

Volume XXV II

ONE Banana



Banana Bread

Banana Cake

The Joker is put out to celebrate the Fool. We are a Guild without if you identify with "the borders: Fool" in any way, and want to be a member - poof! -you're a member. Membership is free as a God-given birthright, but if you're moved to help befray expenses, a bonation may be sent to the Guild, brought to a party, made in the form of labor, intellect, talent, in any way you want to contribute up to and including If this has choked you up, send your suggested \$11 subscription (a bargain at twice the price!) to the address on the back cover - payable to the Fool's Guild, or Fooles' Guild, we and the bank bon't care!

Lickity Split (Heidi Ann Bartheleny) quinglickitysplit@mac.com (phone: 951-347-1811) Not Vo Mama - Siouxashe

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All of the above, plus Claudia, Gino, Joanie, Kirsten, Marni, Morgan, Rover, and eX-Rexes Submit art, writing, etc. to:

quinglickitysplit@mac.com To change your address:

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Banana page



Buy Your Lickity Split Pin in Brass or Copper! \$56.00 for this pin gets you into all three parties lickity split!: Halloween, New Years & Feast of Fools! Purchased separately, the total for all three parties and the pin is \$95.00!

Halloween \$20 at the door New Years \$35 at the door Feast of Fools \$20 at the door --Pin alone after April 1, 2008: \$20 Get YOUR Pin TODAY! Send a check payable to: The Foole's Guild. Po Box 1890, Burbank, CA 91507 Tell us who you are... And WHERE!

Panana page court page

Kisskiss page Bettie Page another page butt page

congressional page are we all on the same page? back page

Banana Noodle Soup

Banana Cream

Banana Flan

Pantalone Panatone

Harlequin Lime Pie

The sound of the Fools approaching from inside my banana was almost as amazing as the vision before me as I was peeled and revealed to a sea of colorful and happy faces.

A hundred dear friends anticipating delightful celebration!

Happy to comply!

Time Flies when we're having fun! We will have so much fun...

...this year will fly by kickity Split!

Kove Your Quing!

http://foolsguild.org

Keep checking on our website!!
Browse the Foolander - Join the Foolslist - You'll find links to expanded Joker articles and Foolish Photos, SOON!

Court Positions for Quing Lickity Split

Not Yo Mama - Siouxashe
Halucigenious - Maderella
Chief Jockulator - Jim Kelly
Interlocutator - Rover
DittyDaddy - Billiam the Stiff
Photogenious - Claudia Kunin
Royal Privateer - Jolly Roger
Beatician - Steve Bartel
Pecuniary Keypal - Michael Kember

Adulsifier - James Hendricks
Projectionist - Dame Judy Kory
Morganized Chaos - The Morgans
Lickulator - Open Terpsichoreograher - Open

Supplications Welcome quinglickitysplit@mac.com

MoneySuckle Rose - Marni Zimlin Burlesqueteer-Historian - Andy Davis Spin Doctor of Love - Paula Foster Exec Aesthetician - Danny Garland





Gâteau des Rois

Lemon Harrangue Pie

Court page

Pound Cake

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL STORAGE

Thank you, Ms. Joanie Hotchkis, the Fooles' own Lady of Perpetual Storage!

Thanks to Joanie's incredible generousity, we Fooles now have a place to store our many treasures between parties. Please join me (your Quing) in thanking her whenever you see her, especially at each party she attends, in perpetuity.



Pumping Pie



It's Spring and a 43 year-old woman's fancy turns to thoughts of New Beginnings. There are many reasons why I spend as much time as possible with you silly people. Number one, obviously, is that I find you endlessly entertaining. Also obviously, you raise my social cachet (HA!). Most importantly I seek your company because, on

very good at making each moment count, at making ordinary events into occasions, at seizing the day, at New Beginnings. So, we find ourselves at the beginning of the Reign of Quing Lickity Split, May She Live For... as long as she wants to. You can peel a banana, you can apparently peel a King, and you can even peel yourself into a brand new skin. This is just what I recommend to you, my Fellow Fooles, my Foolish Felons, my Foot-Loose and Fancy-Free Friends. Take a quick peek (or a the whole, you are long, hard look) at yourself. Just

look at your life and see where you'd like to start fresh. Clean out your closets, both literal and metaphoric. Let go of some old crap, both real and imaginary. Forgive someone their trespasses. Forgive your own. SHED. Peel off a layer or two and step lightly into Spring!! The light is returning (May It Ever Be So!). Follow its lead.

Remember, my Sticky Little Cinnamon Buns...

