

Volume XXX V O http://foolsguild.org Bijou Precieux Joker Troisième



Current reigning...

## Quing Bijou Precieux, fmf - Rachel Elizabeth Neff

Mother Folly ★BroMoFo Tomama
-Tom Rachal

Editors of this humble edition: William Q. Barrett, Quing Bijou, Jim Kelly, Heidi B., Michael Kember, Tom Rachal Art/Article Mavens: King Neezaparte, Steve Bartel, Daniel Rover Singer David Springhorn Frivolous, Ann Conway Submit art, writing, corrections OR

foolsquild69@gmail.com

to Ask Foolish Questions:

Cover. You were just there OC, You Are Here Quings Final Message! Feast of Fools Party Invite Dotty Fun Word Finder Palm Springs Gettaway Review Rover Reprorter Casa Brove Great Dickens Brover Review Joanie Dotkiss Fools Cook Book Event 1:1: Springhorn Haiku

Fools Calendar

ast Page

**Invitation to Folly** 

You are hereby invited to peruse and enjoy The Joker, but be forewarned that reading this very invitation now qualifies you as a Fool!

"Who, Me?" You might say "Yes, You!" Comes the inevitable rejoinder. If you enjoy a good laugh, if you're willing to be the butt of a joke, if you don a costume - whenever possible.

if telling the truth to power tickles your funny-bone, if you're inspired to sing and dance when nobody else hears the music, or even if none of the above applies to you. You are most definitely a Fool. (As is everyone to some extent, but some of us are not loath to admit it.) Now that we have that settled. we bid you again welcome and invite you to fascinating fêtes and foolish frolics!

This is the Internet, so of course it costs nothing to enjoy The Joker, the foolish fruit of our labors. We've even formatted it so you may print and peruse it at your leisure; we would even print it ourselves, slap a few stamps on it and send it to you. BUT you must contact us to let us know that is your wish. We'd welcome you in any case, but if so moved and could spare a few shekels for mailing YOURS, we wouldn't mind. (A Fool and his what..?) \$21 per year will do nicely.

PayPal: http://www.foolsquild.org/Donate.htm If you have problems loading this document or reading any page Please notify the editor at foolsquild69@gmail.com

> The Fools Guild 8967 Wonderland Avenue LA, CA 90046-1853

http://foolsquild.org

ьоке з диск зид тооп те

Page 2

You'll polka your eye ou

Join the Foolander: Contact Michael Kember Michaelkember@vahoo.com http://foolsauld.org

Beer Barrel of Monkeys Polka



To all my fellow fools, this I promise you:

I will keep the magick,

The magick that hides in the flight of birds,
In the green of leaves,
In the smell of the fertile earth.

I will keep the magick,

That falls in the rain, That blows in the wind, That glows in the fire, That rests in the stone.

I will remember who I am
And what I keep holy,
That all else will fade like the fog
in morning.

I will keep the magick.

