

J
o
k
e
r



J
o
k
e
r

The Royally Inappropriate Issue

King's Farewell

WAS THAT FUN OR WHAT???

Coming out of the long, cold, Covid winter, I hoped for one thing from my reign as King of Fools, to somehow feel like it did in days of old! And thanks to a willing Guild of rambunctious revelers with nothing but joy in their hearts and a desire to play like children without care, I think we bashed this year in with unmitigated foolhardy festivity!!

It has been the joy of my life to serve as your King, and the lifelong dream of this Faire Brat, to wear the Crown, wield the Scepter, and clutch the Cup that many told me I probably shouldn't have been drinking out of for the last year.

I have brought the relics of the kingdom, the Scepter, Crown, and Cup, to the furthest reaches of the foolish kingdom that they could be taken under my reign. I laid them before the Man in the playa dust of Burning Man, I dipped the chalice in the grand canal in Venice Italy during Carnival (don't worry, I washed it), took them on stage every chance I got, they went to the realm of Labyrinth, visited their second home at Northern Faire and spent Christmas in merry old London, San Francisco, at The Great Dickens Faire, partied in New Orleans for Mardi Gras, sat on the shore of the Salton Sea at Bombay Beach during its annual Biennale, the chalice was called a bitchin' pimp cup at a chic Hollywood after hours club, and was consecrated at the bar at the Magic Castle, I laid them the sacred earth at their hallowed origin, Agoura, and they even returned to Neverland to serve as a symbol of the Kid King and all those who refuse to grow up.

It is now time to pass the crown to another worthy, foolish recipient, a wonderful Fool I adore and look forward to being the next King.

Now, to answer the age old question, What's in a number? With the answer to the universe... 42.

I hereby proclaim that I have reigned, and I am to be remembered as the 42nd King of Fools.

This has been one of the funnest years of my life.

With that, I leave you with the most useful thing I could think of, the basis of all Foolish things in print, a shockingly hilarious, possibly offensive collection of Dirty Jokes, Silly Sayings, Groaners, Inappropriate Stories, and Filthy Limericks!

Use them well, remember me fondly, and who knows, maybe I'll be back again someday to wear the crown, drink from the cup, and serve you with epic parties, foolish fripperies, and a heart overflows with gratitude to each and everyone of you who showed up, played, participated, worked, decorated, schlepped, contributed, baked, cooked, flew, food fought, danced, sang, golfed, Halloweened, imagined, reimagined, marauded, bangaranged, partook, offered, helped, advised, climbed, covered, uncovered, photographed, wrote, fooled, joked, loved, never grew up and never never landed...I am deeply and dearly and truly grateful.

I am not worthy.

Your King Cock n'Bells

Master of Mirth, Merriment, and Mayhem

The 42nd King Of Fools



Cover Illustration by JJ Moore

Mother MomCat's Curiosity Corner



Volume 42

No. 4

May 2023



Contributors

Bonnie Morgan, JJ Moore, Justeen Ward, Russell Frazier, David Springhorn, Billy Scudder

Original King Charles Invitation by Andrew Jamieson

Staff

Bonnie Morgan, Justeen Ward, Russell Frazier, Michael Kember

The Joker, a recurring side-effect of The Fools Guild, is published 4-ish times per year. Printed, mailed and fully flammable copies are available for a donation of \$5 per issue to:

FoolsFund@foolsguild.org via PayPal or at **www.foolsguild.org/Donate.htm** (Select *Send Money to friends or family*) linked here:



