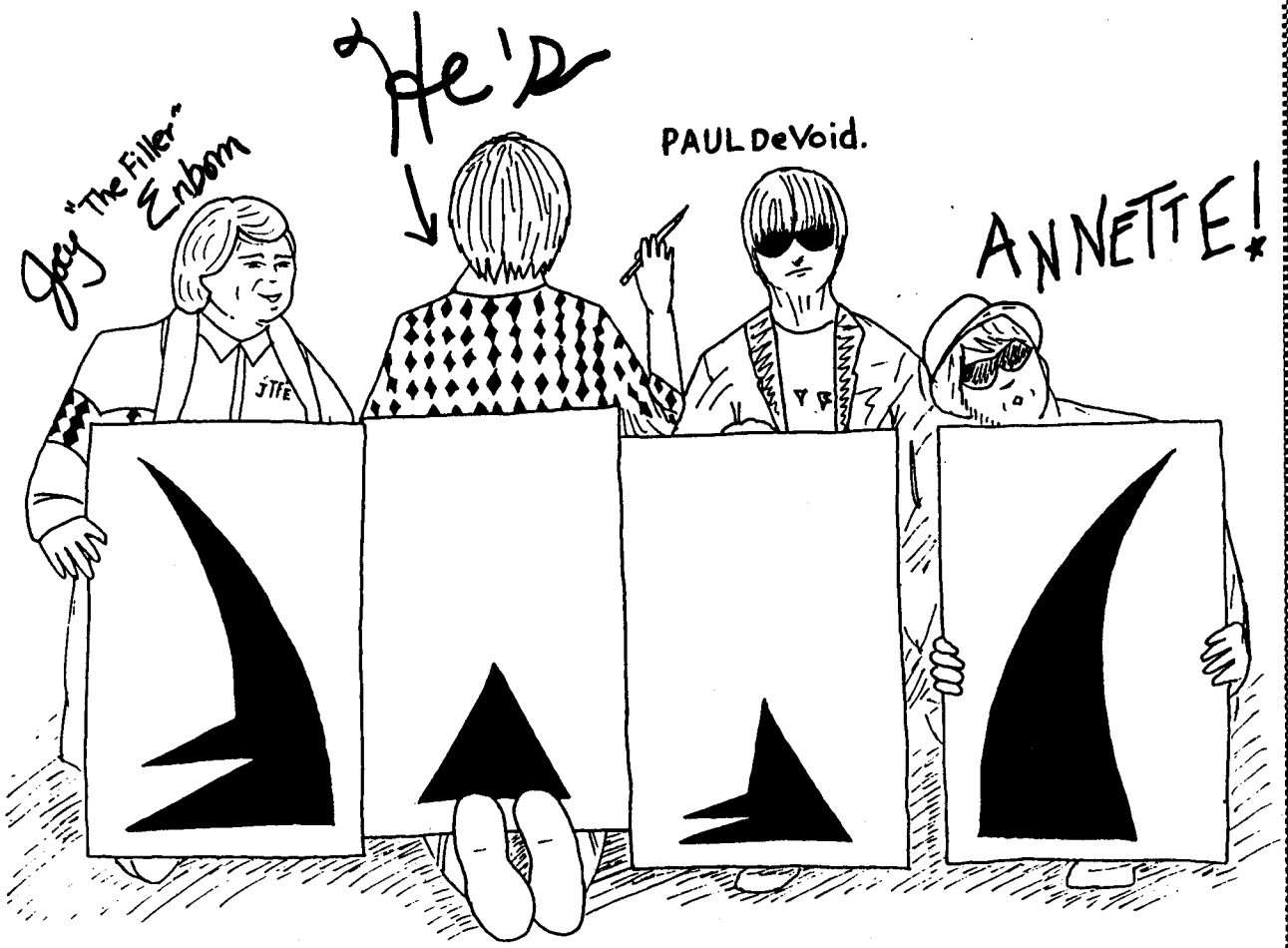
TED HAUGEN

(F F) A BAND.



FIFI - A BAND.

BY: He's Aboy and Annette Funyjello

WITH ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY: Paul "The Void" DeVoid

OTHER PEOPLE WHO . . . SORT OF CONTRIBUTED, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER:

Joey "The Filler" Enbom, John Burton, Eric Creery, Jenny, Kelly, V. Taylor, Eric Englert, Mrs. Eling, Mr. Hanby, Ms. Klein, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Schlieman, Chris Seelye, Ted Haugen, Peter Collins, Sarah Ness, Who's Aperson, Geoff Ronning, Mike Gardner, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, Sang Suh, The Rocket, The Management and Staff of the Yak-Dome, Jeff Henderson, Dr. Suchert, The Guy Whose Job It Was To Put The Name Of The Group On The Sign Outside The Yak-Dome Gates, Duane (Where Are You?) Gibson, The Right Track Studio, Ron, Metrix Recording Studio, Doug, Michael, Brad, Matt Terry, John Burton's Sister, Aunty Claire's Eclairs

and

He Who We Now Realize Should Be Addressed As Jason,
and His Only True Father, Pat, The Janitor.

