

BRACCAE•TVAE•APERIVNTVR

What does it mean?

- A. Last night I played poker with tarot cards. I got a full house and four people died.
- B. I go to a Voodoo Acupuncturist. Actually, I don't have to go to his office. I'll just be walking down the street and ...ooh, that's much better.
- C. Your fly is open.
- D. None of the above

**Go to College
and find out. FOOL.**

The Foles Guild
2116 Loma Vista Place
Los Angeles, CA 90039

Hungry? Horny? Broke? Contact:

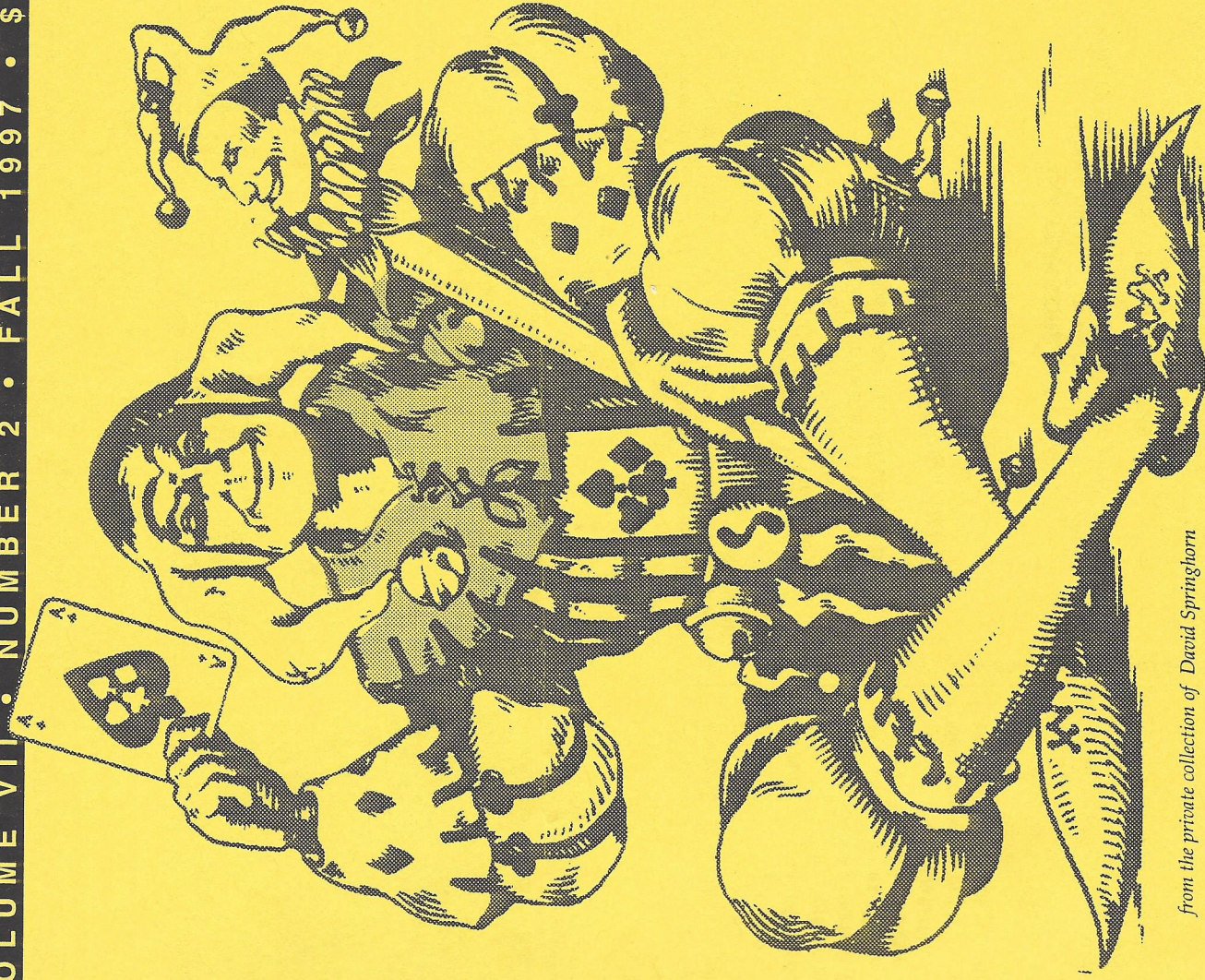
Next Joker
Deadline
is
Nov. 15.
Send
Stuff!



