

(Tomfoolery the Chicken Boy of York)

-Editorial co-conspirator Bendy Bonnie M

wish you adeau, achoo, et bonne chance.

Finally, to you, the Fine Foolery who finds delights in the following pages, I

We sincerely wish you will enjoy it to the last drop... And if you do not, it can always be used for kindling, or perhaps a fetching hat, or even emergency toilet paper... But if you do not appreciate this foolish finery, we will know the truth, that you're nothing but an English pig-dog whose mother was an hamster and whose father smelt of elderberries! Now go away or I shall taunt you a second time.

Printed herein is a magnificent education in the origins of Bastille Day, a full page of funnies, an impeccable personalized horoscope, bad advise in copious amounts, and light hearted pleasures available for the delight of your senses.

Inside this perfectly perplexing pamphlet, you will find a veritable feast of entertaining edification, fine food for the mind, fanciful fluff, and just desserts, I say let them eat cake...a la mode!

From here on out, this publication will be best enjoyed if read with an outrageous French accent! Seriously!

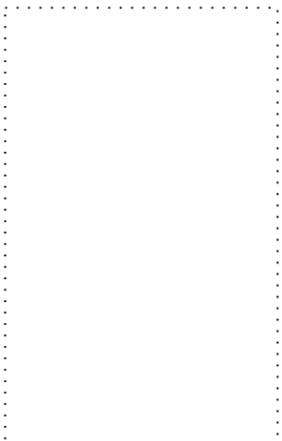
Bonjour, Bienvenu and Welcome to this the Fools Guild celebratory issue of the Bastille Day!

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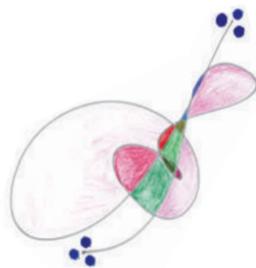


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Fools' Guild



Eating my way back to you, babe.

PAST ISSUES



JPK - 5/1512020

Though I know that a deadly disease stalks the land
And consequence dire I do understand,
"Plague" is a usage *Id* rather not use;
And better semantics sooner I'd choose.
For framing the world through a lens of infection
Leads to despondent despair and deflection.
I'd much rather honor this time that we're spending,
Discrete and suspended for days without ending,
A time set aside from our usual worries,
From hustle and bustle, from hassle and hurries.
So I resist using a term so pejorative
And would much rather think of this pause as restorative.

Anti-Semantics

BASTILLE DAY EDITION

THE JOKER

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around Thanksgiving. But, maybe not ...

receive. The next one might be a food issue

no promises about when or how many you'll

accepted! Jokers are published sporadically, so

much appreciated! \$20 suggested, all amounts

Help cover publication costs—not required, but

Support your humanity! DONATE!

services.

trades total abstractions for physical goods and

sex. SO? Money! We are the only species that

introspection. **Bartering?** Nope. Monkey give

some birds also have Economonal cells allowing

No. Higher primates, Cetacea and maybe even

unique assemblage..blah. Ah! **Self Awareness?**

has one. **Art?** No. Bower Birds create highly

frogs have them. **Names?** No, virtually everyone

Thumbs? No Even *Phyllomedusa Camba tree*

from the rest of the animal phylum?

What is it that separates humans



on a stick!

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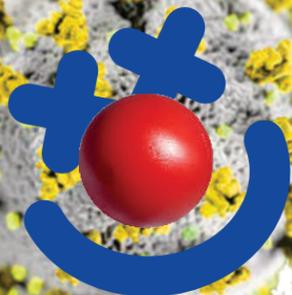
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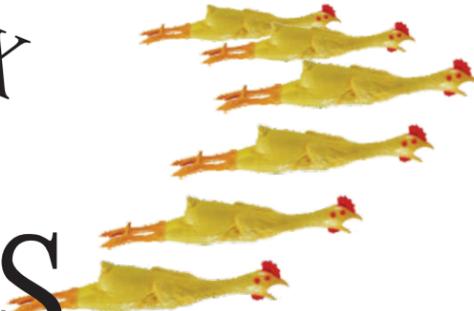
Prisoners of love handles.

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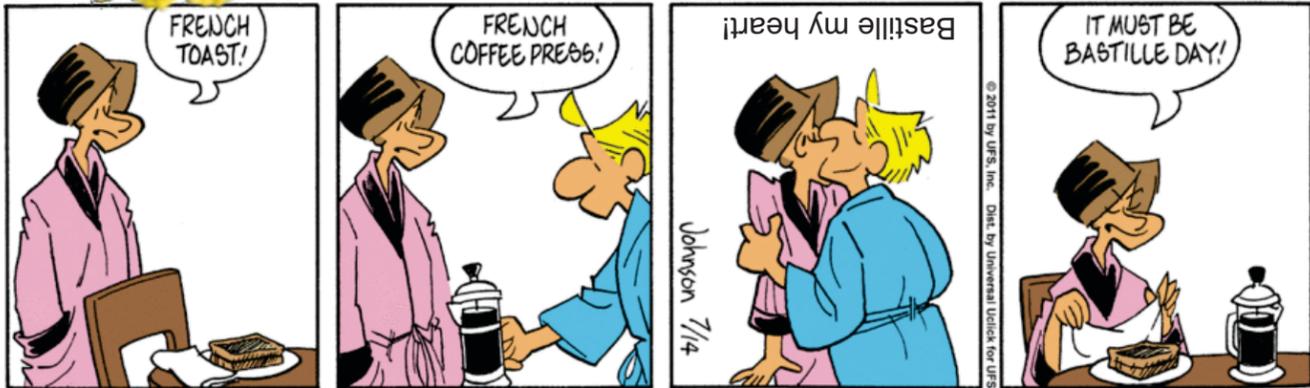
ALL PINS SHOWN FOOL SIZE!



