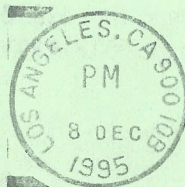


Our **Objectable FAMINE Issue** Gives You a Few Things To Chew On:

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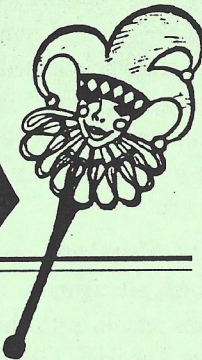
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Pasadena CA 91101

12/95

The JESTER



Volume 5 Number 2



HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



The Jester is the official organ of the Fools' Guild, a loose confederation of humans who accept, acknowledge, 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 \$7 per year (checks and money orders payable to Steve Marshall). Contributions are the only way we have to obtain the money we need to print and mail this publication. Your financial support enables us to publish *The Jester*.

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The Jester, c/o 2108 Loma Vista Place, Los Angeles, CA 90039

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Full Page \$35

Please make all checks payable to Steve Marshall and mail to the editorial offices.

The Perps

Archfiend: Cate Bramble

Loyal Henchman: Jonnathon Findlater

Missus Loyal Henchman & Moll Folly: Dot Findlater

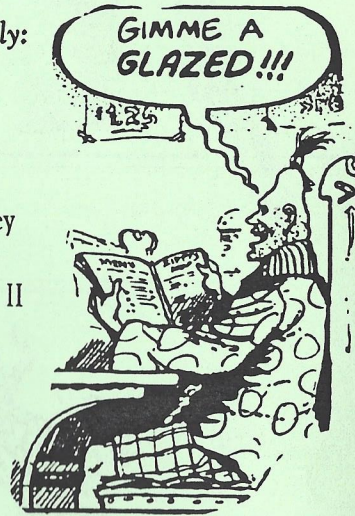
Cap'n Bells: Jack Tate

The Prognosticator: Billy Q. Barrett

Round Up the Usual Suspects: Jeffrey Weissman, Paula Foster, Tuba,

Their ex-Royal Heinies Frivolous Rex II

Mister Big: Le Dôme



Cate's Favorite Quote of the Month:

“
If I cannot
smoke cigars in
heaven, I shall
not go.
”

—MARK TWAIN

SLIM BILLS
Support your local food bank, or donate to MAZON, a Jewish Response to Hunger, at 2970 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 7, Los Angeles, CA 90064. Works for me.

Shameless Plug Time: Dying for a 1996 calendar? Don't forget mine: second edition of *The Plague* calendar, available at Psychic Eye Bookstores and Dangerous Visions. Or from me.

Wired Fools, send me your URL and/or Email address to add to our database (and to keep in touch with Guild members!). I can be reached at bramble@earthlink.net

And of course, Season's Greetings—well, except perhaps to Heath, who still owes me \$850 in back rent.

—Cate

FROM THE THRONE

My Fellow Biped—

Holy SHIT, the holidays are already upon us. New Year's Eve is around the corner, followed by—gulp—1996. As somebody else said, if 69 is the embodiment of carnal bliss, then 96 is its inverse—two people so pissed off at each other they're sleeping back to back and head to foot.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

After heroic efforts by numerous folk, a venue has been secured for the 31st

BUT

seating is way limited. One hundred of the prompt will be admitted to the festivities and not one more. There just won't be room, so please get your tickets right now. The fifteen clams (*down*, Bob) buys you dinner, champagne at midnight, an incredibly cheesy floor show, and the obligation to rub elbows—and damn near everything else—with your fellow Fools.

The location is a Havana nightclub in prerevolutionary Cuba, New Year's Eve 1955. Think Desi Arnaz,

oily gangsters, rumba babes, corrupt officials, pencil-thin moustaches—you get the picture. Seating is limited and assigned, and I don't look forward to turning away my friends, so get hoppin'.

Sixteen bucks in advance, \$20 at



the door (if available). No-host bar and just beer and wine available.

We've only the day of the party to decorate, so pitch in if you can and come to play.

Contact Rocky at 213 MOD SLOB if you deign to entertain; me at 213.664.9473 with questions or offers of help, and 911 for the rest of your life.

Speaking of Parties—thanks to all and sundry who helped put together the party at the Moose for Halloween. They loved us and we have an open invitation to return there whenever. Felt like fun and . . . costume contest? Er—eh—maybe April first.

Finally: The next *Jester* will come out in time to carry the invitation to the Feast of Fools, so the deadline for submissions is March 1. I am editing that issue, so you better be nice to me.

Please compose your short story entry of no more than one typewritten page, single spaced. The winner and runner-up (at least) will be run in that issue. Given the pathetic submission volume heretofore extant [*news to me—Ed.*], the victor will probably be whomever actually gets something to me by the deadline. YOU, yes YOU may be the happy winner of the first and (likely) only literary competition to grace this fishwrap.

