BOOK TWO

BY: HE'S ABOY

"Who am I?
My name is Ned.
I do not like
my little bed."

DR. SUESS; One fish two fish red fish blue fish

12. PROLOGUE

Yeah, well, I just got Annette's manuscript today, dude. And I must say that I was quite taken aback by the request to write part of, "FIFI - A BAND." I never thought Annette knew how much of a genius I really am.

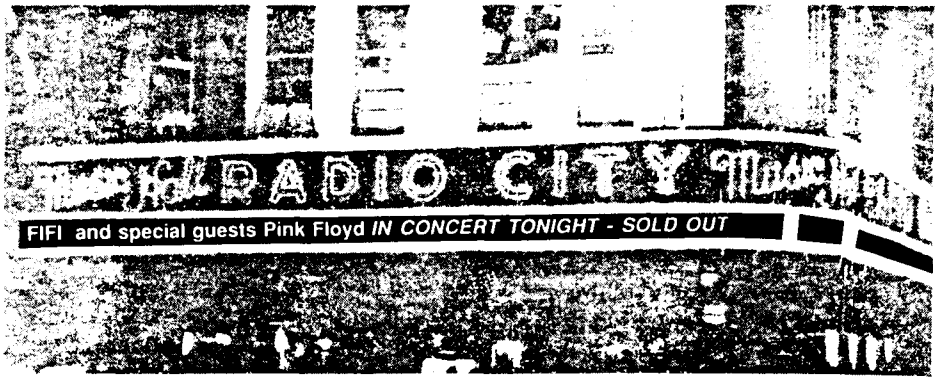
You know, I think that if Annette wasn't a major factor in my life, let alone his being Jamaican, FIFI probably never would have been formed with me as the Jason-ordained FIFI-master and anointed Cardinal-dude of all string-ed instruments, besides being the leader and playing the guitar, and with Annette as my underwear. Er . . . "underling." But, then again, looking at how impossible our meeting up was, it just might have.

Yeah, with our signing of a new, multi-dollar deal with Ruby Valley, Nevada-based Hydrant Records, I can now once again buy a Safeway three-pack of Aunty Claire's Candied Eclairs. But this new contract means more than that. It means that FIFI is now more popular than it has been for a long time, that FIFI may once again have a shot at being featured on a top-rate rock magazine with the headline, "FIFI Or The Beatles - Which Is Greater?" Hell, even, "FIFI - Trying Again?" would be good enough, dude.

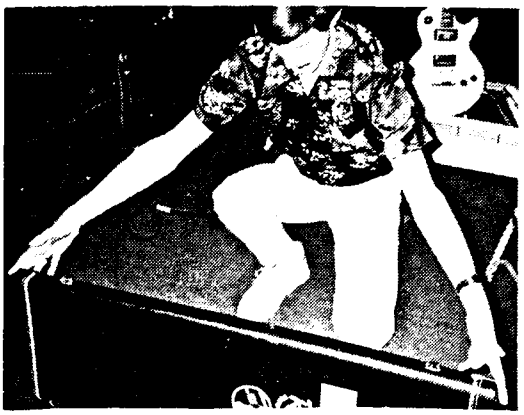
The only problem is getting together with Annette. I mean, we gotta do another album, dude! If we don't, it would be bovinely dubious to the sax! The thing is, I saw Annette a coupla months ago, and when I said, "Yeah, well, hey, dude!" he socked me in the mouth with a twelve-pound sledgehammer with a sixteen-penny nail attached to the head. It wouldn't have hurt too bad if the nail hadn't been coated with ninety-grit sandpaper. I figured then and there that our communication could use improvement.

So, here I am, ready to tell you what went wrong between us. I know that question is just burning inside of you like a Ball Park "They Plump When You Cook 'Em" Frank that slipped off your stick and fell into the infernally blazing and really hot campfire of your soul, dude, isn't it? Well, yeah, I'm gonna tell you. The only problem is . . . I forgot what went wrong, dude. Sorry.

By the way, I meant "max," dude.



ANNETTE GOING TO HIS PARENTS' FUNERAL



HE'S IN THE STUDIO

13. BEFORE THE BEGINNING

Yeah, well . . . ah, now I remember. It all starts back in 1970.

Since Annette mentioned Toewism (pronounced TAVE' - IZUM) and our meeting, I only have two things to say about the beginning: One, I wrote all those songs; and, two, to me, our meeting was much like that great, famous, cataclysmic, near god-like fart that created the world, according to Toewist (pronounced TAVE' - IST) doctrine and, I think, the Book of Mormon. There's a third thing: Annette didn't spend no two freakin' years teaching me feedback! Only a year, give or take a month or two! Besides, if Annette could have learned how to play drums, instead of relying on Jason's disembodied spirit to do the drumming for him, "Skippy's Outta Jail" would've been easy to play!! So there, dude! It's just like what I always say, "If you don't feed a mouse for a few weeks, you'll never feed it again."

But that's all just milk spilled under the bridge.

Yeah, well, anyway, since Annette mentioned how we met and all, I'll go back further and tell you about my childhood. My father and mother, whose respective names were His and Hers, were both in the Peace Corps in Africa. It was at this time that I was born in Ouagadougou, in Bourkina Fasso. My mother told me that it was in Delivery Room three at Raymond Guillame Ouagadougou Memorial Hospital and Medical Research Clinic and Sports Medicine Center for Underprivileged Families of All Creeds and Colors, Bond or Free, Established 1935, when Bourkina Fasso was still Upper Volta, dude.

My father named me He's, in honor of his father, He's Aboy. My older sister, She's Aboy, was thrilled that she had a baby brother. In fact, when Mom and Dad brought me home, She's was so excited about playing with me that she got a little carried away and threw me out the window. Our parents thought it was cute, and as we got older, we played lots of games together.

I remember when Dad bought my sister an air-pump rifle so we could play "War." He got me a squirt gun, explaining, "Your sister is older, and if - I mean 'when' - you get older, I'll buy you one, too."

I usually lost our games of "War," so I learned to take defeat lightly.

One game my sister liked to play with me was "52 Pick-Up." Only she used a '61 Mack, but anyway, I'd run around and she'd get in the pick-up and try to "tag" me. It was a fun game, except when she won, dude.

But She's's all-around favorite game was "Find The Penny On The Freeway." In this game, She's would blindfold me, spin me around three times, and send me out onto the freeway to find the penny. My sister never was too bright, and she always forgot to put the penny out there.

When my sister was twelve, she married a guy named I'm Agirl. I never saw my sister, Mrs. She's Agirl, again. I was eight years old. I needed to replace my sister, so my Dad bought me a Parker Brothers "Little Scientist" nitroglycerine kit to play with. He told me, "If you want to see if you've successfully made nitroglycerine, take everything out to the lot down the street and shake it. If the stuff gives a little 'pop' or 'crack,' it worked!" He then wished me luck, pushed me outside, and locked the door and all the windows. The first couple times, it didn't work, but on the third try, it really worked a lot.

