

"It's 'shuffled off this mortal coil' . . . Not 'shuffle off to Buffalo.' "

CHRISTIANE COVINGTON  
p h o t o g r a p h y  
san diego (619) 475-0547  
los angeles (310) 285-8613

### IS OSCAR WILDE?

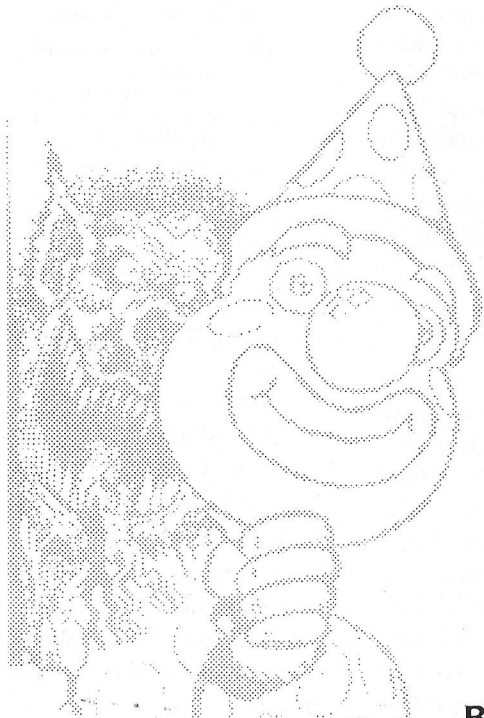
- Or is he a Joker?
- Is he Ernestly a Foole?
- Could this be Lady Windemere's fan?
- Or the witch's brew?
- Didn't he kiss him 'cause he wasn't pretty?

Our prisoner, so clever and so bitchy!  
Virginia Woolf and Gustav Mahler raise their fishfilled  
ice cream spoons while buttering Beardsley's buns  
and then go Boo?

