

# TheRe-NameMeNews

December 14, 1998

'Kill the Pill'

Vol. 3



Although this article is about Thanksgiving, this neat picture was in USATODAY and it's way better than a turkey or a pilgrim or something and besides I might not get another edition out before the 25<sup>th</sup>. So there. -ed

## Joyous Holiday Meals

PAPAGO PARK AND TEMPE—

Well, I promised to bring you the low down on the Thanksgiving eats, and I will KEEP that promise even though deep down I know you don't give a rat's butt. I was actually going to prepare

Rat's Butt, but then I opted to go with my Amazing Cranberry Sauce, which I flogged almost as relentlessly as **TheRe-NameMeNews** (subscriptions are up 35%, by the way). At the family picnic, new subscriber Aunt Toni Arena brought an assortment of fat free items which were viewed with askance by most of the guests, but were alright once you got to know them. The most exotic dish was a favorite of Uncle Scott Arena's, a sort of albino asparagus native to Belgium. (The dish, you goof.) The stalks were fibrous and sort of hard to bite though, so I ended up with entire stalks in my mouth to chew. I flirted with the notion of dangling them over my open mouth and swallowing them whole like Catherine McCormack in that movie where she was a courtesan ( *Dangerous Beauty*, if you care, but I can't recommend it), but that seemed a little suggestive for a family function. Furthermore, odds were good that I would just choke to death and become a tragic figure and a laughing stock simultaneously. (Cont on page 3)

## A Note on the Type

You know how sometimes you see these words at the end of a book and you think, "Oh, this could be good. wonder if the type was invented by Napoleon or something." But the note just says Joe Anything fro Schribner's first used that particular type in 1919, and you wondered why you bothered. Well, this Note on the Type will be a lot like that. As time passed and I found ever more trivia to include I thought it expedient to shrink everything that wouldn't be too much trouble, such as the below. ®

## Lee Follett Lives!

TORONTO—Or so he would have us believe from his November 30<sup>th</sup> e-mail equivalent of an emergency flare. (Remember the flare in *The English Patient*? Kind of like that, except I expect he's buried in snow not sand, and probably not with Kristen Scott Thomas though I can't be sure. If he were buried with Ralp Fiennes, that would *definitely* make the newsletter. Not so newsworthy if he were buried with any of those Arabs, though the standard of newsworthy is pretty arbitrary around here. But you remember how after the sandstor Almassy sent up the flare so the rest of their party which had driven past, would know to turn around and look for them--except the rest of their party had gone too far ahead and never saw the flare but had to rely on their odometer reading instead. This isn't working. Oh, wait! I thought of a better flare analogy. If you saw *Six Days, Seven Nights* you'll recall Anne Heche sends up a flare when she sees a jet airliner pass over head. The passengers on the jet don't see the flare because they are too far away, and because she hit a palm tree with the flare by accident, but the first part of the sentence is the important one because even if the flare didn't hit the tree and the passengers on the jet actually saw the it they would have no way of knowing if it was from the castaways because they couldn't be seen from such a great height. *Likewise*, I couldn't prove Lee Follett is alive on the basis of his e-mail because he is too far away to actually see and it's not like he ever *calls* or writes *real letters*. HAHA! I knew I could make the flare thing work.) Anyway, the e-mailer who for lack of better evidence we may as well stipulate is Lee Follett claims he has been too busy to write because he has been "labouring" over undergraduate essays about fairies and reluctant heroes, which certainly sounds like something Lee might do, so if you have been spreading rumours to the contrary (and his e-mail stated such rumours exist), kindly stop. ‡

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## Unreachable Pam

ALLEGEDLY BROOKLYN—November 25, 1998. So I tr and call Pam because I haven't heard from her in a while and because she always has a bunch of cool, acerbic things to say, but I don't get her I get her voice mail. She speaks very fast on her voice mail (native rhythms, you know) and includes a number in Brooklyn where she claims she can be reached in the act of cat sitting. MmHm. So I listen to the voice mail three times trying to get the number straight, but because it is going by so quickly it sounds like &\*^97%664\$#@5. I do my best to transcribe, but when I dial the numbers I have written I get two wrong numbers (one answered by a very nasty condescending woman—can you imagine in New York?) and one recorded voice that tells me to try again. Which I did—that's when I got the nasty condescending woman.