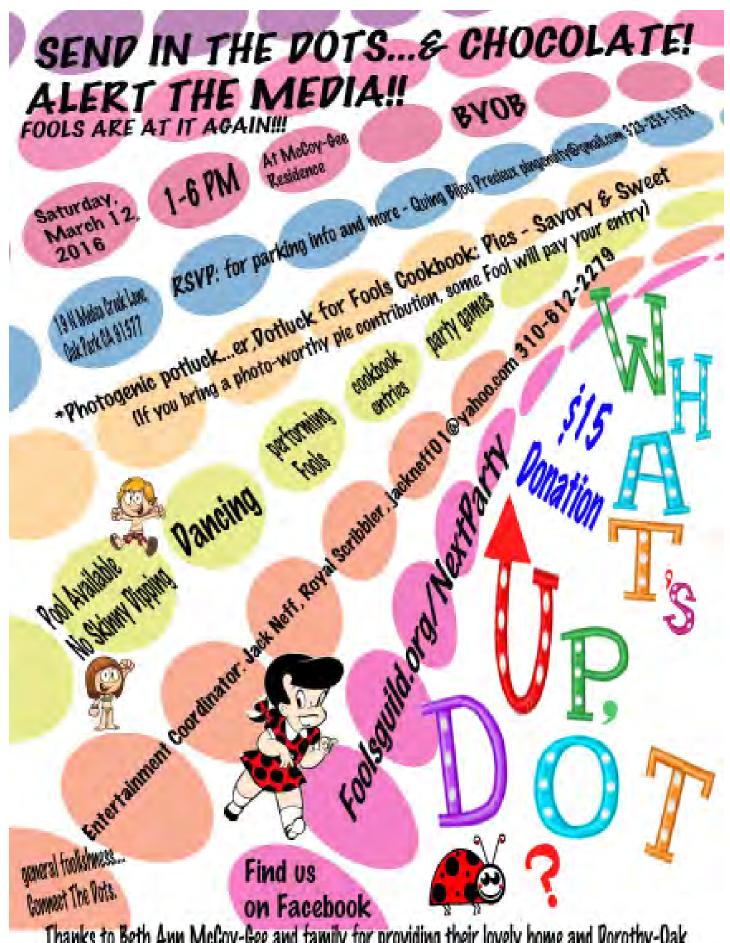
There have been some who, during the course of my reign, have believed that I "killed" our Guild. The triumvirate of parties is a sacred tradition in our community, and without parties what is our Guild? I believe our Guild is about "the magick" of community, recognizing a need, and responding to that need. I side-stepped the party tradition to give a rest to those who needed it most. I embraced our other traditions by providing alternate activities and events that were a source of fun and wonder to those who were able to attend.

Let me be remembered for embracing kindness, honoring others' needs, for remembering "who I am/And what I keep holy/That all else will fade like the fog in morning."

<mark>Quing Bijoux Precieux FMF</mark>

Milk dot

ot Milk?



Thanks to Beth Ann McCoy-Gee and family for providing their lovely home and Porothy-Oak.

Page

QU

HA

E S

http://foolsguild.org



Paradise Found! An Oasis in the Desert

By Terry Hill

My good fortune started at King Bodacious Spoonful's "Hot" party

in November of 2014. There was a contest involving three balloon drops and three prizes. Some balloons had playing cards attached, and the goal was to collect a Royal Flush. I got half the cards I needed on the first drop, all but one on the second, and luckily found the needed card on the third. Not knowing if prizes were still available—having witnessed Cal squirrel away one of the prize boxes earlier—I presented my Royal Flush to the King, whereby he promptly declared me the final prize winner and the contest officially over.

Cal had the red box [prize?], the second prize winner [name?] picked the purple box [prize], leaving me with the yellow box. Since this was, after all, a Fool's Guild party I wasn't really expecting much of a prize. So



when I opened the box and saw a piece of paper, I jokingly said, "and I won a piece of paper." Then I read what was on the piece of paper: "Fun in the Sun weekend in Palm Springs for 2." I couldn't believe my eyes! I turned to the King, "Is this for real? Am I really going to Palm Springs?" He assured me that it was real. I had won the Grand Prize and I was going to Palm Springs, thanks to the generosity of Tom Rachal who donated a weekend at his time-share. We talked about all the things there are to do in Palm Springs. I was excited as I had not been there in over 20 years. I danced for joy the rest of the evening.

The next step was to pick a weekend. Kevin and I chose May 15-17. We met Tom and Richard (with Button and Dundee) in the early evening, and got a tour of the 2-bedroom, 2-bath villa, with full kitchen, A/C, 2 TV's and a patio. Although some patios



opened out onto either the parking lot or the walkway, ours opened out to our own private backyard desert garden, which we enjoyed as much as the birds did. It was fabulous! Then, ex-Rex King Bo and the newly-crowned Mother Folly Tom presented us with two tickets to the Palm Springs Aerial Tramway—one of the things we had planned to do! And, if that weren't enough, they treated us to a delicious dinner at Birba, a wonderful restaurant which Richard found on Yelp because it was dog-friendly.

