

The Gigs from Hell Issue.



Message from the King...

Greetings To You My Fine Foolish Realm!

Audience member to Magician:
"Of course you found my card.
That's your f-ing job."

Since I was a child, the Fools Guild was described to me as a group of "Career FOOLS"... Performers who live in and out of the Faire working in all manner of foolish entertainments. Stiltwalkers, jugglers, magicians, musicians, clowns, mimes, actors... Those who have devoted their life to the entertainment and enjoyment of others.

In our foolish devotion, we all have amazing stories... and some amazingly terrible stories. Tales of stuff gone wrong, injustices, indignities, and downright, "are you kidding me?" moments at our various gigs.

We all have experienced these side splitting, mind boggling, at times incredibly hilarious injustices.

This is a Guild of incredibly talented, professional, veteran performers, and I, your King have humbly asked, no, requested, no... Begged of the Kings and Members of this foolish institution to consider writing a piece for this illustrious issue!

These triumphant contributions are the trials and travails, whole stories, quotes, blurbs... and just some things someones have said, or been overheard at our various vocations.

It has been said that comedy is tragedy plus time. Or comedy is tragedy ...happening to someone else.

To this end, I give you the Best of the Worst... The Very Best Tales of our Very Worst Gig Stories!

Yours in Mirth and Folly
King Cock n'Bells
Bonnie

WHILE DOING A BENEFIT, I SAID, "I FEEL LIKE A WHORE!"
MY DAD SAID, "YOU'RE NOT A WHORE, WHORES GET PAID,
YOU'RE JUST A SLUT."

Cover Illustration by JJ Moore



I Will Work in this Town Again

by Justeen Ward

I have made my living as an entertainer for many years. I did singing telegrams, magic for children, celebrity impersonation, comedy and fortune telling. People ask "How long have you been Marilyn?" I answer, "Longer than she was, poor thing."

I have performed for many many Hollywood celebrities and on movie sets. It could be a very tense situation, sometimes with thousands of extras and everyone worried about schedule and budget but still wanting a singing telegram. They warned me not to let on if I noticed a certain famous star appeared to be in poor health.

There were times they kept me waiting and treated me with disrespect. When I gave it back to them they often shaped up. I was sent outside a movie shoot and told to stand against a 120 degree wall in 108 degree weather. I said "You can't treat me the way you treat the extras. I will walk away and I WILL work in this town again two more times today on my other bookings."

One day on a movie set I was wasting my time in Arnold Schwarzenegger's trailer and I changed the film in my polaroid camera. His flunky sitting near him jumped up, "no photos allowed." Arnold started showing interest in me after I sneered, "I wouldn't waste my film."

Mostly, stars were very nice. Angelina Jolie and Jennifer Lopez both greeted me with warmth and emotion and offered to have me stay and hang out on the set. I had other bookings in both cases and couldn't join them.

Being outside the terrifying Hollywood pecking order made it easier even if I didn't get the big bucks that the stars earn.



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OR



venmo

Management:

No, you can't eat the food,
that's for people.

You'll never work for free
in this town again!



We don't have issues,
we have the whole subscription.

Read current and past issues at
foolsguild.org/Joker.html

Never Work with Animals *by Mark Wilde*

I was a stand-up comic throughout the eighties until the circuit dried up in the early nineties. I reluctantly succumbed to Justeen's insistence that I become a celebrity impersonator for parties. I thought I had built up a respectable tolerance for humiliation. Early on in this new endeavor, a bottom-feeder booker called with an offer for the lowest performer on the totem pole.

"They want a nerd-gram for an intellectual property lawyer. He's handling the rights to a movie about the life of Jesus and they want you to present him with a pony"

"What kind of pony?" "A carousel pony, or a cardboard cut-out? They want you to launch into a pitch about how your company wants to produce the movie? With the pony.

"Where is it?" "Santa Monica. In ten minutes." "I live in Hollywood." The silence was deafening. "Fine. What's it pay?" "Five dollars." "I'LL TAKE IT!"

