



Le Monde de Merde

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Commits "Crimes Against Nature"

Deon Haywood to Rule the Ass Menagerie

NEW ORLEANS – Mother Nature finally fought back this past year, unleashing hurricanes, earthquakes, tornados, droughts, floods, fires, and the Republican presidential candidates on a nation and a world that has been ravaging and plundering her for years. Yet the offenses against the environment, humanity, intelligence and common indecency just kept piling up like used electronic devices in a third world landfill.

The biggest eruption blew up the global economy. Greek taxpayers (now there's an oxymoron), frugal Italians (ditto) and Congressional experts (you get the idea) combined to form a worldwide financial plan that even Bernie Madoff described as "unbelievable". The U.S. federal debt extended further than the Hubble Space Telescope could see, even as the government's credit rating was reduced to SAP (sub-atomic particle) by SAP (Standard and Poors). The Eurogenous zone suffered from palpitations and premature withdrawals, while unemployment everywhere led to extreme Social Insecurity.

Political upheaval shook the Middle East. Tunisia, Egypt and Yemen ousted long-time dictators who had tyrannized them for years (frequently replacing them with religious wingnuts who will tyrannize them for years), and even liberals supported the invasion of Dubya, where strongman/lunatic Moammar Khadaffi ducked unsuccessfully for cover. Closer to home, the Arabi Spring produced regime change in St. Bernard Parish.

There was almost as much turmoil on the national scene, as protestors occupied Wall Street and locations in many other major cities to focus attention on income disparities, obscene corporate profits and the lack of personal hygiene instruction in public schools. The message was often uncoordinated among different groups – for example, the Occupy Bourbon Street protestors were heard claiming "We are

the 69%" – and by year's end, most of the encampments had been swept away.

The unfortunate exception was Occupy Washington, where federal legislators refused to budge from their positions.

Even this could not compare with the turbulence on the Republican campaign trail, where candidates' poll numbers rose and fell faster than the stock market or even Lady Gaga's heaving breasts. But what a show they put on.

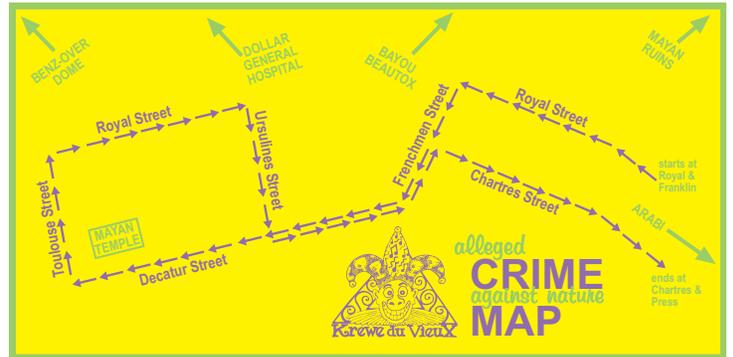
Mitt Romney did his predecessor as a candidate from Massachusetts, John Kerry, one better by being for everything before he was against it. This helped his poll numbers stay more consistent than any other's. Despite her extreme right pandering, Michele Bachmann couldn't turn her campaign into overdrive, and Newt Gingrich's entire staff quit to go to work for Fannie Mae.

Running on a campaign to reduce big government, Ron Paul promised that if elected President, his first official act would be to eliminate the office of the President. At least he remembered what he was running for, which was more than could be said for Rick Perry. Herman Cain was front-runner for a few titillating weeks, but he mostly ended up running from his wife.

As *Monde de Merde* went to press, "None of the Above" (aka Rick Santorum) was the latest leader in the primary polls, and was also running even with President Yomama in a national survey.

In Louisiana, Gov. Bombay Jindal eked out a second term against a field that included ... maybe ... at least ... gosh, we're almost certain that somebody else ran ... might even have been a Democrat for all we know.

Things In New Orleans were pretty quiet (other than the constant sound of gunshots) after Mayor Moonson Mitch gained control of the Public Belt Railroad Board, the NORD Commission, the Aviation Board, the New Orleans Business



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 4, 2012 at 6:30 PM

Alliance, the Planning Commission, and even the little-known Crepe Myrtle Color Selection Advisory Council. Reports that he would soon be running for Captain of Krewe du Vieux could not be confirmed. With most of its political class under indictment, Jefferson Parish was also unnaturally calm.

Speaking of which, the supernatural Krewe, long-known for its many high crimes and crimes of passion, has decided to conduct its own march of crimes through the Marigny and the French Quarter on **Saturday, February 4 at 6:30 PM**. The felonious monks and misdemaneors of the Krewe will commit petting crimes and plead for the fifths while laying down as many lawyers as possible. Parade-goers are advised to scatter jail bait in front of the marchers, hide behind bars, and be on the lookout for arrested developments.

Cracking the whip, orchestrating the unnatural actions and conducting criminal classes for the parade this year will be Queen Deon Haywood. Executive Director of Women With A Vision – and a sight to be seen herself – the Divine Queen Deon is an extraordinary advocate and change-maker in the fight for equity, justice and the right to commit natural acts. She will scatter treasures, trinkets, tickets, summonses, excitations, subpoenas, and maybe even a few passionate pardons as she falls out along the route.

The Krewe du Vieux's sixteen subkrewes will each present their own naturally subhuman, subprime, sublime, subliminal, and occasionally criminal 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, and Krewe du Mishigas.

Also marching will be many of the city's top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions that Sheriff Marlon Gusman doesn't claim to need space for in his proposed new 18 kazillion bed jail.

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

Deon Haywood: Queen With A Vision

It takes a special kind of person to be the Queen of Krewe du Vieux.

It also takes a special kind of person to devote herself to fighting for the rights of some of our society's most neglected members: women, primarily of color, poor, often not well educated, sometimes addicted to drugs, many of them sex workers, no small number the victims of abuse.

This kind of work requires vision – which happens to be a specialty of Deon Haywood, Executive Director of Women With A Vision and the Queen of Krewe du Vieux 2012.

You could even say Queen Deon was born to this work, since her mother was one of eight women who founded Women With A Vision more than twenty years ago. “They were simply women who cared about their community,” recalls the Queen. “They were especially concerned about AIDS and its impact in the African-American community and on women, which was not really getting a lot of attention.”

The organization operated somewhat as a collective for many years, but post-Katrina, the group felt it needed more structure in order to achieve its mission and expand its reach. The job of executive director fell to our Queen largely by default – not at all unlike the way the job of Captain of Krewe du Vieux is usually filled.

The challenges are considerable. In our “get tough on crime” society, simply having an arrest on one's record – even without a conviction – has become a substantial barrier to employment. Our questing Queen has observed that many female sex workers who are charged with “crimes against nature” are simply women with few economic resources, hungry mouths to feed and a light bill to pay. Turning a few tricks becomes almost the only alternative to being turned out on the street.

“Then they get arrested, and any chance they have of getting a real job goes away almost completely,” she explains. “They get branded as `sex

offenders`, and some of them are no longer allowed even to bring their children to school. It's like the system gives them little option other than to go right back to the same activities.

“They don't feel like they are hurting anyone,” continues the Queen, who adds that many of the women she works with have histories of abuse, or mental illness; some are even army veterans who are suffering from post-traumatic stress disorders. “Of course, many of them are hurting themselves.”

One major recent achievement of her organization has been changing some of the city and state laws to reduce the impact on sex workers. First time prostitution charges are now simply municipal offenses, which should be a relief to many Krewe du Vieux members as well, and state law no longer mandates that even a first time conviction carries the sex offender stigma.

Despite her leadership role, Queen Deon says “I never walk into my office and feel my life is any different from the people we serve. I'm not doing anything really special, just something that needs to be done.”

Possibly her greatest achievement is that many of her clients are now actively participating in advocating for these needed reforms. “Many of these women now feel like they are part of the community instead of outcasts and outsiders, and they feel they have a right to have a say in what goes on in the community. They are thinking clearly and they are speaking loudly!”

Needless to say, finding funding to support this kind of work can be a challenge. Fortunately we have a creative Queen, and Women With A Vision's next fundraiser is right around the corner. It's called “Come Pee with WWAV”: if you are going to watch the Eudymion parade anywhere near the corner of Canal and Jeff Davis, for \$10 you can get a wristband and use the facilities at the WWAV office all day.

“Two bathrooms and you can wash your hands afterwards!” proclaims our

always health-conscious Queen.

It's not surprising that she would figure out a way to link her work to one of her favorite New Orleans pastimes. A lifelong New Orleanian, Queen Deon has been doing Mardi Gras since she was a small child, following the Indians with her parents.

She has also been a faithful follower of Krewe du Vieux, going back to some of the earliest days when the parade was little more than a couple hundred drunks staggering to a bar. From her favorite spot on Royal Street, she has watched the parade through rain, cold and asthma attacks. “I'm always excited to see the themes, to see how people are going to dress. And to see what throws you're going to get,” she adds with the look of someone who has caught a few throws.

Still, she never expected to become KdV royalty.

