

THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 5.....Helping You Look Younger Too9 March 9, 1999

The Cobra's Notes

The following are examples of early raves received by Vol. 4:

"This is what you do all day at work?" --Aunt Karolyn.

"Were you on pot?" --Granddad.

"You make nothing interesting!" --Leslie, and I'm pretty sure it was meant to be more complimentary than it came out.

"I haven't read it yet." --Mom.

There was also some moaning and groaning from Pat and Shane when they saw how many words were on the pages, especially the last couple, but I'm not sure how to spell it.

I cannot tell you how gratifying this job is sometimes.

You may notice a new look for this issue of (or should that be from?) **THE NOSE**, bestowed upon it by guest editor Bunny Gonzales, an ASU anthropology student who is working for food. We thank Ms. Vep for her work on the January edition, and she seemed quite pleased by the initial reader response, but when faced with the complaint by Scott that the *even* numbered *Star Treks* are the superior ones, she snarled and stormed out of the office. Also, now that I think of it, she may have gone underground after incorrectly reporting Jana's New Year's resolution—which was to lose *three* pounds and not the amount listed in the last issue. I sure would have.

Speaking of resolutions, I'll bet you were just wondering how mine were coming along. So glad you asked! I have become quite devoted to my lip liner and shelled out some really big bucks for long lasting lip color (I don't think you're allowed to call it "lipstick" if it costs more than five dollars). The name of the lip color is "Vixen," which isn't particularly evocative, at least not of a color, but if you saw *Hurlyburly*, Anna Pauqin's lips are just that color.

As to the other matter, well, that's really exciting. Just yesterday I finally found and snatched up the Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers box set. It was a bargain, too, with a cost breakdown of \$6.33 per cd for six cds plus a big book of liner notes and photos, or if you prefer, that's 92 songs for an average price of \$.42 per song plus the book (because come to think of it, I don't think I'll charge myself for the photos because pound for pound, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers are quite a homely band). Ah, readers—if only I could I give you the gift of Tom Petty Appreciation. I know some of you already have it (you are my favorites), but some of you *resist*. That must end. Listen to this: "I want to glide down over Mulholland/ I want to write her name in the sky/ I want to free fall out into nothing/ I want to leave this world for a while." In one stanza, Petty conveys a complicated response toward the parallel freedoms and restrictions of romantic attraction that DH Lawrence has been flogging for 270 pages (and counting) of *Women in Love*. Have you read that book? On the back cover, it is said to be "An analytical study of sexual depravity" and "an epic of vice." If only! What it is so far is page after page of "I love him! I hate him! I love her! I hate her!" I'm plugging away, fingers crossed, hoping it will live up to it's hype. Is *Lady Chatterly's Lover* any better?

But I digress.

Everybody get or get out a copy of *Full Moon Fever* and listen to it right now. And if you can figure out how Tom makes that sound, let me know. ☿☿☿☿☿☿☿



Melanie's Migratory Patterns

In other news, modern technology gave itself another reason to exist when I got a message via fax from the always delightful "Molly Mormon appearing yet tough as nails semi-goddess" Melanie Calkins! In it, she threatened to kick my ass a number of times for a variety of offences. I'm getting that more and more these days. But the big news is Melanie is joining the ranks of the ex-Olympians! (That's why she's only a semi-goddess, I suppose.) She's moving on to Zion's National Bank, which means she's in danger of becoming like the poor messed up dad in *Mary Poppins*. Be strong, Melanie! On the other hand, I don't recall Mr. Banks ever flashing anybody, so there is an up side. Anyway, she will be in the wire transfers department, which means she will be authorized to send free money to her friends. I have already made my order.

