

Cobra Needs Stamps

THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 34

I Believe that My Heart is a Thumb

30 November 2001

The Cobra's Notes...

The first comment I got about The Second Annual Edition of The Cobra's Ghost was "it was educational." Then, when I offered it to a visiting exec, he looked it over, handed it back, and said, "This is not something I would ever read." Ouch! Still, these things did not make me as apprehensive as when my cousin Danny called me from Hollywood a few days ago. Don't get me wrong, I always love hearing from Danny, and figure one of these days he'll tell me I'm ideal for the lead in the next movie he's associate producing (he works on a lot of horror films). But he does tend to start conversations like this: "The Cobra's Nose—I have a complaint."

Mind you, the complaints were about Vol. 32, about which I have a few words myself. First and foremost, thanks to President Toe, and his staff, Marlboro Man and J. Clam, for printing the loveliest **Cobra's Nose** to date. The Cobra Offices have been as deluged as they ever get by compliments on its beauty. Which reminds me, it is not too early for me to start agitating for Christmas cards. I want some, in fact—I want lots. If you are reading this, I am talking to you. Unless you are Lauren, then you're off the hook, having sent Partick and I a card on November 13th, if you can believe it. Anyhoo, the Amazing Amy has advised me to ask the universe for things like x-mas cards and presents of cash and jewelry, and to be specific. I've got to tell you, her results have been impressive. But I thought I'd start with you guys first. Okay, back to Vol. 32.

The account of my trip to Hollywood ended before I expressed what a good time I had there. The time may come when I write whole articles about our trip(with Bradley) to "It's A Wrap!" clothing store, which sells clothes and accessories from movies and TV shows. There we learned how ridiculously tiny the cast of *Just Shoot Me* is, and that celebrity clothing is further tailored on the set so the already tiny numbers on the tags are rendered evil lies. There was a sale rack of woman sized lingerie which Bradley briefly considered for his alter ego, Coco Marzipan. It's also where I bought a celebrity necklace, hot and fresh from the *Steve Harvey Show* (I don't watch it either, but that's not the point). I was especially interested in buying a prop from *Xena: Warrior Princess*, but learned they were only available via internet auction (and as Christmas is approaching, I feel free to say that the auctions can be found at Yahoo.com, and that it's the gift that counts). We also visited the LA County Museum of Modern Art, which featured the David Hockney exhibit. Fun stuff. There was also a breathtaking section that had Mark Rothko paintings on each of its four walls, and another room full of Franz Klines which I liked but which prompted Evelyn to say, "This room pisses me off." A brief summit on the arts ensued.

The next day, we visited one of the many notable cemeteries in the Los Angeles area, by which I mean celebrities are interred in them. At the time, *The Second Annual Cobra's Ghost* still loomed in the future, and I figured it would be nice to get some pictures of celebrity graves for the edition and that the sites' occupants would surely appear on film. It just seemed sensible to count on a movie star ghost to turn up for a photo-op. Well, they didn't, at least not yet (as long as I've got access to PhotoShop there's still hope). And besides, Vol. 33 filled up faster than I'd



The Women of Afghanistan transformed from prisoners of the Taliban to potential Cobra's Nose subscribers.

anticipated, leaving no room for the often remarkable graves (now when I die, I'll put it in my will/ don't want no fancy monument, just one like Cecil B. DeMille's). However, I will put them on the web site (www.thecobrasnose.com) the moment I get around to it.

Now, let me reveal one last remark about Vol. 32 before I get back to Danny's complaint. It comes from Cap'n Wiffle in his last e-mail, which came a long, long time ago by the way so I'm feeling neglected, and it goes like this, "Your final page comparison of 'To Sir With Love' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner' was...quite welcome. Patriotism with a liberal sprinkling of camp! Now that's something I can goose-step to!" Let me tell you, I've seen Cap'n Wiffle goose-step, and this is good news indeed.

So I braced myself and said, "Okay, Danny—what's your beef?"

"Well. Bruce Campbell."

I waited. Waited. Figured this was suspense and said, "Yeah, did you like the article?"

"Well. Did you know that my first professional job in Hollywood was on the alternate ending of *Army of Darkness*?"