After I got out of the hospital, my father said, "Well, I guess I'll have to replace that kit with something better. See this, son? This is called 'plutonium' . . ."

I told him I wanted to try something different, so he pulled out an electric guitar. He said that I would have to practice a lot, all the time, "even, and I should say, 'especially' when you take a bath or go swimming."

That was the glorious beginning of my legendary musical career. Of course, after ten or twenty sessions of practicing in the bathtub, and subsequent trips to the local burn treatment center, I quickly wised up and realized that this was not too safe. Immediately, I saw the error of my ways, and decided to never bathe again. I mean, I'm not stupid.

PREPARING TO RECORD

HE'S PRACTICING (NOT IN THE BATHTUB THIS TIME!)

14. THE LOOM OF FACE . . . ER, "FATE"

Yeah, well, my guitar was everything to me. In high school, I joined Band. They gave me a new electric guitar, which was great. The only drawback was that they didn't have enough input jacks on the amplifier system, so I had to play my guitar without amplification. Also, because they didn't have room for me in front, I often had to play in a, like, separate room. I was pretty concerned about not being heard, but the bandleader, Mr. Charles Manson, assured me, "No, you sound just fine. We wouldn't want to hear you. Er, any louder, I mean. Otherwise, you'd drown out the . . . triangle player, He's."

I suggested that if I just played softer and came up front, things would work better, but he said, "No, no, it's just fine the way it is. In fact, why don't you just tape your parts and we'll just play those in your place?"

I started writing songs for my Band class, like the ragtime tune, "Bingo With The Kennedys," "I Love To Pick My Nose," a big-band piece, and a traditional Dixieland jazz-type ballad called "Bullhead Fishing." After the band leader asked me if I'd been under medical care, he told me that he was, "quite depressed . . . um, 'impressed,' I mean, by these songs, He's, but I'm afraid these songs are too . . . rhythmically and melodically complex for these young, inexperienced, seventh-year band musicians."

"How do you mean?" I queried.

"Well, take, for example, that Djiboutian folk song you wrote, 'I Love To Pick My Nose.' I mean, that single note continuously playing one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four, for forty-five minutes -"

"- And twenty-three seconds."

"Ah, yes, well, I wasn't counting the twenty-three seconds of silence at the end of the song - I mean, how do you expect the band to know when the twenty-three seconds are up, so they can finally end the song with an armpit-fart noise? And, anyway, how do you tune an armpit-fart noise?! The song is just too darn complex! Plain and simply, He's, you're too much of a genius for this school. You really should just . . .quit!"

"Yeah, well, there's one major problem with your analysis of 'I Love To Pick My Nose,' " I retorted.

"What's that?"

"Well, it's a Glen Miller-type big band tune, not a Djiboutian folk song. And besides, I don't want to quit school now, dude! In sewing, I'm finally getting the idea of 'loop-through, lloop-through!' You see, you take the needle -"

"Look, for God's sake, forget the sewing, would you?" my instructor insisted. "Everybody else is already up to wall-size Oriental tapestries!"

"Yeah, well, I'll catch up, dude. There's still a whole week of school left. And, really, listen, I do have it! I just take the needle -"

"SHUT UP! Just shut up, will you?!"

"But the needle -"

"SHUT UP!" Mr. Manson screamed. After a moment, he calmed himself, and put away the knife he had been holding against my left temple. "Listen, the undeniable fact is that you are truly a . . . genius, He's, a . . . prodigy!"

"I am, Chuck? I didn't know that."

"Trust me. You are."

"Even though I'm just now getting the hang of 'loop-through, loop-through?' You know, how you take the needle and -"

"YES!" Mr. Manson screamed, kicking me in the face with his steel-toed boots. "Listen, those other songs you wrote, you know, 'Bingo With The Kennedys,' 'Loan Me A Dollar-Thirteen,' and that Swedish beer-drinking song, 'My Toenails Tell Me Things?' "

"Yeah, well, it's not a Swedish beer-drinking song, it's a kind of a mixture of a Count Basie and Iron Butterfly type of -"

After I got Mr. Manson to let go of my throat, he spoke to me calmly and lovingly.

"I used to be a normal guy, He's, but you're driving me . . . CRAZY! I don't know what I might do, if you don't quit school! Look, ah . . . what's your girlfriend's name?"

"Who's."

He paused. "I said, your girlfriend's - oh, never mind. Anyway, why don't you marry her and make her Mrs., ah . . . Mrs. . . . "

"Who's Aboy."

"Wha . . . you are, He's. No wonder you're so messed up. Look, just marry the girl. That'll straighten you out."

"Well, I would, but we can't. Who's has told me that our relationship would work out too well," I explained. "I mean, we even like the same breakfast cereal."

"Yes, I can see her point, but, really, the smartest, the most . . . mature thing you can do right now is to drop out of school. Really."

"Yeah, well, I guess you're right," I replied. "But, there's one thing I really need to know, Mr. Manson."

"What's that?"

"Well, when you take the needle and put it through the loop, do you - Aaauuugh! Hey! That hurt, dude!"

WHO'S WITH HE'S (?)

HE'S ROCKIN' WITH THE TRONIX MINI-AMP!

15. ON WITH MY LIFE

Yeah, well, when I got out of the hospital, I realized that I was going to have to take care of myself, because my family had changed the locks on the doors, and changed the name on the mailbox. This was dumb and stupid, not to mention redundant and unnecessary, seeing as how they had moved out of the house and another family had moved in already.

I immediately started to look for work. I was fired from my first job when the manager of the tailor shop saw that I still didn't quite have "loop-through, loop-through." I told him, "No, look, dude. I can get it - you just take the needle -"

"SHUT UP!" he barked. "JUST GET OUT!"

That was the end of my first job.

My second job, as a pig brander in North Central Oklahoma, was also, like, unsuccessful. No matter how hard I tried, the pigs stubbornly refused to stand in an orderly line. Also, they wouldn't lean against the branding iron upon my command.

"Look, you guys," I began, "if you'll all just take a number and stand in an orderly line, boy-girl, boy-girl, behind the flashing blue light -"

Just then, the farmer ran out.

"GET OUT! YOU'RE FIRED!" He screamed, hurling a pitchfork at me. He wasn't a very good shot, and if his throw was about three inches to the right, he would have missed my head completely.

"Why?" I asked

"Well, for one thing, the pigs obviously don't like you."

"What do you mean? Apart from stealing the tires off my car and blowing up my mailbox, I'd say they've been pretty amiable," I countered.

"Well, besides that, this hole in my trousers that you said you'd fix - it's coming all undone!"

"I tried to tell you I wasn't very good. I mean, I'm really still not too sure - now, when you take the needle -"

"JUST GET OUT OF HERE!" He said. "And give me back my pitchfork!"

I heard a long, slow "Ttthhhwipppt!" as he pulled his pitchfork out of my geranium.

Yeah, well, I meant "cranium," dude.

