

# PLANET HEART

Planet Proctor • August 2018

"You're only given a little spark of madness; and if you lose that - you're nothing." ~ Robin Williams

**A**s you may have heard through the grapevine, or the beer bottle, I have now joined the ranks of Bionic Boomers after having a defibrillator implanted in my chest on the day before my 78th birthday — July 28th — at Cedars-Sinai hospital in Los Angeles.

Melinda and I were supposed to fly to the UK for my Riverdale Country School high school mini-reunion in Cambridge, followed by a trek on the Scottish Whisky Trail and a visit to see friends performing at the Edinburgh Theatre Festival; but a sudden episode of ventricular tachycardia (racing heart syndrome) called for a major change of plans — and planes, trains and automobiles.

Needless to say (after many needles), I am hippy to say that "the beat goes on..." So, I am still here to promote my book, *Where's My Fortune Cookie?* at **AMAZON.COM** and also as a **PODCAST** and future audiobook on podbean.com and am looking forward to a revival of my role as Howard DeVille on 26 future episodes of "RUGRATS" including **ANOTHER MOVIE** as well!



## Waiting for the Electrician

"If there is a God, his plan is very similar to someone not having a plan." ~ Eddie Izzard

Team Member Names/Numbers:  
 Nurse: Brittany 847 3886  
 Charge Nurse: Luisa 847 3580  
 Nurse Assistant: Anna 847 3593  
 Other Staff: Elin 847 3588  
 Primary Doctor: Chan  
 Consultant: Mok  
 Goal/Plan of the Day:  
 - amiodarone drip  
 - metoprolol  
 Tests/Procedures:  
 972  
 156/181/66  
 My Pain Goal: 98  
 Family Spokesperson/#:



The record of my shocking story



Dr. Mok draws more than blood!



My Birthday Pre-op Nurse



My pee bottle and my favorite nurse



78th Birthday at Cedars



A visit from Jamie and two of my beautiful nurses



## THIS ONE'S FOR HARRY

**T**HIS IS A JOKE I WOULD HAVE EITHER HEARD from **Harry** (the Hat) **Anderson**, or I'd be calling him up to tell it to him. I miss him every day. Here it is:

A man walks into a bar, notices a very large jar on the counter, and sees that it's filled to the brim with \$10 bills. He guesses there must be at least ten thousand dollars in it, so he approaches the bartender and asks, "What's with the money in the jar?"

"Well, you pay \$10, and if you pass three tests, you get all the money in the jar and the keys to a brand-new Lexus." The man certainly isn't going to pass this up, so he asks, "What are the three tests?"

"You have got to pay first," says the bartender. "That's the rules." So the guy gives the bartender 10 bucks which he stuffs into the jar. "Okay," says the bartender, "Here's what you need to do: First - You have to drink a whole quart of tequila in 60 seconds or less, and you can't make a face while doing it. Second - there's a pit bull chained in the back with a bad tooth. You have to remove that tooth with your bare hands. Third - there's a 90-year-old lady upstairs who's never had sex. You have to take care of that problem."

The man is stunned! "I know I paid my \$10 - but I'm not an idiot! You'd have to be nuts to drink a quart of tequila and then do all those other things!"

"Your call," says the bartender, "but, your money stays where it is."

But as time goes on, the man has a few more drinks and finally says, "Where's the damn tequila?!" He grabs the bottle with both hands and drinks it as fast as he can, tears streaming down both cheeks - but he doesn't make a face - and he finishes it in 58 seconds!

Next, he staggers out the back door where he sees the pit bull chained to a pole; and soon, the patrons in the bar hear loud growling, screaming, and sounds of a terrible fight - then, nothing but silence! And just when they think that the man must surely be dead, he staggers back into the bar, his clothes ripped to shreds and bleeding from bites all over his body.

"Now," he drunkenly says, "where's that old woman with the bad tooth?"

"The two most common elements in the universe are hydrogen and stupidity."

~ Harlan Ellison



## HEAVEN KNOWS

**S**TORMY DANIELS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH WENT to the Pearly Gates on the same day. They both met with an angel to find out if they would be admitted to Heaven. The angel said: "Unfortunately, there's only one space available in Heaven today so I must decide which one of you will be admitted."

The angel asked Stormy if there was some particular reason why she should go to Heaven. Stormy took off her top and said: "Look at these, they're the most perfect breasts God ever created, and I'm sure it will please God to be able to see them every day for all eternity."

The angel thanked Stormy, and asked Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth the same question. The Queen walked over to a toilet, pulled the lever and flushed it without saying a word. The Angel immediately said: "Okay, your Majesty, you may go into Heaven."