—Happy Halloweenie from John & Jeff

c/o The Fools' Guild  
2116 Loma Vista Place  
Los Angeles, CA 90039

the JESTER

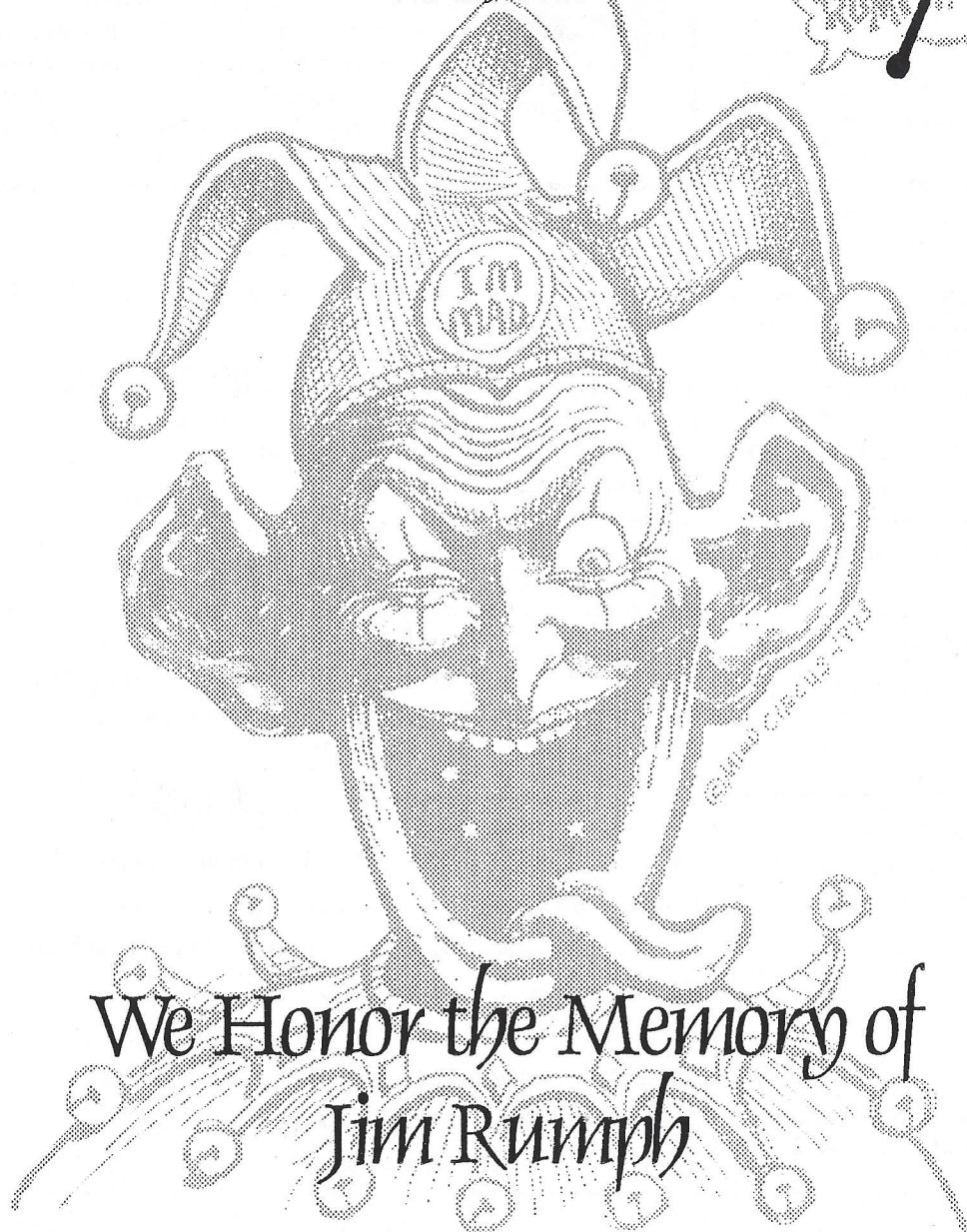


Postage paid  
by Oscar Wilde  
Elementary  
PTA

Back to School issue

# the JESTER

Volume 3 Number 2



We Honor the Memory of  
Jim Rumph



THE JESTER is the official organ of the Fools' Guild, a loose confederation of human beings who accept, acknowledge, and variously ponder profusely upon and joyously celebrate foolishness, absurdity, joviality, and humor in its myriad aspects.

Contributions are gleefully accepted; all rights to the published works remain with the original authors. The Fools' Guild and *The Jester* assume no responsibility for any of the opinions expressed herein—nor for anything else, for that matter!

Subscriptions are free to those on the current mailing list (by royal decree); nonetheless, we humbly request that you voluntarily send the paltry sum of \$7 each spring (checks payable to **Steve Marshall**). Contributions provide much-needed funds for publishing and mailing. Help support your local *Jester*.

**Editorial Offices**

*The Jester*, c/o The Fools' Guild, 2116 Loma Vista Place, Los Angeles, CA 90039

**Advertising Rates**

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 Business card ..... \$7  
 Quarter page ..... \$12  
 Half page ..... \$20  
 Full page  
 (6 1/2 inches by 7 1/2 inches) ..... \$35  
 Please make all checks payable to **STEVE MARSHALL** and mail to our editorial offices.



Jim as we like to remember him.

We grieve at the passing of **JIM RUMPH** on the first of September. The injuries he sustained in his auto accident were more severe than life could sustain. We lost a creative, wonderfully loony artist and human whose works have been appreciated by Fairegoers in times past, fellow Fools at all times, and the likes of George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, the Walt Disney family, the National Wildlife Federation, D.C. Comics, Ray Bradbury, the Academy of Science Fiction, 20th Century Fox Studios, and Paramount Pictures. Annie, we extend to you our deepest heartfelt sympathies. Condolences may be sent to her at 1109 21st Street, Santa Monica, CA 90403.

**Liner Notes**

Would anyone be interested in a Foolish Yellow Pages? I'm intrigued by the idea of publishing a list of businesses run by guild members. We all know the entertainment types, but what happens when you need a résumé writer, computer person, notary public, electrician, or tree surgeon? Would anyone else prefer to patronize fellow Fools first? Optimally, this would be a fund-raiser and listings would be reasonably priced (I'd prefer the \$5-\$10 range). Send me your ideas, or do the voice mail thing: 818.343.4904. —Cate

**Edifoolorial Staff**  
*Faculty advisors:* Mr. King or Mr. King  
*English & Art:* Miz Bramble  
*Student of the month:* Jim Rumph, R.I.P.  
*Reporters:* Hakim; Anon. F. Wimmin; John Parker; Nick, Spence, & Jeffrey Weissman; Jewels; Coach Tate

