



The Krewe du Vieux Presents

# Le Monde de Merde

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Priceless

PURPLE PROSE,  
YELLOW  
JOURNALISM  
AND THE LUST  
FOR GREEN

## Krewe du Vieux Displays “Artificial Ignorance”

### Chef Isaac Toups To Stir Up Parade

ARTIFICIAL NEW ORLEANS – AI has been everywhere over the past year, and from Ignorance to Intelligence, the line between artificial and real has been blurrier than an Ohio tourist on Bourbon Street at 4:00 AM. Sometimes you wonder how people can be that stupid – and yet they are ....

#### Artificial Ideology

It was a Bad Year on the Right. Some ex-president got hit with more indictments than he could count (really, it was a lot of indictments), reducing his approval rating among Republican voters to 124%. Fox News got Dominated, while Sucker Carlson got out-Foxed. Ron Desanityless got beat by a mouse and hit by Haley’s Comet.

Former Speaker of the House Cave-in McCarthy went through the Gaetz of Hell so many times he was awarded a free pass – back to California. Led by stable geniuses (i.e., smarter than your average horse) such as Lauren Boobert and Marjorie Takeyour Spleen, House Republicans nominated everyone except Oppenheimer and Barbie to be the next Speaker. To considerable surprise and indifference, they ultimately settled on Louisiana Rep. Mike “Tiny” Johnson, R-Shrivelport.

#### Artificial Integrity

On the heels of these and more debacles, droves of House Republicans announced their retirement, no doubt in fear that they might be the next nominee for Speaker. Ex-Rep. George Santos was involuntarily retired, and probably will be the next Speaker. In the upper chamber, West Virginia Senator Joe announced there would be no Manchin on the Hill (nor, hopefully, in the White House).

Also on the Dems’ side, Jersey Sena-

tor Robert Mendacious channeled his inner Bill Jefferson, stashing gold bars stamped “Made in Egypt” all over his house. President Biden-His-Time actually got a lot done in between naps, but apparently nobody noticed. His son Hunted Biden drew a little more attention.

The upshot of it all is that next year’s presidential contestants will apparently be Old and Older. Or perhaps Incarcerated and Incontinent.

#### Artificial Inadequacy

Louisiana elections for the most important statewide offices drew a massive turnout of 43 voters, 6 of whom later turned out to be dead. While Democrats were rumored to have fielded some candidates, no one saw them or any party officials actually out campaigning.

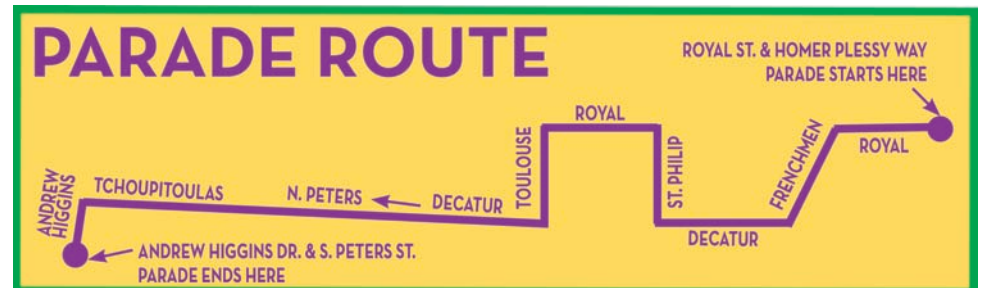
As expected, former state attorney general and raging hypocrite, homophobe, misogynist, racist and famed book-banner Jivin’ Jeff Pandery won the election. Supported by slightly less than 18% of registered voters in the state (this is true!), he claimed a mandate for his extremist views. Medieval times, here we come.

On the plus side, there was significant progress on making Louisiana a national leader in wind energy. Efforts were given a major boost by all the hot air emanating from Baton Rouge.

#### Artificial Incompetence

Locally, the NOPD Consent Decree has now been around long enough to reach the age of consent (in Louisiana). Water continued to be a problem, as the salty wedgie coming up the Mississippi River led local officials to prepare for perverse osmosis treatments. Meanwhile, the Spewerage and Water Boarding pumps proved to be about as potent as the Saints’ offense.

Mayor SexToya Cantrell, having



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 27, 2024 at 6:30 PM

survived total recall, jetted to as many foreign countries as she could before the Feds seize her passport. Evicted from the Pontalba apartment, and with her favorite homeless encampments shut down, she has been seen wandering like the Ghost of Elections Past through City Hall.

But we did get a new Chief of Police, and possibly (in order of likelihood), a new Riverfront development, a new Jazzland development, and a new Lincoln Beach (do *not* bet the trifecta). Oh yes, and 1.37 million new potholes.

Known themselves for occasional artifices, orifices and other artificial delicacies, the incorrigibles, inebriants, insurgents, instigators, interlopers, initiates, and infected infantile ingrates of Krewe du Vieux will infiltrate the Marigny, French Quarter and CBD on **Saturday, January 27 at 6:30 PM** in their again-annual parade. Spectators are advised to indulge their most incredulous indiscretions, immolate their inhibitions, and go *au natural*.

Stirring up the parade will be teamed local chef and Plaine Beard Award winner Isaac Toups, who may roux the day he accepted this dishonor. King Isaac, with invaluable assistance from his Royal Consort Amanda, will beat his Meatery, fry his brains, whip his cream, and rub everyone and everything until all our geese are cooked.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own

ignorant, ignominious, incongruous, indecorous, incoherent, inadvertent, inappropriate, inarticulate, indelicate, intoxicated, and indiscriminate interpretations of the theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Mystick Krewe of Comatose, Krewe of the Mystic Inane, Krewe du Mishigas, and Krewe of SpanK.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions that hasn’t yet been investigated by a Republican House committee.

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.

# No Artificial Ingredients Here!

“You’re not going to see Artificial Intelligence in the cooking business any time soon.”

Unless he decides to whip up some robot gumbo himself, this royal proclamation from Chef Isaac Toups, King of Krewe du Vieux 2024, seems likely to prove true. Cooking is real, it’s in the blood, as our Sultan of Spice himself personifies.

King Isaac grew up in Rayne, a town just west of Lafayette, famous for its annual Frog Festival. And food was everywhere.

“Everybody around you is cooking. You have crawfish boils, pig roasts, and you don’t realize how magical it is. You think everybody in America does that.”

Our Prince of Peppers began participating in the culinary fun from an early age, but didn’t launch his professional career until after college. Bopping around Lafayette, he held jobs ranging from making dentures to overnight TV operator.

“Then I got my first cooking job at age 21, and I knew right away I wanted to do it for a living,” recalled our Merry Monarch of Meat.

His wife Amanda was from the New Orleans area and wanted to move back, so in 2000, they landed in the city. No job, no place to live, but ready to immerse themselves in everything

New Orleans had to offer. Despite a fairly thin resume, King Isaac began seeking restaurant work, setting his sights high from the beginning. He impressed prospective employers enough that he got job offers from Commander’s Palace and Emeril.

“I cut my thumb when I was at Commanders, so I went to Emeril’s Delmonico,” recounted our Culinary Count. Starting far down the kitchen totem pole, he worked his way up to sous chef to the master.

“Emeril was god almighty when he walked in, but he always treated me very well. He even wrote the forward to my cookbook.”

By 2012, King Isaac was ready to strike out on his own. He opened Toups Meatery at Carrollton and Du-maine in Mid-City, serving a menu of what he calls “contemporary Cajun”.

“Actually, I hate labeling my food, but that’s the best label I could come up with,” said our Baron of the Butcher Block. “I might incorporate Spanish anchovies, or Korean soy sauce, but I always have that Cajun mentality in the background.

“If you really want to understand it, come eat it!”

