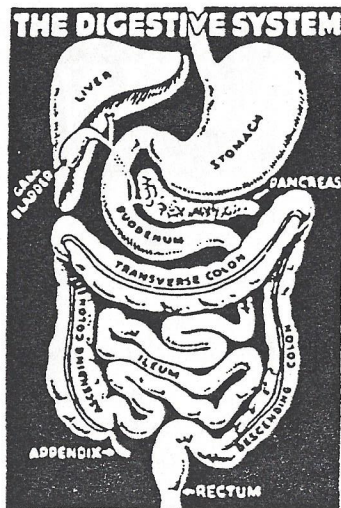


Do you have a garage or shed where the Guild can store a 6'x8' pile of trunks? We need a solution to our storage needs. Our tiny treasury gets sapped by the \$25/month we're currently shelling out. Help!

The Privy Council meets about every two months to plan Foolish events. If you'd like to participate, let us know. We'd love to have you!

Tax-Exempt Status has been a goal of the Fooles Guild for a decade but we're still looking for someone who is willing to file the paperwork. Interested? Know someone? Wouldn't it be great if your donations to the Guild were tax-deductible? Make it happen!



DENIQUE
DIAETAM
EFFICACEM
INVENI

Fools in Cyberspace! Our scintillating cybernetic sybarite Paula Foster has set up a listserv for us through her university, and listed the 14 fools whose e-mail addresses we know about. To join or get more info buzz Paula at foster.242@osu.edu.

Our Mailing List needs a computogeek (I use the term lovingly) to maintain it. If the very thought of keeping track of us makes you salivate with anticipation, volunteer. You'll get a big sloppy kiss.

Bad joke of the month: A red ship and a blue ship collided. Both crews were marooned.

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

This issue dedicated lovingly to:

When in doubt, wag your tail.

THE JOKER

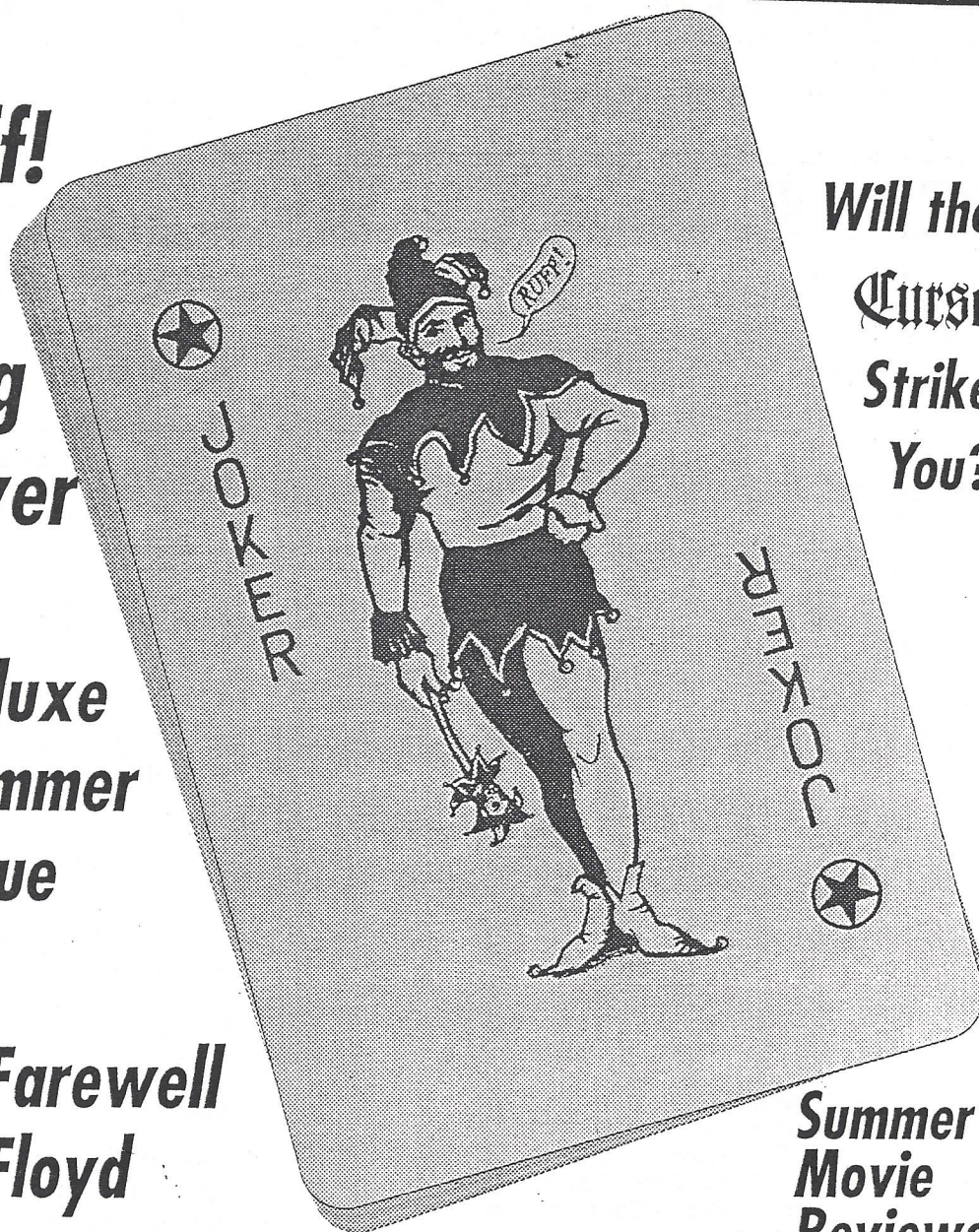
VOLUME VII • NUMBER 1 • SUMMER 1997 • \$2

