

Rocky Arredondo & My Mom Present...

# THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 20

Body Heat Activated

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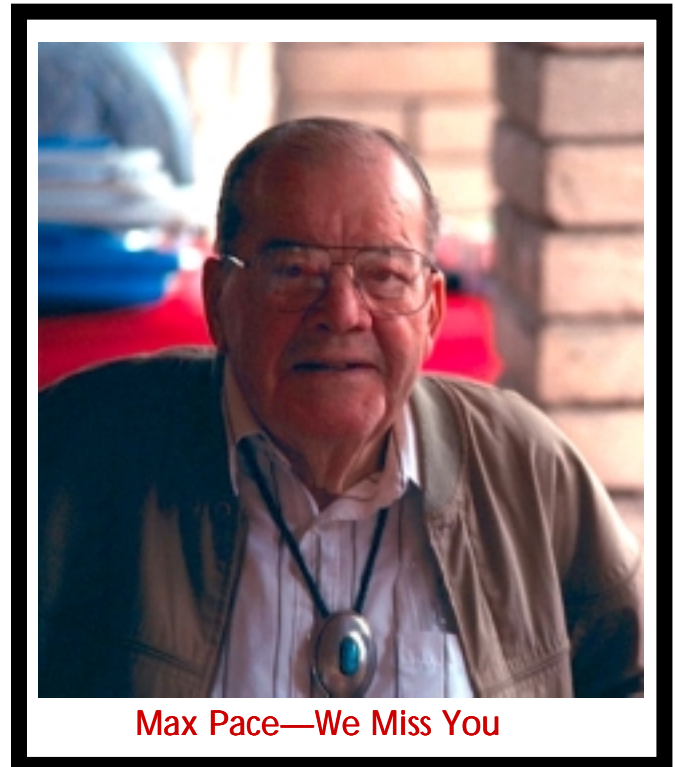
## The Cobra's Notes...

I handed my Great Aunt Ann Vol. 19 of The Nose. She shook it at me and said, "You realize I'm going to throw this away." To which my equally great but not "Great" Auntie Jan said, "Don't throw it away. Recycle it."

Which was just the beginning of Nose related commentary and advice from this month. Most notable was that of cousin and soon-to-be-renowned film producer Danny Arredondo, who called to say, "This is Danny. I will no longer tolerate you complaining about your job because you could *just quit*." He has a point, but my job is not 100% evil—just mostly. I tried to explain that I had been having a good time that very morning creating the images to be found on page 3 of this very issue, but he was not satisfied.

"Let me tell you another thing," he continued. "Don't be afraid to make money [off The Nose]." This I have done, in a small way. I keep a supply of the stamps Rocky and Mom donated with me at all times (I've used up the stamps given by all you other generous donors, hint, hint). Co-workers too lazy to buy their own stamps occasionally make their way up to my desk to purchase mine, often paying up to 35¢ a piece for them which leaves me with a whopping 2¢ profit. (Actually, it leaves me with a 35¢ profit, but they don't need to know about the rampant corruption in Cobra Bookkeeping.) One of these shiftless types made such a habit of buying from me that at the end of the month I didn't have enough stamps left to mail everybody's new edition of The Cobra so I carried them all around with me for days until they were all stamped and sent together which yes I know is stupid. So anyway, the next time he came sniffing around for stamps I got a little snappish with him, then he got snappish back and told me how grateful I should be for his wonderful 2¢ largess, so I gave him my 2¢ about his 2¢...and we've hardly had a civil exchange since. FINE BY ME. But no way to run a business. I have been working on my web site ([www.geocities.com/cobrasnose](http://www.geocities.com/cobrasnose)) and under exactly the right conditions (that is, on the computer on my desk at work) it looks pretty good. Maybe I could get it to make money for me once I figure out how the porno sites do it. (I know, I know—pornography.)