The above drawing is Melanie's rather uncanny vision of your humble Cobra-in-Chief with a colander on her head. It is reminiscent of William Blake, is it not? So to all of you who phoned her in the dead of night urging her to get it submitted, thank you and behold the fruit of your efforts. ☿☿☿☿

Update... I finished *Women in Love*, and while the characters do start sleeping around and killing each other toward the end, I found myself insisting to the spirit of DH Lawrence that it was too little too late. I've had it with reading about drippy English types, anyway. Next books on my list: *The Thin Red Line* and *A Man in Full*—AMERICANS. ☿☿☿☿

An Outing of Anthropological Interest

Last Tuesday night, I ventured out into the world of fun. Significantly, it was to see a group called Pazport, which is composed of three gorgeous women who sing and dance, plus some chubby men. I am thinking of naming them the Official Band of **THE COBRA'S NOSE**, especially if Cake keeps failing to return my calls. Pat, who is enamoured with the most exotic of the women, and Shane, who, well—never mind—were my guides and protectors where music and dancing are always the fashion. Now as you know, I have the good fortune to know many cool people. I can't figure it out either. But it makes my evenings out with them seem like espionage, a spy in the land of Withitia. On this occasion, I even went out to shop for an appropriate costume at Ross Dress for Guess How Little I Paid For This?(And It Shows). I got a long knit shirt with long sleeves and a zippered neck—black. With a black slit skirt I figured I would be as close to looking like Mrs. Emma Peel as I ever would in this life. So I suited up and headed out.

The club where the girls perform every Tuesday night is called Axis. When I planned to drive there the first time, Pat told me it was on either Saddlebag or Buckboard and I laughed and laughed until I realized he was serious and those really were street names in Scottsdale, and suddenly I just felt sad. This time I forgot what Saddlebag and Buckboard were connected to and found myself circling around those streets where tiny medical offices sit next to tiny attorneys' offices next to slightly larger galleries and shops where you can buy coyotes wearing kerchiefs stamped on napkin rings, candle holders, money clips, etc. Then WHOOP, there it is. It really is quite a happening spot, with lots of neon, valet service, and a tricked out Ladies' Room with combs and hairspray and snacks and an attendant who ignores you if you don't look like the sort of person who will tip big to get a towel. I got there before Pat, so I had a chance to survey the club denizens from the balcony.

Despite my B.S. (a fitting couple of letters) in Anthropology, my understanding of human nature and behavior is almost nil. Pat, though, can read a scene better than anybody I know and I try to emulate him. There was a lot of uncomfortable body language happening down there: crossed arms and legs, downcast eyes, beers held defensively in front of bodies. I made a mental note to be more poised when I was among them. My reverie of scientific observation was disturbed by an oval shaped blond guy who wanted to make sure I wasn't contemplating throwing myself from the railing. Not being one to find a *Titanic* reference irresistible, I told him I was waiting for somebody and made a second mental note: Nerds attract nerds. When Pat finally arrived, I asked if he would impersonate my boyfriend if the blond guy returned. "No way," he said. "I'm going to impersonate Shalom's boyfriend." She's the exotic one.

Shane came in shortly thereafter, looking sleek. He expressed a desire to dance like the suave Latin guys and hit the floor. A suave Latin girl joined him almost immediately. I looked at the glass of Coke which rested on my crossed knee and made a third mental note: Good male dancers are a rare and valuable commodity. Pat was somewhat aloof up to this point, though he did dance for a while with Micheline (whom you might recognize from any number of bra and panty ads). The girls of Pazport can really move. They always dress in clothes of different styles but similar fabric, and always to maximum advantage. This was not lost on the group of burly men who stood in front of Pat and me, and I made a fourth observation: Burly men who compare women to food think they are being complimentary. The girls wore glitter all over their bodies and hair. Observation five: I have *got* to get some of that stuff for work.

After an hour or so, Pazport left the stage. Pat caught Shalom on the way out and asked her to accompany him to his ten year high school reunion. Pat couldn't have been more thrilled when she agreed. His idea is nobody will care about his recent history once they get a load of his date.



