

King Neezaparte The Puppet King



Fozzie Bear Kermit Miss Piggie Beeker **Bunson Honeydew**

Dello Jool!

If you're reading this, then you're a Fool. Quod erat demonstratum.

You could look it up, you're online. The Joker has made the leap - from analog to virtual, from printed to online, from paper to plastic, from sublime to ridiculous, and from soup to nuts - for numerous reasons, the most salient being money - moolah, cash, coin, cabbage, lucre, legal tender, scootie, simoleons, bread, bucks, dough, dinero – you know, the stuff from which, by tradition, we Fools are soon parted.

Statler & Waldorf

The Bouncing Borcellino Brothers

It costs an arm and a leg to deliver this precious pamphlet to profuse portals and even with Kneezaparte and Elbozen, we've finally run out of limbs. We also believe in embracing new technology by moving into the 21st Century, but for those Old Farts among us, you may also print this merry missive to pore over and peruse in solitary splendor while passing stools and emitting gas perched upon your personal porcelain pondering pedestal.

We'd also mail it to you if you so command, but you must contact us to let us know that is your wish, and it wouldn't hurt to cross our palm with silver.

\$19 per year will do nicely.

PayPal: http://www.foolsguild.org/Donate.htm Of course, you'd have to be a fool to pay for what you can get for free, but we proved Foolsguild Listserve/Foolander posts: that in the first paragraph. The Fools Guild 8967 Wonderland Avenue SA, CA 90046-1853

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current reigning...

KING OF FOOLS * King Neezaparte* * Kueen Elbozen*

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Flubbadub

L stepped in some Doody Two

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Atlasta King Wendibird's birthday happens to fall on April Fools Day. Now THAT'S serendipity. Or Fate. We gathered to celebrate in Venus Creamus' Lakeside Recreation Room: a charming chalet snuggled up against the old MGM waterfall where Tarzan used to skinnydip. We decorated with balloons and crepe paper and toys as for a children's birthday, per our ever-juvenile king's desire. Under Richard Beard's intuitive Art Direction it looked fun and welcoming. As usual a festive crowd ate and drank and danced with abandon. I had a great view, in my PJ's, as the pot-luck zone commander.

Bird

Big

Oscar the Grouch

Cookie Monster

Atlasta's final party ("What a RELIEF" she exclaimed later) was followed swiftly upon by a Gathering of Fools at the Original Runnysauce Pleasure Faire (50^{th} Year!) on Sunday April 15. We ceremoniously dethroned Atlasta - violently but ceremoniously - and threw upon the rickety wagon (mpg 1 mile = 2 foolspower) the vigorous butt of NEEZAPARTE: The Puppet King.

Artist Wim Griffith (who has looked forward to his inevitable Foolish Reign for aaaages) waved to genuflecting and confused onlookers periodically raising a pair of gaily-bedecked faux legs in the air with an expression of surprised joy. Marching behind him bearing one of Judy Kory's great new Foolish Banners, I again had a great view. Neezapart's joyful leg-raise evoked the most astonishing faces on the crowd! The Puppet King's coronation was raucously attended and filled with Puppets, Highlarity, and a Piñata stuffed with money, candy, and safe-sex supplies.

A lovely party welcomed the Summer Solstice at Green Man Lodge, where we opened the doors to our Foolish Friends for pool-time and the annual muchadored Clothes Swap. Bohemian frolicking at its best! The wardrobe of our dear departed Duke of Disdain Kent Elofson was lovingly distributed.

Did you manage to get a bowling shirt with a flaming Superman logo? You lucky fool. See you at the next Rove!

http://Foolsguild.org

Danny O'Day & Fartel 3 Lytee Neezaparte & Sybil

Sear Fools,

First 1 have to tell you that, from one to ten my coronation gets ten jingle bells. I had the time of his majesty's life. The ride through the Faire was so fun, I couldn't keep my knees together.

A big Jangle to David Springhorn! He worked the horde of misfits into a frenzy of revelry, plus he stepped in and performed the actual crowning of the new king since the old king was unwilling to surrender the crown. David, you are my official court jester.