Danny also challenged the Cobra lexicon, and that I must protest. With the notable exception of "Gnosis," which I warned you all about, I try to be very conscientious about word use, checking roots and derivations and so forth. Which brings me to a word Mr. Enigma invented today: "pervicious." It's one of his better creations, far superior to his combinations of obscenities with the suffix "-wad." Pervicious in its first use seemed to be an adjective meaning "having a perverse, especially sexually perverse, connotation." I told him I liked the "vicious" part,



Max Pace—We Miss You

because that made it seem not only deviant but dangerous and he told me no, I had gotten it all wrong, and I said he was being awfully particular considering the word doesn't officially exist yet. So I encourage all Cobra readers to start using the word "pervicious" in daily conversation and let's see a), if we can get it into colloquial speech, and b), what form it takes when it gets there. I predict the deviant/dangerous one.

"I've decided that it's better to be mentioned in The Nose in whatever context than it is not to be mentioned at all." That's Danny again, speaking words of wisdom that others (Tiger) should take to heart. But I'm no one to preach about taking good advice or heeding wisdom, my entire life's history will bear witness to that. I like getting it, though, because it reassures me that I'm not completely hopeless. And one day, I might even follow it. Thanks, Danny.

Sharon C. McGovern  
Editor/Publisher/Cobra-in-Chief



## Sex and the Single Cobra

I've been watching *Sex in the City* on HBO faithfully this season. It is a terrible show, terrible. The characters are gossipy, abrasive, and mean, the plots lurid and contrived, and the clothes...okay, some of the outfits are *tres* stylish but a good percentage are just silly. Still, I cannot get enough of it. I've even had an idea about writing a *Sex in the City* knockoff in *The Cobra's Nose*, though it would be the shortest and most laughable column in the newsletter. Which, come to think of it, are two excellent points in its favor.


I ran the idea past Pat. When he finished snickering, he said, "Well, you and Carrie [the lead character] both write about your lives and give the men nicknames." That hadn't occurred to me, but by gum it's true. So I started looking for other parallels, and surprisingly, found them. For instance, we both have naturally curly hair and a lingering fascination with Chris Noth. We both recently had occasion to feel superior to haughty types who used the wrong form of "there" in written communications to/about us. Ha! And last night in an episode called, "No Ifs, Ands or Butts" (actually referring to cigarette and not human butts this time), Carrie started dating Aidan, played by John Corbett (Chris the dj from *Northern Exposure*), whom I always thought was cute (yes, I know about the rainbow banners outside his bar in Seattle). In fact, Carrie stopped

smoking for him. Pat snarled that that would never last, and who wants to be around a woman going through nicotine withdrawal, anyway? and I said it's amazing what nonsense guys will believe when it comes out of the mouth of a cute girl and Pat said what's that supposed to mean and will you get a load of the belly on Corbett? and I had to acknowledge he was wearing a lot of big, flowing shirts, but thought Pat's "man boobies" remark when he saw Aidan in a bubble bath with Carrie was way over the line.

Then the spookiest thing happened.

Carrie started writing her column about "relationship deal breakers." Hmm...that sounds familiar...I wonder what it could be...oh, yeah! I WROTE IT! Really!! In Volume 12 of *The Cobra's Nose*, as a matter of fact. It's even archived on my web site, [www.geocities.com/cobrasnose](http://www.geocities.com/cobrasnose) go there and see.

Okay, so the articles aren't *exactly* the same. Carrie's was about Charlotte (far left in the picture) firing a potential boyfriend who assaulted her chin with his tongue, Miranda (far right) learning to be supportive of her crude freaky boyfriend yuck, Samantha (next to Miranda) learning the power of a sister's input into her boyfriend's relationships (which brought no end of guffaws from Pat), and all that Carrie stuff about dating the cute boy and quitting smoking, while mine was about...well you just go and see.

And I will bask in the glow of knowing that I scooped *Sex in the City*. 



**Above Left: Lauren vs. Legendary Pink Dots; Above Middle: Lauren vs. Godzilla; Above Right: Lauren vs. Evil Homer**



**Above: Lauren vs. Eric Clapton; Right: Lauren vs. Imperial Walkers**



## *Lauren Burton Runs Amok!*

My sister Lauren is tiny, even shorter than Mom, and thin thin thin. Still, I'd vote her the family member I'd least like to meet in a dark alley—that is if she weren't my favorite sister, and, as you can tell from the above, a one woman force for Good. Unless you are the Legendary Pink Dots or Eric Clapton, I don't know what she has against them.

