

NOTICE!!

The Coronation parade for the 41st King of Fools is

Sunday April 24

It will start from the

Fools Guild pavilion

next to the Dunk Tank

(west side)

exact starting time to be

announced (when we know.)

For information and ticket

availability contact

Quinglickitysplit@me.com or
cockdoodlefool@gmail.com

Details: Text Andy Davis (626)683-3904
 The Fools Guild presents Yes in Our Backyard Festival
 \$10/event \$20/ 3 day pass
 over night camping & privacy on site
 please observe Covid protocols

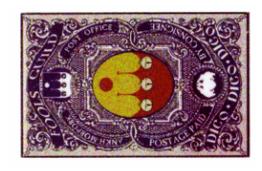
3 DAYS OF FEASTS & MOVIES & BRUNCH
April 1st FEAST of FOOLS
 Foolish Regalia de rigueur. Potluck, or personal Pic-Nic-Basket, BYOB.
 Music, Dancing, Biscuits!
 Gate opens at 6:00p, the Feast starts at 7:00p.

April 2nd BOOK of FOOLS
 Watch what you say;
 Believe your words matter;
 The Universe listens;
 It's not idle chatter.
 JPK - 11/30/2020

April 3rd Mother MomCat's Champagne Brunch & Clean-up
 Light work, big appetite. Gate opens at 10:00.



THE FOOLS GUILD
 12425 Honolulu Terrace
 Whittier, CA 90601-2328
 cockdoodlefool@gmail.com
FOOLSGUILD.ORG
 Fools' Guild



Speak No Evil

I prefer seeing through rose-colored glasses, So it helps to ignore persons acting like asses, And focus on good when humanity viewing, While at the same time evildoers eschewing, I speak not their name if I truly abhor them; Their force diminishes when I ignore them.

Words have power that transcends this dimension To manifest consequence beyond comprehension And uttering names invites in the curse Of unwanted intention, and to make matters worse By attracting attention and calling to mind, You assist and empower a purpose malign.

Watch what you say;
 Believe your words matter;
 The Universe listens;
 It's not idle chatter.
 JPK - 11/30/2020

THE ULTIMATE PLAGUE ISSUE: IIII THAT'S ALL FOLKS!
 \$20.22 Cheap.
 VOLUME: XXXX
 *The Fools are ALIVE! (we prove it!)
 *Ancient Secrets Revealed!
 *Lifting the Veil!

Date: III-MMXXII
 Volume: XXXX
 Issue: MAGIC!
 #4 of the Cock Doodle reign
 Circulation: CXXV
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 David Springhorn Ignoramus I,
 John Young, Cock Doodle, The Null Rex 4X
 Jim P. Kelly, Frightious Wrex II
 and whoever else I missed this time...

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 Support the Guild \$20 suggested, all amounts happily accepted!
 Prove that a Fool and their money are easily parted!

http://www.foolsguild.org/Donate.htm
 SELECT Send money to friends or family
 or at FoolsFund@foolsguild.org.



Oh seekers after divine madness and joyous euphoria
 Laughter is not only the best medicine, it is the binding of spirits.
 What is real Magik?
 When you get a group humans losing them selves in a single roar of unconscious hilarity you get a bunch of single monkeys turned into one great shining soul perfectly as one. As if for one brief moment all the puzzle pieces are together and we create a super conscious universe.
 We experience what we were before we were born.
 That is real Magik!!!!
 That is why oh foolish brethren it is our duty to Surrender our human personas and dissolve into the bacchanal of pure joy for it is truly the wine of the Gods.
 This saith
 Ignoramus I, Bishop of Bedlam

A Foolish State & a Faire!



My Peeps!

While the coming and Golden reign of Cock Doodle has been depicted the world round, and honored in ritual and verse by every culture for millennia, it is rapidly approaching a climax..! But, before I pull out, to make way for one more worthy, it seems traditional to tell you how much I love you, and how good I have been to you.