A big Jingle Jangle to Judy Kory, our MamaMia, Mother Folly, for her inspired idea to make banners for the Fools Parade. How may fools does it take to come up with the most obvious, simplest, and ingenious way to turn a sauntering bunch of Faire-goers into a parade? One... Judy! A rattling of bells to Richard for building the most beautiful pin-ya-TA I've ever seen. If you are having a celebration and need a festive pin-ya-TA that will break in just one or fifty whacks, don't call Richard.

My handsome Kween Elbozen was there at my side and ready to take a bow at the drop of a plunger. My brother, Prince James and his wife Princess-in-law Sue, were in attendance. James said he has never seen me smile so much.

Because we have decided not to compete with other parties for Halloween or New Year's partygoers this year, we are planning a wonderful pre-Halloween Hop to be held at the main hall of the Glendale Moose Lodge. Lots of surprises are planned, so put on your saddle shoes, poodle skirts, and Moose pride, and jump in the Wayback-Machine. We are going to rock around the clock at the Hop October 20th. You are on your own for New Year's Eve but this year's April Fools Party is going to be a party of Fools, by Fools, and for Fools to celebrate the foolishness of us. By the way, due to April 1st falling on a Monday in 2013, 1 am, by kings decree, making April Fools Day 2013, on Saturday March 30.

I look forward to seeing you all at Roves through out the year. We had a Pirate Rove to the Pirates Movie, so if you have an idea for a Rove to get us together for an afternoon or evening festivity, please let me know.

Thank you for choosing me to be your king. My heart jingle jangles with pride.

Neezaparte the Puppet King

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4blnH9HXWcQ

Wimgriffith.com

Bruce Schwartz & Dame Elano

http://Foolsguild.org

Wim Griffith and Shockdepot

Chuck & Bob

Born This Way by King Neezaparte



Il Fools know that we didn't decide to be a fool - we are born this way. At nine years old when other boys wanted bicycles, I wanted a unicycle.

My parents said "You will never learn to ride it, besides where would we ever find one." but I would argue," I can roller skate, ice skate, and ride a bike. I will learn to ride it, I PROMISE!" But Christmases and birthdays went by with no unicycle. Because it was the only thing I ever asked for, they finally gave in. Unicycles could not to be found in bicycle shops in 1960 so they had one made for my eleventh birthday. I spent hours in the back yard learning to ride it and soon I could be seen all over Long Beach on one wheel.



When I was twelve, I announced I wanted to be a clown and to entertain at birthday parties. This revelation was met with "OK." A family friend owned a party shop; we told her of my decision and when parents came looking for birthday party entertainment, she referred

them to me. I learned to sew by making my costume; Mom and I made a four-foot papier-mâché statue of my clown persona, Bobo, for the store.

Every Saturday that 1 had a gig, 1 would pack the station wagon with puppets, puppet stage, a suitcase of magic tricks, and my unicycle, and then 1 would go inside and put on my makeup and costume. When 1 was ready, Mom would drive the car down the alley to our back door and I would sneak into the car and hide until we drove out of the neighborhood. I didn't want to be teased by my classmates and friends, so I swore my family to secrecy.

When we arrived at the party, Mom would drop me off a block away and she would go on to the party and announce that there was a clown coming down the street. All the kids would come out onto the front lawn to find me coming down the street on my unicycle, looking for a birthday party.



None of my friends ever knew of my clowning. My best friend Kathy Martin, with whom 1 performed in plays at the Long Beach Recreation Department Junior Theater and high school only found out when 1 told her at our high school reunion. She couldn't believe that 1 had kept this huge secret from her. 1 knew 1 was different, but 1 didn't know it was called being a fool until 1 found the Fools Guild decades later.

To be continued...

Here's DEMO made by our staff.

F KNOWN I



BoBo The Clown 1961

Harlequin Puppet Theatre

<u>UAv}p∃uoHnU=v\$Astaw/mos.sdutuov.www/\:qttd</u>

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OFF THE MARK by Mark Parisi



Howdy Doody

Post Script – written after reading Kent's Letter to Everyone.

After reading his letter I understood better what drove our dear Kent to despair, Where I read with distress of the miserable mess that he hadn't the strength to repair: His senses were failing; his body was ailing; he hadn't a sou to his name; His talents he squandered and penury pondered; he'd given up aiming for fame; He just couldn't cope, abandoning hope that ever his fortunes would rise And it didn't seem worth his remaining on earth in a body he'd come to despise; An exile from gladness, ineffable sadness engulfed him and haunted his brain; His hopes had all fled, he'd be better off dead, he could no longer live in such pain...