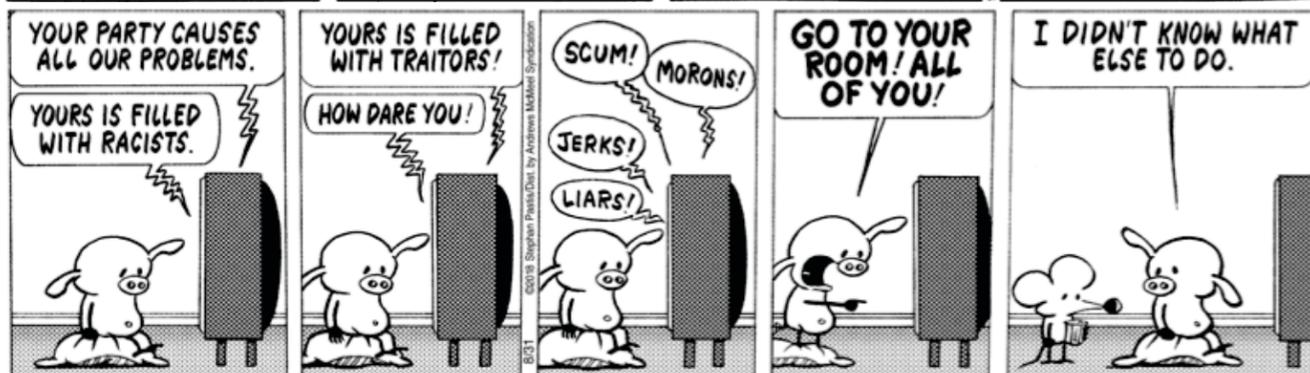
CACA DEUX COMICS



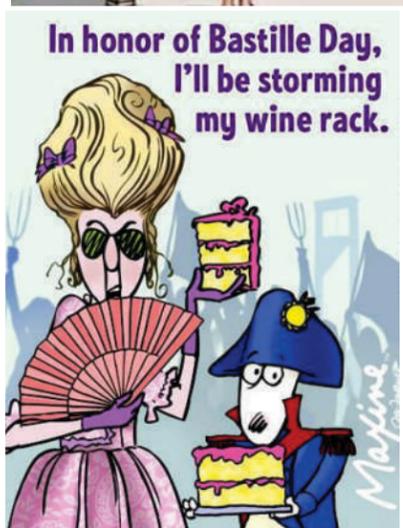
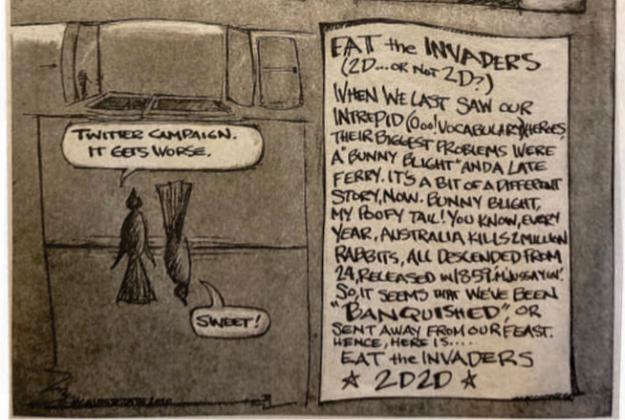
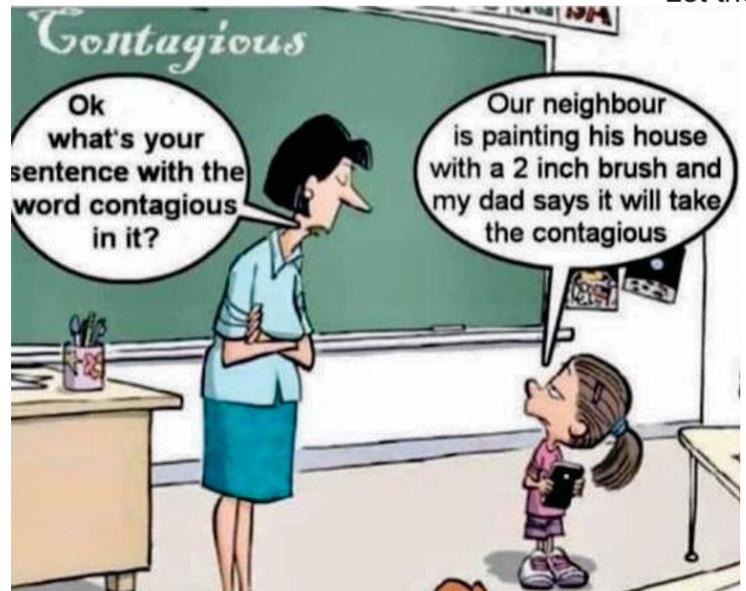
Shelter in face.



