

TheWallStreetJournal

November 10, 1998

"All the News that Fits She'll Print"

Vol. 1

Publisher's Greeting

Benevolent Readers,


Welcome to the inaugural edition of **TheWallStreetJournal**, which is not to be confused with the fine publication which has a similar name, but spaces between the words. I am cognizant of the confusion this may cause, and am open to suggestions for a new moniker.

This implies there will be more than one edition of **TheWallStreetJournal**, and who knows, that just might be the case. But I may as well tell you now that I will not vouch for the accuracy of anything you read in this periodical. Or any other periodical, as a matter of fact. So, *caveat* whatever.

I do hope that this encourages my friends and family to WRITE TO ME, if only to say, "I hate newsletters, please take me off of your mailing list." If you do reject me, however, be polite or the BYU Alumni Association or local missionaries may be tipped off as to your current whereabouts.

That said, enjoy!

Your humble servant,



Sharon McGovern
Editor, Publisher,
Cobra in Chief



BAUHAUS IN MESA

SCOTTSDALE At times like these, it is so difficult to decide what the *real* story is here. Is it a) godfathers of goth Bauhaus visited Mesa and gave a hell of a show, b) Sharon and Pat saw said show and you didn't HAHAHAAAA, or c) check it out! Sharon got a graphic in her newsletter. ? . These are the issues that plague a newspaperperson's brain. I think to myself, "What would Jason Robards, Jr. do?" But since he didn't even flirt with Robert Redford *at all* in *All the President's Men*, what credible advice could he give me now? Also, checking this document on print preview I think that the print may be inordinately large. What do you think?

Weather: Sunny and beautiful. Sorry to all you guys in Utah and points north, but think of all the exercise you are getting shoveling snow and picking yourself up from the ice over and over.

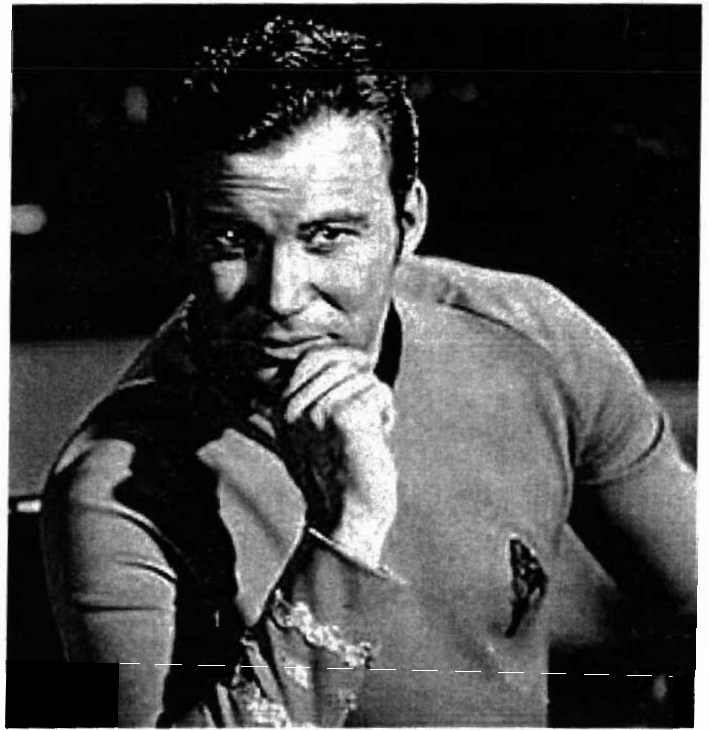
The Mystery of Sharon's Weight

SCOTTSDALE First of all, this is not about what you think it is about Pat, so quit with the commentary, smart guy. Don't even let the word "great" cross your lips. Actually, I have noticed that when I encounter a friend or family member whom I have not seen for sometime, they invariably note that I seem to have lost weight. Which is awesome. Except that I don't think it's true. I mean, my clothes fit the same. Still, those who make this comment (and there are a lot of you out there) emphasize that it's *a lot* of weight I've lost. So let's try an experiment. Picture me in your mind. I look like I weigh about 300lbs., right? Well, I'm much thinner than that. But if you must compliment me on my appearance next time you see me, feel free.

Endnote

Well, I hope you enjoyed Vol. 1 of **TheWallStreetJournal**. It was a little light on adventures, I admit, but consider the source. Besides, the phones were way, way busy today. Let me know how you are, have been and expect to be. I will probably write about you in the next edition, so watch out.

Love,
Sharon



Gratuituous insertion of Capt. James T. Kirk, aka, "Mr. Tambourine Man."

Should you See *The Siege*?