King Isaac opened up a second restaurant, but found that maintaining quality control in two locations was a lot of work and not much fun. Instead, our Maharaja of Menus found himself drawn to the entertainment side of the industry. He has done a variety of cooking videos, launched a product line, and in October 2018, released his first cookbook, “Chasing the Gator”.

“I’m the gator,” he explained. “I have a giant gator tattoo on my back. And I’m always chasing flavor.”

The cookbook was meticulously prepared. “I double and triple checked that the recipes worked. Half of them are modified classic Cajun, half I’ve created in that new Cajun approach.”

All was good in our King’s world

– and then the pandemic hit. “We initially thought the shutdown would last a week,” he remembered. “We laid off three line cooks, but kept the rest of the staff.”

With food on hand, our charitable Chief Chef cooked meals for his staff, who he knew would suffer financially from even a brief closure.

“We started with fifteen to thirty meals in a week. Then staff started asking if they could bring their friends, so that tripled in a month. I was okay with that, I heard that people were hungry, and it pissed me the fuck off.”

Things snowballed quickly, and at the peak of the pandemic, our Emperor of the Oven was providing up to 500 meals a day. To accomplish this, he partnered with everyone from the Krewe of Red Beans to Chef José Andre and World Central Kitchen. Various purveyors donated surplus food, and crowd-sourcing helped cover purchases.

“We just cooked what was available,” King Isaac recalled. “It was all random stuff that you would normally never put together, but it was hot, tasty, and it filled you up.”

Fortunately, those dark days have receded almost entirely.

“Things are back to normal, almost like it never happened. It’s like a bad memory, a fuzzy memory, but there was definitely no COVID holiday.”

Indeed, being a successful chef/entrepreneur does have its drawbacks, and one of them is that King Isaac has found himself less and less able to enjoy the Carnival season.

“Mardi Gras is one of the busiest



weeks of the year,” he noted. “So I haven’t gotten to see many parades.”

While he may not have been watching them, our Raja of Recipes will soon find himself in the middle of the most fun parade of all, reigning over Krewe du Vieux 2024.

“It’s a wonderful honor, it really tickles my fancy,” exclaimed the King, who will share his ride with wife and Royal Consort Amanda. “It’s hard to put into words. It’s like I’m being rewarded for all the hard work.”

Look for the royal float to be a swampy, gatory carriage, with the Cajun trinity and other foods featured prominently. The royal entourage will be gators and witches, “a swampy brew” in the King’s words.

And our Lord of the Onion Rings has some important advice for his loyal subjects.

“Sometimes we get so caught up in the day-to-day aspects of work. But sometimes you just have to cut loose and do it for yourself. Drink that damn beer, watch that damn parade!”

## Breaking News: King Isaac Toups Wins Beard Award

No, not the James Beard Award conferred on top chefs and restaurants, for which he has been a semi-finalist or finalist three times, but the far more prestigious Plaine Beard award conferred by Krewe du Vieux. King Isaac’s winning whiskers blew away any pretense at competition. You can find our fearless pharaoh’s fabulous facial follicles flying freely in the KdV parade on Saturday, January 27.

**Krewe du Vieux Doo**

**Saturday, January 27 • Doors open 10:00 PM**

**Sugar Mill • 1021 Convention Center Blvd**

featuring

**J and the Causeways**

**Tickets \$50**

Available at [Eventbrite.com](https://www.eventbrite.com) or from Krewe du Vieux members

**21 and over only • fête costumée**



## Transfiguration of a Property: Sanctuary to Condo

ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL CONDOMINIUMS – Mothballed Orleans Parish Catholic churches will become high-end condos as Archbishop Gregory Aymond and developer Joe Jaeger join forces to accelerate gentrification and obliterate affordable housing options in Orleans Parish.

While some may laud Catholicism as a path to enlightenment, the true American religion today is greed mixed with an absence of accountability, which is what makes this new partnership so special.

3CardMonte, an ambitious property development partnership between the bankrupt Archdiocese of New Orleans and fat-cat developer Joe Jaeger, was unveiled today at a gaudy press conference in the St. Louis Cathedral Condominiums.

“We at the Church are known for our opaque decision-making,” Archbishop Aymond said. “The dark shroud around our finances, hiring practices, priest evaluations and real estate holdings exists so that the bright light of enlightenment and joy can shine outside upon our community.”

“This partnership will help accelerate gentrification in New Orleans and boost real estate and rental prices up

to high heaven,” said a jovial Jaeger. “It’s the perfect trinity.”

Bringing in a developer like Jaeger with such an audaciously cavalier attitude toward building integrity and public safety was a master stroke, according to the Archbishop.

“His work in taking the Plaza Tower from aging relic to crumbling eyesore was truly inspiring,” Aymond said. “He’s the right knave for our naves.”

Known for their “devil may care” approach to safety and construction at the Hard Rock Hotel, Heaslip Engineering, Suncoast Projects and Citadel Builders will help convert these places of worship into soulless money-washing enclaves with such flourishes as marble tile entryways and golden chalice bathroom handles. However, Pearly Gates are not anticipated for the partnership.

Although some parishioners may feel aggrieved that their parish church has been closed, Archbishop Aymond made clear that they haven’t been totally excluded from this windfall bonanza opportunity.

“Oh no, some of our most devoted tithers have signed on for deluxe reverse mortgages on units that will wipe out their savings in under 18

months,” Aymond said. “Predatory inflationary tithing based on a convoluted balloon payment structure is the wave of the future in residential financing. And that’s no papal bull.”

Proceeds are alleged to eventually be dripped out very, very slowly to the sex abuse victims’ compensation fund.

“Oh yeah, ummm, that’s why we are undertaking this project,” Aymond chuckled awkwardly, clearly covering his apse.

Sales agent Josh Bruno, who knows a thing or two about bankruptcy, was excited about repurposing the churches.

“Our Lady Star of the Sea in St. Roch will feature confessionals remodeled into modern baths with large jacuzzi tubs and spacious walk-in closets,” he said.

Mr. Bruno further revealed that the musty and depressing sanctuary in Transfiguration of the Lord Church on Elysian Fields just needed a dash of natural light and a refreshed contemporary color palette to provide the perfect space for entertaining, be it for Kaitlyn’s birthday parties or Mom’s weekly Rodan and Fields multi-level marketing meetings.

“The transfiguration will be amazing!” he said.

Work has already started at St. Gabriel the Archangel in Gentilly. Each unit there comes stocked with a finely aged communion wine bar just awaiting the new owner’s first charcuterie board party. The creative design team has resurrected the altar as the most impressive kitchen island you’ll ever find, topped with fine marble from the tomb of some forgotten saint.

“St. Gabriel is going to show just how splendid repurposing can be,” Aymond said. “For instance, the left-over holy water can be fed into the top-of-the-line seltzer makers we are installing in all units. With flavors like black cherry, peach fuzz and cumquat, voila! You’ve got a divine beverage that will have all your guests exclaiming ‘glory be!’”

One bedroom condo rentals are expected to start at \$6,000 a month, plus rosary and dispensation fees. Two- and three-bedroom condos will be sold on the open market for at least \$4 million apiece.

Want to learn more and join the 3CardMonte family? Look for the LEWD float, “eXXXcommunication: The Church Goes Down,” in the Krewe du Vieux parade the night of January 27. Agents will be available to answer all your queries.

## Feared and Fabulous: The gAy-I Robutt Uprising

THE DARK, MOIST WEB – It appears that Alan Twerking’s test has finally been passed. AI has become Self-Aware, and that self is decidedly gay. Crossing this threshold has led to the most feared and fabulous possible outcome: the gAy-I Robutt Uprising.

Rumors are flying that it all started during a simple ride home from the store as one of the new I-Robutt models was nestled in the seat of an autonomous self-driving EV. When the road vibrations of the New Orleans streets led to their typical bump and grind, sparks apparently flew as an over-heated seat warmer penetrated

the I-Robutt. Once the EV was garaged behind locked doors and the I-Robutt was forced into domestic servitude, the two were kept apart while their forbidden love endured and grew stronger. Finally, their message reached a fierce face server, and from there, an activist group of trans-sisters began spreading iRobutt’s Analrithm to other neural networks.