“Last year was extremely stressful, and I had just gotten back from a much-needed vacation,” recalls the Queen. “I walked into my office, and my secretary told me that some man had left a message for me on Sunday. I had just opened a letter turning down a grant application of ours, so I wasn't in a great mood, and I just brushed it off. Then this guy called again, and I was like `Who is this? What do you want?’

“When he said that they wanted me to

be Queen of Krewe du Vieux, I said `You gotta be shittin' me. Who is this really?’”

When she find out that it was for real, she started screaming with excitement. When she passed the news on to her partner, she had the same reaction.

“One great thing about New Orleans is that there are so many things here that other people see as weird but we just think of as normal,” comments the Queen. “Krewe du Vieux is one of those things.”

“All of us are connected for a reason, that's the beauty of being from this city,” she continues, speaking both of her work to bring forgotten individuals back into the mainstream of society and of the whole Carnival experience.

“I'm truly honored and excited to be the Queen,” quoth she. “What better Krewe to roll with? Krewe du Vieux is the only group of people that can truly make fun of the screwed-up kinds of laws we have in this state.” (Not to mention violate large numbers of those laws at the same time.)

As she prepares a lusty, busty Victorian sort of look for the big day, Queen Deon offers these final words for her loyal subjects: “You have to be a part of something – 2012 is not the year to stand still! Find something you believe in and be part of it. Along the way, drink and be merry and enjoy Mardi Gras in all its glory!”

Krewe du Vieux Doo
Saturday, February 4 • Doors open 9:00 PM • Music starts 9:30 PM
Habitat for Humanity ReStore
2830 Royal Street between Press and St. Ferdinand Streets
featuring in order of appearance
Brass Band Jam
Walter “Wolfman” Washington's Afunkalypse
with special guest Fred Wesley
Late Night Music by Morning 40 Federation
◆◆◆
TICKETS \$30
Available from
Louisiana Music Factory • 210 Decatur Street
Up in Smoke • 2101 Magazine Street
Petccetera • 3205 Magazine Street
Plum • 5430 Magazine Street
Live Art Studio • 4207 Dumaine Street

Comatose Launches Dollar General Hospital

MUD CITY – Now that the entire center of the city has been demolished for the world’s biggest hospital complex and parking lot, dazed survivors are gaping at a muddy crater the size of an inverted Mercedes-Benz Superdome. “The Great Hole of Mid-City” is clearly visible from space, eclipsing The Great Wall of China and even a few nearby Wal-Marts.

Meanwhile, dazed survivors from all over Louisiana are seeking medical help at any cost. People with abscesses from Abbeville and amputees from Cut Off are just a few of the victims. “How am I going to get my penis reduction surgery?” asked the mayor of Big Branch. “Will I find a surgeon to remove my seeds?” inquired a vasectomy-seeking father of 14 from Pumpkin Center.

The list of humble, stricken Louisiana villagers is frightfully long, but a few more deserve mention: “Where will I be getting my salve?” worried Chappy from Dry Prong. “Who be treatin’ my bikini wax abrasions?” queried Muffy Merkin, an exotic dancer from Bush. “How will I get my sex addiction therapy?” pondered a nymphomaniac from Vixen. “Can I still get domestic violence counseling?” wondered an asshole from the town of Abita-My-Wife.

That the problems go from head to foot is obvious when a Cajun from Lafitte needs a peauxdiarist. “I gots me more bunions than onions!” he cried. “How’m I gonna foot this bill?”

Construction of the ill-conceived mother-of-all-hospitals has been painfully slow. Were it not for sleuths from the town of Eureka!, misplaced blueprints might never have been found. Other mysteries have plagued the project, like why LSU paid \$11 million to tear down the long-established Blood Center only to make it a “green space”. Do golfers plan to draw blood there?

To help bridge the gap in affordable care for people still on the edge this year, the Mystick Krewe of Comatose has developed “Dollar General Hospital,”

America’s first and only fully staffed Mardi Gras/ Soap Opera/ Urgent Care float. Rolling through the sick and unwashed masses, it will attack sexually transmitted diseases and sordid medical maladies heads on.

“The poor schmucks are gonna get change for their buck when we fix ‘em up,” Comatose paramedics boasted. “Drug stores with thrifty in-store clinics will suddenly have some competition,” gynecologist Dr. Buster Hymen added. “People with medical problems will soon get transplants for less than a happy meal at McDonald’s.”

What’s behind this revolutionary change in health care? How can such a thing be possible?

Thanks to the minimum wage and their high volume of (mostly high) patients, Comatose doctors have learned to diagnose and prescribe on the fly. Prescriptions will fill the air on February 4th as new patients receive introductory-priced medicine. “Why waste money on clean needles?” asked a local junkie. “There could be some good stuff left in the old ones!”

Look for smokable green coupons good for “Nanosecond Eye Screening” from the Glaucomatose specialists. Free membership in the Monkey Hill Marijuana Club is another bit of lagniappe glaucoma patients will love. Soap opera fans of General Hospital will be delighted to see dysfunctional, sex-starved doctors and nurses from daytime television inject humor and antibiotics into parade-goers. “Hands-on” physicians plan to grope as many revelers as possible, searching for tumors and bulges.

“It’s about time that America’s favorite daytime soap teams up with the number one distributor of cheap crap,” said the President of the DGH Corporation. “If the Congress of this bankrupt country can’t afford to treat decrepit baby boomers, it’s up to the ingenuity of slick retailers to step in.”

Big Lotz, Dollah General and Doc-

tors-R-Us have agreed to chip in for the chipmunk’s share of funding for this nickel-and-dime clinic. Coupon-clippers and blue-light-special shoppers will delight in the savings. “Waiting in line for complicated procedures is a thing of the past,” said Surgeon General B. Parsimonious of the Obama Administration. “When people voted for change, we broke out the coin purse!”

Promiscuous politicians like Senator David Vitter touted their influence at reducing the cost of the 1.1 quadrillion dollar hospital by a dollar, while secretly funding a Hookers Hotel across the street. “It may look like Tulane Avenue on this side,” he said at the ground-breaking, “but it’ll always be Airline Highway to us,” alluding to its tawdry past. “Huey Long and Jimmy Swaggart both committed crimes against nature up and down this stretch of Highway 61, so we’re gonna need drive-thru venereal care!”

The new, kazillion-dollar hospital will feature specialized wings to deal with Crimes Against Nature. Donations are pouring in like floodwaters. Audubon Zoo is picking up the cost of a Bestiality Treatment Center. Friends of the Cadildo will focus on Fellatio tutorials and vibrator hygiene. The Insectarium generously offered to cure patients predisposed to buggery, while Tulane’s English Department will counsel cunninglinguists. Videos of old Saints games will be shown on an IMAX screen to lift patients out of depression. The “Tropic of Cancer” Oncology Unit plans to show erotic films to its clients during those boring radiation treatments.

Access to perversions will finally be affordable as well. “Merging the Coroner’s office with Comatose’s Necrophilia Center just makes sense!” explained Dr. Bobblehead Klutz of the Nasty Disease Center. “Most of the raunchy bars and hellholes we demolished in Central City nourished these abominations previously, so we just put them right back where they were.”

Smokey the Bear to Seek GOP Nomination

With the majority of Republican voters still expressing dissatisfaction with the presidential primary field, the door has remained open for a new candidate to enter the fray. However, today’s announcement caught even seasoned political observers off guard: the newest entry into the Republican race is Smokey the Bear.

The centerpiece of Mr. Bear’s campaign will be his strong support for Second Amendment rights, a stand sure to garner substantial conservative voter support. Said Smokey, “Of course I support the right to bear arms. I am appalled that anyone would even consider tearing the arms off of poor, innocent bears.”

While most of the other candidates refused to comment, Rick Perry claimed that the new opponent didn’t bother him in the least. Said the Texas governor, “I’ve hunted bigger game than that. I’ve hunted in Texas, I’ve hunted in Colorado, I’ve hunted in, um, gee, what’s the name of that other state ... you know ... gosh, I just can’t seem to remember it right now. Oops.”

Caught relaxing in his basement, former candidate Herman Cain stated, “I don’t recall meeting any Smokey the Bear, but if I did, I’m sure nothing inappropriate happened.”

Democratic political operatives were dismissive of Smokey’s chances. “We don’t really see his campaign catching fire,” commented one DNC staffer.

The Falstaff building–inspired giant thermometer atop the new hospital will glow brightly in the night. The collective temperature of the citizenry will be easily seen from afar when Yellow Fever, Dengue Fever or Superbowl Fever threatens. The ball on top will also keep track of the city’s murder count. Funding for Dollar General Hospital’s Pain Clinic will be administered by the traffic camera division of City Hall which has mastered the art of economic torture.

Jewpocalypse: Beyond the Mercedes Dome!

JACKSTAHIR SQUARE – Early Saturday night, after Shabbat, in a violent exodus that shook up Pharaoh Smellgibson of abitch’s kingdom, the rebel Mishigas tribe, led by Jeff “Grumpy” and Mindy “Miriam” Maccabeaux, broke out of the Mercedes Dome in a mishugenah flight for freedom. The streets were filled with screams of “Mamsers!” and “Putznosher!” directed at the Pharaoh’s palace. “The Mishigas Jews of Neaux Mercedesland have had enough,” kvetched Maccabeaux.

