



PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Releases Its “Stimulus Package”

Frankie Ford Named As Cruise Director

NEW ORLEANS – The whole damn thing nearly went down this year.

The hot reality shows of the last twelve months were “American Idle” and “Survivor – Detroit”, while “Nightmare on Wall Street” dominated the silvery screen. The S&M 500 reached painful new lows, the stock xxx-change went totally limp (though bondage remained tight), and the Federal Re-Serve Soup Kitchen helped financial executives retain their golden parachutes while laying golden showers on the American public.

Moose hunting came darn close to becoming the new national pastime. But Joe the Dumber Plumber couldn't unclog the voter pipeline for Sen. John the Gone Pecan, and defeated Republicans were left to console themselves with forty ounces and a drug mule. Illinois conclusively demonstrated that it is the new Louisiana, with Gov. Blowdryovich taking corruption, crudity and hair style to poofy new heights.

Despite all the crises, American voters decided resoundingly to stay the course, electing yet another president whose ears stick way out from his head. However, there were hopes that the new guy had a little more going on between those ears, as well as some inaugural balls. Yes we came!

Titillation was not lacking on the local scene either.

Holy Cao, Yatman, Dollar Bill Jefferson lost! Could it have anything to do with the fact that his entire family, all his friends and even his mailman are under indictment? Derrick Shepherd also got Fed to the wolves, and a jury decided that Vince Marinello had toupee for his crime.

The Southern Scrap Yacht Club held its first annual Industrial Canal regatta during Hurricane Gustav, putting on a real bang-up event. Local culture was also saluted with the opening of the Incestarium. However, it looks like our wetland dreams won't come true for at least another year.

Louisiana legislators brilliantly overturned the voter-approved Stelly tax plan, immediately putting a nearly \$400 million hole in the state budget and Gov. Bobby “Bubba” Jindal's rising star. The city's budget was



trashed as well, while alleged mayor C. Ray Nagin danced to a new musical genre known as clusterfunk.

Meanwhile, two lonely cranes flew overhead in the sky....

As the economic ejaculation trickled down the legs of American taxpayers, Krewe du Vieux decided it was time for overnight delivery of a new **Stimulus Package**. This sex-based initiative was the climax of numerous bale-outs; the Krewe gave in to its sub-primal urges, shaved its wetlands, and decided to go down right along with Uncle Sam and Fannie Mae. Drill, baby, drill!

The bears, bulls, brokers, bankers, flankers, wankers, spankers, yankers, news anchors, supertankers, sub-cruisers, sea cruisers, bruisers, boozers, oozers, and floozies of the Krewe will embark on their 12,000 step recovery program through the French Quarter and the Marigny on **Saturday, February 7 at 6:30 PM**. Whipped into an FDICK frenzy, the Krewe will form into a Merrill Lynch mob, show its Bare Sterns, squeeze the Lehman Brothers, participate in an American International Group grope, Spank One (and probably more), and declare moral bankruptcy.

Parade-goers are advised to watch their assets.

Serving as cruise director will be King Frankie Ford, who likes to see legs and definitely knows how to pack a stimulus. Gretna's only Grammy winner, noted ivory tickler and crooner, seller of almost as many records as there are dollars in the federal debt, King Frankie will be the Last One to Cry as he spreads a fortune in cups, beads and good will along the parade itinerary.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen sub-krewes will each present their own stimulated, simulated, marinated, consummated, investigated, instigated, implicated, intimated, but never imitated 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, Mystic Krewe of Comatose, Mystic Krewe of Inane, and Krewe du Mishigas.

Also marching will be many of the city's top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions not currently being considered for a federal bailout.

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
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Krewe du Vieux 2009 is dedicated to the memory of Chris Mayeaux, late co-captain of LEWD.

King Frankie Just Keeps On Cruisin'

Only in New Orleans do the stories begin like this: "When I was still just a toddler, my family would bring me into bars, and I would immediately go straight to the jukebox and sit on the floor next to it. They would have to bring me my food next to the jukebox."

When King Frankie Ford was born, he didn't let out a wail, he broke into a song.

Our musical monarch began taking dance lessons about three days after he took his first step, by which point he was already singing up a storm. He made his on-stage debut at age five; the microphone wouldn't go down far enough to reach him, so he had to stand on a chair.

The first song he sang? "Pistol Packing Momma" – hardly a surprise, for King Frankie is truly a pistol!

Voice lessons with a classically-trained teacher began at age eight, and by the time he was twelve, our prodigious potentate was winning singing contests not just in New Orleans but also statewide. This led to a trip to New York City and an appearance on the famed Ted Mack Amateur Hour show.

He turned pro shortly thereafter, playing in bands at joints all over the New Orleans area. One such gig, in the infamous Alibi Lounge on Airline Highway (presumably before Jimmy Swaggert ever heard of the area) led to swapping phone numbers on napkins with a talented scout.

Two weeks later, King Frankie got a call to show up at the legendary Cosimo's recording studio. Along with producer extraordinaire Cosimo Matassa, Johnny Vincent of Ace Records and the man who would become Frankie's first manager, Joe Corona, were waiting. Frankie banged out two songs on the house piano, and they told him to start recording.

"I was 17 years old, and I was in awe of all the great musicians there," recalls our singing sovereign. "But we recorded 'Cheatin' Woman' and 'Last One to Cry'."

You know you're a lucky guy when your first recording is released on Friday the 13th – and still goes on to be a regional hit. These early efforts also got him a gig in Philadelphia, where they thought he was black until he showed up, playing with luminaries like the Dells, the Isley Brothers and Little Anthony and the Imperials. This also landed him on Dick Clark's daytime show.

For those who aren't familiar with His Merry Majesty, King Frankie is more Italian than the average pope. However, the musical powers that be decided that an unpronounceable last name ("a couple Zs and a bunch of vowels") was not the ticket to stardom, so a suitable stage moniker had to be found.

"Thank god my manager wasn't driving an Edsel," says the king.

His Italian father was not pleased by the name change, nor by this rockin' bluesin' music his son was playing. "I paid for all those singing lessons, and now he's singing this crap" was the old man's take on it. But that tune changed one other tune later.

"It was Monday after Labor Day in 1958, and I got a call to get down to the studio," says the emperor of the ivories. "Huey 'Piano' Smith and the Clowns were there, and Huey taught me 'Sea Cruise'. The musical tracks had already been laid down, so I just cut the vocals. Johnny Vincent made the decision to put it out in my name."

"Sea Cruise" was released in February 1959, and didn't exactly go straight to number one. But then it got some airplay on a major Nashville radio station, and two weeks later, King Frankie was on American Bandstand, where all those present who were actually alive agreed it had a beat and you could dance to it.

The song quickly became a major hit, and Frankie made five more appearances on Mr. Clark's show.

This led to gigs at major venues worldwide, from the Hollywood Bowl to London's Royal Albert Hall. "I was going so fast I didn't have time to get frightened," our melodic monarch remembers. "I just went to the next show and played."