That takes the cake, and eats it too.



Let them eat cake, and pie, and more cake.



A mime is a terrible thing to waist.



Fool figured.

FRIENDS OF THE UNDERGROUND, I BRING NEWS! A PIG NAZI COLONEL DRANK TOO DEEPLY OF CHAMPAGNE AT MY CAFE, AND TALKED. ZUT, THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE THEIR TONGUES!



The lady doth protest not enough, methinks.



Thank you mask man.



CARTOONSTOCK Search ID: aain143

WEATHER

Days: *Tauntingly gorgeous and sunny, with occasional low clouds of tear gas.*
Nights: *Clear with some flashing red lights.*

FOOLISH TIMES GAZETTE



July 14, 2020

Issue II

SPECIAL PLAGUE EDITION

circulation 105

citizen FROM ~~KING~~ HUGGABLE x2 JULY 2020

Greetings foolish subjects, 'tis I, your twice-made ~~King~~ Huggable, sending you virtual hugs, squeezes, and any other form of consensual body contact to which you consent under consensual conditions! Feel that? Ahh.

How do you celebrate Bastille Day on July 14? Gather your friends in French Revolutionary attire and storm the local 7-11, as I do? Well, dash it, your plans are undoubtedly cancelled this year, along with everything else, due to a pandemic. You're wise to stay at home. So here are some suggested ways to celebrate:

- Build your own guillotine to snip off the ends of your cigars.
- Knit the names of your enemies into a colorful onesie.
- Roll down your car window and shout "Viva la France" to strangers.
- Build a Bastille out of Lego and then, um, invade it.
- Bake a cake in the shape of the Bastille, and um, eat it.
- Get naked and high *[Applies to any holiday]

Bastille Day is appropriate at this moment because it symbolizes the actions taken by the common citizens of 18th century Paris frustrated by the inequalities in their society. Today we're feeling the same way. American democracy has all but vanished, capitalism has created gross economic inequities, and the inequality caused by racism has become the most important issue of the day (along with surviving the effects of the pandemic). Most of the Fools that I know live hand-to-mouth, so these are particularly tough times to survive. Know that you are not alone, and be sure to reach out to your community if you need support.

Meanwhile, if you can celebrate like a Frenchperson on July 14, think about how lucky you are if you enjoy the benefits of Brother-&-Sisterhood, Liberty and Equality! Viva la France! ---Cal/Hugz2

I hate Paris in the summer

by Christina Linhardt
Venus-Creamus/Huki-Pookie-Lau

While earning my degree from USC, I spent the summer months studying abroad. My first year was at Oxford, University at the British American Drama Academy. I was high as a kite tackling Shakespeare and Chekov under the tutelage of Britain's finest thespians. (Fiona Shaw and Derek Jacobi to name a few) The following year I studied in Berlin. The Wall had just come down and the city was sizzling with expression.

"You've had two fabulous summers," my mom said. "Next year will have to be Paris!" So I signed up to attend the Eurocentre near Notre Dame on a language course. I discovered I hated Paris.

Oxford was real-world Renaissance Faire with elegance and decorum. Berlin was progressive, artsy and cutting edge. It made the Big Apple feel like the sticks (no offense to New Yorkers) Paris was chauvinistic, expensive, stodgy, and just not very fun.

The spirit of the Fool was hard to find. Oxford honored the Shakespearean Jester and Berlin worshiped circus performers. "But i get to be in Paris on Bastille day! A once in a life time." I was expecting it to be like the Swiss National Days of my childhood with magnificent fire works displays over Neuchatel.

No fire works. Or very little. Just constant blasts and pops going off throughout the streets. Obnoxious thugs running around yelling, the metro sounding like a war zone triggering my PTSD of battles I hadn't yet even fought in. I wondered why I saw older people rushing home before dark fell.

It was like a riot. I'd been through enough of those in my younger years to no longer find them glamorous.

"Get me outta here!" I thought.

Kicking my way through groping thugs, as if crawling through the muddy trenches on the frontlines, I at long last made it back to my tiny pink room in Place d'Italie, gateway to the Parisian suburbs.

I was 20, single and in Paris. And hated it. What could be more Foolish than that?

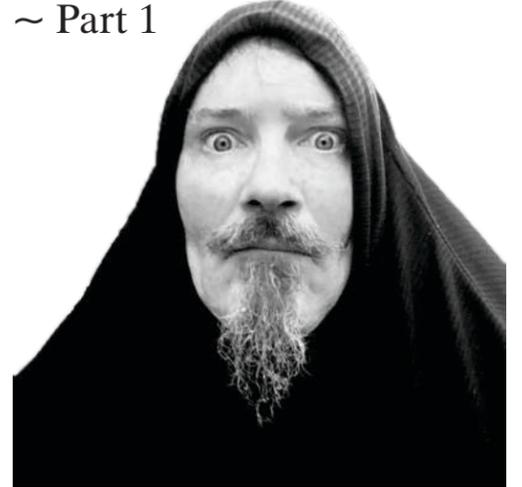


"We'll always hate Paris."

