

Keep It To Yourself: P&J endorse drinking at home — and also Stycos

Professional Drinking in the Time of COVID-19

Phillipe and Jorge are glad to see Governor Gigi “Knock it Off” Raimondo continuing to take tough stances on people and businesses from saloons to schools that are not engaging in best practices to thwart the eruption of more cases of COVID-19.

The one that has attracted a good deal of attention and Gigi’s wrath are maverick bars and restaurants whose management is paying no attention to crowding and masking in regard to their patrons’ drinking.

Now P&J are hardly new wave Carrie Nations (although we adored how she modeled the bonnet and axe stepping-out combo). We have enjoyed plenty of nights rendering ourselves legless in any manner of watering holes, from the Ritz to dive bars, despite having to pay the price the next day when we would awaken feeling like all our teeth have fallen out. But now with the Get Out of Jail Free card known as “working at home,” you have enough time to swallow some hair of the dog and let it move you toward feeling like all your birthdays have come at once without having to fake good health and good cheer at the sweatshop.

But we are a bit baffled at how many people feel the need to get up close and personal in bars and eateries despite the new restrictions and the threat of contracting the potentially fatal coronavirus. What’s the need? Who among us hardy sots can’t just wet — if not drown — their whistles at home? God knows that professional drinkers are already using the front-loading technique in which they have a drink or twain prior to heading out on the town, so P&J suggest they just carry on in the safety of their homes watching reruns of “Family Guy” and “Murder, She Wrote,” rather than sashay downtown for an abbreviated stint at the rub-a-dub.

And if it comes down to the need to possibly meet their soulmate while standing up *sans* mask at the brass rail? May your superior correspondents suggest that hooking up with someone you just met with no idea of their personal COVID rating makes previous worries that whoever (or whatever) you convince to go home with you may have an STD look like Chicken Little alarms.

Which brings us to the issue of package stores. If you simply need to get stonked on a regular basis, just stock up the wine cellar, beer cooler and/or liquor cabinet, hit the couch or recliner, and see what’s on Netflix. The authorities have done a very good job of quietly putting packies and wine shops into the “essential services” category, but don’t expect the gov to be touting that little end run in any upcoming press briefings. For those who see alcohol as the elixir of life, this is throwing a rope to a potentially drowning person. So stay at home, keep track of your inventory, and in most cases, you’ll not even need a mask.

So let’s keep weekly trips to the corner liquor store an “essential service,” and back up Gigi’s mandates by working at home. It’s the patriotic Little Rhody thing to do, and maybe you’ll get an honorary plaque from the Centers for Disease Control.

Un-Conventional Coverage

Phillipe and Jorge can proudly announce we watched not one minute of the live TV coverage of both the Democratic and Republican Parties' national conventions. If we want to see self-important hacks read scripts off a teleprompter, we'll watch Conan O'Brien's nightly show, all of which is guaranteed to make your skin crawl.

P&J did pick up a few items of interest from the local daily news coverage of the conventions, as well as the usual follow-up insanity of President Walking Eagle (he's so full of shit he can't fly).

The first post-convention tweet from The Donald was challenging Joe Biden to take a drug test prior to their first debate. Naturally the media gave it big play, as they were obviously too busy to give time to other topics like why Walking Eagle still hasn't released his tax returns (as promised four years ago) and continues to lick the buttocks of his murdering friends in Russia and Saudi Arabia like an attention-starved golden retriever.

P&J suggest that the candidates instead take a junior high school-level civics test. We can just see the Orange Orangutan chewing on his pencil as he tries to name the three branches of government after deciding that Moe, Larry and Curly, his first choice, might not be the answer.

But enough of buying into the President's daily distraction. What P&J really enjoyed was the media savaging of Donald Jr. and his current main squeeze, former Fox News "personality" Kelly Guilfoyle. Stephen Colbert was the not the only one to suggest Donny Jr. was coked up for his appearance. As Colbert said, "he looked like he snorted a key (as in kilogram)."

But even with that possibly cocaine-energized appearance, he couldn't top the performance of Ms. Guilfoyle, who came across with all the restraint, class and intelligence of a drunken high school cheerleader. What was most troubling about the Guilfoyle train wreck was that she was now an "advisor" to Walking Eagle. We won't even go into the controversy surrounding her evidently ugly departure from Fox News prior to becoming part of the president's "brain trust," along with towering geniuses Donny Jr., Jared and Ivanka. (Insert pee-in-your-pants laughter here, along with a clip of Harpo Marx honking his horn. Or let out a horror movie scream.)

Nuf sed on politics at this point, since President Bone Spurs will undoubtedly suck in the media with another of his insane pronouncements. Yeah, Walking Eagle, the vote will be rigged. Christ, spare us.

Taking Sides with Stycos

Your superior correspondents on rare occasion endorse political candidates (because we can't stand most of them). However, P&J heartily support our old colleague from the *Providence Phoenix*, Steve Stycos, who is running for mayor of Cranston. Steve has been on the Cranston city council for many years, has a very strong working knowledge of the city's schools, and is a man who isn't afraid to take on tough problems.