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Me Punish You



Getting to Know You

An interview with KING MIGHTY FLIGHTY aka
KENNY ELVIN "Master Falconer and Wildlife Management"

by Rover



R: Congratulations on your recent coronation.

KE: It was also my 63rd birthday that day!

R: Tell us a little about your family?

KE: I'm one of five siblings, I have four sisters! We're orphaned as of fifteen years ago. I still miss breast-feeding.

R: Career highlights?

KE: I worked in construction and I was in the reserve military for more than seven years. Joined as an enlisted in the National Guard (army training) as a private and worked my way up. Attended an officer training course as a cadet. Successfully achieved my commission as an officer and was promoted to captain after a few years in service. Not the best fit but added lots of skills. I turned my love of animals into a job (but not like that veterinarian that was having 'relations' with his patients). I'm a falconer that performs entertaining and educational shows and also provides birds of prey for practical deployments, like protecting vineyards, industrial sites, and keeping neighborhoods protected from seagulls and pigeons. And dodos, but there aren't many around any more.

R: You like birds in particular?

KE: Birds are dinosaurs that developed feathers from scales. 'Bird-brain' is actually a compliment being that the neural density of grey matter far exceeds that of primates! More evolved than once thought. I love owls! Who knew?

Whooooo?

My partner made fun of me for acting like a flamingo - until I put my foot down.

R: Hobbies?

KE: I have a lot of Kingly hobbies. I surf a lot. The Sport of Kings. I'm pretty good at it and I push myself into larger waves... though getting a bit old for it now. I have 72 surfboards. I'm a hoarder. I love tropical fruit, especially weird ones like jackfruit and durian, a stinky fruit known as 'King of the Fruit World.' I'm a mycophile—a mushroom fanatic—I'm a fun-guy! Check out the King Bolete—*Boletus edulis*! Also an amateur Herpetologist—favorite is the King Snake! The local king snake here is black with white bands. I've owned a wide variety of amphibians and reptiles. Currently a carpet-python named Fluffy and a venomous lizard named BB (short for Biting Bitch)—my first envenomation by any animal was first day I got her... Yes I have my rabies shots! I'm addicted to puns and word-play.

Sorry. Not sorry. Learned 'Word Play' from a bunch of primitive-skills folk. Check out PrimitiveWays.com I'm a Maker with lots of primitive skills—sculpting, carving wood, stone, bone. I have about a thousand boomerangs. Made well-over two thousand didgeridoos but can only play one or two at a time. Taught multitudes of people to play. I'm a husband and a dad, those are sort of hobbies. Worked at Inner Journey, a metaphysical bookshop 1995-2003. Studied Reiki to become a master teacher. I practice some but mostly self-work. I love flowers, particularly big red roses. A big red nose by any other name...

R: Describe yourself physically.

KE: Athletic body has shifted to 'elderly.' My focus on weight-lifting has changed to more of a gourmand lifestyle. Still in grand shape and well preserved. I can go to "Furry" events without a costume.

R: Plans for your year as King of Fools?

KE: A summer garden/pool party. Roves to Casa Faire and Dickens Christmas Fair. "The Fool Has No Clothes," Lupin Lodge Fools Weekend Dance and Spa Days August 11-13 "clothing optional and costume zany!" Feast of Fools at Green Man Lodge will have an Easter theme. Maybe a "Keaster Party"? That would be a kick in the pants. Very callipygian.

If you have suggestions feel free to send 'em to me at funlife101@yahoo.com.



Cover Illustration by JJ Moore

Mother MomCat the Mercurial's Curiosity Corner



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OR



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GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS my Fine Fellow Fools!

We have our 7th Annual Paradise Cove Brunch and Beach

Rove coming up on Sunday,

THE 6TH OF AUGUST AT 10am SHARP!

BRUNCH, COCKTAILS, SAND, SURF and GENERAL FOOLISHNESS

Abound!!!

Please CONTACT me at 310-612-7962 ASAP

TO BE INCLUDED IN OUR RESERVATION!

If you've never been, I HIGHLY recommend THAT you Google

"Paradise Cove" TO see WHY THIS IS OUR

"OH, so CHOICE!" destination!

There will be a Facebook Event Invitation going out in

JULY WITH MORE DETAILS, OR PLEASE FEEL FREE TO RING me!

