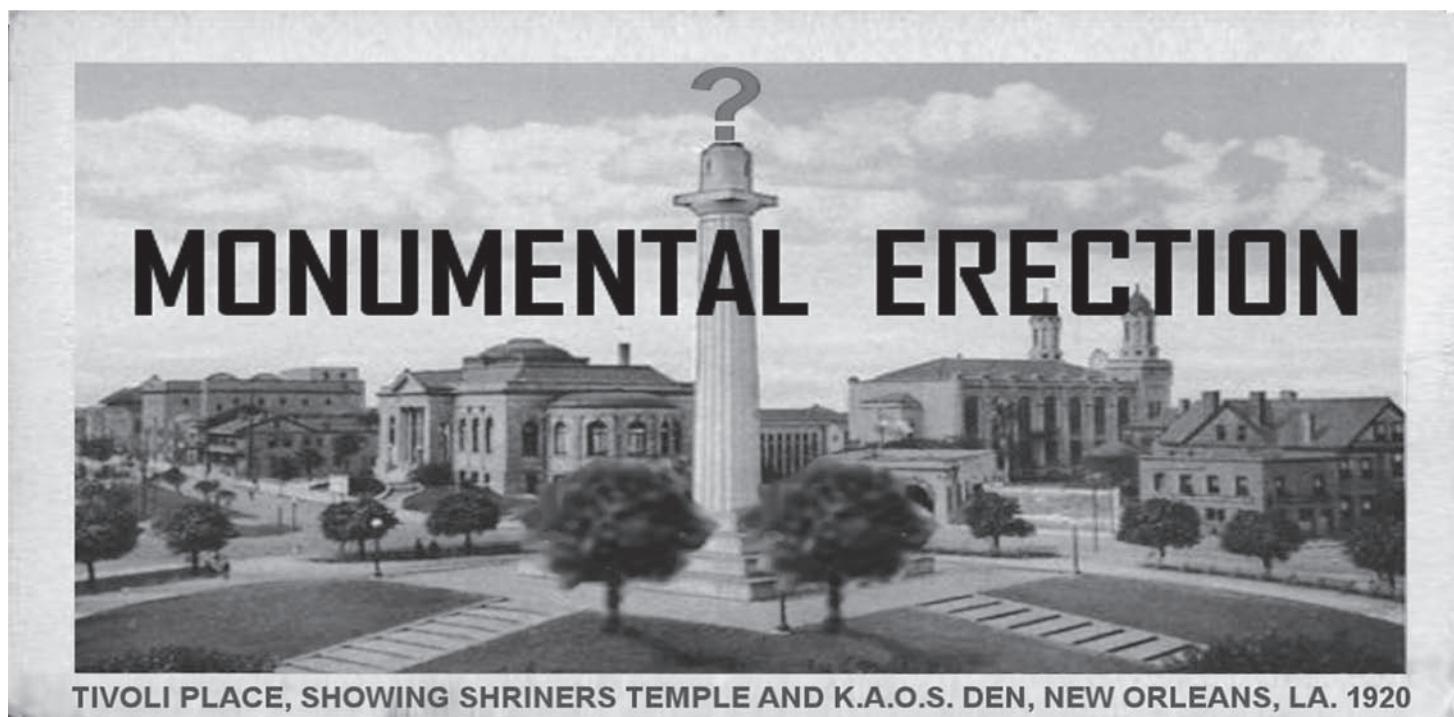
Lady Liberty was preceded in death by checks and balances, separation of church and state, and the widespread acceptance of proven fact. A native of France, Lady Liberty came to the U.S. in 1885 and settled in New York Harbor, where she became a universal symbol of freedom and democracy. Always the hostess, she lit the way for more than 60 million immigrants to make better lives for themselves in America. The family would like to thank Fox News and the Christian "right" for shrugging their professional and ethical responsibilities as they attended to Lady Liberty in her final days.

Pallbearers include Louisiana Representative Steve Scalise and Senators Bill Cassidy and John Kennedy, whose hypocrisy and dereliction of duty qualifies them for the right to bring her to her final resting place.

In lieu of flowers, Lady Liberty asks that you get out there and vote in Erection 2020. Even if it means stuffing the box.