Twenty minutes later I found myself running up a painfully narrow, winding stairway face-first into the staff of five who were anxiously awaiting my arrival. "Oh, good! You're here. GET THE PONY."

Seconds later I heard the sound which, to this day, haunts my dreams: the unmistakable clomping of hooves. Those hooves were met with the hideous creaking of wooden stairs straining under the weight of an honest-to-god, living, breathing PONY. This pony was led up by a giant, lumbering cowboy wearing an imposing white Stetson ("Oh, thank god... he's a good-guy.")

Someone opened a door, instructed me to "play it straight", shoved me and it into the lawyer's office, alone. I took a deep breath, summoned all my training and will to live, and turned to find the lawyer behind his desk, blindfolded and handcuffed by one hand to his chair. He was upbeat and grinning, full of hopes and dreams. How long had he been like this? Why was he still going along with it? At five dollars, these questions were clearly out of my pay-grade.

That upbeat grin began to fade as he sensed that a presence which could not possibly be there WAS there, in his beautiful office of vintage mahogany.

He snatched the blindfold off with his uncuffed hand, and was overcome with astonishment at me, resplendent in my ill-fitting hayseed seventies leisure suit with flood pants, white socks, and horn-rimmed glasses with the medical tape on the bridge. And, oh yeah, a PONY.

He and I, and I got the sense that even the pony had the immediate realization that, because the staff had closed the door and left us all alone, it appeared very much like I was about to perform some weird, humiliating pony-sex show. Panic set in (the pony was cool with it), and he tugged violently at the chair with the handcuffs.

"MICHAEL! GET IN HERE, MICHAEL!" "I'm Morris Curlinger, the head of Dream-Time Productions. We just love your Jesus property, and insist on producing it!" "MICHAAAAAAAAAAAEL!" "I won't take 'No' for an answer." "GET THIS FUCKING HORSE OUT OF HERE!" "Picture this: Jesus is riding into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, on this very pony!"

The beast was lackadaisically munching the magazines on the exquisite rack. "I'M CALLING THE POLICE!"

He reached for the telephone on his desk and I lunged for it, moving it just out of his reach. This only reinforced his belief that something illegal was about to go down. For a moment, he froze. "Can't you just hear the crowd cheering as Jesus..." "Haaaaa-ppy Biiiiirth-daaaaaay to yooooooooouuuuu..."

For close to thirty years, I have wondered how they ever got the pony out, down those insidious stairs. Best I can figure is they euthanized it, drained it, and cut it into manageable hunks. That's how I felt after that gig... but without the benefit of euthanasia.

Viking Laughter

By Philip Earl Johnson

Within a couple years of starting to do my MooNiE show I was signed by an agency that specialized in booking college tours. After my showcase I booked a series of shows in Iowa, Minnesota and The Dakotas. This tour required me to drive myself to many college towns lightly peppered throughout a large territory of beautiful, underpopulated country.

The colleges booked the shows to provide on campus entertainment to counter the monotony of student life among people who'd known nothing else. I only found out after I arrived where the show would take place or when exactly they wanted me to perform. The University of Minnesota, in the far north town of Crookston, MN, needed a late lunchtime show. When I arrived, they informed me that they wanted the show to begin right away and directed me to a very small cafeteria with room for about 40 around a number of circle tables.

It was finals week so I am guessing most of the students had chosen to study elsewhere. However, the four students who had chosen to lug all their books to the cafeteria, setting up for a long study session, were in for a HUGE treat. Forget statistics and chemistry kids, it's time for a MooNiE show!



I set up my show and began to perform and was greeted with an underwhelming amount of interest: No thank you, we would rather study, which means we can't actually watch you, Mr. Silent Clown. I did catch one worker watching, who immediately ducked away when I caught his eye through the porthole of the swinging metal door to the kitchen.

There was in fact zero interest in watching a clown juggle ping pong balls with his mouth. Oh my. This would not do. Nope. This would not do. There will be no studying. I had been paid to do a show. Finals would have to wait.