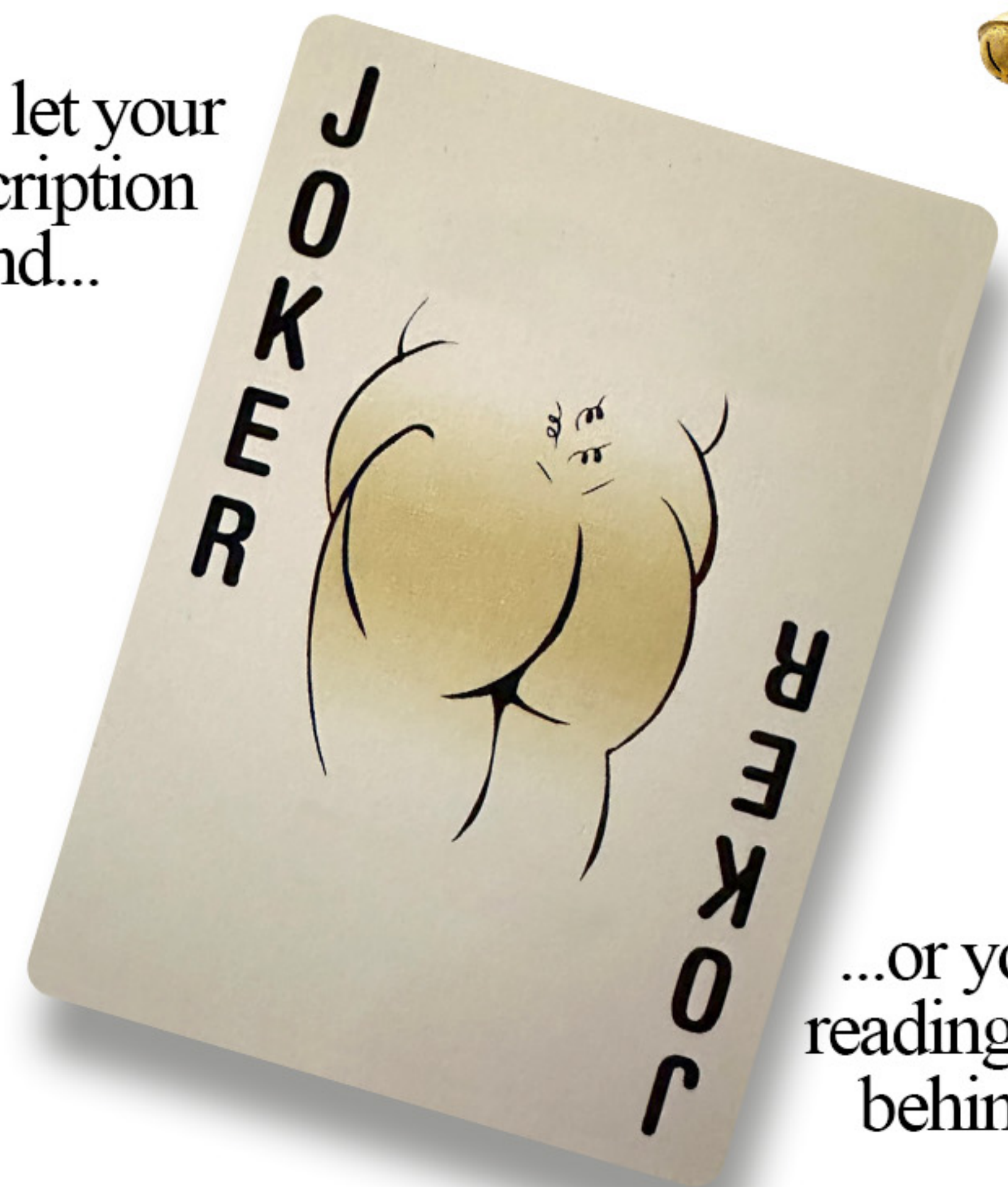
OR



venmo

This digital edition contains a Bonus Page.

Don't let your subscription end...



...or your reading fall behind.

Read current and past issues at foolsguild.org/Joker.html

ALL HAIL THE BRIGHT AND GLORIOUS, WHIMSICAL AND WONDROUS, DIVINELY FOOLISH MAJESTY, KING COCK N' BELLS!!!

IN THIS PAST YEAR YOU HAVE BREATHED NEW LIFE AND INSPIRATION INTO OUR FOOLISH HEARTS AND SOULS, AND FOR THAT, AND THE GREAT GIFT OF SHARING YOURSELF AND ALL THAT ENTAILS, WE ARE SUPREMELY GRATEFUL

WITH HEARTFELT LOVE, BLESSINGS, AND GRATITUDE, MOTHER MOMCAT THE MERCURIAL!

My favorite Limerick:

THERE ONCE WAS A LADY FROM KENT,
WHO SAID THAT SHE KNEW WHAT IT MEANT
TO BE ASKED OUT TO DINE ON LOBSTER AND WINE
SHE KNEW WHAT IT MEANT,
BUT SHE WENT!



~ CATHERINE ST. CLAIRE



I paid David Springhorn a dollar for this limerick when I was 17:

There once was an old girl from Dublin
Who had a bad habit most troublin'
For she laid with a bull
And humped 'til was full
And over her thighs it came bubblin'



