

"When small men begin to cast big shadows, it means that the sun is about to set." ~ Lin Yutang

PLANET TURKEY ■ PLANET PROCTOR
NUMBER 11 ■ NOVEMBER 26, 2016

Thanksgiving?

Well, we elected a half-baked turkey, even though the stuffing in the ballot boxes indicated that the chick actually won the popular vote over that daffy populist duck – and now we're all Dreaming of a White Christmas – "orange" you happy?

But what's the upside of having "he-who-must-not-be-named" as the biggest Bozo on the bus? I'm a satirist, you see, so unless the creepy clown shuts all us guys down, we might be looking forward to four years of unbridled hilarity – or not.

Guess we'll just have to give this "piece" a chance, and we'll see.

HAIL TO THE CHEF

Let the broasting begin ...

Well, So Far He Sucks! ~ Bumpersticker spotted on a truck in Washington state



ON THE ROAD ...

Above, Audio pals Sarah Montague, David Shinn, Phil, Melinda, Helen Englehardt and Sue Zizza; below left, Phil, Austin and Bob; Bottom, Hofstans Stephanie Revesz, Melinda, Peter and Caitlin Friedman.

WE'RE BACK ...

But under the circumstances, maybe we should have stayed in Canada, eh?

My darling wife and I just returned from a five-week adventure beginning with a visit to our dear friends **Lance** and **Bianca Rucker** before embarking on a breathtaking three-day, four-night trans-Canadian train trip from Vancouver to Toronto, followed by a visit to Montreal and



Quebec, another overnight train to Halifax and a drive to Sydney in the beautiful province of Nova Scotia, up the Cabot Trail of Cape Breton, and then a ferry ride from Yarmouth to Portland, Maine, to

visit at last with my cousin, photographic artist and restorer **Joey Muir**, and his wife **Vicky** and son **Gabriel**.

After a pleasant stay in their art-filled home, we drove all over New England during the **Leaf-Peepers Festival**, staying at **Windy Dog Hill** in Starksboro, Vermont, run by Melinda's high school best friend, **Ricky Moffi**, and his witty wife **Barbara**. Then we attended plays in Brattleboro, Rhinebeck and Rochester at regional theatres run mainly by my wife's **Hofstra** schoolmates.

And after a visit in Stamford with our just-married former

trainer, **Sally**, we moved in on Melinda's brother **Art**, wife **Linda**, and **Luke**; the trip culminating in a theatre trip to Manhattan.

We caught up with **Dakin Matthews** in *Waitress*, **John Goodman** in *Front Page* and **Bergman's** Yale classmate **Austin Pendleton**, who directed a wonderful revival of *A Taste of Honey*. We also saw *Beautiful*, *Something Rotten*, and *The Humans*, which was the only play we didn't like, and *Oh, Hello* with **John Mulaney** and **Nick Kroll**, which included a surprise appearance by **John Oliver** in the "Too Much Tuna" segment(!)

But we were most impressed by *The Encounter*, created and performed by **Simon McBurney** and designed to be experienced though the earphones attached to every seat – 'nough said...

We also connected with **David Lahm**, **Ken Burrows** and **Erica Jong**, **John Mayer**, **Paul Gorman**, **Steve Katcher**, "Dwarf" cover artist and Bergman's Yale roommate, **Bob Grossman**, **Tinika** and **Paul Steirs**, **Peter Friedman** and his wife, **Caitlin**, and **Stephanie Revez**; voice-over pals **Sue Zizza** and **David Shinn**, **Helen Englehardt** and **Sarah Montague** (below left).



The trip finished on a high note (if you catch my drift), at a family wedding in Tewksbury, Massachusetts, which united our nephew **Seth** and his bride **Lisa** in "Holy Cow, what next?"— before returning home in late October.

"A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small bundle."

~ Benjamin Franklin

■ CONTINUED

OCTOBER PAST

October in New England
And I not there to see
The glamour of the goldenrod,
The flame of the maple tree!
October in my own land....
I know what glory fills
The mountains of New Hampshire
And Massachusetts hills.
Vermont, in robes of splendor
Sings with the woods of Maine,
Alternate hallelujahs
Of gold and crimson stain.
I know what hues of opal
Rhode Island breezes fan,
And how Connecticut puts on
Colors of Hindustan.

