

JOKER

Ex-REX Tell All!

FORTY YEARS
the FOOL!

-plus-
ABC's of
World
Conquest!!

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Cheap.
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ISSUE:
FOOL'S APRIL
VOLUME: XXXX

CURED! -ish

Why does it seem normal?

Date: IV-MMXXI
Volume: XXXX
Issue: FOOL'S APRIL!
(#4 of the Plague series)
Circulation: CXXV

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Priestess of Pondering Darla
and Porn stars, Dogs, Trees and Bridges.



PAST ISSUES

DONATE! Help cover publication costs, not required, but much appreciated! \$20 suggested, all amounts accepted! Jokers are published sporadically, so no promises about when or how many you receive.

Oh...about that harmless little prank... it should amount to nothing. Really. We brought all the farm animals back and the museum said the stains will come out of the costuming. No harm-No fowl. But, just in case, if you all contribute to the guild, for sure no one will go to jail...heh, heh. Any good Lawyers in the house? Do contribute. Lot\$. Please... thanks

DONATE VIA PAYPAL:

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**KING
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Silver!

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FOOL!



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FOOL SIZE!

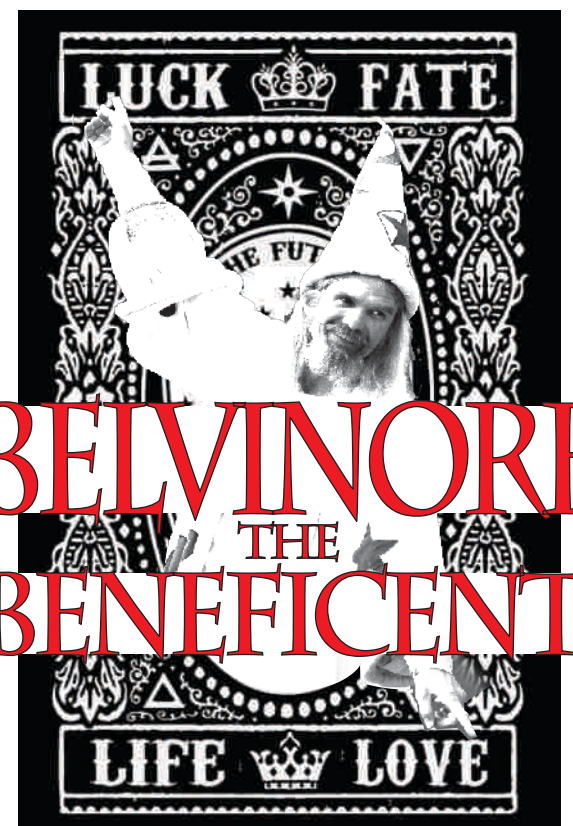
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Jonny on the Spot

Small Animal Discipline
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"Jonny cleared out our whole house!
Let us know if you see him." Ima D. Olte





A Royal Message!



Is it OK to add insult to injury when you sign someone's cast?

Two score years ago, our fore Fools, maybe three, spewed forth...ehhh, tooted into existence, our Fools Guild, to enlighten the WORLD with irreverent brilliance! Dedicated to the notion that nothing is sacred and everyone needs to know it! But it has not been easy lately. We have endured a pesky Pandemic-ish plague, at which we farted, donned festive masks and washed our hands of sullied un-awareness! Meh. Our greater challenge has been that in our solitude, we could not be role models for a world gone mad. But we will NOT go quietly into that sequestered fortnight! We will reemerge to grab the misguided lost children by their horned fuzzy hats and show them how to Question Authority, not science!

Wonderful Fools! Our kind makes Lite! We speak truth to might and see commonsense take flight, we decide what is right, and what is an illusion. And now the curtain raises! The bright headlight is coming down the tunnel! The space lasers are warmed up! Dust off your party dress, because we are needed more than ever!!

As your King, I will see us through these Null times! It may take a week or two, OK, the whole year through, but I say to you, when next we meet on that sunshiny day we will Rejoice! When that parade happens, and I take that final cart ride to find the next King, know I love you all!