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**Foolenatar**

**OCTOBER**

- 16-17 **International Festival of Masks** at Hancock Park. Annual event of the Craft and Folk Art Museum featuring international dance, drama, cuisine, mask-making workshops, and the Parade of Masks on the 17th at 11 AM. For more information call the Festival office: 213.937.5544.
- 31 **Hallowe'en Party at Boys' Camp.** Oscar Wilde Elementary School is having its annual party. (Sure it's a school night, but that never kept you from a party before, did it?) Remember to bring your signed permission slip. You say the dog ate it? Turn to page 5. *Have some time to volunteer* to decorate the Cafetorium? Need more information? Call the principal, Mr. King or Mr. King, at 213.664.9036.

**AND IT IS NOT TOO SOON TO START THINKING ABOUT**

what you are going to wear to our traditional New Year's soiree. The theme's already been chosen—but you'll have to wait until next issue for *that!*  
 Party is in the planning stages now; if you'd like to be a part of the action, please call 213.664.9036.

**The Culture Mavens Suggest . . .**  
*The Museum of Tolerance* is a unique educational experience chronicling the history of prejudice and bigotry in America. Features exhibits on the L.A. riots, the Holocaust, and the history of the civil rights movement. Reservations are a must (MOT is so *de rigueur!*); call 310.553.8403.  
*Tillman Japanese Garden.* Reclaimed water creates a verdant gem in the San Fernando Valley! Call for free tour reservations Mon.-Fri. from 9-1 PM at 818.989.8166. *Must* be seen to be believed.

**ONGOING ACTIVITIES**  
**Friday**  
*Drumming.* This activity is over for the summer. See you next year!  
**Fridays & Saturdays**  
*Silent movies at the silent movie house on Fairfax.* Recent gems have included Buster Keaton classics, Felix the Cat cartoons, and W.C. Fields' *So's Your Old Man* on loan from the Library of Congress. "Buddy" Rogers (*Wings*) was on hand that night to tell amusing anecdotes.

It's just another of those "fun things to do" things.

TELEPHOOL—Rachel Neff 213.465.0653  
 for more information and to make suggestions for other events

## Pirate Festival Review

We would have liked to have had greater Fool participation, but we couldn't get information and returned calls in time to get the word out to all (any) of you. The event was fun, so next year maybe we can go and Foolify the place more thoroughly.

A lot more relaxed than the Faire—we pretty much parked where we wanted to. Nobody was interested in checking us in, so we wandered in the back of the event, which was completely open. Oh, yes—the security was delightfully lax.

Fun, and small scale. The epicenter of the event appeared to be Mark Lewis' ale stand—the Full Moon Inn—where a squid cannon was fired at more or less regular intervals. We hung out and snarled at scurvy sea dogs. Peanuts were in great abundance and we utilized them for both fodder and ammo as we caroused.

The weather and proximity to the beach gave the event a nice authenticity. We'd go again. Let's.

## Hallowe'en Party Update

In our endless quest for appropriate editorial, we thought you'd like to know what sorts of things are involved in an event—even one that doesn't happen. It all started with an IDEA from Cap 'n' Bells (our charitable arm—I'll bet you didn't know we had a charitable bone, let alone a whole arm!) to do something for kids. "Let's do a charitable event to benefit—well—

who it benefits isn't important. We have all sorts of talent ready to donate energy, and a great CONCEPT. A Hallowe'en event with the magic, but minus the gore so prevalent today. A HALLOFWONDERS!"

Coordinating with a charity and getting all the legal and tax ramifi-

**In a New York Times article describing how New Age pilgrims continue to flock to the pyramids, Ahmed Fayed, a New Age tour guide, spoke to the phenomenon of "past lives" when he stated, "I have met over 130 Nefertitis and Cleopatras, but I have trouble knowing which one is the real one."**

cations settled in is not the kind of work that a King of Fools is cut out for. We want to dance and play and foolify, but *no*. We have to plan AN EVENT. So we went to lunch with a representative from Cystic Fibrosis, a large charity (\$73+ million per year!). There we came up against some hard fiscal truths (just the kind I seek to avoid). CF has two kinds of events: their own, which they run according to stringent regulations (not very Fools' Guild), and events which are done for them to which they lend their name, but no direct participation. In other