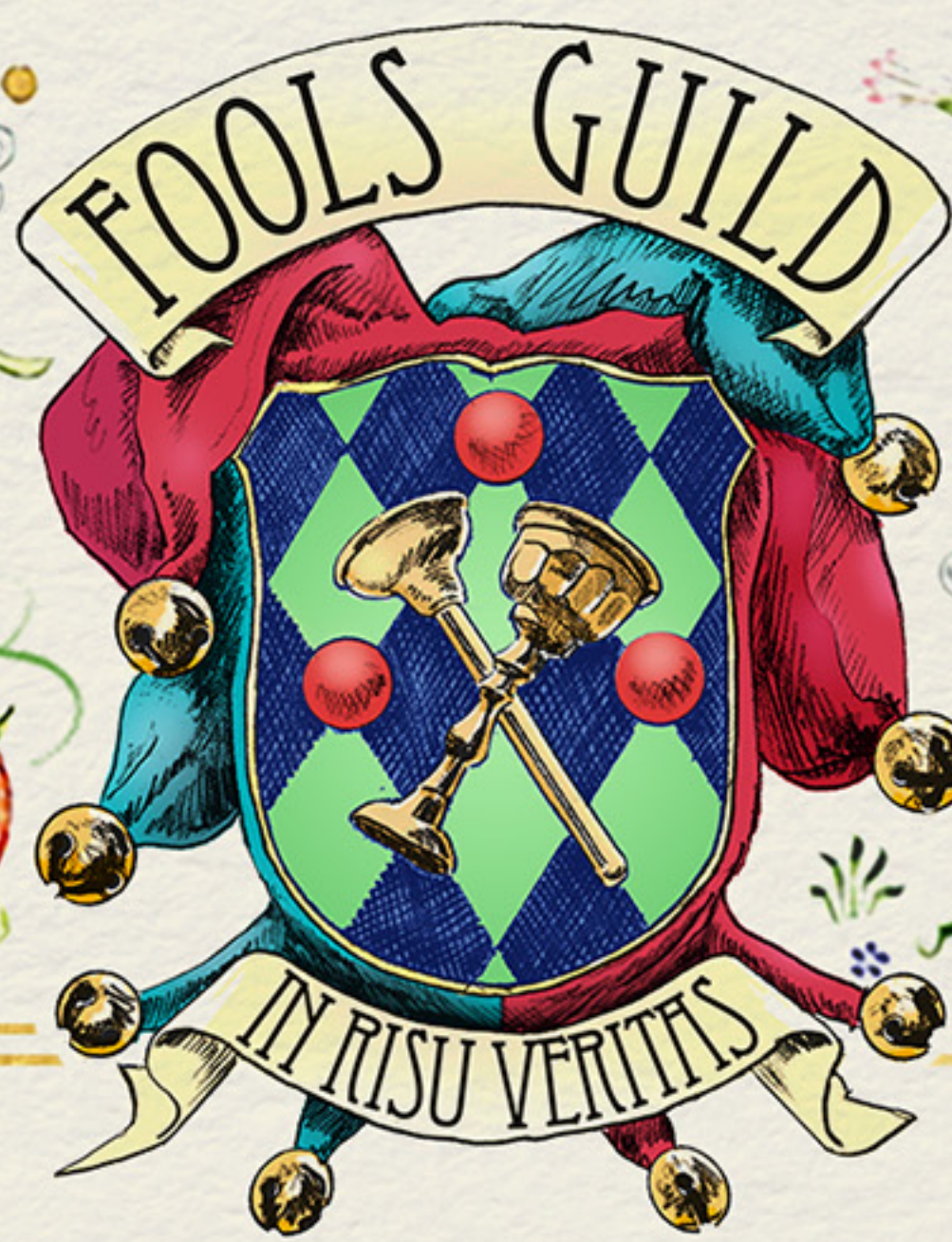


Return to Neverland

Feast of Fools 2023

On Saturday April 1st 2023 we gathered at Green Man Manor for Return to Neverland. Cal Smith and Rover Singer turned their beautiful property into Peter Pan's Neverland for the day, and Michael Kember greeted the guests. Cal made Bonnie Morgan's prop ship a shipwreck in the crocodile pond with Danny Garland lending an eye. Breezy Dae created a pirate treasure hunt that took children and adults on a magical journey ending in a treasure chest near Lost Boys' Hideout. Andy Davis made Indian Camp a haven with teepees and gourmet BBQ. Paula Chamber's hand drawn signs showed the way to Mermaid Lagoon, Tink's Nest, Pixie Hollow, Pyrate's Pub and Wendy Bird's Stage. Catherine St. Claire and James Hendricks wowed us with their culinary skills. James Hendricks led a pirate choir with members of Quartermaster. Nathan Smythe's eclectic mix kept the party hopping. Orrin Charm played Captain Hook with a green poison cake. It was a rousing success that lifted our spirits and filled the foolish coffers.

Thanks to all who helped make it happen.



The Coronation of His, Her or Their Majesty
THE NEXT KING

By command of the current King
an unpaid intern is directed to invite

You

to be present at The Renaissance Pleasure Faire,
Irwindale on the 6th day of May 2023.
Gather at the Royal Music Stage, Lakeside, 2:30 pm



Filthy Limericks

There once was a man of Kildair
Who was screwing a girl on the stair,
But the banister broke
So he tripled his stroke,
And finished her off in mid air.

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Whose farts could be heard to the moon,
When least you'd expect 'em
One'd rip from his rectum
And roar like an angry baboon.

There once was a man from Madras,
Whose balls were made out of brass
When jangled together
They played Stormy Weather
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a girl from Darjeeling
Who professed to lack sexual feeling
Til a cynic nicknamed Boris
Just touched her clitoris
And she had to be scraped off the ceiling.