I grabbed my drum, a humble drum of war today, climbed on a circle table and surveyed the room, gathering my strength before I began to beat a steady, demanding rhythm: You. Will. Watch. Me: NO! They thought. We have studying to do! You. Will. Watch. Me: We can't! We live next to North Dakota and we are Scandinavian! You. Will. Watch. Me: Don't lick us! You. Will. Watch....and they did.

For about 30 minutes. It was a decent show all things considered. I got more laughs than I deserved, they applauded and I drove away like a Viking. Like you do in Minnesota. There. That wasn't so hard. Was it?

"Anyone who tries to make a distinction between education and entertainment doesn't know the first thing about either."

~ Marshall McLuhan

"We'll just roll it over," the club owner says. "We didn't make enough at the door to pay you tonight."

Mother Momcat's Curiosity Corner



GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS
MY FINE AND FABULOUS FOOLS!
OUR VALENTINE'S MAKE TEA AND
COCKTAIL PARTY WAS A RAGING SUCCESS
AND I'D LIKE TO FORMALLY ACKNOWLEDGE
AND THANK ALL OF THE AMAZING FOOLS
WHO HELPED ME PULL IT OFF!



FIRSTLY, CHRISTINA AND JOHN DI BONA FOR SUPPLYING THE LAKEHOUSE VENUE AND
HAULING AND SCHLEPPING WHAT SEEMED LIKE TONS OF PARTY SUPPLIES, AND THEN
ASSISTING ALLYSON SEREBOFF, ANDY DAVIS, JUSTEEN WARD, MICHAEL KEMBER,
RUSSELL FRAZIER IN SETTING UP, DECORATING AND THEN CLEANING UP AT THE END
OF THE NIGHT!

THANKS TO ROVER FOR BEING OUR BARTENDER, AND A VERY SPECIAL THANKS AND
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO JERRY FITZGERALD FOR BEING A CROSS BETWEEN A WIZARD
AND AN ANGEL IN DOING ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING THAT I NEEDED TO KEEP THE
MULTITUDES FED AND HAPPY AND ENABLING ME TO THOROUGHLY ENJOY MYSELF!

AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, OUR
ADORABLE KING COCK N' BELLS AS
"STUPID CUPID"!

NEVER HAVE I FELT SO COMPLETELY
SUPPORTED AND CELEBRATED!

LOVE, HAPPINESS AND GRATITUDE
TO YOU ALL!



Calling All Fools Who Have Found Themselves Stranded Too Long In The World
Of Grownups And Yearn For Their True Home In The Realm Of Make Believe

The Time Has Come To Look Heavenward, Think Happy Thoughts And Take Flight
To The Second Star To The Right And Straight On Til Morning To

