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DONATE!

These things grow on the high branches, and are hard to reach. I'm getting old and had to hire Bonnie to scamper up there.. Besides, it will go toward the upcoming parties! \$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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PAST ISSUES



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Acceptance

In the image of the Tarot card,
 The FOOL
 is joyfully,
 carelessly,
 walking off the cliff.
 In complete surrender.

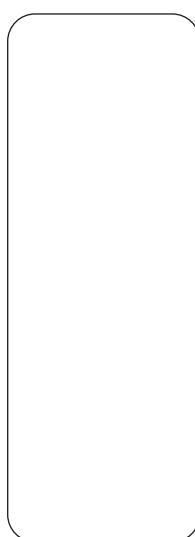
The FOOL Accepts.

Now, more than ever,
 in these polarized times
 we can learn and grow,
 by accepting.

Accepting situations,
 accepting others,
 accepting others' choices,
 accepting others' backgrounds,
 accepting others' beliefs.

Let us truly embrace the
 archetype of The FOOL.
 Let us accept each other,
 starting with Self.

Venus Pookie Linhardt



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THE JOKER
 ISSUE: III VOLUME: XXXX
Feast of Fools
 announcement!
FREE PRIZE INSIDE!
 Laughs!
 Tears!
 Hellos!
 Good Byes!
 Annual subscription: \$20.21
 Cheap.Renew!
ACCEPTANCE

Light Makes Write

Alas, the world's a bitter place that's rife with myriad woes,
 And joyful Life is hard to make enmeshed within its throes.
 Other poets poetize to expiate their pain
 But that's not why I versify, I write to entertain.

For many Love is painful, all too often comes to grief,
 Ergo I pray by poesy I might vouchsafe relief
 And trust within my stanzas and among my merry rhymes
 The sorrowing may solace find, inviting better times.

For Hope that springs eternal deep within a beating breast
 Is strengthened and encouraged by the joy within a jest,
 And those that seek amusement here shall drink a decent draught;
 I cannot lift depression, but it lightens once you've laughed.

JPK - 11/17/2021



FEAST of FOOLS

Hollywood Premiere

and After Party!

Featuring King Archives amazing Fools tribute

Wagic & Mischief

Saturday April 2nd.
 Save the date! Details to follow

*I have become quite proud
 of my wisdom*

*making choices of acceptance
 starving the fire of opinion*

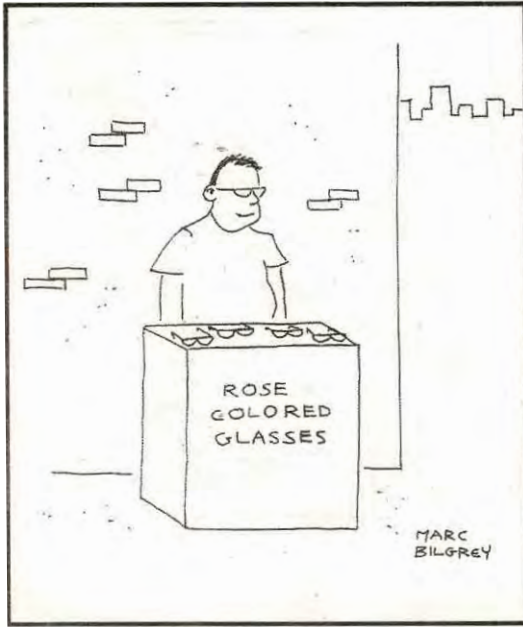
*finding contentment
 in observation*

*and i wonder if my wisdom
 is a product of age*

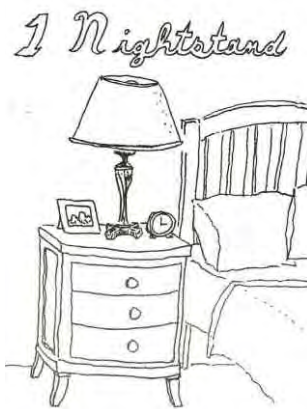
or a result of exhaustion

COCK DOODLE

barely Funnies...

"Sure, I could grant those three wishes, but I believe you'll appreciate the value of health, love and money much more if you continue not having them."