The next job I got was in Providence, Rhode Island, at a health and beauty aid factory. I was a product tester. Every other day, I was blindfolded, led into a hermetically sealed room, and strapped to the floor.

They would then start bringing in the test subjects: three hundred-pound men with bladder-control problems who were on a strict diet of garlic, prunes, and instant cocoa. These men had put on "Gee, Your Armpits Smell Terrific" Herbal Essence Deodorant under one armpit only, immediately after showering, one week previous. On the other armpit - nothing (as a control).

Then the men had spent one week at strenuous tasks, such as:

1. Manually rotating the refuse in a human-waste sewage treatment plant (without any implemental aid, of course). This they did on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, ten hours a day.

2. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, our hearty volunteers attended a heavy-metal (or, occasionally, hardcore-punk) concert, at which they were required to continually attempt to force their way onstage. This only after heavily consuming alcoholic beverages throughout the show. We had fun with this one - remember the bladder control problems . . . ?

3. Each evening, after their daily activities, the men were flown to tropical Death Valley, California, where they attended an aerobics fitness class, where, for three fun-filled hours, they exercised to a Jane Fonda workout album played at forty-five RPM. After this, they donned fur coats and woolen ski masks (both freshly hot from the dryer), and jogged back to the airport, in Los Angeles.

4. In the early mornings, they assisted a veterinarian whose specialty was spaying skunks.

5. At the close of the week, these brave contributors to the progression of mankind received their first shower in a week, a light mist of month-old, lukewarm (to preserve its Vitamin C content), curdled goat's milk. After this final luxury, they were rewarded for their efforts with . . . A NIGHT IN THE SAUNA!!

After these activities, scientifically calculated to mildly stimulate the perspiration, or "sweat" glands, the subjects would be ushered into my presence. I would smell the left armpit of each man, in turn, by his place, sequentially, in the line. They also had to be in order, of course, dude.

When my sinuses stopped bleeding, or when I regained consciousness, whichever came second, I would smell the other armpit. If I could not tell which armpit had "Gee, Your Armpits Smell Terrific" in it, I would receive two hundred volts of electricity through my aquarium. I mean, "cranium," dude. The man would then be thanked for his cooperation, and duly and politely roasted alive with a flame thrower. Also, this man would be forbidden to volunteer again for the testing program. If, by the mighty hand of God, I (hopefully) uttered the correct answer, the man would be required to re-enlist for another week, under threat of being politely "thanked" for his cooperation.

After several months of this work, one of my superiors discovered a tear in his trousers. I was immediately fired.

A TYPICAL DAY AT WORK FOR HE'S

16. PAUL PEZZES ME OFF

Yeah, well, after being fired from my third job out of three, I became horribly depressed. I didn't care to kiss another woman for as long as I lived. I moved to London, where I met Paul DeVoid, who seemed to be a good friend, although he didn't talk much.

In Paul's 1980 book, "I Don't Think, Therefore I Am Not", Paul described a typical Thursday evening with me:

"I particularly remember one encounter with He's. This was during the time he was living in a mid-sized garbage dumpster in the suburbs of London. After a long night of singing Djiboutian folk songs and drinking hot Gatorade and milk, He's offered me thirty or forty pills of every color imaginable in a tupperware bowl. I declined, saying, 'Listen, He's, I can't do all those - I'm not you.' He's sat back and giggled with glee. 'Yeah, well - that's right. NOBODY'S ME! Only ME is HE'S! Du-u-u-ude!" After this, he poured the contents of the bowl into his mouth and swallowed. After wiping the saliva from his chin, He's looked at me and said, 'Man, I LOVE Pez, dude! You sure you don't want to do some?' It was then that I realized the full extent of He's's Pez dependency."

The problem with what Paul said there was that he blew my so-called "Pez dependency" totally out of proportion. I didn't "love" it, I just "liked" it, man. It helped me think clearly. I always wrote my best songs when I was on Pez. Besides, I never drove a car or even piloted an oil tanker while I was on Pez.

But, hey, I was young. It's just one of those decisions you have to make . . .anyway, Paul is a freakin' hypocrite! It was he, not me (He's), who got John Burton involved with nighttime cold medicine. I believe, to this day, that Paul implanted the whole "Psychedelic Marmoset" concept in John Burton's brain through drugs, voodoo, and hypnotic mind control.

But, that was much later. For now, Paul was the best friend I had, dude. I mean, I was always borrowing money from him for necessary household items, like ice cube trays, corn cob holders, piggy refrigerator magnets, and Aunty Claire's Eclairs. That's what I call a friend.

PAUL DeVOID IN HIS SALAD DAYS

17. THE FOUR TRICYCLISTS (pronounced TRY - SIGH'- CULL - ISTS) OF THE APOCALYPSE

Yeah, well, it was around this time that I realized I was gonna have to form a band to make a living. But where? How? What meaning did my life have? It was at this time that four smartly-dressed gentlemen came up to my dumpster on bright red tricycles to tell me about The One Known As Jason, The One True Son Of The One True Father, Pat, The Janitor. They told me about Jeff Henderson, The One True Scribe of The One Known As Jason, and also His laundryman, and about Eric Creery, The One True High Priest of The One Known As Jason (The Mystic One, Son Of Pat, The One True Janitor).

Unbeknownst to me, I was being addressed by none other than the Four Tricyclists Of The Apocalypse, Jason's Personal Ministers Of War.

I felt a special feeling deep down inside and I had to let my feelings show.

"B-E-E-E-L-L-C-C-H-H!!" I belched.

"Good!" they exclaimed. "You know that The One Known As Jason is truly The One True Son Of Pat, The Janitor!"

"Well," I replied, "I guess so . . . "

"Come with us, " they said, and led me to their luxurious living quarters in the Toewite Convent.

This was an important moment in my life, for it meant I was going to have someplace to live for free.

A little bit more about Toewism (pronounced TAVE'- IZUM). It is a Western American philosophy based on the teachings of Jason P. Toews (pronounced JAY'- SUNN - PEE'- TAVEZ), who is the only son of The Janitor, Whose Name Is Pat (pronounced PAT). It was traditional, at that time, for all Toewites (pronounced TAVE'- ITES) to take on Jason's name as a part of their own. So, Jeff Henderson's name was Jeff H. Toews (pronounced JEFF'- AITCH'- TAVEZ'). Eric Creery, The One True High Priest, was Eric C. Jason Toews (pronounced AIR'- RICK - SEE'- JAY'- SUNN - TAVEZ'). At this time, I took the name He's Aboy Jason Toews (pronounced HEEZ'- UH - BOY'-JAY'- SUNN - TAVEZ').

For days at a time, I would sit and listen to the teachings of our beatific and saintly leader, Jason Toews (pronounced TAYVZ). Jason's Father, The One Called Pat, would've been there, too, but He was too busy cleaning out the gutters in the apartment He worked at. Anyway, I had tattooed a multi-colored kangaroo kissing a blue-green hippopotamus on my right cheek, as was the custom of all Toewites (pronounced TAY'- VITES).

