



The Krewe du Vieux Presents

# Le Monde de Merde

Vol. 30, No. 1

January 30, 2021

Priceless

PURPLE PROSE,  
YELLOW  
JOURNALISM  
AND THE LUST  
FOR GREEN

## Krewe du Vieux Has No Taste And we don't smell too good

LE NOLA PARFUMERIE – Can you taste it in the air, even just a little? Sniff the first fresh scent of change, blowing in the wind like a gentle, healing balm across this sad and battered land?

Good lord knows we need it.

2020 was the year that went viral, that made us long for 2019, that actually compared unfavorably to 2005. Who saw that coming?

The year began badly enough, with the richly deserved but completely pointless impeachment of president Donald Grump. The seriousness with which the GOP took this tragi-comedy was nicely encapsulated by Louisiana's own Sen. John Buffoonery (R-Keystone), who announced he didn't need any trial or evidence to determine how he was going to vote.

But Mardi Gras rolled in, the weather was nice, and those cute Corona bottle costumes with virus heads got lots of chuckles. And if you're young enough and drunk enough, it's a super spreader event anyway....

The first hint of how bad things were going to get was when president Donald Frump said things weren't going to get bad. The man is a pathological liar, so when he said COVID would disappear by Easter, we should all have started bunny-hopping in fear.

Reality set in quickly, especially here in the Crescent City, which had one of the nation's first major outbreaks. We're usually last in everything; what an unfortunate time to break that trend.

Let's face it, New Orleanians are not cut out for social distancing. We don't do it any better than we do street maintenance or public education. People were briefly buoyed by the order to wear masks, until they realized this was not Mardi Gras redux. And then there was the massive toilet paper shortage, which didn't even make sense since

most people were scared shitless.

Our cultural, hospitality, service-sector-based economy got hammered, and not in a Saturday night kind of way. A few restaurants were able to plug into food distribution networks, and some distilleries started making hand sanitizer (not that alcohol sales went down by any means). But the local restaurant, club and small business scene got really crushed.

One little bright side was that support skyrocketed for raising teacher salaries to \$1 million per year. But having to stay away from each other, not hug our friends, not go by our mama 'n them, has been just brutal.

Back at the national level, president Donald Plump continued to divide rather than lead. Consider this: if, back in March, he had appeared on TV wearing an American flag mask and told people it was their patriotic duty to wear them, how many thousands of lives would have been saved?

Instead, by year's end, the death toll was at least 335,000 Americans. That's one-third of a million folks sacrificed on the altar of narcissism.

Making a pandemic political is about as sad as it gets. Yet even sadder, president Slump made everything else political too, often to the detriment of his most fervent supporters. One local example is his trade policies, which have been horrifyingly bad for Louisiana farmers (though papered over by billions of dollars in subsidies – woo hoo national debt!). But the triumph of culture wars and identity politics is pretty much complete, and the Dumpster got roughly two-thirds of our farmers' votes in the election, even as he was destroying their very lifestyle and livelihood.

Did we mention that public education is not a local strength? We can argue politics forever, but underlying it all are

massive systemic failures, in education, criminal and economic justice, the environment, and so much more.

Speaking of massive systemic failures, Black Lives Matter.

As the state-sanctioned murder of Black citizens continued, shining a glaring light on the pervasive racism and inequity in America, there was inspiration to be found in the street protests. They crossed the entire country – indeed, the entire world – from large cities to small towns. People of every ethnicity, age and background participated. Only a miniscule percentage of the protests got hijacked into violence. The opportunity for meaningful, long overdue change beckoned.

Of course, president Bump saw only the opportunity to divide and conquer.

Which brings us to the election.

The Democratic primary season seemed to last a couple centuries, like

since Bernie Sanders' childhood. Michael Bloomberg spent \$600 million to win American Samoa's handful of delegates. Marian Williamson went into rapture, Kamala Harris went on the attack, and most of the candidates went into oblivion.

Ultimately, the whole show reverted to form, and yet another old White guy got nominated. Yet somehow, former Vice President and septuagenarian Joe Biden turned out to be the right man at the right time, especially when he selected Senator Harris to be his running mate.

The incumbent raged through the campaign, displaying his full bully mode during the first debate. He held huge campaign rallies while the coronavirus spiked again – interesting strategy, killing off your own voters – and continued to pretend the whole thing was a hoax, even when he, his family and members

*continued on page 2*

Like virtually every other Mardi Gras organization, Krewe du Vieux is not parading in 2021. Instead, many of the subkrewes have created installations to express their creativity, satire and general lack of taste. Basic information about these is listed below; more details can be found on some of their websites, or by abducting and interrogating a krewe member (trust us, they'll love it). In all cases, however, please wear masks and keep appropriate social distance. Oh, and one of these may not be real – test your Krewe du Vieux subkrewe knowledge!

**Bourbon** 2480 Burgundy Street, January 30 & 31, dusk 'til 10PM

**CRAPS** 171 Walnut Street, January 30

**Drips** 3921 St. Claude Avenue (with K.A.O.S.)

**Inane** Phoenix Bar, 941 Elysian Fields

**K.A.O.S.** 3921 St. Claude Avenue (with Drips)

**LEWD** 3215 Milan Street

**Mishegas** 2433 Magazine Street

**Mama Roux** 1311 Decatur Street, January 30 – February 16 (free samples)

**Mondu** near Bacchanal in Bywater

**Seeds of Decline** R Bar balcony, 1413 Royal Street, January 29 - 31

**Space Age Love** 217 S. Bernadotte Street, January 30, 6:30 til...

**Spank** 5180 St. Roch Avenue & 701 Louisa Street

**Smashing Watermelons** Tivoli Circle pedestal

*continued from page 1*

of his administration got sick. It's not an alternate reality when there is no connection to any reality.

Speaking of debates, Mike Pence's favorite fly got a three-film contract from HBO Max and an endorsement deal from the Vision Center.

The election itself actually was not quite the horror show everyone anticipated. Record numbers of people voted, despite the pandemic; percentage-wise, it was the highest turnout since 1900.

Then things went south – and we're not just talking about the two Georgia Senate run-offs.

The process unfolded just the way it was supposed to. Election day votes got counted first, then the absentee and mail-in ballots were tallied. As most experts predicted (yes, they did actually get something right about the voting), day-of votes heavily favored the Lump, while early votes went largely for Biden. Unfortunately, this logic was so simple it plum evaded the perplexed, pertinacious, perturbative, polyphagous poltroon of a president.

Blinded by his extraordinary insecurity and neediness, president Rump was simply unable, or unwilling, to grok the fact of his defeat (by a mere 7 million votes). Aided and abetted by the Melting Mayor, he cried fraud, theft, forgery, tampering, tamponing, food poisoning – pretty much everything except Russian hacking.

Lawsuits were filed from coast to coast and all the way up to the same Supreme Court he had so ignominiously packed. And they were so absurd, so baseless, so utterly lacking in even the first shred of evidence that his legal team lost 59 out of 60. Not even the original New York Mets were that bad. Even the Stump Department of Homeland Security called it “the most secure election ever,” and his personal Barr-back said there was no evidence of election fraud.

This did not stop the hypocrites and sycophants who have hijacked the once-respectable Republican party from standing with him all the way. Louisiana was again proud to be in that pathetic number, with Sen. Buffoonery, Rep. Clay-for-brains Higgins (R-Uzi) and state Attorney General Puff Laundry at the forefront.

Possibly most amazing amid all this was the insinuation that the Democrats were skilled enough to run a multi-state election fraud ring that involved multiple Republican officials in order to steal the presidential election – yet somehow in the same election, failed to get enough votes to win a Senate majority and lost ground in the House.

