

THE JOKER

Volume XXXIV <http://foolsguild.org> Secondacious BoDacious Joker



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Current reigning...

King BoDacious Spoonfool

- Richard Beard

Mother Folly ★ *KissYo Mama* Shannon Wade

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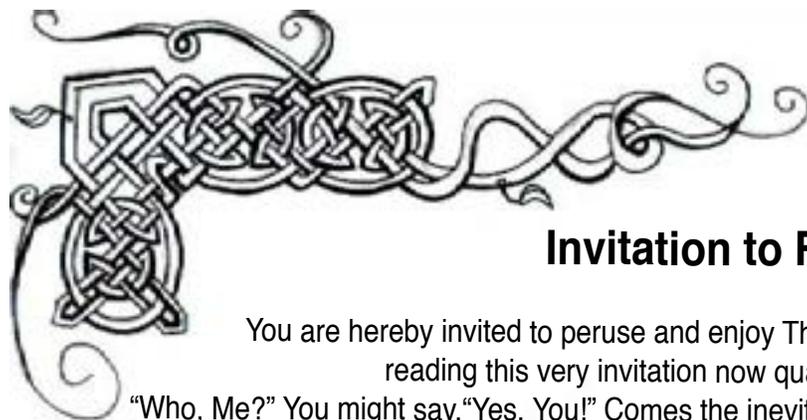
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<http://foolsguild.org>

1
Flay the pool



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, 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



Terd of Hurtles

Joe Blob



CatHerder's Journal - 1st Installment



Nippery Slipple

What a whirlwind of wonderment, a carousel of calamity, calumny, chaos, chagrin, and complete coolness it has been since my election in May! Only Kings know all the madness it is to plan and execute a Coronation and Fool's Parade. Thank You to all who were able to come and celebrate with us. Most especially, Thank You to Quing Lickity Split, Matt Bissel, and Kristin Mansour for many weeks of hard work getting the interface right between the Guild's wishes and the the Faire Admin's needs! Ne'r again will it be thus, as of next year BOTH Cal Ren Faires have us pre-slotted in and we're dedicated to make that fabulous for us!

This deep level of cooperation and coordination within the Guild has been a gift to me as I develop a year of Fun and Food! My tentative Party themes have been chosen to celebrate the joys of making and sharing food, but, "Shall Not or'shadow the element of Zaney so dear to the Parties"! Plans are afoot for non-traditional approaches-for a Halloween buffet and bedazzlement affair called "What a Dish!", as well as a Guild-wide slumber party on New Year's Eve called "Breakfast at Tiffany's". And finally, our Feast of Fools, a sumptuous feast celebrating the end of my reign, with any luck shall devolve into a major Guild-wide food fight!

Now, Prior to my coronation, I dropped by to pick-up parade items from the Fool's lock-up and was struck by the tenuous nature of our collective endeavors. Props, Deco, Tools, and what-nots stored there represent years of parties and folderol aplenty..... This all could go in a minute were it not for our Joanie. Please watch herein for the wonderful song to her, deftly penned by Quing Lickity Split.

This enlightenment inspires me to encourage efforts to preserve our Foolish heritage. We have already begun to augment the website with more backstories and photos from earlier Parties and Coronations. These were acquired by bribing the Ex-Rexes and Mothers Folly to bring them to a "secret slumber party", and a great big Thanks to Tom Rachal for spending much of the party scanning photos.... Please add your efforts to mine as we thank all the Kings and Mothers by continuing. Send annotated photos of past Coronations and Parties to bodaciousspoonfool@gmail.com subject line: picture collection.

This brings me to my 1st event. Even before

my coronation, I just had to throw a Party! Named Foolhala, the Guildhall that Neverwas, the so-named "Secret Slumber Party". It being necessary to keep quiet about my election, I quietly engineered a sleep-over reminiscent of the ol' Guild Hall days. Elsewhere in this Joker watch for Billiam the Stiff, Ninth King of the Jackanapes' review of this fun event! If you were there, please take time to look again for Billiam's lost item.

We have produced a replete Joker! Note a conversation with the 1st King, which led into a wonderfully digressive article on making the King's crown by Darla. A new contributor, Caitlin, shares a newbie's assessment. Frivolous' has given us a humorous take on editing the Joker and some of its traditional elements. Judy has taken time as she recovers from (SUCCESSFUL!) cataract surgery to share her remembrances of our founder Phyllis Patterson. Note that the Casa Faire has changed 2nd weekend to be Celtic not Pirate (now 3rd wk-end). Well and Good! Good King Bo' shall be there, and We shall reign over a frolicsome fandango of foolery! You will want to register early for this, as some entertainments limit participation.

Once again, Thanks to the Editors and Contributors of this, my 2nd Joker. If you were not able to attend the Coronation, you'll find my 1st Joker online, a brief introduction to Guild events, handed out that day only.