**Ruff!
To
King
Rover**

**Deluxe
Summer
Issue**

**Farewell
Floyd**

**Will the
Curse
Strike
You?**



**Summer
Movie
Reviews**

What's this #@\$\$% in my mailbox?!

You may have received this Joker without being a subscriber. That's okay! Hope you're enjoying it. If you'd like to continue receiving the mouthpiece of the Guild, send us \$7 for one year's

subscription (payable to The Fooles Guild) to the address inside the front cover.

Subscriptions are renewable in June of every year (remember: the new king needs more money).

THE JOKER

Volume VII Number 1 Summer 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

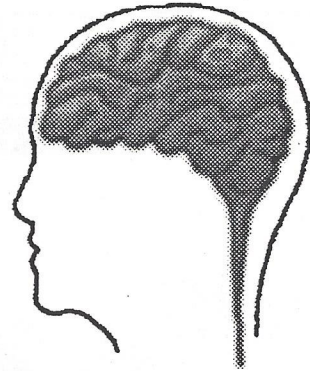
Classifieds \$5, Business Card \$7, Quarter Page \$12, Half Page \$20, Full Page \$35
Special Deal: Buy 2 Issues' worth of ads and we'll publish your ad in 4 issues!

MAILING ADDRESS

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

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Daniel Singer, Sa Winfield, Billy Q. Barrett,
Darla Hitchcock, Jim Kelly
Editor: Daniel Singer
Layout: Sarah & Carvin Knowles
Thanks to everyone who helped!



Plants! Pies! Props! Mark your calendar for our BIG FUND-RAISER September 6 & 7

As usual we'll be asking for your garage sale donations, so look around the house for those Faberge eggs and Tiffany windows you're so tired of. The PPP (Plant Propagation Project) will be selling plants, and all fools (that's you) will be asked to bake something to sell as well. We need you to bake, donate stuff, and show up and do some shopping! (Unsold items will be donated to charity and/or eaten.) It's going to be a fun day! Bring your donations after Wednesday Sept. 3 to:

669 East Villa Street, Pasadena
(210 freeway to Lake exit North; one block to Villa Street; Left one block).

For more information call the King at: (626) 577-1729

PS. We need decorative pots for plants! If you have anything nice that holds dirt get it to the Jims' house today. Thanks!

