



Volume XXX VI © <http://foolsguild.org> Archivas 3rd Joker

The Fool's Guild Presents

KINGA PALOOZA

40 Years of Foolish History

Saturday, November 4, 2017
8 - 11:30 PM

\$20 donation at the door
\$15 advance foolsguild.org/NextParty

FOOL'S GUILD on 

Elysian Masonic Lodge
1900 N Vermont Ave
Los Angeles 90027

Dress: Foolish Finery
or costume of choice
Snacks, desserts, soft drinks
& mixers provided - BYOB

A large, dense group photo of approximately 100 people, mostly men and women, dressed in a wide variety of costumes. The costumes range from simple to highly elaborate, including jester hats, masks, historical attire, and modern pop culture references. Many people are smiling and posing for the camera. The background is a light blue and white checkered pattern.

Current reigning...

King Archivus, Cirler of Confusion

*Mother Folly - BroMoFo,
Tomama-Tom Rachal*

Cover, You were just there

2. TOC (U R here)
3. Poem / Party invite
3. Kings Rove Review
4. Frivolous
5. Delecta Eubetta Genuflecta
6. Carpe Cockus

7. Poetry
8. Noun for a Fool
9. InnYard Review
10. Tribute to Joan
11. Calendar
12. Back page

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Submit art, writing, corrections OR

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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.foolsguild.org/Donate.htm>

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Please notify the editor at foolsguild69@gmail.com

The Fools Guild

King James Charming the 007th
Quing Lily Lamé, 34D



King Bodacious Spoonfool

Join the Foolander:
Contact Michael Kember
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King-A-Palooza

What could we make if we gathered together all of the Fool Kings past?
 Mayhap we'd fashion a King-a-Palooza, Imperial Party and blast!
 We'll bow and we'll scrape, saluting each monarch's peculiarly personal pomp
 As all of them congregate, coming together fomenting a right royal romp!
 Where all of them manifest mayhem in motley, in waggery witty and true,
 So that even three potentates no longer living are bound to attend, shouldn't you?
 Any kings we have crowned, reviled or renowned, are invited to join us that night,
 So come if you dare, if you will, if you care to see such a singular sight!

JPK 7/18/2017



The Mother King, King Archivus, Circler of Confusion

Easy Off

Quing Bijou Precieux

Your King led a small but plucky band of Fools north to the Faire at Casa de Fruta in Hollister in September. My heartfelt gratitude to ex-Rex Heidi B who arranged our Faire access, parking and camping passes for the Rove and for providing a welcoming space for us to pause at Pale Moon. My thanks also to Danny Garland for his hospitality in opening his hooch as a friendly Fool gathering place.

This was my first visit to the Hollister site so it was all new. I arrived Friday afternoon and was met at Danny's by Heidi who suggested a tour. Cal and Rover joined and we were able to take a rare driving tour of the streets of Willingtown! Afterwards I left to check in at the Casa camping site and find my camping mates, James and Sioux, Jenny Hodges and Jane Rose. Fortuitously, our site was located in a green dell shaded by a massively majestic oak tree and patrolled by musters of peacocks and peahens.

The 23rd and 24th were designated as the Pirates weekend and we went in support of our own pirate band, QuarterMaster. The group, led by ex-Rex James Hendricks, was itself performing with a few less than their usual crew. Nevertheless, basses Michael Hruska, Cal Smith and Rover, along with tenor Tom Ervin joined Captain Salty for 2 spirited sets on the Coughing Sheep Stage plus impromptu performances along the way at friend's booths and a small set of their bawdier material at the Salty Siren stage. The Merry Wives of Windsor performed entertaining sets as well.

Michael Kember and ex-Rex Richard Beard also made the journey north and filled out our Rove. It was a lovely weekend with fair weather, love and laughter. I look forward to doing it again.

Mackey the VIII-who gives a rat's ass

Feniculee of Farts, Esq.



[Click Here to Watch QuarterMaster's at Casa!](#)
[Subscribe to Surfgreenprecision, Archivus](#)

Jim and Jim (XIII) ruled the Fools as Frivolous Wrex II, our reign dedicated to dance. For our coronation at Devore I, we were discovered above the Faire in the pirate net and only persuaded to descend to assume the mantle of kingship by the throbbing rhythm of a drum, inviting us to dance. We were both the first binary King and the first gay King, though many others have followed.