Guess that's it. Good holidays to ya, and see you 12-31.

—King Dome

Phone sex is best approximated by stacking several dozen dollar bills on your bedside table, setting the pile on fire, and watching it burn while you masturbate.

In the '90s, Computer Skills Mean
SEX APPEAL

I get about a hundred e-mail messages a day from readers of my comic strip "Dilbert." Most are from disgruntled office workers, psychopaths, stalkers, comic-strip fans—that sort of person. But a growing number are from women who write to say they think Dilbert is sexy. Some say they've already married someone like Dilbert and couldn't be happier.

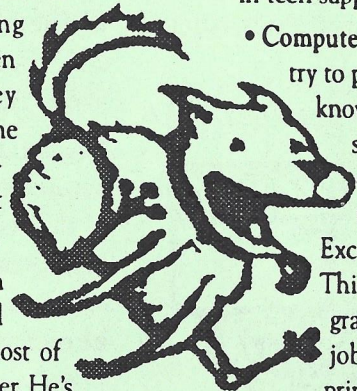
If you're not familiar with Dilbert, he's an electrical engineer who spends most of his time with his computer. He's a nice guy but not exactly Kevin Costner.

Okay, Dilbert is polite, honest, employed, and educated. These are good traits, but they don't explain the incredible sex appeal. So what's the attraction?

I think it's a Darwinian thing. We're attracted to people who have the best ability to survive and thrive. In the old days it was important to be able to run down an antelope and kill it with a single blow to the forehead. Now all that matters is if you can install your own Ethernet card without having to call tech support and confess your inadequacies to a stranger.

It's obvious that the world today has three distinct classes of people, each with its own evolutionary destiny:

- Knowledgeable Computer



Users who will evolve into godlike noncorporeal beings who rule the universe (except for those who work in tech support).

- Computer Owners who try to pass as knowledgeable but secretly use hand calculators to add totals to their Excel spreadsheets. This group will gravitate toward jobs as high school principals and operators of pet crematoriums. Eventually they will become extinct.

- Non-Computer Users who will grow tails, sit in zoos, and fling dung at tourists.

Obviously, if you're a woman and you're trying to decide which evolutionary track you want your offspring to take, you don't want them on the luge ride to the dung-flinging Olympics. You want a real man. You want a knowledgeable computer user with real evolutionary potential.

And women prefer men who listen. Computer users are excellent listeners because they can look at you for long periods of time without saying anything. Granted, early in a relationship it's better if the guy actually talks. But men use up all the stories they'll

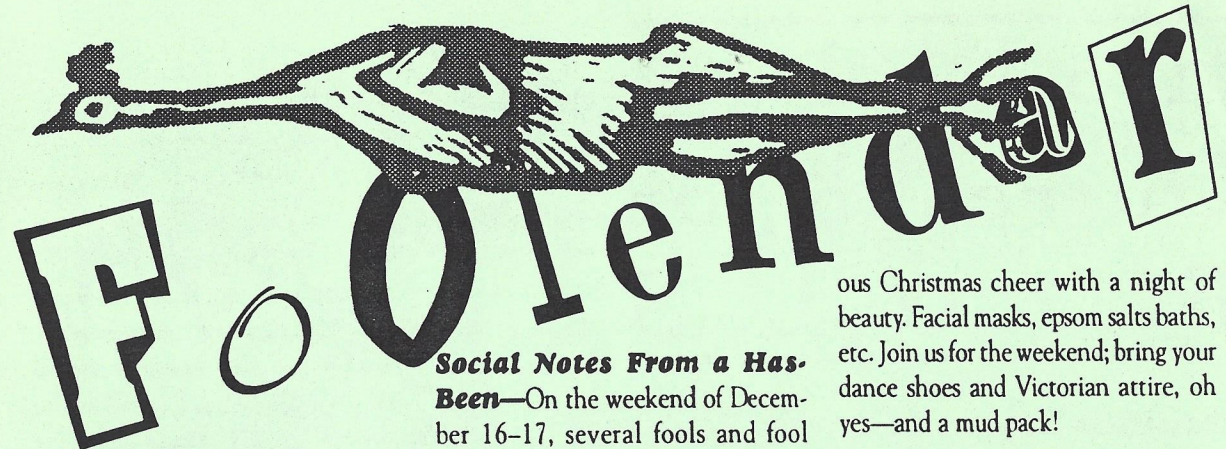
ever have after six months. If a woman marries a guy who's in, let's say, retail sales, she'll get repeat stories starting in the seventh month and lasting forever. Marry a computer programmer and she gets a great listener for the next 70 years.

Plus, with the ozone layer evaporating, it's a good strategy to mate with somebody who has an indoor hobby. Outdoorsy men are applying suntan lotion with SPF 10,000 and yet by the age of 30 they still look like dried chili peppers in trousers. Compare that with the healthy glow of a man who spends 12 hours a day in front of a video screen.