I know a lot of people who are studying the Martial Arts these days, and for some reason, a goodly percentage of them seem to think I should, too. While the thought of pummeling my fellow creatures has its appeal, I've seen what goes on in those classes: forms. Forms are sort of like choreography, but without music and all of the cues are in a foreign language, a tonal one at that. The idea of joining that milieu takes me back to the C+ in Folk Dancing at BYU (what was I thinking) that took me forever to recover from GPA-wise, and to the horrible scarring gauntlet known as "Teen Elect." Besides, I swore off white pants at twenty and have never looked back.

So I will maintain my status as the weenie in my familial and social and work and (occasionally) school circles, and try to curry favor with this burgeoning samurai elite. At least until their protection money demands outstrip my budget. I should be safe for weeks. ★★☆☆



# Parasol Update

Though Pat spotted six, count the six, parasol carriers at ASU (a bastion of enlightenment no matter what Ned Flanders says) the Cosmodemonic Branch of the Parasol Army is to date, a tiny, undernourished force. Magi was the first to demure from its ranks, writing, “All I can say is no matter the size of the throng, whence I partake of a parasol, I certainly appear gay. I respectfully decline being considered part of the movement.” It’s funnier if you misread “throng” as “thong.” My cousins Rocky and Brett like to position their brazenly bronzed arms next to mine (which look gratifyingly pasty in comparison). But Dr. Toe (he wanted a promotion) is the only one who has tried to co-opt the movement for his own obscure ends.


“I’ve got a *good* parasol you could use,” he said. It’s a big Splash umbrella. Splash is a product we sell here at Cosmodemonic. I learned what it did at some point, and remember thinking it was pretty neat, but the particulars escape me at the moment. I warned him that if this was a marketing strategy, it was bound to backfire.

“People will see me with it and say, ‘Look at that geek with the Splash umbrella. We want nothing to do with that product.’”

“People don’t call you ‘geek,’” he retorted. “They call you other stuff.”

Dr. Toe gets this intense look where he pulls his head back a little bit and his eyes get wide—you can see the entirety of both irises—so I said okay okay I’ll give the parasol a spin. And except that it made me feel like a shill for Splash, it wasn’t too bad.

When I delivered this appraisal to Dr. Toe, he got really excited. “YES! YES!” he said. Then he explained what had happened to the people around him with an enthusiasm I’d associate more with winning an Academy Award than getting me to walk around the block carrying his umbrella.

So now I’m suspicious. What did I do? Prove a theory? Win a bet? I’ve thought I detected Machiavellian tendencies in Dr. Toe in the past (which you might expect from a self confessed dihydrogen monoxide junkie), but was never conscious of being subject to them. But if any of you readers gained financially from me and the parasol, I want a cut. 

## Ding Dong, The Pain is Gone!


I know it is wrong to delight in the misfortunes of others. That said, The Pain has come into some misfortune and I couldn’t be more delighted.

Oh how I will not miss her occasional tantrums in the lobby in which she proclaimed she would go to the highest authority in the land and demand to have me fired, the confidential whispers from my boss that The Pain lodged complaints against me on a weekly basis, the cloud of fruit flies that hummed around her head, the trail of ants in her office whose presence so mystified her (she said as she handed me insurance forms with big hunks of food stuck to them), the words, “I have pink eye—very contagious. Here, take your paycheck.”

I am transported back to when I was very new to the company, something like two weeks, and she said she was leaving early. That was fine with me. Then she leaned forward and hissed in my face, “*I just had an accident and am going home to change my pants.*” Welcome to Cosmodemonic!

Others had it worse, in that respect at least. Having waged a steady campaign of unfriendliness, I was privy to only sporadic reports on the status of her bowels. Poor Pat Lang was updated almost daily. And if my insurance was mishandled, and I’d be willing to bet anything you like it was, I fortunately never had cause to find out about it.