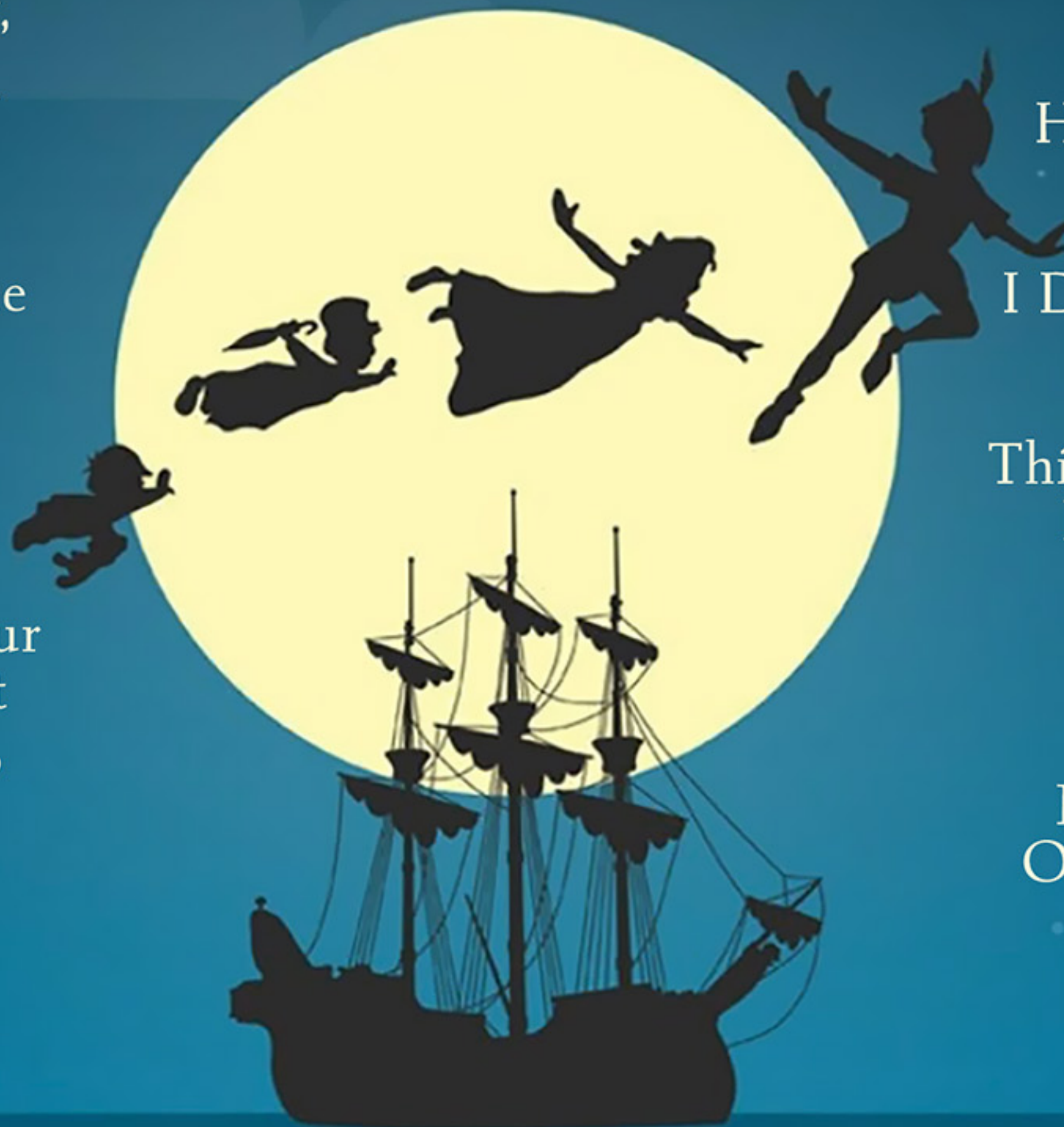
RETURN TO NEVERLAND

Saturday, April 1st 1-6pm
At The Green Man Lodge

Altadena, California

That's Right, It Is Time
To Celebrate Our
Most High Holy Day,
April Fools Day, At
Our Annual Feast of
Fools Extravaganza

Come, Maraud In The
Lost Boys' Home
Under The Ground,
Languish In The
Mermaid Lagoon,
Party With The
Pirates, Dance To Your
Wild Hearts Content
In The Indian village,
Frolic With The
Faeries And Perhaps
Even Partake In A
Lost Boys Bangarang
Food Fight



The Crocodile's Clock
Is Tick Tock Ticking
Down, It Is King
Cock n' Bells Last
Huzzah Celebrating
As Only The
Fools Guild Can
I Dearly Hope To See
You In Neverland

This Is A Kings Feast,
Please Feel Free To
Bring Any Darling
Contribution Of
Savory Foods,
Dessert Delights,
Mixable Beverages,
Or Alcoholic Spirits

Costume Ideas: *Peter Pan, Wendy, Michael, John, Captain Hook, Mr. Smee, Tinker Bell, Tiger, Lily, Lost Boys, Pirates, Mermaids, Fairies, Indians, Ruffio, Nana, Peter Pan's Shadow, The Crocodile,* And All Residents Of The Neverland Island Are Welcome

