

Planet Mayday

PLANET PROCTOR MAY 2023

"Better slip with foot than with tongue." ~ Benjamin Franklin

Good Trip

HAPPY
THIRSTY-FIRST
ANNIVERSARY
TO US!

This picture of us was taken by a friendly waitress in Reilly's Irish Pub in Amsterdam! It was around the corner from our W Hotel, and we spent many a happy hour with a Tall and a Short, enjoying their Guinness Beef stew and lamb pies. *Continued on next page ...*

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Indeed, we were there beginning another European adventure after another wonderful time in New York seeing plays such as the re-imagining of **Sondheim's** "Musical Thriller" **Sweeney Todd**, which blew us away with director **Thomas Kail's** melodramatic and truly chilling staging, lighting and mesmerizing synchronistic choreography of the multi-talented ensemble by **Steven Hoggett**. **Josh Grodin** gives a masterful performance, and his scenes with Mrs. Lovett are funny as hell, thanks to the amazing antics of the love-struck **Annaleigh Ashford**.

We also saw a revival of **Funny Girl** starring Melinda's longtime friend **Tovah Feldshuh** as Fanny's mom. Not only did we get to chat with her "onstage" after the show due to a new Covid rule, but we had a fun dinner the next evening at Orzo. where she honestly shared the process of putting in the replacement cast. She then hopped on her bike for the ride home.

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

Then, joined by our friend **Charlie Moed**, we were privileged to see **Aaron Sorkin's** sensitive updating of **Camelot** at Lincoln Center, featuring the immensely talented

Dakin Matthews, co-founder of **Antaeus**, playing both the wizard Merlin and the doddering knight, Sir Pellinore. It was an enchanting combination of contemporary sensibilities with the nostalgic sentimentality of Lerner and Loewe's words and music. And I wish you could've felt the great wave of love that the packed audience bestowed on Dakin at this curtain call. That said it all!

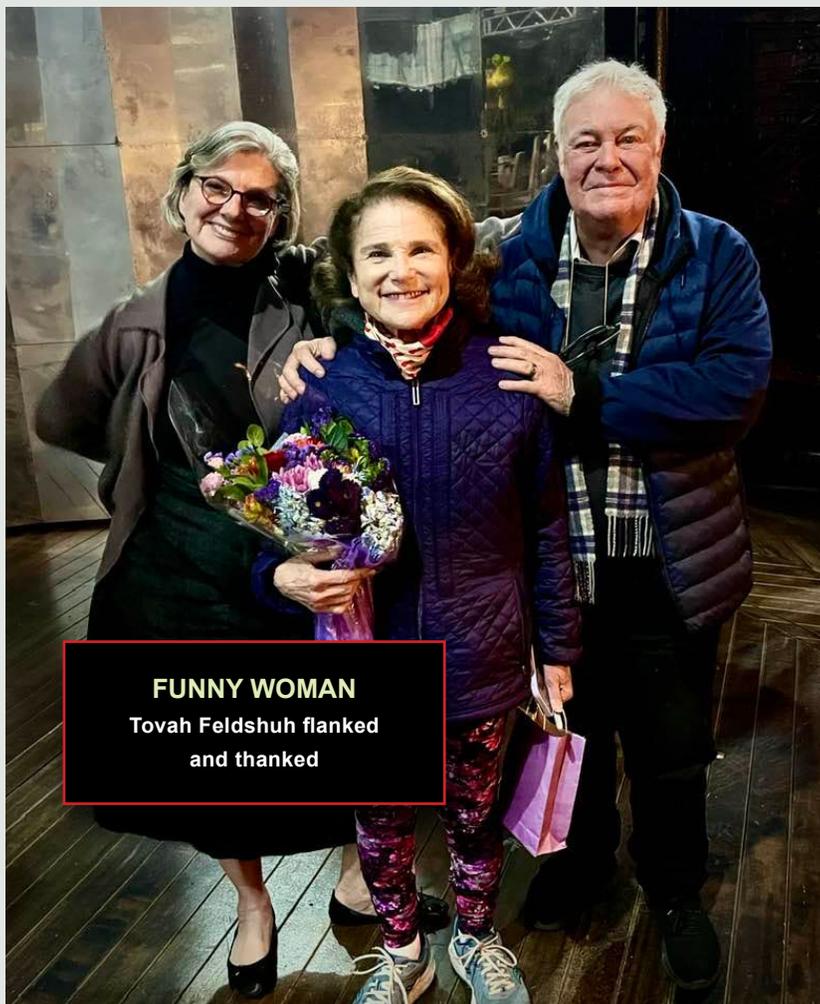
And last, but certainly not least, we went to **Good Night, Oscar**, which was a surprisingly satisfying play about the quirky **Oscar Levant's** TV appearance on the Jack Paar Show straight from the nuthouse, featuring fellow Antaeian **Emily Bergl** as his wife. I played Oscar's father, Harpo's butler and various nuthouse attendants in **For Piano and Harpo** by **Don Castellaneta** a few years back at the Garry Marshall Theatre, and I must say that **Sean Hayes** totally immersed himself as Oscar and surprised us all with his virtuosity at the piano playing **Gershwin's** "Rhapsody in Blue."