King Cock Doodle, The Null

Cache Flow

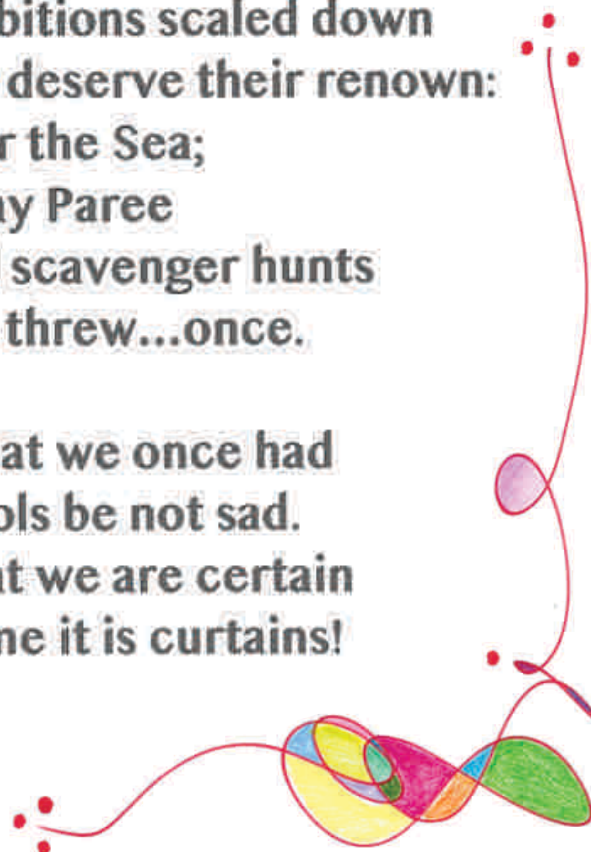
Perpetual storage has come to an end
With access to largesse upon which we depend
To guard from the weather our pros and our cons,
Our "let us make magic with these very wands!"

Deco has dwindled but still we have tools
And know how to use them although we be fools,
But something is over when storage gets scattered
Since many moved on to whom these things mattered;
Gone to the grave or moved out of state,
Fewer and fewer may yet congregate.

Our parties grew smaller, ambitions scaled down
Though those we once threw deserve their renown:
Pirates and sultans; and Under the Sea;
Bollywood, Hollywood and gay Paree
Ice floes and stage shows and scavenger hunts
These are the parties that we threw...once.

Then let us be grateful for what we once had
We still can cut capers, so Fools be not sad.
We're keeping the kelp, of that we are certain
But for the red velvet, this time it is curtains!

JPK - 9/21/2020



WEATHER
 Days: Blue skies and golden sunshine all along the way!
 Nights: Clear and starry with possible exploding meteors.

FOOLISH TIMES GAZETTE



April 1, 2021

Issue IV (really)

SPECIAL PLAGUE EDITION

circulation 150

Jay Cimo, we knew you well

Darla, the Priestess of Pondering Mother Folly 5
 For as long as I can remember Jay has been a friend and a Fool and one of the goofiest, funniest, weirdest people that Faire had, which is ground zero for goofy, funny, and weird. Jay was also a great talent and a great instigator. Great at starting things, some of which he kept going--like the Petaluma Shakespeare Company. Some he got going just to turn over the reins. In fact, according to J. Paul Moore, Supercilious the 1st, 24th King of Fools, Jay was instrumental in the early days of our beloved guild:
 I recall Jay Cimo being of great support in the creation of the FOOLS GUILD at Faire. Outside of Faire he spread Shakespearian theatre throughout Marin County and Northern California. Moving into Gold Country with Kevin Patterson, he created shows and characters appropriate to those themes. With foolish disregard for his own comfort and safety he dedicated his life to a wide variety of theatrical ventures at Belrose Theatre and beyond. He lived in tents, trailers & sleeping bags under the stars- he couch-surfed and co-habited with a variety of folk, keeping his focus on creating theatrical experiences. I recommend that his unwavering dedication to his art and the FOOLS qualifies him to be regarded as a KNIGHT of FOOLS.
 To expound on what J. Paul wrote, Jay not only couch-surfed and tented, he also spent one cold, rainy winter living in the Caravansary wagon at Blackpoint! Thus living the Commedia life that he so often portrayed on stage. He loved the art.
 He also loved his community. From faire, to the guild, to his beloved town of Fairfax. He spread the joy of Foolishness to everyone he met. Our Most Honorable Mother Folly Diane Laskin recounts the story of when they first met: You could say that our whole world turned on that moment. Jay took us in when we needed a place to stay, he shared with us his friends and shenanigans...Jay broke the rules and showed us how the magic tricks were done.
 (not done yet)

Jay made everyone he encountered feel welcome. He made us laugh and he made us feel safe.
 Jay was also a treehugger extraordinaire, politically left, and loud and proud of it, with an intellect that kept him on point and able to show others a better way to think. He was possessed of an innate kindness that kept even those that disagreed as friends, not as enemies. Jay loved the absurdity of politics. He was an avid recycler and fighter for green policies and regulations. Like I said, a tree hugger extraordinaire.
 I think Jay would probably love the irony and absurdity of his losing in a battle with a tree, one dark and stormy night in late January.
 Jay, we miss you. Keep the sky safe and funny for us. -

William Quinn Barrett

I'm letting go of many things in the new year. Comparing and competing being two biggies.
 But that's many hours away, so I will first indulge flagrantly in comparing and competing right here, with another one of those Never Have I Ever games. Give yourself a point for each thing you haven't done.
 I got zero.

