

Phillipe & Jorge's Cool, Cool World: Nailed it!: Your superior correspondents know food when they see it

Out-thunk

During the COVID pandemic, no governor has surpassed Gina Raimondo or New York's Andrew Cuomo in carrying out hard-assed plans. We are all familiar with Gigi's now-famous "Knock it off," and Cuomo seems to take some of his better moves from Raimondo's playbook.

Cuomo is also far from shy. In a recent article, one of Cuomo's aides said of his heavy-handed approach to governing that he saw himself as the hammer, and everyone else as nails.

But like the Orange Orangutan in the White House, Cuomo moved a little too fast with not enough thought. When Cuomo acted with too heavy a hand after lifting some restrictions on bars and restaurants, the bars were crowded and not self-distancing. So Cuomo did a quick U-turn and put out an edict saying only bars that served food could stay open. But one clever bar owner at an upstate New York pub started selling "Cuomo chips" for a dollar when the customers bought their beer, wine or drinks — a small bowl of potato chips that qualified as "food." Cuomo's gang then had to rush through another set of rules, describing what "food" would be interpreted as, essentially sandwiches on up.

Too clever by half, Andy. That was one nail that wasn't going to be driven.

Sweet Lou

There was sadness at P&J's Casa Diablo home when we learned of the death of the legendary former Pawtucket Red Sox veep and general manager Lou Schwechheimer due to COVID-related illness. Along with Ben Mondor and Mike Tamburro, this troika rescued the PawSox from the jaws of death and turned the team and McCoy Stadium into must-visit Little Rhody. (This will end in the next year when they move to Worcester, thanks to our politicians in one of the most clueless and boneheaded moves ever seen at the Smith Street legislative castle, and boy, is that a crowded field.)

Lou was one of the sweetest, nicest men we've ever met, and talented as well. He was a two-time Executive of the Year for the Pawsox' International League, and was inducted into its Hall of Fame last year. He also treated P&J magnificently, having tapped Jorge to sing the national anthem at one game and letting Phillipe throw out the first pitch on a long-ago Memorial Day.

You put wonderful memories in countless fans, Lou. There is no measuring their impact on future baseball players and fans. Salud!

They All Look Alike

Following the George Floyd murder atrocity and the death of Rep. John Lewis, a race and social equity pioneer, white folks who aren't actively protesting for causes like Black Lives Matter are finding it difficult to explain their support for racial equality without uttering the dreaded words, "Some of my

best friends are Black.”

President Walking Eagle (he’s so full of shit he can’t fly) was too busy tweeting out lies and misinformation to attend any of the many services for Lewis. (The idea of The Donald even mentioning George Floyd is laughable.) Simply disgraceful.

This is called a dog whistle in politics. You can’t hear it, but the mutts in Walking Eagle’s base heard his message loud and clear: Trump has no respect for people of color, and has delivered to the MAGA Cap morons a concept that leaves them giddy.

Since Lewis was a member of Congress and there was a tribute to him in Washington, you can bet many pols were slicing onions under their noses and eyes to bring forth the expected tears. But Republican Senators Marco Rubio (retch!) and Dan Sullivan wanted to give a visual salute. So they posted photos of themselves with a Black man, who, unfortunately for them, was Rep. Elijah Cummings, who popped his clogs last October.

Meanwhile in Hollywood

Olivia de Haviland, one of the last surviving major stars of filmdom’s golden age, passed away at her home in Paris on July 26 at the age of 104. She is now indeed Gone With the Wind. Also, so long to Annie Ross, the great jazz singer from Lambert, Hendricks and Ross. She also appeared in a few films.

Let the People Be Heard

Now that the former Washington Redskins have finally dumped the “Redskins” from their name because it was deemed offensive, they need a new moniker. May Phillipe and Jorge suggest they do not consult the general public?

P&J point to the British Natural Environment Research’s Internet poll of the Great Unwashed to name their new polar research vessel. Through some high tech, big laughs trickery, the winning entry was “Boaty McBoatface,” hands down winner over the runner-up.

This obviously did not sit well with the stuffy, brass-necked British government, who wasted no time in getting their science minister to scuttle any hopes of a Boaty McBoatface cruising arctic waters. Sad.

But c’mon Washington football team. You have enough political lunatics in DC to warrant a new name like the Washington Fat Cats or Washington Money Grubbers, which we are certain would at least lead to a presidential endorsement. You’re speaking his language, folks.