

# THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 4, Version 2.0....."THE NEWS YOU NEED TO NOSE!".....15 January



Kate Moss released from rehab

## Cold, Cold, Miserable Failure

**1998, RESOLUTION DEADLINE**—So how did you do? I myself have a scant twelve hours to buy and learn to operate lip liner, for that was my sole resolution for this year. Odds are good that I will continue to forget to do it, but there's still a chance. After all, it's not a *difficult* resolution, such as not calling people who pass me on the right so they can make a left turn in front of me in like, a *block* a bad name (which I enjoy too much to give up anyway). Or that one where I resolved to learn how to make that sound Tom Petty does, the one that sounds like a combination of an "oy" and a cough. That was a miserable failure. I actually applied myself and yet I still sound more like a yenta than a rock star. Not that I ever thought I'd pull off the whole rock star *thing*, I just wanted the one syllable.

I cast around for resolution input. I know that Pat's perpetual resolution is to look as good as David Bowie does at fifty when he (Pat) is fifty. That sort of long term thinking is beyond me. Frankly, I'd settle for looking as good as David Bowie does at fifty right now. Scott sent me a list he plagiarized from *USAToday*. I'll bet if their lawyers found out about that, they'd have a resolution for him. He also resolved to commit violence against me if I started smoking. I filed that in my Why I Should Not Start Smoking column. That would balance out my new Why I Should Start Smoking item, which is "I would get to start taking a lot of smoking breaks which would really infuriate The Pill." Mr Enigma told me told me a discussion of his resolutions would make me uncomfortable, which I utterly believe to be true. From sources too uncool to be subscribers, I got the reply, "I resolved to make no resolutions." I gave them a metaphysical dope slap so I wouldn't be tried for assault.

I would like to have shared more resolutions with you, but I didn't start researching this article until about ten this morning. I suppose I could resolve to be a more conscientious contributor, but a theory is forming in my brain. (You could resolve to refrain from the wisecracks, Pat.) The theory is: Resolutions = Failure. If you don't resolve at all, you release yourself from the condemnation of the scale, MADD, the Marlboro Man, God or Whatever Higher Power You Acknowledge, depending on what your resolution happens to be. It puts me in mind of a song. If we happened to be sitting in a karaoke bar, I'd happily belt it out for you. As we are not you will just have to wait for the official cd of this publication: *Hooked on Cobra Classics*. Until then, the *hook* alone will have to suffice, written by Ira Gershwin for music by Kurt Weill.

### The Saga of Jenny

Jenny made her mind up when she was three,  
She herself was going to trim the Christmas tree.  
Christmas Eve she lit the candles—tossed the tapers away.  
Little Jenny was an orphan on Christmas Day.

Poor Jenny! Bright as a penny! Her equal would be hard to find.  
She lost one dad and mother, a sister and a brother—  
But she would make up her mind.

Jenny made her mind up when she was twelve  
That into foreign languages she would delve;  
But at seventeen at Vassar it was quite a blow  
That in twenty-seven languages she couldn't say "no."

Poor Jenny! Bright as a penny! Her equal would be hard to find.  
To Jenny I'm beholden, her heart was big and golden—  
But she would make up her mind.

Jenny made her mind up at twenty-two  
To get herself a husband was the thing to do.  
She got herself all dolled up in her satin and furs  
And she got herself a husband—but he wasn't hers.

Poor Jenny! Bright as a penny! Her equal would be hard to find.  
Deserved a bed of roses but history discloses  
That she would make up her mind.

Cont. on page 3

### ✂ Retraction ✂

With regret I must announce the dismissal of Sharon McGovern as editor of **THE COBRA'S NOSE**. Though an eager and hard working employee, she violated the integrity of the newsletter by inadvertently replacing page three of the *Kill the Pill* edition with that of the *Bunny Edition*. The differences are as follows: "HOHOHO" should have read, "UP YOURS", the word "bunnies" should have been "sluts," and "Bunny" "Hooker". She also permitted the malodorous "Ode to Nikos" to stain the page and reputation of this once proud publication.

This issue, starting with page two this issue will guest edited by Ms. Irma Vep. The resumes of any party interested in assuming the role of editor of **THE COBRA'S NOSE** on a more regular basis will be welcomed by...

