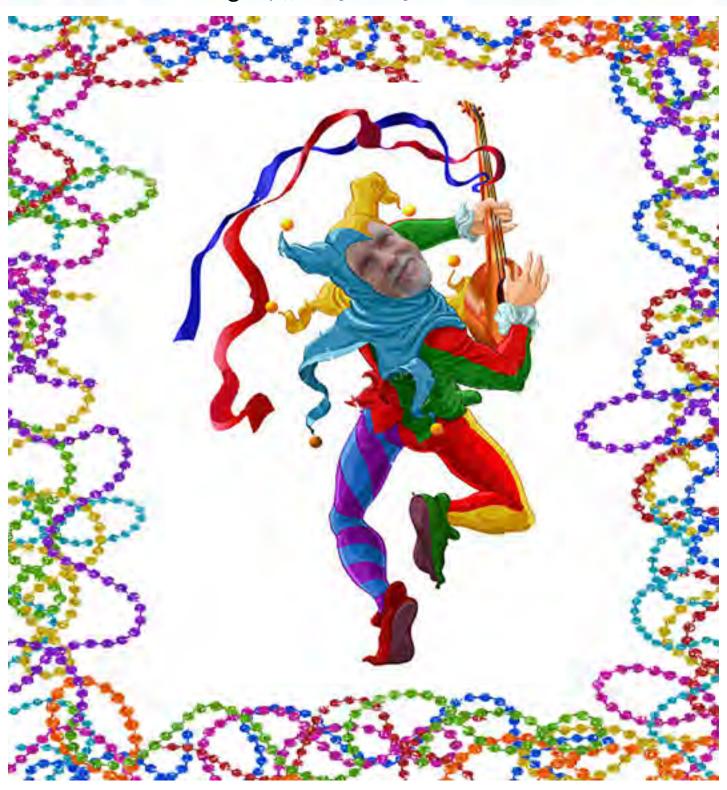


Volume XXXIV © http://foolsguild.org Quadacious BoDacious Joker



Cavalcade of Cacophonous Cavorting Crazies with King Cake

Cover, You were just there 1. Table of Contents 2.

Kings Message 3. King Bo Birthday Thanks 4. Hot Stuff Review 5. Dickens Review 6. Party Gras Invite 7. Party Gras Wish List 8. Poetry 9. 10. Word Jumble 11. Mardi Gras photo Link 12. International Pi Day Invite 13. Feast of Fools Invite 14. What a Joanie 15. Mark Lewis memorium 16. Fools Calendar 17. Back Page

Current reigning... King BoDacious Spoonfool - Richard Beard

Mother Folly ★KissYo Mama Shannon Wade Editors of this humble edition: William Q. Barrett, Jim Kelly, Heidi B.,Tom Rachal Art/Article Mavens: Daniel "Rover" Singer, Sandey Grinn,Danny Garland, Frivolous, W.Q.Barrett, Jim Kelly.Sioux Ashe Submit art, writing, corrections OR to change or add a Joker address:

Double Doubloons

quinglickitysplit@me.com



Join the Foolander: Contact Michael Kember <u>MichaelKember@yahoo.com</u> <u>http://foolsguild.org</u>

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 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, we wouldn't mind. (A Fool and his what..?) \$19 per year will do nicely. PayPal: http://www.foolsguild.org/Donate.htm

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

http://foolsguild.org



Your Good King Bo' has come to his Mid-term with some successes heretofore and much more fun on the horizon for the remainder of his reign!

What a party we had for Guy Fawkes. HOTSTUFF was a hit! Lots of Friends, lots of Fun, lots of Dancing to the Rocking tunes of DJ Delecta, and lots of Great food! Thanks for all the pot luck dishes!

The excursion to the Great Dickens Fair has to be one of my favorite events and maybe even the highlight of my party circuit, so far! We were welcomed and favored by Kevin and Leslie Patterson and so many others! What a treat to have the cream of our foolish performers to celebrate, what with Sandey, David, and JUDY upon the boards. Wow! The Briton Ensemble was a sonorous delight to hear, and provided the core of a jolly court of near 60 fools and fool adjacent friends to join in tarrying away two days in merry ol' London! A diamond among the pearls was Saturday's delicious picnic luncheon, in Tinsely Green, hard by the Father Christmas Stage. At your King's request, this event was lovingly catered and hosted by our own, our very own Mother Folly Mahatma Mama Kimbell! It was a generous offering and a pleasure to share with other at Fair. Thank you My Dear, we all had such a wonderful time! Thanks also to Patrick Morris and the staff at The Tippling Toad. They provided for us admirably and our