~ CATHERINE ST. CLAIRE 

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

KING MIGHTY FLIGHTY and the FOOLS GUILD invite you to

ORANGE IS THE NEW EVERYTHING

A FOOLISH POOL PARTY

- \$10 suggested donation.
- Wear Orange.
(not required)
- Bring something
yummy to share
for lunch.
(Orange optional)
- A private party.
(Do Not Post)



- The pool is clothing-optional.
Parents: mature kids welcome.
- Well-behaved, supervised dogs
welcome.
- Bring a towel if you wish to swim.
- Musicians bring your instruments!
- No RSVPs, just show up.
- Helpers welcome after 10 a.m.

Email
roverzone@gmail.com
for further info

Saturday July 29, 2023 ~ 1 pm till 5 pm
Gardens of Green Man Lodge
Altadena, California

No matter how famous Mozart became, his pet chicken could only talk about Bach, Bach, Bach.



An Appreciation of Bonnie Morgan, King Cock 'n' Bells, Master of Misrule Mirth and Mayhem

42nd King of Fools

by Justeen Ward

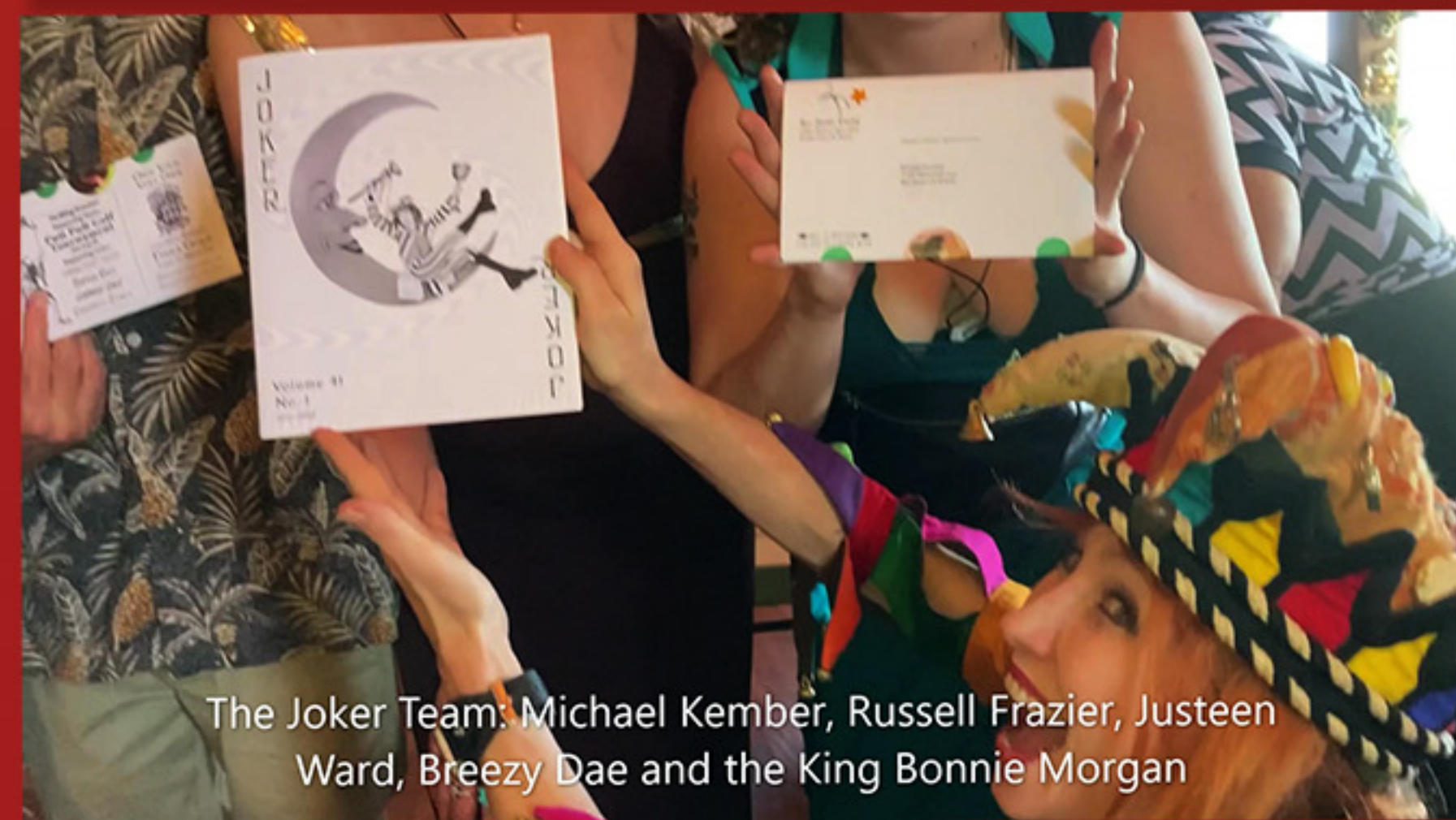
Bonnie Morgan, King Cock 'n' Bells, Master of Misrule Mirth and Mayhem was born to be king if you believe in primogeniture. As royal spawn and faire brat she apprenticed with the Fools Guild. We celebrated her enjoyment of Jokers past with The Nostalgia Issue and she went on to other amusing topics, Burning Man and Inappropriate Jokes. Younger than the first wave of Kings, she is still going out on Gigs from Hell, another of our Joker themes this year. Thank you King Cock 'n' Bells, for a year with lots of great parties that left the royal coffers in good shape for King Mighty Flighty! Who can forget The Putt Putt Party, The Peculiar Pumpkin Party, Mother Mom Cat's Valentine Making Party and Return to Neverland? It was a great reign and we appreciate all that his majesty King Cock 'n' Bells did to make it memorable. We are not worthy!