Our Guild coffers are now quite coffish. More than twice what I was given, however I am actively trying to fix that. The Fools Guild Face Book page has doubled, to over two thousand members, in spite of making it private and barring pictures of cats and politics. Potty humor proved to be a third rail. We are building our very own, amazing (and portable) Ship O' Fools stage! Able to mount 3 players, or the Quarter Master, who fall all over themselves anyway. With additional elements, we already have, it can stage a full production of Comedia! Oh Four Tuna!

We are approved to have the Ship O'Fools as a side feature to our 40 Years The Fool history pavilion

and Guild Hall at the Faire, April 23 and 24, both days of the Coronation weekend! Yeah, we have an actual space at the Faire! A Guild Hall! (eh, tent) and have plans for a history of Fools, and the Guild's 40 years at Faire exhibit!

How about our 3 day Festival of Fools? April 1st: the Feast of Fools. April 2nd: the Premiere of Archivus' BOOK of FOOLS, Magic and Mischief. April 3rd: Mother Mom Cat's Champagne Brunch!

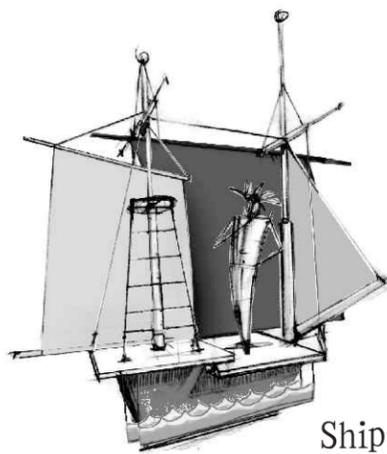
There is other stuff, like the Order of Fools and Folly, our highest honor for exemplary service to the Guild. There are actual medallions in the works. A 2TB hard drive archive, chained to the royal baggage containing images, movies and documents. We finally have a place to look! Eight printed issues of The JOKER helped carry us through the...Null times. What else.. I don't know, uh, Oh! The Fools Guild Heraldry! Accurate to Elizabethan conventions and Guild iconography, even approved by Sir Artsy Fartsy! (shut up Danny)

Who loves you baby?

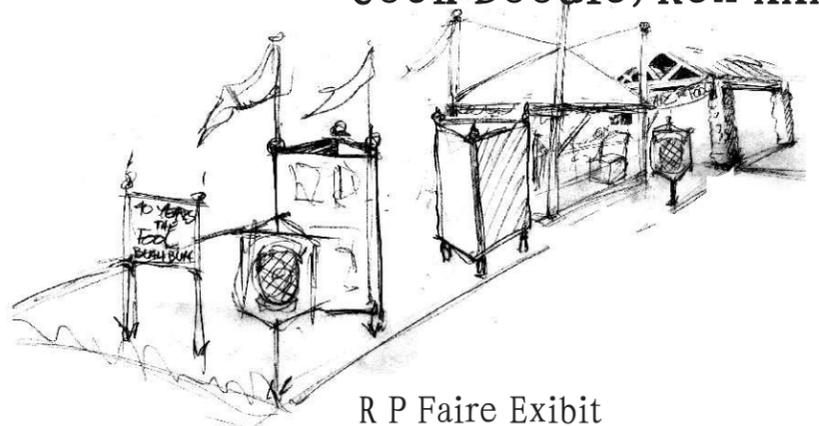
Cock Doodle, Rex XXXX



O.F.F.



Ship 'O Fools



R P Faire Exhibit

I went to buy some camo pants but couldn't find any.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

WORLD WIDE DIAMOND CO.