1. Been mooned by 50 fools while being crowned their King.
2. Set face on fire in San Francisco.
3. Gotten a nose piercing from a circus acrobat.
4. Been trapped in a mime box on stage while on LSD.
5. Ridden in a Ford Model T as the one and only Ronald McDonald.
6. Smoked weed in seven decades.
7. Rode up to own wedding ceremony with bride-to-be on white horse.
8. Appeared in a Gene Kelly movie.
9. Been briefly marooned on a desert island in the Sea of Cortez.
10. Signed a non-disclosure agreement at Madonna's house.
11. Been drunk on genuinely illicit moonshine.
12. Participated in standing ovation at a screening of Singing in the Rain because Donald O'Connor was in the audience.
13. Ridden in an airplane wearing a full gorilla costume.
14. Given a balloon animal to Ella Fitzgerald.
15. Performed with comedy group at large orgy during a break in action.
16. Been on The Gong Show at least five times.
17. Been pulled off Pirates of the Caribbean by a pirate, mid-ride.
18. Had a one night stand after being booed off stage at a porn premiere.
19. Been deported from Mexico because of hair length.
20. Worn a full suit of armor, on stage, at the Forum during a rock concert.

If a tree falls in the woods and kills someone, did they die of natural causes?



Let it be Known

That on the 15th day of
February, 2021
 The Kings and Mothers Folly
 Jointly deigned to confer
 Foolish Honour upon our Fool

Jay Cimo


 Therefore the HIGHEST Foolish
 rank, the

ORDER of FOOLISH FOLLY

 has been bestowed.
 Henceforth he will be known as

SIR JAY

the
POSTHUMOUS
GOOD KNIGHT
 of the
FOOLISH REALM
O.F.F.



A chicken was standing on the side of a road, she looked across the road and saw another chicken. She hollered, How do I get to the other side? The second chicken yelled back, You are on the other side!
 By Tim Lerch JDPSN

4 **Kissing Bridge**

Anne O. Nymous

Theireyes met crossing the
Kissing Bridge at noon.
Smiles.
Reaches to touch hands.
Clasped hands.
And then,
with equal fascination,
a pull into an embrace.
They shared breath.
Instantly fond.
Their lips barely touched
...a kiss?

The next morning
they met at that same bridge.
Again.
Clasping hands.
Spinning and turning.
Eyes connecting their energy.
Laughing, Happy.
Breathing strongly.
Not knowing how to touch lips
again. A kiss?

Every weekend, at the
Kissing Bridge,
early morning, and then often
mid-day as well,
they happened to meet.
Embarrassed.
For warmth, or spinning with
joy, or laughter, or passing by
reaching out brushing hands.
Finding ways to meet
and kiss.

And kiss and kiss.
And kiss.
Every year.
Every weekend.
Every day.

Till the bridge was.. no more.
It was a private, secret joy
and they never knew
each other's
name.

The Naming of a Quing

Dame Heidi B Quing Lickity Split
27th King of Fools
Faire/Coronation Liaison
FB Deletrix of Folly
Self-Appointed Royal Buttinsky
& Unsolicited Advisor
To Kings & Fools

When Marni and I needed to
leave Burning Man very early
on Monday morning after the
Temple-Burn in 2005, we were
packed and ready to go well
before daylight. Jan York, our
favorite lesbian from our
village, greeted us on her way
to make her morning coffee
saying, You're leaving here
Lickity Split!, not realizing how
naughty it sounded.

I immediately declared, That's
my King of Fools name!

The week of my coronation,
Nell Blackwell announced to me
that I was a King with a Q:
QUING!

From that day forth, I was named
Quing Lickity Split.

A couple days later I was asked
if I preferred the dictionary
spelling of Lickety.

No, I replied, I like **Lick It** in
my King-name!

**Mother MomCat the
Mercurials' Curiosity Corner**

My first offering, a **Cocktail** to enjoy
with a **CockTale...My "Dirty" Martini!**
3 shots of your favourite Vodka or Gin
3/4 shot Olive Brine
1 splash of Dry Vermouth
Swirl your chilled Martini glass with
Vermouth and dump. Put your Olives in the
glass, preferably, skewered. Shake your
Liquor of choice and Brine with ice until
frosty, pour and drink it in!