Now that Frankie was making more money than his dad, the old man started liking this modern music a little better. He also managed the king's treasure, so that his earnings went into the bank instead of into the bars.

King Frankie was now one of the brightest stars in the firmament of great New Orleans musicians, sea cruising the world. Then came two doses of reality: first, he got drafted and went into the army. Second, he said goodbye to Uncle Sam in 1965 – just in time for the British Invasion, which basically put the New Orleans sound out of business.

Ironically, this may have been the best thing that happened to the French Quarter since Bienville dropped by: all the big names came home and started playing Bourbon Street (remember, this was before it was home to little more than drunk tourists, big-ass beers and some 423 miles of neon).

King Frankie was smart enough to adapt to the new musical realities. "If you live hand to mouth, you'd better be ambidextrous," offers the observant oligarch. "I could play just from reading the material, so people would bring me sheet music and I would play it. I could do cabaret, Broadway, you name it.

"That was the golden age of the French



Quarter," he continues, "the mid-60s to the mid-70s. Everyone dressed up, and it was truly the place to be."

Times change, and places, and people. But even though the venues may be different, King Frankie is still making joyous music and loving life.

"I've lived at the same house with the same phone number for 41 years," says the king. "I'm never going to retire – why would I? I play about fifty gigs a year; they always take good care of me, so it's like having a weekend job. There's really only two things you could say to upset me: 'You used to date my grandmother' or 'You're under arrest!'"

Not surprisingly, he also does four or five cruises a year. Unlike many less fortunate musicians of his era, he owns the rights to all his materials. So, after selling more than 138 million copies of "Sea Cruise" alone, after being the only Grammy winner from Gretna, Frankie Ford is now King of Krewe du Vieux.

"It's gonna be fun," enthuses our emperor. "I've been going to the French Quarter for Mardi Gras since I was a child. And believe me, I'm not above or below anything!"

"You're not getting out of this alive," he exclaims, "so settle down and enjoy what you have!"

We're not sure about the settling down part – after all, we had to catch the King between excursions to London and the Caribbean – but we are quite confident that His Majesty (accompanied by the beautiful Queen Barbara) and his minions will all enjoy Krewe du Vieux 2009 to the max. So come join all the sub-krewes on their sea cruise, as King Frankie Ford rules the waves!

K.A.O.S. Introduces the New Voodoo Economics

ST. LOUIS SAVINGS AND CEMETERY #2—The late 1970s were a time of economic turmoil, an energy crisis, and increasing unemployment. Sound familiar?

Out of the desert appeared an iconic cowboy actor who had honed his thespian skills appearing opposite a monkey. He promised to right the nation's economy by providing tax cuts to the wealthy. In the 1980 Republican presidential primary campaign, George H.W. Bush derisively termed Ronald Reagan's economic plan of tax cuts for the rich "Voodoo Economics."

The cowboy succeeded in casting a spell over the American public, however, and the Reagan Revolution ushered in nearly a decade of greed, arrogance, neglect, and hypocrisy that was unmatched until recent times.

Twenty-eight years later, the apple of Poppy's eye, George W. Bush (another faux cowboy) presided over an even larger distribution of government resources to the rich and powerful. If Reaganomics started with a trickle, little Bush's plan featured a fire hose spewing forth government money at an unprecedented rate. The Bush plan was the ultimate reward to the disciples of Reaganomics: greed was better than ever, and was generously underwritten by the government.

Because it seems unlikely that the failed solutions of the 1980s will help our economic fortunes in the twenty-first century, the Krewe of K.A.O.S. has turned to a traditional New Orleans source for a solution. The result is a distinctively New Orleans-based recovery plan — New Voodoo Economics.

The new K.A.O.S. plan includes the following elements:

- To reduce dependence on foreign oil, capturing the hot air given off by endless planning meetings and using it to power turbines that will generate electricity.

- Exporting hurricanes to the rest of the nation, so they too can enjoy the benefits of a recovery economy (the "Drywall Stimulus Plan").

- Increasing tourist spending in New Orleans by way of an expedited schedule for Mardi Gras. Mardi Gras will now take place every other week, throughout the year. Additionally, Jazz Fest will begin on the Friday after each Ash Wednesday.

- Redistribution of Bead Wealth. K.A.O.S. members will be liberating excessive accumulations of beads hoarded by some of the 2009 Krewe du Vieux parade-goers and dis-

tributing them to those with fewer beads. (Note: An as yet undetermined percentage of all beads collected will be retained by K.A.O.S. members, and will be unavailable for re-distribution, in order to cover various overhead costs, processing fees, and brokerage commissions.)

- Appointment of Sidney Torres IV as head of a new Trash for Cash program.

- Distribution of American HEXpress cards, designed to boost spending at botánicas, herb markets and live chicken dealers.

- Unveiling of a new health stimulus plan, "Pills for Ills," featuring the distribution of pills to cure any Depression.

- Promotion of "Cranes in the Hair," the latest, cutting edge recovery-based hairstyle.

- Promotion throughout the Gulf South, and eventually the nation, of the "Ray Nagin Special" in order to boost business at local hotels and restaurants.

- IRA will now stand for "Involuntary Retirement Abolition." This program is a "deferred" retirement plan whereby productive seniors will be encouraged, if not required, to work well into their 70s, 80s, or even 90s, should they live so long. After all, flipping burgers at McDonald's is a much more stimulating activity than shuffleboard.

Members of the Krewe of K.A.O.S., assisted by their own personal Loas, will be present at the 2009 Krewe du Vieux parade in order to help educate everyone about the various components of the New Voodoo Economics. They will be distributing gris gris pouches, ju-jus, voodoo spells, potions, and voodoo dolls all intended to get our economy back on track. Bring your chickens, snakes, black cats, and animal sacrifices, and K.A.O.S. will help you get your mojo working once again.

OPENING SOON!!!

The Ed Blakely Salon
"Cranes in the Hair"

The latest Asian-inspired,
recovery-based coiffures.

Soon, you will see them everywhere.

The Ed Blakely Salon —
Where the Hairstyles are All Fluff

Corrections and Clarifications

- In last year's *Monde de Merde*, we referred to C. Ray Nagin as Mayor of New Orleans. We regret the error.

- City Hall's address is not Perdido Street but actually Fogedo Street. Ask someone who speaks Portuguese...

- We also referred to a mushroom in Oregon as "the largest living thing on earth." This honor turns out to belong to Sarah Palin's mouth. Interestingly, neither of these organisms is connected to a brain.

- It was stated that the new Blackwater parade security guards would undergo "2 weeks of mule acclimation". It actually took most of a month for the mules to acclimate to the Blackwater dudes.

- The theme of the Krewe of Space Age Love was omitted.

- Another article implied that Gov. Jindal supported money laundering. We have since learned that he prefers money dry cleaning.

- The Vitter's Family Values Meal menu stated that "no illegal aliens were harmed". Sadly, our favorite herb dealer, Jorge, has not been heard from since May.