It was a "Good Night."

"Roses are red, violets are blue, I'm schizophrenic, and so am I." ~ **Oscar Levant**

Bad "Trip"

AFTER OUR PERFECT VISIT TO HOLLAND, where we were also able to have a spectacular dinner with our dear friend **Bill Kates**, who was there dog-sitting (don't ask), we readied ourselves for a unique journey to Palermo, Sicily by way of train, bus and



FUNNY WOMAN
Tovah Feldshuh flanked
and thanked

a ferry from Genoa. But then our overnight train to Zurich was cancelled!

Instead of flying to Genoa for the boat trip, we decided to fly straight to Palermo; but our hotel couldn't accommodate an early arrival, SO – our capable assistant **Nereida** managed to book a night at a local B&B named **Miss Sicily**, from where, after a good night's sleep, we would take a cab to Palermo, and then...

As Melinda headed from our cozy room for another cup of coffee, her left foot slipped on a piece of the bed's coverlet, and – **BANG!** I witnessed her go down hard on the linoleum floor with her right knee and hitting the wall with her head and left shoulder. The result of the fall was a

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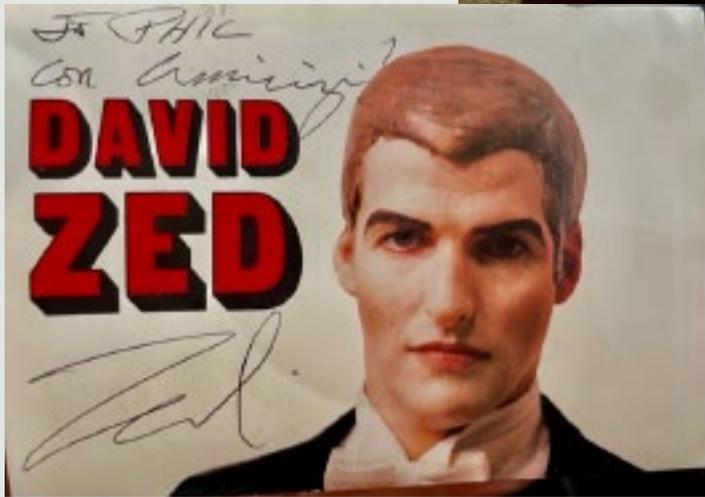
broken kneecap, fractured shoulder and a slight concussion.

An ambulance rushed her to the local civic hospital in Partinico, about 45 minutes south of Palermo, and after spending the night there on a gurney in the hallway, she finally got a shared room and the following evening had surgery on her knee (her *ginocchio*).

She insisted that I go on to Palermo, and there I connected with **Sara Traylor**, the daughter of our friend **David Traylor**, known throughout Italy and the world as **Mr. Zed** – the



TRAYLOR TIME
Dining with Sara in Palermo and a signing from Daddy David!



first robot standup comic, so, I got to see some of Sicily.

Sara was an angel, working with an organization helping emigrants, called **Porco Rosso** (*Crimson Pig*), named after a Japanese animated film by **Miyazaki**, which, ironically, I revoiced for American audiences. At one point, the main character says, “I’d rather be a pig than a facist,” and that’s their motto.

Sara, and our driver **Contanza**, helped me deliver my broken doll a shoulder and leg brace so we might fly home from Rome, where we had hoped to spend five days seeing the sights.