Hey! That was worth the wait! Now if you haven't seen *Army of Darkness* yet...well, you know the rap. But of the two endings, the one he worked on (the showdown between Ash and the Deadite) is by far my favorite. Due no doubt to what future film historians will call "the Danny Factor." Remember, you read it here before you did in the *Cahiers du Cinema*.

So, I poured on the flattery for a while, then asked, "So, what's the complaint?" He replied, "I was just trying to get your attention." And now, if I've got your attention, I invite you to enjoy Vol. 34.

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



The Who in action at the Concert for New York, October 20, 2001

Dorks for The Who!

I like very much and respect David Bowie, and *love* The Who. Partick worships David Bowie, but when queried about how The Who rates in his cosmology declared, “Meaty, beaty, wet, and nasty.” What’s that supposed to mean? I demanded. “Also wrinkly,” he explained.

was irritated, yes. For one thing, I have not nearly the talent for bizarre lander that Partick does. For another thing, I’m perfectly aware that he could plausibly deny that the “meaty, beaty, wet, and nasty” business was slanderous—just a play off of the band’s first compilation record, *Meaty Beaty Big and Bouncy*, with the substitution of the words “wet and nasty” just to make me squeamish about declaring them either good or bad because what precisely I would mean by that, *hmmmm*? Furthermore, Part would state “wrinkly” was a matter of record, but what’s wrong with that? The surviving Who are all in their fifties. But the worst thing is that I could not come up with something similar about David Bowie and make it stick. And it’s so *unfair*. I mean, David Bowie studied *mime*. He dressed up as a harlequin for his “Ashes to Ashes” video, long after he should have known better. He released an album that had a big close-up of his head on the cover, and his hair was *ermed*.

So why has David Bowie’s name more and more become a code word or “cool” while, say, Pete Townshend’s represents deafness and illness of all sorts? Well, there are reasons, and most of them are pretty good ones. Like, look at them. David Bowie at his fruitiest has an otherworldly beauty and each of his eyes is a different color. He even pulls off that stupid perm.

Meanwhile, Roger Daltrey could hardly pull off his own naturally curly hair and vacant (matching) blue eyes. Keith Moon was a pudgy spaz, John Entwistle a sour stoic, and Townshend has a high voice and a nose he himself describes as resembling a shovel. Bowie’s oeuvre has its roots in folk music, The Who’s in Dixieland. Bowie ended shows early in his career by dramatically mussing his lipstick, The Who would destroy their equipment. Bowie is elegant in the most garish dress, whereas even in their mod finery The Who have a sloppy habit of tearing their hearts on their sleeves. Bowie is a hot-house exotic—even in the select company of the excellent musicians who comprised the piders from Mars, he radiated mystery while they lumbered around like oofuses in weird clothes and make-up. Unlike David Bowie, who doesn’t look like anyone, The Who look like people you’d see around,

but maybe not necessarily the ones you’d want to be around. They are a notoriously grumpy bunch of guys.

But I have an affection for them that I will never feel for Bowie, and I don’t have to look any further than the Concert for New York to remember why. The benefit was arranged by Paul McCartney with funds going to Robin Hood Relief Fund, but perhaps its most notable aspect was its audience—5,000 members of New York’s fire, police, and rescue crews were given primo tickets, they filled the auditorium floor and lower decks. Most of them held aloft pictures of loved ones killed in the September 11 attacks. The lineup was every bit as stellar as the dreary candlelit broadcast aired a few weeks previously, but unencumbered by the notion that solemnity was the only appropriate response to catastrophe. There was a visceral need for movement—dancing, for shouts. Despite the omnipresent tokens of loss, the audience seemed less with grief than sick of it—on October 20th, 2001, the Concert for New York was the world’s best wake.

Bowie opened the concert, sitting alone, cross legged on the stage with a toy—a beat box playing “oom pah pah” to accompany his rendition of Simon & Garfunkel’s “America.”

*“Kathy, I’m lost,” I said, though I knew she was sleeping
“I’m empty and aching and I don’t know why”
Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike
They’ve all come to look for America*

Honestly, it’s not a song I’m crazy about (though it was marvelously deployed in *Almost Famous*), but in this context it was an assertion of principle—not of Paul Simon’s penny-ante ennui, but of a decided effort to take comfort today in what was good and had been adored for years, in America. Starting simply, Bowie brought focus to a huge, jostling crowd, busy and chatty, like the best teachers who never have to say, “Now, class.”

