



Krewe du Vieux Takes A ‘Magical Misery Tour’

King Ronald Lewis Will Guide Mysterious New Route

THE LOST CITY OF NEW ORLEANS – this magical town has a communications director named Quiett. Its web address is cityofNO.com. City Hall is located on Perdido Street – Spanish for lost. And you want to know where the misery comes from?

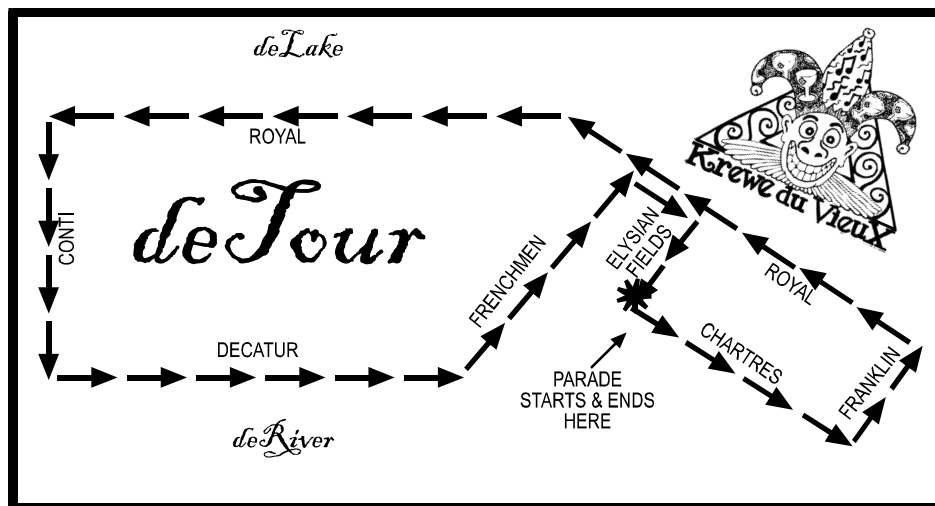
Indeed, it's been quite a detour de force for the whole state and nation this year. Sen. Larry Craig crooned “Blew Gay Way”, while our own congressional stars sang “David Vitter’s Lonely Whores Club Band” and “Money (That’s What I Want)”; then joined the entire Congress in “Fools on the Hill”.

A state judge refused to sing “Cleo Fields Forever”, but the New Orleans City Council did a rousing chorus of “I Am The Wal-Mart”. Oliver Thomas launched his solo career with “Can Buy My Love”, while our D.A. ended his with “Sgt. Eddie’s Only Honkys Banned”.

Faint traces could occasionally be heard of Mayor Nagin’s “Nowhere Man”; Governor Blanco’s rendition of “Your Mother Should Know” never even made it on the charts; but people all over Louisiana were heard humming “Bobby in the State House With Dimples”. The new governor’s first hit release was “All We Need Is Cash”.

Many versions of “You Never Give Me My Money” were dedicated to the Roadblock Home people. Contractors everywhere belted out “Why Don’t We Dump It In The Road?”, while all of us here in K-Doeville found salvation with “We All Live In a Jello-Shot Machine”.

Taking full advantage of this string of chart-toppers, the bottom-dwellers of Krewe du Vieux have decided to embark upon a **Magical Misery Tour**. We’ll sneak out through the bathroom window, fire up the coo-coo-ca-choo-choo and get high



Parade route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 19, 2008 at 6:30 PM

with a little help from our friends, shake our booties (since we got no federal booty), go totally helter-skelter, lay the madonna, and do it in the road.

There will be new Twists on this year’s trek through Faubourg Marigny and French Quarter, which will be a loop of looped loopies that will end where it begins. Whether it goes anywhere or not, the parade will take place on the impossibly early date and time of **Saturday, January 19 at 6:30 PM**.

Playing chief tour guide will be King Ronald Lewis, who after 31 years of keeping streetcars on the straight and narrow path will now lead the Krewe down a bong and winding road. Mardi Gras Indian, founder of the House of Dance and Feathers, preserver of our culture, emperor in new suits, sultan of social aid and pleasure, King Ronald will reign over an amazing day in our life.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own magical, miserable, misguided, mysterious, maniacal, magnificent, and entirely imaginary 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., Krewe of PAN, Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of Inane, and Krewe du Mishigas.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently being considered as a strategy for “winning” the war in Iraq.

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

Krewe du Vieux Doo
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19 • 9:00 PM
2121 CHARTRES STREET
MUSIC & TICKET INFO ON PAGE 2

King Ronald: the Dance of Spirit

He had seen all this before.

When the levee broke, leaving nothing more than the concrete front porch of one of his family's houses and inundating his own home a few 9th Ward blocks away, the King had seen all this before.

Even when Hurricane Betsy flooded out the family homestead in 1965, he had seen it before.

The King had seen his parents come to New Orleans from the sugar cane plantation and build their home with the sweat of their own labor and the help of the neighbors, themselves transplanted from the sugar and cotton plantations in rural Louisiana and Mississippi.

They had built and rebuilt their community before. King Ronald Lewis never doubted he would see it rise up again.

"The only way I would not rebuild my property is if the federal government would come and drag me away," he proclaimed – and not even the feds are foolish enough to mess with the King of Krewe du Vieux.

King Ronald has always been a man who likes to make things happen. A streetcar track repairman for RTA for 31 years, he helped organize the employees' union and became a shop steward and ultimately a board member. He is founder and president of the Big Nine Social Aid and Pleasure Club and also helped start the Choctaw Hunters Mardi Gras Indian tribe, both based out of the lower 9th Ward. Rumors that he is also Brad Pitt's personal guru could not be confirmed by press time.

The Mardi Gras monarch doesn't mask any more – Big Chief Edgar Jacobs now leads the Choctaws – but King Ronald is the founder and director of the House of Dance and Feathers, a 9th Ward museum dedicated to displaying the culture, food, language, community and way of life of his beloved city.

"We have to educate our own as well as the tourists," he points out, which is

why the museum focuses not just on what the culture represents but also why it's important to maintain it. Similar in many ways to what KdV does, though our emperor usually keeps his clothes on.

Despite his legion of accomplishments, his majesty is a humble man. "Being King of Krewe du Vieux is historic to me," he says enthusiastically. "I'm not famous, not an entertainer, just a person who loves New Orleans. Being recognized for that by Krewe du Vieux is special."