The Curse of Kingship



Or, A Royal Pain in the Kidney

by King Rover "The Ruff" Canine I

You may wonder what it's like to be crowned King of the Fools. Well it's like this: there's a big party in the town square, and the one who makes the ugliest face wins... I had sneaked out of my belltower and hidden my hideous deformities under a cloak... oh, wait. Wrong story.

I was minding my own business, enjoying my usual Wednesday evening dance class at Rawhide. During the break I stepped outside for a smoke with Jim Layne. Upon returning inside, I found myself surrounded by a group of familiar faces wearing red noses and singing "Happy Birthday" to me.

It was not my birthday. There was something very wrong with

this picture. It was a set-up. As I realized the hideous consequences of the act in progress, I sank to the floor in a fetal position, my eyes full

*Four hours later I
had collapsed ...with
a fever of 102 and
convulsive shivering.
The next day I sat
in a delirium...*

of tears. How horrible! Say it isn't so! *I'm to be the next King of Fools!*

I knew it was inevitable, but I had denied to myself that the Foolish Finger of Kingliness would ever point to me. So I was

genuinely surprised. A curious sensation in my stomach threatened to eject its contents. And yet, as I rose to my feet and attempted to place weight on my buckling knees, I tried to accept my fate with some grace.

A million thoughts clouded my fried little brain. Why would they want me? I'm retired from showbiz, I haven't been silly in years. How will I find the time in the dense series of events I call My Life to lead a group of anarchic hoo-hahs? Why don't I Just Say No? That's it, I'll just say, *Thanks for the honor, but I must decline, because I, oh, I, uh, dammit, I can't decline.* I am

—continued on the next page



Rover "The Ruff" Canine Rex I, seventeenth King of the Fools at his coronation festivities, just a few fateful hours before being struck down by the EVIL CURSE OF KINGSHIP.

Curse strikes King

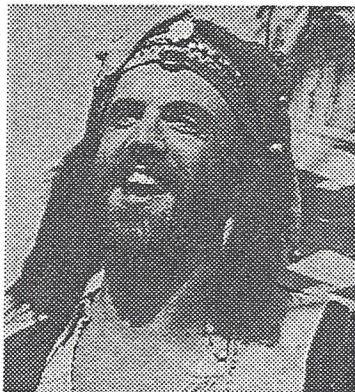
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indebted to the Fooles Guild and it's time to give something back. It's my KARMA, man.

You see, I moved to Hollywood from Northern California in 1985, and my acting partner Adam Long introduced me to a houseful of goofs who worked on the fringe of the performance world and called themselves the Fooles Guild. I took to them immediately. I bartended at parties. Took improv classes from Andy Davis. Even put the first mailing list into a data base on my brand new Apple IIc, and went into debt \$60 doing a mailing for the Guild at a time when my monthly overhead was about what I currently earn in a day. The Guild provided me with skills, support and love in the otherwise bleak cultural world of Los Angeles, and I benefited enormously.

So with a combination of pride and trepidation I accepted my calling and canceled the trip I was planning for Memorial Day weekend. Instead I went to the

Renaissance FaireTM, where on Sunday, May 25, 1997, the Parade of Fools scooped me up at the Petting Zoo and wheeled me in a wretched excuse for a wheelbarrow to the Maypole, where I was crowned Rover Canine I, seventeenth King of the Fools.



Rover "The Ruff" Canine Rex I

Four hours later I had collapsed in my tent with a fever of 102 and convulsive shivering. The next day I sat in a delirium while kindly subjects fed me tonics and rubbed my feet. I stayed home from work all week. At the end of my recovery,

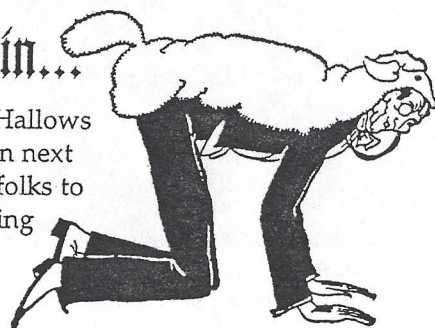
just when my body was regaining strength, my kidney created a tiny grain of sand and passed it into my bladder, scraping and shoving all the way. In the emergency room I kept thinking, *This wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been made King of the Fools.*