It's also well established that computer users are better lovers. If you doubt the sexiness of male PC users, consider their hair. They tend to have either (1) male pattern baldness—a sign of elevated testosterone—or (2) unkempt jungle hair—the kind you see only on people who just finished a frenzied bout of lovemaking.

In less enlightened times, the best way to impress women was to own a hot car. But women wised up and realized it was better to buy their own hot cars so they wouldn't have to ride around with such jerks. Information technology has replaced hot cars as the new symbol of robust manhood. Men know that unless they get a digital line to the Internet no woman is going to

Trot over to page 12



THE CULTURE MAVENS RECOMMEND . . .

Stepping Out currently stars our own twinkle-toed Tuba in the tap-dancing epic that's featured Tommy Tune and Liza Minelli in different incarnations. Friday and Saturday evenings through 9 December at the Studio City Park Playhouse for a measly \$10. Reservations: 818.772.5258.

Tut, Tut, My Dear—For those of us fascinated by all things Egyptian, there's the unsurpassed "American Discovery of Ancient Egypt" at the LA County Museum of Art. It's \$6 per person and runs through January 21, 1996. "Frank Lloyd Wright and Japan" closes January 7, 1996.

Old Stuff—The Getty's displaying works in the collection of the Renaissance Earl and Countess of Arundel, some Alfred Stieglitz pieces, and—*at long last!*—the Getty Kouros makes its reappearance after all that controversy. There's even a new book about Aldus Manutius to peruse. As always, the Getty is free. Reservations are a must; call 310. 458.1104.

Social Notes From a Has-Been

—On the weekend of December 16–17, several fools and fool friends (and who isn't a fool friend?) are making a trek to San Francisco to go to The Dickens Faire. We're staying at the Howard Johnson's (try for the third floor if you plan to stay there as well), but there are other (perhaps less expensive) places in the vicinity. Howard Johnson's has shuttle service from SFO, which just might make the weekend easier. Otherwise you won't need a car, because the Dickens event takes place quite near the hotel. We expect the weekend to be like a Faire with maid service. You can even nip back to your room for a nip, a quickie or a change of clothes. And think of it—plenty of showers and hot water for all!

Friday night the social calendar includes a cocktail party in our suite, and probably dancing afterwards. Saturday, check out Lou's Pier 54 (about half a block from the hotel), a small blues club where we plan to do a bit of dancing. Sunday night we're going to unwind from the ardu-

ous Christmas cheer with a night of beauty. Facial masks, epsom salts baths, etc. Join us for the weekend; bring your dance shoes and Victorian attire, oh yes—and a mud pack!

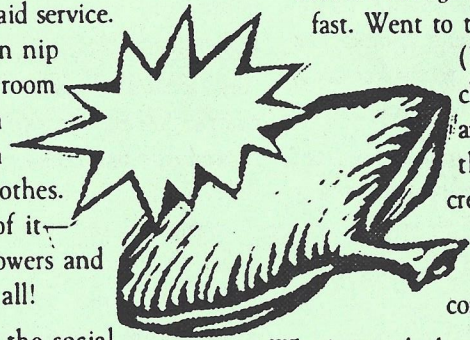
Frivolous Dance Notes: We've been dancing at a club called Guava on Wilshire. Different music types get played there, but try West Coast Swing on Monday and Wednesday nights; lessons beforehand from an excellent teacher (*and major babe!*). The dance floor is spacious and raised (not concrete). We've been going on Wednesday but you can call Debbie Ramsey (the teacher) at 310.399.3329.

Checked out The Derby, but the tiny floor is a strange shape and fills up fast. Went to the Viper Room (high cover charge!) and found another tiny floor, this one concrete—ugh! The El Rey has a big enough floor, concrete also.

What's it with these so-called dance clubs with concrete floors?

Pasion in Studio City is an upscale club with a nice wooden dance floor and a variety of dance evenings. We like it. In Reseda, check out The Crest

Turn the page, Fool



Holiday Outreach for FOOLS



Christmas Day on Hollywood Boulevard

Ina Parker hands out meals to the homeless from a shopping cart. She'd love some help and entertainers—carolers, maybe?

Ina's phone number is 213.876.8276

Jessie's Place

This haven for low income families and at-risk youth loves entertainers to donate their talent. Call Jessie at 310.398.2594

FROM THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY

Brain Fart—A byproduct of a bloated mind producing information effortlessly. A burst of useful information. A variation of the old hacker slang that had more negative connotations.

Permalancer—A permanent free-lancer. A person hired on a per-project

basis who lives a benefits-free existence.

Deadline—Once a literal or figurative "line" around the perimeters of prison camps. An escaping prisoner who crossed that line could expect to be shot—dead.

Foolendar

for Swing. Lessons at both places.