Although this book is . . . generally true, for the most part, I guess you basically should really realize that there are . . . well, small portions of the story that we, oh, I don't know . . . embellished. Just slightly, you understand - not anything major, like, oh, changing anybody's gender or name, or making someone out to be really evil or something, when they're not, or twisting the true facts to fit our own personal interpretations of events, or to carry out a personal vendetta against someone who may have wronged us in the past, like John Burton. We would never, could never do that, of course, but we have made some judicious, I guess you'd call them "editorial decisions" - just to make the story . . . clearer and more entertaining for you, the reader. But, you know, just for legality's sake, you might as well pretend that everything that's contained in this book is a bald-faced lie, which it isn't, but you might as well pretend it is, see? Or . . . people might get hurt. Painfully. Understand? Good. Enjoy the story.

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BOOK ONE

BY: ANNETTE FUNYJELLO

**"This and a great deal more like it
I have had to put up with."**

TERENCE; Eunuchus, Act IV, Scene 6, Line 8

1. SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1981 - 1:31 AM

I can't sleep.

This past week, Ruby Valley, Nevada-based Hydrant Records signed a multi-dollar deal to re-release and promote the entire FIFI catalogue.

By the way, I'm Annette Funyjello, host of TV's "I'll Guess Your Weight Or I'll Eat Your Car," and former lead singer of FIFI.

On this day, the fourth anniversary of the demise of FIFI, it's hard to suppress feelings of bitterness, tears of wistful nostalgia, a depressing "burp" from the four packages of eclairs I had an hour ago.

Five years ago today, we were the darlings of pop media-mongers, adored by young and old and young alike. FIFI's illiterate guitarist, He's, and I were like brothers, ready to conquer the long-standing rock heirarchy. Today, I passed him in the street and he shot at me.

Strangely, today, FIFI's music is more popular than ever. The FIFI Organization made a net profit this year of three hundred and twelve dollars. Quite a change from the days when He's and I would sell our saliva to Lithuanians, hoping to someday scrape together enough money to buy a small package of Froot-Loops.

In its prime, FIFI was more than a rock 'n' roll band. It was a language, a religion, a joyous dance reaffirming hope, a "burp" after you eat a lot of eclairs. But, as someone has said, "talking about music is like dancing about architecture."

So, on with the story.

My story.

The Greatest Story Ever Told.

This is the story of FIFI from where I stand.

I'm Annette Funyjello.

2. BEGINNINGS

1970 - The decade of love and flowers wasn't over for some of us. At this time, I still had waist-length hair and regularly wore beads. I was deeply involved in Tavism (pronounced TAVE'- IZUM), a fringe cult led by one Jason Taves. I had changed my name to Annette F. Taves in honor of The Mystic One, He Who Is Known As Jason.

This is where I first met Jeff Henderson (then Jeff H. Taves), who would later play a vital role in FIFI's beginnings (and endings). Jeff was, at that time, one of Jason's royal scribes. He also did Jason's laundry.

At a Tavism Ingathering in 1970, I met He's Aboy (then He's Jason Taves).

The Year Was 1970.

The Year I Met He's.

It was a spiritual regeneration for both of us, in 1970.

Because that was THE YEAR I MET HE'S.

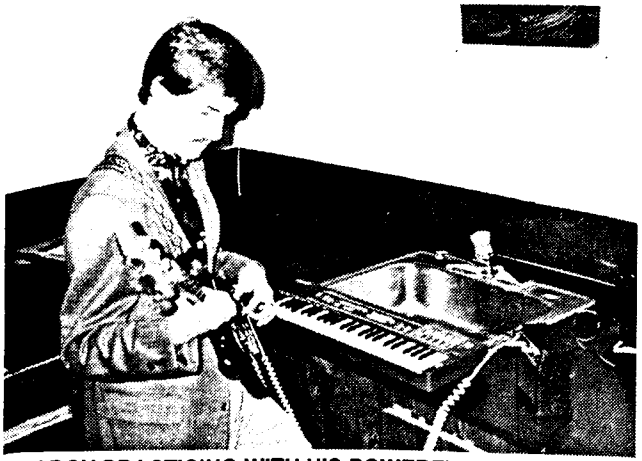
He's and I became fast friends, sharing each other's clothes and food. At one time, we considered being surgically attached to one another. I abandoned this idea when I realized I would have to listen to Jimi Hendrix with him.