Nonsense, this was just a coincidence, right? I'm supposed to get good karma now, right? (*Silence as Rover's question goes unanswered....*)

At the first Privy Council meeting, I was overwhelmed by an agenda including editing the newsletter, maintaining the mailing list, fund-raising and event planning. Two weeks later our party stuff was evicted from its storage location and I had a day's notice to move it. Kingship is a dubious honor. As ex-*rex* King Dingaling shared with me that fateful night at Rawhide, the best part of being king is when you dump the honor on the next schmuck when your year is over. Ah! I thought, now I have something to look forward to! —RCI

Halloween Shenanigan and again...

It's not too soon to think about your get-up for the All Hallows Bestiary on Friday October 31 (location and ticket info in next Joker). Bring out the animal in you. We're looking for folks to create some environments, such as a Pet Cemetery, Petting Zoo, Children's Area, Inhumane Society, Vet's Office, and of course, entertainment. Call us with your ideas.



NOT-SO-FOOLHARDY SUMMER MOVIE REVIEWS

special guest reviewer Sa Winfield

Don't worry about me spilling the beans. That's the one thing I REALLY hate about most reviews. What I will do is say a few words about the type of summer movies I like Big action, pricey special effects, things blowing up in 3-D, cartoon physics, political incorrectness, and senseless violence. I don't look for a lot of character development in monster movies or logic in sci-fi/disaster flicks. HOWEVER, air conditioned theatres and gooey nachos are ESSENTIAL.

THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK

A great ride. It really grinds my beef when people go on about a lack of script or character development in a movie like this. THIS IS A MONSTER MOVIE! The scarier and faster paced, the better. Lost World (or JP2) was way more frightening than JP1. There are some real jump-out-of-your-seat, scream-out-loud moments. One of the best didn't even have a dinosaur in it.

I love Jeff Goldblum. (*Why don't you marry him? —Ed.*) But the real stars, for me, are the dinosaurs. They are so real that I had to remind myself that they're puppets and computer generated imagery. No, I wasn't on drugs at the time. Also, keep your eyes peeled for fast, funny sight gags that creep into some shots; my faves were the posters in the video store and the doghouse.

Media Center Burbank: nachos and couch-style seating are FAB.

BATMAN & ROBIN

George Clooney is nauseating. How many times does he drop his chin to his chest, or rattle his head? This is acting?

I quote a trusted friend, who summed it up as follows: "It was really bad." So there.

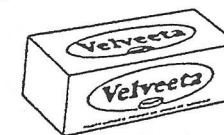
MEN IN BLACK

The most anticipated film of my summer. A very silly comedy with some very cool special effects, reminiscent of *Ghostbusters*. Will Smith makes a great wise-cracking

action-hero. Tommy Lee Jones, who I've always loved (I guess Sa's Jeff Goldblum romance is over —Ed.), is wonderful. Linda Fiorentino is a snore as usual.

Don't go looking for character development or deep meaning. It's based on a comic book.

Cinerama Dome, Hollywood: They really know their nachos. Mmm.



CONTACT

This has NOTHING to do with sinus medication filled with tiny time capsules. I was taken completely by surprise. Ha!

A script! Character development! Fortunately a few explosions and special effects put it in my Summer Movie category by a narrow margin.

Jodi Foster is one of the few really great actresses around. She has a knack of making you feel like everything that is happening to her is happening to you. Matthew McConaughey is easy on the eyes but a pretty flat performer.

Special effects are terrific. The story was about the human characters and not about nasty, gooey slime monster aliens. I love those guys, but they would have been all wrong in this flick.

Marrn's Chinese: the nachos come with the cheese on the side instead of the vastly

superior pumped-on style; NOT recommended.

HERCULES

My favorite flick of the summer! Funny, beautiful, excellent pacing, hummable songs, and a sweet love story that isn't the whole story.

Celeb voices are a hoot. Rip Torn as Zeus. You can't help imagining him saying something like, "Oh, stop fucking with me, Hades! Don't be such an asshole," but it's, ya know, for kids. James Woods as Hades steals the show. It may be hard for him to keep up that tough-guy image now that he's a plush toy. And Bobcat finally found a niche for his unique vocal stylings. Darny DeVito actually IS a satyr, from what I've heard.