Return to Neverland

Feast of Fools 2023

There Is A \$20 Donation
To The Fools Guild
For This Event

**NO
GROWNUPS
ALLOWED**

**THE BALLAD OF THE BASTARD WHO
STOLE MY VERY LAST BEER** by Jonathan Graff

Well, my name it is Jonnie, sarcastic but bonny
I can sing sweet as honey or go on a tear
Come gather, I'll tell ye how a dark day befell me
When I was the mayor at the Renaissance Faire
'Twas Memorial Day Monday- I'd not had a fun day
Of endlessly "Hip-hip Huzzah"-ing each show
Nearly passed out backstage, I was feeling my age
As I trod to my hooch with my ass hanging low
Sweaty tights of thick cotton under tight boots I'd
gotten
Leather doublet, fur cloak and black hat on my head
Nine shows on four stages for slavery wages
(Should've been an accountant like my mother said)
But I knew a bright spot in that whole weekend
rotten
Was waiting for me as I peeled off my duds
There, floating in ice, a bit of paradise
Was an imported icy-cold bottle of suds
I pictured it there so frosty and rare
Like an answer to prayer, a kiss from the divine
So bubbly and bright, it's foam frothy white...
'Twas a Tadcaster Amber, and it was all mine!
Hoarse, sunburned and gray, my ass covered in hay
I opened my Igloo with an exhausted tear
Then almost was sick, for some feckin' dick
Had snuck into my cooler... and stole my last beer.

It could not be believed- could my eyes be deceived?
Do I expect too much of the Ren Faire I've known?
Am I being too demandy? The occasional handy
And one barley candy to drink on my own!
Been sweatin' and singin', and joy to all bringin'
And ringin' the Spring in for years for this fate?
Be ye Novice or Master, you sly sneaky bastard
If I catch you I'll teach you the meaning of hate
So here in my purse is additional verses
I scribbled down curses at a fever pitch
The ink is still glistening- if you're out there and listening
I hope you choke on them you son of a bitch
Ahem...
May you wake from your bed with an Everclear head
Then be led to a fight so Jan Todd pulls your pass
During morning ablutions, may the blue-chem solutions
Splash up to your bung-hole and dampen your ass
May you buy all the lager for the Poxxy Boggards
May the St George court snoggers give your ass a shake
May the sex not be safe and your thighs ever chafe
May you drink from the helmet of sir Francis Drake
For one week we oughter deprive you of water
Take you to the wash-well and hand you a straw
Hope your limericks don't rhyme, may you marry a mime
And a member of Fool's Guild be your son in law
Your cold sores will glisten from indiscreet kissin'
You shall listen to front gate jokes until you laugh
Then feed on a gruel that is scraped from the stool
Of the Gump that is used by the parking crew staff

In your toad-in-a-hole or your next sausage roll
Find a shaven-off mole and a bandaid, ole
chum!
And whenever you're fapping may you see
Phyllis clapping
The moment you finish as you start to cum
I won't wish your death, but with my last
breath-
May your foreskin grow longer than all of your
cock
And may your portfolio, effing cornholio
Have nothing but shares of RPF1 stock!
.....
Now, don't reprehend- there was a happy end
Because I'd made a friend out of Mother
Bumbee
Who comped all my drinkin' until I was stinkin'
And winkin' at honeys with Sound & Fury
I do love to mingle (technically, I'm still single)
And the moral of this jingle is perfectly clear:
Be prepared to take lumps and pull back
bloody stumps
If you reach for the Lord Mayor's very last
beer!



A Night in Catalina: Taxis & the Tab, the Ballroom Cake with Betty Boop's Butt & Gable Saves Harpo *by Jeffrey Weissman*

In 1989, Jeffrey Briar's (aka Gluxson) Marvel Enterprises Look-a-like Agency put together the entertainers for the 60th anniversary party of the Avalon Ballroom on Catalina Island. Gene Daily as Clark Gable, Catherine Lust as Carol Lombard, Debbie Chaney as Betty Boop, Brian Seeman as Groucho Marx, Gary Newman as Chico, Mark Watkins as Harpo, Bevis Faversham as Oliver Hardy, Jason Stryker as Stan Laurel, along with Clayton Martinez, Jan Monroe, Jay Downing, John Mackey and myself as Keystone Kops. I played Kop Cpt'n, Ford Sterling.

