

Rocky Arredondo & My Mom Present...

THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 22

How you doin', Brown Cow?

26 Sept. 2000

The Cobra's Notes...

September has been grueling.

It started with the promise of autumnal temperatures, and the day after this year's pitiful monsoon season was officially declared over a storm rolled in and raised hopes that we would finally get some moisture and see some desert blooming like a rose action. And if nothing else, the fall television season was supposed to begin. This is where I laugh bitterly for none of it came to pass.

Instead, we got record heat and record dryness and instead of Quality Drama, sports. This may come as a shock, but I am not much a one for sports. Football holds a special place in my gall bladder, beginning I believe with missing all those ABC Saturday Morning Cartoon Previews which ran the first Friday night of the school year to my brother Chuck's stupid football games. They were boring and cold, and dirty because the only suitable way to pass the time was to go under the bleachers and collect strands of pom-pom crepe. I ran this recollection past Mom recently and she told me I missed the Previews once, twice tops, but I'm sure I went to several dozen games and let me tell you it scarred.

The past few weeks have done nothing to improve my disposition toward the game, what with Mr Enigma and Mr. Flintstone nattering on and on about their respective teams' virtues and the oppositions' lameness. Hopes that an early match-up between the Redskins and Cowboys would quell the discussion were dashed early Tuesday morning with Mr. F's triumphal arrival to work and anticipation of collecting on a \$50 bet from Mr E. Alas, Mr E was detained on a computer buying expedition, and with every passing hour Mr. F's mood darkened. He'll deny it if you ask, but by the time Mr Enigma turned up (way after lunch), Mr. Flintstone had a rain cloud over his head the likes of which would have done our hot and thirsty valley good were it not metaphorical.

I myself have been busy improving my [NEW WEBSITE](#)

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and you'd think this would protect me from the festering acrimony in Mr E's, Mr. F's, and Topper's adjoining cubes. That's what I thought when I stopped by yesterday to strut my site and bask in a little praise (what was I *thinking*), though there was markedly less Redskin paraphernalia about the football barbs still flew thick and fast. Whenever Mr. F was forced to remind the room, however, that Dallas did win and rather decisively, Mr E adroitly changed the subject to his new Mac. Meanwhile, Topper flitted around asking me why I didn't use technologies which I'd never even heard of in my site design. Today, Mr. F attacked the computer and there's some dealie about the ram that doesn't measure up, and while I don't follow it all it seems to be a much better strategy.

So September has been grueling and I won't be sorry at all to see the other side of it. But there have been bright spots as well, something like



those grim pioneer lives leavened by the fond remembrance of a favorite toy—an inflated pig's bladder. And that's what I hope to bring to you this issue—six (and it will be six, Mr E) pages worth of pig's bladders.

The most regular provider of bladders, so to speak, has been Pat and his numerous fashion shows. (Which reminds me, my second cousin Zach on the occasion of his wedding—which brings the total to four this year for those of you counting at home—mentioned he saw Pat's picture in *CityAZ* and thought it was great! That was the one on the back of Vol. 18, which can handily be accessed on the fashion page of my [NEW WEBSITE](#)

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He really seemed to mean it, too, which makes me think anybody so good natured and kind will have an excellent and lengthy marriage.) So there will be a lot of fashion coverage in this edition and if you don't like it you should come down here and fill my life with something other than my [NEW WEBSITE](#)

(you know),

discussion of sports on TV (and that includes the Olympics), and my new favorite show, *Blind Date*.

I'll be waiting.

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



people of The Tunnel went with a Bo Derek in “10’ strategy and fashioned his pate into a crop of little pony tails that had a backward slant—for keeping his bangs out of his eyes whilst he hunted and fished, don’t you see. Anyway, this rational persuaded me that he looked virile and can-do until after my second drink when I began to like it.

I don’t remember much about the show. I was near the doorway and the air conditioning was way down, so the entire time I was subjected to artificially induced chills and fever. But after it was over, Leslie Jo turned up with a fellow named Gregory trailing after her. He told us (Pat, our cousin Laurelyn, Leslie Jo, and myself) that he was a pharmacist, then laughed a tired insincere laugh when we started sniffing around for free samples. I don’t recall how, but Leslie Jo shook him loose and the rest of us agreed to meet at Dennys’.

