

A Holiday Favourite
FOOLS FRUIT CAKE

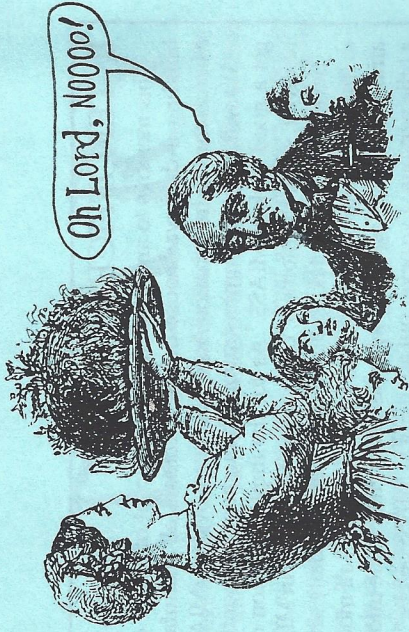
Ingredients:

- 1 cup water
- 4 large eggs
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp lemon juice
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups dried fruit
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 bottle of whiskey

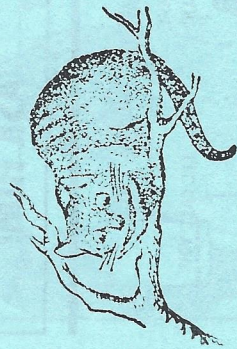
Use a large bowl. To ensure that the whiskey is of highest quality, check by pouring one level cup, and drink. Repeat. Beat butter with electric mixer in large fluffy bowl. Add one teaspoon of sugar and beat again. Make sure whiskey is still okay. Cry another tup. Turn off the mixer. Beat two leggs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit. Mix on the tuner. If the fried druit gets stuck in the beaters, pry it loose with a drowscriver.

Sample whiskey to check for tonsistency. Next, sift two cups of salt. Or something. Who cares? Check the whiskey. Now fist the lemon juice and strain your nuts. Add one table. Spoon. Of sugar or something. Whatever.

Grease the oven. Turn the cake tin to 350 degrees. Don't forget to beat off the turner. Throw the bowl out the window, check the whiskey again and go to bed.