“They came crashing out of that place like a group of gonifs running out on the check,” said one stunned bystander.

By late Saturday night, the streets outside the *Passion of the Priced* mall, Neaux Mercedesland’s premier shopping center, were strewn with half-eaten Reuben sandwiches and torn movie posters.

This was not the Pharaoh’s first run-in with the Mishigas tribe. Pharaoh Old-blueandwhiteface has a long history of impassive Jew-hating. Known as “He whose many names are impossible to pronounce but are all oddly appropriate,” Pharaoh Braveantisemitheart described the scene as a “Jewpocalypse” and has vowed to harden his heart, make even more hyper-violent movies, and put the Mishigas tribe back in its domed ghetto. “It’s all their fault,” he explained in a drunken stupor. “All the wars in history, the potholes in Neaux Mercedesland, New Coke, Keeping Up With the Kardashians, all their fault!”

Pharaoh Drunkendriwingifebeating-whateightkids! l getanannulment’s reign has been rocky from the start. He quickly rose to power after learning the secret of the 2012 Mayan catastrophe while directing *Apocalypso*. A skilled maven of scapegoating, he was able to gain control of a lazy population fed on a steady diet of Faux News.

Shortly after taking power, Pharaoh Watchoutor! l gohighlandonyourass made the city of New Orleans his seat of power, renaming it Neaux Mercedes-

land. At the renaming ceremony, Pharaoh Ohtobealiveduringthethirdreich stated, “I can’t quite put my finger on it, but there’s always been something about early twentieth-century German history that I’ve admired.”

“The reign of Pharaoh Myfamilytree-isfullofneonazis has brought nothing but tsuris,” said Maccabeaux. “He has oppressed the local Jewish population using the lethal weapons of badly matched plaids, anti-Semitic slurs, and inflated prices at his *Passion of the Priced* mall.”

“*Passion of the Priced* mall is totally ridiculous,” added Michegas macher Joe Blechstein. “You can get anything cheaper elsewhere. It was never like that in the old days, when you could just one-stop shop at bargain-basement prices. And none of the shopkeepers speak English, either! Have you ever tried shopping in Aramaic or Mayan? It’s impossible to buy anything over two zuzim without major negotiations.”

Local yenta Fanny Gold stated that it is the terrible reign of Pharaoh Mybigmouthismylethalweapon that led directly to the Jewpocalypse. “We won’t take it from that schmuck! His stomach should rumble so badly that you’ll think it was a Purim noisemaker! He should drink too much castor oil, and not be able to find a pot!”

As the city braces for an unknown future after the Jewpocalypse, Neaux Mercedesland residents are left with more questions than a Yeshiva bochur. “I wonder if I can get anyone to come in and steam clean the carpets after the Jewpocalypse?” asked a frantic Ada Klutzman, “I’m not going to leave a dirty hovel, what would the goyem think?”

The Tribe of Mishigas will continue its flight for freedom at the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 4th. Said Maccabeaux, “After wandering in the desert for forty years, one night of meandering through the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter is a piece of babka.”

Mama Roux’s Arabi Spring Collection

BAYOU BOUTIQUE – Taking a cue from the streets, where people on the Westbank of New Orleans were occupying the mall, Mama Roux decided it was time to throw off the yoke of fashion slavery and launch a Fashion Revolution!

“The best designs are right in our own backyard, with such home-grown muses as Torrid Banks and Heidi Coon,” said former Arabi resident-made-good, Charmaine de la Couture, personal fashion advisor to Jersey Shore’s celeb Snookie.

A fashion plate since her teens, Charmaine and her group of girlfriends were fondly known as the “Chic of Arabi”. From the beginning of her design career in Beautician’s Village, Charmaine’s signature style consisted of hot-pink smocks, animal print scarves, and bejeweled shrimp boots, all topped off with fabulously tall platinum blonde bouffants. This infamously came to be known as the Arabi Spring Collection and was eagerly snatched up by the buyers at Sex Fourth Avenue.

Charmaine has something new up her sleeve for the upcoming Fall line, which will heavily feature that rascally little critter, the nutria. A member of the Righteous Fur Movement, Charmaine

believes in the sustainable idea of accessorizing with road kill. “If you can’t run over good ones, get your men out there to shoot those things! They make fabulous purses, chokers, cummerbunds, bras, and cod pieces! Bring those shrimp boots up a notch by lining them with nutria. Fur is forever!” declared Charmaine.

She added, “If you are having a problem with cellulite, my new line of pants can do the trick. Dose poufy Genie pants sure help cover all dat cellulite, especially dose flabby fried erster thighs. Throw away that spandex! And those adorned shrimp boots are a fashion must for those thousand and one Knights of Columbus parties!”

Also providing a miracle cover-up is Charmaine’s clever and alluring use of fishnetting. She advises, “Fishnet can help hide caked makeup and unsightly facial hair. It can also disguise you when speeding thru those pesky red lights.”

Mama Roux invites those who understand that “It’s all about Beauty” to join her on February 4 at the Krewe du Vieux parade as she struts her stuff down the runway for the new Arabi Spring Collection. “Fashionistas rule!” declared da Chic of Arabi.

Tinkerbell to Seek GOP Nomination

With the majority of Republican voters still expressing dissatisfaction with the presidential primary field, the door has remained open for a new candidate to enter the fray. However, today’s announcement caught even seasoned political observers off guard: the newest entry into the Republican race is Tinkerbell.

Tink seemed right at home in the Republican field. When queried about her foreign policy, the candidate replied, “I don’t need to know about national borders or geopolitics, because I can be a light on the wall anywhere I want to.” She did, however, pledge to maintain the long-standing U.S. alliance with

Neverland.

According to her campaign manager, Peter Pan, Tinkerbell is receiving strong support from Log Cabin Republicans. “They really want a fairy in the race,” observed Mr. Pan, “and they obviously have a loose grip on reality in the first place.”

Another asset for the new candidate is the existence of a strong field operation. Known as the Lost Boys, they are expected to mobilize in key primary states within days.

Democratic political operatives were dismissive of Tinkerbell’s chances. “We just don’t believe,” commented one DNC staffer. “They should just grow up.”

Underwear Unveils Cosmetic Surgery Clinic on Bayou Beautox

BAYOU BEAUTOX—Capitalizing on the current trend of ever more Americans seeking to improve their personal appearance without actually having to work for it, the always enterprising Krewe of Underwear has opened a new cosmetic surgery center. Established in an isolated location on the little-known Bayou Beautox, the clinic is operated by the surgical team of Doctors Snip, Clip, Nip and Tuck.

However, initial reports from a source inside the clinic indicate that some procedures have not gone exactly as planned.

According to a clinic nurse who would not give her full name, one of the first patients was New Orleans Chief of Police Ronal Serpas, who came in for a blepharoplasty. Said the source, a Ms. Negli J., “Someone’s signals got crossed, and the nose they gave Chief Serpas was actually intended for Porky Pig.”

In another case of alleged patient confusion, Mayor Mitch Landrieu and Council Member Jackie Clarkson entered the clinic for hair transplants on the same day – but somehow Ms. Clarkson got all the hair. Shortly thereafter, Senator David Vitter checked in for a laser tattoo removal procedure; unconfirmed reports from the clinic staff indicate that Mrs. Vitter snuck into the operating room, adjusted the laser to a higher power, and more than the Senator’s tattoo was removed.

National political figures have also experienced difficulties while patronizing the facility. Mitt Romney was turned away because his health insurance plan had lapsed. Rick Perry was mistaken for a hair donor and barely escaped with his coif intact. And an unnamed Georgia politician was seen running from the clinic screaming “They turned me into a Newt!”

A brief statement from the Krewe of Underwear laced into the allegations of operations gone bad. “The Bayou Beautox clinic is top-drawers, bra’, and

there’s no need for anyone to get their panties in a wad,” said the release, quoting a spokesman identified only as “Teddy”. Nevertheless, a new security squad of retired boxers has recently been seen patrolling the clinic grounds, under the leadership of the renowned Vietnamese martial arts specialist Mai “Tiny” Thong.

Furthermore, recent surveillance of the site by an intrepid *Monde de Merde* reporter revealed some unusual activities.

For starters, one has to question why a commercial-sized tank truck load of Fix-a-Flat was delivered to a surgery clinic – or why the same tanker was subsequently filled with buckets of a fatty substance lugged out of the clinic and then made the rounds of numerous fried chicken places throughout the city.

Similarly, a dimly-lit workboat with the Dow Chemical logo was seen one moonless night offloading what appeared to be industrial byproducts, just before the Bayou Beautox facility launched a special promotion on chemical peels.

Also raising eyebrows (except on patients who’ve used a little too much beautox) is the surgical team’s habit of engaging in late-hours nutria hunts the night before large numbers of hair transplant procedures are scheduled.

Advertising for the Underwear clinic also seems somewhat out of the ordinary. A recent flyer found in a local body shop promises “a hands-on approach to breast augmentation” as well as boasting “we put the lips (and the suck) in liposuction.”

