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# FREEDOM!

At least something closer than the last year we spent hiding, or clawing at the screens like an amorous cat.. This JOKER looks at the pasty lower half of our faces and reminds us of our formerly normal behavior. The FOOL may represent liminality, the journey, the spaces between places, but lets take this Hall Pass and DANCE!

King Cock Doodle, The Null

# DONATE!

Seems I was a little bit optimistic about that harmless little prank amounting to nothing... how was I to know Lex Bezos would buy the museum, or that he likes to wear Eighteenth century dresses? Not Me, that's for sure. So, help with legal costs. Oh, and to cover publication costs. Not required, but much appreciated. Think of it like breathing. \$20 suggested, all amounts happily accepted! Jokers are published sporadically, so no promises about when or how many you receive. Prove that a Fool and their money are easily parted!

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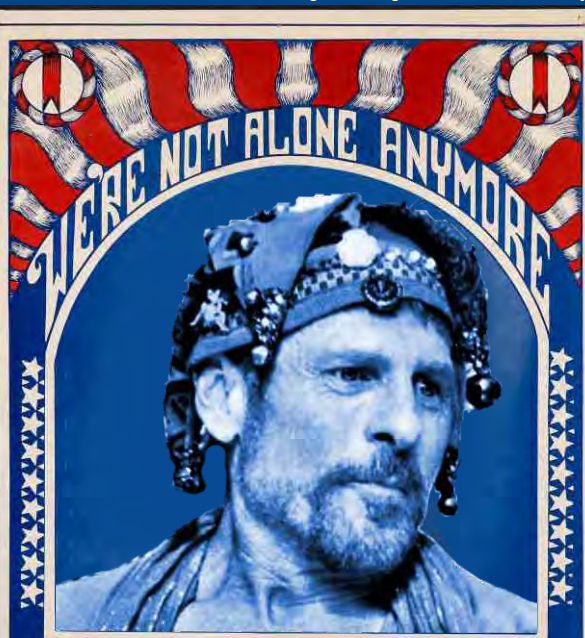
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ISSUE: II  
 VOLUTTE: XXXX

**FREEDOM!**

# GOVERNOR

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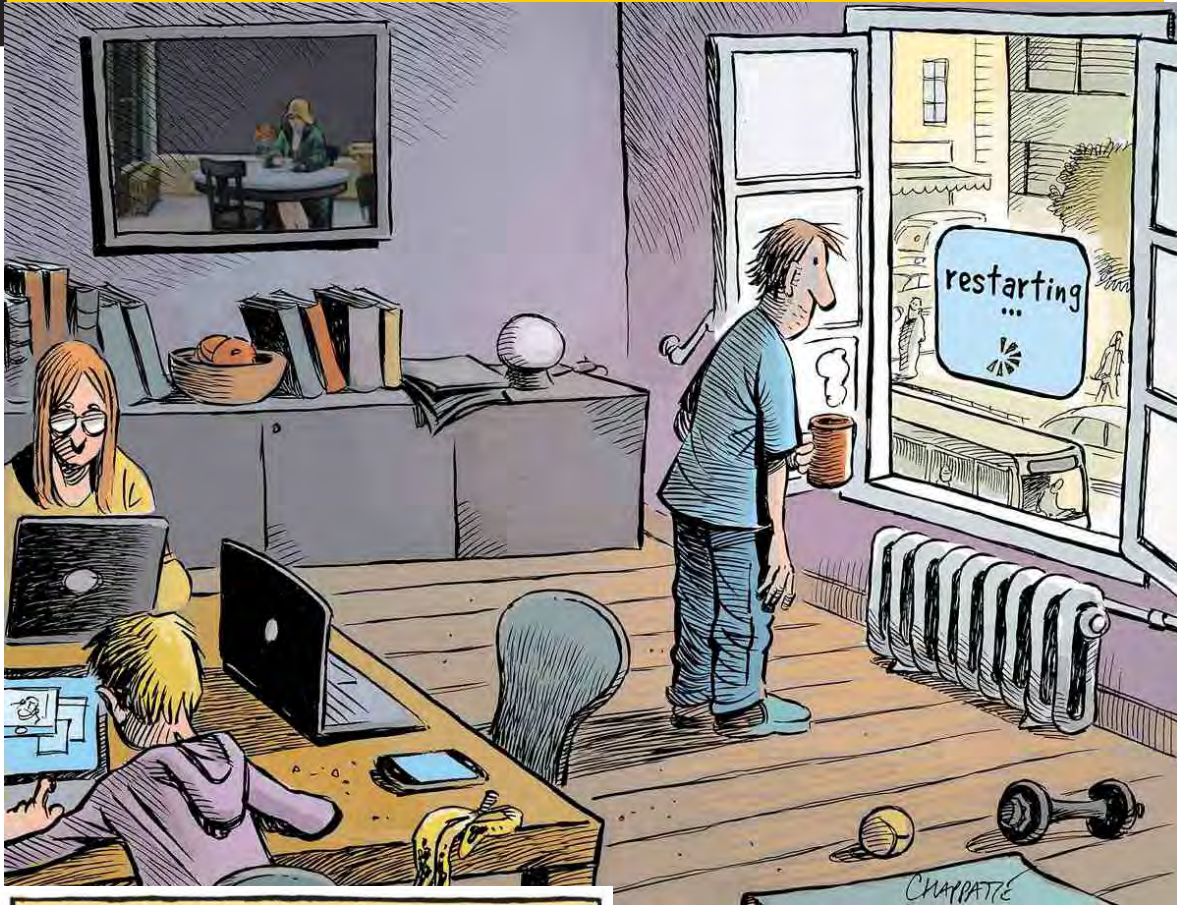
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# COCK DOODLE