Once he had everybody’s attention, Bowie brought the lights up and his band out, thanked his local ladder company, and sang “Heroes” to the heroes. It was an impressive start to a show that The Who stole three hours later.

Now, The Who have been a crowd favorite ever since Pete Townshend accidentally hit the ceiling of a club with his guitar (it made an interesting sound when held close to the florescent lights) and snapped it at the neck. Enraged, he smashed its remains on the floor. The next week, the club was packed, and instrument carnage — mostly by Townshend or drummer Keith Moon, though Roger Daltrey pitched in from time to time—became the rigueur for Who shows for years after. Likewise excessive volume, first used as a means to suppress unwelcome audience suggestions re their playlist. In hardly any time at all, The Who was cited in The Guinness Book of World Records as “The World’s Loudest Band,” and Townshend has the tinnitus to back up the claim.(cont. on Page Six)



Bowie at the Benefit, singing “Heroes”



George Harrison—1943 - 2001

All Things Must Pass

Sunrise doesn't last all morning
A cloudburst doesn't last all day
Seems my love is up and has left you with no warning
It's not always going to be this grey

All things must pass
All things must pass away

Sunset doesn't last all evening
A mind can blow those clouds away
After all this, my love is up and must be leaving
It's not always going to be this grey

All things must pass
All things must pass away
All things must pass
None of life's strings can last
So, I must be on my way
And face another day

Now the darkness only stays the night-time
In the morning it will fade away
Daylight is good at arriving at the right time
It's not always going to be this grey

All things must pass
All things must pass away
All things must pass
All things must pass away

Cookin' With Cobra



Not until I heard my epicurean Auntie Jan describe me as her *sous-chef* for Thanksgiving Day did I have any qualms about what I had signed on to do. Technically speaking, "*sous-chef*" is a French term which basically means second in command in a kitchen. French is the language of subtlety, intrigue, and smarty-pants insults (which I'm pretty sure is why Eye of Fatima is fond of it), so it's hard to take the second in command business at face value. Meanwhile, English, especially that spoken by English people, is blunt, direct; the language of the laser guided insult. At least it is in my primary source of information about what it's like to be a *sous-chef* in an ambitious kitchen, that is to say, on the British TV show *Chef!*

If you haven't seen *Chef!* and live near me, you can catch it on Saturday nights at ten on channel eight. The rest of you are on your own, but it's worth seeking out this character who "swears like a Drill Sergeant with a Ph.D." and whose insults clock in at about a minute each. For Chef Gareth Blackstock, high praise is, "I think I have found someone in this kitchen who does not want to poison the customers." That was to his future *sous-chef*. More typical is, "Let me explain the order of things to you. There's the aristocracy, the upper class, the middle class, working class, dumb animals, waiters, creeping things, head lice, people who eat packet soup, then you." That was to a prep and clean-up staffer, the lowest member of any kitchen hierarchy.

In my Aunt's kitchen, I would be *sous-chef*, second in command. However, that's mostly because I will be her only assistant, and therefore also the lowest member of the kitchen staff. Which *Chef!* approach would Auntie Jan take toward me?

Based on the pre-meal strategizing session, I had to conclude that neither was correct. Not that it didn't start scary. When I called that evening, the first words out of her mouth were, "I know who you are. (cont. on Page Five)"



Chef! My Aunt Jan and I do not look like this.

With Psychic Friends Like These...

A while back, I received a couple of unsolicited e-mails about my website (www.thecobrasnose.com) from a person named Raj—which I think you'll agree is an exceptionally cool name. Turns out he went to high school with one of Partick's former girlfriends, and frequents some of the Scottsdale hot spots to which I have occasionally been granted access; and also Sanctuary, to which my access has been twice denied due to dress code violations on the part of my model brother. Anyhoo, feeling cool and celebrity-like, I turned on the virtual charm and Raj evaporated into cyberspace.

The upside of being blown off in this way is imagining that the person who did it—Raj, Enigma, whomever—may have perished under mysterious circumstances, or perhaps horribly disfigured in an accident, heh, heh, and was thus prevented from writing ever again. I certainly prefer that explanation to the one offered by the professional psychic whom I met last time I was in Hollywood visiting my cousin, the Elegant Evelyn.