Publisher/Cobra-in-Chief

Note: Since Pam only reads articles in which she is mentioned, she should look for the following symbol on the title line: ✂. If it is there, she is mentioned. -ed

## Asins, Strife, and Star Trek

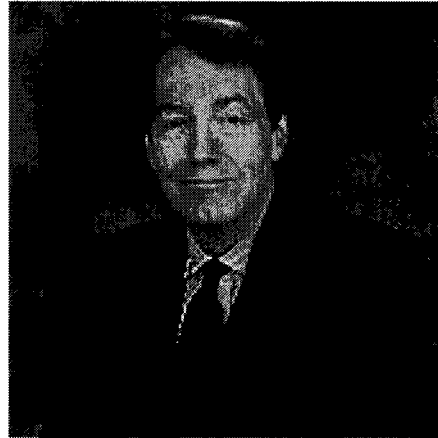
Also known as Scott Rowley's Movie Opinion. Naturally, I will feel free to interject my own thoughts even though I haven't seen the movies in question. We start with *Star Trek: Insurrection*, about which he writes, "Obviously (and hopefully) nobody goes to any *Star Trek* film expecting great art [speak for yourself, pal, but we concur the odd numbered ones are superior, ed.]. *Star Trek VIII* is no exception. The formulaic plot is as follows: some out of the way idyllic society has something that everyone else wants (in this case, metaphysical radiation that prevents and even reverses the aging process), some Federation insider-bad-guy wants to "ethnically relocate" them, and Jean-Luc and the gang are going to set things right. Along the way, Jean-Luc meets a sweetie, wins over the sweetie, saves the sweetie (and she is a genuine sweetie, I really liked her), and promises to return to the sweetie for some quality time. Maybe in the next film we'll actually see them lock lips. This installment also sees the romance between Riker and Deanna rekindled with the help of a little metaphysical radiation. Unfortunately, we only get to see a little slap and tickle, but there's always next episode! The radiation also reverses Jordy's life long blindness. In a poignant scene we get to enjoy with him his first full-sighted sunrise. And seeing how LaVar Burton [no relation to Lauren and Mike] has some of the best looking eyes in Hollywood, it's nice to finally see them again! [Scott's always going on about his eyes.]

The bad guy is F. Murray Abraham as a loose skinned alien who exudes nastiness. [And how is this different from the part he played in *Amadeus*?] He did a fine job and I loved it when he killed the Federation bad guy by stretching his head.

I did have a couple of complaints. First, there was no real sense of danger. Sure, Jean-Luc's sweetie gets a few rocks dropped on her, but the film lacked the "Spock's in the radiation [the bad kind] field and is giving up his life to save the ship which came THIS CLOSE to blowing up" element. Also, near the beginning Data is involved in some sort of unrest and he is blamed for it, but how it started is never very clear. Then when Jordy "fixes" [are you thinking what I'm thinking?] Data, he removes a number of substantial looking chips. Sure, maybe it fixes Data's problem, but doesn't he really kind of need those? I give it three Junior Mints out of five. It's worth the ride.

*Waking Ned Divine* was delightful, a beautiful film with some great comedic moments that manages to get a message across with out being preachy. The interpersonal relationships were well developed and explained, more a look

At a close knit family, not just a community. There is, of course, one bad apple, and the way in which she gets "removed from the barrel" is one of the film's high points. The film does require a bit of belief suspension. If someone really did win nearly seven million pounds (just over nine million dollars by my figuring), I think it would create a little more media attention, and certainly more research by the Lotto people than was portrayed. Aside from that, it's a charming must-see. Four Junior Mints out of five. ❧❧❧❧❧



Imagine you are Charlie Rose. You have an Emmy and a Peabody award, but you are largely unknown to prime time audiences until you land a job on *60 Minutes II--* and *this* is your publicity photo? Who did you offend in the marketing department?

## Sex and Lies

This joke comes to us via Mr Enigma. He is a prince among men and has an impeccable sense of humor. (Is that okay? Will you return the kitten safely, now?)

In the late summer an elderly married couple of 50 years were rocking on their rocking chairs. All of a sudden the old woman gets up and walks over to her aging husband and "POW!" she knocks him out of the chair and onto the floor.