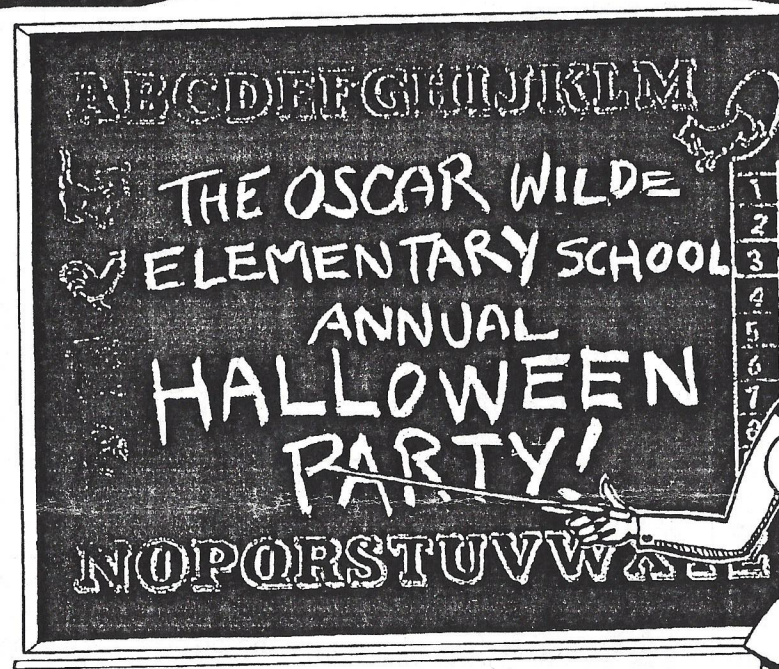
words, if *we* wanted to do an event, they'd let us give them money and they would not put any restrictions on the event. We decided to try the latter. However, without nonprofit status we cannot give donors a tax break for donations, no matter how worthy the cause, and the recipient charity cannot grant it for us. So no businesses or individuals could get write-offs for participation—*bummer!* We're working on nonprofit status for next year. But for now, instead of a fabulous mansion to foolify, we've had to scale back to Boys' Camp (not an inexpensive option because the price has gone up and new levels of bureaucracy have been added).

OK. Now we're at Boys' Camp, and still planning to do an event. Now city regulations pertaining to admissions charged on public land come into play. We'd have to write a proposal, get prior fire inspection and approval (impossible!), present to the parks commission and overcome their objections, and obtain a minimum of \$1 million insurance. Then the commissioner would determine what cut the city expects for this—they can take any portion they want. No fees are likely to be waived in *this* fiscal environment. Other option: do it in conjunction with Parks and Rec, and not charge. But this defeats the idea of a benefit.

What we're left with is an idea

(Please turn to page 6)

Now, class . . . Here's your homework for Hallowe'en: You are to come to the Boys' Camp Cafetorium from 7 until midnight on Sunday, October 31 . . . a school night! The faculty and students are having a party and there'll be lots of swell games and of course the costume parade with prizes. All your little friends and classmates are sure to be there. Wear something appropriate. \$10 admission includes beverages and snacks. Bring a signed permission slip. And **DON'T BE TARDY!**



OSCAR WILDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL	
Permission Slip	
_____ Has my permission to attend	
<small>Attendee</small>	
OWES Halloween dance in the Cafetorium on Sunday, October 31 from 7 p.m. until midnight (it IS a school night, after all) at the Griffith Park Boys' Camp	
Signature _____	Date _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Parent <input type="checkbox"/> Pet <input type="checkbox"/> Responsible Neighbor <input type="checkbox"/> Intriguing Stranger	
For details—contact Mr. King or Mr. King, Principal, at (213) 664-9036	

Enter Griffith Park at the Los Feliz entrance and follow the Fool signs.



Jester Staff:

The Jester is great . . . keep up the foolish work . . . uh . . . that's all I had to say . . . well . . . um . . . okay . . . now . . . see ya . . . okay now . . . bye bye.

—da Bologna Brothers

Dear Foolish Ones:

I appeared on the mailing list after RPFS '92 and have been enjoying *The Jester* ever since—gratis. I've been meaning to send some contributions but was unsure where or how.

Please find enclosed a money order for \$14 for the past and present.

Fools—may they long reign!

—Dana Merryday

Thanks, Dana; we did find a little something in the envelope! Others wishing to make contributions should turn to page 2 for all the information on how to send us money. —Ed.

