# OKER STORES

Volume XXV II **TWO Banana** 

Vaudeville 1s Dead?!?

The Joker is put out to celebrate We are a Guild without the Fool. borders; if you identify with "the 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 defray expenses, a donation 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 don't care!

\*\*\* KING Ouing Lickity Split (Heidi Ann Barthelemy)

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NOT YO MAMA - SIOUXASHE

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Rover and eX-Rexes

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Act One

Act Three The Legend of Lickity Split Act Four Notre Dame Kirsten's Korner Centerfold Vaudeville ls Dead Invite Act V Halloween Party Wish List Act VI Indeedy-Do! for Que Act VII Fools' Calendar Act VIII Thanks & Incentives plus Claudia, Gino, Joanie, Kirsten, Marni, Finale Shameless Plea Addresses The Pit The Boards

Gagbook

Heckler

PlayBil

Act One

Credits, Playbill

Act Two

Court Positions

Quing Pin

Knockabout Lomedy

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

..this year will fly by Lickity Split!



# **Love Your Quing!**

Buy Your Lickity Split Pin in Brass or Copper! Before the Halloween Party for \$56.00. This pin gets you into all three parties!: Halloween, New Years & Feast of Fools! Purchased separately, the total for all three parties AND the pin is \$95.00: (At The Door: Halloween \$20, New Years \$35, Feast of Fools \$20, Pin 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!

### http://foolsguild.org

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

Grand Marnier - Marni Zimlin

## 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

Beatician - Steve Bartel

Adulsifier - James Hendricks

Lickulator - Christina Linhardt

Turntablist - Chris Paulsen

Burlesqueteer-Historian - Andy Davis Spin Doctor of Love - Paula Foster Executive Aesthetician - Danny Garland Reeper of the Subjects - Terry Hill Royal Privateer - Jolly Roger

Reeper of the Specie - Michael Rember

Projectionist - Dame Judy Kory

Morganized Chaos - The Morgans Terpsichoreograher - Jim Laune

Purveyor to Hrhals - Patrick Morris

Supplications Welcome guinglickitusplit@mac.com

Hokum

Hoofer Stealing a Bow

Ad Lib

knacked 'em dead

#### THE LEGEND OF LICKITY SPLIT

**Science Prevails** 



(Rover helped)

The nuns shooed Daddy out of the Delivery Room in Duluth; such things weren't allowed, even if Daddy was a biologist. However, being a biologist and, more to the point, a science teacher, Daddy begged them to save the placenta for him. "Whatever for?!" they incredulated. "As a specimen I can show my students," Daddy replied, of course. Much to his delight, he was presented with the vascular tissue in a jar. That placenta would be shown to generations of young science students, and Mr. B, when complimented on the unique specimen, would smile proudly and declare, "It's my daughter Heidi's."

Despite the joy of gaining a fourth daughter AND a fantastic addition to his lab shelf, Daddy was nervous. Insurance coverage for the delivery was scheduled to begin upon the date of her expected arrival on October 15. The wily insurance company insisted they

could not possibly cover the costs of the birth, having occurred one day early thanks to a startled cat [see One Banana issue]. Daddy was losing the battle when finally, in desperation, he told them plainly in a letter that "As a biologist, I did everything in my power to de-lay this birth!" The words hit the funny bone of somebody at Blue Cross. They relented and paid the hospital bill.

More than a decade later, imagine young Heidi B [someday Quing Lickity Split I's embarrassment when a young man who had once been her father's teaching assistant recognized her name and exclaimed,

"WOW - Heidi Barthelemy! I remember your placenta!"

Happy 51st Birthday October 14, 2007

To our **Quing Lickity Split** 

http://foolsguild.org

Act Three

Next issue: Happy New Year!

Merci a Ms Joanie Hotchkis: Notre Dame de Entreposage Perpétuel, Merci!! Pour su generositie incroyable, Nous gaffeur avons un endroit pour emmagasiner beaucoup de nos trésors entre des fetes.