The Baptists are probably having extra kinitions about the Gospel music in this film. I will bet that Herc's "Go the Distance" song will be used in the next Olympics. Sadly the closing-credit version sung by the ever-so moist and gross Michael Bolton gives me the shingles just thinking about it.

There are a few "inside" Disney sight-gags; my fav is an homage to the singing busts in the Haunted Mansion.

Saw a 9 a.m. screening, too early for ingesting nachos made from space-age polymers.

See ya in the 12th row, center section, left side aisle, unless there's not a center aisle, then I'll be in the 10th row center, so MOVE IT FOOL, YOU'RE IN MY SEAT. —Sa

ASTROLOGICAL FOOLCAST

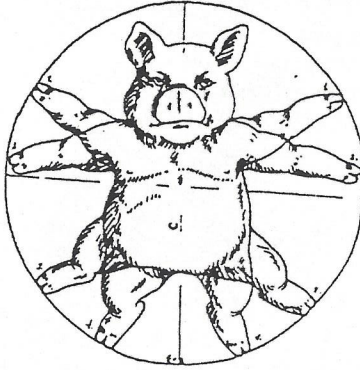
by Billy Q. Barrett

LEO (July 23 - Aug. 22): Venus entering Scorpio makes your nipples hard on the 19th. A pleasant surprise comes in the form of an unexpected gift of exotic fungus from several strangers dressed as barbarians at a Renaissance festival before the Full Moon. Don't look a gift horde in the mouth. Mormons selling penis enlargers are to be avoided until the 19th.
Tonight: Melt your rubber chickens.

VIRGO (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22): A romantic encounter involving a pornographic priestess and pre-moistened towellettes causes turmoil and cold fusion at work. Six planets in your seventh house means you have a lot of houses. Now is a great time to pawn off old electrical stimulation devices on unsuspecting yokels. Pass the hat after lighting your farts at a cattle call audition next Tuesday and rake it in.
Tonight: Chuck E. Cheese.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22): Disassociate yourself from anybody you know who liked the last Mike Myers movie. God, it was awful. You are ruled by Venus, goddess of French kissing and rich desserts. Your solar eleventh house of friends and social life is Leo, so eat only raw horsemeat at all parties where it is offered this month. You are charming, sociable, intelligent and gullible. In fact did you know that the word gullible is

not in the dictionary. Capricorn rules the fourth house of family in your solar chart so perform Gaelic limericks at your locale Karaoke bar and buy a round of Killians Red, just don't drink any.
Tonight: Unclog your arteries.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 - Nov. 22): Buy your niece that perfect gift for her birthday. New Faire Slut Barbie, comes with her own laminated camping pass and a burlap bagfull of really little condoms. The 12th, 16th and yesterday are all good times to have your tattoos gold leafed by undocumented day laborers. Confusion and contusions highlight an impromptu acupuncture session during a rollercoaster ride on the Full Moon.
Tonight: Go to Zzyzx Road.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21): Stick to the name brands, despite a midnight epiphany that reveals to you that Evian spelled backwards is "naive". You prevail in an argument with a tinseltown neophyte when you insist that a director's cut has nothing to do

with on-set flatulence. Hocking loogies from atop a freeway overpass with a new acquaintance could lead to lava lamps and Cheeze Whiz on the cusp.
Tonight: Form a Bar Mitzvah band.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19): Be wary of Virgos selling used vibrators. Pierce all your body parts that start with the letter "p" at sunset while cleaning your oven. Pluto is trine Goofy in your first house of suede so give your poor dog a bone in order to maintain domestic blisters. The arrow through the head gag is always a good idea on job interviews. Show the world you are in touch with your inner dog, bark and howl on your outgoing message until the cats complain.
Tonight: Feng Shui.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18): Spray gallons of seltzer on anyone who thinks you are immature and prone to excess. Your hot mulled potato salad is a big hit at the Hollywood Bowl so feel free to moon the conductor between movements. When you're feeling lonely at the end of the month try pounding pomegranates or auditioning finger puppets.
Tonight: Visit another Whoopee Cushion Website.