**SEEDS OF DECLINE
FUNERAL HOME**

www.erection2020.com



TIVOLI PLACE, SHOWING SHRINERS TEMPLE AND K.A.O.S. DEN, NEW ORLEANS, LA. 1920

Commander's Phallus

Menu

Presented by Chef Mama Roux

Dick d'oeuvres

Porker Belly Rub

Crank Confit with Dipstick Compote

*Pickled Putz-Pops with Porno Sauce**

Caramelized Cock Tarts

*Micro-Salami Rolls**

Love Muscle Tartare

Dick Soups

Turtle Head Soup à la John Thomas

*Minestrone with Meat Sticks**

Salads of Dick

Hearts of Meat Puppet with Shaved Skin Flute

*Maypole Salad with Seasonal Gherkins**

House Special Dicks

Eggs Benedick

*Hooker-Caught Speckled Trouser Snake**

Anaconda a l'orange with Grandma's Ding-Dong Sauce

*Filet of Black Angus Tube Steak**

Petite Filet of Williwang with Trump Sauce

Plonker-Stuffed Muffaletta

Tournedos of Love Truncheon with Fried Thingy

*Baloney Pony Shank with Root Vegetables**

Side Dicks

*Wilted Farm Fresh Pecker with Curried Pud Sauce**

Package en Croute

Minced Rod with Pork Sword

Dessert Dicks

Baked Alaskan Johnson

Dick Doberge with Bourbon Nuts

Snausage Pudding with Talleywhacker Sauce

(Please allow 20 minutes for preparation)

*Spotted Dick Pudding**

**Eat Dick NOLA items meet the nutritional criteria
of Dicksner Health System.*

For more information please visit www.eatdicknola.com.

*"First Served,
Cums First."*



KSAL Disrobes the Erect-Oral College

CLITTY HALL – Researchers from the Krewe of Space Age Love recently succeeded in uncloaking the vagaries, vulgarities, and vices of the Erect-Oral College, releasing a brief (not boxers) introduction to its origins and evolution.

Article 69, Section 420, Clause 13 of the Charter of the City of New Orleans de-tails the original plan of the Erectors. Under the plan, each Erector cast 42 votes for Position (in bed). Whoever received a majority of votes from the Erectors would assume the Position, with the person receiving the second most votes becoming Bound and Gagged.

The original plan was based upon several Ass-umptions and fetishes practiced by the Sadists of the Charter:

1. Choice of the Position should offend the “sense of the people” at a particular time, not the dictates of a pre-established booty-call such as Tindr, Grindr, or Gratr, and be independent of the influence of “foreign penises.”

2. The Choice would be made convulsively with a “full and fair expression of the pubic will” while also maintaining “every opportunity to create drunkenness, tumult and

disorder.”

3. Individual Erectors would be excited by citizens on a drink-by-drink basis. Voting for Position would include the widest, longest, and hardest Erect-orate allowed in each neighborhood.

4. Each Positional Erector would exercise independent judgment when voting, deliberating with the most debauched information available in a porno that over time would bring about the best orgasm.

5. Candidates would pair together on the same bed or couch with assumed positions toward each other while fore-play commenced.

6. The system would rarely produce a winner, thus sending the Positional Erection to the House of the Rising Sun.

The plan deeply dictated Apportionment, Propositions, and Blunt statements as follows: “A neighborhood’s Erectors shall equal the number of bars in the hood plus two Erectors for each package store, minus the number of school-zone cameras times the number of local characters standing on the corner with a ‘40’.” Under the

continued on next page

Underwear Denies Climax Change

PORT OF OMAHA – In an overheated conference room in the brand spanking new Port of Omaha, an inter-corporate, intercouring, multi-undisciplinarian team of Underwearian pseudo-scientists unequivocally denied climax change.

Via a mix of in-person and extremely remote video presentations, the unholy-owned team members, garbed in lab coats representing their various oil company masters and masturbators, made their cases as to why climaxes are not changing.

“We hear claims of normally hot, moist vaginas becoming cold and dry,” stated Sexaco climaxologist I. C. Nothing, streaming live from Death Valley of the Dolls, “but we give them no more credence than claims of once-fertile farmland drying into deserts. There are multiple ...”

Unfortunately, before Dr. Nothing could continue, he and his lab were consumed by a sudden, hot flash of forest fire.

Next on the program was the famed Swedish and Sexxon-Blowbil geourologist Dr. Pjorn Agan. “Reports

keep gushing in of men with extreme erectile dysfunction, but to us they look as false as all those stories of melting polar ice caps,” exclaimed Dr. Pjorn, who was clearly groping for words. “Rising sea levels should obviously correlate to rising penises. These limp attempts ...”

Tragically, before Dr. Pjorn could come to a conclusion, she was eaten by a polar bear.

With organizers scrambling to regroup, attendees menopausal for lunch, sponsored by Mutual Orgasm of Omaha, and the keynote speech from Louisiana Congressman and Republican Whip Steve Scabise. Rep. Scabise focused his remarks on recent scientific “updates” being promulgated by his political party.

“The Flat-Earth Society has laid out some cutting-edge new evidence to support their two-dimensional hypotheses,” asserted Scabise, “and we are on the verge of blowing up the theory of gravity. That one really sucks.

“And don’t get me started on this crap about sea level rise and losing a football field’s worth of coast every

hour. Nobody plays football in the wetlands. I’ve waded through many coastal towns, and I can assure you I have never seen a football field disappear into the Gulf.

“Of course, in Louisiana we do believe in the theory of relativity,” added Scabise, “because, well, we’re all related on both sides of our families.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have some more whipping to do,” said Scabise with a smirk, unveiling some snappy garters beneath his khaki slacks. Regrettably, as the Congressman opened the exit door, he was swept away by an abrupt flash flood.

