

Made in the USA

The Cobra's Nose

Vol. 32

Alright You Primitive Screwheads, Listen Up—This Is My BOOM STICK

28 Sept. 2001

The Cobra's Notes...

Believe me, I know better than anybody the inadequacy of this forum and myself personally to address the monstrous national affront of September eleventh. But this being the United States of America, and beyond that, **The Cobra's Nose**, I have the right if not the obligation to express myself. And this being the United States of America, most of the population is also exercising this right and the country's noisy. Fortunately, since this has been the case since the beginning of our history, I'm used to it. Chatter is a fact and privilege of American life.

And despite the noise and chatter I've been hearing recently about how the US will be forever changed, that fact at least will remain. So will almost all others. If the ghost of Alexis De Tocqueville were summoned up today, he would recognize the same national traits he catalogued in *Democracy in America* over 160 years ago. Being French, he would likely pat himself on the back for his insight. Being American, we would likely snicker at his accent, and discount everything he said doubly for his being a Frenchman and a ghost. If he checked back in 100 years, the scene would be repeated. Nothing that makes Americans American was destroyed this month, not representational democracy, not the free enterprise system, not freedom of religion, not women wearing short skirts and talking in loud voices and voting...not *Battlebots*, for crying out loud. Name one thing that makes the United States tick—and that's including the right to pop off with a bunch of crap about how we as a nation really had this coming—and it's here as much today as it was on Monday, September 10th. And like this nation's flag—the only one in the world that has changed more than thirty times and yet remains instantly recognizable, it will be here tomorrow, too.

So will **The Cobra's Nose**. I know it's not much and I'm not going to guarantee the quality of the jokes, nor am I under the delusion that more than a hand full of people give a gnat's ass, and of those maybe some think it's a bad, or at least trivial, idea. But if the Pentagon could remain in constant use after a direct hit by a jet airliner, surely I can sit on my duff and write a couple of sentences which a few of you claim to enjoy. Besides, if the writers of no less an entity than *Entertainment Weekly* are suggesting that perhaps all current movies should be pulled and *The Sorrow and the Pity* and *Sullivan's Travels* played in their place, and that "MTV's *The Real World* has been rendered irrelevant" (No!), a cooler head (and I can't believe I'm talking about mine, either) should prevail. I mean *really*—*The Sorrow and the Pity*? At what point did anybody reading this think, "You know what might me feel better? A thirty year old French documentary about Nazi collaborators." And which of you thought *The Real World* was relevant in the first place? Can I see some hands? Now I know I write for an exclusive, extra-intelligent crowd, but do any of you even *know* anybody who had these thoughts? And the whole point of *Sullivan's Travels* is that depressed people (in the narrative, the impoverished and imprisoned, but the film was made in 1942 for a wartime audience) enjoy light entertainment. "There's a lot to be said for making people laugh," concludes title character Sullivan. "Did you know that that's all some people have?"

So I'm going to write to the people I love about the things that make me laugh, like Bruce Campbell, and my vacations, and how I have the bitchin'est stick shift in Christendom. Because some things do not change.

For example. We have an executive here at Cosmodemonic named Napoleon who was stranded far from his home in Arizona in the aftermath of the attack, but did happen to be staying in his *dad's* home back east. Now it's true, I've never visited his



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dad's home, and it may be awful, but one would imagine that all things considered, at least the daily rates would be decent. And yet, this man repeatedly called our gentle travel arranger to nag her about getting a flight out before he was forced to do something rash, like borrow his brother's underwear. "I'm not wearing my brother's underwear!" he is reported to have said, and stonewalled questions about whether he had access to, say, a store, a dry cleaner's, a Laundromat, or a sink and a bar of soap. Finally, she managed to get him a flight on Thursday, which was no mean feat, considering, but when she gave him the specifics he whined, "Couldn't you get me a better time?"

You see what I mean? But if Napoleon could find it within himself to be a thorn in this time of crisis, how hard could it be for the rest of us to be kind, and decent, and strong? So, please try to enjoy Volume 32—and I know it may be difficult—support Comedy Central, and tell a loved one a joke.