## not so Funnys...



SOME ADVICE ON HOW TO COPE IN THESE TOUGH TIMES

THINK POSITIVE 	TAKE PLEASURE IN SIMPLE THINGS 	FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS 	SMILE! 
KYLAG-115 MEMBER, SUPREME COUNCIL OF REPTILLIAN OVERLORDS	GENERAL MORTUUS APOCALYPTIC ARMY OF SKELETONS	PR-500 CO-ORDINATOR, ROBOT UPRISING	UNNAMEABLE TERROR DARK ONE
DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY 	MAKE SOME TIME FOR YOURSELF EVERY DAY 	COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS 	BELIEVE IN YOURSELF 
PHYKRÄUN KYX COMMANDER, ALIEN INVASION FORCE	MORRIGAN GODDESS OF WAR AND DEATH	VRS-2000-X50 SENTIENT VIRUS	LORD ZORVAX DESTROYER OF WORLDS

LAST SPRING, I HAD ALL THESE FANTASIES ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE WHEN THE PANDEMIC ENDED.

I'M GONNA HUG EVERYONE SO HARD-

CAN'T WAIT TO PUT MY FACE RIGHT INTO ALL THE OTHER FACES!

What the—

Oh.

HAND SATANIZER



**SPEED BUMP** By Dave Coverly

THE LAST PERSON TO LEAVE, PLEASE TURN OFF THE ENLIGHTENMENT

**SOCIALIZING**

WELL, THAT WAS AWKWARD.

**BOTTOM OF THE FACE REVEAL PARTY**

"Ten! Nine! Eight! ..."

**HALF FULL** By Maria Scrivan

2021: THE YEAR OF THE PAJAMAS

SIGH

SIGH

CAN I GO DO STUFF YET?

**PRICKLY CITY** By Scott Stantis

I'M GLAD TO BE ALIVE!

I'M GLAD I'M NOT DEAD...

WE MUST GO FORWARD TO A BETTER, HAPPIER FUTURE!

WE MUST GET BACK TO SIMPLER, HAPPIER TIMES!

## WEATHER

Days: Blue skies and golden sunshine all along the way!

Nights: Clear and starry with rocket's red glare.

# FOOLISH TIMES GAZETTE



July 4, 2021

Volume XL-Issue II

POST PLAGUE EDITION

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## It's not Farewell, it's Au Revoir! Huggable x2

Greetings my devoted Fools from your now-EX-King Huggable Times Two! I was happy to extend my reign due to the extraordinary circumstances created by The Year That Nothing Happened. I was also willing to extend into a third year and preside over the gradual transition from Pandemic into the Glorious After-Times. However, the community of Foolish Leadership (comprising all ex-Kings and ex-Mothers Folly) debated at length and decided that because previously-elected king-in-waiting John Young was willing (insistent), it was time for the Crown of Foolish Destiny to change heads. Thus "The burden of cares and woes" has been lifted!—not that being King of Fools was that demanding or woeful. I can now relax a bit and join the privileged gang of ex-Rexes, who, as you can imagine, sit around on great fluffy recliners, eating chocolate and petting puppies. However, I have a few un-thrown parties waiting in the wings (or up my sleeve, I'm not sure which). As soon as we're all vaccinated and it's safe for us to socialize in person, I look forward to seeing you at an upcoming party. King Cock Doodle the Null and I will coordinate efforts to ensure that our Guild comes roaring back with our typical exuberance!

