

Planet Seventy-six

"If you are depressed, you are living in the past. If you are anxious, you are living in the future. If you are at peace, you are living in the present." ~ Lao Tsu

I'm Hot...

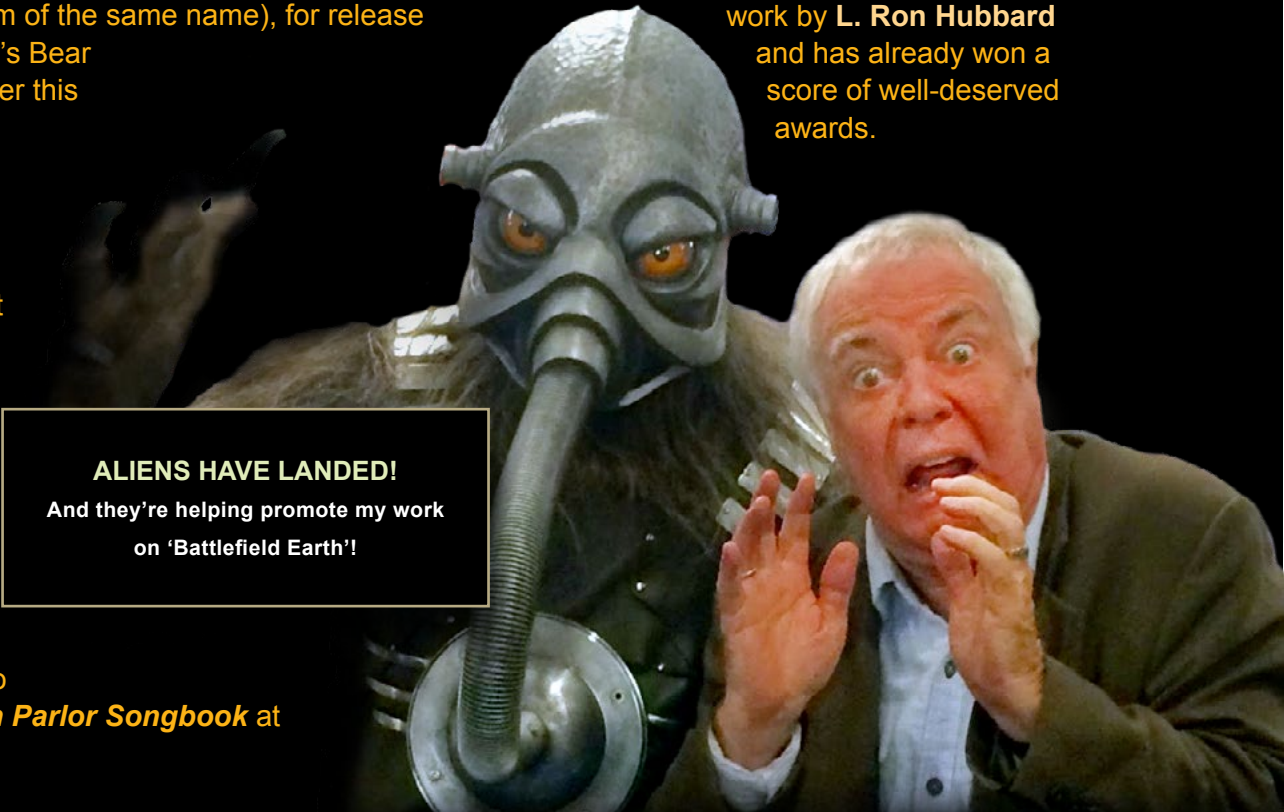
And it's not just because it was 106 degrees here in the canyon!

First off, I'm presently editing photos with co-author **Brad Schreiber** for my upcoming memoir, *Where's My Fortune Cookie* and also working on the transcripts of **Proctor & Bergman's** PBS serial *Power* and the original cabaret version of *Americathon*, (which *Tunnelvision* creator **Neal Israel** adapted into the prophetic film of the same name), for release by **Ben Ohmart's** Bear Manor Press later this year.

Then, my new partner **Jamie Alcroft** and I are cranking out more of our **Boomers on a Bench** Facebook series and performing **LIVE** again on **JP Houston's** syndicated radio show *American Parlor Songbook* at

the **Tudor House** in Lake Arrowhead on July 23, which I'll be talking about on **Buzzfeed's Big Brother** comment show this month.