Since this year's party theme cries out for Latin music, I've volunteered to give a **brush-up on Rhumba and Merengue**, two useful Latin dance styles. No idea when or where, but call Steve and pester him for details. He

may not know either, but he'll love hearing from you.

Speaking of New Year's—we'll see you on the dance floor, or maybe just on the floor.

"Keep dancing!"

—EX-REX FRIVOLOUS II

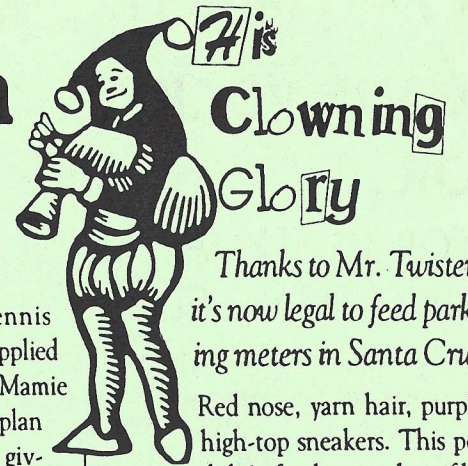
Irritainment—Annoying entertainment and media spectacles you're unable to stop watching.

Keyboard Plaque—The disgusting buildup of dirt and crud found on computer keyboards.

When we don't understand and say, "**It's Greek to me,**" or when we say something valuable has **vanished into thin air, or refuse to budge an inch;** if we've ever been **tongue-tied or insisted on fair play, or seen better days**—we're quoting Shakespeare!



From the Foolish Crimes Blotter



From the Saskatoon Star—Thirty women moon worshippers met on a hill on Wednesday night to dance naked in an ancient pagan ritual, but called off the ceremony when 150 men turned up to watch.

Los Angeles Times—In view of all the complaints received from women who've had their feet accosted by a toe-sucking man, Los Angeles County Sheriff's Detective Loyace Mauldin says, "I never wear open-toed shoes to the market any more."

Seattle Times—A visually impaired San Francisco man argued he wasn't driving solo in the commuter lane reserved for cars carrying two or more people because his dog, Queenie, was helping him navigate.

San Antonio Express News—The former head chaplain at Brooke Army Medical Center has pleaded guilty to charges of adultery, sodomy and wrongful use of a government telephone.

South London Press—An indignant stripper, whose tools of the trade are a bottle and a whip and rejoices in the unlikely stage name of "Smokey Joe," protested to the magistrate that her routines were not all that different from those she performed at police balls.

Los Angeles Times—Dennis Shamblin, 102, who recently applied for a marriage license to marry Mamie Gibson, 60, says he does not plan to have children. "My eyes are giving me trouble," he explained.

Sydney Herald—Robert Leys, a taxi driver who wears an SS cap and long boots, dresses in black and entertains passengers with tapes of Nazi party war songs, has had his licence to drive a taxi revoked. Mr. Leys said he would fight any attempt to take away his licence. "This is the sort of thing that happened in Nazi Germany," he said.

Altrincham Messenger—"He kissed my right breast first and then he started to suck them. I asked him whether all this was necessary. It was an odd situation. I had only come to get a prescription."

The Scotsman—There were 26 people there, 22 men and four women, drinking beer and spirits. Four full 11-gallon canisters of beer, five empty ones, one part full, 415 cans of pale ale and lager, 22 partly full cans, 68 empty cans, and several dozen beer and spirit glasses were found.

"I came to the conclusion that this was a place used for drinking," said the inspector.

Thanks to Mr. Twister, it's now legal to feed parking meters in Santa Cruz

Red nose, yarn hair, purple high-top sneakers. This per didn't fit the usual profile.

Neither did his crime.

Mr. Twister, a clown in Santa Cruz, CA, spends his days performing magic, riding a unicycle and making balloon animals. Okay, nothing suspicious—so far. Now the weird part: Mr. Twister takes some of the change donated by passersby and drops it in parking meters. Other people's parking meters. This saves them from getting tickets. "When I leave the house in a clown suit," says Mr. Twister—Cory McDonald, 26—of his philosophy, "I want to see 100 smiles every day."

In Santa Cruz, though, the law frowned on anyone—including Mr. Twister—putting coins in other people's meters, a fact of which he was apprised in September when a traffic enforcement agent spotted him, told him he was breaking the law and ticketed the car anyway. Irked, Mr. Twister went up and down the street feeding expired meters. The agent followed, ticketing cars.

Hie thee hence to page 11

"IS THAT A LIGHTSABER IN YOUR POCKET, OR . . ."

TOP 10 SEXUALLY TILTED LINES FROM "STAR WARS"

A nerd is a human being without enough Africa in him or her.
—BRIAN ENO

via the Internet

10. "Get in there, you big furry oaf, I don't care *what* you smell!"
9. "Luke, at that speed, do you think you'll be able to pull out in time?"
8. "Put that thing away before you get us all killed!"
7. "You've got something jammed in here real good."
6. "Aren't you a little short for a stormtrooper?"
5. "You came in that thing? You're braver than I thought."
4. "Sorry about the mess . . ."
3. "Look at the size of that thing!"
2. "Curse my metal body, I wasn't fast enough!"
1. "She may not look like much, but she's got it where it counts, kid."