He's and I would meet late at night in his grandmother's bedroom closet and jam. After a couple of packages of eclairs (then a forbidden food for Tavites) and some Actifed, we'd start laughing and playing, He's playing his five-string Pay 'N' Pak electric guitar, and me banging pots and pans together and squeezing neighborhood cats for accompaniment. It was during these ten to twelve hour sessions that I (not He's, as he claims) first wrote the music to "Sorry 'Bout That," "Skippy's Outta Jail," "Afraid Of Food," and other FIFI standbys, now recognized (by lots of people - trust me) as seminal rock masterpieces.

Since He's's guitar playing was always . . . somewhat less than exemplary, I had to patiently teach him each song, note by note. I must admit that I got a bit frustrated when it took two years to teach He's how to create feedback noise.

But I knew we were going to be great - someday. I have to smile when I think of He's, sobbing uncontrollably after a particularly intense practice session, begging me to strike "Skippy's Outta Jail" from our repertoire, because the chord changes were too complex for him.

Those were the days. We had a purpose, a mission. We were ready for fame, ready to wreck hotels, ready to endorse hair-care products and salt-restoring soft drinks.



HE'S ABOY PRACTICING WITH HIS POWERFUL TRONIX MINI-AMP

3. WE "GO FOR THE GLOBE"

So, in search of fame, fortune, and some really good eclairs, we hit the open road. We had heard that Yakima, Washington, was a musically "happening" scene, and decided to head there first.

I still remember the first time we saw the Yakima skyline, the glimmering metropolis stretching as far as the eye could see, always awake, never sleeping.

He's and I had hitched a ride with a trucker. Unfortunately, since we couldn't ride in the cab for insurance reasons, we had to ride on the top of his trailer. This was made doubly irritating by the fact that it was a cement truck, and the trailer was a large drum that rotated constantly, forcing us to walk briskly to stay on top. Apparently, the cement was of the especially quick-drying variety, so the driver had to set the drum rotating at the highest possible speed.

After the driver informed us of this, He's raised a finger as though he had an idea, and his face lit up as the idea darted through his agile mind, every possibility and option being studiously scrutinized in the process. Finally, He's spoke.

"Yeah, well, 'Go for the globe,' I always say, dude!"

Saying this, He's climbed atop the already rotating mixer and began to jog. I climbed up after him and we were off. I estimated that the drum was rotating at approximately twenty-seven miles per hour. This wasn't too bad, except for the short periods of time during which we travelled directly through a Kansas tornado and an Arctic ice storm. The driver, apparently eager to reach Yakima, averaged ninety-eight miles per hour.

I felt a little bit sorry for He's. He had sold all of his clothing to some Dutch immigrants so that they would let him use their restroom.

Three months later, in his sleep, He's rolled over, planted his nose in the small of my back, and mumbled, "Yeah, well, I meant 'gold,' dude."

ANNETTE FUNYJELLO IN HIS FORMATIVE YEARS

4. BAD ASSOCIATIONS SPOIL USEFUL HABITS

Our first year in Yakima was the saddest either of us had ever known. Our trips to the neighborhood saliva-donation center became daily, but we never got quite enough to live on, much less to spend on necessary musical equipment. I compromised my morals and went along with He's's eclair-theft scheme.

We would nonchalantly enter a grocery store, and I would position myself by the eclair display. He's would stand near the checkout counters and browse through sugarless gums. On my signal, He's would remove a small camper's hatchet from his coat and chop off one of his fingers to create a diversion, while I ran out the door with as many packages of eclairs as I could carry, which was often less than two.

Later, after He's had received medical attention, he would meet me back at our apartment. Unfortunately, by the time he had his finger(s) surgically re-attached and had fully recuperated, often a month or more had gone by, and I had already eaten the eclairs, so we would have to start all over again.

Later on, we added it all up, and were shocked to find that we had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in hospital bills. (Until 1974, there was no Itinerants Union, so we had no medical coverage.) When we weighed that against the two dollars and sixty-seven cents we saved on each package of eclairs stolen, we began to question the viability of our plan.

HE'S ABOY PREPARING FOR AN ECLAIR THEFT

ANNETTE PRACTICING IN HE'S'S GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM

5. FULL OF IT

Indeed, they were sad times. Things were very, very bad, but they were going to get very, very much worse.