Where are vou. really. Pam? Õ

## Sharon on More Cars

SCOTTSDALE—Actually the same car over and over. But you know, that headline still doesn't sound quite decent. In fact, it sounds even more like the racy calendar Pat said the original headline brought to mind (that would be a rather horrid production), but there is no way I'm going to risk the remarks that would issue from him had I dared name this article "More Sharon on Cars".

To those of you laying awake nights wondering if I am still stuck in the lame lane, getting passed by little old ladies in Cadillacs (I am not thinking of a particular little old lady in a Cadillac, especially not one of those *small* Cadillacs), take some Nyquil and I'll talk to you in a week and a half. My brave Tercell is up and running fast. I think it (I prefer the gender neutral when referring to my car despite Pat's insistence that he's given it *balls*) needs an alignment, but that shouldn't be too hard to come by, and since I can say the word "alignment" with some authority (I've been practicing) I don't anticipate an hassle from mechanics.

But I'll keep vou posted. ð

## Mysterious M2 Phenomena

IN THE AIR ALL AROUND US—MTV's sister station M2 (well, they don't watch you either) usually runs these really innovative promos for M2 which make the M2 viewer feel oh so hip for watching and enjoying M2. But more and more, M2 shows this reddish kaleidoscopic image with accompanied by sort of burbling, underwater sounding noises. It goes on for a long time and doesn't strike me as being innovative, not at all up to M2's standards. "Up to what," I ask, "might the M2 programmers be?" (*TheRe-NameMeNews* has a thing about ending sentences with prepositions.) "Might they," continue I, "have devised that M2 promo as a means of hypnotizing M2 viewers and planting an unconscious suggestion in their heads that would compel them to obsess about M2 and say or write M2 a lot?"

No, that would never work. Å

## TheCobraClarion.....page two



## Wow! Buff! What a Bod! Garrett Wilson Pens a Letter

CHANDLER—Try to imagine my glee when I visited the home of my scintillating Aunt Carolyn and found that Garrett "Bosa Nova" Wilson had kindly taken the time to compose and send an actual letter—you know, the paper kind. Go on, try.

Anyway, Garrett was just full of news, all good. For example, he has been swept

up in the exercise craze so many of the kids are into these days. He has bonded with his endorphins and has been packing pounds of sheer muscle onto his already virile frame. I don't have a current picture of Garrett, but the above should give you the idea.

If you are feeling blue about the snow and ice, just think of Garrett in his job at Solitude as "Mountain Host." I don't know what that means, but I assume it involves freezing his tootsies and breaking all of his toenails off (did he ever tell you about that?) and having a marvelous time overall. So, let it snow, let it snow, let it snow! Heh heh heh.

Penultimately, Garrett will take a break from all that skiing to Ring in the New Year in glorious San Francisco! (I should write for a game show.) Whilst there, he and his fellow Dead Heads will try to summon the ghost of Jerry Garcia. But don't use a ouija board—they're trouble. The ghost web pages are all very firm about that.

And finally, I do declare Garrett Wilson Exemplar of All That is Good and Righteous about Writing to Me. Let him be your inspiration this month. ÷

## Now at this Juncture...

I expect Scott Rowley to complain about not getting his due as a correspondent, and although it's true he does get a mention in another article and will be an integral part of *TheRe-NameMe News*, the fact is I got an actual letter from Garrett so he wins.

