

Clobber and Fungie



“A match made in heaven!” That’s how the proposed conjugal union between Clobber the Clown and Fungie the Funambulist of the Flederer Family Circus was marketed. But really, it was an arranged marriage. Neither was happy about it. Clobber, especially, looked downright glum in the publicity photos (no matter his character was never meant to register more than “doleful” on the Kunder Disposition Scale). Nonetheless, as the circus toured Heeber County’s far-flung nooks and crannies, spectators – sometimes registering in the double digits – flocked to see the duo perform together in the center ring. Not that their acts ever commingled. Why, they barely acknowledged one another. While Clobber drove his clown car chaotically through huge piles of pilea and perforated mackerel scant inches from the amused audients, high overhead, Fungie executed daring leaps of faith on the tightrope. (Her “salmon spawning” routine, for example, never failed to elicit gasps of awe from the seat-bound onlookers.) First-rate entertainment it surely was. A peek into blissful matrimony? Maybe not. Yarngirl was to have been maid of honor, but then her own circus life began to unravel. Clobber solicited for a best man among the acrobats, the ropedancer, the juggler, the trick riders, the animal tamer, Trapezoidia the Trapeze Artist and Bob the Barker, to no avail. Oh, the Rubber Man offered to be his chief attendant, however the clown didn’t think a guy dressed as a condom would lend the proper air of gravitas that the ceremony demanded. In the end, the two celebs eschewed all the pomp and circus stances and eloped. To the chagrin of their fans, however, not with each other. As a consequence, circus attendance plunged, and management responded by laying off the two wayward performers. So let that be a lesson to those of you who feel that nothing good can come from an arranged marriage!