Ultimately, it was all sound and fury, signifying nothing. Our democratic and constitutional systems withstood the assault (this time).

So, the year of murder hornets, masks and monoliths; ventilators and video calls; so many hurricanes that the National Weather Service started using hieroglyphics to name them; quarantining and Netflix streaming; binge drinking, businesses sinking and nest eggs shrinking; finally came to an end. At last.

And yes, we lost so much over the year – family, friends, freedoms, and much of our sense of being the United States. The emotions of the year were anger, frustration, fear, and deep, pervading sadness.

Do you ever just stop and smell the sweet olive, or the jasmine, or the oleander, as the fragrance floats dreamily through the air? Do the aromas carry any kind of promise, of gentleness, faith, healing, love? Can you experience in them the possibility of peace and better days ahead?

The suffering surely continues. Anxiety and fear cross all geographic and political lines, uniting us even as they divide us. There is no magic wand or potion, no alternate reality where we are suddenly all as one.

No, the magic lives in each of us, no matter how much we feel separated from it by the mundane, the masks, the misery. And every time we reach out to just one other person, we rekindle it, in ourselves and in those around us. Hidden though it often is, there is a tremendous amount of good in the world, and in our fellow humans. So many of us feel lost, out of control, filled with fear; yet we have – we have only ever had – each other.

Healing is truly in the air, and in each of us. Take a moment, linger with it, drink it in. You can smell it, taste it, feel it in your heart. Then share it with the world – or at least your neighbor, even if his dog hasn't stopped barking since March.

*Every year, Krewe du Vieux does a Royal Toast in honor of our king or queen. These usually take the form of a parody of a poem or song; past Royal Toasts have riffed (and ripped) off sources as varied as The Odyssey, Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds and Gunga Din.*

*For 2021, the Krewe is honoring not an individual but all the front-line workers in our city, region and country, especially the medical professionals who put themselves and their families at risk in order to heal the rest of us.*

## 2021 Royal Toast

*With apologies to the Grateful Dead*

COVID got my life shut down,  
Keep maskin' like the Fauci man,  
Divided, along the party lines,  
You just keep maskin' on.

Gasping for air and breathing machines  
out on Main Street,  
Seattle, New York, El Paso and it's all  
the same street.

American cities involved in a medical  
nightmare,  
Keep your distance and see what  
tomorrow brings.

DC got the bleach machine,  
Houston hit worse than New Orleans,  
New York closed Manhattan to Queens,  
Virus just won't let you be.

Most of the nurses in ER are totally  
wiped out,  
Managing patients without enough  
PPE;

Like angels and heroes they know they  
gotta keep going,  
Even as patients get sicker and die all  
alone.

Maskin' like the Fauci man  
Once told me “Gotta wash your hands,  
Hydroxychloroquine ain't worth a  
damn,  
So you don't drink it down.”

Sometimes the Zoom's all shining  
on me,  
Other times I drink heavily,  
Lately it occurs to me  
What a long strange trip it's been.

What in the world ever became of our  
leader?  
He wants only to win the political  
game.

Living on lies, conspiracy theories and  
Twitter,  
All he does is look for someone to  
blame.

COVID amok in San Francisco,  
Wildfires give the west an orange glow,  
Hurricanes, folks need a place to go,  
Just keep maskin' on.

Racing around caring for hospital  
patients,  
Soon a new wave of cases will come in  
again;  
You'd like to get some sleep before the  
next shift,  
But doctors are the true super women  
and men.

Tourists down on Bourbon Street,  
Drinking while corona spreads,  
Service people end up dead,  
Virus still won't let them be.

You're sick of staying at home, you'd  
like to see friends;  
If you see friends, you might spread  
the virus around.

I hope the vaccine gets into my arm by  
springtime,  
Get out of the house and hug  
whoever's around.

Sometimes the Zoom's all shining  
on me,  
Other times I drink heavily,  
Lately it occurs to me  
What a long strange trip it's been.  
Maskin' it's how we'll all survive,  
Doctors, and nurses by their side,  
They help us to come out alive,  
And get back truckin' on.

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



# Drips and Discharges and K.A.O.S. To Bid Adieu To Year 2020 With Actual Dumpster Fire

DA PARISH – The sub-krewes of Drips & Discharges and K.A.O.S. are pleased to announce that they will ignite a literal dumpster fire to commemorate the end of 2020. In a rare display of cooperation, members from each sub-krewe will offer up for immolation representations of their worst memories from 2020 that they hope never to see again. Alternatively, they will share their best hopes for 2021 and dispatch them into the inferno where the flames will carry them up to heavens.

The culmination of the event will see the oversized, orange head of King Covid-45 tossed onto the pyre. It is expected that the flare-up from the hair products alone will be visible from outer space.

Prior to meeting its fiery demise, the severed head of King Covid-45, mounted on a suitable pike, will be displayed at 3921 St. Claude Avenue, in the Bywater neighborhood.\* Both sub-krewes wish to emphasize that the actual dumpster fire will not take place at that location, or, indeed, anywhere within the confines of Orleans Parish. Rather, it will take place in a neighboring parish, where open burns are permitted, if not downright encouraged.

The Drips & Discharges Captain, reached by a *Le Monde de Merde* reporter who found him in a rare and remarkable moment of semi-coherence, observed that “we are taking our dumpster fire to another parish, so as not to jeopardize the remarkable history of good relations that we have always enjoyed with the New Orleans Fire Department. Besides, given the recent employee furloughs, we anticipate that NOFD would require a fire watch for the event numbering in the thousands.”

Asked about the rare collaboration with another sub-krewe, the Drips

captain gushed “we are thrilled to be partnering with K.A.O.S., a sub-krewe of whom we have been in awe for some time.”

In an exclusive interview with *Le Monde de Merde*, the reclusive and strikingly handsome Emir of K.A.O.S. noted that Drips & Discharges was a

logical partner for a dumpster theme, “since many of their members either sleep in, eat from, or dress themselves from dumpsters.” His Eminence also noted that a fire theme was appropriate for Drips, “a sub-krewe that is always

*\*Drips & Discharges and K.A.O.S. wish to acknowledge the inspiration of comedian Kathy Griffin, an early victim of right wing cancel culture, for the idea of severing the head of King Covid-45.*

## Trump Makes Loser Attempt to Co-opt Inauguration

WASHINGTON – After weeks of bitter recalcitrance, former President Donald Trump appeared to accept his electoral fate just days before the inauguration of new President Joseph R. Biden. Trump even agreed to do the right thing and attend the inauguration.

Appearances can be deceiving. At the ceremony in the nation’s capital today, just as president-elect Biden raised his right hand while placing his left on the bible, Trump sprung from his chair and launched his considerable girth into Biden. With Biden knocked almost off the stage, Trump placed his own hand on the bible and began repeating the oath of office.

Fortunately, after getting the initial “I do” out of his mouth, Trump began

choking on his own words. Secret Service members were initially flummoxed as to which president they should protect, incoming or outgoing. Then they leapt into action, wrestling Trump to the ground and hauling him away kicking and screaming, hair all undone and makeup smeared, into permanent ignominy and irrelevance.

Outgoing First Lady Melania Trump remained in place for the remainder of the ceremony. When asked by reporters later what her plans were next, she replied, “I’m going to Disneyland.”

Other Trump family members were less sanguine about the whole affair. Daughter Ivanka, along with her husband Jared Kushner, attempted to slip away unnoticed through the Rose Garden. However, FBI agents corralled

making an ash of itself and is noted for experiencing burning sensations.” In closing, the Emir observed that both sub-krewes are likely to enjoy “a smoking good time.”

them promptly; it was announced later that the couple were charged with multiple counts of real estate fraud, product import violations, privilege abuse, and first degree cluelessness.