Everything but Clothing

Everything but Water is a bathing suit shop which I never ever visit in the Fashion Square Mall, or at least I hadn’t until after this show. Looking at the pictures, this may strike you as odd, but I had the misfortune of *just needing* a new suit about one week before they went on Fall Clearance in all the stores I frequent. Surely even a bathing suit shop couldn’t stay afloat selling only to patrons shaped like models, was my thought, so I took the plunge. Minutes later, firm in the opinion that nothing I paid more than two hundred dollars for should ever get wet (eg, my [NEW WEBSITE](#)), I fled.

Still, I *just needed* a suit and was feeling liberal about how much skin it had to cover. So I got me to the fleshpots of Target and after trying on several one and two piece combinations settled for a three piece *ensemble*. I could go to church in my new swim suit. I certainly wouldn’t have raised any eyebrows at the Funk+Fashion Everything but Water show.

The event was held on a hot Friday night in August at the height of the *Survivor* craze. It is to that last factor I attribute what a bevy of stylists called The Tunnel did to my brother’s hair. As I understood the Concept, a bunch of guys who have been on a desert island for so long that their shirts no longer button happen upon a band of skinny women in expensive bathing suits whose presence makes the guys so delirious with joy they couldn’t wipe the grins from their faces for a million bucks. The guys who weren’t Pat all had spiky crew cuts that looked as if they could very well have sand and sea salts encrusted within them, but Pat hasn’t had a crew cut since he was a small child and resisted it mightily even then, so the

Dennys’ is a fun place when you’re with the right people, and that night we even had an personable if edgy waiter named Wayne. Wayne looked like somebody famous we decided, but couldn’t decide who so we asked.

“Geddy Lee,” said Wayne. Everything Wayne said was italicized, not hostile

exactly, but with an edge. We ordered a variety of fried goods and a salad for Leslie Jo—who immediately dumped a pile of salt on it, victim of that prank where the salt shaker is undone and falls off as soon as it is tipped. She sheepishly waved Wayne over and asked for another, offering to pay him for his trouble.



“No trouble,” said Wayne, “It’s fine.” He waved away the notion as he stalked over to another of his tables. He stood next to it, sort of but not really glaring at the patrons, probably telling them the name they were looking for was Geddy Lee.

Then we went back to our place for a sit in the Jacuzzi. Hey—I’ll bet that’s when I started hating my suit! 🐼

Cobra to Barbra, "Excuuuuuse Me!"

Mistakes in the print version of **The Cobra's Nose**, as well as in my **NEW WEBSITE**, are so common that some of you may have suspected them of being compulsory; and even if you had no such thought, most of you (with the notable exception of my dearest Auntie Jan who busted my chops with "what the hell is a 'discening' cobra?" on my old website—which now connects to my **NEW WEBSITE**) let them slide. But one error brought such an impassioned response that not only did I feel compelled to correct the error, but as part of the repentance procedure am printing the protest in full.

Ms. Nose,

I have been reading your most fabulous productions since I was first alerted to them by your brother, Mr. PJ Nose, this past spring. Your words have seen me through every conceivable emotion during the past few months--bubbly bursts of elation, more than manic depression, utter terror, and frequent bouts of inexplicable annoyance (not to mention that messy rash I was dealing with in July).

I have only one small suggestion that would serve to eradicate a minor blemish that appeared in volume 21: In an astute assessment of women in rock today, the author happened to mention a certain diva who has made much of how her name is supposed to be spelled. perhaps you will recall her early albums *My Name Is Barbra*, *My Name Is Barbra Two*, *Color Me Barbra*, *Barbra Joan Streisand*, *Classical Barbra*, and *Je M'appelle Barbra*, or perhaps her more recent *Barbra--The Concert*. I'm also fairly certain that you, Editor/Publisher/ Cobra-in-Chief, were once forced to watch a television special from the 60's, also titled *My Name Is Barbra* [another scarring experience—ed.].

I think Ms. (Funny) Thing is trying to send a message about the (im)proper way to spell her name. To quote the even more divine and funnier Sandra Bernhard, it's "SIMPLY BARBRA!"

Well, regarding this topic, I could go on and on, as you might well imagine. But if you heed my small request and make this minor change to "Ciao, Babies...", I'll spare you any further adventures in Streisandalia.