WEATHER

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

Nights: Clear and starry with the occasional extinction event meteor fly by..

FOOLISH TIMES GAZETTE



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Editor's Note: Might as well start with an apology! The following story was submitted for the FREEDOM Joker. Not only did I lose it, I included, but misspelled what's his name's name in the credits! How, I ask you, does one miss-spell Jack? Well, it is a long story, but this is a great story, so here it is at long last.)

Jumping Jack and the Green Flash

by Jack Tate, Rex Jack II

When I was eighteen years old, the Oscar-winning actor, Cliff Robertson, wanted me to go to California to paint murals on his La Jolla seaside mansion, near the pump house, made famous by Tom Wolfe. He initially wanted my friend and fellow painter Amy Rowan (a much better painter) to do it but she declined and suggested me.

In trade, he said that I could live there, in the only finished room, in the basement. Ultimately, it would be the only payment, excluding about \$500. Wanting to escape my father, I took the deal. So, I took a drive-away car to the west coast. It smelled a bit like freedom.

During the day, at the manse, elaborate construction went on, upstairs. Evenings, I would have the place all to myself, to eventually paint a cornucopia, some Aztec, Zapotec and Olmec flat stamps on the beams, and a version of St. Francis of Assisi's sermon to the birds.

One clear, clear evening, I put on my antique aged, ecru-colored 1930s tuxedo suit: coat and trousers, to go out on the bluff and watch what I thought might be a glorious sunset. I brought along a wrangled joint of bunk pot and a pint of Jack Daniels green label (6Y0!) and took a nice comfortable seat... in a patch of ice plant. Yes, it was the last day I could wear that now ice-plant stained ice cream suit as such, but it would reappear, years later, when I checkerboarded it for my reign's Feast of Fools party outfit, only to be egged by Mackey.

So, here am I, sufficiently dandied and unknowingly irreversibly stained on a hill that looked down on the infamous pump house of La Jolla and the setting sun, with an exceptionally clear sky, with my meager intoxicants.

The sun went below the horizon and surprisingly prism-ed through the water at the edge of the earth.

An iridescent green band appeared to stretch across the horizon, about an extended arm's thumbnail distance into the sky. Two. Three. Four. Suddenly two

thirds of the sky turned absinthe green.

Thinking that the end of life on earth was transpiring, I tossed the pint and lit joint asunder, to face death...in my ice cream suit. Two. Three. Four. Nothing.

Snapping out of it, I gradually realized that it really wasn't the Apocalypse, just a lovely crepuscule. All life on earth went on.

Phew. (Many words were called. "Phew" was chosen.) Freedom, I breathed.

Superman arrived late to the renaissance faire

by Sandey Grinn

Yeah, Yeah, I drank some white gasoline during a Cock and Feathers night show once.

Someone put it in a beer cup on the edge of the stage, I thought they were offering it to me and I took a gulp. It made me really sick but didn't kill me so a good laugh was had by all (well, almost). But as bad as that was, it didn't come close to being the most frightening thing that ever happened to me during a Wizard Show. That happened in Agoura, during the day and on the main stage ...

It was the one year back in the 80's when Billy couldn't play good wizard and our friend Mitchell Evans was filling in. We just started our 1:00 show on the Maybower to a full and already appreciative house of about 800. Belvy and I had just finished our audience argument and had made it back up onto the stage when suddenly a man in a monk outfit stood up and faced us in the third row. Now maybe if I had just said my next line and ignored this guy none of this would have happened but, back then, I was known to occasionally-reach "outside" the limitations of our humble script and, distracted as I was by this mysterious monk, that's exactly what I did.

"Is there something I can help you with?" I asked him. He didn't answer me but instead walked to the aisle and right up on to the stage with us, stopping directly in front of me. I watched his procession from the bale and straight to my side with mouth agape. Even though I had no idea what he wanted, the crowd seemed to be really excited about this "new addition". We had a lot of regulars who came to

our show back then who seemed to enjoy it when ever we would veer even a little bit from our normal routine ... and they seemed to suspect (rightfully so) that this strange monk guy was about to lead us into a major detour. Boy, did he ever!