Our merry monarch first encountered the Krewe when he was the Big Macher of Krewe du Jieux, an event that he says changed his experience of white New Orleans. He later marched with Krewe du Jieux, and now includes aspects of Jewish New Orleans culture in his museum. "I'm learning some Yiddish," he adds with a gold-toothed grin, "but the words still come out New Orleans style." In fact, he makes "bar mitzvah" sound like a 9th Ward watering hole.

Despite the horrors of Katrina, he sees similar opportunities for breakthroughs in the way people here relate to one another in its aftermath. "The storm helped us realize we are all New Orleanians," he says. "We have a chance now to correct a lot of wrongs."

The King is doing his part to bring us all together. He has been telling his 9th Ward friends and neighbors to come check out the Krewe du Vieux parade since his first year in it, and says that there is a lot of excitement in that community about him being king.

"This lets kids in my community know that great things can happen if you just apply yourself," he exclaims (though we hope they aspire to greater things than ruling over Krewe du Vieux).

Where just a year ago he was a pioneer in his neighborhood, he now hears the hammers and sees ever-increasing numbers of people running around – and that doesn't include the disaster tourists, the never-ending supply of helpful college students, or the occa-

sional New York theatre troupe.

"I'm at a point now where I'm enjoying my life," says King Ronald, who only expects things to get better during his reign. "I was like a kid in a candy store the first time I saw the Krewe du Vieux parade." He clearly has an affinity for red hots, bits o' honey, whoppers, moon pies, and all flavors of chocolate.

The treats will be everywhere when Ronald Lewis rides as King of Krewe du Vieux. For all the feather-flashing, music-loving, candy-chewing, hammer-swinging, divine dancing denizens of his realm, come celebrate a truly extraordinary ordinary man.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, January 19

Doors open 9:00 PM

Music starts 9:30 PM

**2121 Chartres Street
corner of Elysian Fields**

featuring in order of appearance

101 Runners

Juice

Special Guest J.D. Hill

Honey Island Swamp Band

**Late Night Trip
by Quintron and
Miss Pussycat**



TICKETS \$25

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Louisiana Music Factory
210 Decatur Street

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**Miss Claudia's Vintage
Clothing & Costumes**
4204 Magazine Street

KdV Goofy Guy Not Only Fool on Hill

The following is a transcript of closed hearings conducted by the Senate Committee for Homemade Security and Governmental Affairs (Excluding Those of David Vitter) Relating to the Recovery of New Orleans, which was smuggled out by members of the Masochistic Seeds of Decline and turned over to the *Monde du Merde*. Well-known New Orleans authority, the KdV Goofy Guy, was questioned during the hearing by Senator Bilious T. Fogbottom (R-FL).

Senator Fogbottom: Mr. Goofy Guy, the Senate would like to know why New Orleans hadn't rebuilt itself after we approved a shit-pot load of money for ya'll.

Goofy Guy: Man, it's like the Beatles once said, we've been CRYING, WAITING, HOPING but YOU NEVER GIVE ME YOUR MONEY.

SF: What! What are you talking about? Where did it all go?

GG: Don't know. TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS? We were told we were on THE LONG AND WIND-

ING ROAD home, but we never even got a TICKET TO RIDE. Since there ain't a road home we just keep askin' WHY DON'T WE DO IT IN THE ROAD? Now it's like bein' BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

SF: So you're telling this Committee that it's those Commie Liberals' fault!

GG: EVERYBODY'S GOT SOMETHING TO HIDE EXCEPT ME AND MY MONKEY

SF: I'd thank you, sir, to keep your godless views on evolution out of this august chamber.

GG: I ain't sayin'that, man. We just need to COME TOGETHER and start FIXING A HOLE in the levees, the streets, the water pipes, where ever, man.

SF: I'll have you know that the U.S. Army Corps awarded a medal to the American Society of Civil Engineers who they paid to say it wasn't their fault. What experts do you have to question that?

GG: Some kids at the Newman

School who've got it together, baby. They know what it takes to keep N'Awlins from becomin' another OCTOPUS'S GARDEN.

SF: Enough of that. Let's move on to the topic of crime. How much of a factor is that in the rebuilding effort?

GG: HAPPINESS IS A WARN GUN, Senator. I got to TAKE OUT SOME INSURANCE ON ME, BABY. 'Course it's the only insurance I can afford on my place on PENNY LANE after the TAXMAN comes with my re-assessment.

SF: So why in tarnation do you want to stay in New Orleans?

GG: TO KNOW HER IS TO LOVE HER. WE CAN WORK IT OUT. At this rate though, it'll only happen WHEN I'M 65.

SF: Thank you for your testimony, Mr. Guy. Do you have anything else to add?

GG: I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND

SF: I think you want Sen. Craig. He's in the Men's Room. It's down the hall on the far right.

When Life Gives You Shit...Grow Mushrooms

AUGUST 29, 2045 – Forty years after Hurricane Katrina devastated the Gulf Coast, Federal officials finally arrived at the city of New Orleans with a comprehensive aid package authorized by President-for-Life Bobby Jindal. However, they were horrified to discover that after forty years of neglect, the citizens of the struggling city had evolved into a race of sentient mushrooms. As one official wishing to remain anonymous put it, "They've been kept in the dark and living in shit for so long, this was bound to happen."

Lacking any Federal or State resources, the mushroom people of New Orleans formed their own society headed by radical Shiitake cleric Moqtoadstool al-Sodomite. Federal officials caught up with the cleric as he was thumbing through a well-worn copy of *Spores Illustrated, Slime Mold Edition*. "We are governed by Morel Codes," said the cleric, "we are as firmly rooted in shit as any other government. Of course, there is always

mushroom for improvement." Moqtoadstool explained that his government is founded on racial memory of the mythical and possibly non-existent By-Laws of the Krewe of CRUDE. "These folks were obviously full of shit, which is the basis of our entire society."

The radical cleric went on to explain that they had once had representatives to the US Congress, but had not seen them for years. "There used to be this David Vitter fellow, but the last time he was here, it was sort of a blustery day and someone made the mistake of saying 'Hey, isn't it windy outside?' Well, he got this horrified look on his face and bolted out the window. We haven't seen him since."

"Then there was Dollar Bill Jefferson. He spent decades filing appeals to get a change of venue until he finally wound up in a court in Timbuktu. He was able to spread enough money around there that he got himself elected King Bill I. He and Princess Jalila ruled for years

and eventually had to buy a deluxe commercial walk-in freezer."