At the time, we were living in the utility closet in the back room of Raul's Graphics and House of Hot Tubs. For spending money, He's and I cleaned the toilets. Raul, the owner, was a generous man. After just six months of work, he sold He's and me toilet brushes (at only ten percent over dealer cost) to speed our work along. Let me tell you, brother - He's and I used a lot less mouthwash after that.

Another one of our duties was to remove the dead insects trom the numerous sheets of flypaper, so that the flypaper could be re-used. Raul was, besides being generous, a very thrifty man.

I won't lie - it was a hard life, and sometimes things seemed pretty hopeless. But, at night, as we were lulled to sleep by the soothing "buzz-k-chink! buzz-k-chink!" of the water heater, our thoughts were of the Yak-Dome.

The Mighty, Glorious, Fear-Inspiring Yak-Dome.

The Greatest Dome Ever Built (within Yakima city limits).

Yes, we were full of it.

Full of dreams and golden hopes of someday forming a *real* group and playing to a sold-out crowd of 532 screaming fans at The Mighty Yak-Dome.

We knew that someday it would happen.

Suddenly, our dreams were crushed - just like when a beetle gets stepped on and his innards come spilling out onto the pavement, like so much steaming Jell-O.

HE'S ABOY

ANNETTE FUNYJELLO

6. LOSS AND MOURNING

Through everything, our faith in The One Known As Jason had stayed intact. We knew that He would watch over us and protect us, just as if we were His own pea-hens.

One night, after an especially exhausting twenty-nine-hour flypaper-cleaning shift, we sat down to relax in our living room, just behind the mops and cases of liquid plumber. Suddenly, the door to the utility closet banged open, and a bearded, tattered man covered with bruises and road grime stumbled in.

"Jeff Henderson!" I exclaimed. The One True Scribe of The One Known As Jason was here before us - in rags!

He began to speak.

"Forgive my appearance. I have travelled many miles to find you, and -"

"Yeah, well, how many miles?" interrupted He's.

"Be quiet!" I screamed. "Let the scribe speak!"

"Thank you. You will be remembered, my son," said Jeff, resuming his story. "As I said, I have journeyed far to bring you this message of -"

"Yeah, just a second!" He's interrupted again. "Just how many freakin' miles did you travel? I mean, it's just a question."

"That's not important, He's!" I exclaimed. "Jeff has a message for us from The One -"

"Yeah, I don't care," persisted He's. "I mean, I just asked a simple question - 'How far did you come?' - it's not like I asked him how often he flosses, or anything! I think I deserve an answer!"

"Shut up!" I countered. "Continue, scribe."

"O Yea, listen to mine words, for from the mouth of The One Who -"

"Yeah, listen, dude - I'm gettin' sick of your ignorin' my question, and if you don't tell me right now how far you came, I'm gonna seriously get mad!"

"My son, it is not important how far I came, for without length and breadth and - Urggghhh!"

He's had grabbed Jeff around the throat and began to shake him vigorously.

"Yeah, come on, dude! How far? Five miles? Ten? Talk to me, dude!"

"Um, your devotion to The One Who Is Known - Aacckkk!"

"YEAH?"

"Okay, okay - I live with my Mom, just down the street. I bought these clothes from a bum and messed up my hair - I don't know why I did it."

He's let him go. "Yeah, I thought so, dude. Like I generally always say, 'Liars don't ride the purple camel gut, dude.' "

After an uncomfortable moment of silence, Jeff spoke once more.

"I'm sorry I lied. And I'm sorry for talkin' like a freakin' English major and stuff - sometimes I just can't help it, you know. . ."

He's put his hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Yeah, it's okay - we all have our various shortcomings, dude."

As it turned out, Jeff did have a message of sorts from The One Who Is Known As Jason. I guess Pat, The Father Of The One Known As Jason, would have brought the message to us Himself, but he was too busy checking the PH balance of the pool in the apartment complex where He worked.

Anyway, the story Jeff told us was a tragic, but sad, one. Less than a week after He's and I had left the relative security of the Tavite Convent, everything ended.

In accordance with ancient prophecy (c. 1967), the Anti-Jason had arisen in the form of one Jeff Lageson. The evil Lageson had thrown the Convent into a maelstrom of lies and doubt, questioning Jason's adherance to the practice of lettuce worship.

Questions never asked before were being asked now. "Is Jason immortal?" "Where does Jason shop?" "Is Jason truly holy, and, if so, why does He have body odor?"

Eventually, the Tavite family split into hundreds of feuding, disillusioned sects. Shockingly, Jason's Personal Ministers Of War, The Four Tricyclists Of The Apocalypse, had gone berserk, vowing to destroy all Tavites. Jason finally committed a ritual suicide in the way of the Ancient Mayans, running over Himself with a Honda Civic.

