



"Privatize" is from the Latin "Privare" meaning to rob.
 ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

THROUGHOUT THE 'PLANET,' CLICKING **DARK RED** WORDS OPEN THE WEB SITE IN QUESTION.

BACK FROM THE SHADOWS AGAIN

Well, I'm typing this at 35,000 feet as I return to LAX from JFK at the end of a fabulously successful tour with the LA Guitar Quartet in which I read from William Kanengiser's wonderful adaptation of Emma Goldman's translation of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, accompanied by enchanting music from the period. We played to enthralled audiences at Whittier College in California, Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, The University of Richmond in Virginia (where we stayed at the legendary Jefferson Inn), and finally at the 92nd Street Y, where I'd performed over 40 years before with Theodore Bikel and Harry Belafonte (just blocks from where I was raised at 139 E. 94th Street).



Melinda and I then stayed as usual with our dear friend Charlie Moed and saw a great revival of *Finian's Rainbow* (I once played Og opposite film star Pat O'Brien), Carrie Fisher's jaw-droppingly funny *Wishful Drinking*, and *Superior Donuts* starring our old pal, **Michael McKean** (above), who is flawless in the lead role and was gracious enough to entertain us backstage after the show. What a great trip!

And as of today, at least, my next LAGQ performances will start in Koblenz, Germany on May 17. *Ole' -- and ach du lieber!*

In any organization there is one person who knows what is going on. That person must be fired.
 ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

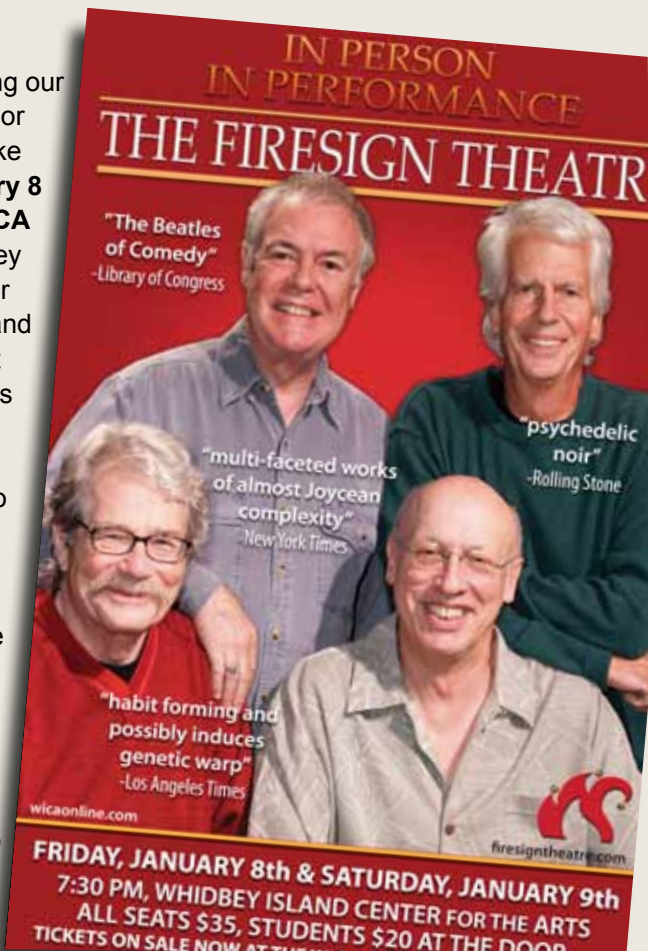
ISLAND FERVOR

My next on-stage appearance, however, will be with the Firesign Theatre on Whidbey Island, already home to the Ossman family and soon to add Peter Bergman to the population.

We'll be doing our latest show (or something like it) on **January 8 and 9 at WICA** – the Whidbey Island Center for the Arts and checking out future venues aided by our Barnsdall producer, Mo Weston, up and down the West Coast for the Spring.

Stay tuned...