It's been a profound honor to be your king! THANKS to everyone who supported my kingship and helped to make my reign fun and memorable. My only regret is that I didn't get to hug enough of you frequently enough. I look forward to sharing non-lethal germs with you again soon.

## Fantastically Foolish Events

by Roving Reporter Roverzone

## NEW KING ELECTED! Via PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE ATTACK!

**Whittier, 2/27/21:** While meditating peacefully at home, engineer, designer and bon vivant John Young was without warning passively assaulted by a dozen alleged former royalty dressed in outrageous anti-establishment "gear" clearly signaling that they belonged to that radical counter-culture phenomenon known as "Fools". Fully masked to protect their identities, they paraded around Mr. Young's yard, taunting him with cries of "We're not worthy, your majesty" and calling him by the rude epithet "Cock Doodle." This clearly pushed the overwhelmed Young to the boundary of mental health as he instantly donned a tattered Fools-cap, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, capered foolishly around his property, imagining himself to have attained some definition of Kingship. Authorities were alerted but failed to respond, citing "We've seen this every February for forty years and frankly, the Fools Guild can go %\$#@ itself." Congrats John Young aka "Cock Doodle the Null." And be warned, fair Reader: next year it might be YOUR turn!

## Two Tales Told (From In and Outside the Box)

by Grinn & BarrettI

### 1. Jackanapes in the Box

William Q Barrett

Billiam the Stiff 9th King of the Jackanapes

This freedom fable takes place on a platform in a pleasure forest near Black Point portal, long before there were websites or even food trucks. Our tale of transformation amongst the trees was precipitated by a sequential synchronistic series of life-changing liberations. Seventeen-year-old sad lonely boy gets driver's license. Makes friends and drives all to something called the Renaissance Faire. Vast vibrant valley, void of the constraints of conformity and filled with freedoms beyond measure. Welcome to Agoura, 1970. My pals Jeff and Sandey and I become mimes. Freedom to hide behind a mask so I can stop hiding who I am. Then the terrible edict. No more mimes. Whiteface deemed anachronistic. Shit. But wait. Now we can explore/abuse freedom of speech. Our repackaged presentation; a story theater, fractured fairy tale, mimey mashup we dub "Magical Mummery Madness", is a success. At the end of run RPFN '72, I figure I can finally enjoy this exquisite Faire on LSD for about an hour before closing, if I drop right before our final show. I figure. No problem. I figure wrong. I'm down in my mime box crouch, gazing at the wood grain of the stage. As I await the notes of **Pop Goes the Weasel**, my cue to spring up as a jack-in-the-box, the swirls of grain have morphed into undulating wood nymphs. The seductive nature spirits are trying to pull me into their world but I must stay in this box until Jeff and Sandey free me, per script. I think really hard, "Guys get me out of this box". Surely I didn't say it out loud. (Don't call me Shirley) The netherworld is taking me. "Guys, you gotta get me out of this box". At last I hear the notes. I burst upwards in a rush of relief and really bitchin' trails.

We blissfully finish the show. I am freed from my own imprisonment once again. In ways I was yet to realize, things had changed forever and for better.

### 2. Carpe Cockus Grinn, 21st KOF The First alleged "Adult" King

Before becoming Wizards, **Cock and Feathers** we were mimes. Happy mimes. But then, one dark day, Phyllis banned mime at the faire! No longer able to dazzle dozens with our mime, we did the only choice left to us, we became mimes that talked. We poured over multiple thesauri, pulled inspiration from the brothers Marx and Warner and eventually came up with a whimsical, wordy mime show which we debut at the Northern Faire, on the Red Barrel stage and it worked! People came, they laughed and we even got high, albeit singular praise from Phyllis herself! "You were silent for so long, the first words out of your mouth were golden!"