Notre gratitude est abondante.



I'm not into "creepy", I'm 2 young for "Vaudeville" and 2 modest for "Burlesque" (HA!) so I'll stick with my 'letting go' theme from the last Joker.

For the Celts, Halloween = Samhain = New Year's Eve and is therefore the perfect time to let go of old grudges and disappointments.

Try this: Sit down and write to those you feel have wronged you.

Don't edit. Admit how you feel, even if you know your feelings are not mature or justified.

Include yourself.

Write from the perspective of your 5-year-old self,

i.e. "You hurt my feelings! You were mean to me!!"

Let it all out quickly, no second-guessing. Sit quietly in front of a source of flame.

Burn each missive as you say, "I forgive you, \_\_\_\_

Repeat in the days to come as the person pops into your mind.

Smile as you do so, releasing 'happy' chemicals as you re-wire the pathways in your brain.

Remember that 'forgiving' is not the same as 'forgetting'.

If you have good reason not to trust someone, don't.

Give them another chance if that feels right, but if it doesn't, don't!

I am not recommending that you go back to your abusive spouse, phone your cruel mommy, or in any other way compromise your well-deserved happiness.

You can forgive someone and still never speak to them again.

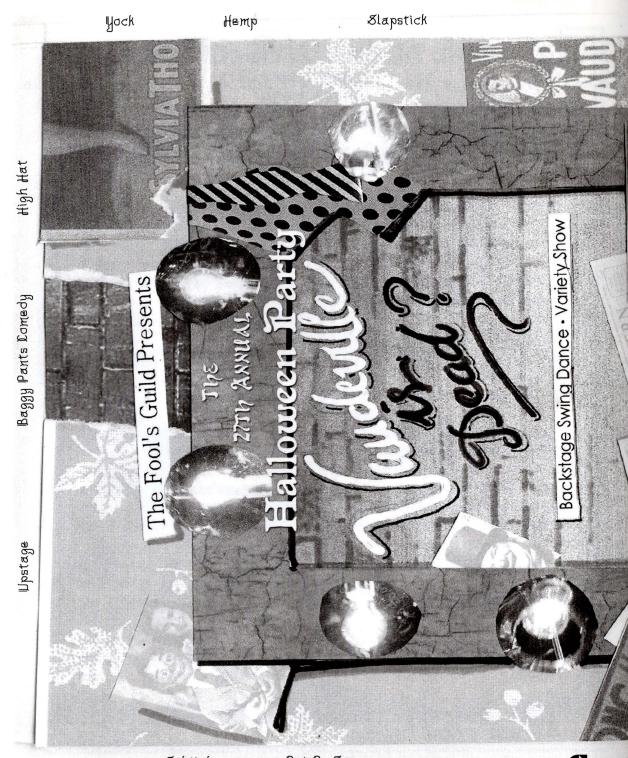
FORGIVE and pass unencumbered through Samhain's thin veil into a brilliant New Year!!



