

Krewe du Vieux King Has a New Suit

Every year, many emperors – and politicians – are found to be wearing no clothes (as are many members of Krewe du Vieux, but that's another story). But for Carnival time 2014, our King John Barry has a splendid new suit.

Of course, not everyone loves King John's suit. But who cares what Governor Jindal and Coastal Czar Graves think? Our merry monarch is undeterred in his quest for justice, fairness and coastal – if not royal – restoration.

In the classic colors of a Carnival suit, behold the tale of King John.

Red

Our literary lord is one of the most widely-read authors of our time. *Rising Tide*, his epic study of the infamous 1927 Mississippi River flood, was named one of the fifty most memorable books of the previous fifty years by the New York Public Library – and that was before history repeated itself in the form of more federal f**k-ups in Katrina.

"We seem to have started to learn some lessons this time," observes our optimistic emperor, "like having a flood authority with real scientists and experts, compared to having some politician's cousin appointed to the levee board. But overall the impact of Katrina has been higher among the professionals, the scientists, the planners, than on the general consciousness of the nation."

Of course the King himself was one of the experts initially appointed to the Southeast Louisiana Flood Authority, and was a leader in pushing for the lawsuit that asks the oil and gas industry to repair the damages they have caused to the coastal wetlands. His reward? President-in-Waiting (and we're talking a loooong wait) Jindal read him the riot act and refused to re-appoint him.

Yellow

Yellow is the color commonly associated with cowardice, and not living up to your agreements and obligations is definitely the action of cowards. Ditto not

standing up for the people you purport to serve.

"The industry knows they caused the wetlands damage, and it is in their own interest to repair the damage," King John points out. "But they want the taxpayers to pay instead. Of course, if state government had enforced their permits and state laws, which require them to make these repairs, we wouldn't even be in this situation."

"Unfortunately, there has never been an enforcement action in decades of industry activity. The flag of Texaco flies over the capital of Louisiana."

Green

Green and healthy wetlands are vital to the future of New Orleans, of Louisiana, and indeed of the entire United States. Had Katrina hit land even thirty years ago, enough storm surge might have been absorbed by the wetlands to avoid the catastrophic levee failures. From recreational boating, hunting and fishing to the commercial seafood industry, Louisianans are losing a way of life with every acre of marsh that disappears.

And if they go away completely, the oil and gas infrastructure goes with them – and America becomes that much more reliant on foreign producers.

"Coastal restoration is not a Democratic or Republican issue, it's an American issue," says our scholarly sovereign. "What we are asking in the suit is very consistent with basic American values, basic conservative values: take responsibility. Man up, oil industry!"

Of course, our groveling governor and the oiligarchs see a different green: money. And while they don't mind if we lose our green, they are highly determined to hold on to theirs.

Purple

Purple appears to be the color Bobby Jindal and Garret Graves turned when they heard about the lawsuit. They will make it a top priority in this year's state legislative session to take away the Flood

Authority's ability to sue.

"Several parishes also sued the industry after we did, and I expect more. The parish lawsuits could also be undermined by the legislature," muses our monarch, who adds that one hope the Authority had when it sued the oil companies was exactly what happened – that other suits would follow, putting more pressure on the industry to live up to its responsibilities.

The antidote to these poisonous political posturings? Purple people power: "Call your legislators," recommends our rajah. "Repeatedly!"

Blue

If we don't reverse the loss and replenish the wetlands, we're all going to be seeing blue – figuratively and literally, if the Gulf of Mexico ends up lap dancing at our doorsteps.

When you put all the colors together, you get a rainbow, and while no one is looking for a pot of gold (unless it's Colombian), King John can foresee a happy ending to all these troubles. "If we put enough pressure on the industry, more lawsuits if necessary, rather than fight, they might come to the table. We're just asking them to keep their word, obey the law, take responsibility for their actions, just like you'd ask any three-year-old."

In the meantime, John Barry is this year's most excellent King of Krewe du Vieux. A French Quarter resident, our partying prince's first experience of New Orleans was when he came down for Mardi Gras one year. He saw through the insanity that this was the place he wanted to live, and moved here soon thereafter – despite nearly getting bulldozed by the Bourbon Street trash cleaning machines at the end of his first Fat Tuesday.

There were some misspent years when he lived in DC, but our city's siren song lured back our lost liege. "There were still a lot of artists in the Quarter then, still cheap, seedy apartments," our royalty recalls. "It's cleaner now, but I miss the old bars and clubs, the sailors' hangouts on Decatur."

This clearly makes him highly qualified to lead the cheap and seedy Krewe du Vieux – but wait, there's more.

"I enjoy the physicality of Mardi Gras, jockeying for position to catch some beads – not in a mean way, but just the physical challenge." King John recalls his wife being really excited about her first Mardi Gras, when he put his many years of weightlifting to good use by placing her on his shoulders and elbowing his way to the front of the crowd at Lee Circle, which in and of itself is a major Carnival accomplishment.

The king is definitely psyched for Krewe du Vieux, though he warns his legions of loyal followers that "I tore my rotator cuff and didn't have the recommended surgery, so I may not be able to hit the back rows with those throws. I think my throws will clear the float, however."

And if he could wave his royal sceptre and create a perfect world? First, he would make sure that the people who damaged the wetlands fund the repairs, protect our beloved city and restore the unique coastal way of life. Second, he would actually find the time to get to work on his next book.

Yes, every tale has a next chapter, ideally more colorful than the last. So all hail King John Barry, the Mardi Gras monarch whose new suit we hope will one day cover us all!

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, February 15

Doors open 8:00 PM

Music starts after parade

TRASH PALACE

Chartres & Elysian Fields

General Admission entrance on

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featuring in order of appearance

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Up in Smoke

2101 Magazine Street

Vile Queen of Denial Goes Up-River

KINGDOM OF WE-GYPT – Having emerged from the Seeds of Decline, after the last of the Rameses of the Pfkuk't Dynasty abdicated so he could create the Condom Dynasty, the Cleo Dynasty came into power. Its first ruler was Cleo-Patra, followed by Cleo-Patricia, and now by the Divine Pharaoh Cleo-Piyush, Queen of Da Vile.