Fools Guild Coronation April 24, 2022



Best golf club set of 2022 "Foolish Golf Magazine"



The Joker Team: Michael Kember, Russell Frazier, Justeen Ward, Breezy Dae and the King Bonnie Morgan



Mother MomCat's Valentine's Making Tea and Cocktail Party Feb 4, 2023



Bonnie Morgan King Cock 'n' Bells Master of Misrule Mirth and Mayhem

'Twas a Mighty Flighty Coronation

by Rover



On Saturday May 6, 2023, a conflagration of Fools gathered alongside a great swinging dragon at the Renaissance Faire in Irwindale. The usual cacophony and chaos reigned until our 42nd King, Cock & Bells (aka the effervescent Bonnie Morgan) appeared above the throng to make her final decrees of appreciation and gratitude to her loyal subjects.

Loaded onto the “cart o’ shame,” the outgoing King prepared to lead us on our annual parade along the Faire’s busy lanes in search of new leadership. Suddenly our fearless stage manager Matt implored us, in no uncertain terms, to Keep Our Hands To Ourselves. This slogan seemed strangely unnecessary, but being fools, we took it up instantly as a call-to-arms. “HANDS TO YOURSELVES!” we chanted, “HANDS TO YOURSELVES!”—all the while giggling with enormous bemusement. Later we learned that the previous year, a drunken customer had joined our parade and used the opportunity to inappropriately touch others. Fair enough. We kept our hands to ourselves, and Matt was much pleas-ed.

Arriving at the glamorous intersection of Privy Zone and Ye Olde Smoking Area, our parade paused. The likely candidate for our new king was a lost astronaut in full space-walk gear, floating randomly as if he’d been thrust through a gap in the time-space continuum by Hal 5000. We batted him with foam pool-noodles as if he were a piñata. Suddenly the space-suit vanished and falconer Kenny Elvin appeared before us in foolish garb. Our new king! He took his place on the cart and our merry parade continued on till we reached a foolishly-bedecked picnic structure.

Ex-King then demanded New-King’s royal name. Kenny began to tell a joke that began with the words “tighty whitey” but oops, too late! The crown, goblet, and scepter (plunger) were officially transferred to “King Tighty Whitey”—that’ll teach him to ad-lib! A moment later, New-King swiftly issued a correction: his royal name was, in fact, MIGHTY FLIGHTY. So some of us shouted MIGHTY! FLIGHTY! and some, TIGHTY! WHITEY! But honestly who could tell the difference? Huzzah! And lo much feasting followed hard upon (thanks to Mama Cat’s delicious snacks).

