

"If you pluck the chicken one feather at a time, then people won't notice." ~ Benito Mussolini

# Why June Gloom?

**H**ere in Southern California, we suffer from May Gray and June Gloom because of the persistent offshore marine layer, whatever that is. But this month has been gloomier than most because of the unexpected loss of so many dear friends and longtime acquaintances, some of whose obits I will honor in this orbit.

But there were plenty of sunny moments as well, including **Melinda's** and my appearances in the latest HEAR Now Festival in Kansas City, Missouri over the past weekend; and - thanks to the expert driving of our friend, **Timothy Earl Osburn** (representing **Ralph Spoilsport Motors**) - we got to ingest our beloved "burnt ends" at Joe's BBQ and at Jack Flat's, joined by our Library of Congress angel, curator **Matt Barton**, to celebrate the acquisition of the Firesign Theatre's archives!



And at the final Saturday Audio event, **Dave**

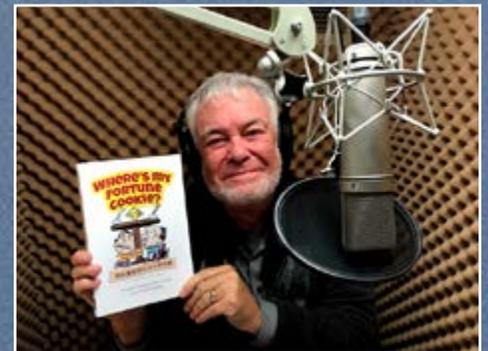
**Ossman** and I were honored to present the latest iteration of "The Art of Radio," resulting in a stunning standing ovation. (I think their butts were tired, as **Bergman** used to quip.)

**Oona Austin** has dubbed our Firesign-inspired presentation:

"And the light stays on..."

I was also personally celebrated at

an event at the Cinemark movie theatre (soon to become a Nordstrom), where **Sue Zizza** launched the **Proctor Podcast** and the first episode of my memoir with **Brad Schreiber**: 'Where's My Fortune Cookie?' introduced by **Tom Kelly**. So, now you can **SIGN ON HERE** and for a modest fee, listen to my audially enhanced reading.



**NO GLOOM ... MAYBE A LITTLE FOGGY!**

Phil with Matt Barton (above), Timothy Earl Osburn (top right), and upholding his good 'Fortune.'

"Good judgement comes from experience and experience comes from bad judgement." ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

## BENEFITS OF OLD AGE

**M**Y NEIGHBOR WAS WORKING IN HIS YARD when he was startled by a late model car that came crashing through his hedge, ended up in his front lawn. He rushed to help an elderly lady driver out of the car and sat her down on a lawn chair. "You appear quite elderly to be driving."

"Well, yes, I am," she replied proudly. "I'll be 97 next month, and I'm now old enough that I don't even need a license anymore. The last time I went to my doctor, he examined me and asked if I had one, and I told him 'yes' and handed it to him. He took scissors out of the drawer, cut the license into pieces, and threw them in the waste basket, saying, 'You won't need this anymore.' So, I thanked him and left!"

*A smile increases your face value. ~ Fortune Cookie*

## A MIGHTY HOT DOG IS OUR LORD!

**J**UST READ SOMEWHERE THAT FOR FIRST TIME in history, more people are dying "from eating too much than from eating too little." Also, more people are dying from old age than from infectious diseases, and more people are committing suicide with their own readily available firearms than are killed by soldiers, terrorists and criminals.

So, here in the dawn of the twenty-first century, you are more likely to die from bingeing at McDonald's than from global warming, Ebola, al-Qaeda attacks, or being run over by a driverless car...

So – Let's Eat!

*It's marginally butter.  
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts*

### FRANKLY MY DEAR

Competitive gluttony helps turn the tables on food and fatality.

## FORWARD, INTO THE PAST!

**W**E ALSO GOT TO SEE MY DEAR OLD PAL and former housemate, **Jeremy Clyde**, of **Chad & Jeremy** fame, performing with **Peter Asher** of Peter & Gordon in a brain-jarring blast from the past, at the fabled **McCabe's Guitar Store** in Santa Monica.



### JEREMY SANS CHAD

Jeremy Clyde performs recently with cellist Emily Elkin.

