

The Joker (aka *The Jester*) is an informational service to the membership of the Fools' Guild. If there is any resemblance to other publications, or offense to anyone or any thing, it's purely coincidental.

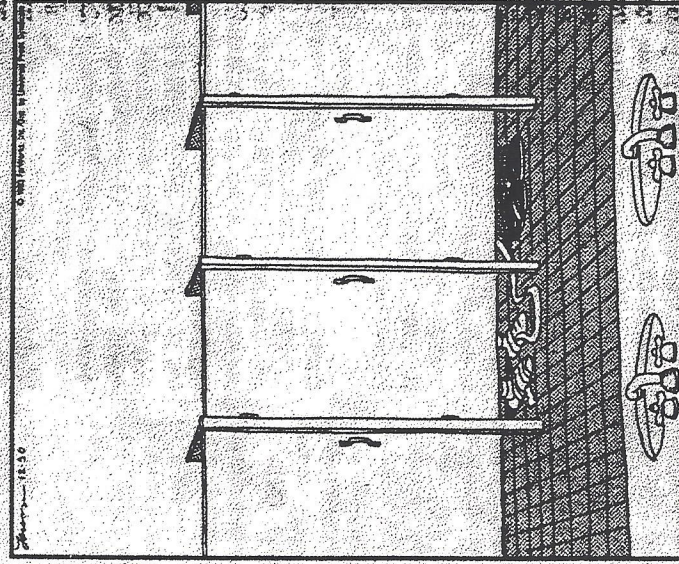
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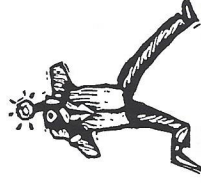
Design and Creation: Cate Bramble (in a big hurry)

Contributing Writers: Billy Barrett, Jim Kelly

THE FAR SIDE BY GARY LARSON



It was an innocent mistake, but nevertheless, a moment later Maurice found himself receiving the full brunt of the mummy's wrath.



Professional Fools

Rumors, hearsay and lies about what your fellow fools have been up to. Compiled by B. Barrett

Lou Wow & the Poi Boys, everybody's favorite bad band on stilts, is performing a variety show at Studio City Park on five Sundays at 11 AM, beginning July 21. Ex-Rex **Billy Barrett**, with the supreme talents of Michael "Tuba" **Heatherton**, **Phil Briggs** and **Grainger Esch**, will "wow" you for a measly \$5. INFO: 818.772.5258.

Ex-Rex **Jack Tate** has returned from China, where he was an enlightened anthropomorphic Ninja kangaroo in the upcoming feature film *Warriors of Virtue*. Master mime **Don Lewis** was also making movie magic as a martial arts marsupial in the same flick.

Speaking of cinema, Ex-Rex **Rocky McMurray** is starring in *KRAA the Sea Monster* from Full Moon Entertainment. The adventure sci-fi epic was due to hit cable channels and video store shelves this June. Way to go, Rocky!

Ex-Rex **Billy Scudder** and grand exalted extreme Foolking **Jeff Weissman**, along with **Bevis Faversham**, have been impersonating dead comics in exchange for rich food, shekels, and artistic fulfillment all over Singapore, China and Lompoc.

Cover girl **Amanda Barrett**, aka **Quinn**, is modeling up a storm: GTE commercials, *Seventeen* (March issue), *Today's Woman* (April), *Elle* (May), a Pepsi print ad and a world-wide Nivea print campaign. And she's only seventeen.

Rachel Neff & Jim performed at a slew of Renaissance festivals in *A Crye of Players*, doing the historical character recreation/environmental theater/street improv thang in Fresno, Tulare, and Palm Springs. What ho, dude?

Can you say "commercial?" That's **Phil Briggs** as the arms on the Stagg Chili can. **Sandey Grimm** is a cow in

a Chili's commercial and a beaver in a Doritos spot. He is also head topiary puppeteer in the TV movie version of *The Shining* (teleplay by **Stephen King**). Is Stephen in the Fools' Guild?