– Odell Sheppard 1884-1967

*"It is the artist's business to create sunshine
when the sun fails." ~ Roman Rolland*

WHAT IS REALITY?

While walking down the street one day a corrupt Senator was tragically hit by a car and died. His soul arrives in Heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance. "Welcome to Heaven," says St. Peter. "Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you."

"No problem, just let me in," says the Senator. "Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from the higher ups, so what we'll do is have you spend one day in Hell and one in Heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity."

"Really? I've made up my mind. I want to be in Heaven," says the Senator.

"I'm sorry, but we have our rules." And with that St. Peter

escorts him to the elevator and goes down, down, down to Hell. The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a clubhouse and standing in front are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him, in evening dress. And, smiling broadly. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good times they had while getting rich at the expense of others. They played a friendly game of golf and then dined on lobster, caviar and the finest champagne.

Also present is the devil, who really is a very friendly guy who is having a good time dancing and telling jokes. They are all having such a good time that before the Senator realizes it, it is time to go. Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises...

The elevator goes up, up, up and when the door reopens St. Peter says, "Now it's time to visit Heaven." So the Senator joins a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and, before he realizes it, St. Peter returns. "Well, then, you've spent a day in Hell and another in Heaven. Now it's time to choose your eternity."

The Senator reflects for a minute and answers: "Well, I would never have said it before, I mean...Heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in Hell." So St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to Hell. And when the doors of the elevator open he

finds himself in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage, and all his friends are dressed in rags, putting the trash in black bags as more falls from above.

"I don't understand," stammers the Senator to the Devil.

"Yesterday there was a golf course and a clubhouse, we ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne, danced and had a great time; and now it's just this stinking wasteland and all my colleagues are miserable.

What happened?" The Devil

smiles and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning – today, you voted."

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



■ CONTINUED

"Anyone who stops learning is old, whether at 20 or 80.
Anyone who keeps learning stays young.
The greatest thing in life is to keep your mind young."
~ Henry Ford

QUICKIES

How does Moses make tea? Hebrews it. I tried to catch some fog, but I mist. We're having venison for dinner again? Oh, deer! Jokes about German sausage are the wurst.

I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down. When chemists die, they barium. When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble. I stayed up all night to see where the sun went, and then it dawned on me!

I didn't like my beard at first, but it grew on me. Why were the Indians here first? They had reservations. Broken pencils are pointless. Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils? I did a theatrical performance about puns once: it was a play on words.

And stop worrying about old age! ... It doesn't last.

"Discussion is impossible with someone who claims not to seek the truth but already to possess it."
~ Roman Rolland

DAMN RIGHT!

'Do you usually think you're the smartest moth-a-f**ka in the room? You may be right!" writes **Faith Salie**. Based on a recent study by a bunch of smart f**kers, it seems that people who curse a lot are more intelligent.

"Contrary to the negative stereotype that folks who swear have poor vocabularies, a fluency in taboo language correlates with overall verbal fluency. The more words you know, the more you know ... and the more colorfully you can express yourself, with nuance, metaphor and emotion. And I'm happy to note that men and women in this experiment swore in equal measure, so let's hear it for the ladies!

"Also, cursing makes you feel better. In another study, participants were asked to plunge their hands into ice water for as long as they could bear it. When they were encouraged to swear up a storm, they were able to keep their hands underwater 73% longer.

"Even **Shakespeare** acknowledges the power of the profane, when he has **Caliban** declare in *The Tempest*,

*You taught me language,
and my profit on't is, I know how to curse.*

"Now if you'll please excuse me," concludes Ms. Salie, "I have to wash my mouth out with soap. Ugh, it's gonna taste like dogs--t."

"A cheerful heart is good medicine" ~ **Proverbs 17:22**

ANDY ROONEY UNCENSORED

When I was born, I was given a choice -- a big pecker or a good memory.... I don't remember what I chose. Your birth certificate is an apology letter from the condom factory. A wife is a sex object: Every time you ask for sex, she objects. Marriage is the only war where you get to sleep with the enemy, and despite the old saying, "Don't take your troubles to bed," many men still sleep with their wives! There are only two four-letter words that are offensive to men: "Don't" and "Stop" -- unless they are used together.

