



Just to prove we're not serious  
all the time...

5 bits of light-hearted fun

**#1**

*Tour Managers are no fun:*

A sound engineer, a lighting designer and a tour manager are in the desert waiting for the overheated tour bus to cool down. They stumble across a magic lamp. The engineer picks it up, rubs it and a genie appears.

"Thank you for releasing me from the lamp. As a reward I will grant each of you one wish. Choose wisely."

The engineer thinks for a minute and says, "Cool - Easy. I want a vacation. Send me to Cancun. Surround me with beautiful women, the best food and an endless supply of margaritas."

The genie nods his head and in a puff of smoke the engineer disappears.

He turns to the lighting designer and asks, "And for you?" The lighting designer thinks for a moment and says "Yeah, that sounds pretty nice, but I'm more of a ski-buff. I want to go to Switzerland. A nice mountain resort, chicks, food, booze...the whole deal."

Again the genie nods his head. Another puff of smoke and the lighting designer vanishes.

As he turns to the tour manager, the bus finally starts and the driver is signalling that he is ready to leave. The genie turns to the road manager and asks what his wish is.

The tour manager quickly replies, "OK, I want both of those guys back on the bus right now!"

**#2**

*Quickfire Jokes:*

**Q** - How do you get a guitarist to play quieter?

**A** - Put sheet music in front of him.

**Q** - How can you tell a stage is level?

**A** - Drool is coming out of both sides of the drummer's mouth.

**Q** -What's the difference between a fiddle and a violin?

**A** - Who cares - neither one's a guitar

**Q** - What is "perfect pitch?"

**A** - When you lob a clarinet into a toilet without hitting the rim.

**Q** - How can you tell when a soprano is at your door?

**A** - She can't find the key, and doesn't know when to come in.

### **#3**

#### *The Depressed Musician:*

A 55 year old musician who's spent his whole life trying to break into the big time is feeling very depressed. He's been turned down by every single record company in the country and no one seems to recognise his unique genius other than his pet cat. So he dreams up an ingenious plan to get his revenge on all the institutions who've rejected him all his life.

He goes into a recording studio and instructs the sound engineer to record exactly what he says, copy it onto 1000 CDs, and send them out to all the record executives in the country.

After making all this very clear, he pays the engineer in full and goes into the vocal booth. He puts on the headphones, motions to the sound engineer that he is ready, receives the "thumbs up" from the engineer and begins;

"This is a message to all you sycophantic, talentless bastards who've ignored me all these years. I have dedicated my life to writing beautiful, emotive, soul-touching music, and all you wankers do is throw away my tapes and sign dumb bands like the Spice Girls.

Well, I've taken all I can of your puerile, shallow industry, and it's YOU who've driven me to it!

I hope you feel guilty for the rest of your pitiful lives! Bye-bye, you murderers of Art!!"

With that, he takes out a gun from his pocket, pulls the trigger and sprays his brains all over the studio wall.

The sound engineer glances up and says " - Yep, ..okay – that's fine for level..... Wanna go for a take?"

### **#4**

#### *Jazz in the Jungle:*

An explorer was leading an entourage through the Amazon jungle when they heard the sounds of drums.

At the next village, the leader stopped a native and asked him to explain their meaning.

"Bad, real bad when drums stop!" he said before running off.

The drum beating continued to pulsate. The safari leader asked another native about it.

"Bad, real bad when drums stop!" he said.

A few minutes later the drums did stop, and all the expedition members became panicked.

The leader grabbed another villager and demanded to know the situation...

... "Bad, real bad that drums stop," he blurted. "Now comes bass solo!"

## **#5**

### *The Gift:*

My Dad bought my Mum a piano for her birthday.

A few weeks later, I asked how she was doing with it.

"Oh," said My Dad, "I persuaded her to switch to a clarinet."

"How come?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "because with a clarinet, she can't sing...."