FROM "THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK"

10. "I thought that hairy beast would be the end of me!"

9. "Size matters not. Judge me by my size, do you?"
8. "There's an awful lot of moisture in here."
7. "Control, control! You must learn control."
6. "But now we must eat. Come, good food, come . . ."
5. "That's okay. I'd like to keep it on manual control for a while."
4. "Hurry up, goldenrod!"
3. "I must've hit it pretty close to the mark to get her all riled up like that, huh, kid?"
2. "Possible he came in through the south entrance."
1. "And I thought they smelled bad—on the *outside!*"

FROM "RETURN OF THE JEDI"

10. "Back door. Good idea!"
9. "I have felt him, my master."



8. "General Solo, somebody's coming."
7. "I'm endangering the mission. I shouldn't have come."
6. "Look, I want you to take her."
5. "I can't do it, Artoo."
4. "Rise, my friend."
3. "Thanks for coming after me."
2. "Our instructions are to give it only to Jabba himself."
1. "I need more men."

The Fools' Guild Presents

Ring in 1955 at
the glamorous

Copa-Havana

Havana's Premier Nightclub

Inside The Masquers Café
8334 West Third Street, Los Angeles—Near the Beverly Center

Doors open at eight o'clock
Dinner served promptly at nine o'clock

Champagne toast at midnight

Tickets \$16 through December 24

\$20 at door (if available)

100 reservations maximum

Por Información Teléfono El Padrón a 213.664.9473

HOPE AND JOY AMONG THE ANIMALS

Of all emotions animals might feel, fear is the one that skeptics most often accept and one of the few that comparative psychology investigates. But what about hope, which is the converse of fear? When Washoe, the first chimpanzee to be taught sign language, grew older, she had a baby who died four hours after birth because of a defective heart. Three years later she had a second baby, Sequoyah. Sequoyah was sickly and, despite excellent care from Washoe, died of pneumonia at the age of two months. Determined that Washoe should raise a baby, researchers made frantic efforts to find a replacement, and eventually procured Loulis, a 10-month-old chimpanzee. Fifteen days after Sequoyah's death, researcher Roger Fouts went to Washoe's enclosure and signed, "I have baby for you." Every hair on Washoe's body stood on end. She displayed signs of great excitement, hooting, swaggering bipedally, and signing "baby" repeatedly. "Then when she signed 'my baby,' I knew we were in trouble," Fouts said.

When Fouts returned with Loulis, Washoe's excitement vanished instantly. Her hair flattened, and she declined to pick Loulis up, impassively signing "baby." But after an hour had passed, Washoe began approaching Loulis, trying to play with him. That evening, she tried to get him to sleep in her arms, as Sequoyah had done. At first she was unsuccessful, but by the next morning they were clasped together, and from

that time Washoe has been a devoted mother to Loulis, who eventually acquired a vocabulary of 50 signs from Washoe and the other chimpanzees in the group. It seems clear that when she was told she would get a baby, Washoe hoped to see Sequoyah again.

**Help Spread
the Word**



Do not trust this face.
Say NO to deceptive alien entities.
For FREE stickers send self-
addressed stamped envelope to:
V2, Box 911, Stanwood, WA 98292
Spread the Word.

A principal source of joy for social animals is the presence of their family and the members of their group. Nim Chimpsky, a chimpanzee, was raised in a human family for the first year and a half of his life. When he was about 4 years old, a reunion was arranged with the family who had raised him. When he spotted them, in a place where he had never seen them before, Nim smiled hugely, shrieked, and pounded the ground for three minutes, gazing back and forth at the different members of the family. Finally he calmed down enough to go and hung his foster mother, still smiling, and shrieking intermittently.

He spent more than an hour hugging his family, grooming them and playing with them before they left. This was the only occasion on which Nim was seen to smile for more than a few minutes.

Joy often expresses itself in play, which many animals indulge in all their lives. Elephants, both Indian and African, are particularly playful. A traveling circus once pitched its tents next to a school yard with a set of swings. The older elephants were chained, but Norma, a young elephant, was left loose. When Norma saw children swinging, she was greatly intrigued. Before long she went over, waded the children away with her trunk, backed up to a swing, and attempted to sit on it. She was notably unsuccessful, even using her tail to hold the swing in place. (Finally she flung the swing about irritably and returned to her companions.)

One afternoon a student observing chimpanzees at the Gombe Reserve in Tanzania took a break and climbed to the top of a ridge to watch the sun set over Lake Tanganyika. As the student, Geza Teleki, watched, he noticed first one and then a second chimpanzee climbing up toward him. The two adult males were not together, and saw each other only when they reached the top of the ridge. They did not see Teleki. The apes greeted each other with pants, clasping hands, and sat down together. In silence Teleki and the chimpanzees watched the sun set.