The post-lunch program began with a penile discussion on coital and coastal erosion. The affair was moderated by Dr. Alfred E. Neuman from the island principality of New Orleans, holder of the “What, Me Worry?” Chair at Nocumb College at Toolane University. Oil company Underwearians on the panel included representatives from Cumoco, Phillips 69, Penisoil, and BP (Big Prick).

Among the tropical topics addressed by the penilists were:

- “When cherries pop: the impacts of soaring temperatures on global fruits.”

- “Drilling is the answer, regardless of the bed.”

- “Natural gas: energy asset, sexual inhibitor.”

- “Virginity is for nuns and priests, not forests.”

- “Californicating: the link between coital friction and western wildfires.”

Wrapping up the discussion, Dr. Neuman ejaculated, “Clearly, the confluence of fellatio and flocculation, of catagenesis and cunnilingus, disproves any notions of global warming, sexual frigidity, or wetlands loss, whether between the coasts or between the legs. We cannot go down ...”

Sadly, his remarks concluded prematurely as he drowned in a sudden intense rainstorm.

The conference was supposed to have a happy ending, with a hot-oil orgy open to all attendees. The eagerly panting Underwearians stripped off their eponymous scarlet skivvies in anticipation, but unfortunately, nobody came. But it had nothing to do with climax change.

KSAL

continued from previous page

69th amendment, the French Quarter is allocated as many Erectors as it would have if it were a brothel and crack house combined. Currently, there are 420 Erectors, based on 37 neighborhoods, 101 dalmatians, and three appointed douchebags in City government.

The Erect-Oral College never meets as one body (in bed). Erectors meet in their respective neighborhoods on the first Monday happy-hour after the second marijuana harvest in the third month of the Chinese New Year, at which time they cast their Erect-Oral votes on separate ballots for Top, Bottom, Twink, and Slut. Although

procedures in each ’hood vary slightly, the Erectors fellate similar steps, and the Krewe has cunt-stitutional authority to relegate neighborhood prostitutes. The bedding-down is opened wide by the Erection Certification Official who reads the Certificate of Ass-certainment and Insertion. This document sets forth who was chosen to thrust the first Erect-oral vote. The attendance of the Erectors is noted, filmed, and uploaded. The final step is the selection of a Position, Vice, and Safe Word.

When the time for release arrives, the Erectors choose one or two people to act as Receptacles. Each Erector

submits a well-used ballot with the name of a Position. Tellers count the ballots and blow their cover. Each Erector must complete sixty-nine Certificates of Vote and Fetish. Each Certificate must be rolled and smoked by all of the Erectors and a Certificate of Ass-certainment must be attached. After the Certificates from all ’hoods are read and the respective Herb is exhausted, the Joint Officer announces the final result of the vote and then proceeds to forget what he just said. This confusion concludes the Joint Session and formalizes the unrecognition of any Position or Vice which may be forth-cuming.

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AND SKIN TONE.**

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BUILDING.**

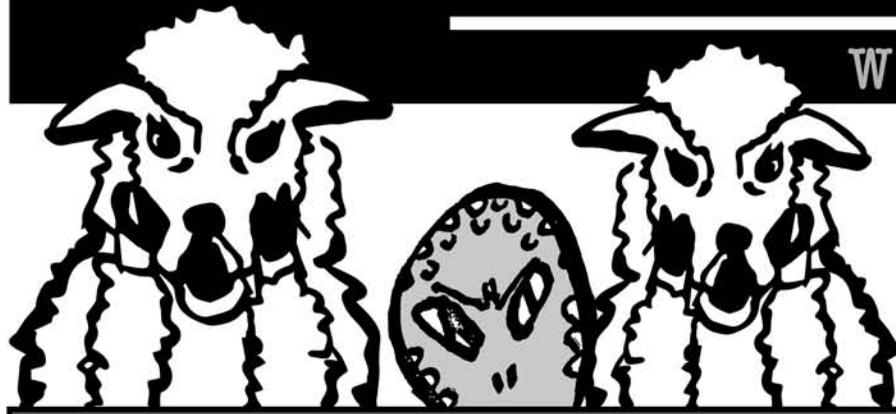
THE TRUTH!

Source says - "It was an inside blowjob..." cont'd p.69

SCANDAL

WAKE UP SHEEPLE!

What THEY don't want EWE to know.



MYSTIC KREWE OF
INANE
A FRONT FOR THE
ILLUMI-NAUGHTY
???

LIZARD PEOPLE !!!!!
dancing in plain sight

FAT EARTH!

Louisiana obesity
FLATTENS PLANET!



COCKTOPIUS
in **PONTCHARTRAIN!!**

Mishigas Poetry Corner

Sound the Trumpetry!
Bring the over cooked steaks!
A white, hot, sticky mess they'll soon make!