Act Four

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Chewing the Scenery

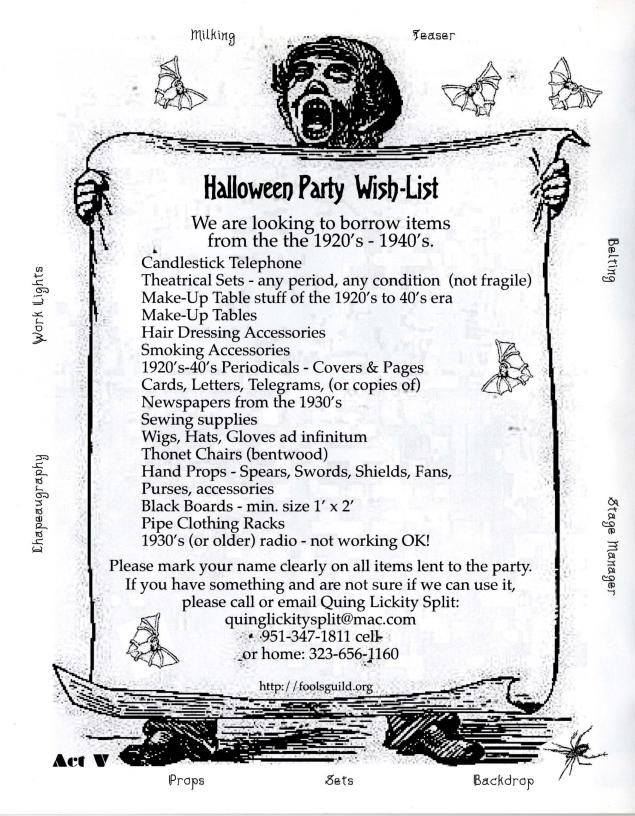


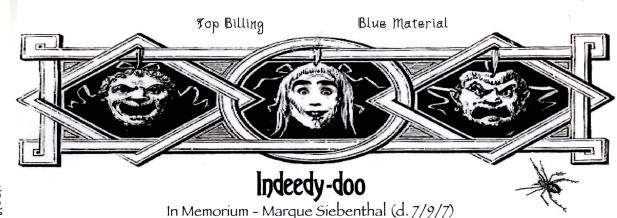
Schtick

Out Og Fown

Cent







(If I can find any good news in my being asked to speak at Q's memorial, it is that I know he will not be speaking at mine. What a relief.) - by Sandey Grinn

When Mr. Barrett called me that dark Monday and told me of Q's latest (and best) excuse why he cannot ever do the Wizard Show again, I knew I had to write something, here's some of it: "Indeedy-doo". That's what he would say on stage when he had no words. "Indeedy doo". He used to brag about the magic of the phrase, saying things like "see? no one know you've gone up on your lines when you say that!" and to that we'd say, "but Q, everyone knows you've gone up on your lines when you say that! That's what it means!" But he either never believed us or never really cared and for 30 plus years, when ever he played Hoodstink in The Wizard Show and couldn't remember a line (btw, how is that possible?!) he would smugly toss in an "indeedy-doo" and traipse about the stage in that way only he could move waiting for someone to save him. But we never did. What he was doing was always tunnier.

I first met Marque (later just Q) in 1970 in Hami High drama class. I had long hair but his was longer and he could do this mime of sewing his fingers together. No doubt about it, he was cool so when, he mentioned that his mime troupe was going to perform at the Agoura Renaisannce Faire, I knew my troupe had to as well. Except that I had no troupe. Ah, but back then details were the bane of the elderly; I gathered a group of my friends; mainly William "Billy" Barrett and Jeffrey "Gluckson" Briar; and we formed a troupe, "The Oxenhorn Troupee". Not knowing anything about mime, we decided instead to become a 16th century recorder ensemble. But, as Q explained once

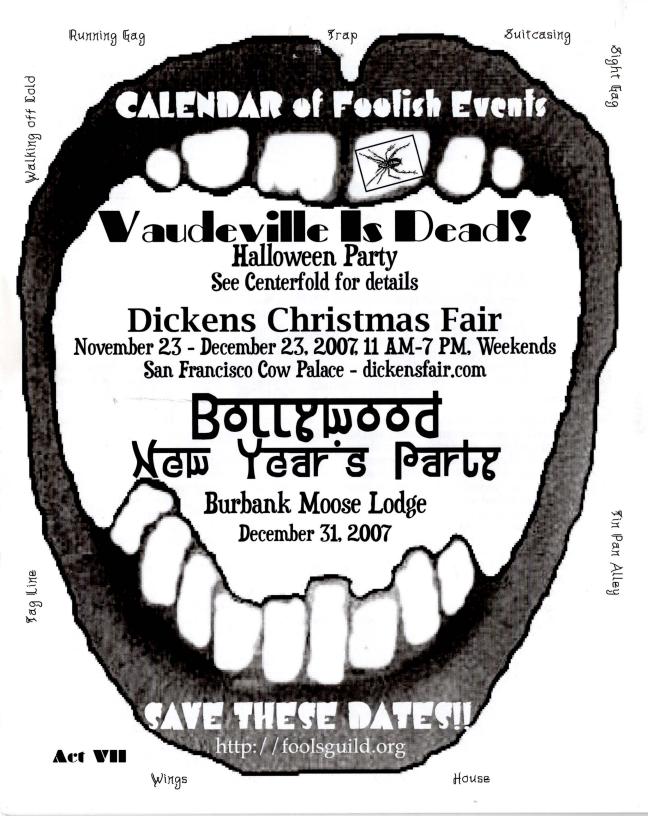
we were there, recorder players don't get to stay over night, only mimes do. And so Billy, Jeffrey and I put on white face and, keeping the makeup on as if it were some kind of night pass, stayed over night. It worked. Q was officially proclaimed God.