Pharaoh Piyush first defeated the plague of Frog tourists, who invaded the most important city in her kingdom (hint: not Shreveport) with the mistaken idea that French was spoken in the Vieux Carre. Her Grand Brassiere attributed the wave of plagues to a misguided resurgence of the cult of the sun-goddess Hot-en-hotter. Queen Piyush responded by closing the mental institutions, successfully frightening away the tourists.

Now the Divine Pharaoh Cleo-Piyush of the We-Gypt-ians, with her sights focused on eventually moving her throne into that most vile river of denial, the Potomac, will undertake a state visit up da Vile, where she might get a view of the kingdom of Iowa.

The first stop is the marble Huey-P Tower of Theves, site of the annual ritual budget-strangling of higher education. Next is Alexandria, where a great library was planned with a dedicated millage. Cleo-Piyush will review the labor of her happy slaves who maintain her pharaonic opulence, which had absorbed the millage. As a gesture to her constituents, Cleo-Piyush will forgive all library overdue fines,

but as the proclamation is written at an eighth grade reading level, only members of her court will be able to read it.

Next, her journey will take her through the ancient and venerable city of Ass-one where she will conduct a high sacrifice of tenured teachers. The sacrifice will begin by extracting the common core out of the curriculum. Next, the damned of Ass-one will rip out the teachers' hearts, wrap them in a charter, and burn them with any books longer than twenty pages. The cheers of the graduates of the royal charters will drown out the screams of the damned of Ass-one as the fire is lit with the holy vouchers.

In Cairo, she shall visit Nubian Jim, her old side-kick from her huckleberry days. The two will consult with the Dolphin and the King of France over the economic development of We-Gypt. Regrettably, Czar Ed Blake-lie will be unable to attend because he is busy rebuilding New Jersey.

She will travel through Memphis and stop at the Valley of the King and even tour Graceland. She shall pay obseance to the Christian right by sacrificing Medicaid and mental health, and cast out the devil mental patients, now sleeping under the interstate. She'll install her Piyush-Don't-Care medical plan for the benefit of the happy slaves. To the dismay of many, the Piyush-Don't-Care medical plan does not cover smoking of bullrushes for medical purposes. It will heel the sick ... and

everybody else too.

After departing from Memphis, the Divine and Peripatetic Pharaoh Cleo-Piyush will set her course for the Red City of Mon-row, home of the duck cult. There, she shall preside over the in-duck-shun of new acolytes in service to the Bearded Duck Priests. Following the in-duck-shun, Cleo-Piyush will lead the arranged marriage of 14-year-olds to princes of the realm. The marriage ceremony will be sealed with a sacrifice of sodomites to thank the ancient Oracle of the JimKro. Queen Piyush will climax the ceremony with the flashing of her nefer-titties accompanied by her minions trumpeting their

approval in a symphonic mallard melody of duck calls.

The stop at Mon-row will conclude her state visit. Having surveyed and taken the census of her kingdom, she will be fully prepared to launch her campaign, led by an army of elephants, to conquer Iowa like Hanna-Montana-bal. Once she's gained control of the cock-usses, she will finally be able to expand her reign of error.

The Seeds of Decline cordially invite you to spectate as they walk like We-Gypt-ians, with their eyes akimbo, through the potholed streets on February 15, 2014 in the Sixth year of the Rain of Pharaoh Cleo-piyush

Bourbon Gets Into PajamaCare

BETWEEN THE SHEETS – PajamaCare is now the law of the land—and bed. With the economy stripped of so many jobs and households getting by on threadbare budgets, the rising cost of pajamas has forced many citizens to sleep naked. The very thought of not having that warm and cozy feeling of a pair of flannels on the genitals while in between the sheets makes many people shiver.

In a recent Krewe Rue Bourbon poll, the vast majority of Americans say they want to sleep in pajamas, but cannot afford to buy them. Many of those who can afford pajamas feel privileged and even went to the extremes of shopping online for that provocative "Nasty Ass Sleep Ware", but a substantial minority still say they miss the sensual feeling of sleeping nude.

WKMA ("Why Kiss My Ass") crack reporter, Fuzzy Nutts, decided to venture into the streets of New Orleans to interview people regarding their opinions as to whether sleeping naked is or is not acceptable. He first subject was Ms. Seymore Titty, a French Quarter pole dancer. Ms. Titty responded that she was not at all bothered by the cost of PajamaCare because she chooses not to own a pair. "I spend one third of my day twerking on a pole at 'Big Daddy's', a

third wearing scanty clothing in my leisure, so sleeping in the nude comes naturally to me."

Next up was a vagabond traveler, Hobo Longshaft. When asked about his take on PajamaCare, Mr. Longshaft replied that, "Pajamas just cost too much. Therefore I sleep in my clothes during the winter and during the summer I sleep strictly in my Gucci underwear. Hey, the luxury of pajamas is for rich people."

Before Mr. Nutts called it a day, he decided to interview an attractively dressed older woman, Mrs. Truly Blueblood. When asked her thoughts on the subject, Mrs. Blueblood blushed. "Rather than take the fifth on the question, I would rather drink a fifth." She then added, "Sometimes I wear my pajamas and sometimes I don't. It all depends on whether Mr. Pushrod spends the night. And when he comes, he doesn't like anything coming between us."

After finishing his assignment, Fuzzy Nutts of WKMA concluded that PajamaCare is the law whether affordable or not, and who cares - sleeping nude is more fun. One thing is for sure under the new law: "If you like your ass, you can keep your ass." This has been Krewe Rue Bourbon reporting for "Why Kiss My Ass" news.

Corrections and Clarifications

Last year *Monde de Merde* identified Bobby Jindal as the governor of Louisiana. We regret it deeply.

We regret to report that after celebrating traditional marriage last year, this year CRUDE is celebrating traditional divorce.

Last year *Monde de Merde* announced that it would henceforth publish only three times per decade. In fact, *MaMa Rue* is now available for purchase in other years.