If you are not a
lucky fellow,
you may have
either a
bad or a
good day.

THE JOKER

VOLUME VII • NUMBER 2 • FALL 1997 • \$2



from the private collection of David Springhorn

ART IS ANYTHING
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH

YAPS FROM THE DOG-HOUSE

by Rover Canine I

A yard sale is a helluva lot of work, but we turned piles of junk into \$500, and had a hefty donation afterwards to Out of the Closet thrift stores. The Plant Propagation Project finally reached its shuddering climax with a glorious selection of succulents, vines, etc., many of which are still for sale (cheap!) from Daniel and Kent's front porch in Pasadena. Dollar bills were flying furiously during the peak trading day (Saturday). The

hot item was an anatomically correct six-foot tall plush Scotsman (a promo for Glenfiddich) which almost started a bidding war. Shoulda been there.

Speaking of being there, BIG SLOPPY KISSES to those who were: Kent Elofson, Jim & Jim (who also put ads in the papers [Kelly] and cooked breakfast Sunday [Layne]) and Fred Lehto, who worked the whole event with herculean salespersonship; Kimbell Jackson, who made breakfast for the crew Saturday; and for their donations and support, hearty tail wags to: Sarah & Carvin Knowles, Paula Foster, Paula Dickson, Steve Marshall, James Hendricks, Souix Ashe, Tony Duran, David Springhorn, Darla Kruger, Tracy Axton and Joan Hotchkis. A big soup bone for each of you.

Some readers actually responded to items published in the last Joker! Thanks to Bill Perron for offering to house our party stuff in his garage for free; to Tina Carlisi and J Downing for purchasing an item advertised in a Joker classified; Jenifer Morgan and Jim Schooler for offering their computer skills (though Duke of Disdain, Kent Elofson has graciously—astonishingly—conceded to be our Data Diva for the next year). We got an outpouring of congratulations on the Joker summer issue, most of which credit goes to Carvin Knowles, whose publishing skills are worthy of Big Shiny Awards. Lastly, the newly-created LISTSERV has been very active,

—continued on the next page

THE JOKER

Volume VII Number 2 Fall 1997

The Joker is the unofficial organ of the Fooles Guild, a loose confederation of humans who joyously celebrate foolishness, absurdity, joviality, and humor in its myriad aspects. The Fooles Guild also performs community outreach and throws some awesome parties, field trips, etc.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Joker is published seasonally (if you're lucky). We'll mail them if you send us \$7 payable to The Fooles Guild every June (that is, the beginning of the new king's reign). Anyone who sent in money at other times of the year is welcome to prorate when they re-subscribe.

SUBMISSIONS are needed! Please send us stories (original or swiped), jokers, clippings, cartoons, artwork, poetry, photos that bear photocopying, complaints, suggestions, musings, memories, personals, etc. They must be received by July 15, September 15, November 15 and February 15 or thereabouts to be included.

ADVERTISING RATES

Classifieds \$5, Business Card \$7, Quarter Page \$12,

Half Page \$20, Full Page \$35

Special Deal: Buy 2 Issues' worth of ads and we'll publish your ad in 4 issues!

MAILING ADDRESS

The Fooles Guild
2116 Loma Vista Place
Los Angeles, CA 90039

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Rover, Sarah & Carvin Knowles, Jim & Jim,
Billy Q. Barrett, Bob Molinari, David Springhorn, Kent Elofson.

Editor: Daniel Singer

Layout Wizard: (he made me say it-ck) Carvin Knowles

—continued from the previous page

especially with out-of-towners for whom e-mail has provided a link with their distant past. Luisa Puig-Duchaineau, Catt Avery and Karla Drake-Lusby have all been wallowing in



HAVE YOU SEEN ME?