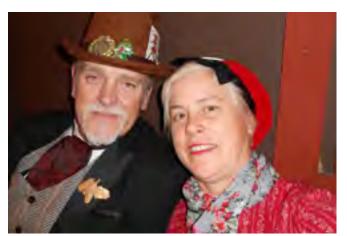


special group brunches started a new trend at Fair, sure to be popular next year. Once again Cuthbert's is to be commended for providing such lovely accommodations so suitable to our large group. Thanks Sue, David, and Ben, It was fun playing the bulls in your china shop! What a rove! Please watch for Rover's review in this Joker.

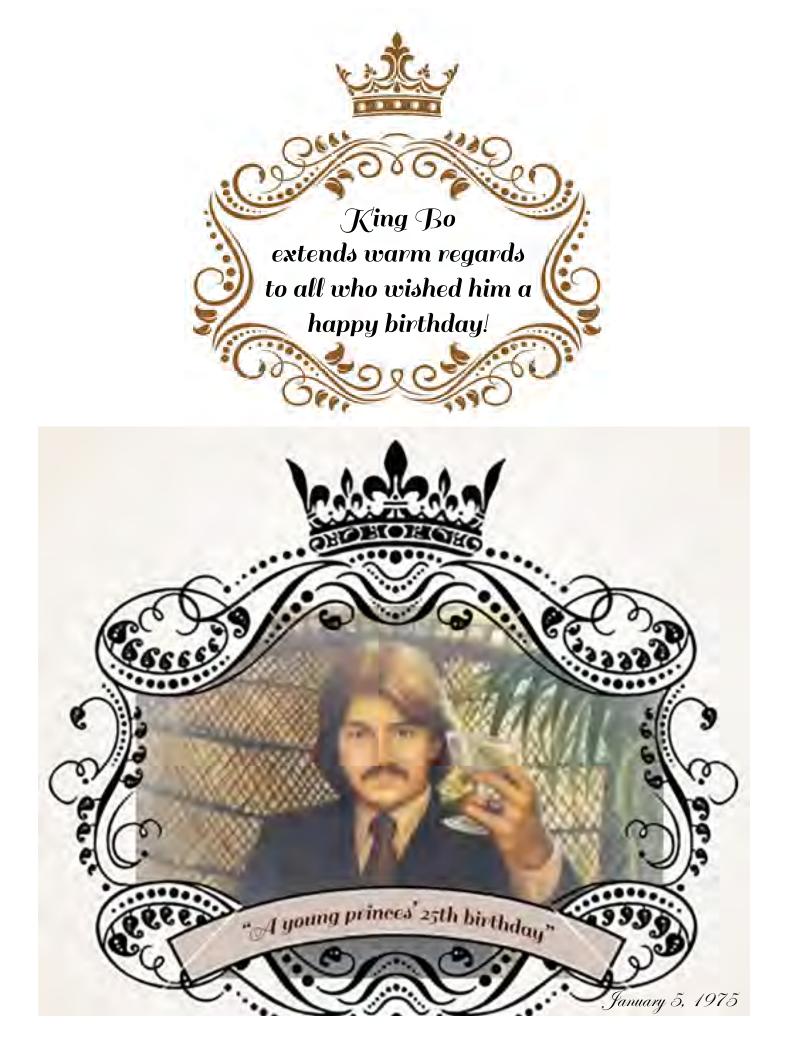
Convoy of Convolution

Elsewhere watch for the announcements for the remainder of my parties. They will be Feb. 13, March 13, and March 27. You'll want to put them in your calendar and start planning your costumes etc. and above all, Enjoy this Joker!

BoDacious SpoonFool 34th King of Fools



"Ya'all Shouda Shampled hur Grog, ya heah"



Inferno Nonsense



is that a phoenix in your pants

STUFF INDEED REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 7th OF NOVEMBER! Party Review by Roving Reporter Rover



Sometimes all the right ingredients coalesce to bump a party up a big fat notch. That magic was swirling around a Roller Derby rink near downtown LA 11/7/14 at the Fools Guild's highly-original post-Halloween party entitled HOT STUFF.