We reported last year that NFL Commissioner Roger Goodell was found having sex with the Rex Boeuf Gras. The roles were actually reversed.

Despite the heady publicity beforehand, T.O.K.I.N.'s YoMaMaCare was not well rolled out.

Mama Roux reported from the Stupor Bowl that the "Dome itself is totally lit up". This did not turn out to be true in the third quarter; we regret the error as well as Beyonce's halftime appearance.

“Jail House Rock” Entertainment Complex, Video Production Company & Luxury Crackhouse Condos Open in Mid-City

By I.M. Cumming

New Crack City, LA – The Krewe of Space Age Love, Orleans Parish Prisoner Investment Consortium & Gusman Almighty Seductions Unlimited are very high on Jail House Rock, their new joint venture. The combination club, video production company, and luxury crackhouse condos recently opened in the new Mid-City financial extortion district.

GAS, as Gusman is also known, was elated at the response from the area residents when he debuted the one-stop shop concept of stay, play and pay. Prisoners will now be called residents and can earn such perks as good time Bourbon Street passes, in your cell lap dances, the ever popular crack pack, or the Big Kahuna – their very own party video by New Crack Productions.

OPP and GAS-U are proud to introduce Hankton Towers luxury crack condos. The Phat Cat Condo comes with a 52-inch screen surround sound system, bodyguard, stripper of choice, hookah/ganja room, crack bar, jacuzzi, sound proof bathroom, and WiFi. The Po-Cat Condo comes with a 19-inch black and white TV, a number three washtub, two crack pipes, a roommate named Stud and a sample from the Phat Cat in cell number one.

Plans for the Entertainment Complex include a new production of Elvis’s Jail House Rock and an ex-con mentor program. Scheduled speakers for the GAS mentor program are such notables as Greg Meffert, Oliver Thomas, Bill Jefferson, and the ever popular Papa Edwin Edwards.

The new production of Jail House Rock will include a few inmate favorites such as Are You Lonesome Tonight, Pound Dog, Love Me Tender, Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear and the previously-unreleased, long lost Crack House Rock.

OPP will ensure a constant flow of guests and also provide transportation for

any resident with a Phat Cat GAS Pass to and from Bourbon Street, the Lower Nine, Central City, and Algiers. OPP’s Gus Party bus will be complete with video streaming, crack bar, hookah cafe, wet bar and stripper pole.

Housed within the Jail House Rock complex is New Crack Mall, where residents can enjoy a meal at Amsterdam Bistro, Hard Rock Cafe or Cracky Cheese. The White House Emporium is a popular one-stop shop offering favorites like rock candy, brownies from Kind Bud industries, Absinthe of Malice and the very popular NOLA Rum Drop Soup.

Hankton Pharmacia & Barber Shop is sure to be very popular with the residents with its line of generic and brand name pharmaceuticals. Mr. Hankton guarantees all product, custom crack pipes, syringes and miscellaneous supplies to be of the highest quality. Barber Shop Special with purchase and free shiv to the first ten customers,

OPP residents may also enjoy conjugal visits at Mr. Binky’s Pleasure Dome in the mall’s family center. Friendly guards in Elvis attire are available 24/7 for all guests.

In an effort to improve drug and community relations, cut down on street crime, and establish a path for crackheads to invest in their community, Jail House Rock will be using the Spread the Love business plan. This offers local crackheads the opportunity to invest in Hankton Towers and enjoy the high of being a happy Hankton Towers condo owner. Local police and court systems are 100% behind a concept that won’t require the court system, lawyers, bail bondsmen, or extensive and expensive police action, and could result in uniting the crackhead community. Mr. Gusman is once again to be commended for his social insight and financial ingenuity.

K.S.A.L., OPP and Gusman Almighty

invite you to the grand opening of our Jail House Rock complex at 6:30 pm on February 15, 2014. The first 940

guests will receive a free crack pack and *The Ganja Chronicles*, the autobiography of Indian Red.

Jail House Rock

**The One Stop Shop
to party till you drop !**

Video Production

• • • • •

Private Parties

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Lap Dancers

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Bourbon Street Passes

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**Luxury Crackhouse
Condos**

**Contact a Jail House Agent
today at 800-69CRACK**

NOPD Fails to Stop Vile Ents in the Streets

VIEUX CARRE - The New Orleans Police Department has been unable to hold back a horde of tree creatures that recently invaded the streets of the French Quarter. Made famous by the *The Lord of the Rings*, these normally docile Ents have been creating havoc after an incident during production of a promotional video for the utility company Entergy.

Entergy spokesman Forrest Greene explained, "The production was going well until the lunch break. An intern mistakenly gave them a few cases of Barq's root beer. They became uprooted on the stuff. That was bad enough, but after they got caught in some power lines, they just went nuts and blazed a trail to the French Quarter."

Some of the vile Ent acts reported were unsolicited tree hugging, popping car trunks, defoliating virgin oaks, beating bush, wearing fir, ash fucking, sex on the beech, sporting redwood, exposing their woodies, and spreading their seed, as well as other lewd and deciduous behavior.

Police were unable to stop the lumbering giants, even with sawed-off shotguns, and were pulled back. When asked for comment, Police Superintendent Ronnie

Sapass opined, "I may be going out on a limb here, but I think if we do nothing at all then this problem will simply go away."

Critics of the Superintendent were quick to respond that he was full of hot CO2 and his statement was simply a carbon copy of previous emissions.

Perhaps sensing that this incident would cut into his chance at re-election, Mayor Birch Landyew immediately directed the Department of Safety and Permits to invent a new fine for parading without a licensed arborist.

Opponents of the Mayor, including the newly formed splinter group "Stop the Vile Ents", followed with a joint statement that accused the Mayor of barking up the wrong tree and "not being able to see the forest for the fees."

The Krewe du Vieux, which is scheduled to parade Saturday, February 15 in the Vieux Carre, announced they would still march with the theme "Where the Vile Things Are" noting that the current environment would allow them to branch out with their message.

— Reported by Ray "Plaine" Kern,
noted Dendrologist.

