

"Nowadays, people know the price of everything
and the value of nothing." ~ Oscar Wilde

April Foolin'



I will be flying to Seattle this Thursday to appear with my wife, **Melinda**, and **Dave Ossman** in recreations of *Mr. Blandings Builds his Dream House*, *My Friend Irma*, and *The Big Broadcast* at the **REPS Radio Enthusiasts of Puget Sound OTR Convention** in Bellevue, Washington. **DETAILS**

Dave and I have also been invited to prepare a special **Firesign** sampler featuring some of our most celebrated characters for the jolly conventioners...

Then, Mellie and I will be off on another European jaunt in mid-May, which will conclude with a 55th Yale Reunion and then appearing as graduation speaker at Allen-Stevenson, the elementary school I attended from 1948-1955...

I get all the great gigs...

Recently, Melinda, Joyce Bulifant and I were part of the 3rd Annual On the Air event in Palm Springs (top, photo by David A. Lee); SAG-AFTRA hosted "An Evening With The Firesign Theatre or Something Like It," with Karla Withak, me, Bill Kates, Valentina Latyna, Bob Telford, Patricia Mizen, Keith Blaney, Townsend Coleman, David Stifel and Jamie Alcroft; and Dave and I were honored to have our cake and eat it at "Firesign at 50."



FOOLS ERRANT

Phil, Mellie and Oss ... on the road to Bellevue.

INCOMES AND OUTCOMES

A father walks into a restaurant with his young son and gives the lad three nickels to play with to keep him occupied. Suddenly, the boy starts choking and going blue in the face and his dad realizes he has swallowed the nickels and starts slapping him on the back. The boy coughs up two of the nickels, but keeps choking. Looking at his son, the father is panicking, shouting for help.

A well-dressed, attractive, and serious-looking woman in a blue business suit is sitting at a coffee bar reading a newspaper and sipping a cup of coffee. At the sound of the commotion, she looks up, puts her cup down, folds the newspaper, and places it on the counter. She gets up from her seat and makes her way, unhurried, across the restaurant.

Reaching the boy, the woman drops his pants, takes hold of the boy's testicles and starts to squeeze and twist, gently at first and then ever so firmly.

After a few seconds the boy convulses violently and coughs up the last nickel, which the woman deftly catches in her free hand. Releasing the boy's testicles, the woman hands the nickel to the father and walks back to her seat at the coffee bar without saying a word.

As soon as he is sure that his son has suffered no ill effects, the father rushes over to the woman and thanks her, saying, "I've never seen anybody do anything like that before; it was fantastic. Are you a doctor?"

"No," the woman replies. "I'm with the IRS."

"The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others." ~ Gandhi

LITTLE BIG LIES: THE SERIES

Sayings of Chairman Trump:

"I've had zero involvement with Russian officials. Obama was born in Kenya. I was first in my class at Wharton. I was the best baseball player in the state of New York. Climate change is a Chinese hoax. Mexico will pay for a wall. I will repeal Obamacare on Day One. I will release my taxes.

"**Ted Cruz's** dad was involved in the Kennedy assassination. Thousands of Muslims in New Jersey cheered with the fall of the Twin Towers. I have a top secret, foolproof plan, guaranteed to defeat ISIS. I know more than the generals do. I won the popular vote. I will release my taxes.

"I have the largest electoral college win since **Ronald Reagan**. My inaugural crowd was the largest in history. Over 3

million illegals and dead people voted in the election. I will release my taxes. I will assign a special prosecutor to go after Hillary. The national debt in my first month went down \$12 billion. I will release my taxes.

"The murder rate in our country is the highest it's been in 47 years. Only steel from American steelmakers will be used on Keystone as well as all other U.S. oil pipelines. Flynn and Sessions did nothing wrong.

"Obama released 122 prisoners from Gitmo. Obama bugged Trump Tower. I have a good brain... Did I say, I will release my taxes?"