2451 S. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

<p>FUN PERISCOPE</p>	<p>FUN-LAUGHS-JOKES</p> <p>LOOKS LIKE REAL BLACK EYE</p> <p>Shiner</p>	<p>REAR VIEW MIRROR</p>	<p>RAZER TIE CLIP</p>	<p>CUT OFF FINGER</p>	<p>THE SHOZ</p>
<p>SEE AROUND CORNERS! Amazing periscope lets you see what is going on around corners, over fences, in back of you—without you being seen or even turning around. Like having eyes in back of head! No. T-271—Price 50c</p>	<p>"SHINER" BLACK EYE—So Natural-looking everyone is Fooled into thinking you have a Real Black Eye! Attaches quickly—just place over eye. Use it over and over again—Plenty of Laughs. No. T-272—Bargain 69c</p>	<p>REAR VIEW MIRROR—One of the Best Jokes we've seen! Contains miniature wooden toilet seat with cover. Imagine victim's surprise when he lifts toilet seat and sees himself in mirror! A Laugh Riot! No. T-273—Price 98c</p>	<p>Looks like a Beautiful tie clip—but press hidden rubber bulb—up goes donkey's tail—and oh!—what an Embarrassing sound! Guaranteed to attract attention—Brings Laughter and Amusement everytime! No. T-274—Special \$1.49</p>	<p>Fool your Friend! Watch the Startled look on their faces when they see this Realistic, Horrible-looking "Cut-off Finger" Friends sigh with relief when joke is known. No. T-275—Now Only 59c 2 for \$1.00</p>	<p>COMIC DISGUISE. Makes your nose look Very Funny! Very realistic-looking. Slips on and off in jiffy. Always gets terrific outburst of sidesplitting Laughs! No. T-280—Only 69c 3 for \$1.50</p>
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I failed math so many times at school, I can't even count

A told my girlfriend she drew her eyebrows too high. She seemed surprised.

My wife told me to stop impersonating a flamingo. That's when I put my foot down.

Last night my partner was complaining that I never listen... or something.

WEATHER

Days: Blue skies and golden sunshine all along the way!

Nights: Clear and starry with the occasional extinction event meteor fly by..

FOOLISH TIMES GAZETTE



March, 2022

Volume XL-Issue IV

The ULTIMATE PLAGUED EDITION

circulation 150

Re: Magic

Jonnathon Cripple Ludicrous I

Yeah- magic. Cute idea for a reason to tell stories, but in reality simply an excuse applied to stuff you don't understand. Non-repeatable phenomenons. Some are claimed to be repeatable...but never repeated. Magic is kind of like that old joke... 'Between me and my brother we know everything!... Oh my brother knows that...'. Magic is good for your popularity if you want to be popular among fools. Awesome. Enjoy.

The other definition of magic is the 'magic of the universe' kind of thing. That, at least, is honest about not understanding. Its a short term for 'I don't understand how this works but it does and its cool!' That's 'magic'... kind of another term for 'awesome'.

Not that I am the cynical bastard I appear to be... but... Ok, I am.

I was wondering why the frisbee kept getting bigger and bigger, but then it hit me.

Magical Moment

William Barrertt

My ex-wife is an absolute witch. An absolutely beautiful, talented, big-hearted real deal witch. A bona fide Dianic high priestess, published authority, and lecturer on goddess worship, ritual, and all things witchy, with a specialty in healing the world with her voice. At the fair she was Queen of the May and the harvest and an enchanting singer of magical songs. Literally. Ruth's great.

One day in late Agoura time, no longer together but still friends, I wandered upon a dazed looking Ruthie near the main stage. She said "You won't believe what just happened." But I did believe it. I think you will too.

Moments earlier she had a chance encounter with her old friend and early mentor, Z Budapest. After parting, Ruth went through the "Actors Only" burlap entrance to the backstage area behind the Maybower. She was thinking what a brave pioneer Z had been, alone on the forefront of modern Wicca, discovering her power and magical calling while still a typical suburban housewife. Ruth mused that in a way, her old friend was like a

When life gives you melons, you might be dyslexic

real life Samantha Stevens, from Bewitched. Are you ready? At this very moment who should burst through the burlap portal into Ruth's field of vision? Samantha Stevens herself! Yes, the actress Elizabeth Montgomery, in late 20th century garb appeared suddenly, magically, as if summoned by Ruth thoughts. Sans broomstick and with nary a nose twitch, Ms. Montgomery flew past the tired banner carriers and noble panting peasants and was gone. Woaoow. No way. No freakin' way. Yes way. Yes freakin' way. If I were making this up or merely embellishing I would have set it in Witches Wood or had the Scottish play being performed nearby. But nope. It really happened. Just like all the other miracles we were part of, back in the day.