People's Republic of Inane Plans Splashy Entrance to First O'lymp Dicks Games in Sochi

ON THE TWIN SLOPES—Athletes and officials hailing from The People's Republic of Inane have planned a flashy debut for the 2014 O'lymp Dicks Games Parade of Nations in Sochi, Russia.

In a surprising move, Russian President Vladimir Putin will march with the new nation, accompanied by his partner/bear daddy, Borislav. Putin's decision will surely court controversy as the country continues to enforce recently enacted anti-gay laws.

While Putin has not commented directly

on the parade, sources close to the president said he feels the O'lymp Dicks Games will provide perfect international stage to finally come out of the closet.

And what a spectacular entrance the Russian president and The People's Republic of Inane will make.

Putin will be flanked by the nation's internationally-ranked athletes, including the delegation's co-captain, Guns Guidrikson, the No. 3 Splooger in the world.

Guidrikson, known for his dedication

Mishigas Parties the Red Sea of Daiquiri

VILE RIVER—There have been reports of insurrection, plagues, and a possible miracle in the streets of New Orleans. A volatile situation erupted when the Broadmoor Area Anti-go-cup League (B.A.A.L.) issued an edict, signed by their leader, one Ramsey Pharaoh, decreeing that henceforth the denizens of the Little Egypt Bar and Falafel Stand, collectively known as the Krewe de Mishigas, would no longer be able to transport their libations off the premises in the holy vessels known as go-cups.

Use of these vessels is an ancient tradition among the Mishigasim, as well as other krewes throughout New Orleans.

Mishigas prophet and mixologist, Mose S. Boudreaux declared, "We will no longer be slaves to neighborhood associations, the planning commission, and the Alcoholic Beverage Control board. The forces of Pharaoh and the NOPD cannot keep us from taking our party to the streets. Let my people go-cup!"

Little Egypt was immediately surrounded by a phalanx of NOPD guards who acted to prevent anyone from leaving the premises drink in hand.

The Mishigasim were prepared to hole up in the watering hole for as long as necessary. "Could be forty years, forty days and forty nights, or forty minutes," said Mose.

Meanwhile, in the streets surrounding Little Egypt, a series of strange plagues descended upon the city. Eyewitness accounts describe swarms of termites, rampaging roaches, stinging caterpillars falling from the heavens. Potholes erupted in the asphalt and orange cones were everywhere. Pots of Ya Ka Mein across the entire Southshore turned instantly into Campbell's Cream of Chicken. For several minutes, the temperature dropped to a bone-chilling, life-threatening 52 degrees. The airwaves were inundated with endless loops of campaigning zombie politicians.

The minions of B.A.A.L. were unmoved. Pharaoh declared, "We will never surrender our power to force petty edicts on our subjects."

However, before he could finish bloviating, a flood of a slushy red liquid emanated from the environs of Little Egypt. At the edge of this Red Sea of Daiquiri appeared Mose S. Boudreaux himself. Raising his pool cue high, he parted the Red Sea and led the Mishigasim on their exodus to go-cup freedom in the KdV parade. It is expected that they will be revealing several commandments (and body parts), but the only one you really need to know is: Thou shalt bring thy go-cups to the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 15.

to distance, said he is excited to have Putin along for his country's inaugural games.

"We will make history this year, starting with the Parade of Nations. I can already feel a gold medal ready to burst forth from my loins," Guidrikson.

The team of athletes also includes Guidrikson's co-captain and champion cunnilingus curler, Jennitals Lilov.

The People's Republic of Inane has planned another special surprise for the Feb. 15 Parade of Nations. Leading the delegation and carrying aloft the country's

symbolic flaming dildo will be none other than Jesse Steblev, a cocksledding legend and native Inanite.

It was Steblev who helped formulated the fundamentals of cocksleigh as we know it and will arguably go down as one of the sport's most important icons.

About his selection to bear his country's standard, Steblev said proudly, "I will hold the golden, flaming cock up high and lead my people to victory. All hail The People's Republic of Inane!"

Rogue Nation – The Republic of Dripsonia – Hosts Sphincter Olympics

After its membership was completely shut out from representing the Urinited States of Amurka in the Soso-chichi Winter Olympics, the Krewe of Drips & Discharges, led by benevolent dictator George II, an accomplished ice dancer, founded The Republic of Dripsonia. Assylum seekers quickly emigrated en-masse to the tiny fledgling country located somewhere between the Bywater and the French Quarter. In another “shocker”, the International Olympic Committee refused to recognize Dripsonia or its athletes, many of whom have been accused of using performance enhancing mind altering drugs.

To ensure its citizen assletes have the opportunity to compete in their prime, Dripsonia has issued an invitation to all fine-hynians to compete in the Inaugural Sphincter Olympics. The breakaway republic is expected to sweep 100% of the gold medals, but that shouldn't stop other nations from entering the competition.

Spectators will see events such as Girl on Girl Figure Skating Action with former enemies Tonya HardOn and Nancy CumsAgain; bare-backed Pussy Rioting with crowd favorite Dirty Nikita; Rocketman tearing up the Super G-Spot; Viking Burner on the Half Crack Pipe with champion Shaun Shite; and Downhill Skid-marking.

Other featured events include Boobsledding, Ass Hockey, Pube Curling, Four-Way Bobsleigh, Uphill Snow Snort, Flying Ski-Hump, Biassalon, Long Distance Enema runs, the Cleveland Steamer Relay, Full Contact Bukake, Skate Fighting and Extreme Pitching and Catching.

Spectators will be invited to sing along with the Rusty Trombones, as they play the Dripsonian National Anthem, during the Opening Ceremonies, where Dennis Rodman shall be set ablaze as the official

Sphincter Olympic Flame:

May your sphincters be bleached all bright,
and never left untouched;
their boundaries to be forever tight,
and lubed by Russian brides;

Chorus:

In Dripsonia, my love,
it's sphincter time;
enjoying every inch, my love,
for the backdoor's all thine
Share your pickles in wantonness,
as juice rolls down each cheek;
Our sphincters are all we need,
when in Dripsonia's deep.