CONTINUED



Variables won't; constants aren't.
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

"What's the difference between Michael Jackson
and a dead cow? You can't milk a dead cow."
~ Nikki Fink's 'Deadline Hollywood' (sic)

TV OR NOT TV

In "Letter from Gaza," *New Yorker* staff writer **Lawrence Wright** describes the sole children's show on the Hamas-supported Al Aqsa TV station offering the only diversion besides the beach for the numerous children crammed into the strip.

It originally featured a Mickey Mouse-like character who was stabbed to death by "an Israeli interrogator" and replaced by a talking bee who met his maker after being prohibited from leaving the area for medical treatment, and finally by a rabbit who was reduced to rarebit early this year after being shredded by shrapnel from an Israeli bomb.

Where's Soupy Sales when you need him?

"I wish to come here and say that I am a man
who does not exist for others."

~ Howard Roark in Ayn Rand's 'The Fountainhead'

'X' ON XMAS CHEER THIS YEAR

Hold the "Ho-Ho-Hos," because the Supreme Court has ruled that there will be no Nativity Scene in Washington, D.C. this Holiday Season.

However, it isn't for any religious reason, or even to be politically incorrect. They simply have not been able to find

Three Wise Men in the
Nation's Capitol, while a
futile search for a Virgin
continues.

There was no problem, however, finding enough asses to fill the stable.

WHO'S A QUACK?

A woman brought a very limp duck into a veterinary surgeon. As she laid her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest. After a moment or two, the vet shook his head sadly and said, "I'm sorry, your duck, Cuddles, has passed away."

"Are you sure?" she protested. "I mean you haven't done any testing on him or anything. He might just be in a coma or something." The vet rolled his eyes and left the room but returned a few minutes later with a black Labrador. As the duck's owner looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his front paws on the examination table, sniffed the duck from top to bottom and then looked up at the vet with sad eyes and shook his head. The vet patted the dog on the head and took it out of the room.

A few minutes later he returned with a cat that jumped on the table and also delicately sniffed the bird from head to foot, sat back on its haunches, shook its head, meowed softly, and strolled out of the room.

The doctor looked at the woman and announced, "I'm sorry, but as I said, this is most definitely, 100% certifiably, a dead duck," and he then produced a bill which he handed to the owner who looked at it and exclaimed.

"\$150? You must be kidding! \$150 just to tell me my duck is dead?"

The vet shrugged, "I'm sorry," he explained, "If you had just taken my word for it, the bill would have been \$20 -- but with the Lab Report and the Cat Scan..."

"Dogs come when they are called;
cats take a message and get back to you."
~ Missy Dizick and Mary Bly

■ CONTINUED



IT'S DECORATIVE GOURD SEASON, M*THERF*CKERS

*[Obscenity Alert: If you are offended by blue language, it's already too f*cking late]*

I don't know about you, but I can't wait to get my hands on some f*cking gourds and arrange them in a horn-shaped basket on my dining room table. That sh*t is going to look so seasonal. I'm about to head up to the attic right now to find that wicker f*cker, dust it off, and jam it with an insanely ornate assortment of shellacked vegetables. When my guests come over it's gonna be like, BLAMMO! Check out my shellacked decorative vegetables, ass*h*les. Guess what season it is—f*cking fall. There's a nip in the air and my house is full of mutant f*cking squash.

I may even throw some multi-colored leaves into the mix, all haphazard like a crisp October breeze just blew through and f*cked that sh*t up. Then I'm going to get to work on making a beautiful f*cking gourd necklace for myself. People are going to be like, "Aren't those gourds straining your neck?" And I'm just going to thread another gourd onto my necklace without breaking their gaze and quietly reply, "It's fall, f*ckfaces. You're either ready to reap this freaky-assed harvest or you're not..."

The next thing I'm going to do is carve one of the longer gourds into a perfect replica of the Mayflower as a shout-out to our Pilgrim forefathers. Then I'm going to do lines of blow off its hull with a hooker. Why? Because it's not summer, it's not winter, and it's not spring. Grab a calendar and pull your f**king heads out of your asses; it's fall, f*ckers...