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

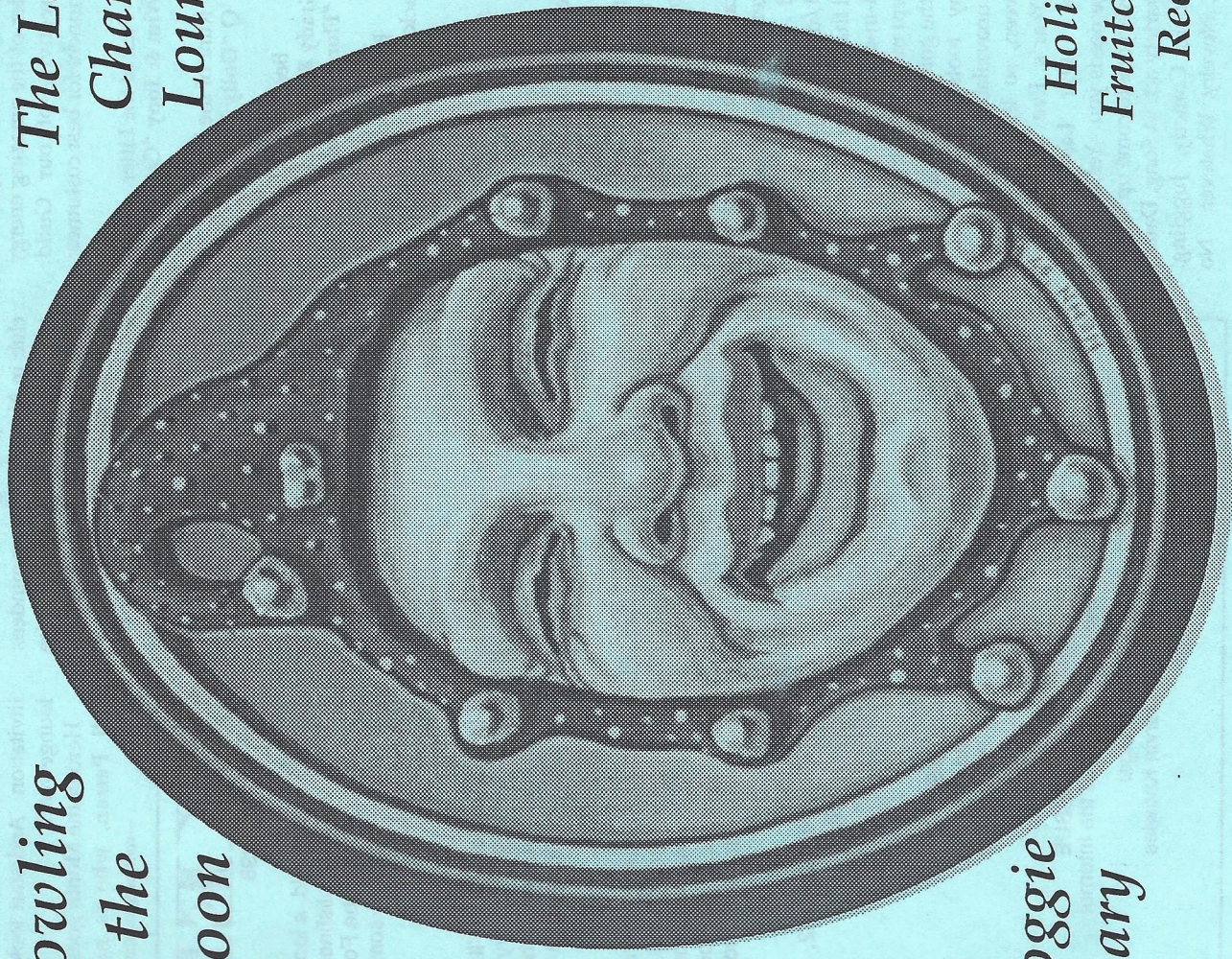


Palindrome of the Month:
SLAP NUTS—STUN PALS

WANTED

Good-looking fool to join fun-loving has-been for juggling, drinking and laffs. Write to:

*Howling
at the
Moon*



*Doggie
Diary*

*Holiday
Fruitcake
Recipe*

ROVER UNMUTZLED

Joy, Fools! The Halloween party was such a splendid reminder of the amazing energy and creativity of our Guild. Prizewinners for best costumes:

Pick of the Litter
Wim & Tony "Cats"

Runt of the Litter
Q "Dolly Llama"

Best Stud
Jim Grady & Michael Hruska
"Flora and Fauna"

Best of Breed
Jack Tate "Jackalope"

Most Exotic
Sa "Centaurette"

Best of Show
Bonnie Morgan "Cheshire Cat"

Hearty thank-yous to the Burbank Moose Lodge, Jodi for the fantastic buffet, the Jims & Rocky for the music, Michael Hruska for the superb Pet Cemetery, and everyone who helped on the crew or loaned/donated party fodder. Special thanks to the world's best second-in-command, Jim Kelly, who kept me from going ballistic when the going got tough.

Many fools apologized for being unavailable to help with Halloween, so let me just say, New Year's Eve is your big chance. Our Last Chance Lounge needs you. Yes, YOU! I want everyone to come up with a short variety act. A Song, Dance, Lip-Synch, Comedy, Juggling, Magic, Novelty, Whatever. No

talent? NO PROBLEM! This is the show playing at the worst club in Nevada. Two reminders: (1) Let me know what you're doing so I can plan the program. Call me at (626) 577-1729 between 6-9 p.m. by December 15! (2) Buy

your tickets in advance! See details in the center spread invitation. And start looking for loungewear!