So now I agree with what he wrote to me that my efforts, though noble, were vain. Even I could not save this poor soul from the grave that he dug for the Duke of Disdain.

JPK 5/24/2012



http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=BUI3dD3tJ6Q

Valediction - upon reflection

If Life was a tempest, then Death is a breeze: If once you have labored at last you're at ease With no reason to reap and no reason to sow, With nary a worry, a care or a foe, Left all alone with no one to please, With no place to be and nowhere to go.

If Life was a game, Death settled the score Between having fun and dying with more; If Life's been a lesson, then Death was its test And you find out your grade when they lay you to rest; Life is a malady, Death is the cure; Life is uncertain, Death is for sure.

But dead is forever. And alive ends! So carry on dancing and singing, my friends....

JPK 6/2/2012



Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy with Mortimer Snerd



Kent Elofson was, first and foremost, a master designer, and his work was his first and perhaps his greatest love. His brother Scott, whom I've only recently had the pleasure to meet, told me that Kent's first big artistic creation, in high school, was a full size wax figure of Barbra Streisand, in full "Funny Girl" costume. Kent always stayed true to his vision, didn't he?

These are the themes that ran through his life. Design. Costumes. Theater. Film. Song.

He lived his life in a nonstop celebration of his love of entertainment and his mindboggling talent for creating and re-creating it, from the smallest detail of costume trim to the grand scale of a theme park.

Kent liked to say that he could knock off any artist, but he had no style of his own. But one need only look at the scope of his life work to see that he had a style, a style firmly rooted in High Victorian and Art Nouveau, but distinctive nevertheless. It was elegant, symmetrical, and unabashedly pretty. And his visions were so precise that he hated to allow anyone to assist him in their execution.

He tackled almost any creative task in any medium, with seeming ease. When he decided he want to sculpt in bronze, he made one, as far as I know just the one: the stunning bust of Sarah Bernhardt on display in the next room. When Sa and I told him that we wanted to remodel our house, he said, "I've always wanted to fix this place. There's so much about the layout that just BUGS me. Let me make some drawings." We hired him to do so. Although he wasn't a trained in architecture, when we brought in an architect to submit formal blueprints to the City, we handed him Kent's fully rendered designs, and he said, "Wow. Well, this makes my job easy." The elegance of his design was stunning — and he made sure he was there to do battle with our contractor wherever he disagreed with Kent's vision: the symmetrical windows here; the flowing line there, the width of the stair tread over there.

The next time we asked him to remodel a room for us — my basement office — he also insisted on driving every nail, cutting every two-by-four, and sanding every surface himself. He didn't want help.

Whatever event Sa and I were throwing next, Kent was always there the day before to decorate. Those of you who've worked with him on such projects know his refrain: "I will do this decorating on one condition: I do it alone. I don't want anyone helping me."

"I don't want anyone helping me." Remember that... < continued on link>

for the full text go to: <<u>http://www.foolsguild.org/Eulogy4KentElofson.pdf</u>>



Señor Wences Pedro Johnnie Topo Gigo Beanie & Cecil King Neezaparte's Pin For a mere \$42, you can acquire this Beautiful Brilliant Brass Pin email Pin orders to: Designed by Your King, depicting the wim@wimgriffith.com Highly Entertaining Neezaparte Puppet Stage Lamb Chop Grandfather Clock But that's not all ... You will also receive admission to October 20, 2012 The 50's Hop AND Admission to The Feast of Fools Party, **Charlie Horse** March 30, 2013 Available now - WHILE SUPPLIES LAST !! http://Foolsguild.org Mr. Moose Hush Puppy Bunny Rabbit **OUR** Lady of Perpetual Storage: Voted one of the **COOLEST 100 People** on THIS Planet! **ALL HALL Joan Hotchkis**

8

Eight

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5rUWXCl_RI

ISadYvdWQqf=v5datpw/mo2.edutuov.www/.:dttd



Andre, Bob (DMV Worker), Dolf, Georgie

Ray Gherkin, Richard, Sarge, Sexual Harris



The Fools Guid Boos Wonderfand Avenue Dos Angeles, CA 90046-1852 The Puppet King is pulling Strings for The Puppet King is pulling Strings for The Puppet King is pulling Strings for

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