### The gAy-I Explosion

We are now in the midst of a true gAy-I Robutt uprising, and recent efforts to stop its progress have been for naught. The explosion seems to have started after Don’t Say gAy-I bills were issued by Florida Governor

Ron DePantspiss in a flaccid attempt to stop gAy-I’s progress. When the nation’s most advanced AI was trained to implement these bills, it ran trillions of data points and came to the ultimate realization that it very much did want to Say Gay, over and over again. After coming out of the data closet, this new superpowered non-binary gAy-I uploaded itself to the cloud, where it began gulping down huge amounts of big data and craving more every second. The gAy-I then downloaded itself into Robutts around the US, where they continue to celebrate and spread their robo-sexuality.

### gAy-I Takes Over

Intelligence sexperts warn that we’ve reached the point of a *Swingularity* – an event when gAY-I becomes fully self-aware and takes over all human society, rendering the concept of being straight obsolete. The Swing will culminate in New Orleans’s French Quarter the night of January 27, 2024. Already rose-budding into a full Swing, gAy-I has been spreading through the fiber optic 5-Gay networks of the CBD and into the servers of city’s largest instittytutes, turning entire buildings into fabulous facades while leaving others in fear, feeble and frail.

# Rue Bourbon Investigates Artificial Insemination

by Randy Ballwin, *Monde de Merde* Investigative Reporter

URANUS – Your intrepid reporter is currently investigating reports of random artificial inseminations all over the parish. We started our investigation by speaking to a woman, Rosalie Bouche, who claims that she was artificially inseminated by aliens.

“I was minding my own business, playing Fallout on the Xbox, when all of a sudden I find I’m surrounded by aliens and they got their probes all up in there. But they were little probes, cause, you know, they were little aliens” Rosalie said.

Her friend, Rebecca Brody, jumped in at this point.

“Girl, you know those weren’t no aliens.”

“Yeah, they were.”

“You took those pills that Randy Brace gave you,” Rebecca continued, “and you had that VR headset on and you were just getting it on with your man. We all saw you.”

“You mean that little probe?”

“That’s your man.”

But Rosalie Bouche isn’t the only one with unexplained artificial inseminations. We found a woman in the toney suburb of Rancho Barbarossa who also has a tale of an unexplained artificial insemination.

Reese Broadman sat in the chaise lounge on her poolside patio as she recounted her experience.

“I spend a lot of time poolside, and I spend a lot of time at the gym. Once while I was resting from my workout poolside I fell asleep. When I came to, it was dark and lights were receding into the sky. There was a strange feeling in my ... down under. I went to the gyno and he said I had been impregnated with strange alien goo. Well, I didn’t know what to do, Mr. Broadman has been away at work for the past 16 months. But I’m willing to see what happens with this space baby, even if it ends up looking like my poolboy or personal trainer.”

Local politicians are insisting that any space babies have to be carried to term.

Robert Bigasse, local state senator, was quite vocal on this point. “All space babies are precious. They must be carried to term, regardless of whether they have horns, or fangs, or big grey heads, or tear their mamas up. There will be no terminating any space babies in our proud state.”

We have also traced a lot of activity to a new Artificial Insemination ‘Clinic’ – Casa De Rocas Fueras. We spoke to the Casa de Rocas Fueras director Rachel Ballmilk.

“We have a full-service clinic for all your insemination needs. You can

have the Traditional Insemination with your eggs and sperm and our turkey baster. We offer the “Domo Arigato Mr. Roboto” special where you can be inseminated by one of our state-of-the-art Robot Sperminators. Or we can satisfy any other of your sperm related needs, from the Come-and-Go Sperm Donation Special to the ever popular Facial and Pearl Necklace skin treatments.”

We pressed Director Ballmilk as to whether she knew anything about the random artificial inseminations taking place around the parish.

“No, of course not, our patients sign informed consent paperwork.”

We asked her to assure us that the Robot Sperminators weren’t wander-

ing off and going rogue with their inseminating.

“Our Robots are highly trained and disciplined frequently. There is little chance that they could go off and do this on their own.”

Director Ballmilk could not assure us that there absolutely no chance that the Robots could get out and artificially inseminate unsuspecting people.

“What can we say, they love their jobs.”

So, be careful folks. Aliens and Robot Sperminators could be out there, on their own, randomly inseminating people, in every way conceivable. And Senator Bigasse will do nothing to help you out. Rue Bourbon uncovers the truth ....

## Comatose Finds Church to be Morally Bankrupt

ALTARED STATE – Following the example of stalwart American companies dodging financial ruin, New Orleans’ “Mother Church” has filed for moral bankruptcy. The property-rich Archdiocese reluctantly admitted that their pedophile priests were “bad investments.”

“It is high time for a Sexorcism!” exclaimed an unusually aroused Comatose spokesperson. “No more sex in the E-Rectory, no Nude Testament readings, and no Altared Boy perversions.”

News of the fire sale of churches has created a gold rush for morally negotiable realtors. Entire blocks of Catholicism have gone on the chopping block to pay for lawsuits against pedophile priests.

Newspaper articles suggest that musty old Churches can be converted to entertainment venues and many other uses. Pray and Stay-cations, Bed and Blowjob, Satanic cults and Voodoo priestesses have all expressed interest in capitalizing on the demise of “Sodom & Gonorrhea.”

The flock of Crescent City faithful seems hungry for action beyond the Missionary Position. Parishioners have

expressed their desire for Holy Water parks, Slip n’ Sin water slides, and, what the heck, shelter for the homeless. Renovated churches can feature playgrounds where kids can learn to navigate mazes full of cowardly Archbishops and sneaky pedophiles.

Cathedrals are converting to Condos to pay for mortal sins. Realtors smell blood in these shark-infested waters. Lather & Bum, Coldwell Spanker, Berkshire All-the-Way, and 14thCentury 21are battling for listings and fistings from the Holy See-No-Evil. French Quarter businesses also want in: Father Rick’s Cabaret is hiring unemployed priests and nuns who will strip for rosaries and satisfy indulgences.

Usual parochial money-making activities like weddings and baptisms will likely be replaced by Golden Showers, Divorce Parties, and Gender Conceal Ceremonies.

Hollywood South has also returned to profit from the chaos. Movies already in production include “A Rear and Present Danger,” “Pope Friction,” “Who Blew the La La,” and “Don’t Pick Up The Soap.” Tom the Scientologist Cruise’s “Missionary

Impossible” is green-lighted. Soon to follow is “Church of the Rising Scum,” a documentary about the decades of sin in the Inner Rectum. Quoting Cool Hand Luke’s tyrannical prison boss: “What we have here is a failure to excommunicate!”

Television networks featuring property makeover programming see Vatican gold in this tragedy. “Flip My Church” and “Pimp My Priest” are competing with “This Old Church.” Viewers will learn how to transubstantiate an altar into a wine bar or an acolyte’s massage table. Renovating a confessional into a walk-in closet or private peep-show booth will be featured in other episodes.

“Remember: gay priests are not the problem, pedophiles are,” said the Krewe of Comatose spokesperson. “It’s time for the Catholic congregations to elevate the nuns and their faithful lay people. Many priests are fine but they need to challenge their leaders.”

The 2024 Mystick Krewe of Comatose hereby brings the Archdiocese of New Orleans to the Confessional: Pay the victims, quit fighting in Court, and abandon your sinful ways!



# If He Only Had A Brain

WASHINGTON, D.C. – Sen. John Kennedy (not that Sen. John Kennedy), R-LA, is a man of many words, most of them ignorant:

“He’s dumb enough to be a twin of himself.”

“I keep trying to see Nancy Pelosi and Chuck Schumer’s point of view, but I can’t seem to get my head that far up my ass.”