There was a young lady from Cue
Who filled her vagina with glue
She said with a grin
If they pay to get in
They'll pay to get out of it too.

If you're speaking of actions immoral
Then how about giving the laurel
To the naughty Miss Esther
No three men could best her
One fore, one aft, and one oral.

Floating idly one day through the air
A circus performer named Blair
Tied a sizable rock
To the end of his cock
And shattered a balcony chair.

There once was a girl from Belize,
Who came every time that she sneezed
So she sniffed lots of pepper
And happy it kept her

Till she found that her cum was like cheese. 👑



At the old county fair there was Ben
He was bukkaked by 10,000 men
As he laid at his ease
Was mistaken for cheese
And won the blue ribbon ...again

-David Springhorn

How Does That Foot Taste, Your Majesty? by King Cock n'Bells

I had just finished a triumphant show at a cool private venue. I had my cockatoo Picasso (Picci) with me and broke away from the crowd to sneak up and grab myself a drink. At the deserted bar was standing a man who has made me laugh for most of my life, THE Fred Willard! He smiled very pleasantly at me, complimented what a fantastic show it had been, and suddenly noticed Picasso sitting on my shoulder. He lit up and asked, "Is he friendly?"

Without thinking, as I handed over the bird, I replied, with my standard snarky line, "Sure, you look like you've stroked a cockatoo" (a little dirty play on words) I WAS NOT THINKING when I said it!!

As the words left my mouth, I realized the spectacular faux pas I had just misspoken, as Fred had just very publicly been CAUGHT the previous month for doing exactly THAT in a movie theater.

He gave me an "are you kidding" look I will never forget.

Trying to think quick on my feet and cover my mistake, I developed diarrhea of the mouth to try and distract from my misspoken, unthinking, ill timed joke as I babbled in a run-on sentence, "Uhh... he's a parrot, a Moluccan... a cockatoo, from Australia, can I take a picture with you?"

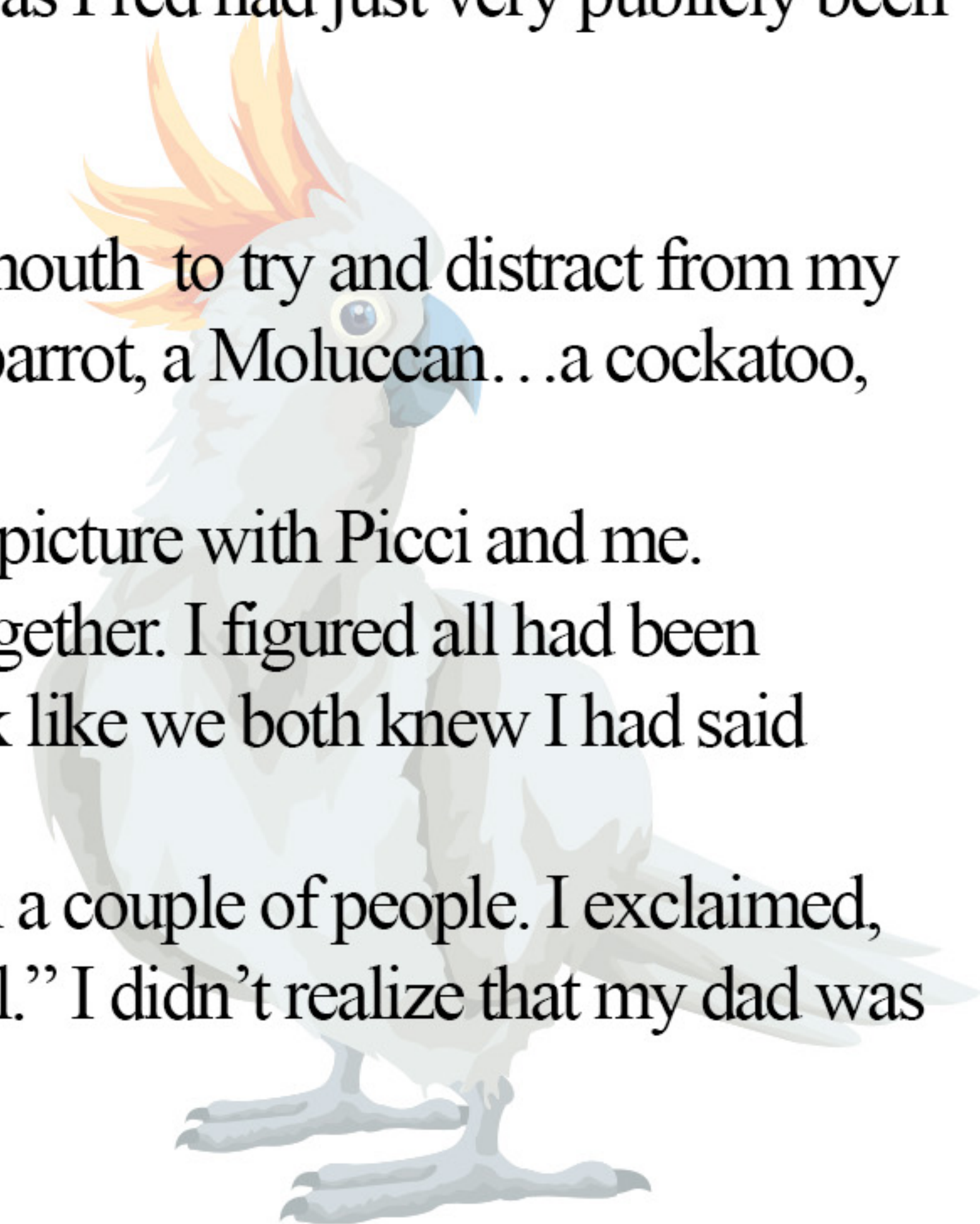
Seeing I was clearly embarrassed, he smiled pleasantly enough, and took a very nice picture with Picci and me.