The next morning after breakfast we visited Thousand Palms Oasis Preserve in the Coachella Valley where we stood on the San Andreas Fault amid old-growth palm trees, and walked along a bridge built by the Eagle Scouts of Troop 1776. We walked the trail and took in some beautiful views of the desert. In the evening we explored the nightlife of Palm Springs. The next day we took the Aerial Tramway up the mountain, through five climate zones. It was 810 at the bottom and 460 at the top--good thing we brought jackets! We had a lovely picnic lunch, saw some squirrels and a bluejay, and took a short hike through the wilderness area coming back down the mountain in time for dinner.

It was really a treat to get away, and go someplace I hadn't been for so long. And what a paradise! The villa was spectacular. I had such a great time in Palm Springs that I've promised myself a return visit soon. Thanks again to Brother Mother Folly, Tom Rachal, and ex-Rex King Bodacious Spoonful, Richard Beard, for putting this wonderful prize together. It truly was Grand! Oh, and thanks to Cal Smith & Windom Newton for picking their boxes first.



Fools B'rove to Casa Faire By Roving Reporter Rover

For years, a lovely Renaissance Faire (a coopera-

tive venture owned by its participants) has flourished every Autumn at an out-of-theway California tourist attraction called Casa de Fruta, not far from garlic capital Gilroy. Originally the site of an artesian well used by locals and visitors since 1790, it became an orchard in 1908 and a fruit stand in 1943 serving motorists on the Pacheco Pass Highway. By the 1960s it had morphed into a roadside attraction featuring Casa de Diesel, Casa de Campground, Casa de Choo-Choo, Casa de Merry-Go-Round, Casa de Rusty Farm Equipment, Casa de Shithouse (okay not really) and Casa de Coffee Shop which once featured a neon sign depicting an animated flipping cup (now retired to Casa de Junkyard). Hence the silly nickname "Casa Faire." (Cue Simon & Garfunkel: "Are you going to Casa de Faire? Parsley Sage Rosemary & Thyme...")

Fools traipsed up to enjoy the splendors of this particularly gorgeous RenFaire on September 26 & 27, 2015, sponsored by Brother Mother Folly ("BroMoFo") Tom Rachal, turning this Rove into a "B'rove." Get it? Good. Co-conspirators RichardB,

JimK and HeidiB welcomed Fools with goody-bags, food tickets, entertainment schedules, and even a treasure map listing boothies offering free treats just for us. Thanks to the Fools Guild's subsidy,

we ate like kings all weekend — including MichelleA's welcome dinner, PatrickM's breakfasts and Saturday buffet, and the sumptuous onstage luncheon at St. Cuthbert's, § in exchange for marching (foolishly) in the Lord Mayor's daily parade through the shire. ਤੋਂ Saturday night's Under The Sea rave was 3 a spectacle of glowing deco. We also en-by QuarterMaster & Wicked Tinkers and E many other delights. The weekend finished with a spectacular eclipse of the full moon! ਤੂ Well done, ToMama!! Kudos and thanks to Tom, Richard, Jim, Heidi, and everyone who joined and lent a hand. Now get your Victorian gear in order and we'll see you in SF for Dickens Fair! B'ROVE ON! — B'Rover





## B'ROVER THE RIVER AND THRU THE WOODS, TO DICKENS FAIR WE GO!

## By Roving Reporter Rover

Brother Mother Folly Tom Rachal organized another long-distance "b'rove" for Fools, this time to San Francisco's dazzlingly fun EDickens Christmas Fair on Dec 4-7 2015. Once again Kevin Patterson and his amazing crew conjured up Victorian London at the Cow Palace Exhibition Halls, and once

ಕ್ಷ again 800 ac-= tors brought to life with music, se costumes, dancing, handicrafts, and an eccentric, theatrical ioiede-vivre. Nothing brings out the holiday spirit like ahosts scaring the bejeezus out of old Scrooge,



while customers rub elbows with high- and low-born characters sprung from Dickens' exuberant novels, plus London's lively assortment of resident chimneysweeps, aristocrats, artists, adventurers, miscreants, royalty and everyone inbetween, all dolled up in their 19th Century finery.