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, February 7

Doors open 9:00 PM • Music starts 9:30 PM

Studio at Colton

2300 St. Claude Avenue

between Mandeville and Spain Streets

featuring in order of appearance

Brass Band Jam

Eric Lindell & Company
with special guests

Zydepunks



TICKETS \$25

Available from

Louisiana Music Factory

210 Decatur Street

Up in Smoke

4507 Magazine Street

Miss Claudia's Vintage Clothing & Costumes

4204 Magazine Street

Studio at Colton

2300 St. Claude Avenue



A portion of the proceeds from the
2009 Krewe du Vieux Doo will be donated to
the Studio at Colton.

New Investment Spanking Firm Promises Explosive Growth Spurt

BALL STREET – Newly formed investment spanking firm, Drips & Discharges Inc., has gotten a jump on the market by creating a new binge fund. Its initial public offering created a tremendous surge of interest, swelling the firm's assets considerably.

Lead Anal-yst Jim Cram-her told Ann Cuny today on the Tomorrow show that many people are turning to the new binge fund to cover their assets during these troubling times. He went on to list a number of investment spanking firms that are eager to know what the veteran anal-yst is packing in his briefs.

"Golden Sacs, Chased Bank, Capital Cum, Whip-me Bank, Hardcock Trust, First Spank & Trust, Wachallovaya, Layme Brothers, Bare Breast Sturns, Fist and Sacman are all eager to know what cocks will make up the binge fund so they can adjust their portfolios," Cramher told Cuny, "But why tell them when I can tell you, the lay traders who stay home playing with their cocks every day."

According to Cram-her, cocks to watch in the binge fund include THC ("an agricultural

superfood provider, when people buy this they go on to buy all sorts of other goodies to go along with it"); XTC ("this company is in it to win it, they never stop moving and shaking"); COC and PUSY ("consistent market leaders when the economy is going down"); LSD ("it's making a comeback, or at least a flashback"); TNA ("a good company to play with if you're looking to put your money where the cock is"); and SHRM ("another cummodity leader that keeps popping up due to all the bullshit we have to deal with").

Cram-her went on to confirm that the Drips & Discharges binge fund will cover the spread by selecting only cocks with a strong growth potential and cunningly stroking the market. Now that the bottom of the market has been fully explored, Drips is expecting strong, hard growth. "We'll even bring Big George out of the pole vault if we need additional resources," added Cram-her.

In response to Drips' initial public offering, a flaccid S&M 500 perked up considerably. In fact, the overnight rise was the largest

since the end of the savings and moan crisis.

Interviewed on Cox television, Cram-her emphatically urged investors to reenter the market and provide a much needed spurt of growth. "The whole thing is going up, up, up, and you don't want to have come into this on the backside," he advised.

When asked about what he sees on the horizon, Cram-her said that an infusion of cold cash was needed to properly penetrate the market. He noted that the only city that is immune to the current recession seems to be New Orleans, but he was quick to add that some of the local politicians needed some re-issued reality checks, including Derrick "Shep" Shepherd, "Dollar" Bill Jefferson, Troy "Three-Time Loser" Carter, Jackie "Younger than McCain" Clarkson, and Veronica "Trashy" White. "These officials need to be shipped out of New Orleans to prevent a serious depression," he concluded.

Investors can track the Drips binge fund portfolio by watching the tickler for these symbols: DND, THC, XTC, COC, PSY, LSD, TNA, DP, SHRM, TOE and TIT.

Underwear Goes Down With Uncle Sam

WASHINGTON, DC (District of China) – Faced with an insurmountable pile of debt (among other piles), including trillions of dollars owed to the People's Republic of China, the United States government announced today that the entire country has gone into foreclosure. Keys to the Capitol were handed over to the Chinese ambassador, Fat Wang, and all the monuments were immediately coated with red lead-based paint.

Chinese bureaucrats poured into the capitol in rickshaws pulled by out-of-work Big Three automaker employees, while work began on damming up the Potomac River. "No real reason," replied the ambassador when asked about dam, "it's just what we do."

Ambassador Wang also noted that the stimulus checks received by millions of Americans in summer 2008 were actually drawn straight from China's official state-run bank, WonTon Savings and Loin. "And most of you turned right around and bought things made in our country," he chuckled. "I guess that's just how the fortune cookie crumbles."

On Great Wall Street, news of the foreclosure immediately caused the newly renamed Mao Jones Industrial average to fall by 669 points. Said one trader, "This whole thing is just a big bamboo-zle."

In a rabid display of pubescent patriotism, the Krewe of Underwear announced that it would go down along with Uncle Sam. Said one Underwearian, "We've been wearing red for years, we have a serious problem with population growth, and our eyes are slits half the time anyway. Being owned by the Chinese and forced into sexual servitude was better than a lot of other offers we've received."

Rumors swirled that the Chinese had offered the Underwearians a very attractive bale-out package. While the Krewe declined to discuss exactly how many bales were involved, one member did comment that "all those farmers over there grow a lot more than just rice and water chestnuts." Several 55-gallon drums of Kama Sutra oil were also reported to be part of the deal.

A Chinese government spokesman confirmed that his country had taken over both the Krewe of Underwear and the United States. Speaking from Hong Kong, Long Dong stated, "In truth, America did not have many assets left that were not owned by someone else. The Brits took back their original colonies, the Germans copped that famous ugly American attitude, the Russians grabbed the nuclear weapons, and the Swiss claimed all the cheese. About all that was left was

Sarah Palin's campaign wardrobe, North Dakota, and this Krewe of Underwear."

The local impact of the Chinese takeover was felt immediately. For example, patrons at Kong-Paul's restaurant were puzzled to discover menu items such as Mandarin Alligator, Sweet and Sour Catfish, and Moo Goo Gai Panne. The Hornets' Honeybees cheerleaders were replaced by a squad of ten-year old gymnasts, the French Quarter has been renamed "Glorious Debt of the American People Square" (dubbed "In the Red Square" for short), and the LSU athletic teams will now be known as the Fighting Pandas.

On the plus side, spokesman Dong promised a "Great Wall of New Orleans" levee system to protect the city from hurricanes, storm surge, rampaging B-movie swamp creatures, and marauding Puritans. Furthermore, the Superdome will be renovated to look like a giant pagoda.

Indeed, the China-Underwear connection is apparently so strong that the Chinese plan to replace new President Obama with an Asian-Underwearian leader. The U.S. subsidiary will henceforth be led by President Yomama.

Think this is all a bunch of nonsense? Don't Tibet on it.

Krewe of Spermes Excited to Trickle Down

VIAGRA FALLS – Long a stiff advocate for Trickle Down economic theories, the Krewe of Spermes is preparing for a massive release of liquidity Saturday night.

“This is the money shot,” said economic advisor Milkin Friedman. “No more pussyng around waiting for interest rates to rise, we’re flooding the market.”

A krewe of extremely personal sperm bankers will hit the streets to seduce citizens back into robust cummodity exchange.

“It’s like priming the pump with millions of tiny corporate raiders,” Friedman huffed rhapsodically. “They’re going to go door to door, and even to the back door, finding the decision-makers and laying the foundation for some inside-her trading.”