Hero of the Month goes to fool Bill Perron, who is now the

—continued on the next page

THE JOKER

Volume VII Number 3 Winter 1997-1998

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

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

MAILING ADDRESS

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

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Rover, Andy Davis, Jim & Jim and the Internet

Editor: Daniel Singer

Layout Dali Lama: Carvin Knowles

—continued from the previous page

proud caretaker of the Guild's pile of party supplies. He's housing our stuff eternally rent-free! God bless you and our Perennial Hero Steve Marshall, without whose truck, brawn



WANTED

For Multiple Leash Violations
Rover Canine Rex I

and willingness our stuff would pretty much stay in one place.

The Last Word...most of you are under the impression that Other People sit around creating events and editing a newsletter. I got news for you! The Fooles Guild does not exist without YOUR participation! Why aren't these pages graced with your classified ad or business card, your letter to the editor, your wacky joke? The Joker is the Official Mouthpiece of our Guild. Say something! The next deadline is February 15, so I'll be expecting your contribution soon... The Spring Issue will be my last as your kingly canine.
Woof!
— Rover

In case you didn't get one at the Halloween Party, here's your official license, you animals!

use scissors only under adult supervision

Found free of venereal, lice, worms, hoof & mouth, mad cow, anthrax, farnax and rabies - this animal is granted

LICENSE

to run free, frolic, gambol, rut, graze, migrate, frock, moult, slither, wobble, waltz, cheer shoes, sniff butts, hump legs and hibernate

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

Howling at the Moon

a true story by Fricolous Wrex

The Harvest Moon rose huge and orange on a recent hot October evening, inspiring my other half and I to scoop the dogs into the pickup and drive up to Angeles Crest. Finding a secluded meadow half a mile from the fire road where we parked, we let the dogs run free as we drank in the spectacular view. A primal urge rose from within and we began howling at the moon.

Sheriff's Report 10/4/97 8:10 p.m.

Observed brown 1984 Nissan pick-up truck parked along Angeles Crest Highway. As the vehicle was abandoned but the hood was warm, suspected illegal activity nearby-- possibly involving gangs and/or drugs.

I felt encumbered by my clothing and naturally began to peel it off. Soon my partner and I were naked in the moonlight and howling vociferously.

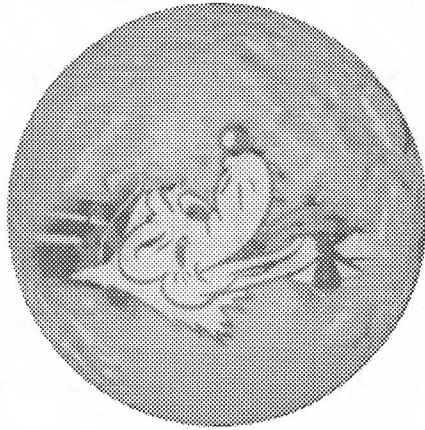
Hearing a series of pained cries beyond the trees, I decided to investigate. My partner stayed by the truck while I hiked towards the direction of the crime (possibly murder?) with gun drawn.

The primal nature of our activity led us to become amorous. Knowing that the dogs would alert us should anyone approach, my spouse and I began caressing each other.

After a considerable hike, I saw two individuals in the moonlight. I

turned my flashlight on them, revealing them to be indecently exposed. Two wild dogs began to approach me, and I demanded to know why they were not leashed.

We dressed frantically. The stranger's demand identified him as a representative of the law; and knowing we had probably broken two of them, we complied with his request and tied the dogs with a sweatshirt.



I could not ascertain the extent of the violations, so I called for backup while keeping the suspects covered.

A second deputy arrived and the two inspected our eyes and arms for suspected drug use, while repeatedly reminding us that unleashed dogs and nudity are against the law. We explained that we had been howling at the moon and gotten a little carried away. The smaller of the two (who had just arrived) showed a glimmer of amusement.

One of the suspects carried no ID, so I led them back to their vehicle for further interrogation.