The bird loved him, of course, and they spent a few very sweet moments cuddling together. I figured all had been forgiven. As he handed the bird back and thanked me, he again gave me a little side look like we both knew I had said something very naughty that I probably shouldn't have.

In my humiliation, I ran back down to where my dad was standing and chatting with a couple of people. I exclaimed, "Dad! You are not going to believe what the fuck I just said to Fred Willard! Oh, Hi Paul." I didn't realize that my dad was standing and talking to Paul Reubens. The shock on my face was outrageous.

Paul Reubens looked at me quizzically and asked, "What did you say to Fred?"

I threw my arms in the air and screamed "NOTHING! Absolutely nothing!" And I ran away!



Dad Jokes

How can you tell if it's a Dad joke? The punchline would be a parent.

When you tell Dad jokes and you're not a Dad, it's a faux Pa.

What do you do if you're attacked by a gang of clowns? Go for the juggler.

Why did Captain Hook cross the road? To get to the secondhand store.

Did you hear about the gay Irishmen - John Fitzgerald and Gerald Fitzjohn?

A giraffe walks into a bar and says, "High balls on me!"

A horse walks into a bar, and the bartender says, "Why the long face?"

What did the sushi chef say to the bee? Wassabee?

Why can't you trust stairs? Because they're always up to something.

What are the most dangerous kind of canoes? Volcanoes.

More Jokes

A old man calls the police and says, "I think my wife is dead."

The officer asks, "What makes you think she's dead?"

The man replies, "Well, the sex is the same, but the dishes are piling up."

A man goes to his rabbi and asks, "Is cocaine kosher?"

The Rabbi says, "That depends, how much did you pay for it?"

A dad told his son that he killed 100 people in the Vietnam War.

"But, I thought you were an airplane mechanic?"

"Not a good one."

A cop pulls a man over and says, "Sir, are you aware that your wife fell out of the car 5 miles back?"

The man replies, "What a relief! I thought I was going deaf!"

My son has reached an age where he's curious about the human body ...I guess I'll have to move it up to the attic.

A cop pulls over an older couple, and asks the man for his driver's license. The man replies, "I must've forgot it at home."

His wife says, "No, you didn't, it's right there in your wallet."

The man screams at her, "SHUUT UP!"

The cop says, "Sir, are you aware that you were doing 60 miles an hour in a 25 zone?"

He says, "No I wasn't officer, I was going exactly 25 miles an hour."

His wife says, "No you weren't. You were doing 60."

The man screams at his wife, "SHUUUT UPP!!"

The cop says to the woman, "That's terrible, does he always talk to you like this?"

The woman replies, "Only when he's been DRINKING."

What's the difference between a vulture and a Jewish mother?

The Vulture waits 'til you're dead before it eats your heart out.

How many Freudian psychiatrists does it take to change a lightbulb? It takes two: One to screw in the bulb and the other to hold my dick ...my mother ...the ladder!

Dark Humor is Like Food ... Not Everyone Gets It

- Joseph Stalin



Dirty Jokes (not suitable for anyone)

What's the difference between hard and dark?

It stays dark all night.

Did you hear about the circus orgy?

It was fucking intense.

How do you find an old man in the dark?

It's not hard.

What do you get when you cross an owl and a rooster? A cock that stays up all night.

What do you get when you cross a rooster and peanut butter?

A cock that sticks to the roof of your mouth!

I saw a woman with a tattoo of a seashell on the inside of her thigh. I said, "That's an unusual place for a tattoo." She said, "If you put your ear to it, you can smell the ocean!"

Did you hear about the guy who got a vasectomy at Sears? Every time he got an erection, the garage door opened!