Rover Canine Rex I

electronic sentiment after reconnecting with many of us after years of absence. And Billy Barrett has been clogging the data waves with humorous epistles, many of which appear in this very 'zine. We have e-mail addresses from about 30 fools; if you haven't already, send yours to Paula Foster at foster.242@osu.edu.

I haven't been besieged with updates on What You Fools Are Up To. Please inform me of your latest Gig, Accomplishment, Idea, Plan, Question and/or Joke. Your Joker needs YOU! And send me \$7 so I can keep sending them to you.

See you at Halloween! Woof,
—Rover

HEADLINE NEWS

Real headlines from real papers on real stories with real editors and real screw-ups for real fools...

Is There a Ring of Debris around Uranus?

Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian takes over

SQUAD HELPS DOG BITE VICTIM

Miners Refuse to Work after Death

Red Tape Holds Up New Bridge

Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft

Kids Make Nutritious Snacks

Michael "Tuba" Heatherton is

Lyle, Lyle, Crocodile

by Bernard Weber

adapted and directed by Denys Gawronski

Serendipity Theatre Co.

"The most outstanding children's theatre in the U.S."

October 4, 5, 18, & 19

Saturdays at 1:00 pm • Sundays at 1:00 pm & 4:00 pm

The Burbank Little Theatre in George Izay Park,
1100 W. Clark Ave., Burbank, CA 91502

(L.A. Thomas Guide, pg. 563, G-1).

Adults (18 and older): \$12

Children (17 and younger): \$6

Reservations: (818)557-0505

Cool Jerk Chicken...

by Jack Tate

Look at those guys, lookin' at me like I'm a fool. Ah, but deep down inside, they know I'm cool. I said "Now!" I said, "Now, the moment of truth has finally come, time to show them some, some of that **Cool Jerk**."

The Capitols song of 1965 has inspired clowns since the moment it was released. This year the Fools Guild's provisional wing for creatively charitable outreach, "Cap'n Bells", has chosen it as our anthem.

For those those who don't know, an introduction; for those in the know, an update: Cap'n Bells began after my reign as Jack II. Bob Gibson and I had been doing volunteer gigs for a few years, in lieu of donating actual dollars to various charities. However needy we may have been paled in comparison to those who were destitute, sick, or preyed upon. Gradually, through the people network that is the Guild, some extremely talented people jumped in the pool with us. We've entertained at eight AIDS Walks, worked for Caring for Babies with AIDS, and blah, blah, blah. We got the lovely little note from the last nice mayor. And on a sort of usary note, we could help the Guild get its 501c tax exempt status.

Can you do it? Can you do it? Can you do it? Can you do it? Can you do it? Cool Jerk!



Mayor's Certificate of Appreciation for the outreach work of Cap'n Bells, presented by Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley in November of 1992.

What's So Funny?

by Sarah Knowles

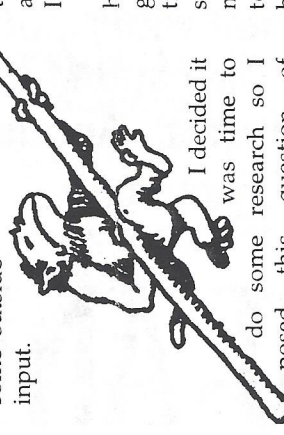
So earlier this fall I was slounging on the porch with Kent, the charming companion of our dear Rover Rex when I discovered I had been blithly wearing his sunglasses. Well, they were the exact same shape as mine. Somehow the fact that his glasses have green lenses and my glasses have purple lenses completely escaped me. I did find it pretty funny though and that got me thinking, what's funny? What are the things that get a laugh every time, that universally tickle the funny bone of every regular Joe. I contemplated this for a few weeks and here are my conclusions.

Mud is always funny. It doesn't matter if you sit in it, throw it or 'waller' in it, mud is funny. Everyone can remember getting mud on themselves or on someone else, maybe it wasn't funny to you at the time but you can be sure some other guy was laughing his head off. I'd bet that same story has logged hundreds of miles on the comedic highway. So mud is funny. What else?

