

I Remember Steve

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS RECENT

Meeting fans in the Steve Allen Theater lobby. Onstage with Bill Kates (left). And giving positive directions with Trepany's Amit Itleman (below).



"Nothing is as alive as a memory - Federico Garcia Lorca

On June 24, I hosted **An Evening of Firesign Films** at the Steve Allen Theater in Hollywood as a fundraiser for Amit Itleman's off-the-wall Trepany Company, which will soon be losing its familiar walls to gentrification. The venerable venue, it seems, is soon to be replaced by condos to accommodate the insatiable hunger for pricey hip living that epitomizes the times.

We had a surprisingly large and enthusiastic turnout, and I had a wonderful time gabbing with host Bill Kates between rare and often unseen film clips, lovingly assembled by our producer/archivist and all-around angel Taylor Jessen, who also filled in gaping holes in my holistic brain from his perch in the front row.

After this oddly satisfying solo, I can't wait to launch my auto-biography **Where's My Fortune Cookie?** sometime in September, co-authored by the seriously funny Brad Schreiber and designed by the terminally talented Andy Thomas, in order to share more flawed remembrances with fans and friends, young and old ... Thanks for your support!

THE PROMISE

More than 5,000 years ago, Moses said to the children of Israel, "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the Promised Land." Nearly 75 years ago, when Welfare was introduced, **Franlin Roosevelt** said, "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, and light up a Camel. This is the Promised Land."

Today, Congress has stolen your shovel, taxed your asses, raised the price of Camels and mortgaged the Promised

Land! I was so depressed last night thinking about Health Care Plans, the economy, the wars, lost jobs, savings, Social Security, retirement funds, and all, I called a Suicide Hotline.

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

I had to press 1 for English, I was connected to a call center in Pakistan. I told them I was suicidal.

They got excited and asked if I could drive a truck...

*"Faith is believing what you know ain't so."
~ Mark Twain*

SENIOR SHORTCUTS

I just took a leaflet out of my mailbox, informing me that I can have sex at 73. I'm so happy, because I live at number 71 so it's not too far to walk home afterwards, and it's on the same side of the street. I don't even have to cross the road! The location of your mailbox shows you how far away from your house you can be in a robe before you start looking like a mental patient. The irony of life is that, by the time you're old enough to know your way around, you're not going anywhere.

Relationships are a lot like algebra. Have you ever looked at your X and wondered Y? A recent study has found that women who carry a little extra

weight,
live

HEADING FOR 73
Have robe, will wander.

longer than the men who mention it. I read that 4,153,237 people got married last year. Shouldn't that be an even number?

When wearing a bikini, women reveal 90% of their body... men are so polite they only look at the covered parts. I always wondered what the job application is like at Hooters. Do they just give you a bra and say, "Here, fill this out?" And I can't understand why women are okay that JC Penney has an older women's clothing line named "Sag Harbor."

America is a country which produces citizens who will cross the ocean to fight for democracy but won't cross the street to vote. I find it ironic that the colors red, white, and blue stand for freedom until they are flashing behind you. Anyway, I want to die peacefully in my sleep, like my grandfather. Not screaming and yelling like the passengers in his car.

*"Don't ever take a fence down
until you know the reason it was put up."
~ G. K Chesterton.*

DON'T ASK

I recently had to choose a new doctor, and after several visits and exhaustive lab tests, she said I was doing "fairly well" for my age. Hmm. Being a little concerned over that turn of phrase, I asked, "Do you think I'll live to be 80?"

"Do you smoke, or drink beer, wine or hard liquor?" she asked. "Oh, no," I replied, "And I don't use drugs either." Then she asked, "Do you often eat rib-eye steaks and barbequed ribs?"

"Not often," I replied. "My previous doctor said that too much red meat is unhealthy."

