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# **SEPTEMBER 23**

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"Egotist: A person more interested in himself than in me." ~ Ambrose Bierce This issue is dedicated to the REPUBLICAN PARTY, and the following piece was written by LARRY CHARLES and his son, FRANCESCO DESANTIS, as part of a quiz show parody called TREASON OR REASON for the multicultural Hero Ensemble CONTINUED

> DEVILS IN THE DETAIL Our chameleonic hero slipped into the enemy camp for an impersonation. Clockwise from top: Dick Cheney, John Boehner, Ted Cruz, and Phil as Dick.

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fundraiser at the Mack Sennett Studios, The skit featured **Culture Clash's Ric Salinas** as **Glenn Beck**, and the sponsor was **Haliburton**, for which I, as that **Dick, Cheney**, was the spokesperson.

"Are you white, affluent, and would use the N-word freely if allowed? Do you believe global warming is hot, same sex marriage is gay, and Jesus is a Republican? Are you tired of hearing people crying over spilt oil? Hi, I'm Dick Cheney, and welcome to the world of Halliburton. There's chaos and upheaval in the world. Political unrest and natural disasters. Who do you turn to? Halliburton. Halliburton is there first. Perhaps it's because we caused a lot of the shit that happened in the first place. But what's the difference. We're here now. To help. Whether you want it or not. Halliburton. You have no idea..."

"When the white missionaries came to Africa they had The Bible and we had the land. They said 'Let us pray.' We closed our eyes. When we opened them we had The Bible and they had the land." ~ **Desmond Tutu** 

## UP, UP AND AWAY

A man in a hot air balloon realized he was lost. He reduced altitude and spotted a woman below. He descended a bit more and shouted, "Excuse me, can you help? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago, but I don't know where I am."

The woman below replied, "You are in a hot air balloon hovering approximately 30 feet above the ground. You are between 40 and 41 degrees north latitude and between 59 and 60 degrees west longitude."

"You must be an engineer," said the balloonist. "I am,"

THROUGHOUT THE 'PLANET,' CLICKING **BOLD, DARK RED TYPE** OPENS A RELATED INTERNET LINK. replied the woman. "How did you know?"

"Well," answered the balloonist, "everything you told me is technically correct, but I have no idea what to make of your information, and the fact is I am still lost. Frankly, you've not been much help so far."

> The woman below responded, "You must be in Management."

"I am," replied the balloonist, "but how did you know?"

"Well," said the woman, "you don't know where you are or where you are going. You have risen to where you are, due to a large quantity of hot air. You made a promise which you have no idea how to keep, and you expect people beneath you to solve your problems. The fact is you are in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but now, somehow, it's my fault."

> "You right me when I'm wrong." ~ Paul McCartney

## ARRRGGGHH

**CASTING CALL**: "We are looking for the actors who play real pirates in films and TV and who have their own pirate clothes. A real pirate, not a clownish dandy. Johnny Depp is just way too soft, way too clean. Our pirate is filthy, greasy, violent and generally out of control. The real deal; the real McCoy. Not handsome, not Disney-esque like Johnny Depp or Keith Richards. Older, grizzly, filled with piss and vinegar; his clothes show they're no stranger to battles or angry seas; not tattered, just not pristine."

(At least you don't have to bring your own boat...)

"The only reason they say 'Women and children first' is to test the strength of the lifeboats." ~ Jean Kerr

#### **PICTURE THIS**

The Smiths were unable to conceive children and decided to use a surrogate father to start their family. On the day the proxy father was to arrive, Mr. Smith kissed his wife goodbye and said, "Well, I'm off now. The man should be here soon." Half an hour later, just by chance, a door-todoor baby photographer happened to ring the doorbell, hoping to make a sale. "Good morning, Ma'am," he said, "I've come to..."

"Oh, no need to explain," Mrs. Smith cut in, embarrassed, "I've been expecting you."

"Have you really?" said the photographer. "Well, that's good. Did you know babies are my specialty?"