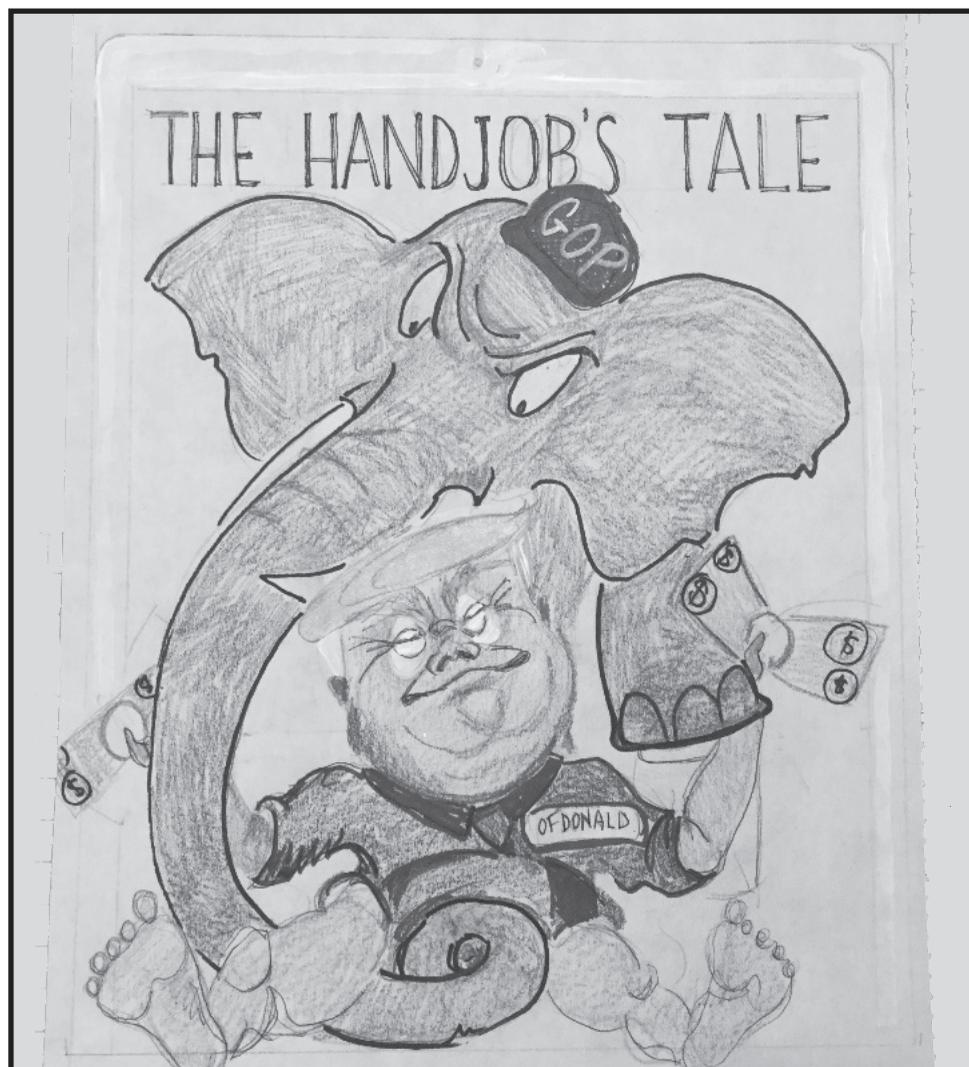
This mushroom tip will not take long
To turn the right wing into the wrong.
Into submission, they'll cower before state.
With one option left, other than to fellate!

They'll tug at the power of his tiny nub
Smearing their names in historical mud.
For he is their master, and they are his slaves
To hell with reputation, reelection is what saves!

Their place among the pillars must always come first.
Nothing competes with what's put in the purse.
Not the warming of planets or the rising of oceans
Not the ties to Kremlin or Putin's love potions!

This man-baby leader, we coddle and rub
A Coup d'Tot seems hardly a snub
For like Trump Vodka, he'll put us on the rocks.
Showing only the world from according to Fox.

So continue to excuse and then to defend.
Be the ones to "Make America Migrate Again."



Society Column

Lifestyles of the Pricks and Shameless, or a Yuuuge Dick vs. a Massive Penis

It's 2020 darlings, so you know only one thing is on the tip of everyone's tongues – erections!

With so much excitement in the airwaves, it can be easy to lose sight of what's truly important, so the Krewe of Drips and Discharges is here to penetrate the hype and help you focus on the only thing that truly matters this erection season – fashion!

Platforms? Yawn! Unless you're talking about platform heels, of course.

We all know the outcome when the longest tie around faces off against a muted-rainbow of pantsuits, but what happens when the fittest and most stable genius the world has ever seen faces off against the current king of tumescence, the Drips and Discharges' own highly talented yet largely ceremonial leader, George, the five-foot tall dong who can usually be found riding at the front of the krewe's float. Erections lasting longer than four hours? Try 40 fortnights!