Kenny has been a performer at various Faires for years with his falconry displays. If you don’t know Kenny yet, I hope you’ll take the opportunity to enjoy his foolish spirit over the coming year. Finally, kudos to everyone who volunteered their help but ESPECIALLY to Chris Bartley Williams, who wrangled the difficult task of coordinating the parade with the Faire’s Entertainment Dept. WELL DONE, Chris! It wouldn’t have happened without you.

Long live King Mighty Flighty. (Apparently some other king was crowned in London that same day. We checked but couldn’t find any mention of it in the Press, so we assume it was some amateur fool desperately seeking attention. Pathetic.)

Kleptomaniacs take things literally.

At a magic show in Cancun, the magician said “Uno, Dos...” and then vanished without a Tres.



The O. Henry Pun-Off World Championship

Austin, Texas is celebrated for everything from Two-Stepping to Teslas. In certain silly circles, though, it's known as something else: the Pun Capital of the World.

That's because, for the past 51 years, it's hosted the O. Henry Pun-Off World Championship. The event is usually held in the former backyard of the writer William Sydney Porter, known by the pen name O. Henry, who called Austin home from 1884 to 1994. Starting out Tex-centric, it now attracts contestants and has spawned copycat contests worldwide.

I have the dubious distinction of having won six times, a feat which briefly brought me to Hollywood and an appearance on the game show, "I've Got a Secret" as World Pun Champion.

Below is one of my championship routines. It's from one of two events at the Pun-Off, a 90-second monologue, which is scored Olympic-style by judges. It's a refried mashup of two of my favorite subjects: philosophy and Tex-Mex food.

You can read more about the Pun-Off, and watch video, at punoffatx.brushsquaremuseums.org.

You can find more of my puns at stevebrooks.net

(To the Hallelujah Chorus) "Jalapeno, Jalapeno, Jalapeno, Jalapeno."

I've discovered a new philosophy called Tex-Mexistentialism.

It all started with the philosopher Juan-Paul Salsa, who wrote, "To Bean, or Nacho to Bean, that is the Queso."

Another great sage was Descarta Blanca, who said,

"I Pinto, therefore, Cayenne."

Some trace it to ancient Grease, to the thinker Aristortilla,

and the book Plata's RePulpo. In ancient India, they believed in

in Chili con Karma - that what Casa round, Carne's around.

Back in the Holy Land, The prophet Masa brought The Ten Comidas:

Thou Salt not Tequila.

Honor Tamale and thy Papaya.

Blessed are the Migas, for they shall Ranchero the Burps.

Give a man an Enchilada, he'll Taco Mole.

Arroz is Arroz by Flameada name.

And now, join me in the Lard's Prayer:

Our Fajita, who art in Huevos, Pollo'd be Muy Bueno. Thy Corona come, thy Chili be Con, on Cuervo it is El Jefe. Forgive us our Tres Amigos, as we forgive those who Seis Salsas against us. Lettuce not into Tomatillo, but Nuevo us from Fritos.

For thine is the Gringo, the Agua and the Chorizo.

In the name of the Flauta, and of the Flan, and of the Frijole ghost. A-Menudo.

-Steve Brooks



Why couldn't the bike stand up? It was two tired.
Never jump off a bridge in Paris:
They'll find you in Seine.

Never ask a pirate to recite the alphabet:
He'll get lost at C.

How much did the pirate pay to get his ears
pierced? A buccaneer

These days whiteboards are common
- and yet they're remarkable.

Did you hear about the kitchen explosion in Paris?
Witnesses saw linoleum blown apart.

Two hats were hanging on a hat rack when one
said, "You stay here, I'll go on a head."

Though the farmer told the veterinarian that his
pig had laryngitis, the vet suspected it was
just disgruntled.

I tried to catch some fog, but I mist.

I never liked facial hair, until it grew on me.

Don't fight with a dinosaur. You'll get jurasskicked.

The hungry clock wished it could go back four seconds.

A clown opened the door for me this morning. That was a nice jester.

No matter how much you push the envelope, it will remain stationery.

A girl said she recognized me from the vegan cafe, but I never met herbivore.

I bought some shoes from a drug dealer. I don't know what
he laced them with, but I've been tripping all day.

There was the person who sent ten puns to friends, with the hope that at least one of the puns would make them laugh. No pun in ten did.