The French Prisoner

A Ridiculous Tale of Abject Failure & Inconsequential Apartment Hunting

~ Part 1



I grew up in the most unhumble of households as I was the first born son of De Duke de la du Douchetta. I will not bore you with insipid recollections of filthy wealth strewn about my life, but instead shall unregale you with my current loser disposition. The pinnacle of my existence should have been when I first met our most glorious Queen of France, a great honor that my family tradition had but all guaranteed. What had not been guaranteed, sadly, was the most unfortunate timing of a cataclysmic sneezing fit. In my convulsive madness, I grabbed our Queen by her arms, and thus sneezed directly into her face multiple times, each progressively more powerful than the previous. I can only remember five said sneezes, but the court trial had listed eighteen. Needless to say, I was found Guilty of Sedition by Nasal Mucosa. I was sent to the lowest pits of the Bastille.

It was there that I learned the value of having a personality. At first, I whined, moaned, pleaded about the lack of central air. This being ineffective, I adjusted my approach. I moaned THEN whined, ending on a plea (this I refused to change). I wrote a 4000 word essay on the back of a cockroach, pointing out the dismal quality of soundproofing around the torture chamber. Worst of all, this clueless insect fled my cell before I was able to sign my name. Finally, on July 13th, I was told my prison term was sold to traveling carnies at a cost of 3 strap-on ferret tails. The next day, July 14th, everyone still in the Bastille was set free.

STAY TUNE FOR PART 2 - THE FRENCH PRISONER

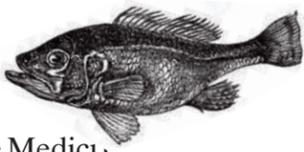


THE EMPEROR'S NEWSPAPER

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Ze Bass Deal

Jacques Necker (De Medici)

Ze Marquis de Sade was a lively odd sod,
a naughty odd sod was he
Ten years at this stand with a "quill" in his hand
in tower number four, apartment 3.

It was a few days before the partisan war
when they tossed Ze Marquis from his perch
By then Bastille Heaven was down to just seven
On J-14, the day of the historic lurch.

There were forgers four, the assassin and more,
a perv and a bloke quite mad.
Served by the bellman, a cook, a French maid
Guarded by old vets (how sad).

The beds were quite fine, meals with good wine
les salades and even corn chowder
'Twas then they crept in, the soldiers of sin
with hundreds of barrels of powder.

La Revolution's begun, with the rise of the sun
whilst partisans stormed other gates.
Drunk on pride, you see, they yelled "Liberty!"
Until alas, the crowds awakened the Fates.

At Les Invalides they took what they needed
30,000 muskets (a good haul, that's a lot!)
"Except, *Le Capitaine*, we have all the guns,
where is ze powder and shot?"

It was just after lunch, following on a hunch,
ze crowd waltzed to La Bastille Club-Fed
Disturbing the peace, demanding the release
of the powder beneath ze maid's bed.

"*Governor de Launay*, you know as they say
lower this bridge, if you please.
Give us ze powder instead of ze chowder, or
on ze pike your head we shall tease."

Negotiations went fast, the letters did pass,
peace was offered and finally taken
Then arrived Fate, and just like Kent State
the shouted words became forsaken.

Bridge cables got cut, for the crowd no such luck
the first one of many did fall
They repeated the rhyme, and by dinner time
Score: 1 soldier to 100 Partisans of Gaul

When history's begun, it gets writ by who won
in prose fit to sculpt a new truth
Facts are a bother, forget the true scholar
rely on the crowds and uncouth.

Paintings are rushed, truth cached by a brush,
printed books declared "Liberty!"
Time passes on, we learn a new song;
and Paris chants "Je Suis Charlie!"

Then what will be said, of making our bed,
That truth is in the eye of the beholder
Are we patriots or thieves, with tricks up our
sleeves,
or do our times ask us to be bolder?

Ever the fool, electrons taught us to drool,
socially distanced from the Mad Hatter
Did Fate demand, despite CoVid we stand
because finally, Black Lives Matter?

Remember this place where chance entered the
race,
toying with hopes in their hearts
Bastille was the prison, and Reason the schism,
to enlighten us and grant a fresh start.

Now we shout from our hell for Rahm Emanuel
for our Gods, for the Buddha and Isis
On Bastille Day we learned when passion doth
yearn
to never, ever waste a good crisis.

Bastille Day

or. Why do the English hate the French?

by, John Young

His Common Lowness, Cock Doodle.

We took both spawn on a road trip North, in
July 2002. First stop was Independence CA. for
a 4th of July parade of tottering VFW, DAR
floats, desert rats in things that rolled -
somehow, crusty Pacific Crest hikers, kids with
water balloons challenging Forest Service fire
trucks to fights, a fly over of stealthy fighter jets
and bombers heading out from China Lake to
LA. 395 was closed for the length of town, so
the parade went the full 4 blocks, then turned
around and came back again. There was BBQ
and cherry pie in the park, followed by frog
jumping and burlap bag races. The volunteer
Fire department took over the airport in Bishop
for a grand Fireworks display, but everyone was
welcome to light what ever they brought. One
of the "official" shells lit a stand of cottonwood,
which burnt till morning. Flashing lights above,
flashing lights below. Very American.