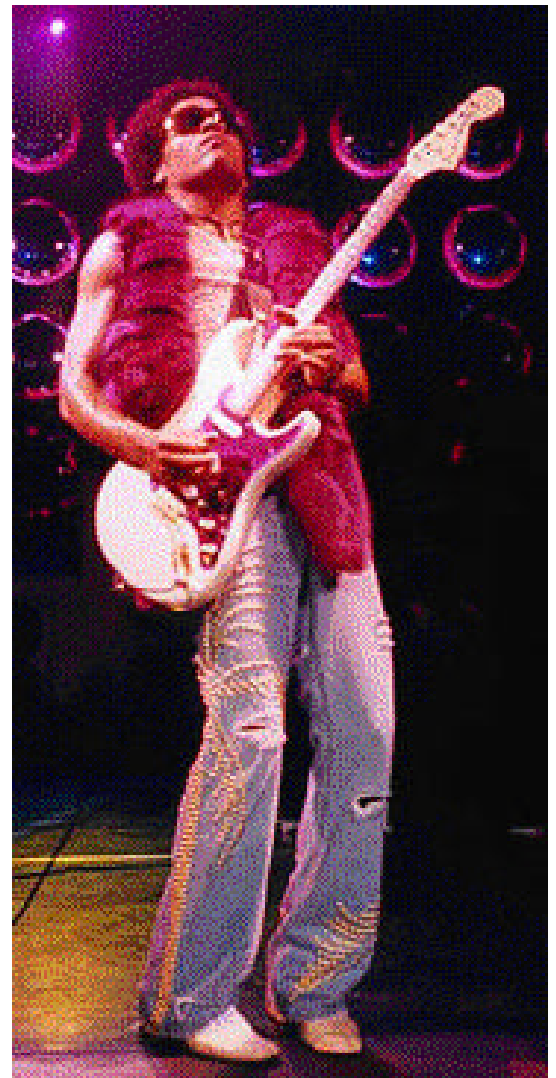
Besides I must off and try to impress upon a roomful of whining ingrates why Tennyson isn't half bad.

Your fan,

Mr. Zebe

By the way, "Aureng Zebe" is not the gentleman's real name, but apparently he prefers it to the one Pat conferred on him long ago: Big Boy Bad Boy John Boy Butt.

No accounting for taste, I suppose. 🍷



Not a Plush model, but you get the idea.

P-Funk+Fashion

The UA Cinema by the Scottsdale Civic Center is special to me because that is where I first saw *Broadcast News* and *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*—still the best examples of the megababeness of William Hurt and Daniel Day-Lewis, respectively. Alas, the property owners, who have no sense of history, sold the building to the City of Scottsdale which gutted it and transformed it into the Scottsdale Museum of Contemporary Art.

The downside is *obvious*, but the upside is that the same room which saw Day-Lewis seduce the women of Prague by telling them, "Take off your clothes" bore witness to the second to latest Funk+Fashion show featuring Pat. Beyond that, the entry fee was only \$5, and free snacks were available in the concession stand...uh, gift shop. Plus, there was a tarot card reader, but I'll get to her in a moment.

The sponsor of the evening was Plush, retailer of shiny retro clothing which I wouldn't recommend to anybody who weighs over 155lbs. (cont. on page 4)



(cont. from page 3) I weigh well over that amount, *well* over and also have a policy against shiny clothing that rivals the White Pants Codices in gravity, but none of the people I knew who were there that evening came in shiny retro clothes so I didn't feel too out of place. These included multit talented Nicole Maletta (pictured above in one of her Minimal creations) and her protégé Christina, Shane and his posse, and our cousin Kristine.

A few weeks ago, Nicole's designs were featured at another museum happening—the Phoenix Art Museum this time, which boasts myself, Pat and his doppelganger Partick J. McGovern as members. The name of this event was "Very She-She," and in the company of an embarrassingly dated dance tribute to Feminism and the enormous photographic reproductions from that Mistress of the Obvious Annie Liebowicz, Nicole's act was classiest. Though I had to giggle when directly after the announcement for her show was made the first person to cross the staging area was a fat janitor pushing a brimming garbage can. But the most notable feature of the evening was the all too rare appearance of Nicole's brother David. We always ask if she has him in tow, and she almost always answers, "What, on a school night?" and snorts with disdain. Anyway, during the dance number, he would turn and stage whisper, "What the hell is this?...I should writhe on the floor like that during my closings [he works for the DA's office]. I act out the murders sometimes and I think it makes people nervous....What, at the end of this thing are they going to come out and kill the men? Maybe they'll spare me because I'm not too macho (brother of a fashion designer, you know)."