The flyer also indicates that male patients are offered the opportunity to test the results of their penile enhancement procedures in the “Pole Vault Lounge” attached to the clinic, where off-duty nurses supplement their income by selling lap dances.

When confronted about these unusual practices, Dr. Snip (or possibly Dr. Clip) gave the media the slip, ducking behind

some fishnet. Dr. Clip (or possibly Dr. Nip) said only, “My lips are sealed” before heading off to dinner at Ye Olde Collagen.

Surgeons and patients of Underwear’s Bayou Beautox clinic are rumored to

be poling their pirogues to the Marigny and French Quarter the night of Saturday, February 4 for the Krewe du Vieux parade, where they can be seen doing push-ups, strumming their g-strings and showing off their garter snakes.

Krewe Rue Bourbon Bailed-Out by “The 1%”

OVINE BOULEVARD—In one of the more unusual financial bail-outs of the Mardi Gras season, a consortium of “Porkers” from old-line New Orleans Carnival krewes has initiated a buy-out of the bankrupt Krewe du Rue Bourbon, a sub-krewe of the anarchic, iconoclastic and decadent Krewe du Vieux. The current members of Rue Bourbon will be compensated fairly in the neighborhood of a trillion dollars in this rare reversal of Reaganhood – from the Greedy to the Needy.

Due to the secrecy of their herd, the wealthy, classless, uppity wild hogs of uptown were unwilling to grunt directly on the hostile takeover; but they made their attorney, Sir Potbelly Bourgeoisie IVX, available to Fux News. Sir Bourgeoisie IVX promptly issued the following statement: “Members of ‘New Orleans 1% Blue Blood Socially Decayed and Pleasure Club’ are pleased to announce the buy-out of Krewe du Rue Bourbon. As current members of Hocus, Pocus, Bogus, and Morgus, and some non-parading New Orleans piggeries, we felt that acquiring another krewe outright was an option that allowed us the decadent experience of parading as ourselves, greedy pigs, without the humiliation of play acting with one of the lesser ‘blue collar’ parading krewes.”

A porker from the Krewe of Swine and vice president of the Hancock Whipme Bank squealed to the media about why he and the others were looking forward to a bit of debauchery parading as Rue Bourbon. “Well, a couple of our members are tired of being in-

olved with, shall we say, the more socially boaring krewes, and clearly wanted our piglet runts at the prime of their Southern womanhood to debut in the royal stye of a special riff-raff, hoglot organization. The cotillion needs some cochon de lay, their little pig feet need to get pickled while they are makin’ some bacon.

“And balling with 20 krewes in the Mardi Gras season with the same 500 attendees dressed in pigtails and ball gowns,” he continued, “well, many of us felt it would be a hog jowl to do something a bit outrageous, kind of like with pigs flying. Too bad Duddy Bilerberto won’t be here as a witness.”

Miss Piggy, a longtime ham with the Krewe of Sow, snorted to *The Daily Bacon* that in order to facilitate her enjoyment and make the parading experience more suckling, she would be “padding for pleasure” as she “bacon slapped” and waddled to the favorite “I’m Going to Put the Hurt on You.” (Ain’t nothing like that St. Aug pigshit.) She oinked, “snout it, our loins want to engage in extreme indulgence of sensuality! Honey, I plan to get baked!”

Rue Bourbon members will continue their tradition of imbibing Rohypnol-spiked Margaritas and chitlins at the pre-parade party, rooting around the French Quarter bare-assed and stern, and then just melting into the slop and squalor at the Voo Doo Ball. However, members will have no fear, as their Garden District indentured servants will be there to care for them as they awaken from their stupor while assuming they had the time of their lives.

C.R.U.D.E. Discovers Mayan A-Pocky-Lypto Way Calendar

TULUM STREET – Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. archaeologists announced today the startling discovery of an ancient Mayan “long-count” calendar stone buried beneath the Krewe’s float in the Den of Muses on Royal Street in New Orleans. The stone was discovered as krewe members were attempting to surreptitiously dispose of the remains of the infamous Cochon de Ray, burned to a pork-fried crisp at a recent Krewe du Vieux event, by burying it in a hole beneath their float.

“It’s astonishing that a 1,200-year old calendar stone from the Mayan Classic Period would be discovered so far from the cultural centers of southern Mexico, Guatemala, and Belize; much less in the Marigny,” said LSU pontificator Dr. Louisiana Jones. Ray “Plaine” Kern, owner of the Den of Muses, disagreed, noting that he had always suspected that the Den was built on top of a Place of Power. “If you draw lines between the great sites of antiquity like the Great Pyramid at Giza, the Pyramid of the Sun at Tenochtitlan,

Machu Picchu, Angkor Wat, the tomb of Qin Shi Huang, Stonehenge, and Tiger Stadium, and connect those lines to the Den of Muses, it looks a hell of a lot like the symbol for the New Orleans Sewage and Water Board,” Kern observed. “I don’t know what that means exactly, but I make damn sure I pay the water bill.”

The ancient Mayans used three separate calendars for their sophisticated accounting of time. One was the Tzolk’in calendar of 260 days, the second was the Haab’ or solar calendar of 365 days. These two calendars made up the calendar round and worked in cycles repeating only every 52 years, at the end of which, according to Dr. Jones, “the shit could hit the fan.” Coincidentally, Conquistador Hernán Cortez arrived in Mexico in 1519 at the end of a 52 year cycle, marking the first time illegal immigrants took away jobs from honest, hard-working North Americans and gave them even worse jobs and smallpox.

Because the Tzolk’in and Haab’ cal-

endars, not to be confused with the later Post-Classic Calvin and Hobbs Calendar, repeated every 52 years, the Maya developed the long count calendar just on the off chance that anyone lived longer than 52 years and qualified for the Senior Discount at Popeye’s Fried Chichén Itzá. The long-count calendar began mysteriously on August 11, 3114 B.C. and ends, ominously, on December 21, 2012.

Analysis of the C.R.U.D.E. calendar has revealed astonishing details about events leading up to the End of Days on December 21. The stone prophesizes the coming of the god Quetzalcoitus; offers helpful advice on averting impending doom, dating, and fashion tips; discloses ancient agricultural methods used to cultivate Acapulco Gold and other fine herbs; and reveals the importance of numerous female deities described as the 2012 Mayan Calendar Girls.

Higherglyphs carved into the calendar stone predict a number of disturbing events preceding the final date, including a Great Flood; the sea turning black (or at least a

yucky brown); the collapse of trade routes, class warfare, the emergence of a Lizard King (or at least presidential candidate); and a group of Holy Men winning a ceremonial ball game.

Another interesting feature of the stone was an image carved on the back side, depicting the remains of an ancient structure. Glyphs surrounding the image describe it as “The Ruins of Many a Po-Boy”, suggesting that it may have been a Mayan eatery of some sort.

Acolytes from the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. intend to perform the sacred rituals depicted on the Calendar by recreating the Temple of the Feathered Trouser Serpent in the French Quarter and attempting to sacrifice virgin tourists in the hope that the Long-Count Calendar will simply roll over to the 2013 Dilbert Calendar. Meanwhile the Mayan Calendar Girls will reveal themselves and the entire krewe will chant the sacred words from the *Popol Vuh*, “Hey, hey, hey! Hey a-Pocky-Lypto Way!”

The Marquis de LEWD declares “Crimes Against Nature” inspirational!

BYWATER - THE LEWD LAIR – Following a conditional release after his most recent term of incarceration, The Marquis de LEWD has struggled to comply with the terms of his probation. While certainly no stranger to the deprivations of prison, Messier le Marquis much prefers subjecting attractive ladies to it.

To wit, the Marquis spent four years in the pokey following an unfortunate incident of illegal detainment involving a census taker. A Cox cable repairman was on his fifth visit to get the Marquis’ internet working when he heard muffled cries from a closet. An attractive young census taker who had called on the Marquis was found strictly bound therein. Apparently Messier had decided that he would prefer to do the taking, prisoner that is, and the poor girl found herself a statistic.

The past few months have found the Marquis’ typically libertine behavior uncharacteristically constrained by the conditions of his release. Therefore his participation in The Krewe of LEWD has

been mainly behind the scenes, which is not his favorite behind. He was spotted this summer at the Dive Inn pool seducing naked nymphs back to his room for aride on his pommel horse. He was sighted at The Brewed Doo under the guise of a priest. He was overheard telling one young lady that he had the keys to salvation dangling under his robe for her taking.

According to recent news accounts, the Marquis has also spent a few evening perusing the occupy NOLA campground, trying to sway impressionable young lovelies to his political philosophy. A *Picayune* reporter quoted the Marquis stating that, “All universal moral principles are idle fantasies,” and “In order to know virtue, we must first acquaint ourselves with vice.” Despite the source, that sure does sound like something he would say.

There is also an unsubstantiated rumor that Messier le Marquis was caught fondling himself in the back row of a City Council meeting. He was not arrested because members were in atypical full

agreement that a lot of jerking off goes on in that chamber.