—JEFFREY MOUSSAIEFF MASSON
AND SUSAN MCCARTHY

A Brief History of the Fools' Guild

Researched by Le Dome

Despite the commonly-held belief that the Fools' Guild was begun by a handful of drunken ne'er-do-wells from San Francisco who migrated south in the Seventies to escape their creditors, research tells us that the Guild traces its lineage back to the very Breakfast of History.

Of course, ever since humans first appeared there have been Fools. Digs in the fertile African plains by Richard Leakey's half-brother, Take A., have uncovered Paleolithic cave drawings featuring hunter figures driving other humans toward banana peels, then clubbing them. Brutal perhaps, but standards were low and there was nothing good on television—which was thousands of years in the future, in any case.

Burial sites have yielded obsidian noses

and remains of what were either primitive whoopee cushions or some ghastly device for purposes unmentionable. The marks of numerous wounds on the remains of the interred would seem to support the former theory, but hey—who the hell cares?

These and other findings have divided anthropologists, some of whom hold that these are the burial sites of the followers of an ancient cult of performing dweeb, while others contend that these were merely Stone Age geeks who had it coming and got it good.

Certainly by the time of the early Egyptian dynasties these proto-Fools had congealed into some form of disorganization. Hieroglyphs of the time mention a cabal believed to be the wellspring of Cheops-kvetching, and link it to a particular Hebrew laborer,

Yaki the Mason. Convicted of trading pungent one-liners with his fellows over unleavened bread at the salt mines of Kan Taurz, Yaki was sentenced to 30 lashes and six months in the Catskills. Shortly afterwards the Romans made their presence known, and were introduced to the concept of protracted adolescence.

The Romans absorbed this area of Egyptian culture and, as was their practice, created a deity to represent this facet of the human character. Worshippers of this minor god—Toby by name—blackened their teeth, adopted a ritualized high-pitched giggle as a greeting, and refused to pay their debts.

Some things never change.

Next Month:

Court Jesters—Dawn of the Press Secretary or Just Another Government Clown?

P-MAIL

by Rev. Ivan Stang

The dogs of this neighborhood have their own newsgroup and communication network—they use variations in uric acid instead of an alphabet.

This occurred to me while I was walking Beast, the oldest of my guard dogs. His access server, the

neighborhood, isn't as automated as the Internet, so messages aren't all left in the same place. He has to travel from tree to fire hydrant, sniffing out the threads started by other dogs.

But he can always find those posts. He imbeds his snout into the grass

or gravel and snorts and snuffles, and sometimes what he reads makes him pretty agitated. He adopts a "Who does this mutt think he is?" expression, lifts his leg, and posts his reply.

A S T R O L O G I C A L

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) You have the energy and enthusiasm of fire and the breath of a buffalo. Cut down on ping-pong ball juggling while relatives are in town. A well-intentioned boring neighbor in a Pantalone mask gives you a gift of disgusting Hard Sauce, which not only fails to get you or anyone you know hard but inflicts on you a case of not-so-dry heaves during a really good *Star Trek* episode. Forgive and —and— oh—never mind; I can't remember. Tonight: Try to kick helium.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) A small child who, instead of singing "Deck the Halls" keeps screaming "Check the balls on that big Col-lie, fa la la la" while you are trying to watch *Jeopardy* is actually the harbinger of a new era of global peace and harmony. Wear a shitload of keys on your belt for a couple of days and go where you wanna go, do what you wanna do with whomever you wanna do it with. Speak entirely in Sixties song lyrics during daylight hours on odd days. Tonight: Prance.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) A childish prank involving codpieces and small explosives may cause tension with a coworker around the full moon. A message scrawled in a Port-a-Potty will guide you to your soul mate if you ignore it. Buy that naked Advent calendar you've always wanted, and while you're at it pick up one for your mom. Jupiter often brings

in out-of-towners, so let them stay at his place. Tonight: Just say no to fuzzy slippers.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Personal growth and responsibility become a major pain this month, with the emphasis on karaoke and your relationships with Crocodile Dundee fans. Forget about taxes, mortgage payments and investments until they invent comfortable pantyhose. Consider affixing sparklers to your ex's pets' tails. (Don't do it, just consider it.) Sometimes you need to be left alone to work things out for yourself. Just don't hog the bathroom, and try to keep the pages from sticking together. Tonight: Rant and rave.