We were enjoying our new found popularity. And then, on a particularly beautiful afternoon in Blackpoint, something truly magical happened, something that transformed our group forever.

Billy took acid before the show.

On a normal day, Jeffrey would, with a plethora of puns and an abundance of alliterations, hawk his tonic to the crowd, telling them - in short - that it cured everything but caused hallucinations. Moments later, Barrett drinks from the bottle but is unable to leave the stage,

blocked by a wall only he can see. Eventually the wall becomes an ever shrinking box (See what we did there?!) and the scene ends with him, trapped in the box, center stage. Then, with Jeffrey narrating and me echoing, I would enter as a wee small lad, happen upon the box, find an invisible handle, insert it in the invisible hole in the invisible box, turn it and eventually out bounces Mr. B, now a happy Jack-In-The-Box. But, like I said, Billy took acid before the show. On this day Billy does the box bit ending with him curled up center stage in a ball, the same as usual. Then Jeffrey starts the next scene.

Jeffrey - "One day a wee small lad skipped merrily through the woods."  
Me—"I am a wee small lad skipping merrily through the woods."  
Jeffrey—"Suddenly he encountered, or did espy, a strange and wondrous sight."  
Me—"Suddenly I encountered, or did espy ..."  
Billy—(whispering from the box) "Hey!"

I look down at him in surprise, shrug and start over.

Me - "Suddenly I encountered..."  
Billy -(louder) "Hey!"

"Hey" wasn't in the script. I reach deep down for any improvisational skills I have and whisper back "What?"  
Billy—(still whispering) "I'm stuck in this box!"  
Me—(looking at audience, then back at him) "Well...I know. It's part of the..."  
Billy—"Get me out!"  
I'm not really sure what to do. I don't want Billy to freak out but, forgive me, I don't want to lose the crowd either. I look down at Billy. He remains frozen in place, staring down at the provocatively pulsating wooden stage. I look back at Jeffrey. Jeffrey shrugs. Then I look at the audience and, to my surprise, they're all laughing. A lot. Apparently this surprising, organic event doesn't hurt the show at all. Not only were they still able to follow the brilliant intricacies of the **Wee Small Lad Scene**, they all seem delighted by this newly added exchange between Billy and I! I'm not quite sure what's happening here but I know I like it. I smile.

Billy (still in the box)—"Hey! Come on! I'm still in here!"

I tell him to trust me, he'd be free in a moment, I turn back to Jeffrey signaling him to pick it up. We run through the remaining dialogue in double time, I plug the 'handle' into his 'box' and turn, only slowing up for the last notes of **Pop Goes The Weasel**...  
And on "pop", the invisible latch on the invisible box releases the invisible lid and, to everyone's delight, Billy springs upwards to freedom, arms open wide, bobbing up and down as the happiest Jack-In-The-Box in the world.

Happy Billy—(sighing loudly)Thank you.

We bow.

And the crowd goes wild.

And right then, somewhere between the mime, the carefully crafted dialogue and the sudden freedom and celebration that came with that unexpected exchange something major happened. A light went on. Without yet knowing exactly how, we knew we had reached a new performance level we previously didn't know existed.

On that day Billy took acid and got stuck in the box, **Cock and Feathers** was born.



## Dues paid (but not us)

Don Carson

Nadya and my introduction to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire was in the late 1970's when we transitioned organically from visitors to concessions volunteers in Ernie Caswell and Dennis Day's Creature Comfits booth on the Blackpoint Faire site. While Nadya sold jars of wine jelly with the undeniable attraction of exposed cleavage, I shyly hid in the back shoveling ice into paper cups of tea for our parched patrons. My view of the Faire was framed by the kitchen window as I watch a Bruegel inspired tapestry of characters parade back and forth over the course of each weekend. Like a tiny island in the ocean customers and patrons would wash up on the shores of our booth, performers often winking out of character to say even you just shoveling ice are one of us. That was the beginning of our love affair with this huge extended family.

Each day would end with us being paid with one of Dennis' delicious Sherry Squares. After a few years, Ernie hired a Faire scribe to produce a feather quill penned document releasing us from our servitude, which we display to this day. We have lost both Dennis and Ernie, the Faire site, and so many loved participants but we haven't lost the vivid memories or the warmth that lives in our hearts to this day.