Why doesn't Barbie have children? Because Ken came in a different box.

A man is at the doctor's office having a physical. The doctor says, "It's not uncommon to get an erection during a prostate exam."

The man replies, "But I don't have an erection."

The doctor says, "I wasn't talking about you."

A nun is taking a bath when she hears a knock at the door. "Who is it?" she asks.

"The blind man," comes the reply. "OK, come in," she says.

"Nice tits" he says. "Where do you want the blinds?"

Did you know that cucumbers are good for your memory? It's true!

I know a guy who had one shoved up his ass 30 years ago... and he STILL remembers it.

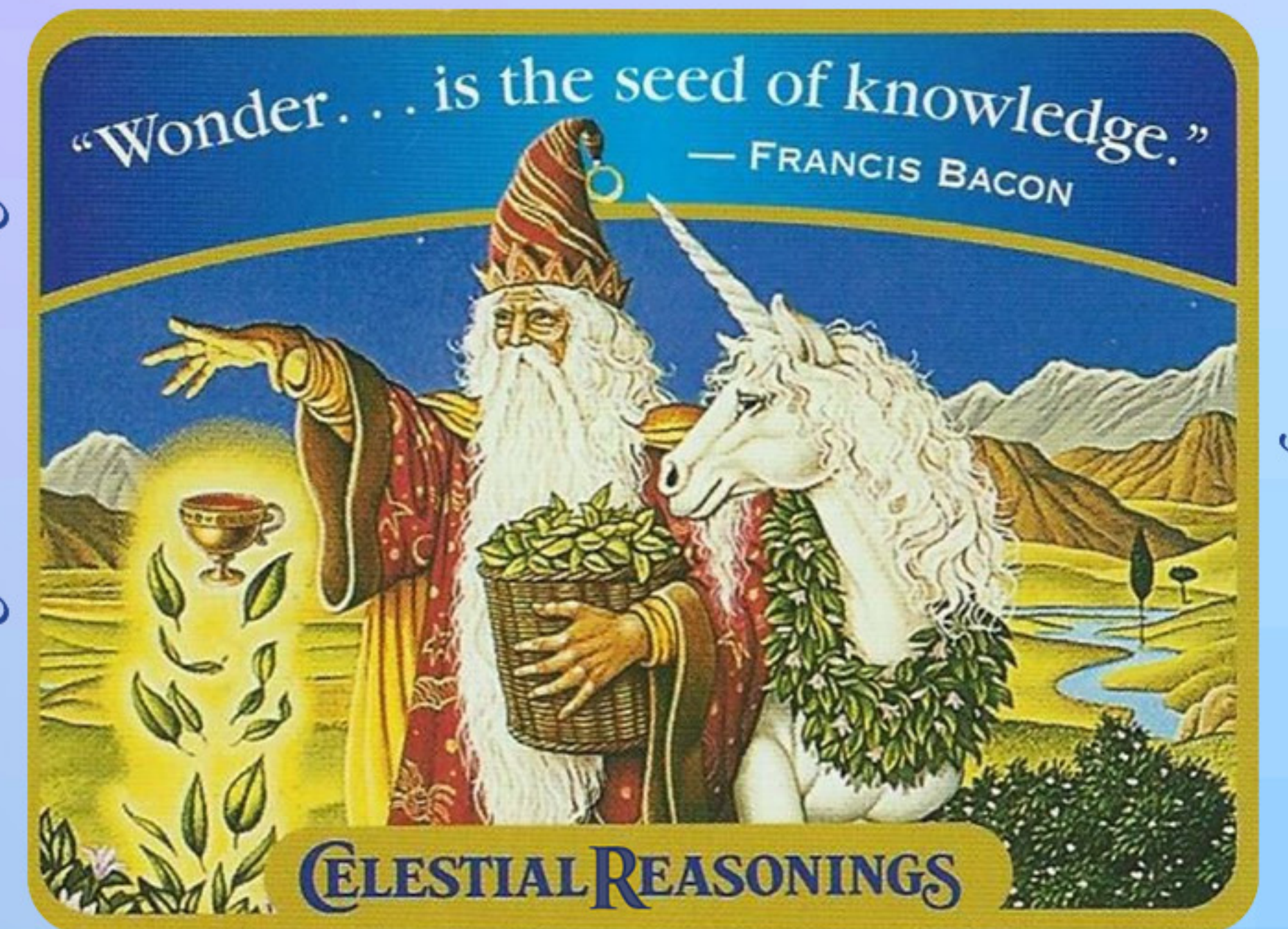
Did you hear about the farsighted mohel?

He got the sack.





My wife dated a clown before we met.
I had some big shoes to fill.



Is it OK to steep together on a first date?



