



Melinda's Month

"Most people are other people: their thoughts are someone else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions - a quotation."

~ Oscar Wilde

Yes, that's right. I dedicate this Planet to my fiery companion, fellow Leo, lover and life partner – my darling wife, Melinda Peterson, who starts a new year on the old orb on the 20th of this month. To celebrate, we will be visiting

her sister Carole and her husband, Jim, up in Pleasanton, California, and enjoying a garden tour and wine-tasting at the Wente Vineyards where Carole

is employed.

We also had the great joy of spending time with the Austins on Fox Island before returning to work together in an excellent short film about bullying, produced

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LEOS ON THE LOOSE
Melinda and I spent a glorious birthday with Phil and Oona Austin on Fox Island, Washington.



by our friends **Michael Haney** and **June Christopher**, and written and directed by their talented son **Alex**. I play Principal Johnson and Melinda appears as school psychiatrist Barbara Gold. We had a terrific time working on location with a talented crew and cast at a beautiful, 90-year-old Catholic High School in downtown L.A. And as you all know, we enjoy nothing more in the world than acting together every chance we get. The film is called **Charity** and is no doubt going to tell a significant story. We're proud to be part of it.



'CHARITY' BEGINS . . .

On the set as Principal Johnson and school psychiatrist Barbara Gold.

"Movie stars have careers - actors work, and then they don't work, and then they work again."
~ Frances McDormand

"We all have our time machines.
Those that take us back are memories,
and those that take us forward are dreams."
~ H.G. Wells

WE'RE ALL STILL BOZOS

"Most of a lifetime ago, in 1971, the **Firesign Theatre** did a phonoplay built around a futuristic, computer-driven society run by a machine called Dr. Memory [Direct Readout Memory]," writes **Dana Blankenhorn** in **TheStreet**.

"The play features a DEC PDP-10 computer, running an artificial intelligence program called Eliza, written in the programming language Lisp. The programmer's struggle was to get as much done in as little code as possible to conserve precious memory. Since then, Moore's Law has made memory anything but precious.

"Dynamic, random access memory (DRAM) chips," he explains, "once confined only to a computer's internal workings because of their fast access speed, are becoming the primary means of storing data, replacing slower and more mechanical hard drives..."

"My son's PC now has more than 1 terabyte – 1,000 gigabytes of storage, and he says it's obsolete," he concludes. Well – Uhcleem is impressed!

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

QUICK BITES

For a measly \$4.99 a month, you can now subscribe to **DogTV** on **Showtime** – a 24-hour subscription service that offers treats for home-bound doggies whose owners have to leave the pack to make some bucks to pay for the channel. Selections will include reruns of **Canine and Lacy**, **The Ed Slobbering Show**, **Wolf**, and **My Mother, the Cur**, as well as original programming like **Balls**, **Sticks**, **Snacks**, **Treats**, and the horror reality series **Cats**.

And we all know the horror of sore digits from cell phone and game addictions, so the **O2 Company** in the UK has introduced the 65-gram **Thumbell**, designed to prep the teabags for the new speedier iPhone, complete with a "Fit for 4G" training regime to help strengthen their digits.

And Thumbell isn't the first product to target those with smart phone-induced digital damage. The **Xtensor**, a thumb and hand exercise glove, was marketed a few years back at those with "BlackBerry thumb." And before that there were remedies offered for video gamers who had "Gamer's thumb." (Sounds like thumb kind of a racket to me...)

"The ideal scientist thinks like a poet and works like a bookkeeper." ~ E. O. Wilson

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WISDOM

The beloved old **Mother Superior** in Tipperary was dying and the sorrowful sisters were gathered around her bed, trying to make her comfortable. They gave her some warm milk to drink, but she refused it. Then, one bright nun took the glass back to the kitchen and added a generous dollop of some Irish whiskey they'd received as a gift some Christmas past.

She returned to the Mother Superior's room and held the glass to the dear old lady's lips. She sipped it, then sipped some more, and then took a hearty swallow. Before they knew it, she'd drunk the whole glass dry.

"Mother," the nuns asked eagerly, seeing her spirits quicken, "Can you please give us some words of wisdom before you enter the Lord's blessed embrace?"

The aged Mother Superior slowly raised herself upright in her bed and with a pious look on her radiant face, declared in a surprisingly strong voice: "Don't sell the cow..."