"There was a mayor, too, but nobody remembers his name, may the Immortal Mushroom of Oregon be praised!"*

Meanwhile, the mushroom people hastily convened a meeting of their fUNgi Security Council to decide how to spend the unexpected influx of Federal aid. "Perhaps we can finally rebuild the Charity Emergency Shroom" said fUNgi spokesman Oyster Portobello.

The Mushroom People are expected to uproot their fruiting bodies of fungus from beneath their decaying houses for a triumphal march through the historic French Quarter chanting their national motto: "We are not to be truffled with!"

*The largest living thing on Earth is a gigantic mushroom living beneath the forest floor of Malheur National Forest in Oregon. It covers over 2,200 acres and is estimated to be up to 8,000 years old.

KdV to Enhance Parade Security

THE GREEN ZONE – For many years, Krewe du Vieux has had to contend with unruly drunks and drug addicts, stealing beer from floats, physical altercations, groping of krewe members, and bead whoring. The behavior of those who come to see the parade has been almost as bad.

Attempts to police the rowdy behavior of krewe and crowd have been largely unsuccessful, despite the deployment of ever increasing numbers of highly-trained parade referees.

“We even tried keeping the referees sober,” reports current KdV figurehead, Ray “Plaine” Kern. “At times, it seems like the crowd has almost had a will of its own.”

Accordingly, Krewe du Vieux has outsourced parade security for the 2008 parade to Blackwater USA. The Krewe’s Commissar of Parade Security promises that the security provided by Blackwater this year will be a major break from the past.

“The sexpertise of Blackwater will be combined with time-tested techniques from other fondly remembered regimes. We all recall the sense of peace and security enjoyed in the Stalinist regime of the former U.S.S.R., and we will be implementing some of the same strategies. Additionally, our consultants have been studying techniques utilized in some of the most secure places in the world: Myanmar, Guantanamo Bay, Tianemen Square, and Tehran.”

Some features of improved security for this year’s parade will include:

- Extensive training for all members of Parade Security, consisting of the following:
 - An 8 week physical hardening regime at Paris Island;
 - 12 weeks of security training at FBI Training Camp in Quantico, Virginia;
 - 8 weeks of Navy Seal training at Naval Special Warfare Center in San Diego, California;
 - 2 weeks of flat tire training at

Goodyear Academy; and

– 2 weeks of mule acclimation at Rancho de las Putas, Wickenburg, Arizona.

- Mandatory transfer to “Re-education Camps” for any Krewe member who fails to demonstrate a positive attitude toward proper parade security. (The Commissar was unwilling to disclose the location of any of the “Re-education Camps.”)
- A confidential informant program to encourage Krewe members to report threats to parade security posed by activities of fellow krewe members, such as under-inflated tires or disposal of chicken bones in the Den dumpster.
- Lovely soft pink “Parade Escort” t-shirts to make Parade Security look

really imposing.

In order to make this year’s parade a safe, secure experience for all involved the Commissar of Parade Security has imposed the following guidelines:

- Couplings of more than two (or maybe three) persons will not be permitted along the parade route.
- All mules, mule handlers and mule jackets will be subjected to extensive background checks.
- Suspicious packages, parcels, pockets, and body cavities are subject to search by Parade Security at any time.
- Parade security will test all beverages and combustibles along the parade route.
- All parade floats will be equipped with the Blackwater High Threat Beer and Bead Protection System™.

Mystic Krewe of Inane Extends Its Tour of Booty

FOGGY BOTTOM – In what has become an increasingly common occurrence citywide, the Mystic Krewe of Inane has extended its Tour of Booty in New Orleans. While one tour of booty has proven to be too much for many in this post-Katrina landscape, the troopers of MKI have selflessly decided to re-up for one last tour. On January 19th, 2008, MKI will patrol the lost streets of the New Orleans French Quarter in their state-of-the-art booty patrol tank, on the look out for all booty, good and bad. Their take-no-prisoners approach will surely begin to make this city a funkier, more peaceful place than it was before.

Several of the Nation’s top politicians, knocked on their keisters by the news of the voluntarily extended tour, have weighed in. Coming out of the water closet, Senator Larry Craig (R-ID) said “I commend the Inane people in New Orleans. I believe we should all be on the lookout for booty in both domestic and international hubs. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to use the

facilities. Have you seen a public restroom?”

Reached for comment, Senator David Vitter (R-LA) commended the troops and had the following helpful suggestions: “Enjoy your tour of booty, by all means, but *always* use a disposable cell phone and maintain radio silence. These people can trace your whereabouts for years.” Senator Ted Kennedy (D-MA) butted in with his own advice to “Never trust the bridges. They only let you down when you need them.”

The Ambassador from the Netherlands cheekily invited the Mystic Krewe to further extend their tour to the low countries.

There is quite a lot of excitement around New Orleans for the Mystic Krewe of Inane as they extend their Tour of Booty. From barrooms and restrooms, lounges and lavatories throughout the Marigny and French Quarter, throngs (and thongs) will gather on January 19 to salute the Mystic Krewe of Inane and wish them, “Good Luck and may the Funk be with you.”

Drips & Discharges Cause D.A. To Resign

TULANE AND BROADS – In the end, it wasn't just the \$3.7 million dollar racial discrimination verdict against New Orleans District Attorney Eddie "The Hat" Jordan that led to his resignation. Rumors had been making the rounds for days that the Drips & Discharges' 2008 Krewe du Vieux theme, "Sgt. Eddie's Only Honky's Banned" would push the New Orleans DA over the edge.

"We wanted to seize the moment, since we obviously couldn't seize his assets," a SpokesDrip was quoted as saying, "though we did briefly consider grabbing his ass."

Just days after the Drips & Discharges announced their theme, Jordan realized the gig was up and announced he was resigning the next day.

On January 19th, during the Krewe du Vieux parade, the Drips' "Sgt. Eddie's Only Honky's Banned" will release their first (and self-titled) single, to commemorate their obvious influence over the DA's resignation. Along with the song lyrics, a Drips Captains released a statement. "He couldn't handle the pressure of being needed by our krewe. That's our story, and we're sticking to it! Or it's sticking to us!"