It was a long, awkward walk back to the truck. I remarked what a rare, magnificent night it was, and how brightly the city lights were shimmering. The second deputy agreed.

I demanded that they open the vehicle. The suspects had no keys, and claimed to have lost them. We searched them again.

In my hurry to dress, my keys must have tumbled from my pocket into the field.

I called in their drivers license numbers; the one without ID provided a license number from memory which the computer said matched the address on his friend's license. They were apparently lovers. However, there was a warrant out calling for the immediate arrest of Jim Kelly. I suspected he was a sex offender.

I explained that I had been detained previously due to an outstanding warrant out on a convicted armed felon who used the name James Patrick Kelly as an alias, but that a judge had guaranteed that any officer who detained me under this mistaken assumption would be held personally liable for civil damages. I carry the order in my wallet, which I didn't have with me tonight.

The one calling himself Kelly fed me a spurious story about some trumped-up beef. I didn't buy it.

I was beginning to shiver when the second deputy returned with the keys he'd found. The two ransacked the truck inside and out. I worried about the bag of rosemary my herbalist had just given me for my aromatherapy. A pause in the sheriffs' activities told me they had found it.

A bag containing a green leafy "substance" was found as well as an alligator clip, confirming my suspicions. I reminded the suspects again about how this is a dangerous area with an abnormally high rate of violent crime.

He went on and on about all the murders and rapes that happen up here, and how lucky we were to not be lying in the field with our throats cut. If this was the case, why was he wasting his time harassing two harmless gay hippies?

I ought to have taken them in, impounded their dogs and truck, and prosecuted them to the full extent of the law. I see this truck up here all the time.

We had never been in the area before in our lives. After a total of two hours' pointless detention we were released.

Asst. Deputy's Report 10/4/97 10:35 p.m.

Detained two suspects who turned out to be harmless hippies howling at the moon. It was a beautiful night. Could have done a howl myself.

HERE WE COME A-CROSSDRESSING

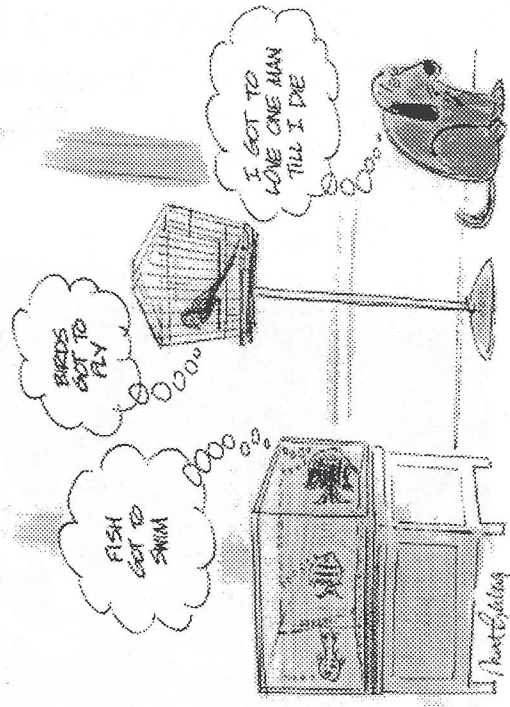
A carol sung to "Winter Wonderland"

Lacy things... the wife is missin'
Didn't ask... her permission
I'm wearin' her clothes
Her silk pantyhose
Walkin' round in women's underwear.

In the store... there's a teddy
Little straps... like spaghetti
It holds me so tight
Like handcuffs at night
Walkin' round in women's underwear.

In the office there's a guy named Maroin
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown
He'll say "Are you ready?" I'll say "Whoa, man!
Let's wait until our wives are out of town."

Later on, if you wanna
We can dress... like Madonna
Put on some eyeshade
And join the parade
Walkin' round in women's underwear.
Walkin' round in women's underwear.



Can't cut it in Vegas?
 Tahoe too tough for you?
 Bounced Out of Buttonwillow?
 You end up at...