Ex-Rex **Uncle Dave Springhorn** recently played Mr. Pickwick in a Dickens thing in Riverside. The greatest living actor who also makes incense burners for a living soared to great heights with the Falconry Show at Pleasure Faire. He also made history as a professional heckler in the troupe *Dogs in Doublets*.

Laura Green the Juggling Queen won two gold medals at the IJA's Jugglers Festival in Rapid City, S.D., in the Joggling events. Yay, Laura!

Though Ex-Rex **Mackey** has achieved showbiz immortality impersonating Prince Charles and playing Buckethead on *Barnyard Place*, lately he has stooped to charging people \$2 a pop to feel his artificial heart valve.

The Grand Dame of modern *Commedia dell'Arte*, **Judy Kory**, traveled to Virginia's Renaissance Festival to show them a thing or two.

Before moving to Columbus, OH, to pursue academic excellence, **Paula Foster** used her considerable talents to create the latest and greatest *Buck & Mug* out in RenLand.

And, last but not least, our own **Cate Bramble** illustrated *CyberDictionary*, a book available nationwide. The celebrated WebLady/editor has also received her practitioner's certificates in Feng Shui (*song staway*), the ancient mathematical science that harmonizes artificial environments. She also needs more case studies for her Master's certificate, so anyone wanting their residence analyzed for free should contact her!

Breakfast in Hell

by Billy Q. Barrett

Greg Proctor woke up one morning to find that he had changed into a hideous freak. He had been yanked out of sleep by the sound of his own snoring. A deep mocking chortle of a snore. "Odd," he thought, "I don't snore." Greg, model citizen, man's man, *GQ Details*, proper yet "hip," went to scratch his nose. Wait a minute.

This wasn't his nose. This was a big, gross, bulbous, spongy red thing. What the hell was going on? He sat up in bed with a start, only to focus on two huge protrusions at the foot of the bed. Feet? He jerked off the covers to reveal two gargantuan brown and white wingtips that could only be described as **big old clown shoes!** Now that the covers were off, other strangenesses were apparent. Bright purple-and-yellow-checked pants of the baggy variety. A red and white long-sleeved shirt under a paisley vest and yellow gloves with the fingers cut out.

"What the hell?!" he thought, but what he heard himself say, in a high-pitched nasal whine, was: "Yike-a-rooney!"

"Who the fuck was that?" he thought, but it came out of his big painted mouth as: "Holy Guacamole. *Yoweeee!*" He scrambled to his humongous feet, stumbled across the floor in a frenzied panic, and lurched to his full-length mirror.

or Turn Your Head and Kafka

"Oh my God," he thought to say as he skidded to a stop in front of the looking glass; but what reached his years was, "Well, I'll be a blue-nosed gopher!" But he wasn't, he was a red-nosed, green-haired, big-shoed clown. Disgust and terror washed over him as he saw himself, a big goofy joke of an oaf. A ridiculous, pitiful freak. A clown.

This must be some sick gag. Was he drunk last night? Think. No, he just had one drink on the way home, watched the game on ESPN, worked on the proposal and went to bed.

"Oh, this is bullshit." He tried to yank off the green wig. "Ouch." All attempts at removing the makeup and costume failed. It was as though the bizarre appurtenances were fused to his very being.

"Dammit, I don't have time for this crap." Or, as he heard it: "Golly Wolly, I don't want to be late, late, late!"

He thought to himself silently. All right; if this is a dream, I'll wake up. If it's a gag, I'll kick whomever's butt is responsible. I just can't afford to miss this meeting. *Focus.* Damage control. He tried covering the clown suit with a dapper overcoat, but the second the Armani settled on the motley, *BOOM!* the coat exploded and disintegrated.

To Be Continued . . .

King's Confidential

Between you and me, I never really wished to be king. Late at night, I did not pray to become mother folly, but I did covet her hat. Ok, I might have prayed to be sort of "Holo-ed" for good works done, saying, wedding, and doing funny things; like sleeping on concrete, when I didn't really have to. At least an honourable mention in this, our funny paper, would have sufficed.

but ipso coming to facto, king dingaling being in sing-q-Ling-d-pore; i, mother-may-i—Yes, I may—in his absentid—am king! for this fifteen minutes, if I get 'em, I must say this:

"best be careful even for what you don't wish for."