Dear Jester:

I thought [Jeffrey] Weissman's "public apology" a bit disingenuous—you guys have the poor bastard more than just confused!

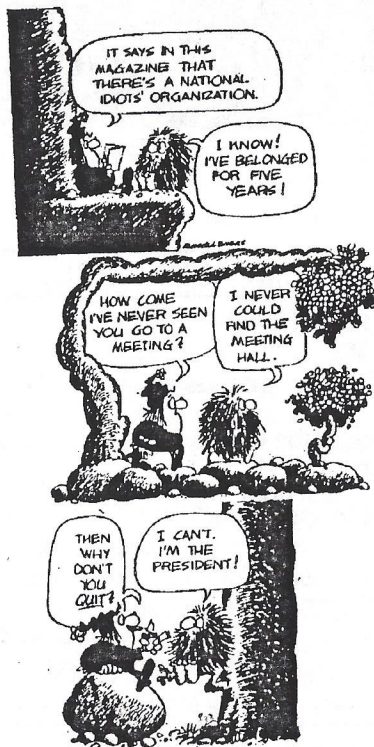
—Hakim, Duke of Hazards

Ooops!

Honey, we shrunk Catt's study space: it's 2,000 ft, not 200 as we typed it in the last issue of *The Jester*. Yes, you can all fit when you go to visit her. We apologize for the error.

**The definition of CHARACTER:**  
*What you are willing to do when the spotlight has been turned off, the applause has died down, and no one is around to give you credit.*

—Anonymous



Vox Frivolous

(Continued from page 4)

that there isn't enough time to implement. So we're starting on next year now. We're going to be getting nonprofit status and we're going to do it in plenty of time. This means that next year's king will inherit a project, but there isn't any other way to do it.

So we're back to square one—party on Hallowe'en at Boys' Camp.

**Magic Mountain**

Nobody showed up but Frivolous Wrex II. The royal We had a great time. Rode Ninja four times in 20 minutes, Colossus four times, Viper, etc. Only waited for one boring old water ride. You missed it. Ha ha. Too bad.

**"Last Gasp of Summer" Tea Dance**

Everyone who came had a good time. A terrific party environment, and lots of people willing to dance. The music was well received—the only comments relayed were, "Too much country western," and "Not enough country western." We'll work on it. Look forward to the next one. If you missed it or want to have another, let us know.

Jim & Jim have a couple of cars for sale:

**1978 Honda Civic**

Used to run but needs to be smogged.  
 \$150 Cheap!

**1968 El Camino**

A great truck, but we want it out of our lives.  
 \$1,700 OBO

call (213) 664-9036 for a look

DECONSTRUCTING WILLIE BY PROFESSOR STEPHEN HARRIGAN

Almost from the moment of its first airing, Willie Nelson's Taco Bell commercial, "[The Woman with the] Rose Tattoo," has been regarded as one of the most intriguing texts of the post-deconstructionist era. A lively scholarly debate, however, has arisen over what philosopher Merleau-Ponty, had he lived long enough to see the invention of the zesty taco melt, might have termed the piece's thisness (*eccéité*). Is it, as Ignosz Delerue suggests, a searing indictment of European imperialism? Is it a male *cri d'horreur* about impotence (note the recurring references to "soft" tacos), or does it suggest castration itself (as reflected by the early disappearance of the bus/phallus from which the hero disembarks)? Or finally, as Jacques Derrida would maintain, is the text itself utterly meaningless, an incidental by-product (*sous-produit*) of Nelson's overriding compulsion to make enough money to pay off his IRS debt?

On the surface, the narrative is simple. An unnamed traveler is shown arriving in an inhospitable desert landscape, a terrain familiar to viewers of earlier Taco Bell commercials. "He got off the bus at the border," sings Nelson of this traveler, "when up drove the woman with the rose tattoo." Three times the Woman (who drives a Magdalen-red convertible) tempts the Traveler with a variety of 99-cent steak tacos, and three times he succumbs. At one juncture, she pointedly drops a bag containing a Steak Burrito Supreme into his lap, eliciting a response from the phallogocentric protagonist that may

be an expression of *jouissance* or *puissance* or both.