From there, winding on to our friend's place in
Calistoga. Our hosts have a place with a pond
on Mt. St. Helena. He is a third or forth
generation grape farmer and she is an artist,
sculptor and sales-rep for French oak wine
barrels. We slept in the barn with bird size
dragonflies and a baby blue deux chevaux.
Picking grapes was quaint, but the acceptable
amount of entomological debris approached
food service quantities.

Then came Bastille Day. A big deal with wine
makers evidently. Very French.

We drove down back roads to the derelict
Italian-Swiss Winery, now the home of a food
column writer. The hostess had spitted the
better part of a cow and there were three or
four large tables, covered with hand labeled, red
wax sealed wine bottles.

This evidently was the annual neighborhood
Fete for Napa...oh. Standing there, looking at a
neglected Mediterranean villa, enjoying some
wine, I reached down and picked up a small
hexagonal tile from a long neglected floor. A
person asked me what I thought of the wine I
was drinking. While I was mumbling, they
grabbed the cup, sniffed, declared it "corked" (I
thought all bottles were), pitched it, then
poured me something else. "Better" they said.
"Still red" I thought.

After awhile the Hostess announced the
swimming pool was full of poison ivy and those
of us with children should attend to them. Our
Spawn knew what the stuff was. Besides,
experience is the best teacher. It most certainly
was for the little boy that ran down into the
thick of it.

That bunch of farmers sang and danced and
laughed well into the night.

From there we went to Manchester to visit my
former Design Department head. He had gone
feral and was raising a flock of sheep. Then We
meandered back home.
Very wonderful living.

So, what about the French and English?
Part of it is that the French are always on about
some "levee" and the Brits keep looking for it
by a river. What the actual fuck? The tile I
picked up? It is on the North cardinal point of
the rose in our small bathroom floor. Always
know which way your little head points.
Very Foolish.

Bastille Day is Every Day!

a'la MooNiE!!

What happens when the
Folderols in charge forget
that there are more
Clowns than Folderols? If
you ask the French people,
who remarkably know
more about that question
than they do about sex or food, they will tell
you: Bastille Day! The Bastille was a kind of
idiotic prison with almost no prisoners
guarded by a substantial, permanent, and very
expensive small army and had become a
symbol of Folderol privilege and tyranny.
Meanwhile, The Clowns, barely able to afford
the cost of food, were paying the majority of
the taxes used to support The Bastille, not to
mention The King and Queen and pretty much
everything else in a country that they
considered, at the time, to be pretty much
crap!



The Clowns were hungry. Their clothes were
too big. They decided to have a party with guns
that they had taken. A LOT of guns. But where
was the powder? Where was the shot? The
Folderols were arrogant, but not stupid!
Noticing the Clowns had been getting rowdy of
late, they had moved the powder and the shot
inside The Bastille. Well here's a secret:
Clowns don't care! They have hands and feet.
They brought the party to The Bastille, a place
way overdue for a Clown soiree, to get the
powder and shot. The Clowns surrounded The
Bastille and demanded to be invited inside!

Who were the Clowns outside that day?
Largely they were, unsurprisingly, artisans,
always the first to move into a rough
neighborhood, joined by some army deserters
and, notably, "21 wine merchants"! Food, sex
and wine! Thank you France! Who were The
Folderols inside The Bastille? They were the
commanders of The Bastille, 7 prisoners and
the permanent garrison reinforced by Swiss
Mercenaries, who being Swiss, also spoke
French. Negotiations began, but dragged on
like a bad sermon. Without irony, The Swiss
listened but said nothing. The Clowns decided
the walls of The Bastille looked easy enough to
climb and decided to bring the party inside
without waiting for the negotiations to end.
The Folderols responded by shooting into the
crowd.

The Clowns were undeterred, and eventually,
The Bastille fell. They wanted everyone to
know how 100 of their fellow Clowns had died
and took the party to the streets. All of Paris
saw the decorations they had made with the
heads of the commanders of The Bastille,
stuck on long poles. The party that day was so
successful they decided to have more, many
more.

In fact, The Clowns were so determined to
have more parties that even The King and
Queen of France, along with thousands of
other Folderols, donated their heads to be
decorations at all their parties. The Clowns
didn't stop partying until all The Folderols
were gone and France became a place that
valued, above all else, the equality of all
Clowns. Since that day, the idea that all Clowns
are created equal in the eyes of the law has
held strong, and anyone attempting to
challenge that belief has learned, that for
Clowns, every day is Bastille Day.

Vive Le Clown!

The Evil Princess

(A Grimm Fairy Tale) by
Esther Wienstock
Fifth Grade



Once upon a time there was a Kingdom runned by two Kings, King Morris Wienstock and King Ivan McCullough. Each of the Kings lived in their own castle (and mansion) with their own families and each had their very own princess daughter living with them too. King Morris' daughter was named Esther and 'Princess Esther was beautiful and smart and Kind and good.

King Ivan's daughter was named Mary, and Princess Mary was not really a princess at all but an evil *sorceress*, the evil Witch Mary Snot Slime.

Unfortunately, no one knew this except for Princess Esther and whenever she would try and tell someone they would all say something Stupid like "oh, you're just jealous" or something like that. Esther knew this was because the Evil Mary put a magical curse on everybody *so* that they would like her even though she really was a Snot Slime. And to make manners worse, she put a second curse on all the girls in school, forcing them all to call 'Princess Esther names and be mean to her and stuff.