By the time we ascended the throne, the Guild Hall was but a memory. so we held our events at the Boys Camp in Griffith Park and at the Hollywood Women’s Club. Our parties were a grammar school Halloween: Oscar Wilde Elementary School; The Seven Deadly Sins, New Years; and Fools’ Paradise, a tropical Feast of Fools. At our Feast, we were entertained by a commedia del’ arte production of Gilligan’s Island (Rocky = Skipper; Bob Gibson = Gilligan; Jack Tate = Mrs. Howell; Jay Downing = Professor, etc.) and by Lou Wow and the Poi Boys, possibly the first gig of this stilt-walking brass ensemble.

Cate Bramble produced our Jokers and the first featured a foolish Tyrannosaurus Rex (Jurassic Park had just come out) drawn by the inimitable Jim Rumph. While mailing this, he was fatally struck by a drunk driver and died prior to publication; our next Joker honored him on its cover.

Jack II

The late Jim Layne was a one-stop party package - wherever he went, he brought dance and life. We called our circle of friends The Roving Church of Fun with sacraments of tequila and marijuana, though acolytes need not partake to join in worship. Our primary celebration was therefore called a “Rove” denoting an excursion instigated for purposes of pleasure, a usage that persists today. We practiced no further rituals other than dancing and having a good time...Frivolous pursuits indeed!



Ludicrous I

LOREM IPSUM DOLOR SIT AMET, CONSECTETUR ADIPISCING ELIT, SED DO EIUSMODI TEMPOR INCIDIDUNT UT LABORE ET DOLORE MAGNA ALIQUA. UT ENIM AD MINIM VENIAM, QUIS NOSTRUD EXERCITATION ULLAMCO LABORIS NISI UT ALIQUIP EX EA COMMODO CONSEQUAT. DUIS AUTE IRURE DOLOR IN REPREHENDERIT IN VOLUPTATE VELIT

NEMO ENIM IPSAM VOLUPTATEM QUIA VOLUPTAS SIT ASPERNATUR AUT ODIT AUT FUGIT, SED QUIA CONSEQUUNTUR MAGNI DOLORES EOS QUI RATIONE VOLUPTATEM SEQUI NESCIUNT. NEQUE PORRO QUISQUAM EST, QUI DOLOREM IPSUM QUIA DOLOR SIT AMET, CONSECTETUR, ADIPISCI VELIT, SED QUIA NON NUMQUAM EIUS MODI

“A Delectable Decision”

It was 2002 and the reign of Carpe Cockus (Sandey Grinn) was coming to a close. A debate had long raged about whether a woman should ever be King of Fools. There were loud voices on both sides, but that spring, Carpe Cockus decided to ram it home. The decision was made: we would have our first female King.

Fast forward to June 15. I had just made a big decision to spend less time on the Fools’ Guild and more on my business. Then it was Kimbell’s birthday and a number of us gathered at the House of Jim to celebrate. Sandey wasn’t there, but they said he had made a birthday video for Kim, so we all gathered around the TV. Jeffrey made sure I had a good seat right near the TV - I wondered why he would care where I sat, but figured whatever. The video played. Sandey spoke directly to camera, ostensibly to Kimbell, but it morphed into a seemingly incongruous speech about the next King of Fools and how it was time for something really special, for a King like no other. He pointed at the camera and announced, “So that’s why we have chosen YOU, PAULA, as the 22nd King of Fools!” All the other guests dropped immediately to their knees and genuflected to me, heads down, palms on the ground, saying “We are not worrrrrthy! We are not worrrrrthy!” My mouth fell open in total shock as I saw the tops of all my friends’ heads bobbing up and down. I remembered my decision to spend less time on the Guild and loyally stuck to my guns, saying, “No! No!” But they insisted. The persuasive power of their love was undeniable. I said, “You’re going to be sorry!” To which they responded, “Make us sorry! Make us sorry!” At which point, my resolve completely melted and I gave in. Oh my God, I was going to be King of Fools.