King Bodacious Spoonfool, having been whisked off to entertain the children of a Mr & Mrs Barack Obama (whoever they are; apparently they live in a big white house in DC), had to postpone his Fools Guild Halloween party by a week, which landed the date almost-squarely on Guy Fawkes Day, a barely-celebrated-anymore British commemoration of a botched anti-Protestant plot to blow up Parliament in 1605. So: instead of us planning yet another Halloween party, we got the chance to do something fresh: re-invent the Gunpowder Plot as HOT STUFF: a party that celebrates explosions, rebellion, and spicy food. Brilliant! (Wow, I used THREE colons in that sentence. Brilliant!)

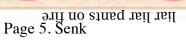
"But where oh where shall I throw my HOT STUFF party?" moped King Bo'. The old Guild Hall had been gone for 25 years; we'd (somewhat gratefully) severed ties to the Moose Lodges; and our well of potential venues had run dry. "I'll ask Phil Solomon, my boss at Way2Much Studio" - that's a warehouse full of circus equipment - "if he has any suggestions" for party venues." And guess what? Phil agreed to host the party. Turns out that Way2Much Studio in Echo Park (adjacent to the Derby Dolls arena) is the PERFECT venue for a Fools Guild party - exactly the kind of space we'd been searching for - for 25 years. Can't believe it took us so long to find it!

Guests turned out in their finest flame-colored ensembles and were initially greeted by a towering, fire-spewing dragon. Inside, the warehouse glowed with fanned-fabric flames reflecting on shimmering silver mylar curtains. Great piles of dynamite, gunpowder kegs and bombs filled the corners. Looming over the cabaret seating and dance-floor stage was a gigantic projection screen filled with the eerily-hovering mask of Guy Fawkes (now familiar thanks to the 2005 movie "V for Vendetta") sneering merrily at our proceedings – while the House of Parliament smoldered behind him. Psychedelic projections gave the room ever-changing visual highlights... like a gorgeous vision of Hell.

This was NOT your grandma's "Penny for the Guy/Light some Lame Fireworks" kinda evening. The buffet groaned under the weight of a pot-luck banquet composed of mostly spicy food, including some delicious Chili Brownies that I can still feel burning my throat. There were balloon drops that required immediate, cacophonous popping so that the enclosed playing cards could be collected and traded until some lucky Fool ended up with a Royal Flush. There was relentless dancing ing cards could be collected and traded until some lucky Fool ended up with a Royal Flush. There was relentless dancing to DJ Delecta's FANTASTIC selection of music – including many songs with lyrics about Fire, Burning, Flames, and Heat. And there was a dazzling performance by a sexy circus lad who danced with spinning, flaming batons. Somehow his shirt managed to come off during his routine. "Oh dear, I do hope his treasure-trail doesn't catch fire," worried good King Bo'. jed to come off during his routine. "Oh dear, I do hope his treasure-trail doesn't catch fire," worried good King Bo'. 👸 If you missed this party, you missed a good one. Thanks to Phil Solomon and his Way2Much crew (Brandon Carpen- 🔤

ter's tech, Simon Chaban of Torque Method, Alice & Anna of the Doll Factory); HeidiB and TomR for organizing; DannyG for his 2 cents' worth; ChristineB and BrittanyG for catering support; Craig & Chris for the dance floor; Roy Johns, and everyone who volunteered. We are amazing. See you at Mardi Gras if not before. Long Live King Bo! -- Rover http://foolsguild.org





Fools Rove to The Great Dickens Christmas Fair! By Roving Reporter Rover



California's Renaissance Faire was the original womb from which the Fools Guild sprang forth, but never in their long histories have the Fools made an official "rove" to the Dickens Christmas Fair, the 19th-Century cousin to the Patterson family's 16th-Century events and a San Francisco tradition since 1970. Fools, however, have been long associated with the Dickens Fair... I met David Springhorn there in 1975; and in 1978, while stage-managing the Wonderland environment, I worked with Andy Davis, Jonathan Cripple, Jeffrey Weissman and Darla Hitchcock, among others. Heck, I even played Charles Dickens there in the mid-1980s, and our current King Bo' (Richard Beard) was the Dickens Fair' Design Director for many years.

Every autumn, producer Kevin Patterson transforms the inglorious Cow Palace Exhibition Halls (which have had MOST of the manure mucked out of them) into a dazzling if low-budget re-creation of Dickensian London. 800+ costumed participants breathe exuberant life into this Victorian fantasy. The dimly glowing streets overflow with music, theatricals, handmade gifts, dancing, grog, tasty treats, and fabulously detailed environments where fine ladies and gents rub elbows with sailors, whores, artisans, steampunks, and scores of characters from the pages of Dickens' melodramatic novels. If you've never been, you owe it to yourself to make a pilgrimage. It's the single best way I've ever found to celebrate Christmas, and well worth the long schlep from L.A.