The prospect of loose, sloppy credit spurred hot and heavy early action by major firms (and not-so-firms) including Organ Stanley, Layman Bros., Titibank, CityGrope, AIG-Spot, SpankOne, Goldman Suchs, and others. Some on-top executives rushed to exercise boner options when they heard the news, and blowjob futures rose dramatically.

The NASDIQ Index surged and the Endowed Jones Averages swelled in response. Foreign activities in Asian markets and the rapid expansion of Pacific rim jobs kept overnight trading active. Newcummers including Japanese consortium Suki Fuki Unlimited and Chinese affiliate Qu Ni Ling U.S. scored big and hoped to rollover their investments several more times before they reached maturity.

Bondage traders whipped Wall Street into a frenzy, promising a return to the obscene wealth of Throbbing Barons like the Mellons, Cockafellers and Scroosevelts.

Cumsumer Advocate and Pubic Citizen President Rolph Nadar is skeptical of the recovery efforts.

“Anyone who’s ever been on the rebound can tell you coming from behind is dirty business,” he whined. “Sometimes you get shitty results. Now you’re really in a hole. There’s no point in pulling out your investment now. You just have to ride it out.”

Former Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan said he had changed his mind about markets, particularly meat markets. “I used to tell people

to diversify. Now I say disseminate. Unload.”

While investors prepared for an orgy with fresh young capital, Main Street walkers wondered if they are getting screwed. Some are already turned off by the limp job market.

“I am taking an early withdrawal and going back to storing my assets in my mattress,” Spilly Robinson said. “At least this way I have the wet spot markets covered.”

“I finally got into a 4on1(K),” complained Eric Shon. “But the mutual fun dried up.”

As the dollar shriveled up worldwide, even Argentine banks refused to accept IOFUs from the American Treasury, and Chinese investors repossessed various unnatural resources throughout the United States. Ambassador Suk Mai Wang said, “I can’t wait bring my funny business partner to your country. Watch your daughter in donkey show.”

No one-trick ponies, the Spermes sperm bankers will walk the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter at 6:30 PM on Saturday, February 7. Loose assets and discharged credit will abound.

Whanker Bankers Snip Tips into Top Shape

WHANKERAGE, AK – The infamous investment- and sperm-banking institution, Schmeckel and Shekel’s Foreskins and Foreclosures, LLC (Limited Liability Circumcisions) has announced its corporate sponsorship of the Krewe du Mishigas. “This is a great opportunity to expose ourselves to the community,” said CEO Dick Schmeckel at a joint press conference with Mishigas member Hairy Weiner following their meeting in the S&S-F&F LLC offices on the tip-top floor of the Shill Center.

Previously a Gentile from Gentilly known as Johnson, Schmeckel is now the world’s foremost expert in Jewish ritual circumcision. Years ago, Schmeckel brought together his talents as a banker with his newfound skills as a circumciser, or *mohel* (pronounced “*moil*,” although those from da Parish might say “*merl*”). “Some people thought I was nuts,” he said, “but it was a stroke of genius. Why not meat two needs at once? There’s no shortage of foreclosures these days. And Jewish law dictates that boys be circumcised when they are eight days old. My slogan is, ‘If it’s not a snip-off it’s a rip-off!’”

The two were joined by Schmeckel’s business partner, Rich Shekel, adorned in his investment-quality gold chains, with a slightly

gelty expression on his face at being late. Some years ago, Schmeckel convinced Shekel that two heads were better than one, and from then on business just kept on cumming. Since the recent erection of Baruch Obama, they predict that the circumcision business will continue to swell.

Schmeckel and Shekel dispelled rumors that they were involved in a Ponzi scheme. “Rob Peter to pay Paul?” said Shekel incredulously. “That’s not even in our bible! Unlike that schmuck whose name we won’t mention, we haven’t Made Off with anyone’s family jewels. We just take the tip off. That putz castrated half the Jews in the US. He’s not a mohel, he’s a boil on the tuchus of the financial industry.”

With the foreclosure business growing faster than a Brooklyn boy’s schmeckel at the sight of a hot, blonde shiksa, S&S-F&F, LLC offers a full range of financial and phallic services. Recent stimulus innovations include a fancy-schmancy advertising campaign offering foreskin and foreclosure alternatives. Signboards scattered around the office read, “Don’t Let Some Schmuck Foreclose You.” “Let our Professionals Stimulate your Deficit and Snip your Inflation.” There is even a Shavings and Moan program: “Your

Schmeckel is Worth a Few Shekels — Call Today for a Free Estimate.”

The partners are probing the field of cosmetic surgery as well. Since Jewish men are better known for their financial endowments than their physical gifts, Abrahams, Isaacs and Jacobs everywhere have flocked to Schmeckel for help in enhancing their penile profile. “Their deficit needs our stimulus,” said Schmeckel. “They are just a few shekels away from the best-skinned, more-skin fore-skin removal improvement.”

As far as circumcisions go, the two men have different styles. “I’m a traditionalist,” Schmeckel says, picking his teeth with a silver scalpel. “Personally I prefer a Mogen clamp but I have been known to use a Ronco.” Shekel is more flexible, focusing on the individual penis, not the tool. “I’m a penis professional, an organ artist,” he declared. “It’s all in the wrist.”

When asked about how banking and wanking work together, they heartily agree, “We both take a bit off the top. Whether it’s a shekel or a schmeckel, if you do it early enough they don’t miss it at all.”

Schmeckel and Shekel and the Krewe du Mishigas invite the public to bone up on Jewish ritual and prepare to have a ball at the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 7.

Seeds of Decline Watch Fanny Mae Go Down

AUDUBON PARK PLACE – Fanny Mae, Washington hostess and past Queen of Carnival, was arrested today at the New Orleans BO Railroad terminal for solicitation. Miss Mae, who has seduced and abandoned thousands of homeowners to their miserable fate, had returned to New Orleans in search of her missing cousin, Freddie Mac, and claimed that her only solicitation was for people to become part of the new New Orleans monopoly.

Her dear friend Mr. Galatone Monopoly, retired CEO of Parker Brother's Mortgage and Lust Company and the richest guy in any boardgame room, had Miss Mae released immediately. The mustachioed gazzillionaire managed to whip out his "Get Out of Jail Free" card (among other things), and brought to an end potentially the greatest embarrassment this city has seen since Eddie "Pass The Hat" Jordan took over the DA's Office.

In her earlier go-around in New Orleans, Miss Mae received mistress degrees in mathematics and business administration from Twoloin University. She was later employed by the Barely Legal Mortgage Company, becoming renowned for her ability to raise the moist interest out of any loan. Moving to Washington, she soon became the toast of local society, and her chest was admired by the entire community.

Mentored by her dear friend David Vitter, Miss Mae was often seen with such magnates of the financial community as Smith Barney Franks, N. Ron Hubbard, Arthur Andersen, Deloitte Douche, Ernst Jung, and Price Waterworks, and had especially wild times with the CitiGroup and the Lehman Brothers, among others. While this party-hearty crew did little for local homeowners, they managed to maintain a steady profit for the owners of the motels along Airline Highway. The brash broad stated, "No sub-prime for me any more, from now on it is USDA prime only!"