Although Nicole has been mentioned in **The Cobra's Nose** a number of times, only recently has

she become a subscriber. On the night of the Scottsdale Museum show, after her first exposure to some back issues of **The Nose**, she expressed satisfaction that my prose has proved me deranged enough to run in her circle. While I chose to take that as a compliment, I am a bit concerned with the vibe I apparently project in person.

Samantha the tarot card reader (I said I would get back to her) had the most exotic teeth I've ever seen in person—quite a prominent overbite with long canines, like fangs. When I complimented them, she said, "Not capped—yours?" Maybe a bit defensive. In dress, she was everything you could hope for in a mystic, mostly in black with lots of shiny, dangly objects which kept catching on the embroidered shawl that covered the table in front of her. She asked what I hoped to get out of the reading ("I don't know") and began laying cards on the table.

"I see one, no! two romantic entanglements in your near future. Both men, or" she held up her hands, "women" people make this allowance more and more, and I'm getting a bit concerned about that vibe as well "will enter your life sooner than you think." She turned over another card. "Three! Three romances."

I imagine I looked rather nonplussed at this point because Samantha began to comfort me. "Don't worry, everything will be fine. You will know precisely how to handle all of them and will grow as a result of your experience." Little did I know how true her words would be, but I'll get to that in a moment.

Kristine was next up for a reading, and I didn't want to just hang around and spy on it. Besides, she is something of a magnet for magic and romance and I wasn't in the mood to have my three future liaisons upstaged, so I returned to the room where the show was due to begin in ten or fifteen minutes, which it did.

Because the clothes were Seventies Revival, Funk+Fashion impresario Mr. P body (pictured below) abandoned his usual electronica mix of music in favor of Steppenwolf, late Beatles, middle Bowie, and the like, with spotty results. There is nothing about "Magic Carpet Ride" or "Tomorrow Never Knows" that suggests a vamp, and when the person vamping is your brother dressed like a hotdog salesman the disconnect is glaring. But his other outfits (a cream color shirt and one with swirls in boxes, both with tight black pants) out glammed any rough spots with the music, and when that chick came out with an open jacket and no shirt at least half the room stopped listening anyway.

After the show, we regrouped, and I asked Kristine what Samantha had predicted for her, and she said, "I was expecting the normal, 'romance will come into your life' spiel, but actually she talked about my job and how it profitable it would be to my future professional and spiritual development." I might have been amazed myself had I not been witness to Kristine passionately described her job to two guys whilst standing in line for her reading, and I began to doubt Samantha's predictions for me. Kristine had to leave, and I thought I would check out the art, having finally finished with my plate of free snacks which were forbidden to enter the galleries.



What I saw in the largest was not heartening, lots of half-assed concept stuff that made me question my interest in art generally, but the moderne restroom, sculpture garden/ smoking area, and paintings from the guest artist in the little gallery put me in a good enough mood to start singing snatches of "Mull of Kintyre" (because snatches are all I know), and not stop until I got home and went to bed.

THE VERY NEXT EVENING... Funk+Fashion opened for PFunk at the America West Plaza in Hayden Square. I'm almost certain I got the name of that venue wrong, but it's too late to go anyway. When I arrived, Pat was still being made up, but Nicole, Christina, and Christina's mom Becky were on hand, drinking Happy Punch from the Have a Nice Day Café. (cont. on page 6)

Zen & the Art of Dork Fathead Idiot Caller Management

I always liked how Tom Petty described the self-destructive heroine of his song, "A Woman in Love": She used to be the kind of woman to have and to hold/ She could understand the problem/ She let the little things go. In short, the makings of the Zen Receptionist which I aspire to be. So, there I am, happily working on my [NEW WEBSITE](#), when this woman, an applicant, calls for directions. She has missed a turn and gotten lost, easy enough to do in this neighborhood. After medium resistance, she agreed to listen to my directions and after five or ten minutes longer than it would have taken if she hadn't still been trying to apply logic to the road names and just done what I said, she arrived.