Your In Jocularly Extremes

King Bo'Dacious SpoonFool
34th King of Fools

Dotted Spick

Achin & Beggs

Flan Brakes

An Homage to a Icon

By - Judy Kory

I was going to write about the Mothers Folly, but I couldn't. My brain wouldn't. Instead, thoughts of [Phyllis](#) tugged at me and wouldn't let go.

First of all, I want to say that as co-creator, owner, commander-in-chief of THE Faire of Faires, she was The Leader. So, naturally, sometimes she got all the credit and all the blame. I've heard some of it, don't know or care what's true or not, What was was. What is, is. This article is grounded in Praise, Love and Gratitude for [Phyllis](#) expressed in words...a small way. A symphony or mural would be more like it

Recently I was thrilled to learn that the very young [Phyllis](#) had her own TV show for adults and children called Phyll's Playhouse, in Memphis. So she'd already been making it happen for herself and others, long before Faire. Well, of course! She was a born "macher". (Yiddish for "maker", one who makes things, good things, happen.) (the "ch" sounds like an "h" which is clearing your throat), A good leader, a good macher makes a way for Others to become leaders and machers. Hasn't the Faire been full of them, full of us!?! [Phyllis](#) had other powerful, results-producing women of integrity working with her. One was Doris Karnes, the late, incredible prop and costume master.

In 1963, I was reborn into a world created by that beautiful, brilliant, very human woman. [Phyllis](#), Ron and I had participated in workshops



Boon Spread

and performed together in Rachel Rosenthal's Instant Theatre after the first Faire. [Phyllis](#) trusted my abilities and instinct, so she gave me the space to create what I wanted to in the following years at Faire. When I wanted to direct, she put me on staff, and I produced and directed the first Pantomime at Dickens. She had me go to schools as the director of the Faire's Outreach Program. I taught and performed Commedia with elementary school children, for school assemblies under the umbrella of the Living History Centre. She said, "Judy, why don't you do a show about Lady Godiva?" Trained in improv I needed no script. I read a paragraph in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and went on stage. I trusted the genie, and so did [Phyllis](#). In Instant Theatre, it was what appears when you focus, do your best with what you got, trust others, and allow what ever arises to come into being.

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A Lack of Pies



treasure. She could have had it written in beautiful script, on fancy paper, but she cut it out instead. So personal, from a longtime girlfriend, it made my day, completed my life, our relationship, whole and perfect. Did you read the obit in the N.Y. Times that mentioned [Phyllis](#)' "log cabin"? Somehow, by omission, the writer made it seem that [Phyllis](#) had been rocking in her chair on the porch, her pet bloodhound at her feet, smoking a corncob pipe, "by cracky".

In my imagination, I have a picture of [Phyllis](#) with long, strong, graceful arms making a big circle, a big embrace. Within that embrace are the people, all the makers of the Faire. She slowly opens her arms and more people come into the circle, children are born, arms held out as the circle expands, breathing forming a gentle breeze that blows the grasses of Agoura, and sweetly scents the air. O, Faire Thee Well, my playmate, Good Witch of Our World.

Parties...wonderful parties. I'm thinking of the Party to Exorcise Barry Goldwater.

Lyndon B. Johnson became President upon JFK's death and ran for re-election against Barry Goldwater, the Republican candidate. That night when I entered the side gate in the wooden fence on Lookout Mountain, I met [Phyllis](#), hovering high above me, a good witch gleaming in a long white gown, holding a shining white ball; she greeted me with "magical" incantations. As I stepped into the patio, I saw a pink Vestal Virgin reclining on an altar. Nearby, a Moyle, standing before an ironing board, was performing a mock circumcision on a large knockwurst. At Ron's suggestion, I dressed as the Lady of the Hairy Flies, (It was in a medieval book!) fluttering in black lace and shiny lacquered head, red lace covering my face ala Gloria Swanson in Steichen's famous photo. The result? Success! Barry Goldwater was defeated.

I started missing [Phyllis](#) when I visited her "log cabin" in Novato a year or more ago. [Phyllis](#) didn't recognize me, and needed to sleep. This was the woman who a few of years ago had sent me a large, homemade, red construction paper valentine, with tiny, pasted on printouts of wisdom, and her handwritten "Thank you for your talent". which I



"Year Zero of The Faire"

<http://foolsguild.org>

Musty Bum

A Free Teller

A Smart Feller

Bad Salad

Coronation

By Roving Reporter Rover

May 3, 2014...

David Springhorn, ever our reliable de facto Master of Ceremonies, introduced soon-to-be EX Rex's James Charming 007 & Lily Lane' (aka Craig & Chris Williams) who welcomed a swarming sea of motley fools to the hot & dusty Renaissance Pleasure Faire in Irwindale CA, amid much chaotic music and the donning of round red noses. Off our rowdy parade went, searching the Faire for a new King of Fools.