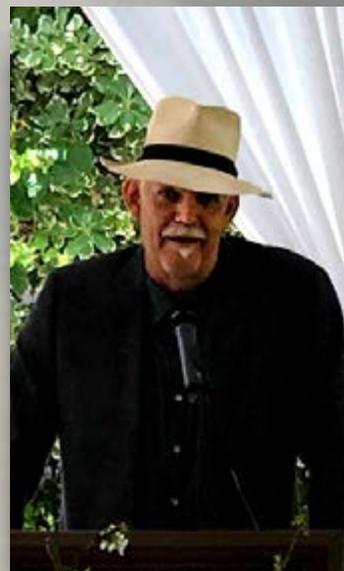
And the next night, we were honored to witness Jeremy's very first ever solo show, accompanied by a nimble guitarist and a stunning cellist, presenting haunting songs and stories from his **Bottom Drawer Sessions** (available at Amazon.com). Backstage, at the legendary **Bob Stayne's Coffee Gallery** in Altadena,

But the best was yet to come, since JC was able to stay with me and Melinda in the guest dungeon, as we historically (and hysterically) relived our decadent daze in the late '60s at the mansion in Encino as if it was yesterday – which it was.

Our minds melded, and time melted, and it became obvious through the laughter and joy of our long, deep friendship, why **Firesign Theatre** was invited to become a part of rock'n'roll history on Chad & Jeremy's daring concept album **Of Cabbages and Kings**. Friends forever!

*"To abandon facts is to abandon freedom."  
~ Historian Timothy Snyder*

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### A TIP OF OUR HATS

Harry Anderson (left) was fondly remembered by friends including his longtime collaborator Turk Pipkin (above) and Jay Johnson at multiple memorials.

## SENIOR SACKTIME

**B**EGIN BY STANDING ON A COMFORTABLE surface, where you have plenty of room on each side. With a 5-lb potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute, and then relax. Each day you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer.

After a couple of weeks, move up to 10-lb potato bags. Then try 50-lb potato bags and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100-lb potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute.

After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each bag.

*"To be alive but dead is the worst possible thing - although it happens to many people."*

*~ Mario Vargas Llosa*

## HARRY THE HAT

**W**HAT CAN I SAY? HE HAD THREE memorials: one at the **Sportsman's Lodge**, hosted by his longtime collaborator, **Turk Pipkin**, another at the Magic Castle, hosted by his bosom buddy, **Jay Johnson**, and a final celebration at the hurricane-devastated site of his crazy club, **Oswald**, in New Orleans.

Can anyone other than his amazing children, **Eva** and **Dash**, and his beloved wives, **Leslie** and **Elizabeth**, do anything more to celebrate his unique and memorable existence? I think not.

A magic man – a magic life.

*"Don't know why, I've got lipstick on my fly - Stormy Daniels!"*

*~ Harry Anderson*

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## POLLY LOVES A CRACKER

**A** TALKING TECH-SAVVY PET PARROT IN Florida has learned how to operate Amazon's **Alexa** and is using the device to torment its owners. A video shows the four-year-old African gray, named Petra, mimicking its host's voice and telling the smart speaker to adjust the lighting in the house, often in the middle of the night.

She also sometime tells the family dog to dance. Why not.

*"What's lost is nothing compared to what's found, and all the death that ever was, set next to life, would scarcely fill a cup." ~ Frederick Buechner*

## FREE SEX

**A** GAS STATION OWNER WAS TRYING TO increase his sales, so he put up a sign that read, "Free Sex with Fill-Up." Soon a local pulled in, filled his tank and asked for his free sex. The owner told him to pick a number from 1 to 10. If he guessed correctly he would get his free sex.

He guessed 8, and the proprietor said, "You were close. The number was 7. Sorry, no sex this time."

A week later, the same local, along with his buddy pulled in for another fill-up and again asked for free sex, and again, the owner asked him to guess the correct number. He guessed 2 this time, and the proprietor said, "Sorry, it was 3. You were close, but no free sex this time."

As they were driving away, the guy said to his buddy, "I think that game is rigged, and he doesn't really give away free sex."

And his pal replied, "Nope, it ain't rigged. My wife won twice last week."