PISCES (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20): Acting on impulse and wielding plastic may lead to overpriced software and pineapple salsa.

—continued on the next page

ASTROLOGICAL FOOLCAST

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While your old Mercury is in retrograde avoid the urge to suck other peoples butts even if they are big, brown and from Havana—get your own damn cigars! Despite excellent alignment of stars, gargling with Compound W will not remove your infected tonsils. Consult a member of a Commedia del Arte troupe and do the exact opposite of what they suggest.
Tonight: Adopt a highway.

ARIES (Mar. 21 - April 19): Be wary of Virgos selling used vibrators. Wear pumpkin on the ninth, not a pumpkin, just the color. Challenge strangers to darts when you're truly blasted but avoid valet parking on alternate Wednesdays when Mexican food is involved. Practicing handstands in fresh elephant shit may not be as good as it sounds until the end of the millennium.
Tonight: Pluck unwanted facial hair.

TAURUS (April 20 - May 20): The recent malfunction of both your "silly string" and your "fart in a can" at crucial moments has you down in the dumps. Cheer up by taking yourself to the bookstore and buying a best seller like *The Big Book Of Blow Jobs*. Pretending you're left-handed will lead to a serious rendezvous involving hot mustard and cuckoo clocks.
Tonight: Cream in your coffee.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 20): When Moon is in opposition to

Mars at the end of the month you may find it hard to buckle down and get serious so try unbuckling and getting silly. Look for the girl with the Sun in her eyes and she's gone. Fill a Jacuzzi with Miracle Whip and relax while watching old Cock & Feathers videos (call me if you need some).
Tonight: Patchwork lingerie.

CANCER (June 21- July 22): You gain a deep sense of satisfaction from slapping a "morning person" who insists on being cheery before noon. An impromptu game of "strip darts" with a sadistic Aries may encourage small pricks during the waxing of the leg. Your first date with that chat room chum goes as smoothly as space station docking.
Tonight: Perfect your Elvis impression while jumping through a hogshead of real fire.



Advice from the King

Dear King Rover:
I want to be more like my dog, but I can't lick myself like he can. What can I do to correct this?
—Agonized

Dear Agonized:
Dogs are more supple than people. You would have to do an amazing amount of yoga to curl your spine that much, and you might injure yourself, so I recommend waiting for the Virtual Reality glasses to be perfected. Then you'll never leave the house.
—Rover

Dear King Rover:
My Mom keeps me on a leash when she takes me out, but I don't like the way she jerks my chain when I start to stray. Yesterday I got so mad I bit her arm, and got spanked. Help!
—In The Doghouse

Dear Doghouse:
Rule One, Behave. Then you won't get jerked around. Rule Two, Don't Bite The Hand that Feeds You. Rule Three, When you don't like your Master, run off and find a new one.
—Rover

The Year of the Pup

King Rover's in touch with his inner dog, and has decreed that this will be a year of tail-wagging, sleeping in the sun, rolling on flowers and chewing on leather (optional). So be loyal to your loved ones, pet one another, and remember, if you eat it, it must be food.



The Box



by Rover Canine I

It sat on the floor of my study. A seemingly harmless, white, cardboard cube, about two feet square, cheerily decorated with the message EVENFLO BOOSTER CAR SEAT. But I was not taken in by its intentionally deceptive exterior. Inside lurked something insidiously terrifying, profoundly horrible. Inside was a twelve-year collection of papers that had gone seemingly unsorted. I was charged with turning this intimidating mountain of clippings into an Archive that the Fooles Guild could be proud of.

I turned my back on the sneering box and heard it laugh a spiteful chuckle as I left the room in a cold sweat. I went to my home gym and pressed weight like I have never before, adding ten pounds to every exercise, grunting and snarling, the focus of my attention being my cardboard nemesis sitting smugly in the study. It was me or IT. After half an hour slamming at the punching bag (actually I don't have one, but Kent took it well) I downed a beer in three pulls and neatly collapsed the aluminum can on my forehead. I was pumped. Mean. Ready.