"I piss off the church?" I asked bemused, scratching my pouch casually. He responded by putting his hands around my collared neck. He began to choke me. I mean, really choke me. The crowd roared but I knew right away that this could be bad. I wanted him off of me without hurting him so, remembering a move I used to do in wrestling, turned my head and gently flipped him over and onto the stage. Unfortunately he didn't let go of my neck and so I went down with him. "This isn't what I meant to do at all," I said, and I remember being surprised at the time at how difficult speaking suddenly was, for this man's strangle hold was getting tighter, and my breathing was becoming strained. I laid there on the stage, being spooned by an aspiring murderer, looking out at the many faces in that audience, all howling hysterically, hoping to find even one out there who I might get to help me. "What a great crowd," I thought. It was then I realized that I was beginning to lose consciousness. And that wouldn't be good at all.

I was saying things like "Help me!" and "This guy's not kidding!" but either no one could hear me, or no one believed that I was really in trouble. I looked around, hoping to make eye contact with anyone out there in order to let them know I needed help and -thank God -I found Mark Lewis. He was dressed as the executioner (axe and all) and when our eyes met, he got it. He jumped from his bale and marched up to the stage, standing over us and, all in black, this gentle bear of a man, in his deepest, most commanding voice, growled, "Get. Up."

And for what ever reason, the monk let me go. He stood up and, as quietly as he came, let Mark lead him by the collar off the stage, up the aisle and away for good. "You're in trouble now buddy!" I yelled out after them in my recently rescued,

rather hoarse voice (I heard that it took six of our goon squad to hold my monk down until the sheriffs could arrive and take him even further away ... Angel Dust is such an amazing drug, isn't it?). The crowd was obviously delighted by the way things were going and were all sitting forward, anxiously awaiting our next surprise. I looked around the stage and both Mitchell and Marque were standing there in shock, staring back at me.

"Where the hell were you?" I asked as the crowd roared.

"I ... um ... I thought you were trying something new," said Marque, innocently.

"You thought I added a murdering monk? Without telling you?!"

"Yes?"

"No!!!"

I was furious and the crowd was now laughing so hard that many were gasping. It sounded like we were playing before an infirmary. I guess a pissed off wizard in Kiss make-up must have looked pretty funny.

"What the hell are you laughing at? That monk tried to kill me!" Yeah. I pretty much had abandoned all pretense of Elizabethan speech by this point. People were falling off their bales. I looked out at them and slowly smiled. They were loving the show. We were doing our job. And it was time to give them the rest of it. I nodded to the guys that I was ok to go on and was just about to say my next line when Superman finally showed up.

I don't know how long he had been standing there. It felt at the time he just appeared right in front of the stage. I looked down at this surprise guest, at his red cape, his blue tights, his big "S", his shiny red boots and I stared.

"Well, it's about goddamn time you showed up!"

He waved his signature Superman wave and, crossing in front of the audience, walked away, and was soon lost in the crowd. I watched him go as the audience cheered. I looked back at them then and everything that had just happened hit me all at once. I started to laugh and once I began, I could not stop. I giggled through juggling, guffawed through the battle and snorted through the slow motion fight. I was completely useless and when we finally finished what was left of our show, the crowd went wild ...



A Fool's breakfast brush with greatness revisited

Jack Tate, Rex Jack II

In the early '70s I was playing a fool on the streets of Renaissance Pleasure Faire. I played a fop who's history was that some of his Mortimer family forefathers had been found guilty of treason, and executed and the rest of the family had been banished. Having a great desire to return to England, my character, Simon, went by the name of Gunther Fudpucker, (just a jester jesting for a jest), and returned as a fool that made his way by hawking, chair bearing and doing whatever odd and ends jobs as he could muster to get by. As an actor at faire I was taught by Dennis Day in the ways of street performance, and to create a history for that character, and I got recruited to be in the 'Bastinado' foot-slapping parade which led to the Mountebank Stage for a 'Feast of Fools', headed by the inimitable Ken E Milliken (aka Tubertalis Goodroot). (The show was historical a re-enactment of an actual Feast of Fools, but ultimately canceled by Phyliss Paterson due to the pressure by the Christian right wing that complained that it was a blasphemous travesty. Well, duh.) Over the next few years into, I played in various shows, some on stage and some in environments; with the Killigrews on the Sheriff Stage (managed by Scoobie Sorkin), in Lord Burliegh's Household as a Groom, as Benvolio in the Montague/Capulet Sword Fight at the Washing Well, as Christopher Marlowe doing verbal battle with Uncle Dave Springhorn as Shakespeare, appearances in 'No Commedia', and in a parody of

