



# Planet April Showers

## Where Am Us Anyway?

If you've been wondering if I'm back, the answer is – almost. After our three-month adventure in Italy I returned to a lot of unfinished business, new commitments, and an immersion in the writing, filming, production, promotion and posting of the weekly web series **Boomers on a Bench** with my comic cousin, **Jamie Alcroft**, not to mention the self-inflicted death of our housemate, **Jessica Charity** – but I said I wouldn't mention that.

Nonetheless, I am doing my best during the heavy dry rains this month, to full-Phil projects such as the editing of my memoir, **Where's my Fortune Cookie**, co-authored by **Brad Schreiber**, and collaborating on a theatrical satire starring God with the prolific **Samuel Warren Joseph**.

Meanwhile, **Melinda** and I are participating in an **Antaeus' New Playwrights Lab** and I, in the staged reading of the play **Secrets** by **William Coe Bigelow** about blacklisting – all this prior to my scheduled second cataract operation on May 11.

So enjoy this latest orbit, motivated by the spiraling chaos created by the irrational national and international yearnings to return to the archaic and outmoded delusions of worlds long gone. April fools reign.

"If life gives you lemons, make lemonade.  
Then start looking for someone whose life has given them vodka."  
~ Sayings of **Chairman Tom**

## IN THE NEXT WORLD, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN

**A** couple made a deal that whoever died first would come back and inform the other if there is life after death. And so, when after a long and happy marriage the husband was the first to die, true to his word he made the first contact: "Marion, Marion," she heard one night in a dream, and answered, "Is that you, Bob?" And he responded, "Yes, I've come back like we agreed."

"That's wonderful! What's it like?" she asked.

"Well, I get up in the morning, I have sex. I have breakfast and then it's off to the golf course. I have sex again, bathe in the warm sun and then have sex a couple more times, then I have lunch – you'd be proud, lots of greens – then another romp around the golf course, and then I pretty much have sex for the rest of the afternoon. After supper, it's back to the course and more sex until late at night when I grab some much-needed sleep, and then the next day it starts all over again."

"Oh, Bob," she said, "You must be in Heaven!"

"Not really," Bob responded, "I'm a rabbit somewhere in Arizona."

"I spent half my money on gambling, alcohol and wild women.  
The other half I wasted." ~ **W. C. Fields**

## NUTWORK

**W**e watched **Paddy Chayevsky's** 1976 **Network** the other night and were struck once again by a harsh vision of the future delivered by broadcasting tycoon **Ned Beatty** to the Mad Prophet of the Airwaves, played by **Peter Finch**. Read below or **WATCH ON YOUTUBE**

"For me, the cinema is not a slice of life,  
but a piece of cake." ~ **Alfred Hitchcock**

THROUGHOUT  
THE 'PLANET,' CLICKING  
**DARK RED TYPE**  
OPENS A RELATED  
INTERNET LINK.