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



The King & I, and Sophia

Hail to the King, Baby

Every now and again, I receive a beautiful card from my kindly Aunt Evelyn. The message always includes a warm endorsement of The Cobra's Nose, but always with the caveat, "of course, I don't always now what those articles are all about." Well, Aunt—this is going to be one of those articles.

You won't be alone though in wondering who this Bruce Campbell guy is, as I learned to my chagrin when I tried to drum up envy among my friends and family because I was going to meet him and you weren't, hahahaha.

Who?" they said. Almost everybody said that. My siblings knew, and Capt. Viffle, and my niece Sophia, and Cobra Reader X was eventually persuaded he did, so; but that's about it.

The revelation of your ignorance made me fretful. After all, was not Bruce Campbell the star and co-producer of the legendary *Evil Dead* Trilogy? Was he not the title character in two TV series, *The Adventures of Brisco County, Jr.* and *Jack of All Trades*? Did he not have a recurring role on BOTH *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys* AND *Xena: Warrior Princess*? Not to mention tiny parts in films such as *Darkman*, *The Hudsucker Proxy*, and *Congo*? And did he not guest star on *The X-Files* and *Ellen* about a year after most people stopped watching them? Okay, I get it now. But it's not too late to cultivate an appreciation of Campbell, and—yes, I know say this a lot, but I really, really mean it—you'll thank me for it later.

Bruce Campbell's winning autobiography is called, *If Chins Could Kill: Confessions of a B Movie Actor*, so let's start with his chin. It juts out from a lean jaw, and ends with the suggestion of a cleft. The last really notable chin in moviedom belonged to Kirk Douglas, and some have suggested that it was inherited by his jowly son Michael—but they are wrong. Campbell is the true heir of the heroic chin.

There's the heroic chin, complimented by high cheekbones, flashing brown eyes, arched eyebrows, with dark, thick, wavy hair at the top of a slender, graceful frame. And if this description makes him sound like a character from a comic book, romance novel, or pulp fiction—real pulp fiction, not the movie of that name—well, that's just what he looks like. And if it's a combination that's hard to take seriously in the flesh, well, he seems to know that, too. He wears his good looks lightly, like a costume, not informed by an innate clown spirit and spending his formative years dorking around with his brothers and neighbor kids.

As you may remember from the "Xenavision" article from Volume 26 (you do remember the "Xenavision" article from Volume 26, don't you?), one of those neighbor kids was budding director Sam Raimi, who found eager collaborators in

Campbell and other high school friends. Later on, Raimi teamed up with his college roommate Rob Tapert and made a short feature called "The Happy Valley Kid," a hit on the MSU campus. Emboldened by their success, they with Campbell made a cross-genre comedy called "It's Murder!" "It's Murder!" was not a hit. In fact, Campbell called it "the *Heaven's Gate* of Super-8." But the filmmaking bug had bitten hard, and they began raising money for their first commercial feature, eventually known as *Evil Dead: The Ultimate Experience in Grueling Terror*. You can hear their voices joke and bray through the commentary track of the DVD.

And that's the next aspect of Campbell's appeal, his voice. For while he may look the classical hero, Bruce Campbell's voice is genuine, 100%, all-American, Midwestern smartass. The voice was perhaps most famously deployed in the *Evil Dead* Trilogy—especially the second and third episodes. How famously? The denizens of Cosmodemonic's Tech Fortress regularly used sound clips of him saying, "groovy" and "if it isn't Mr. Fancy Pants" without realizing the source. Actually, I don't know if that counts as "famous," but the words have found their way into the larger culture.