So that’s one thorn *out* of my side. The Pill is still around, and doing fabulously well for herself. She seems to have become the Belle of Cosmodemonic. I’d ask Mr Enigma for an explanation, but he’s always had a pervicious regard for The Pill which I’ve never understood. On the other hand, as I was writing this, The Man stopped by and whispered, “The Pill has an idiotic haircut,” so I guess her conquest isn’t total. Another nasty character, whom I’ll call Empress @#%\$, bedevils my workplace existence, but I don’t know that she’ll ever loom as large as The Pain and The Pill once did.

I know, Danny—I could just quit. 

# Chocolate Sprinkle Epiphenomenon

## A Magi Mushroom

One night in bed I did partake  
Of freshly frosted baked cupcake  
Which my lady made for me

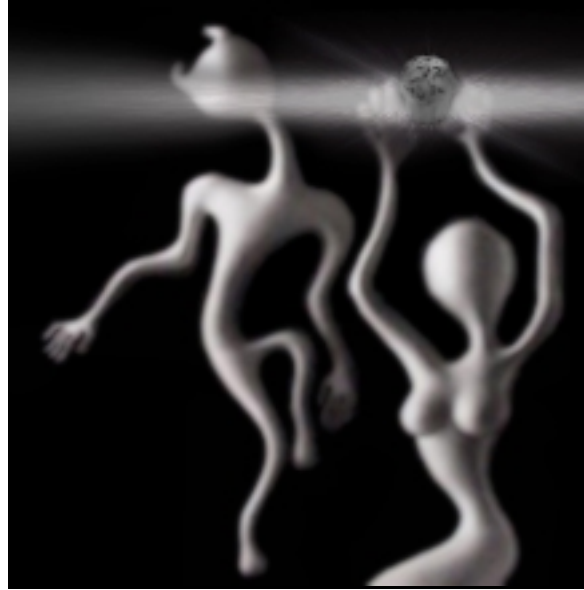
It was adorned with chocolate sprinkle  
And through this, an odd time wrinkle-  
A death was I made to see

One life lived at once as two  
And each the other never knew  
As they passed the days away

Then the twain lines of life did meet  
Like an intersection on the street  
And all was as clear as day

One sensed the other's dying time  
Through senses before quite sublime  
But now making themselves known

Like when you place your ear to wood  
And knock upon it pretty good  
You feel the percussive tone



So even though I did not see  
What became of me/not me!  
I intuited the end of life

For through this gate of chocolate sprinkle  
Absorbed within this odd time wrinkle  
I felt the rendering of a knife.

I laid there for a moment-fazed-  
Staring at my cupcake glazed  
When my fiancé breached the void:

"Why is that look upon your face  
As if you're in some other place?"  
Transparently she was annoyed.

So I told to her my wacky tale  
Sadly though to no avail  
Because no sense did I make.

Now make of this then what you will  
Sharing my view, to a kill  
As it applied to my cupcake.

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This is the transcendent cupcake epiphany Magi alluded to a few weeks ago. He's been signing his work "Eye of Fatima" lately, I don't know what that's about. He didn't mention converting to Islam. I work with some fascinating people. Most of them can kick my ass, too. --ed

## Last Minute News & Notes

- This is the last little space I have to fill. I saw my cousins Lauralyn and Brett last night and asked them to please do something amusing for me to write about, but they declined. Unless their substandard pool playing was on purpose. I know mine was.
- A few weeks ago, I got an e-mail from Sue and Bill Zierle. They are moving to Hawaii scant hours after Pat and I arrive in Salt Lake City this Friday, so we will get to see them for lunch before they leave. We went back and forth about arrangements, then finally this morning I got a confirmation: On for friday 2 pm/incantations/159 s main. I responded, "See you there. I'll have the eye of newt and toe of frog." To which Bill rejoined, "I remember. But I love you just the way you are." Best of luck to you both.
- Of course, the main reason we are going north is to see dear Lee's beloved, Tonya, and to wish them happiness on the occasion of their wedding—a dry event. "So no toasting," he wrote. "But feel free to throw crispy bread... At the other guests, of course."
- Janet Herman has developed an unfortunate addiction to the television program *Survivor*. When you see her, laugh and point. I don't watch the show myself, but for some reason that needs exploring, I follow it in the newspaper. Don't like that Susan.