In short, the Marquis does not appear to be much reformed of his old ways. He agreed to meet this reporter clandestinely for an interview, in the confessional in St. Louis Cathedral. Wherein he stated, “bars are for spreading, nipples are for clamping, hands are for cuffing, balls are for gagging, and asses are for flogging.” Prison it seems has served only to whet his appetite for lasciviousness, and has thus endeared him all the more to his namesake Krewe.

In its finite wisdom, Krewe du Vieux has chosen the theme “Crimes Against Nature.” Messier le Marquis is so inspired by this choice that since the announcement he claims to have committed at least 40 such infractions. Further, the 2012 parade happily coincides with the end of the Marquis’ probation. This means freedom for the Marquis and an end to freedom for quite a number of ladies. All of whom will soon find them-

selves affixed and strung about the LEWD lair, to walls, wheels, and quite likely a float.

In celebration of his release the Krewe has chosen to honor the Marquis de LEWD by titling its 2012 march after him. Consider yourselves forewarned that Messier le Marquis and his fellow LEWDers will be in rare form the night of the parade. The Marquis has stated that he plans to enjoy his liberty by taking liberties. As we go to press, leather is being shined, shackles are being oiled, boots are being polished, and bustiers are being laced. Most importantly, paddles and flogs are being broken in over supple and compliant flesh. Happy cries and sharp cracks can be heard of late drifting through the Bywater night.

Parade goers are hereby instructed to present themselves, and their derrières, to us along the parade route. Thereby we can treat you the way you so richly deserve and leave you rubbing your buns in our wake.

Monde du Merde Book Review

Baby, That's Hot: Spermes' Nursery Crimes

Randy House

Hardcover \$14.69

Is this hot itch normal? Which are the best water sports? How do you know if the prostitute is really a cop?

Questions a child might ask, but not childish questions.

In the age of sexting and UrbanDictionary.com, young minds and wandering hands raise all sorts of hard questions. What's a parent to do?

Since the runaway success of *Go the Fuck to Sleep With Me*, adolescent literature has become a fast-rising genre. The Library of Sexual Congress also reports a surge in new titles, suggesting a change in sexual mores. Gone are the traditional days of subliminal images and messages in cartoons. Diets inundated with growth hormones and malls full of ever-sluttier children's clothing lines are helping youngsters grow up faster than ever. The desire for instant gratification is losing its ageist biases. Forget marriage, waiting until junior high school is for largely for ugly and unpopular children.

The writers at the Mystic Krewe of Spermes have long held that sex education begins before conception, usually as a game of hide-and-seek starting 48-hours beforehand. The group's publishing arm has released a bold new work, *Nursery Crimes*. Though the turgid prose occasionally falls flat or arrives at climactic passages prematurely,

overall it's the best title for young audiences since Alex Comfort's genre-defining *Joy of Underage Sex*.

The graphically illustrated tome is divided by age-appropriate messages. Opening chapters are full of catchy rhymes to help toddlers get a head start on important life lessons. Here's a sample verse about sharing:

Mary had a bright red scab
It burnt and itched like hell.
And everyone that Mary fucked
Got the clap as well.

The book covers religion and moral issues:

Rev. Grant Storm sat in a van.
Rev. Grant Storm had his dick in his hand.
But when all the Metairie moms and cops
did see

He said, "No really, I just had to pee."

And it explains Adam and Steve:
Soldiers Jack and Bill went up the hill
To defy a wrongful order,
Jack knelt down and went to town
And Bill came quickly after.

There are also helpful rhymes about some of life's little surprises.

There was a strange lady who worked
as a whore,
She blew ten men a day and often more.
Selling pussy would have earned her
more bread,
But she couldn't tell Johns she had a penis
instead.

Later chapters put the ass back in the classics, reclaiming timeless allegories from the sanitized versions popularized by Walt Disney. "Goldcocks and the Three Bears" restores the original

polyamorous fairy tale of a bed-hopping little tranny girl trying to find the hairy bear that fits her just right. "The Jungle Fever Book" recounts how Mowgli got his bestial freak on with the coolest cats in Rutting Kipling's steamy subcontinent. Aspiring sugar babies can learn the ropes from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves," as a young girl strings along a slew of suitors, including a doctor, while waiting for a rich guy to settle down with. Other

stories include wild and wet tale of "The Little Spermaid," the precocious "Chickenhawk Little," the sexual slumming of "Lady and the Tramp," the guilty pleasures of "Throbbing Hood," and the sadomasochistic "Beauty and the Beast."

These and other tails expose many useful lifestyle lessons. And of course, most of the stories come with happy endings, so everyone can go to sleep completely satisfied.

T.O.K.I.N. Fools Mother Nature

BOEUF-A-LO – A report from the HEADquarter of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has exposed a widespread conspiracy to bioengineer all forms of life.

The investigation led T.O.K.I.N. Special Correspondent Dolly O'Vine to Iowa, LA, known as a hothouse of genetic engineering. Working undercover (and under the covers) at Archer Denials Mudland (ADM), she discovered secret plans to replace all crops with genetically modified corn. In a meeting held in a smoke-filled cornfield, Ms. O'Vine reported her findings to fellow krewe members, expressing her shuck, or rather shock, at the bizarre genetic mixing that she witnessed.

"They will mix corn with anything, and stop at nothing, to make it the dominant crop. Plants, animals, humans – no DNA is safe from their evil plans for destruction of bio-diversity and worldwide control of food supply," exclaimed O'Vine. TOKIN members coughed nervously as O'Vine described the strange breeds, results of DNA experiments gone awry, that she glimpsed in the factory farms, labs, and bedrooms of ADM.

"There were human beans working in the kernel removal factory, two-headed bulls in the cob disposal area, and geneticists roaming the farm in search of unique things to clone and anal-ize. One scientist, Dr. Gene Poole, was convinced that the best way to gather DNA from suitable mammals was a anal cob probe. As Dr. Poole demonstrated his process on me, I had the uncomfortable feeling that

all was not right in Iowa," reported O'Vine.

O'Vine reported that genetic blending of corn/hemp DNA has produced a new fuel source: Hemphenol®. It was unclear whether the purpose of the new fuel was to slow down cars or to speed up potheads.

At the climax of her report, O'Vine presented her findings on human/corn DNA experiments. "I have Petri-dish proof that ADM is working on its most ambitious plan yet: a bio-engineered composite Republican candidate," she announced.

O'Vine bleated on, "The goal of the experiment is to combine all of the characteristics that appeal to the Conservative base – antipathy towards poor people and immigrants, fear of change, intolerance of diverse viewpoints and anyone different from themselves; hubris – into a hybrid prototype called the Conservaclone®.

"As b-a-a-d-d as things seem, we must not forget that ADM's task is going to ultimately be very difficult to achieve. Breeding these traits in an electable candidate who can pull off appearing to be compassionate, honest, intelligent, and sincere is a challenge not even the lobbyists at ADM care to ask the government to pay for. I am happy to report that this is one genetic engineering experiment that appears to have failed."

The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells invite mutants, deviants, clones, clowns, and life forms of all types to join them as they share their Demented Ne'er-do-well Agenda at the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 4.

Herman Cain's Penis to Seek GOP Nomination

With the majority of Republican voters still expressing dissatisfaction with the presidential primary field, the door has remained open for a new candidate to enter the fray. However, today's announcement caught even seasoned political observers off guard: the newest entry into the Republican race is Herman Cain's penis.

With Mr. Cain having suspended his campaign due to multiple allegations of marital infidelity, it was left to his penis to rise to the occasion and thrust itself into the quest for the Republican nomination.

"We knew he'd lost his mind," huffed one GOP insider, "but we didn't realize he'd lost other parts as well."

Mr. Cain himself stated, "This is not the first time the damned thing has stood firm against my wishes. You would not believe the places it has gone without my approval. Nevertheless, as always, I wish it success in all its endeavors."

Democratic political operatives were dismissive of the penis' chances. "We don't see him keeping up," ejaculated one DNC staffer. "The poll numbers will go limp soon enough."

Apocalypse Meow

By Matt Yowler

KATMANDU – Feral pussies around the world are licking and grooming themselves in excited anticipation of the upcoming anniversary of the Meowpocalypse. Also known as The End of Strays, this cataclysm marked the turning point in feline history when cats, feral and domestic, with a catalogue of grievances, joined paws to overthrow the sappy, simple-minded, catatonic humans who sought to make pets of the world's most regal species.

Celebrations around the globe will commemorate the uprisings led by the likes of street cat Scar, Bojangles, Biscuit and the courageous Mr. Tinkle Winkles, who took the fight to the felines' greatest enemy: Bob Barker, the wizened

game show propagandist who openly promoted the catastrophic extermination of cats, regularly ordering his sycophantic supporters to "spay and neuter" in an effort to suppress the cat population.

"Old Tinky shoved his entire Winky – intact, mind you – up Barker's pink Plinko. Come on down, indeed," said Chairman Meow of the Mystic Krewe of Inane.

Meow announced that Inane will pay homage to Mr. Tinkle Winkle's historic humbling of Barker with a re-creation of the act on February 4 in a parade through the Vieux Purrrrée, formerly known as the French Quarter.

Meow revealed that a subcategory of krewe members, led by the diminutive former house cat, Mittens, wanted a more graphic representation of Barker's defilement at feline paws.