I'm also doing radio interviews to promote my participation in the 47.5 hour-long *Battlefield Earth* audiobook, directed by the amazing **Jim Meskimen**, which employed 67 actors, 150,000 sound effects and an original musical score. It's incredible ear candy of a still prophetic work by **L. Ron Hubbard** and has already won a score of well-deserved awards.



ALIENS HAVE LANDED!
And they're helping promote my work on 'Battlefield Earth'!

FORWARD, INTO THE PAST

And most exciting, in early July, thanks to a recommendation by our talented colleague, former WKRP “Boy Toy” **Gary Sandy**, I’ll be appearing in the role of **John Randolph** of Roanoke (1773-1833) in a three-part PBS television series about **Francis Scott Key**,



titled **After the Song** and directed by **Philip J. Marshall** at the Maryland Studios in Baltimore. It’s scheduled to air during Black History month in 2017.

Gary plays **Andrew Jackson**, and my character is a flamboyant chap, cursed with a high, shrill voice, who often appeared in the Senate sporting a riding crop and attired in “kinky boots,” accompanied by his two blond Afghan hounds and his favorite slave, **Juba**. For a preview of the show go **HERE** and read more in the following item ...

“I am an aristocrat. I love liberty, I hate equality.”
~ **John Randolph**

THE REST OF THE STORY

A genetic aberration – possibly **Klinefelter syndrome** – left Randolph beardless and with a soprano pre-pubescent voice throughout his life, but at the unusually young age of 26, he was elected to the Sixth and then the six succeeding U.S. Congresses from

THROUGHOUT THE ‘PLANET,’ CLICKING
BOLD, DARK RED TYPE
OPENS A RELATED INTERNET LINK.

1799 to 1813. In 1803, Federalist **William Plumer** of New

Hampshire wrote of his unique presence:

“Mr. Randolph goes to the House booted and spurred, with his whip in hand, in imitation, it is said, of members of the British Parliament. He is a very slight man but of the common stature.” A cousin of **Thomas Jefferson**, he is descended from the celebrated Indian Princess

Pochahontas. “I admire his ingenuity and address,” wrote Plumer. “But I dislike his politics.”

“Remember - remember always - that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists.”
~ **Franklin D. Roosevelt**

DEMS AND REPS

Although at first glance Republicans and Democrats appear to be indistinguishable, let’s review some differences:

The people you see coming out of white wooden churches are Republicans. Democrats buy most of the books that Republicans have banned while Republicans form censorship committees and read them in groups. Republicans smoke cigars on weekdays.

On weekends, Republicans head for the hunting lodge or the yacht club while Democrats wash the car and get a haircut. Republicans post signs saying “No Trespassing” and “These Deer Are Private Property.” Democrats bring picnic baskets



and start bonfires with those signs. Democrats eat the fish they catch while Republicans hang them on the wall.

Republicans have governesses for their kids. Democrats have grandmothers. Republicans tend to keep their shades drawn, although there is seldom any reason to. Democrats ought to, but don’t. Republicans raise dahlias, Dalmatians and eyebrows. Democrats raise Airdales, kids and taxes.

Republicans follow the plans their grandfathers made. Democrats make plans and then do something else. Republicans sleep in twin beds, sometimes even in separate rooms – and that is why there are more Democrats.

“The political and commercial morals of the United States are not merely food for laughter, they are an entire banquet.” ~ **Mark Twain**

■ **CONTINUED**

JOY OF AGING

I have become a frivolous old gal,” writes our Planeteer **Joy**. “I’m seeing five gentlemen regularly.

“As soon as I awake, **Will Power** helps me out of bed, and when he leaves I have a regular date with my dear old **John**. Then **Charley Horse** takes up a lot of my attention, and when he leaves, **Arthur Ritus** shows up and occupies the rest of my day – but he hates to stay in one place for long, so he takes me from joint to joint.

“After such a busy day, I’m really exhausted and ready to go to bed and that’s when I call on **Ben Gay** (and he’s NOT), and he’s really HOT! What a day...”

“The school of hard knocks is an accelerated curriculum.” ~ Menander (342-292 BC)

KOKO SPEAKS

Koko has a gorilla-sized crush on **Matthew McConaughey** and asks to watch the movie *Failure to Launch* over and over. She even combined some signs to create a name just for him, and, no kidding – Koko calls Matthew “Hot Boy.”

Koko has also expressed a broad taste in music. Recently her favorites have included “Wrecking Ball” by **Miley Cyrus** and several of the bass-lines from a variety of the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** tracks.