Swedish candy salesman Roland Ohlsson was buried in a coffin made of chocolate. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts



THE OFFICE MAKES THE MAN
The office has its work cut out for it.

OH, GROW UP

A teacher asked the kids in her 3rd grade class, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Little Larry raises his hand and says, "I wanna start out as a fighter pilot, then become a billionaire, belong to the most expensive clubs, find me the finest whore, give her a Ferrari worth over a million bucks, an apartment in Copacabana, a mansion in Paris, a jet to travel the world, an Infinite Visa Card – and all this while banging her like a loose screen door in a hurricane."

The teacher, shocked, decides not to acknowledge what she just heard and simply says, "And how about you, Sarah?"

"Me?" Sarah says. "I wanna be Larry's bitch."

*"If the only tool you have is a hammer,
then every problem has to look like a nail."
~ General Wesley Clark*

FORWARD INTO THE PAST

In earlier times, it used to be common for someone to try to kill an enemy by offering him a poisoned drink. To prove to a guest that a drink was safe, it became customary for him to pour a small amount of his drink into the glass of the host and then both would drink it down together. But when a guest trusted his host, he would only clink the host's glass with his own.

Long ago, dishes and cookware in Europe were made of dense orange clay called "pygg." When people saved coins in jars made of this clay, the jars became known as "pygg banks," but when an English potter misunderstood the word, he made a container that resembled a real pig, and it caught on.

COINING PHRASES

Cracking the origins of 'piggy bank.'



In France, where tennis became popular, the round zero on the scoreboard looked like an egg and was called l'oeuf, which is French for egg. When tennis was introduced in the US, Americans (naturally) mispronounced it as "love."

*"The Roosevelt administration understood
that recovery from the Depression wasn't only
about what we put in people's pockets;
it's what we put into their souls." ~ Tim Robbins*

DUCK AND COVER

A man and a woman were having a quiet, romantic dinner in a secluded fine restaurant, talking softly, gazing lovingly at each other, and holding hands.

The waitress, taking another order at a nearby table, suddenly saw the woman slowly sliding down her chair and under the table as the man just stared straight ahead. The astonished waitress watched as the woman disappeared from sight, with barely a ripple in the tablecloth. Still, the man seemed not to notice.

Fearing this behavior might offend other diners, the waitress approached the table and, tactfully, began, "Pardon me, sir, but I think your wife just slid under the table." At which the man quietly looked up at her and said, "No, she didn't ... she just walked in!"

*"It will be a good joke on us all, if in 50 years or so,
Bob Dylan is regarded as a significant figure
in English literature." ~ The New York Times, 1967*

TURN OFF AND TURN ON

We had a power outage at our house this morning and my PC, laptop, TV, DVD, and my new surround sound music system were all shut down. Then I discovered that my mobile phone battery was dead, and to top it off, it was raining outside, so I couldn't play golf.

I went into the kitchen to make coffee and then I remembered that this also needs power, so I lit the gas stove, brewed up a pot and shared a few cups with my wife. We talked for a couple of hours.

She seems like a nice person...

*Louis Armstrong was fluent in Yiddish,
and "Satchmo" in Yiddish is "Big Cheeks."
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts*

A RESSURECTED JOKE FOR EASTER

Donald Trump goes on a fact-finding visit to Israel, and while he is on a tour of Jerusalem he suffers a heart attack and dies.

The undertaker tells the American diplomats accompanying him, "You can have him shipped home for \$50,000, or you can bury him here, in the Holy Land, for just \$100."

The diplomats go into a corner to discuss for a few minutes and return to tell the undertaker that they want the deceased President shipped home.

"Why," the puzzled undertaker asks, "would you spend \$50,000 to ship him home when it would be a blessing to be buried here, and you would spend only \$100?"

The American diplomats reply, "Long ago a man died here, was buried here, and three days later he rose from the dead. We just can't take that risk."

"Don't wait; the time will never be just right."
~ Napoleon

TOO PERSONAL?