For now, all I plan to do is to throw on a flannel shirt, some tattered overalls, and a floppy f*cking hat and stand in the middle of a cornfield for a few days. The first crow that tries to land on me is going to get his avian ass bitch-slapped all the way back to summer. Welcome to autumn, f*ckheads! *Excerpted from a piece by Colin Nissan*

*As Groucho Marx once sang, "Whatever it is,
I'm against it!" ~ Tony Palermo*

BUT WHO'S COUNTING?

"It amuses me that the radical right are still so peeved that Obama won the presidency by a bigger public mandate than any president in the last 20 years," Boston-based Planeteer **Jon Gwynne** writes, "and also bigger than their hero Reagan in 1980." ...

2008 - Obama	52.87%
2000 - Bush	47.87%
1992 - Clinton	43.01%
1980 - Reagan	50.75%
1976 - Carter	50.08%
1968 - Nixon	43.42%
1960 - Kennedy	49.72%

"Obama won the biggest victory of any first-term president in the last 50 years who had to run under his own steam," Jon concludes.

And we add, isn't it time for the "white wing" to stop whining?

*"We're not in the business of providing news
and information, we're simply in the business
of selling our customers' products."*

~ Lowry Mays, founder of Clear Channel Broadcasting

'AMERICATHON' AND ON AND ON

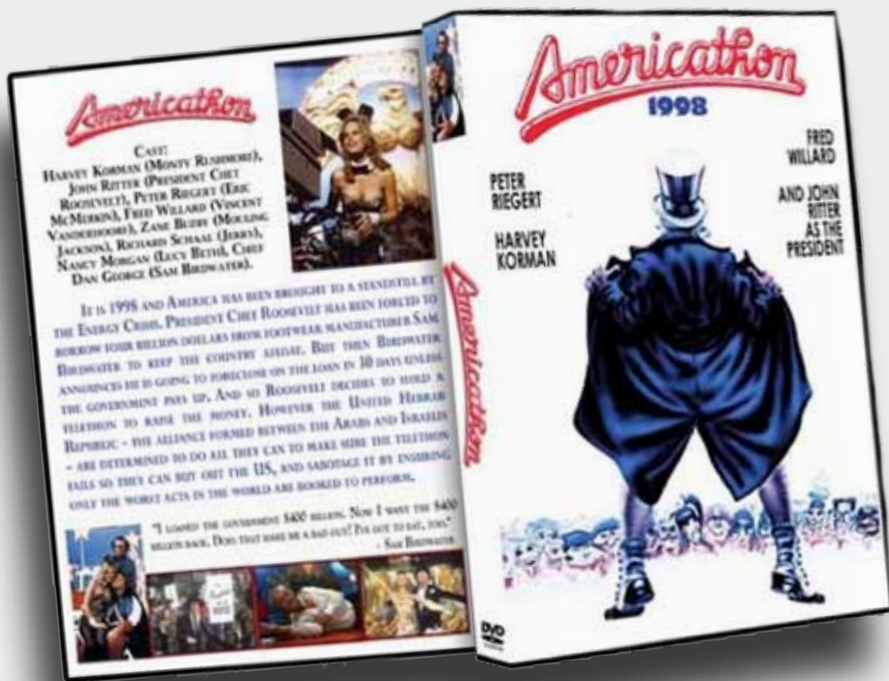
The synopsis, from the 1979 NY Times review:

"In the future (the distant year of 1998), the United States of America is in crisis. The oil shortage has grown to epic proportions, leading to people living in their cars and bicycling to work. Cigarettes and meat have been outlawed, gold coins are needed to operate common household appliances, and the Western White House (located in a luxury apartment in California) has been forced by economic necessity to operate round-the-clock tours for vacationing Chinese citizens.

