

V. 6 #4
3/97



Over the past year as king I've tried to get some things going that have met with some great support and some fell through the cracks...for the future of the guild I hope that some things continue, like the annual Christmas caroling for the convenesant homes and happy neighbors. We need to see more contributions to the Guild scrapbook, more Cap 'N Bells outreach, a fooles resource directory, joker portraits (my sources say that Alan isn't doing another Feast portrait till after the kids are grown.)

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The Joker-

volume 6 issue #4

The Joker/Jester is the official newsletter of the Fooles Guild, a not for profit club that features outreach, but mostly parties that are legendary. Any question about the legitimacy of the retardedness of the actions of the members is redundant. If we fail to insult, we are truly sorry we left you out. But you probably just didn't renew your subscription...7.00 for a year that most members think they paid...most did, but it generally was about three or four years ago. Anyway, blah blah blah.

Once in a while you just start to smile for no reason why and that's why you belong to your guild. Oh foolish grin, shit-eating at times most heightened space to be in. Now tis time for the reign to end of ding dong the king so to say so long a feast will commence like any other year, April first let it sound, The fooles on a Merry-go-round.

Recycling Contest

A Word from the Principal

UT wise enigma ad minim venom, quips nostrum exercise Tatiana ullamcorper suspicion laborites nil UT Aliquippa ex ea. commodore consequent. Dues et feugifacilisi. Dues autumn dolor in hendrerit in vulputate veldt esse. With great pride we, in the true tradition of Hollywood legends, have reedited, spent millions on the sound and have even added lost scenes to re-release the Billy Barrett story entitled; Future Fool (This is the king's fave throne reading material.)

FUTURE FOOL

by Billy Q. Barrett

Recently an odd looking fellow in his thirty-something's ambled up to the door of the King's house and announced that he was from the latter part of the twenty-first century and a member of the Fooles Guild. Before you could

say chronosynclastic-indidibulum we at The Joker conducted the following interview.

Joker: Our readers, (both of them) would really like to know what The Fooles Guild is like in 2097. There are so many questions. Well, for one, what is your name?

Future Fool: Call me...Future Fool. That's my name...you got a beer?

J: Sure, is a Bud OK?

FF: Oh, that's right, I almost forgot. Your beer has alcohol in it. That's OK. Ooooh, do you have any Pepsi? I've always wondered what that tasted like. You see, Coca Cola nuked Pepsi into submission in the great soda war of 2029.

J: Sure, we can get you a Pepsi, but what is the Fooles Guild like where you're from?

FF: Firstly, you can drop the "e" at the end of "Fool" that only lasted one reign. Well, were going through kind of a crisis right now, because we have to find a new place to throw our parties. The guy who owns the crater where we've been having our big parties, you know, Halloween, New Years, Feast of Fools and Saint Mackey's Day,

well, he sold the crater to some developer to build a new lunar landing mini-mart, so we're temporarily up the river without a slapstick.

J: You have parties on the moon?

FF: Golly you're a swift one. Yeah on the moon, of course we still have some events on Earth at the Moose Lodge in Darioville.

J: Don't you mean Burbank?

FF: They renamed it Darioville when one it's native son's became President in 2020.

J: Out of curiosity, how much does it cost to get into a Guild party in 2097?

FF: A joker from a deck of cards, and \$1600.00. Or if you pie the King before 6AM on her birthday you get in to all the parties free that year.

J: I noticed you said "her". Do you mean to tell me that in your future time the King of Fool's is a woman?

FF: Of course! The King of Fools is always a woman. Each year we have our big parade and crown the new King of Fools out at the faire and it's always a woman.

cont.

J: Wow! So you still have the Fools Parades out at the Renaissance Faire?

FF: Oh no, not the Renaissance Faire. The Sixties Faire. It's really cool. Everyone gets dressed up like hippies and we all hang out at the mallseum. Anyway according to the Eternal One there was only one male King of Fools and that was he.

J: He?

FF: He. The Eternal One. Jack Albee. At the very end of your century, he discovered that one could arrest the aging process by performing ranting, incomprehensible street theater and painting pictures of old guys and keeping them in your attic.

J: Very interesting. I guess we've been living in a fool's paradise, so to speak. Anyway, Future Fool, how did you get back here to 1997, in a time machine?