We met in the '70's at a party
up in the Hollywood Hills. He
was surrounded by a bevy of
beauties, all vying for his
attention, and yet he zeroed in
on me.
He introduced himself as Johnny
Estes, and he gallantly bowed
and kissed my hand. I actually
blushed. I looked pointedly
around the room and asked Why
me? He said all of these women
are dressed for sex. You are
dressed for magic and romance.
I glanced at myself in the
mirror across the room, and yes,
I wore my gypsy garb of
brightly colored skirts and
petticoats, scarves, bangles and
beads proudly, but that was me,
and I felt beautiful. Thus began
our courtship.

Hikes in the hills and picnics,
brunch at the beach, quiet
dinners in out of the way
atmospheric little restaurants. He
kept me to himself. No clubs, no
parties, just us. Johnny was a
gentleman. He brought me
flowers, little gifts, wrote me
poems, kissed me tenderly, but
never took things any further. I
wasn't a virgin, but he treated
me as though I was, and I liked
it.

Johnny was in public relations
and there were times that he
had to go away on business, but
he called frequently. Whilst he
was away, I would get together
with friends. They knew that I
was seeing someone, and they
noticed I was happy, but Johnny
never wanted to share his time
with me so none of them had
met him. He said that the chaos
of his job and all the demands
made on him was why he
preferred for it to be just us.

It was about three months into
our courtship as Johnny called
it, that he once again had to go
away on business. My friends
took this opportunity to take me
to my first porn film. They
thought it extraordinary that I
had never seen one as I
collected literary erotica. They
knew I had read *The Story of O*
by Pauline Reage, and there was
a double bill of that and
something called *Honeysuckle*
Rose playing at a not too tacky
theater in Hollywood. So we
went.

The Story of O was lovely. My
friends explained that it was
more soft core than the next
film we were about to see, but I
was thinking the title
Honeysuckle Rose sounded rather
romantic. It wasn't! It had a
storyline but more importantly, it
had my Johnny in the starring
role as the husband,

and I saw way more of him
that I had ever seen! At first
I was immobilized by the shock
of what I was seeing, but then
I found myself outside the
theater trying to breathe. That
man on the screen couldn't be
my Johnny!

My friends were alarmed and
concerned at my zombie-like
state, and when I explained
that was my boyfriend, they
looked at me in disbelief.
They took me into the X-rated
bookshop next door to the
theater, and showed me
magazines and films with
Johnny plastered all over
them, and his real name, John
Holmes. I was devastated. I
paged him and waited for his
call back. I got the words
Honeysuckle Rose out of my
mouth and he hung up.

He appeared at my apartment a
couple of days later looking
different. The soft sweetness
in his eyes was gone, replaced
by a detached and distant
sadness. He reached for me
and I was still so numb from
what I had seen that I didn't
resist. I wanted my Johnny
back. The safety and warmth
of his arms. Our quiet cozy
picnics and wanderings. He
kissed me deeply and before I
knew it, we were in my bed.
For the first time. And the last
time. He made love to me
tenderly, sweetly, and then he
said goodbye. After he had
gone and I came back into
myself, I found a note he had
left for me.

Dearest Lady,
Thank you for the magic. Thank you for
transporting me out of my world, into yours.
Thank you for the purity of sunshine and
water, flowers and beautiful ballads, sweet
kisses and warm cuddles.

My world would destroy yours, so I have to
let you go.

John Blunt pencils are pointless.

It's hard to embarrass a Pirate
Jolly One, ex-King for life

In the old days, there was a
game called *Dueling buckets*,
and they had a big water tank
that they used for their game.
It sat behind a tall curtain and
had maybe 8000 gallons of
water in it. So, at the end of
a long hot day, I would change
out of my costume. Wander
down to their booth; and jump
in for a lovely soak/plunge.
Then I would walk back to my
booth in a towel. It was
around 5PM, and I did not care
that the faire was open. Then
one day, a few acquaintances
of mine decided to play a
prank on me. I got about half-
way to my booth; and they
grabbed my towel.
They expected fear/panic/stress.
But I did not care, and just
continued strolling back to my
booth.

There's a new restaurant called 'Karma'. It has no menu—you get what you deserve.

My Hella Stupid Essay About COVID-19

by Esther Wienstock,
15

I have a hella big family. And a lot of them are really old. And they never die. I guess that's a good thing if I ever planned to get really old. Which I don't so never mind.

And it seems like almost all of my crazy relatives belong to crazy groups. Uncle Ken brags that he sings tenor in the famous San Francisco Gay Men's Choir but, like he tells it I'm not gay they just needed another tenor. Right.

