

Jieuxville 5764

TEL IT-AL – Recently, a reporter for *Monde de Merde* interviewed the Canal Street Bubbe at Gomorrah/Orleans in Jieuxville, a blue light district famous for its Kosher Horas, Chosen Pimps, mood altering Klezmer music, and renowned vaginal architecture. What follows is a rousing recounting of their stimulating session.

MdM: Your business is in ruins. You're a schande to your family, your city ... Do you feel you were unfairly targeted by the I-Am-that-I-Am?

Bubbe: These putzes got nothing better to do than bust a nice mamele with daughters willing to work. With all the golden calfs out dere, the crooked viziers and poorly endowed idols, dey gotta come up in here and muck with a family business. And we did like good people around here has always done, the Golden Rule. "You scratch my tuchus and I'll scratch yours."

MdM: But you did break the law?

Bubbe: What law? Dem clay tablets haven't even been baked yet.

MdM: How did they get onto you anyway?

Bubbe: Well, usually dey got onto me from behind...

MdM: No, no. I mean, how did they get inside the operation, to get the evidence?

Bubbe: Oh yeah. It all started when that Councilwoman from the Westbank, who says she represents the old city, got her stockings all crunched up about how things was in the old days—and that Babylonian "Code Noir" wasn't pretty. Anyway, she set me up. Entombment, dey call it. Sent dese perfect angels in here, said dey was willing to work. Dey call it a plant. Dese was boys, and, you

know, round here, men been going for boys. Dey was hot prospects. So den Mardi Gras comes along, business picks up, folks hear we got good chicken meat for the sodomite soul, y'know? So we get dis big crowd—everybody in town knows we got the best deals—and everybody and his lawyer wants a piece of these schlongs. But one of these Metairie Jieuxbillies starts to feel guilty about his pregnant shiksa back home, and *BAM!* Ratted to the L.M.I.

MdM: Are you alleging that the I-Am-that-I-Am used underhanded tactics to incriminate you?

Bubbe: That's what my pimp said, before he sold me out to L.M.I.

MdM: You sound bitter.

Bubbe: Bitter? You mean salty. Look at me, I'm a pillar of salt here! How would you feel? He leaves me 'cause he decides he's patriarch enough to stud the whole stable himself! My poor little girls went for it 'cause dey thought he was the last john alive. Thought dey made shutuppin' for gelt illegal in distown! Har har. When they closed us down they skimmed off the cream. We ran a kosher business, with *clean* girls. I personally scrubbed each girl and boy with the Dead Sea Ajax after each trick. Crabs ain't kosher.

MdM: So how did you get into this line of work?

Bubbe: Oh, I come from a long line of Cohenheads. We been tossing rings on yarmulkes since before this Avraham yutz started hollering about his 'covenant' or whatever. How stupid does he think the voters are? Oh yeah, Babylon, Memphis, Algiers, the Quarters, we been plying the trade longer—and harder—than Ishtar. My grandmother come

down in a spaceship called the *Yentaprise*, said we was destined to make a big *eXXXodus* outta the horny empire of Egypt after leaving 'em all "spent." Then this Avraham guy starts making like pimps is now to be called 'patriarchs!' What a crock! My pimp Lot used to be in line like his great-granddaddy, Adam, he knew which knish his cock was stuffed in—till this new 'patriarch' muckee-muck shows up.

MdM: The trial date is set for February 7, 5764. We at the *Monde du Merde* certainly hate to rub it in, but all the legal experts say your case is in shit. Whatever are you going to do?

Bubbe: Ho ho ho, little do dey know. Do dey think I ain't of the tribe? Dey think I ain't got lawyers?

MdM: Who's representing you?

Bubbe: Dewey, Cheatum and Howe.

MdM: The Jieux Brothers?!!!!

Bubbe: AND dere mothers!

MdM: I suppose they have a little black briefcase with a big secret?

Bubbe: Listen, baby. My horas keep good records, they're horas of the book. My pimp will be in the salt, with the Deity's attorney, before I get through. Dis Avraham cat, you think he's so squeaky kosher like he lets on? Let's just say he's got a whole 'nother family somewhere on the Westbank come from a chippie used to do the dishes at his place. He might be able to keep 'em on the quiet for a while, but he can't live much past a hundred can he? When they write the book on all this, people are gonna know about his little secret, and then we'll see what they say about Sodom and Gomorrah's Pimps and Horas.