That's where I met him - Annette F. Taves (pronounced TOEWS) - my future, my destiny! My pot of gold, my ticket to somewhere! My chance, my misfire. My failure, my waste. My disappointment.

Yes, Annette. Something gave me the feeling that I would have something to do with him. He looked like my type - red, bloodshot eyes . . . long, greasy hair, chapped lips, African tribal shirt, old, worn out jeans, sandals, multi-colored kangaroo kissing a blue-green hippopotamus; yeah, he was Annette, all right.

Somehow, I knew, I knew. I thought, I thought, "Why, why?"

Since Annette has already stolen our early days together, which is when all the good stuff happened, for his part of the book, I guess that I'll, like, skip ahead - to the worst days of BLUDGEON.

I mean, "first" days, dude.

**THE ONE CALLED PAT, THE ONLY TRUE JANITOR,
PASSING ON HIS BEATIFIC VISION TO
HIS SON, THE ONE KNOWN AS JASON**

18. THE 18th CHAPTER

Hey, out of all the experiences I've had, FIFI was one of them. I know that Annette has been rather upset about our breakup, but I'm sure he'll calm down soon and release my family to the police.

Yeah, FIFI was pretty great. I remember how our second album, in only two weeks, went fiberglass, selling sixty copies! Man, if it wasn't for my ingenious work of lyric-wriing, music composition, and production, that album wouldn't have sold too well. Granted, Annette was always jealous about how I always thought up the good ideas, but he did come up with some good words here and there. For example, the underlined are his words in these lyrics:

I'm afraid of beans
And I'm afraid of peas
I'm afraid of oranges
And so is He's

After making our pock-mark on rock history, we called it quits. But before I tell you why, uh, before you . . . understand why we, uh, quit, I'll have to go to the beginning, where it all started . . . where it all, you know, sort of began . . . the starting . . . when it first happened . . . at the, uh, commencement . . . uhmmm, you know . . . let's see here . . .

HE'S SPORTING TAVITE HEADDRESS

ANNETTE SEIZING HE'S'S FAMILY

19. PAUL'S PERKY PUP

Yeah, well, it all starts when me and Annette went to Paul DeVoid's apartment. His apartment was sorta . . . damp. In fact, there was at least a couple inches of water on the floor (not to mention the mud deposit), and you could tell which way was north just by looking at the moss on the walls and furniture, as well as on Paul himself.

His dog was always sleeping in the corner. He never moved. Or breathed.

I noticed that its food dish was covered with mold. It seemed all it ever did was sleep. We tried playing with it once, but all it did was sorta sink its body in a little bit and keep on sleeping. Paul really needed a flea collar for this guy - it had flies surrounding it by the hundreds! It needed a bath, too - bad.

Anyway, this guy was there, eating all of Paul's food, using Paul's prized K.C. and The Sunshine Band picture discs for cookie sheets in Paul's oven, and engraving various profanities and obscenities on the walls of Paul's apartment.

Suddenly, and without, like, provocation, or Paul even doing anything to him in the first place, this guy hit Paul in the head with a ratchet wrench. About a minute later, Paul looked up and said, "Ow. What was that . . for?"

"You congenital simpleton! Don't you know anything?"

"Uhh . . . I don't know," said Paul blankly. "I'm not sure what you . . . mean."

This guy socked Paul square in the gut.

"For God's sake, you drooling illiterate, your dog is DEAD! It's been dead for months!"

"Listen," droned Paul, "if you're gonna be . . . rude to my guests -"

"Aw shut up, you worthless, forsaken bucket of moldering Mocha Mix! Look!" this guy shouted, and walked over and kicked the dog right on the nose. After that, this guy picked the dog up by its ears and swung it around his head a couple times, after which this guy threw it in the corner again.

"Hey," mumbled Paul inarticulately, "Let him sleep. I took him . . . for a drag just this afternoon. He's dead tired."

"He's dead, PERIOD, you comatose, crackbrained, witless, unentertaining, lumbering sloth! You microencephalic moron!"

We waited five minutes before Paul answered with a very powerful statement of his own personal feelings - a snappy comeback to really put this guy in his place.

"I . . .I am not comatose," Paul muttered.

"Well, nobody else can detect that fine distinction. Look," this guy said, as he doused the dog with five gallons of lighter fluid and torched it.

When the flames had subsided, Paul said, "Gosh . . . I loved that dog. I loved it as much as I loved my own brother."

"You insipid slug - you never had a brother!"

"Gee . . . I'm crushed. I don't think I'll ever get over this. That dog meant . . . so much to me. My life is simply . . . meaningless now. Let's go get a pizza. I'm starved. I haven't eaten for . . . weeks, I guess."

As we walked out the smoking hole in Paul's wall near where the dog used to sleep, Paul turned to this guy and intoned, leaden-lipped, "Hey . . . want some nighttime cold medicine?"

"Thanks, you inanimate, brainless yahoo," this guy said kindly.

At the pizza parlor, we took Paul aside and asked him, "Hey, who is this guy?"

After staring at us blankly for at least a minute, Paul breathed deeply as he looked up toward the ceiling, started to rub the back of his neck, and then brought his attention back down to the floor. He then looked up at us for another minute, and, heaving a sigh, said, "I don't know. I've never seen this guy before in my life."

"Paul," I said, "this guy's been living in your apartment since you first moved in!"

"Oh . . . do you think this guy might know why my dog's sleeping all the time?"

"Paul, your dog was cremated not fifteen minutes ago!" Annette answered.

"Really?" Paul asked. "Who was he playing against?"

Giving up all hope, we wiped the drool from Paul's chin, and carried him back to our table. This guy said, "Well, it's nice to see you guys taking care of the mental Lilliputian. By the way, my name's John. John Burton."

We shook his hand, in return for which he stuck his fingers in our eyes, and said, "Nah, just kidding. You guys are okay. That is, if you <u>like</u> associating with brain-dead sociopaths! Heh, heh, heh!"

We liked John right off. After eating, we went back to Paul's smoke-filled apartment and worked on a project we had been fooling around with for a while - inventing a board game involving a circuit tester, a live horse, and a flame thrower.

After a couple hours, John said, "This is stupid. Let's form a <u>band</u>! Hey, we could call it BLUDGEON! We could have a mascot named Freddy, and the covers of all our albums could show him brutally murdering someone with a mallet! <u>Cool</u>, huh?"

We liked this idea.

Ten minutes later, I had written "Thrash On You," "Kill Your Mama," and "Rip Your Face Off."

Little did we know, little did we know.

Later on, Paul slowly looked around the room, and said drowsily, "Hey . . . has anyone seen my dog?"

