

"From what we get we can make a living; what we give, however, makes a life." ~ Arthur Ashe

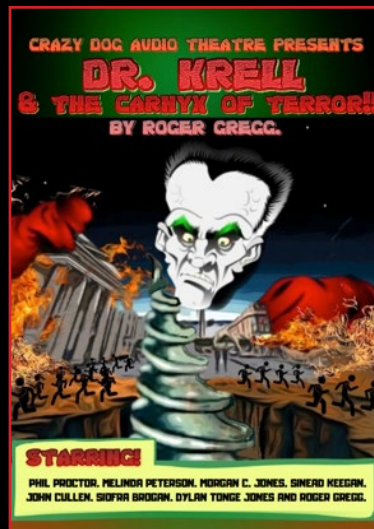
Planet Worldcon

PLANET PROCTOR • AUGUST 2019



Whiskey to Whisky

Dear Planeteers, I write this from the Scottish town of Roag on the Western coast of the Isle of Skye. We are near the end of another epic adventure that started with an enthusiastically received live audio performance of Roger Gregg's **Crazy Dog Audio Theatre** at the **WorldCon Science Fiction Convention** in Dublin, Ireland where **Melinda** and I played a bickering American couple (as usual) with an unusually talented cast of new and old friends who supplied brilliant music and sound effects on the spot!



It was a unique experience and unlike anything I have done before, even including **Firesign** shows. Bravo to all! And a link to the show may be forthcoming...

We then flew to Inverness and drove to Oban from where we could ferry to the Isle of Mull and celebrate my darling wife's 70th earth day at Duart Castle, formerly one of **Clan Macdougall's** 13 fortifications in the area. Look for more in future orbits...

"The best camera is the one that's with you." ~ Chase Jarvis

Pipe me aboard

A MAN WALKED INTO A BAR WITH HIS PET octopus, went up to the counter and bet everyone \$50 that they couldn't bring his wet pet a musical instrument it couldn't play; so one man pulled an old guitar off the wall that hadn't been tuned in years and gave it to the octopus.

It took the guitar, tuned it right up and began playing. There was no doubt that the octopus was an excellent guitar player. The man paid his handler \$50 and sat down.

Another man brought a saxophone. The octopus took it and stared for a bit. After a minute or two, it began playing a soulful jazz solo. Another payoff. But then the bartender went into the back, brought out a set of dusty bagpipes and said, "I'll bet \$100 that the octopus can't play these bagpipes."

The octopus sat there eyeing the bagpipes up and down for quite a while, and his handler began to get nervous and said, "Hurry up, Otto, and start playing the thing."

"Play it?" the octopus replied. "After I figure out how to get those pajamas off, I'm gonna f*ck it!"

*"Life is like a ten-speed bicycle.
Most of us have gears we never use."
~ Charles Schultz*



GREAT PIPES!

In an octopus' garden with you

- Whatever happened to romance and etiquette?
- Why is opening a car door for a woman/partner/significant other/parent/elder no longer de rigueur?
- When did holding a door open for the person right behind you – especially someone you are with or senior to you -- become an increasingly rare occurrence?
- When did people start being offended if their partner holds a chair out for them when sitting at a table?
- When did going dancing together become bouncing up and down or shaking one's hands in the air instead of a stylish pattern of shared movement?
- Why do so many young men think a T-shirt, jeans, and a baseball cap is acceptable for a dinner date, or evening out?

Planting a seed

HERE'S A THOUGHT ON MODERN life from my friend, VO artist and computer whiz **Jerry Gelb**:

I was speaking with my friend today, who also happens to be my **FAVORITE FLORIST** – a wonderful artist at arranging the most beautiful flowers. I've always been a romantic. I adore flowers: their scent, the colorful wonder for the eyes of nature's tones lovingly blended into a smile and sigh-inducing treat. . . so I asked her. . . "Why does it seem the magic of giving flowers has been forgotten unless it's Mother's Day or Valentine's Day or an Anniversary or as a "Get Well Soon" wish? And even then, they may not even come to mind as an option."

Which led me to:



- What happened to gently holding hands, just because?
- Why has the meaning of "stop and smell the roses" been lost for so many?
- When did slightly wilted or two-day life-span bulk flowers from the supermarket with little to no aroma become the standard?

If you have read this far and you are at work or out-and-about, consider selecting and bringing home some flowers to someone you care for or to brighten up your home. Never forget that the simple heartfelt gift of flowers as a sign of caring can mean so much – especially when given for no particular reason other than to say, "You are loved."

■ **CONTINUED**

"There is nothing government can give you that it hasn't taken from you in the first place."