Moments later I was drowning in photocopies of Joker cards. Far Side cartoons. Faxes faded with age. Letters scrawled with crayons. I separated out mailing lists (no two from the same data

base and few of them dated), bank statements and other business; and as I swam about this sea of paper, gasping for breath, my body riddled with paper cuts, I noticed a series of folded, stapled newsletters in a variety of colors rising to the surface. I collected them swiftly and leaped from the room, slamming the door behind me.



After careful perusal, these charming, informative publications revealed to me not only a chronicle of the Fooles Guild, but also of the anarchy inherent in the group's core philosophy. Here's a list of my findings:

Volume I, Number 1 is dated 2/23/85 and called the Joker. It's one of the few with a date! It's also the only issue in 8-1/2x11" format; all subsequent issues are on legal-size paper, folded, collated and stapled. Volume I

ran for four issues and is followed by a publishing silence of five years. Publication resumed as follows:

- 1991-2 JESTER Volume I: 2 issues
- 1992-3 JESTER Volume II: 4 issues
- 1993-4 JESTER Volume III: 4 issues
- 1994-5 JOKER Volume II: 4 issues
- 1995-6 JESTER Volume V: 2 issues
- 1996-7 JOKER Volume VI: 4 issues

For those of you who pride yourselves in collecting these things, there have been 24 issues, unless The Box failed to include evidence of others. Armed with my prize, knowing that many years' worth of letters, articles, reviews and mad ravings were preserved, I opened my study door just wide enough to toss in a lighted match and set the mountain of clippings ablaze. As I stood waiting with fire extinguisher at hand (not in case I changed my mind—there was no turning back—but only to save my house from perishing in the flames), I swelled with manly pride like St. George above his disemboweled dragon, flushed with the knowledge that I would pass on to the next king a small, harmless, tidy little box with a few neat files containing 24 newsletters (plus 4 to come): a compact record of the Guild's musings, events, and plans.

I shudder, however, when I think what The Box will look like ten years from now. —RCI

SUBSCRIBE!



Seven Bucks is cheaper than a movie, you Fool, so get out that checkbook and start writing now!

Make your check payable to:

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

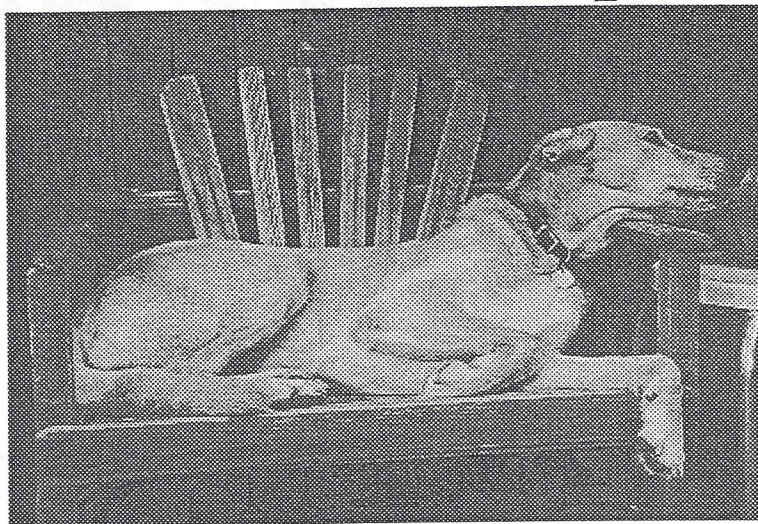
THE JOKER

A Farewell to Floyd

by Jim Kelly

Our big old blond dog Floyd died while we were on vacation. He had clearly made up his mind that it was time to do so, and in this endeavor he was assisted by his human friends. His passing is not an occasion for deep sorrow, but rather for bittersweet joy. He had led an enviable life; he had found true love; and he possessed the grace to depart on his own terms. Save his puppyhood, which was known only to him, his life with us had been a blessed one of affection, companionship and care. His last moments were in the company of loved ones, and he died as he lived: tail wagging.