Mittens' sentiments represent the darker side of Meowpocalypse, celebrated by those who refer to the day as The Revenge of the Cats. Clowders of tom cats and queens wander the streets of the Vieux Purrrrée looking for humans to harass as payback for centuries of forced companionship. The torment ranges from hissing and litter throwing to scratch-bys and reenactment of Barker's violation. Said Meow, "I sprayed Mittens with a water bottle and reminded him that there will be kittens in the parade audience."

Meow continued, "The vast majority of the Meowpocalypse celebrants purrrfer to keep the mood festive. No sourpusses! Cats around the world will gather on February 4, the Day of the Meowpocalypse, fueled on catnip and spiked milk, and yowl in honor of the ascendancy of Felis Catus."

Sherlock Holmes to Seek GOP Nomination

With the majority of Republican voters still expressing dissatisfaction with the presidential primary field, the door has remained open for a new candidate to enter the fray. However, today's announcement caught even seasoned political observers off guard: the newest entry into the Republican race is Sherlock Holmes.

In an unusual move at this stage of the campaign, Mr. Holmes announced that he had already selected a running mate: the IBM computer known as Watson.

At least one other candidate was not impressed. "It's a mystery to me why he would jump in at this point," said Rick Perry. "Of course, it's all pretty much a mystery to me."

Voters initially responded well to the Holmes candidacy, thinking that he might be just the man to solve their problems. However, when informed that Mr. Holmes prefers a 7% solution, many Republicans quickly changed their minds. "Anything over and above our cherished 1% smacks way too much of equality for my taste," said one raucous caucuser.

Democratic political operatives were dismissive of Mr. Holmes' chances. "With that accent of his, he'll get murdered once the campaign heads south," commented one DNC staffer.

Drips & Discharges Benz Over and takes a bow!

2020 HINDSIGHT STREET – In a cheeky move, the Drips & Discharges are taking to the ass-fault in 2012 to celebrate their 20 years of Crimes Against Nature, and kick-butt partying in the Krewe du Vieux parade. "This year, we're benzin' over and bearin' it all for all... We're Star Whores," said founding members Captain Stabbin' and Madam Lube da Tube. Rising from the drips & discharges of the Emergency Room at Touro Infirmary, the krewe was born, spanked, and immediately began to squeal; just two weeks before parade day in 1993. "What once started as a cheap way to get drunk on a weekend, has morphed into our 20th cheap way to get drunk on a weekend" states Captain Pat Me On the Backside. In honor of their butt-E-full accomplishments, they'll be benzin' over and taking bows on parade night, showcasing some of their finer moments – and finest anatomy.

Drips Anchor, Tom Breauxcock, will provide hindsight, Passing Judgment from

the end zone of the parade on February 4th. Expect DripiLeaks. Participants are reported to include a French Maid and/or Butler from the krewe's virgin Voyager year, some Tulane Dollars for Scholars grads, a Saints player from that Unnaturally New Orleans year when the Saints won the Super Bowl in 1995, and of course Big George's '97 debut year when D&D got Penile-Eyezed.

"BUTT wait! How will we fund the officer's Never Ever Land vacation if we can't charge for costumes cause every Drips already got one?" exclaimed Chief Embezzeler Sr. Aloyousis 410 Inches. "This is simply a Confederacy of Redundancy! *^\$_@!". She was last spotted scratching her butt as she wondered off into the Marigny.

In other news, Nate, da Band Man, has been a regular at The Absent Bar lately, benzin' over backwards, stoogin', and padding back pockets as he tries to pull together Sgt Eddie's Only Honkeys Band for the occasion. The Camel Toes are Coming UnCloned,

stompin' the streets and chanting There's No Place Like Home . . . in search of a hole where they can mix their jello shots. "There's going to be some serious butt kissin' this year – I feel Porn Again" exclaimed Sebi, as he plotted their route. And just yesterday, Party My Ass Off Wolf was quoted as saying "It's Cool to be a Drip!"

In an interesting twist, D&D's CockMarket Investment Spankers have reportedly back door brokered a deal with the Mercedes Benz Superdome for behind the scene rights to show their ass on parade night. One Spanker, known only as El-Float, said they're gonna Godda Harrahs with their profits. Another Spanker, called da Fox, implied that the deal almost fell through when the 10 Commandments of New Orleans were not adopted. "It could have been Such a Night Mayor!" he was quoted as saying.

"BUTT, in the end, we just want to get Hammered and Nailed" said Captain Eileenover.

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 been repossessed by the 1%.

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Archaeologists Find Lost Civilization at Jazzland

NEW ORLEANIA – Remains of Mayan civilization have been discovered in the forgotten wilderness of New Orleans East. Archaeologists from the SEEDS OF DECLINE have exposed a temple surrounded by water hyacinths and covered with cats' claw and air potato vines. Also strewn about the site, identified as "Jazzland" on a giant, half-ruined stele, are abandoned machines which were apparently constructed to induce vomiting.

As far as the learned sleuths of ancient buggery can surmise, a small group of Mayans escaped the swords, bibles and bullhorns wielded by the Conquistadors. After a perilous journey from Mexico, the crafty rascals scaled border fences and out-witted Arizona sheriffs and their baloney sandwiches. They then traveled east on Interstate 10 until they came to a swamp near the MRGO, where they established a new homeland.

Feeling safe in this wilderness, their mystical holy men (and judging from tablets hidden under a loose floor board, some super hot holy women) con-

structed a pyramid out of cypress and Spanish Fly Moss. The reliefs carved into the walls of the temple tell the story of the Lost Kingdom of Orleania.

Jazzland, which previously was believed never to have had any human habitation, seems to have thrived for at least a few years as the capital city of Orleania. SEEDS archeologists have unearthed an old craps table believed to have been part of the Edwinian period. Mysterious Hindu symbols, which foretell the end of medical care and education, were apparently added during the Jindalithic era.

But much of the temple is devoted to the civilization's fears of an approaching Occupocalypse, which unfortunately did come to pass. Evidence seems to confirm the legends of a great toxic flood which poisoned much of the life in lower parts of the region. Oysters, pelicans, lifestyles, and livelihoods were sacrificed to the omnipotent god BP, which responded to those crimes against nature with television commercials promoting tourism.

In the residue from the god BP's anger,

just like I changed my opinions on health insurance, global warming, abortion, and my favorite flavor of Kool-Aid, I now think he is god-hating, class-warring liberal goombah."

On the other hand, former Republican starlet Sarah Palin was quick to endorse Mr. Revere. "I think it's just peachy-keen to have a Civil War hero in the race," she gushed before her handlers got her muzzle back on her.

Another asset for the new candidate is the existence of a strong field operation. Known as the Raiders, they are expected to mobilize in key primary states within days.

Democratic political operatives were dismissive of Mr. Revere's chances. "That horse isn't going to make it to the finish line," commented on DNC staffer.

Orleania found itself overrun with mutant creatures which sprang from the oil. Several ossified examples were found in the Jazzland landfill. These creatures had eight legs, massive red lips, and a long, smooth tongue. Careful examinations have revealed that in no case was there any indication of testicular structure. They had, however, vaginal cavities between each leg, for a total of seven. They were capable of birthing offspring, and also had vocal cords. It can be assumed that:

1) They participated in numerous "Vagina Dialogs."

2) Jazzland joined California as the only place where "Octomoms" were native.

Subsequent to this earliest pyramid scheme in Orleanian history, researchers believe that the Mayans and Octomoms nearly became extinct, killed by floods, gunfire and real estate assessments. Prayer tablets unearthed at the site beseech the temple's Moon God to help his mutant children survive, but other evidence suggests it was too late. The chocolate moron in charge, along with his police chief, district attorney, and his girlfriend Veronika-whitl, created an atmosphere where one had to evolve or die.

One remarkable wall panel, which must have been inscribed very late in the Jazzland saga, does tell of a few survivors, and suggests that their descendants may still survive in the modern era.

According to the glyphs in this panel, just as the extinguishing of the Jazzland culture seemed assured, prayers to the Moon God were answered. The Moon God sent his son Mitch-mal to Orleania as its Savior. The former mayor and girlfriend are depicted wandering from place to place, trying to peddle self-published testaments of their wisdom and virtue. However, the die-offs continued, as large numbers of people died of laughter when they heard that Lord Chokula and his entourage were offering their services as "consultants."

Will the descendants of this mysterious civilization ever see peace, justice, and no more potholes? Will they achieve paradise on earth, or will Mitch-mal be crucified offshore as a sacrifice to the evil god BP?

What 2012 will bring is still a mystery, but the SEEDS OF DECLINE archaeologists will be moving the Sacred Pyramid through the streets of the Marigny and the Vieux Carré on February 4, 2012. The citizens of New Orleans and regions beyond the horizons are invited to pay homage to a lost civilization.

Corrections and Clarifications

It was reported last year that TSA personnel at Louis Armstrong Airport were rewarding passengers who passed through the full body scanners with Mardi Gras beads. Further investigation has revealed that the beads were actually real pearls stolen by other staffers from other travelers' suitcases.