The Siege is essentially an updated version of *Seven Days in May*, which I know you haven't seen either, but this one has fewer speeches and more explosions—always a bonus. It's still quite didactic and finally the suspension of disbelief grows too tenuous to be worthwhile. Annette Bening (who wears many many different coats...SYMBOL!) does get to slap a guy around, which is pretty cool. Yeah, I'd have to say that was my favorite part. I recommend this movie as long as you don't pay too much to see it, and as long as you are not Paul Adams, because then you would spend the entire running time complaining about the depiction of the military.

Mail to the following address should probably reach me eventually:

The Wall Street Journal

November 23, 1998 "Soon to be known as TheArtistFormerlyKnownAsTheWallStreetJournal" Vol. 2

An Outpouring of Love from the Readership

SCOTTSDALE—Monday morning, November 16, 1998, brought a pleasant surprise to this reporter/editor/publisher/cobra-in-chief. The fledgling publication, still known as **TheWallStreedJournal**, got its first Reader Response in the form of an e-mail from Ms. Jana Marcy of Salt Lake City, UT. Now, if this does not seem quite an outpouring to you, let me remind you that if that other *Wall Street Journal* got such a prompt response from approximately 10% of its readership on any given day, its reporters/editors/publishers/cobrae-in-chief would be thrilled.

After the usual remarks about this rep...my sanity, Ms. Marcy moved on to the business of re-naming this publication. Her suggestions were as follows:

The Sharon Times (I think *The Sharin' Times* would be even more precious.)

Arizona Carrier (Already been taken by a local chapter of the NRA, I believe. Or maybe that is *The Arizona Packin' Heat*.)

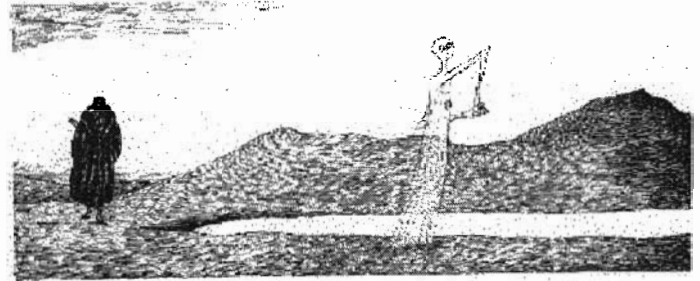
Penicillin Quarterly (Quarterly? Is that all it takes, Jana?) and,

The McGovern Tribunal (The front runner, if only because I could add "Inquisitor" to my list of job titles.)

Thank you, Ms. Marcy, for your input. May you be an example to this readership. (I will never write those words again.) ☿

Welcome, Max and Ann Pace!

SCOTTSDALE—My great (and I do mean great as in "fabulous" and not in that bad way that Pat always means when he calls me great) uncle and aunt, aka Max and Ann Pace, are the latest subscribers to this humble rag. (Still haven't decided on a new name, but it might well be cobra—not penicillin—related.) ¥



where the Throbbloos Spectre still loitered in a distraught manner.

The ghost which might be living in my room, whom I do not call Throbbloos Spectre but Steve, hasn't done anything of interest lately. ¥

Sharon on Cars

PHOENIX—There's something wrong with this headline. I can't quite put my finger on it, but though it's meant to connote commentary it comes off vaguely pornographic. Anyhoo, since I joined the car driving population, I have noticed that I feel a tremendous amount of guilt regarding my car. Not just the baseline guilt that I feel at all times about everything, but a very particular guilt that can only be relieved by *confession*. I desperately want assurance that I won't be going to some automotive hell reserved for those who abuse their cars. I wish there were some sort of dark confession booth where I could anonymously meet with a mechanic, tell him my car's symptoms and my culpability, and be released. Perhaps with the words, "Say three Hail Toyotas and leave a blank check or your Visa number at the door. You may pick up your car in five hours, unless we find more stuff to do to it. Now go, my child, and speed no more." I don't think I could manage the last part under normal circumstances, though my car's current affliction doesn't allow it to move at more than 55mph without spasming. (By the way, does anybody else always read that "SPAS!!!" sign on the highway from Salt Lake to Provo as "SPASM"?) So I'm stuck driving in the lame lane doing the speed limit for cryin' out loud. I know the other drivers are sniggering at me. The sound rings in my ears like the end of a dream sequence from *Gilligan's Island*.