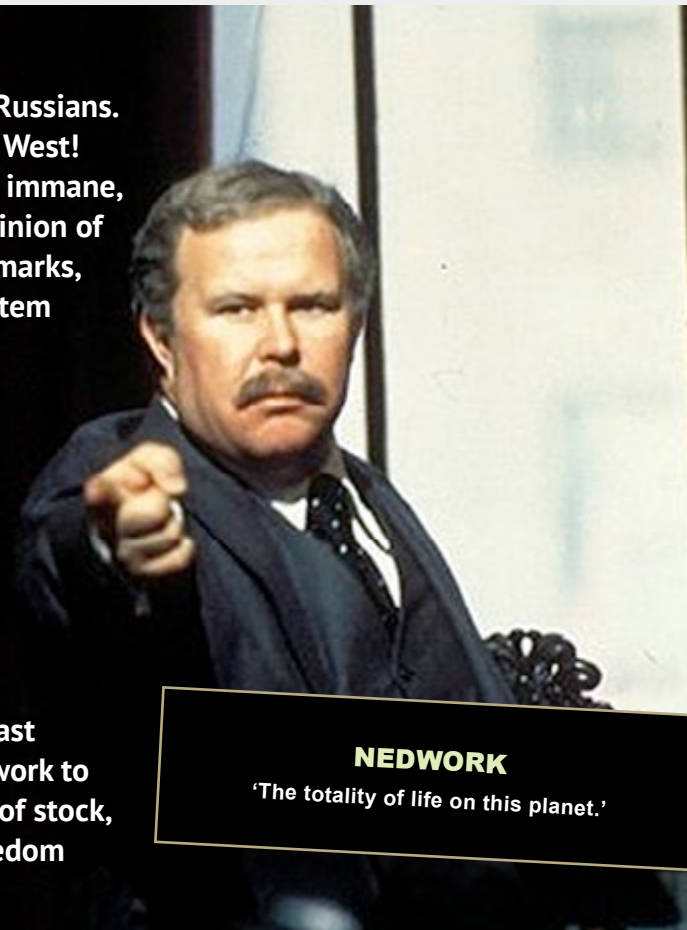
## TESTING, ONE, TWO, THREE

1. In which battle did Napoleon die? *His last battle.*
2. Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?  
*At the bottom of the page.*
3. River Ravi flows in which state? *Liquid.*
4. What is the main reason for divorce? *Marriage.*

■ **CONTINUED**

There are no nations. There are no peoples. There are no Russians. There are no Arabs. There are no third worlds. There is no West! There is only one holistic system of systems, one vast and immane, interwoven, interacting, multi-variate, multi-national dominion of dollars. Petro-dollars, electro-dollars, multi-dollars, Reichmarks, rins, rubles, pounds and shekels. It is the international system of currency, which determines the totality of life on this planet.

There is no America. There is no democracy. There is only IBM and ITT and A T & T and DuPont, Dow, Union Carbide and Exxon. Those are the nations of the world today. The world is a college of corporations, inexorably determined by the immutable by-laws of business. And our children will live to see that perfect world in which there's no war and famine, oppression or brutality -- one vast and ecumenical holding company, for whom all men will work to serve a common profit, in which all men will hold a share of stock, all necessities provided, all anxieties tranquilized, all boredom amused...



## **NEDWORK**

'The totality of life on this planet.'

5. What is the main reason for failure? *Exams.*
6. What can you never eat for breakfast? *Lunch and dinner.*
7. What looks like half an apple? *The other half.*
8. If you throw a red stone into the blue sea what it will become? *Wet.*
9. How can a man go eight days without sleeping? *No problem, he sleeps at night.*
10. How can you lift an elephant with one hand? *You will never find an elephant that has one hand.*
11. If you had three apples and four oranges in one hand and four apples and three oranges in other hand, what would you have? *Very large hands.*
12. If it took eight men ten hours to build a wall, how long would it take four men to build it? *No time at all, the wall is already built.*
13. How can you drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without cracking it? *Any way you want. Concrete floors are very hard to crack.*

“The Mormon Church has just affirmed that marriage should be between a man and a woman and a woman and a woman...”  
~ Phil’s Phunny Phacts



## ALL ABOARD!

**T**rain to Zakopane is a dynamic, touching piece of theater; a unique love story about anti-semitism and bigotry in general, subjects that now unfortunately seem to be more timely than ever.

**Tanna Frederick** and **Mike Falkow** give “The two best performances of this season in this masterwork of **Henry Jaglom’s** long and extraordinary career, which he has beautifully and bravely written, all the more amazing as it is a true story from his late father’s life.” It is truly a must-see, a powerful and rare, not-to-be-missed play, now in its fifth month at the Edgemar Center for the Arts in Santa Monica.

**READ REVIEW**

Also, if you want a lean, mean, terrifically accessible Shakespearean romp, go see **Henry IV, Part One** at the **Antaeus Theatre** at 5112 Lankershim Blvd. Tautly directed by **Michael Murray** and keenly and humorously presented in a daring contemporary interpretation, it breathes new life into this action-packed drama.