Sgt. Eddie's Only Honkies Banned

It was 60 month ago today
Sgt. Eddie sent the whites away
Thugs been going in and out of jail
And they don't have to post no bail
So may I introduce to you
The ones who worked there all those
years

Sgt. Eddie's Only Honkies Banned
We're Sgt. Eddie's Only Honkies Banned
We hope you will enjoy the show
We're Sgt. Eddie's Only Honkies Banned
Sit back and watch the DA go
Sgt. Eddie's Only, Sgt. Eddie's Only
Sgt. Eddie's Only Honkies Banned
We're happy just to be here
We're thrilled to see him go
He's such a lousy advocate
We'd like to have him pay for this
We'd love to take his home
I don't really want to stop his blow
But I thought you might like to know
That me and you are going to pay
And we really didn't have a say
So let me introduce to you
The one and only Eddie J
And Sgt. Eddie's Only Honkies Banned

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How Do You Do It • I Don't Want to See You Again • I Wanna Be Your Man • I'll Be Back • I'll Be on My Way
I'll Keep You Satisfied • If I Needed Someone • In Spite of All the Danger • It Won't Be Long
Money (That's What I Want) • Not a Second Time • Please Please Me • You've Got to Hide Your Love Away
She Came in Through the Bathroom Window • Thank You Girl • Where Have You Been All My Life
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I'm Looking Through You • I'm So Tired • I've Got a Feeling • Lonesome Tears in My Eyes • Misery
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All You Need Is Cash

WASH-INGTON – Krewe Rue Bourbon is pleased to announce a joint venture with Governor Bobby “Piyush” Jindal: the “ALL YOU NEED IS CASH” Money Laundering Service. As part of the Governor’s Ethics Reform, Rue Bourbon will be acting as intermediaries for all the loose and dirty cash in Louisiana Politics. The revolutionary ethics “Outsourcing” plan demonstrates Jindal’s commitment to money laundering. All dirty cash, including bribes, kickbacks, extortion schemes and influence peddling, will be loaded into containers at the Port of New Orleans and shipped to India for ethics cleansing. Monies will be washed with the waters of the Ganges River, dried over a fire of sandalwood incense, bundled, and labeled as “Pure” before being shipped back to Louisiana.

Jindal is extraordinarily proud of the cleansing. “Nothing takes the stink out of contributions from a landfill company like a dip in the Ganges. I’m certain that all of our citizens and politicians will appreciate this new money laundering process. When Piyush comes to shove, I know what I am doing.”

Local politicians were skeptical at first, but slowly the process has been cashing in with more and more political endorsements. Congressman “Dol-

lar Bill” Jefferson was the first to praise the system. “If I might be so BOLD, originally I didn’t like the idea of ethics cleansing, but nothing gets out the smell of freezer burned pork chops from a stack of Benjamin’s, than the ALL YOU NEED IS CASH Laundering Service.

Senator David Vitter was quick to compliment his protégée’s new plan. “When I need some clean money to pay off a Wendy, this service is absolutely FAB. Former Councilman Oliver Thomas, best known for his unwillingness to discuss political business, was likewise effusive in his praise. “It’s not being a rat to say that New Orleans has much to GAIN from this cleansing. Parking lot contract bribes leave New Orleans as dirty money, and return as clean, fresh, sweet smelling bundles of JOY.

This rush to scrub and exfoliate has lead many other politicians to the new Washerteria: Former School Board Member Ellenese Brooks Sims proclaimed, “ALL YOU NEED IS CASH is the solution when you meet with School Board Contractors.” She marveled at how Jindal’s new system makes the money comes out DOWNY soft.” State Senator Derrick Shepard commented, “Previously, with money laundering, you had to worry if the check would BOUNCE, but with the Governor’s new plan, they WISK the money to India and it comes back as pure as IVORY snow.”

Governor Jindal’s spokesman, Scrubadub, said that he was proud of the fact that Indians can do more than inaudibly answer the telephone calls of millions of Americans (no pun nor jab intended). “Do you realize how far we have come since laundering with stones in the Ganges River? We use only state of the art washers and dryers – Made in India. Soon there will be an Indian money laundry near you. We owe it all to Squeaky Clean and the Krewe Rue Bourbon in the Krewe du Vieux.”

C.O.A. STATEMENT

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe du Vieux in the true spirit of Carnival as a venue for satire and political comment. The views herein may not reflect those of Krewe leaders or all Krewe members. They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain’t none of us got nothin’ worth suing for, especially since FEMA took all our money back.

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Mondu raises **HELL-TER SKELTER** over insurance

- * Fire “All-Take” and “Steel-the-Farm”! *
- * Adjusters screwed us better than Dave V. could! *
- * Help us turn mold into gold! *
- * Let “Dollar Bill” handle your 9th Ward claim! *
- * Tell them it was a “Global Warming” effect! *
- * Litigate with New Orleans DA for higher expenses! *

T.O.K.I.N. Gets Wasted

CITY DUMP—A lengthy and penetrating under-the-covers probe by the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has revealed a top-secret plan hatched by City Sanitation Director, Moronica Blight and alleged Mayor Ray Nagone.

Previously, in responding to rumors that there was something smelly about the contract with Wasted Management, Ms. Blight said, "We have already successfully eliminated curbside recycling and want to extend our record of accomplishment by eliminating the pick-up of other forms of trash. Besides, since the new contract went into effect, the streets have become noticeably cleaner. We can't allow that to continue."

In a hearing to review the contract, the City Council concurred. "We can't require the trash collectors to pick up everything for only \$24 million, especially stuff that's really big. Or heavy. Or smells bad," said Council spokesperson Smelly Manura. Calling in from his home in Dallas, Mayor Nagone re-

ported that he had a plan for the trash but the details could not be revealed to rank-and-file citizens.

At the T.O.K.I.N. HEADquarters, currently located in a smoke-filled dumpster while the Ne'er-do-wells wait for their Road Home money, krewe spokesHEAD Enrique "Reeky" DeBris revealed that he had discovered the mayor's secreted plan in an oversized trash bin outside City Hall. An emergency meeting of the krewe was held and many agendas were shared. The Ne'er-do-wells decided that it was time to expose the truth, as well as various body parts, to the world.

Mr. DeBris had discovered that in order to relieve Wasted Management of the burden of actually having to pick up trash, for a mere several millions of dollars more, the giant bin-zillas adorning the cityscape would be retrofitted with rockets to launch New Orleanian's rubbish into space. The T.O.K.I.N. investigation revealed that the putrid payload would be aimed directly at Canabis Major, the home planet of the

Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells.

Said Mr. DeBris, "We tried to present our case to the city offals, I mean, officials, but you know how they operate: 'garbage in, garbage out.' The mayor's plan threatens our Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wellian way of life. We had no choice but to play the space card. This plan stinks to HIGH heaven."