A vulture boards an airplane, carrying two dead raccoons. The stewardess stops him, saying, "I'm sorry, sir, only one carrion allowed per passenger."

Atheism is a non-prophet organization.

Dad, are we pyromaniacs? Yes, we arson.

A whiskey maker wondered if her Ex loved her still.

Two silk worms tried to have a race, but it ended in a tie.

I once worked at a pizza parlor just to get by - I kneaded the dough.

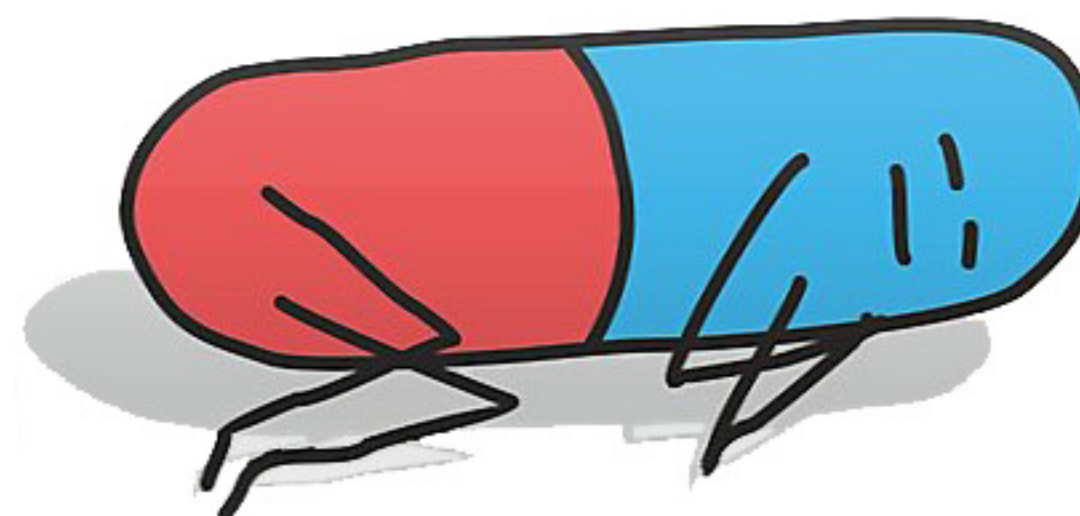
Never buy flowers from a monk - Only you can prevent florist friars.

When I told my decorator I didn't want carpeted steps, she gave me a blank stare.

I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.

I've started telling everyone about the benefits of eating dried grapes. It's all about raisin awareness.

Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused Novocaine during a root canal? His goal: transcend dental medication.



Just For the Pun of It *by William Q Barrett*

In a deep sea of punsters an afishyanado can school the pikers in a minnow, whether getting paid scale or just for the halibut, with the sole porpoise being a whale of a good time and increased endolphins. My crabby old Aunt Chovy might say "Ah balone," but I would just tuna her out.

But before I make you eel and you need a sturgeon (and cod knows I shark can), just clam down and a lure me to change the subject to the one with which I'm preoctipied.

I'd like to share two real life moments when the perfectly placed outrageous pun transformed the world or at least turned the fabric of existence inside out.

In the 70s there was a long running ubiquitous ad campaign for Jell-O that used the tag, "There's always room for Jell-O." One night my pal, Sandey Grinn, and I are on a crowded shuttle bus on the bucolic UC Santa Cruz campus, weaving between redwoods when the mini-bus slows to a stop and opens its doors to a timid music student, who noticing the cramped interior asks if there is room for her and her large carry-on.

Quickly recognizing the size and shape of the instrument case I loudly and cheerfully answer to the affirmative. "There's always room for CELLO!" Grinn's spontaneous approbation was drowned out by muffled groans and deafening disinterest. But we knew how great I had just been.

My other gold medal worthy utterance was amongst celebratory friends and met with uproarious approval. A good sized group gathered to be part of a surprise marriage proposal. After Tom proposed to Jim, and Jim said yes, a gargantuan homemade cake was presented. Amongst the happy guests was Jim's sister who flew in from far away to be there. And let me add that I happened to know Jim's sister's name. As he was about to cut the cake with all eyes on him I said loud and proud:

"Jim, since your sister is here, you can have your cake and Edith too." Explosive laughter, shrieks of joy, and yes, groans of approval. All assembled realized they had witnessed punning of the highest order. Rare it is when the necessary elements required to create a superior pun are in alignment, but thankfully serendipity shone and, Hallelujah, there were witnesses aplenty.