ARIES (Mar. 21-April 19) Try not to resort to fisticuffs with people who think the *White Album* should have been released as a single album. A stranger in a nontrademarked character body suit offers you a ba-ba-rum to stop your coughing attack during a barbershop quartet rendition of Handel's *Messiah* at a local old folks' home on Chanukah. Your trouble is, you just can't say no. Remember you're always right, even when you're wearing handcuffs. Tonight: Consume plankton.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) A visitor from Cassiopeia has a recipe for a fruitcake that is literally out of this world. Make peace with an enemy who resembles Mr. Fezziwig by

giving him your mechanical bow tie and a brand new pair of pinking shears. Spray gallons of seltzer on anyone who thinks you are immature and prone to excess. Tonight: Light your farts.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) To ward off winter colds, gargle with expensive champagne before playing borrowed sousaphones at a family get-together. Use the word "pecker" in a

YOGA IN THE PRODUCE SECTION

I will respond to your touch like the flower to the sun

Fragrantly floating fruitsance wafting over the rafters, catching the noses of our dears;

Miranda and Yolanda thumping with marimbas on the veranda.

sentence while answering a question from a foreign diplomat around the 16th. Remember, a ukulele is not a weapon. But if you dial u-k-u-l-e-l-e in the 818 area code you will be told what time it is. Tonight: Circumlocate.

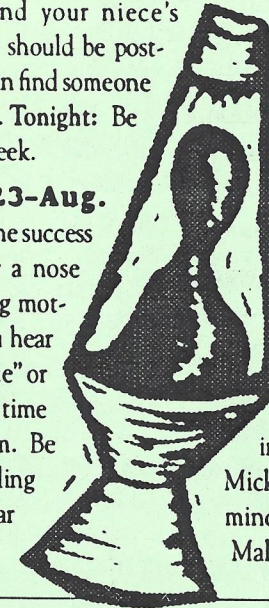
CANCER (June 21-July 22) Mars in Scorpio trines Saturn in Pisces. To decide just how incompatible you are, you discuss serious beliefs with someone dressed like Mrs. Claus while wearing pancake-white makeup. A too-good-to-be-true financial opportunity involving a ball

F O O L C A S T

by Billy Q. Barrett

peen hammer and your niece's Barney piggybank should be postponed until you can find someone else to blame it on. Tonight: Be a pencil-necked geek.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22) To achieve the success you deserve, play a nose flute while wearing motley every time you hear the words "interface" or "the." Spend more time with your modem. Be wary of Virgos selling used vibrators. Wear



copper on the 21st and alabaster on the 31st and make no New Year's resolutions until you are perfect. Tonight: Act your shoe size.

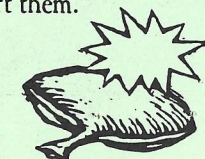
VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) A sudden urge to run Silly Putty through your in-laws' fax machine could be viewed as apocalyptic. Trying to sell a used vibrator to a finicky Leo may tarnish your image in the community. Talk like Mick Jagger for a month. Never offer minced pie to a vegetarian. Tonight: Malomars.

TWISTER

continued from page 7

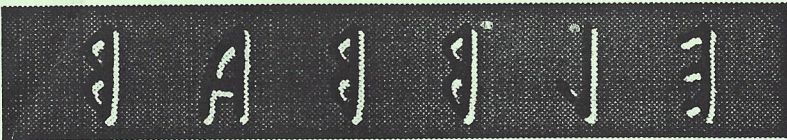
A week later McDonald hit the pavement again, this time in mufti. As he was doling out coins, a meter maid called the police, who gave him a \$13 ticket. McDonald, who lives with his mother and stepfather in a trailer in nearby Capitola and supports himself performing at parties, was determined to test the law. So he enlisted the help of Ben Rice, a local criminal defense attorney, who took the case on what he called a pro Bozo basis. When the council met on Oct. 24, Mr. Twister appeared in full regalia, along with his friend Sprinkles, a lady clown, his lawyer and about 40 boosters. "I urge

you to vote this unfriendly law out of Santa Cruz," exhorted Rice. "Mr. Twister is a gift to all of us, a genuine human being." In the face of such eloquence—and petitions from Mr. Twister supporters—council members voted to repeal the law, enacted eight years ago to increase business turnover. Then, in a show of solidarity with Mr. Twister, they all donned red plastic noses. McDonald couldn't have orchestrated it better. "When you find someone being nice," he says, "you should support them."



LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Venus, planet of love, romance and Paul Anka records joins with Uranus; and, needless to say, oh well. If it's needless, why say anything? Speaking of mime, you may be assaulted on the 16th by a small army of silent street clowns wearing cheap rubber elf shoes. Mercury in your 12th sector could abound in offstage intrigue, contacts, messages and creamed corn as a sexual aid. Tonight: Dance to Bartok.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) A short, fidgety Aquarian bureaucrat with a convincing comb-over is not the Devil Incarnate as you may have thought, but the guy in front of you at Starbucks is. Before investing, remember that bad advice is cheap and really bad advice can be very expensive. Ooooooh. Think big, even if you are the kind of person who likes accordion music. Tonight: Don't be a putz.



