

In Defense of Dumb Jokes!

by Gerhard

Let's get one thing straight right from the start:

Dumb jokes are NOT dumb!

Okay, they ARE dumb.

But they are ALSO a great (not-so-secret) SECRET WEAPON!

First of all, they drive folks nuts. In a crazy world, you have to be crazy to function.

Second, they (at last occasionally...okay, "rarely") make folks laugh. Laughter is good. Humor is healing.

Third, they make ME happy! And I'm the center of the universe. My universe. (Let's be honest! Everybody knows they are the center of their own universe.)

Fourth, dumb jokes are very useful for "coded" communication. Easy to remember. Sometimes SO easy to remember that you can't forget them even when you desperately WANT to forget them!

Here are just a few examples:

When a comrade's wife drove up onto the sidewalk in front of the police station and she couldn't get the car in the right gear to extract herself, his evil twin brother rushed into the police station to get help. Two officers came out. Both had names with symbolic significance. (We won't explain this here.)

He concocted a story that his slightly beat up 25 year old Buick was actually a cleverly camouflaged "Nazi flying saucer". The little old lady was a disguised alien from outer space (not Mexico) who had just gotten her UFO learner driver's permit. This "UFO crash" had turned out a lot better than that incident in Roswell, New Mexico back in 1947. No deaths. Even the vehicle itself wasn't damaged.

When a comrade addressed the Board of Directors of his local Chamber of Commerce, he made an "innocent", "humorous" reference to an "alleged" sex scandal involving wife swapping and orgies at the board's monthly meeting "behind locked doors". Within minutes the board ruled in his favor. Coincidence? Brilliant tactical move? Blackmail? Part of a huge interplanetary conspiracy involving Nazi flying saucers, "hot babes", and "great sex"?

When a retired comrade "makes the rounds" and stops by local stores to chat with bored shopkeepers, he sometimes asks them for one last favor before departing: *When the guys with the butterfly nets get here, please stall them for five minutes! The straight-jacket is uncomfortable. I'm not dangerous. The police know me. I'm on my way home anyway!*

Don't laugh!

This actually worked!

The last I heard, he's still running around town. Five minutes ahead of the guys with the butterfly nets!

There's a method to his madness. And a madness to his method.