"I was told this was an easy place to get to, but it isn't," was her opening salvo.

"Well, it depends on where you're coming from," I said.

"I came up the 101."

"Oh, then it's very easy. Just take 101 to Bell and turn left..."

"Don't you mean 'Frank Lloyd Wright'?"

"No, they're two different roads. Bell is past Frank Lloyd Wright."

"But Bell turns into Scottsdale Road."

Bell does a lot of strange things and turning into Scottsdale Road may well be one of them, but not in this vicinity. Still, this is precisely the sort of argument I have decided I don't want to spend the rest of my life rehashing, so I just gave her an application and pointed to the far corner of the room. Overall, I thought I handled myself well and gave myself a pat on the back in honor of my restraint. "How mature," I thought. "How Zen."

As with most praise I lavish upon myself, I soon found this also was unwarranted and premature.

"Hello! I'm having a little trouble finding you all!" New caller with an unctuous salesman's voice.

"Where are you now?"

"I'm headed up on the 101!"

"Then it's very easy. Just exit at the Frank Lloyd Wright/Bell exit, pass through Frank Lloyd Wright and turn left on Bell..."

"Actually, I'm on Bell now!"

"Which direction did you turn on Bell?"

"Oh, let's just say...oh, west."

"Did you come to the TPC Golf Course?"

"Actually, I'm on Frank Lloyd Wright."

"Where are you on Frank Lloyd Wright?"

"Well, there are a bunch of shops."

This narrowed his location down to every major intersection on Frank Lloyd Wright.

"What are the shops?"

"There are restaurants, too."

"Which restaurants?"

"I was getting gas."

"Do you see a McDonalds?"

"Yes."

The Nose in The News (Sort of)

Although I am always happy and gratified to share news of **Nose** reader's accomplishments, my heart is additionally warmed when **The Cobra** scoops some legitimate news or entertainment source, such as *Sex and the City*, or in this case, *Nation's Restaurant News*. As you will remember, in Vol. 20, I reported that Sue and Bill Zierle were moving to Hawaii, and even though I didn't mention the reason or his fabulous new job title, subscribers to **The Cobra's Nose** would not have been surprised to read the following:

Molokai Brewing Co.

KAUNAKAKAI, Hawaii (Sept. 20) — Molokai Brewing Co. has named Bill Zierle executive chef. He formerly served as executive chef for the University of Utah.

Sue Zierle, aka Mrs. Foodservice Kahuna, has overcome her concerns re shark attack and has been fishing. I've been watching the Discovery Channel and am officially terrified of everything in the ocean, so this strikes me as particularly daring. You can keep up with Bill's exploits at his company's website (did I happen to mention my [NEW WEBSITE?](#)) at www.molokaibrewing.com; but frankly, I'll probably scoop them too. 🍷

"From where you are, get on that 101 access road, take it to Bell..."

"Okay, I'm on the 101...and it looks like I'm crossing over Bell Road right now!"

"Please hold."

I took a moment to curse and try to find My Boss to handle this call. After all, she started it by inviting him here. No luck. I drew a few deep breaths and picked up the receiver.

"The 101 will exit onto Pima Road. As soon as you can, turn around and head directly back. Turn right on Bell, right again on Perimeter, take the very next left—that's Hartford. We'll be around the Bend on the left."

"Okay! I'm just turning around now...oospy daisy. And...now there's Bell...Okay! Super duper! See you in a few!"

"Super duper" is not the expression that came into my head, but I managed not to vocalize the one that did, and gave myself a pat on the back in honor of my restraint.

He arrived soon after our last exchange and I sent him to his corner to wait for My Boss. When she came to collect him, he was effusive in his praise for my directions, and for some reason, that set me off just as quickly as if he had knocked them. Very un-Zen, very un-Petty. But then, that "A Woman in Love" song doesn't have a happy ending either. 🍷

(cont. from page 4) Happy Punch is commonly served in fishbowls with smiley faces on them and tastes like Kool-Ade, but don't be deceived—it packs a whollop. We were chatting when Pat turned up with good hair and silly make-up—three quarters normal, then long lashes painted on the top and bottom of his left eye. The look was meant to evoke Alex from *A Clockwork Orange*, but more resembled Sister Connie Lee interrupted halfway through her toilette. Pat figured that since relatively few people even know who Sister Connie Lee is that wouldn't bother him too much.