Sons Don Jr. and Eric did manage to escape and were seen later at a hyper-sleazy DC strip club. Eric was actually observed wearing a mask in the GOP (Gyrating Obsequious Partisans) Club – but not over his face....

Initial fears that President Biden might have broken his other foot were quickly assuaged. “It’s just a flesh wound,” Biden proclaimed. Even with his injuries, he made his way down the ramp from the inaugural stage with considerably more alacrity than the former president had at West Point last fall.

All this left Trump as the one with no legs to stand on.

## Corrections and Clarifications

In listing the items extracted by the Sewerage and Water Board from the New Orleans drainage system, the discovery of Bienville’s original ship, a brace of 19th century British cannons, Chris Owens’ makeup cabinet, the local chapter of the Zeta Eta Theta sorority, a small fleet of USPS delivery trucks, and 3000 cases of moldering Lucky Dogs was omitted.

The Spermes article mentioned Donald Trump’s tiny hands, but neglected to note his tiny intellect, conscience, self-esteem, and, well, you know. K.A.O.S. reports that finalists in its Monumental Erection Election, to determine what is placed at the top of the pedestal at Tivoli Circle, are Mr. Bingle, a non-functional school zone sign, a blown-out Entergy transformer, Margaret Orr & Nash Roberts, Ignatius J. Reilly’s hat, and D.H. Holmes. A runoff will be held right after the next major flooding event.

Several readers asked for clarification of the Krewe of Space Age Love article. Unfortunately, *Monde de Merde* staff is unable to provide any. Two additional penile discussions were omitted from the article on the Underwear conference on Climax Change. The overlooked topics were “New oil extraction technologies offer enhanced lubrication” and “The implications of hydrogen fuel cells for vibrators and other sex toys.”

CRUDE reported on the inability of fire crews to put out the giant Trumpster Fire. A recent update indicates that the Eternal Flamer has at last been extinguished, reportedly by an all-out barrage of golden showers.

Since approximately 69,000 parade-goers achieved multiple bingos playing the C.R.A.P.S. Speck-and-Dick-Tator Game, the number of available prizes has cum up short. The first 420 drunk cross-dressing clergymen or schoolgirls to appear at Shitty Hall with their winning cards will receive monumental magic mushrooms; everyone else will just have to watch the 2022 parade (vaccine willing).

Page 1 of last year’s *Monde de Merde* implied that 2019 was “the worst of times.” The fakest news ever.

# Super Spreader Goes Venereal

NEW ORLEANS-- Just when it seemed things could not get any worse, an anonymous “Super Spreader” in New Orleans has started an enormous COVID-19 outbreak, and not the kind the experts are used to. This new strain is genital COVID-19. For those who thought herpes was bad, try “Covid Coochie,” “Sars Schlong,” “Virus Vajay,” or “Corona Cock” on for size. These are just a few of the nicknames for the new sexually transmitted disease (STD) that are going viral.

Epidemiologists have tracked the origins of the disease to a pseudo-conservative gastroenterologist that represents Louisiana in the United States’ “highest” deliberative body. This individual (whose name is rumored to be similar to that of the song “Cassidy” by the Grateful Dead) contracted Covid-19 early in the pandemic by ignoring common sense health guidelines. A 911 call from his home can only be described as horrifying. EMT reports indicate he was found moaning on his floor with his pants down. His Sars-V-2-tool had turned enlarged and green, with popping pustules, causing what one unnamed source called “the most painful looking dick I’ve ever seen.”

Scientists are just beginning to study this new STD but believe “Cassidy” contracted the new form of the deadly virus by kissing Donald Trump’s ass repeatedly.

It did not take long for the venereal disease to spread. Experts have traced the outbreak to this individual and an unnamed female of dubious moral turpitude known to spread her legs at the faintest of provocation (a “Super Spreader”). These two miscreants entertained themselves during lockdown by sneaking out of quarantine to have an extremely large number of sexual encounters with men and women all

over the Gulf South. The female Super Spreader’s victims all met her on dating apps, such as Humple and Bend-her, and she was known as a major player on Christian Right Mingle. That’s where the “grosso-enter-no-logicist” encountered her. She has been described as an attractive young woman with comically large breasts and a “glow” about her. As it turns out, that glow is her viral vagina. Scientists do not yet understand why some infected with the venereal disease are asymptomatic and others, like the Trump-minion “Cassidy,” end up eunuchs.

Alas, the greatly touted Covid-19 vaccines from the West do not appear to protect against this STD, and in-depth research has shown that condoms do not stop the viral spread. However, the new Russian vaccine concocted in Vladimir Putin’s Vladivostok sex dungeon claims to halt onset of the STD variant, although the side effects may include frequent golden showers, uncontrolled hacking, and death.

Reports confirm that Corona cunnilingus can also spread the virus, although unlike herpes, the cold sores caught from the “Super Spreader” are deadly, green and pustulous. There is no hiding this condition with concealer.

While deleting one’s Bend-her account may protect people from the “Super Spreader,” her many victims are still out there and horny as hell. Until scientists find a cure (or Putin annexes Louisiana), the best bet is a hand or vibrator.

**STORY UPDATE** – Giant online store Ama-Schl原因 and other outlets are reporting a run on lotion, lube, tissues, socks and home massage equipment. A spokesperson for Ama-Schl原因 said, “It’s much worse than the rush on hand sanitizer, toilet paper

and cleaning supplies we saw back in March.” He added, “No one wants their dick to glow green and fall off!” After these remarks, the spokesperson

was promptly re-assigned and promoted to a most coveted role: The Gimp of Bezos.

*While the “Eunuch Sin-Hater” has been spotted periodically in Washington and Metairie, the last confirmed liaison location for the comically buxom “Super Spreader” was at 3215 Milan Street in Orleans Parish. LEWD pubic health experts have established a research outpost at this address and encourage all Krewe du Vieux members and sycophants to stop by and gawk.*

## Trump Holds Loser Inauguration in North Korea

PYONGYANG – After hijacking Air Force One and flying into this North Korean capital, former President Donald Trump held an “alternate inauguration” on January 20. The oath of office was administered by tin horn dictator Kim Jong Un, using not the bible but a bootleg copy of Penthouse magazine. The oath was followed by Kim using the magazine to ritually spank the Trump rump.

Kim ordered half the North Korean population to attend the ceremony, so Trump’s crowd really was the largest ever for an inauguration. And in keeping with the North Korean tradition of executing a few select inner circle members on great state occasions, Eric

Trump, Steven Miller and Kimberly Guilfoyle were led away to a “special meal” of *gochuryang* (fermented nuclear waste over rice).

Next up after the ceremony was the military parade Trump had been craving for the last four years. The former Pres was so moved by seeing the giant missiles that he climbed on top of one. The missile then accidentally fired (after all, this is North Korean technology), and the day ended with Trump riding the missile into permanent ignominy and irrelevance, a la Slim Pickens in Dr. Strangelove, holding a bucket of Korean Fried Chicken and singing “Little Rocket Man.”

### C.O.A. STATEMENT

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

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

They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain’t none of us got anything worth suing for that hasn’t been sanitized, quarantined or expelled by the Jefferson Parish School System..

All material ©2021  
by the Krewe du Vieux



## Krewe of Spermes announces dating app du jour: Vaxr

After months of holding back what it described as a huge release, the Krewe of Spermes has finally announced what's sure to be the most popular dating app of early to mid-2021: Vaxr.

For the many singles who've found the pandemic particularly dissatisfying, Vaxr promises quick relief for anyone eager to plunge back into the dating pool safely. Not only will pent-up singles get to meet online, but the first date is already pre-determined: a COVID vaccination appointment for two at local clinic.