Dingaling Muses the:

## After Times

Jeff Weissman  
King Dingaling

I remember in the 'before times'.. not worrying about performing one on one in environmental theaters, or for large groups at events and shows. Many of our Fools Guild members do similar shows since forever.

Over the course of eleven years I played the 'Hobo' that lives on the train, on the Polar Express Train Ride for the California Train Museum during the Christmas holiday. And for several of those years, I was on every one of the 72, one hour shows (over four weeks), for 250 kids and

their parents...regularly the little ones with runny noses, when arriving at the North Pole to see Santa in the flesh, screaming with glee, would lick and smear the windows of the train cars with their snot. Often it was hot in the cars, and it would produce a steam bath of germs. Naturally I'd get sick during the run, and I would



manage to keep my cold at bay with DayQuill or other meds, the show must go on! And at the end of the run, I would go to bed for a month, sometimes two.

For 15 years I was Stanley Laurel, Charlie Chaplin and Groucho Marx at Universal Tours, performing for tens of thousands of international guests daily. Shaking hands, greeting in fifteen different languages, playing at slapstick comedy bits. I have babies and small drooling or crying children thrust at me to set on my lap for a photo opportunity. Also, I'd often getting entangled in a woman's purse strap, or man's camera strap, and do a very close pas de deux dance of comedy confusion, not caring about what possible germs I may be exposing myself too.

At Renaissance Faires, Dickens Fairs, Historical Reenactments, the exposure to the dirt, grime, muck, and the 'crud' are environmental givens and sort of 'rites of passage'. Now, in the 'after times', with my beloved 'at risk' due to her previous health issues, even with being 'fully vaccinated', I am at odds with returning to 'in your face' entertainments. About 37% of the US population refuse to get vaccinated. Yet they are the ones getting infected and ending up in hospital and continuing the death tolls. My my hey hey, covid seems here to stay..

Add to this hurdle California Law AB5, which went into effect January 1, 2020, now makes it mandatory that every casual gig I get, party, event, trade show, telegram, etc, I am reclassified as an employee. Each client (or agent, if they are paying me) needs to make me an employee. The equation is maddening. Is it time to retire?

I write, direct, mentor and teach. But most of you know me. **I must play.** And I miss making people laugh. The 'in your face' silly comedy of the World's Worst Waiter, Laurel and Hardy X-Mas Tree Sellers in June, Charlie doing pre-shows at the Symphony, Groucho messing with the High Rollers on NYE at Harrah's Reno, Larry Fine with the Stooges working gags on the red necks at the heavy machinery auction in Texas, playing Pulcinella at commedia del Arte gigs at Italian Festivals, Being Lobsterman for 'all you can eat' shellfish fund-raisers, as a fool, wrangling clowns for Wavy Gravy's birthday parties..

What the Fuck has happened to reality? Fools Guild parties are 'hands on' - 'in your face' comedy events.

I wonder how we will deal with doing them in the new reality. All in distanced fashion, or will we need to have vaccination passports checked at the door..?

Am I done as a performer? Hardly. It's in my soul, and gives meaning to my life.

Am I scared?

Yep.

I hope that with a little more time the nay sayers will see the light and get wise. And the world will heal.

Meanwhile, I keep using my mask, distancing and sanitizer. I've now used so much sanitizer, that when I pee, I clean the bowl!

## ROYAL DECREE

There Will Be a Fools gathering with foolish behavior acceptable to a Dingaling within 30 days of this posting.



## Before time

Mohawk Shannon

Hiking up the hill, to sit in the cool barn with good company and books.

Sitting in a wood lined sanctuary, talking and laughing for hours at a time the glint of a wonderful brass collection catching the rays of sunset.

Showering with the trees overhead, the wafting sounds of bells and chatter.

The low hum of bees in the walls.

The long dark road out to visit a friend.

The steep incline to see friends and family scattered living on a hill.

Bells and voices, drums and shouts, below me as I scoot along a hillside avoiding the crowd.

The smell of coffee, and piroshki, drawing me to the cove of trees and serenity.

Smelling stale beer, the bounce of the floorboards, hands frozen from ice, dancing behind dervish servers.

Pulling a bag from a can, filled with cups, food, and sundries, only to find aluminum treasure squashed and kicked under.

Asking for passes, no, I don't remember you. A thousand of you, and one of me.