In the *Evil Dead* movies, Campbell plays Ash, an idiot with a single redeeming talent: his ability to effectively combat monsters. Sure, Ash would be better off if he had half a brain (when Campbell learns Ash has a namesake, and there were at least two at the book signing where I saw him, he apologizes for their parents' silliness), but as his prowess increases, so does his arrogance. In the first movie he faces the Deadites with wordless terror, and in the third, *Army of Darkness*, with impudence ("Yo, she-bitch—let's go"). Through it all, Campbell's voice always registers the perfect blend of delirium, (cont. on Page Five)



Top Left: BC as Jack in *Jack of all Trades*

Top Right: BC at Brisco County, Jr in *The Adventures of Brisco County Jr.*

Bottom Left: BC as Autolycus, King of Thieves, in *Xena: Warrior Princess*

Do you recognize him now?

COBRA PHOTO ALBUM



In the second day we were in Seattle, Partick pointed to a poster and said, “Look—it’s a ‘b.’ Bum-*b*-ershoot.” That is to say, I’ve been spelling and pronouncing the name of the event we traveled a thousand miles to attend incorrectly for months. Not that Bumbershoot was the only, or even prime attraction: that honor would belong to Partick’s old friends Jodi and Rebecca, our hostesses for the weekend. And fortunately, both had cameras and were kind enough to send pictures, a few of which can be seen below. Though representative, they don’t do justice to the entire weekend. For instance, I had a lot of fun pointing out the airplane window to the Puget Sound and saying, “Look, Sophia—a killer whale! Ah, you missed it. Look, Sophia—a mermaid! Ah, you missed it,” *et cetera, ad nauseum*. Nor did I include any from the lovely gray beach Jodi took us to at what would have been sunset if we could see it through the mist and the rain (and believe me, coming from 110+ temperatures in Arizona, I mean that as a compliment); but they exist, and you might want to look for them and others on the McGovern Family Websites, www.thecobrasnose.com and www.iamtheguvna.com. And once again, thank you to our gracious hostesses.



Partick is Ready to Rock! That really is Partick in that poster, which we first saw in the SeaTac Airport when Jodi and Rebecca picked us up. Actually, Rebecca spotted it when she flew down to visit us a few months ago. Thing is, his image hadn’t been licensed for big posters in airports, so when news of this one reached his agent, Partick got an additional check. So...Rebecca also Rocks! She took this picture when she and her partner Apryl returned us to the airport. All of us non-models pointed and shouted to passers-by, “THAT’S HIM! THAT’S THE GUY IN THE POSTER! ISN’T HE GORGEOUS?!” Partick snarled and told us we sucked, but just look at that smile when the camera was on him! You can tell he’s a pro. There may well be more of these posters in airports all over the country, so if you see one, please let Partick know so he will get more money and buy me a decent birthday present. You could also shout, “HEY, I KNOW THAT GUY!”, but would be a lot more fun if Partick was actually there with you.



Partick, Rebecca, and Sophia on Rebecca's back porch. Those are Becca's legs you see behind Rebecca. She was eating a burrito, but more about her a couple of columns over>>. Hey, look at how her body kind of leads into Partick's in the picture above, heh heh. How cool is Rebecca? She has an even better VHS copy of “*Hail, Hero!*” than I do, and about an hour after this picture was taken, she and Partick and I went downstairs to bathe ourselves in its nutty glory. Her guests and housemates declined to bathe with us, so to speak, but she vowed to *make* them watch it at her upcoming birthday party. “Mawahahahahaha!” she says.

They also passed on the David Lee Roth concert, which was probably just as well. Don't get me wrong—he was resplendent in his phosphorescent green sports togs, sang Van Halen era songs with gusto, and introduced them with fittingly vulgar patter (I'd quote, but I've misplaced my notes...a little help, Rebecca?). Between slugging one another every time they saw a mullet head, Partick and Rebecca bet on how many high kicks DLR would manage by the end of the night. Rebecca's prediction of 30 was right on the money at the end of the show, but when he encored with “Jump,” Partick's guess of “fifty plus” ultimately won. A terrific show, but still the kind of thing where if you think you won't like it, you're probably right.