And Koko loves the **Pharrell Williams**’ song “Happy.” She even asked for a Pharrell-style hat, which they got for her.

SUPPORT KOKO HERE.



“After readying the every emotion, there is understanding entering the realm.” ~ Fortune Cookie

TO PEE OR NOT TO PEE

I have one very important question about the whole LGBT bathroom legislation – who will pay the Pecker-Checker? And how much money will a Pecker-Checker make? Do we pay a Pecker-Checker by the pecker?

One more question: “How many peckers could a Pecker-Checker check if a Pecker-Checker can check peckers?”

And will women have to wear a “Vag Badge?” Will we have to hire a Vag-Badge Madge? And if things get out of hand (so to speak), we can always hire a PC Restroom Service!

Their motto? “If you gotta pee, we gotta see!”

*“Oh, this age! How tasteless and ill-bred it is!”
~ Catallus (84-57 BC)*

BUT WHO’S COUNTING?

The local news station was interviewing an 80-year-old lady because she had just gotten married for the fourth time. The interviewer asked her questions about her life, about what it felt like to be marrying again at 80, and then about her new husband’s occupation. “He’s a funeral director,” she answered. “Interesting,” the newsman thought. He then asked her if she wouldn’t mind telling him a little about her first three husbands and what they did for a living.

She paused for a few moments, needing time to reflect on all those years. After a short time, a smile came to her face and she answered proudly, explaining that she had first married a banker when she was in her 20s, then a circus ringmaster when in her 40s, and a preacher when in her 60s, and now – in her 80s – a funeral director.

The interviewer looked at her, quite astonished, and asked why she had married four men with such diverse careers. She smiled and explained, “I married one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go.”

“Times are bad. Children no longer obey their parents and everyone is writing a book.” ~ Cicero

■ **CONTINUED**

WHY SEVENTY-SIX?

Well dear friends, July is my birthday month and on the 28th I will turn 76. And I just wanted to let all know that I had a terrible accident last week, but I'm doing a little better now and will recover in time to celebrate.

Yes, I'm getting older, but thanks to my Irish genes and my Amish jeans, I'm still feeling pretty spry, so I decided to go horseback riding, which I haven't done in years. Wisely, I picked out the most docile-looking horse I could and started out slowly. But then it went a little faster and a little faster, and soon the horse was going as fast as it could possibly go!

Suddenly I lost my balance, fell off, and my foot got caught in the stirrup, and the damned horse kept going, dragging me around in a circle.

Despite my panicked screaming, it just kept going around and around, and if it weren't for a quick-thinking man – to whom I owe my life – I'm sure my injuries would have been a lot more severe than they are. Thank goodness the WalMart store manager came over and unplugged the merry-go-round.

"Docile" my ass! Next time I'll ride the Happy Seal.

*"How little you know of the age you live in if you think that honey is sweeter than cash in hand."
~ Ovid*

FOUR NOT TO GO?

On my 75th birthday, I got a gift certificate from my wife which paid for a visit to a shaman living on a reservation near Lake Arrowhead who was rumored to have a wonderful cure for erectile dysfunction, not that I really needed it...

But after being persuaded, I drove to the reservation, handed my ticket to the shaman, and wondered what I was in for. The old man slowly, methodically produced a potion, handed it to me, and gripping my shoulder, warned, "This is powerful medicine and it must be respected. Take only a teaspoonful and then say '1-2-3.' When you do that, you

will be more potent than you have ever been in your life and can perform as long as you want." I was encouraged, and asked, "How do I stop the medicine from working?" "Your partner must say '1-2-3-4,'" the shaman responded. "And when she does, the medicine will not work again until the next full moon."

I was eager to see if it worked, so I went home, showered, shaved, took a spoonful of the medicine, and invited my wife to join me in the bedroom. When she came in, I took off my clothes and said, "1-2-3!" Immediately, I was the manliest of men. My wife, excited, began throwing off her clothes, and then asked breathlessly, "What was the 1-2-3 for?"

And that, boys and girls, is why we should never end our sentences with a preposition.