"What the hell did you do that for?" he asked.  
"For being a lousy lover all these years."

5 minutes goes by.

All of a sudden the old man gets up and walks over to his aging wife and "POW!" he knocks her out of the chair and onto the floor.

"What the hell did you do that for?" she asked.  
"For knowing the difference"! ❧❧❧❧❧



## Mummy's Little Violator



This year, Christmas and my darling brother Pat conspired to bring into my life a sweet little bundle of joy without which my former life seems in retrospect as bleak and joyless as a November afternoon in Maryland.

The bundle's name is Violator.

My precious stands about ten inches tall, has glistening silver-gray skin, the most adorable row of spines on his back, and eyes that glow red. Oh yes! And a poison filled spike that shoots out from over his shoulders. He can be *quite* the little terror, no doubt about it. When I get home at night, I could swear he smells the raw meat I bring him the minute I step out of the car, for there he is, waiting with a big grin on his face, clawing at the front door. He's nearly dug his way through, the rascal!

I don't exactly know how little Vi (my nickname for him) spends his days, but I assume it must have something to do with that pile of dead lizards and birds that's accumulating by the back door! I thought that there would be a neighborhood incident when I discovered a rather valuable and very dead macaw among them, but I haven't heard anything yet. At night, he either curls up on the VCR (it's usually warm!) or on a pillow by my head. He awakens me in the morning by romping all over my room, making the most adorable "hiss, hiss" noise. He gets very cranky before he gets his breakfast though. That big bottle of hydrogen peroxide certainly has come in handy.

I can hardly remember how I got by without him!!!

From page one

Jenny made her mind up at fifty-one  
She would write her memoirs before she was done.  
The very day her book was published, hist'ry relates  
There were wives who shot their husbands in some thirty-  
three states.

Jenny made her mind up at seventy-five  
She would live to be the oldest woman alive.  
But gin and rum and destiny play funny tricks,  
And poor Jenny kicked the bucket at seventy-six.

Jenny points a moral with which you cannot quarrel.  
Makes a lot of common sense!

Jenny and her saga prove that you are gaga  
If you don't keep sitting on the fence.

Jenny and her story point the way to glory  
To all man and womankind.

Any one with vision comes to this decision:  
Don't make up—you shouldn't make up—  
You mustn't make up—oh never make up—  
Don't make up your mind!

Well, I hope we've all learned a little something  
here. ΦΦΦΦΦΦ

### ***A Miracle, a Broken Thing, a Tragedy***

What a year it's been in the movies! Now here I am to publish a list of my favorite films which I know most of you haven't seen and would probably hate if you did see, but as I am Cobra-in-Chief and you aren't, that hardly matters. Here are my top ten ranked alphabetically, as of January 12, 1999, with the understanding I might change or disavow any of them at my whim.

*A Bug's Life, Anastasia, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Henry Fool, The Last Days of Disco, Mulan, Oscar and Lucinda, Pi, Saving Private Ryan, Shakespeare in Love, Starship Troopers, and The Sweet Hereafter.*

I know that's twelve films, just deal with it.

Now I aet to make other pronouncements. Best Lead Actor:

Edward Norton in *American History X*. Best Lead Actress: Gwyneth Paltrow in *Shakespeare in Love*. Best Supporting Actress: Parker Posey in *Henry Fool*. Best Supporting Actor: Dylan Baker in *Happiness* (a movie none of you should see except maybe Harvest. If you do see it and despise it, which you will, remember, you have been warned.). Best Director: Paul Verhoeven for *Starship Troopers*. Most Wonderful Thing I Saw on Screen this Year: A glass church with Ralph Fiennes in it floating down a Australian river. Most Horrible: Meg Ryan pottering around her apartment in *You've Got Mail* (What was I thinking, going to that movie anyway? Imagine a David and Goliath premise, but Goliath wins the battle, the Babylonians or whoever they were take over the Hebrew nation, and Goliath makes David his punk—and this is considered a happy ending.) Best Theater Mascot: UA's happy red lips. Worst Theater Mascot: AMC's winsome film stock guy. Most Astonishing: Bill Paxton being convincing in *A Simple Plan*. Least Astonishing: That Boring Guy Who Played David Bowie in *Velvet Goldmine*. Best Costume: Ewan McGregor in glitter, *Velvet Goldmine*. Cutest Boy: Joseph Feinnes. Most Pathetic Excuse for a "Sex Symbol": Leonardo di Caprio. Person to Whom the Adjective "Fat" Was Most Grossly Misapplied: Kate Winslet. Person to Whom the Adjective "Fat" Was Most Grossly Underapplied: Tom Hanks (hey—I like him too, but did you check out that neck in *You've Got Mail*? NO actress would get paid twenty mil for a movie if her *thigh* was that big around. I'm pretty sure Meg Ryan's *waist* isn't that big around). The Make It Go Away Prize is awarded to that ghastly song from *Titanic*, and it's singer D'lean Cuisine.