JOHN BURTON IN A CHEERY MOOD

PAUL'S DOGGY

20. BLUDGEONING OUR WAY TO FAME

Yeah, well, ya gotta understand, the time was tripe for us to form a new band. I mean "ripe," dude. Annette had just returned from Jamaica or something, where he was in some kinda third-rate reggae band that never really got off the ground. After we talked for a while, we decided that I would handle six and twelve-string acoustic and electric guitars of various types, plus keyboards and electronic tape effects, backing vocals, and miscellaneous percussion, while Annette could, perhaps, sing . . . occasionally. Paul DeVoid would play bass, if we could keep him awake and teach him how.

Annette was always saying to Paul, "You should have been in Jamaica, Paul, you woulda fit right in." I never really understood that, but who cares?

Anyway, John Burton would play drums, if he could find some drums for under two dollars and sixty-seven cents.

We all decided to give ourselves shortened stage names. Annette Funyjello Taves changed his name to just "Annette," I shortened my name from He's Aboy Jason Toews to just "He's," and John Burton took on "The Filler" as his stage name.

Paul DeVoid said, "I want to shorten my name . . . to 'Paulina DeVoidus, The Immortal Demi-God Of Bass Guitaristry,' " but we finally convinced him to change it to just "The Void," under the condition that we help him look for his dog.

After some discussion, we decided we needed a roadie, someone "completely sub-human," explained John (or, more accurately, "The Filler"). A good friend of mine, Dan Carnahan, volunteered.

Hugh "Mungus" Rainey was chosen as the official BLUDGEON bodyguard, and, finally, from his hiding place behind Paul's curtains, Jeff Henderson volunteered to hose us off when we played live.

Thus it begins, dude; thus it begins.

We decided to move to Spades, Indiana, to be discovered. We heard there was a real progressive music scene there, and we figured that our current songs, with their complete lack of rhythm, traditional chord structures, or any discernible melody, were just about as progressive as you could get, dude.

ANNETTE AND HUGH "MUNGUS" RAINEY

DAN CARNAHAN (OUR SUB-HUMAN ROADIE)

21. THEN, TRAGEDY STUNK

Yeah, well, I meant "struck."

One morning, while opening a can of Aunty Claire's Canned Candied Eclairs (manufactured by Aunty Claire's Eclairs and Clothes, Inc.), I was amazed to see that there were police surrounding my house. I was informed of my rights via megaphone, after which these dudes in blue stormed my house, handcuffed me and flew me to Mexico to work on a chain gang for four months, pitting olives. I was tortured and grilled for information for three weeks straight before I remembered something I had learned in first grade: Since 1884, it has been illegal to shoot open a can in Spades, Indiana.

No wonder I had been arrested. In fact, I was amazed that I had been let off so easy, seeing as how I had been opening cans with a small ground-to-air missile launcher every morning since we moved to Spades.

This wasn't the first time I had been in trouble with the law, though. Two years before, I had been sentenced to death by hanging from the neck until dead for insisting on paying too much income tax. In Natoma, Kansas, I was once incarcerated for "throwing knives at a person or persons wearing a striped suit." Once, while in Hollywood, I got put away for "driving more than two thousand sheep down Hollywood Boulevard at one time." That one was my fault. I figured no-one would notice those two extra sheep. Let me tell you, though - I'll never make that mistake again.

The list of my crimes goes on: Sneezing on a train in West Virginia; mistreating a rat in Denver, Colorado; falling asleep in a bathtub in Detroit, Michigan; using dynamite to catch fish in Illinois; blindfolding a cow on a public highway in Arkansas; and so on. It's true: My crime record is as long as my crime record is. I'm serious, dude. And if you think my crime record is bad, you oughta see the list of the times I broke the law. It's pretty long, too.

Anyway, let's turn our backs on the main story. What I mean is . . . ah, let's, um . . . "turn" back to the main story. Yeah, that's what I mean.

HE'S ENTERTAINING HIS FELLOW INMATES AT THE RICKY RICARDO FEDERAL PENITENTIARY

22. JOHN'S FIRST VISION

Yeah, well, when I got back from Mexico, I found the rest of the band trying in vain to get some basic idea of how to get a sound to come out of their instruments. I said, "Listen, dudes - you've gotta turn on the switch over here." They still didn't seem to get it, so I switched it on for them, and all the lights in the room came on and the amplifiers started to hum and crackle.

Annette looked at me with gratitude and admiration, and said, "Wow. Hey, He's, it's great to have you back - we've been sitting here for four months trying to figure this complex electronic system out. You're a real . . . genius, He's."

"Yeah, well, like I always say, 'A light switch is, like, this little plastic thing that you move up and down to turn things on and off. And, sometimes, if you don't move it up, things don't happen too quick. On the other hand, if you -' "

"Look, He's," Annette interjected, "we need your help. I'm having trouble memorizing these lyrics you wrote. They're just too grammatically and phonetically complex for me, I guess. For example, in the song, 'Thrash On You,' I can never remember the whole first verse."

"Yeah, well, let's hear what you've got so far," I said, lovingly, like a big brother.

"Okay, here goes." Annette cleared his throat and began to sing:

"You took me to that place!
You spit in my . . . Um . . . You . . .
You, um, spit in my . . . Uhhhhhmm . . ."

"Face. 'You spit in my face.' " I reminded him. "Whenever you get to that part, just breathe deeply, and start thinking of . . . oh, think of Mount Rushmore!"

"Mount Rushmore?"

"Sure. Mount Rushmore is a PLACE with a big FACE. Get it?"

"Ohhhh yeah!" Annette's face lit up.

"Now you try it again."

"Okay, okay. Ahem, " he began:

"You took me to that place!
You spit in my tourist trap located in the Black Hills of South Dakota! Oh yeah, baby!
It's time, time to - THRASH ON -"

"Stop, stop, stop! What was that?"

"Well, when I got to that part, I started to think about Mount Rushmore. And Mount Rushmore is a tourist trap located in the Black Hills -"

"Yeah, yeah. Look. You're playing Monopoly - you have no money - everytime you go around the board, you have to FACE Boardwalk and Park PLACE!"

"Oohhhhhh! I got it! I do, really! Let's do it again - hit it!"

"You took me to that place!
You spit in my Parker Brothers Real Estate Trading Game Equipment, oh baby!
Oh yes, Mama!
It's time, time to - THRASH -"

"Hold it. What was that?"

"Well, that's what it says on the cover of - oh, forget it. We'll have to figure out this 'You took me to that place, You spit in my face' stuff some other time. We've got much bigger problems right now, He's." Annette took hold of my arm and led me to the other side of the room. "I'm sure that The Void is getting The Filler pretty involved in drugs. Just look at them over there."

I looked over at them just in time to hear The Filler say, "Hey, thanks, you vacuous ameboid," and see him empty the contents of what appeared to be a tiny plastic measuring cup into his mouth. In addition to this unusual activity, I suddenly realized that they both were standing there completely naked, and, I can't swear to this, but I think what they were doing was singing various Partridge Family songs in French, while choreographing an avant-garde, rock opera version of "The Nutcracker Suite," in which all of the characters were re-interpreted as various pieces of green lawn furniture.