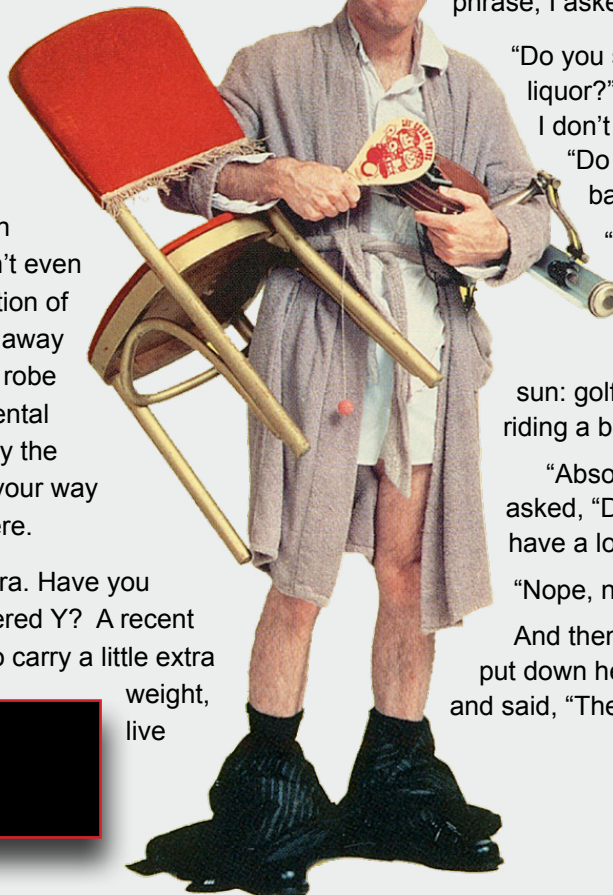
"Do you spend a lot of time in the sun: golfing, sailing, swimming, fishing or riding a bike?"

"Absolutely not," I affirmed. And then she asked, "Do you gamble, drive fast cars, or have a lot of sex?"

"Nope, not really," said I.

And then after an uncomfortable pause, she put down her clipboard, looked me in the eye and said, "Then why do you even give a shit?"

■ **CONTINUED**



"Human beings are works in progress that mistakenly think they are finished."

~ Psychologist **Daniel Gilbert**

"Don't think about making art, just get it done. Let everyone decide whether they love it or hate it [and] while they're deciding - make more art!"

~ **Andy Warhol**

BENDING THE RULES

The crusty Navy Master Chief noticed a new seaman and barked at him, "Get over here! What's your name sailor?"

"John," the new seaman replied.
"Look," the chief scowled, "I don't know what kind of bleeding-heart pansy crap they're teaching sailors in boot camp these days, but I don't call anyone by his first name. It breeds familiarity, and that leads to a breakdown in authority. I refer to my sailors by their last names only; Smith, Jones, Baker, whatever. And you are to refer to me as 'Chief.' Do I make myself clear?"

"Aye, Aye, Chief!"

"Now that we've got that straight, what's your last name?" The seaman sighed. "Darling. My name is John Darling, Chief."

"Okay, John, here's what I want you to do"

"In this age, the mere example of nonconformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service." ~ **John Stuart Mill** On Liberty

WASHINGTON AC/DC

And it's never too late, or too early, to promote my next onstage appearance – this time with my last remaining partner, the poetic and enigmatic **David Ossman**, on September 28, at the Coolidge stage of The Library of Congress, in An Evening with the Firesign Theatre (or what's left of it) featuring 'The History of the Art of Radio, Revised,' and 1970 home movies of Porgie and Mudhead, actually filmed at the old CBS studios in Hollywood, recording *Don't Crush That Dwarf Hand Me the Pliers*, followed by an interactive Q&A with Dave and Phil -- LIVE! -- as long as we are...

Details will follow here and on my In-Your-Facebook page. Stay Tuned.

LOSS LEADERS

First, our heartfelt condolences to our dear friend **Terry McGovern** and his family for the loss of his beloved wife, **Molly**, after one of those all-too-familiar battles with the Big C. We had some great



DEARLY DEPARTED

George Romero, left, among a close circle of friends; Martin Landau, above, with a most-famous friend.

times together over many years, and that's something to remember.

And how ironic that we lost brilliant director **George Romero** and the wonderful actor **Martin Landau** at the same time! The creator of the iconic and trail-blazing zombie flick *Night of the Living Dead* and Landau, perhaps best known for his Oscar-winning embodiment of Bela Lugosi as "Dracula" in Tim Burton's *Ed Wood*, hit the cutting room floor together.