Magic Show

(part one)

Jeffrey Weissman

While playing Stanley Laurel at Universal, with Bevis Faversham, I co-wrote a 'Laurel & Hardy Magic Show'. We were sent by the studio tour to study and learn magic tricks with Harry Blackstone Jr, whose daughter, Cynthia we knew, and was friendly with and part of management. We were in awe of the great man and his warehouse of props and tricks. We needed to learn some basic sleight of hand, silks, appearing cane, duck pan, head chop, easy illusions. And the legendary Blackstone Jr would demonstrate the tricks for us, but he would demonstrate them quickly, and whenever one of us had the courage to ask, well, how is it done?, He responded by demonstrating the trick again. . yet not really showing us how it was achieved. He'd show it again, but leave us bewildered as how to make the trick work. Luckily, his assistant Alan saw the expressions of bewilderment on our faces, (and god knows how many thousands of dollars Harry was charging the Studio for our 'training') and Alan said, 'don't worry, I'll show you'. Luckily he did. And our show went up with us teaching it to our alternates (Uncle Dave, Clayton Martinez, Jimi Juggle and others), and we had a pretty good show that alternated with the Blues Brothers Show on the tour.

The problem with kleptomaniacs is that they always take things literally.

I heard there were a bunch of break-ins over at the car park. That is wrong on so many levels.

The Keeper of My Magic

by Sandey Grinn

I've buried four parents in the last twenty years (my two adopted parents - Harold and Lillian, my stepmom Barbara and Marty, my beloved bio-dad), none of that easy at all. And yet Q's death seemed to affect me even worse than those did. He was the source of much of my laughter, the keeper of the flame, the spark that ignited us and, apparently also, the keeper of my optimism. Who knew? Every day since he up and left us, I've been suddenly and (sometimes also) painfully aware of the absolute certainty of my own end and, for whatever reason, it seems that much closer than ever before. He was so so full of life and for someone like him to die ... well, it doesn't bode well for the rest of us. Knowing I'll never see him again makes every day that much less exciting, knowing I'll never perform with him again makes the prospect of performing again that much less appealing.

And yet I know, were he to read this, he'd be mightily pissed at the sentiment. So, on those occasional days I forget my purpose, if for no other reason than for you Q, I go on. But, do me a favor -haunt me, taunt me, do whatever you wish but please, please bring me back some of that magic -in the song of a bird, in the breathe of a sudden wind -help me once again to turn the mundane into something meaningful.

And I promise never to support anyone who would ever dare to reduce your blessed spirit into that of a phucking phallic pickle.



Magic Show (part two) Jeffrey Weissman

Early during the run, while performing the levitation trick, where Stan is hypnotized and floats across the stage, (then next is to fly over the audience and burst into flames), Ollie accidentally steps on the sheet covering Stan, and revels Stan holding a pair of crutches with shoes on the ends..ruining the illusion. Stan recovers quickly, gathering the sheet and crutches exiting in tears. Well, I slipped on the sheet, braced my fall to the stage floor with my hand and arm, and drove my elbow into my own ribs, successfully cracking a few. I was in excruciating pain. I finished the show, and needed medical attention. The ship doctor, an English gentleman with a lisp, 'Dr Foote' I think was instructed to do whatever it takes to keep me on board and able to finish the run of the show. He said, well, I'll just have you come to me about 20 minutes before each show, and we'll give you a little jab, and you won't be in pain, and able to finish the show. And that's what we did. Our show was scheduled at 11pm, and at 10:30 Dr Foote would give me synthetic heroin in my chest, and I'd feel no pain for the show. The only problem for me though was that I would be high as hell when the show was over, and spend the rest of the night trying to come down. At 3 in the morning I'd be playing shuffle board or at 4am I'd be hanging out on the front peak of the ship playing Titanic (though the film had yet to come out). It was really lonely being high and wanting to play, luckily wifey to be Kimbellini would do her best to stay up and keep me company. One of these long nights, we were on the front of the ship (where no one was allowed), and all of a sudden spotlights started shining on us, and then on the ocean, scanning and searching and a siren blared. We got out of there quick. The next day one of the bridge crew that we knew scolded us for being out on the front of the ship where we didn't belong. And we asked why they'd been scanning the sea with the lights..? He explained their radar had picked up a small vessel, which they were pretty sure were pirates wanting to board and rob the ship. Apparently a common occurrence for these gambling ships.

