



Coffee Talk With Mr. Fabulous

Inquiring minds want to know. So, on a recent Sunday afternoon, (Mr. Fabulous knows not of mornings) this denizen of the funky life took time out for a cup of Joe (black, three sugars, “‘cause life’s short, you gots to keep it sweet.”) and some revealing conversation.

***Inquiring mind:* Where did you learn to dance?**

Mr. Fabulous: I’ve been dancing ever since I can remember. When I was a kid I had a pogo ball. It was a ball with a ledge that you stood on and bounced around. That thing sucked. That’s what I try to tell kids now days, never get a pogo ball.

So pogo balling didn’t help your dancing?

See, you can’t rely on futuristic technology to do stuff for you. If you want to bounce, bounce. Don’t hire some stupid ball to do it for you. How would any of us learn anything? Did Leonardo DaVinci use a pogo ball to paint the Mona Lisa? Did Alexander the Great send a pogo ball to cross the Bactrian Desert? No way. And Mr. Fabulous does not use any artificial dance enhancers, baby.

How did you wind up dancing with Dr. Theopolis?

Well, I like funk music. I like hip-hop. At the time I was doing a dance routine where I karate chopped through sheets of ice like in Karate Kid II. EZ Money saw my show and the rest is history.

How would you describe a Dr. Theopolis show?

It’s a party, man. “P” to the “A” to the...you get the picture. It’s like P.T. Barnum meets *Caligula* meets *Soul Train*. I don’t think there is a better dance party in the world. Look, I don’t know much about a lot of things. I accidentally voted for the Harlem Globetrotters in the last election, but I do know how to throw a rager. Dr. Theopolis brings the bad-ass beats and I get the asses shakin’ out the seats. That’s the deal.

That rhymed.

I’m a pimp.

There are always a ton of ladies dancing with you at the shows. Is there a Mrs. Fabulous at home?

Here’s my theory on romance, dude. Never take a lady to one of those rock climbing gyms on a first date, cuz you’re just going to have a guy who’s way bigger than you hoisting you up a wall by your groin. That shit ain’t sexy.

Point taken.