~ Sir Winston Churchill



A SHORT GUN STORY

A GUY WALKED INTO A CROWDED BAR, WAVING HIS UNHOLSTERED PISTOL AND YELLED, "I HAVE A 45 CALIBER COLT 1911 WITH A SEVEN ROUND MAGAZINE PLUS ONE IN THE CHAMBER AND I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING WITH MY WIFE."

A VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM CALLED OUT,

"YOU NEED MORE AMMO!!!"

"The best of all things is something entirely outside your grasp. Not to be born, not to be, to be nothing."

~ Fredrich Nietzsche

Love is hard to get

RALPH AND EDNA WERE BOTH PATIENTS IN A mental hospital. One day while they were walking past the hospital swimming pool, Ralph suddenly jumped into the deep end and immediately sank to the bottom of the pool and stayed there! Edna promptly jumped in to save him. She swam to the bottom and pulled him out.

When the Head Nurse became aware of Edna's heroic act, she now considered her to be mentally stable and ordered her to be discharged from the hospital.

"Edna, I have good news and bad news," she began. "The

good news is you're being discharged, since you were able to rationally respond to a crisis by jumping in and saving the life of the person you love. The bad news is, Ralph hung himself in the bathroom with his bathrobe belt, right after you saved him. I am so sorry, but he's dead."

"But you're wrong; he didn't hang himself!" Edna replied. "I put him there to dry. How soon can I go home?"

"True genius resides in the capacity for evaluation of uncertain, hazardous, and conflicting information." ~ Sir Winston Churchill

It's White!

REP. MIKE KELLY, R-PA., EXPLAINED HIS vote against Tuesday's House resolution condemning President Trump's tweet that suggested four Democratic congresswomen of color "go back" to their home countries by saying he is "a person of color." Kelly **TOLD A VICE NEWS** reporter before the vote, "You know, they talk about people of color, well, I'm a person of color – I'm white – I'm an Anglo Saxon. People say things all the time, but I don't get offended."

And *Planeteer* **Ken Cope** responded, "The Irish are not Anglo-Saxon, dumbass. They are Celts with a little Scandinavian Viking mixed in...I'm not denying that, back in the 1600s, Molar, the First Earl of Biscuspid, may have gotten it on with Maureen, the miller's daughter, thereby introducing some A/S into the mix, but the odds are that it wasn't consensual, so I wouldn't brag about it now..."

"Insanity is relative. It depends upon who has who locked in what cage." ~ Ray Bradbury

Hear now then

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN BY BUTCH D'Ambrosio for HEAR Now's AUDIO Tonight program, and I was happy to perform it on the last June night closing ceremony this year...

"Now, I told you that this is the seventh year of the Hear Now Festival," I began, "but did you know that our history goes back decades before, with the National Audio Theatre Workshop, and the Midwest Radio Theatre Workshop, before that? And if **Edgar Allan Poe** had written about how we came to be here today, we think it'd sound something like this:

Once upon a June night, steamy, we were filled with hope and dreamy \$Giacomo1895

■ CONTINUED



PROCTOR & POE

Once upon a rhyme

*After many a decade having opened radio's drawer,
We were planning, but while we plotted, M-A-C left us
besotted,*

*Our future grant was unallotted! But we have had such
great rapport.*

"Ti -Ti -t'is some mistake!" N-A-T-F stuttered."

Why ever would you close that door?

We can't fund our workshops anymore."

*Ah, so clearly we recall, that loss had gone and
made us small.*

*And each participant – one and all –
questioned it,*

*As if to underscore the tragedy that befell
us!*

What to do? Could someone tell us?

Indeed, the world would be quite hell-us,

Without the workshops we adore,

Without the workshops we so adore,

Grantless now for evermore.

Yes, loss of workshops left us hurtin',

But one thing we knew was certain,

*There could be - opportuni-tee, and therefore,
NAT-F swore:*

*"It is time that we grow up and the people they will show
up;*

To the future raise a cup up and in a Festival, efforts pour!

*With our friends we raise a cup up and in a Festival
efforts pour!*

This we'll do or nothing more...

*Presently the time grew nearer; and the planning it got
clearer:*

*An audio, fiction, and sound arts festival – yet so much
more!*

There would be story-telling, in all forms, most compelling,

We would hear the audience yelling, yelling "Bravo!"

Through the last encore.