Steven Allen Green: "A psychotic chiropodist, with extreme narcolepsy, seven missing fingers and a penchant for fondling rotten Roma tomatoes, seeks an open-minded octogenarian high-priestess in the dark arts of germ warfare with a view to picking on Trump voters, savoring fine cantaloupe wine at nuclear dump sites and long walks on indoor beaches. NO WEIRDOS!"

"You miss 100% of the shots that you don't take."
~ Wayne Gretzky

GOOD SPORTS

The sport of choice for the urban poor is BASKETBALL. The sport of choice for maintenance level employees is BOWLING. The sport of choice for front-line workers is FOOTBALL. The sport of choice for supervisors is BASEBALL.

The sport of choice for middle management is TENNIS, and the sport of CEOs and their officers is GOLF. So, the higher you go in the corporate structure, the smaller your balls become.

There must be a Congress full of people in D.C. playing MARBLES!!!

"The future is already here. It's just not evenly distributed yet." ~ William Gibson

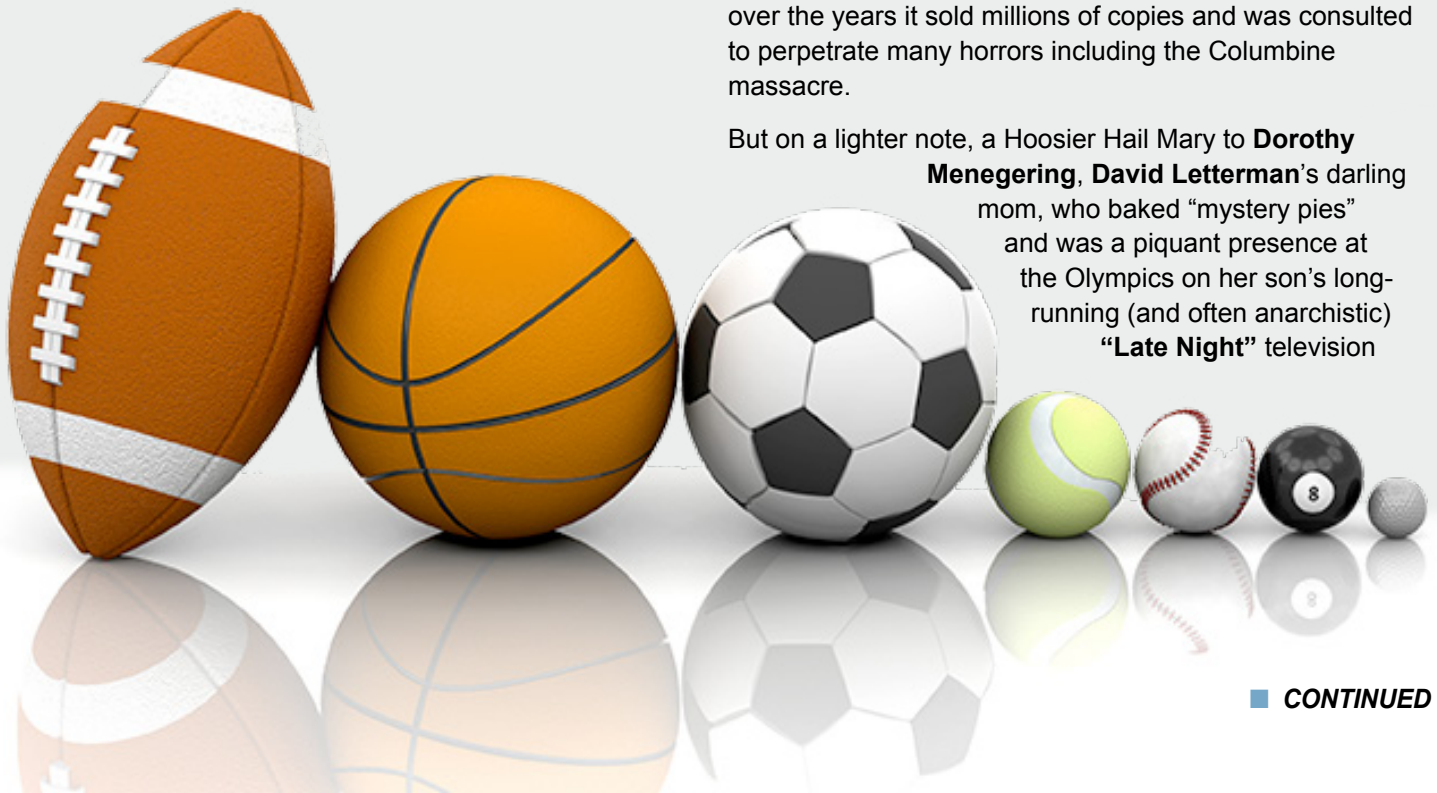


MOTHER LOAD
Dorothy and Dave: Laughing through the tears.

ORBITUARIES

First a blast off to **William Powell**, the author of *The Anarchist Cookbook*, which he later deeply regretted although over the years it sold millions of copies and was consulted to perpetrate many horrors including the Columbine massacre.

But on a lighter note, a Hoosier Hail Mary to **Dorothy Menegering**, **David Letterman's** darling mom, who baked "mystery pies" and was a piquant presence at the Olympics on her son's long-running (and often anarchistic) "**Late Night**" television



show. Before passing away at 95, she even published a cookbook of her own, featuring "Dave's Fried Baloney Sandwiches." That'll kill ya, too...

And of course, we lost "Mr. Warmth," the great **Don Rickles**, who is best epitomized in the famous story of his prank on **Frank Sinatra**. And if you DON'T know it, ya hockey puck, here it is:

"Sinatra was headlining at the Sands, and I was with this girl having dinner in the lounge. She wasn't anybody I would bring home to my mother, but I really wanted to score big. Frank was in the lounge at his table with **Lena**