But getting home from Rome proved ridiculously difficult, and it was only with the selfless dedication of our dear friend David that we were able to fly nonstop to LA on ITA, where Melinda was cared for very specially. And finally home, she has received needed support from our wonderful friend **Charlie Moed**, and has a full schedule of PT, OT, nurse visits, professional personal care, and she continues to make remarkable progress using herbal

gummies for pain-free mobility – so we hope some day to complete that damn ocean voyage from Genoa back to Palermo!

And by the way, it’s my supposition that the reason why Sicily has all those slippery linoleum floors, is because it makes it easier to wash the blood off...

“Sometimes we can only find our true direction when we let the wind of change carry us.”
~ Author Mimi Novic

Speak Engiss, Troop!

Retired Professor Alan Balter writes:

*Hear eye sit inn English class; the likelihood is that eye won't pass:
An F on my report card wood bee worse than swallowing glass!
It's knot that eye haven't studied, often till late at knight,
Butt the rules are sew confusing, eye simply can't get them write.*

*Hour teacher says, “Heed my advice, ewe must study and sacrifice.”
Butt if mouses are mice and louses are lice, how come blouses aren't blice?
The confusion really abounds when adding esses two nouns
Gooses are geese, butt mooses aren't meese;
somebody scent in the clowns!*

■ CONTINUED

Two ultimatums are ultimata, and a couple of datum are data

Sew wouldn't ewe expect it wood bee correct fore a bunch of plums to be plata?

And if more than won octopus are octopi, and the plural of ox is oxen

Shouldn't a couple of busses bee bussi and a pare of foxes bee foxen?

Let's talk about spelling a wile -- specifically letters witch are silent:

Words like "psychologist" and "wreck" shirley make awl of us violent!

And another example quite plane, witch is really hard two explain:

If it's eye before e except after sea, then what about feign and reign?

The final exam will determine how eye due, weather eye pass ore fail.

I halve prepared as much as eye can down two the last detail.

I'm ready two give it my vary best inn just a little wile, And then isle take a relaxing wrest on a sunny tropical aisle...

*"I put a dollar in a change machine. Nothing changed."
~ George Carlin*

Why does the Porridge Bird lay its egg in the air?

THE FIRESIGN THEATRE QUESTION IS FINALLY answered by AI, and YI not?

In the whimsical world where the porridge bird exists, it lays its eggs in the air due to the unique properties of the porridge it consumes. This porridge, which is abundant in the bird's natural habitat, contains a magical ingredient that makes the eggs lighter than air, so when it's time for the porridge bird to lay its eggs, the bird takes to the sky and consumes copious amounts of this enchanted porridge.

As the bird digests the porridge, the magical ingredient infuses the eggs, causing them to become



buoyant. This allows the bird to lay its eggs in mid-air, where they gently float on the breeze.

The airborne eggs serve a strategic purpose for the porridge bird. Floating high above the ground, they are safe from terrestrial predators, and the constant motion in the air helps to distribute the eggs across a wider area, ensuring the survival and proliferation of the porridge bird species. The air currents also help to incubate the eggs, providing the perfect temperature for them to hatch into healthy, porridge-loving chicks.

Now we know! Thank you, **Dr. Memory**.

"Action speaks louder than words, but not nearly as often." ~ Mark Twain

Good heavens

EUROPEAN HEAVEN IS WHERE: ALL THE COPS are British, all the wine is French, all the cars are German, all the lovers are Italian, the weather is Greek, And everything is organized by the Swiss.

European Hell is where: all the cops are French, all the wine is German, all the cars are Greek, all the lovers are Swiss, The weather is British, and everything is organized by the Italians.

*"Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads."
~ Henry David Thoreau*

This is really Groos!

“In the ELO song 'Don't Bring Me Down,' why do they say "Groos" at the end of each line in the chorus?" asks **Jessica Graae**. "When I first heard the song back in the 1970s I thought they were singing about some guy named **Bruce**. For years I sang

along screaming "Don't bring me down... *Bruce*." But as ELO's song writer **Jeff Lynne** explained, Groos was simply a made-up word.

"But because so many people started singing it as 'Bruce' he often just went with the common thought

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and sang it as Bruce when doing it live.”

“It was supposed to be Grooss! And we had a German engineer who thought it was *Grüß*, which means ‘greetings.’ I left it in and didn’t think anything more of

it, but then we went on tour, and everyone was singing ‘Bruce,’ so I joined in and sang Bruce, and I’ve sung it ever since, instead of having to explain it.”