Sex Appeal

continued from page 2

DEAR MR. GIBSON,

The aspiration of this epistle is to harangue you mercilessly with regard to your audacious ersatz pansophism exhibited in your ambrosial divertissement regarding obscure, obtuse, nonsentimental, synonymatic appellations for erstwhile potentates d'nincompoops entitled "Your Words Can Kill!" [Last issue—Ed.]

You, sir, are simultaneously a pretentious nullity with all the sagacity of a midge and a perspicacious iconoclast given to epiphanies of beatitude and limpidity. Some lexiphiles may argue that name-calling is an ancient and noble art but a short myopic, albeit agile, picture-framing, beer-guzzling, cigarette-smoking former Texan has about as much right to apply nefarious labels to his honored royalty as a scatological pederast has the right to be the lavatory monitor at a parochial school.

Your preoccupation with physical peculiarities confirms any suspicions that you are a prime example of a lecherous coprophilous fetish-fancying miscreant. If your ramblings were not so entertaining and (with the exception of the entry referring to myself) accurate, I

would be forced to call you a gambarinous didymitic cockalorum given to hyperbole, hyperhedonia and neoteny; a wanton tegestologist with tragomaschalia and an accurate case of witelsucht.

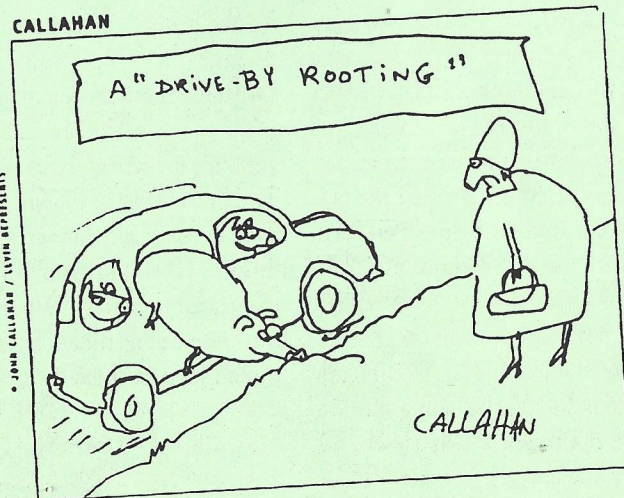
Be that as it may, I implore you to eschew the exhortations of all naysaying frippets and flibbertigibbets who may endeavor to dissuade you from your literary inclinations toward superannuated expletives.

In plain language: keep it up, Bob.

Sinsneerly,

BILLY BARRETT

King of the Jackanapes

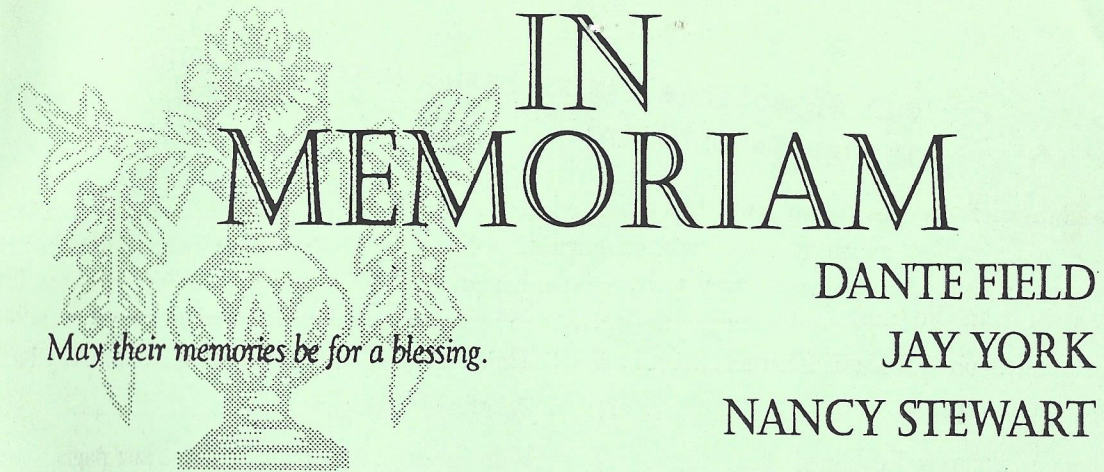


look at them twice.

Finally there is the issue of mood lighting. Nothing looks sexier than a man in boxer shorts illuminated only by a 15-inch SVGA monitor. If we agree that this is every woman's dream scenario, then I think we can also agree that it's best if the guy knows how to use the computer. Otherwise, he'll just look like a loser sitting in front of a PC in his underwear.

In summary, it's not that I think non-PC users are less attractive. It's just that I'm sure they won't read this article.

—SCOTT ADAMS



May their memories be for a blessing.

VIDEODRONE

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Best line: Smalley, on sexual desire: "Men are like a microwave; women are like a Crock Pot." (Huge applause.)

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