"Just the thought of antibodies crashing into each other is getting me excited right now," said Spermes' lead pubic safety official B. Lou Balz.

In conjugal efforts with the incoming Biden administration to get the population to embrace any kind of legitimate science and vaccinations, Spermes is working with local hospitals and pubic health officials to create a Vaxr express lane for immunization.

"We know people don't want to wear masks or put on any more weight while they work at home in sweat pants, but we think this will really provide some motivation to take a shot in the arm," said Balz.

Officials noted that incredibly horny people often make poor decisions, so there could be many secondary benefits from the app.

Vaxr dates include two shots of the Moderna or Pfizer vaccine, a bottle of cheap champagne, 20 minutes alone in the exam room and some lube made by a local distillery.

"The hand sanitizer market was going to dry up soon, and frankly, my hands are raw," said one local brewer.

Couples are advised to return for month-after vaccinations, but can get the second booster from the app's sloppy seconds page.

Balz said Spermes was inspired by the government's Operation Warp Speed to create the Operation Warp Seed Date program. "I am not sure you should rush a drug to market," Balz said, "But fucking strangers is fine. And the stranger the better."

Months of wanton internet surfing, useless Zoom "dates" and lower overall motility gave Spermes the idea to accelerate development of the app.

Asked about the potential harm of hastily rolling out a new social media platform, Fuckbook founder Marky Mark Zuckerberg said, "People just want instant gratification. Most of them would sign away their first born for a couple of 'likes.'"

Asked about the legal implications, former barely legal correspondent Jeffery 'The Tube' Tubin requested a free trial.

The platform is very simple. Users create a profile by uploading a photo of anyone, their age minus five years (or standard dating profile stated age), and their COVID status. They can then view other fake profiles and get on the vaccination waitlist with the Mr./Ms. Right Now of their first or subsequent choice.

There's also a premium Vaxr-express site, which involves no swiping and accepts the next available express member.

"Fuck Zoom," said one member who requested anonymous sex. "Swapping fluids is going to be the new normal in 2021."

Other members seemed to be in more of a rush. "Herd immunity, my ass," said Balz. "I'm aching to inject something right now."

## T.O.K.I.N.'s Recipe for Disaster

HASH HOUSE – With the HEAD-quarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells closed on account of the Covid shutdown, the Ne'er-do-wells found themselves unable to share their customary cannabinoid-infused raunchy rituals and licentious libations. "You can't pass a pipe or share a repast on a Zoom meeting," said T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEAD Buzz Stoner, "And everyone had their own agenda."

At loose ends and with massive amounts of marijuana purchased with their stimulus checks, not to mention the resulting munchies, the TOKINistas soon found themselves in their kitchens, cooking up cannabis cuisine creations.

Inspired by local chefs Susan Spicemilla, Emeril LaGrasse, Paul Budhomme, and Poppy Toker, the Ne'er-do-wells got busy concocting pharm-to-table recipes.

Breakfast specials included pot pancakes, weed waffles, hash browns, and canna-banana bread with community spread, washed down with Bloody

Mary Janes.

Among the krewe's favorite appetizers were jalapeño pot-pers, ganja guacamole, pot stickers, sea-weed salad, and bud-schetta.

Crock-Pot recipes for chili con canabis, red beans and buds, and sleepy Joes were popular main dishes, along with laid-back lasagna, pad thai sticks, and pot pie. The krewe also enjoyed classic side dishes like smoky collard greens, loaded baked potatoes, and purple haze cabbage.

For dessert, there was chronic cake, pecannabis pie, cream puffs, ganja-rine gelato, and apple-calyptse cobbler.

"The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells invites one and all to participate in our Covid Quarantine Cooking Confabulation," said Mr. Stoner from his smoke-filled Zoom window, "We hope that next year everyone can join us for a giant POT luck dinner to share our arousing agenda of raunchy refreshments, salacious sustenance, and titillating tastings."



# Bourbon Lab Scientists Discover Partying is the Key to Time Travel

## Encourage that “This Too Shall Pass”

*By Rosalie Buffalo-Trace, Science Correspondent.*

LSU HSC – In January 2021 a group of scientists from Bourbon Laboratories of Temporal Voyaging and Carousing Science announced that they had perfected Time Travel.

Chief Scientist Rachel Blanton explained the team’s motivation. “We were sitting around the lab, looking at each other, for the, like, eighth month and thinking ‘Any time has GOT to be better than 2020, so we put Baker on it.’”

Theoretical Temporal Carousist Renard Baker explained the science behind the lab’s breakthrough. “The trick was to accelerate the carousing until you opened a quantum rift in the Space/Time continuum, and the Partiyon Particles passed between the time you were in and the time you wished to visit. Right now we only are able to go backwards in time but we are hoping to create enough Partiyon Particles in the past that they slingshot us forward.”

Baker cautioned that “you can make a lot of mistakes in the past that impact the present. When that was the case, we just went back and fixed what we messed up by stopping ourselves from doing what we were going to do.”

Mission specialist Reggie Beam recounted a particularly jarring example. “We landed in the primordial jungle in some ancient prehistoric past and we think Renard spilled his drink on a very important frog or something because when we returned everyone, men and women, had massive boobs. And while Rachel was like ‘thanks for the mammaries’ most of us guys kept falling over in our chairs. So we went back and fixed that.”

“And I’ve never forgiven them” Blanton interjected.

The team from the lab had many great stories of their times in the past.

Rick Barton, an Engineer responsible for the KTPG (Keep the-Partee-

Goin) drive recounted one fantastic voyage. “We were all stuck in a TSA line and long overdue for the airport bar, so a couple of us slipped into a hallway and used the portable Partitron Accelerator and copious amounts of Kentucky whiskey and sorta zig-zagged through the last 5000 years or so.”

“Our first stop was in medieval times, in the kingdom of Cumalot,” Frivolity and Erotic Specialist Regina Breckenridge picked up the story, “and with all of those knights in armor and buxom lasses, most of us did ... cum a lot. Then we ended up in ancient Egypt where Barton tried to get it on with a Mummy.”

“She was a Pharaoh’s daughter!” Barton defensively replied. “Besides, it’s not like the time you got it on with the entire Green Bay Packers after they won the Superbowl, Regina.”

“Meh, they were OK. At least I didn’t have any issues with that, unlike poor little Booker,” Breckenridge continued. “We ended up in the Whoring 20s and Robby Booker, let’s just say, got a little too much of the whoring ...”

Blanton interjected. “And none of you watched out for him.”

“But we did watch him” replied Beam lasciviously.

“Went through every girl in the brothel, a real trooper. But unfortunately he picked up a 1920s STD and brought it back to 2020,” Blanton explained “But we have protocols for that, and luckily the Whoring 20s clap can be cured with the application of four fingers of Four Roses, administered anally.”

“Some people like that,” asserted Breckenridge.

“Some people do, but Booker couldn’t walk for a week,” Blanton insisted.

“But he was drunk for most of that,”

Barton replied.

Baker cut in. “And we missed opportunity to use Booker’s experience to fuel the KTPG drive and we ended up in 2005.”

“Up until that point we had been doing pretty well, hitting the hot spots, getting and keeping the party going all throughout the timeline, dancing around the monolith just outside Hilton Sea of Tranquility, getting down the with jet set 1%, throwing back the rhum Agricole with the voodoo priests and priestesses, ending up at a clown orgy...”

Beam spoke up, a little glum “That’s only kinky the first time”

“But 2005 ... that was wet ...” Blanton continued.

“But not the good kind of wet,” Breckenridge said despondently.