So there you have it—the year in film. Or something. ΓΓΓΓΓΓ

### ***Resolution Update***

You may be thinking to yourself, "Gee, I wonder if Sharon managed the lip liner thing after all—I mean, it isn't like she resolved to bring peace to Northern Ireland." Which is just as well, as somebody beat me to *that*. As a matter of fact, I did partially achieve the lip liner goal, with the timely assistance of my cousin Amy Adams, who, when not haranguing people about how they say their ah's and esses, is happy to indulge the cosmetically clueless. She produced a lip liner pencil at about 10:30pm New Year's Eve and instructed me in its use. The coolest thing about it is I can pencil over that little lip divot under the nose so I will look more like Katherine Hepburn or Bette Davis did when they were glammng it up in the thirties. That's the theory, anyway. A couple of days later, I bought a lip pencil thing of my own, even though it cost a whopping \$4.99. Come to think of it, that's probably why I didn't get one sooner. The color is "brique" and although I am still in the slutty looking phase that inevitably accompanies any new make up I introduce into my repetoir, I am confident that I will have *Cosmo* approved lips any time now.

In other news, Jana e-mailed a number of resolutions, all of which make my lip liner thing look rather puny. She wrote:

"I resolve to make myself financially independent by the year 2000.

I resolve to lose (and never find again) 30 lbs.

I resolve to stay in better touch with my good friends, and, oh, yeah...you.

I resolve to...isn't that enough???"

More than enough, I'd say, but as I find myself basking in the bright bright light Jana exudes even across this vast nation of ours, I feel moved to make a resolution of my own: I should listen to more Tom Petty. As I have my newly acquired *She's the One* soundtrack album playing on my CD ROM right this second, I'd say I'm well on my way.

Take that, Jenny. ϐϐϐϐϐϐ



## Death Rattle

CHANDLER, PHOENIX, MESA, TEMPE, & UNINCORPORATED—I'll bet you are thinking to yourselves, "Gee, shouldn't Sharon have complained about her car by now?" I agree, it's high time. But my story is a long one and full of woe, so find a comfortable place to sit.

I will begin with events which occurred around Thanksgiving. I had flattened my left front tire (never you mind how—I confessed it to another), and since I had it changed it wobbled whenever I drove faster than 55mph. Yes, I suppose you could hypothesize the Holy Ghost abandoned the vehicle due to excessive speed, but that doesn't cover all the facts, now does it? I needed explanations and a new spare tire (as the little spare that came with the car had at some point died of natural causes). My sister Lauren and her family were in town (that is, in Chandler) for the holiday, so I enlisted her help in solving my problems.

I started by making some calls to used tire places to see if I couldn't find a new wheel, or "rim" as I learned they are also called. My confusion on this point almost cost me one of them, and I was too embarrassed to call and correct my mistake. Fortunately, Mike, my brother-in-law, was there to pretend to be another potential customer interested in a wheel for a '94 Toyota Takoma. That I drive a '91 Toyota Terrell made his cover even more perfect. Lauren overheard how much the tire guy was going to sell the rim for and leaped into action. Certain she could find a better deal, she took over the phone duties. Equally certain she could, I stood back and watched in awe. She located a compatible donor at Gila Car Wrecks (well, it was something like that, but when we saw it's dilapidated sign, we renamed it "Gil's") for a much better price. We headed out to Tempe (then through Tempe as Gil's is in an unincorporated zone) to take a look.

