

T.O.K.I.N. in Duh Nile

DA HEAD-WATERS – On his recent return to New Orleans, the famed adventurer, archeologist, bar-hopper and one-time Raider of the Lost Marc, Louisiana Jones appeared at the HEAD-quarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells where he exposed his latest explorations in erotica and erotica to the throbbing members of the excited krewe.

Since his last appearance, Jones has been wandering lands near and far in search of the key to the mysteries of the universe and mind-altering herbs. Following his ever-changing agenda, he found himself in the ancient land of Duh Nile where he soon unearthed a cache of ancient papyrus scrolls covered with inscrutable higher-glyphics and licentious illustrations. His curiosity and other body parts aroused, he withdrew to his rooms to study his newly-discovered treasure. After many days and nights of solitary and salacious scrutiny of the mysterious scrolls, in a high state of frustration and overstimulation, he called in his old sidekick, the scintillating seductress, master debater

and cunning linguist, Rosetta Stoned.

Following an intense and smoky meeting, with a long session inspired by a probing perusal of the papyrus porno, the passionate pair began pursuing the meaning of the mysterious manuscript. Due to the deteriorated condition of the papyrus — some sections appeared to have been shredded and other parts smoked — the decadent duo were unable to obtain a complete translation.

"At first we thought they were some sort of Grateful Dead Sea Scrolls," said Jones, "but as we scrutinized the scrolls, it soon became apparent that they were documents from the archives of the High Priest of the Temple of Canubis, god of the Head." The Canubians were a farce-based institution active during the reign of Pharaoh Bushenkhamen II of the Texian Dynasty around the year 6969 BCE.

As they pieced together the fascinating fragments, a strange scenario emerged. The kingdom was sharply divided. Foreign alliances had been torn asunder. Many were the accusations that Pharaoh Bushenkhamen had misled the

masses and trashed the treasury. A bizarre cult had taken over the court, led by the Pharaoh's viziers, Che-ney-ops, Ramses-feld, Ashcknaten and Condipatra, who had led the kingdom on a mysterious and apparently fruitless quest for "WMD". The decadent detectives were unable to definitively decipher the cryptic code. The difficulty, according to Jones, was that the Bushenkhamians themselves did not know what they were looking for. "We tried several translations: *Wicked Maniacal Dictators, Woebegone Martyrs and Dissidents, Weird Mental Disorders*, among others," said Jones, "but after intensive investigation, we determined that we had uncovered the *Wind-bags of Mass Denial*."

To celebrate this remarkable discovery, the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells has revived the rites of the Temple of Canubis and will take their own quest for WMD — Wanton Masked Debauchery — to the streets of the French Quarter on February 7 seeking cannibal and connubial bliss.

Comatose Skirts the Issues

UPPER MID THIGH – Like the hemline of a hooker on a quiet French Quarter corner, the skirts of the Krewe of Comatose are inching to new heights. The garter belt of constraint has been removed, and the pink panties of patriarchy and partisanship will be exposed.

This nubile sub-krewe, never slaves to fashion, has vowed that their halters will not falter as they demonstrate their fealty to the full frontal nudity of truth.

Answering the call of a confused and horny city, Comatose has resolved that during the 2004 Krewe du Vieux parade, pressing social issues must be exposed. The tight bodice of conformity and congeniality has suffocated New Orleans for too long, and skirting

the issues is no longer acceptable.

The petticoated patriots and svelte sweethearts of this trisexual tribe will not dodge, fudge or duck any issue. The cleavage of racism will be brassiered into cups of candor. The sexy teddy of School Board shenanigans will be removed. The mind-numbing conformity of dress codes will be counterpointed by the cool culottes of charismatic concubines and the dirndls of delightful debutantes.

Violence must be vetted in this wet and wild city, and this issue too will be undressed. A skirt of concealed hand-guns amidst the crinoline will shoot through the parade. A kilt with an AK-47 and a Mini with a nine millimeter

are to be featured. Kickpleats and boxpleats will attest to the important of martial arts.

There is tutu much ignorance in our city, as the ballistic ballerinas of Comatose will affirm. Yes, New Orleans, the Empress of this ebullient krewe will wear no clothes — but will the masses notice? She will march proudly, not hiding any issues thrust before her. Misogyny, cosmetology and the state's soiled panties of pollution will be a few of the many titillating subjects swirling beneath her invisible hemline. So as this buxom beauty passes by, remember Comatose's admonition to muff dive deep into the cracks and crevices of New Orleans, and never, ever skirt the issues.