T.O.K.I.N. will bring its protest to the Faubourg Marigny and the French Quarter in the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 19, executing its own version of the execrable plan. "We decided to test the rubbish-rocket on the city's number one source of toxic waste: Mayor Nagone himself," said Mr. DeBris. Parade-goers will be able to get a rare glimpse of the Mayor actually in New Orleans as he is hauled through the streets in a giant trash bin. The Ne'er-do-wells will be decked out in funky fashions and raunchy rags as they dance to the tune of "Why Don't We Dump It In the Road." Mr. DeBris forewarned, "Under the circumstances, we can't promise to keep it clean."

Society Chat

Making A Scene

by Nells Wollen

Uptown – Greetings to all ladies and gents of discriminating tastes! Just back from a whirlwind visit to downtown New Orleans and I can't wait to tell you all about my fabulous adventures! The reason for the trip (as if one REALLY needs a reason!) was to plan with my best parading girlfriends our annual Mardi Gras activities. With the Krewe du Vieux parade right around the corner, we had partying work to do!

To get the ball rolling, so to speak, I told to the girls a stimulating story about how, while tailgating last fall, I tried Jello shots for the first time with some of Junior's college friends, and my goodness, they were good (the shots *and* the friends!). Darling readers, I confessed to the girls that I wanted to be a Jello Shot Girl for Mardi Gras. Once all the squeals of agreement from the girlfriends died down, we realized that none of us had actually SEEN a Jello Shot Girl, or knew what a Jello Shot Girl might actually wear! A po-

tential Fashion Disaster loomed! So, ever ones to be thorough in our social efforts, we all decided to go down to the Quarter and do some research.

We started with lunch at Bayarnauds. Just imagine our surprise to learn that there were no Jello-based items on the menu(!), but by the time we found out it was too late, so we ate there anyway. We were able to inquire of our waiter as to where we might acquire that which we sought, and he tipped us off that there was a Jello Shot place on Bourbon Street.

With a slight detour to Royal Street for some requisite antique shopping, we arrived at the designated establishment and asked to meet the Jello-Shot Girl. We were directed to the back patio, where there was, incidentally, a fountain spewing both bright blue water and bright orange flames. Dancing Waters indeed! We met the Jello Shot Girl, who had an array of colorful drinks in test tubes, and an ice chest full of Jello Shots. JSG, as we took to calling our new friend, explained in great detail the jello shot recipe. Then, of course, we all wanted to try one.

Darlings, I must warn you that what

you're about to read may shock you, but it is so worth it! My girlfriend and I purchased jello shots from JSG. Suddenly, JSG leaped up on the bar, spun me around, and pulled me close to her. She cupped her hand under my chin and tilted my head back. Then she laid her big, giant Dirty Pillows right on my head! I couldn't see a thing! Then, she produced a can of Ready-Whip out of nowhere and squirted it into my mouth. Then, she put the Jello Shot tube in HER mouth, stuck the other end into MY mouth and BLEW the Jello Shot right into my mouth with the whipped cream! THEN, she did the same thing to my girlfriend! While all this was happening, the D.J. was playing "Hey, Macarena." I couldn't stop dancing!

Well, after a post-coital cigarette, all the girlfriends RAN over to Dressed to Thrill on Dauphine Street where we each purchased loads of colorful hooker-wear. We are so excited. So, Dear Ones, look for me and all of the beautiful members of Mama Roux when we take over the streets on January 19th. I'll be the one blowing and going as the lemon and grape Jello Shot/Whipped Cream Girl. But you knew that!

Comatose Sights New Orleans Under the Gun

BAGHDAD ON THE BAYOU – The City That Gun Control Forgot has become a shooting range for turf wars that make the Sunnis and Shiites look like a sorority spat. While the Kurds on the North Shore want to secede and take their property taxes with them, French Quarter hustlers call out “I know where you got dem AK 47s!”

Hurricane season is over, but New Orleanians are living in Category 5 violence. Schoolchildren seem to be learning Shooting, Knifing and Beating with a stick, while the gangbangers kill each other off as if seventy hos awaited them in heaven.

As a consequence, the annual CrimeStoppers budget in New Orleans exceeds that of many small nations. There is more lead poisoning from bullets than you can find in the paint of a Chinese toy factory. Business is booming in Gun Shell Square, but no deposits are being made at The Whitness Bank.

On the plus side, the city is experiencing an unprecedented redistribution of wealth; it is only unfortunate that such a large percentage of it is felony-based.

The latest form of citizen insanity seems to be severe memory loss immediately after watching a crime go down, and laryngitis has become a major health problem. Of course, these might be symptoms of a justice system so sick that the former D.A. even fired the white toilet paper in the bathrooms.

To some, New Orleans has become shitty city bang-bang, a place with more shootings than potholes. The recently formed Commission on Crime, Tourism and Finding a Place to Pee is doing its best to spin these inconvenient truths into positive messages. As a start, local writer C.B. Forgotston has suggested “Don’t Shoot Me, I’m A Tourist” t-shirts.

The avant-garde Mystic Corpse of Comatose is helping out by handing out

brochures for their latest venture, Crime Share Condominiums™. Led by those few unindicted members of the Krewe, Comatose will erect a giant Glock handgun to loom over the city.

This schlock and awe weapon has undergone secret testing in the Krewe du Vieux’s Den of Muses, and has a muzzle velocity nearly equal that of Mayor Nagin’s mouth.

Living “Under the Gun” for so many years has driven most of Comatose’s high caliber members certifiably insane, as will be plainly evident as they “lock and load” through the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 19. “They will be armed to their few remaining teeth,” warned the official Comatose gunsmith, Dr. Glockenroll. “I recommend bullet-proof and drinkproof clothing for all parade spectators.”

Look for the yellow shirts and costumes of the Comatose Witless Protection Program, complete with bulls-eyes on the back, during the parade. Brave parade-goers may be rewarded with

Krewe du Mishigas Wards off the Evil Eye

I-10 – Everyone noticed the dark shadow that covered the city but all were too afraid to speak its name or even mention its existence. Citizens of our once fair city scurried from one building to the next, trying to avoid the stare of the evil presence. The Evil ☹ had set its gaze upon the city of New Orleans and it had yet to blink. The Evil ☹ had been hard at work and the city needed a solution fast.

