

THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 6

The Newsletter of the Millenium

26 April, 1999

The Cobra's Notes

The first of the reader response to Vol. 5 is in, so without further ado:

"It was pretty good, I guess." Morn

"I don't like Tom Petty." Scott Rowley

"I like Tom Petty." New and valued subscriber Andrew Norris

"Why do you work here?" Doesn't-Like-Tom-Hanks Janet Herman (I'm trying to read this in the best possible light)

"I haven't read it yet." Mr. Enigma

But from the majority of you I heard, " ." Come on, people, throw me a friggin' *bone*. After some late night soul searching, I decided editor Bunny Gonzalez was to blame, and would have fired her if she hadn't preemptively muttered the Yanamamo phrase which roughly translates as "Bite me" waved her Pell Grant acceptance letter under my nose and flounced out of my office.

I've had a devil of a time finding a replacement for her. None of those other will work for food types seems to be sincere. I've even tried to contact Ms. Vep, but she has caller ID and you know how that goes. Don't you? I think I saw her at the Love and Rockets concert (more about that over there →) but couldn't catch her eye.

So, in desperation, I've decided to give Sharon McGovern (known around here as "She Who Put the Wrong Zip Code on Everybody's Newsletter") another shot. *Don't* make me regret this, McGovern.

I sometimes get the impression the Microsoft pointer finger is flipping me off. Does that make me paranoid or just unusually observant?

Sharon McGovern



Publisher/Lead Correspondent
Editor Pro Tem/Cobra in Chief



Let's See Some Hands!

As mystifying as their lack of fame is to me, Love and Rockets' relative obscurity has its advantages. For instance, their venues are clubs instead of stadia, and they visit suburbs such as Mesa instead of only cities with names people who live outside the state would recognize. They last stopped in on March 20th at the Nile Theater, a name which evokes images of the grand old movie palaces of yore, but which has been stripped down to a cement box with lousy acoustics. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Even from this distance I can read the question burning on your brain: What did you wear?

I selected my Emma Peel garb from vol. 5, accented it with pewter jewelry fashioned in the shapes of bones, and of course really big hair. Pat was dressed quite like he was at the Serious fashion show, in a black translucent button up shirt with big cuffs and brown vinyl pants. When we stopped at our sensational Aunt Carolyn's house (she was kind enough to look after Sophia for the night), she asked if we were going to a Halloween concert, which was totally validating, but then she said we both looked very nice which undercut the outlaw appeal somewhat.

The crowd was quite diverse, from very ornate goths in bustiers and lace to a woman who had one of those rear ends that looked as if it had been applied with an ice cream scoop and (Cont. on 6)

Official Wench of **THE COBRA'S NOSE**

A few weeks back, Mom, Sophia and I traveled as if back through time to the Renaissance Fair, yea verily yea. Almost immediately upon arrival, we went to the tiara store to get Sophia a proper marker of her stature. After some consideration we selected one that had blue and purple beads with blue and purple veils. We told her how fetching it was, and she asked if it was the best. "The best in the whole fair," we said, but that wasn't enough. "Ever?" she pressed.

My favorite character from the fair was the cheerwench for our section during the noon joust. She was decked out in a black leather hat and vest, and there was something about her that made me think that if she was jousting for our section we would have done much better. "WHEN I RAISE THIS HAND, YOU ARE TO SAY 'HUZZAH!' IF YOU SAY 'HURRAH' OR 'HURRAY', I WILL BEAT YOU," she said. Naturally, a bunch of yahoos in the bleachers, doubtless high on meade, started screaming both "hurray" and "hurrah" with abandon. Which makes me wonder, where were you Shane, Garrett, Mr Enigma, and Lee that day? ☺☺☺☺☺☺

Welcome to My World— Provided You Can Find It

The conversation started reasonably enough, with the caller asking if she should take Scottsdale Road all the way to Bell Road.

"No, it would be better to turn right on the Greenway-Hayden Loop," I say.
"Greatway?"

"No, the Greenway-Hayden Loop."

"Oh, *Hayden!*" Some geographical details might be in order here. There is a Greenway Road that intersects Scottsdale Road about a quarter mile short of Greenway - Hayden Loop, but it dead ends in the Air Park. There is also a Hayden Road that parallels Scottsdale Road until it seems to end at Frank Lloyd Wright. It doesn't, though—Greenway-Hayden Loop becomes Hayden Road just past Bell Road, but more *that* in a moment.