“Cheese” in Arabic is “Mooz” ~ **Phil’s Phunny Phacts**

On – All the Time

*When I was just a boy of nine
when grownups gathered for party time
I’d take it on to entertain,
do voices, clown, and I’d take pains
to make best efforts to amuse,
to ease those weary, grownup blues.
(For adults seemed a weary lot
who joys of childhood had forgot.)
But frequently, instead of praise
or tolerance, I was amazed
to hear, as if it were a crime:
“Kid, must you be ‘on’ all the time?”*

*That comment always stopped me dead.
I couldn’t get it through my head
why anybody would object,
or treat me with such disrespect.
“ON all the time?” We’ve barely met!
Just how impatient can you get?
I’m not some infant smeared with mud,
I’ve got show business in my blood!
Don’t scold, consider my intent;
To spoil your evening, I’m not bent!
I’m from a family of actors,
and honestly, I need the practice!*

*Though I should have ignored that wheeze,
I factored in my goal to please
and backed off from performing, though
it cut the legs out from my show.
And so, convinced of my “mistake”
I rapidly applied the brakes,
pulled myself over to the verge,
and parked my own creative urge.*

*The problem is, once stopped, my friends,
It’s hard to get in gear again,
after an interrupted flow,*

*as any critic’s victim knows.
Truth is, my critic lacked the skill,
or even worse than that, the will
to entertain, divert or charm,
and factually meant me harm.*



*As murder’s too overt, you see,
he sought to murder my esprit.
The goodness which a child bestows,
he couldn’t bear to just let grow.
It went against his basic plan
to subjugate his fellow man.
To him a child should be as silent
as some undertaker’s client,
who never speaks or laughs or coughs,
but is quite permanently “off”.*

*Eventually, I grew to find
him pitiful—but, never mind.
The laugh’s on him, for all his pains,
I’m ‘on’ for good...and shall remain.*

(A poem by Jim Meskimen)

“We’re all born naked, and the rest is drag.”

~ RuPaul

Say it's knot true

AN OLD, RETIRED SAILOR PUTS ON HIS OLD uniform and goes down to the docks for old time's sake.

He hires a prostitute, takes her up to a room and goes at it as best as he can for a guy his age. After a couple of minutes, he asks, "How am I doing?" The prostitute replies, "Well sailor, you're doing about three knots."

"Three knots?" He asks. "What's that supposed to mean?" She says, "You're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back."

"I opened a box of animal crackers, but there was nothing inside. They'd eaten each other." ~ Lily Tomlin



Where's my promo?

JUNE MAY BE BUSTING OUT ALL OVER, BUT you can't beat this best buy from **Sue Media**, so get me narrating my own batty bio now before it's more late! Go NOW to <https://suemediaproductions.com/wheres-my-fortune-cookie/> ... or **JUST CLICK HERE**.

Phil Proctor, co-founder of the comedy troupe Firesign

Theatre, talks about the world, society, comedy, and, most of all, his place in them. He performs his own work and gives Firesign fans everything they want to know and more. He wisely includes comedy clips from performances to demonstrate what he is talking about."

~ *Audiofile Magazine*

"I've often wondered what kind of beautiful people would be made if there was global non-discrimination."

~ *Jez Askin'*

PLANETCLICK

YOU
MAYBE
HEAR

DEINSANETUS

SPEAK

KAREN

CORE

BEST

YESTERDAY

FAVS

You may be here

THANKS TO RICHARD METZGER, HENRY Jaglom, to my darling daughter, **Kristin**, her husband **Geoff** and his big, strong Canadian housemate for helping to get **Melina** set up in our downstairs room, to **Jamie Alcroft**, **Paul Willson**, sweet sister **Bonnie** and our wonderful neighbors for their support, and to **The Funny Times**, **The Week** and **Baba-Mail** for funny jokes and brilliant quotes.

And special thankyou's go to my partner **Ted Bonnitt** and guest co-host **M.C. Gainey** for keeping **The Sexy Boomer Show LIVE** on **KPFK**.

And of course, farewell to **Tina Turner**, whom I met once on tour with **Proctor and Bergman**. I remember that she was exhausted after giving her all on stage. Rock On, Tina!

And prayers for a peaceful transition to my beloved friend from Goshen, Indiana, actor **George Riddle**.

And we hope you had a memorable Memorial Day!

"Camp is the kind of comedy when they imitate me."

~ *Mae West*

"Laughter is the sun that drives winter from the human face." ~ Victor Hugo

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