This reporter met with Mr. Monopoly's long-time friend and associate from Parker Brothers, Colonel Mustard, in the library of his St. Charles mansion. Mustard stated that "I have known Mr. Monopoly since we both served under General Motors during the Bailout Wars."

Tightly gripping a candlestick, Col. Mustard, who was Rex in '69, denied ever having any personal knowledge of Fanny Mae, though he insisted that "her intentions are as honest as her breast augmentation. She came here to look for her cousin Freddie Mac, and has no plans to become involved in help-

ing provide the unwashed with housing. Besides, the government is over-regulating the financial industry. Look what they are doing to poor Bernard Madoff! And furthermore, charity is for suckers, and the poor will always be with us."

He then hastily excused himself, muttering "Miss Scarlet is waiting for me in the conservatory as she is every Tuesday afternoon."

In his last conversation with Miss Mae, Freddie Mac apparently stated that he was through with the monopoly world, and all he wanted was to put his two hands on a Whopper. Too late he realized that the Booger King on Canal ain't dere no more, and after passing the Golden Arches, Mr. Mac discovered Bourbon Street. More than a month ago he told his cousin, "My life was lonely until I met Marvin Gardens, and now I have meat between my buns every day." He has not returned any phone calls or been heard from since.

Miss Mae says that she and Mr. Monopoly have "big plans for New Orleans – you won't even recognize it with all the cranes in the sky. I have just won \$10 in a beauty contest, and as soon as I pass go and collect that \$200, we will be erecting hotels everywhere! We already started by knocking down Magnolia Avenue, and we are ready to convert any group of four low to middle income houses to hotels. Red

Roofs will replace blue roofs! After all, no one can afford the rent anyway."

When asked how all of this will be paid for, Fanny Mae just stared as a milky substance dripped from the corners of her luscious red lips, and with a swallow replied, "We have a number of plans for financing these wonderful projects. Each and every street will have crime cameras, provided and maintained by our See No Evil Security Service, and we will continue to collect on them, whether they work or not. We will eliminate the Free Parking square, and there will be no more 'Just Visiting' at the Jail. If you land there, Marlin Gizman will collect room and board. We will of course double the charges for landing on both utilities. As we all know, we are getting less than half the service we were getting before, and this might just bring things almost back to the new normal."

When queried about politics, Mr. Monopoly replied, "With Clarence Death-Ray Nagin, who worries? And my dear friend Fanny Mae will be a major factor in our success. After all, every time she goes down, she also bends over, and together with Freddie, there is something there for everyone. We have great things to look forward to in this city! And besides, folks, it's only money – Monopoly money."

T.O.K.I.N. Gets a Bale-Out

HIGH STREET – A high intensity investigation by the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) has unearthed a previously underground bale-out plan.

T.O.K.I.N. spokesHEAD Mary Jane Hemplant noted that recent headlines have been filled with news of the Troubled Asset Relief Program (TARP) bail-out plan. Apparently the purpose of this program is to stimulate the economy by providing investment bankers with enormous infusions of cash, which they then use to reward themselves with behemoth bonuses, prodigious perks and golden parachutes.

Representative Frank Blarney, chair of the Joint Committee on Sustainable Agriculture and Herbal Enhancement, announced the new policy, known as the Cannabis Assets Redistribution Program (CARP). Noting that cannabis is among the top three cash crops in 30 states, with a monetary value of billions of dollars, Rep. Blarney declared at the program rollout that his plan has a high potential to revive spirits as well as the economy. "It's a real home-grown solution," he added.

The Ne'er-do-wells, after holding a meeting in a smoke-filled congressional hearing room, hashed out an agreement to support

CARP. "This is not just a pipe dream. It appears that T.O.K.I.N. and Rep. Blarney share an agenda," said Ms. Hemplant.

Ms. Hemplant noted that the government's previous TARP program, which covered local roofs in blue, was a huge boondoggle for a select few. "The current TARP program appears to be following the same pattern of distributing unbelievable amounts of cash to corporations with no accountability," she said. "We think the CARP program will bring immediate relief to the average person, while also providing long-term stimulation for the economy as well as the imagination. Not to mention the appetite — we expect this program will also be a big hit with the snack food industry."

Rep. Blarney added, "We felt it was time for a New Deal, if not a new dealer. When we came out with TARP, people thought we must be smoking something; now with CARP, we really are."

According to Rep. Blarney, the aforementioned golden parachutes will be confiscated for use as an aerial delivery system for the bale-out. The public is invited to view the prototype Golden Parachute System (GPS) at the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 7 as the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells celebrate their bale-out bounty.

Comatose Extends the Guard

NEW ORLEANS, 2050 – President Bobby Jindal and Louisiana Governor Bobby “Junior” Jindal today announced that the Louisiana Irrational Guard’s tour of duty in New Orleans has been extended for the 45th consecutive year, declaring the Comatose 69th Brigade fit for service. Mayor Bobby “Baby” Jindal III declared that the city would be lost without these old soldiers. The average age of these moth-eaten military men and women is 80 but they show no signs of slowing down.

“New Orleans enjoys the benefits of martial law,” explained the Mayor. “These creaky conscripts are the best thing since slave labor!” Major Loss, spokesman for the Comatose Brigade, thanked the officials gathered at the annual Curry Conclave downtown. “Senility has really improved morale in the 69th,” said General Malaise. The mood was festive as the camouflaged troops pushed their walkers about the crowd. Many of the wizened warriors were eager to express their enthusiasm.

“We just love it here!” said Private Dancer. “I finally get to practice while I patrol in my Hummer.”

“I like to spank people,” reported Corporal Punishment, fondling his paddle. “The night life is terrific here and I can work extra hours

as the human Hand Grenade over at the Tropical Isle.”

“We have taken over operations at the Sewerage and Waterboarding Board and crime is down to a trickle!” boasted Sergeant Pepper.

Their decades of service have had a positive effect on the city and the soldiers. Many Guardsmen have become quite sophisticated. “The food here is the best,” according to Captain Crunch, quartermaster and food critic for the Guard. Porn star Major Motion and his girlfriend Corporal Delights rate the city “XXX.” They have made several adult films using the city’s crime cameras while also protecting Bourbon Street from rabid Pentecostal preachers.

The original mission of the Unnatural Guard was to supplement the now-defunct New Orleans Police Department. Criminals and liberals were taking over the city.

Former Police Superintendent Riley was diagnosed as fully delusional when he kept repeating “Crime is down!” to everyone. Former Mayor Ray Nagin was also diagnosed as delusional for not firing Superintendent Riley and for pretending to be the mayor. Both were committed to the Cranes in the Sky Asylum in Australia, established by ex-Recovery Czar Ed Blakely following his overthrow in

the October Revolution of 2017. Riley is currently employed in a work release program as a security guard at the George W. Bush comic book library in Texas where Nagin oversees the Executive Privilege Department.