Mayor X-Ray “Boom Boom” Nagin put out a call for proposals, lashing out at the problem with an eye towards keeping all the city’s citizens safe, brown and blue-eyed alike. Yenta Iris DeLash of Krewe du Mishigas was first to make eye contact with Mayor X-Ray, and she had sage advice to further avoid stigmatizing the city. “I thought the Evil eye was a bubbe meise my bubbie told me when I was a meydele,” said DeLash, “But here he is, living in New Orleans.”

“The Evil Eye is obviously just looking for a good time,” declared Iris. “He wants to gamble a little, eat some, and find a nice girl he can make eyes at.”

Iris consulted David Vitter (who has quite the eye for the ladies) and he suggested she call Madam Eyeleen. In the blink of an eye, “For ☹s Only” dating service called the Evil ☹’s relatives and friends to develop a profile on the ☹.

Yentra DeLash contacted the Evil ☹’s father Ira. “He was always a good pupil, but somewhat of a lazy eye” Ira said. “When he was an adolescent all he wanted to do was listen to his ☹-Pod and lie around on the sofa (he was a real eyesore during his awkward years). He’s a nice boy, always makes eye contact when he speaks with you. We thought he was a genius. We had his ☹-Q checked but we found he ain’t no ☹nstein.”

The Evil ☹ has been in the city for quite some time. The ☹ was recently interviewed by *Le Monde de Merde*. “The streets are deadly and the politicians are incompetent, I love this town,” said the ☹. “I feel right at home. I even got my Federal carpet bagger friends to move in with me. It’s great!”

Last year the Evil ☹ began a short-lived career in local politics. “I was a

member of X-Ray’s campaign staff,” explained the ☹. “The shmuck said that I was an amateur and that I should leave the ruining of the city to the professionals. Well, I say, *A shaynem dank dir im pupik* – Many thanks in your belly button! *A shvarts yor* – A miserable year you should have!

Members of the Krewe du Mishigas worked on a plan to get the Evil ☹ to avert his gaze. The krewe took to the streets with hamsas and talismans in hand, spitting between their fingers, throwing salt over their left shoulders and yelling ‘kein ayin hora’ every few yards all to ward off the Evil ☹, or at least get him to move to Mississippi. Said DeLash, “We need to even the playing field - it’s not fair that they have effective politicians and we’re still waiting for Load Home Money.”

An irritated ☹ was reached for comment last week while dining at ☹-HOP. “Those Mishigas people, they *shmerets my tokhes*. may their armpits be infested with the fleas of a thousand camels!” The ☹ said exasperatedly. “*Es zol dir dunern in boykh un blitsn in di hoyzn* – they should thunder in their belly and lightning in their pants!!!”

Citizens Revolt, Reported To Be Looking For Booty

Time flies when you're having rum

PORT (&) ROYAL – Reports are flowing in from around the country of innumerable marauding ships loaded with New Orleanians, swashing their buckles and seizing booty wherever they uncover it. *Monde du Merde's* intrepid investigative staff probed deep into these reports and exposed one of the brigands that had washed up near a watering-hole in Houston.

Investigators identified Billy Boner, cockswain for the vessel *Penisfore*, savoring the rewards of his latest raid on the unsuspecting Houstonians. Interviews with Boner confirmed that he “be an excited member of the bounty-ous force o’ which ye speak.” Mr. Boner aroused investigators’ interests by confirming oral reports of the marauding New Orleanians, and offered to entertain more questions aboard the *Penisfore*.

Once aboard the ship, the leather-collared Boner allowed investigators a rare view inside the life of a New Orleans pirate krew. With trepidation, and more than a little excitement, reporters mounted the *Penisfore* for their maiden voyage. The trip proved to be long and arduous, and the uninitiated investigators were bounced from krew member to krew member as the hardened prow of the *Penisfore* continually plunged into the heaving bosom of the sea – again, again and again.

Between the motion of the ocean and all the hurricanes and daiquiris along the way, the investigators welcomed their eventual arrival to the pirate stronghold in Barataria, where the buccaneers had rebuilt Jean Lafitte’s lair. Investigators recoiled at the sight of dozens of ships and hundreds of privateers (and green wavers and gold rushers and tigers) filling the swampscape. As he bid them farewell, the renewed Boner spotted a saucy wench onshore. “Yo ho, ho!” he called to her, “Prepare to be boarded!”

Boner fingered the Dread Pirate Robert [row-bare, of course], to lead reporters on a tour of the pirate strong-

hold. Robert proudly pointed out the smooth, long, steel-hard cannon shafts mounted among the impressive breastworks of the fortifications while explaining the pirate plot.

“I used to live down in da Parish, hawt.” he said. “All da people here have been waiting – for da Road Home, for da Corps to close Mr. GO, for da levees to be rebuilt. We figure the fat cats are keepin’ the booty for themselves. So we’re gonna MUTINY! We’re formin’ into krewes to take da fight to the Quarters, City Hall, Red Stick, D.C., wherever da guys dat got our monies is at. Somebody gonna be walkin’ the plank! Maybe C. Ray – if we can find him!”

Pirate plot revelations continued as investigators requested and were granted a meeting with the infamous Long John Silver and his lover, the beautiful Captain Marilyn, belle of the Seven Seeds. However, little more than Marilyn’s ample cleavage was all that was related to the outsiders. The interview left no doubt, that Long John’s krew had a different booty on their minds.

“Believe me, he lives up to his name,” said Marilyn as she massaged Long John’s wooden leg with slick oil. “This is how he gets his roger jolly. I find the risk of splinters so exciting!”

“Aaargh, shiver me timbers,” replied Long John. “Time to go below!”

At last, investigators secured an exclusive interview with the Pirate King, Captain Jack N. Swallow. The meeting took place in his secluded headquarters, where he was found calmly smoking some righteous sea weed and polishing his saber.

“Anybody that dares to stand in our way will be strung up ’til he’s well-hung. Tell your leaders this: as sure as I be Captain Jack N. Swallow, we’ll be comin’ at ’em with more seamen than they can choke down. I’m sending my most fearsome squad, the Krew of CRAPS, on the initial raid into N’Orleans on January 19, aboard my ship, the

White Pearl Necklace. They be a randy, drunken lot, and they are taking a secret, circuitous route to invade the city. I have full confidence in their ability to bring home the booty.”