But here's the weird part: They were conjugating some of the French verbs incorrectly. Only later would we begin to realize that this was but a mere trifle of an omelette of what would eventually transpire. Um, yeah . . . well, I meant "omen," dude.

When The Filler and The Void saw me glancing their way for about two minutes, they came over to talk.

"Hey, He's - good to see ya."

"Thanks."

John looked around nervously, then spoke: "Did you notice what we were working on over there?"

"Um, yeah, well, I did. You mean the Partridge Family songs sung in French and -"

John interrupted. "Listen, you ethereal porcupine! You satanic guava melon!"

John had never used these insults before. I decided to let this one slip . . . I mean "slide." John continued.

"That right there what you were listening to is the ultimate idea - the absolute, most phantasmagoric, beautiful, incredible, fabulous, amazing, unbelievable, mind-altering, indelible, brazen, wonderful, fantastic -"

"You tell him, John," urged Paul, as he popped what appeared to be several St. Joseph's children's aspirins into his mouth.

"Thanks, Paul - best, niftiest, most transcendant, bestial, most superlatively good idea ever conceived . . . by me," John concluded.

"That's right, John," Paul intoned beguilingly.

"Thanks, Paul. And we gotta do it as our first album. It's got everything - love, peace, horror, crucifixion, small animals, crucifixion of small animals, grotesque scenes of egg worship -"

"Okay, okay," I interrupted. "What's it called?"

John and Paul looked at each other, beaming. Finally, John answered.

"PSYCHEDELIC MARMOSET."

"That's a great title, John, great," murmured Paul.

"Thanks, Paul. Anyway, here's the lyrics. I'd like you to read them over."

I accepted the five-inch thick stack of Dairy Dell napkins on which John had scribbled the lyrics with a silver Crayola Crayon. The titles of the various "movements" were immediately striking. "Hell Bent For Yogurt," "Shout At The Chicken," "Screaming For Vegetables," "Caligula's Cleaning Lady," "Do I (?)," "Howdy Doody Was An Alien," "Spleens Are Neat," "As My Car Exploded One Fine September Morning," "Painful Festering Wound," and my favorite, "Young Mercenaries In Love," from which the following lyrics are culled:

Rank and file; rank and file,
What you said was very vile.
You outran him by a mile?
Let me race you . . . in a while.

Hey, dude, let's start a fight.
We could make it last all night.
We will fight with all our might,
Until we've gone - OUT OF SIGHT.

From the equally delirious "Last Night I Met The All-Being (And His Name Was Steve)" came this excerpt:

Lots of needles, Lots of thimbles,
Don't forget to hit the cymbals.
Thank you Johnny, you are . . . so scrawny,
You're here only for the money.
No way, Mommy,
I ain't no commy,
My Daddy fought in Viet Nammy.
Don't you dare say this is crummy,
Or call me a great big dummy,
'Cause I'll hit you in the tummy.
Fishy swimming in the pool,
Rich and famous and really cool,
Beheaded by a power tool;
Mr. Fishy is a fool.

Some of these sections later got retitled, as you can see from the scrapbook section later on in this book. Anyway, after I got done reading all of this, I looked up at Paul and John. They were butting heads full force, and, as far as I could tell, screaming, "Donald Duck was my father!" in ancient Sumerian.

"You guys," I slowly began, my mind reeling, "I'm gonna have to . . . sleep on this, okay?"

"Don't sleep on it - it's our only copy!" blurted out John as he ripped out his front teeth with a pair of pliers.

"It's just that it's pretty, um . . . heavy, ya know?" I countered.

"Well, I can re-copy it onto paper with a much lower mass-to-volume ratio," John re-countered.

All this time, Paul kept droning hypnotically, "That's right, John, you're doing great. Just keep pushing it, just keep pushing it . . ."

"Look, let's just discuss this in the morning," I said, ending the conversation. As we all left for our bedrooms, I noticed Paul mercilessly attacking his own abdomen with a large pair of tin snips, while

mumbling at the top of his lungs, "Get off me get off me get off me oh no oh no oh no please please please get off get off getoffgetooooooaaaaaawwwaaaoooo oa aa OH MOMMY DADDY IT TICKLES WHEN YOU LOOK AT MY LUNGS WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAH -" and so on.

The next morning, Paul woke up refreshed.

At breakfast, John asked for our attention and stood on our table in his full-length wedding dress and bunny slippers, holding a fly swatter in one hand and a German beer stein in the other. He, like Paul, appeared to have had a good night's sleep.

"Jason Toews (pronounced TAYVZ) appeared to me in a dream last night," he proclaimed.

Silence fell over the table like a piece of wreckage from the Challenger space shuttle on a kitten.

John continued, "In the middle of the night, I heard what sounded like the clashing of angel's cymbals, or else someone was rattling some sheet metal close to my ear . . . and then, I heard a booming, resonating voice that could only have been the unearthly, holy voice of a god . . . or else someone was cupping a hand over their mouth . . . anyway, Jason says 'Hi' to everyone, and assures me that He's in a much better world now, where the popsicle man comes to your door every day - sometimes twice, and when you ask Mom and Dad for a quarter, they always give you at least fifty cents. He told me that His One True Father, Pat, The Janitor, would've been there, too, but He was busy picking up cigarette butts off the parking lot at the apartment where He works. But - the main reason He called is that He says it's vitally important that we never . . . um, that we always . . .uhm . . . "

Paul stood up and whispered into John's ear.

John continued, "He wants us to make the 'Psychedelic Marmoset' album."

Paul whispered into John's ear again

John continued again, "He's serious."

At first, I wasn't about to believe him, but then . . . Annette belched. At that point, I almost felt a belch down inside of myself and I knew. I knew. We all looked at each other, enlightened. Paul nodded his head knowingly. The toast started to burn.

Somewhere in the distance, a dog barked.

PAUL DURING ONE OF HIS "GENERAL CUSTER" HALLUCINATIONS

HE'S UTILIZES THE AWESOME POWER OF THE TRONIX MINI-AMP

23. TOEWISM (PRONOUNCED TAVE'- IZUM) RESTORED

Yeah, well, ever since The One Who Used To Be Known As Jason performed the ritual suicide in the ancient Assyrian fashion by running over Himself with a Schwinn 10-speed, or a Ford Bronco, I can't remember which, there was a great apostasy. Members began to question key doctrinal teachings, such as: polygamy; the law of eternal progression; the concept of the Triune Toewhead (pronounced TAVE'-HEDD), consisting of Jason, Pat, and Bob Barker; and the practice of lettuce worship, wherein Captain Kangaroo is held to be the incarnation of the Great Lettuce Spirit, from whence we get the term, "Cabbagehead."

But, anyway, we were working on the album, "Psychedelic Marmoset." Annette and I were beginning to feel rather dubious about the whole matter. According to John, Jason didn't want Annette or myself to do anything except for play what John told us to play, sing what John told us to sing, and eat what John told us to eat. "When John speaks, the thinking has been done," we were told.