Not that I believe everything psychics have to say, or that I make a big deal of seeking them out. But even at my most skeptical, I figure the important part of their message is how I receive and am able to use it. If they are, as most critics claim, merely doing "cold readings," picking up on how I present myself and responding to my responses, well, at least it's instructive to learn what kind of vibe I'm emitting to strangers.

Hmmm," my psychic said. "You have trouble with men—have you considered women?"

Well, this query is nothing new. Don't get me wrong—I am not opposed to lesbians. I probably wouldn't be opposed to being one, except that I'm not so inclined and am too lazy to adopt any new projects. Still, I seem to be emitting this vibe even though I wear lipstick and have quite a girly hair-do.

Oh, please," snorted the Amazing Amy when I related the experience.

"A psychic saying you're having trouble with men is about as astute as one saying, 'you are dissatisfied with your job,' or, 'you don't feel you are making the money you deserve.' Completely standard."

Well, that helped. But when I heard it late at night in a dingy hole in the wall off Hollywood Blvd, kids screaming in the background (on a *school* night), it sounded more convincing, and I checked to see what shoes I was wearing. Too sensible?

The psychic said other things as well—simplify and focus, meditate and pray, blah and blah, and seriously consider coming to see her on a regular basis, maybe for some energy work next time.

When it comes to prognosticating, I prefer Greek women with Greek coffee because, so far anyway, they don't charge anything, their kids only run amok late on weekend nights, and you get to drink coffee. Watch out for the cups, though. They are tiny and have thin walls. Peggy (or "Huggy" to my much adored Aunt Jan) handed Partick and I a cup each, but since she had the handle and our other hands were full, we took them by the thin walled side then shouted, "Hot! Hot! Hot!" until she took them back and placed them on a nearby table. Okay, maybe we could have come up with that solution on our own, but the other way we got to shout and do less stuff. Oh, and happy birthday, Kathy the Greek!

Now Partick's coffee sludge was interpreted as money and tragedy, though details on denominations and enormity were scant. Neither was depicted in my cup, crowded out perhaps by the weird yet nice assertion that that very night some man of my acquaintance had decided he wanted to propose marriage to me, but would change his mind come morning, presumably having sobered up.

That works for me, because when it comes right down to it, I want a boyfriend less than I want boys to want me for a girlfriend. And if I can accomplish that psychically and without turning into "Angie Baby" from the Helen Reddy song, everybody wins. Hmm. I wonder if it was Raj. ♥

Funk-A-Liscious

By Rebecca "I Have Prince's Purple Embroidered Hand Towel" Peterson

I like the new Prince album - *The Rainbow Children*. Reason why - it funkifies my soul, it's funk-alicious, it gets out even the toughest of funk. Prince is always putting something new out there with every album. If you compare *Purple Rain* to *Sign O' The Times*, or *The Black Album* to *Lovesexy*, the inexperienced Prince listener would not suspect these albums to be coming from the same genius.



Clip & Give to a loved one as a Christmas present suggestion

That's right, I said genius. What Prince does isn't simply musical talent, it's pure genius. He is constantly taking the risk to explore his wide range of musical capabilities. He rides that edge of musical insanity and pushes out creation after creation. His fans lap it up. With his new album - *The Rainbow Children*, Prince gives us jazz and 90 minutes of church service (could be used in place of visiting your church or synagogue). If church isn't your bag, you can easily get past all of the preaching and eerie super low synthesized voice that Prince likes to use to preach the good word (it usually just comes out sounding like Satan), the music is fantastic. *The Rainbow Children* is one part James Brown, two parts Miles Davis, mix well, fold in Quincy Jones and bake at 350 for 90 minutes. If this sounds tasty to you, go right now and pick it up. ☺



Cobra Correspondent
Rebecca Petersen

Births, Births, Births!

Several fecund readers of *The Cobra's Nose* have been fruitful in the past few weeks! That is to say, I have three births to report.

First, Elizabeth ("Lizzy") Grace Wenger, a Libra, born to Katy and Curt Wenger October 18th. Lizzy weighed in at a fighting trim six pounds, eight ounces, and 34.5 cm in length, which is about a yard in English measurement if my conversion calculations are correct. She is their second child.