Concert Calendar

Krew of LEWD Presents For A One-Night Stand David Vitter’s Lonely Whores Club Band

It was twenty nights ago today,
David Vitter taught the whores to play
Diapers cum and go in style
But they’re guaranteed to raise a pile.
So may I introduce to you
The ass you sent to DC for years and
David Vitter’s Lonely Whores Club
Band.

We’re David Vitter’s Lonely Whores
Club Band,
We hope you will enjoy the blow,
We’re David Vitter’s Lonely Whores
Club Band,
Sit back and let us gulp your load.
David Vitter’s Lonely, David Vitter’s
Lonely,
David Vitter’s Lonely Whores Club
Band.

It’s wonderful to be here,
My condom I will fill.
You’re such a lovely prostitute,
Wendy wants to take you home with us,
Where you can lick us both.

I don’t really want to stop the show,
But I thought you might like to know,
That the Vitter’s going to swing his
dong,
And he wants you all to swing along.
So let me introduce to you
The one and only Potty Melt
And David Vitter’s Lonely Whores Club
Band.

Krewe of Space Age Love Revolts

DA WATERFRONT – The Krewe of Space Age Love has announced that the time has come to “Pay de Boys on the Waterfront.” The Red Hot Indians of the Lower Nine Space Age Lovers have taken over Pity Hall and the City That Forgot to Care.

Said Big Chief No Mo Recovery, “We decided to have da Revolution when the old Pity Council passed another pityful odorance declaring that funerals are parades and crawfish boils are gumbo parties, each requiring a \$5000 pity permit.

Flag Boy Ted Silver Hair and Wild Man Tamm led the charge as the Red Hot Lovers stormed Pity Hall, ousted the Pitiful Council and seized control of the Too Easy Big Easy. Sounds of defiance rang out as the Indians chanted, “No more will the Ho Nah Pay, no more Handa Wanta and Smoke My Peace Pipe.” “Time to ‘Pay de Boys on da Waterfront,’” shouts Queen Sarah Nurse-A-Lot.

In a non-BOLD tradition, the first act of Big Chief Mo Dollars and da Red Hot High Council was to sell Pity Hall and Duncan Plaza to Pres Grab-A-Lot and J. I. Cani-tearo for 24 soon to be lost episodes of K-Ville.

Pity Hall will be moved to da Water-

front in da Ninth Ward and re-named “Tootie Hall” in homage to Big Chief of Chiefs Tootie Montana.

Honorary Chief Choochie Man Brad Pitt is donating the new LaGoona designed building on da Waterfront in the fine tradition of Camp Pitt Make It Wrong Homes.

Trail Chief Indian Red has established an honorable path for the Re-Birth of the real New Orleanians and culture of our city to return with an Indian Law of Order as a New way of life in the Crescent City:

- All Second Line and Parade permits shall be paid by a fine levied on all production companies using dumb ass New Orleans ccripts.

- Free flood insurance provided by convicted politicians and their associates who will be forced to endure 6 months of the Chris Owens Show unless they reveal their Caribbean Bank accounts and co-conspirators.

- Education for children of all ages including arts, sports, music and a History of our People funded by donations from Sujanti Jindal’s other Indian Fund.

- Transportation for the elderly and handicapped paid for by donations from the Nursing Home Association and the Charles Foti leftover perpetual cam-

paign fund.

- Affordable housing for incomes under \$200,000 per year subsidized by the Louisiana Assessors Association.

- Fund the New Orleans Recreation Department re-open all parks, underwritten by the Vitter, Thomas, Edwards, Barre and Dollar Bill Jefferson Morals Foundation.

- Secede from the union and truly become the northernmost Banana Republic, all gladly paid for by the Corps of Engineers with a note of good riddance attached.

“These are our Seven Laws of Order and shall be changed as needed,” proclaimed Big Chief Dances with Love and the Red Hot High Council.

As the new government is established along the wharfs of da Ninth Ward, all is good on da Waterfront. The High Council has appointed Queen Rebeca as our Mistress of Finance, Big Chief T-Bird as the High Councilman Who’s Large, Big Chief Moe Mardi Gras as Carnival Medicine man, Frank-eyes Palomino as the Spyboy and new police chief and Queen Red Hot Kelly as the Fire Chief.

Big Chief Dances with Love and the Red Hot Indians invite you to the city’s biggest and free Second Line on January 19th, 2008 as we dance and party to the Krewe du Vieux Doo on da Waterfront.

Spermes Records Announces Ejaculation of White Album

FLABBY ROAD – There was a major buzz in the music world today when news leaked that Spermes Records had hacked into the Cherry Records computers and pirated the entire Beat-offles catalogue. Spermes’ first release (and we do mean release) will be a Greatest Tits copulation to be called “The White Album”.

To avoid being similarly scammed and scammed themselves, Spermes will ejaculate the White Album exclusively on their proprietary vinyl format known as the Pecker Record Player™. “You gotta have a really big needle to go around with these babies,” exclaimed one SpokeSperm.

“Getting our hands on this stack was like a wet dream cum true,” gushed the SpokeSperm. “We’ve always loved the Beat-offles. Especially their rhythms. And the size of their instruments. And the way they pluck their strings ...”

Titles to be spewed onto the White Album include:

- A Hard Lay’s Night
- Eleanor Rugburn
- Cum Together
- All You Need Is Sperm
- Maxwell’s Silver Hummer
- When I’m 69
- Golden Showers
- Day Stripper
- I Wanna Hold Your Gland

Filling A Hole (where the sperm gets in)

Get Bi With A Little Help From My Friends

Eight Lays A Week

I Want You (She’s So Horny)

Norwegian Woodie

I Am The Egg-Man

Sgt. Pecker’s Lonely Hard On Band

The White Album will be released on 6/9, and will be available in plain brown wrappers at fine emporiums along the entire length of Bourbon Street. Premature ejaculation of some of the greatest tits, however, may occur along the route of the Krewe du Vieux parade on 1/19.

Krewe of PAN Drinks the Lafcadio Kool-Aid

INNER SANCTUM – In an afterhours visit, a mysterious, seersucker-clad devotee of the Krewe of PAN delivered a proclamation to *Le Monde de Merde*. Demanding that the proclamation be published in time for the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 19, the acolyte explained that the following mystical communication had been discovered in a secret vault in PAN's holy temple and watering hole:

"Times are not good here. The city is crumbling into ashes. It has been buried under a lava flood of taxes and frauds and maladministrations so that it has become only a study for archaeologists. Its condition is so bad that when I write about it, as I intend to do soon, nobody will believe I am telling the truth. But it is better to live here in sackcloth and ashes than to own the whole state of Ohio."