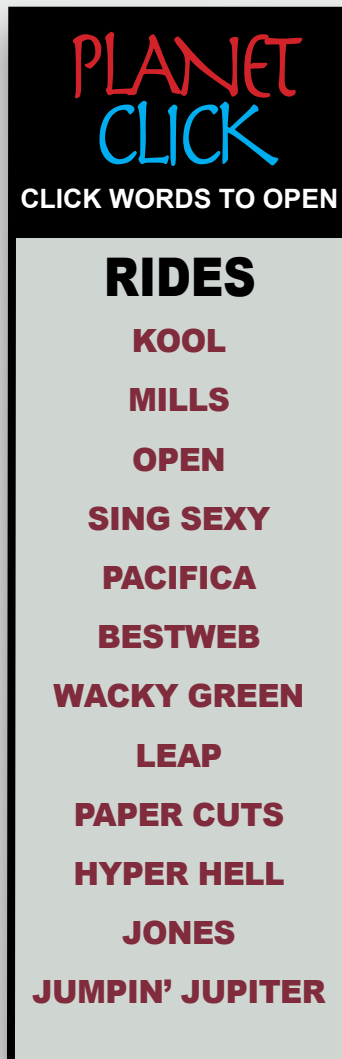
"There is nothing so absurd but some philosopher has said it." ~ Cicero

OBLIGATORY OBITUARIES

Dear Friends, this is the hardest part of the Planet for me to write every month, and the longer I delay, the worse it gets, because more and more of our close and beloved souls are casting off this mortal coil – but here goes.

Of course, the "greatest" recent celebrity passing was **Muhammed Ali**, whom I had the thrill to meet once, briefly, after some publicity event in LA. He was a true gentleman and I shook his hand and complimented him on his anti-war stance, and here's why:

"Why should they ask me to put on a uniform and go 10,000 miles from home and drop bombs and bullets on Brown people in Vietnam ■ **CONTINUED**



while so-called Negro people in Louisville are treated like dogs and denied simple human rights?

"No I'm not going 10,000 miles from home to help murder and burn another poor nation simply to continue the domination of white slave masters of the darker people the world over. This is the day when such evils must come to an end. I have been warned that to take such a stand would cost me millions of dollars.

"But I have said it once and I will say it again: the real enemy of my people is here. I will not disgrace my religion, my people or myself by becoming a tool to enslave those who are fighting for their own justice, freedom and equality. If I thought the war was going to bring freedom and equality to 22 million of my people they wouldn't have to draft me, I'd join tomorrow. I have nothing to lose by standing up for my beliefs. So I'll go to jail, so what? We've been in jail for 400 years."

"I wish people in the world could love one another as well as they love me." ~ Muhammed Ali

AND NOT TO BE

Here's a fond farewell to **Angela Paton**, 86 -- a bright, funny soul whom we worked with as an actor and director for a gratefully long time in the Antaeus Company.



We last celebrated her appearance in person on Broadway in the 2012 run of **Harvey** starring **Jim Parsons**, and although she had 91 film and television credits -- nearly all of them in her late 50s -- she was best recognized for her delightful turn in 1993's *Groundhog Day* starring **Bill Murray** and for which I added voices. Before that, Angela had a long stage career based mostly in the San



Francisco Area, where with her husband, **Bob Goldsby**, she even founded a theater in Berkeley.

Then, goodbye to dear **Janet Waldo**, best known as the teenage Corliss Archer and years later as Judy Jetson, the teenage daughter on "The Jetsons," with whom I had the pleasure of working on many old radio recreations.

And finally, I will be attending a Memorial Service on July 9 for my darling wife's mother, **Shirley Peterson**, who passed away a few days short of her 90th birthday.

An ardent Red Sox fan and a voracious

reader, she always had a sewing or craft project at hand and made her own Christmas cards for over 60 years. She leaves behind seven children, so you can bet it'll be a great celebration!

TRIBUTE TO SHIRLEY

"The past is never dead. It's not even past."
~ **William Faulkner**



GUIDES

John Hostetter, Oona Austin, Jamie Alcroft, Bill McCormack, Victor Kopcewich, Don Stitt, Ron Masak, Ed Pearl, Richard Green, Magic Mike Berger, Joey Green, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., Alan Myerson. And thanks again to **JP Houston** and **Julie Van Dusen** for inviting us back for another live Boomers performance on American Parlor Songbook, Saturday, July 23 in Lake Arrowhead.

HERE'S OUR LAST SHOW

"He feels authentic in a diner. He is multi-dimensional and funny. Must be able to move around actively."
~ **Casting Call**

"We have to change truth a little in order to remember it." ~ George Santayana

BOOMERS • BEARWHIZ BEER • FIRESITE

PLANET PROCTOR © Phil Proctor 2016 • layout and production Cristofer Gross / **Theatertimes.org**