Arriving very close to our point of embarkation, new King, Richard Beard emerged from a flourish of sparkly fabric (wow! Like Magic!), flanked by a couple of tall, inflatable tubular dudes who waved around like crazy at the appearance of the new monarch. Confetti cannons spewed mylar glitter into the air as we all thought (in unison)
"I'm not cleaning that up!"

He announced himself as King BoDacious SpoonFool (or "Bo" to his intimates) and was joined by three decades-worth of old kings (pardon the expression) who ceremonially crowned and be-sceptered him. He promised a year of FUN ahead and, to give his pronouncement immediate validity, handed round ice cream cones. YUM! Other world leaders take note! A very handy way to get control of your subjects!
Get your spoon ready, it's going to be a tasty year.

--Rover

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FOOLS IN WONDERLAND

By Roving Reporter Rover

Ah Spring, when Fools take up bowl & cup, to sup & celebrate ourselves at the annual Feast, our own unique holiday that no one else in the world takes seriously.

Seriously!

Adorned as wildly-hatted characters from a colorful nightmare, we tumbled down the rabbit-hole & found ourselves at Katie Parkin's Sun Valley home where the yard was bedecked with festive tables & teapots. Michael Kember greeted us with "Whoo Are Youu?" & we partook from a large hookah. Fools were crowded round shouting "No room! No room!" But there was plenty of room. We feasted on tea & scones & jam & other savories wrangled by Sioux Ashe & Jude Darnell & James Hendricks. We played crazy croquet with flamingoes & hedgehogs. Doc & Stumpy arrived dressed as the Walrus & Carpenter & fed us smoked oysters on crackers.

Kings Charming & Lily Lamé conducted a Silly Hat Parade, which everyone won, & everyone won a prize. Then we tucked into a large cake marked with the words EAT ME created by Brittany Lyn Gardner . Some of us got very large; some of us, very small. Then the world spun around us dizzily & we found ourselves back at home, tucked into our beds, wondering if the whole thing had been a curious dream. A beautifully realized fantasy, congrats to the Kings & to everyone who lent a hand or attended!

Fling of Kools

fricken chिकास

Brawn Pisque

Not Poodles





The Joker Deconstructed

You have in your hand (or on your screen) The Joker, the official publication of The Fools Guild.



“WTF?” You say? And well you might. What is this and what’s it all about?

This rag (or configuration of pixels) sallies forth three or four times per year to publicize events, to entertain the foolish troops, to foment maximum merriment, to announce our celebrations and to celebrate our announcements.

The Joker masthead was designed by the late Steve Bartel. Once, years ago, we inadvertently left his name out of contributors and he gave us holy heck for it. Although he’s been dead since 2008 we’re not taking any chances with his ghost, so his name continues to appear among the contributors. We regularly take liberties with the late Mr. Bartel’s work, however, and his shade will just have to lump it. For instance, the J became an upside-down flamingo and the O a hedgehog for the Mad Tea Party-themed issue. Now that you’ve been clued in, go ahead and check out prior issues or watch for this hilarious amendment in the future. It’s our way of keeping Steve alive.

We waste no opportunity for humor and lavish effort on even the most mundane features. If you don’t believe me, take a look at past **Tables of Contents** or at the **tag-lines** above address labels (when we used them).

One last feature deserves mention... **marginalia**, tiny script in margins throughout. In the distant past I thought it would be fun to scatter interesting and unusual words along the edges, and so I did. After Billiam the Stiff, 9th King of the Jackanapes added his talent and wit to the creation process, marginalia evolved into our favorite task and remains so to this day. First we determine an appropriate theme, like famous captains for Captain Salty’s pirate

On the front of every issue you’ll find a **Volume #** which refers to the King’s number of succession – check out prior issue [here](#) if you don’t believe me. Bodacious Spoonfool is thirty-fourth King of Fools (in case you can’t read Roman numerals). Also please note the humorous addition of a spoon bowl for the O.

issue, then in a paroxysm of multiple mutual inspiration, we begin offering possibilities with everyone contributing suggestions, offering modifications and adding **funny**. Lots of fun! We hope it shows.

Enjoy!
Frivolous Wrex
Jim Kelly

Like I said... hilarious!

Wave the sail

Lie and Hoe

Sam Handwich

Pour and Weace



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Foolhala and the Bodacity of Now

by *William Q. Barrett*



How to avoid writing an article. There are so many splendiferaneous ways. Play “make up words”. Get lost in a Thesaurus...treasury, trove, resource, synonymanator. Practice every instrument in the house, twice. Wash all the dishes, thrice. Oh, avoiding starting to write is something about which I know all too well. Avoiding editing, at that I too know much about. But what I didn’t know was...What is Foolhala?

Word on the fool-streets was that this new King was throwing an ultra secret sleep-over party, code name Foolhala, to get a running start at being the new King of Fools. On the night before his coronation. Former Kings of Fools and Mothers Folly only. PJ’s encouraged. Sounded crazy. Unprecedented folly or ground-breaking new tradition?