As my Amish/Irish mother used to say, “Don’t miss it if you can.” **ANTAEUS WEBSITE**

“The world will not be destroyed by those who do evil,  
but by those who watch them without doing anything.”  
~ **Albert Einstein**

## BACK HOME IN INDIANA

**F**or an embarrassingly long time, from the mid-1930s to the late 1970s, my hometown was guilty of exclusionary practices regarding people of color under the so-called “sun down” law. But now, surprisingly, at a time that Indiana has been thrust into the public spotlight because of a socially insensitive Conservative attempt to pass a clearly discriminatory “Religious Protection” statute, the City Council has passed a stunning resolution, which I proudly summarize below...

As **The Community of Goshen, Indiana**, We Hereby:

- Acknowledge the racist and exclusionary aspects of Goshen’s “sundown town” history, along with the pain and suffering that these practices caused; and
- Commit to being an uncommonly great community through our advocacy for quality and justice for all; and
- Pledge to work toward the common good by building a community where people of all races and cultural backgrounds are welcome to live and prosper; and
- Summarize this resolution in nine words: It happened, it was wrong; it’s a new day.

“You cain’t pray a lie.” ~ **Mark Twain**

## WITH APOLOGIES TO DISNEY

**R**indercella and her sugly isters lived in a marge lansion. Rindercella worked very hard frubbing sloors, emptying poss pits, and shivelling shot. At the end of the day, she was knucking fackered. The sugly isters were right bugly astards. One was called Mary Hinge, and the other was called Betty Swallocks; they were really forrible huckers; they had fetty sweet and fatty swannies. The

■ **CONTINUED**

sugly isters had tickets to go to the ball, but the cotton runts would not let Rindercella go.

Suddenly there was a bucking fang, and her gairy fodmother appeared. Her name was Shairy Hithole and she was a light rucking fesbian. She turned a pumpkin and six mite wice into a hucking cuge farrriage with six dandy ronkeys who had buge hollocks and dig bicks. The gairy fodmother told Rindercella to be back by dimnlight otherwise, there would be a cucking falamity.

At the ball, Rindercella was dancing with the prandsome hince when suddenly the clock struck twelve. "Mist all chucking frighty!!!" said Rindercella, and she ran out tripping barse overollocks, so dropping her slass glipper. The very next day, the prandsome hince knocked on Rindercella's door and the sugly isters let him in.. Suddenly, Betty Swallocks lifted her leg and let off a fig Bart. "Who's fust jarted?" asked the prandsome hince. "Blame that fugly ucker over there!!" said Mary Hinge.

When the stinking brown cloud had lifted, he tried the slass glipper on both the sugly isters without success and their feet stucking funk. Betty Swallocks was ducking figsusted and gave the prandsome hince a knack in the kickers. This was not difficult as he had bucking fuge halls and a hig bard on. He tried the slass glipper on Rindercella and it fitted pucking perfectly.

Rindercella and the prandsome hince were married. The pransome hince lived his life in lucking fuxury, and Rindercella lived hers with a follen swanny!

~ **Ronnie Barker**

**"Man, I HATE being bipolar, it's f\*cking AWESOME!"**  
~ **R. Manwillers**

## THAT'S WHY THEY SO MEAN

Two crocodiles were sitting on the banks of the Potomac River. The smaller turned to the bigger and said, "I can't understand why you're so much bigger than me. When we were kids, we were the same size."

"Well," said the big Croc, "what have you been eating?" And the smaller croc replied, "Politicians, same as you." And the big guy replied, "Well, where do you catch them?"

"On the other side of the river near the car park at the Capitol Mall," said the little guy. "And how do you catch them?" asked the big Croc. "Well, I crawl up under one of their big Lexus, BMW or Mercedes and wait for them to unlock the door. Then I jump out, grab 'em by the leg, shake the shit out of them and gobble 'em down!"

"Ah," says the big croc. "I think I see your problem. You're



not getting any real nourishment. By the time you finish shaking the shit out of a politician, there's nothing left but an asshole with a briefcase."

**"I pledge allegiance, to the Flag of the Divided States of America. And to the PACs, for which it stands, one Nation, at odds, divisible, with Liberty and Justice for some." ~ Neil deGrasse Tyson**

## DR. MEMORY

A team of Australian researchers has come up with a noninvasive ultrasound technology that could restore memory in Alzheimer's patients. In a study released earlier this month, two researchers at the **Queensland Brain Institute** at the **University of Queensland** found that the ultrasound therapy clears the brain of neurotoxic amyloid plaques – structures that are blamed for memory loss and a decline in cognitive function in patients who suffer from Alzheimer's disease.