On the edge of the desert sits a
 dark cocktail bar
 where the Hopetuls
 meet the Has-Beens

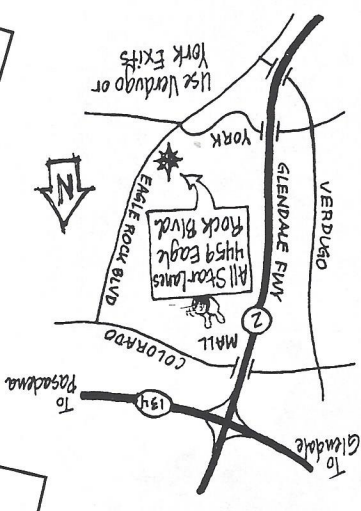
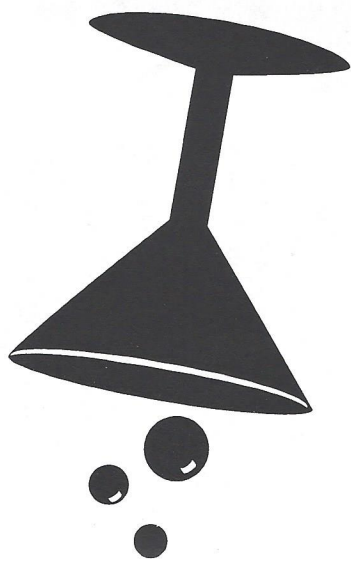
The Fools Guild's 17th Annual

New Year's Eve Party

Come early for
 cocktails, pool, bowling
 and arcade games
 Complimentary supper
 at 9:00 at the bountiful
 Bowling Ball Buffet

Spectacular Lounge Show
 at 10:00
 Hosted by the fabulous
Federico Casanova
 fresh from his recent
 triumph at the
 Toledo Holiday Inn Showbar

YOU are the entertainment
 ...Yes YOU!
 We need your short
 variety act in our show
 First-timers welcome—
 show your foolishness—
 No act too strange or stupid
 Call Rover at (626) 577-1729
 to register your act BY DEC. 15



Wednesday Nite
 31 Dec. 1997
 at the Ultra-Groovy
 All Star Lanes
 4459 Eagle Rock Blvd.
 (See Map)

FULL BARI
 OPEN DANCING!
 FREE BOWLING PARKING!
 A NIGHT OF FUN
 YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME
 REMEMBERING AFTERWARDS!

Tickets \$15 before Dec. 20
 Make reservations EARLY
 Send check to
 The Fools Guild
 c/o 669 East Villa Street
 Pasadena CA 91101
 Your tickets will be held at the door
 \$20 at door if available

RAVINGS OF AN OLD FOOL

By anonymous I

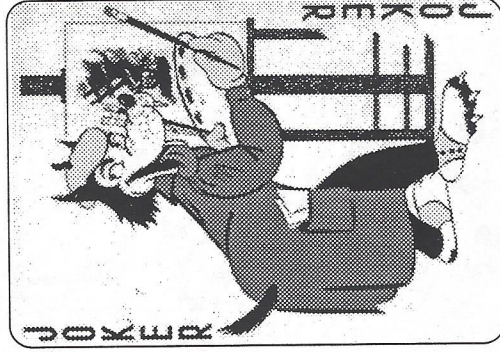
Like most people who look Guild awhile, I periodically get asked the question, "What is the Fools Guild?" Whenever I hear that question my first response is to laugh. The whole impossibility of explaining what the Guild is comes out, each time, in this amused snort that's halfway between a "Hah!" and a "Huh!" I usually go on to explain that the Fools Guild is this loose conglomeration of performers and assorted creative types who identify with the fool, etc. etc. etc. The answer is never very satisfying because the Guild resists definition. Always has.