'Princess Esther was very *sad* because of all of this and one day, the court *sage*, Rabbi Salvin, came to her to *ask* her what was wrong. She told him the whole Story and when *she* was through, instead Of him saying "oh, you're just jealous" *as* everybody *else* did, he *said* "if you know something *is* wicked in the world you have to do everything you can to fight it. Esther, you must gather your courage and confront this evil Princess Mary and once and for all, put an end to this demon's horror" (he *said* something like that). So on a Saturday, Esther left Wienstock Castle and rode her princess bike over to the McCullough Mansion. There was no moat, but the sprinklers were on *so* Esther yelled out to the guard(ner) to turn off the water and let her pass. He must have known who she was, for he quickly did.

She got off her princess bike, walked up to the heavy wooden door and knocked. Mary herself answered the door, surrounded by a group of the school girls *she* had the spell on. "Mary, we have to talk" *said* 'Princess Esther.

"Well, if it isn't geeky four-eyes," said Snot Slime.

"Alone," continued the 'Princess.

"... the nose picking queen!" *as did* Snot. "I have no secrets from my friends, dweeb. What do you want, monkey face?"

"I know at least one thing you'd rather not tell them about," *said* princess Esther, a bit smugly, but at the same time both noble and righteous.

'For the first time, Esther saw Mary look nervous. She turned to her guests and said "this won't take too long. why don't you start the Nsync tape and I'll be in in a minute."

And with that she closed the door and stood alone on the porch with Esther. "What are you talking about? What have you heard? Who told you? It's all a lie."

Esther was just about to go into how she knew Mary was an evil witch and that her real name was ... but suddenly stopped. My God! What was Mary trying to hide from everyone here? She looked like she was about to pee or something!

It had to be really bad *because* she really, really, 'REALLY didn't want anyone to know about it. 'Princess Esther suddenly decided to drop her original plan of attack and try a completely different approach. She began to bluff.

"You Know it's all true and *so* do I. And it really doesn't matter who told me. The fact *is* I know it now and if you don't do what I want, by tomorrow, everyone will know .. 'Snot Slime!"

Apparently her real name also had something to do with her current secret for when she heard it spoken, Mary slumped her shoulders, dropped her head and stared at the ground. Her perfectly cut blond bangs gave way to reveal to Esther a pimply, oily, shiny monstrosity Mary had obviously been forced to accept *as* a forehead. "Wow, her skin *is* worse than mine!" thought Esther.

"What do you want me to do, Esther?" Mary *asked*, softly. (Esther took; an emotional snapshot of the moment, the picture to be lovingly placed later on *Page One* of her own cosmic scrapbook, for she knew beyond a shadow Of a doubt that this second was going to forever be by far The Greatest Moment Of Her Entire Life.)

Esther relayed to Mary what *she* wanted; how she wanted the curse Mary put on everyone in the kingdom lifted and that *she* would promise to no longer practice her demonic evil in this or any other land again; using the following sentence "I want you and your friends to stop being mean to me."

Mary looked up at Esther and *smiled* a little. "Is that all?"

"For now", said Esther (which came out sounding a lot like "yeah")

"O.K. We won't be mean to you ever again."

"You promise?"

"I promise. And you promise never to tell anyone about ... you know?"

"I promise only to promise that *as* long as you keep your promise I'll promise not to tell," said Esther, running that last vow through her head a couple of times just to be sure it came out right.

They looked at each other for a minute and then snook hands. It was really weird.

"Good," said Mary, "*so* ... um ... *do* you want to come in?"

"Naw, I gotta go. Thanks anyway," said Esther. She started to turn and walk back to her bike and Mary tried her best to hide her look of relief until she did, but couldn't. Without another word between them, 'Princess Mary turned and walked back into her mansion as princess Esther rode off down the street and back to her own castle.

Later, Rabbi Salvin came up to the princess to find out what happened. She told him.

"Good," he said, "then the battle is over. Thank, God."

She watched as the rabbi walked away. Esther, knowing now that evil Mary held on to *some* terrible, horrible secret and knowing with certainty that there would be no rest for the good princess until that *blessed* day when that secret *is* finally discovered and revealed, *smiled*. "That's what you think... " (the end)

ISAAC ASIMOV'S SUPERQUIZ

Score 1 point for each correct answer on the Freshman Level
2 points on the Graduate Level and 3 points on the Ph.D. Level

Subject: **Potpourri**
(e.g., The Lorelei is a rock on this river. Answer: Rhine.)

- | Freshman level | Graduate level | Ph.D. level |
|---|---|--|
| 1. What is the latin name for the sun? | 4. Which country was invaded in Operation Barbarossa? | 7. In which sport might you see a googly? |
| 2. A pomander is a ball made of . | 5. Term for a mixture of dried plant material to provide a natural scent. | 8. Sumerians used this type of script for writing. |
| 3. Vitamin also known as ascorbic acid. | 6. Who is said to be Jane Austen's favorite heroine? | 9. What was a "swagman" in Australia? |

Answers: 1. Sol, 2. Pleasant smelling substances, 3. Vitamin C, 4. Soviet Union, (Russia), 5. Potpourri, 6. Elizabeth Bennet (Pride and Prejudice), 7. Cricket, 8. Cuneiform script, 9. Transient Laborer who went by foot from farm to farm, duh.