The researchers reported fully restoring the memories of 75 percent of the mice that were treated with the therapy, with no damage to the surrounding brain tissue. "We're

■ **CONTINUED**



# PLANETCLICK

extremely excited by this innovation of treating Alzheimer's without using drug therapeutics," **Jürgen Götz**, one of the team members, said in a press release. "The word 'breakthrough' is often misused, but in this case I think this really does fundamentally change our understanding of how to treat this disease, and I foresee a great future for this approach." Did I print this before?

A Times New Roman walks into a bar to order a drink. "Sorry buddy," says the bartender, "we don't serve your type here." ~ **James Marrow**

## ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING

A woman decides to have a \$5000 facelift for her 50th birthday and feels pretty good about the results. On her way home, she buys a paper and says, "I hope you don't mind my asking, but how old do you think I am?"

"About 32," the clerk replies. "Nope! I'm exactly 50," the woman says happily. A little while later she goes into McDonald's and asks the counter girl the very same question. "I guess about 29," says the girl, and she replies, "Nope, I'm 50." Now she's feeling really good about herself, so she stops in a drug store to get some mints and asks the same question. "Oh, I'd say 30," the employee responds. "I am 50," she proudly acclaims, "but thank you!"

While waiting for the bus to go home, she asks an elderly gent next to her the same question, and he replies, "Lady, I'm 78, and my eyesight is going, but when I was young, there was a sure way to tell a lady's age. You have to let me put my hands under your bra, and then, and only then can I tell you EXACTLY how old you are."

They wait in silence until curiosity gets the best of her and she finally blurts out, "What the hell, go ahead."

He politely slips his hands under her bra and begins to feel around very slowly and carefully. He bounces and weighs each one of her precious spheres and gently pinches her nipples. He then pushes her assets together and rubs them against each other. After a couple of minutes she says, "Okay, okay, enough. How old am I?" He enjoys one last squeeze, removes his hands, and says. "Madam, you are 50." Amazed, the woman says, "That's incredible; how could you tell?"

## MESSAGES

<b>DOORS</b>	<b>HIGH, FOLKS</b>
<b>RE:CYCLING</b>	<b>I'LL PASS</b>
<b>HAPPY HAYLEY</b>	<b>FST</b>
<b>SOFTIES</b>	<b>LOOPY</b>
<b>SHEEPLE</b>	<b>KIDDING</b>
<b>SANDMOWER</b>	<b>DAVE</b>

"I was behind you in line at McDonald's."

"Politicians should take care of the public's business and mind their own."

~ **Bob Hoffman, LA Times letters**

## WAR IS NOT THE ANSWER

In another *LA Times* letter, **Eric Geisterfer** writes on the failed war against drugs: "Drug dealers don't check IDs but legal dispensaries do. That is why...teen use has stayed the same or gone down slightly in places that have legalized it for medical or recreational use.

"Furthermore, we already have a living, breathing model with real life results: Portugal," where in 2001 they decriminalized all drugs and now provide treatment for addicts. "Ten years later, studies showed a decrease in the number of drug addicts and levels of usage..."

"It's time to try a new approach: legalize, regulate, tax and educate."

I'll smoke to that! But then, I'll smoke to anything...

"If you do not vote, you may not criticize."

