

Things we've forgotten: And things we wish we could forget

Memory Loss

One of the worst things affecting the sold-out Providence *Urinal* these days, which the late and beloved lunatic legend Buddy "Vincent A." Cianci correctly referred to as the "Providence Pamphlet," given its having the heft of a baby's pacifier, is not the takeover by the outside force that publishes *USA Today*, but its current lack of what is called "institutional memory."

Gone from the *Urinal* are people like **Bob Kerr**, **Scott MacKay**, **Charlie Bakst**, **Alan Rosenberg**, **Bill Reynolds** and others who could give you a living synopsis of the state and stories related to what is now happening in Little Rhody and how they related to the past. These stories were as close to a history class about The Biggest Little as you could find, exploring the links between bygone events and today's news.

Today's *Urinal* is so lightweight as to be laughable, especially when they have the audacity to sell this fish wrap (although it might be tough to cover even a good-sized menhaden) for \$3 a day, and \$6 on Sunday. A copy of the *New York Times* Sunday edition is a day's worth+ of reading and is the same \$6, while you can get through a copy of the *Urinal* in 15 minutes. Thank you, *USA Today*.

The new executive editor, **David Ng**, is quite taken with himself and his experience, even to the point of dropping the name of famed journalist Peter Hamill, and the insecurity and self-absorption of that alone should warn people off. And you know he would not have a clue if someone asked him about "Raymond." And while P&J are certain that new staff addition **Amy Russo** is a sweet, charming and wonderful person, the fact the *Urinal* considers her column about what it is like to move to Rhode Island from New York City feature-worthy is insipid, essentially taking time to inform locals about what they already know. Tell us more, Amy, you fahhh-scinatate us.

And on the short side, how this clown **Victor Davis Hanson** is allowed to write for anything more than a QAnon leaflet is absurd, but he was given voice by the *Urinal* after its transition, becoming a featured columnist to "balance" the supposedly liberal op-ed opinions prior to the *Urinal* dumping all editorials. Gutsy move, or should we say shameless (and we'd add "whores" here, but that would be impolite).

So please hang in there, the lovely and fragrant queen of the State House, **Kathy Gregg**, one of three people in the state who can understand each year's budget; the relentless **G. Wayne Miller**; and **Alex Kuffner**, the excellent environmental reporter who carries on a proud tradition on Fountain Street from Bob Frederickson to Peter Lord to Alex himself, highlighting that in the Ocean State, it might be a good idea to focus on natural resources issues, which even the morons in charge might twig to.

Other than those all-stars, may we say to the nattering nabobs (tip of the hat, Spiro) at the *Urinal*, go eff yourselves and keep counting the \$3 a day for absolute crap. You have ruined a wonderful and respected RI institution, and that is a memory everyone will definitely retain.

(B)advertising

If you are glued to the old-school broadcast TV, as are Phillippe & Jorge, you know you are spending nearly one-third of your time watching advertisements. And what a joy, *n'est-ce pas?*

Because of this, P&J consider ourselves connoisseurs of promotions for the fast-food chains and ambulance-chasing lawyers commandeering our intervals away from such highbrow shows as *Downtown Abbey* and *Young Sheldon*. (Note to NAMBLA: we watch the latter because it's actually amusing, as longtime fans of *Big Bang Theory*. So piss off!)

But P&J have laughed out loud at the most recent attempt by Big Pharma to draw in customers via yet another phony "disorder" to treat the Great Unwashed (remember "Restless Leg Syndrome," folks?). This is "Peyronie's Disease," and a cure to correcting a gentleman who may have a crink in his penis. (Apologies, but they said it first.)

While P&J would normally dismiss this as your usual ad agency scam to get the OK from a bunch of empty suits right after their three-martini lunches, we lit up when we heard one of the pitches on how to correct this devastating disease that threatens male humanity (and female, according to how far you want to "extend" this - insert snare drum rim-shot and audience applause here).

What caught P&J's ears was that part of the professional advice given to PD sufferers was "stretching and straightening" exercises of the crooked organ. Well, take it from us, men have been practicing these "stretching and straightening" maneuvers on their johnsons by themselves for centuries with little or no advice from anyone named "Peyronie." ("If that is *indeed* your name, Colonel Bat Guano." - See, *Dr. Strangelove*, as P&J quickly go off course.)