Headquartered at the once-swank Holiday Inn, the Guardsmen recently relocated to the Charity Hospital Condos in a desolate part of downtown. Cat food buffets and food stamp parties provide endless entertainment for all in the area. Overpopulated jails are no longer a problem. Deconsecrated churches have been converted to prisons and career criminals are now sent directly to Congress.

Originally 350 strong, the force now consists of 35 elite troops. Dynamic, daring and demented social programs have been the hallmark of their tenure. Last year’s Gun Giveback Program backfired and reignited turf and trash wars all over the parish. Their past success with running taco trucks and selling used Glock handguns helped them purchase the last Humvee in existence. Thanks to time-travel technology, Comatose will pimp their ride in the special edition stretch Hummer. Privates on Parade will march in lock-step precision, Cocked and Loaded, through the streets of the French Quarter. Show some respect and salute these old fuckers as they pass by in the 2009 Krewe du Vieux parade.

Mama Roux Says To Invest in Stocks and Bondage

Royals decree: Chains we can believe in!

CRAWL STREET – From deep in the Mama Roux chambers, Queen DomINatrix and King pRick came out with this joint statement: “In these troubling times for stocks and bondages, when many find themselves strapped, we say suck it up – you will be bound to like it!

“Obedient Subjects, with one hand we must get behind Nasdick, Spank of America, and Semens. On the other hand we must make an example of Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, put them on the whipping posts, and give them a good flogging. This will keep sub[missive] prime loans out of arrears.

“These are tough times, indeed, but we will bring about chains we can believe in!”

And hence, the dominion laid out their royal splatform:

- We will whip inflation.
- We will beat stag(film)flation.
- We will tie up good investments.
- We will harness and control bad assets.
- We will cuff it up, and get Initial Public Offerings posted again.

- We will not gag on our duties.

- We will maintain discipline.

From the dungeonous pathways under the U.S. Capitol (and with only a little Bush left) President-Elect OhMama could be heard making this point, “We’ve got hard choices ahead but the ballout of Genital Motors will penetrate and plug the downward cycle of the economy.”

Financial giant B.J. Morgan issued this statement through Deep Throat: “Getting the big one from the Federal Reserve Spank wasn’t too bad, it’s just one of the high, hard facts. If each side bends over just a little, it doesn’t hurt so much.”

Incoming Head of State Hillary Cliton was heard insisting “International trade cannot be blown off in a hard economy – we must push the boundaries; when the blowing gets tough, the rest must take it.” Husband SlickWeeWillie, who for years has invested in the foreign cigar industry, summed it up with a simple “Smokin’!”

Lame duck VP Lame Dick Chainey loudly complained, “America will suffer if big banks and businesses go down.” Later his sharp cries pierced the hallowed halls, “No more, no more...”

VP-Elect Riden’ Biden spurted that the new package was “literally moving through the House like an Amtrak train through a tunnel.”

“Chains, chains, chains, that’s all I ever hear about, my friends,” groaned Senator John McPain, suffering from a humiliating defeat. Sources also divulged they heard muffled, faraway tones of Gov. Sarah wailin’.

Said King pRick with great authority, “We will witness rising hard assets as packages get stimulated. We will grease the wheels up front but especially on the rear end.”

“There have been many bad boys, but now we have things tied up.” asserted Queen DomINatrix with rod of King pRick in hand. “It’s a hard position to be in but just like the royal rod, the economy will rise again.”

Collapsed Rogues Appetize Profiteering Sharks

WALLEYE STREET – As the world's economy flounders, maritime money managers have begun snapping up liquid assets from troubled land-based firms, creating a financial feeding frenzy on the bankrupt-sea.

"When Lehman Brothers sank, we saw our opportunity," said Toni the Tiger Shark, CEO of Smith Barnacle, from her perch at the top of the food chain. "By gobbling up these guppies, we'll increase our net profits twofold. It's grrreat!"

Land dwellers have demanded an explanation as to why their institutions are reeling.

"Essentially, they got greedy and swallowed this whole subprime mortgage thing hook, line and sinker," said analyst Maury Mako of Goldfish Sacks. "They took a spin on the whale of fortune and lost. They didn't expect land speculators to go underwater, and now they're in the red, fishing for any capital they can get – from loan sharks, even prawn brokers."

One anonymous former mortgage trader confirmed the dark underbelly of the crisis.

"I was swimming in debt, so I had to turn to the Codfather for some quick cash. Now I'm squidnapping on his orders," he lamented as he puffed on some cheap reefer in a sleazy sand bar. "It's really crappie."

Some observers felt that the financial shipwreck was no accident. "I think they did this on porpoise, or maybe even just for the halibut," carped a crabby Jamie Tilapia, a federal diving regulator. "Now they're singing a different tuna. How could you just squander away so many net assets?"

As this oceanic orgy surges to a climax, the firm Dorsal & Co. is looking to devour the New Orleans market. On February 7, they will take to the streets and gutters of the city.

"We're trying to drum up some fresh meat, er, clients," one of the partners said, picking his rows of teeth. "Representative Ca-ong* has promised us lots of TARPON funds, so if you need cash, we've got it. Of course, it may cost you an arm and a leg...."

*Vietnamese for shark

City Introduces New Stuporcollider

CITY HOLE – In its latest attempt to do something – anything – that looks like economic development, the Nagin administration announced today that it had erected a scientific marvel called a Stuporcollider.

Combining principles of advanced quantum physics with New Orleans public school science, the Stuporcollider spins citizens around at incredible speeds, then crashes them together. They are then spit out at the black hole known as City Hall, where they wait for hours to get nothing done.

"This achievement will go down in the annals of New Orleans history as the greatest economic development tool since the casino," proclaimed city Director of Miscommunication Beyond Quiet. "This should plug a few holes in the budget, not to mention in Jackie Clarkson."

While the unveiling of the Stuporcollider caught most New Orleanians by surprise, Quiet revealed that alleged Mayor Ray Nagin had actually been in Switzerland for most of the past two years studying the original supercollider. "He thought the Swiss machine was cheesy and had a lot of holes in it. They may be good at chocolate, but New Orleans is the Chocolate City, and he just knew we could cum out on top of them."

Bored bureaucrats at City Hole had no reaction, since most of them were asleep. However, officials with the new public-privates partnership, the Horizontal Initiative, were thrilled. "The Stuporcollider is the climax of our attempts to stimulate the New Orleans economy," cried a Horizontal spokeswoman ecstatically. "Not even the Orgasmatron can beat this off!"

Average citizens were less impressed. "This ranks with building the jazz park and selling the airport," said Joe the Plunger, emphasizing the word rank. "If they really want to make some money, they should start selling Ray Nagin Countdown Clocks."

Things We Miss About George W. Bush





LEWD Stages Inaugural Balls

WASHINGTON PARISH – Unable to score tickets to the official ball following the inauguration of President Barack N. Roll Obama, despite using every trick they know, the Lewd Ensemble of Wacked Degenerates (LEWD) is presenting its own Inaugural Balls at home in Louisiana.