Uncle Rick and Aunt Connie get drunk every night at their local Moose Lodge. Aunt Margie likes to volunteer at a skid row shelter looking for her next boyfriend probably. Kidding not kidding.

Almost every weekend, Uncle Buck dresses up like a ridiculous looking soldier and, taking along his loaded semi auto, marches with the rest of his beer belly boys bullying black people and other people he hates. You know, he's a Republican.

The oldest member of my family is my great grandfather, who we call Grey-Gra, who must be like a hundred. Because of this stupid Covid Pandemonium, Mom makes me video call him every week because we don't know how long we'll have him around. OK. So anyway, on this last call, Grey-Gra told me about this group He's in called **The Idiots Club** (or something like that) and how they used to march around in the dirt at a faire and make love a lot (ew) and then they all lived in one house and got stoned a lot and still have three parties a year (omg three! lmao) and how they all dress up like clowns and how they have a King but eventually let some woman be it and blah blah blah. I stopped listening way back at the dirt but then he asked me to do him a favor and write a stupid essay for him about COVID-19. What? Homework from a relative? WTF?!!! He told me the Idiots have a news letter (like on paper? Caveman mulch?) and he wanted me to write something for it. I started to tell him oh Hell No! but before I could get past the oh, I felt a mom wack on the back of my head.

I looked at my assailant in horror. She whispered Just do it. He's probably going to die soon.

I considered whispering back I hope so but didn't want to be mom wacked again.

Of course, Grey-Gra. I'll get on that right away I said in my sweetest, award winning actress voice. So I guess now I have to.

But no f'ing way am I doing this shit alone. I go to Ivy Brownbush High School and since for forever we've had to meet on zoom. What a incredibly shitty waste of good computer time if you ask me. But anyway, today at the end of third period Creative Writing with Mrs. Downing (Joey called her Mrs. Down-On once. God, I love that man!) I told Joey (that Joey) about GG's stupid homework and asked if he'd help and he said OK (!!!!) and so we were talking about me coming over to his house after school to work on it - together - totally like masked and socially distinct and all that :) - but first, about Joey.

Joey's a dope friend and a boy but he's not my dope boyfriend. Not Yet. Mary McCullough ships herself with him too but even though her face has kinda cleared up there's no way he's going to want to be with her, especially since she started getting all pudgy and shit. She says it's not fat but her growing into a woman. No, it's fat. Oh and she claims those teeny little nubbies are real breasts and that this weekend she's going to let Joey touch them and he'll never want me blah blah blah. I hate her voice. Oh God. Please make Mary break out again before the weekend. Please!

So, like I was saying, we were talking about me coming over to his house after school to work on it together tonight but Mary was still online and heard us and threatened to tell my Mom that Joey and I were going to take off our masks and smash and shit unless she was invited too. What?! So Joey, being really sexy cool and a gentleman who even though he doesn't like her that way AT ALL still didn't want to hurt her and even though I know he didn't want her there either, he said something like Um what?

Which stupid Mary seemed to think meant Oh sure! Please join us! That would be great!!! I know he was being nice and all, but shit. I really hate Mary.

OMG!!!! I really really hate mom! She won't even let me go! So what, Mary and Joey are going to be alone working on the assignment without me?! WTF!!!! and even though she knows I'm hella mad as shit she makes me sit down at the dining room table and tries to get me to eat her stupid homemade fried chicken like one big happy family. I tell her I'm not hungry but she makes me just sit there anyway for what seems like forever.

Joey and Mary together without me?! I feel sick!!!!

I just stare at her stupid chicken and gravy and biscuits like it's a plate full of shit with flies on it.

You know, all full of contempt and feeling totally put upon. Because. I. Am. Eventually she realizes I am too strong for her to bend to her will and lets me go to my room. So I'm alone in my room and full of real pain, pain she'll never understand, and so I write:

I escape the witch and her
bubbling pot of poison,
full of bones and biscuits
and the souls of her victims.
Meanwhile, death's tears stain
the grey clocks of my cold tomb
I remove my public mask
and now it laughs
without sound.
Tick tock. Tick tock.
Drip drip drip.
No one hears me scream as the

Shit. The chicken smells good.
I'll finish this later.

OK. Back. Chicken was hella good but I pretended it wasn't when Mom asked me because she doesn't deserve my kindness right now (or ever) and I guess I have to do this stupid Covid essay by my self.

OK. Here goes:

.....
Covid really sucks.

CYA
Esther

They were SO big, I had to
stare
Jolly One, ex-King for life

I want to die peacefully in my sleep, like my grandfather... Not screaming and yelling like the passengers in his car.