It's gradually dawned on me that the real answer to the question "What is the Fools Guild?" is contained in that laugh. Like the answer to a Zen koan, that spontaneous "Hah!" is really the most succinct and probably the most complete answer to what the Fools Guild is all about—even as it expresses the utter futility of trying to answer such a question.

I find myself talking about the Fools Guild in Zen terms a lot, because in talking about the fool, I am talking about something that is essentially spiritual. The Fool is a spirit -- our spirit. And the Guild is, if it is anything, a spiritual community.

Now the idea that we are a spiritual community is certain to make some of you gag. Understandable. This spiritual community business has a pretty

bad wrap, what with fundamentalist Christians on one side and Nouveau Age types on the other. But think about it. The main function of the Guild has been to keep the spirit of the Fool alive. Over the years, the most consistent activity of the Guild has been to produce parties. I think those parties have to do with creating a space where the Foolish spirit can reign, where people can feed off of and be a part of that spirit.



We've done a pretty good job of keeping that Foolish spirit alive for lo these many years. The parties have been going on since 1980. There's been, what, eighteen Kings? The Guild has held together despite the loss of our Guildhall in 1986, our banishment from the Boys Camp, and a relatively ordered retreat from the Ren Faire. The problem is that in keeping the activities of

the way that excess has freed us and shaped us.

- It's about being bent—not broken. The more bent you are, the less broken you'll be.

- It's about anarchy—and the colorful ways in which people have expressed the anarchic spirit.

- It's about wisdom—and the belief that the shortest route to enlightenment is usually the opposite direction.

Some of these will resonate more than others, and different people respond to different aspects, but generally they are the things that drew people to the figure of the Fool. They're the spiritual aspects of the Fool. These are the values and beliefs that most people will agree underly the Fools Guild. But it's time we articulated them.

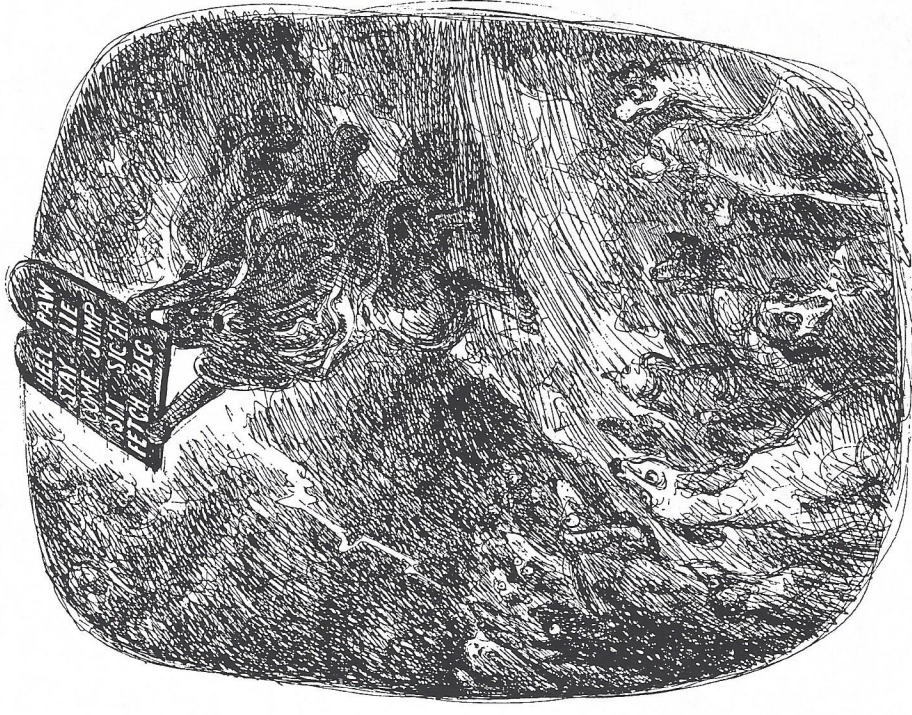
The Guild was created on the basis of anarchy and creativity and laughter. People were drawn to this community o' Fools because of the freedom and inspiration it gave them. The problem with any kind of anarchy is that it is hard to maintain over the long term. Anarchy nearly always devolves into some kind of organization and structure. Instead of spontaneity, we get planning. Instead of creativity, we get tradition. Instead of freedom, we get responsibility.