Shalom and her sisters had to leave, and they took at least 85% of Axis's appeal with them as far as Pat and Shane were concerned, so we headed over to Radius (another club which is attached to Axis). Radius has a lively dance floor with multicolored lights, a disco ball, and smoke machines. There was quite a bit of room on the floor as the hour was late, so Shane and Pat (who was invigorated by Shalom's acceptance) commenced shaking their groove thangs. Pat encouraged me to as well, but as I don't possess a groove thang (I don't even possess a groove thing) I clung to the wall and tried to work up a worldly hauteur. And I kept watch. Pat and Shane really do have some funky moves, especially compared with the other guys there who just staggered around a little and wouldn't lift their hands higher than their waists. Still, even those guys were more presentable than me when I was dragged out of my comfort zone and trotted around the floor by Pat. I was stiff and gawky and thought the ring of fat girls who swayed in the middle of the floor were more my speed. They probably wondered what my spinning leaping partner was doing with such a dud.

Shane ignored everybody, as did Pat when he wasn't persecuting me—both far too hip for the room. A rough mathematical formula began to take shape in my brain: Their disinterest in the surrounding females was conversely proportionate to the surrounding females' interest in them. The persistence of their disdain for the females was directly proportional to the increase of their personal stock, so to speak, of desirability.

I finally pleaded my early work schedule and was permitted to leave in time to catch the end of "Loveline" on the radio as I drove home. There are anthropological insights galore to be found on "Loveline," which is the main reason I listen to it—research. I have already turned my notes concerning this evening's activities over to Ms Gonzales. I'm certain they are the basis of an A paper that's just waiting to happen. §§§§§§§§

Approaches to Problems

When I have a problem to solve or a confession to make (say, about the car) I often turn to my family for help. I have to be careful whom I choose because their responses are markedly different from each others', though consistent to themselves.

If I go to Mom, she considers the situation from all angles, identifies the main problem, then goes onto identify up to twenty complications which I hadn't thought of and which put me in an anxious state. At this point, I either spend the night wandering around the house like the Throbbtfoot Spectre or call somebody else.

If I call Lauren, she lends a sympathetic ear and tells me, "You wouldn't have this problem if you still lived in Utah."

If I go to Pat, he rolls his eyes and snorts and tells me he can't believe I'm making such a fuss over this trivia. If I persist in fretting about the problem, he raises his hand as if he's going to slap some sense into me. (If only it were that easy.)

Needless to say, Pat is the possessor of my darkest secrets, such as they are. §§§§§§§§



This a projection of me with my future nose and my future husband Jim Caviezel.

and glamorous, particularly in that smart gray suit. Conservation biology might just have to wait until she is through dazzling the world, though I suppose she could be its activist/spokesmodel.

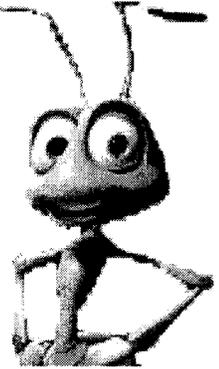
I have also been keeping an eye on the table in front of me. Those women have downed about fifty cocktails. No joke! They are building a sort of lopsided pyramid out of the plastic Champaign glasses. They have also been photographed several times by some sort of fashion page type who has one of those anti red eye cameras. The stand perfectly still for about a minute making perfect s-curves with their bodies and don't even flinch when the flash goes off, even though it has approximately the same magnitude as a supernova. I find myself blinking away red dots long afterwards but they seem completely unfazed.

By now I've been here for over an hour (that pyramid is getting pretty tall), and I ask a waitress when the show will start. She says anytime now, inside. Inside? I thought the models were going to stroll around the tables on the patio. I saw Lauren Bacall do that in a movie where she was a model, so it really didn't seem *that* unreasonable. I make my way to the packed inside. Leslie, who spoke so glowingly about **THE COBRA'S NOSE** a couple of pages back, is there, getting hit on by this creepy middle aged guy who sports the jeans-jacket-black-tee-shirt-and-silver-necklace combo, but with Lee Iacocca glasses that kill whatever modicum of cool he was going for. Leslie ignored him pretty resolutely, but he didn't mind at all. She kneels on a chair to gain a tiny bit of height, and rests her hands on the back of the chair. She lets me know when her hands come into contact with a butt crack or crotch and makes an "Ew" face, and this is often because her hands are just at that level. What am I supposed to do with this data? Couldn't she just move her hands?