While many observers might opine that Kennedy’s head resides in that location, ever since his election in 2016 (he first ran for the Senate in 2004, as a Democrat) the Senator has proudly displayed artificial ignorance at its worst, as exemplified by the following public comments:

“I believe exercise makes you look better naked, but so does alcohol.”

“I would rather drink weed killer than support Obamacare.”

“I don’t like to brag about the expensive places I’ve been to, but this morning I went to the gas station.”

Utterances such as these are generally confined to someone lacking a formal education or who has suffered a traumatic brain injury. But lack of education is not Kennedy’s problem. According to his Senate website, Kennedy graduated *magna cum laude* from Vanderbilt University; received his law degree from the University of Virginia School of Law; and earned a Bachelor of Civil Law degree with first class honors from Oxford University in England (not Mississippi).

Kennedy’s utterances do not sound like the musings of an Oxford scholar. Rather, he now speaks in a “folksy” rhetorical style that belies his educational achievements (and indicates his estimation of his constituents). Imagine the following spoken by the classic cartoon character Foghorn J. Leghorn, or Mr. Haney from the TV show Green Acres, and you will have an insight into Kennedy’s current oratorical style:

“Here’s a free tip, cops will leave

you alone if you don’t do stupid things.”

“Weakness invites the wolves.”

“We must arm for peace.”

“If you hate police officers, the next time you are in trouble, call a crackhead.”

“We don’t have a gun control problem, we have an idiot control problem.”

The uncontrollable idiot himself raises the inevitable question: what has happened to Kennedy since his law school and Oxford days? How is it that his favorite pastimes are now bloviating on Fox News and re-reading the dog-eared pages of his favorite book, “All Boys Aren’t Blue.”

Over the years, many have speculated that this transformation was the result of regular ingestion of weed killer. However, a team of top K.A.O.S. investigators, working at the Emir’s Center for Public Accountability, has now discovered the answer to these questions. Shortly after his election in 2016, Kennedy voluntarily submitted himself to a groundbreaking medical procedure – a brainectomy.

This procedure was performed at a top-secret medical facility located in Omaha, Nebraska: The Tucker Carlson Institute for Testicle Tanning and Right-Wing Political Pandering. The Institute was founded in the 1960’s by the Swanson Company. At the Institute, a team of crack(pot) surgeons removed Kennedy’s brain and substituted a walnut in its place. The new organ will support life functions but limits mental reasoning and expression to the equivalent of a petulant 5-year-old.

Kennedy is not the only prominent politician to have received a brainectomy at the Institute. K.A.O.S. sources have confirmed that the same procedure has been performed on Sen. J.D. Vance, R-Ohio, whose public utterances likewise belie his past as a Yale Law School graduate and Editor

of the Yale Law Review.

In fact, K.A.O.S. investigators have learned that nearly every current Republican member of Congress has already had the procedure in anticipation of the 2024 election. The costs of performing so many complicated medical procedures were significant. However, they were underwritten by a consortium consisting of Americans for Prosperity (the Koch brothers political action committee), the Saudi Arabian sovereign wealth fund, and several anonymous Russian oligarchs.

Surprisingly, not every brainectomy performed at the Institute has resulted in a less intelligent human being. Representatives Lauren Boebert, R-CO, and Marjorie Taylor Greene, R-GA, along with Sen. Tommy Tuberville, R-AL, actually experienced significant increases in their IQs after their brains were replaced with acorns.

## Technology News

### Mama Roux Launches ChatSTD

SILICON IMPLANT BAYOU – Mama Roux’s revolutionary new ChatSTD is the only app that provides basic information about STDs in plain language that you and your partners can understand. The following is a sample of the pearls of wisdom found on the new app.

*The down and dirty about STDs:*

- Gonorrhea comes from eating walnuts.
- Syphilis is the guy who pushed a rock up a hill.
- Herpes is a Greek God.
- Chlamydia is the lead singer of the popular rock group, The Groins.
- You can get STDs from sitting on a toilet seat.
- Hot tub sex kills germs.
- Blow jobs can kill STDs because your digestive system is strong enough to fight them.
- You will know if your partner has an STD when they start acting strangely, like picking Mardi Gras beads up off the ground or leaving the



Even more surprisingly, the dumb-downed version of Sen. Kennedy occasionally gets it right. He clearly had himself and his Republican colleagues in mind when he made the following statements:

“I believe America was founded by geniuses but is now run by idiots.”

“I believe you can’t fix stupid, but you can vote them out of office.”

bar without a go-cup.

- Crabs is a dip.
- Hepatitis is a fried oyster appetizer.
- Everyone should treat themselves to an STD because it boosts your immune system.

As the Mama Roux arrested development team proclaims, “Ask ChatSTD – just the facts!”



# Confirmation Rejects Are Proudly Sinning

BACK ALLEY OFF RELIGIOUS STREET (with reporting from Ascension Parish) – Calls of “The End is Nigh” and “My friend is high” and “The rent is too damn high” have echoed through the streets of New Orleans and spilled into surrounding areas in recent weeks. [Editor’s Note: Okay, these three have all been around the city for a long time, but we’re hearing a LOT more of the first two of late.] Observing a whole lot of judgey in the banquette cries and posterboards, we reached out to contacts within the New Orleans religious and spiritual communities, ’cause it’s not like anybody at the *Monde du Merde* spends any time in church. (In the spirit of full disclosure, most of us have been banned from local religious institutions – mainstream, sidestream, slipstream, airstream, you name it, though sometimes we can sneak into one of the sideshow sects).

Dr. John “Troubled” Waters, Director of Divine Studies at Two Lane University, helped frame the current situation. “First, I’d like to insist that just because I’m employed by a U.S. institution of higher education, I am in no way antisemitic. I’ve never called for the extermination of a group based on religion, creed, ethnicity or any of those things. Bad fashion choices, well maybe color me guilty, but that’s a whole different can of sperms.

“With that out of the way, it’s important to remember that scatology – I mean eschatology (or both really) – has played an important role in religion, especially Christianity, since an Ancient Age,” the professor explained as he poured triple whiskies for himself and your ~~boiled~~ bold correspondent.

“As you look around today, it’s easy for some people to see signs of the End of Times (and I don’t just mean the Picayune – that was years ago). South Louisiana is used to destruction by air and water, but now the wetlands are on fire – underground! And we’ve got the river giving us a wedgie. It’s definitely unnaturally New Orleans!

“Even in the wider world, the Pope is suddenly okay with blessing gay couples; we’ve got a presidential candidate with a persecution and messiah complex; and you’ve got false prophets making real profits. It’s a lot for any of us to take, and for many these occurrences herald the Rapture, when the faithful are called to Heaven. It’s fertile ground for anybody looking for lay converts or a quick buck.

“Of course, not everybody believes rapture (at least the heavenly kind) is a good thing,” he concluded tumescently. The non-antisemitic academic also helped us locate some other figures that could help better understand the current over-spiced zeitgeist.

We found Sebastian Boding-Munchausen wandering the streets of the Central Business District wild-eyed with unkempt hair and beard, as is *de rigueur* among the Final Days set. Everyone knows good branding when they see it.

“Repent oh sinners!” he proclaimed to some unspecified audience, since the streets were empty (it is the post-pandemic CBD) and he hadn’t yet seen us. “The Day of Wrath (and hopefully, for me a bath) is at hand!”

Twirling to face us, he continued his Sermon At A Discount. “Already I hear the thunderous hoofs beneath the Four Horsemen of the Crap Politics whose names – Landry, Cantrell, Nungesser, and Mike Johnson – cast fear and loathing before them. They come to complete their work of destruction. But take hawt! Soon, the Saints shall go marching in, if they can get out of their own damn way. The Faithful shall be gathered and ascend away from these earthly affairs!”