Suddenly, Nicole pointed at my hemline. “Slip!” she said. She was acting in her role as the Fashion Police. “You have to suffer for Fashion. Just look at them,” she pointed to Christina and Becky who were decked out in unseasonable head to toe Minimal winter wear. “Look at these shoes,” she pointed to pink plastic clad feet. “DOES THIS LOOK COMFORTABLE TO YOU?!”

“That’s all I heard this for the first two months I knew Nicole,” said Pat, then he left to finish preparing for the show.

“And now you look fabulous!” She shouted after him.

She led me to a booth where another of her protégés was working and selected two strings of beads (which I did not have to flash anybody to get, in case you were thinking of starting that rumor) to match my outfit. Then I found a comfortable place near the catwalk to await the show, which was much better than the previous night’s because Mr. P-body seemed more comfortable spinning R&B and funk selections, Pat didn’t wear the wiener vendor get-up, and because I was hit on midway through by this guy with no shirt.

We had a brief discussion about PFunk and the music that was currently playing (the Williams Brothers, our song I suppose you could say). I turned away to woo-hoo at Pat, and when I looked back he was gone. Well, okay—he didn’t look that good without a shirt anyway. Well, actually, he did, but easy come easy go.

The show ended, and I meandered back to the bar to get a Coke. While I was waiting, another guy (named “Guy,” as a matter of fact) struck up a conversation. This was getting weird, but when Guy got his fishbowl full of Happy Punch he vanished as if into thin air. That was more like it, but then a third guy asked me what I was drinking. I said, “Coke” as if I meant it, but he pointed to the beer can that sat before him and said I could have it if I wanted. Empty beer can, I gather, as he walked away with a fresh one moments there after. Charmed, I’m sure.

Then it struck me: three men in quick succession. The Prophecy!



Also not a Plush model, but she looks quite like Sister Connie Lee

(Believe me, I know how pitiful this all sounds, but it’s a lot more action than I see in a typical night out, which sounds even worse, but it is, alas, true.)

Pat finished up with his Funk+Fashion responsibilities, then he and Nicole, and Christina and Christina’s mom Becky, and I listened to P-Funk for a while, then headed to Z-Tejas to see if Kerrie was working (no) then to that Japanese restaurant, you know the one, right down from ZGallery, for sushi. There, Christina tried to convince Pat that sperm were responsible for dragging putrefying tissue all around women’s bodies and causing disease, but Pat kept interrupting her to say, “YES! SPERM! YES!!!”

I sat quietly and reflected on Signs and Wonders, the Miracle of the Tarot, and my **NEW WEBSITE**. 📄

Cobra Headquarters **End Nose...** September isn't officially over, but I'm through with it. Oh, I'll still put an "oh-nine" at the top of forms, but won't be at all sincere. In my heart, it's October. On my patio, it's October. I hung up a tiny portion of my Halloween lights, which Pat seems to think is way, way, way too much; but he said I could hang all the lights I wanted to, confident my laziness would prevail. Normally that would be a safe bet, but October bodes well and I wanted to kick it off early.

If you've had any sort of contact with me in the past few weeks, you have probably already been nagged for a spooky story to contribute to October's The Cobra's Ghost. Consider yourself nagged again. All of you, send those stories. I've got good ones from Kelley Arredondo and Sue Z., and new subscriber Pamela (not you Pam) promised one as well, and Magi is working on something having to do with Rasta-stench—the abstract of which already has me scared. My own life has been pretty serene, but from where I sit I can see a big hunk of Corporate Art which if you squint looks like the fatal crash of an F-14, and the Gauguin print in the lobby has been covered by the Cosmodemonic Mission Statement. I think it's only a sentence long, but halfway through it I get tired and have to put my head on my desk. Chilling.

Oh, I almost forgot—I have this **NEW WEBSITE** with a mellifluous, easy-to-remember address: www.thecobrasnose.com. It's fabulous, but don't take my word for it, Go There!

📧 Sharon C. McGovern,
Cobra-in-Chief



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www.thecobrasnose.com

Use them.