Fun with Pigs: Partick, Jodi, Sophia. Downtown Seattle is dotted with whimsical pigs, somewhat like how downtown Scottsdale is dotted with arty horses, and frankly it's hard to say which is kitschier. I go back and forth. But Seattle is every bit the literally and figuratively cool city I'd imagined, and Jodi was an excellent guide. She took me to places you never hear about on the *Frasier* show (and as a side note, I'll bet if the Seattle Opera House always reeked of BO as it did during Bumbershoot Frasier or Niles surely would have mentioned it—oy, the stench). We also toured the Seattle Underground, and patronized the original Starbucks—the one where you can still see the logo's nipples. We went to that famous market where the employees throw fish, and where a store sells indecent comic books about fairies (more stuff you don't hear about on *Frasier*—have those writers actually *been* to Seattle?). We even saw the remains of the Aiden-from-Sex-and-the-City's bar. I had hoped to see him there, because though yes I've heard the rumors, that guy is a babe. Especially this season.



Partick doing his Chris Robinson of the Black Crowes victory dance while the ladies look on in admiration of something else. Sophia and the neighbor kid Nigel were messing around on the backyard court when Partick took the ball, dribbled it a few times on the deck banister, then threw it through the basket—swoosh! perfect. Then he and Becca engaged in the most pitiful game of Horse (which they shortened to Pig or Hog or something) I've ever seen, and I'm including ones in which I've been a participant. Then the ladies shown above, plus others not shown, began a new game that had a name I can't remember and rules I didn't understand. And it wasn't just the booze, that was a confusing game. Anyhoo, Partick did better at that one, and was quite pleased with himself as you can see.

My Flight✈

When the prospect of taking a vacation smacks not only of self-indulgence but patriotism, what choice did I but to fly away as planned and see my beautiful and vivacious cousin Evelyn? None, thank heavens, because I was in need of diversion.

didn't get it at the airport. In advance of my travels, I had frequently checked with America West's internet sites re new regulations and restrictions, the most onerous being their request that I arrive two hours before my flight so I would have plenty of time stand in line. But all things considered that didn't sound so bad, I had Partick drop me off on his way to his and Sophia's Karate tournament (they both did very well, and won impressive medals to prove it). Traffic outside the airport was light, which wasn't especially worrying because it was a Saturday morning. I missed the skycaps because they are always friendly and helpful, but as they have never seen a dime of my money, I doubt they missed me. Through the doors was a bustle, with labyrinthine arrangements of people in front of the airline counters—think Space Mountain on the fourth of July, but with luggage. I chose the end of a group of people basically gathered in front of the America West counters, and was warily assured that yes, this probably was a line.

have no love for lines, but as lines go this one wasn't too bad. For one thing, an America West employee would regularly patrol the line, culling the people whose flights might be missed by standing in long line. "Nine-twenty?" he'd say. "Passengers leaving before nine-twenty?" One woman waved her hand and called out, "I'm nine-twenty-one," in the kind of pain in the neck way that indicates a type of person who brings too much carry-on baggage then makes a big display of eye-rolling, scoffing noises, and fake believing laughter when she's called on it. I couldn't help but hope that he'd say, "Is nine-twenty-one before or after nine-twenty?" I didn't, and in all fairness how do I know how this woman would have behaved under normal circumstances? Everybody was being impeccably civil, and it was spooky. I mean, cripes—this was still an airport and there were lines.

For another thing, I decided to try out the Amazing Amy's practice of speaking personally to strangers, and was gratified to learn I was not bordered by bores or nuts. The guy in front of me was an engineer with Honeywell who was in town for some training. The girl behind me works for the Arizona criminal department and was headed to San Francisco for some training. Because I'm interested in crime until I hear one too many gory details, I focused on her. She is part of the team that catalogs criminals' DNA, and in fact had worked on a recent case of a Scottsdale man slaughtered his family and went into hiding (I have to wonder now if he had killed himself after he murdered a bunch of innocent people whether he would have been considered brave by some). Then she said her boss had lunteered them in the effort to identify all the little bits of people left over in the attack on the Trade Center. That was the gory detail that inspired me to abandon that line of conversation and start babbling about what a good time my sister, Lauren, and I had in San Francisco and she really should visit their museum of modern art. "Modern art" is a conversation killer under most circumstances, and this was no exception. Fortunately soon after it came up we had reached the end of the line.