I used to think I was indecisive. Now I'm not so sure.

Magick!

Alie Mae, HF

I come from a lengthy line of ancient Witches. In Scotland, in the Middle Ages, 4,000 to 6,000 people were accused of Witchcraft. It's recorded that that was 5 times as many as any other place in Europe. Our Clan Historian recently published that, when our Vikings invaded Scotland, they mixed with the local Druid Picts and intermarried. Writings from the Roman Caesar era, say that their warriors were scared to death of our 'Magical Powers.' Left handedness is typical of the Kerrs. Our Castle Ferniehirst, built in 1470, and other clan buildings have 'turnpike' stairs designed for left-handed. Clan Kerr warriors were also often ambidextrous. The saying for centuries has been "the Kerrs were such fierce and skilled fighters in battle that it was thought that the Devil himself fought along beside them." Perfect, since we lived right on the border and could hack away at any Englishman that attempted to invade Scotland.

Thankfully, I did not inherit those tendencies, or maybe they just haven't been needed, but I have been otherworldly since tiny. The last 3 years I have been working with Energy Healers and others who are at home with Spiritism. They've pointed out my abilities to me. Ones I'd always kept hidden, especially as a child if an adult was not amused. Seeing the future, seeing within people to their real selves, astral traveling, and healing with touch. We were all taught, in the 50's and 60's, to not be unusual. Fit in and squelch anything that was odd. But, happily I've become more comfortable, aware and have quit stifling the fun of it all! I love being able to hug a friend or a stranger and tell them the exciting things I see coming in their life. Always with encouragement, explaining they should be confident and believe in themselves. Lately I've been enjoying doing Tarot Card readings. I spread the cards out and sweep my hands over them, imparting energy to them. Some decks respond right back with their energy, so you can feel their vibrational intensity in your hands! I then tell the person to spread their hands out over the cards and choose those jump out to them. This way, I am not the one advising or interpreting their issues, not limiting their messages by my opinions or ignorance. I never ask them beforehand why

Never trust atoms; they make up everything.

they are here, and make sure they choose their own cards. I am just a Channeler for the Cosmic Energy and Universe. We read the message on the card together and then the longer explanation in the deck's book. I add my ancient Crone wisdom here and there. Each time the person has told me how astonished they were at the perfect timely and helpful messages. That is so thrilling! I hug them, tell them they can do anything and send them on their way. Most Tarot Readers do it differently. But this one fits me. I don't understand where my strong inner energy and insights come from, and I don't need to! I just need to feel love and acceptance of all people, have compassion, and be open to relaying the Universes messages. I have discovered a whole new world, and now am working with two oddball Healers to learn even more Magick!



ROYAL DECREE

In recognition of unwavering support and service to the Fools Guild (and for our self preservation in light of the preceding article)

Let it Be Known
the title of
HONORED FOOL
has been bestowed upon
Alie Mae

Mother MomCat's Curiosity Corner

"Poor Old Fool," thought the well-to-do young gentleman as he watched an old man fish in a puddle just outside the Pub. He invited the old man inside for a drink. Whilst they sipped on their whiskeys, the young gentleman thought he'd humor the old man and asked "So how many have you caught today?" The old man replied "you're the 8th!"...

April's Fool

In a Cocktail Shaker filled with Ice add;
4oz Vodka
1oz fresh Lime Juice
1oz Vermouth
Shake gently so as not to bruise, and strain into a chilled Martini Glass.
Garnish with Lime Peel.
Recipe gleefully purloined from Epicurus!