*Four days in Kansas City, each one a lion's roar: audio
fiction at its core.*

Seven years of HEAR Now growing,

Growth that shows no sign of slowing;

*Each new year bigger, better than the year
that came before.*

*So let's get going, folks – I CAN'T STAND
THIS ANYMORE!"*

*"All that you are is the result of
all that you have thought." ~ Buddha*



Counting our losses

WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY, WE
lost our dear friend, ever The
Realist, **Paul Krassner**, whom

I reconnected with when he performed with
Peter Bergman. Then one of the major voices of our
generation, writer/poet **Toni Morrison**, whom I admired
from a distance as a partner in progressivism. And then
we lost **David Koch**. I think I know where to find him...

And finally, most unexpected of all, my friend, **Peter**

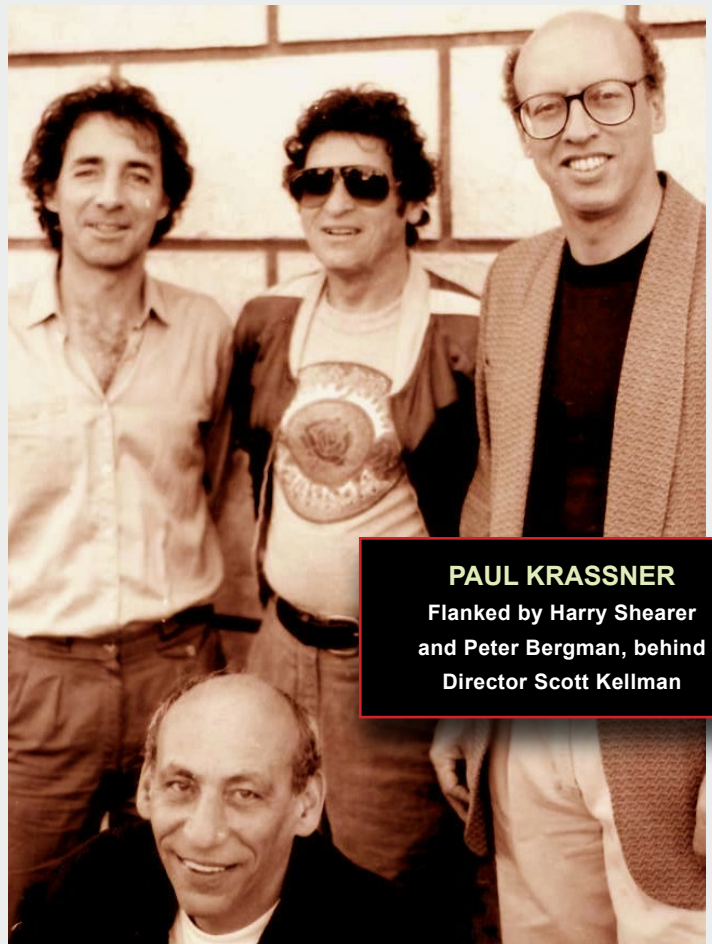
■ CONTINUED



Peter Fonda



Toni Morrison



PAUL KRASSNER

Flanked by Harry Shearer
and Peter Bergman, behind
Director Scott Kellman

Fonda, who, as I note in my memoir, *Where's My Fortune Cookie?* was responsible for my introduction to studies of higher consciousness, and while researching the youth movement at the Sunset Strip riots for *Easy Rider*, led me magically to reconnect with my Yale mate, Peter Bergman, leading to the formation of the Firesign Theatre.

I bid you a fond farewell...

"I believe that one is only truly free when learning, and one can only learn when one is free." ~ **Peter Fonda**

"Advice is what we ask for when we already know the answer but wish we didn't." ~ **Erica Jong**

THANKS

Bruce, Laks, Hank Rosenfeld, Allen Newcomb, Victor Kopcewisch, Michael C. Gwynne, Richard Fish, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., Jerry Gelb, Joan Allemand, Cat Ishikawa – and you can get *Where's My Fortune Cookie?*, co-authored by Brad Schreiber, at **AMAZON.COM** ... or my narration on Amazon, Audible, Blackstone and at **SUEMEDIAPRODUCTIONS.COM**.

THINGS

ORANGE CLOWN

FOOD NAZI

EXODUS

**FIRESIGN
EXPLAINED**

QUON

EAT IT

BUSTED

FLAME

KC SPIN

TALK

ROCK IT, MAN

79

MAGIC

"We now live in a nation where doctors destroy health, lawyers destroy justice, universities destroy knowledge, governments destroy freedom, the press destroys information, religion destroys morals, and our banks destroy the economy." ~ **Chris Hedges**

"Art lives from constraints and dies from freedom." ~ **Leonardo da Vinci**

VISIT THE NEW FIRESITE AND THE OLD BOOMERS

PLANET PROCTOR © Phil Proctor 2019 • layout and production Cristofer Gross / **Theatertimes.org**