"The economy is in deep trouble; President Chet Roosevelt (John Ritter) has borrowed four billion dollars from Native American tennis shoe manufacturer Sam Birdwater (Chief

■ CONTINUED





The Beach Boys, Eddie Money, and Nick Lowe contribute to the musical **soundtrack**."

Don't say we didn't warn you...

"History is reality's big brother."
~ James Howard Kunstler

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

An elderly gentleman and his wife were invited to their friends' home for dinner one evening and were impressed by the way the host preceded every request to his wife with endearing terms such as "Honey, My Love, Darling, Sweetheart, Pumpkin," etc.

Dan George), and he's foreclosing on the loan. When a media expert, Eric McMerkin (Peter Riegert), is summoned for advice (since despite all hardships, Americans refuse to give up their televisions), he suggests a telethon. It's a great idea, except the President's assistant Vincent Vanderhoff (Fred Willard) is in cahoots with the United Hebraic Republic, a sinister coalition of Israeli and Arab nationals who want to snap up America if the debt can't be paid. He ensures that the show is stocked with endless ventriloquists and insists on Monty Rushmore (Harvey Korman), a washed-up, drug-addicted television personality as host. The star of the popular sitcom "Both Mother and Father," he is sure to self-destruct over the grueling 30-day-and-night telethon schedule.

"Despite terrorist attacks and the kidnapping of President Roosevelt, the patriotic spirit prevails and American citizens dig deep and pledge their gold to the cause. This outrageous farce (based on a play by Firesign Theatre alumni Philip Proctor and Peter Bergman) features cameos from Elvis Costello, Jay Leno, Meat Loaf and the Del Rubio Triplets, and is narrated by George Carlin.

The couple had been married almost 70 years and, clearly, were still very much in love. So while the wives were all in the kitchen, the old man leaned over to his host and said, "I think it's wonderful that, after all these years, you still call your wife all those loving pet names."

The host hung his head. "I have to tell you the truth," he whispered confidentially. "Her name slipped my mind about 10 years ago, and I'm scared to death to ask the cranky old broad what her name is!"

"Don Quixote" could be translated as "Sir Shin-guard."
~ William Kanengiser



THE MAN OF LA HABRA

Every performance of *The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha* ends with a parody song penned by me and Bill (with an assist by Melinda Peterson and Forbidden Broadway). Hum along, por favor.

To sing ... this most popular song...
To hope ... I don't get the words wrong,
To try ... though I'm really quite humble,
To keep...singing boldly and strong!

To act...with the L. A. Quartet,
To clown... like a big marionette,
To read... all those lines by Cervantes...
Too bad...they're not memorized yet!

This is my part, which somehow I got.
I've played dinner theater; I've done summer stock.
I've prayed for the chance, to enhance my career,
So I'll finish this song, though it's long,
And I've a got a tin ear.

For I know, when this number is through,
And my warbling ends,
I'll be glad, that beneath this costume
I was wearing -- Depends...

So, tonight, please don't hold your applause,
For this ham who's accompanied by stars,
'Cause I'm proud, that I took up the challenge,
To sing ... this encore with guitars!

Nothing is impossible
for the man who doesn't
have to do it himself.
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

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"Did you hear about the
83-year-old woman
who talked herself
out of a speeding ticket
by telling the young officer
she had to get there
before she forgot
where she was going?"
~ Nick Oliva

PLANET

CLICK

RIDERS.

BLUE DOT
RED DOT
REMEMBER
BUCK YOU
CALL ME
SLEIGHT
MACK
RED SQUARE
SHEEHAN
WAIT
BALLS
FACE IT
NON U

**CLICK THE WORD
TO GO TO THE SITE**



And congratulations
to Kristin and Geoff
for surviving their first year
as Mom and Dad.

Happy Birthday, Bowen!

For every action there is an equal and opposite government program ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

FIRESIGN CDs: <http://www.laugh.com>

FUNNY TIMES: <http://www.funnytimes.com>

BEARWHIZ BEER <http://www.eagletshirts.com>

FST: <http://www.FiresignTheatre.com>