Horne and some other celebrities and all his security guards, and my date says, 'My God, there's Frank Sinatra! Do you know him?' I said, 'Sure, he's a friend of mine.' Which he was."

Don went on to brag, "We're like brothers!" But she didn't believe him, so he said: "Wait here, sweetheart," and he went over to Frank's table.

"What do you want, Bullethead?" he said. That was his nickname for me. I told him I was trying to impress this girl and would he do me a very big favor and come over and just say hello. He said, 'For you, Bullethead, I'll do it.'

Five minutes later, Sinatra strolled over and said, "Don, how the hell are you?" And Don Rickles looked up and replied, "Not now, Frank. Can't you see I'm with somebody?"

Now that's how you leave 'em laughing!

"No one can make you feel inferior
without your consent." ~ **Eleanor Roosevelt**

"Beware of artists; they mix
with all classes of society
and are therefore most
dangerous." ~ **Queen Victoria**

NO FOOLIN'

I'm deeply grateful for their contributions to **Jamie Alcroft, Hayley Kiyoto, Joan Allemand, Bob Riddle, Lance Rucker, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., Patricia Mizen, Tom Hensley, Alan Meyerson, Dwight Frizell, David Morgenstern, Nick Oliva** and **Quora**.

And congratulations to my *Where's My Fortune Cookie* co-author, **Brad Schreiber**, who's latest book, *Revolution's End* just won a True Crime Silver Medal from the Independent Book Publishers. **MORE**

And finally, **A BIG HAPPY BIRTHDAY** to my darling daughter, **Kristin Campbell**, below right, soon to return with her hubby, **Geoff**, and their two kids to sunny L.A.

"The possible has been tried and failed.
Now it's time to try the impossible." ~ **Sun Ra**



PLANETCLICK

CLICK WORDS TO OPEN

MORE FOOLIN'

HAYLEY
HOCUS FOCUS
OTR
OFF RAMP
WALLS
GO FOR IT
FASTEST
VW
CONGRESS
BEAN THERE
NEA

"Without lies, humanity would perish of despair and boredom." ~ **Anatole France**

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