If we are going to get organized (and I think we're stuck with it), that organization has to serve the higher (or lower, if you will) purposes of the Guild. We need to be clear on what those higher purposes are.

The problem is that those purposes are being forgotten, or at least taken for granted. Most of the discussion going on in the Guild is about logistics -- where's the party going to take place, how can we get more people to help in the decorating. The result is that people coming into the Guild aren't getting the deeper significance of what it means to be a Fool.

More and more, I think, this needs to be an individual expression. People need to be putting their own, individual understanding of Foolishness

out there. Too many people are waiting for the King to initiate something or the "Guild" to get behind some activity. But we aren't going to get back to any kind of anarchistic spirit until more people are going their individual directions. The Fool is a wonderful archetype and Foolishness is an extraordinary theme for any and all kinds of expression—performing of writing or dance or design or cooking or costuming or even managing. The world needs to hear more of it. We need to hear more of it.



DOGGY DIARY

Author Merrill Markoe wondered what made her dogs tick (so to speak), and so decided to spend a day as one of them: sharing their hopes, fears, squeak toys, and toilet water. Here is an excerpt from the diary that resulted.

8:45 A.M. We started out in the bedroom with our heads under the bed. But one of us heard something and we all ran to the back door. There was nothing there. We have been lying on our sides in the kitchen for almost an hour now.

9:00 A.M. We carefully inspected the baseboard in the hallway, which led us straight to the heating duct by the bedroom. Coincidence? Not sure. We watched it for a while. Then, never letting it out of our sight, we all took a nap.

10:00 A.M. I don't know whose idea it was to yank back the edge of the carpet and pull apart the carpet pad, but what a rousing good time!

11:15 A.M. We all wound up in the kitchen. I soon became caught up in their obsession to obtain snacks. That is the only explanation I have as to why I helped them topple over the garbage. Pack etiquette demanded that I be last in line. By the time I got my head in there, the really good stuff was gone. But wait! I spied a piece of foil hidden by a clump of hair, and inside, a wad of previously chewed gum, lightly coated with sugar or salt. I settled down to enjoy my treasure.

12:20 P.M. Someone heard something, and in a flash we were all in the back yard, running back and forth along the fence. We spotted a larger-than-usual space between two fence boards, and using teeth and nails, began to make the space larger. A few hundred dollars' worth of fence damage later, we squeezed through and ran in countless circles in the lot next door.

1:30 P.M. We raced up and back in front of the neighbor's house. We had been running and barking for less than an hour when the owner came outside. I found the manner in which he threatened to turn the hose on us unnecessarily violent and vulgar.

3:00 P.M. By the time we had moved our running and barking activities into our

own front yard, we were all getting a little tired. So we lay down on the porch and slept.

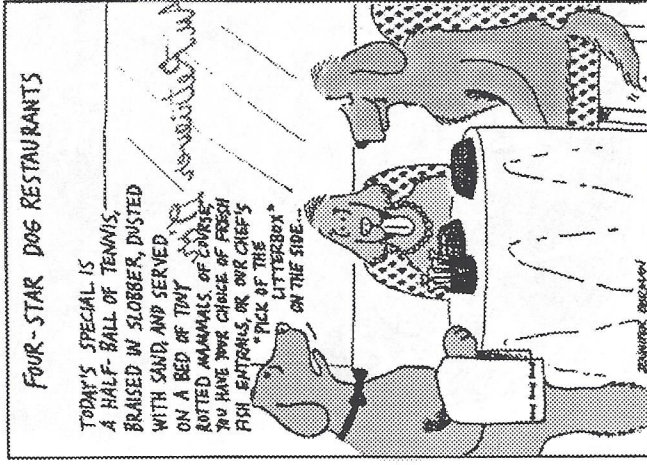
4:10 P.M. We rolled over.