Stormy was outraged and asked, "What was that all about? I showed you two of God's own perfect creations and you turned me down. She simply flushed a commode and she got admitted to Heaven! Would you explain this to me?"

"Sorry, Stormy," said the Angel, "but even in Heaven, a royal flush beats a pair, no matter how big they are."

"Adam and Eve: the first people to not read the Apple terms and conditions."

~ Church signboard

## SILVER STATEMENTS

**R**ECENTLY CHANGED MY CAR HORN TO GUNSHOT sounds. People get out of the way much faster now. You know that tingly little feeling you get when you really like someone? That's common sense leaving your body. Didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row. Old age is coming at a really bad time.

You don't have gray hair, you have "wisdom highlights." When I was a child I thought "Nap Time" was a punishment. Now as a grownup, it feels like a small vacation. The biggest lie I tell myself is: "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it." If God wanted me

■ CONTINUED

to touch my toes, He would've put them on my knees, yes? Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet. Why do I have to press one for English, when you're just going to transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway? Of course, I talk to myself; sometimes I need expert advice.

Actually, I'm not complaining because I am a Senager – senior teenager. I have everything I wanted as a teenager, only 60 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month. I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's license and my own car, and the people I hook up with are not scared of getting pregnant. And I don't have acne! Life is great.

I have more friends I should send this to, but right now I can't remember their names, and I'm wondering...did I send this to you, or did you send it to me?

*"There seems to be some perverse human characteristic that likes to make easy things difficult."*  
~ Warren Buffett

## TO THE POINT

**A** NAPHORISM IS A SHORT, POINTED SENTENCE that expresses a wise or clever observation or a general truth. Here we go:

The nicest thing about the future is that it always starts tomorrow. Money will buy a fine dog but only kindness will make him wag his tail. If you don't have a sense of humor you probably don't have any sense at all. Seat belts are not as confining as wheelchairs. A good time to keep your mouth shut is when you're in deep water.

How come it takes so little time for a child who is afraid of the dark to become a teenager who wants to stay out all night? Business conferences are important because they demonstrate how many people a company can operate without. Why is it that at school reunions you feel younger than everyone else looks? Stroke a cat and you will have a permanent job.

No one has more driving ambition than the teenage boy who wants to buy a car.

There are no new sins; the old ones just get more publicity. There are worse things than getting a call for a wrong number at 4 am; for example, it could be the right number. No one ever says "It's only a game" when their team is

winning. Be careful about reading the fine print, there's no way you're going to like it. The trouble with bucket seats is that not everybody has the same size bucket.

Do you realize that, in about 40 years, we'll have thousands of old ladies running around with tattoos? Money can't buy happiness but somehow it's more comfortable to cry in a Jaguar than in a Ford.

After 60 if you don't wake up aching in every joint, you're probably dead. Always be yourself because the people that matter don't mind and the ones that mind don't matter. Life isn't tied with a bow but it's still a gift.

And remember, "Politicians and diapers should be changed often and for the same reason..."

*"Only dead fish go with the flow."*  
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

## THIS IS A PISSER

**T**WO NUNS ARE MOTORING IN RURAL IRELAND. They run out of petrol. They only have a bed pan to use for a container, so they go, fetch petrol, bring it back to the auto, and begin filling the petrol out of the pan into the auto.

An Irishman opens his window, looks out on the scene and says, "Ladies, I hate your religion, I loathe your Pope...but I have to admire your faith."



*"A Happy Home is one in which each spouse grants the possibility that the other might be right, though neither believes it."*

~ Don Fraser

## CAKE OR DEATH?

**A**N EXPLORER'S TWO-SEATER PLANE RUNS out of fuel as he's flying across the wilds of the Amazon, and he's forced to crash land in the jungle. He climbs out of the plane, starts walking, and suddenly hundreds of screaming savages come running out of the dense forest and surround him, chanting and grunting and madly waving their spears. He says to himself, "I'm fucked."

Just then a deep voice bellows into his ear from the heavens and says, "You're not fucked. Grab the spear of the closest native and run it through their chief's heart."

He reaches over, grabs the spear out of the hands of the closest warrior, runs over to the guy in the tribe with the most feathers in his headdress (obviously their chief) and lunges the spear deep into his chest right where his heart is!

The deep voice says, "Now you're fucked."

*"Bravery is to defend yourself from another, and humanity is to defend the other from yourself."  
~ Montenegrin General Marko Miljanov Popovic*

## BROKEN NEWS

**INHERITED VENTRICULAR TACHYCARDIA FROM** my mom, **Audre**, but my personal problems only manifested a month ago, resulting in the implantation



of a defibrillator at Cedars-Sinai — which luckily (or unluckily) kicked in a few days ago at a birthday celebration dinner with my **Boomers on a Bench** and heart-and-liver transplant partner, **Jamie Alcroft** and his / **Tonya** ice-choreographer wife, **Sarah Kawahara**, arranged by my darling wife Melinda.