Chorus:

In Dripsonia, my love,
it's sphincter time;
enjoying every inch, my love,
for the backdoor's all thine
Many times you'll cum out loud,
yearning for another round;
it will be delivered to you my friend,
when you turn around.

Chorus:

In Dripsonia, my love,
it's sphincter time;
enjoying every inch, my love,
for the backdoor's all thine



VISIT THE KdV
WEBSITE:
[www.kreweduvieux.org\(y\)](http://www.kreweduvieux.org(y))

Recipe du Merde

Mama Roux's Big Easy Treme-Style Creole-Cajun Vilé Gumbo with Brown Lice

Most ingredients available at New Orleans' fine local grossery stores such as Langenstinks, Louse's Market, Schmeggmann's, WalFart, Whorignac's, Stale Foods Market, Save-A-Rot, Maggotassa's, Crudseco's, Sleaux Mart, Fat Albertson's, Robotulism's Flesh Market, Schtuppardo's, and Perverte Mart

- 3 large chickens or 4 large ducks with bones, skin, feathers, feet and pieces-parts
 - 1 lb. unidentifiable pork by-products
 - 2 lbs. large shrimp with shells and veins
 - 2 lbs. aged lump crab meat
 - 2 cups week-old bacon drippings
 - 1 cup all-purpose mealy flour
 - 1 large onion, coarsely chopped
 - 28 cloves garlic, minced
 - 1 green bell pepper (do not remove seeds)
 - 1 whole bunch celery
 - 1 bunch each of parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme (unwashed)
 - 15 beef bouillon cubes left in back of pantry for 5 years
 - 1 bottle Worchester sauce
 - 1 large can stewed tomatoes with juice (include can)
 - 4 cups frozen, sliced okra with extra slime
 - ½ gallon Tabasco sauce
 - 1 cup Tony Chachere's
 - 1 cup cayenne pepper
 - 12 moldy bay leaves
 - ½ cup gumbo vilé powder
 - 2 cups short grain brown lice
 - 1 stick rancid butter
 - 4 8-ounce bottles clam juice
 - 1 six-pack Dixie beer
- Directions:

First, you make a roux. Whisk the flour and bacon drippings together in a large, heavy, unwashed cast iron Dutch oven over medium-high heat to form a smooth mixture with the consistency of pond scum. Cook the roux, constantly stirring until your shoulder is dislocated. After several hours of cooking and stirring, it should turn the color of dark mahogany. If it doesn't, fuck it, dump in some Kitchen Bouquet.

Place all vegetables into a food processor and puree until liquefied. Stir the vegetable puree into the roux. Stir in all ingredients from the animal kingdom. Bring mixture to a simmer over medium-low heat. Sit down and have a Dixie beer. Or two.

Boil the beef bouillon cubes in a large pot. Stir until the bouillon cubes dissolve. Whisk the roux mixture into the boiling stock, using uninjured arm. Reduce heat to a simmer and mix in the seasonings and spices. Simmer over low heat for 6 ½ hours. Drink three additional Dixie beers.

Pour brown lice into 4 cups boiling water, spraying any escaping lice with Raid. Simmer covered for 2 hours. Turn off heat and allow to steam. Finish off Dixie beers.

Spoon the lice into the bottom of deep bowls or large cups and ladle gumbo on top. Serve with stale French bread and rancid butter.

Mutual of Underwear's "Vile Kingdom" Pilot Suffers From Absent Star

RED STICKS – Recent turmoil at A&E (the Arse & Empty-headed Network) led network executives to believe that their documentary series about old faux swamp men using fowl sex toys to lure innocent ducks to their deaths was no longer sustainable. Realizing that the network was desperate for another hit show that could exploit viewers' comfortable convictions that Louisiana is still a pre-colonial primitive backwater, local production, marching and drinking company Mutual of Underwear generated a bold new concept.

MOU's proposal was to spotlight a completely unknown and desperately aspiring Baton Rouge resident named Piyush Jindal, chronicling his meteorically successful rule of the Vile Kingdom of Louisiana and his seemingly inevitable rise to king of the whole vile world. After listening to MOU's pitch in a meeting on Marlin Perkins Road, A&E immediately signed on.

From the beginning, production of the

show was rumored to be rife with serious issues. As the show's self-appointed associate producer, Mr. Jindal's attempts to pay MOU production staff and his hired array of extremist right wing morals consultants with "Creationism School Vouchers" were blatantly illegal.

Things only got more vile from there. Back room deals were backed. Boondoggles were boondoggled. State tax credits were discredited. Rich political backers were given license to write their own scenes (and laws), as well as massively lucrative contracts to do absolutely nothing. Mr. Jindal pillaged and diverted hundreds of millions of dollars in education and designated low income funds, then doubled down by rejecting gazillions of federal healthcare dollars. This last bit wasn't necessarily related to the show. It was more just because.

Throughout the pilot's planned filming schedule, Mr. Jindal could not be located within the State of Louisiana. This led to heated arguments with his various flunkies,

who claimed that Mr. Jindal's leadership was so flawless and effective that another out of state lecture and book tour should take precedence over documenting Mr. Jindal actually leading the state.

The most frequent sound bite from these interactions was "The whole world depends on Mr. Jindal's leadership skills. Deal with it!" Consequently, Mr. Jindal only appears in one strange scene at the very end of the pilot episode.

Upon realizing that he wasn't going to be portrayed in a positive light, Mr. Jindal went ballistic, donned a pair of furry onesie jammies (complete with claws and ears), emerged from his Forest of Broken Promises, clambered up the exterior of the Louisiana State Capital Building, and bellowed the mighty roar of a defeated beast who still can't understand why everyone doesn't love him.

This was the one and only moment that the MOU crew was able to film Mr. Jindal actually presiding over the State of

Louisiana. Unfortunately, due to Mr. Jindal's subsequent intimidation of the entire crew, most copies of the footage were destroyed. The wiki-leaked version obtained for this review remains under a very tight gag order by the usually somewhat less kinky and explicit Filth Circus Court of Appeals.