"Well, that's what my husband and I had hoped. Please come in and have a seat." After a moment she asked, blushing, "Well, where do we start?"

"Leave everything to me. I usually try two in the bathtub, one on the couch, and perhaps a couple on the bed. And sometimes the living room floor is fun. You can really spread out there."

"Bathtub, living room floor? No wonder it didn't work out for Harry and me!" she exclaimed. "Well, Ma'am, none of us can guarantee a good one every time. But if we try several different positions and I shoot from six or seven angles, I'm sure you'll be pleased with the results."

"My, that's a lot!" gasped Mrs. Smith. "Ma'am, in my line of work a man has to take his time. I'd love to be in and out in five minutes, but I'm sure you'd be disappointed with that."

"Don't I know it," said Mrs. Smith quietly. The photographer opened his briefcase and

pulled out a portfolio of his baby pictures. "This was done on the top of a bus," he said. "Oh, my God!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed, grasping at her throat. "And these twins turned out exceptionally well - when you consider their mother was so difficult to work with."

"She was difficult?" asked Mrs. Smith. "Yes, I'm afraid so. I finally had to take her to the park to get the job done right. People were crowding around four and five deep to get a good look."

"Four and five deep?" said Mrs. Smith, her eyes wide with amazement. "Yes," the photographer replied. "And for more than three hours, too. The mother was constantly squealing and yelling - I could hardly concentrate, and when darkness approached I had to rush my shots. Finally, when the squirrels began nibbling on my equipment, I just had to pack it all in." Mrs. Smith leaned forward. "Do you mean they actually chewed on your, uh...equipment?"

"It's true, Ma'am, yes. Well, if you're ready, I'll set-up my tripod and we can get to work right away."

"Tripod?" she enquired. "Oh yes, Ma'am. I need to use a tripod to rest my Canon on. It's much too big to be held in the hand very long." Mrs. Smith fainted...

At an Irish wedding reception, the host said, "Would all the married men stand next to the one person who's made their life worth living?" The bartender was almost crushed to death. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

# **ANTAEUS RULES**

Just announced: the LA Ovation nominations for the Antaeus Company!

**Best Season**: You Can't Take it With You, Mrs. Warren's Profession, The Crucible

Lead Actor: Bo Foxworth, The Crucible

Lead Actress: Rebecca Mozo, Mrs. Warren's Profession

Featured Actor: Tony Amendola, Mrs. Warren's Profession

Lighting Design: Jeremy Pivnick, Mrs. Warren's Profession

Scenic Design, Tom Buderwitz, You Can't Take it With You

**Sound Design**: John Zalewski, *Mrs. Warren's Profession* 

**Costume Design**,: A. Jeffrey Schoenberg, *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *You Can't Take it With You*.

We are so proud and happy, so Ovation members – vote now and often!

SHE'S GOT HER MOZO WORKIN' Congratulations to all Ovation nominees, including Rebecca Mozo, left with Anne Gee Byrd, in the multi-nominated 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.'



"I believe in an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory over cruelty and chaos." ~ E.M. Forster

### THELONIOUS MONK AND HIS ALL-RHYMED ORCHESTRA

My dear pal and former longtime host of WBAI's Lunch Pail show, **Paul Gorman**, submitted this piece to me, and as the Little Prince of the Planet, here it is:

Trumpets: Extraneous Junk, Erroneous Flunk



Flugelhorn: Lascivious Skunk

**Trombone**: Insidious Bunk

Horn, Tuba: Amphibious Dunk

Flute: Pusillanimous Shrunk

Clarinet: Acrimonious Stunk

**Soprano Sax**: Felonious Punk

Alto Sax: Hilarious Spunk

Tenor Sax: Vainglorious

Hunk, Sanctimonious Drunk

Baritone Sax: Obsequious Funk

Piano: Melodius Thunk

Bass: Subcutaneous Gunk

Cello: Extraneous Plunk

Drums: Contemporaneous Clunk, Pancreas Schmunk

Vocal: Miss Ellaneous Spunk

Critic-in-Residence: Imperious DeBunque

Book 'em at your next prom!