It was not fun being jolted by my implant over a period

of **FOUR MINUTES**, during which time I never lost consciousness, but here I am, still alive to write about it and to give hope to others with a similar condition...

I am sending this tonight after a consultation with my cardiologist who has put me on a new drug regime which we hope will prevent a reoccurrence of that painful but life-saving episode last Monday, resulting in two days at Providence Hospital in nearby Burbank. (All my doctors have been amazing, and the nurses as well.)

*Just because you're offended doesn't mean you're right." ~ Ricky Gervais*

## GET AWAY!

*Actual travel complaints:*

**W**hen in Spain, there were too many Spanish people there: the receptionist spoke Spanish, the food was Spanish – no one told us that there would be so many foreigners!

"The roads were uneven and bumpy, so we could not read the local guide book during the bus ride to the resort; and because of this, we were unaware of many things that would have made our holiday more fun, like where the brochure said that there was a fully equipped kitchen, there was no egg-slicer in the drawers!

"I compared the size of our one-bedroom suite to our friends' three-bedroom and ours was significantly smaller. Also, the brochure stated there were 'No hairdressers at the resort.' We're trainee hairdressers and we think they knew and made us wait longer for service.

"We found the sand was not like the sand described in the brochure, which shows the sand as white, but it was more yellow. Also, they should not allow topless sunbathing on the beach as it was very distracting for my fiancé who just wanted to relax. The beach was too sandy. We had to clean everything when we returned to our room. And no one told us there would be fish in the water. The children were scared, and I was bitten by a mosquito. The brochure did not mention mosquitoes.

"I think it should be explained as well that the local convenience store does not sell proper biscuits like custard creams or ginger nuts, and it's lazy of the local shopkeepers to close in the afternoons. I often needed to buy things during 'siesta' time – this should be banned.

"Finally, we requested twin beds when we booked, but instead we were placed in a room with a king bed. We now hold you responsible and want to be re-reimbursed for the

**SIGNING FOR IT**  
A monitored Victory ...

fact that I became pregnant. This would not have happened if you had put us in the room that we booked.

“And, by the way, It took us nine hours to fly home to England while it took the Americans only three hours to get home. This seems unfair.”

“The great arrogance of the present is to forget the intelligence of the past.”  
~ Ken Burns

## US PLUS

**W**ATCH FOR THESE CONSOLIDATIONS in 2018: Hale Business Systems, Mary Kay Cosmetics, Fuller Brush, and W. R. Grace Co. will merge and become: Hale, Mary, Fuller, Grace. Polygram Records, Warner Bros., and Zesta Crackers join forces and become: Poly Warner Cracker. 3M will merge with Goodyear and become: MMMGood.

Zippo Manufacturing, Audi Motors, Dofasco, and Dakota Mining will merge and become: ZipAudiDoDa. FedEx is expected to join its competitor, UPS, and become: FedUP. Fairchild Electronics and Honeywell Computers will become: Fairwell Honeychild. Grey Poupon and Docker Pants are expected to become: PouponPants. Knotts Berry Farm and the National Organization of Women will become: Knott NOW!

And finally: Victoria's Secret and Smith & Wesson will merge under the new name: TittyTittyBangBang.

“Genius is full of trash.” - Herman Melville

## BOB AND THE BLONDE

**B**OB WALKED INTO A SPORTS BAR AROUND 9:58 p.m. He sat down next to a blonde at the bar and stared up at the TV. The 10 p.m. News was coming on. The news crew was covering the story of a man preparing to jump from the ledge of a large building. The blonde looked at Bob and said, “Do you think he'll jump?” Bob said, “You know, I bet he'll jump.” The blonde replied, “Well, I bet he won't.” Bob placed a \$20 bill on the bar and said, “You're on!”

And just as the blonde placed her money on the bar, the guy on the ledge did a swan dive off the building, falling to his death. The blonde was very upset, but willingly handed

her \$20 to Bob. “Fair's fair. Here's your money.” Bob replied, “I can't take your money. I saw this earlier on the 5 p.m. News, so I knew he would jump.”

The blonde replied, “I did, too, but I didn't think he'd do it again.” Bob took the money.

“I love deadlines. I love the whooshing sound they make as they fly by.”  
~ Harlan Ellison.

## REAL FAKE NEWS

**D**EATHS KEEP ON A-COMIN', but not mine yet, so I'm able to honor **Vladimir Voinovich**, a Soviet satirist whose works I admired and who finally “escaped” for good on my birthday, July 28, at the age of 85.