# End

## Nose...

Right about now, you may be thinking to yourself, "Gee, this NOSE came out awfully quickly," or "Gee, this NOSE has rather more pictures than usual," or "Gee, this NOSE seems less filling than those of the past."

Well, it's all true.

I have a vacation looming on the horizon and can only assume my creative juices were given a little extra squeeze at the thought. As a result, this edition just seemed to write itself (please proceed to the obvious punch line). Now, if I complete the next couple of pages by Thursday, I can save myself some stamp money by taking Vol. 20 up to Utah and hand delivering it to those subscribers. If I can get a hold of them. I tried calling a bunch of them Sunday night, but not one picked up the phone. Stupid caller ID. So I called Pam Woodward instead and she griped because she hadn't had a mention in *The Nose* for quite a while, so here you go, Pam. And



**Talented, Amazing:** *As part of my ongoing effort to even up the instances of female and male nudity featured in The Nose, I thought I'd include this offering from Janet Herman. Besides, I couldn't authenticate the pictures of Russell Crowe in similar poses. Anyway, Audrey was passing by my desk this morning and I showed it to her. She laughed, and said the right half looked like a nose. I didn't see it until I covered the left portion with my hand, then there it was, plain as day, a silhouette of a nose directed up. So I pointed and asked, "What part of the face it this, then?" She said, "Still the Nose."*


Garrett, she says "Hi" back, but probably won't be calling you either. Those nutty kids.

The pictures? Yes, I like them, too. And 100% genuine, all of them. But if you want to see the amazing advances I've made in PhotoShop lately, please visit my web site at [www.geocities.com/cobrasnose/](http://www.geocities.com/cobrasnose/). Unfortunately, until I figure out how to amend some code, you can only navigate it using Microsoft Explorer, so the unholy Bill Gates wins this round. Anyhoo, Mr Enigma showed me what those Layer Effects buttons do, so my latest article titles look nifty. My favorite is "When Fashion Attacks." If you visit that page, you will also see the darling picture of Pat from a couple of months back in full color. You'd think it would embarrass him, but would be wrong there, sport. Pat has a wonderful capacity for first embracing the aspects of his life which many of us would find mortifying, then giving them the big kiss off and moving on his way. Like when I gave him a preliminary version of these pages. He read them in silence, except to express horror over what happened to that poor little kid from the news broadcast. That was just a lousy accompaniment to *The Nose*, so I switched over to *Friends*, hoping to get a better vibe in the room. Still, he kept darned quiet, though he snickered at Dr. Toe's assertion that I was called stuff. When he finished, he tossed the pages on the ground and got back to the show. "Well?" I queried. "IT SUCKS," he replied, which in Patese means, "Stop being so needy, I'm watching television." I badgered him until he admitted that he found his own quotes funny, and being pretty sure that was as good as I'd get I let up.

As to the content issue, well, doggone it, I've run out of space and will have to address that at another time. But if you have any suggestions or comments, please feel free to use any of the means to the right to express them.

Last year, I took August off and nobody seemed to mind (or notice, now that I think of it), so I think I'll try it again. Maybe I'll work on my screenplay, or just appropriate Magi's (soon to be feature on my web site ([www.geocities.com/cobrasnose/](http://www.geocities.com/cobrasnose/))). For your comedy needs, allow me to recommend David Letterman's *Late Show* homepage at <http://www.cbs.com/network/tvshows/mini/lateshow/>. The Top Ten list from the previous evening will appear on the opening page, but my favorite part is *The Wahoo Gazette*, written by my newest hero and role model, Michael Z. McIntee. When he responded to an e-mail I wrote (no, not a slobbering mash note as a matter of fact)...well, gosh, I'm still all goofy about it. Be Cool. ☔

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**Use them.**