4:45 P.M. We rolled over again.

5:20 P.M. We lay on our backs. What a nice change of pace.

6:00 P.M. Occasionally one of us would get up, scratch the front door, and whine. It occurred to me that we could all go back through the hole in the fence, but everyone seemed to have forgotten about the entire fence incident by this time.

6:30 P.M. A car pulls into the driveway; the man who lives with us is home. He is surprised and perplexed to see us out in the front yard running in circles. He is also irritated by the fact that no one offers any explanations. Once he opens the front door, he unleashes a furious string of harsh words as he confronts the garbage someone has strewn all over the house. We have nothing but sympathy for him in his tragic misfortune. But since none of us knows anything about it, we all retire to the coat closet until the whole thing blows over. Later, as he eats his dinner, I sit quietly under the table. A pleasant feeling of calm overtakes me. Perhaps that is why the cruel things he says to me seem to have no effect. And so, when he gets up to pour himself another beverage, I raise my head up to his plate, and, with my teeth, lift off his sandwich.



INTEROFFICE MEMO

This memo is to announce the development of a new company-wide software system. We are currently building a data warehouse that will contain all manufacturing data. The program is referred to as the Manufacturing Information Access Software System (MIASS).

We will be giving demonstrations throughout the month so that all employees will have an opportunity to get a good look at MIASS. As for the implementation of the program, networking issues have yet to be resolved, so for the moment, only one person can be in MIASS at a time. This will change as MIASS expands. Several people are taking advantage of MIASS daily and have come to depend on it. I was not surprised to find an employee with his nose buried in MIASS all morning. Some less-technical personnel are somewhat afraid of MIASS; last week, when asked to enter some information into the program, a secretary told me, "I'm a little nervous. I've never put anything in MIASS before." I volunteered to help, and when we were through, she admitted it was relatively painless and she was actually looking forward to doing it again.

I know there are concerns over the virus that was found in MIASS, but I am pleased to announce that the virus has been eliminated and we were able to save MIASS. In the future, however, protection will be required prior to entering MIASS.

This database will soon encompass all relevant company information, so feel free to put anything and everything into MIASS. By then it will be common for every manager to hand memos to employees and say, "Here, stick this in MIASS."

And at recent audits, several clients and agencies were amazed at how quickly we were able to provide information. "It was simple," replied Robert Soames, Information Systems Manager, when asked how the numbers could be retrieved so rapidly. "I just pulled them out of MIASS."

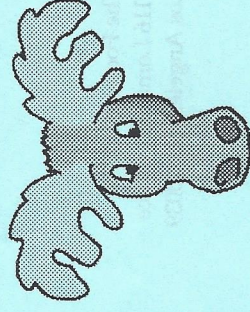
WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

The late Mr. & Mrs. Jack & Selma Kruger would spin in their graves if they knew that their daughter Darla Tiffany Amber Crystal Bambi has consented to be joined in holy matrimony with that no-account good-for-nothing Daniel-Bob Singer

to be wed on Wednesday, April 1, 1998 at the Buckwheat Moose Lodge Polyester, Polyforms, Plastics & Cross-Dressing Encouraged

Please to participate in the event of the social season!

(Details in Spring Joker)



DAVID SPRINGHORN IS A MOOSE! ASK HIM!

BLOOD ALCOHOL CONTENT: THE JOB INTERVIEW

I'M HIGHLY QUALIFIED AND EXPERIENCED.

YOU GOTTA HIRE ME. I REALLY NEED THIS JOB.

WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO WORK FOR THIS DUMB-ASS COMPANY ANYWAY?

DO YOU HAVE A MEDICAL PLAN?

I'LL CALL YOU.

1% of 1%

1% of 1%

1% of 1%

1% of 1%

More than 1% of 1%