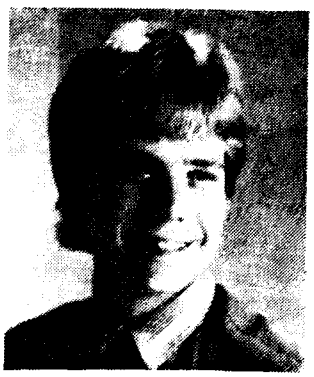
As we heard the finish of this horrific tale, we sat utterly silent, stunned beyond belief. He's spoke first.

"Yeah, well, Jason never was a very good driver."

Jeff decided to stay with us and agreed to be our roadie - at least until he found a better job.

He's and I mourned for days, our faith in The One Who Used To Be Known As Jason shattered. While I felt that fasting for three days was appropriate, He's took a more serious view, and dragged a steel cheese grater across his face for seventy-two hours straight, while listening to nothing but solo albums by Danny Bonaduce of The Partridge Family.

JEFF HENDERSON, THE ONE TRUE SCRIBE



JEFF LAGESON, THE ANTI-JASON

7. (STILL-) BORN AGAIN

After the three-day mourning period, He's and I decided that now was the time to pick ourselves up, put the pieces back together, and symbolize this new beginning by burning a package of eclairs at the stake. As the thirty-foot-high flames (He's had used four gallons of gasoline and a warthog to start the fire) slowly died down, we were lost in our thoughts. When the nearby sawdust storage silo that we had accidentally set ablaze finally collapsed in an explosion that left me deaf for two weeks, we were both silent, contemplative. Finally, He's wiped a speck of eclair filling from his armpit, and spoke.

"Yeah, well, just remember something that always makes me feel better: 'Today is the first day of the last bit of your life before you die.' Another thing that also makes me feel better is this: 'It's always darkest just before the sun explodes, or just before a hole opens in the very fabric of space and time.' Another thing that always -"

"I can't hear a word you're saying," I mumbled.

"Yeah, well, I guess so. Anyway, another thing that always . . ."

Later that night, He's and I sat on the side of a hill overlooking the city. There, in the distance, was the Yak-Needle. To our west, we could see a supertanker ship pull up to a mooring in the world-famous Port of Yakima. To our east, the blazing red sign atop the KYAK radio tower winked on and off. Just below us were the the lights of Aunty Claire's Eclairs and Clothes, Inc. But, dominating the scene, as always, was the Mighty Yak-Dome.

The Yak-Dome, to us, was not a building, not a man-made structure, but a symbol of all our dreams and aspirations. As I sat thinking about this, a large whooping-crane flew by and defecated on its roof.

"Yeah, well, we could be <u>great</u>. You know? I mean, we <u>could</u> be. Not that we aren't <u>now</u>, you know? We could be . . . <u>better</u>, though. You know?" He's whispered.

Since I couldn't hear him, I didn't answer. He spoke again.

"Yeah, well, I mean, we're not that <u>good</u>. But, we're not that <u>bad</u>, too. You know? I know things seem bad right now. Like, Jason's dead. Raul just kicked us out. We're broke, neither of us want . . . <u>jobs</u>, you know? Your girlfriend just broke up with you because you made fun of her coloring in that 'Pete's Dragon' coloring book. Jeff Henderson keeps following us around and stuff."

"Well, excuse me for <u>living</u>!" said Jeff, from the bushes behind us.

He's continued, "Yeah, well, we lost that job as the house band in that Jewish synagogue. I mean, granted, 'Hitler Wasn't So Bad' was a poor song choice, but they didn't have to roast our drummer on a <u>spit</u>. And where do they get off calling us 'anti-Semites?' I mean, I'm not really. . . prejudiced, but what's there to <u>like</u> about wood-eating bugs?"

"Are you <u>talking</u> to me? I can't hear a thing you're saying, He's."

"Yeah, well, I'm really sorry about your grandparents getting sucked through a time warp into the future, but, you know, these things happen. I'm sorry I pawned all of our musical equipment so that I could afford a subscription to TV Guide, but it seemed like such a good <u>deal</u>, you know? Only $2.50 a week for the next six years - I don't think you can beat that."

He pulled an advertisement from his pocket. "Look, right here it says that the newsstand price is 75 cents a copy." He's rolled up his pants to reveal the full-function calculator he always kept taped to his shin. After brushing some eclair crumbs from the keys, he started to multiply. After an hour and a half, he gave up in frustration. "Yeah, well, whatever - I'm saving <u>big bucks</u>, even if <u>you</u> don't appreciate it!"

He's punched me so hard that my eyeballs fell out. After I readjusted them, I turned to him.