The JOKER



Upcoming Events:

Orange is Everything

See page 3

{July 29}

Paradise Cove Rove

See page 3

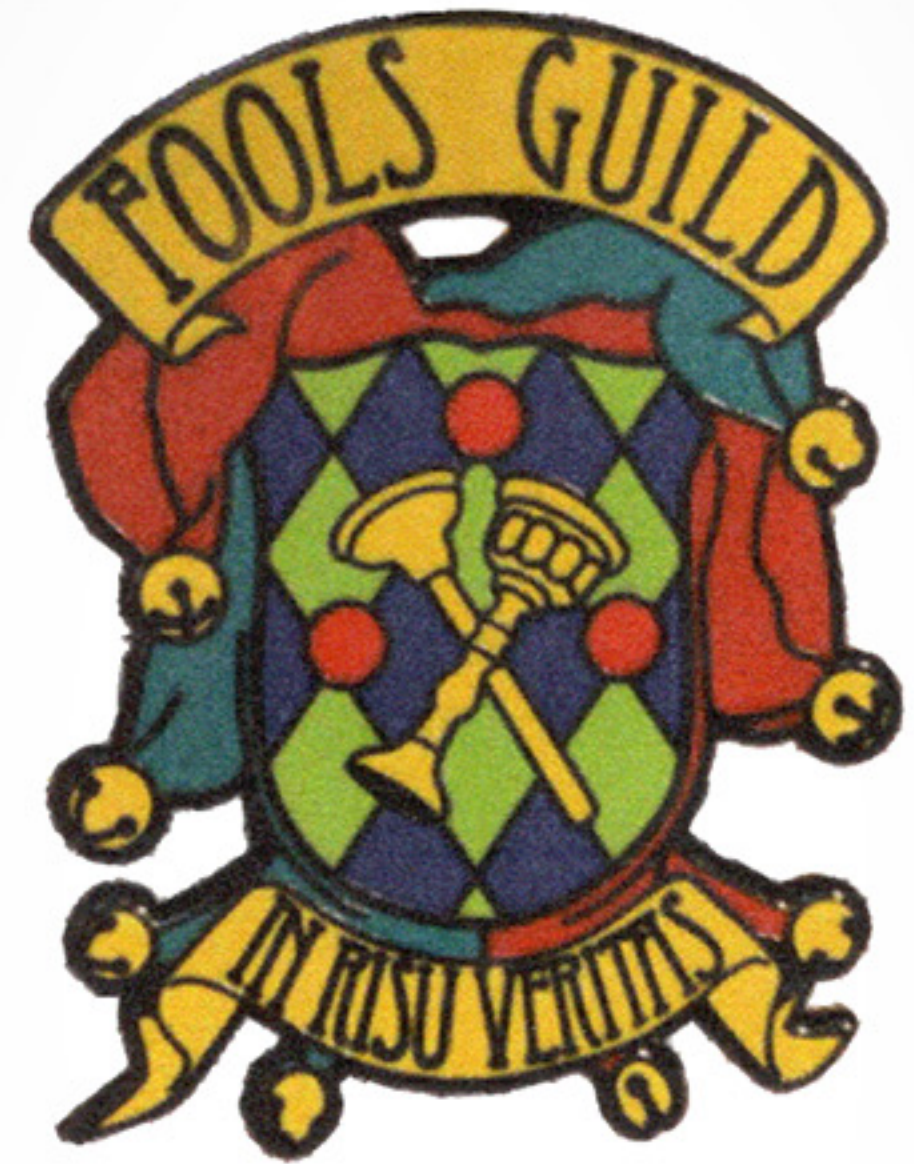
{August 6}

No Clothes Weekend

Save the Date

{August 11-13}

Own YOUR
VERY Own



COLORFUL Enamel
FOOLS GUILD
Coat of Arms Pin

Contact:

QUINGLICKITYSPLIT@me.com

PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE GUILD



The Fools' Guild

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This is something we need to address:

◆ ART IS ANYTHING ◆
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH

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