Somebody please tell me I'm not the only one who feels this way! §

Katy Wenger Trains for Marathon

SALT LAKE CITY—I think this proves that Katy is the biggest stud of anyone who reads this newsletter. Đ

Retraction

In the last edition of this newsletter, this reporter/editor/ publisher/cobra-in-chief incorrectly reported that Sharon McGovern is thinner than you remember her. Then she saw photos from a recent vacation and is, alas, bound by honor to recant. ±



Gratuitous insertion of a David Bowie picture to pretty up the page and to keep Pat interested.

dadada Game Time dadada

Match the American movie title to the Chinese translation of that movie title. I'm sure you won't have any trouble at all, but if you do, write to me and I will send the answers if remember and happen to feel like it.

- A. *So You Are a Lawyer?*
 - B. *Future Dumpling Talks and Solves Agricultural Problems*
 - C. *Come to my Cave and Wear this Rubber Codpiece, Beautiful Boy*
 - D. *I'm Drunk and You're a Prostitute*
 - E. *Help! My Pretend Boyfriend is Gay!*
 - F. *Big Dumb Monkey Boy Keeps Whacking Tree with Genitals*
 - G. *Mr Cat Poop*
-
- A. *My Best Friend's Wedding*
 - B. *Batman & Robin*
 - C. *Babe*
 - D. *As Good as it Gets*
 - E. *Interview with a Vampire*
 - F. *George of the Jungle*
 - G. *Leaving Las Vegas*

How did you do? ø

An Emotional Cry for Help

SCOTTSDALE—You don't have to believe me, though I suppose I would prefer that you did, but people pick fights with me over the phone all the time. I get calls from people in other climes who want me to predict next week's weather. When I tell them the current weather stats, they protest. "USA Today says it's been in the low eighties. Are you saying they're *wrong*?" Similarly, when they call in for directions to the building and tell them to turn left on such and such a street, they say, "That can't be right. Such and such a street goes north-south, and that would have me going west." Or, "That street doesn't intersect this street." Mind you, these are people who are *lost* hassling me. This puts me in mind of a memorable instruction Melanie offered a hypothetical dingbat guest: "Go through the door, turn left, go to hell, don't come back." A third favorite bone of contention between callers and myself is over the names of my co-workers. "I need to speak with Dick Biork," is a typical request. "We do not have an employee by that name," I say. "I have him down as the president of your company," the caller continues. "Our president's name is Richard Brock,. Would you like to speak with him?" I ask, sweet as pie. "Well, I have Dick Biork on my list."

I'm looking for advice. How would you deal with these omniscients? I usually put them on hold for a really long time, but maybe one of you could suggest something even more satisfying. Maybe something electrical. Okay, what I want what I really really want is the power to throw lightning bolts like Zues. So the next time hear the words, "Princess doesn't intersect with Bell" BOOM!!! 15,000 volts right in the ear. There are some exceptionally smart people on this mailing list, surely on of you could find a way of making my dream a reality. Ç



Pink Dots, Everywhere I Look, Pink Dots...

PHOENIX—On Wednesday, November 18, Sharon McGovern (reporter/editor/publisher/cobra-in-chief) was introduced to a band which, if the world was a sane place, she should have been groupie to years ago.

The band of which I write is The Legendary Pink Dots, and don't worry—they haven't heard of you either. But you really should meet. They are cut from the same cloth as Bauhaus, though I must in all fairness note that they would on average take up more yardage than Bauhaus. Loud. Dark. Gloomy. A really good excuse to pull out the black lipstick. The Legendary Pink Dots are all that and more.

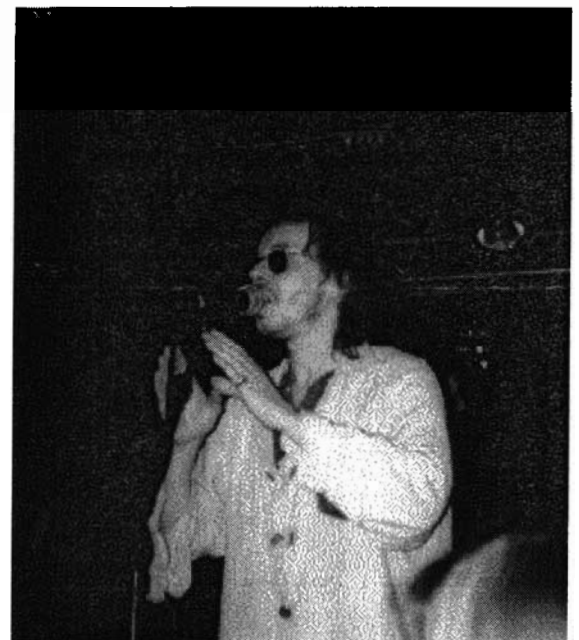
Their drummer and soundman formed a sub-group called the Twilight Circus Sound System. The drummer, the last guy on the far right in the group photo above, was dressed in not one but two feather boas and beat on his kit with a variety of props when he wasn't running around like a lunatic screaming at people to RELAX!!! Pat, who had prior knowledge of LPD and bought the tickets to the show, dubbed him "the Gallahger of goth rock." Not to be unkind, but the best thing about his show was that it didn't have to be dismantled for LPD—a terrific time saver. I think they're really on to something there. Like maybe Tom Tom Club could open for Talking Heads, Love and Rockets for Bauhaus, the X-pensive Winos for the Rolling Stones. You get the idea.