I was working on the Universal Studios backlot. I had just come out of the corner candy/snack shop, and I was TOTALLY focused on the delicious Crunch candy bar (which was my lunch that day). Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a big Limo parked at the corner; but did NOT notice the girl getting out of the back door. I had to turn and move quickly so as to avoid knocking her down. As I straightened up and turned around to apologize to her, our eyes met. It was Dolly Parton. I am here to tell you, her eyes were SO beautiful, so enchanting, so mesmerizing, that it was only as I walked away that I realized that I had not even glanced at her chest. In the 80's she could knock you over with those eyes.

Editorial note: Ms. Parton officially gives her birth-date as June 18, 1976, making her approximately 10 at the time of this story. They are blue by the way.

C. Doodle.

I once made a device with large, wet, warm lips that completely enveloped a woman's breast and gently-sucked. For clinical use only, of course. I also made bespoke boots for both George Carlin and Keanu Reeves.

It was 1990, the heyday of our beloved guild's first decade. Though I'd done nothing to earn or deserve the 'honor'—it had always been that way—so there I was... but I digress... We had decided who we would saddle with the crown and scepter, but as was our tradition we needed a unique and hopefully comic and surprising way to reveal to them that they were indeed the newest member of the august group, our newest King of Fools. And it had to be Creative! And funny! We were, after all, Fools. I was, at the time, booking talent for corporate parties and events with my company Wackos Casting. We created characters and either found or created acts for big corporate parties which were all the rage in the business world at the time. It was great creative work that provided a good paycheck for the performers. And it was fun. So it fit in well with the Fools. So we had decided on the next king but were having devil of a time coming up with a great reveal. Finally I had an idea. With a bit of skullduggery we could actually get the new king to announce it to himself! Because of my business as a booker & act creator the plan would center around that. Our victim was a 'performer excellante', a funny, comic guy who could and did think a bit bigger than life and out of the box so it was PERFECT! I then created a fictitious event and the need for an act. An act to be called "the Kings of Comedy!" Its customary at times to audition acts for events, especially acts out of the norm...and his would be out of the norm. 5-6 good looking, high energy comics all dressed in tuxedos, but instead of tux pants they were all wearing jams ... brightly colored jams. The plan was to make an audition video tape to send to this event just introducing the act. Very quick and easy. I wrote a short script. A couple lines that each guy would read in turn on camera as a supposed host of a big event. I could then supposedly edit it down to the best read and send it in. As we all have seen a million times, hosts often have notes in there hand so it would be fine. So we set it up! Our dupe was called and the scene was set. On the boys read.

My father has schizophrenia, but he's good people.

Finally it was time for the coming rex. As I remember it, he read through it once or twice as everyone had, then we were to tape him. At that point I surreptitiously switched out the copy and rather than what he had heard from the other guys... he heard himself read..."This is to announce that Jack Tate is King of Fools". His reaction was all we expected and that is how one of our beloved Kings came into being.

Dog Days

Jacques 2

My lovely, creative, magical dog-loving friend Sando Counts had just passed. The Jims had asked if the memorial could take place at my ridge house, in Silverlake, in a couple of nights. I thought that it was a good idea and had cleaned the house in preparation. My roommates at the time were Day Murch, who had been my dresser on the Dinosaurs TV show and now was the recently minted Bat Suit Wrangler (from Michael Keaton to Christian Bale) and Karen Sanz who was fresh off of a dubious relationship. They were both cool with the idea.

The memorial was to be that night. Jim Kelly told me a couple of names of attending folks, among them an old crush, Laurie Lee, coming down from SF. I quickly changed out of my casual peasant-like outfit and slipped into a more Rex Harrison get-up. At the event she and I magically connected and mutually agreed to get together the following evening, when I would cook for her and we would talk. Yeah, talk.

The next morning, I did all the shopping and meal prep.

Recently, I hadn't been contacted for Dinosaurs table readings and was relieved to be asked for one that day. I drove to MTM studios and got to the reading just in time to load up my lunch plate and sit before the reading started. No time to scan the script and find out which character I was playing. I was just happy to be included. Something was wrong, I realized about page 25, when my part hadn't shown up. Of the 65 Dinosaurs episodes, this was the only one that I was not in, at all. I quietly slunk out of the reading and drove home. I was a bit down, but nothing that a bowl of hashish and a good nap couldn't cure. Besides, I had a date that night. Karen and I smoked out and I told her that I wasn't to be disturbed, unless it was an emergency. It couldn't have been ten minutes of napping and there was a knock on my door. Jaaack, I think it's an emergency. There's a guy trying to commit suicide out the back. WTF! Sure enough, there he was, a rather muscular fellow, looking a bit like Frank on Murphy Brown, stripped to the waist, up a tree in my back yard, leaning out over a sheer canyon drop, screaming.