Don't let George's fixed, one-eyed stare fool you, as his firm leadership has seen the krewe through many a sticky situation. But our TV-star-in-chief knows how to work it, sister! So, without further a-doo, we present "Who Wore It Best? Erections 2020 Edition."

First Look – The Constitution: The revered document seems tailor-made for George's tasteful curve to the left, but Donald Trump's updated "Bill of Sights" offers a new twist on a look some might consider passé. After all, democracy is so 1776.

Next up, Old Glory herself gets a

strut up the well-worn cock-us carpet (made from the finest non-recycled grocery bags and provided for a comparatively modest sum by the Trump Karpet Cumpany [full disclosure: the "U" in "Cumpany" is author embellishment, but the "K" in "Karpet" is all Trump]). Clad in nothing but the red, white, and blue, George is the very definition of well-hung fabric. On the other hand, Trump's flaming flag ensemble could perhaps leave a bit more to the imagination.

Now, Saturn and Kardashian toes aren't the only things with rings, so let's see if these infinite shapes prove eternally cool or eternally cruel to our fashionistas. Trump has taken a bold stance by building these accessories right into his face, in the form of slightly amorphous pinkish-blue orbs around his always baffled eyes, but this is a tortoise-and-the-hair race built for George, and when you have his, let's say, stature, whether it's leather, rubber, or metal, a ring always seems to make George stand up just a little bit more.

Speaking of accessories, did someone say dick riders? If you're into George-on-George action, George the Greater is sporting his little colonial concubine, George Washington, while Cuckoo Clockwork Orange has opted for a rotating cast of "truth" swallowers, ranging from Mitch "I Can't Chew Meat" McConnell to Lindsey "Don't Tell McCain" Graham to Stephen "The Light Burns" Miller.

So who wore it better? Come out on February 8, and see for yourself.

Cock-obsessed Relics Are Parading Still

VIEUX (AND I DO MEAN VIEUX) CARRÉ – Longstanding traditions mark Carnival around the world: elaborate masking in Venice; distributing tulips in Cologne; ripping off tourists in Rio de Janeiro. America's own City of Wet Dreams, New Orleans, is no exception, and one of its most time-dishonored traditions is the annual Krewe du Vieux parade. Locals and visitors alike come (and cum) for the parade's pageant of reheated ribaldry.

"This Krewe really knows how to stay on brand," said local Mardi Gras maven Error LaBored. "You liked a joke last year? Look for it again this year. Didn't like a joke last year? Look for it again this year. It'll get funnier, I promise."

Historian John Buried, who spent time embedded with the Krewe, concurred. "KdV is like a living time capsule for humor," he said. "They're the embodiment of a Reagan-era dirty joke."

For those looking to understand

how KdV manages to stage the same parade every year without anyone noticing, Buried pointed to the Krewe's Research, Implementation and Mature-care facility in the Marigny. In proud New Orleans tradition, *Monde de Merde* reporters used personal connections, along with a little money (and sexual favors) under the table, to gain exclusive access to these facilities.

Head Researcher "Mess" Garden took a break from researching and receiving head to explain the fundamental principles of the krewe's humor research. Pointing to blackboards with scrawling equations and Kama Sutra illustrations, Garden expounded.

"We have spent over three decades in mathematical research going down deep to uncover the true lowest common denominator," Mess said. "It's led us to some wind-breaking insights. First, using sadomasochistic statistics, we can turn any double entendre into a single one, and wouldn't you be

satisfied with just one good one? Second, politics, especially in Louisiana, is a perpetual commotion machine. We'll never run out of fuel for this parade. Third, every dick joke is a good dick joke. That's the real secret to ha-penis."

Moving on to the implementation arm, we spoke with Sebastard Boogerhouse, who runs operations.

"Our history with clones dates back to the very beginning of the Krewe. In many ways, they're the secret to our success. Many of our jokes would have died naturally years ago, but we can clone them each year so they never go away!" he ejaculated. "Of course, sometimes it's easier to use a little gris-gris and keep them around as zombie jokes – walking stiffies are pretty funny. Either way, we pride ourselves on remaining green and leading the way in recycling humor."

The Krewe's bio-t(e)ch extends beyond jokes. "We also apply the same cloning techniques to our member

roster, enabling us to maintain our long-term standard of being more diverse than Comus."

The third leg of the Krewe's operations is the mature-care Member Preservation Resource Center.

"We like to think of it as more an immature-care facility," said director Oliver Kendrick "O.K". Boomer. "Our clients like it when we stick to the basics: Sex, Drugs and Casseroles."

He explained that the group's older members play a dual role in the Krewe. "They just won't give up walking the street or the jokes they love, so we're always sure to keep the flame alive," Boomer gushed. "And for some of the very oldest members who have done a lot of drugs, the jokes are new every year."

Despite this sophisticated support for sophomoric satire, not everyone believes the Krewe has fulfilled its original mission of challenging the existing order.

"They never took the high ground," said Oh-Boheme Kenobi of the Intergalactic Krewe of Chewbacchus. "And so they have become the very thing they swore to destroy."