"Did you say something to me? Because, I mean, I can't hear you."

He's went on, "Yeah, well, it's like I always say - 'A true friend is like a hedgehog. They both have legs, and they both die if you back over them with a station wagon.' "

"What? I can't hear you!"

"Yeah, well, you've never been a true friend to me." He's sobbed. "This is just like the time when we were kids and you stole my 'Sunshine Family' dolls, dude."

"I can't hear a word you're -"

"Yeah, well, this is just like when I wrote that song, 'Skippy's Outta Jail,' and you said that you wrote it."

"I did write it!" I screamed, pulling out a gun.

"Yeah, well, how come the only copy that we have is in my handwriting, dude?"

"I . . . dictated - my arm was broken!"

"Yeah, well, I don't remember that, and neither does your family doctor, Dr. Suchert - come on out here, dude!"

"I'm right in the middle of a card game with Jeff," shouted a voice from the bushes, "but you're right - Annette never broke his arm."

"Yeah, well, Annette, it looks like you've been caught with your pants on, dude!" snarled He's.

That was the last straw for me. I walked straight down to the Yakima docks and stowed away on the oil tanker, Valdez, bound for my homeland - Jamaica.

I can still hear He's's parting words to me, echoing through time, "Yeah, well, happy Arbor Day, dude!"

ANNETTE BEING STUDLY

HE'S BEING STUDLY

8. CHAGAL, CHABLIS, AND SHARKBAIT

Since I was actually a stowaway, I had to find a hiding place on the ship. The only available place appeared to be a large barrel of sardines packed in oil. After eating myself a place in the barrel, I settled in for the three-month journey. Once I had buried myself in the tiny fish and sealed the lid of the barrel behind me, I became aware of just how aromatic my surroundings were. The smell was so bad that my ears started to bleed, and I hallucinated for weeks.

As far as I can remember, I believed that I was Bette Nesmith, the inventor of liquid paper. When my head finally cleared, I was completely naked, half of the remaining fish were gone, and I had gained twenty-eight pounds. Stranger still were the complete works of Leo Tolstoy and the original Chagal oil painting that had suddenly appeared in the barrel with me. It must have been a sign from Jason! "Life is short, but art endures, bub," Jason used to tell us. Was He trying to tell me that I should not have given up on my music, my dream? Was this, finally, a sign, a revelation, from He Who Used To Be Known As Jason?

No, probably not.

I knew that, without mental stimulation, conversation, or a specially-priced four-pack of Aunty Claire's Eclairs, I would go mad. I had to exercise my brain. I set about this immediately. For starters, I recited the entire Book Of Taves - backwards, letter by letter. Next, I reiterated every answer and question from "Jeopardy" episodes shown during March or September. Finally, I repeated - in Latin - every published Betty Crocker recipe that called for bread crumbs.

It was during this last, very enjoyable, exercise, that someone heard me. I was roughly pulled out of the barrel and brought before the Captain of the boat. The Captain wore an eyepatch made of human skin, had one wooden leg with a razor-tipped knife as a foot, sported a large gun that had been surgically implanted in his right forearm, and flashed a toothy grin marred only by the feathers stuck between his teeth and the blood running down his chin.

He looked like a kind-hearted, reasonable man.

"We found this guy hidden in a barrel of fish," spoke my guard.

As we conversed, the Captain's hairdresser worked away, burning off tufts of the Captain's hair with an oxy-acetylene torch.

I was not afraid. I knew the laws of the sea, and I was certain of a fair trial from the master of this ship. I was <u>not</u> afraid.

"Kill him!" roared the Captain. "Behead him, then shoot him, and then blind him with hot coals! Throw the scurvy fool to the squids! Cut off his -"

"But, sir," protested my captor, "that's not legal, is it? I mean, these <u>are</u> the 1970s. Why invade his space? I can get behind what you're feeling, but I think we should really open up and share with each other, you know? After some good quality time, I mean, I think we could really tune in and get into each other, and re-evaluate our priorities."

The Captain was silent for a moment, thinking.

"No - let's <u>kill</u> him! Make him swallow nails! Tie off the circulation to his -"

"But, sir," broke in my jailor once more, "what about if we give him work? He could work off his passage."

The Captain was silent again, and then he spoke.

"You're right, Bobby. I've been too quick to judge. It's coffee - my doctor says it makes me want to torture and maim. I really oughta stop drinking coffee and start drinking more whiskey, to help me calm down. You're absolutely right - we <u>will</u> give him work! Let him work for his passage!"