Tempest. In 1976 I had left home and lived on the faire site at Paramount Ranch. I was also a senior in high school in Santa Monica at SMASH, and I had to hitchhike 40+ miles to school and then back the 40+ miles to the site. In the mornings, I'd sometimes head to Wizzins for breakfast. On one of these mornings I traveled there with horse security legend Marcelus Barnes, and the irascible Jay Cimo. We were heading to our table and I noticed Johnny Cash seated at a table by himself. I couldn't stop myself from going by and thanking Mr Cash for the many years gift of great music. He asked my name, and then invited me to join him, to which I said I was with my friends, to which he said, "Well, bring them over". I didn't have to strong arm Marcelus and Jay, the three of us joined Johnny, and we proceeded to ask what he was doing there at Wizen's, he told us he was in town for his daughter's graduation from Agoura High School. As we finished up breakfast, I realized my time was up, and I needed to get my thumb out to get to school, I excused myself just as Jay and Marcelus were talking Johnny into taking a tour of the faire site. (I bummed I missed that). Flash forward to 1990, and I had been 'loaned out' to escort winners to the stage at the Country Music Awards, by Universal Studios Tour as 'Stanley Laurel' (where I had been playing the role at the theme park since 1987). And lo and behold, there, backstage were Johnny Cash and June Carter. He looked aged and withered, and had obviously been dying his hair black, but he was there, and when I found a moment that he wasn't being bombarded with adoring fans, I spoke up. "Mr Cash, I don't know if you'll remember, but we had breakfast back in '76 when you were in town for your daughter's high school graduation. ." "Of course I remember you Jeffrey. Good to see you again." Not wanting to leave it at that, I asked his opinion of Clint Black, Kathy Mattea, George Strait and Highway 101 (the current nominees for that year's CMAs). He replied, "Well . . I don't know how many of them ever dug a ditch, or spent time in jail, but I reckon' they're all right."

Tears of a Fool

By Rover

Our Dear Ex-Rex Archivus, the XXXVII King of Fools, recently shared the sad news that his son Chris Collins, 35, passed away on 11/1/21, leaving behind a wife, three young children, and a successful addiction recovery program. The Collins family, as you can imagine, was heartbroken. Many fools attended the Celebration of Chris's life on 11/7, a huge event held at the CineLounge Secret Garden in Hollywood. Hundreds attended. Chris's life had a profound impact on others—the venue was packed and SRO. Sad Dad Ken joined his musician buddies to play a few songs of farewell, followed by family and friends delivering moving eulogies. There was a particularly stirring moment when Ken acknowledged the many Fools in the audience who'd turned out to offer emotional support. Through our tears, we responded with a loud ripple of heartfelt "Your Majesty!"s that I'm sure touched Ken deeply. The Fools Guild is a family—and like other families, we experience highs and lows together as we share both our foolishness and our authentic selves. Inevitably there are tragedies to endure, and this was an agonizing one. Our love and support go to Ellen and Ken and their family during this tough time. Chris was a dazzling human, and he would have made a delightful Fool.

Precious Spaces

Archivus, Circler of Confusion

King Carpe Cockus, threw a King Of Hearts party for his Feast of Fools in 2002. It occurred within seven months of the bombing of the WTC on 9/11. As they sat at a large table together, the feeling was very much of the Fools gathered in Times Square laughing in the face of horror. I'm reflecting on this now as I confront my own horror and try to process the most unamusing thing that I could ever imagine. The wound is still fresh but age-old facts of humanity dealing with loss are becoming more evident to me with each new sunrise. The departed is happy... they are either at peace in the void or zipping along the edge of the universe on the next leg of their transition. I suppose there could be a less pleasant possibility... The real work is for those that remain in the wake of their passing. If you get past the first existential fork in the road and choose life, how does that subsequent existence make sense? My answer is, it doesn't. But putting one foot in front of the other, doing every