"No, the Greenway-Hayden Loop."

"Greatway?"

"No, the Greenway-Hayden Loop."

"Oh, Greenway!"

"No, the Greenway-Hayden Loop."

"Oh, I think I know where that is. Okay, I'm on Greenway, then what?"

"From *Greenway-Hayden*, you go through Frank Lloyd Wright...." I know the "though" seems a little sibilant, but after you go through Frank Lloyd Wright you have to turn right on Bell, which isn't hard all by itself, but Frank Lloyd Wright actually turns into Bell just past the Greenway-Hayden Loop. If you tell the caller to turn right on Bell, you are in for trouble because the *know* Bell is to the left. If they even ask for the name of the road onto which you want them to turn right you can bet the petty cash you've lost them already because they would not drive *through* Frank Lloyd Wright to get to Bell if you offered to pay them. If you threatened their families and their pets, they wouldn't do it. If you begged them to just trust you and take this tiny leap of faith so they could get to their job interview or sales pitch on time (their future is in the balance!), they would turn you down cold. I can't explain the phenomenon, but I've never seen it fail. They either insist on talking to somebody else who will give them the same directions (but they will believe the second witness, which is frustrating and unfair), or call you again when they are hopelessly lost.

"Greenway-Hayden...then what?"

"Go through Frank Lloyd Wright..."

"Frank Lloyd what?"

"Frank Lloyd Wright. Go *through* Frank Lloyd Wright and turn right at the next light."

"Okay, right at Frank Lloyd Wright?"

"No, *through* Frank Lloyd Wright, right at the next light."

"Right on Frank Lloyd Wright?"

"Will you please hold?"

I paged TSIQB (formerly known as The Pain) so she could deal with the problem. After all, she had contacted this interviewee (as it turns out) in the first place and it only seemed fair, but she didn't pick up the call.

"Okay," I say, "*Through* Frank Lloyd Wright, right at the next light. Then, turn left at Perimeter..."

"Right on Perimeter?"

"Left on Perimeter, then take the very next left. That's Hartford. We are just around the bend in the road on the left."

"And you are on Davenport?"

Bring me the head of the City Planner who named these streets. I would like to throw it at this caller.

Thirty minutes later, she calls back.

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

She never arrived. ☹☹☹☹☹

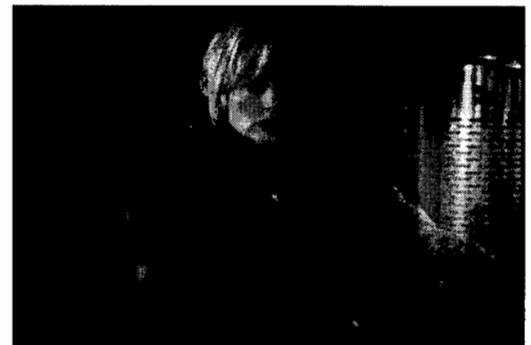
Obligatory Car Story

Shortly after the last issue of *THE COBRA'S NOSE* was unleashed upon you all, I got e-mails from the likes of Scott and my brother Chuck which said in essence, "You think *you* have car problems? Listen to what happened to *mine*." And I thought, "Poor saps. But I guess I really have been fortunate."

Now let me tell you what happens when you think those sorts of thoughts: you wind up sitting in the parking lot of a Peter Piper Pizza with a car that won't move, pretty sure the phenomenon is related to the horrific grinding sound you hear when you start to lift your foot off the clutch. I'm just guessing, but I have the queasy feeling that at least some of you readers are thinking, "Wow—that's really bad." Then again, maybe some others of you are thinking, "That car is the greatest muse since Patti Boyd Harrison Clapton." (You are my favorites.)

I don't have anything more to write until the folks at Buddy's Alignment and Auto Repair assess the damage. But let me just add I liked that name "Buddy" better when it was what we used to call Chuck, before it was given to the President's dog.

To be continued.... ☹☹☹☹☹



Sharon Flees Scottsdale
PhotoCop (Artist's Conception)

More Whining

When I get a call for somebody who is not working that day, or if a caller who was holding on a line (or "park", as we say in the biz) no longer seems to be, certain people (or "idiots", as we say in the biz) seem to think if they explain to me at length why they *need* to talk to the person who is not available to be talked to I could somehow conjure these missing persons out of thin air and make them available, doggone it. Well, I can't...I really can't. Since none of those people is even remotely cool enough to read my amazing newsletter, I feel comfortable telling them in this forum, "GET OVER IT!! LIFE IS PAIN!!!!"