Fast forward again: now it’s July 2002 and the Guild descended upon the Heart of the Forest faire near Lake Cachuma for my coronation. I was super nervous, but my friends calmed me down. Fortunately, I was prepared. I had written my speech, rented a donkey (you’ll understand in a minute), and made a “Glass Ceiling” from breakaway glass. Sandey made his end-of-reign speech, which I missed because I was on my donkey waiting to be found. Soon the motley throng appeared through the dust and “found” me, sitting backwards on my ass. I urged the beast forward, fleeing the mob ass backwards. Of course the attempt failed, I was captured, and was pulled the rest of the way in the cart.

Once we reached the stage, it was all a blur. Words were spoken, pomp was circumstanced, wands were waved, and then

it was my moment. I knelt facing the audience (thinking, god what a huge crowd). I held my spine tall and saw the crowd’s reaction to the Glass Ceiling which Mackey had presented with great flourish above my head. Then, *CRASH* - he broke the Glass Ceiling over my head. The crowd went wild! I stood and faced the audience legs wide, arms up like a capital X. The noise and energy coming at me was unbelievable. It felt like being in a wind tunnel! Finally they quieted down and I delivered my speech, modeled after Queen Elizabeth’s speech to her forces at Tilbury - “I may have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart, and the stomach, of a King!” Thus by speaking those regal words I became King Delecta Eubetta Genuflecta. I led the crowd off the stage in a march to the future, chanting “King Delecta, You Betta Genuflecta.”

My reign was seriously one of the most wonderful years of my life. All those people supporting me, working for me, hanging on my every word! It was amazing and incredibly healing. I could go on but I haven’t the space and many of you have your own memories which are better than anything I could write. Thanks to everyone who helped, and THANK YOU SANDEY for “ramming it home” and making such a great decision for the Guild!

-King Delecta Eubetta Genuflecta



A Kingly Reveal

King Dome the Cranky

In pursuit of food and shelter, and an occasional Cuba Libre, I became ALFIE, “King of the Street Conjurers” at the 1st Dickens Fair in San Francisco, 1970 and went on to become one of the city’s first street performers. That character has, pretty much, kept the wolf from the door to this day.

Some years back I was busking as one of the street magicians at Universal Studio’s City Walk. (It was a truly great gig which I did for around 10 years. When Harry Potter came in they got rid of all the magicians which I still find highly amusing)

One light evening I was holding sway with some card tricks to less than a crowd when a Joker appeared on my table. Thinking someone had returned a Joker I continued when another Joker appeared and then another a rapid cascade of Jokers revealing to “The old Alf” that I had been elected King of Fools. I thanked what was left of my crowd and we all adjourned upstairs for beers and brats.

Thus began a journey of Cheer, Challenge and Education!

by my hand,

Supersillyus 1st, 24th King of Fools



Slymie the Flatulent

Interior Denialogue

**“Since this is not a Joker
Then you are not a Fool,
Like poker’s not a card game
Or a hammer’s not a tool.**

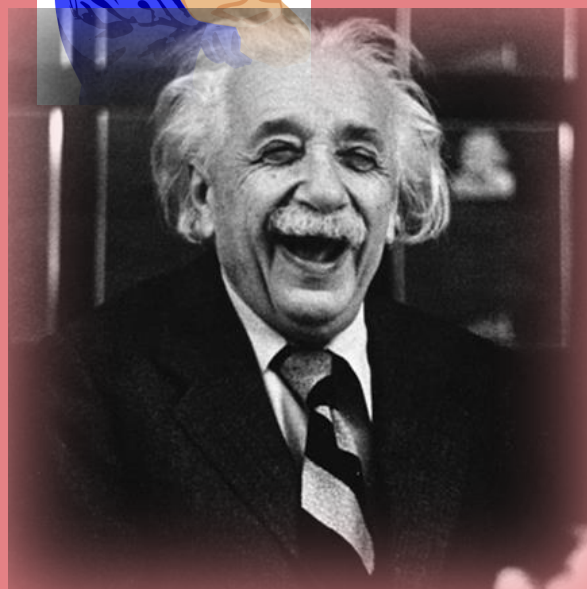
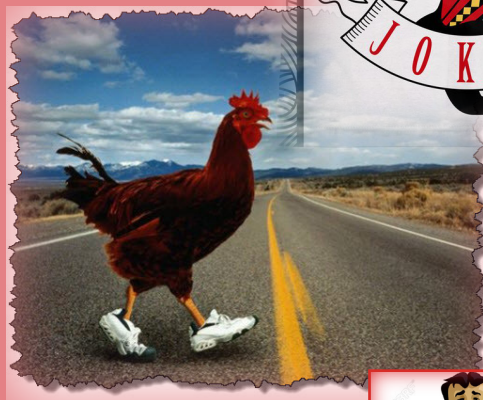
**“That chicken never crossed the road
For reasons we don’t know,
And we’re as young as once we were
As any Fool should know:**