“We just couldn’t penetrate capitol society or get through the Oval Orifice,” admitted LEWD spokesman Al A. Bama, a 69th cousin of the new president, “but fortunately, we know a thing or two about big balls.”

LEWD will erect its own platform for its inaugural balls. “Who needs Capitol Hill when we have our twin peaks, and many sets of them?” queried Mr. Bama, who added that the edifice would be a monument to Washington, Lincoln and good taste.

“The first screw job, sorry, I mean dance will be performed by Uncle Sam and Fannie

Mae,” Bama continued. “It’s a new step choreographed especially for the balls, with a lot of bending over. We think most observers will find it very stimulating.”

Music for the balls will be blues, while refreshments will include nuts, pasties, fur pies, and creamsickles.

LEWD members will party in their very best formal attire, including balled gowns and fuxedos. “You’ll also see our tails,” promised Bama, “as we go by in a flash.”

LEWD’s balls will be held on the night of Saturday, February 7, in conjugal conjunction with the Krewe du Vieux parade. Those wishing to attend will be asked to submit to full body searches, and other security measurements may be taken.

The Krewe of LEWD marches this year in honor of fallen co-captain Chris Mayeaux.

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 and we have the 401k statement to prove it.

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by the Krewe du Vieux.**

C.R.U.D.E Gives in to Sub-Primal Urges

HARVEY TUNNEL OF LOVE – The Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. announced today that as a result of the worsening world financial crisis, it is launching a movement to return society to its most basic roots. A spokesman for the group, wishing to be known only as Oog, stated that “the lack of money got us into this mess, so we want to go back to a time before money. We’re going all the way back to the Pleistocene. We intend to party like its 9999 BC.”

Oog foresaw some difficulties in achieving this goal, specifically citing “a distinct lack of caves in southern Louisiana for us to live in.”

Until it can find an appropriate spread, the group temporarily has occupied the Harvey Canal Tunnel and decorated it with cave paintings. “Everything was looking great until that idiot Fred Radtke spray-painted over our traditional hunting scene,” Oog lamented.

He added that the Krewe has been in negotiation with Brad Pitt to finance the construction of a permanent cave in the Lower Ninth Ward. “Cavemen were the original environmentalists,” he pointed out. “They didn’t even have fossils, let alone fossil fuels.”

However, a spokesman for the LA Dept. of Health and Hospitals announced: “We’ve

denied this group a permit to simply ‘crap outside their cave’ as they requested. They’ll have to hook up to city services like everyone else. Even if it does take several epochs.”

Further difficulties arose in the form of opposition from local Creationists, led by the Rev. Fried Norms. “We believe that the world is only 5000 years old, so CRUDE cannot possibly return to a 10,000 year old lifestyle,” complained Rev. Norms. “Not only that, we also believe the government bailout is going to work.”

Oog, who insisted that his group now be known as the “Clan of the Caved Bear Market,” also noted that they were experiencing difficulties in pursuing traditional lifestyle choices like hunting and gathering. “Have you tried to hunt mega-fauna in Louisiana lately?” Oog asked. “The closest thing we could find to a mastodon was an elephant at Audubon Zoo. Not only would they not let us hunt it, but they revoked our Zoo memberships! Now we’re reduced to eating crickets at the Insectarium. We may have to go on a Quest for Fire Ants. They have a nice nutty flavor that kicks it up a notch. Otherwise, we’ll all be standing in line at the primordial soup kitchen.”

Despite the initial setbacks, interest in joining the group has been strong, forcing them to become selective about whom they accept. “We let ex-Congressman Bill Jefferson have some space in the cave,” Oog said, “but we had to get rid of him when we found out he’d hidden 90,000 clams in his food storage pit.”

When asked how the group learned of the clams, which turned out to have been stolen from the Clan of the Dark and Moody,” Oog said, “Like many of his other activities, this one just smelled bad.”

One positive aspect of the group’s prehistoric lifestyle, according to spokes-hominid Oog, has been the simplification of the dating scene for the group’s younger members. “We’ve done away with complicated mating rituals like internet chat rooms, speed dating, and Sex in the City marathons,” said Oog. “If you see someone you like, you simply walk over, clobber them in the head, and drag them back to your cave by their hair. I believe the young people call it ‘going clubbing.’”

The Clan formerly known as the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E. is expected to engage in tribal rituals and give in to Sub-Primal urges in a primitive display of prehistoric proportions on the night of February 7.

Space Age Love Shaves the Wetlands

HELL BEACH, LA – In a press conference at the Phucks Unlimited headquarters, the Krewe of Space Age Love announced today that it has launched a movement to Shave the Wetlands. In support of this initiative and to help provide protection for Louisiana’s Lower parishes and all creatures that are big and small, Louisiana Senator Venus da Landrieu has proposed the Trojan-Landrieu act of 2009.

Sen. da Landrieu declared “We will shave the Bush policies of the past and protect our exposed wetlands from all future surges. The canals must be filled, and all those soft, musty marshes must be treated with tender, loving care. This is true on the East Spank as well as the West Spank.”

Under the protection of the Trojan-Landrieu Act, LaDouche Parish, New I-Bonia Parish, St. Hairy Parish, Tear-A-Bone Parish, and Sperm-Million Parish soon expect to have moist and happy wetlands. The first to be shaved will be St. Hairy Parish.

Conservationists were deeply gratified by provisions of the Trojan-Landrieu Act that also envelope the Swamp Beaver, the Water Cock-a-sin, the Great White Her-On, and the

Knobby Dick Cypress Tree.

It is rumored that Senator D. Rid-Her and Governor Bob-me Sin-all are adamantly opposed to any sex act cumming from the newly re-selected Senator in support of her wetlands. “We are not procreationists,” moaned Gov. Sin-all, “and we condom these acts.”

In re-butt-all, Senator da Landrieu has enlisted long time contortionists XXX-Governor Head-wind Head-wards, the You-He-Be Long Foundation and the New Poor-Leans Petty Council. Mayor See-Ray Fakin could not be located to determine whether or not he favored the Act.

To finance the Trojan-Landrieu Act, Sen. da Landrieu has proposed the Wetlands Wild-Life Fun. Sexcise taxes will be imposed on the greedy oil companies Phillips 69, ShaveronSexaco, Vulva-Line, Muff-y Oil, BP (Big Prick), SexxonMobile, Wear-A-Thong and Smell Oil.

It has also been proposed to use profits from swamp grass sales to augment the Wetlands Fun. “People around here will eat pretty much anything,” commented Sen. da Landrieu, “and whatever they don’t eat, they will certainly smoke. And we have plenty of

pipes around here.”

Funds will also be raised by converting abandoned oil platforms into remote, romantic guest houses. “There should be no end to the pumping action,” proclaimed a KSAL member, “and all those sticky substances can help overcome subsidence.”

Additional promotions will include Space Age Love’s Golden Oysters, Dick Raisers, Trojan Motions, and Bump-her Stickers. Nevertheless, a krewe representative warned, “Please be careful when shaving the wetlands, as not everyone has the finely honed skills of a Space Age Lover!”