*"If life were fair, Elvis would still be alive today
and all the impersonators would be dead."
~ Johnny Carson*

MORE WISDOM

"I am a moderate Republican who is dismayed by what is happening to my party," writes *Los Angeles Times* reader **Steve Stillman** from Redondo Beach. "I am convinced that if the GOP had been able to implement its radical ideas, instead of the Great Recession, we would have had another Great Depression.

"My answer to their insanity is to contribute money to Democratic candidates. Of course when I do this, I keep getting more requests for donations. And you know what? I respond with more donations.

"I hope other moderate Republicans do the same, because one thing even stupid politicians understand is money walking out the door."

*"Truth may sometimes hurt, but
delusion harms."
~ Vanna Bonta*



RESPECTED SIR

"As usual, I have started writing to you once again. And also, as it is said in our traditions that: If the door is not opened, then knock the door again, but do not break the door! So, I am still knocking your door.

"Your excellence has already made me your admirer. Words are not enough for your talent. There is no one who can take your place. So, I'll consider myself very fortunate if I can have your tender hand's signed photos (not printed) for my album.

"Your worthless admirer is requesting once again."

— Miss Kanapriya, Kolkata, India.

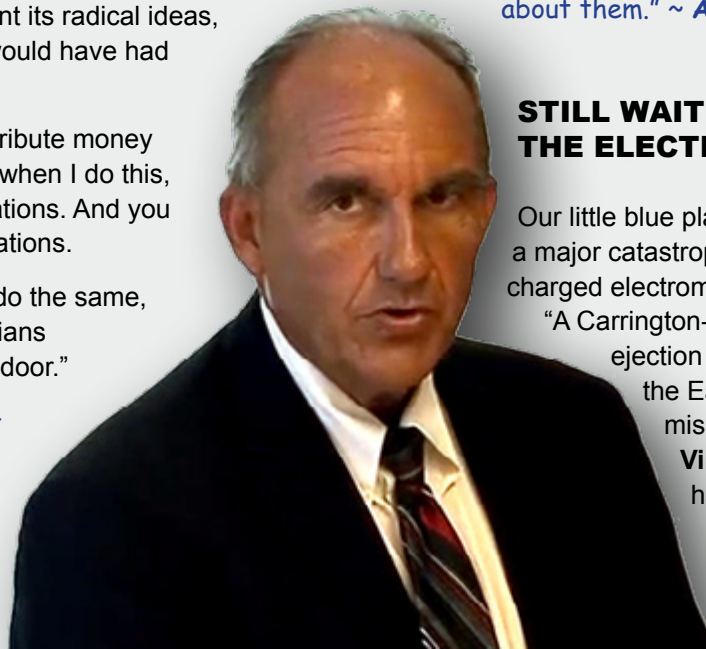
*"I offered my opponents a deal: If they stop telling lies
about me, I will stop telling the truth
about them." ~ Adlai Stevenson, 1952*

STILL WAITING FOR THE ELECTRICIAN

Our little blue planet recently escaped a major catastrophe caused by a highly charged electromagnetic solar pulse.

"A Carrington-class coronal mass ejection crossed the orbit of the Earth and basically just missed us," said **Peter Vincent Pry**, *left*, who has served on the

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Congressional EMP Threat Commission, and refers here to an 1859 solar incident cited by astronomer **Richard Carrington** that melted telegraph lines in Europe and North America.

"Basically this is a Russian roulette thing," added Pry; who with former CIA Director **James Woolsey** has recently demanded that Washington protect our Great Grid for another lethal burst from the sun – or a nuclear bomb. They want our 2,000-3,000 transformers encapsulated with a high-tech metal box and spare parts made available to reboot the system. Woolsey has declared that losing as few as 20 transformers could shut down areas of the nation "for a long time."

But Washington has apparently turned a blind eye to this threat and the Obama administration is just starting to acknowledge the problem. I'm grateful that **Planeteer Robert Riddle** has cast some light on this potential problem!

*"If your erection lasts for more than 4 hours,
call the Erectrician or Someone Like Him."
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts*

THRIFT AND THIRST

A husband and wife are shopping in their local supermarket. The husband picks up a case of beer and puts it in their cart. "What do you think you're doing?" asks the wife. "They're on sale, only \$10 for 24 cans," he replies.

"Put them back, we can't afford them" demands the wife. They carry on shopping. A few aisles farther on, the woman picks up a \$20 jar of face cream and puts it in the basket.

"What do you think you're doing?" asks the husband. "It's my face cream. It makes me look beautiful," replies the wife.

"So does 24 cans of beer." says her hubby, "And it's half the price!"