"Of all the forms of inequality, injustice in health care is the most shocking and inhumane." ~ Martin Luther King, Jr.

#### **TREES ARE PEOPLE, TOO**

Boulder, Colo. local government hoped deliberate a new law that would legally define and protect plants and animals as living beings, but Mother Nature may have



spoiled their plans with Biblical rains and massive flooding.

According to the Denver Westwood News, the "Rights of Nature" movement had appeared in the city to lobby for environmentalist laws to require that Boulder

County recognize "the rights of all naturally occurring ecosystems and their native species populations to exist and flourish." Once they all dry out, that is...

One of the co-inventors of the cotton-candy machine was a dentist. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

# **GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN**

First off, thanks to **Stephen Eckelberry** for an incredibly produced and moving memorial at Hollywood Forever for

his dear late wife, the magical and immortal **Karen Black**. It featured her music (and her voice), sweet and funny personal and professional stories, and extraordinary readings of her poetry and plays by giants of the industry.



I am still basking in the glow of

her eternal loving nature and the memory of her soft lips as I type this. Karen, as I cry for you, I hear your laughter still and know that those who shared our lives with you will never forget you, nor will you ever forget us. See you later.

"Compassion, in which all ethics must take root, can only attain its full breadth and depth if it embraces all living creatures and does not limit itself to mankind." - Albert Schweitzer





# CYBERFRIENDS

EBABY BOOBOO JAG 30 YEARS SAFE PLACE SING ALONG NO HYMN HANDS ON RIDDLE ME THIS HOLEY COW! IS YOUR NAME NOT BRUCE? GAVE AT THE ORIFICE BIG AND LITTLE RASCALS VANDAL EYES HARMONICAVERGENCE

CLICK THE WORD TO GO TO THE SITE

# AND A MOMENT OF SILENCE

For **Ray Dolby**, who eliminated the hiss from the cassettes we so enjoyed before CDs and downloads took over our ears; and if I remember correctly, the **Firesign** once presented an award to Mr. D at some industry function. He was speechless... **DOLBY OBIT** 

And finally, in relentless campaigns that treated television viewers to a daily barrage of maybe a



hundred commercials, the late L.A. used-car salesman **Cal Worthington** showed us rows upon rows of cars on his lot while strapped to the wing

of a vintage biplane or standing on his head on a car hood while announcing, "I will stand upon my head until my ears are turning red to make a deal!" **CAL OBIT** 

I parodied another giant in the used car industry, **Ralph Williams** as **Ralph Spoilsport**, but it was fellow Firesign, **Phil Austin** who sang, "I'll stand upon my head until this BIRD is dead, at the Bird of Prey, The Bird of Prey Garage..."

"Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail." ~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

# EINSTEINS

Steve Ziplow, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., George Riddle, Lance Rucker, Cris Caracci, Lesley Staples, Victor Kopcewich, John M. McLean, Henry Jaglom, Kent McCaman, Michael C. Gwynne, Jerry Gelb, Dr. Robert Riddle, and Bruce Laks.

"I've figured out what taking a cruise is all about... it's a series of meals interrupted by Europe. I've always wanted to see whales. I just didn't think I'd see them in bathing suits." ~ Steve Bluestein IT'S A JUKE! YOU WOULDN'T JUKE ME? YES YOU WOULD I DON'T BEREIVE IT I DON'T BEREIVE IT I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR EARS, EITHER I'D LIKE TO TAKE ONE, TWO SUPER HOW MANY WAS THAT? FLY WITH ME BEATS DR.MEMORY PUNCH ME WW3 TIME

"On Spaceship Earth, nobody is a passenger; we are all crew." ~ Buckminster Fuller

**BEARWHIZ BEER** http://www.eagletshirts.com

**FUNNY TIMES:** http://www.funnytimes.com

FST: http://www.FiresignTheatre.com

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