To honor the beautiful Venus da Landrieu, the Wetlands Guardian and Champion of Stimulus, a statue will be erected on a particularly moist wetland. The location is at the intersection of two canals and is known for its firm foundation.

To provide an initial spurt for the Wetland Fun, Senator da Landrieu has declared Saturday, February 7th “Shave the Wetlands Day”. Space Age Love will feel her way through the French Quarter with her Krewe du Vieux sisters celebrating and handling our loyal New Orleanians on the way to a climax at the Krewe du Vieux Doo and Gumbo Party.

Rue Bourbon Delivers Good Vibrations

FED SEX/KINKY'S – Every morning a truck full of packages and goodies, all neatly wrapped in plain brown paper, awaits Ray Beauregard Daniels.

This trusty driver for Rue Bourbon Delivery knows that if he doesn't go the whole route, then many of his faithful clientele will be forced to take matters into their own hands.

"There's nothing sadder than a frustrated customer. Particularly when I know, with RBD's policy of delivering good vibrations, I can leave them completely satisfied," Ray said, firing up the truck and pulling out so he could leave his load in the hands of his many admiring customers.

RBDelivery has had the "Good Vibrations" policy for several years, but few at the company have approached its implementation with the zeal of Daniels.

Regional manager Renata Beth Dylan was effusive in her praise of the dedicated deliveryman. "Ray really knows the meaning of handle with care. He will go to any length, try any combination of techniques, toys, tongues, talking, to satisfy the ladies on his route. Once there was an office manager who needed a serious tongue-lashing combined with a 12-inch vibrator, several varieties of suction cups and an assortment of jams and jellies before she could..."

At this point Daniels interrupted the story "Come on Renata, I just do what a man has to do to get the job done."

"Oh, now Ray, I'm going to let the pussy out of the sack...er.. the cat out of the bag." Leaning in, she added, "You know he's got a Really Big..."

Daniels protested, "Whoa now! You don't want to tell the reporter everything. Unless you want me spreading your Ravishingly Beautiful Derriere...I mean spreading the word about your cute butt."

Ms. Dylan was briefly embarrassed, but composed herself and continued. "See, RBDelivery figured that if we can't provide economic stimulus to our customers, we can stimulate them in other ways. We offer half price delivery on all sex toys, porn and lube, because we figured so long as your 401k is going down you ought to be getting down. The head of Customer Servicing puts it this way: 'If the stock market tanked at least you should be getting your crank yanked.'"

Daniels added "He also says that 'if your assets aren't liquid at least someone should be getting you wet.' So we made the commitment that the package hasn't really been de-

livered until the customer comes."

Still, while Daniels was certainly an eager beaver, there remained questions about men who might want RBD to manage their loads. Were women hired as package handlers or was it just males who serviced the customers?

Ms. Dylan cleared this up. "Oh, no. We have many women drivers. I'm certain that every man will find at least one of our drivers to his licking...er...liking. Ripe Breasts, Round Butts, Ripped Backs, Rope Bondage, Red Brazilians, Raw Blowjobs, Really Beautiful, Raunchy and Bashful, RBDelivery has women drivers for every man's desire. Some

of our female drivers are among our busiest – they're really whipped at the end of the day."

Daniels spoke up. "Yeah, when one of my coworkers, Rachel Bailey Dawson, pulls up to a loading dock to deliver her box, you've never seen a bunch of guys so eager to have their packages handled."

Dylan confirmed Daniels' assessment. "Oh, yeah, Rachel is really delivering good vibrations. And really, that's what Rue Bourbon Delivery is all about."

RBDelivery will be spreading the love through the Marigny and French Quarter on Saturday, February 7 in the Krewe du Vieux parade. See if you can handle it.

STD LOL
PRESENTS

STD LOL
PRESENTS

DODOO FEST
THE MORNING MOVEMENT

INSIDE SHITTY PARK

FEATURING:
STONE CONSTIPATION
NINE INCH LOGS | BM in THE MORNING
AND MANY, MANY MORE

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MYSTIC KREWE OF INANE



The End of Satire?

PARADIS, LA – Following November’s historic presidential election, the National Union of Topical Satirists (NUTS) reported that many of its members appeared to be going through withdrawal, showing signs of depression and anxiety. There were reports of strange behavior like hanging around the White House press room hoping for one last Bush press conference.

NUTS convened an emergency meeting to address the future of satire in the age of Obama. “George Bush provided us with so much material, it’s almost like he was writing our stuff for us,” said one lachrymose lampooner. “The Obama administration is going to be much more of a challenge.

Monde de Merde reporter Margaret Orr-Gasm attended the meeting as a representative of the New Orleans Satirists, Hedonists and Ironic Twits (NOSHIT). She encouraged the morose mockers to think locally. “While other states and cities may not have the bounty of buffoonery that we have in New Orleans, there are crooked councilmen, addled aldermen, moronic mayors, loony leg-

islators, scandalous senators and concupiscent congressmen throughout the land. And states from Alaska to Illinois run the gubernatorial gamut from goofy to greedy,” she said.

Our reporter noted that in New Orleans, people stopped laughing at presidential antics somewhere around August 29, 2005. She opined that the Obama administration might yet provide some opportunities for parody. “With Hillary Clinton in the Cabinet, there’s always the possibility that Bill will oblige with some carnal capers and shady shenanigans,” she said.

Other NUTS held out hope that some of the more colorful members of the new administration might provide satirical fodder. In particular, Rahm “Das” Emanuel, Bob “Not Bill” Gates and Vice President Joey “The Mouth” Biden offered faint glimmers of opportunity in wait. Nevertheless, “I Miss George” bumper stickers and “Sarah 2012” pins were flying off the sales tables, and many lamenting lampooners were convinced that this was indeed the end of satire as we know it.

Public Service Announcement

Hi-Def Jam is Coming in February

The FCC (Federal Censorship Commission) reminds you that all analog television broadcasts will cease on February 17, 2009, and will be replaced with highfidelity digital transmissions. All intelligent life will cease shortly thereafter, and be replaced with lard-bottomed, small-brained hominids incapable of critical thinking or an original idea.

Since this date is shortly after the inauguration of our first African-American President, the major television networks have agreed to broadcast only urban and rap music videos the week before the changeover. These will be interspersed with FCC (Foolish Congressional Concept) instructions on how to survive the transition.

“Our intention is to not only remind viewers of this transition, but also to acclimate them to the reality of having an ethnic Commander-in-Chief,” said newly-appointed FCC (Free Commentary Correctors) chairman and urban music mogul Russell Simmons. His brother, Richard Simmons, queen of New Orleans fitness, announced that the name of this week-long programming will be “Rabbit Ears Hip-Hop Into the Future”.

To assist viewers not familiar with the nuances of these art forms, the FCC (Fucking Conversation Chillers) will provide translations in the following languages: Geek, Preppy, Hockeymom, Surfer, Uptown, Hick, Biker, and Yat. Due to lack of demand, there will be no translations into Banker, Broker or CarTalk.