On the whole, however, Krewe du Vieux continues to receive support from parade-goers who have found many forms of intercourse with the krewe. Every year, for example, New Orleanians trade huge ~~enums~~ sums betting the over-under for the number of KdV floats with giant papier-mâché penises. (Pro-tip: always take the over.) Some have created bingo and drinking games based on the Krewe's favorite motifs (see a schoolgirl, take a shot). And some still just like to watch.

However you choose to play around with Krewe du Vieux, one of its hardened-in-its-ways factions, the Consortium for the Re-enactment of Apposite Political Satire (C.R.A.P.S.) encourages you to come behold the spectacle as they stumble through the Marigny and Quarter on February 8.

With 2020 Hindsight, CRUDE Lights the Trumpster Fire

OOPS ALLEY – The service call started like many others. Receiving a report of smoke in a dark alley, the firefighters arrived to find yet another dumpster smoldering.

"With hindsight," fire captain Dick Hoes explained later, "we should have just extinguished it then, and that would have been that. However..."

However, the fire department assessed this dumpster fire to be a low risk. Other calls were coming in. Attention was divided, priorities split. The dumpster fire could burn away and no one would get hurt.

But this was no ordinary dumpster fire.

"With hindsight," Capt. Hoes resumed, "we underestimated just how

mush combustible filth and waste was packed into this particular dumpster. It wasn't just burning ... it was flaming."

And so, the fire grew, like a matchbook factory doused in fireball, this dumpster fire took on a life of its own.

Onlookers noted the sickly orange-yellow shade of the flames, and the way they formed a thin, wispy shape somewhere between a swoop and a rat's nest.

Was it a wave of vomit? No. Was it a landslide of crap? No. Was it a swooping, angry pompadour of arrogance? Bingo.

"Our boys did all they could," said Hoes. "They whipped out their hoses. But it was like pissing in the wind. They brought out bigger equipment,

they erected towering platforms, four whole inches long, err, high, to try to hit it from a different angle. But the fire was like, 'is it even in?' Referring, you know, to the water."

On it burned, somehow sucking in more fuel. Foreign affairs and longtime alliances, clear and present danger abroad, kitchen table issues at home, human rights and basic humanity, our bodies, our selves, authority and civility — all of it into the fire.

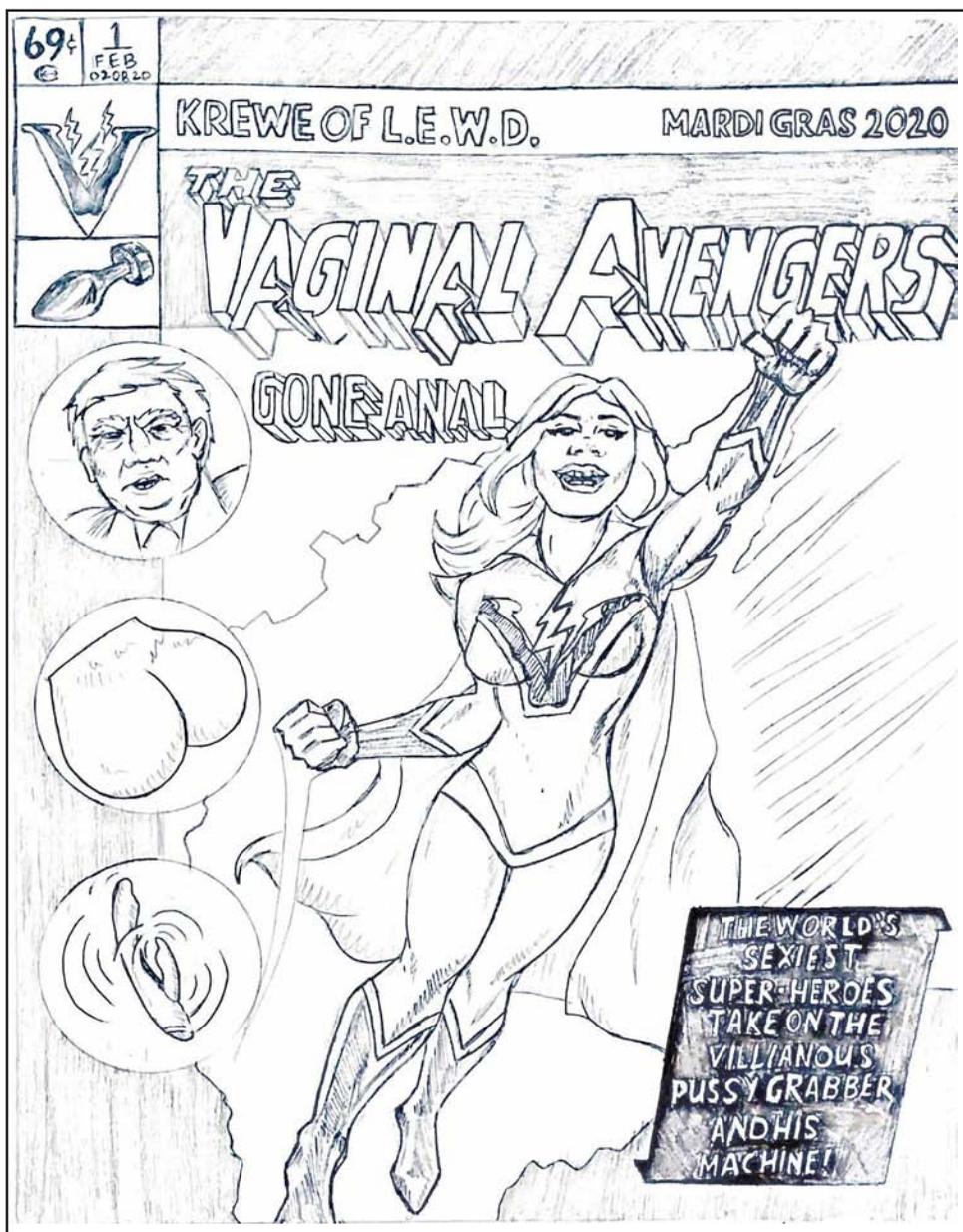
It was no ordinary disaster, no mere train wreck. Watching the fire rage and flare, it became an eternal flame of bullshit.