The battle for sexual hegemony illustrated in the burrito incident is plainly mirrored by a larger context, i.e., the European domination and desecration of the native peoples and landscapes of the New World. Is there a more powerful symbol of rapacious imperialism than the taco? In the empty shell of corn we see the sad defeat of the maize culture that once flourished in the American Eden. Within the

*"I'm going to memorize your name and throw my head away."*

—OSCAR LEVANT

taco resides ground beef, representing the speciesistic carnage perpetrated upon the bovine community and, by extension, all non-human life forms. The shredded lettuce that so cruelly garnishes this heap of mangled flesh can be nothing other than the felled trees and uprooted prairie grasses of a once-verdant continent. And then, of course, there is cheese, the ultimate expression of the dairy mentality, in which the very mother's milk of unsuspecting cows (*les vaches qui ne soupçonnent rien*) is siphoned off to satisfy the needs of the predatory human appetite. The onions that often crown a taco testify to the tears of the ravaged earth as she wails for her lost innoc(ess)ence.

Willie Nelson himself, playing his guitar and singing as he wanders through the commercial, is a more ambiguous figure. With his long pigtailed, his headband, and his natural-fiber clothing, he certainly evokes the aboriginal ethos, though a Christological interpretation is perhaps even more apt. The text subtly reminds us that Willie Nelson was not the first bearded man to wander in the desert, and indeed we need look no father than the contorted Joshua trees in the background for a tantalizing reference to the Crucifixion.

And yet Nelson's wry, detached presence presupposes a darker level of meaning. His easy tolerance of the appellation "Woman with the Rose Tattoo" could be interpreted as a tacit endorsement of ritual scarification, but as a viewer weighs the imagery it becomes apparent that the only thing being endorsed here is a 99-cent taco. Indeed, Nelson, the godlike figure of the text, is plainly indifferent. He is just walking through the commercial, picking up a check. The *frisson* the viewer feels upon realizing this is not unlike the sensation s/he feels when contemplating the void itself. In this, his most complicated, diffident, and powerful work, Willie Nelson courageously confronts the gnawing doubt at the heart of all postmodern thought. There is no God, his commercial boldly informs us, only the Steak Burrito Supreme.

PROFESSOR STEVEN HARRIGAN IS THE BUM PHILLIPS PROFESSOR OF LITERARY THEORY AT CREOSOTE COLLEGE, VISTA DE NADA, TEXAS, AND WRITES FOR TEXAS MONTHLY.

# JESTER READERS SURVEY



Please circle the answer that best describes you.

1. **Sex:** M F Yes No Other
2. **Mental age:** 1-3 3-5 5-10 Adult
3. **Household:** Single, no cats Single, with cats Married, no sex Married, with sex Married, with children
4. **Pets:** Dust bunnies Hairballs Arachnidæ Cat Dog Spouse Other
5. **Household income:** Hand to mouth Mouth to mouth Independently poor Actor Bourgeois (own car) Pay taxes
6. **Occupation:** Waiter (actor) Mime (waiter) Real job None visible
7. **Home:** Rent Own Live on lot Shopping cart Parents Significant Other's

## Personal Questions

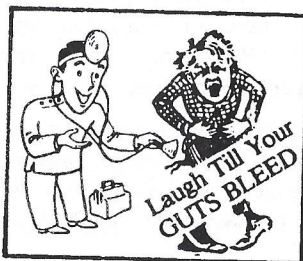
1. What is the lowest you've sunk to? Tell us more...
2. How many jokes do you know? What percentage of them are clean?
3. Would Joan Crawford feel at home in your closet? ("NO wire hangers!") Do you?
4. What is your favorite dance? Can you do it standing up?
5. Do you play any instruments? With hands With lips With anything else you want to mention
6. What does the word *hooch* mean to you?
7. If you were to pierce a nipple (your own), which one would it be, and why?
8. Would certainty of the existence of God change the way you lead your life?

## Product Survey

How many of the following objects can be found in your home? Please circle as many as apply.

- funny nose whoopee cushion rubber chicken wig personal lubricant  
leather undergarment rubber insects  
cap with bells hat (regular) hat (historical) hat (outrageous) kaliedescope  
mask ray gun mask of Reagan animal pornography magazine

All respondents will receive further annoyance in the mail.