Thank you all for your time, and for not being one of those infernal ninnies. ☹☹☹☹☹

Sharon's Cobra Soul Sister



Unsent

Lyrics by Alanis Morissette;

Music by Alanis Morissette and Glen Ballard

Dear Matthew I like you a lot I realize you're in a relationship
With someone right now and I respect that
I would like you to know that if you're ever single in the future
And you want to come visit me in California
I would be open to spending time with you and finding out how
Old you were when you wrote your first song
Dear Jonathan I liked you too much I used to be attracted to
Boys who would lie to me and think solely about themselves and
You were plenty self-destructive for my taste at the time I used
To say the more tragic the better the truth is
Whenever I think of the early 90's your face comes up with a
Vengeance like it was yesterday
Dear Terrance I love you muchly [sic]
You've been nothing but open hearted and emotionally available
And supportive and nurturing and consummately there for me
I kept drawing you in and pushing you away I remember
How beautiful it was to fall asleep on your couch and cry in
Front of you for the first time you were the best platform fro
Which to jump beyond myself what was wrong with me
Dear Marcus you rocked my world you had a charismatic
Way about you with the women and you got me
Seriously thinking about spirituality and you wouldn't
Let me get away with kicking my own ass but I could
Never really feel relaxed and looked out for around
You though and that stopped us from
Going any further than we did and it's kinda too bad because w
could've had much more fun
Dear Lou we learned so much I realize we won't be able to talk
For some time and I understand that as I do you
The long distance thing was the hardest and we did as well as we
Could we were together during a very tumultuous time
In our lives I will always have your back and be curious about you
And your career your whereabouts

Thank U, Alanis--Thank U.

But my vote for the official song of vol. 6 goes instead to the theme
fro *The Sifl and Olly Show* (rock). 🎸🎸🎸🎸

Once upon a dark night of the soul, I pondered the Deeper Meanings of **THE COBRA'S NOSE** as my personal manifesto on art, life, the universe. Was I reaching, *touching* my audience? Was I doing all I could to enable their progress to higher planes of existence, or was it just self indulgent frippery? Then, like a message from heaven, I heard the latest release from Canadian sensation Alanis Morissette and found a soul sister. If I ever had a doubt about the validity of addressing my close friends and family through a somewhat impersonal mass (and more massive every day, subscriptions are up up up!) mailing, I think, "Alanis has transformed *her* unmailed letters into a song to be included on the successor to one of the best selling albums of the 90s!" And it's not just wedged between catchy tunes on the new album, either—she unloosed raw it upon an entire planet of radio listeners and MTV viewers with fearless disregard for relevance, meter, or tunefulness. I copied the text from one of the Alanis worship sites which litter the world wide web as stars dot the sky. For melody, you may transpose the music given to the Articles of Faith in Primary, one of those songs Phoebe sings on *Friends*, or your best approximation of a Gregorian chant—any of which would be superior to the original.



An example of the Graphic Art of George Clinton.

What is a Booty and How do I Know if I'm Shaking It?

Every so often a concert comes along that you see at least in part for the benefit of posterity. I certainly don't want my future grand nieces and nephews to stop visiting me in my future retirement community because they learned I blew off a George Clinton concert in my relative youth. Kids of the future--what can you do? And besides, Pat convinced me that exposure to one third of the Holy Trinity of Funk might enable me to locate my long dormant Inner Funky Self. Stranger things have happened, and just because I can't think of any of them right off the top of my head should not be held against me.

The concert was held at the Celebrity Theater in Phoenix and attracted quite a diverse crowd, from little white rasta hippy kids, to very smartly dressed African Americans, to this scrawny black dude who wore a long white tunic and a golden turban. In the front of the seats Pat and I selected were these four corporate drones who stood stiffly throughout the entire concert despite the presence of a certain fragrant cigarette which they passed to one another and which at one point had security in our neighborhood sniffing the air. Next to us were a couple of girls who, apparently encouraged by the failure of the bar staff to ID anybody, made at least (Cont. on pg. 4)

(Cont. from 3) seventy five beer runs between the time Pat and I arrived and left, forcing us to make way for them every single time because we were on the aisle and because they were rude whippersnappers. But they got their comeuppance from (and were probably saved from alcohol poisoning by) the guys who sat behind them and surreptitiously drank their beverages whenever they got up to dance.