The show drew an interesting crowd. There were the usual assortment of goths, and baby bats hanging around the No Alcohol Beyond This Point cage, but then every now and then you'd see someone who seemed either really old or really square for this scene. Pat (who was on a roll quipwise) noted that one

looked like a miserable German tourist out for a night on the town with his cab driver. At least he did when the Twilight Circus played. He became quite animated for LPD.

And then there was the smoking. Let me say right off the bat, I was for it. The venue, called Mason Jar, is a tiny place, so every time somebody lit up his or her face was briefly illuminated by firelight, which is both flattering and exotic. The smoke gave the lights definition. And some of the smoke smelled really nice and gave me a feeling of wellbeing when I inhaled it. This must have been a common effect, because right after some of this smoke went up in the area where Pat and I were sitting a bunch of guys came running from all directions of the room with their noses up in the air like springer spaniels. Then, on the first encore, singer Edward something (pictured below) bummed a cigarette off of an audience member. That is going to be reason number one on my Why I Should Smoke List: A rock star might want a cigarette and I will be ready. Don't worry, the Why I Should Not Smoke List is still longer.

When Pat and I exited the club, even more coolness awaited us in the form of the drummer (you know which one he is) and the saxophone player (second from the left, and that's how cool this band is, *they have a sax player*.) He also plays flute.) roaming around outside being nice to fans. The drummer has a soft handshake. ☐



Classified Ads

This is where the Classified Ads will be found as soon as I think some up. Space will be available for lease at a reasonable rate. -ed

Dear Readers,

Well, you reached the end of another edition of **The Artist Soontobeformerly Known as The Wall Street Journal**. Congratulations!

Now if my plan is working as I hoped it would, you should be thinking to yourself, "That Sharon is an inspiration. I want to be a part of **The Artist Soontobeformerly Known as The Wall Street Journal**, and to that end will write to her immediately!" Either that or, "I will take my chances with the BYU Alumni Association, and missionaries, and even the hounds of hell, if needs be!" Naturally, I hope it is the former.

Until next time,



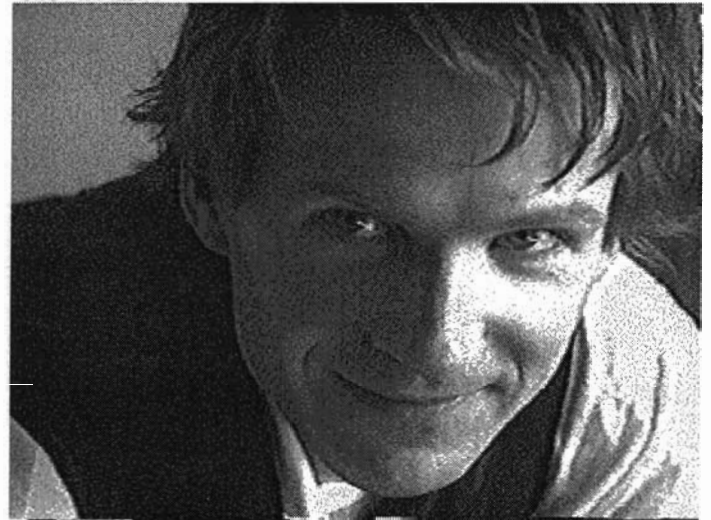
Editor/Publisher/Cobra-in-Chief

Subscription Information

You may write to me care of my wonderful Aunt Karolyn Jackman Jensen at

Or e-mail

I thank you. your conscience thanks you. -ed.



For one million points, name this film!

For Your Address Book...

Katy Wenger

Scott Rowley

Jana Marcy

Now, I didn't exactly get permission from all of the above to publish their addresses, so please do not send anything obscene to them. Well, maybe Jana. If anybody wishes to list an e-mail or other address in this publication I would be happy oblige, unless one of the above sues and shuts me down. -ed.

Coming Soon...

- Thanksgiving Review...what was eaten, what was left behind.
- Illustration from guest contributor Melanie Calkins.
- Whose picture will be gratuitousl inserted this time?
- Reader Response (provided there is some).
- Much, much, more!