mundane and necessary task and trying to be of service to others has been getting me through each bewildering day. Perhaps, like any other incurable disease, the pain can be managed. Eventually the things that bring joy and gladness to life will become even more meaningful? Ellen and I give thanks and gratitude to the Foolish community for all the love and support that you have given us. Some well-known Fools long ago said we're all Bozos on this bus. I'm not sure when my stop is coming up on this ride (or yours either!) but did you hear the one about the walrus who was having car trouble... Honk Honk!

Definitely Goddess material

Danielle Guzenski

Paula, as I sit at my sewing machine creating this rose multi colored bag, meant for you to use to tote things around, and this lovely scarf I am thinking about you. I do not sew as much as I assemble with love. So while I'm putting things together, working the details, struggling with a mess misstep having to tear it apart to reassemble, all the while thinking about you; and loving you.

I was thinking of how we met via the Costumers Guild and an enclosed flyer for a party. Halloween 2002 was it? It was the grandest party I have ever been to up to that point. I had never before experienced such elaborate decorations or costumes as that first party I attended the Grimm's Enchanted Forest, held at the Boy's Club in Griffith Park. That night, I met some of the loveliest people, too. Jim Kelly, Diane Longdo, Michael and Richard, Michael Kember and your Gary were the first. The party was fabulous but I think I enjoyed the cleanup almost as much, getting to interact with people, working side by side, learning about them and how things are done with this new group. I have learned so much from this group.

As I came to meet more of our group, I was taken on how they accepted me. I don't often receive that acceptance because I'm kind of corny, a little odd, very sincere, and big (fat). People just don't know how to take me, even my family.

I have basked in the sun of sweetness of our fellow fools, and every time I leave my friends feeling so happy to be included. Finally finding a generally happy group of persons who care about dressing and costumes, understanding fabrics and designing. Have I gone to heaven? This golden scarf reminded me of a trip you and Gary took to morocco. I'm glad that you remembered to come home to us who love you! I hope to stay friends with you for a long time.

(p.5)



In Loving Tribute to Judith Gail Harriman Schiavone

, who shuffled off this mortal coil last week to lead the parade in SkyFaire. Gino describes this photo best: Ahh yes. This was what I called Judith's parade theft. As the opening parade was coming down the lane, it was her pleasure to get out in front of them by several yards and lead the parade. Make it her own. Delight in the position. Dance ahead of them to the beat of their drums. She was so happy to be at, and of, the Faire.

A marvelously foolish gesture of a Jester, accepting her place in the parade and being accepted for the folly.

Let us all have the joy of the season
Blessings of kisses abound
This is the time for the reason
We are here, in our love, hanging 'round
By sharing our heart we require
What abundance our lives can to dare
The thoughts of the bliss we desire
Are floating like hope in the air."
R. Swade

Mother MomCat's Curiosity Corner

A PESSIMIST sees a dark tunnel.
An OPTIMIST sees light at the end of a tunnel.
A REALIST sees a freight train.
The Train Driver sees three Fools standing on the tracks...

Save the Date:

February 5th, 2022
Mother MomCat's Annual Valentine Making Tea and Cocktail Party!

"We test gold in flames
and friends in adversity."
Giacomo Leopardi, 1834

Love Opens a Portal to Magic

"TA TA!"

by Sandey Grinn
and Esther Wienstock

We were once your king this much
is true
An honor both real and ridiculous
too
Supported by you and (oops) not
you
We pranced on through.

We marched along your primary
fool
With plunger, wit and Q we'd rule
Frisolous fun with friends our
jewel
When a Fool was rarely cruel

But now old friends are acting
strange
They shake their heads they say
I've changed
(Ooh! That's good!)
Throwing lies for pies leave me
estranged
In living every day
(OK thanks Joni, I got it from here)

So this fool, no longer questioning
why,
Accepts it's time to say
"good bye"
Or "I flit, I float, I flee, I fly"
And, unrhymed, bid you adieu
(You do?)
I do!!!