The wheel at Gil's seemed a very good match, and I offered to buy it right away. Lauren wondered if we couldn't trade in the flattened spare and get a few bucks knocked off the cost of the rim. "I have those things stacked this high in the back," said Gil (well, he could have been named Gil). That's when I swung into action. "Will you just take it for free?" I said with authority. "Sure," said Gil. You see, Lauren isn't the only one in the family who can play hard ball.

Anyway, we asked Gil if he knew of a good place to get an alignment. He recommended a place in Mesa and we headed out. We couldn't find the place he suggested, but there was a mechanic in the neighborhood so we gave them a shot. We probably should have literally shot them, because the first thing they did upon obtaining my car keys was to allege the car wouldn't start. This would be a problem in the future, but as of then, starting was one of the things my car still did well. Lauren and I exchanged a doubtful look and went out to see what was going on. The lid was open and about three mechanics were looking inside while one sat behind the steering wheel and revved. The engine would not turn over until Lauren got in and started it. Told you she was a problem solver.

The guys drove it into the shop and lifted it upon one of those posts and looked at the wheel. It wobbled. "Your wheel is wobbling," he told us. I told him the story of the late lamented tire that used to be there, and he said, "That's your problem." Lauren suggested he exchange that wheel for the spare, which he did. Then we got the bill—sixteen dollars for what was essentially a change of a wheel. The gentleman from Kentucky who changed it in the first place did it for free! Lauren talked the owner down to six dollars, which was much better, but still a rip. The mechanic did make one important discovery. The tire on the rim I just bought was smaller than the other tires on the car. I thought I could probably live with that, but Lauren said it should be changed, so back to Gil's we went.

When we got there, we realized the wheel had to be removed so the tire could be changed, so we set about doing that. Okay, Lauren did most of it. When we got the wheel off, this punk kid appeared at the top of the stairs which led to Gil's front door. "You can bring that right up here," he said. "No, *you* can bring it up," Lauren riposted. Chivalry will not die as long as she has anything to do with it. The kid came down and got the tire and we followed him in the shop. Soon he came back with another tire that Lauren rejected as being too worn. "This is the only one I could find," he protested. Lauren gave him a look and Gil told him to try again. Finally, he came back with one all found acceptable, and he applied it to the wheel, then the wheel to the car. I had an appointment to get the tires aligned that afternoon, but I canceled it because I was tired of car stuff.

End of Act One.

Act Two began soon after when I had my oil changed. I got one of those hundred dollar lifetime deals from Fletcher (formerly Cobre, until I sued their ass and took their name). As a courtesy/business ploy, the mechanics there gave my car a once over and found a problem with the brakes. Even I know brakes are important, so I gave them the go ahead to fix whatever it was. So, fine. In the next few weeks, I discover oil is coming out of my car way, way faster than I think it should, and since those Fletcher people had their hands in its innards last I figured they might be responsible. I was told they weren't responsible and then presented with a long list of maladies from which my car allegedly suffered, none of them related to an oil leak. When I mentioned that, the mechanic (you can just substitute "foul deamon" for "mechanic" until further notice) told me I must be thinking of the air conditioning fluid, as it looked something like oil when it leaked. I asked if that would make my "check oil" light go on, and he stomped back to take another look. "You have an oil leak, too," he said when he returned.

I became frantic. The status of my car seemed to have gone from outpatient to intensive care in less than an hour. Lauren wasn't there to protect me, so I threw myself on the dubious mercy of the ringleader. I asked him what were the most serious problems and when could they be remedied? A time and place was set.

Once these people got their clutches on my car *again*, they found another couple of problems that would be less expensive to fix now than later. They involved the "timing belt" and the "water pump", and since I had at least heard of these objects I told them to go ahead and do what they needed to do. When I picked up the car, they showed me the damaged parts they replaced. When I mentioned this to Lauren on the phone, she (who sometimes plays the role of that guy in red who sits on my left shoulder and whispers in my ear) said, "Are you sure they were from your car?" But the car did seem to be okay, at least until it started to gasp.

The poor thing had been losing spunk for some time, which I mentioned to the Fletcher people, and (Cont. on 6)