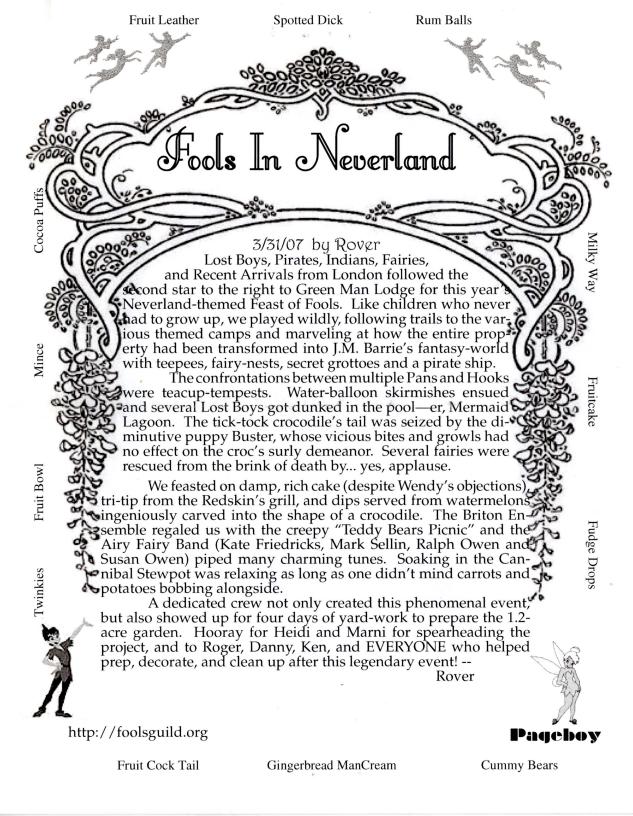
LET GO OR BE DRAGGED!! ... Kirsten aka KissKiss

KissKiss page

Eat Claire

Mounds

Here Comes Truffle





(& guys gathering their inner goddesses)



Sunday, July 15, 2007 2-6 pm

Green Man Lobge

3511 Lincoln Ave, Altadena, CA 91001

Flowy, Fluffy, Furry Finery (men too!)

Dancing Goddess-play Treasured Clothing Swap

Bring your favorite pot-luck dish and recipe to swap

BYOB: mixers available

RSVP: heidibmoon@mac.com (we will send you clear directions)

323-656-1160 — Quing Lickity Split & Marni 323-656-4759 — Siouxashçaka: Not Yo Mama http://foolsguild.org

Bettie Page

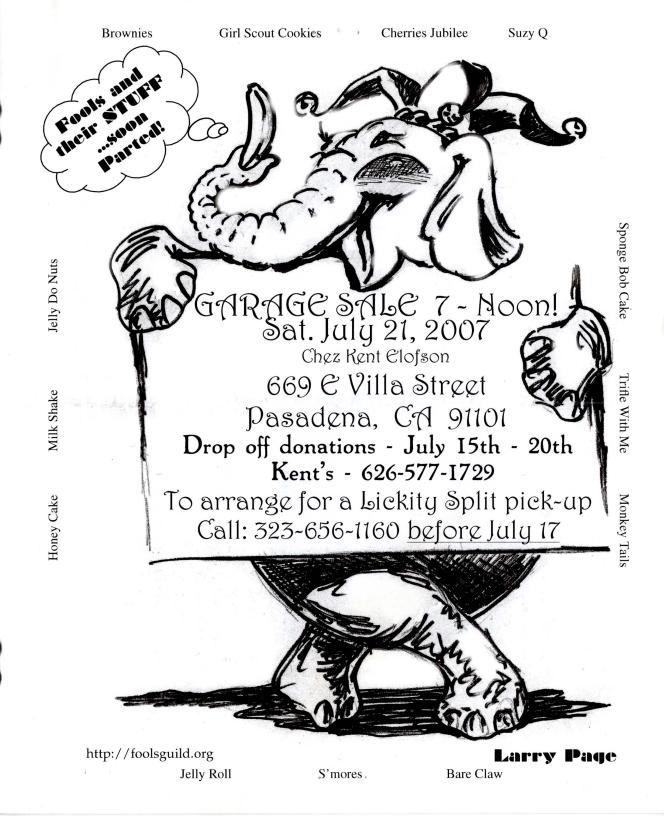
Meringue kisses

Cherry Bombe

I Scream

Mr. Whippy

S & M's



Custard

Rhubarb Cake

Pecan Pie

Pralines

THE LEGEND OF LICKITY SPLIT - Another Girl. (Rover helped)

One chilled, crisp October dawn in northern Minnesota circa 1956, everyone in the Barthelemy house was curled up under toasty feather quilts



sound asleep: Daddy, a very pregnant Mother, three lively daughters, Mom's artsy friend Heidi, and Héidi's family, including six-month-old Alan. The chilly silence was split by the piercing cry of baby Alan, waking up with a noise that only a baby can produce. The noise so startled the sleeping cat, Frisky, that it leapt from its cozy pillow and bolted like a shot to its masters' bed for comfort. Its prophetic leap landed so exactly on the peak of expectant Mother's pregnant belly that the impact broke her water and induced labor. Six hours later, at a hospital in Duluth, baby Alan's artsy mother inspired the Barthelemys to name the new infant Heidi, who someday would also be known as...