One of the many rewarding things about buying a ticket for a George Clinton concert is the presence of his entourage, the P-Funk All Stars. There are so many of them you really feel as though you are getting your money's worth, especially when the one dressed only in a diaper takes the stage. He was a bass player, as I recall, and was joined by a horn section, a couple of lead guitar players, a female back-up singer, and two guys who traded off on the drums. There was another character dressed in a loose pair of pants, sports coat, fedora, and, oh yeah, a mask with an eight or nine inch long nose. Yes, he did evince an awareness of the phallic implications of the appendage throughout the evening, but his actual function was unclear until a couple of hours into the show he removed his jacket, mounted the tower of speakers, and did his thing—which was being a contortionist. Well, what do you know!

If you're wondering why I'm taking so long to write about The Man Himself, it's because He took forever to appear. But George was definitely worth the wait. He looks like a lion from a Rousseau painting and everything about him is big. Big body, big head, big caftan, big dreads. His presence is so big that even his smallest gestures are lordly, a twist of his wrist, a shake of his braids, would be echoed and amplified by the audience until the hall reverberated with the motion. The economy of his movements not only emphasized that George Clinton is too cool to work up a sweat, but also that he was in for the long haul. "We'll be here all night, children," he said again and again, and I have to admit that over time these words took on an air of threat.

Posterity now begs to know if my Inner Funky Self made an appearance that night, and I can truthfully say, "Why yes it did—it came, it listened, it danced, it got bored, it left." After three solid hours of funk, George et al were still going strong, but I was flopped back in my chair, view obscured by the rigid row in front of me and really tired of making way for the ever tispier girls. So Pat and I bailed early, and I at least learned a little something about my funk saturation point, and that a boot ain't nothing but a butt. ☹☹☹☹☹

Her Name is Veronica

Please join me in welcoming back from the edge of the earth Veronica Zolotoochin! She wrote me the nicest letter which I haven't answered yet because suck. So if you see her around Salt Lake (she has a big orange coat and works downtown) give her a big hug for me. I'll write a real letter soon, Veronica, swear. *swear.* ☹☹☹☹☹

One Monday's Futile Sojourn

A few Mondays ago, I was in search of a clean, well lighted place where I could go after work and avoid traffic while I read a book or worked on **THE NOSE**, or whatever it took to cop the look of Keith Carradine in *The Moderns*. Even if you haven't seen *The Moderns*, I'll bet you know the look—as if I was writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or something. I gave myself only one guideline: Not Starbucks. You see, I'm selective about the cliches I want to embody, and I was going for Pretentious Artiste over Half Calf Mocha Vente Espresso, or whatever the incantation is that gets service instead of snickers from the staff. I wish I could swing the kind of hautiness they get away with there, geez. So anyway, I drove and drove in ever widening circles wondering how Pat manages to find these places and how could I lure him out here to scout the neighborhood and have him just assign me a hangout, when I come across an Einstein Brother's Bagel joint. It is not far away from where I work, is cheap and relatively anonymous, and yet not too pathetic and tacky. One drawback: right next door is a, you guessed it, Starbucks. But the chairs and tables in front of the Einstein Brother's are a different style than those belonging to *that other place*, so after ordering then diluting then sloshing all over my hands a certain hot beverage, I took a seat outside of Einstein Brother's, not Starbucks, and proceeded to look ostentatious. I think I was enjoying a certain amount of success when Einstein Brother's closed and a pimply clerk came out and chained all of their tables and chairs together. I wasn't finished being pretentious yet! But what can I tell you other than I succumbed to that fate to which we will all succumb eventually—I moved over to Starbucks territory. I don't know who worked the deal or what supernatural forces might have been involved, but I'm pretty certain that Starbucks has more than it's fair share of gravity, and that it's pointless to resist it. ☹☹☹☹☹

The Haunting of Herman House

The Janet *Not* Fun Fact for Vol. 6 (and you would know what I'm talking about if you ever visited my web site, www.geocities.com/Hollywood/Land/2774/) is her impending abandonment of IKON in Scottsdale for the soggy brown pastures of Pennsylvania. To the left is a picture of her future house. As you can see, it is haunted by the Throttlefoot Spectre, who coincidentally is the Official Ghost of **THE COBRA'S NOSE**. We hope T.S. will prove troublesome enough to drive Janet out of her home and back to Arizona, with maybe a book and movie contract in her possession.