Things came to a head, much like a pimple, when John informed us of Jason's latest command: while John and Paul were allowed to eat anything they wanted, including filet mignon and lobster tail (while we were required to pick up the bill), Annette and I were to eat nothing but sugar-frosted prunes fresh from the steamer, smothered in Ragu "Chunky Garden-Style" spaghetti sauce topped off with whipped cream and hot fudge, with a small side of tartar sauce, if we wished.

Also, we had to drink a special "soul-purifying" drink made up of milk and grapefruit juice with a savory dash of pureed beef gristle. After vomiting violently for two-and-a-half hours, Annette and I agreed that it was time to put our feet down. We had put up with the "Sleeping Naked In A 'Magic Fingers' Bed With Sheets Made Of Ninety-Grit Sandpaper" rule. We had also said nothing when John informed us that Jason wanted us to daily perform gymnastics in Paul's slug-breeding tank (naked, of course). But <u>this</u> . . . <u>this</u> was just too much.

I thought to myself, "This is worse than the time that cannibal offered me some human flesh, dude."

For once, Annette mustered his courage and spoke up for himself, though not very well.

"Where do you get off telling us what to do like this? Where did <u>you</u> get the authority to boss us around while you and Paul sit around drinking that . . . green, licorice-smelling stuff, whatever it is?"

John jumped up and screamed at us through the glass walls of Paul's slug-breeding tank.

"I got the authority when Pat and Jason appeared to me in the flesh, and Bob Barker descended upon me in the form of a whooping crane . . . or a vulture, I can't remember which. But anyway, They told me that all Toewist (pronounce TAVE'- IST) doctrines on the face of the earth were corrupt and were abominations in the Eye Of Pat. After proclaiming Their glorious message unto mine ears, Jason revealed to me . . . THESE!"

The earth shook as John held aloft, high above his head, in ultimate grandeur . . . some DISPOSABLE PLASTIC PLATES! Behind John, Paul belched up his sleeve.

After we regained our wits, and Paul turned off the glorious yellow spotlights pointed at John, I spoke.

"Yeah, well, where did all this happen, dude?"

After Paul stopped whispering into John's ear, John answered, in a powerful, inspiring voice that stirred us to our very livers, "AT THE DUMP. The location of the holy disposable plastic plates, beneath a large pile of garbage, was shown to me by Jason's angel, Macaroni . . . or a white frog, I can't remember which. But, anyway, upon them is written a completely new covenant between Pat and His loyal suckers, er . . . subjects."

"But what about the old covenant? What about the four-thousand-page Book Of Toews?" Annette queried.

"PAT CHANGED HIS MIND," John intoned, as Paul shook a saw to simulate the sound of thunder.

"That's right, John," mumbled Paul mesmerizingly, "I'm a witness to the whole thing."

"Thanks, Paul. And Pat and Jason placed upon us, that's Paul and me, the Holy Priesthood of Eric and Jeff."

"Wow," said Annette, reaching for his plate of specially prepared prunes.

I peered closely at the plates held by John, and was amazed.

"Yeah, well, what are all those . . . intricate figures and writings on there?" I asked.

John looked closer, too.

"Spaghetti," John replied, licking the plate clean. "But, as you can now see, beneath the spaghetti are the Words Of Pat, The One True Janitor, engraved upon the surface of the plate with a plastic fork, in ancient Pig Latin."

Behind John, Paul urged somniferously, "Tell 'em how you translated it, John."

John complied.

" 'O Yea, through the use of the Urine and the Thumbnail,' sayeth the Pat, 'verily will you be able to readeth mine words upon these here plates, you bet.' After putting on the Urine and the Thumbnail, I had to gaze through the wrong end of the Holy G.I. Joe Binoculars Of Legend to read the sacred inscriptions. Also, I was required to seclude myself by locking myself in the shower stall, where no one could see or hear the secret process. I sat there for days, all by myself, with no one else around, as specified by Pat, Father Of Jason."

"That's right, guys," agreed Paul, slowly waving a pocket watch before us, "I was there with him the whole time he was alone. That's exactly what he did."

We found ourselves unable to argue with this account, our tongues confounded by the Bob Barker.

PAT, THE JANITOR, ONLY TRUE FATHER OF JASON

24. BIRTH OF THE MARMOSET

Yeah, well, we continued to work on the album. Progress was slow, especially after John's latest revelation: In the studio, Annette and I were allowed to perform only while hung from the ceiling in inversion boots and blindfolded, while John and Paul would play "Pinata" with us, using Louisville Sluggers. Most people would have been annoyed by John's mandate to play an extensive guitar solo while standing barefoot in a wading pool filled with water, but, thanks to my loving father, I was used to this sort of thing.

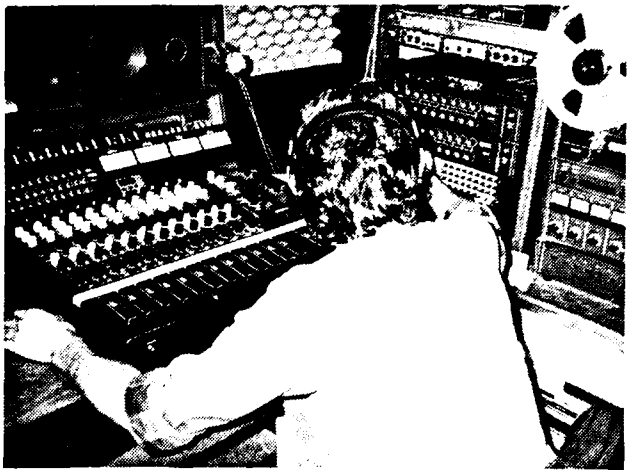
When me and Annette had finished our parts on the album, we were locked out of the studio, while John and Paul finished the recording. Besides being locked out of the studio, we were drugged and held captive in John's apartment by these muscular dudes wearing shoulder patches with the initials "P.P." Later, we came to relish,er . . . "realize" that it stood for "Pat's Police."

After a few months of this, I made a daring escape, leaving Annette behind as a decoy, and raced to the studio. I forced my way inside, and was astounded to see John screaming and moaning unintelligible lyrics into an overhead mike, while sitting immersed to his neck in a huge vat of green, licorice-smelling liquid. Also, there was an IV tube in his arm, hooked to a large bottle of green, licorice-smelling liquid. Every few seconds, John would submerge to gulp down as much green, licorice-smelling liquid as he could, while attendants stood by, keeping the vat full.

After John finished recording, I walked up to him and said, "John, I hate to say this, man, but you're a Nyquil junkie."

As he stared at me with the green-within-green eyes that only come with long-term Nyquil dependence, John gulped down the last bit of Nyquil that was in his mouth, and said to me, "Hey, I ain't got no problem. It ain't no big deal. I just quit. Just now. Hey, I ain't got no problem, you hear me? It ain't no big deal. I just quit. Just now. Okay? No no no big deal. Quit, just I, er . . . just I deal quit big . . . No? Listen, I . . . "

With that, John lapsed into a comatose sleep, mumbling, "Quasi-astral kangaroo wings! Chicken ice cream, barbecue-style! In our new, economy-size package for hungry Druidic . . . vertebrates . . . " and so on, until the next full moon.