The crew applauded and began to sing joyously, "Let him work - Let him work - The Captain will let him work! Get to work - don't you shirk - the Captain is not a jerk - Hey! Let him work -"

I was more than happy to accept my job as sharkbait. Since the sardine stench was permanently imbedded in my skin, the Captain would tow me along the side of the boat to attract sharks and other fish of prey. At the last possible moment, I would be yanked back on deck, often dislocating my neck in the process.

The Captain was quite a joker. One time, he "forgot" me, and I stayed overboard for three nights. Generally, though, I would spend my evenings with the Captain, sipping Chablis and watching videotapes of "My Mother The Car" reruns. Occasionally, when the Captain had had a bit too much to drink, I was allowed to pilot the ship. I got pretty good at it, and could usually avoid most of the rocks, icebergs, and other ships.

All this time, however, I couldn't stop thinking of He's. I smiled when I thought of He's saying to me, with dead seriousness, "Yeah, well, say 'KING,' dude."

"KING," I had obeyed.

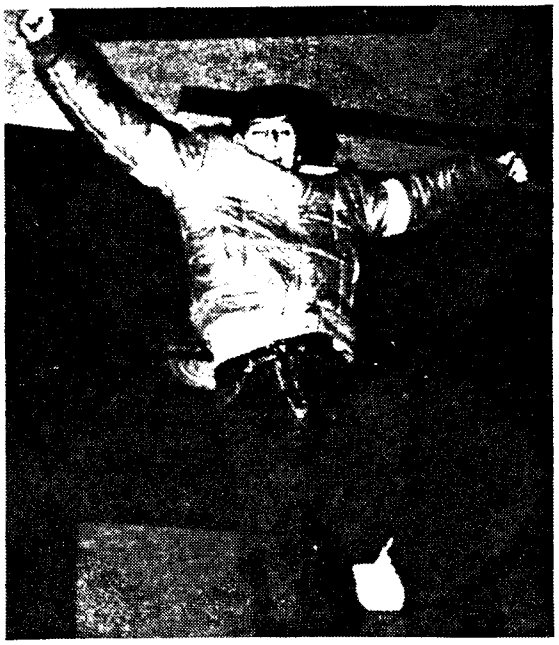
At this point, He's hit me over the head with his electric guitar.

"Yeah, well, 'KONG,' dude. Heh, heh, heh."

I also remembered how He's always behaved at formal dinner parties. At one such party, He's had the opportunity to meet the First Lady. After she greeted him, He's began to giggle and said, "Yeah, well, look up. Look down. Look all around. Look at my thumb. Boy, you're dumb, dude. Heh, heh, heh."

This incident was a major factor in He's's deportation in 1958.

When we reached Jamaica, the Captain thanked me for my hard work by jovially breaking my thumbs. Other gifts from the crew included a copy of "I'm OK - You're OK," a complete set of Red Rose Tea ceramic animals, and Elvis Presley memorial coasters.



HE'S PLAYING HOPSCOTCH AT THE WHITE HOUSE

9. THE PROMISED LAND

Upon arriving in Jamaica, I quickly found a job at a restaurant that served nothing but peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and salad, staple foods of the Jamaican people.

Jamaicans are much more experimental with food, willing to use many types of herbs and dried plants as seasoning on their food. In fact, I never saw a true Jamaican eat a "p.b.-and-j." sandwich without sprinkling a generous portion of some type of herbal flavoring on it first. I found this herb especially satisfying when sprinkled on eclairs.

Jamaicans also sleep a lot, usually right after eating.

What a joy to be back in the native homeland of my birth, where I was originally born! With little difficulty, I soon re-adopted the Jamaican style of clothing - nothing but wooden clogs and flowered dresses, whistling as I tended my tulip garden near the dikes.

Jamaicans are a healthy people, eating lots of green roughage and shunning tobacco in favor of a fresh, all-natural local substitute. Life in Jamaica is far removed from the dog-eat-dog hustle and bustle of life in the Western World. Most Jamaicans stay in bed until three or four in the afternoon, when they get up to enjoy a large breakfast of salad (traditionally prepared with a native variety of dark-green, spiky-edged lettuce) and a smoke. After working a full day of one hour, the men gather to smoke and swap smoking stories, and the women eat salad. In the evening, children are taught to smoke and to fix a good salad. Then, after a dinner of salad, and an after-dinner family smoking time, everyone goes to bed to rest for the next day.

I started to look for people to form a band with. What I found instead was an opening in an existing band. At the time, the punk-reggae band, JAH (standing for "Jamaican Animal Husbandry"), was the hottest group in Jamaica. Their cartoon, "JAH and friends," was a major hit, and the complete line of JAH action figures were selling briskly. Their two albums, "Have Some Salad, Bruddah," and, "Smoke Wit' Me, Sistah," on the "Smoke Salad" label were monster smashes, breaking every previous sales record.