Rumor was he desired to provide a comfortable playful pit stop on the road to the annual sacred rite of crowning the new King. A place for out-of-town fool faithful to gather, break bread and wind together, as true proud-to-drool fools are wont to do. To joyously share the excitement of the high holy day of our tribe. Harkening back to fool days of yore, perhaps, when an actual physical Guild Hall might have served as crash pad for pilgrim pranksters and seekers of holy folly. Talk about embracing the role. He’s not even King yet and he’s creating fun, nutty, celebratory, frivolous yet practical events. Brazen upstart!

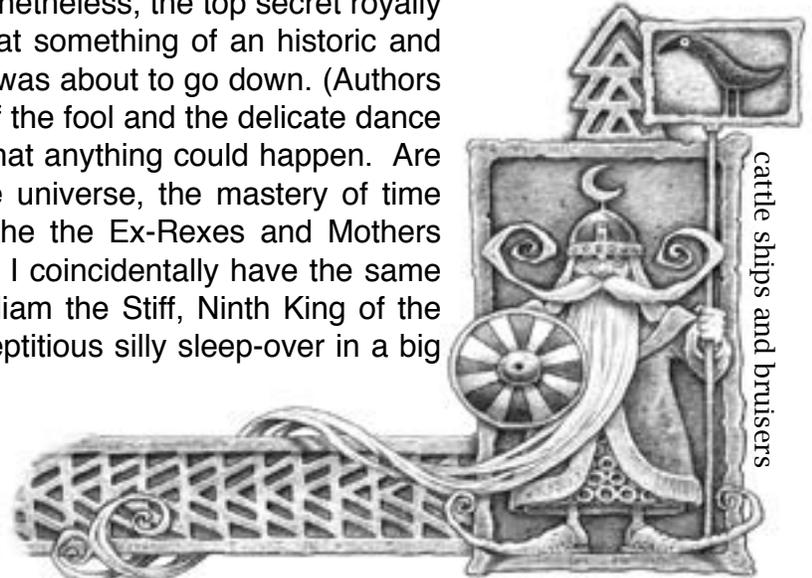
But was there more to this reviving of old traditions while building new ones? How far was this new mashuganah monarch willing to go to evoke the past glory of the Fools Guild? My inner amateur sleuth had a hunch, not a big one, more of a small spinal curvature at the right scapula. Nonetheless, the top secret royally selective nature of the invite list suggested that something of an historic and highly illicit, shocking, and other worldly nature was about to go down. (Authors note: He said go down.) The spiritual aspect of the fool and the delicate dance that fools do with insanity made me conclude that anything could happen. Are there powerful secrets about the nature of the universe, the mastery of time and space, happiness and despair that only the the Ex-Rexes and Mothers are privy to? I hopefully was about to find out. I coincidentally have the same DNA, physical attributes and voice print as Billiam the Stiff, Ninth King of the Jackanapes, so gaining admission to the surreptitious silly sleep-over in a big warehousey complex in old Filipino

our queer old Dean?

tons of soil

Chewing the doors

cattle ships and bruisers



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Town was as easy as falling off a barrel of mixed metaphor pie on ludes.

Once in, I realized the participants also included non-royalty. VIF's. Very Important Fool/Friends of the King-to-be and a whole bunch of people I didn't know, including crew of the Way Too Much Entertainment company whose studio/warehouse/costume shop/roller derby rink we were transforming into Foolhala. (Yep, I said roller derby rink.) The place was big. Moveable walls, a cavernous room with rave accoutrement, high hanging aerial art that would be later spontaneously festooned by bendy Morgans. An ample array of snackage overflowed a feasting table. Another table was bedecked with pictures a-plenty of fools and Guild parties past. I brought my signed copy of The Faire, that wonderful picture book that our own Michael Kember and Peter Papermaker made in the eighties that includes several Fool King photos. (Hint: This is foreshadowing for the fact that my book went missing and is still missing. Now back to the party description.) King Bo (BoDacious SpoonFul) had requested Ex-Rexes bring pics from their reign to be scanned and archived. As well as beginning the gargantuan task of archiving our rich Guild history, it was just fun to peruse the pics together. Many Fool Kings and Mothers Folly trickled in and much delightful comradeship was enjoyed. Chatting, joking, reminiscing and marveling at the environs until gradually each royal was garbed in a hand made one-of-a-kind stylish floor length ritual robe/lounge jacket. You'd think that this is when the really weird magic time-bending sacrificial rites would happen. Well, I'm not a professional private dick. I'm not much more of a dick than most people. And as a sleuth, I'm not formally trained, more Sherlock Home-schooled. But as far as I could detect, nothing earthshakingly occult and enigmatical was going on. Just old fools being happy to be together again. Many of the previous potentates were clearly missed

tease my ears

nicking your pose

is the bean dizzy?



but by my precise count at least a dozenish Kings and 3 or 4 Mothers were in attendance. Most didn't stay the night but many did. There was some kind of silly clothes taco walk around 10 PM but I had already hit the hay. Far flung fools continued to arrive well into the night.