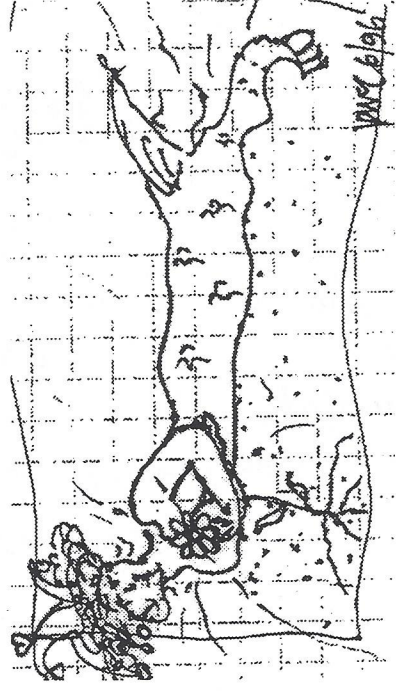
And this: "just push yourself to your funniest and free-est just to get a giggle out of [everybody] and those who need giggles, chuckles, chortles, and snarks the most.

"Also, remember that you need a laugh a lot, so pray or hope for funny goofballs in your realm."

~~Yes King~~

Yo Mama Sez:

please
Make Me Laugh!



A Self-Portrait of Mother Folly
Amplubious, dirty, semi-submerged with air around
her silby head.

Katella

3

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Celebrate with the new King and Mother Folly
Come bid adieu to Paula Foster, who is a goner
for four years of grad school.

Eat, drink, dance and be a fairy.

Come straight and then, after dark, get into your dream being.
A suggested donation of \$5 toward food and drink
will be cheerfully accepted.

August 17, 1996

beginning at 6 PM

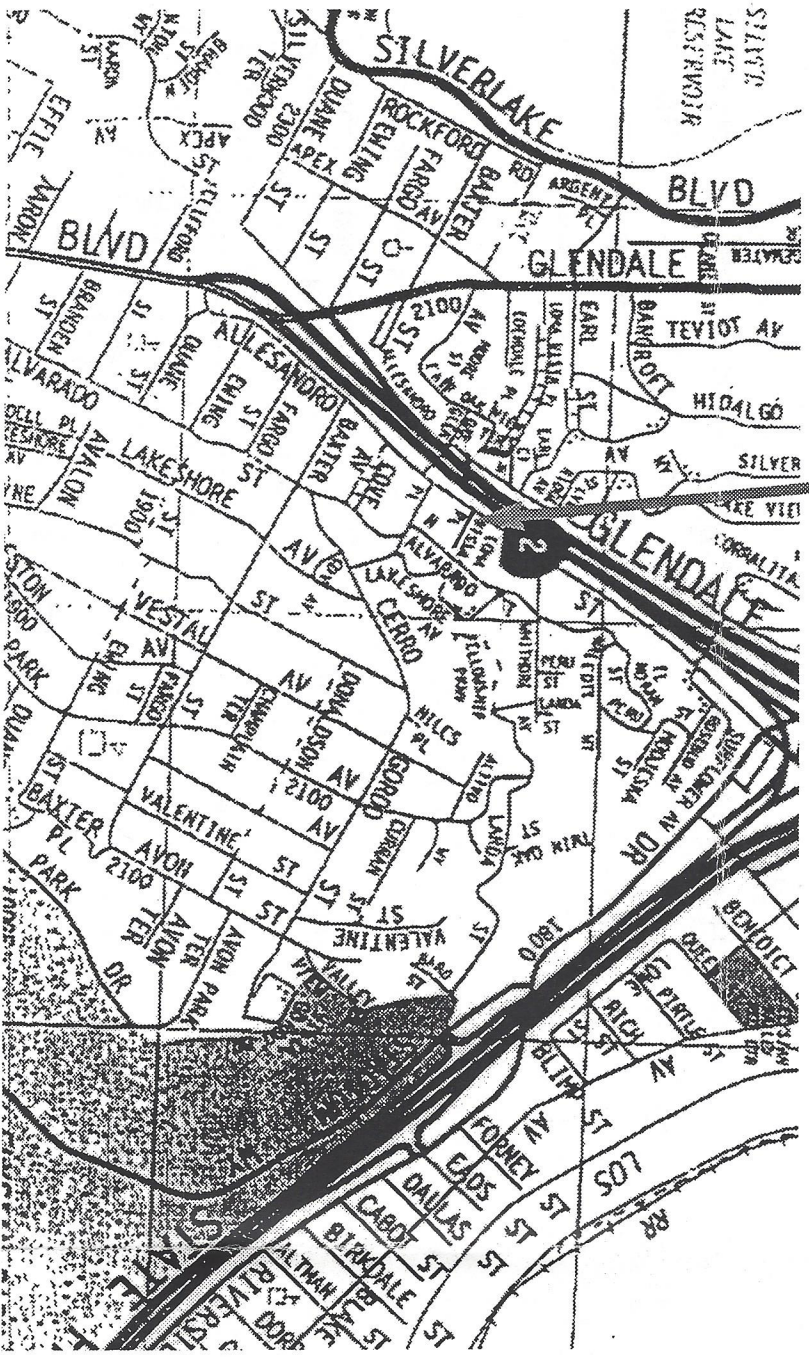
at the Coma Vista homes of Jim & Jim, Marshall and Rocky