“Just refrigerators EVERYWHERE.” Barton sighed.

Baker spoke up. “It was then we decided to open the Bourbon Labs

for Temporal Voyaging and Carousing Science. So we went back in time, invested a small nest egg in a bank we knew would hang around and used the proceeds to finance our discoveries.”

Blanton rose from her desk. “Well, if you’d like to take the next voyage with us you have to be ready to party your ass off.”

“And be up for anything,” Beam added.

Breckenridge winked. “And take it as it cums.”

“You need to keep the velocity of the party going,” Baker exclaimed. “Faster, faster!”

By then the room was engulfed in the sights and sounds of a party. The lab began to vibrate. The team began to phase from their place in this time.

And as Blanton began to shine like a pulsar she could be heard saying “This Too Shall Pass.”

And then ... they were gone.

*If you wish to find members of the Bourbon Laboratories in their various incarnations as the Krewe of Rue Bourbon, find the Bourbon gas station located at 2480 Burgundy St in New Orleans on January 30 and 31 from dusk ‘til 10pm. Meet the Krewe and enjoy the lights and presentations.*

## FOR SALE

Large portfolio of hotels, golf courses and casinos. Properties include cooked books, spurious marketing campaigns, undocumented staff, and a collection of massive portraiture.

Some in excellent condition, others in need of repairs or imploding. Perfect for anyone seeking trillion dollar tax write-off. May require rebranding. Contact ~~The Trump Foundation~~ ~~The Trump Corporation~~ Rudy Giuliani Michael Cohen the federal prison system.



# Underwear Hits the Skid-Marks

SOMEWHERE – In addition to its red underwear, the Krewe of Underwear has long been noted for its under-achieving ways. Underwear was one of the subkrewes that helped found Krewe du Vieux back in 1987, and has basically been resting on its laurels (a word derived from the Latin for “fat ass”) ever since.

Underwear has really hit the skid-marks in 2021. In addition to losing its taste and smell, the krewe has lost all its energy, ambition and desire to do laundry.

“Can you imagine if we actually caught COVID?” asked an Underwearian spokesperson during a lethargic video briefing. “Who knows, it might perk us up.”

The briefing was conducted via Stroll, as Zoom is much too fast for the Underwearians.

While there have been many notable examples of creative Underwearian brilliance over the years, the pandemic preempted any chance of such activity for KdV 2021. Those creative juices that did flow – or trickle – were largely focused on attempts to overcome the barriers that COVID restrictions put

up between krewe members and their favorite debaucheries.

For example, one thirsty Underwearian is reportedly close to perfecting a technique for emailing beer, wine and other adult beverages. Another has been observed tinkering with drones and stealth cloaking technology, the better to get away with delivering edibles without getting caught.

Rumors of Underwear establishing a “Krewe du Voyueiux” touchless dating website on behalf of the Mother Krewe were neither confirmed nor denied by the spokesperson, who made a vague promise to “look into it.”

Even though the calendar has turned from the “Year of the Sloth”, the spokesperson said no one should expect any sudden burst of Underwearian activity in the immediate future.

“We’ll continue to lounge around in our boxers and briefs, our teddies and jammies, for at least another six months,” the spokesperson mused languidly. “By then it will be summer, and everyone else will slow down to our pace. And there will still be a worldwide toilet paper shortage. The skid marks will be everywhere.”

# Comatose Spreads the Books

A RANDOM HOUSE – With reading having made something of a comeback during the pandemic shutdowns – at least among those old enough to have learned it in school – the Mystick Krewe of Comatose is providing a welcome community service: placing a new batch of mini-libraries throughout the city to bring libel and fake news to the masses.

Unlike previous efforts to promote local literacy, Comatose is focusing on site-specific reading material. While plans were not finalized as *Le Monde de Merde* went to press (Comatose often rivaling Underwear in its lethargy), some locations and titles have been matched. A partial listing was smuggled in a tin of brownies and delivered as “inspiration” to the *MdM* staff.

- At New Orleans Fire Department headquarters: “*Arson For Dummies*,” “*The Fire This Time*,” “*The Complete Poems of Robert Burns*,” “*Bonfire of the Vanities*,” “*Dante’s Inferno*,” “*Blazing Saddles*,” “*Burning Down the House*.”

- In front of Commander’s Palace: “*Cooking For Dummies*,” “*Favorite Recipes of Colonel Sanders*,” “*Breakfast at Waffle House*,” “*The Joys of Fast Food*,” “*Naked Lunch*,” “*White Trash Cuisine*,” “*Like Water for Chocolate*,” “*Diner*.”

- Outside City Hall: “*Government for Real Dummies*,” “*A Confederacy of Dunces*,” “*Profiles in Patronage*,” “*Democracy Inaction*,” “*A Pothole Named Desire*,” “*A Tale of Two Cities*,” “*The Spirit of Bureaucracy*,” “*The Decline and Fall of the Landrieu Empire*.”

- At the main Entergy substation: “*Utilities for Dummies*,” “*Heart of Darkness*,” “*A Squirrel Ate My Wires*,” “*Blackout!*,” “*The Gas Menagerie*,” “*The Power and the Glory*,” “*Rage Against the Dying of the Light*.”

- Adjacent to NOPD headquarters: “*Policing for Dummies*,” “*Crime and Punishment*,” “*Murder She Wrote*,” “*The Keystoned Cops*,” “*Death of a Salesman*,” “*Murder on the St. Claude Express*,” “*To Kill A Mockingbird*,” “*Greatest Unsolved Mysteries (Volumes 1 – 83)*.”

While no one from Comatose could be roused for a comment about the shelf life of the mini-libraries, indications were that only a brief opening in late January was expected. So read now or forever hold your piece!

# Trump Holds Loser Inauguration in Florida

THE NEVERGLADES – Former (thank god) President Donald Trump held a rally, in Florida of course, at the same time as the real inauguration on January 20. His intention was to take the oath of office minutes before new (thank god) President Joseph R. Biden so Trump could say he was first.

While the Chief Justice was of course administering the real oath at the real inauguration, the Trumpster planned to take advantage of language in the Constitution that only says that the president will take the oath, not who administers it (Article II, section 1, last paragraph). You can! I can!

Anyone can! Well, maybe not Eric....

The Secret Service was momentarily flummoxed by this act of desperate neediness and insecurity. But they too take an oath to uphold the Constitution and quickly recognized that the whole sordid affair – like most Trump affairs – was plainly unconstitutional. They leapt into action, wrestling Trump to the ground and hauling him away kicking and screaming, hair all undone and makeup smeared, into permanent ignominy and irrelevance.

As this pathetic melodrama unfolded, former (thank god) First Lady Melania Trump fled to Mar-a-Lago, only

to be confronted by sheriff’s deputies waiting to serve vacate orders on the Trumps. The deputies were accompanied by a few random ICE agents. Details were scarce regarding the purpose of the Immigration officials, but reporters were able to overhear Melania screaming something about a birth certificate.

Amid the confusion, former (thank god) First Daughter Ivanka Trump attempted to assume the fake presidency. Fortunately, a crack local militia, the Florida Men, stepped in to thwart this newest pretense. Clad in their traditional uniforms of “I’m With

Stupid” tank top shirts and alligator thongs, and wielding their fearsome beer bazookas, they trapped Ivanka like an escaped *Spermes* python.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, President (thank god) Biden was unfazed, and the slow process of healing the nation and returning to some semblance of normalcy began. Thank god.