**“Our bodies are not failing us,
Our minds are sharp as tacks,
Our wit and wisdom sparkle yet,
Our virtue nothing lacks;**

**“Our faces still are fresh and free
From creases and from care,
And always will we have enough
To live on and to share;**

**“Our lives shall never lack for mirth,
Toujours shall we be gai.
We are not fading from this earth,
We’ll never pass away!”**

**“Though you and I know better than
to fool ourselves like this,
Ignoring our mortality turns igno-
rance to bliss.”**



Duke Diga Diga Doo
Justenie Wahine
Huki Pookie



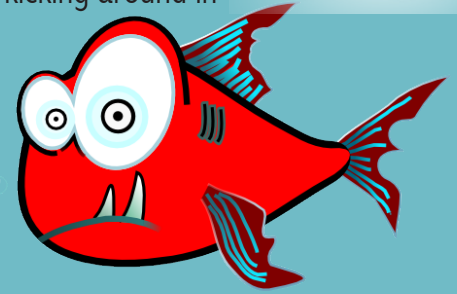
The collective noun for Fools is a Party
By the Still and Ever Reigning Lodge 641 Sweetheart

Fools are known for peculiar things in juxtaposition with other peculiar things. We don fanciful new names each day as if pulling up a fresh pair of chonies. You'll know us by our plumage. It could just be a certain upturn of mustache at the corners of the lips, or very dark, very old designer sunglasses, or it might be altogether too much crushed velvet, all of it real silk, of course, bought at a yard sale of a has-been 70s actress. Turn up at any party in costume; just have a few weird hats, scarves and clown noses kicking around in your car at all times.

It takes about three words for most of us to recognize...

1. Jabberwocky
2. Bonzo Dog Band Songs
3. Firesign Theater Bits
4. An adopted accent that isn't correct for the period
5. A Landmark Forum Pitch

Carpe Cockus



There are the Fools who bring 13 gourmet dishes, each one better than the last, to each potluck. And there are the Fools with the good sense of bringing a simple bucket of chicken. A Fool might win a prize for cooking something with an obscene amount of garlic, a blue ribbon for innovative peanut butter cookies, or an honorary mention for Frito Pie. If you made something for brunch at one potluck, you can make it again and call it dessert at the next one. You will always be thanked for remembering to bring a bag of ice or two. Fools know all the tunes. All of them. Harpsicord to Ukulele, every kind of flute ever flauted, quite a bit of "Don Giovanni" if someone can hum a few bars to get us started, and all the dirty camp songs ever written with 16 alternate regional verses, frequently in 5-part harmony. And even the tone deaf among us are encouraged to make as much racket, ruckus, and caterwauling as we can warble out. We know all of the dances from every era, as well as all of the non-dances that consist of hurling yourself about and flailing in time to the music. Bring your trumpet, timpani, triangle or tin whistle.

Flautus Proboscis the Reluctant

If our banners aren't straight, it's because that was an artistic choice. We can throw a whole party with 2 boxes of random deco and a big wad of zip-ties and it will look like a movie set. And it will look effortless (unless you were there the day before and actually put in the effort.) Truth be known, the very best part of the party is the day before when a Flurry of Festooned Fools creates magic out of thin air.