FF: Right as rubber, budgie! We have our own time machine now so we don't have to rent one from Wackos.

J: So, why exactly did you choose to come back to this point in time?

FF: I fucked up. I meant to go to 1999 for the millennium

Crusher, but I must have entered the wrong digit. So if you fools don't mind, I'll be spinning off now. Someone's probably waiting to use this machine and I still want to catch the Crusher, what a party that was, ugh or uh will be. Thanks for the Pepsi, though it really sucked, just like Coke.

J: Wait, you mean *that's* the time machine? But it look's like one of those stupid letter openers Toby used to make out of butter knives.

FF: Yeah, well they work a lot better as time machines than they do as letter openers. Anyway when the price of a postage stamp broke the hundred dollar mark, people stopped sending letters and just used fax machines and E-mail until we found out that it was the use of fax machines and E-mail that was causing AIDS. Then after that we went back to drumming to send messages, except for the newsletter. No kidding, kids, I gotta burst.

J: Just one more question. What is the Guild newsletter called, The Joker, The Jester, The Jokester...or what?

FF: The Dumpster! Happy trails, motley ones, and hey, have a nice day

J
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R



Here are the remaining dates of events We'd like to see you at. (And your cute friends)

Wednesdays at Rawhide our very own Heel & Toe are giving once again, **(But free of charge now!)**, Los Dance Lessons Including, but not limited to, two step, swing, salsa, ballroom, rhumba, tango, etc.

MARCH 05-TWO-STEP PARTNER DANCE CLASS PRESENTED BY JIMS 8-9PM AT RAWHIDE-10937 BURBANK BLVD. CALL FOR DETAILS; 213 6649036

March 11-Bowling night at Eaglerock Bowling Alley on Eaglerock Blvd. 8:00pm

March 12- Rhumba with Jims at Rawhide.

March 16, Dinner at Passion in Studio City with our very own Paula Foster, 7pm

March 19- Cha cha at the Rawhide with the visiting fool. Paula Foster (+ Jims)

March 22- Fooles golf at Holmby Park in Beverly Hills, bring an iron, wedge and your putter.

March 26-Dine one more time with Paula Foster at Merrakesh, then, Salsa mit Jims at the Rawhide

April 01-Equis in the round Feast o Fooles at the Santa Monica Pier Carousel 7:00 pm to 11pm.

April 13- Ship of Fooles at the Galaxy Theatre in Pasadena

Party in the parking lot at about 2pm, Doors open at 4pm, bands and performance art till 1:30 am See more later on in this issue.

April 17-Fooles night at the Magic Castle...call kingaling to get added to our list to get in. Let us know if you into dinner or just the shows and bar.

April 27- The princes of fooles present the come as your favorite storybook character cupcake caper at the lovely Barrett/Bades Estate, 3314 Old Topanga Cyn. 1pm to 5pm *****

MAY 04-BUY PLANTS AT THE FOOLES GUILD PROPAGATION PROJECT SALE AT THE HOUSE OF JIMS. HOURS: 10AM TO 2PM

May 05-PreMothers Day dance at Alpine Village. 8:30 pm.

May 26th-The end of dingdong and the crowning of the new King of Fooles out at the San Berdino' Faire Site.

Call King for gate listing.310-394-7707



Top Honors for Human Projectile of the Month- go to an as-yet-unidentified dude who, we're told, is also a serious contender for the annual Darwin Award. That prestigious prize is given posthumously to the person who does the human gene pool the greatest service by removing himself from it in the most extraordinarily stupid fashion.

After troopers in Arizona were informed by motorists about a mysterious scorched and blackened stretch of highway, they investigated and pieced together the following:::::

JATO units are basically huge canisters of solid rocket fuel used to achieve "Jet Assisted Take Off," typically lifting big transports into the air from rough-ground short runways, or overloaded planes from the decks of aircraft carriers. They were not designed to augment the inherent boost factor of a 1967 Chevy Impala.

But we guess- Let's call him "Zippy"- didn't know that when he hooked one up to his ride.

Ol' Zip chose a long strip of highway in good repair. Not guessing that he might need more than five miles of zoom surface, Zippy's test track had a gentle rise on a sloping turn. He lit the fire and ran his Chevy up to top cruising speed. And then he hit the ignition!