Just then we noticed the traffic helicopter too, as my yard filled up with 25 policemen. Scrambling to hide the Zig Zag papers and hashish pipe, more and more cops filed in.

The negotiator was met with righteous indignance, You want me, come up and get me, fat boy! The guy was classic! TV news helicopter was filming (a very slow news day), as the guy lost his footing and fell. He bounced off the walls of the cliff and miraculously still had to be wrestled by four ER people, into the ambulance. The cops all left, just as the 28 firemen showed up, streaming in.

Six or seven of the yellow-slickered watched over the cliff, as the ambulance was loaded and the policemen all congregated below. How'd they get down there?, one fireman asked. I bit my tongue.

As the last firetruck left, my neighbor Rob, a cameraman, came up my walk. What's all the commotion?, he asked. When I told him, he did the Yosemite Sam cussing dance. A missed opportunity.

All peaceful again, I got to cooking up a man's version of a feast. Baked salmon, salad, wheat pilaf, wine and dessert. Loree Lee arrived. She mentioned that my bushes, in front of my house, were whimpering. I guess I was concentrating on entertaining, the task at hand. We dined and were really getting along well, having a cool glass of Chardonnay (probably) on my Spanish-style balcony, when up the walkway strolls Day and his visiting partner, from England, Allan. In Daisy's arms was cradled a tiny grey and brown Aussie mix puppy with a collar haphazardly stapled together, maybe five weeks old. Loree Lee, Karen, Day, Allan and I were awestruck.

Needless to say, the evening pivoted to be about a puppy.

Not wanting a dog, I resolved to post a FOUND DOG sign, the next day. That day came and went and I said to myself that I'd look for LOST DOG signs, tomorrow. I did neither.

Dingo stayed with me for fifteen years. I painted an homage to him on my ceiling. Nice Doggy.

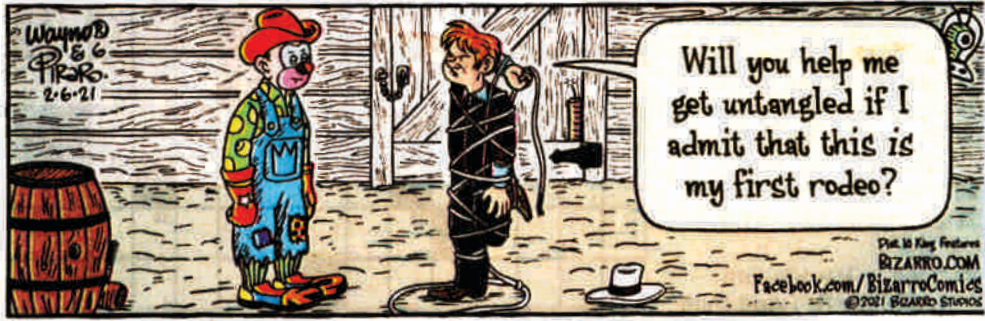
What I neglected to say, was that the puppy obviously came with the fallen man.

The following day Laurie Lee returned to San Francisco, where she traded her fishtail for wings and became the stilt walking AIDS Angel of many a Castro parade. Allan's holiday came to an end and he went back home to London. In time Karen sorted herself out and moved to her own place and for some years, for various projects, Day came and went. But Dingo stayed and he and Jack were always together til the end.

Russian dolls are so full of themselves.