MICHAEL, OUR ENGINEER, HELPING US TO CREATE OUR MIND-BLOWING SONIC MASTERPIECE, "PSYCHEDELIC MARMOSET"

25. THE HELIUM-FILLED SOLARIUM OF LIFE

Yeah, well, frankly, Annette and me had our doubts about John. While we were held hostage in his apartment, we noticed that it was filled to the rafters with tiny plastic measuring cups.

While John slept, Paul finished the recording and mixing of the album.

Finally, John awoke, mumbling, "The archaic wisdom of the master pikas and their odoriferous vomitory -"

"Whoa, John, snap out of it!" I yelled, shaking him by his shoulders.

He snapped awake, exclaiming, "Lorna Doone! Whoa . . . what happened, man?"

We explained to John that the album was done, and he swore upon the Book Of Toews that he had given up Nyquil for good.

"I swear upon the Book Of Toews that I have given up Nyquil for good," John swore upon the Book Of Toews, as he gave up Nyquil for good.

After discussing it, we decided to release "Psychedelic Marmoset" without a group name appearing on it, feeling that the personal glory gained would detract from the message. We also decided to play live only while wearing hoods and having our faces painted black. Also, we never actually would raise the curtain while performing, since our appearance would pervert the meaning.

Annette and I knew that these were preposterous lies that we cooked up to keep from being recognized by anyone we knew . . . or anyone at all, actually.

We set about making plans for a world tour. The first place Annette and I suggested we play was Khartoum, in Sudan. We . . . had always dreamed of playing there. We also tried to get permission to play Mecca, going so far as promising to become Muslims, but nobody believed us.

We made a list of places we wanted to be sure and play: Concrete, Washington; Ammunition Depot, Nevada; El Baul, Venezuala; Jhawani, Nepal; and others.

Sadly, the evening before we were to start our tour, a catastrophe occurred which would change our lives forever, irrevocably thrusting us onto an unalterable pathway which could not be diverged from, not at all, ever.

John broke a plastic washbasin.

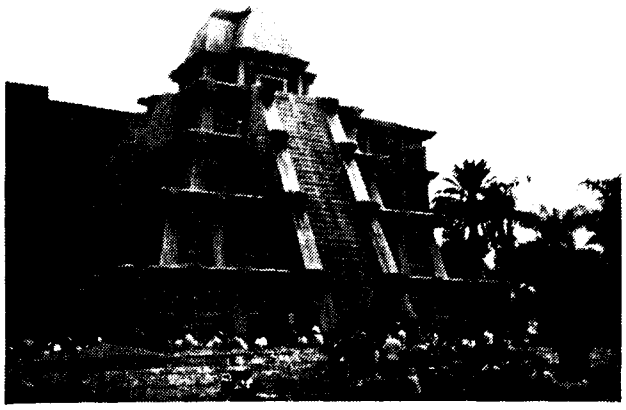
You see, he had been using it as a bass drum, and, well, when his mom came home, she grabbed John by the ear and told him he was grounded. When his dad got home, John got a whipping and was sent to bed without his supper. Our tour hopes were shattered. We decided to call an old friend, Sang-Ho Suh, to see if he would play drums for us. He said that it would be no problem, as long as we would teach him how to play drums.

We agreed to teach him, and he headed over in his car. We waited for three hours. Since he only lived two houses down, we thought this was plenty of time.

A while later, the phone rang. It was Sang. He told us he had been arrested, and was down at the police station.

"Well, it finally happened," he said sadly. "I'm real sorry, but I won't be able to go on tour with you guys after all."

I calmly and politely asked just what in the Sam Hill was going on.



ONE OF THE PLACES WE ALMOST WENT TO ON OUR TOUR THAT DIDN'T WORK OUT

26. A FRIEND IN TWEED, ER . . . "NEED," IS A FRIEND INDEED

Yeah, well, our tour plans were out. Heavy depression set in. I got into heavy drinking. Sometimes, I would drink, like, six or seven cans of Mr. Pibb every day. I spent my nights in search of fun, drifting around town and hanging out in seedy bars.

I met this babe and I took her home. We played ping-pong. I beat her twenty-one to three, but wasn't satisfied, so I kicked her out, saying, "Come back when you can play better!"

It was around this time that I had a "gross-out" contest with my new friend, Alice Cooper. He picked his nose and then ate this big booger. Then he loogied on his hand and wiped it all over his face.

I got so sick that I threw up all over him. How embarrassing, dude. I apologized over and over, and tried to wipe it off with my bare hands.

Everyone agreed that I had won.

To make things even worse, we heard that John had gotten back into Nyquil heavier than ever. When Annette and I went to talk to him about it, he was in his swimming pool, which was full of Nyquil. There were hundreds of thousands of tiny plastic measuring cups thrown everywhere.

"Do you know how long it took me to fill this pool using those tiny plastic measuring cups?" John asked me.

Annette and I looked at each other. Annette and I looked at John. John looked at me and Annette. We each took one more turn, then, finally, Annette spoke.

"Does that stuff taste good? I mean, I'd kinda like to try some, if -"

"I'll handle this," I quickly intervened. "John, you really do need help. Your life is a mess. You . . . aren't thinking coherently, dude."

"Cosmic suckling pig?" John argued, shaking his fist - at himself, for some reason.

"Yes, John, just . . . just look at yourself, man!"

John thought for a moment, and then started to sob.

"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum," he admitted, "you're right. I'm a petrified hemophiliac with the Special-K Pinch, if there ever was one, like the giant baboon of Klotar. I want help, but I don't want anyone to know - it makes me feel . . . eyeless, and under the striper. Please, help me."

Annette helped John out of the pool.

"Here, John - here's my car keys - you drive yourself right down to the de-tox center,okay? Remember," Annette continued, "today is the first day of the rest of the days of our lives."

John rolled his eyes - completely out of their sockets.

"Purple underoos? The cat and the fiddle, J. Edgar Hoover's Peak Freens; Very Serious . . . "

John pivoted on one foot and complained about the way the butler had fixed the gyroscope. He then crawled out to Annette's car and swerved away down the road.

We didn't see John for quite some time after that. We didn't care, though, because we were gonna kick him out of the group anyway, what with his being so destructive as to break a washbasin, we really felt he was a bad influence.

Yeah, well, that was a real emotionally trying time for us. Making music was no longer fun to us, so we broke up.

Actually, the main reason we broke up was because we lost each other's phone numbers, and we just never got a chance to call one another, you know?

Yeah, well, I guess Annette wants to write now, so . . . um, here's Annette.

JOHN BURTON (IN DISGUISE) SHARPENS HIS COLLECTION OF KNIVES