I had to work during the day at Universal so I couldn't arrive early with most of the talent and take the ferry to the island, so I rode in a helicopter over with Jan Monroe, who's stilts were tied onto the bottom of the copter. I learned that not only do I have claustrophobia, but I own a touch of acrophobia as well, 'cause I was scared shitless looking out over the water as we flew.

The talent that came in early, witnessed Mark Watkins (Harpo) begin drinking beer on the ferry ride, and hitting on a youngish, zaftig girl on the ferry ride. When the group were riding in the taxi to the condo that Briar had arranged for a dressing room, and for those staying overnight, the chubby girl was seen running behind the taxi. Apparently Mark had invited her along, but didn't include her in the ride with the others. When Bevis pointed out the girl jogging behind the taxi, Marko said, "she's with me", he got out and dealt with her.

They got to the address given for the condo, and found that the key provided didn't work in the lock. A neighbor who witnessed the arrival of the group of lookalikes, asked what the problem was, and when explained that the key wasn't working, the neighbor offered to help by providing a key they had to the place for emergencies. We made ourselves comfortable, eating out of the fridge, watching tv, and getting into costumes and make-up, a family of four opened the front door and exclaimed, "What are you people doing in our house!" Without missing a beat the whole group gathered up their things and headed out the door, searching for the correct address for their lodgings. Apparently rather than the north address that the taxi had brought them to, it was the same number, but only 'south'. (Meanwhile Harpo had taken off with the chubby girl).

When I arrived at the Avalon Ballroom, preparations for the evening festivities were mostly complete. A \$1000 replica cake of the ballroom was being carried in and assembled. One of the layers fell and disintegrated into a mess on the floor. A wave of shock went through the ballroom. "No worry," said the party planner, "I made sure that there was a backup made!"

Shortly before the party started, the hostess announced that all of us Keystone Cops needed to go to the center of Avalon, and spread flyers around to get more guests, since ticket sales were not what she wanted, and to use her name for taxi fare to be paid later.

It was 'high school grad night' on the island, and when the drunk kids saw the Keystone Kops passing out flyers for the party, that inspired some to make fun and abuse us. We got separated and beat up. We even had dogs attack us before giving up and returning to the Avalon Ballroom. Upon our return we took a very much needed break in the penthouse VIP lounge and had a glass of champagne, interrupted by what sounded like a man screaming for his life in the stairwell.

We discovered Jay Downing coming up the stairs holding a bunch of his clothes. Apparently (according to Jay) three drunk lady guests cornered him in the stairwell, and started ripping his clothes off him. We sent him up to the ViP room to recover.

The Rhythm Kings played danceable swanky hot jazz and I noticed the cake at the front of the room had a huge indentation in it. A male guest couldn't keep his hands to himself, and backed Debra (Betty Boop) into the cake, where she left her butt print in the \$1000.00 cake. Next I noticed that Groucho was running around with no pants on. He did have boxers and stocking garters on, which read comedy. But then I noticed Harpo was shouting over the music, and his wig missing. Harpo speaks! A few of us checked him closer, and said, "You can't talk, you're Harpo!" He replied, "I can talk!, I'm Harpo!" Soon after, the bartender searched Harpo and found bottles from the bar in his coat pockets. Bartender's revenge was physically escorting Marco/Harpo out to the balcony to throw him over the edge onto the rocks into the sea below. Gene Daily, (Clark Gable), who was a cop in his previous civil life, offered to take care of him.

ROVER'S WORST GIG *by Daniel Rover Singer*

In 1987 the Reduced Shakespeare Co. showed up in Edinburgh, Scotland, to perform the newly-crafted one-hour version of "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (Abridged)" which we'd been developing at the Renaissance Faire for 7 years. We'd rented a tiny theater in a church basement and our showtime was ridiculously early at 10:30am, 6 days a week for 3 weeks, as a part of the annual Fringe Festival.