Monkeys are always funny. Trust me on this one, it's true. If it wasn't, people would stop dressing chimps in clothes and getting them to turn their lips inside out. I firmly believe a channel that showed **All Monkeys, All The Time** couldn't possibly fail. In the media we have animated monkeys monkey companions (Heck, even Clint worked with a monkey once) and

monkeys that are really people dressed to look like real monkeys. There is a message in this somewhere and it is saying "monkeys are funny."

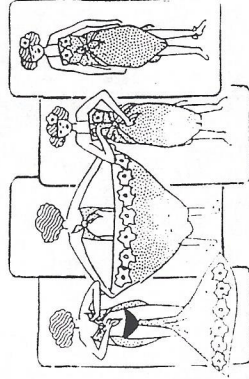
Sausages are funny. It's the world's greatest comedic prop and we all know why. Let's just say that the imagery created with a sausage is always worthy of a chuckle. Beyond that I don't think I have more to say about sausage; I mean it is a sight gag after all. I had a few more thoughts on the funny front but I believed it was time to get some outside input.



I decided it was time to do some research so I posed this question of "always funny" to some of the most ruthless, callous, vicious people I know, my students, teenage boys every one. Their succinct wisdom declared **People Falling Down** is always funny. Of course I have to qualify this and say that the falling down bit is really not "funny ha ha" it's "funny uh oh", but that doesn't stop me from laughing. I think some guy doing a face plant is one of the funniest things ever, and I am not alone in this perverse delight. So let's take stock: mud, monkeys, sausages and people falling down. Of course, I've saved the best for last.

Men in women's clothing. Uncle Milty was a genius. He made a career out of this "always funny" principle. Of course the English figured this one out ages ago. They've been dressing men in skirts for years, heck the Scottish do it on purpose. The final twist on this one is facial hair. If a man in a dress is funny than a man in a dress with a beard must be really funny. All I know that it gives me quite a giggle when I see some big bearded guy all dressed up and looking tremendously uncomfortable in a cute floral print number. And I really don't believe it's just me.

In conclusion, I must hypothesize that some bearded guy in a floral dress being tripped by a monkey eating a sausage, and falling into the mud must be the funniest sight to behold. I must confess, however that I have no desire whatsoever to test my theory. If anyone feels compelled to give it a try please let me know the results. It ought to be good for a laugh.



O YOU ANIMAL!

An All Hallow's Eve Bestiary

or
come
as you are...

• Entertainment

• Dancing

• Petting zoo

(Please no real live animals)

Friday 31 October 1997 • 8 pm till 1 am

Burbank Moose Lodge • 1901 Burbank Blvd.

Between Buena Vista & Victory

\$10 includes Snacks • No Host Bar

Tickets at the Door or in Advance from

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c/o 669 E.Villa St.

Pasadena CA 91101

Wanted:

Performing Animal Acts (Human Animals Only)