*"Love: the furnace into which everything is dropped." ~ James Salter*

## ANOTHER GORDON GONE

**A** S I RELATE IN THE BOOK AND PODCAST OF *Where's My Fortune Cookie?*, when growing up in Manhattan, I got to know the late **Max Gordon**. Recently his wife, **Lorraine**, who took over the management of his fabled jazz club, **The Village Vanguard**, passed away as well. I can think of no better remembrance than the following from our longtime collaborator and friend, **Michael C. Gwynne**, so here we go:

*Lorraine was a force to reckon with and a great figure in the jazz world. One night my car happened to be parked exactly in front of the famous front door to catch a set with*

*old friend Jackie McLean. I crossed Charles Street and smiled as the Village Vanguard canopy came into view.*

*We had met many times in the kitchen over the years as*



**ON THE VANGUARD**  
Remembering Lorraine Gordon.

*she shooed everybody out to get back to the bandstand but were never properly introduced though Jackie repeatedly told her I was an old friend.*

*It was raining slightly, and we caught each other's eye, so I gestured to my car, but she demurred with a slight smile. "You must let me drive you home as you've been so kind to me over the years," I said. That seemed to jar her slightly then she reluctantly got in. I introduced myself as Jackie's friend and that calmed her. But she was still cool and quiet. Then, I couldn't resist!*

*After telling her how important her and Max's place was for me and thousands of other music lovers world-wide I asked her who was the very first booking in 1939 when the club opened. She whipped her head my way with a big smile and responded immediately. "Leadbelly," she gushed, and it seemed to bring on a cascade of fond memories. Her reverie was broken only when she suddenly pointed to a building and said, "That's me." She halted her exit for a moment, looked over at me as if for the first time and said, "Thank you. You're a gentleman." Then, she was gone.*

*Thank you, Lorraine. And a silent prayer now for her and the Parking Gods that held that spot in front of the club for me so many years ago...*

*"Life is lumpy. And a lump in the oatmeal, a lump in the throat, and a lump in the breast are not the same lump. One should learn the difference." ~ Robert Fulghum*

Trump has installed an alternate Fax in his bedroom ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

## A KICK IN THE HEAD

**A**N OLD HILLBILLY HAD A WIFE who was always complaining, and the only time he got relief was when he was out plowing with his old mule; but one day, his wife brought him lunch in the field, so he drove the old mule into the shade, sat down on a stump and began to eat.

Immediately his wife began pestering him, but all of a sudden, the old mule lashed out with both hind feet, caught her smack in the back of the head and killed her dead on the spot!

At the funeral several days later, the minister noticed something odd. When women mourners approached the old farmer, he'd nod his head in agreement, but when a male mourner approached him, he'd shake his head in disagreement. So, after the funeral, the Pastor asked him why he nodded his head with the women but always disagreed with the men, and the farmer said, "Well the women would come up and say something about how my wife looked real pretty in her dress, so I nodded my head in agreement."

"And what about the men?" the minister asked.

"Well, they wanted to know if the mule was for sale."

*"In America, anyone can be president.  
That's the problem."  
~ George Carlin*

## YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

**A**MAN WHO HAD WORKED ALL OF HIS LIFE TO save all of his money. He loved it more than just about anything, and just before he died he said to his wife, "Now listen, homey, when I die I want you to take all my money and place it in the casket with me, because I want to take all my money to the afterlife." And he got his wife to promise him with all her heart that when he died she would put all the money in the casket with him.

PLANETCLICK

CLICK WORDS TO OPEN

## DISTRIBUTING

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MONTEREY

THE WALL

Well, one day he died. He was stretched out in the casket, and just before the undertaker was ready close it, his widow said, "Wait a minute."

She had a shoebox with her and placed it in the casket, and her friend said, "I hope you weren't crazy enough to put all the money in there with that stingy bastard!"

"Of course," she said, "I'm a good Christian, I can't lie, and I promised him that I was going to put that money in the casket with him."

"You need to tell me, you put every cent of his money in that casket with him?"

"I sure did," said the wife. "I got it all together put it into my account, and I wrote him a check."

*"Life teaches you how to live it,  
if you live long enough."  
~ Tony Bennett*

## CONTRIBUTING

**T**hanks to Charles Moed, Joan Allemand, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., Jim Meskimen, Carl J. Melville II, Allison Barenbrug, Mark Kramer, John Entwistle and Lou Decosta. And A HAPPY 7th BIRTHDAY to my talented granddaughter, **Audre**.



*"Hatred is the anger of the weak."  
~ Writer Alphonse Daudet*

*"The whole of anything is never told" ~ Henry James*

**FIRESIGN • BOOMERS**