Advice Column  
**Ask Dr. Spank**

Dear Dr. Spank

I’m scared. There’s a global pandemic and our country possesses both enough nuclear weapons and enough moronic shitheads to destroy the world multiple times over. But mostly I’m scared that people will find out that I’m a real bad boy. I don’t mean like I’m a tough guy. I drive no motorcycles, I have no piercings or Uzis, nor do I have affiliations with genital-deficient white supremacists. I mean I’m really naughty and need someone to punish me. But how, in times like these, is someone to go about receiving punishment for being such a bad little boy?

Sincerely,  
Please Sir May I Have Another

Dear Please Sir,

I understand. Lord knows, I understand. Your paranoia and fear are warranted, but equally valid is your desire to be called out for being a wicked little devil and receive the appropriate flogging. These are hard times for us all, provided you are not a billionaire, and hard times call for stiff drinks and strong spanks. Spare the rod, after all, and you spoil the child. But how, you ask, can one receive a good stiff rod in the midst of disease? Getting one’s hide tanned is mighty tough when all you want to do IS hide. You can’t get a good lashing via webcam, no you cannot. And so, the obvious answer is to live by this simple, easy to remember rule: Masks Up, Pants Down. Throw an N-95 over that gag (sanitize it first) and you will be getting caned with consent in no time at all.

Yours,  
Dr. Spank

**Trump Holds Loser Inauguration on Golf Course**

19TH HOLE – Intending to start his imaginary second term the way he spent the largest part of his first, former President Trump held an “alternate inauguration” on January 20 at his Trump National Golf Club in Pine Hill, New Jersey.

Little about the pseudo-ceremony went as planned.

After self-scoring a round of 57, Trump began taking the oath of office using his scorecard instead of a bible. Apparently this was more lies than one small piece of paper could take, as it burst spontaneously into flames as soon the ex-president uttered the words “I do solemnly swear.”

The fire went out as a huge gust of wind suddenly blew in. Unfortunately, the wind also blew the sand out of every trap on the course and scoured the “inauguration” party. Trump’s makeup was sandblasted from his face, as was Melania’s, and Don Jr.’s eyes were

even redder than usual.

The wind was a precursor to a thorough downpour of the acid rain that Trump’s environmental policies have been so helpful in restoring to the atmosphere. While the upside was that everyone’s facial color turned to orange, matching Trump’s, the downside was that all attendees had their clothes eaten away, down to their underwear. This produced a view of the ex-presidential backside comparable only to the infamous “tennis photo.”

After regrouping in the clubhouse, for which there was a \$100,000 cover charge for guests to enter, Trump still characterized the event as a success. Noting that huge flocks of seagulls, pigeons and crows had flown overhead dropping what Trump described as “confetti,” the soon-to-be-indicted businessman claimed that they helped make up the largest inauguration crowd in history

**No Trump Manifesto**

by Lexie Conn

For the past several years, the word/ name “trump” has appeared in print, online and on the air hundreds, if not thousands, of times daily. Multiply that by 365 days and at least four years and that’s... well, the number – and the damage – is incalculable. The time has come to put a stop to this blight. There are perfectly good synonyms: supersede, outdo, surpass, outsmart, defeat. Let’s look at a sample sentence: “Your assertion of religious ‘freedom’ does not \_\_\_\_\_ my freedom of choice.” Do you really

need the t-word in that sentence? Of course not.

“And what about all those buildings and golf courses with the T-name?” you may ask. No problem – they will soon be sold to pay off the massive debt and legal fees.

Henceforth, the only appropriate use of the t-word would be as the worst epithet imaginable. By comparison, “fuck” would be considered polite.

Not being a bridge player, I leave it to those who are to figure out a work-around. But I would suggest that there are more positive words that could be used. Biden, perhaps?

**Monde de Merde Turns 30;  
Should It No Longer Be Trusted?**

The Krewe du Vieux scandal sheet known as *Monde de Merde*, widely regarded as the original fake news source, has achieved the dubious milestone of being thirty years old.

*MdM* debuted in 1992, in honor of King Angus Lind, *Times-Picayune* humor columnist, and the theme “Krewe du Vieux Rights the News.”

It was a simpler time, when presidential scandals meant fooling around with interns rather than trying to destroy democracy. Newspaper technology was also much simpler; early issues were hand-copied by scribes onto sheets of papyrus and delivered by town criers on mule carts.

As the technology evolved, upgrades along the way included mimeograph machines, typewriters, typesetting, and WordPerfect (descriptions of all of these can be found with your search engine). However, mules – and mule residue – are still a large part of Krewe du Vieux.

While the technology may have advanced, neither the humor nor the editorial staff has evolved at all. And the eternal quest for interns to work under the staff remains unfulfilled.

Over the years, many uses have been found for *Monde de Merde*. Content-wise, the paper has been an excellent venue for pointing out endless political follies, describing highly imaginative (some would say implausible) sexual acts, chronicling lesser-known aspects of local history, and settling personal vendettas. Some articles have even been intelligible, if not intelligent.

The paper itself has been adapted for uses such as lining bird cages, wrapping one’s feet at muddy Jazz Fests, and covering tables at crawfish boils. During the pandemic, it has proven an adequate substitute for toilet paper.

*Monde de Merde* has also served as a sort of de facto test of knowledge of the French language. This test has been repeatedly failed by the New Orleans media, which often includes the name in their Krewe du Vieux coverage. One assumes they would not be so quick to print the English translation.

Back in the day, popular advice was not to trust anyone over 30. However, since *Monde de Merde* was anything but trustworthy from the beginning, the theory of double negatives suggests that the rag should henceforth be considered as gospel truth. The editorial staff has no comment either way on this topic, as it only remembers approximately 22 of those 30 years.



# Cinema Rouses A Public Spectacle

CANNES – Cantankerous and candid but never canned, the latest entry in the CDC Comics cinematic universe is arousing unexpected accolades from critics and movie-goers alike. The team behind it (and they do like it behind), CoVideo Recording and Production Studios (C.R.A.P.S.), is better known for seedy exposés full of sound and fury but with no real heroes in sight. This film, their first effort with CDC Comics, shows they can clean themselves up and change scripts, earning them both the *Palme d’Or* and *Palm d’Whore* at this year’s festival.

The movie builds on the recent near omnipresence of the Just-Us League of America (aka Just-Us Fa-Tigue) and its ongoing battles against criminals like the League of Asses and the Legion of Zoom. It naturally features cameos by the best-known heroes of the CDC universe including Dr. WHO, SwabJob, The Masked Crusader, Doctor Fate-chi, and the Pandemic Duo of No-Bats-Man and Lock-In. This outing, though, shines a spotlight on a pair of frequently overlooked heroes, SuperCan and the Green Grocer.

While their high profile partners are off in direct fight against the bad guys, this courageous couple leads a team fighting to keep society fed and functioning. In an exclusive with *Le Monde du Merde*, director Wes Cravin’ (who we understand has been tagged to lead the long-awaited film adaptation of *A Canticle for Langenstein’s*) explained the studio’s decision to take up this theme.

“The latest episodes in the story have been killer,” he said. “The heroes were brave and bigger than life and we love them. This story lets us focus on heroes that we thought had a different and maybe more relatable approach. They didn’t sign up to put their lives on the line, but when peril

came to their town, they did what was necessary regardless of the danger.”

The movie opens with cutscenes to give the background of our heroes. SuperCan (born Candice Shallots) is shown as a little girl growing up in an elite family of grocers. Her mother, People-eata, and the rest of the clan teach her the skills and values she’ll need to fight forces of hunger and want.

Meanwhile, the Green Grocer (née Burnell Caffin) is shown training in the army. After his community is attacked by the classic CDC villain Katrina Storm, though, he puts on his hero’s uniform to re-store life to a food desert.