2108 and 2116 Coma Vista Place

in Silverlake, off Alessandro between Glendale Blvd. and Riverside.

Follow the lovely directions on the map, or call
213.664.9036 • 213.664.9473 • 213.MOD.SLOB

101 Freeway, exit
Alvarado. Go east.
After crossing Sunset
Blvd., go left.
At Glendale Blvd., go left
(towards 2 Fwy).
At 2 Fwy onramp on the
right is Alessandro.
Follow to Loma Vista
Place.



Kung Foolishness

From
a list of English
subtitles used in films

made in Hong Kong. Compiled by Stefan Hammond and Mike Wilkins for their book *Sex & Zen & a Bullet in the Head*, to be published in August by Fireside. These were cited in Harper's June, 1996 issue.

I am damn unsatisfied to be killed in this way.

Fatty, you with your thick face have hurt my instep.

Gun wounds again?

Same old rules: no eyes, no groin.

A normal person wouldn't steal pituitaries.

Damn, I'll burn you into a BBQ chicken!

Take my advice, or I'll spank you without pants.

Who gave you the nerve to get killed here?

Quiet or I'll blow your throat up.

You always use violence. I should've ordered glutinous rice chicken.

I'll fire aimlessly if you don't come out!

You daring lousy guy.

Beat him out of recognizable shape!

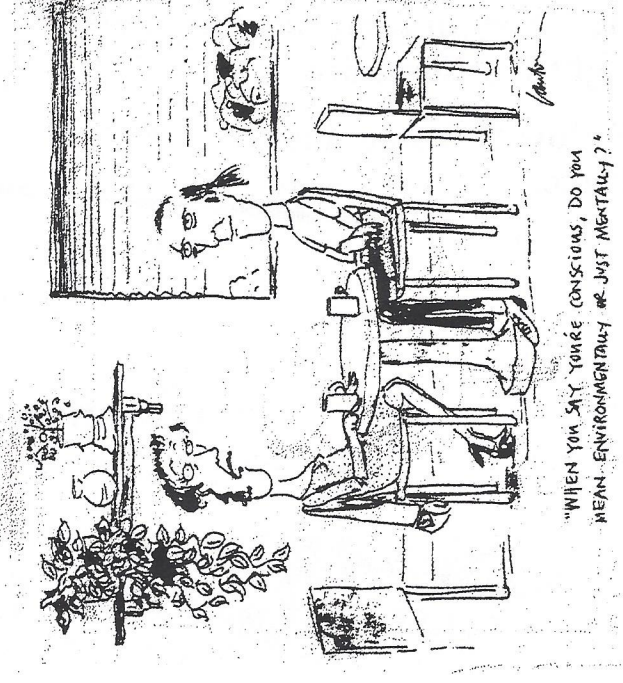
I have been scared shitless too much lately.