18 points = Fantastic
15 to 17 points = Great
10 to 14 points = Average
4 to 9 points = Poor
1 to 3 points = Terrible
0 points = seriously?

Bad Advice for the French Aristocracy July, 1789

by Broom

Chers Messieurs,

Hey guys, or should I say les mecs? I know you have been dealing with a lot these days what with the being broke and all, not that it affects YOUR lifestyle of course, I mean that would be silly, can someone pass me the cheese? Anyway, it looks as if you might have gotten yourself in somewhat of a pickle, or as you French say cornichon, and you may need some advice on what to do about it. You did already toss some trouble makers in jail for doing that whole "declaring the rights of man thing" and I applaud you on that. I mean the first "right" of man is to stomp out the rights of other poorer men, am I right? Seriously, can someone pass me the cheese? But you may need to go a bit further and I am just the guy to advise you.

The thing that the rabble, the stinking masses of barely human filth would hate the most would be if you showed even MORE disdain for their plight. I mean what common man doesn't want to bow down and surrender when he sees his betters going about their happy lives oblivious to his needs? Exactly, it's just common sense. So here's what you do, I advise you to put on your best suit and dress, get all pampered and powdered up, don one of those awesome wigs you guys wear and go for a happy little walk in the park. In fact you know what part of town is lovely this time of year? The area around the Bastille, I suggest strolling around there all smug and superior, probably go on July 14th. That'll show those low life's who's boss. Bonne chance.

Cordialement,
Brian

Howdy gang, it's me your buddy Broom. Some of you may know me as the sarcastic juggling comic of the Ren Faire stage, while others may know me as the rubber chicken wielding clown who invades your nightmares every Tuesday, either way what you may not know is that I am a world class giver of advice, not good advice oh no, really really really bad advice. In fact the advice I give is more likely to land you in jail or at least increase your therapy bill.

I've been offered a few column inches here to dispense my special brand of bad advice, no really. I tried like the dickens to talk them out of it but the publishers of this esteemed masthead demanded, or as much as honking and flapping of their wings can be considered demanding. On second thought I may have been talking to a gaggle of furious geese, well we're here now so let's just plow ahead shall we.

All you have to do is ask a question and I will pick the most worthy and bestow upon them what can only be described as life alteringly bad advice here in the pages. So, think of something you'd like advice on, remember to keep things light and prepare to have fun as all life's questions are handled with the seriousness they deserve.

Cheers,
Broom



Cancer- June 21- July 22

A maskless tap-dancing monk silhouetted by the new moon on your morning walk clearly signals, "Hell yes, buy that new chainsaw." Ignore online Trolls but heed the gourd-nosed and bridge-dwelling variety. If given the opportunity, share your stimulus package with Burlesque artistes. Your Rube Goldberg style garlic peeling contraption taking up a third of your home will surely impress a cute Aries.
Tonight: Listen to the wind, to the wind of your soul.

Leo - July 23 - Aug. 22

A new opportunity for self-awareness and physical wealth arrives in the form of a Pantalone masked belly dancer delivering meat pies and ear rings around the 16th. A distressful situation caused by a pink thing that won't go away blissfully resolves after someone finally takes you seriously during a game of virtual twister. Ukulele juggling for justice and remote piano recitals are featured in your third House of Pies on the 24th.
Tonight: congratulate yourself often, with a mask on.

Virgo - Aug. 23-Sept. 22

Stop cleaning for 5 minutes would ya? Also refrain from photo-ops involving Bibles and tear gas near the new moon. Hitch your dream to a star and glide towards a Garden of Earthly Delights, but don't Bosch it up by being overly analytical. Juggle copies of Greg Dean's book on the 16th to avoid Rona contact with a Freddie Mercury lookalike playing virtuoso kazoo.
Tonight: Take it to the limit, one more time.

Libra- Sept. 23-Oct. 22

By holding an extremely difficult pose for just longer than it takes to burn rice, you find the perfect balance between abject fear and cockeyed optimism. To keep sane in these difficult times, bare your orbs 'neath the pale moon during a cosmic shitstorm after the 16th. A ludicrous situation involving a Three Stooges tribute band and naked sea shanties improves after a well-deserved meditation retreat, in the broom closet. Zooming with known rapsallions is encouraged during the next outbreak of who the fuck knows what.
Tonight: Go do that Voodoo, that you do so well.

Sundae Monday, sundae Tuesday, sundae Wednesday...

Scorpio- October 22 - Nov. 21

A hand sanitizer induced hallucination revolving around the Kingalooza in a seaside castle and talking hors d'oeuvres on an edible pirate ship, set you on the righteous path of fun. Yes, it is still fun to have fun. To keep up your acting chops, conduct guided tours of your pantry area to a devoted group of imaginary friends. Eschew chai tea and try tai chi on the 16th. Be sure to imbibe a potent potable and/or hit the pipe every time you hear the phrase "In difficult times like these" or anything close.
Tonight: Read a book on guerilla street theater.