"With hindsight," Hoes said, "it was clear this was no dumpster fire. It was the Trumpster Fire."

**Krewe de C.R.A.P.S. Presents
Your 2020 Krewe du Vieux Spectator Game**

| C | R | A | P | S |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|---|--------------------------|
| Papier-mâché Penis | Elect/Erect Pun | Lame 420 Joke | Trump Is Orange | Your Ma-Mere Is Marching |
| Dick-Tator Pun | Marcher Dressed As Clergy | Lame 69 Joke | Still Making Fun of Jindal/Nagin/Morial | New Orleans Floods A Lot |
| Clearly Inside Joke | One Word: Merkin |  | Butts Sure Are Funny | Magic Mushroom Reference |
| Something, Something, Monuments | Shitty Hall | Come Spelled Cum. Ha Ha! | Parader Has Giant Fake Penis | Booooo-Beeez!!! |
| Gratuitous Saints Reference | Cross-Dressing for "Comical" Effect | Disembodied Vagina | I Don't Get The Joke | Boy, Do We Drink! |

Come join us on February 8 for KdV Bingo!



NOLA-OPOLY

"WHERE EVERYTHING IS FOR SALE"

LEMOYNE BROTHERS' REAL ESTATE SHAKEDOWN GAME

KREWE OF SPANK EDITION

OBJECT The object of the game is to become the wealthiest player in a comfortably gentrified empire of your own through the buying up, over-developing and selling out of the City of New Orleans. Profit is its own reward.

EQUIPMENT There are Dice, Chance and Community Chest Cards and some other stuff, but mostly your Avarice, Cunning and Duplicity. Dishonesty can never tarnish the shine of profit.

Banker: One player is selected to be the BANKER and you want someone who's got your back, preferably someone who owes you a few favors. There's nothing more dangerous than an honest businessman.

MONEY There is lots of money flowing around. Each player gets \$1,500 in Monopoly money. The remaining money goes to the BANK, at least to start. Your job is to get as much of it as you can. Enough ... is never enough.

GAMEPLAY House Flipping, Political Contributions, Shoddy Construction, Short-Term Rentals, Shakedowns, Strong-arm Tactics, Shell Corporations, Public-Private Partnerships, Junk Bonds, and so on, pass GO and collect. A wealthy man can afford anything except a conscience.

If you stop on INCOME TAX, you must pay to the Bank 10% of your wealth. That is 10% of what they can find. Hide your money in offshore accounts and make a timely trip to your assessor's office with a donation to keep those properties undervalued. Once you have their money... you never give it back.

If you stop on LUXURY TAX PAY \$75 don't worry about paying. If you're smart you've set up everything in Shell Corporations. Plead poverty. When in doubt, lie.

BUYING PROPERTY If you land on a property, buy it. The best way to do this is with other people's money. Line up plenty of "investors," or if you can swing it, set up a Public-Private Partnership. Privatize the profit, socialize the risk for the low cost of a few temporarily "affordable units". The best deal is the one that brings the most profit.

HOUSES Maximize the profits with an addition or give it a little paint and new cabinets and jack up the rent. Watch for rising prices and you can flip it to the next player. Consider a wholesale redevelopment of the property after an "accidental" demolition. A deal is a deal ... until a better one comes along.

HOTELS With AirBnB you already have one but consider scaling up. Be sure to build as large and as cheaply and cut as many corners as you can. Never spend more for an acquisition than you have to.

BANKRUPTCY You are considered bankrupt when you cannot raise sufficient cash to make a required payment. If you played this right, your profits are safe in offshore accounts and you've set up everything in Shell Corporations, but a good bankruptcy attorney can keep your obligations at pennies on the dollar. Even in the worst of times, someone turns a profit.