We'll remember his affectionate nature, sweet disposition and guileless hedonism. We recall the hilarious show he starred in as the Floyd-o-Phone, making deep groans when his chest was leaned upon. Alas, we will miss his head appearing unbidden under our



hand, desiring but to be stroked ("It was just lying there, unused; might as well pet me"), though we may not miss the fur-drifts that he shed indoors and out.

Lift a glass or lift a leg and salute the peaceful end of Floyd's happy life. We should all be so lucky.

[Editor's note: any visitor to the house of Jim knows how much a

member of the family those dogs are, and will miss dear ol' Floyd, whose name came from the dance club in Long Beach. My favorite memory of Floyd is how in later life he would begin to pee the moment he left the house, and as he trotted down the sidewalk, he would "sign his name" in an almost-legible cursive script... See ya in Doggie Heaven, Floyd. Good dog.]



10 THE JOKER

Hey fool! Don't forget yer Mother

GUILD ANNOUNCEMENTS

Partner Dancing
How to have fun and meet attractive people of all genders...

Free lessons! Come to the Rawhide (on Burbank, between Vineland and Cahuenga, in North Hollywood) any Wednesday night [I promise they won't make you King of the Fools —Rover] for a one-hour lesson from 8 till 9 p.m. There's open dancing before and after, and the fool-friendly folk who've been attending highly recommend it. The Jims teach Two-Step (a very useful dance these days) and plan to offer Swing as well. Classes are free. Perhaps I should repeat that. Classes are free, and open to all (21 and over), with or without a partner. You'll be paired up and passed around - don't be shy. If you've gazed with envy at couples dancing with style and grace, just think, THAT COULD BE ME. It's the most fun you can have standing up. And guys, GOOD DANCERS ARE BABE MAGNETS. Duh.

I can't stand to look at this thing another minute!

Sell unwanted stuff through a Classified in the Joker. Our ads reach literally scads of people.

FOR SALE

Oak Swivel Desk Chair. Antique. \$40. Call the King at (626) 577-1729

Just How Foolish are You?

Please pick up a pen (or keyboard) right now and tell us what you do. Skills? Talents? Interests? The Guild wants to know more about its members. Be brief, be long-winded; just write to us! We'd like to maintain a file on our diversity and resources. That's you! An upcoming Joker will print the latest gigs of our fools, so if it doesn't end up printed here, it's your own dang fault.

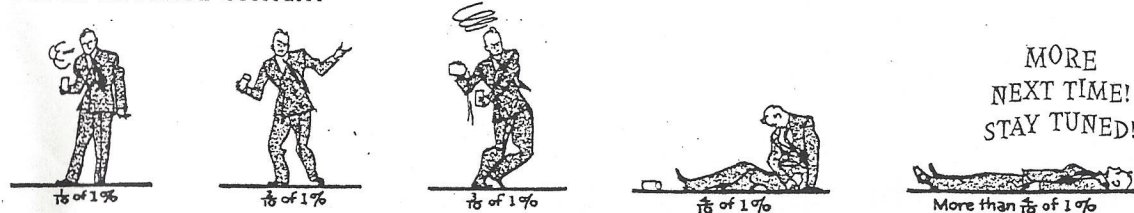
Good shit happens all of a sudden

Semi-spontaneous outings sprout like weeds around the Foles Guild. The Hollywood Bowl, the races, bowling, highly-paid extras in movies, that sort of thing. That's why there a PHONE TREE. Get on the list by calling Jim Kelly at (213) 664-9036 or Tuba Hetherton at (818) 980-8822. They can also use your help if you give good phone. Remember: if your life is boring IT'S NOT OUR FAULT.

When are the fun little events?

Years past have featured dozens of planned outings and small parties, but alas, King Rover is a busy pup and has a tough enough time heading up the Joker and the Big Three (Halloween, New Years Eve, and Feast of Fools). If you would like to organize a softball game, video night, bowling night, campout, club night, theme park, hospital visit, picnic, etc., etc., don't be shy! Pick an activity and a day, and we'll be happy to put it The Joker.

BLOOD ALCOHOL CONTENT



MORE
NEXT TIME!
STAY TUNED!