We were competing for attention with hundreds of other shows. The performers took to the streets every day with posters and flyers and aggressive attempts to grab people's attention. Our RSC was accustomed to being rapturously applauded in the small pond that was the California RenFaires but we were unknown at the Edinburgh Fringe. So we pounded the pavement, plastered every surface with stickers, and performed our very silly, 15-minute "Romeo & Juliet" on almost any semi-flat surface at the drop of a hat, as a "teaser."

At someone's coaching we booked a stage slot for the "open mic night" at a big local pub where the performers liked to hang out. As we awaited our time slot, I couldn't help noticing that the club was really noisy. The patrons were drunk and happy and there was a continual roar of loud voices as various entertainers did their 15 minutes of whatever amidst the cacophonous din.

We burst onto the stage and started the well-oiled "Romeo & Juliet" we'd done hundreds of times. But to our surprise, after about 2 minutes, we found our usually-hilarious schtick ignored and even booed at. No one had ever yelled "Get off the fucking stage!" at me. If there'd been a chicken-wire cage around us, the crowd would have thrown their beers.

Moments later, Adam and I were offstage as Jess announced the next scene. I panicked. I grabbed Adam and said, "I'm not going back out there."

"Why?" asked Adam with his customary zen-like calm.

"They're ignoring us. They're booing!"

"There are people out there enjoying it," Adam insisted. "You can hear them trying to shush the rowdy guys. We're not gonna stop. Just keep going."

I took a deep breath. I was really hoping Adam would agree with me - "Yeah you're right, let's bail!" But no - instead I was being handed an opportunity to find some courage. Adam was braver than me. It had taken me

years to become a confident performer - and person - thanks to the supportive Faire audiences whose praise helped me grow from an actor who wanted to hide behind masks to a self-assured stage-comedian. A big part of what made the RSC popular was our charm—our puppy-dog personalities were as important an ingredient of our formula as our jokes. And if I went out on that horrible stage looking terrified, well, that would make our show terrible.

So I soldiered on. I hid my fear, because Adam was right. It was a wretched situation but there were people trying to enjoy our show. I could see them. I focused on them. I performed for them, and I blocked out the aggressive noise. It may have been the longest 15 minutes of my life. But I grew a little taller afterwards.

By our 4th performance at 10:30am in the little church basement, all the tickets for our remaining shows were snapped up. Word spread through Edinburgh that we were one of THE shows to catch. No more marketing was required.

The wretched open-mic gig probably had nothing to do with that success. I don't know. But it certainly was a personal victory. For me.

Deferred Payment Worksheet	
\$ _____	x _____
daily/hourly wage (circle one)	days/hours worked (circle one)
_____ %	x 0 = \$ _____
or percentage (if agreed)	0 (zero)

(*Catalina*, from the previous page)

Gene got a taxi cab back to the condo (the correct address), and helped put Marco to bed.

The party raged on until the wee hours. As we were wrapping up to make the last ferry back to the mainland, there were a group of taxi drivers looking for the party planner lady, with their tabs ready to be paid. Someone may have let the grad night kids know about the tab, and they'd been using it to go all over the island, with a bill upwards of \$400.00. I rode the ferry back to LA, and the next day learned a little more...

When the rest of the crew who were staying until the bitter end got back to the condo, they discovered Marco/Harpo asleep standing over the sink in the kitchen. And later, around 3 in the morning a loud scream in the night, coming from Debra Chaney/Betty Boop, when Marco/Harpo got into bed with her.

Years later, when doing a Marx Brothers gig with Marco/Harpo at a casino in Sacramento, he wanted me to recap this evening for his family. Why? I think, one hopes, for him to be reminded why he doesn't drink any more.



OF COURSE, I'VE BEEN PEED ON.
I WORK WITH CHILDREN.



GENARO MOLINA / Los Angeles Times

Marilyn Monroe, played by Justeen Ward, and Charlie Chaplin, played by Ruben, Gerard, help dedicate shuttle bus.