His comic novel, *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*, was lauded as the Soviet *Catch-22*, as written by a modern-day Gogol. It told the tale of a bumbling Red Army recruit who spent hours talking to his horse; because, “If you say the wrong thing to a person you can end up in hot water, but no matter what you say to a horse, it'll accept it.”

“I wanted to be a realist,” he explains, “writing about what I saw, almost like a journalist. But they said I was writing satire. I wasn't – it was just about our life, which was so absurd.”

(Sound familiar?)

“The truth is not always beautiful, nor beautiful words the truth.”  
~ Lao Tzu

## WHY WILLARD?

**Y**OU KNOW THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE you lose, (especially unexpectedly), when you suddenly realize what an important role they played in your life. **Mary Willard** was such a person. She was an accomplished playwright, and also managed the extraordinary and ongoing career of her brilliant, funny husband, **Fred**.

But her memorable claim to fame was her amazing ability to bring together a group of talented friends and colleagues over many decades in boisterous, rowdy, generously well-catered and loving assemblies which celebrated family events and birthdays, the Fourth of July, St. Patrick's Day and most importantly – “A Mary Willard Christmas!”



## WHAT MARY MEANT

Mary Willard played an important role in my life ... Below, the deer arrive.



But here's the irony: When she succumbed in her sleep to a heart problem we all thought she had under control, I was unable to attend her funeral celebration because of a surprising heart issue of my own. But my darling wife, Melinda, was there in our stead, and a miraculous event



occurred during her actual burial ceremony when a herd of wild deer showed up to honor her, acknowledging Mary and Fred's lifetime support of *Actors and Others for Animals!*

### WEBSITE.

God knows, I and so many others will miss you forever, dear Mary, but we look forward to being a part of your parties in Heaven.

"There are two ways to be fooled. One is to believe what isn't true. The other is to refuse to accept what is true." ~ Soren Kierkegaard

## CONTRIBUTING

Thanks to Jackie Martling, Joan Allemand, Kenneth Wilhite, Jr., Jeremy Clyde, Pat Fraley, Bill Kates, Mark Kramer, Kent McCaman, Spider Robinson, Jamie Alcroft, Victor Kopcewich, Cat Ishikawa, and Jim Meskimen for constant inspiration! And a HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY to my darling wife, Melinda Peterson, on her 69th year on August 20. She is my constant inspiration – and my nurse.

Article II Section 4: If the president is impeached for treason, the vice president and all civil officers shall be removed. ~ Phil's Phelony Phacts

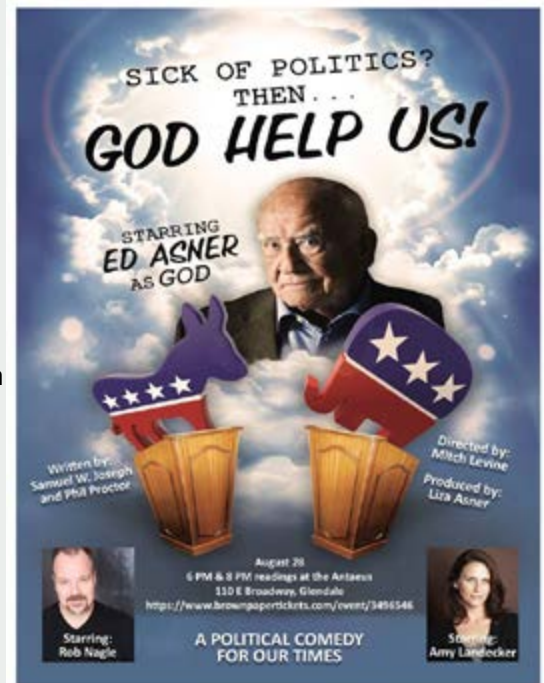
## AND GOD HELP US

THANKS TO ED ASNER'S wonderful daughter, Liza, the political play I wrote with my Magic Maze partner, Samuel W. Joseph, will be presented in

various venues throughout what is left of the Un-united States of Vespucciland in the next few months, including two staged readings here on August 28 at our very own Antaeus theater in Glendale.

And the show will also be mounted in Illinois, Idaho and Montana in August, September and October. Our sincere thanks go out to everyone who has helped to realize this challenging project – especially our dear talented friends, Nicholas Guest and Pamela Rack.

I got a great birthday book from my sister-wife, Betsey: "How to Talk to your Cat about Gun Control." Google it. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts



"If you want a happy ending, it depends on where you stop." ~ Orson Welles

## VISIT THE FIRESITE AND THE BOOMERS

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