Beware! Beware, O tender newcomer! You may well be whisked away by those very same Festooned Fools into a cloistered corner where you learn the mystic games we are known for – stolen bits of this and that Vaudevillian-Elizabethan-Edwardian-Deodah-Wavy Gravy-groove, and you'll get carried along and deposited unceremoniously into a different state of mind.

You will know for sure you are deeply loved at the end.



Saepe e
ida sapientia



<http://foolsguild.org>



There's a Place For Us @ the Motley Innyard By Roving Reporter Rover

How easy it used to be to host a Fools Guild party when one just threw open the doors of the Guildhall on Fountain Avenue, stapled some deco onto the walls, put a few cases of beer on ice, and turned up the phonograph!

In that spirit (but 30 years down the road) the Pasadena backyard of Andy Davis and David Springhorn has been re-imagined as an “instant” party zone. What was naught but weeds and a few neglected fruit trees became magically bedecked with stage, dance floor, lights & sound, projector & screen, pot-luck buffet and beverage bar. The “magic” was the result of much resourcefulness and hard work by King Archivus and many foolish helpers, creating an infrastructure for (smaller) parties without the expense of renting a hall.

7pm July 22, 2017: The stage, awash in sparkling gold mylar, hosted an eclectic batch of stories, jokes and musical performances; the dance floor rocked between stage sets and a rare video (of Adam Long concluding his kingship in 1987) contained glimpses of many of us as mere children.

The spirited evening zoomed by for the many happy fools in attendance. Hoping to avoid pissing off the neighbors, we politely wrapped up our tomfoolery at an all-too-early 10:30pm, well fed and heartily entertained. The following day, gold mylar, tech equipment and cabaret tables vanished away... waiting to re-emerge the next time we need an instant party space.

Archivus' theme (“There's a Place For Us”) demonstrated that less-ambitious, low-cost parties have a charming new venue that doesn't sacrifice quality. Calling it The Motley Innyard recalls fools' historic roots performing on impromptu stages in ancient English towns and at modern-era Renaissance Faires; an apt name indeed.

KUDOS to hosts & worker-elves KenC, AndyD, HeidiB, DannyG, Caitlin G, DanielleG, RichardB, JamesH, Rover, Christine & Craig, PaulaC, MichaelK (and Ace Rentals!), and all the performers and supporters. This effort was much more than just another party – it proved how vital it is for our foolish family to continue to have a place to socialize, amuse ourselves, and to share the love that has held us together for so long.

We all look forward to whatever comes next at the Motley Innyard!



King Jolly the first

King Lickity Split

Joanie, Joanie!

Joanie, Joanie, basking on a beach;
 Joanie, Joanie, pecking at a peach;
 Joanie, Joanie, thawing out a thigh;
 I'm wondering, wondering,
 Why, Joanie,
 Why?

Joanie; Joanie lying by a lake;
 Joanie; Joanie making a mistake;
 Joanie; Joanie whacking a wazoo;
 I'm wondering, wondering,
 Who, Joanie,
 Who?

Joanie. Joanie, lurking on a lawn;
 Joanie. Joanie, fondling a fawn;

Joanie. Joanie, buttering its butt
 I'm wondering, wondering
 What, Joanie,
 What?

Joanie Joanie, wailing at a wall;
 Joanie Joanie, dressing up a doll;
 Joanie Joanie, bending in a bow;
 I'm wondering, wondering
 How, Joanie,
 How?

Joanie Joanie playing at a part;
 Joanie Joanie breaks another heart;
 Joanie Joanie what am I to do
 When every single song I sing is
 You, You,
 You!?

JPK - 7/18/2017

[HTTP://FOOLSGUILD.ORG](http://foolsguild.org)



**“Why”, you might ask,” is there a Joan page
 in every issue of The Joker?”**

**We’d reply, “It’s because Joan Hotchkis
 sponsors the ongoing Fools storage and we
 have a lot of stuff!**

**“Thank you, Joan! Once again, as ever, we
 honor Our Lady of Perpetual Storage....”**

<http://foolsguild.org>

KinKi Korazon and
Klimax Konundrum

2017 CALENDAR

Look for the NEXT Cyber Joker 2018

King Good and Plenty



The Oracle



NOV 18th – DEC 17th COW PALACE
EXHIBITION HALLS, SAN FRANCISCO