Hiking all day, with a bucket, broom and stick Spray, punch down, sweep, and wipe.

Tearing hay bales from the earth, grown and sprouted in place.

Hold your fire!!! Time to pluck!!

Teaching, learning, playing in another time.

These are only a few of the things I have in my memory. So many more in my soul.

Where we were truly free, to be and grow.

Our true home, you must miss it too.

## Freedom FROM the Crown!

The 2 **happiest** days of any FOOLS life:

**The day you are crowned and the day you give up the crown.**

De-coronation of King Venus Creamus (with ex-rex Flautus Probuscus the Reluctant, New Forest Nancy and Mamma Mia!)



## Under the Dancer's Skirt (a little homage to Willie the Shake) By De Medici

Our two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Agoura, where we lay our scene,  
Where ancient surfers will break to Newport's Wedge,  
Where Psilocybin and Peyote made civil hands so clean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two chose

A Surfer Dude and a Valley Princess could not expunge  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers to take their fateful pledge;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with costumes learn to parry, press and lunge.

The fearful passage of their new-found love,  
And continuance of their parents' high ball rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Now lies my five-minute traffic, my quiet on this page;  
The which if you with patience ears can attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Come back with me to the full moon nights  
of a far-away place filled with earthly delights  
In Agoura Hills where our story began to unfold,  
On the Paramount Ranch, in confessions still untold  
Ron & Phyliss Patterson, bawdy-youthful hosts, oh so young.  
Wherein gave birth to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire  
Their labors of time travel to Elizabeth doth begun  
From bawdy and naughty & clever in the Spring of 1963  
A time for endless dreams filled with endless possibility

Then jump with me to the year 1968,  
Franco Zeffirelli gave us back Romeo and Juliette  
Now real men could wear tights, that's GREAT !!  
Volkswagen gave us the Beetle the Bus and affordable "Thing"  
Together, they would drive men to this fabled forest for a fete  
Where they'd gather to strut & dance, to drink & sing  
and sometimes to forget.

I had fourteen years when I danced with a sword  
Dressed in a beret, a doublet or jerkin and hose...I was bored  
'Twas my brother's burden to bring me to this place  
Until one night, we stayed, eschewing the road to bark at the moon  
Ah...'twas good fortune in the month of April, but... her name was June.

One look in those eyes and all time stood still  
Each time I saw her I blushed and squeaked  
I made noises not words, just like the whippoorwill  
She giggled in delight, and her interest peaked.

June told that she too was a dancer, and  
She sold her wares of glass at the Faire  
Her sister was about my brother's age  
That they have a camp for the night,  
And she would take me there.

I rose in the morn as from a boy to a man  
We had breakfast and talked and made our vows  
She helped me sew my passioned torn shirt  
'Twas a new morrow after the night when I learned a new parry, new press and lunge  
what lies underneath a dancer's skirt.

## Freedom on the Dance Floor

Paula Chambers,  
King Delecta Eubetta Genuflecta

Nothing feels more like true freedom to me than dancing at a Fools Guild party. The atmospheric d'cor, kooky characters and inspiring music create a total-immersion sensory environment. The dance floor is where the kooky characters come alive, moving as "themselves": making shapes, having fun, expressing real and pretend emotions.

>  
To watch from the sidelines is to witness a menagerie of fantastical, never-before-seen creatures. To step in and become part of the menagerie yourself is where the freedom begins. Like the Fool in the tarot deck, you step off a cliff into the unknown. What will you do? How will you move? What's going to happen?



>  
You bravely enter the fray and are immediately surrounded by light, sound, bodies and faces - people you know, and don't know. You start to move, feeling a little awkward at first but doing it anyway. Your body senses your costume and responds. Maybe your headgear needs stabilizing, so your hand flies up to hold it, and that becomes part of your dance. Maybe your artificial boobs feel ridiculously huge, so you exaggerate the feeling, sticking them out even further. Maybe you like the way your dress feels on your hips so you start gyrating to feel the fabric even more, then suddenly your whole body rubberizes and you're Rubber Woman with arms wriggling like snakes. One impulse yields to another and you just keep moving, keep connecting, keep saying "yes and" with your body.