MTA Launches a Subway Shuttle to the Stars

HOLLYWOOD—With Marilyn Monroe and Charlie Chaplin look-alikes on hand, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority has just announced a new 15-minute shuttle bus service that will take passengers minutes along Hollywood Boulevard between the Vine Street Metro Rail station on the east and La Brea Avenue on the west. The service will continue until the end of the season. Passengers can just get right off the subway and onto the DASH to their other Hollywood destinations.

I WAS DOING A FRONT SOMERSAULT OVER 10 GUYS OFF A MINI TRAMP LANDING ON A SMALL PAD. THE DIRECTOR, DAVID WINTERS ASKED, "DO YOU REALLY NEED THAT PAD?" I RESPONDED, "ONLY IF YOU WANT ME TO DO IT TWICE."

-GARY MORGAN

Producer: You can't put the stiltwalkers behind the Buffalo in the parade, Buffalo shit is too slippery.

Director: What about the elephant?

Producer: Sure, you can put the stiltwalkers behind the elephants, elephant shit is dry.

~Walter Painter, Director of Ringling Brothers



Management: We're getting all the performers sandwiches. Does anybody have any special requests?

Performer: I'm a vegetarian.

Management: We'll get you a vegetarian sandwich.

Other Performer: Oh if you're taking special requests, I'm a raw vegan who doesn't eat gluten.

Management: Yeah, you're going to need to get your own food.



I've Got a Secret by Justeen Ward

I was hired at the last minute for a very upscale party at a postmodern mansion in the Hollywood Hills to mingle with the guests as a Marilyn Monroe impersonator. As soon as I arrived I realized that I have a secret. People told me that they wouldn't tell. One man followed me around examining my hands, neck and back. It wasn't long before I knew my secret: I am taking the place of a male Marilyn impersonator who didn't show up. I never admitted to being a woman once I knew my "secret".

Exploitation Word Search

A V A Q D D L Z S Y H D Z T B A P C
 E R Q F O R A E A O I E E U O U Z M
 X Z E A Z U T I D A N L L E O L N C
 U D E X U G T P E B S E P X T Q L H
 E S X S P H I O F A U P O P S U H E
 A T H H P O T I E N L H I L T N T A
 B E A O U S U C R D T A S O R V A T
 U A U W N T D C Y O D N O I A J R F
 S L S B C A E I B N V T N T P W D L
 E G T I H G B O M B U C J N S L Y O
 U Z T Z N E T H R E A T E N B H G P
 X U H M I S U S E W B Z Y B K R I D

Find the following words in the puzzle.
 Words are hidden → ↓ and ↘

ABANDON
 ABUSE
 ATTITUDE
 BOMB
 BOOTSTRAPS
 CHEAT
 DEFER

DRUG
 ELEPHANT
 EXHAUST
 EXPLOIT
 FLOP
 HOSTAGE
 INSULT



MISUSE
 POISON
 PUNCH
 SHOWBIZ
 STEAL
 TARDY
 THREATEN

Freezing My Mustache Off As Charlie Chaplin by Jeffrey Weissman

Riding on top of a stage coach during an especially freezing morning in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade as Charlie, a gust of wind came up as we were traveling down the parade route, and it was so cold my spirit gum/glue had frozen, and the wind blew my Charlie mustache off and away.

I held my hand in front of my face for the next block or two, and quick thinking Bevis Faversham who was riding as Oliver Hardy got the actor playing Groucho's black makeup pencil (which he had in his pocket), and drew one on me, so I could finish the parade with a mustache. Whew. (It was on national TV after all).

The
JOKER



Upcoming Events:

Privy Council Meeting

{Green Man March 18th}

Feast of Fools

{Green Man April 1st}

**Renaissance
Pleasure Faire**

{Weekends, April 8 – May 21}

**Coronation of
the King
at the Faire**

Own YOUR
VERY Own



COLORFUL Enamel
FOOLS GUILD
Coat of Arms Pin

Contact:

QUINGLICKITYSPLIT@me.com

PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE GUILD



The Fools' Guild

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