I rose early and tiptoed through happy heaps of heavy sleepers strewn hither and thither over giant bath-toys. As I left Foolhala to meet the day with a cup of really good coffee prepared by the early elves, many mysteries remained. Like who the hell took my book? Who would do that? Please, if you were there and you know what happened to my book...pretty please, let me know. Thanks. Oh, yeah. Mysteries, yes, indeedy-do. Like how to keep alive traditions while letting go of the past and how to create the most serious fun without getting too serious.

Despite these lingering conundrums one thing is clear. King Bo is going to give you the biggest boldest year of bodacious fun frolicsome folly in the biggest boldest way you could imagine... and then some! All Hail The King of Fools, he loves you.

<http://foolsguild.org>

know your blows

our showing leopard

a half-warmed fish

A Rove, A Rove Our Kingdom's on a Rove

For one shining moment there will be Camelot...

Let's Crash that Party!

With King Bo'Dacious SpoonFool

We, that is Good King Bo' and company, will join with Fools from afar to descend upon
The sweet gentle village of Willingtown, Northern California Renaissance Faire,
Casa de Fruta, 2nd weekend of Faire, Sept. 20 & 21, 2014.

*Fools and their ilk are requested to make plans for a concurrent visit.
We hope to add more merriment and jocularly to an already fun-filled weekend.
As any fool knows, Celtic Fools bring the mayhem and mischief in so many ways.
Foolish attire required for weekend pass.*

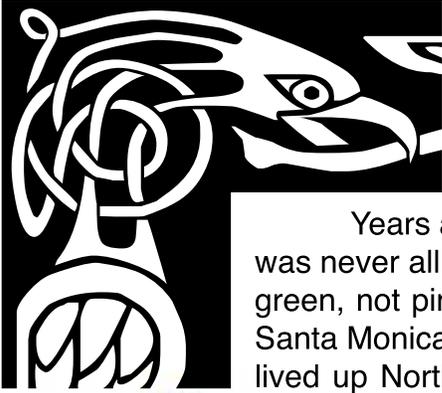
In addition there will be a special premier showing on Sat. night, 9/20
"The Play Faire Movie" by Teo Guardino (Faire Vendor formally known as Faire Brat!)
Trailer: <http://vimeo.com/m/71166867>.

Frolicking Fairies of Fools Rove on Celtic Weekend
Northern California Renaissance Faire
Casa de Fruta
September 20 & 21, 2014

Fools' Weekend Gate Pass and Camping - sign up - \$25

To sign up for a weekend pass and camping
Email quinglickitysplit@mac.com
Signup Deadline for passes: September 1, 2014

For updates: <http://foolsguild.org/NextParty.htm>



Darla R. Hitchcock

Mother folly (retired)
The Priestess of Pondering



Years and years ago, when I was but a tiny, pink-haired child (okay, I was never all that tiny, I was old enough to vote, and my hair might've been green, not pink) I was crossing the street to get to The Mayfair Market on Santa Monica Blvd., when who should I run into but friends from Faire, who lived up North: Jonnathon Cripple, Skip Blas, and one other Fool, whose identity escapes me for now (like I said, it was years and years ago...) (it might've been Andy, but, I think he was still in San Francisco) These dear, sweet, fun boys had just signed the lease on a grand old cavernous barn of a house, right around the corner from me (so, yeah, boy-fool #3 could've been Andy, since they weren't quite moving in, but had just signed the lease) As I'm sure you might've guessed, the cavernous barn was to become our beloved Guild Hall. The rest, as they say, is history, but there's history within history, so I shall digress!

Well, those boys moved in, and I helped them, and thereafter I hung out at the hall...a lot. (wouldn't you? They were fun, and they were right around the corner) Other Fools moved in, Mackey, Rocky, and Toby, and several others, in, and out. I think Karla (Drake) lived there for a bit. Maybe Meghan? Lot's and lots of fun and funny's lived there over the years, and there were fabulous parties to be had, some with themes, some just because, and there were usually a half dozen or so people hanging around the bar in the corner of the living room on any given Sunday. I remember one particular Sunday, an actual party WITH a theme. The theme was EASTER, but the sub-theme, more important by far, was THE EASTER-DAY JOINT HUNT. I remember this party so clearly because the memory always makes me laugh. Toby was Master of Ceremonies for this particular party, and he had hidden joints with care all around the house. And I kept finding them. Every one. Finally he kicked me out of the hunt; said I found too many and had to give everybody else a chance. (it's funny, I can't remember ever being that good at an Easter-day EGG hunt!) So I stood with Toby, upstairs on the balcony, leaning against the railing and STILL finding all the joints:

"Hidden in the bark behind the dart board, next to the bar..." (how ever did I see that one? It was so far away...)