Of course I was aware of the increased restrictions for passengers, and I packed accordingly. In fact, I packed so light that everything fit



Where I Went—Evelyn standing on her porch, surrounded by spectral light

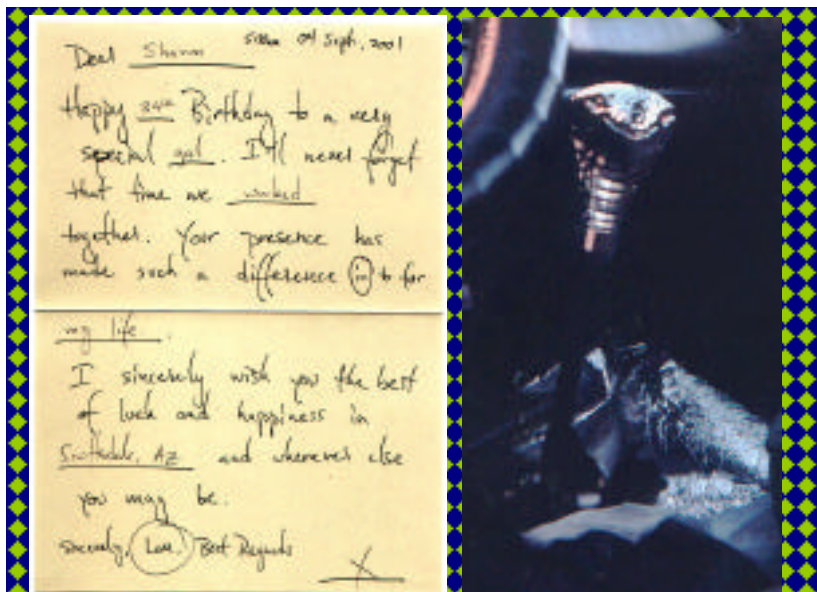


How I Got Home—Check it out, passenger loading on both front and back ends.

into the bag I use for vacation-time shopping, and was damn proud of it. But I forgot about the stuff I carry with me every day like my poor X-acto knife (yes, I carry an X-acto knife with me—want to make something of it?) which I willingly surrendered at the baggage check-in counter to an apologetic clerk. I was sobered not so much by the loss of my X-acto, because though we go back many years we weren't very close, but by the thought that something close to what I possessed and had carried through airport security dozens of times had recently been used to murder stewardesses, pilots, and passengers. And though I have no interest in trying, I'll bet I could get through again.

My mood blipped up at the Starbucks, where two people attended to my order, and neither rolled their eyes when I asked what the coffee of the day was when it was *written right there*. That was spooky, too, but in a nice way. Then I reached the shelf with the sugar and cream and noticed that the receptacle beside the plastic forks and spoons was empty.

Unless you are a guardian picking up an unattended child after a flight, non-passengers are forbidden past the security check points. Combine that with lighter weekend traffic grounded airlines, canceled flights, and the nervousness of the grounded countless would-be passengers, and you've got a pretty empty lobby. CNN literally echoed off the walls, and only occasional whispered conversations (cont. on Page Five



This card was an early acknowledgement of the upcoming celebration of the fourth anniversary of my 29th birthday from the Amazing Amy Magsamen (her name is a bit hard to discern from her signature, but I've had it authenticated by experts). Best of all, it came with a present—also seen above. Lest you are blinded by its thoroughgoing radness into thinking it is an imperial scepter from the grandest French or Russian court, I confess you are looking at the cobra's head shaped gear shift in my humble Tercel. Don't you wish you had a friend like Amy, who *remembers your birthday and gives you gifts*? Oh, well, maybe in you next life.