The Clown Prayer

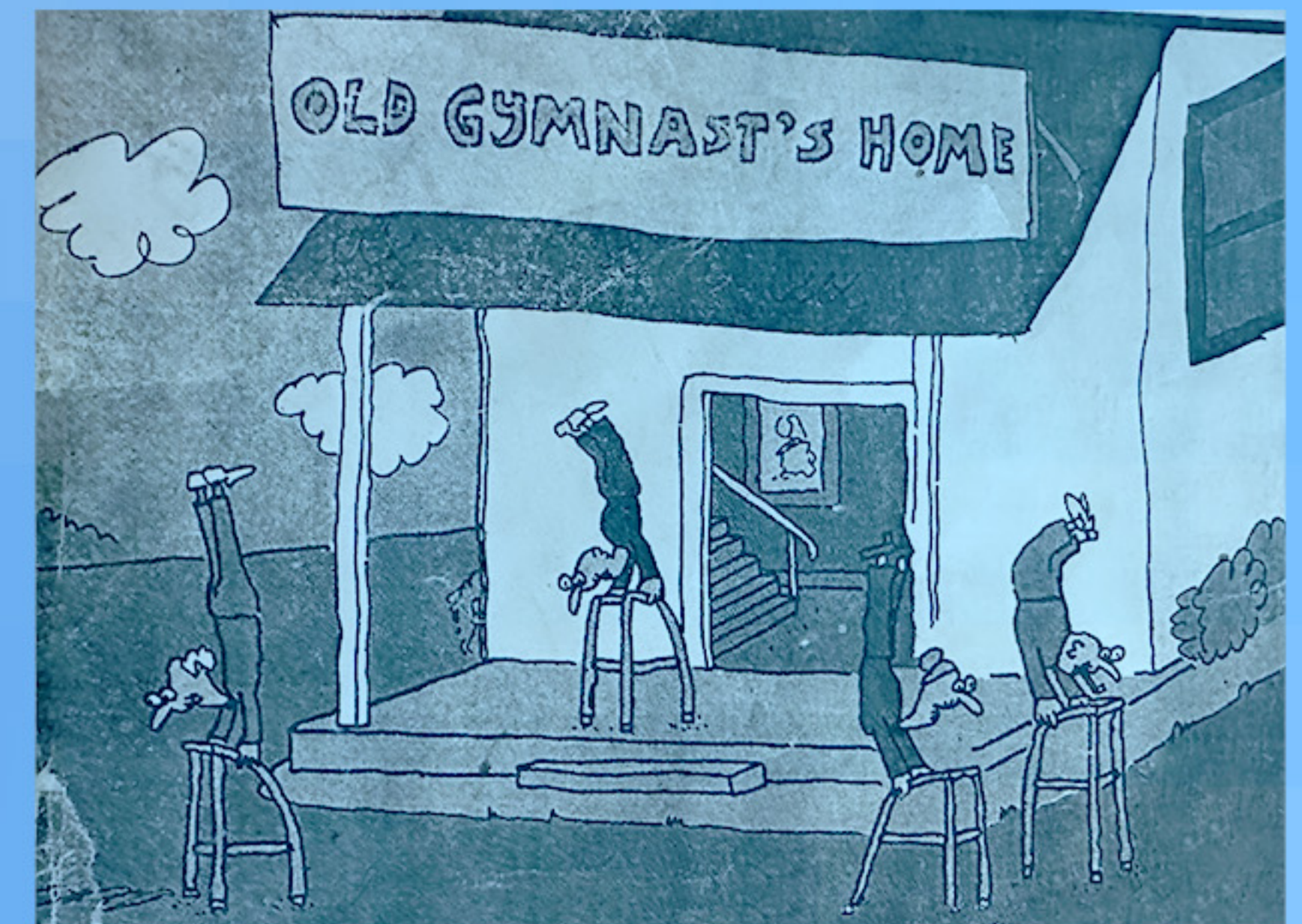
Dear Lord, help me to create more laughter than tears, dispense more happiness than gloom, spread more cheer than despair.

Never let me grow so big that I fail to see the wonder in the eyes of a child or the twinkle in the eyes of the aged. Never let me forget that I Am A Clown, that my work is to cheer people, make laughter, and be happy... And to make others forget momentarily all the unpleasant things in their lives.