"Shush! Be quiet" He barked, and hit me, with a thwack.

It continued like that until every last joint was found: me whispering the locations in his ear, him getting madder and madder and thwacking me on the arm! All in good fun, though, and every one of us had a blast that day.



my zips are lipped

I'm a damp stealer

it crawls through the fax

chipping the flannel on TV



Well now, I did digress, didn't I?

This was supposed to be the story of the original King's Crown... So, one day Andy calls me, says he's been elected as the first King of Fools and he needs a crown made.

"A crown?" I question, not sure if I have the skills.

"Yes, a crown," says Andy. "A floppy jester's hat, all different colors, motley."

Hmmmm, maybe I could make this. I'd been working for Pat and Casey at Pat's Hats for a bit, so I looked at their jester's hat, and a few others, and figured it out. I had already, I believe, made Andy a motley tunic out of scarves and bits of fabric that he had collected (Andy, this is how I recall it, but that WAS back when the dinosaurs roamed the earth, so, if I got it wrong, please forgive me and correct the story!) there were more ties, and bits of upholstery fabric, and I went to work, making a muslin mock-up first, to get the pattern, construction and padding just right. Then I made the final product and had it ready for the crowning. After that I was known for awhile as The Fools Guild's unofficially- official costume designer and went on to make costumes for several kings: An arlecchino costume for Skip (man, was that one gorgeous!)

A daggled sleeve doublet with motley diamonds, plus bigger than MC Hammer pants for Steve Marshall (gorgeous as well!) and a...well...a...a...a BODICE, for Jonnathon. I was kind of like the Bob Mackie for The Kings... I also made some hoodies that were orange on one side and yellow on the other, at the behest of Andy. I think all the kings got one, or everyone in the privy council, or something like that.

Several years later, there was a bit of a kerfuffle when a pattern was made from the original crown, and several copies were made. I was a tiny bit taken aback, but, it seemed at the time that people were madder for me than I was for myself. They were also mad because the original crown, in their view, was sacrosanct, and shouldn't have been copied. Here's how I look at it, though: There is only ONE original crown, no matter how many copies are made; there will only ever be ONE original. I made it, and Richard (Long Live The King!) has it. Long live the crown as well!



Fool Adjacent

Caitlin Mercer

In one way I have some way-back-in-the-day Faire cred because my parents and a college friend had a booth selling macramé at one of the earliest incarnations of the event. No one remembers what year or where, nor if they made any money. Memories of that period of time are not one of my parents' strong suits.

We attended the small Ren Faire that UC Irvine used to put on once we moved to Orange County. That's where my older brother was introduced to the SCA that has been a 30+ year love affair for him.

Later in life, through my friendship with David Perry, I started to meet various Faire folk, some fools, some not, here and there. But my fate was sealed when he dragged me to the Magic Castle and Monday Night Tease and then finally the Glendale Moose Lodge.

It became convenient to drop in there, and my nervous energy and OCD tendencies were certainly put to good use. I immediately caught hold of the Fool/Moose vision that was beginning to form. What no one warned me about was the remarkable ability of the Fool's Guild to absorb innocent bystanders.

What I felt in the Fool's Guild was remarkably similar to my memories of growing up with hippies, artists, musicians and all kinds of performers in L.A. in the 1970's. It was an alluring thing to be able to shed my Orange County costume and be the real-me after such a long time. I found people with a very serious attitude about mirth – and for once I was not the funniest person or best singer in the room. (My talents are meager, and it is a joy to be dwarfed by such incredible people.)

For a couple of years I considered myself just a friend to the Fools – fool adjacent, real estate with a lovely overlook of the fools. Something like that. But when I walked in my first Fool's Parade, I knew I had been well and truly adopted, assimilated, perhaps consumed.



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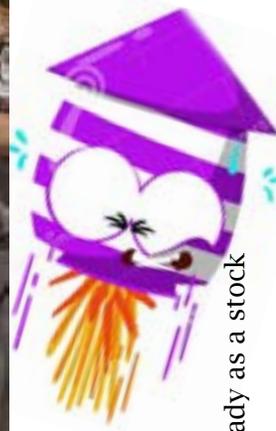
<http://Foolsguild.org>

nosey little cook

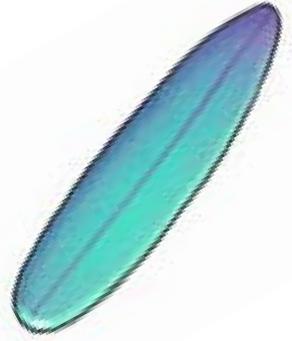
hiss and lear

Deed the Fogs

ready as a stock



you've tasted two worms



Join Me
KiSSyo MaMa,

to Frolic at the Shore:

I picture a BLANKET circle & UMBRELLAS, Finger Food,
drINKS and COOL SWIMMING THEMEd COSTUMES!!!!,

On the 27th of July at 3pm.