(cont. from Page Four) could be heard. My throat burned when I looked out into the lonely, under populated tarmac. On the other hand, the three employees of the gift shop where I got quarters ("four only!") and a copy of *Jane Magazine* ("Get Uma Thurman's Skin"—ew) upheld the venerable tradition that dictates a few customers are much easier to ignore than lots of them—especially when the store is over staffed and weekend planning is in session. My four stage quest for recognition—standing by the cash register, standing and glaring, making title coughing and "ahem" noises, then finally vocalizing "excuse me, excuse me"—was comfortably aggravating.

don't believe there are any discrete sorrows, at least that's not been my experience—any new strain summons the ghosts of old griefs, and together they howl and...well, you get the picture. Thing is, I've learned over the years that I'm not profound enough to grieve perpetually, nor am I strong enough to lay grief permanently to rest. So while I fought tears one moment because there were so few planes scheduled to fly, I fought them the next because there *were planes to fly on*—and because I would be on one of them, as a free citizen headed toward that bastion of fiefdoms, Hollywood, California.

The flight was only half full, so quiet, and drinks were served like *that*. From my window seat I marveled again at the number of pools in the Phoenix area, inlaid like bits of turquoise into the ground, and the delicate trails water leaves on the vast desert floor. The woman next to me asked what the different towns in the Valley of the Sun were like, and I was happy to tell her about my home. But when we landed, and Evelyn picked me up in her car, which had an American flag fluttering from one of its windows, and when we saw flags hanging in the windows of almost every restaurant and shop, and from houses and businesses and freeway overpasses, I realized that this too was home. I was proud and sad and happy, and cried like a girl. ✨

(cont. from page two) mockery, and fear.

Fighting demon possessed zombies requires considerable fortitude—the willingness to cut off one's own evil-infected hand, for instance—and lots of derring doe. Which brings us to a third reason Campbell is worth seeking out: his sheer physical bravado. Again, this is perhaps best showcased in the *Evil Dead* movies, in which Sam Raimi visits fairly brutal tortures upon him. In one scene from *Evil Dead II*, Raimi lashed him to an X shaped brace attached to a truck which moved thirty miles an hour, which he (Raimi) could rotate at will, while other crew members beat him (Campbell) with pine branches. Campbell does more than endure physical humiliations, however. He generates them in awe inspiring bouts of comic masochism, as when Ash's evil hand beats the tar out of him. I don't have any documentation, but Campbell's work must have been the inspiration for Jim Carrey's spectacular split-personality showdown in *Me, Myself & Irene*. Carrey's character even gifts himself a Campbell-esque chin at the end of the movie.

If zombie battles do not sound like your cup of tea, and I do have trouble imagining my Aunt Evelyn watching one, there are certainly milder displays of Campbell's agility. For instance, as Autolycus, the suave King of Thieves, in the *Hercules* and *Xena* shows, he recalls Errol Flynn in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, but with a crafty smirk. But even when he does nothing more than walk to the lectern at Changing Hands Bookstore, he does it with such good natured confidence that he's well worth watching.

Are his movies also worth watching? Unhappily, for the most part, no. At the book signing, Campbell turned his back and invited the attendees to shout out the names of all the movies he was in that they felt wasted their money and time. Many, many titles were shouted out. Campbell noted that the danger of this experiment was that if he turned his back long enough he was likely to hear his entire resume. But do I recommend his work anyway? You bet I do. For the reason why, let's take a look at the second part of his autobiography's title: *Confessions of a B Movie Actor*. The B in front of movie can denote a disreputable genre, like horror, or a film of modest ambition, or a movie that just turned out to be substandard. It would be unfair to deny that some of them have crackjack aspects, though, and that Bruce Campbell is a B movie star of the first magnitude.

So, keep your eyes open and you might see Campbell in a supporting role in the upcoming Jim Carrey vehicle *The Majestic* or Sam Raimi's *Spider-Man*, or what the hell, maybe even the lead in *Phantasm's End* or *Bubba Ho-tep*. *The Adventures of Brisco County, Jr.* is in reruns on TNT, and *Xena* (which you should be watching anyway) plays on a number of stations. He's not hard to find if you put your mind to it, and easy to admire once you do. 🍿📺🎬



"Name's Ash—Housewares." Bruce Campbell in *Army of Darkness*.