Next, Tayson (back off, spell check, the name really is Tayson) Kemp Willey, Scorpio, born to my cousins Kelly and Ron Willey on November 5th. Tayson has the distinction of being the only one of these newborns whom I've personally laid eyes on. And it's a good sight, not nearly as confrontational as his picture to the right might indicate. Okay, I've never seen him conscious, but he seems a hale and hearty fellow on the top or Arredondo half, anyway. At birth, he weighed seven pounds, two ounces, and was nineteen and three quarters inches in length. Tayson is their second child.

Finally, Nathaniel James Miller, whose parents are astronomers and frown on astrological signs (but if you pretend to confuse the two disciplines you can get some amusing results out of them), was born to my second cousins Kristin and Scott Miller. Nathaniel on his birthday, November 15th, was a whopping seven pounds, four ounces, and twenty inches in length. He is the second of their two children.

Why so many second children? Maybe we *should* consult the stars. ☀



"Who wants some?" Tayson Kemp Willey

cont. from Page Three) Now, where the hell are you?"

It was a fair question, and one that insured I would break any number of speed guidelines on the 101. But to be sure, by the end of our conversation I was certain that I was racing toward a hot tub, and wine and cheese that was way too good for me. Boy, was that good cheese.

Even confronted by the quality of the wine and cheese as well as my Aunt's long tradition of elaborate feasts, I still didn't grasp the gap between what she and I consider food to be. Maybe it was because I was busy trying to suppress the unsightly swellings in my three-piece bathing suit caused (mostly) by Jacuzzi's jets, but my one suggestion regarding the meal—that a small pile of uncooked ticks of vegetables might provide a nice little break in the large piles of cooked food, you know, like two or three inches of celery or carrot per person—turned out wildly different in practice. How different? Imagine a serving dish as large as my new blotter style desk calendar (or somebody else's if you haven't seen mine), filled with blanched artichokes and baby carrots (I thought I was doing well by skipping the primary definition of "blanched" as vegetables so frightened that they turn white, and asking if they were to be oiled until they turned white, but found out that blanching re-plants means "lightly boiled" and nothing turns white, which I think is sort of misleading), topped with cherry tomatoes and sprinkles of some fancy schmancy cheese (but not as good as the Monday night stuff).

But that happened relatively late on Thanksgiving Day. Early was 6:24 in the ever-loving a.m. when I awoke with a splitting headache. To combat it, I did some light reading and some heavy drinking of coffee and ingesting of Ibuprofen, took a shower, and by the time I arrived (pretty much on time) at my vivacious Auntie Jan's house I felt ready to face the pots and pans. Of course, once again, I had failed to understand what "pots" and "pans" might mean to her. In my house, it means either "the one" or "the smaller one." In hers, it could be one of dozens that pack her newly remodeled woodboards. Seriously, you've never seen so many of the damn

things in a private home in your life. I wanted to take a picture, but she refused as long as they were in their naked state and unfortunately I didn't have the wit to document them when they were full of food.

The cooking procedure itself was interesting, though I can't claim to have grasped the big picture. Causing the celery to be dirt-free, that was all me, baby. But could I make gravy on my own? Not unless removing it from a jar and heating it counts. But my aunt's is really something—whenever I put that many vegetables together, I call it a salad. Of the dish I was allowed to make without supervision, I neglected to include one of its five ingredients. And though that's a scant 20%, it was pretty significant volume-wise. Fortunately, it hadn't been in the cook-box thingie long, and Aunt Jan pulled it out and made the correction without any problem. Also, I learned that her dog Tough can conceal an entire lemon in his mouth, and if you order him to drop it he couldn't care less.

But I'm taking baby steps, and that should eventually get me somewhere, even if the first stop isn't gravy or twenty lb turkey. I have a proven competence in simple tasks like peeling potatoes (even if I lose the occasional fingernail in the process) and melting butter in the microwave. And simple tasks were all I was up to later that afternoon when mealtime rolled around because my headache had mutated into an Ibuprofen-proof strain. Could I put stuff in bowls? Yes. Could I hold up my end of a conversation? No way. To be fair, I don't think any of the guests really noticed a difference. So I nagged Aunt Jan to assign me little chores, which were continually frustrated by Danny telling me to put down those dishes for crying out loud because Mary Jane would be up at 5:30am to do yoga but dishes would be better for her or something like that. It's kind of a blur.