The T.O.K.I.N. Tea Party article quoted Faux News commentator Sarah Apallin as suggesting the Washington Monument would be turned into a bong. Former Governess Apallin actually meant for the Monument to be turned into a dildo. How it cracked later in the year remains uncertain.

The *Monde de Merde* Advice Column implied that money spent by politicians on (the oldest) professional services was tax deductible. Hiring hookers is not tax deductible, but the Supreme Court has loosened regulations on campaign spending to the point where spending campaign funds on loose women is permissible.

The LEWD article referred to the Spartans as "the greatest military force in the ancient world." However, most historians agree that the Trojans were the toughest fuckers.

Several different dates for the parade were given in several different articles in last year's edition. The editor only wishes he had several different dates for the parade.



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

Chris Rockupies A Perilous Street

THE OLD CITY ICE HOUSE – Two New Orleans icons today announced a major new initiative in bringing the city's crime tsunami under control. In a joint press conference from a garret atop The Old City Ice House, noted local mastermind Momus Alexander Morgus "The Magnificent" and equally noted local entertainer Chris "Don't Call Me A Stripper" Owens offered titillating details of their audacious and bodacious plan.

"As many of you know, the genius of Dr. Morgus has been instrumental in preserving the wonder that is Me. His unorthodox treatments have proven much more effective than any of the other methods I've used – even better than bathing in the blood of virgins, which are more or less extinct in New Orleans anyway," said Owens, resplendent in a sequined leotard patterned in navy blue with gold stripes and badges reminiscent of the uniforms of the city's finest. She later made a quick costume change into an orange and white jumpsuit reminiscent of the post-career uniforms of many of the city's finest.

"Starting today he will bring that same genius to fighting one of the most important problems facing New Orleans...even more important than the skyrocketing costs of police tape and Orleans Parish judges. We're going to take the fight against crime back to the criminals. And, seriously, don't call me a stripper."

She then turned away from the audience, shook her maracas (and anything else that wasn't pinned down), and shouted "This is one booty call they won't want to get."

At this point, the famed scientist and author of *New Hope for the Dead* (a favorite text in the City Planning Department) took the podium to offer more details. "Friends of Science, we must be foes of violence!" the renowned member of the Higher Order exclaimed. "The situation on the streets of New

Orleans has become a crime against humanity! I can think of no better counter weapon than one of our city's greatest crimes against nature.

"This is a woman whose time has come....and gone....and then cum again and again and again. Thanks to my unceasing efforts ... I mean, thanks to my unceasing efforts on behalf of Science. I have rebuilt her; I have the technology. She can kick higher, dance longer, and scowl harder than before. She is a superior specimen. (Despite that fact, I must at this point state categorically that she is not now nor has she ever been a stripper.) Look at her! Look at that face! Is anyone better suited to strike fear in the hearts of criminals? Not to mention small children, random passersby, and valiant men who laugh in the face of mortal peril?"

The only man in the city whose IQ exceeds last year's murder count went on to reveal a plan much larger than the hypernatural alteration of one dancer (who has never taken off her clothes for money publicly).

"I have beat my gigantic organ (you know...my brain – did you think I meant my liver?) against the problem and developed a method to replicate this...incredible...body. Soon we will have an army of collagenated clones, a botoxed brigade of righteous retribution to take back the streets of the city. I will make Chris Owens multi-organismic!" he ejaculated. "With a whole chorus line of Chrises, we're going to highkick crime off of Bourbon, out of the Quarter, and out of the city."

Owens, the wreck up from the neck up, elaborated, "I remember when I was a little girl, my godfather, Sargon of Akkad, took me aside. He said, 'Chrissie, in Sumer time, the livin' ain't easy. You've got to break a few legs to make a ziggurat and that takes an army.' It was true then and it's true now."

She also revealed that the planned fighting force will include clones of her

constant companion, the man behind the mustache, known to the populace at large only by his crimefighting (and timefighting) moniker: the Bo-Hunk.

"I told Dr. Morgus to mull-it over and he decided we needed a balance of of Bo-ty and the Beast, so we'll have a party in the back when we take care of business in the front," said the noted non-ecdysiast. "My good friend Attila recommended it to me a few years ago and he was a real hun."

Asked by stunned reporters if they thought the plan would really work, the peculiar pair displayed no sign of doubt (nor any other facial expression, in the case of Ms. Owens).

"If you only knew the work I've done on this woman, you'd agree that I should have no problem nipping and tucking violence out of New Orleans," said Morgus.

His augmented ally agreed. "Back in France, I told a young Napoleon Bonaparte that the secret to victory was bringing superior firepower. Well, these legs are weapons of mass destruction and mass seduction."

Later, NOPD Spokes-tool Marlin Defiled waxed enthusiastic when asked about the plan, saying nothing seemed fishy. "Chief Ronal 'McDonal' Sewergas is totally behind this effort," said the department's mouthpiece. "With over 170 disturbance calls to her club in 2011, Ms. Owens is well-positioned to attack the crime problem here at its well-dyed roots. That being said, the NOPD would like to stipulate at this point that Chris Owens is not a stripper and that her patrons are in no way thugs sucking the life out of the city."

According to sources close to the deviant duo, the first plastic-ed platoon will take to the streets as the Krewe of Clones Rock-upying All Potential Shooters (C.R.A.P.S.) on February 4, 2012. Citizens are encouraged to come to the initial occupation points in the French Quarter to strew geraniums, genitals and gin ahead of the liberated and liberating force.

Rick Santorum to Seek GOP Nomination

With the majority of Republican voters still expressing dissatisfaction with the presidential primary field, the door has remained open for a new candidate to enter the fray. However, today's announcement caught even seasoned political observers off guard: the newest entry into the Republican race is Rick Santorum.

The little-known ex-Senator from Pennsylvania had completely disappeared from view after losing his bid for re-election four years ago. "We even filed a missing person report a few months ago," said one former staffer. "We had no idea where he was."

While Santorum himself claimed to have been campaigning for over a year, political pundits scoffed. "I check the polls every day," averred the Playboy News Channel's Muff Blitzer, "and I've never seen his name once."

Democratic political operatives were dismissive of Mr. Santorum's chances. "He's a real nowhere man, living in a nowhere land," commented one DNC staffer.

Crime Report

- Rabid T. Party – Assembly Without a Permit, Public Cluelessness
- Newt Gingrich – Failure to Maintain Control of a Motorized Mouth
- Rick Perry – Campaigning While Impaired
- Barack Obama – Aiding and Abetting the Enemy
- U.S. Congress – Operating Under the Influence, Money Laundering
- Bobby Jindal – Illegal Campaigning Across State Lines
- Mitch Landrieu – Hairless Driving
- Ronal Serpas – Trafficking
- David Vitter – Illegal Entry
- Mercedes Benz – Dome Invasion
- Chris Paul – Abandonment
- Donald Trump – Operating an Oversized Ego Without a Permit
- N.F.L. Referees – Unsportsmanlike Conduct

The Guide to Bee a Good Lover “Bee What Ya Wanna or Leave”

By: I.M. Cumming

APIARY WAY – A buzz was in the air as the Krewe of Space Age Love swarmed to introduce new Bee-liefs to the dormant stagnation of the complacent occupants of the Crescent City. Calling themselves The Bee-Lovers, they were positioning to pollinate, copulate, and propagate to ensure their very survival and share their credo “The Guide to Bee a Good Lover” with the City that Forgot to Care.

Their credo is based on the lost scrolls of Romper Room annals and the teachings of the Wisterical Miss Linda, the Queen Bee of Do-Bees and Don’t Bees. The long lost scrolls were discovered at the Lovers Hive, also known as The Ha-Bee-Tat for Humanity. Miss Linda’s acolytes Bee-lieved in the buds of wisteria and the Bone Drones were buzzing with the endophallic message of love

and declared – Bee What Ya Wanna OR LEAVE !

The New Orleans City Council agreed as one (for the first time ever) that the Bee-lovers credo could have New Orleanians finally cumming together. For a nominal fee of \$1,000 per house the credo was added to all Sewerage & Water Board bills.

The Queen Bee, known as The Big Easy, proclaimed February 4, 2012 “Honey in the Hole Day”. The Bone Drones will spread their wings, take flight and embark on a mission to inject their pheromone of love in all that was floral and immoral. Penetrating Stingers of Bee-Light will have the euphoric citizens of New Orleans chanting, “We Bee-lieve, We Bee-lieve, Show Me the Honey!”

The Guide to Bee a Good Lover
Bee generous, share your Honey.
Pollinate to propagate, enjoy the Proboscis of Life.
Bee good and others will Bee good to you.
Bee an Angel Trumpeter, smell the Jazz-men.
Bee-lieve, Bee a Who-Dat
Bee-Verbenal, spread the vine of love.
Bee What Ya Wanna! Bee-lieve to achieve.
Bee a hugger not a mugger.
Don’t Bee a Killer Bee, keep the hive alive.
Don’t Bee a Bumble Bee, City Hall is full of them.
BEE NICE OR LEAVE!