I got knife scars more than the number of your leg's hair!

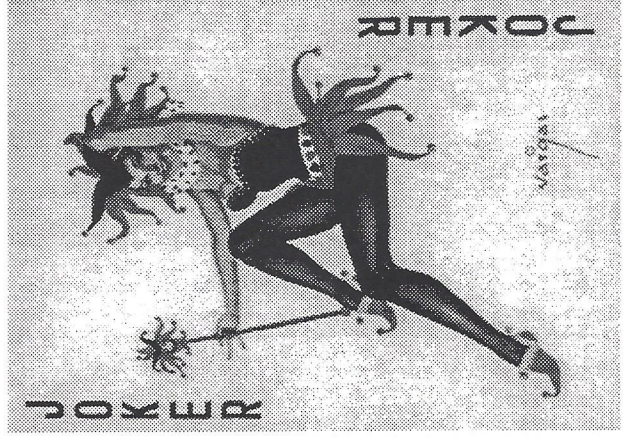
Beware! Your bones are going to be disconnected.

How can you use my intestines as a gift?

The bullets inside are very hot. Why do I feel so cold?



"WHEN YOU SAY YOU'RE CONSCIOUS, DO YOU MEAN ENVIRONMENTALLY OR JUST MENTAL?"



A Message From Your New King

"I'm king and you're not—nyah, nyah, nyah . . . nyah, nyah nyah!"

Kat and I were to enter by pachyderm, But kerplumpt on cart did I start my term. Everything's at Maypole, there's nothing to forget

But where's Mother May I? Tied to the bowsprit!

I wanted to dance while Mother May I sung or sang

Instead, on the yardarm I was just swung or swung.

I wished to break through tissue paper on rings,

Instead Rocky broke wind for the new and old kings.

I hoped for Jokers as did kings of the past, And ended up trading both furious and fast.

I wanted to present a fine scroll to the guild, However, mass confusion continued to build.

I desired all to enjoy copious butt rubbing, I was treated to Mackey's hairy butt rubbing.

I spoke of past kings, their virtues to rave, Flung to the crowd by dear uncle Dave.

I wanted to present the new Privy Council; I lost the party while in a privy.

Ring out the Dome and in the new king. His butt is his throne—it's King Dingaling!

J greet you from the South China Sea, where I—along with Scudder and odders—be entertaining an

international cruise of tourists from all walks of life.

I'd like to thank Dome the Crankie and all of the other Rexes that dared to show their collective mugs at my coronation—13 of the first 16 kings were in royal attendance, moving me in a deep way to the bottomus of my maximus.

The turnout was wonderful, with old and new members of the guild in attendance.

I'd like to share the first few minutes of my reign:

Meeting commenced with wine and finger sandwiches. A few hardy souls ventured out to the West Side—Jim & Jim, Katella, Heidi, Kimball, and (of course) Jeffrey, King Dingaling Giddeous Maximus. Paula and Fred joined before we could do more than decide we needed to start. Okay, who wants to do what? No volunteers for anything.

Yard sale yielded rewards. We made \$290—\$10 shy of a year's storage. Treasurer is still up for grabs. We have about \$600, but after our back rent is paid that leaves \$500.

A lot of people were charged \$7 at the Pass House, so now the Faire is returning a sum of money. We're going to get a checking account in the name of The Fools' Guild. We have \$1,000—enough to have a party!