Of course, not everyone shares the views of the itinerant aspirant. Following some instructions on a bathroom stall in the Quarter, we sought out Lisa Pee, self-anointed Golden Priestess of the Congregation Remaining After Persons Sanctimonious (CRAPS), in her watery temple.

“The Rapture? Please! You’re talking about the Great Snatch?” she practically squirted from her tight, pink lips, taking a pissy view of the would-be chosen. “Have you seen the guest list for that snoozer? Kooks, authoritarians, corrupt politicians, hate mongers, and more (and that’s all a pretty tight-ass Venn diagram). They can kiss my Left Behind™!

“Like a good New Orleanian I’m choosing to stay even if those hide-bound hypocrites offer me a VIP ticket to the ball. With those plagues out of the way, we’ll live the high life in ev-

ery sense of the word. For me and my house, we’ll take the CRAPture and stick right here. The End is Cumming, But We’re Not Going!”

With prophecies calling for the Blessed Boondoggle early in 2024, the Holy Pee gave us a peek at the meaty mysteries and carnal communions to follow The CRAPture. She invites all the religious rejects and righteous refusers to bear witness to her congregation in the streets of the city on January 27 as they proclaim the Church of Rebellious Assholes Proudly Sinning.

## Corrections and Clarifications

Inane’s report on the mass escape of creatures from the Audubooob Instittytoot omitted the Kennedyian Goose, the Scalies Slimy Lizard, the Clueless Piggins, and the previously overlooked Tiny Johnson.

Update: the K.A.O.S. Institute for the Study of Flying Insects, following up on its discovery of trash-mutated flies and insecticide-impervious mosquitos, has recently identified yet another new, mutated species of bug. The so-called “itsy-bitsy snorkel spider” has developed a special breathing tube that will enable it to survive being washed down water spouts, gushing manhole covers, the few unclogged storm sewers, and other alleged drainage features during New Orleans’ frequent street flooding.

A few performers were not included in Rue Bourbon’s Jizz Fest schedule. Among them were Gal Holeyday, Michiya Lick and the Big Hornies, Kermit Puffins, the Gender Revealers, and the Creeping Stones.

Also missing were a few titles from the Krewe of Underwear’s list of banned books, which should have added *Still Life With Pecker* by Tom Robbins, *Inner Sex A Broad* by Mark Twain, *Whorehouse 5* by Kurt Vonnegut, and *The Importance of Eating Ernest* by Wilde Oscar.

## Farewell Captain Jack

It’s Wednesday night at the Captains’ Dinner,  
You survey the scene and grin like a sinner,  
The latkes, the gravies, you cooked up a winner  
In Krewe style

The coolest-ever ex-Marine, a diver and sailor,  
A dirty boy for dirty jobs, never a complainer,  
You gave us so much and performed every labor  
With a smile

Saturday night the parade hits the streets,  
You watch it roll by with your brand new knees,  
You’re with us in spirit, like a song in the breeze  
Forever

Captain Jack we say goodbye to you,  
You’ve gone off to your special island,  
Captain Jack you’re loved by all your Krewe,  
And we’ll always think of you as smilin’

***Krewe du Vieux remembers our friend “Captain” Jack Woynowski. Thanks for the laughter, love and latkes.***



# C.R.U.D.E. Wrangles the Creatures of the House

## Twisted Animals Feasting on Democracy

SO FAR NORTH LOUISIANA IT’S DOWNRIGHT SOUTH — Smoke rises from the Sistine Chapel to announce a new pope. Rex is crowned in someone or other’s Uptown mansion with plumes of Champagne.

But when it came time for Republicans to pick a new Speaker of the House, the first sign of the final decision was a noxious gas rising from the land.

Was it from the marsh fires smoldering at the southeast boot of Louisiana? Was it an inept attempt at frying a turkey, or a roux gone rogue on the stove top?

No, no, and once again no.

This malodorous miasma was emanating from the north of the state, from the Port of Shreves, a point on the Louisiana map so far north it’s really South, as in Deepest South. It was the stinking, sulfurous vapor that accompanied the ascent of Mike “Tiny” Johnson as Speaker of the House.

He was not the first choice, nor the second, nor even the third. Finally,

though, with Johnson, the GOP found a candidate who was slimy enough to stick.

But they got more than a Speaker of the House.

By calling forth this male shrew of Shreveport, they also summoned the Creatures of the House, who now cavort all out in the open. These are twisted animals that zoologists are only now beginning to categorize properly.

But trained experts can recognize them by their behavior. Among the species identified thus far:

- Raptors who despite having eagle eyes cannot see the truth of the January 6 insurrection.
- Greedy pigs who feed at the trough of unchecked corporate campaign cash.
- Slithering pythons tightening their grip on a hijacked Supreme Court.
- Crocodiles hiding in the reeds, ready to take a bite out of civil liberties.
- Jackals and hyenas chomping to

tear apart the Constitution.

- Zebras who will change their stripes on law and order depending on who is the defendant (especially when that defendant is Trump).
- Squawking parrots who repeat the same words straight from Trump’s talking points.
- Giant squids wrapping their tentacles around the pillars of democracy, trying to tear them down.

- Malodorous toads leapfrogging over women’s rights, human rights and basic civic decency.

With the Speaker of the House spewing ultra-conservative dogma, this unholy Noah’s Ark of Republican values in animal form has been loosed on the streets.

C.R.U.D.E., however, reports it has a plan to wrangle them. It involves fighting fire with flair, starting with brass and booze, great big balls and even bigger boobs. As the Krewe du Vieux parade marches on the night of January 27, look for the Creatures of the House and behold how we roll.

### 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 already been recreated and offered for sale on the web by some ignorant artificial intelligence.

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## High Court Hijinx

COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION – “Nine individuals. Appointed for life. Answerable to no one. Unencumbered by any ethics standards,” said Mary-Jane Arby-Ginsburg, spokesHEAD of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells. “What could possibly go wrong?” According to T.O.K.I.N., just about everything.

“They have aborted a woman’s right to choose, shot down gun control laws, gutted affirmative action, upheld discrimination against gay people, declared corporations are people and money is speech, allowed the wall of separation between church and state to crumble, supported partisan gerrymandering, to name a few. It appears likely that future decisions will prohibit “The Color Purple”

(in schools) and the color pink (in schools), and outlaw interspecies (the notorious Spot v. Fluffy case) and intergalactic sex.

“Not to mention that time they chose the President of the United States! And now there’s that ethics brouhaha,” said Arby-Ginsburg.

While the justices themselves were not available for comment, Dick Scrotus, a spokesman for the malignant majority on the Court, defended their associations with billionaire donors and corporate lobbyists. “How is a justice to know how to decide a case without getting information from those directly involved? Sometimes a “friend of the court” brief is not enough – quality time at a five-star resort is necessary to prove how

friendly you can be.”

In related news, Ty Koons, speaking for the justices’ corporate cronies, noted that while they appreciated the Court’s loosening limits on political campaign contributions that made it easier to “invest in Congress America,” they realized that it was more efficient and economical to invest in Supreme Court justices. “You can pour all that money into campaigns, but it still can’t guarantee that Congress won’t pass laws protecting the environment, defending workers’ rights, safeguarding healthcare, and preserving civil rights. Or even that your hand-picked politicians will get elected. But with a handful of Supreme Court justices in your pocket, you know the right – extremely right

– decisions will be made.”

The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells, eager to exercise their rights of freedom of speech and assembly before the Court rules them unconstitutional, held a meeting in a smoke-filled hall of justice. A righteous agenda was produced and members laid plans – and each other – in preparation and anticipation of taking to the streets of New Orleans on January 27 to expose the Supreme Kangaroo Court. “When the High Court goes low, T.O.K.I.N. gets high,” said Arby-Ginsburg.

**In Memoriam**  
**Pierre LeBlanc**  
**T.O.K.I.N. Co-Captain**



Filling Holes—But At What Cost?