In a protest of its trampled-upon free speech and press rights, and in direct violation of the court order (as well as to generate enough interest to recoup some of its investment of time, money and intems), Mutual of Underwear has decided to depict Mr. Jindal's tyrannical tirade as a cartoon parody, which will air in the Krewe du Vieux parade on Saturday, February 15.

In the meantime, the Arse & Empty-headed Network decided what America really needed was for it to resume its show about old faux swamp men slaughtering poultry by pretending to be horny female ducks.

Republicans Roll Out BoehnerCare

ICU – Venturing into the medical morass that has emerged after the limp rollout of the Affordable Sex Act, the Republican party today unveiled their proposed new national health care plan. It was immediately dubbed "BoehnerCare", after the hapless speaker of the House of Representatives, because it did absolutely nothing and made no sense at all.

As with most Republican proposals, details were sketchy, but the plan will apparently pay for unlimited visits to your mama's house. Physicians will have their rounds (of golf) subsidized, and insurance companies will have to accept patients with certain pre-existing conditions such as eyes and ears. Medications such as chicken

soup and tea are also covered.

The latter fact was not enough to placate the Tea Party. Spokesman Earl "Shady" Gray raged, "Government should not be involved in people's private lives, especially when it comes to something as personal as their health care. Unless we're talking about abortion. Or contraceptives. Or fertility clinics. But otherwise, just give me my Medicare check and stay out of my doctor's office!"

Another feature of BoehnerCare is a national health care oversight panel consisting of seven dwarves, each representing a different set of stakeholders. In fact, some of the panelists have already been identified. Representing physicians will be

proctologist "Doc" Ben Dover; the insurance industry panelist will be Red "Grumpy" Cross; and patients will be represented by Mal "Sneezy" Practice.

Even within the GOP itself, reactions to the BoehnerCare proposal were mixed. Metairie Congressman Steve Scasleaze put out a press release announcing his opposition to the plan, on the grounds that "a few Democrats might benefit from BoehnerCare, which would promote their radical liberal agenda."

Reached on his shoe phone – which spends a lot of time in his mouth – by an intrepid *Monde de Merde* reporter, Rep. Scasleaze was asked if BoehnerCare could be fixed rather than just rejected outright.

After a few moments of puzzled silence, he simply said "no".

Taking a contrary position was conservative air-buffoon Rush Windblough, who was apparently pleased that the measure would make oxycontin available on an over-the-counter basis.

As of *MdM* press time, few other details were available, in part because there is no BoehnerCare website. The speaker's spokesman responded to this apparent oversight by stating, "We're a bunch of old white men, and we don't use the Internet. You can only order BoehnerCare by phone. And if you call in the next ten minutes, we'll also send you two free bottles of Ryanide, guaranteed to kill what ails you."

(Hard)Living Section: Entertainment Noise

Career Regressive's Award Performance Shocks

HOLLYWOOD GROVE — Bobby Jindal's performance at last night's VMA (Venal Malfeasance Awards) ceremony has set tongues wagging (and lolling and hanging out) with a display that took even the normally jaded and jambalayaed bayou spectators by surprise. "Da Guv" has long cultivated a wholesome, family friendly image; last night's performance, though, was anything but!

"There was humping; there was thrusting; there was grinding. I've never seen anyone work so hard to bend over for Big Oil. #LubedUp!" the ever-glamorous James Gill, famous poli-tainment columnist, tweeted after the show.

Before the night's corrupt cavalcade began, the buzz among the politerati on the red carpet was that long-time Malfeasance star Baby Gaga (AKA The Sinator) would stop the show with a filibuster performance. The big Baby has wowed in past VMAs with his scatological sketches and bawdyhouse burlesques, but this time it was Da Guv who stole the show—along with the hopes and dreams of his constituents.

The scintillating sequence started idyllically with wetlands critters—displaced from their habitats—wandering aimlessly and innocently about the stage while some restoration chords played in the background. Then without warning, Jindal emerged from the belly of a beast and the tune changed.

Sporting a leotard and a foam finger with the legend "Will Twerk for Oil", Da Guv gyrated his way through a sassy rendition of his smash hit "We Can't Stop (Coastal Erosion)". He strutted around the stage, whipping the marsh animals into frenzy, as he shook his hips, licked his lips and gestured provocatively with his big foam finger.

"It's like he was saying to everyone in south Louisiana: 'See how badly I want to screw you.' Very sexy," audience member and past award winner Tony Hayward gushed after the show.

Most performers would have left it there, but the banger from Baton Rouge wanted to give his fans multiple climaxes so he pulled off his leotard—getting nearly as naked as New Orleans in a tropical storm—and pulled in his old pal Big Oil for somewhat sloppy seconds. Together they belted out the all-too-appropriate chart-topper "Blurred Lines" while Da Guv rubbed up and down on BO and finished off by bouncing his bantamweight backside up against BO's best bulge.

"Couldn't have picked a better song," blogged noted critic John Barry. "There's blurred coastal lines, blurred legal lines and blurred responsibility lines."

Many viewers were taken off guard by the performance.

"He laid it on pretty Thicke," one Shell-shocked fan named Machel wrote on Facebook. "I don't think I can ever look at a politician in the same wide-eyed, girlish way again. Maybe they're not the role models I always thought."

Even political insiders joined in the scuttlebutt.

"Just embarrassing," said Mitch Landrieu, who himself has spent some time under Jindal. "How am I supposed to explain that to a clean, quiet little town like my New Orleans?"

As the tumescent controversy swelled with excitement, sweeping across media in a rising tide, other fans rushed to Da Guv's defense.

"I think it was hot *and* provocative. It really put the erection back in dereliction," Guv groupie Garret Graves ejaculated in an after-party interview posted this morning

on YouTube.

Of course, Jindal isn't the first child star to struggle with the transition to adulthood. Fans remember fondly his early days as a member of the Mike-y Louse Club. For many, it is hard to separate the real Bobby from his beloved role as Humana Louisiana, a normal kid who led a secret life playing the Secretary of Health and Hospitals and later President of the University of Louisiana System.

"Hilarity was always a sure symptom of his hijinks," chuckled another VMA award-winner, Ray Nagin, when we caught up with him leaving his lawyers' office. "He made it easy to laugh at the state healthcare and education systems."