The problem with kleptomaniacs is that they always take things, literally.

I was addicted to the hockey/pokey, but then I turned myself around.



Magic

Jacques Tate

So, just what is magic? Magic, for me, is moving things from here to there, without showing how it got there. That, and making something out of nothing, or, sometimes, making nothing out of something. Teachers do it. Writers and painters do it. Clowns, puppeteers and musicians do it. The idea is to show others that they can do it, too, just not showing them exactly how.

It's what fools do. It's what fools like done to them. "Fooling the foolers" is my favorite game to play. Years ago, when Mark Lewis and I were working on the Drake Show, building that boat for Main Stage in Black Point (He built the crow's nest and I sculpted the Golden Hind.), we would spool off jokes. Soon afterward, the next step in the game was to strip the joke to its elemental bits and rewrite it, then tell it back to the one that told it to you. If you could get almost all the way through it, say to just before the punchline, before your victim realizes he/she were had, it was successful magic.

The Storyteller was magic. Telling the Storyteller's tale back to him with a switcheroo was my favorite magic.

My current project is writing and illustrating a book about Santa Claus, starring Mark Lewis. I spend time, every day, with him. It's magic.

and finally ..Jaques' name is spelled correctly! Magic!



PAST ISSUES

we have a few, but then too few to mention. You can down load a digital copy however!



Magic Show (part three)
Jeffrey Weissman

Then Legends of Hollywood (out of Las Vegas) called and offered us a four week run in the South China Sea on a cruise for the Star Line gambling ship out of Singapore. We shared the bill with a Neil Diamond look/sound-a-like, and the Asian market loved us. We were invited back for another four weeks, with Billy Scudder as Chaplin's Tramp, and we once again were a hit, which turned into being extended on board an extra week.

One night after our show, Bevis and I were invited by some audience guests to have drinks on them at the theatre bar. The Asian businessmen wanted to tell us jokes, and in turn they were patient and listened to our jokes. And every so often we'd see the manager of the casino pop his head into the bar and scowl. We laughed and told bad jokes into the wee hours, and finally called it quits around 5 in the morning. The next day, our friend in the crew explained that we had pissed off the casino the night before..apparently the businessmen were rich Malaysians that owned buildings and were used to gambling and often losing great deals of money in the casino. That night the main millionaire that we'd kept out of the casino went into the casino and lost over a million dollars. He had his private helicopter land on the ship the next morning to take him home.

Atermite walks into the bar and asks, 'Is the bartender here?'
The last thing in the world I want to do is hurt you; but it is still on the list.



POOF!

**Cock Doodle, the Null.
40th King of Fools**

Any group that calls itself The Fools Guild, will probably not be taken seriously, for good reason. It is the same reason the Fool can not be accurately described to anyone who is not a Fool. Fools, like Magic, hide in plain sight. Fools enjoy Freedom, because people may watch Fools, but don't see what is happening. Magic.

Our Guild just turned Forty. A respectable amount of time for any social club to exist, particularly one without an obvious external raison d'etre.

The Fools don't champion saving parakeets, or subway tokens. We don't knit polychromatic basketball nets. Nothing. Well, OK, The Guild does enjoy each other's acceptance and encouragement to do something truly Foolish. The high jinx, the costumes, the antics the unexpected and extemporaneous actions, bond us. For some unfathomable reason Drama seems to figure large also...gad, please.

The thing that seems to really sustain us Fools however, is the smile, surprise, or praise of who ever is watching. They get a treat, the Fool gets a whole audience, or Guilds worth of pleasure!