We see the duo meeting and assembling their elite squad, the Suppardos: the uncanny archer Bird’s Eye, the hulking Green Giant, the tactical mastermind Chef Boyardee, the Eternal known as StarKist (the brother of Canos) and all the rest. Then, while they are going about their normal business of supplying the masses, the forces of the Coronalliance attack. (For readers who haven’t been following the CDC saga, the Coronalliance has been the malevolent force behind the other groups of villains, though CDC has hinted at an even deeper antagonist, the shadowy Congress of Ignorance.)

SuperCan, the Callipygian Cashier, is the first to see the attack. She raises the call as other members of the Just-Us Society rally. The team rallies their allies as supply chains break.

“I’ve never seen more people eager for my meat,” says the Green Grocer in a pivotal scene. “I’m going to give them the porking they deserve.”

Armed only with their Plexiglas prophylactics, the team and their army rally to the cause of feeding all, harried by the minions of unmasked Karens and Kens who are determined to spread the poison of the Cornoal-

liance everywhere. When they find themselves up the creek without a canoe, the unlikely maritime, ursine hero Row-Bear joins their ranks to help resupply the chains, and they fight a key battle on New Orleans’ Can-al Street.

Sadly, some of the team succumb to the assaults of the Coronalliance, but the team keeps their people fed. Readers will have to see the movie to find out the dramatic and drastic finalé.

To mark the movie’s general release, C.R.A.P.S. is staging a number of special events. In proper Hollywood tradition, they will distribute gift bags to some of the crew that were

extra valuable during the crisis. The highlight, meanwhile, will be in New Orleans at 171 Walnut Street (near the Fly) where they’ll be staging a tableau of the heroes on January 30. The public is invited to see and to donate canned goods and other nonperishables in support of Second Harvest Food Bank to help the most vulnerable that SuperCan and the Green Grocer were fighting for.

Director Cravin’ called for everyone to respond, saying he wanted a Can-trail we could be proud of: “Get off your can, show us what you got, and give what you can because C.R.A.P.S. wants to see your cans!”

## The Trumptanic

“There isn’t any iceberg. The iceberg is a Democratic hoax. There is an iceberg but it’s in a totally different ocean. The iceberg is in this ocean but it will melt very soon. There is an iceberg but we didn’t hit the iceberg. We hit the iceberg, but nobody could have foreseen the iceberg. The iceberg is a Chinese iceberg. We are taking on water but the damage will be repaired very shortly. Every passenger who wants a lifeboat can get a lifeboat, and they are beautiful lifeboats. I really don’t think we need that many lifeboats. Look, passengers need to ask nicely for the lifeboats if they want them. You’re a nasty passenger, asking about lifeboats. We don’t have any lifeboats, we’re not lifeboat distributors. The lifeboats were left on shore by the last captain of this ship. Passengers should have planned for icebergs and brought their own lifeboats. We have lifeboats and they’re supposed to be our lifeboats, not the passengers’ lifeboats. I hear deck chairs work just as well as lifeboats, not that I’m an expert, but what have you got to lose. The ship is going to sink temporarily, but it will be floating again by Easter. We’ll float it in hydroxychloroquine. Then we’ll bleach it. And by the way, the states were responsible for the lifeboats. Why do people keep talking about the iceberg? As soon as the election is over, you’ll see, no one will talk about the iceberg any more. The iceberg committed massive fraud and stole the election, which we won bigly. The ship is still on course, even though the crew has no courage. We’ll be running the ship for four more years. Wait, why is everybody abandoning ship?” And blub blub blub....

### PERSONAL AD

WMs (yes, lots of us) seeking new members. Ours all either shriveled up inside us or got cut off by a certain someone. Also seeking balls, spine, integrity, courage, conscience and about 7 million votes. Oh yes, also need new members for our party. Ideal matches would be white, misanthropic, misogynist, hypocritical, greedy, soulless, and white. Contact the RNC (Remorseless Neanderthals Committee), email loserbigly@wrongsideofhistory.com.



# SHITPA\* AUTHORIZED MEDICAL RECORD

## *SEEDS OF DECLINE URGENT CARE CLINIC*

1413 Royal Street, Second Floor, New Orleans, Louisiana

### HISTORY, PHYSICAL EXAMINATION, AND TREATMENT PLAN

**Patient:** Loose Lou Getsaround

**Social Security Number:** 069-69-6969

**Attending Physician:** Dr. Klens deKracken

**Insurance Provider:** Blue Balls/Blew Spoooge

#### **Chief Complaints:**

Shortness of breath on insertion and thrusting, particularly with multiple partners, more so with other men; painful rectal inflammation; contracted testicles; lack of taste when swallowing; diminished sense of smell of partners' privates; intense body aches, especially where whipped and bound, and prolonged erection.

#### **History of Present Illness:**

This disgusting, morbidly obese 48 year old Caucasian male with obvious mental impairments reported to the clinic complaining of the above-listed ailments following a weekend of indiscriminate unprotected sexual encounters with his "wife" and multiple other partners of different genders and orientations at a "swingers convention" here in town during the pandemic, recalling vaguely one particularly obscene incident involving a trapeze on the balcony of the R Bar.\*\*

**Past Medical Conditions:** Chlamydia, crabs, herpes, and erectile dysfunction.

**Past Surgical History:** Penile Implant, Vasectomy.

**Current Medications:** Viagra, Cialis, Nix.

**Physical Exam:** Not performed due to concerns regarding infection from any contact with patient despite abundant PPE in place.

**Diagnosis:** Idiot undoubtedly exposed to coronavirus/various STDs due to ignorance of science.

#### **Treatment Plan:**

Anal swab with instant result to confirm contraction, followed by application of chastity belt to prevent further transmission during quarantine.

**\*Seeds Health Information Transcript Production Act**

**\*\*Depiction of Exploit on Exhibit on R Bar Balcony - 1413 Royal Street - January 29-31**



# Krewe Du Vieux Gets Shafted

MONDUMENT VALLEY – Soon after the mysterious metallic monolith was discovered in the deserts of Utah, rumors grew and soothsayers speculated that it was an alien message and earth’s days were numbered. Then the shiny obelisk disappeared! A few days later this same erect metal monument showed up in Romania – only to disappear again and pop up in California. Mass hysteria ensued!

Now, this silvery magical marvel has showed up in the Bywater and the populace is going crazy. People are writing wills, having their last drink(s) and preparing for ‘the journey.’ Fortunately, scientists from the prestigious M.A. Morgus Institute who visited the site were quick to determine that there is no real threat from this stiff, large, chrome phallic-shaped object. These scientists have developed a theory that this large shaft is from the office of Mayor DesTroya and is another

method she is using to screw the city. Kama Sutra enthusiasts are lining up to attempt poses previously believed to be impossible for human bodies to achieve..Experts have indicated that with nearly 8 feet of insertable length, DesTroya’s shaft can both accommodate her screwy agenda and maintain social distancing guidelines for all but the most demanding practitioners.

