

# Million Martians to March in Quarter

**THE MARTIAN QUARTER --** Most earthlings think that mysterious Mars, their sister planet, is just an enormous dead red rock. Earthling lore has portrayed Martians as scary green creatures with bug eyes and antennae and a fixation on invading earth.

Mama Roux has declared that the time has come to set the record straight. According to the Martian Manifesto, transmitted from the headquarters of the Martian Liberation Front located in the den of the Krewe of Mama Roux, Mars was the happening planet millions of light years ago. After eons of foreplay, Martian culture had reached its climax. The culmination was so intense, it threw the planet out of alignment

and Mars became frigid. Seeking a new home and a warmer embrace, the Martians wandered aimlessly on the Spaceship Named Desire, penetrating black holes and exploring heavenly bodies, lust in space, until they found themselves attracted and aroused by their neighbor, Earth.

The Martians thought they had found a hospitable home and began to make a new life among the earthlings. Unfortunately, old prejudices die hard. The Martians were treated as second-class citizens. The little green men were red-lined, black-balled and down-sized. The time had come to demand their in-alien-able rights. It was time for Martians to come out of the closet and move up from

the back of the space-bus. In video transmissions, they were inspired by the sight of earthlings ritually gathering in their capital city around a gigantic white phallic monument. Becoming aroused, their juices started flowing.

After much deliberation, issues and ejaculations burst forth. Trinkets were made from melted down spaceships. Banners were prepared: "Hands Off My Asteroids," "Stop Probing Uranus," "Equal Rights for E.T. (Extra Testicles)," "We Shall Overcome" (thinking "overcome" was something like "overeat").

Mama Roux invites all aliens and earthlings to view the Million Martian March on the night of February 10 as they meander through the French Quarter in neon green skin, gladiator head-dress, epaulets, and metallic meteor resistant armor, bringing the Martian message to the annual march of the Krewe du Vieux.

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## T.O.K.I.N. Makes Contact

**THE BONE ZONE --** Having left their home planet, Cannibus Majorus, for reasons that are hazy and not well-remembered, the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells wandered the universe for eons on their interstellar space den, Slacker 69. Life was comfortable on the Slacker, with plenty of munchies and an awesome auto-pilot, but after several millennia, the krewe's stash was running low. It was high time to seek contact.

They programmed their satellite dishes to scan the firmament for signs of intelligent life and good vibrations. The receptors detected transmissions from a faraway blue planet revolving around a bright yellow star. The transmissions both intrigued and repelled the

Krewe; it seemed that they were being picked up from a technology known as "television".

Exploring further, the Krewe picked up signals of funkalicious vibrations that sent them into orbit above the city known as New Orleans. Detecting favorable atmospheric conditions, the Krewe steered the Slacker toward a cavernous, abandoned tunnel under an edifice known as the "Rivergate" where they set up their terrestrial den. Soon they were fully partaking in all the herbs and spice their new home had to offer.

Living the high life, the Krewe began their search for intelligent life in their new home. One of their first disappointments was when the earth leaders in Baton Rouge (where no intelligent life

has ever been discovered) decreed that the Krewe's den would henceforth be known as "Harrah's," a place where humans could go and turn over large amounts of money in return for ... nothing. The Krewe was evicted from their den, but fortunately by then they had made contact with their fellow aliens in Krewe du Vieux. The quest for intelligent life and the ultimate party would go on!

Over the years, T.O.K.I.N.'s search has caused them to investigate Public Utilities and the Perpetually Inept School System. They even sent their scouts to City Hali, although they remained frustrated in their attempts to find intelligence among the earthling city's leaders. Their search will continue on the night of February 10 as they navigate through the French Quarter with their cranium-mounted satellite dishes.