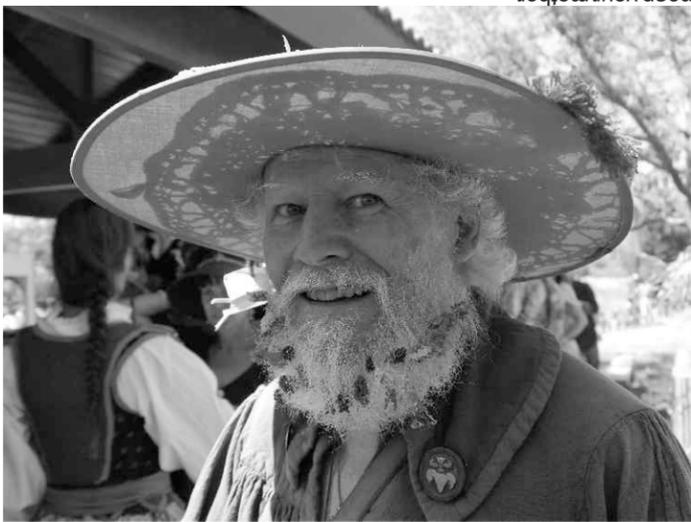
So what mischief, dear subjects, have I have laid at your feet to get my treat?

Only what you thought was always there! I sought to hold up both a mirror and a flag. It is easy to not see, when you are not really seen. Or forget, after a plague, or two....how amazing the Fools are.

So, honored traditions and old touch stones have been dusted off. Things that were thought to exist, have been actually manifested. The hinges of rusted doors oiled. Memories were gathered and put in a bottle. I created an oppertunity for us to have a public presence, if we wish, and a documented legacy for later. We have an enduring future, and a vibrant present.

I will never tire of hearing "Your Majesty", but the honor of being chosen as your King will please me for life. Thanks.

My therapist says I have a preoccupation for revenge. We'll see about that.



From 'Taxes Make Slaves' with flowers in his beard, through his gender transformation into April Prime, and even up until today Michael Kember's quiet exterior masks a fearlessly independent spirit. You may know Michael from his faithful door-keeping at our parties, a duty fulfilled with patience and aplomb for decades, but you may not know that he also holds The Guild purse strings, having shepherded our ridiculous finances through royal impecunity and largesse. We've tried to make him King but his self-effacing and modest nature demurred the crown laid at his feet. So, in recognition of ongoing fidelity and stellar fiduciary competency coupled with undaunted folly (Mother of the Bride in pink suit and beard) Mchaeal Kember is hereby awarded our highest order, (not sure what that is...?)

Jim Patrick Kelly

Some fools are born to greatness and rise to Kingship or Mother Follydom. Others, like Danny Garland, contribute greatly to our Guild but due to steadfast refusal to accept higher titles deserve knighthood at the very least. Danny has been the Art Director of Renaissance Faires for many years, where his gorgeous signs and murals have entertained literally dozens of people. Our legendary Fools Guild parties frequently benefitted from Danny's artistic bent with his stunning backdrops and glamorous decorations, contributing style and taste and fun to our outlandish themes. And how we've loved his laid-back work style and superbly caustic wit"accompanied by his little box that punctuates his remarks with sound effects at the touch of a button. Danny, you totally deserve your new title: Sir Artsy Fartsy! All hail!

Daniel 'Ruff' Singer

I can always tell when people are being judgmental just by looking at them.



Let it be Known
That on the 27th day of February, 2022
The Kings and Mothers Folly Jointly
designed to confer Foolish Honor upon our Fool

Michael Kember

Therefore the HIGHEST Foolish rank, the
ORDER of FOOLISH FOLLY
has been bestowed.
Henceforth he will be known as

**SIR
SCHATZMEISTER
GOOD KNIGHT
Of the
FOOLISH REALM
O.F.F.**

bestowed by




Let it be Known
That on the 27th day of February, 2022
The Kings and Mothers Folly Jointly
designed to confer Foolish Honor upon our Fool

Danny Garland

Therefore the HIGHEST Foolish rank, the
ORDER of FOOLISH FOLLY
has been bestowed.
Henceforth he will be known as

**SIR
ARTSY FARTSY
GOOD KNIGHT
Of the
FOOLISH REALM
O.F.F.**

bestowed by


Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side got amputated? He's all right now.