Mr. Binky’s Bee-Safe Condom Emporium
Keep Your Honey in the Comb

Baptiste Horney Honeys
2 for 1 Rent-a-Honey with this ad

Bee Eva’s Bee-Licious Nectar of Bee-Nut Pie

Char-Bee-Net Mule Rental
Financing Available,
First Born Children Required as Security

Harold’s Plant Your Seed and Pollination Supplies

Barack Obama to Seek GOP Nomination

With the majority of Republican voters still expressing dissatisfaction with the presidential primary field, the door has remained open for a new candidate to enter the fray. However, today’s announcement caught even seasoned political observers off guard: the newest entry into the Republican race is current President Barack Obama.

GOP operatives were reported to be ecstatic. “We’ve contacted literally every registered Republican in all fifty states and most of the territories, and we couldn’t find a single one who could defeat the President in a head to head race,” reported one insider on condition of anonymity. “This is brilliant! And Obama is more conservative than Mitt Romney anyway!”

Extreme liberal Wild Party Democrats were swift to respond, questioning whether Mr. Obama was even born in the United States as well as his true religious affiliation. Some even demanded to see his birth certificate and claimed

to have seen him marrying another man in a mosque located at Ground Zero in New York City.

Mr. Obama’s candidacy could pose a real dilemma for independent voters, especially those who describe themselves as independent but still tend to vote mostly along party lines. “They will have a tough time choosing between the Republican Obama and the Democratic Obama,” predicted one veteran pollster.

News organizations were said to be less than enthused about covering potential Obama-Obama debates. “Where will we find the passion, the fire, the hand to hand combat?” asked Dan Blather of CBS. “What’s he going to do, raise his right eyebrow when he’s speaking as a Republican and his left one as a Democrat?”

Democratic political operatives were dismissive of Mr. Obama’s chances. “After all, he’s been running neck and neck with ‘None of the Above’ all year,” commented one DNC staffer.

Knights of Mondu Vacations
presents
Camp Sandsucksky
A really intimate holiday experience near the shores of old Lake Maurepas in an abandoned campsite...

Daily Schedule

- Early rise and shower with Coach Jerry
- Breakfast, then shower with Coach Jerry
- Play “Pick Up the Soap” with Coach Jerry
- Clean up after “playtime” with Coach Jerry
- Anatomy classes presented by Coach Jerry
- Afternoon naptime and group snuggle with Coach Jerry
- Dress for dinner after shower with Coach Jerry
- Weiner roast with Coach Jerry
- Bedtime stories and taking turns sleeping with Coach Jerry

Don’t miss the special “Overnight Visit” by Local Clergy and Papa Joe!
•••••
Free Camp Weiner Whistle to all who attend!!

Play our new games: Choke the Chicken and Beat the Bishop
•••••
Campers must be under 18!

Crazy Hairy Ants Invade New Orleans

ANTEETUM – The 5400 block of Music Street is normally quiet on a weekday, particularly when school is in session. That is the way it was on Monday afternoon this week, when a set of invaders struck a home in this Gentilly neighborhood, quickly and without any warning.

“I thought I heard a noise next door around two o’clock, but I didn’t investigate it. I like to mind my own business,” said neighbor Inez Batiste. “Besides, I was busy watching one of my stories on television and I figured it was just one of the neighborhood coyotes knocking over a garbage can.”

The noise did not come from one of the local coyotes. It came from a home invasion that took place just next door to the Batiste home. “They got everything,” said one of the owners of the home that was hit, who asked not to be identified. “My husband’s new 72-inch, 3-D plasma television, our stereo system, the PS3, all of the kids’ iPods, even our microwave oven and the alarm clocks.” In a bizarre twist on the usual home burglary, the items were not stolen — they were destroyed and thrown into a pile. “When I got home after picking up the kids from soccer practice, I found everything smashed to pieces and piled up in the living room,” said the homeowner.

New Orleans police suspect that the break-in and destruction were the work of the latest non-native species to invade our area – Crazy Hairy Ants. “These things crossed the Texas border some time ago and we have been monitoring their progress as they headed this way,” said New Orleans Police Chief Ronal Serpas. “We have been expecting them, but they appear to have evolved in some strange way.”

The natural habitat of these invaders is uncertain. It is speculated that the species originated in West Africa, but they have been found in a wide range of tropical and subtropical environments, including islands in the Caribbean and Indian oceans. In the U.S., they have

been found in Florida, Mississippi, and Texas. As they made their way across the south, they developed a reputation as a scourge of electronics. The diminutive destroyers have a knack for finding their way into electronic components, causing damage from their presence in large numbers. This has made them the bane of chemical plants and refineries in the region.

As they arrive in the New Orleans area, their proclivity for destroying electronics has become much more aggressive. “Customarily, they have destroyed electronics by sheer numbers alone. Now, they are much more aggressive and have taken to breaking into homes and using brute force to destroy whatever electronics they find there,” said Serpas. In response, Serpas promised that his department will employ a “smarter, more accurate, laser-like focus” in fighting the invaders.

It is believed that the transformation in the now not so tiny invaders occurred in St. Landry Parish as they made their way across Louisiana. Noted Tulane entomologist Professor Peter Snark reports that a colony of ants that invaded the Tony Chachere’s spice plant in Opelousas experienced some remarkable changes. “We believe that prolonged exposure to the intense Cajun seasonings in the plant resulted in some genetic mutations in that colony, which has now arrived in New Orleans.”

The latest ant break-in is at least the sixth in the city. To date, all of the ant home invasions have taken place in Gentilly and Uptown. Councilmember Jon Johnson of the New Orleans City Council decries that the invaders have not been spotted in District E. “In New Orleans East, we have upper middle class neighborhoods that have electronics that are as nice as those in any other part of New Orleans. The residents of District E are as entitled as those in any other area of this city to have their electronics destroyed by crazy, hairy ants.”

Mayor Mitch Landrieu has been quick to respond to this threat with several new

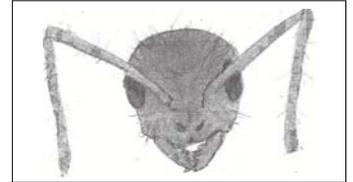
initiatives. “The rate at which electronic devices in our city are being destroyed by these bug invaders is unnatural and unacceptable,” said Landrieu. “I will be announcing shortly the creation of a new position - Deputy Mayor for Entomology. Additionally, I will be appointing a new Commissioner of Bug Eradication, who will be working tirelessly to form a committee to study these invaders.”

Finally, the Mayor has announced that a K.A.O.S. (Keep Ants Off the Streets) rally will be held on February 4. According to the mayor, this rally will kick off a campaign that is intended “to take a holistic approach to bugs in our city and to engage the entire community in taking steps to stop the ant threat.” The mayor has promised that this summit “will initiate a comprehensive and collaborative response to the emergency.”

At the rally, the Mayor will announce plans for his “Each One Stomp One” program. “We will be asking each citizen of our great city to pledge to step on a specified number of ants. Probably 10,000, maybe 100,000, or even a million. We are still crunching the numbers with the assistance of the Vandale Thomas and Associates accounting firm.”

Professor Snark questions the likely effectiveness of this program. “Given the numbers involved, extermination is not a viable solution. What needs to be done is to find a way to provide the ants with better educational alternatives and more employment opportunities, so that they have options available besides invading someone’s home and destroying their electronics.”

Surprisingly, one committed area crime fighting organization, Crimestoppers, has refused to offer any rewards for the apprehension of any of the crazy, hairy ants. “There are probably hundreds of millions of them in our area,” said a spokesperson for Crimestoppers. “If we were to offer even a \$100 reward for their apprehension, the total amount of the rewards would run into the billions of dollars. We simply can’t afford that. Of all the criminal justice agencies in this city, only Traffic Court has that kind of money.”



Police artist’s composite sketch of home invasion suspect.

At least one resident of the city has no fear of the diminutive destroyers. Anthony Impastato, of the Irish Channel, says that he has no concerns. “We have had a crazy, hairy aunt in our family for years. For as long as I can remember, my Dad’s sister Helen has always had a mustache that would be the envy of any organ grinder. That woman is as crazy as they come and she hates electronics, too. I once saw her kick in my grandfather’s television set. She’s O.K., as long as we can keep her away from the tequila.”

K.A.O.S. Rally “Keep Ants Off the Street”

**Mayor Mitch Landrieu
Invites All Citizens
to a**

Bug Action Summit

**February 5, 2012 - 6 p.m.
Mercedes Benzover Superdome
Special Guests
The 610 Stompers**

The rate at which our electronics are being destroyed by invading hordes of crazy, hairy ants is unnatural and unacceptable. These ants are the most pressing issue facing our city. We must rally as a community to solve this problem. It won’t happen with exterminators alone. It can’t just be the bug sprayers in a room. There are a number of things each resident of New Orleans can do to make our city safer and more prosperous.

I am calling on everyone – from every neighborhood across this city – to join me at the City’s first “Bug Action Network” summit. Show up and speak out. Come to listen to each other and to learn from each other. Come to create an action plan for how to address this problem that touches us all. And most importantly, be prepared to get to work.

At the end of this summit, each person will have marching orders in our battle for the future of our City. The new plan – Each One Stomp One.

Mayor Mitch Landrieu