Why do men find it difficult to make eye contact? Because breasts don't have eyes. A just-married couple were happy with the whole thing: He was happy with the hole, and she was happy with the thing. An Australian kiss is the same thing as a French kiss, only down under. Virginity can be cured. Virginity is not dignity, it's lack of opportunity. Panties: not the best thing on earth, but next to the best thing on earth.

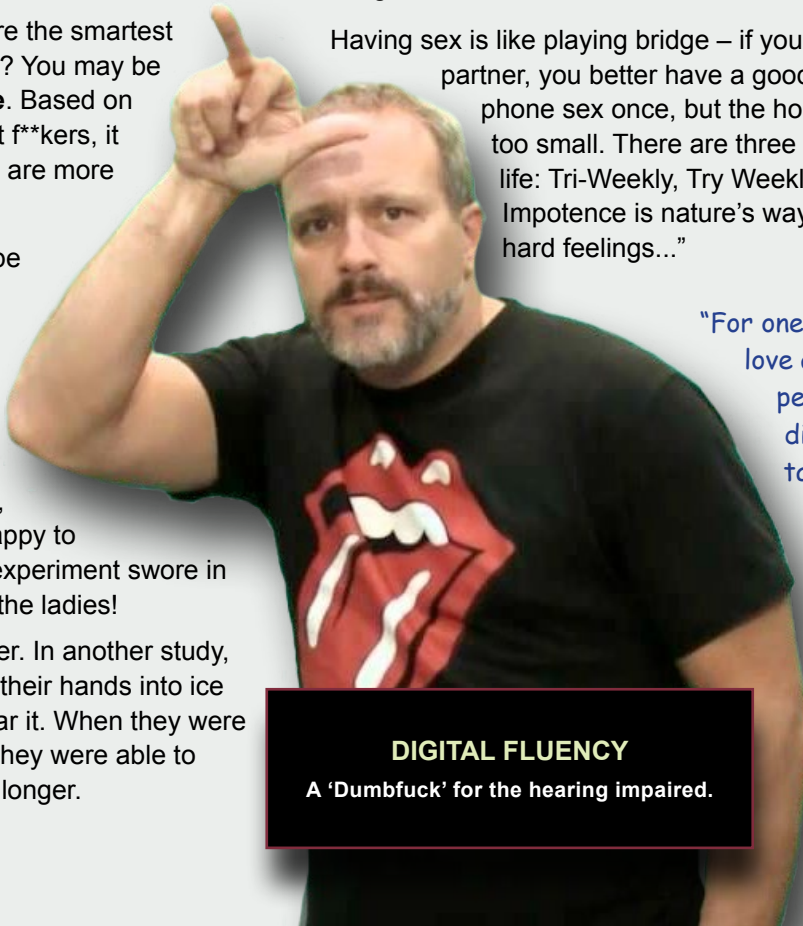
Having sex is like playing bridge -- if you don't have a good partner, you better have a good hand. I tried phone sex once, but the holes in the dial were too small. There are three stages in a man's life: Tri-Weekly, Try Weekly and Try Weakly. Impotence is nature's way of saying, "No hard feelings..."

"For one human being to love another: that is perhaps the most difficult of all our tasks, the ultimate, the last test and proof, the work for which all other work is preparation."
~ Rainer Maria Rilke

DIGITAL FLUENCY

A 'Dumbfuck' for the hearing impaired.

■ CONTINUED



WALK AWAY

Seeking a break from his cabinet interviews, **Donald Trump** jetted to his yacht, docked off the coast of Italy, and in spite of his shifting stance on abortion, he invited **Pope Francis** on board for a Saturday afternoon cruise. But as it was a rather windy day, the Pope's little hat, his *zucchetto*, was blown from his head into the water, and at once a crewman began lowering a boat to retrieve it until Trump told him not to bother, climbed down the yacht's ladder, walked across the waves, picked up the *zucchetto*; walked back to the yacht and handed it to the Pope.

The Pope and the press corps were amazed: Donald Trump could actually *walk on water*! Speculation immediately began as to how the biased media would report this miraculous event to the world...

And sure enough the next morning, *The New York Times* headline read as follows:

"PRESIDENT-ELECT CAN'T SWIM!"

And in case you think you've heard this all before, **READ THE HISTORY** of this old chestnut.