Two Songs, with Love

he question of where were you when...? is a familiar component of the most notable catastrophes. I know where some of you were, because you called me from your homes and said, "A plane crashed into the Pentagon," or zipped past my desk and said, "Tower One has just collapsed." So those of you know I where I was, but maybe not that you gave me the only news I had. Ordinarily, I get news on the radio and internet, but the radio was in car and the internet news services were jammed with inquiries from people like me—except presumably, some of them got updates instead of "this page cannot be displayed" warnings. "There are jets in the air right now that can't be accounted for," said The Man. "Should I come into work?"

Between brief and terrifying updates, I listened to a cd I had burned for Cap'n Wiffle. (Cap'n Wiffle was formerly known as Aureng Zebe, and he actually changed his handle for reasons of political and moral sensitivity and not just to give me the good snicker it has in these difficult times.) That cd, typical of my creations, was packed with great songs and interesting artists, but one tune in particular kept rabbing me by the throat—"To Sir with Love" written by Don Black and Mark London, and sung by Lulu.

As an open-hearted tribute to a schoolteacher, "To Sir with Love" is an anomaly in pop (I'm not counting "Hot for Teacher" for a reason). Lyrically, the song flirts with teacher-student transgression; but while a schoolgirl crush is clearly in evidence, the singer knows that to pursue it would be to betray what she learned under his tutelage. If you wanted the sky, I would write across the sky in letters/ That would soar a thousand feet high, 'To Sir, with Love.'" Who would have thought this would be the taking of the 17th most popular song of the 1960s? Still, it's grand, it's generous, and...just so pretty.

If this were a normal September, "To Sir with Love" would have a lock on Cobra Song of the Month, but my official choice beat it by a nose. It isn't as different from Lulu's it as you might at first think. Both reflect hopefulness and security won at a critical hour, and both are vested with a fresh daring and eagerness to aspire. But "The Star Spangled Banner," written during an early crisis in US history, is the one to hum as the flag flies over New York City, Washington, DC, and all over the nation, and as it is desecrated in hostile precincts. And though only the first verse is typically sung, please note that it is a cliffhanger—it ends in a question mark. In its entirety, the song is revealed to be a drama in four acts, full of meaty words like "gallantly," "ramparts," "dread," "vauntingly," and "heav'n-rescued"; and the last of these verses ends in a triumphal question mark tempered by an all important "when." Sing it and see.

*O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?*

*On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?*




The original Star Spangled Banner, which originally measured 30 x 42 feet, is currently housed in the Smithsonian Institution.

*Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

*And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.*

*O thus be it ever when free-men shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

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Use them.

End Nose....

When I spoke with Cap'n Wiffle earlier this week, I confessed worry that this volume of *The Cobra's Nose* might be criticized for unapologetic flag waving. After all, just a few weeks ago when I remarked that my blue wrist band for the David Lee Roth concert in combination with my red shirt made me look patriotic, I got a snort and an, "okay, if that's what you want to be going for" in reply; and when Partick outed me as a longtime Bush supporter at a party later that day, the entire room went quiet and none of the guests would look me in the eye afterwards. (Even the Amazing Amy sputtered, "But you seem so nice!" when she found out). Thankfully, Cap'n Wiffle knew just what to say—"Screw 'em. You're the Cobra." Cap'n Wiffle is a professor of English, and so is very careful about words. Words and their meanings are also important here at Cobra Enterprises, so I do hope for the day that the words "patriot" and "bigot," "military" and "fascist," "Republican Party" and "Taliban" cease to be used interchangeably by anybody. It will make my life happier at least.

Now, a note about next month's edition, aka, the *Second Annual Cobra's Ghost*. I'm still awaiting ghost stories from Bradley, Lee Mark (hey, if you didn't want me to bug you, you shouldn't have told me you had them), and a contribution from Rebecca's famous (he's been on the Discovery Channel) ghost hunter brother. If you have a story—or even better, a photo—of something Paranormal, Mysterious, Unknown, etc, please get it to me as soon as possible. For now, take care of yourselves, and have a good month.