Patrick at the Tippling Toad served up first-class breakfasts for us in his swanky dining room, and KevinP welcomed us into his dad's memorial lounge, lovingly referred



to as the "Opium Den," where snacks, bev's, and comfy couches were offered & gratis. James Hendricks' Briton Ensemble gratis. James Hendricks' Briton Ensemble and Rover's Quarter Master vocal groups ous stage entertainment at Mad Sal's, the Pennygaff, Fezziwig's, and the Music Hall, where the Saucy French Postcard Review titillated the evening crowds.

last year's ambitious Rove, but no less satisfying, as the Dickens Fair itself provides endless hours of delights. Thanks to HeidiB, RichardB, and JimK for helping Tom § organize things, to PaulaFC for her support, and to all who helped or attended. port, and to all who helped or attended. Indeed, and is well-worth the long distance haul, and is by far the best way to celebrate the season! —Rover



She was spotted looking *fabulous*, She was spotted in the nude, She was spotted being blasphemous

But never being rude.

She was spotted once on Broadway,
She was spotted on Tee Vee.
She was spotted on Tee Vee.

She was spotted as she walked away

She was spotted as she as She was spotted as she as She was spotted as she as She was spotted playing She was spotted getting the didn't know who first should be shou She was spotted as she spoke her lines She was spotted playing dumb,

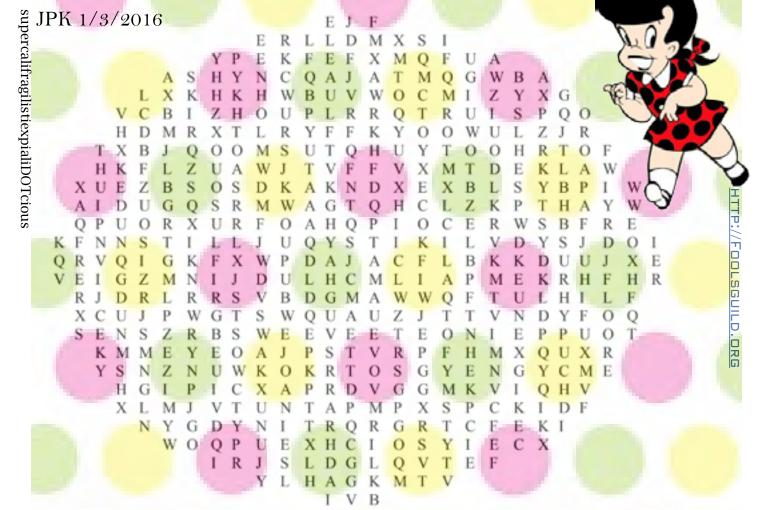
She was spotted getting Valentines,

She didn't know who from.

She was spotted on the dance *floor*, She was spotted standing still, She was spotted saying "Je t'adore!" And that she always will.



Joanie Dot-Kiss









chocolate tastes like love dip my haikus in ganache you'd be double loved

walk our labyrinth
your mind is the minotaur
you will encounter

fools with chicken pox are not quite as funny as clowns with polka dots



sweetest of sweet hearts hershey hearts that bleed ganache are pale reactions

my present to you a string of rainbow bubbles to wear in your mind

clowns must work too hard to hit you with a pie, fools throw brain pastry



Wonka Bar Mitzvah



Some Fool!

JokerTown, USA.....
http://Foolsguild.org/contact.htm

## The Quing has yet to receive Chocolate from... (you?!?)

foolsquild.org/Donate.htm