Investigators know exactly where this happened, judging from the extended patch of burned and melted asphalt. They figured Zip reached maximum thrust within five seconds, punching the Chevy up to well in excess of 350 mph. and continuing at full burn for another 20-25 seconds.

At roughly the 2.5 mile mark, the Human Hydra-Shock stood on the breaks, melting them completely, blowing the tires and rapidly reducing all four to liquefied trails on the pavement.

And Zippy concluded his land-speed record attempt at that gentle rise in the road and went for aerial honors, ultimately reaching an altitude of 125 feet and still climbing when his flight was abruptly terminated. We'll never know how high Zippy might have gone. A cliff of solid rock kind of got in the way, posing a serious violation of the laws of physics vis a vis two chunks of matter attempting to occupy the same space at the same time. Zip gave it hell though, blasting a three-foot deep crater in the terr-very-firma.

The best modern forensic science could do was ID the car's make, model and year. As for Zip, only trace evidence was found of bone, teeth and hair in the crater, and splinters of fingernail embedded in what is believed to be a piece of steering wheel.

Anyone interested in going for next month's honors?

BIZARRO

Dan Piraro



Fooler looking' for more fooling'...The Ship of Fooler will be presented on the vernal equinox, Sunday, April 13th at the Galaxy Theatre in Pasadena..Fooler who wish to attend in fool regalia and do some foolin' can get in free. As well if anyone wants to do filler in-between acts, i.e.. juggle, mime, song, jokes, contorts, drool, etc. will be given free tickets, or if you want to sell twenty tickets you can keep 50% of the intake. To get gate listed and sign up for show- call Dean at 714 366 3797. Line up includes: Remnants of Eden, John Garwood Blues Band, (With members of Mr. Ectomy), Peculiar Boogie, Cliff (Son of Jim) Morrison Band, Roots-Reggae sensation, Buppy and the Uplifters, (AKA newbra)& more. Call the king if you need to. 310 3947707. The event will donate part of the proceeds to the set up for the convalescent home for deadheads.

Ding-a-ling's evening at the races..

The Fooles Guild presents the Feast of Fooles at the Santa Monica Pier Carousel...



We'll Be Horsin' A Round

Potluck Feast at 7:00pm

Dancing and Merry-go-round at 8:00pm till 11:00pm

\$12.00 advance/\$15.00 at the door (no exceptions)

DanceMusic by HOUSE BREW starts at 8:30pm

Mail in for your tickets to

Fooles Guild

929 A 4th St.

Santa Monica, Ca. 90403

(Your ticket will be at the door)

And bring a Joker to get in

Parking available on pier at about \$6.00,

Carousel has validation for 2.00 rebate

Or park on Ocean Ave. and walk down to the pier

Call 310 394 7707 for more info.

This is a dry event! If you must drink, *please do it so we don't see*
(Hip flasks, disguised containers only), and smoking outside only.

And now for a sampling of jokers
we think look like you or
someone you know...

Match: Rocky Mc Murray

John Mackey

Jody Gammon

Jack Tate

Marque Zebenthal

Judy Kory

Jay Downing

Andy Davis

Phylliss Paterson

Jim Layne

Jim Kelly

Joe Gragg (Toby)



The Jolly Joker



THE JOLLY
JOKER.



Thanks to all of the members who did the guild a great service at the New Years eve event...if you missed it, (like I unfortunately did), you should eat your heart out as you will see from Jim Kelly's and Jim Layne's review:

New Year's Eve Review-

By Frivolous Rex II

The guild was more than prepared for this event than we have been for any in some time; Rocky had handled pre-sale tickets and entertainment, and Mackey had spearheaded decor, while Kimbell stood in for the absent king. When Jim and I arrived at about seven PM, expecting to perform the frantic last-minute duties so familiar to guild parties, we found the place looking stunning and everything already in place for the evening; we even had time for a cocktail! Decor transformed the Women's Club into a Big Apple supper club; Mackey painted urban landscapes for the false windows on the north side of the building and hung globes representing the four playing card suits. Large cutouts of champagne glass and bubbles adorned the north wall as well. Tables were set for six (not the eight we had expected) and everything was fitting for the Royal Flush Supper Club. The doors closed about 10 PM because everyone was already inside!