SALTY dribbles

BIZARRO By Wayno and Piraro



HALF FULL By Maria Scrivan



tears cleanse the soul, sweat the big stuff

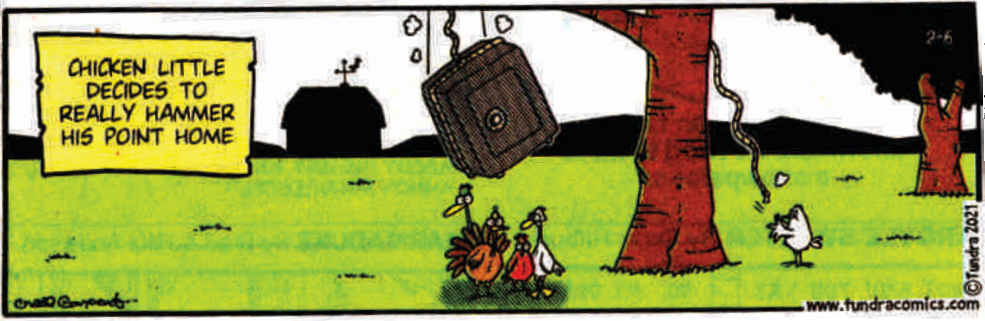
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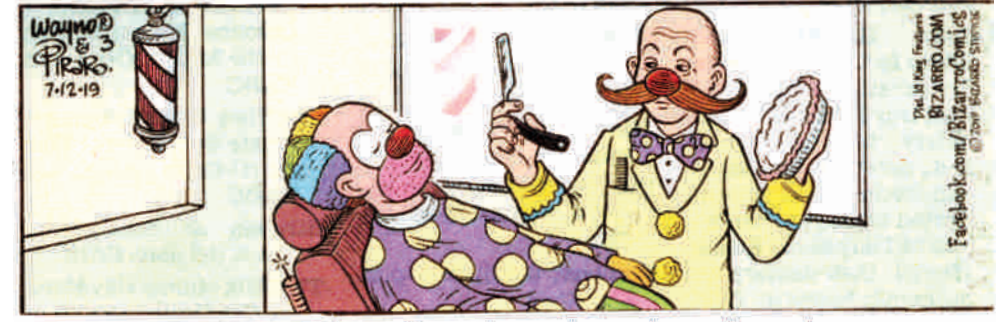
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TUNDRA By Chad Carpenter



BIZARRO By Wayno and Piraro



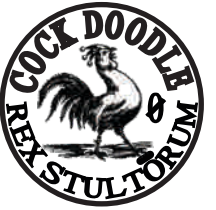
BIZARRO By Wayno and Piraro



ZARRO By Wayno and Piraro



Oh, one last thing..Below you can see portents of things that can be in our mission to enlighten the world! Next Fool's April, imagine the Fools Guild sending varying levels of awards to Public figures for their encouragement, or lack thereof in placing Foolishness over Stupidity! And we let **everyone** else know! A rather good sort of mischief, yeah? Nye? Gives me goose bumps. Perhaps it is just a reaction to the vaccine...



Don't you hate it when someone answers their own questions? I do.



Daniel Singer
Green Man Lodge, Altadena CA

Dear "Rover,"

It is wonderful to hear from you! Of course we would be thrilled to host your Fools Guild family here at Disneyland for your annual April 1st feast. What a splendid idea! And the timing is perfect as we won't be ready to open the rest of the Park to the public for several more weeks. Your friends will have access to all attractions and there'll be a buffet open at Club 33 from 11am till 9pm, drinks included. We only ask that you remain seated on ride vehicles at all times and refrain from food fights with your expensive meals while riding the teacups.

I know many of your group are rather geriatric and will likely have been vaccinated, but Disneyland hosts a Super Vaccination Center, so please inform your friends that anyone who has not yet received their anti-Covid shot is welcome to receive one, and just to make sure everyone is safe, we will provide the Disney street performer's costumes to your group as PPE.

We miss you at Imagineering and deeply appreciate your unique contributions to our Disney Parks. I am extremely honored to ask if you would press your hands in wet cement alongside the other Disney Legends in the forecourt of our Corporate Headquarters at the Studio in Burbank. In addition to the traditional ceremony and commemorations, I have arranged that you'll also be entitled to have your ashes scattered into Frontierland's Rivers of America upon your eventual demise, which we hope is still a long ways off.

Thanks again for making so much magic with us.

Please have your Guild members scan the QR code below to register for free admission.

Yours very truly,

Guy Wyse
President, Disney Imagineering



The man who invented Vektor has died. RIP.

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Dr. Andrew Davis
Stanford University

Dear Professor Davis,
It is with extreme gratitude that I humbly except the *Hero of the Foolish* commendation. Let me just say the Fools Guild represents a political revolution! I think what the American people are saying is enough is enough. This country, this great country, belongs to all of us. It cannot continue to be controlled by a handful of billionaires who apparently want it all. If it takes a Fool to point this out, I am a Fool!

At the end of the day, The economic game is rigged, and we need an economy that works for all, not just the Ale stands. It has to work for the Fools too!

Now is not the time for thinking small, now is not the time for the same-old, same-old establishment politics and stale inside-the-Court ideas. Now is the time to speak truth to power! Now is the time to resurrect the role of the Fool! We need very progressive and strong ideals like your's to bring people awareness, because I worry very much about the future of the Faire where so many people are giving up.

This award inspires me to work even harder for an America where every person realizes the full promise of equality that is our birthright. An America where genius is not to be hidden, where bright clothing and red noses can be worn with pride. Where Fool potential is a Right!

Sincerely,
Bernard Sanders
Bernard Sanders
United States Senator

Thank you profoundly,

The man who survived both mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.