Their drummer had left the group, complaining that their upcoming two-day tour would be too strenuous. He needed some time to relax.

I went and auditioned at their group headquarters, but the remaining group members had gone to sleep for the week. When I came back a week later, they were meditating. Finally, a janitor came through the waiting room.

"I want to be the drummer for JAH," I said.

It took the janitor a full half-hour to answer. "Well, if it feels good, man - do that. Do it, I meat. I mean, I 'mean.' Dig?"

With this, he collapsed on a nearby couch and fell asleep.

ANNETTE DURING A BRIEF BOUT WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA

10. IN THE GROOVE WITH JAH

The members of JAH included Tory Holmberg, Chris Johnson, Ken Johnson, Jeff Brender, Meera Sood, Julie Miller, Brian Leith, John Traxler, and other native Jamaicans.

Their practice sessions were. . . unique. After sharing a trough of salad and some smokes, we would all lie back and sleep for a while. When we woke up, someone would mention a song title, we'd have some more salad, and we'd fall asleep again, dreaming about how we'd play that particular song. After two months of this, we knew we were ready to tour.

We played two exhausting nights of concerts, each one more tiring than the last. We gave our fans our all, playing for a minimum of ten minutes, allowing the audience a rest period halfway through. Most of the band members stayed awake through a majority of the songs, which made things pretty exciting.

After the tour, we rested for a total of six months to get ready for our next album.

To ready ourselves for the recording session, we ate plenty of salad and meditated together. On the fateful day, we drove to the studio, which was next door. Following this exhausting trek, we rested for a few days in the car. Finally, we headed up the stairs to the studio. A sign on the door said, "Closed - Owner Asleep." After we studied the sign for close to an hour, Tory started to smoke, and said, "I don't know - YAWN - about you guys, but . . . I'm pretty tired."

He paused for fifteen minutes, and then continued, "I think - YAWN - maybe we should break - YAWN - up."

We all stroked our chins thoughtfully, contemplating one another with furrowed brow for about an hour and a half, then wandered off aimlessly in different directions, many collapsing in the street from sheer exhaustion. Tory Holmberg himself curled up in the fetal position right where he was, and began to snore contentedly.

JAH was no more.

I looked hard at myself. This was an awkward position for my eyes, and I soon tired of it. The plain truth of it was - I missed American city life. I liked the hustle and bustle. I liked getting beaten and mugged. I liked smog.

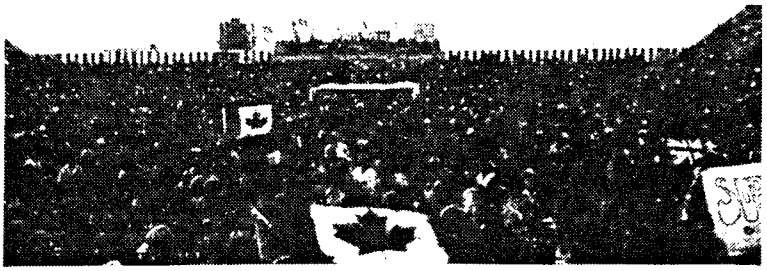
I wanted to return to America.

I had to return to America.

It was my destiny.

I headed for my house, carefully stepping over my sleeping (former) bandmates. I packed up everything I owned, shoved it into a dirty tube sock, and left. With the money I had saved from touring with JAH, I bought a Yamaha Jetski and three five-gallon containers of gas.

The next morning, I was off.



A JAMAICAN AUDIENCE SHOWING THEIR LOVE AND RESPECT FOR JAH

11. AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE

To diverge for but a moment: When I first brought up the idea of this book, my agent was thrilled. However, he said that, to be fair, I would have to allow He's to write part of the book - "Equal Time," and all that.

My reaction to his suggestion was of a . . . negative nature, simply because I thought the book would be better it it was accurate, not to mention intelligible and coherent.

I mean, I don't blame He's for his lack of education. With an Armenian father and a female mother, He's naturally grew up confused. When He's's sister, She's, admitted her role in the Kennedy assassination and the Hindenburg disaster, the strain proved to be too much. He's was reduced to a babbling mass of nerves, repeating a joke he had heard about Julia Child over and over again. This is how I found him in the Tavite Convent, lying in his own filth, blowing bubbles with his drool.

I only ask that you remember these things, and the fact that He's used to sacrifice Barbie dolls to a voodoo effigy of Arnold Palmer, as you read his portion of the book.

Thank you.

HE'S GETTING READY FOR PROM

HE'S'S SELF-PORTRAIT