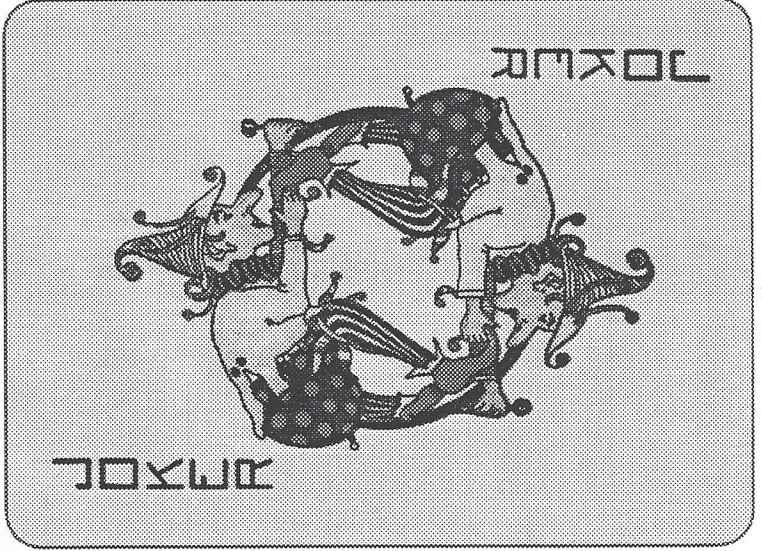
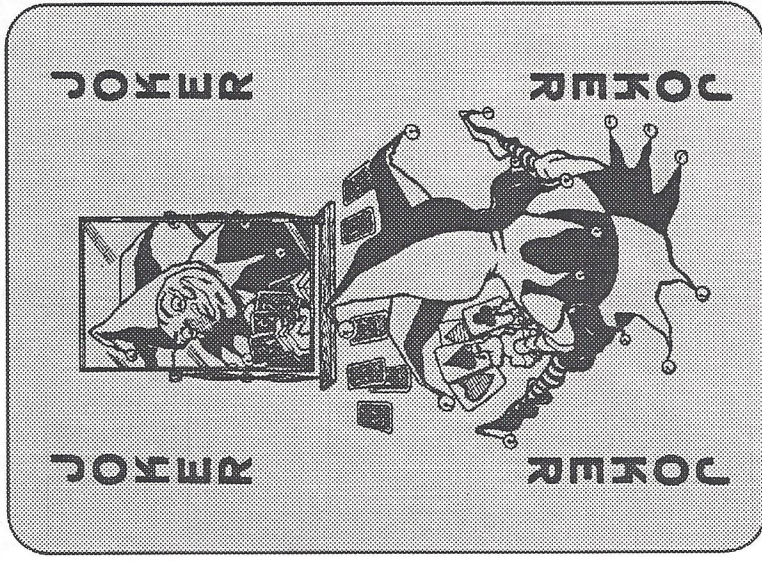
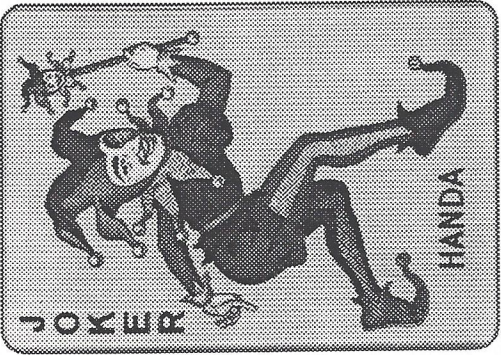
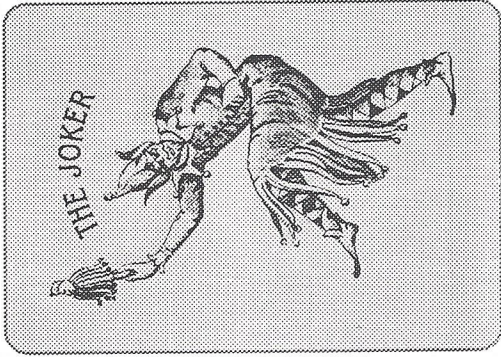
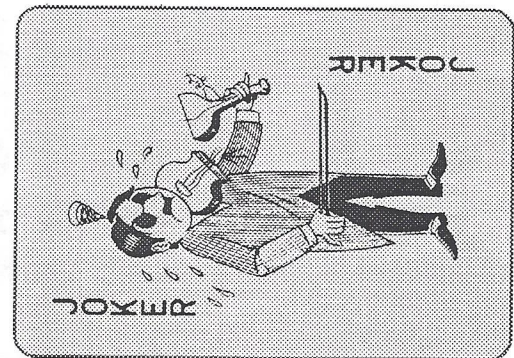