VISIT THE CAFÉ NIKOS PETTING ZOO

## Thanks so Much, Cosmo

SCOTTSDALE—So a friend of mine at work has this *Comopolitan* magazine that she loans me with the warning, "Don't cut it up." Now where would she get an idea like that Anyway, it's a good one with lots of articles with words in them that I'm too bashful to print here because My Mother might find a copy of **TheRe-NameMcNews** on a park bench or something and start asking embarrassing questions of me. I'll let you imagine what those questions might be. Snuggled in amongst the articles is a *Cosmo* Quiz. Normally, I ignore the *Cosmo* Quiz because I lack the qualifications to even read the quiz let alone venture an opinion on what I might do in some of the circumstances which they describe. I should ask this friend, who seems like a real *Cosmo* type of gal—you know, young, pretty, thin, hip, lots of calls from guys (dude, I'm the receptionist and it's my job to know these things)--if the hypotheticals described in the mag are based in fact and if so what the hell is wrong with my life. But this one had a title along the lines of "Are you Self Actualized?" I already pretty much knew the answer, which would be "No," and thought I could bluff my way through the rest.

I pondered the big *Cosmo* issues, such as what *would* I do if the elastic on my leopard patterned thong failed and the garment fell to my ankles during a big presentation? Mind you, they don't give you the option of wearing a nice pair of Jocke For Hers in a sensible color, no sir. I dug deep in my imagination and chose b). (Yeah, like I'm going to tell you what b) is.)

And so forth.

When you finish answering the questions, you tally your score and rank yourself. Out of a possible 20, ladies and gentlemen, I scored a whopping five. Five. *Five*. Do you know what this makes me, according to *Cosmo*? A "Self Loathing Loser." That's not extrapolation or exaggeration on my part, either. In fact, it's a section heading in 18pt type and **bold**. The really sad part is I when I reviewed my answers I thought I handled myself rather well.

So I'll never be a *Cosmo* girl, and that's okay. Who wants the responsibility of the fabulous job, the toned body, the boyfriend with the fabulous job and toned body and, you know, all those other *Cosmo* Boyfriend features? Those things are not the key to happiness, right girls? Right?

I can't hear you!

## Retraction

In the last issue of this newsletter you may have noticed a little quiz about Chinese titles for American movies. Well, sad to say it turns out these were fictitious. Happy, however, to say I am in good company when it comes to falling for the hoax, as I quoted NPR, which in turn quoted *The New York Times*. If you want to defend the home team, Pam, go right ahead, but I am shocked and appalled by the lack of journalistic integrity and shoddy research. If they are going to make stuff up, they should just be up front about it and admit it as we here do at the **Re-NameMcNews**. As for myself as editor/publisher/cobra-in-chief, I will be more careful about collecting data from radio comedy programs. Å

## THE COBRA'S NOSE.....Page Three

(Cont. from 1) The dish which most startled the celebrants was, ironically, the turkey provided by Aunt Beth's clan. It was pale and goose pimpled (no jokes here, please—I'll handle the comedy) on the outside and bright pink within. But even more alarming than how it looked were the attempts to manually pop the thingy that tells you when a turkey has been thoroughl cooked. Finally, a committee of wise elders proclaimed the turkey "Smoked" and therefore possessed of a reasonable appearance.

Mom made some really nice salsa.

"Yes! Circus Peanuts! Who's your Daddy?!" This phrase doesn't have anything to do with what I've been writing, but I'm kind of tired of what I've been writing and when I read this phrase yesterday it cracked me up. I'll let you invent the context. Hope your Thanksgiving was merry. £

## Also Having Made Contact

SCOTTSDALE—Since vol. 2 of The Artist Formerly Known as **TheWallStreetJournal** (and I'm seriously considering **THE COBRA'S NOSE** because it's easier to spell than Penicillin) was unleashed in all its fearsome glory Reader Response has been nothing short of ecstatic. (You did read this issue's Retraction, didn't you?) Subscriptions are up up up, and suggestions for submissions are rampant. Actual submissions are running rather scarce, but I'm sure that will change, right Scott, Pat, Shane, Harvest and Melanie?

Katy continues to be a regular e-mailer and inspiration. She works with juvenile delinquents, you know. In an earlier time, she would have been played by Pat Boone in the movie. Wee Willie Zierle e-mailed on behalf of himself and the glamorous Sue. He made a culinary suggestion that I didn't quite understand, but, hey--he's the chef! Pam, reported missing on page two, surfaced long enough to give me a call at work, but not from that cat's house in Brooklyn. She kept yelling at her parents but overall maintained a groovy tone. She alone identified the mystery picture as being from *Oscar and Lucinda* and won herself a cool million points. Jana, after a long silence, sent me a joke about some cowboys. I had been paranoid about not hearing from her, so I was relieved that the joke wasn't something to the effect of, "Knock, knock" "Who's there?" "You suck, Sharon!" The cowboy joke I will happily share over cigars and brandy, it's that classy.