Quing kickity Split

The Barthelemy Family with "another girl".

Next issue: Don't you think you're being rather premature?

Another page

Chocolate Fond Doo

Reveals from the Annals of the Ex 44 Rexes

I'm sure others can remember the chicanery of the reveal announcement of my impending kingship. It should be noted that the reason that I catapulted over many more worthy candidates was that I had recently sunken my life savings and much more into a puppet theater. Instead of doing that safely as a 99 seat house Equity waiver, I bite in big by attempting a 250 seat house and the accompanying Equity salaries, difficult to pay with tiny attendance. In the process I lost my motly shirt, got myself black-balled as a producer with Actors Equity, went into hideous and mounting debt and got to be King.

Trying to stuggle my way out of debt, I took any and all work, much of it through Wackos. One day, Jonnathon called to say that they were putting together an "audition tape" to bid on a huge job contract.

A bunch of Fools Guild people were doing it and for some reason I was to be M.C. We were all to assemble at Wackos, in tuxedos and wacky board-shorts to shoot the video. Late, though not by me, we hurriedly launched into the plea to work. I was working off of script bits handed to me on a need to know basis. With little time to reason, I did notice that a lot of senior statesmen of the guild were present and vet, naggingly, I was M.C.ing. Huh? Oh, the next group of lines was handed to me and the next. The moment was nearing when I would announce the winner of the top of the yearly corporate competition. I was handed the name of the winner, "...and the winner and next King of Fools is ... Jack Tate", I said at the top of my announcer voice. My soon to be separated wife cried, "Oh, God, NO!" and it slowly came into focus. I wasn't going to make any money from this gig.

Beyond that I remember nothing,
Jacques II Onzieme Roi des Andouilles "Le tate, c'est moi!"







I was sitting in my studio minding my own biznes when a ghostly wail wafted a through my window. I peeked through the door & what to my horrified eyes did appear but 5 pairs of undead buttocks glowing eerily in the moonlight. I screamed in horror as I read the inscription carved into each flabby wrinkled tomb stone which proclaimed my doom:

"u are da king".

The next thing I knew I was forced to give free drinks to a bunch of alcoholic vampires, who mysteriously disappeared when the booze ran out. I was never the same & even now I panic whenever I see cottage cheese...

David Springhorn Ignoramus Rex, 13th King of Fools

,

http://foolsguild.org

Butt page



A new king comes and an old king leaves (or in my dad's case goes back to sleeping more).

This year's coronation was grand as ever, as with our usual gusto we went out in search of our new king. Fools from far and wide gathered at the twirl and hurl to set out on the search. When we got underway I found that no one was watching one side of the royal carriage, so I volunteered. As we paraded past the tree where my father was picked for kingship last year, I realized how different my point of view is; last year was all about running around getting things done and being foolish at the parties, but this year's about being foolish all the time!

In a flash we proceeded to the Queens court and who should we find sitting on the throne? A GIANT banana! I blinked as everyone shouted "peel the banana!" Because my father is still king he complied and peeled the banana... who should pop out? Heidi B our new Quing Lickity Split.

Onward to the Maypole where the past four kings have been crowned. Somewhere in the crowd a drum rolled as royal scepter, crown, and goblet passed from old and tired (I can say that because he's my dad) to new and bursting at the seams with ideas.

In the Wedding Garden our Quing (pronounced "King") soothed exhausted pallets with banana splits and lemonade (beer for older fools) as festivities continued with music and dancing and we celebrated another peaceful succession.

We have our new King and you know who it is. Its time for me to take a nap....

Best wishes from your EX-Prince-Morgan

Congressional page Lady Baltimore Cake

Petit Four on the Floor

Popscicle

Contribu-

Rice Krispie Treats

Shoo-Fly Pie

Nut Cakes

Chocolate Velvet Torte

http://foolsguild.org



Temember: Goddess Event, July 15 --- Garage Sale, July 21, Details inside!

http://www.foolsguild.org

Your Guild survives on alms.

We clutch our empty bowl and beseech with haunted eyes that you bestow a pittance upon our unworthiness. We supplicate ourselves before your magnanimity and prostrate our humble selves upon the altar of your generosity, hoping against hope that as postage rates rise (which they just did) we will still be able to give you the gift you hold in your hands The Joker.

OK, all kidding aside. Even if you have donated within living memory, it costs increasing amounts to send this little missive out to the masses, so even if you think you've done so, send a little something to tide us over. Eleven dollars should about do it. Think of it as a dollar a month for mirth...... with a month off for good behavior.

We beg of you...really, we do. Love The Quing and Her Coffers

The Fool's Guild http://foolsguild.org PO Box 1890 Burbank, CA 91507

Lemon Curd

Boys -n- berries







Quing Lickity could split her banana with...



Daniel "Rover" Singer Cal Smith 3572 Canyon Ridge Altadena, CA 91001