~ **Thomas Jefferson**

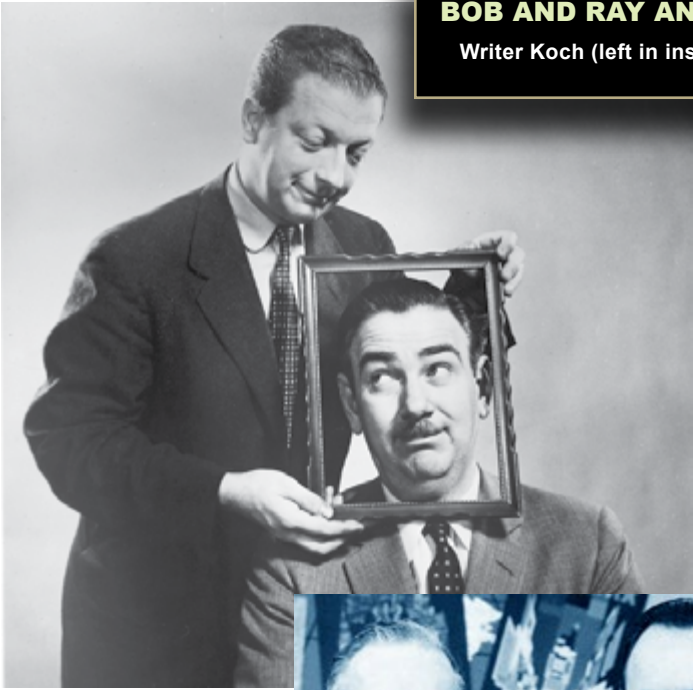
## 'ALLY BALLOU, HERE ...

... to announce that **Tom Koch** (Cook), the "unheralded author" of thousands of short radio skits for **Bob and Ray** over 33 years and perpetrator "of the surrealistically convoluted game" 43-man Squamish for *Mad magazine*, dropped his pen at the age of 89, after supplying material for **Tennessee Ernie Ford, Dave Garroway, George Gobel, Pat Paulsen, Dinah Shore** and **Jonathan Winters** and writing episodes for shows like "**I Love Lucy**" and "**All in the Family**," among others.

**David Pollock** in his book *Bob and Ray, Keener Than Most Persons*, notes that that Koch's comic premises "Were nothing more than reality carried a step further... supported on a bedrock of deliciously abstruse logic. Even B&R didn't know where their voice began and Tom's ended. They were inseparable."

## BOB AND RAY AND TOM AND JONATHON

Writer Koch (left in inset) with three comedy legends.



**Bob Elliott**, who just turned 92, said, "He would send us a week's worth of bits and we would use every one of them."



Still, Mr. Koch was not under contract, so "Sometimes they sent me money, sometimes they didn't," he recalled; and he only met Bob and Ray a few times face-to-face. "People would say I must have had such a great life doing this," Tom continued, "but it was the kind of work where every morning I would wake up and think, 'My God, I wonder if I can do it again today.' There is no way you prepare to do it, or even know how you do it." You can get a collection of Tom's best [HERE](#).

And rest well, comic hero, **Stan Freberg**. Your genius lives on.

"I used to have a treadmill that I would look at."  
~ **Charles Grodin** on exercise

## BOOMERS STILL ON A BENCH

My partner, **Jamie Alcroft** of **Mac and Jamie** fame, had 75 million stem cells injected into one of his heart muscles last week. He's one of only 14 patients nationwide to receive this groundbreaking treatment, which hopefully will strengthen his

heart, allowing him to enjoy an extended and even funnier life as we work together.

Google **Boomers on a Bench** if you haven't yet seen our senile silliness, and we'll continue to post a new episode every Thursday on Vimeo and YouTube, if enough of you LIKE us! Our latest, **DRIZZLE WATCH**, takes on our recent April Showers!

"We need some boomers on the bench to replace the 5 dickheads that are there now." ~ **Gerald Alan Miller**

## MASSAGEES

**Keith Hebble, Brian Westley, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., George Riddle, Kristin Campbell, Dale Reynolds, Bill McIntyre, Victor Kopcewich, Nick Oliva, Magic Mike Berger, Ron Masak** – and please support our friend, director **Paul Lazarus'** stunning documentary about a water purification system that could benefit all mankind: [VIEW](#).

"Never be afraid to laugh at yourself, after all, you could be missing out on the joke of the century."  
~ **Dame Edna Everage**

## AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MY DEAR DAUGHTER, KRISTIN!

"Here cometh April again, and as far as I can see the world hath more fools in it than ever." ~ **Charles Lamb**



## BENCHED

Phil Proctor and Jamie Alcroft call it as they see it.

"Laughter is America's most important export." ~ **Walt Disney**

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

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

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

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