King Bodacious SpoonFool made arrangements Dec 6 & 7 for visiting Fools to enjoy special breakfasts, a picnic luncheon, high tea, performances by the Briton Ensemble carolers and nautically-themed QuarterMaster, and the Naughty French Postcard Review, featuring the bared breasts of our own HeidiB. As you can imagine, a weekend of shopping, waltzing, pubbing and rushing from show to show was exhausting, but where else can you stuff so much delicious entertainment into one weekend? Thanks to King Bo' for his organizational efforts; to producer Kevin Patterson and director Robert Young for welcoming us so warmly; and to all the merchants who offered us freebies and discounts. A merry time was had by all! -- Rover



Page 6. Sis







"But I Haven't A Thing To Wear!"

What might The Wild Thing wear to a party? Something that's flirty and flashy and tarty, Something exciting, exotic, inviting, Something that cannot be rendered in writing, Something ridiculous, something absurd, Something that's seen but seldom is heard, Something delightfully daft and demented, Concocted in colors as yet un-invented.

Something that offered The Wild Thing a chance To dress in transparent diaphanous pants, And show her magnificent marvelous rack With cleavage that ran from her butt to her back, And proffered a promise of flesh to behold But scarcely protected from weather or cold.

She looked through her closet for something to wear Something that's sexy and cut up to ... there! So what did The Wild Thing wear to the ball? She dressed in her best. She wore nothing at all!

JPK - Frivolous Wrex 1 - 9/13/2011



Dressing For Mardi Gras

Glamorous chorus girl strutting on stage; Wandering wizard both solemn and sage; Fantastic avian covered in feathers; Barbarian warrior laced up in leathers; Jester in motley, gold purple and green; Or... Something that nobody ever has seen! A Mardi Gras theme gives your costume choice range Creatively colorful, to really quite strange, But you don't have to dress up as something specific, Just deck yourself out in adornements terrific, In garments that let you enjoy how you move, Encourage your bod to get in a groove, Just join in the party, however you're dressed, No one will judge you, this isn't a test. The question at hand isn't "What shall I be?" Just dress to express "All The Glory of Me."

JPK - 11/13/2014



Stampede Nation

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BIG EASY Facebook Mardi Gras Photo Collections By Sioux Ashe -

And Jim Kelly!



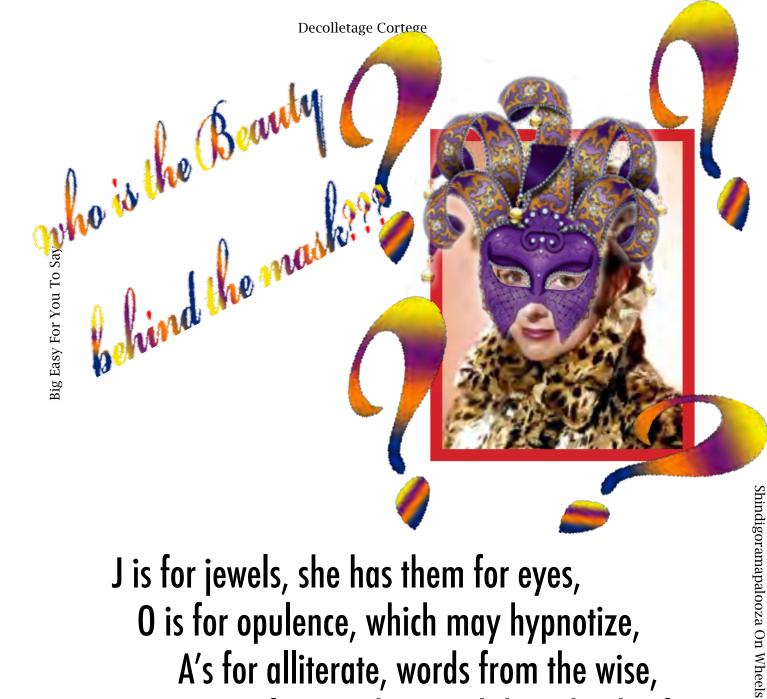
neM gninruð si siraf







Page 13. Trèz



J is for jewels, she has them for eyes, **0** is for opulence, which may hypnotize, A's for alliterate, words from the wise, N is for naughty - and those kinds of guys!