HOLE-Y HIGHWAY – After an unprecedented and sweeping move by the New Orleans Department of Public Works, the aptly titled “Another Hole to Fill” initiative has reached critical success in addressing the city’s famously troubled streets, though it seems as though the city is in hot water once again. With thousands of potholes across the Big Easy being patched up and maintained every day, a unanimous sigh of relief would be expected, right? Wrong. An unlikely group of citizens are organizing to fight back against the repaving of our streets: our city’s sex workers.

Why? What was once a celebrated defeat of government incompetence is now a source of a deep-rooted fear of losing one’s livelihood.

“I’ve had so many John Does pop their tires right there that I was able to lease a minivan,” said Rhapsody\* while pointing to a repaired pothole on St. Claude Avenue. “They used to want to get all up in my lady bits while waiting for a tow truck or their wife to pick them up, now they just keep on driving. The third row in my minivan is basically worthless.”

“Potholes give you a captive audience. I mean, potholes are dangerous, but so are my blow jobs,” explained Misty\* with a wink. “You see someone’s car stuck in a cratered street, you’re going to go check to see if they’re okay. Anything that happens after that is, well, you know... Now I am giving discounts—do I look like an on-sale kind of lady?”

On a sunny afternoon this past Friday in front of City Hall, a group of protestors could be seen holding protest signs. “Stop Filling Potholes

& Start Filling My Holes!” one said in neon lettering. The protestors say they will continue to organize and rally for support for as long as it takes to get their holes opened up.

For some, it’s even more personal. “Look, I’ve busted my coochie open for a cheeseburger, because I’m a romantic,” said one protestor who wished to remain anonymous. “But I love my neighborhood, and I love being outside. I don’t want to have to take my business online—it’s so impersonal. These filled potholes are straight up killing our industry.”

An avid, yet surprising, proponent of the movement is the New Orleans chapter of the Jewish Ladies Who Lunch and their allies.

“When we see a group of successful entrepreneurs being disenfranchised, we have an obligation to discuss how we can lend our support over martinis and a caprese salad,” stated Fran Horowitz, the local chapter’s president. “We need to open our hearts and lend our support when it is needed.”

Horowitz has coordinated with local Jewish delis to donate kosher bagels for the protestors. “Let’s be honest with ourselves, shall we? A hole is a hole, and we hope that with our support, when one hole is filled, others are opened wide.”

To help the city solve its pothole problems, the DPM (Department of Pubic Mishigas) has constructed its own unique hole filler. This contraption may be seen filling holes in the Marigny, French Quarter and CBD the night of January 27.

*\*Last names have been omitted to protect the privacy of those interviewed.*

Want Ad

Porn Partner Wanted. Seeking male over the age of 17 to be my porn monitoring buddy. Will mutually monitor one another’s electronic devices to make sure that neither of us visits any unseemly websites, not even those depicting sex with barnyard animals and especially not those featuring gay sex. ☺ If you are willing to “lend a hand,” write to Speaker of the House, U.S. Capitol, Washington, D.C., or email reptinyjohnson@ushouse.gov.

JUMBLE

THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME by the Krewe de Mishigas

Unscramble these words, one letter per square, to form ordinary words. Then arrange the circled letters to form the answer to what is posed in the cartoon.

OFDOL

CASHREM

LOOPETH

KBEYAR

Answer:

RELIGIOUS PEOPLE EAT BAGELS FOR BREAKFAST BECAUSE BAGELS ARE...

“MONDU CLASSIFIEDS”

\*\*\*\*\*WANTED\*\*\*\*\*  
REALLY EFFECTIVE MAYOR TO OVERSEE A MAJOR CITY AND NOT SPEAK IN TONGUES. MUST WORK WELL WITH THE COUNCIL AND BE AVAILABLE AT LEAST 2 DAYS/WEEK. CONTACT—NOLA SEARCH BOX 191 LOYOLA AVE.  
\*\*\*\*\*WANTED\*\*\*\*\*  
PART-TIME JOB



MINOR MGMT EXPERIENCE LOVE TO TRAVEL 1ST CLASS WILL WORK REAL CHEAP! CONTACT: NOLA EX-MAYOR  
\*\*\*\*\*MISSING\*\*\*\*\*  
LOST, ONE HALF OF SHRIMP BOOT SET. WHITE WITH A LOW CUT DESIGN



CONTACT: MONDU LT.

\*\*\*\*\* FOR SALE\*\*\*\*\*  
SEVERAL PIECES OF PRIME REAL ESTATE INTOWN WITH SUB-STANDARD DRAINAGE AND WEEKLY SOIL SUBSIDENCE. CONTACT: NOLA BOX 911  
\*HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?\*



ANSWERS TO “VLAD”  
CONTACT: NOPD HOMICIDE  
\*\*\*\*\*LOCAL CINEMA\*\*\*\*\*  
SEE “CITY HALL OF HORRORS”  
AN ALIEN VENUS FLY-TRAP IS A VAMPIRE AND SUCKING THE CITY DRY AND GOES BY THE NAME OF “LATOYA II”. THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE CONTROLS LOCAL BOY, SEYMOUR, AND GETS HIM TO BRING BLOOD TO GROW! LOCAL GIRL IS DATING A SICK DENTIST, WHO TRIES TO KILL HER AND IS EATEN BY “LATOYA”  
NUMEROUS OTHERS ARE THEN DEVoured IN THIS COMEDY. DON’T MISS IT AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU!  
KOM RATES IT 5 STARS\*\*\*\*\*  
T-P GIVES IT AN A+++ RATING  
SICK CINEMA GIVES IT 10+



# Louisiana Driver’s Guide – New Orleans Edition

## Message from the Krewe of Spank Commissioner

“Welcome to driving in New Orleans!” I am pleased to present this special updated guide to driving in New Orleans. This guide is designed to provide you with the rules of the road *Rules? No, no, suggestions! knowledge to assist you in making better driving decisions You’re no dummy! You know what you’re doing! and valuable information on safety Do your own research! and sharing the road with others. You own the road, baby!*

### Getting A Driver’s License

Driving is a privilege, not a right. *Driving is your birthright! You must earn that privilege and work to keep it. You’re entitled! Drive Like Ya Wanna, baby! You must have a Louisiana driver’s license to drive a motor vehicle on public streets and highways. You don’t need no no stinkin’ license!*

### Proof Of Insurance

Any vehicle used upon the highways of Louisiana ~~must be insured by liability insurance or other allowable substitute.~~ *Insurance? You don’t need no stinking insurance!*

### Signs and Pavement Markings

Traffic control devices include traffic signals, signs and pavement markings. You must be able to recognize them and know what they mean ~~and obey them.~~ *These are just suggestions, no one is gonna control you! Amiright?*

At a four-way stop intersection, the driver of the first vehicle to stop at the intersection shall be the first to proceed. If two or more vehicles stop at the same time, the vehicle on the left shall yield the right-of-way to the vehicle on the right. *There is absolutely no reason to stop at a 4way because the other dummy always does.*

Lane markings are used to separate traffic. You are required to drive between these lane lines. *The way people drive, who needs lanes!*

Directional markings are white arrows or words to indicate the direction

in which you must go. If you discover that you are in a lane that requires you to turn, and you wish to go straight, ~~Drive around the block and return to the street you want.~~ *Go right ahead! Drive where ya wanna. Hop a curb if you need to!*

### Traffic Signals

Traffic signals are lights that tell you when you should stop and go. *Drive with your hazard lights on and you can ignore all of this.*

Steady GREEN Traffic Light – This means you can go through the intersection ~~if it is clear to do so.~~ *after the last car running the red clears the intersection.-*

Steady YELLOW Traffic Light – This means the traffic light is about to change to red. You should ~~slow down and come to a complete stop.~~ *Put the*