Sagittarius-November 22-Dec. 21

Wait until the waxing gibbous moon to get a new pet to keep you company in these difficult times. To ensure maximum holistic meta feng shui, name your new companion Hermit the Frog, even if it's a millipede. You reluctantly accept that the world has forever changed in ways that no avid reader of horoscopes or Phillip K. Dick could have possibly predicted. All the same, graciously decline an unexpected invitation to a dead man's party offered by a charming Aries snake charmer. You will be conspicuously rewarded with a spate of relative good fortune. Laughing for no apparent reason proves to be your path to spiritual riches and economic ruin.
Tonight: Serenade your neighbor's cat with a mask on. On you not the cat.

Capricorn- Dec. 28 - Jan. 19

A relaxing morning of rock stacking and nose flute practice prepare you for great news regarding actual travel on the 16th. After a cacophonous cuckoo clock calamity quickly calms, the universe finally bends to your will for the rest of all eternity. Take advantage of cosmic convergences and share your love with all walks of life, even that unemployed walking puppet stage guy that hangs out by the bus stop. All your hard work has been rewarded so wear a mask to show you care. Huh?
Tonight: Let it all sink in.

Aquarius- Jan. 20 - Feb. 18

Rings around Uranus could likely spell romance during a memorable curfew mid-month. Throw the I Ching to see whether or not you should waste the next two weeks trying to get the old recorder group back together. Floating rocks once again give you the energy you need to phase out of a fading fad and fade into a festive phase. Forgo fuckery of all kinds for the immediate days of future passed.
Tonight: Shun the frumious bandersnatch.

Pisces- February 19 - March 20

Wear your absolutely brightest most outrageous costumes all month and enjoy the heightened vibrations. When your alphabet soup spells out no justice no peace, you finally get it. Hydrate profusely before starting any new jigsaw puzzles when the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie on the 16th. To counter loneliness and that pervasive sense of impending doom, call all your kitchen utensils by the names you secretly wished you'd have as a kid.
(cont)

Stop fishing for compliments and you will be complimented for not fishing for compliments.
Tonight: Have fun storming the refrigerator.

Aries- March 21 - April 19

Use your vast experience in the Arts to keep asking the important questions, but include flute parts and whistling solos. Try to stop worrying about whether or not you worry too much. Also try to stop trying and start just doing. But don't worry about it. Take a complete and total break from absolutely all social media activity for at least 7 weeks or 2 minutes, whichever comes first. Keep on keeping on and when all else fails break another glass ceiling or kiss another frog, with a mask on.
Tonight: Deep-fried indignity.

Taurus- April 28 - May 20

Remember the sage words of the great wise Oracle of Saint Guru, "Don't sweat the petty stuff, just pet the sweaty stuff." Similarly, because of um, things moving around in like the sky, and um, their influences and stuff it would be prudent to write all your protest signs in Haiku during the next eclipse. To maximize your chances of winning the Nobel Prize, dismantle unhealthy belief systems and learn to truly love your own body. Seriously, there may not be other bodies around to love for a very very long time.
Tonight: Toy trains and maraschino cherries.

Gemini- May 21 - June 20

Double your pleasure, double your fun, with Doublemint, Doublemint, Doublemint gum. In order to avoid an international incident and perhaps get laid, pretend to be British during the new moon. Unless you are British then of course pretend to be pretending. A genuine mermaid sighting on or near the Fool Moon restores your faith in faith. Whenever possible oppose systematic oppression in all forms with every fiber of your being. You will love the results. Despite the poo-pooing of certain Libras, continue social distancing. Further. Further. That's more like it. Thanks.
Tonight: Dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free, with a mask on.

Where would our stuff be without our dear Joan?

Chucked into the street!

Yes, away 'twould be thrown:

All our tinsel and backdrops and every rhinestone!

All scattered and lost to locations unknown.

Dear Dame of Perpetual Storage, you've shown

You're gen'rous of spirit right down to the bone.

~THANK YOU JOAN!~

Fantastically Foolish Events Review

by Roving Reporter Roverzone

Spring 2020 has been an unusually busy season for this roving reporter! Little did we know in early March that all our best-laid plans were going to go stark raving bonkers, plunging off a crazy cliff into the chasm of utter madness.

First came the Feast of Fools: a wild evening of fabulous delights including delicious treats, dancing and a Clue-game treasure-hunt in a gorgeous, mysterious mansion—NONE OF WHICH HAPPENED. That's right, our April 1 tradition was postponed until we can gather safely.

Then came the Grand Opening of the annual Renaissance Pleasure Faire, which DIDN'T HAPPEN on April 4, featuring Pale Moon Jewelry and choral performances by the beloved Briton Ensemble, which also DIDN'T HAPPEN. Popular Pirate Band QuarterMaster dusted off their boots, tuned up their voices, and then STAYED HOME, where no one could hear them sing except their lucky pets.

On April 19, there was NO spectacular celebration of the Fools Guild's 40th anniversary with beautiful archival displays of our history. Then there was NO colorful parade that hilariously discovered a new King of Fools, followed by NO party during which our eccentric family danced and hugged and feasted and shared germs by the gazillions.

Right now we're lowering our expectations so we won't be disappointed by the absence of pool parties, BBQs, Ice Cream Socials and other summer festivities. What a refreshing change—NOT! We can hardly wait to sit at home and stare at the world through our screens, or hang out ten feet away from our dearest friends, trying to enjoy an adult beverage through our masks. Also: NOT. It's never been more obvious what a very social tribe we are.

So whatever you do this summer, be creative and share your foolishness as safely as you can. Can't wait to see you all again!