Last night was clearly Da Guv's attempt to send a message that he's all grown up now. Famed commentator Stephanie Grace agrees.

"That was clearly a coming of age moment for him," she said. "Key word: coming."

Don't worry if you missed the big performance, though. A popular arts support group, the Coalition for the Recognition and Appreciation of Political Satire (C.R.A.P.S.), will be offering a replay of the whole thing on the streets of the French Quarter and Marigny the evening of February 15. Come join the Beautiful People and watch as Da Guv Goes T'Werk.



Spermes Teaches Ball Handling Skills

ON THE HARDCOURT – NBA All-Star weekend (February 14-16) means two things: in-room champagne binges and excellent ball handling. While in town, many of the league's top stars will consult with local pros, the Krewe of Spermes, at their special clinic, Spermes Goes Balls Out.

Spermes spokesman Harry Sack explains that the krewe has been coaching the fundamentals of smooth ball handling and strong shooting for years.

"We helped 'Pistol' Pete Maravich earn his nickname back when he played for the New Orleans Jizz," Sack says. "He wasn't a big man, but he sure could shoot. He loved pressure. Pete rose to the occasion whenever you put a ball in his hands. That's why he's in the Balls of Fame."

"Pete kept everyone around him happy, too," Sack says. "He'd penetrate and dish. He took care of his wingmen. If they weren't getting their hands on Pete's balls they were cleaning up his rebounds. And on a good night, he'd go to the crossover dribble and hook them up with a nice backdoor cut. Guys really liked going backdoor."

As much as New Orleanians loved their Jizz, the franchise was moved to Utah, which is better known for youth development, and Big Easy had to wait for the transfer of the Charlotte Whore-Nets for pro action. But over the years many top players and coaches visited the city in the off-season to work with Spermes. Former Chicago Bulls coach and tantric guru Phil Jacksoff was a frequent visitor and sent many of his players for one-on-one sessions, including the league's biggest dick, Dennis "Hotrod" Rodman.

"We sent Rodman to get his shot under control," Jacksoff says. "He'd get excited, start dribbling out of control and shoot anywhere. Spermes showed him how to hold back, be patient, not go too early in the shot clock. It used to be a game of spurts for him, but he learned valuable

ball control techniques. He learned to go the distance and finish strong."

Spermes' patented approach emphasizes working with two balls.

"So many people focus on just one thing at a time," Sack says. "First they want to palm it, then they want switch up and work on their stroke. But you have to mix it up to be effective. We make sure there are always at least two balls in action. Sounds simple, but it's important."

Notable veterans of Spermes camps include Earvin "Magic" Johnson, Patrick Spewing, Dork Nowitzki and prolific scorer Wilt Chamberlain, who racked up amazing statistics while double and triple teamed.

"Wilt could do anything," Sack says. "But he just dominated in the taint. There hasn't been anyone else who could get in there and bang like that. He lived at the rim."

In the last year, Spermes has been tutoring rising New Orleans Pelicans seven-incher Anthony Davis. Since his one year stand at the University of Kuntucky, he's been best known as a cock-blocker, but the team's trying to get him to change his game.

"The other guys are getting tired of that," Pelican's coach "Full" Monty Williams said. "We're moving balls around, getting a lot of touches, everything is going great, and then Davis slaps balls right out of the building. We need more prick-and-rolls and lay-ups. He has to learn to let the game come to him."

Even team furry "Lucky" Pierre the Pelican is frustrated with the lack of production.

"The guys are tired of blue balls," Pierre said. "It's hard to pump up the crowd when you're team can't score."

"We want to make him a Ball-Star," Monty says. "Everyone scores at the Ball-Star game. There are going to be balls flying everywhere."

The Big Bong Theory

THE SMOKY WAY – Recently, the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) learned that Louisiana is in the forefront of a new trend in education. The Louisiana Science Miseducation Act (S.B. 733) will ensure that Louisiana will be a black hole that continues to lead the country in the production of seriously ignorant high school graduates.

In signing the legislation, Governor Booby Junkscience remarked, "We can rest easy knowing that our young people will no longer be corrupted by theories of evolution and climate change and will enter the world totally unprepared to face reality." The governor noted that this law works nicely with his school voucher program, adding, "Why should taxpayer dollars be wasted on schools that prepare children for careers in godless sciences? What proof is there that the earth is more than 6,000 years old, that it's not flat, that it revolves around the sun? We are offering parents the choice of sending their children to schools with no discernible educational curriculum whatsoever."

Meanwhile, the Ne'er-do-wells were approaching the climax of their own study on the origins of the universe. Holding an agenda-heavy meeting in a smoke-filled abandoned schoolhouse, they decided the time had come to create the Academy of Prurient Education (A.P.E.). "We cannot let the governor monkey around with young minds, filling them with nonsense about Jesus and his pet dinosaur and letting them think that fossil dating is when you go out with your mother's best friend," said the newly-appointed HEADmistress and exotic dancer, Charmaine Darwin. "We have much groovier nonsense to impart."

According to "The Origin of Species," the semi-scientific paper released by T.O.K.I.N., the universe was formed in a cloud of smoke emanating from a Big

Bong. "Unfortunately, earthly scientists don't have instruments powerful enough to observe this (or to satisfy the Ne'er-do-wells), but our intergalactic sources have revealed that the planets in our solar system are revolving around this Big Bong in the Smoky Way galaxy," said Professor Darwin.

"The Origin of Species' is a work-in-progress," said Pole Dancer Darwin. "We are continuing to study the state legislature. Our observations have revealed evidence that the evolutionary process is going in reverse in that barrel of monkeys."

In a related development, Brown University announced that it would be rescinding the governor's degree in biology. "We're not sure how he got that degree," said Biology Department spokesman Gene Poole, "but we suspect that it involved fraud."

The public is invited to partake of the educational elixirs of the profligate professors, salacious scholars, and titillating tutors of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells, who will be passing out vouchers and awarding diplomas as they publicly matriculate at the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 15.