"Never regret anything that made you smile."
~ Mark Twain

HATS OFF

The Pontiff and the pontificator



ZBIGNIEW RUDZINSKI. Contra Fidem.
HENRIK GORECKI. Choros.
EDWARD BOGUSLAWSKI. Intonations.
WITOLD LUTOSLAWSKI. Postlude.
BOLESŁAW WOYTOWICZ. Third Symphony.
RADIO FREE OZ: And then again . . .

Thursday, November 24

AMERICAN MUSIC FOR THANKSGIV-

OMSON. A Solem Music. (Merc

(7)

CH

RI

J

3

5

6:45 OPINION: Stephen Kandel. (NOV 25)
7:00 P.M. HENRY DAVID THOREAU: A ME-
MORIAL: This fine program from our archives
is written and produced by David Ossman. We
cannot think of many things that this country
has to be thankful for that are of more lasting
value than Thoreau. (NOV 28)
7:45 THE WIDOW: A verse play in one act by
Edwin Honig.
1st Woman—Ellen McCoy
2nd Woman—Florence Myers

THE WEEK THAT WAS

The KPFK listeners' guide reveals that Thanksgiving 1966
was also the 24, a week after Proctor met his future partners.
At 7 p.m., Ossman had a Thank You Thoreau program.

Dor-
Edna
New

land.
(84)
ution.
and

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS

Village weekly for knowledgeable Hillsideers from
Feliz Hills to Malibu: local news 'n personal-
water, art, TV. Only newspaper in Calif.
views by a distinguished author & a
clusively on Foreign Films.
COPY: Send postcard to

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

On Wednesday eve, November 16, I joined my
friends **Brandon de Wilde** and **Peter Fonda** (who
was researching the youth movement for his future
film *Easy Rider*) to protest a proposed curfew on young
people who were gathering in droves on the Sunset Strip
— an evening that culminated in a coordinated police attack
designed to create the appearance of a "riot."

During the demonstration, I sat down on an open copy of
the *L.A. Free Press*, and when I pulled it out from under my
butt found I had sat on a picture of "KPFK newsman" **Peter
Bergman**'s face as he interviewed returning Viet vets.

The very next day, I called him only to discover that he was

The Wiz on **Radio Free Oz**, the late-night counter-
culture call-in talk show, and I was invited to join in.

So on November 17, 1966, I sat with Bergman
around a big circular table in a funky, dimly lit studio
and met two talented, total strangers affiliated with
the station — **Phil Austin** and **David Ossman** —
and we soon discovered that we were all Firesigns
(two Sagittarii; Phil, an Aires; and me a Leo) and
shared an obsession with **Goon Shows**, satire
and surrealism leading to our first spontaneous
improvisation together — **The Oz Film Festival**.

And the Four or Five Crazy Guys were born. A career
followed...

"The longest journey is the journey inwards."
~ Dag Hammarskjöld

SURPRISE!

On the evening of November 17, 2016, a
rather last-minute celebration of our 50th
Anniversary was thrown together at the
Steve Allen Theatre in Hollywood, by **Bill Kates** and
Allen Leib under the auspices of **Trepany House's**
Amit Itleman.

■ CONTINUED



GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Phil and Dave have total recall for Firesign Theatre's 50th Anniversary.

A sold-out crowd of friends and fans graced **David Ossman** and me with rousing support, as we entertained the group with anecdotes about our origins, moderated by Mr. Kates and recorded for a future one-hour broadcast to be determined.

Our recollections were augmented by rare video and audio selections supplied by our able archivist, **Taylor Jessen**, and phone messages from the likes of **Homer Simpson**, **Flo & Eddie's Howard Kaylan**, **Penn Jillette** (and **Teller**, too, but you couldn't hear him), **'Weird Al' Yankovic** (!) and finally, **Fred Willard**, who apologized for not being there – and then suddenly joined us on stage!

In the glow of the aftershow, we shared pieces of a generous birthday cake and embraced our many friends from now and then, including performance artist **Ann Magnuson**, whose new album, *Dream Girl*, is very Firesign-theatre...

Thanks to you all for making this event such a big success.

"Life is a great big canvas, and you should throw all the paint you can on it." ~ Danny Kaye

BOOMERS OFF THE BENCH

A little over a year ago, *Mack & Jamie* legend **Jamie Alcroft** approached me with a heartfelt desire to collaborate on a unique satirical venue which soon became known as "Boomers on a Bench."

