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"Whatever direction Fountains Of Wayne seems to turn, all points face the sun."

—THE NEW YORK TIMES



LETTERS FROM A BROAD: A New Exorcise Program for 2006

[4 January 2006]



by **Kimberly Gadette**

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Gadette seeks divine intervention to help 'trim some fat', so to speak.

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To: Fathers Damien Karras and Lankester Merrin, those two priest/exorcists from the movie *The Exorcist*

cc: Father Gabriele Amorth, the honest-to-God, [official exorcist of Vatican City](#)

additional cc: the "Exorcist", a/k/a Richard Simmons, a hyper, self-styled fitness guru, still making hefty coin screeching at people, forcing them to jump up and down and lose weight as they "Sweat to the Oldies". No grown man could actually become a celebrity this way; somewhere down the line, he must have sold his previously-corpulent soul to the devil. Exorcism and exercism; I thought it best to cover all bases.

Re: Nine New Exorcise Tips for 2006

Dear Fathers:

New Years' resolutions are rife with commitments to make new changes. But as Your Reverences probably agree, since time immemorial, 'tis not the corporeal, nay the sartorial, in need of editorial! We need to stop gazing at our collective navels, no matter how hard it may be to locate said rummy-tum-tums after all our holiday revelry.

I suggest that the "excess" that needs redress are the collective idiocies that have been gaining on us throughout 2005 like so many fat grams, bloating our senses, cramming our cerebellums with sugary, empty calories of inane fluff. Simply put, we are stuffed. We are the tryptophan clan, and it's high time for a mental high colonic. Fathers, I pray that you address our need to *exorcise*.

Without further ado, following is my list of suicidal suet that is making me and many of my fellow Americans (that's a good start-let's get rid of that overused expression!) swear, scream and spew, not unlike Linda Blair of that 1973 movie classic, *The Exorcist*. And not unlike Ms. Blair's 360-degree rotating head, mine is now turning to you for your expert help. And turning. And turning. I fear I'm getting dizzy.

Please, kind fathers, if you could exorcise:

1. Jared, the Subway guy

Not an actor, he's just some schlub who lost some poundage and was ordained spokesperson by some brainaic in the Subway corporate offices. Unlike the pleasant Subway combo of a sandwich, quasi-healthy chips and soda, Jared's personal combo consists of a wooden demeanor mixed with arrogance and an annoying stare. Since he's hawking subs approximately 27 times per evening on almost every channel in the known universe, I can't help but notice that our boy seems to be puffing up. Is he piling on quadruple cheese in the new "Chipotle Chicken & Bacon Double Cheese Melt?" Whatever the cause, I've noticed that his new, roomier shirts are suddenly, gasp! untucked. Instead of continually snacking at Subway, perhaps Jared might consider making his own damn salad, even if it takes him some time to prepare. I suggest that, in Jared's case, "haste makes waist". Please, Fathers, though he may think he needs exercise, he's terribly wrong. Exorcise is the only solution.

2. Membership cards for every market, drug store and pet store in town.

These are not cards to an elite club in which we have to prove our eligibility with financial statements and references from three college professors. Anyone can get them as long as he/she can prove he/she knows how to breathe in a relatively successful manner. Therefore, if there's no special requirement for membership, then what's the point of said membership? More to the issue, why must we all cart around 20 extra pieces of plastic in our wallets at all times? Unless this is all part of some master plan... Maybe it's the idiocy of this system, plus the added weight from our wallets, that's forcing our health to suffer and our anxiety levels to rise... we get sick, which ultimately leads us to pump dollars into the medical, pharmaceutical and health insurance corporations. Wow. I guess I'd better get out my membership card to the hospital.

3. The commercial right after the commercial.

There's a nasty habit of repeating the exact same commercial during a single station break, sandwiching in a different ad between the bookending repeat offenders. Didn't they think they'd bored us enough the first time? Oh, please show me the car commercial again, I don't think I fully appreciated the American made piece of junk the first 3,000 times I've had to suffer through it.