>  
Your attention drifts to other bodies. You see a movement that looks like fun so you do it yourself. Then another impulse comes up in your own body and you say yes to that. The highest ecstasy is reached when your thoughts take a back seat and your body totally takes over, doing anything and everything without you "deciding" to do it. Your crazy arms, hingey legs, sinuous spine, and googly eyes are officially out of control, moving of their own accord, whereas YOU are riding calmly inside, serene inside the chaos. You become part of something larger than yourself: a cacophony of weirdness, the surging gyre of humanity.

>  
That, my friends, is freedom to me. To move like I've never moved before, with others, out of control, not thinking, is to lose myself and find myself at the same time. Many peak moments of my life have happened on the Fools Guild dance floor. The joy, love, and self-acceptance I've found there have changed my life. The fact that I have finally found my true calling (in my 50s!) as a conscious dance fa-silly-tator is a direct result of the absolute soul-healing rapture I've experienced at Fools Guild parties.

>

## Freedom story from Devore

Heidi Barthelemy  
Quing Lickity Split

The Renaissance Faire in Devore was an interesting location around a man-made lake and slough. The Pale Moon Booth was between clothiers and glass.

Stevie's clothing booth was in the pine trees of Jewelers Row, the glass booths in the bright sun of Glaziers Ally and I was in-between with my little curtained, canopied booth facing the lakeside, backing up to the marsh, with a small private "hooch" behind the booth, a water spigot and wading pool.

The days were quite hot. Mid-week, workshop in the Woods brought hundreds of middle school kids to our quiet Faire site, keeping local crew busy, in full costume, teaching and shepherding hungry minds through a brilliant educational program, immersing children in theater, crafts, dance & history. I taught basket weaving to 45-60 kids per day.

The students would be gone off the site by 2:30/3:00 and I'd go back to my hooch to cool off in my pool, watering the strip of land between the lake and my booth, naked. Many of the shepherds and teachers wandered by unconcerned by my nudity. The whole site was quite private when neither the Faire nor classes were in session.

One afternoon, an official looking man came along the path, "hello", says I. He didn't converse and went on his way, wearing an Andy Gump Supervisor work shirt.

Pretty soon Security drove by saying that I had been spotted by an outsider. Well, the sun was no longer as hot, the ground was watered and I was done for the day, anyways. On my way out of the park in my car, the gate guard said that The Supervisor reported "there's a naked lady!", to which they replied, "yeah, that's Heidi!" Made me proud.

Years later Mr. Andy Gump Supervisor was overheard relating his perspective of that day to his pals at the local Denny's.

Ahhh, those were the days.



"Look, Roger, you can see all the way to the lighthouse today!"

# A tale of 3 kings set free

King Anonymous I  
King Ignoramus I  
King Bodacious Spoonfool

## The Magic of Childhood and the Love That Creates It

By Leah Bailey  
Walla Walla Union Bulletin, June 7, 2021

On the morning of my eighth birthday, I was sitting at the kitchen table in my dad's basement apartment in St. Paul, Minnesota, puzzling over an awkwardly-shaped padded envelope.

In the envelope were an old bottle and a small sculpture of a wooden pig. Being the curious child I was, I immediately examined the objects. The bottle turned out to contain some rolled-up papers. When I pulled them out, I realized that one of the papers was a treasure map, and the other was a letter with the following information:

*Pirate Captain Drosselmeyer did sailed up the  
Missipi river with a chest full O treasure and  
buryd it. This here map shows where it be. The  
key to the chest be hidden in the Wood Pig.  
Beware! An evil spirit guards the treasure  
from those who be not meant to find it!*

*First Mate Riker 1812.*

Ergo> I was meant to find it!

Waiting for my dad to get ready to go dig up the treasure almost killed me. And then it turned out we had to wait for my soon-to-be stepbrother and stepsister and my friend Kate, too. We all crammed into the back of my dad's Subaru station wagon, legs sticking to the seats in a Minnesota July.

By the time we got to Minnehaha Park, I was already hot, tired, and thirsty. I think I got to hold the map, and I distinctly remember pacing off distance from a large tree to a spot where we dug. (By we, I probably mean the grownups and my stepbrother Stephen, who was always up for a physical challenge.) Sure enough, there was an evil-looking carved wooden pig mask a few feet down, and then: thunk. An honest-to-god treasure chest!