Then the show starts, and it's glam glam glam. Shalom and her sisters stalk down the runway then stop to strike poses. I'm fascinated. Their movements are part Bob Fosse, part charmed snake. Their hair is shaped like light bulbs. When they leave, Fonzie (that dude I told you about, Jana) comes out wearing a cowboy hat and mirrored jacket, which he drops off his shoulders so the women at the end of the runway can ogle his tattoos. Then comes this willowy Latin guy who is reminiscent of TheArtistFormerlyKnowAsPrince, but without the gritty mien. Then here comes Pat—prowling like a tiger, snarling like Billy Idol. At least until he sees me waving from the back of the room and shouting "Woo hoo" He smiles and waves at me, which I think is against the rules. I hope it doesn't get him in trouble. He is dressed in shiny clothes and has really tall hair. He tells Leslie and me later that his hair was originally styled to suggest an ice cream cone, but he nixed that idea. (I might give it a try someday, though.) Of course, he is the handsomest, surliest, most beguiling person in the room.

The show doesn't last very long and there are long gaps (apparently, the models have to scamper across the Goldwater Blvd. to change their clothes). Lestlie's hands keep getting bumped by *you know what*. But all in all, a fascinating brush with fashion. §§§§§

Congratulations, Patrick McGovern for correctly naming *A Bug's Life* as the source of last issue's quote of the month!



Fa Fa Fa Fa Fashion

SCOTTSDALE—I am reporting to you from an invitation only fashion show that I know about because my brother is one of the beautiful people. I am actually surrounded by beautiful people now as I wait for the show to start. Everybody is thin, they all have hair lacquered so resolutely you could bounce a quarter off of it, and even in the near darkness I can tell all of the women (and at least a few of the men) are much more skilled with the lip liner than I am. I wish I could say my **COBRA'S NOSE** press credentials impressed the gate keeper and he waved me right on through, but the truth is I don't know why he let me in. Maybe so the beautiful people would feel even better about themselves. I hope it doesn't get him in trouble.

This is the second fashion show I've attended in the past few months, because, as you know, I am related to many gorgeous people. (I can't figure it out either.) The other gorgeous person in the family who is also a model is my cousin Laurelyn—daughter of my blessed Aunt Karolyn, with whom I watched Laurelyn's show. Watching my aunt was nearly as exciting as there was always the threat that she might jump up on stage and wrap a table cloth around a lingerie model or one of the Dancing Tramps who performed before the show and at half time. I aurelvn was terrific—very stern



Who has the Coolest, Bravest, most Awe Inspiring Mom? Me.

Just in Case You Thought I Couldn't Get any Geekier

But you weren't laboring under that impression, were you? I try not to put that sort of limitation on myself. In fact, this week I set up camp on a foothill of the Everest of Nerddom in—get this—Creating My Own Web Page. *Excelsior!*

I am very enthusiastic (and unbearably full of myself) at having put a picture and a few words on the World Wide Web. Now, I see it two obstacles stand between me and www.success.com. First is my colossal ignorance of how these web dealies work, but that is being undone with the invaluable assistance of Mr Enigma. The second is far thornier. How do I overcome the Who-Gives-a-Rat's-Ass-Factor without going as far as that person who put a 24 hour camera in her dorm room and broadcast her life on line. (Sure, she got on NPR as a result, but, come on.)

So I don't know how it's going to turn out, but if you want to keep tabs on it, go to www.geocities.com/Hollywood/Land/2774/ and let me know what you think. ☺☺☺☺☺☺

Digestional Rescue

SALT LAKE CITY—They say you can't get blood from a Stone, but you can feed one. Okay, nobody ever said that last part, but if you were either Sue or Bill Zierle a few weeks back you would have had the opportunity to do it. Feed a Stone, that is. Maybe I should start from the beginning. When The Rolling Stones stayed in Salt Lake as part of their current concert tour, Bill and Sue were on hand to feed Mick, Keith, Ron, and Charlie omelets and stir fry, which according to Bill caused them all to jump and flash because they had gas gas gas.