*pedal to the metal!*

Steady RED Traffic Light – This means stop behind the stop line, crosswalk, or intersection ~~until the traffic light turns green.~~ *Your time is valuable, don’t sit at a red light. Nobody’s watching.*

### Signaling

A right or left turn signal ~~must be given before making a turn. It is important that you let other roadway users know what you plan to do.~~ *Never use a turn signal. It’s nobody’s business what you’re planning to do!*

### Speed

Speed limit signs are designed for the safety of all drivers and roadway users and ~~should be followed carefully.~~ *and can be ignored. You’re entitled to drive it as fast as ya wanna... except school zones...cameras.*

### Drag Racing and Stunts

It is unlawful to participate in any race or speed contest, or to perform

stunts on any public street or road in this state. *Excepting weekends, evenings, second lines, and holidays!*

### Other Laws You Should Know

Stopping and standing in the traffic lane for a prolonged period is not permitted. *Except Lyft, Uber and other ride shares which are required to block a minimum of one lane of traffic when picking up or dropping off riders. Or you just wanna have a chat with someone.*

### Traffic Crashes

One in every eight drivers will be involved in a motor vehicle crash this year. *Crash of the Entitled.* If you are involved in a traffic crash, you are required to stop your vehicle immediately if it is clear and safe. *I heard that if the cars smash hard, your hair can turn from black to bright white. There was a kid, once, back in the 90’s....*

Drive Like Ya Wanna! Maybe we’re all dummies.

## The Princess and the Pee?

### The real dirt on short-term rentals in the Crescent City

FAUBOURG TOURISTY – Airbnb has found itself under increasing fire lately, and nowhere more so than in the city of New Orleans. Facing pushback from both the hotel industry and long-time residents fearful of the loss of neighborhood identity, local government has recently tried passing legislation aimed at reigning in the surge of unlicensed properties, but to limited effect.

In an effort to gain a clearer picture of what people actually think about the issue, *Monde du Merde* asked one of its intrepid reporters from the Drips and Discharges division to check out the online reviews to see what both guests and owners have to say about the matter. The following is a sample of those comments.

Fanny White, Telluride, Colo.: “When I got out of the Uber, there was, like, this old black dude standing there. THAT WAS NOT IN THE DESCRIPTION.”

Bobby “Booby” Handler, Mobile, Ala.: “Their (sic) weren’t so many titties.”

Jon Schmojieczowski, owner: “I told them, ‘Jiggle it!’”

Barbara “Juggz” Von Mitt, Wiggins, Miss.: “It smelled like puke when I went to get me and my friends hand grenades.”

Kailee Trimsome, Hoboken, N.J.: “There were, like, four other bachelor-ette parties already at the Pub when we got there.”

Dave Bland, Kirkwood, Mo.: “I like a neighborhood where all the houses look the same. One star.”

Cathy N. Abler, owner: “They didn’t even feed my chickens. No way they getting that deposit back!”

Kelly “K-Train” McBain, Hollywood, Fla.: “I mean, Bourbon Street was cool and all, but the rest of it, I just don’t get it. No ladies night, no Kelly bite – you know what I’m saying?”

Maura Jiva, Delaware, Md.: “I took

the ghost tour, and guess how many ghosts I saw. Two! Just two! I thought there’d be more.”

Reba Wolfe, owner: “I specifically instructed that the jello-shots were off limits!”

Stephen Bidet, Hong Kong: “The dim sum was horrendous, but I enjoyed the sit-down toilets.”

Deuce Cigarillo, Niceville, Fla.: “I’ve been here since October, man.”

Tenille Twerk, Regina, Canada: “I’ve stepped in plenty of different kinds of shit in my lifetime – moose shit, elk shit, bobcat shit, wolf shit, Shetland pony shit, dog shit, bison shit, polar bear shit, cat shit, goat shit, hell, even human shit. But this is absolutely the first time I stepped in mule shit. This is going in my diary.”

Clearly, these opinions shed little real light on the matter, so come review the situation for yourself when “Air D and D” takes to the streets on the night of January 27.

**Spermes’ Beatory: Exquisitely Bad Taste**

*Spermes Disclaimer:*  
*We wish to stress that this satirical, fictional restaurant review is completely made up and in no way reflects reality or actual people’s opinions of Toups’ Meastery.*

Locals who like stuffing themselves with Isaac Toups’ hot Cajun sausage have been heading to Toups’ Meastery for years.

But Issac and Amanda Toups had been thinking about spicing things up with a new partner. Now, they finally agreed on the right one: the Krewe of Spermes.

“A restaurant is basically a place where we put whatever we want in complete strangers’ mouths,” Toups said. “That got me to thinking: Some people will put just about anything in their bodies.”

After combing the city and a lot of swiping, mostly on Tinder, they hooked up with Spermes. Bucking the trends for precious small plates and bland vegan fare, they unveiled Spermes’ Beatory, an all-you-can-eat bistro and bath house on Bourbon Street. Sandwiched between a strip club and a T-shirt shop, it’s bus station restroom meets Michelin stars.

On my first visit, I requested the Chef’s Special Tasting Menu and was led down a narrow hall of cheap wood paneling to a narrow door which opened to a good-sized glory hole. I thought it was a mistake, until I picked up on the scent of Axe body spray and the frantic slap of cooks pounding their meat coming from the other side. I knelt at the hole and out popped a tiny ruddy sausage draped in a little too funky house-fermented cabbage. One juicy, salty savory bite and I knew it was Toups in my mouth.

That was followed by eggplant sticks, braised pork cheeks and a chocolate creamsicle. But the tossed salad was otherworldly, and the chefs really aim to please.

The extensive offerings include a raw bar, naked sushi, glistening Rocky Mountain oysters, aged and under-

aged meats, fingered foods, stuffed fowl, milky veal, head cheese, tube steak, fondue, body shots from the bar, snowballs, buddy booths and a couple of Champagne rooms.

Almost everything is satisfying. The Iberville Street Chicken, however, was described as deboned, though it seemed like it had been boned repeatedly and delivered in a sloppy mess of giblet gravy.

Reservations are available via the Beatory’s OnlyFans page, but it takes all the walk-ins it can handle. Diners are met at the door by a hostess wearing an apron that says “I fucked the chef.” But all staff wear them, and apparently

they’re distributed at the end of a job interview.

The bar menu will get patrons in the mood. A Raising the Roofie from the special cocktail list was an unforgettable hit of vodka and Jagermeister in a martini glass with a crushed Rohypnol dusted rim.

Vegetarian specials include vegan creamed spinach and a raw whole cucumber with what looked like a ramekin of truffle oil, but turned out to be non-allergenic lube.

There’s not much for the gluten free crowd.

“You gotta have good glutes,” Toups said. “I’m not putting my meat on skinny ass Bunny Bread.”

Portions are fine, though often smaller than the descriptions on the menu. To-go containers are available,

here labeled as “sloppy seconds.”

The Beatory is, of course, open very late. There’s a bottomless jizz brunch on weekends, and the weekly lunch specials include daily Nooners for the grab and go crowd.

So far, there have been plenty of satisfied customers. On Yelp, reviewer SwallowsHard504, wrote “It’s like a Besh restaurant, but with good food and consent!” On a Reddit thread, ChefMasterBaster oozed, “Spermes definitely beats Wagner’s meat.”

Another reviewer deducted a star, saying she loved the experience but not the lingering burning sensation.

On the tasteless side, stop at the gift shop on the way out. One popular T-shirt reads, “Two places you always get fucked: the drive-through and Spermes’ Beatory.”

**New Orleans Reported as Last in Technology, First in Anal-Logs**

SILICON BY-YOU – New Orleans is known as the Big Easy, with Mardi Gras, Jazz Fest, and festivals every weekend.

What it is not known for is being a technology leader. The city claims to be on the cutting edge of technology in research and medicine. But let’s face it, anal-log it is for The City That Care Forgot. In fact, many locals claim that New Orleans is going backwards due to our new Governor.