*"Home cooking.
Where many a man
thinks his wife is."
~ Jimmy Durante*

HIS PAPERS ARE IN ORDER

Garry Davis is now busy organizing the
Afterworld Government of Universal Citizens.

NOW – A CITIZEN OF THE UNIVERSE

When my wife **Melinda** and I first met, she asked me where I came from, and I said, "I'm a citizen of the world." Well the REAL citizen of the world, just passed on, and his name is **Garry Davis**, an activist who founded the **World Government of World Citizens**, issuing world passports, visas, birth certificates, and other documents to eliminate borders and "the conflicts they create."

"Sometimes the documents work and sometimes they don't," writes **Steve Chawkins** in the *Los Angeles Times* obit, "but his broader aim was to draw attention to what he saw as the violent lunacy of nationalism."

Garry renounced his U.S. citizenship in 1948, but "Everything he did was dead-on serious and at the same time a spoof on the system," notes **Arthur Kanegis**, a filmmaker working on a documentary about Davis. "He used to say the World Passport is a joke — but so are all the other passports..."

Born July 27, 1921 in Bar Harbor, Maine, he was the son of a pianist, **Hilda Emery**, and the famed orchestra leader

Meyer Davis, whose dance bands played at society functions for decades. Well, he inherited the theatre gene, and in 1942 even replaced an ailing **Danny Kaye** in a musical called **Let's Face It**. But he lost interest in the biz when his older brother was killed in action on the sea near Italy in WWII.

"I prayed for a chance to exact revenge," he wrote in a 1961 autobiography, *My Country is the World*, but revealed that "Ever since my first mission over Brandenburg, I had felt pangs of conscience. How many men, women and children had I murdered?"

The question so tormented him that he revoked

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his U.S. citizenship. "If I could show that it was possible for me to survive in the world without papers, cross frontiers without a passport, and conduct myself as a free human being without benefit of any national credentials, I would be striking a blow at the very heart of nationalism itself," he wrote.

And he was a genius at getting publicity. "Mr. Davis has stowed away on ships, snuck across borders, shuttled back and forth between countries on trains, and been forced to fly countless air hours in different directions," wrote **Art Buchwald** in 1957, "because no country would let him off a plane."

Hmmm -- sound familiar?

"An intellectual is a person who has discovered something more interesting than sex."
~ **Aldous Huxley**

MIXED REACTION

A husband and wife were watching a show on the Discovery channel concerning the psychology of "mixed emotions," when the husband suddenly turned to his wife and said, "You know, honey, this is just a bunch of crap. I'll bet you could never tell me anything that would make me happy and sad at the same time. You know what I mean?"

"Oh, really?" his wife responded.

"Well, darling, guess what? Out of all your friends, you have the biggest dick."

"The truth is whatever people will believe."
~ Fox News' **Roger Ailes**



PLANETCLICK

E-SEEKERS

**SEXTY
ALARMING
AMPHICAR
DIVE HE SAID
SKIRTS AHOY
DICPIC
FIRESIGN FUNNIES
THE FUTURE
NIX ON HOMOS
MAN BRAIN**

**FOODPORN
BR'ER RAMBLER
DOWNBEAT, BEAT-DOWN
YOU DON'T LOOK TROLLISH
ALL FLUXED UP
ANGRY MANAGEMENT
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT FOR YOU
CRASH
LET THERE BE LIGHT**

CLICK THE WORD TO GO TO THE SITE

"These daze, the only way to become famous is to become infamous." ~ **Phil Proctor**

SEEKERS

Merle Reagle, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., Victor Kopcewich, Lee Goldberg, John Cowden, Bill Coombs, Michael Fish, Gregg Openheimer, Sam Shoup, Brian Westley,

Charles Moed, Mark Wenzel and Barbara Murray, and Keith Hebble.

And sad news: my friend since the '60s, the amazing **Karen Black**, with whom I had the supreme joy of acting with many times over the years, has left her body – but the body of her work will live forever. Condolences to her children and her wonderful husband, **Stephen Ecklelberry.**

"Minutus cantorum, minutus balorum, minutus carborata descendum pantorum
– A little song, a little dance,
a little seltzer down your pants."
~ **Steve Miller**

"I was the first man to pee his pants on the moon." ~ Buzz Aldrin

BEARWHIZ BEER <http://www.eagletshirts.com>

FUNNY TIMES: <http://www.funnytimes.com>

FST: <http://www.FiresignTheatre.com>

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