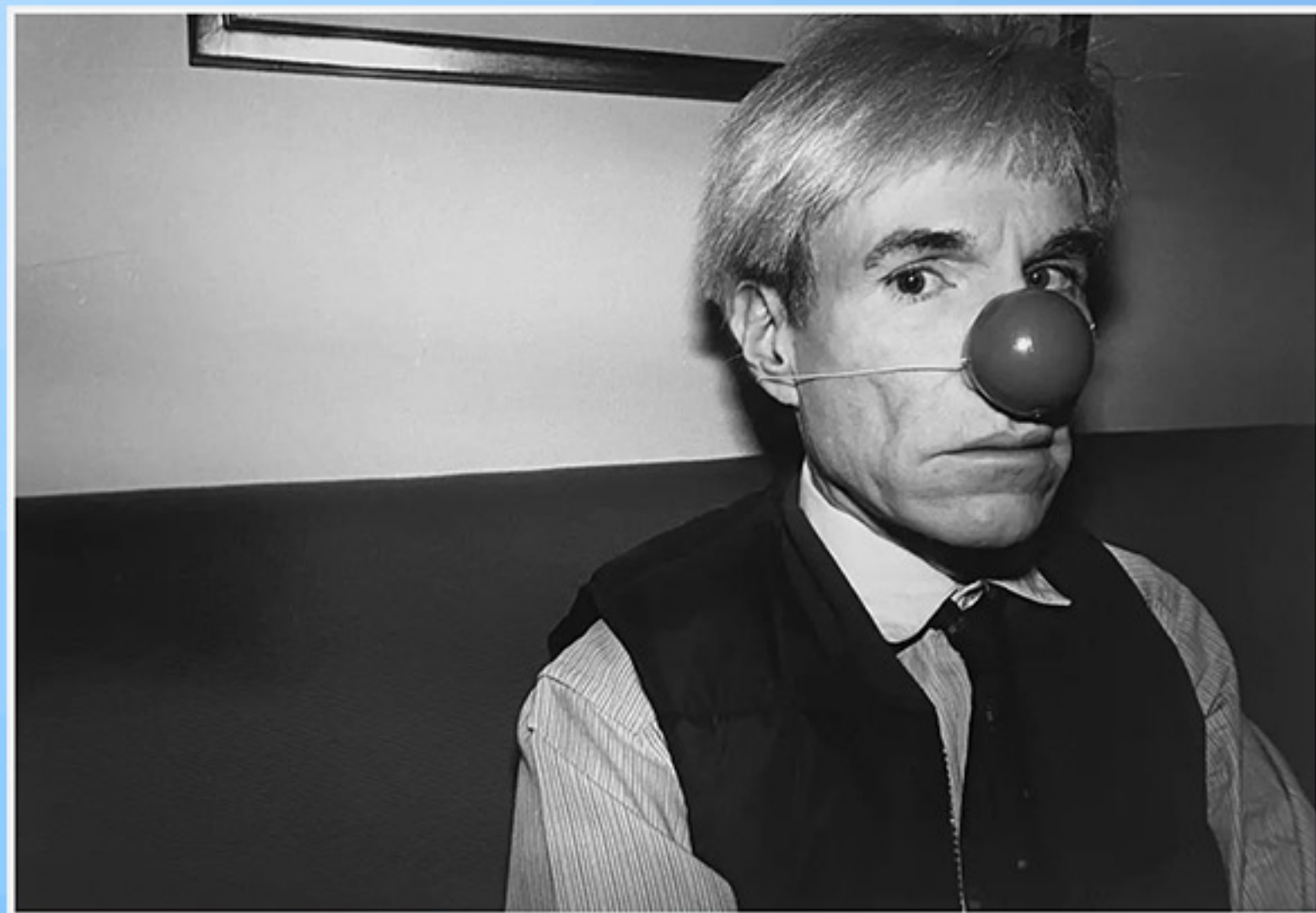
Amen

Dr. Bob felt troubled about having sex with his patients. He asked his friend Joe if he should resign.

"What, and throw away your experience, your education??" Joe cried. "The world needs veterinarians."



There once was a lass named Louise
Whose pubic hairs hung to her knees
The crabs in her twat
Tied the hairs in a knot
And made it a flying trapeze.



To Fool

To Fool, To be Fooled, To lay in the lap of laughter, To cuddle a giggle, To frolic with folly. To Blissfully be the Butt of a joke, To cherish a pie in the face, To hear a choir of Angels sing the praises of joy Be always in the presence of your own laughter. Be not judge or jury, But a comrade to the absurd wishes of loving the ridiculous.

-Billy Scudder



But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise
-1 Corinthians 1:27

The
JOKER



Upcoming Events:

**Renaissance
Pleasure Faire**

{Weekends, April 8 – May 21}

**Coronation of
the King**

May 6 at the Faire

**Hollywood Fringe
Festival**

{June 8-25}

Own YOUR VERY OWN
PIECE OF THE KING



**Two Versions
TO TICKLE YOUR FANCY!**

Each PIN IS \$30

AVAILABLE IN LIMITED QUANTITY.

See KING COCK n' BELLS - Bonnie Morgan
(BendyBonnie@gmail.com)

FOR DIRECT PURCHASE



The Fools' Guild

12400 Ventura Blvd #510
Studio City, CA 91604

The Next King of Fools Will Be :

◆ ART IS ANYTHING ◆
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH

FoolsGuild.org