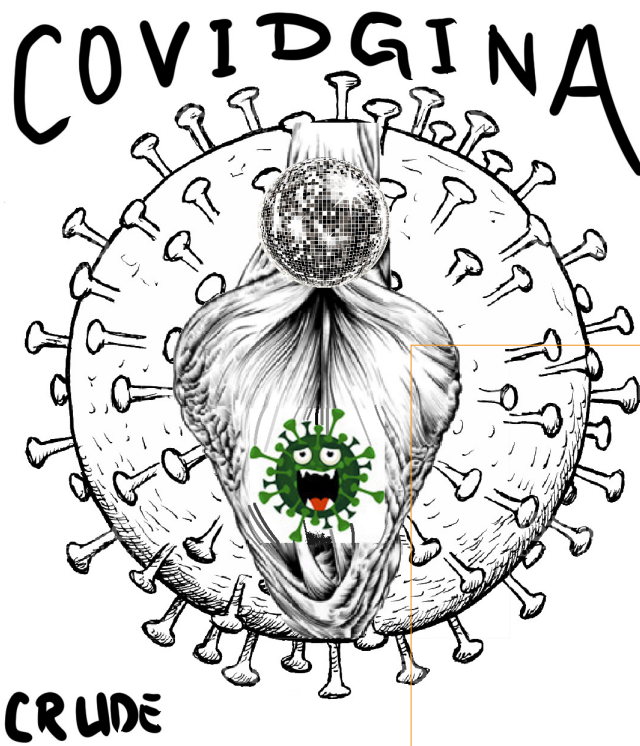
In efforts to divert attention from her non-payment of taxes and angry about her low, low ratings from her half-million dollar booty-shaking debacle on Dick Clark’s New Years’ Eve Spectacular, the DesTroya has run out of money to fix the city’s many ailments. As she is term-limited because of her unpopularity, the DesTroya has decided to dump carnival, forgo street repairs, pay raises, and new S&WB pumps and instead, just give KduV, and the Big Easy, the shaft.



## Poetry Corner

### CRUDE gets Vaginated: CoronaVagina

Yeah, we all know it’s true.  
In New Orleans there ain’t dick to do.  
No late-night bars, no music halls,  
No festivals, parades or costume balls.  
It should be busy now all about town  
But we’re left on our own to just dick around.  
And yet with so many new rules to abide,  
We can always take a special trip inside.  
Like a socially distanced champagne pop,  
It’s a place where safety comes first, but only when it’s on top.  
It opens up with heavy petting.  
Even with a lockdown it’s super spreading.  
They’ve found no cure, not even in China.  
There is no beating the CoronaVagina.  
CoronaVagina is not a disease.  
It’s what you feel when you have certain needs.  
It speaks with a voice you can’t ignore,  
Not in bed, in the car or down on the floor  
Corona means crown but there’s no use for them.  
This queen proudly wears a hooded gem.  
Like a disco ball it’s best when gleaming.  
Spin it round and round, there may be screaming.  
It can ride an earthquake and smaller vibrations.  
It just perks up when there’s new cancellations.  
For CoronaVagina is always ready to pair  
A little free time with hands-on self-care.  
So remember with plans all put on the shelf,  
When you can’t do dick, you can still do yourself.





# Krewe of Space Age Love Prematurely Launches its Oral Vaccination Station

Cumming to fruition with glory-holed joy, following emergency approval granted by the intransigent French Quarter Management District, the heroic Krewe of Space Age Love presents to the dispossessed revelers and broken wanting marchers its highly anticipated Oral Vaccination Station. In an anticlimactic manner, and with much distanced socializing, the fearless krewe will undress its mighty jab stick to the hand-sanitized masses at 217 South Bernadotte Street on January 30, 2021. A genial invitation is extended to all bal-masqued corsairs who are willing to take the poke. The Krewe offers this widely released public service through both psycho-sexual deviance and good old-

fashioned back-door buggery. Any denuded arrivals will be swiftly satisfied with its efficacy and each member will voluntarily flatten your curves. Any roving pestilence-bearing Atoms or Eaves can duly meet the plunger and be discharged of all vile, viral and malicious toxins. Our rubber-wrapped krewe will insist on a well-stacked session of orgiastic penetration and sanitary satisfaction. The scantily and paperly-clad medical stiffis can perhaps propound a vivacious and vicarious tour of outer space for the newly inoculated with a possible facetious sighting of ET the Extra Testicle. Paranoiacs may insist the needle is a deep indoctrination rather than

a thwarting inoculation, but with its prodigious wisdom the Krewe has provided a safe word, sealed for your protection. Mention KSAL's fine Neptunian-mined throw "Oyster" and you can have this coveted gilded token for your own possession. An elixir-laced gelatin-based oral nocturnal immersion is provided upon discharge

of a visitor's affair. Any pre-mature tent-pitching patrons will be deftly done to relieve reprobativ tension. This lagniappe lingual service is being provided gratis to extend happy endings to the asymptomatic as well as those who have lost their sense of taste, smell and decency.



**KREWE OF SPACE AGE LOVE**

**ORAL Vaccination Station**

**24 HOURS**

**DEEP THROAT HELPS**

**DRIVE THRU**

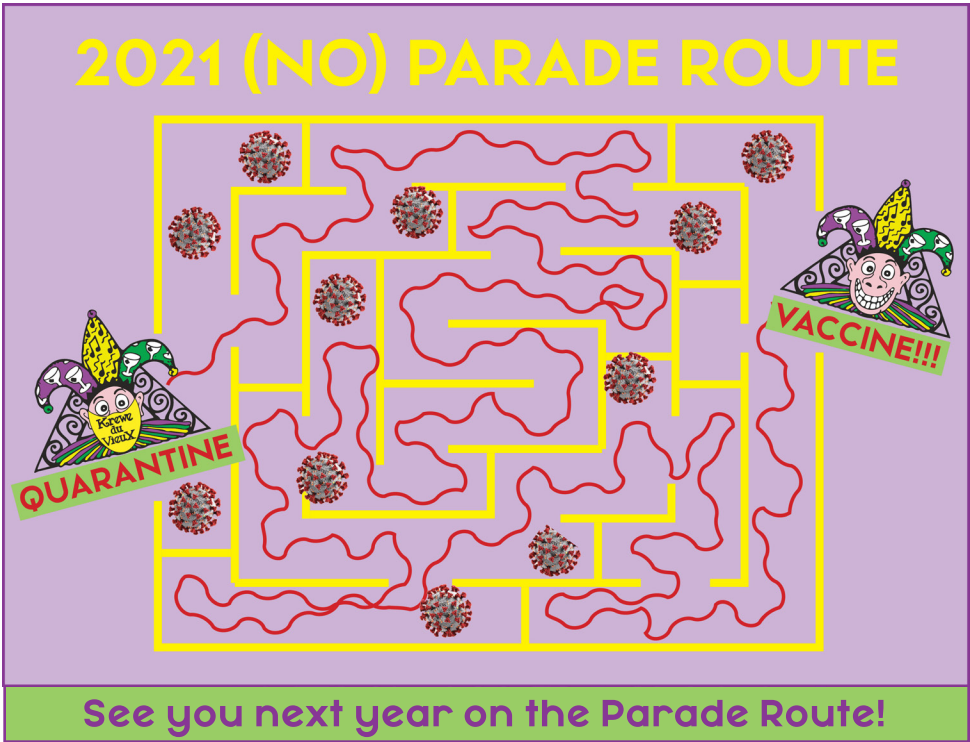
**OPEN YOUR MOUTH**

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Lack of oral skills lessens effectiveness of vaccine**

**JANUARY 30TH - 31ST**

- Only one exclusive weekend
- Two Tasty Treatments: One Stiff & the other Moist
- Premeditated Results with Instant Relief
- Lover's Vaccine is taken with a Deep Throat

**2021 (NO) PARADE ROUTE**



**See you next year on the Parade Route!**

*Mama Roux puts a Smell on You!!!*



**SCRATCH & SNIFF**

**If YOU CAN'T SMELL THIS YOU'VE GOT COVID!**

**Nº 2021 CANAL NAWLINS**

The **Krewe of Mama Roux** is pleased to announce the debut of our new scent

**cAnal no. 2021 Eau de Toilet**

Samples are being distributed free to the public at 1311 Decatur Street from January 30 (Krewe du Vieux 'parade day') thru February 16 ('Mardi Gras,' as it were). Do drop by for a scentsational experience!