C.O.A. STATEMENT

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

The views herein may not reflect those of Krewe leaders or all Krewe members.

They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain't none of us got nothin' worth suing for that isn't covered by a federal consent decree.

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Travel Section

Our Trip to Disneylandrieu

by Donna Jones, mommy blogger extraordinaire

A trip to Disneylandrieu had been a family dream of ours for years. My husband and I went there when we were a lot younger. Gosh, we had so much fun on the Main Bourbon Street with all the other conventioners! But, it certainly wasn't the kind of place for children! Then much to our surprise, the past few years we started seeing all these amazing TV commercials and glossy magazine ads. You know, the ones paid for by the oil company BP, about how it was different down there now that they had generously infused millions of dollars into the place. From what I heard, a new man had been put in charge after that horrible natural disaster - someone who really understood what a visiting family wants from a destination: wholesome fun and education by day and a safe place to unwind without the kids at night.

So we decided to take the plunge! We bought an all-inclusive family vacation package that included airfare, hotel, a ghost tour, and an authentic swamp tour - FOR A SONG! All we had to do was attend a presentation on a high rise timeshare condo on the Mississippi riverfront. We thought it would be painful, but there was free child care and the PowerPoint was accompanied by a live native zydeco band! And the high rises were beautiful - just like Miami! We thought the neighborhood, called the "Foburg Mariny" might be a little too edgy for us Midwesterners but after a few free cocktails hubby got brave and asked about it. The nice man reassured us the neighborhood wasn't edgy but up and coming. A great investment. We still didn't sign anything.

Anyhoo, when we landed these nice people from BP greeted us with colorful plastic beads - right off the airplane! We ended up wearing them everywhere we went in their beautiful but run down little "French Quarter". Of course, once we dropped off the bags, I bee-lined to a

Starbucks on Canal Street for a vanilla mocha frappachino (FTW!). Then we took a horse-drawn carriage ride through the streets, listening to the colorful street musicians and getting a wonderful history lesson from the driver. Afterwards, we stood in line for the special donuts at Café du Monde. Our matching t-shirts ended up positively covered with powdered sugar! (I just had to complain to the manager about how sticky the floors were though. Yuck!) That night we went on the ghost tour and then returned to the hotel early so we would be fresh for the swamp tour in the morning, when we took a bus for what seemed like forever for some reason. Unfortunately, once we got there everything was brown and we didn't see a single croc!

After that, the vacation went by like a blur! We saw lots of music at night (including a great Jimmy Buffet cover band!) on the underground "locals Bourbon Street" called Frenchman Street, sans kidlets, of course. We ate tasty jambalaya and even an outrageous "cajun" take on meatloaf. Wild meals! There were lots of cute little shops with T-shirts that said clever things like "I put ketchup on my ketchup". In one store my husband bought a zydeco cd and a hot sauce it turns out is way too hot for us. Shopping aside, our favorite thing was joining in on the free daily "second line" - an afternoon parade with a horn band that winds through the French Quarter. They gave us white Carnival Cruise Lines hankies to wave in the air every time! OMG so much fun! Even the kids had a blast!

On our final morning, while standing in line at Starbucks, we started chatting with a local man about the Crew du Voo parade that night. We decided that a parade was a great way to end our trip, so we said what the heck, let's go. The man even had some extra tickets, so we bought them for only 25 bucks! Well, I wish we hadn't,

because let me tell you, it wasn't at all what I expected from Disneylandrieu. Shame on them! The parade was LOUD and VILE. Grandma's hearing aid broke from the noise and she almost had a heart attack when she saw a giant male private part coming down the street. I was just glad the kids were too young to get most of the jokes, many of which I wasn't sure I got myself. The parade even made fun of people like the President and their governor and one float, from the obscenely named Crew of SPANK, made fun of Mitch, the Mayor of Disneylandrieu, which I didn't think was appropriate AT ALL. AND, they perverted some of my favorite childhood characters into sex jokes. (I had a lot of explaining to do later because the kids actually thought that part was funny. Grrrr.)

To top it off, the locals in the crowd were almost as drunk as the people in the parade, some of whom behaved like they were quite possibly on drugs. We barely got through the first half hour before we went back to the safety of our hotel, where we ordered more cajun meatloaf and watched The Skeleton Key on Pay-Per-View.

Despite the horrible parade hiccup, we had an excellent time at Disneylandrieu. And I know this may come as a shock to you - it definitely shocks our relatives - but we just put a down payment on the riverfront high rise! I know, I know! We were completely against it when we got back to Dubuque. We made a vow not to answer any follow up calls, but we felt bad about avoiding them, so we said we just couldn't take part because of the Crew du Voo. They said, "Let us worry about that. With all the money we're putting into the area in the next few years, building streetcars and new glass towers, you can bet their local, lowbrow days are numbered." And we can definitely live with that!

Mayor Man

Lyrics by The Peaples

He's a real Mayor Man
Sitting in his Mayor Land
Making all his Mayor Plans with
nobody

Doesn't want to listen to
Anybody's point of view
Especially from you and me

Mayor Man, please listen,
You don't know what you're
missing
Mayor Man, some folks won't
jump at your command

He's as mean as he can be
Thinks we're all the enemy
Mayor Man, learn how to
disagree

Mayor Man, don't bully
Listen to the people fully
Somebody else might even lend
you a hand

Doesn't want to listen to
Anybody's point of view
Especially from you and me

Mayor Man, please listen
You don't know what you're
missing
Mayor man, some folks won't
jump at your command

He's a real Mayor Man
Sitting in his Mayor Land
Making all his Mayor Plans with
nobody
Making all his Mayor Plans with
nobody
Making all his Mayor Plans with
nobody



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- Disturb the Peace
- Solicit for Prostitution/Crime Against Nature
- Smoke a Joint
- Drive With Unpaid Jefferson Parish Traffic Tickets
- Forget Your Seat Belt
- Look Suspicious

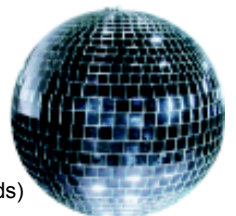
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