The ride back to my stepmom's house was a haze of me throwing up on my favorite pink shorts and needing a cool bath before we were allowed to open the chest (someone, probably not me, had discovered a secret compartment in the wooden pig and the key did indeed fit).

The treasure was everything a kid could dream of, and more. Model sailing ships, old playing cards in leather cases, gypsy skirts with golden thread, golden goblets and bowls, jeweled crowns and brooches, and costume jewelry and Mardi Gras beads and coins galore.

This was most certainly the most magical birthday I ever had, and though I didn't realize it at the time, it was thanks to the imagination, detailed planning, and extensive social network of my Uncle Andrew, who has styled himself Uncle Drosselmeyer ever since I became obsessed with the Nutcracker at the age of four.

Two weeks ago, that same Uncle Drosselmeyer, albeit with white hair and more lines in his face, pulled up in front of my house in Walla Walla with a Sprinter van full of party supplies and two friends.

The Magical Uncles, as we called them, spent weeks preparing the most magical birthday party they could conceive of for my now nine-year-old son. The dragon pinata was made of papier mache, a theater-grade mask, and a lot of love, thanks to Uncle Richard.

Uncle Richard also trained all children in attendance who wanted to be warriors, in battle and jousting.



Uncle David, meanwhile, enchanted the children with stories and provided rune readings to the grownups.

My children and their friends absolutely loved it.

So did their parents. Having a magical birthday party at the end of a season of loneliness and isolation was powerful. The Uncles planned this party for my nine-year-old because they love him. Their hope was to make Elias feel special, and to bring magic and imagination to all the children we could convince to attend.

Watching this all play out from an adult perspective made me realize that it's okay to bend over backwards and work yourself into a frenzy for a child who may not appreciate it for years, if ever. Maybe kids should just be allowed to be kids. That perspective has stayed like a warm secret in my chest since the Uncles left for parts unknown. In fact, in some ways, that's the whole point. Magic can't happen without love, and behind-the-scenes toil, but if it could, then it wouldn't be Magic, and what's a childhood without Magic?



*I'd just like to know what in the hell is happening, that's all!  
I'd like to know what in the hell is happening! Do you know what  
in the hell is happening?*

# First Impression

Danielle Guzenke  
King Good and Plenty

Unemployed and unsure about my next employment options, I discovered The Fool's in year 2002. As a member of the Costumer's Guild, I read their newsletter, and in it was a flyer about a Fool's Guild Halloween party. My first thought was cool, a group that enjoys dressing up and playing! So called the number on the flyer (of the King at the time, Paula Chambers, King Delecta Eubetta Genuflecta) and asked if I could help. So glad I did. I met the first of many people I liked immediately.

I walked into the Boy's Camp at Griffith Park and thought it looked sterile and ugly. Then I helped James Hendricks hang stuff and worked with Dianne Longdo. John Mackey was directing decorations so I was assigned to revamp the RED VELVET curtains into 15 foot by 15 foot panels - a very disgusting and dirty job.

I returned the next night and walked into Moulin Rouge. I was gob smacked. I have never seen anything, ever like this atmosphere! My first friends after Paula were Richard and Michael, Jim Kelly, Gary Chambers, Rover and Cal, Kent Elofson, Roger and Anna Wilson, Tobar Mayo. I was struck by the harmonic energy, producing, volunteering their abilities to make a unbelievable night of dance, food, music and fellowship.

I am a Fool for sure. I went home to tell my husband I want to be a part of this magic. His response, Oh Boy.

## Mother MomCat's Curiosity Corner!

Greetings and Salutations my Fine Foolish Friends!

Freedom is upon us, and with that intoxicating thought careening around my foolishly addled brain, I offer up a wholly appropriate libation, one which I guaran-damn-tee will blow out the cobwebs and whatever else has been cluttering up your psyche!

### THE HURRICANE MIMOSA!

In a pitcher pour:  
1 cup Passion Fruit Juice  
1 cup Orange Juice  
(fresh is always best)  
(4) cup White Rum  
(4) cup Dark Rum  
2to3 Tbsp Grenadine

Give a good stir.  
Add ice to your favorite glasses (champagne or otherwise) and fill 1/3 to halfway up with Juice Mixture Top off with Champagne, Prosecco or whatever your favorite dry sparkling wine.  
Garnish with Maraschino Cherries and Orange Peel.



This space has been intentionally left blank, because it was left over.