For some reason, though, I think we have more reason to predict Janet will drive T.S. away, which means he will be in need of a place to live in, say, June. If you feel you can open your heart and home to this soon to be wandering spirit, he can be contacted care of this publication. ☹☹☹☹☹



Continued

Okay, when you left me I was in the parking lot of a Peter Piper Pizza waiting for a tow truck. Now imagine wavy lines are partially obscuring this paper for the next couple of seconds, for I'm going to take you back in time, ah, how clearly I remember.... Okay, now we're in the parking lot of the UA Theaters (where nothing good is playing) pulling out of a space. When I turn the steering wheel this tremendous crunching/grinding noise emanates from the front right hand side of the car, as if a shoebox made of sheet metal had been sucked into the wheel well and it was tearing into everything it touched. I stopped the car and looked for the box, but finding nothing I went to Plan B—pretend nothing is wrong and maybe the noise will go away on its own. I almost immediately proceeded to Plan C—call work and see if somebody will rescue me. Plan C (unlike Plan B) has been useful in the past, but this time the advice I got from A Well Intentioned But Ultimately Clueless Co-Worker But On The Other Hand He Was Working With Sharon Derived Facts So We Should Cut Him Some Slack But Then Again His Advice Was Way Way Off So He Shall Remain Nameless was, "It sounds like a clutch problem, but not a bad one. Go ahead and drive it home." The car wouldn't move at all, so I had to scramble for Plan D. I surveyed the parking lot and beheld a Discount Tires. Thinking tires must be the first step towards Total Car Omniscience, I went there for help.

Although the tire guys couldn't help, they knew other guys who could. This was especially fortunate considering Plan E involved teleporting Lauren from Utah and I'm not sure the technology exists yet. They gave me card with numbers on them and let me use their phone, and were very pleasant throughout. Buy something from Discount Tires, alright? They were really nice.

So that brings us back to where we were, waiting for the tow truck. And let me tell you, that tow truck was something. I couldn't help but describe it everyone I met for the next couple of days, but I kept getting that slack jawed, heavy lidded, Homer Simpson look, so I won't go into it here, but call me at Pat's house and I'll tell you all about it, it was so cool. The tow guy asked what was wrong so I described the car's symptoms and recreated the noise for him. "Sounds like a broken half shaft," he said. I asked if this was an expensive malady, and when he named a figure well below a thousand dollars (I always choose a thousand dollars as a worse case dollar amount), I said that problem suited me. And off to Buddy's we went.

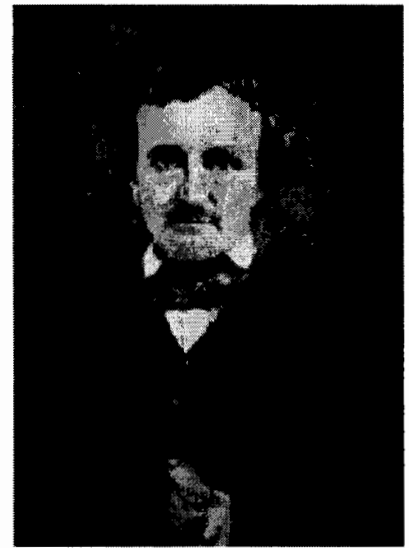
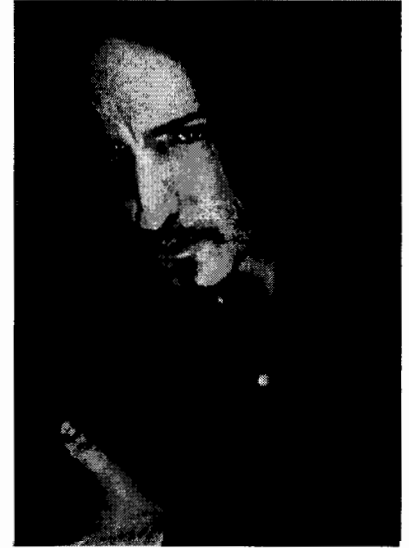
Buddy was a champ. He stayed late at the garage waiting for me, and when he predicted the same problem and dollar amount as the tow guy, I could have kissed him. He even gave me a ride to Café Nikos because I had arranged to borrow Pat's truck. I also wanted to brag about how well I was handling the whole car situation. "Look at how calm I am, Pat," I said. Then he point at my clenched fists and the veins popping out of both wrists. Nothing like a brother to blow your cool cover.