"Everything is entertainment in America... eventually."  
—TRACEY ULLMAN



# Laws of Life

by Jack Neafsey

**The Law of Volunteering:** If you dance with a grizzly bear, you'd better let it lead.

**The Law of Avoiding Oversell:** When putting cheese in the mousetrap, always leave room for the mouse.

**The Know-When-to-Quit Law:** The more you run over a dead cat, the flatter it gets.

**The Law of Goal-Setting:** Reality is a crutch for those who can't cope with fantasy.

**The Law of Common Sense:** Never accept a drink from a urologist.

## The Five Laws of Reality:

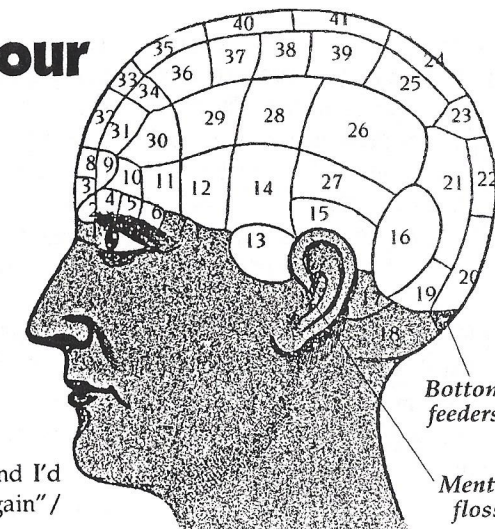
1. There are days when no matter which way you spit, it's upwind.
2. When you starve with a tiger, the tiger starves last.
3. Whatever it is that hits the fan, it will not be evenly distributed.
4. Never get into fights with ugly people. They have nothing to lose.
5. Creativity is great, but plagiarism is faster.



Public Service Announcement

# This is your brain.

This is your brain on Fool.



1. Migraine zone
2. "I had a great time and I'd really like to see you again" / "I love you"
3. Fruntilobautomi
4. Bautilenfruntemi
5. Early morning boners (M) / "Honey, I think it's time to paint the ceiling again" (F)
6. Rudeness
7. Rapier wit
8. Sarah Bellam
9. Aunty Bellam
10. Grey what does it matter?
11. Armpit fart techniques
12. Profound revelations while on the john (a.k.a. "Lutherisms")
13. East thoyty thoyd annathoyd
14. George Chakrakiris
15. Paranoia
16. Shopping lists/coupon clipping
17. Intuitary gland
18. Anal retention
19. Food cravings
20. Hindsight (with walnuts)
21. Modern culture
22. Cocktail party chatter
23. Medusa Arigato/Obligato
24. Drive-by moonings
25. Angst & self-pity
26. "I need my space" / "I still want to be friends"
27. Faire character(s)
28. Alpha state/daydreams
29. Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue (M)/Sean Connery & Harrison Ford (F)
30. Lines to use on sex objects
31. Brain farts
32. Martyr complex
33. Mr. & Ms. John Wayne Babbitt
34. Ugly drunk antics
35. Tasteless jokes
36. "God is dead."—Nietzsche "Nietzsche is dead."—God
37. Every episode of the original Star Trek
38. "Please keep your hands to myself!"
39. Should I stay or should I go?
40. Le Dome
41. Northern exposure

Any questions?

## Anonymous Foolish Wimmin Bare All!

We've enjoyed reading the responses to our survey last issue. Although we do not select potential mates via the print media—we're old-fashioned and prefer the time-honored hunt with tranquilizer gun and capture net—we are including our pictures with this article to satisfy requests.

For those expecting a date or a mate in response to their letters, we suggest trying the same witty lines on women of your acquaintance. Our interest in the responses was purely scientific.

Male animals exhibit what is known as "display behavior" to attract females and to discourage rival males. They thrust out their chests, ruffle their plumage, make loud noises of varying quality, and generally try to appear more impressive than they really are. On nature programs this is usually quite hilarious. However, *Jester* readers may not realize how common display behavior is among humans—even Foolish ones.

Have you ever wondered why

- Men who would rather die than set foot in a sushi bar can tell you about the mentality of the Japanese?
- Men who can't pay their rent have a plan for dealing with the national debt?
- Men who aren't on speaking terms with their families know how to achieve peace in Bosnia?
- Men who haven't had a date in six months know what women really want?

This behavior—the chronic answering of questions regardless of actual knowledge—is known as Male Answer Syndrome or MAS. The compulsion to answer varies from person to person, but few men are happy saying "I don't know." They prefer "That is far too ambiguous."