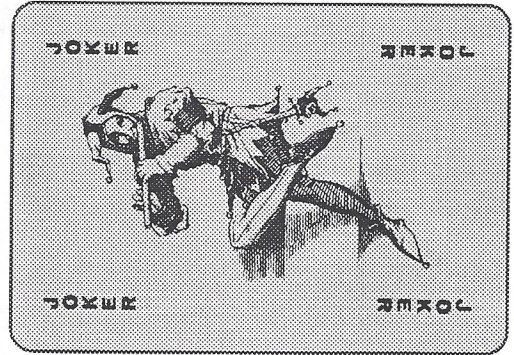
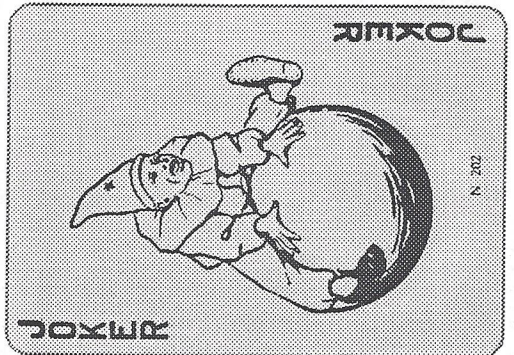
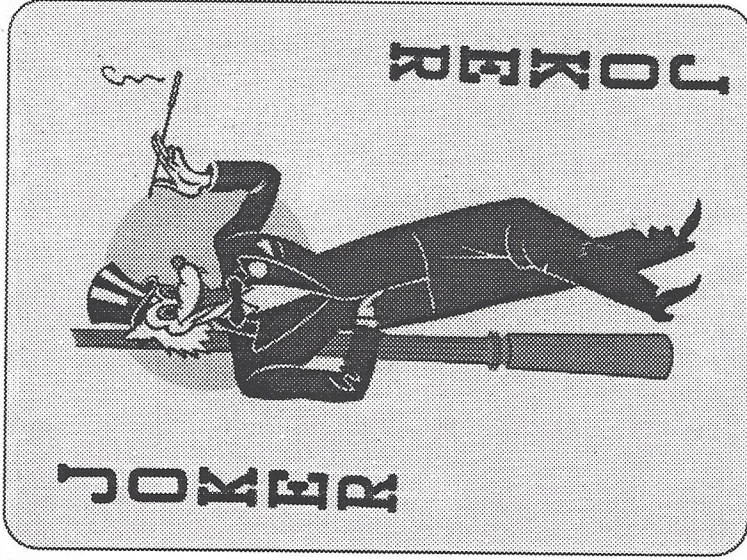
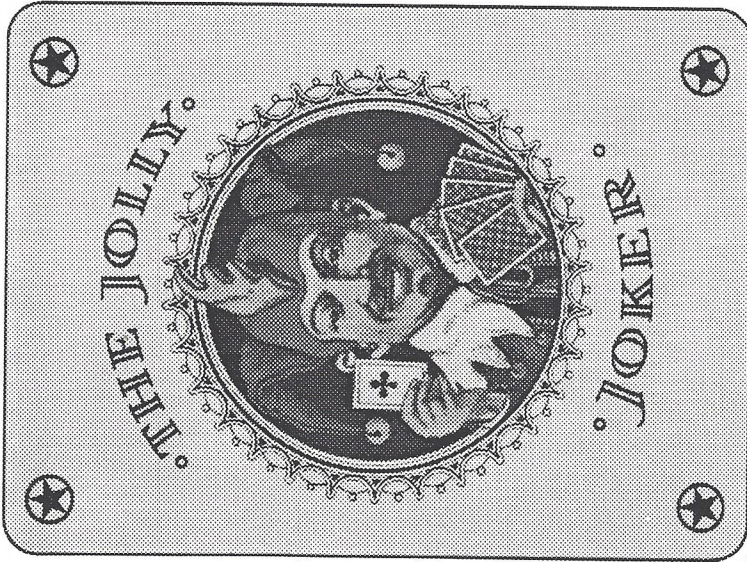
Environment Hosts (Petting Zoo, Vets Office, etc.)