Santa Monica,

First life guard shack north of the pier.

...and **KiSSyo MaMa!!!!!!**

I must mend the sail

bedding wells

a well-boiled icicle



Crown, Crown, Which Crown???

Andy "Doc" Davis



Hen of Tarts

I took inspiration for my Fools costume from a picture in Illustrations of Shakespeare, an 1807 book by Francis Douce. It shows a number of jester scepters (called baubles or marottes), including one with what looks like a cap reminiscent of a crown or tiara. The inspiration was that the Fool is a parody of the king. I copied it by taking a sailor's cap, cutting tines into the outside, ala Jughead, painting them gold and painting the inside red.

Later, Darla Hitchcock designed a new crown to be used by the Kings, and the original crown was returned to me. It rested, for several years, on "Grandfather," a melting head based on an R. Crumb cartoon of a man getting progressively wasted. It was pretty ratty at that point, and has since disappeared, as did Grandfather.

Chine and Wheeze

Who of Tarts

This was the first year that Jonathon Cripple and I worked Southern Faire - 1979 I think - and we were hanging around Linda Jasper-Vogel's booth, and working the streets together. Linda operated Sir Cedric's Good Heads, which sold Fools' baubles. Linda created new baubles based on Jonathon and my makeup and costume - mine was marketed as "Merry Andrew." Later, Linda created a crown in the design of the bauble, for my use, and it became the first crown worn by our kings. I certainly wore it for my coronation.



Fife and Knork

<http://foolsguild.org>



Such Foolish Things (remind us of you)
(Sung to the tune of These Foolish Things)

The gold Mylar that's broken up in places,
Our tempera paint's seen many foolish faces,
Those cast off fairy wings,
Such foolish things remind us of you

Those Jingling bells at every Coronation
Kings' jester's motley, playful admiration,
Our playground's painted things,
Such foolish things remind us of you

You came, you saw, you solved our quest!
Our storage needed home,
You knew somehow your help could be...

Storing our sea kelp for some naked dancer,
Safely kept backdrops might just be an answer?
Paper plates, cups and bling!
Such foolish things remind us of you

Our roll up door and so much easy access
For party stuff -- set-up's gonna be a success!
No moldy scent still clings!
Such foolish things remind us of you.

Wheeled trunks with Red Velvet, we have them still,
Reused treasures dear to us,
They seem to bring you near to us.

7:00 to 7:00 on Coldwater Canyon
Perpetual Storage, you're our constant companion,
Our Lady's Bright Bells Ring!
Such foolish things remind us of you!

To Our Lady of Perpetual Storage, Joan Hotchkis

Our Lady of Perpetual Storage



lead of spite

Spooning leads to Forking

eye ball

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

Foolish 2014 Calendar

Look for the NEXT Cyber Joker ??

*Privy Council meeting in conjunction with
Chris & Craig's Dream Party:
Early August see Foolander*

Click [here](#) for the next party!

Sign up on the website for the FOOLANDER!

Sat & Sun, July 5 to August 24 -
Time Travel, Old Sacramento

Sat & Sun, Sep 14 to Oct 13 -
Northern California Renaissance Faire

James Hendricks & Civil War Band
Long Beach City College Summer Concert Returns!
Monday, July 21, at 6 PM

**Baggy Pants Burlesque presents *Doc and Stumpy's
Night in a Harem, Burlesque Dance and Comedy***

Aug 9, 8:30 PM Doors Open 8:00 PM

Mayflower Club, North Hollywood

21+ Full Cash Bar and Snacks

Tix \$20 and \$15 Discount Offered to Facebook Likers

Details: www.facebook.com/DocAndStumpy (must be logged on to FB)

SAT & SUN, SEP 20 & 21

-CELTIC ROVE OF FOOLS HOLLISTER

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 1ST DEADLINE

Simon Spalding and James Hendricks

Whale & Ale

327 West 7th Street, San Pedro, CA 90731

Friday, August 15, 7PM

Concert of nautical and historical music

The Hub's first Theatrical Third Weekend presents:

Couples, a Comedy... July 18 & 19, 8PM

(\$15 at the door) @The HUB

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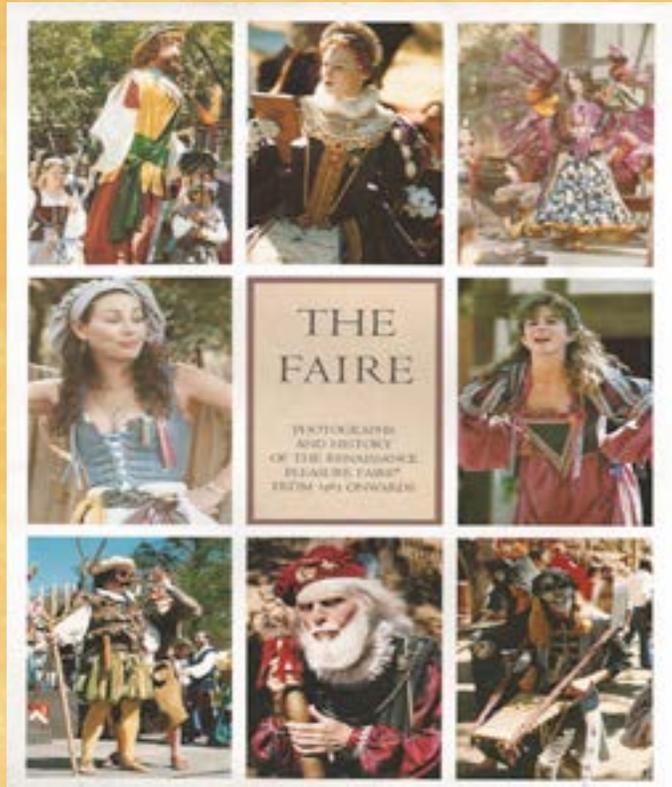


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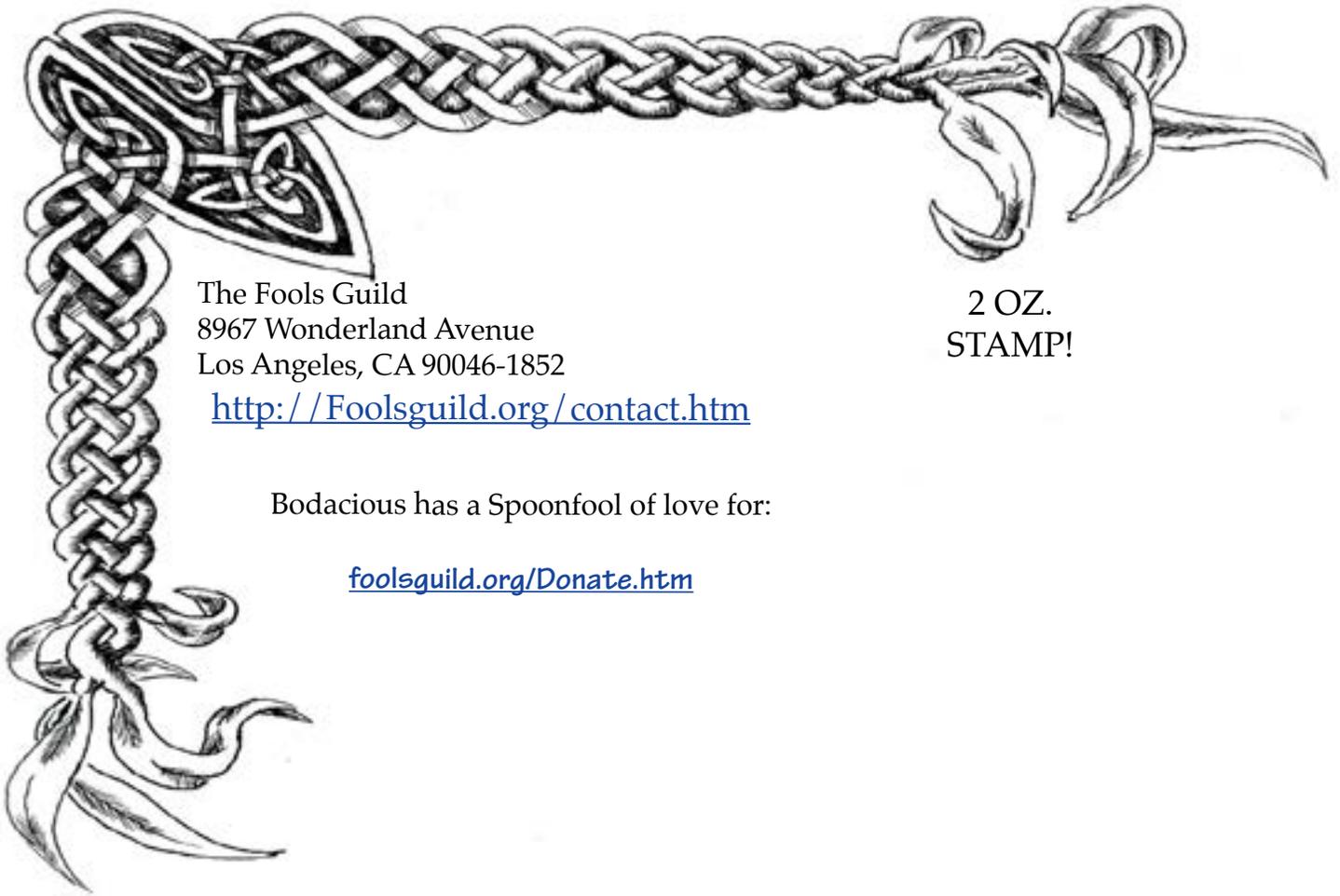
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