4. Condi's jewels.

The woman frequently sports a bejeweled collar around her neck, with earrings to match. It seems slightly offensive for our Secretary of State to be preaching life lessons to third world countries as she models designer neckware that is probably equal in cost to shoeing the entire male population of Afghanistan. But then again, maybe the necklace is actually an electrified dog collar that attaches to a leash that attaches to the foot of George and Laura's bed. If so... my bad. Her bed, but my bad. [See phrases to be exorcised later in this piece.]

5. Law & Order reruns that segue directly from one episode to the next.

No sooner does one episode wrap when, without taking so much as a breath, it fuses into the next show. Now that I know who slayed the shih tzu under the bridge, I'm good to go - but wait. Now someone's murdered a perfectly nice chef with his own shish-ka-bobber. I'd better stay tuned. Help! With three versions running back-to-back each and every week night and even more on weekends, Executive Producer Dick Wolf has made me a prisoner in my own home. Help! Send the ghost of Jerry Orbach.

6. Promises from American Idol that this upcoming season is going to be even more exciting than ever.

Stop it. And while I'm at it, please, eradicate all "Reality TV". We've had our fun but now, even Clay Aiken's devoted fanbase knows it's not really reality, after all.

7. Heather Locklear.

I'm sure she's a lovely person, but must I deal with a Heather Locklear fest in my home night and day? She's on every television show, every movie of the week, many commercials, and now she's hawking some interview show. It's just a matter of minutes before she shows up on all three *Law & Order's* and two *CSIs* simultaneously. Wait - is that the doorbell ringing? Why, Heather, how nice of you to drop by...

8. Blogging! As an alternative to writing!

Journals and diaries are marvelous devices to work out our own, very private thoughts. But now these writings have morphed into "blogs", having gone public, electronic, and more widespread than the flu. Any flu. Read more than a few and I guarantee you'll end up with one hell of a bloggerheadache. It's called "writing" for a reason. There's a discipline, an art, a formulation of just the right words and meaning as one drafts and redrafts thoughts prior to the final expression. Whereas "spewing" is an activity performed over a whitish bowl in a bathroom and only in the direst of situations, does a spew actually happen on the side of the road. But to spew on the information superhighway...? More than litter, often less than literate. Please, people, please... scoot over and let the professionals drive.

And last but not yeast, let's address the lard on the English language:

9. Can't we simply say "can't" to the cant?

Referring to our overdone slang and hip references, every year at least one local curmudgeon per publication carries on about the use and reuse of mindless jargon. I shall now "curmudge", with the prayer that the following overused terms in 2005 be exorcised, ASAP in 2006:

"intelligent design" An oxymoron made up by morons if ever there was one.

"awesome" By now, simply tiresome.

"ooh, snap!" Since we're not all starring on *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*, please, let's cap the snap.

"my bad" We are not all teen-aged hipsters who can get away with this, no matter how hard we try.

"the a-ha moment" I once had an a-ha moment. It was when I heard how stupid it was to steal some phrase said at some corporate meeting by some "suit". (oops, there I go again) And then to use it until my "a-ha" patois turned raw. It was definitely not awesome.

"are we all on the same page?" Given the illiteracy rate in this country, probably not.

Your Reverences, there is much, much more, but I fear I've overtaxed you. (Taxes! Wait! I forgot to request an exorcism of taxes!) But just in case you've got a little more time on your clasped hands: Do we need mattress sales every weekend? Does Roger Ebert ever say anything bad about a movie? Can we finally end 24, or do we have to endure these endless moments until the year "2400"? And lastly, will there ever be any answers to the multitude of questions raised on *Lost*? Or, just like the mystery of God and the afterlife itself, are we ultimately left without answers, staring hopelessly into the abyss of a spiritual television wasteland?

Help me, Fathers. And sorry you're at it: My head is still spinning. Anyone got a vice? Oops, sorry, I should have known better to call for a vice. Especially in this august company. My bad.

Yours very sincerely,

A "Broad" Very Much in Need of a New Exorcise Program for 2006



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