Our Joanie has – Generosity Foolish, We Halloween Fools oft throw Gatherings Ghoulish, She keeps all our party goods ready and able, Our Lady of Storage – at the head of the table!

A Remeberance of Mark Lewis by Sandey Grinn AKA Carpe Cockus XXI KOF

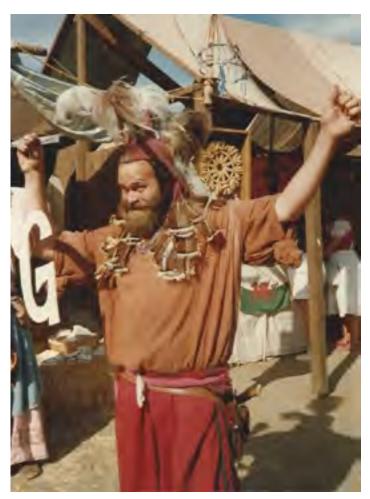
Mark Lewis was more than just a wordsmith, a story teller. He was a master, an alchemist, turning sound into pictures, playing with word and phrase as if each were like a thousand tiny violins. Or gold. Or something colorful and perfect. You know, something he would say. He told me many times that I was his inspiration, his mentor, which made little sense to me because in fact he was mine. How was that supposed to work? This man, with seemingly little effort, could delight me, move me, transform me and, oh yeah, he saved my life once too. And - with a gracious bow and apologies to Carl, Timothy, Jonathan, David and William who were each truly wonderful in their own rights - he was the funniest Capitano I've ever had the pleasure to share a stage with.

He was a huge bear of a man with a sparkle in his eye and a wonderful, contagious laugh. Love and life seemed to pour from him like water, shine from him like light. He so clearly loved his stories and he so clearly loved the people he told them to. We loved him and we knew that he loved us.

He was real magic, for how else could you describe what he did? He could build landscapes in the air above us, he could take us on amazing and fanciful journeys without us ever having to leave our seats. He could make us laugh and cry and touch our hearts with a simple story. He could even move us with silence. And he could make it rain.

He could light up a room just by entering it, a stage by standing upon it, a road by walking down it, for wherever he was, it seemed to be a better place than where he wasn't. As a friend he was every bit as kind and as loving as anyone would ever expect him to be. And there it is again - "expect him to be". We expected a lot from him and, for the most part, he lived up to our lofty expectations. But, looking back, I think maybe this image we collectively built of him - that of a fearless, magnificent ,magical loving bearof-a-man, always full of light and love - albeit flattering, might have been a bit unfair, for his magnificence encouraged us to raise our bar of expectation so high that no human could ever hope to live up to it, certainly not all the time. As an example, I felt he let me down once - and I hasten to add only once - and even though I knew later that it was really nothing major, I remember at the time feeling truly devastated, because he was so perfect and so together in my eyes that any flaw or frailty he revealed was simply impossible to accept. And once again I face the same dilemma, or I should say we, for as we huddle together in the darkened chill left behind by his passing, we all find it impossible to comprehend; how could he ever leave us without first telling us it will be ok, without even saying good bye? And how could something as small and as seemingly innocuous as a clot take down a being as mighty as Mark Lewis?

It's sad and it's hard I know, but in order for us to even begin to accept the tragedy of his passing, as we struggle to find any tiny bit of warmth in his memory and solace in the echo of his laugh, we need to look back at this beloved man and allow ourselves to first forgive him - for in spite of all of his magic and his magnificence, Mark Lewis was human after all.



We<mark>dding Ring</mark> of Fire

Foolish 2015 Calendar

Look for the NEXT Cyber Joker February 27th

Click here for the next party!

QUARTERMASTER + JAMES B. HENDRICKS IN CONCERT Rowdy Pub Songs, Deep Male Harmonies & Lots of Facial Hair Sunday February 8 2015 7pm \$15 Coffee Gallery Backstage 2029 N. Lake, Altadena CA Tickets & Info: coffeegallery.com (626) 798-6236

> King Bo's Down Home Party Gras Feb. 13th 2015 Save the Date!

International Pi Day Festiva March 13th



Sign up on the website for the FOOLANDER!

Mystical Motorcade Mania

Ho-down Round up



Another Kiss'n Cuzn of King Bo':

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