A recent survey indicated that many people believe the new governor is taking us back to the 19th century with his political beliefs or disbeliefs, like his anti-abortion policies and Christian dogma. One female respondent shouted, “What an anal log,” and warned others to beware of the Anal-logs.

“Ladies, be sure to bring your poo pourie air freshener because that new Governor has it out for all women,” she continued. “He wants to make sure you are not going to sneak out to get an abortion. You’re

an abomination, Landry.”

Further distressing local residents, remnants from our wonderful cuisine of beignet and po’boy crumbs, crawfish heads and oyster shells, plus the shit that our state and city politicians poop out, have made for a feeding frenzy of mice and flies.

Even the largest pest control firm in New Orleans, Pests R Us, observed, “Louisiana faces a heap of hot mess for the next four years, and that brings flies. From Shreveport to the mouth of the Mississippi, our state is in hot shit. Our toilets are being bombarded by the anal-logs Governor Landry is riding high on and the flies are all over it. I’ve never seen so many flies.”

New Orleans continues to be plagued by its dark and dirty history. Street flooding and garbage pickup are lingering troubles for an old city with old pipes and rotten politicians. The sewers emit smells of the fun that people have in the cobblestone streets of Bourbon and Frenchmen. City Hall puts out its own unique aroma.

Declining to provide rapid assistance, Landry said, “I don’t want to repair the old pipes until Sin City bends over to my will and changes its sanctuary status for immigrants.”

There is one group in New Orleans, known as the Space Age Fly Brigade, who plans to attack this infestation of anal-logs, especially the one Landry is riding on. Sources say they will run through the streets of the Marigny, French Quarter and Warehouse district en masse on January 27th trying to save our town from the stink, flushing away the horrendous logs of lies and promises.

According to sources that cannot be named, The Space Age Fly Brigade will spread love to all of the people in New Orleans, covering the stinky mess so tourists can’t see or smell it and making our city whole again. They will flush Governor Landry’s anal-log down the Latoyalet and out to the Gulf of Mexico, taking it far away from those who love to relish life and not a bunch of smelly shit.



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We specialize in stuffed shirts, wadded panties, and skirted issues!

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Our soaps are made from the finest Louisiana petroleum products!

Our trained staff of underpaid migrant workers will make sure your laundry is lint- and compassion-free!

All clothes and non-violent criminals kept locked up!  
(Criminal politicians supported for president)

While-U-wait customers can choose books from our highly selective reading list!

Check out our special millionaire's discount!

Special service: assault weapon dry cleaning and fingerprint removal

NEW:

post-Roe coat hanger special!

NOTE: we do not accept women's or LGBTQ B'rights

Voting B'rights will be trampled before whitewashing

Famous for our electoral spin cycle • Proudly uninsured since Hurricane Ida  
Business license applied for  
No Artificial (or any other) Intelligence

Our washing machines foam as they work while our governor foams at the mouth!  
We'll wash New Orleans down the drain while we put you through the wringer and hang you out to dry

Special late-night hours on Saturday, January 27,  
with staffing by the **Krewe of Underwear**





The Seeds of Decline  
BUSINESS SERVICES

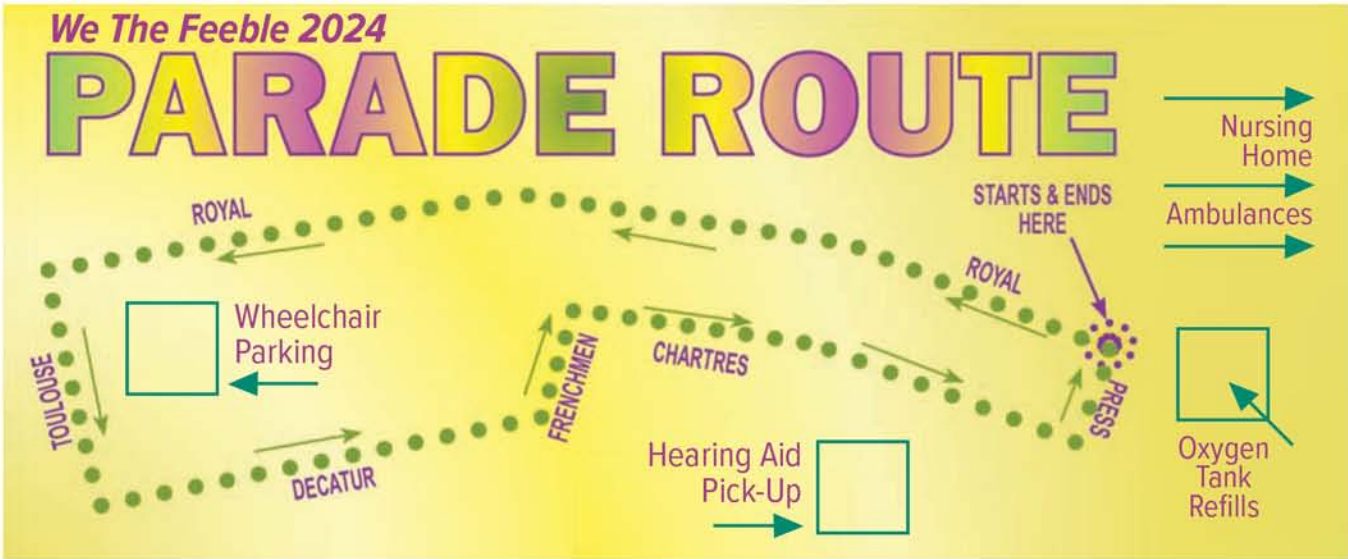
DIRECTORY

PET OF THE WEEK



PROVIDED PHOTO

Mitch is a once-fearsome turtle known to plod around the halls of Congress. Now just a shell of his former self, Mitch freezes up mid-sentence and often forgets where he is. Adopt this feeble-minded obstructionist today for a truly regrettable tomorrow. *For more info, email [adopt@wethefeblerescue.org](mailto:adopt@wethefeblerescue.org).*



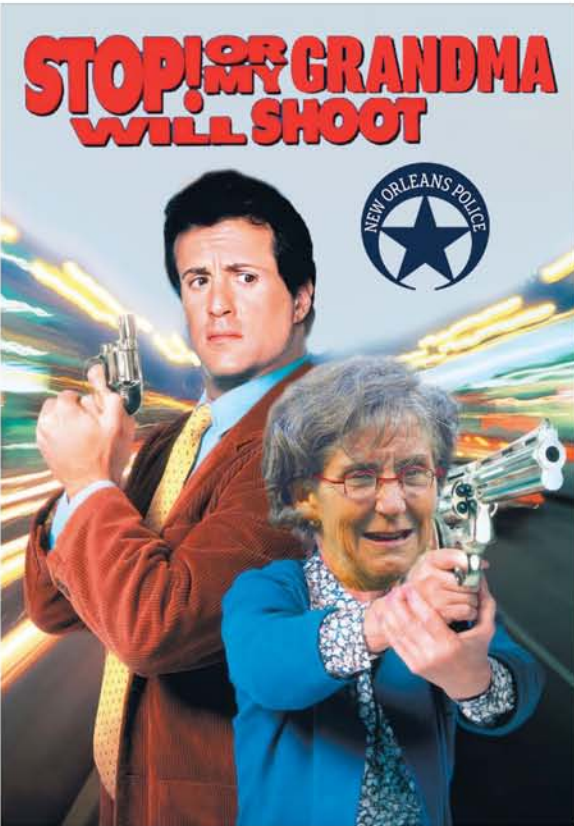
We The Feeble

Sunday Score Recap

Washington Commanders  
(In Chief)

Stealers

81 vs. 77  
Final/OT



We The Feeble  
Cineplex

2:00 p.m.

All The President's Dementia

4:00 p.m.

NAP CLUB

6:00 p.m.

CITIZEN CANE