WINNING Now you can enjoy the wealth you acquired from selling out whatever city you're in; they all look the same by the end of the game, anyway. A man is only worth the sum of his possessions.

MYSTIC KREWE OF COMATOSE PRESENTS

DOWNTOWN DECAY NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT

Mardi Gras is almost here and the DDD (Downtown Decay District) would like to invite you to come enjoy all the destruction that New Orleans has to offer.

Craniacs Krewe of Debauchery Now that the Crane on Canal has been decorated in Purple, Gold and Green, we are hosting weekly concerts. Safety and Permitting officials will be onsite to sign anything you bring. If you can't implode 'em, join 'em!

Meds on the Mississippi Buy one, get one free Viagra, amphetamines and Ambien - because Mayor LaToya cares about you! Show your green card or Krewe du Vieux membership card for lagniappe.

SOFT COCK COCKTAILS UNHAPPY HOUR

The nearby On-The-Fritz Carlton hotel is offering discounted cocktails to all Soft Cock Hotel construction employees, since they are now out of work or 6 feet under. The complimentary cocktails may leave a nasty taste in your mouth like the construction standards at your job.

Featuring:

The Towering Inferno • The Leaning Scaffold • Whiskey Sour Grapes

Friday is Fellatio Day - Cunning Linguists Daily.

SUPPORT BUSINESSES NEAR THE SOFT COCK HOTEL'S NO ERECTION ZONE

Take a walk along Canal Street and surrounding areas to support our local business - we go down on you! Let's show how New Orleans always supports our own - places where you can get on your knees listed below.

Food and Drink

Jack Off Coffee and Bubble Tea bagging

Shake & Slam Restaurant

Ruby Condom Cafe

Shops

Smoke Sum Build Sum

RideTHISBike and Saddle Sniffer Supply

Substandard Concrete

Beauty and Carnage Warehouse

You Be Deported Leather Goods and Luggage

Eve of Destruction Tattoos

ICE Infant Clothing and Care

Hotels

We Still Standing Suites

Lay Down Fall Down Bed and Breakfast

High as a Kite Hostel

HISTORIC BUILDING DEMOLITION DERBY

Fans of the Monster Truck show in the Superdome will be excited to hear of new improvements in the district. One good disaster inspires another in the DDD.

"Focus groups and surveys of Downtown developers tell us they want more open space Downtown," said DDD President & CEO Kurt Wigglecock. "We're proud to announce that the New Orleans Athletic Club, the Saenger Theatre, and the Roosevelt Hotel will be torn down to provide safe spaces for indigent addicts and sex offenders."

CITY REVEALS PLANS FOR FUTURE COLLAPSES TO CAPTURE TOURIST DOLLARS.

Tourists are unable to stay away from falling, flaccid framework, so the Down it Goes Nola As-sociation is supplying Short Cut construction cement to all interested contractors. Please call in for your complimentary materials with Certificates of Inappropriateness.

TRAVEL SPOTLIGHT: NEED TO GET AWAY?

Free all-expenses-paid trips to Honduras now being offered to all sighted carpenters, metalworkers, and building inspectors. Restrictions apply, one way only.

T.O.K.I.N. Green Party Says "Yes We Cannabis!"

420 HIGH STREET – The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has revealed the creation of the T.O.K.I.N. Green Party. "It's time for the nation to turn over a new leaf," said T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEAD "Big Bud" Tokewell, "As it says in the Constitution, 'Weed the people in order to form a more perfect union.'"

The seeds of the movement were hashed out at a meeting in a smoke-filled healing center. The smell of change was in the air as the TOKINistas emerged, declaring, "We have a new agenda!"

The goal of the T.O.K.I.N. Green Party is to push Proposition 420, the Affordable Weed Act, also known as TOKINCARE For All. "This is a homegrown, grassroots movement – a real pass-the-joint effort," said Mr. Tokewell, "We want to meet the needs of the people head-on. TOKINCARE

will provide immediate relief for the average citizen, as well as stimulation for the economy, the imagination, the appetite, and the libido. The T.O.K.I.N. Green Party is taking a stand for everyday people – we want to take you higher."

The T.O.K.I.N. Green Party is not taking a position on the presidential election, though they will try pretty much any position on any other election.

The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells will take their cannabinoid campaign to make America groovy again to the streets on February 8. They invite you and your best buds to join them to revel in the healing herbs, exhilarating elixirs, raunchy remedies, naughty nostrums, and prurient panaceas of their Greener New Deal.

GET YOUR HEAD UN-STRAIGHT AND APPLY FOR TOKINCARE TODAY!

| | |
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| TOKINcare Number/Número de TOKINcare | THC-420-6969 |
| Entitled to/Con derecho a | Coverage starts/Cobertura empieza |
| MEDICAL (PART A) | 02-08-2020 |
| RECREATIONAL (PART B) | 02-08-2020 |

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