The important thing is I've had an invaluable experience in a top-notch kitchen, and if you ever need a mushroom washed or a can opened, I will be so *there*. 🍄

(cont. from Page Two) But even the very considerable appeal of noise and violence wouldn't explain their decades old following, however, nor their ecstatic reception at the Concert for New York. If that was all they had going for them, they would be Quiet Riot, not The Who.

With The Who, you get everything, everything you think of as a rock band. There's almost nothing you could say about them that you couldn't contradict with equal conviction. For instance, they are a massively successful and respected group that has never had a number one single in the US (the highest they ever reached on the charts was number eight with "I Can See for Miles"), nor have they ever been nominated for a Grammy.

Or consider the band members. The Who never seemed like pals, like The Beatles, say. They projected hostility from the get go. But unlike The Beatles, say, they could never let one another go. For the album *Quadrophenia*, Townshend described the four as competing factions of a single mind, a uniquely suitable conceit. The combination of Pete Townshend, Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle, and Keith Moon is less like a group than a family, and less like a family than a dysfunctional individual. There were never any controversies about their line up, and no defections. Each are among the top of their professions, Townshend as song writer and guitar player, Daltrey as singer, Entwistle on bass, and Moon on drums. It's tempting to imagine any of them could have been the star player of any band, but difficult to imagine they could have performed as nearly as well as they did if they hadn't been nagging one another to greatness. Moon's death in 1978 was less a shake-up than an amputation. None of the prosthetic drummers who followed could be taken seriously as "the fifth Who." In performance twenty odd years later, the band still seems wounded.

But if that is too Behind the Music-y for your tastes, consider the music itself. For while The Who has generated as many power-chord driven rock anthems as anybody, I would propose The Who has the least conventional resume of any mainstream band. Consider that their pop manifesto "My Generation" was followed a year later with the single, "I'm a Boy." A sample lyric from this ditty about gender confusion:

*My name is Bill, and I'm a head case
They practice making up on my face
Yeah, I feel lucky if I get trousers to wear
Spend evenings taking hairpins from my hair*

Keep in mind, this was released in 1966, long before androgyny was an overt concern of Rock and Roll. It even predates David Bowie's participation in The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men with Long Hair. The song's author, Pete Townshend, is a



The Dude and The Duke (Pete Townshend & David Bowie)

strange guy, and there is nothing strange about him writing the song, but you've got to wonder how he got the blossoming stud singer Daltrey and the solemn bass player Entwistle to sign on to it.

The song was anything but an aberration. The next year, The Who released their first love song, "Pictures of Lily," about a boy and his porno mags. They have released any number of songs that seem to be going along just fine when they slip in an excruciatingly revealing detail or observation. Hearing them is something like the sensation of watching a loved one vomit—a churning mix of revulsion and tenderness, complicated by the band's bold, even inspiring presentation and music. Dignity has never been a priority for The Who, and no matter how hard anyone might try to put them on a pedestal, and however much they deserve to be there, they keep falling off of it.

*I spit out like a sewer hole
Yet still receive your kiss
How can I measure up to anyone now
After such a love as this?*

The above is the last verse from the first song The Who sang at the Concert for New York. Written from the depths of Townshend's alcoholic depression, "Who Are You" isn't so much an apologia as a flat out apology for drunkenness and waste, performed by men who had been through a lot for men who had been through much more. The men on stage looked a lot like the men in the audience, and an uncomplicated respect was evident on both sides.

Never a band to put on airs, The Who has an instinctive and abiding regard for tradition. Rather than portraying themselves and their alter egos as proud non-conformists, they address the more common impulse to fit in, and the more common result of failing miserably at it. In fact, the last song they played, "Won't Get Fooled Again," was notorious for taking a swipe at the counter culture instead of at the establishment. This is unusual, to say the least, for a rock band, especially one noted for innovation (The Who has been credited for the first concept album, *The Who Sell Out*, and the first rock opera, *Tommy*, as well as laying the musical foundation for the entire punk movement). They are sympathetic to the desire to be part of something bigger, something beyond the selfish, puny ego, whether that is as a countryman, a band mate, a police officer, or a fireman; and stood proudly under the old, and proudly square Union Jack, Star Spangled Banner, and the undamaged towers of the World Trade Center.

In the ways that are important, The Who are Us. ✕

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