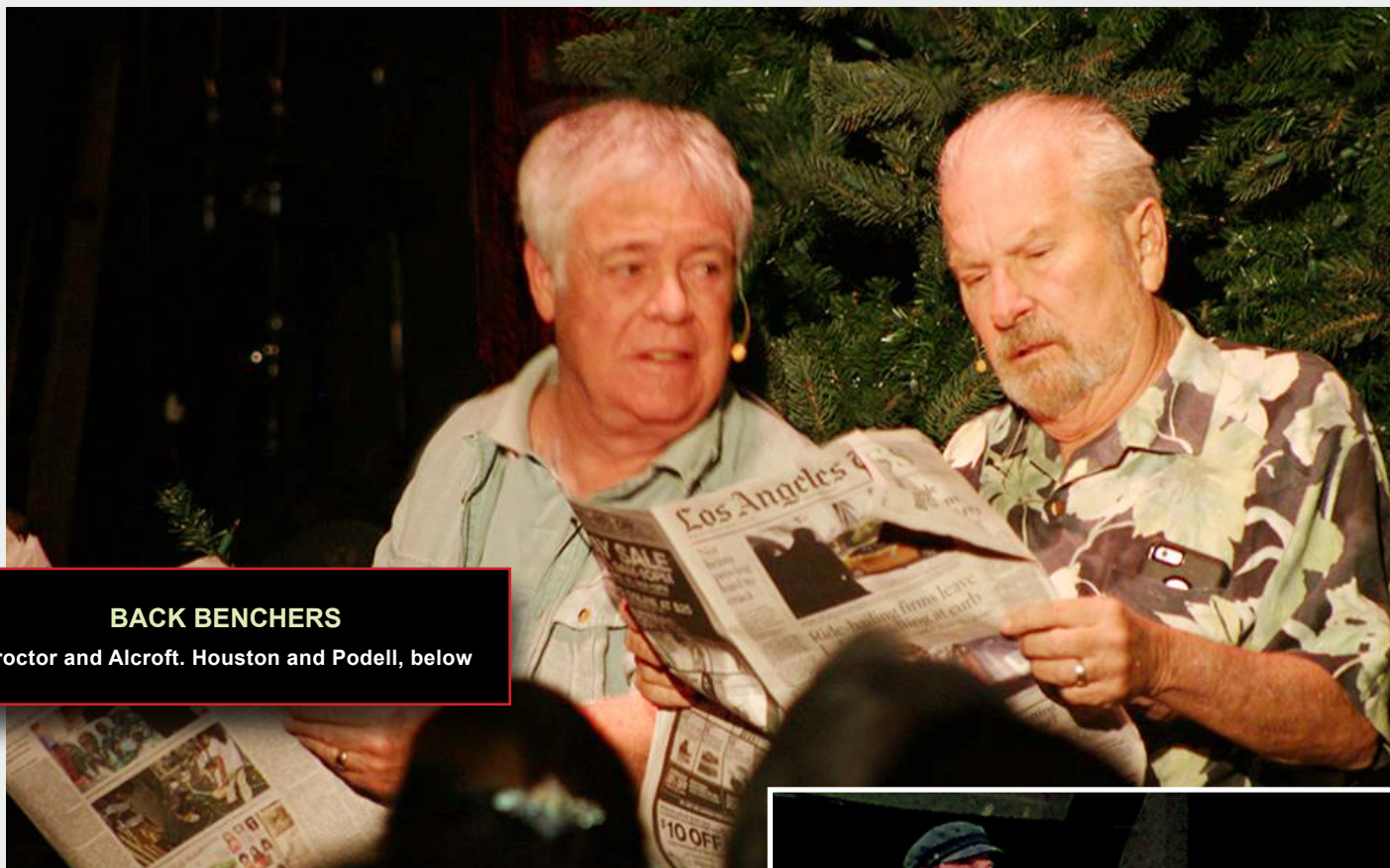
May they both walk on in our un-eaten brains and un-drained hearts forever!

"The statue of justice has a blindfold on because you're not supposed to be peeking out to see if your patron is pleased with what you're doing."

~ **James B. Comey**

RULIN'

Thanks for fun and funnies this week from **Jamie Alcroft**, **Kent McCaman**, **Joan Allemand**, **Bob Riddle**, **Allen Newcomb**, **Dr. Batool Jafri** (for my



BACK BENCHERS

Proctor and Alcroft. Houston and Podell, below

PLANETCLICK

CLICK WORDS TO OPEN

TROLLIN

AMISH

SLIMED

GLOBE

MONSTERS

NIGHTMARE

REDNECKS

new lens), and to **Harry Anderson** and **Jay Johnson** for their recent hilarious turn at the secret **Brookledge Theater**.

And to **JP Houston** and **Julie Van Dusen** for inviting "Boomers on a Bench" back for another live American Parlor Songbook at the Tudor House up in lovely Lake Arrowhead. Jamie Alcroft and I are delighted as well to be appearing once again with the amazing **Art Podell**.

And yes, I plan on turning 77 on July 28, and will honor this amazing event at a dinner with my darling child bride, **Melinda**, my dear daughter **Kristin** and her hubby, **Geoff**, and their newly relocated family -- who coincidentally will celebrate their 10th wedding anniversary on the same day!

(They planned that so I wouldn't forget, and I didn't!)

"The farther backward you can look, the farther forward you're likely to see."
~ **Winston Churchill**



Every morning is the dawn of a new error. ~ **Phil's Phunny Phacts**

FIRESIGN • BOOMERS

PLANET PROCTOR © Phil Proctor 2017 • layout and production Cristofer Gross / **Theatertimes.org**