Bye-bye Paula and first party of the season—August 3. An underwater theme. Do we want a slide and water

Please turn to next page

party? A Catalina party? Jeffrey and Kimball are going to be gone for a month in advance of that. Any takers for this party? Backyard pool? Beach party? Surf band, Pagoda House, pools? Hmmmm, Jack Tate, Sa and Jess, Mark and Tracey? Who can ask them? Venue vs. band? Paula will look for a venue. Theme decor has been thought of. Another theme might be Wild West II? Clown Ball/The Ship of Fools—maybe New Year's. Big Top Tent? Fools' Nacht at Alpine Village?

Phone list, anyone?

Want to see more live music at parties.

Mother Folly Parade at the northern Faire. What weekend? Looking into it. Can we get some northern sizzle to keep the momentum going?

Royal DJs are: Rocky (Stimey the Flatulent) and Dario the Gruff, Knight of Perpetual Numbness—Lemmie B. King. Paula as BB Queen. Immortal Kimbellini. Scoobie is the Grand Wazoo of Dementia. The Light of Lunacy—Bartholomew. Fred is Earl of Unintelligibility. Marshall, Rocky and Dario are the Golden Globus. High Priests of Fun/Royal Tutors of Dance, Heel and Toe: Jims.

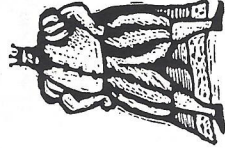
Katella almost volunteered for Treasurer and then she didn't and then she did, so we let her after she left.

Junk for Joy will give a discount to foolish shoppers—shop there!

Mackey will do a party design. Chuck Kovacic may do another.

Moose is possibility. Jim Layne must join (and the guild will pay your initiation!). Faultline for Halloween? Initial site search victim. Party at the Pagoda House is still a possibility. Midsummer Night's Mardi Gras at Loma Vista Place. Decided to ask Sa and Jess and then go on to Loma Vista Mardi Gras if that fails.

MOTION: Jeff would like to see us all committed to an error of bliss. Need new blood. Then Dario and Kristen walked in with Dave.



Mother Folly Parade is ON!

Faire has given the OK for the Marna HaHa Parade to return to northern Faire on the

31st of August.

Our very own *Katella Gorilla* will preside over her glorious trail of pageantry on the *Saturday of the northern three-day weekend.*

The King and Mama Folly decree: BE THERE OR NOT!

To be gate listed, call Mother May I before Thursday, August 29.

Best to call long before, so we can alphabetize the list for the *Pass Horse*—and this time we're guaranteed that no one will be charged.

Mother May I's phone is

213.656.4386, or drop her a card at 1155 Hacienda Pl. #305, West Hollywood, CA 90069

Pass the word to those you know who can support this event—i.e. fools up north, Fraiellit Bologna, Spamfest people, Bay Area Theatresports, St. Stupid's participants.

FOOLS UNITE! OK!

Joker

by *Wim Griffith*

THIS JOKER guarantees to amuse the most jaded. Known for his sense of humor and insults, he now gets in a few good licks concerning his own endowment. This beautifully sculpted little bronze has no flat bottom. Wim has sculpted this joker all the way around—no joke.

Bronze

Height: 4 1/4 inches

Width: 6 1/2 inches

Signed and numbered \$1,000

The photographic portfolio of original bronze sculptures by Wim Griffith is now available. This collection of 37 full-color photographs (over 15 bronzes and steel sculptures) comes in a handsome 9x12-inch presentation folder. There's a résumé of the artist's

WHAT PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD LEARN ABOUT AMERICANS BY WATCHING "BAYWATCH" —from the Internet

American men and women spend 15 percent of their days running in slow motion along the beach. Americans almost drown an average of two times each hour.

Despite the habit of breathing water, CPR always works and no one actually dies.

People in the U.S. look thoughtfully at the ocean for an average of 15 seconds after being told anything of any importance.

Americans never worry about getting enough to eat, but fat people are unreliable and sometimes evil.

work as well as a brief summary of each piece, a price list, and an order form. The photographic collection is only \$25.

To receive Wim's portfolio, send \$25 (plus 8.25% CA sales tax) to:

Wim Griffith
4231 Elko Street,
Studio J
Long Beach, CA 90814
wim@millenia.com