Scientists are in agreement that MAS is generally mild until puberty; boys begin to speak with authority about history and politics at the same time they start to grow facial hair. And the

Having all the *GUILT*, but none of the *SEX*?



**"Have Intercourse With A Beautiful Live Girl"**

or

**DAMN NEAR ANYTHING ELSE!**

Thought you'd tried everything? YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! Learn to THINK BIG! Develop the tricks of Length Extension! Bring your weirdest dreams to rampaging LIFE!

Stand erect for your own abnormality. WISE UP!

scientific theory on MAS? Killing woolly mammoths and attacking enemies with rocks are now frowned upon, and shirts open to the navel are not appropriate in every social situation, so men prove their masculinity by concocting theories about Foolosophy or devising elaborate histories for their Faïre characters.

They try not to get bogged down by petty considerations, such as, "Do I know anything about this subject?" or "Is what I have to say interesting?" They take a broad view of questions, treating them less as requests for specific pieces of information than as invitations to expand on some theories, air a few prejudices, and tell a couple

of jokes. For example, our survey pointedly asked whether potential respondents were intimidated by women in general (that is, with a pulse), and we were inundated with opinions about women in the military. "It bothers me when a woman can flaunt a pair of birds on her own person," chirped one eager respondent.

Some men seem to regard life as a talk show on which they are the star guest. If you ask, "Name some similarities between you and The Energizer," they hear, "So tell us a bit about your early years, Bob."

Many women are MAS co-dependents; they suffer from a condition known as the Gol-Lee Complex. Women who behind closed doors are experts on astrophysics may be found, in male company, slack-jawed at the news that the world is round.

Growing awareness of MAS has led alarmists to call for a moratorium on all male-female conversation. This is absurd, but care should be exercised. MAS is by no means harmless. Its sufferers would rather make up an answer than admit to ignorance. For many, answering is an addiction, and not knowing what they're talking about just adds to the adrenaline rush. Heed the addict's desperate cries for help. Learn to spot the chronic MAS victim: Ask a guy if he's ever seen Schatzi do the Butter Dance.

MACKY: Please note that you were not dehumaniized once in this article. You little charmer.



## THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART 1

*These bloopers, written by students from the eighth grade through college, were collected by teachers throughout the U.S. and pasted together. Read carefully and you will learn a lot.*

The inhabitants of Egypt were called mummies. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and traveled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere, so certain areas of the dessert are cultivated by irritation. The Egyptians built the Pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube. The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The Bible is full of interesting caricatures. In the first book of the Bible, Guinesses, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, asked, "Am I my brother's son?" God asked Abraham to sacrifice Isaac on Mount Montezuma. Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birthmark. Jacob was a partiarich who brought up his twelve sons to be partiarichs, but they did not take to it. One of Jacob's sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites.

Pharaoh forced the Hebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments. David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He fought with the Philatelists, a race

of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David's sons, had 500 wives and 500 porcupines.

Without the Greeks, we wouldn't have history. The Greeks invented three kinds of columns—Corinthian, Doric, and Ironic. They also had myths. A myth is a fe-



**Make strangeness work for YOU!**

Thought you were 'ordinary'? WRONG.

Tap your secret Abnormality Potential. Take control through liberated weirdness.

This one isn't for everybody.

Unbelievably unusual pamphlets. Damn weird. Totally new. \$1 for intro catalog.

FIND SUCCESS TRAINING YOUR STRANGENESS.

Only the broad-minded need apply.

male moth. One myth says that the mother of Achilles dipped him in the River Stynx until he became intolerable. Achilles appears in *The Illiad* by Homer. Homer also wrote *The Oddity*, in which Penelope was the last hardship that Ulysses endured on his journey. Actually, Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

In the Olympic Games, Greeks ran races, jumped, hurled the biscuits, and threw the java. The reward to the victor was a coral wreath. The government of Athen was democratic because the people took the law into their own hands. There were no wars in Greece, as the mountains were so high that they couldn't climb over to see what their neighbors were doing. When they fought the Persians, the Greeks were outnumbered because the Persians had more men.

Eventually, the Ramones conquered the Geeks. History called people Romans because they never stayed in one place for very long. At Roman banquets, the guests wore garlic in their hair. Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March killed him because they thought he was going to be made king. Nero was a cruel Tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

*Next epoch:* The Middle Ages and Renaissance



JOKER