Scott Rowely has been a source of comfort in dealing with that workplace entity to be known forevermore as The Pill. He has also proposed that **THE COBRA'S NOSE** (I like it better and better) run a column wherein he and I discuss movies. These discussions usually devolve into slapping and name calling, so I expect our ratings to go through the roof. For those of you not accustomed to such rough behavior, expect to see pictures of bunnies in its place.

Music aficionados and all around smart guys Pat and Shane have pledged to write something. If they could translate the look they get on their faces when you say "Matchbox 20" (Cont. on page 4)

(Cont. from 3) that should be plenty. They recently installed themselves in a condo in Tempe--nestled amongst pool halls, fast food joints and dollar store (pretty much my idea of heaven)—and have decorated it cunningly. Laurelyn Jensen also moved. I don't know how she has decorated as her neighborhood makes me nervous.

Lee Follett blipped up on the radar long enough to suggest *The Wall Street Urinal* as a title. Think again, mister.

My co-worker Dave Richards has requested a subscription, but I'll have to run that one by the board. He also wants to be known as The Enigma. Everybody got that? Dave Richards is The Enigma.

Crickets ate holes into Aunt Ann's red tablecloth. ««



HO HO HO

Missssssssssssss.....page four

## The Songs of the Season

Not the Christmas Season, just this space of time. I hope Pat or Shane will take over this column, but for now you may ponder my choices:

"Celebrity Skin" Hole

"Never There" Cake

"What it's Like" Everlast

Find them, listen carefully to them, let me know what you think of them. "I hate Courtney Love" is not a suitable response. Now, as a special treat, here are the lyrics to "Celebrity Skin."

Oh make me over  
I'm all I wanna be  
A walking study  
In demonology.

Hey, so glad you could make it  
Yeah, now you really made it  
Yeah, so glad you could make it no

Oh, look at my face  
My name is might have been  
My name is never was  
My name's forgotten

Hey, so glad you could make it  
Yeah, now you really made it  
Hey, there's only us left no

When I wake up in my make up  
It's too early for that dress  
Wilted and faded, somewhere in Hollywood  
I'm glad I came here with your pound of flesh

No second billing, 'cause you're a star no  
Oh, Cinderella, they aren't bunnies like you  
Beautiful garbage, beautiful dresses  
Will you stand up or will you just fall down?

You better watch out  
What you wish for  
It better be worth it  
So much to die for

Hey, so glad you could make it  
Yeah, now you really made it  
Hey, there's only us left no

When I wake up in my make up,  
Have you ever felt so used up as this  
It's all so sugarless  
Bunny/Waitress/Model/Actress  
Oh, just go nameless

Honeysuckle, she's full of poison  
She obliterated everything she kissed  
Now she's fading somewhere in Hollywood  
I'm glad I came here with your pound of flesh

You want a part of me?  
Well I'm not selling cheap  
No, I'm not selling cheap

Lyrics: Love

## AN ODE TO NIKOS

(The following is a paid commercial advertisement.)

Seek Café Nikos!  
Treat yourself to the sweet rolls  
Or meat, leeks, beets, wheat, cloves

See how Nick glows  
For he knows a chick goes  
Weak for a sleek Greek pose.

Servers stand in neat rows  
And seem such meek fellows,  
But from them cheek flows.

Worst is Patrico  
Who makes jokes about fecal  
Matter and pantyhose.

Shane we propose  
Is a beast in man's clothes  
Only she who has peeked knows.

Every week Christie bellows  
And socks Pat with her elbows  
But her blows are too low to connect with his nose.

From open to close  
Lestlie beatifically glows  
She'd never disclose the free eats she bestows.

Into night Jennifer goes  
And mows down her foes.  
In daytime she slows in vampyric repose.