– Patrick Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904), writing from New Orleans to a friend back in Ohio

What follows is the proclamation that the peculiar prophet left behind.

We know all of you are closet members of the Cult of Lafcadio Hearn. Hail him and his Clarity & Vision!

Do you drink full load caffeinated coffee after midnight at Café du Monde? Do you think it was a good thing that no members of the opposite sex were students at your high school? Do you consume alcohol with brunch because it is a "milk punch"? Have you ever been annoyed by the closing of a bar at dawn? Did you wait for the return of the Saints in the rain at the airport? Do you believe that Tulane should continue to have a football team? Have you ever failed to evacuate for a hurricane? Then you are one of us. We welcome you to embrace your true self.

Consume the sacred caffeinated beverages all day long! Shun the Starbucks pretender! Consume the sacred alcoholic beverages every evening.

You have already drunk from the Kool-Aid, whether it be called a Hurricane, Monsoon, or imported French

wine. Topping off the evening by worshipping at the porcelain god, while not a local belief, is excused, but only so long as it is a private devotion!

You already recognize one another by our secret passwords. "Where Y'at? How's your mom 'n em? Who dat?" – are all sacred to us. Those who refer to a group of women as "you guys" are beyond our pity and reproach. Those who use the same word for the second person plural (you!) as for the second person singular (you) are either blind or illiterate. Shun those who butcher the sacred name of the sacred city by pronouncing it New "Orleens." The French will not speak to those who do not speak perfect French, why should we speak to those who do not speak perfect New Orleanian?

You may already dress as befitting the Anointed. To join the sacred Priesthood, wear the Sacred Seersucker year 'round. Shun the accursed cotton-poly blends! Polyester is an abomination to us! Avoid those who do not dress according to our customs. You can recognize a fellow devotee by their wearing of the sacred fleur-de-lis. Have you not noticed how many of the ladies in this sacred city wear the fleur-de-lis as their personal jewelry? While it may be unmanly to wear jewelry, it is not unmanly to wear a fleur-de-lis tattoo.

Bring novitiates to the Old Quarter temple complex. As is befitting, visit the temple every weekend. If you cannot make it to the Vieux Carré, as a traveler's dispensation, you may visit one of the sacred sites Uptown. If you already live in the Quarter, and do not have a visa to leave it, you may have a traveler's dispensation for not visiting the shrines on St. Charles Avenue. Nevertheless, all true believers must visit all the shrines as set forth in our instructional booklet "The Hundred Best Restaurants of New Orleans," according to their means. On weekdays, it is sufficient to stop in to have a quick libation at one of our many corner shrines. If you have committed griev-

ous sins, such as taking a trip outside of New Orleans, and partaking of unclean food, it may be necessary to dance on the pool table at the F&M Patio Bar in order to realign your karma with your dogma. If you live in the Quarter and lack a visa (car) to go Uptown, an evening of drinking at the Napoleon House or at Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop will suffice as a temporary measure. For more serious matters, perform penance by listening to the music at The Dungeon, as circumstances dictate. Cooter Brown's no longer counts as a biker's bar but is an acceptable place to consume the holy oyster.

Eat only the foods passed down to us by our Creole and Cajun forebears. Shun the cuisine of the Yankees, Midwesterners, Texans, and especially the Tex-Mexicans. They are all unclean and either underseasoned or overseasoned to us! For high celebrations, one may perform devotions at Galatoire's or Antoine's, depending on time of day. High devotion is lunch all afternoon at Galatoire's, Antoine's for dinner, followed by music at Preservation Hall, drinks at a high shrine, and café au lait at Café du Monde. Dancing at Café Brasil, Rock 'n Bowl, or one of 100 other hot sweat lodges of musical devotion, is requisite. Most high devotion is to dine at each Brennan family restaurant (except the out-of-town ones, of course).

Cleanse yourself with libations! Prepare yourself for the high holy day of Mardi Gras! Consume the holy trinity of onions, green pepper, and celery. Prepare to chant the holy "Throw me something, Mista!" – except at Krewe du Vieux. We aren't that kind of parade.

If you wish to become an acolyte, a pilgrimage to the Krewe du Vieux parade is required. Demonstrate your sincerity and sanctity by offering free drink (money comes later) to one of the high priests in their Sacred Seersucker robes marching with the mystic krewe of PAN.

VITTER'S

That's Right Wing^{BS}

FAMILY VALUES MEALS

"When one Wendy isn't enough"

MENU

Family Values Meals

Double Stack – when one Wendy isn't enough, double your pleasure! Cums with David's special pickle.

The Vitternator – our pork barrel special. Served with a side of earmarks.

Quarter Pounder – but you can pound her on Canal Street or K Street too if you like. Sinsational!

Court-Grilled Chicken – we grill our chickens, but you won't get grilled on the witness stand.

Served with quashed subpoenas.

Chicken Club – our hypocrites' special. Members include Newt Gingrich, Bob Livingston and Larry Craig.

Southeast Taco – with those lip-smacking lips. *No illegal aliens were harmed in the making of this tasty treat.*

Upsize any meal with our special viagra sauce! Add a side of large lies for just \$5 million!

Garden of Eden Salads

The Best Salads in all Creationism!

Chicken Lickin' Caesar – for the dicktator in you (no shrimps on this salad!)

South of the Border – this salad will send you over the wall!

Cums with Wendy's spicy Canal Street salsa undressing.

Madam's Mandarin Lickin' Salad – with sensuous geisha undressing

Side Orders

Wendy's Hot Stuffed Potato – thrust yourself into one of these.

Your choice of wife or mistress size; served with butter or KY.

Right Wings – there's nothing liberal about this serving.

Freedom Fries – a grudge-holding, artery-clogging favorite.

Frostie – David gets this one every time he's out with Wendy the wife.

Special: Twisted Frostie – your number's on this one!

Drinks

Minute Made Cherry Juice – the perfect quickie for busy senators on the go.

David's Columbian Coffee – the special herbs will keep you up!

[Note: please use your protection so you won't need Dr. Pepper]

Kid's Menu

When you hear the Vitter Patter of little feet. For kids 12 and under, legitimate or illegitimate.

Junior Burger – those youngsters can't beat this meat.

Whiny Weenie – for every little David who never really grows up.

"Affordable Food, Not Affordable Housing"

Vitter's™ is a Krewe of Underwear Restaurant