Bill also reports that Keith Richards had a personal stash of about 2,000 cartons of Marlboro Lights. Gee, I would never have figured him as a smoker. ☺☺☺☺☺☺

Another Update

I've been reading *The Thin Red Line* and can hardly tell you what a nice change of pace it is from those prissy English novels I'd been slogging through. It's a book about war which has in the first half had far more sexual content than *Women in Love*, which is allegedly about sex. What more can I say, but USA! USA! ☺☺☺☺☺☺

Fearless Movie Recommendation

Every now and then a movie comes along that is so heartfelt and sincere that if you proclaim a dislike for it you are immediately placed among Satan's legions. I am currently doing time in that camp for publicly disdaining *Life is Beautiful* and it's really not so bad (the legions, I mean). But if any of you want to join me, just try to resist *October Sky*.

Now *October Sky* will probably not change your life or how you read a film (see *The Thin Red Line* for that). But this story of four boys from a coal town who see amateur rocket building as a potential ticket out of the mines manages to be both upstanding and fun, though on a relatively small scale—a *Right Stufflette* without the cynicism.

What else can I tell you? I laughed, I cried, I was so damn happy to see the rockets go up. And if I'm exposing my inner softie, so be it. Give this movie a spin and let me know if it got to you. If not, I'll save you a place in outer darkness. ☺☺☺☺☺☺



Cookin' with Cobra

A bag full of Almond Joys in the freezer makes for a delicious and refreshing high-fiber snack.



Refrigerator Magnet Poetry Corner

Death

In a blue suit

Sitting by the t.v.

Drooling in his sleep...

--Lee Follett

I would like to see Refrigerator Magnet Poetr Corner become a regular feature in **THE COBRA'S NOSE**, so get busy in the kitchen. -pub.

My Esenapaj Rac

My dear, dear car. I feel I should send it a positive vibe from time to time. But it's not perfect. It wobbles just a bit more than I think is seemly when I drive over—well, too fast, and coughs when it feels a chill. I was informed with maximum sarcasm by Scott that these problems don't exist solely because my car has a catalytic converter. Apparently, a lot of them do. But unless I get a bunch of alarmed e-mails regarding these issues, I'm inclined to label them "acceptable eccentricities" and drive in bliss.

An eccentricity I find less acceptable is my car's occasional failure to start as quickly as it should. This has happened twice in the past few weeks, and I'm not unwilling to admit that it could be my fault. Maybe I should have given it more gas at a vital moment, or revved with more enthusiasm than I did. Anyway, with a little patience, it comes around and runs just fine.

Pat was in the car with me the first time this happened, and he seemed to instinctively understand the situation and waited patiently for its happy resolution. Perhaps just so I wouldn't take Pat for granted, I was in the second instance treated to "help" unhappily all too typical to persons of Pat's gender. Picture it: I was pulling out of a parking space outside of Blockbuster when my car stalled between R and 1. This was pretty embarrassing as it was a Friday night and lots of dateless types were renting videos and cruising for parking spots. I was doing sort of auto whisperer therapy with my car when this weedy guy stops right behind me, runs over and indicates that I should roll down my window and prepare to receive some wisdom from him. His advice consisted of the phrases, "Try starting it again," "Turn off the lights and radio" (they already were off), "Give it some more gas," and "Try starting it again." Eventually, the car did start, and as this guy *had been* the one to tell me to "try again," he fairly glowed with pride at having rescued a helpless female. Before he went back to his own car, which was poised to take my parking space as soon as I vacated it, he recommended I not smash into the SUV that just pulled out in front of me.