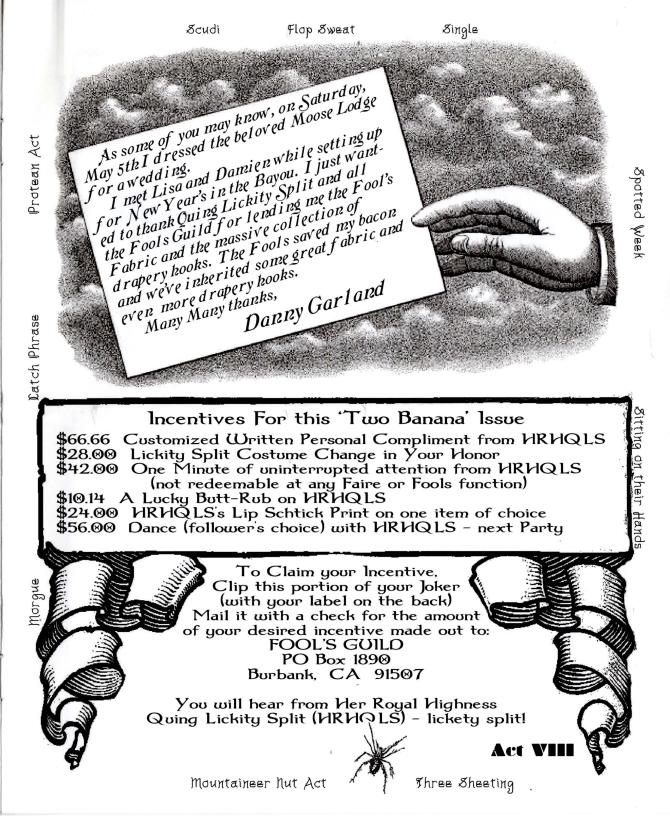
I fell in love with this mime and was amazed that he was also Pantalone in "Salami Del Amore". To one day join the cast as Lelio was such an thrill for I got to work with the likes of Billy Scudder, Judy Cory and Marque Siebenthal. Dancing with the Gods.

He made me laugh. On stage. Whenever he wanted to. And he knew it. I would be crying in my wizard make-up trying to look anywhere other than directly into the chimplike gawky face of this man. And our audiences knew it too. They knew that this man owned me on stage and they delighted in the fact that, with one twitch, he could reduce me to a blubbering idiot.

I could speak about how much I love Q from now until I die and would still miss something I meant to say about him. I am pissed off at him for leaving us this early and when I do see him again, I'll beat the crap out of him (or at least try; he was so much stronger than me). In the meantime we hug each other, share somemore of his stories and after all has been said, if someone still asks me what I feel about him, life without him, or about any of this, I guess I'll have to say "Indeedy-doo." Sandey

Act VI





#### 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.









We beg of you...really, we do. Send your Donations and

Love The Ouing and Her Coffers http://www.foolsguild.org



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