Abetted by our videographer, lighting director, gaffer, cable-wrangler, special effects supervisor, editor and all-around

"best boy" **Andy Thomas**, our director, **Melinda Peterson**, and the generosity of producers **Willy** and **Cathy Bietak**, we cranked out almost a hundred episodes before looming outside obligations reluctantly led us to dismantle our bench, mulch our newspapers and giggle hysterically into the good night.

Please enjoy the last of our efforts together, dip into the rich residue of ridiculousness... and stay tuned! **VIEW IT.**

"We are held together like stars in the firmament with ties inseparable." - Nikola Tesla

DON'T LOOK BACK?

No way! "I'm back in the saddle again, out where an Injun's your friend" – so, on Sunday morning, December 4, "The Two Living Legends" will tape another celebration of Firesign's origins, hosted by **Marlena Bond**, with me trying to remember the past live in the KPFK studio, and **Dave Ossman** "phoning it in" from his bunker on Whidbey Island – to be broadcast sometime around Christmas. Watch the Skies!

And check out the Firesign site for announcements regarding a major DVD release of over seven-hours of video, and look to **Bear Manor Media** for Ossman's newest works and publication of two **Proctor & Bergman** script collections, as well – or as **Taylor Jessen** wrote in the "official" leaked de-press release:

"Phil Proctor's autobiography, *Where's My Fortune Cookie*, is now being picture-edited for a 2017 release. Also for 2017, David Ossman is

■ **CONTINUED**



THE MISSING

Ifill, Russell, Vaughn and Cohen

PLANETCLICK

CLICK WORDS TO OPEN

RIDING

STOP ME

BIG CHURCH

FUNNY BOB

DRONE CLONE

OFFWORLD

TILT

TRUMP-SAN

PEAS

NANO

KAZOO

BIRDIE

LOONEY

WEIRD SCIENCE

writing his second novel, a sequel to *The Ronald Reagan Murder Case*, as well as editing two new Firesign books: *The Odyssey/Saucer!*, featuring two of Firesign's unproduced screenplays, and *Fighting Clowns of Hollywood*, a collection of recollections and Firesign live scripts from the late 1970s and early '80s. More Firesign reissues are in the planning stages, including a comprehensive **Radio Free Oz** collection, a reprinting of their lost writings from 1970-81, a Proctor & Bergman video compilation, a **Philip Austin** prose collection, and even a vinyl record (their first in over 30 years)."

And finally, I hope to see my LA pals at **Garry Marshall's** Falcon Theatre where next February, I'll be performing in *For Piano and Harpo*, written by and starring **Dan Castellenata** as **Oscar**

Levant and Paul Sand as Harpo.

"In Greek mythology, Harpocrates is the God of Silence, Secrets and Confidentiality."
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

OUR LOSS

Yes, the nation recently bade a sad farewell to musical masters **Leon Russell** and **Leonard Cohen**, our favorite U.N.C.L.E., **Robert Vaughn**, and the brilliant, beloved reporter and PBS co-anchor **Gwen Ifill**, but we also lost an important election, even though one candidate won the popular election by more than two million votes. Are we once again about to go "forward into the past?"

I realize that I do not speak for all Planeteers when I say that I'm most concerned that this loss could roll back much of the agonizingly slow social progress we have witnessed under Obamarule, even in the face of eight years of brazen partisan opposition.

But in spite of the evidence before me, I can only hope that the new administration will prove to be more balanced than its unbalanced leader – Not Insane!

And PS: Just in case: "Hail Trump!"

"Most of the problems in the world are caused by people wanting to be important." ~ T.S. Eliot

GUIDING

Alan Meyerson, Victor Kopcewich, Bradley Thunderbird, Bill McIntyre, Bob Claster, Nick Oliva. George Riddle, Carl Melville, Renais Hill, Andy Thomas and Maryann Zvoleff. And thanks to **Oona Austin** for a succulent Thanksgiving feast on Fox Island; although the fox escaped, so she actually served us ham.

"Artists to my mind are the real architects of change, and not the political legislators who implement change after the fact." ~ William S. Burroughs

"It's always too early to quit." ~ Norman Vincent Peale

BOOMERS • FIRESITE

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