Now, I've been informed that my attitude toward this encounter is rooted in female chauvinism and ignorance, and I'd be hard pressed to deny either allegation. So, let's here from the men of **THE COBRA'S NOSE** (note to myself: calendar proposal?) readership: What would your reaction be to a female (and you aren't allowed to imagine Michelle Pfeiffer or somebody gorgeous in this role, in fact, nobody prettier than Kathy Bates) giving you automotive advice no more profound than "Try it again" and make gender based assumptions about whether you are driving a stick shift or automatic? I mean it guys, let me know. §§§§§§§§

Kubrick Quiz

Although I am saddened by the recent death of filmmaker Stanle Kubrick, that won't stop me from initiating the rumor that he was actually murdered by the agent of Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman because he demanded they return to England to do some more work on *Eyes Wide Shut*. Now for a quic Kubrick quiz:



- 1) Identify the character in the picture to the right.
- 2) Identify the source of the following quote: "%^##@*!! \$%&^#@^! amphibian **&(\$\$#!!!!!?&*!!!!!"
- 3) About which Kubrick film did Steven Spielberg quip, "I liked it, but it was kind of like touring the Prado without lunch."
- 4) Which film was voluntarily withdrawn from England b Kubrick due to complaints about it's violent content?

Answers in the middle of the page. §§§§§§§§

Update Number Three

I have renamed my infamous co-worker now known as The Pain. Until further notice, she shall officially be called The Self Important Old Bidy, or TSI OB. All legal documents shall reflect this change. In casual speech and unofficial written correspondence, however, "The Pain" shall be recognized as before.

The Pill shall continue to be known as The Pill, although "lcky lcky lcky P'tang" will also be recognized as a reference to her in casual speech and correspondence.

Thank you for your time and attention. §§§§§§§§

- 1) Dr. Strangelove, 2) *Full Metal Jacket* (Sgt. Hartman), 3) *Barry Lyndon*, 4) *A Clockwork Orange*

Evidence of a Youth not Misspent Enough

One of the great joys of the past few weeks, which has needed them badly, has been the opportunity to visit with family members whom I don't see often enough. An unanticipated drawback has been my thorough humiliation in playing pool with my cousin Brett. (Cue the theme to *Jaws*.) Now, I like pool, and every now and then when I manage to get one of those balls in a pocket I feel the glory—it's like John Updike's description of a perfect swing in a game of golf. But my game has been so so off lately--beyond pathetic. "What *is* that odor?" you may have wondered last Thursday night. It was my pool playing. If it weren't for Brett's fortunate (for me) proclivity of scratching on the eight from time to time, I would be stuck in ball racking purgatory for hours on end. By the time he got through with me Thursday, I was giddy with dismay over my performance. Meanwhile, Pat had been getting creamed by our cousin Kristine (Brett's sister, whose playing has been known to force competitors into retirement), so we changed partners and Pat got to reclaim some self esteem at my expense.

But it wasn't easy. I could tell by the words that issued out of him (I say the same words every time the phone rings at work) that he wasn't pleased with his performance, or mine for that matter. He even told me I didn't have to play badly on his account, which was flattering. I was still stinking up the joint pretty bad, but the comparison wasn't as unflattering this time. Don't get me wrong, Pat can be a real shark when he is in groove and casting his mojo all over the place. This was just not one of his nights. After a while, Brett and Kristine took off and Pat challenged me to air hockey, which I must say is a prince among sports. Not that I'm any better at it than pool. In fact, my main strategy was putting my paddle thing about half way across the goal opening and hoping the puck would just sort of bounce off of it. That worked amazingly well as long as Pat kept scoring points against himself by knocking the puck into his own goal. He got that habit under control eventually, alas, and I had to play with a bit more vigor. I even broke a sweat, which was more than I ever managed in a game of pool. Still, I crave basic barfly competence. Maybe my future home will give me an edge.... §§§§§§§§



88.

As by the dead we love to sit,
Become so wondrous dear—
As for the lost we grapple
Tho' all the rest are here—

In broken mathematics
We estimate our prize
Vast—in its fading ratio
To our penurious eyes!