Carpe Cockus, 21st KOF, ret.

Ta Ta Epilogue

Regrets? I've had a few

Like not being able to rhyme
"Toxic" with "Quixotic"

But will I miss

The food fights? No.
The pot lucks? Feh.

But The Hall, the Faire, our
youthful joy?!

Their sounds and smells-
Erotic

And yes, I forever will.
-SG

"A Fool is Born"

by Alie

Good Morning!! Here is a
beginning tale...My inner goofy
life from toddler on.

Most of my adult stories have
a slightly X rated aspect. Lots
of nude sunbathing in
inappropriate places and naked
romps with guys, that once
even a boy scout troop
happened upon. I didn't want to
include them because the Fools
seem so....demure. They were
all experienced with childlike

innocence and joie de vivre.
(the Stories, not the Boy
Scouts) Perhaps there will be
another tale as I get bolder.
But here is a starter.

I was a happy, goofy child from
day one. As a toddler, shredding
my clothes the instant my Mom
let me outside, racing naked
around the neighbors yards.
Smuggling their pets into my
bedroom, certain they wouldn't
be discovered. Slyly hiding in
the attic for hours while
everyone was looking for me.
Playing hide and seek so well
that everyone gave up and went
home. I easily outsmarted my
peers.

I had a vivid fantasy life.
Creating lengthy stories out of
a few beads, chunks of paper
and figurines. I begged my
Father to teach me to read
before I started school, because
I desperately wanted to read
the Sunday funnies. On every
special occasion, I'd insist my
relatives and parent's guests sit
down and watch my parade of
costumes. They didn't mind as
long as they had highballs in
hand.

I made "Movies" for Martians.
Using my index finger as the
video camera, I recorded every
aspect of our daily family life,
sending it to them so they
could see how Earthlings lived.
My Grandmother was a partner
in crime. She taught us kids
bawdy songs and practical jokes
to irritate our Mother.

Junior High was awkward
because it was important to
affect coolness and I was still
naive. I delighted in dressing
crazy for school. "Get-ups" my
Mother called them. Giant satin
hair bows with colorful
"creative" outfits. I went to a
very happy school, there was
always laughter as I walked
down the hall.

It inspired me to bellow songs
loudly in 7th Grade chorus! Until
I was asked to please try out
for the Band. Well, I was just
mastering squeaking reeds and
spit sputtering continuously,
regardless of what instrument
they kept switching me to, when
they asked me to please move

to Orchestra. So began my quiet
years, dressing all in black,
gluing sequins all over my face
and being Goth before it was
known.

In College I ran off with a
guy, had a barefoot wedding in
Ft Lauderdale and gave birth to
2 wonderful kids! My son was a
hilarious replica of me, racing
around the house laughing with
glee! My daughter was my quiet
side. Together we three
delighted in being goofy.
Putting on plays everyone had
to watch, teaching them both
piano for family concerts and
taking them to outdoor music
festivals. We traveled to every
State in a VW Van and
encouraged them try every
food. As toddlers they loved
raw oysters. I wanted them to
have open and accepting
viewpoints.

And they do! Well, except for
the time I decided to make
Oyster dressing for Thanksgiving
dinner and for weeks asked
complete strangers for their
advice, frightening many of
them. Ultimately combining all
the ideas into one huge... flop!

When they went to college at
USC, I moved to LA to be near
them and got a job in the
Music department for the
employee tuition discount.

Seemed normal to then manage
well known musicians and go
clubbing with all of them,
wearing crazy outfits again.

We're still devoted friends and,
pre-pandemic, used to have
great all-night parties.

I'm a bit tamer now, but still
gleeful on the inside. It's a
wonderful gift to know you
delightful Fools! A place where
I'm not 'Abby normal" and can
revitalize the bold, fun Alie.
I love you all! Accepted!

Am I a fool?

I'm not sure I'm a fool!
But I find myself living with
Quing Lickity Split and I think
I'm a really Lucky Buddy, does
that make me a fool? Maybe
so. She thinks so.
She's gotten me into costumes,
periodically, and that seems
foolish enough for me.

Mr. Love Bug, Robert Rogers