So six days a week, bros,  
Café Nikos will dispose  
Of your hungry and weak woes

## RikiTikiTaviPress...Page Five

### Benevolent Readers...

Congratulations on having nearly completed Vol. 3. As you may have guessed from this page, I am learning some ne layout tricks. I haven't been able to prevent certain y's, w's, and m's from disappearing from the page. (What, you thought I couldn't spell "now"?) Dave Richards, you remember, "The Enigma", said it probably has something to do with the font and the size type I'm using. This sounds a little fishy to me, but then much of what Da...I mean, *The Enigma* says does. Just try to roll with it, okay?

Next, I would like to direct your attention to the stamp on the envelope. "Kwanzaa" it says. Kwanzaa is a holiday invented in 1966 by African-Americans to celebrate the principles of Unity, Collective Work and Responsibility, Cooperative Economics, Purpose, Creativity, and Faith. It begins on December 26<sup>th</sup> and lasts through January 1<sup>st</sup>. To myself and you people of non-color on my mailing list, it means if you received **TheRe-NameMcNews** before the first of the year it still counts as timely.

You may, as always, reach me care of my blessed Aunt Carolyn

5122 W Fairview  
Chandler, AZ 85226

Or e-mail: [Shmcgovern@ikon.com](mailto:Shmcgovern@ikon.com)

So until next time, keep your feet on the ground and keep reaching for the stars.

Editor/Publisher/Cobra-in-Chief

This is where you would have found an original portrait of your humble editor/publisher/cobra-in-chief wearing a colander on her head had Melanie Calkins not totally blown her deadline. You find this part of the *WhateverTheHellFinallyNameIt* a little dull? Complain directly to her. I will happily supply you with her address and hom phone number so you can tell her in person. Preferably repeatedly and late at night. —ed.



Monday was my mother's birthday. That isn't particularly wondrous, as it's happened quite often in the past, this time it fell on the date of the last performance of The Phoenix First Assembly's Twentieth Annual Celebration of Christmas, A Story You Won't Forget, "Is There

The Phoenix First Assembly Church is one of those great big modern ones with a stage, two balconies, and a disco ball. The place was just packed with Christians and it hummed with their chatter. Then this bearded Christian chorister got up and led the assembled in "The Twelve Days of Christmas." Our section was the one with the ladies dancing, I don't remember what number that is, and we didn't win the prize (which was a big round of applause) for singing loudest. I believe that went to the four calling birds group. Then the pastor stood, asked us to give the chorister a big round of applause, and started the show five minutes early. That got a big round of applause. The curtains parted to reveal an enormous Christmas tree shaped riser festooned with colored lights and laser beams. The choir sat there and while they sang and sang and an angel was dangled over the audience. The audience was invited to sing one part of a carol, but our voices were overcome by the volume of the choir. I couldn't hear anybody in my row sing. I couldn't hear *myself* sing. Christmas lights flashed all around, and smoke machines filled the air with sweet smelling fog to shoot lasers through. Then after a big round of applause, "Is There A Place" began.

But instead of Gabriel, the pastor reclaimed the stage and started in with the faith promoting rumors and the exhortations for money. He laid on the guilt with a trowel. He insisted we fill out cards attached to the programs that have a big box in the corner to check if "THIS EVENING I HAVE RECEIVED CHRIST AS MY SAVIOR". You could also request "A visit from the church" or a "Special Prayer". He called for and was granted a big round of applause for Jesus. Then he sent the guys with the maroon velveteen bags around to accept donations. Mom, bless her heart, chose this moment to repay me for the ticket I bought for Pat. What was I supposed to think when I see money coming my direction? I waved a guy over and dropped it in his bag. Then and only then was the money's purpose revealed. Pat laughed and said, "This is rich, this is rich." Then after a few more big rounds of applause, the Nativity Extravaganza was put into motion.

If you are wondering what this has to do with my want of Christmas Spirit I'll tell you. The Phoenix First Assembly Church is really close to my house. I pass it coming to and from work every day and sometimes even on weekends. I think my Christmas Spirit has been seduced by these nightly orgies of light and sound, and when it comes staggering back to me it is grouchy and lethargic. I may sue.

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