--Emily Dickinson

Fratrilocality

As you may have noticed, I have been living in a place where luxuries like using the phone or receiving mail have not been an option. This is as close to the hardships I heard about anthropologists going through when they studied the Yanamamo or some other bunch of savages as I ever want to get. I suppose I could make some academic hay of the situation by studying my roommates, but on the other hand, nah. If everything goes as planned though, you may be able to respond to let's say Vol. 7 to my new address which I will be sharing with Pat and Shane in Tempe. I will be in the *big* bedroom, thank you very much, and I expect my policy of leaving said room only when I either have to go to work or am very hungry to remain intact. Until that happy day, you may send your cards and letters (and I do realize I mostly mean Garrett here since he is my most faithful and prolific correspondent) care of my darling brother, that is:

C/o Patrick "The Body" McGovern
2128 E 10th Street, #3
Tempe, AZ 85205

Or e-mail me at shmcgovern@ikon.com

I hereby release my splendid Aunt Karolyn with a vote of thanks for her months of service in the noble endeavor of receiving my mail. I would ask that if any stray letters addressed to me find their way to her that she would continue to shelter and protect them, unless they are from the Scottsdale PhotoCop (in which case you know what to do). §§§§§§§§

Lists to Live By

The official songs of Vol. 5 are "Gimme Some More" by Busta Rhymes, "My Name Is" by Eminem, and "No Exit" by Blondie with Coolio. (Did I ask if you liked rap?) The Top Ten List for Vol. 5 is "Goats," "Belching Dogs," and "Bobby Hill." (I know, I know--but I couldn't top "Belching Dogs".) The official profanity substitute for Vol. 5 is "Oh, for the love of crumb cake" (which narrowly defeated the early favorite, "Suffering cats!"). Finally, in light of having seen *The Thin Red Line*, a revision of my favorite movies of 1998 list is in order: everything is off except *The Thin Red Line* and *A Bug's Life* (though it's compromised by that miserable Randy Newman song.) Until next time, happy hissing! §§§§§§§§

There Are Some Secrets...

I understand the principles behind certain secrets, and appreciate why not every body has to have access to every thing. The research done at Los Alamos is a good example, and for some reason I can't help thinking that ignorance of Michael Landon's bed wetting history could have gone on indefinitely with no ill effects. I think this is different than healthy candor, along the lines of, "Yes, I watched *Ed* because I'd heard that Jim Caviezel was in it, but I swear I turned it off when he was cut from the team after the chimp joined." Actually, it's good to get that off my chest. But the logic behind the Fort Knox security that surrounds the creamer and sugar where I work is beyond me.

I don't know exactly how many of you work with the coffee dependant, but an absence of creamer and/or sugar in their lives is of seismic significance. I'm one of the first to arrive in my building, so I always get to the creamer and sugar with no problem. But when we run out, I get to observe what their lack does to my co-workers. Early in the day when there are not so many of them around, they wander the halls moaning like specters. As the morning wears on, they find each other and move in packs, and ask each passerby with more insistence where they can find creamer and sugar. I know of a small cache of these items in the kitchen and have a stash of my own, but when these are depleted the only other source is under lock and key. Yes—imprisoned like dangerous criminals. And deterrent theories work no better in this case—people do not want them or use them less because they are difficult to get. In fact, the abundance and accessibility of these items is a notion positively *cherished* around here, and I can't imagine any of our caffeine zombies giving it up *just* because it isn't true.

I'm not a political type of person and I know in my heart that I won't do anything to bring to pass the liberation of the creamer and sugar, other than wish wish wish it were so. But when I was told I had to find a better hiding place for my stash because the secret was evidently out, I was bewildered. I don't work in a high security area. In fact, people pretty much ransack my desk whenever they have a mind to, though they have negotiate a layer of toys and trash to do so. And if people beg me for creamer and sugar, I will continue to just point at the appropriate drawer and go back to reading *USAToday* on the internet. I just think that there is some information that needs to be free. §§§§§§§§