The bar served Sierra Nevada pale ale, and the superb feast was provided by Bobby and Marguerite. Confusion regarding the serving of the turkeys (and a few other things) delayed the meal until the natives were growling as loudly as their stomachs; we finally ate about 10:30PM. Prime rib, turkey, ratatouille, stuffed potatoes, shrimp cocktail and fruit platters filled the groaning board. Dessert was themed to "Guys and Dolls" as well-strudel and cheesecake.

Highlight of the evening was a performance of "Guys and Dolls" performed by the Foole's Guild irregulars and directed by Rocky. We had worked for several weeks preparing for this production, but had only two full rehearsals- one blocking rehearsal and one space rehearsal; the first time the entire cast was

assembled was for the performance. We performed six numbers from the show: "Fugue for Tinhorns", "Follow The Fold", "Oldest Established", "If I Were A Bell", "Take Back Your Mink", and "Guys and Dolls". The opening of the show was unchanged, (With Rocky as Nicely Nicely, Fred Letho as Benny and Mackey as Nathan Detroit) but thereafter we were led through the plot by Jay Downing as narrator. The fugue was a strong start and the ensuing mission band (Billy Barrett and Tuba) for "Follow The Fold" was hilariously inept,

We know that they can really play their instruments). The men's chorus performed "Oldest Established" with manly vigor, but for my money, Terry Hill as Sarah stole the show performing "If I Were A Bell" to Jim Schooler's Sky Masterson, a drunken song of liberation that had the audience rolling. Tina, as Adelaide, fronted the women's chorus in a comic strip version of "Take Back Your Mink" and we finished with a rousing finale of "Guys and Dolls". The entire production had a high-school feel to it and was not without it's mishaps, missed exits and entrances, light and sound cues, etc., but the spontaneity of it all more than made up for it. One last note, the New York scene was created by a large and very wonderful diptych of Times Square painted by Diane Laskin- soon to be on view at Rocky's bar. I'm looking forward to doing this again...maybe "Little Shop of Horrors" for Halloween?

(Diane also designed the artwork on the invite-more Judos for her.)

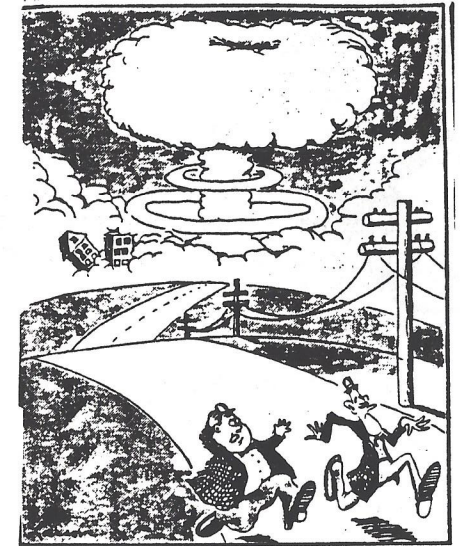
The party wound down about 3AM and the caretaker of the facility gave us a wonderful parting compliment when he told us that we are his favorite group to chaperone and that if he didn't have to work, he'd love to join us for the evening. We didn't have to clean up until the next day, and we were all put away by 4PM. The party didn't make any money, but we didn't lose any either, and a great time was had by all. I hope you made it.

So this American goes into a Japanese bar in Tokyo and asks the bartender if he speaks English.

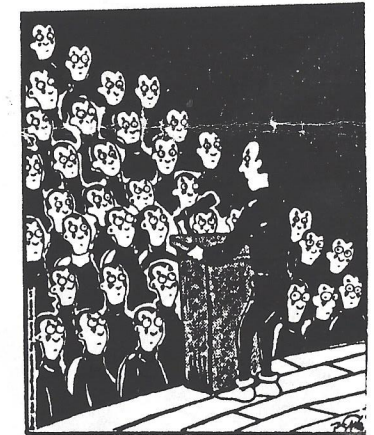
He says, "Sure I speak the English."

And the American sez, "Great. Give me a Stoli witha twist."

The bartender sez, "Once upon a time Grodirocks sreept with the tree bears."



"Now you've done it!"



Excitement had run high at the first annual mime convention. Yet, within seconds, an embarrassing silence filled the auditorium.

FOOTLIGHTS by Larry Fuller and Dan Bulanadi