My car was repaired the next day, so that afternoon I had to drive from North Scottsdale where I work to Tempe where Pat lives so I could take him to work and still get back to my car before Buddy went home. Central Arizona had been subject to about ten drops of rain that afternoon so everybody on Hayden Road was in a state of alarm. Remember in *A Bug's Life* where the leaf falls in the middle of a line of ants and the poor drones are almost undone by panic? It was sort of like that. So I arrived at Pat's house in a fretful state which had no impact on him whatsoever. He showered, he played Free Cell, he watched the first part of *So I Married an Axe Murderer*, while I wondered how I was ever going to get back in time. But I needn't have worried; getting from his house to Café Nikos was faster than I would have thought possible--it was like traveling through a worm hole. When we got there and I told Nick of my plight, he was good enough to offer to take me to Buddy's so I wouldn't have to call a cab, and to share his views on the Kosovo crisis on the way.

From here, the story gets really boring, so I'll wrap it up. After I redeemed my car, I took it right to Burlington Coat Factory where I found the most wonderful raincoat for my Canada trip, but that is another story for another day ☺☺☺☺☺

COBRA QUIZ

Which of the following popular figures scares you most?



Naturally you will be awarded bonus points if you can identify these characters. Please respond to the address on Page 6. ☺☺☺☺☺

(Cont. from 1) who sported an unfortunate pair of white pants, a bright blue shirt, and hockey hair. Ms. Vep was all done up in vinyl like Carrie-Anne Moss in *The Matrix*. I'm pretty sure it was her—she didn't respond to the words "Woo hoo!" which would be typical.

The Orgy opened for L&R, and I thought they were fine, though Pat was dismissive because their sound is rooted in 80s techno rather than, like L&R, 70s glam. The singer did keep demanding, "LET'S SEE SOME HANDS!" which got a tich old, and insisted on addressing the crowd as "Phoenix". I had just enough civic pride to hiss, "Me sa" when he made the error, but harbor no illusions about having made an impression.

After an intermission, Love and Rockets took the stage, and in this uncertain world I'm always happy to report that not only does L&R honor their original haircuts, they have retained enough hair to support them. They began their set with a few long, languorous selections from their latest album, *Lift*. Aurally this was a pleasure, but it failed to generate much excitement in the audience. Everybody was terribly civil, no stage diving or moshing, but on the other hand there was no impetus to surge toward the stage and make a lot of noise either. I didn't even try to breach the protective ring of boyfriends that always tries to keep me two rows away from the stage, it just seemed...impolite. Besides, I was shod in fairly tall pumps (the concert was supporting *Lift*, ha ha), so I had no problem seeing the band. At any rate, when L&R got around to playing their more lively songs they were too late to create a frenzy. They seemed maybe a little perturbed by this, and maybe that would account the paucity of encores. But this is just a cavil in the face of a swell presentation of terrific music, at the conclusion of which I didn't feel as if I had been mugged.

But I am still irked by a non-band encounter that evening. At the end of the past few shows featuring Bauhaus alumni in their various permutations, the clean up teams would toss bits of paraphernalia to the crowd. That is why I have two of Daniel Ash's picks in my shrine. I was hoping to add a third, but the guy who was on that night just sneered at my request, and those of the other faithful that clustered around the stage. You would think from the look he gave us that L&R failed to budget for a few extra pics and we were way out of line even asking. A tiny girl next to me managed to climb up on the stage and retrieve one of Kevin Haskin's drumsticks, and Pat chided me for not having gotten to it first. I was frantic for souvenirs. I didn't even have a ticket stub as I had made that transaction on-line. So I rushed over to the tee-shirt stand at the back of the hall and bought a couple of pins, a sticker, and a poster.

That'll show that bastard roadie. ☹☹☹☹☹



Pat and Shalom

If there was even a tiny chance that my High School Reunion would look like this, I may have thought about going.

End Nose

I'm so glad we've had this time together, just to have a laugh and sing a song. By the time you receive this edition of **THE COBRA'S NOSE** I should be basking under fluffy white Canadian clouds working on my pale in the company of my old buddy Lee. Thanks to my new buddy Judianne for making the trip possible. When I get back I will moving into my new Cobra HQ, in the company of Pat and Shane and my new table, about which Leslie said with what I thought was admiration, "It is a piece!" The address is:

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So keep in touch, if only to supply me with fresh material. I have learned that Pam will make contact if you leave her about five dozen voice mails and permit her to blow you off directly once or twice. I think I can beat that record--allow me to try. ☹☹☹☹☹