Volunteers for Decorating - It's Fun Really

Call Rover (626) 577-1729 or Jims (213) 664-9036

FALL JOKER PICTORIAL

from the private collection of David Springhorn



UBI•POSSUM•POTIRI•PETASI•SIMILIS•ISTI?

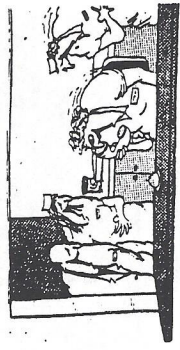
Can't Cut it in Vegas?
 Tahoe too Tough for You?
 Bounced Out of Buttonwillow?
 You end up at...

THE Lost Chalice LUNGE

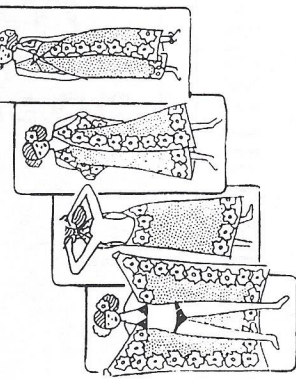
On the edge of the desert
 sits a dark cocktail bar
 where the Hopefuls meet the Has-Beens
 New Year's Eve '97

What's YOUR weird lounge act?

UROLOGY



Urology department, can you hold?



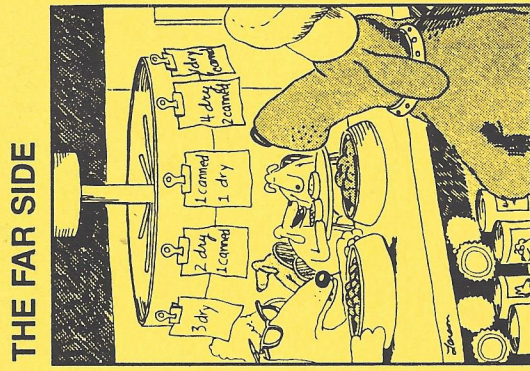
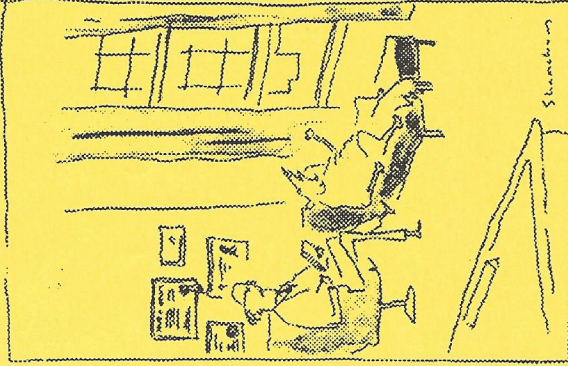
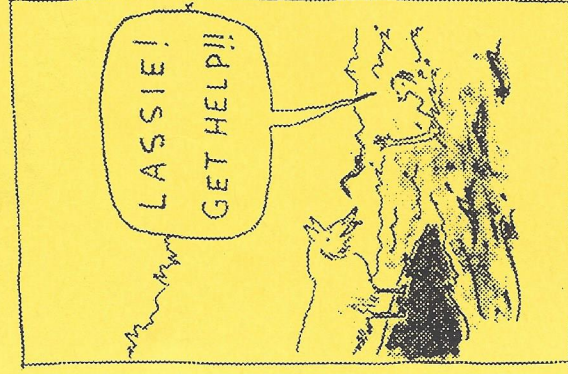
FOR SALE
 Golf Clubs
 and Bag

\$30

Call (626) 577-1729

Eight Ways to Annoy the Person Next to You on the Plane

1. Call the flight attendant "nurse."
2. Describe everything you observe into a tiny tape recorder in a low, suspicious voice.
3. Yell out, "William Shatner is on the wing!"
4. Start singing the Shari Lewis theme, "This is the song that never ends..." repeatedly. Become panicky; scrawl "help me" on a piece of paper. Thrash around in your seat, clawing at your throat.
5. Hang tiny draperies over the window. Put doilies on the armrests and a "Home Sweet Home" sampler on the seat in front of you. Offer tea to your fellow passengers.
6. Open a bag stuffed with pipe cleaners, styrofoam, construction paper and glue. Make a craft likeness of the person setting next to you. Give yourself an "F."
7. Speak in an incredibly fake Australian accent. Call the person "mate." Tell them
8. Take a polaroid of them and put it into an album with other pictures. Say "Some cultures believe that when you take someone's picture, you own their soul," while smiling maniacally.



Dog Restaurant

BLOOD ALCOHOL CONTENT: PICK-UP LINES

YOU'RE VERY ATTRACTIVE. WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?



16 of 1%

I LIVE NEARBY. WANNA JOIN ME IN A GAME OF TWISTER?



16 of 1%

MMM, NICE BUTT!



16 of 1%

I'LL DO YOU RIGHT HERE. C'MON, I'LL GIVE YOU \$20



16 of 1%

WAS I GOOD?



More than 1/2 of 1%