BOOK THREE

BY: ANNETTE FUNYJELLO

"The great artists of the world are never Puritans, and seldom even ordinarily respectable."

H. L. MENCKEN; Prejudices, First Series, Chapter 16

27. BACK TO ANNETTE

If you were wondering, this is Annette writing now. Of course, you probably would have figured that out for yourself after you read a page or two and noticed that all the words were spelled correctly. Then again, I should be fair: Not all of He's's misspellings are his fault. Sometimes, the typesetter just can't read what He's has written because of all the drool and eclair droppings on the page. I can only hope that all his misspellings and hopeless grammatical gaffes will be corrected by his editor.

Like I said, I should try to be fair.

Unfortunately, some people are just plain so stupid, it's hard not to point and laugh, or at the very least, push them down the nearest flight of stairs.

When I think of He's, a lot of memories rise . . . just like bile in the back of my throat. I remember the first time we went to a rock concert together (Donny and Marie Osmond, back in '73 or '74), someone poked He's in the arm and whispered, "Hey, guy - ya want some . . . cannabis?"

He's jumped up with a look of horror on his face, grabbed the kid around the neck, and screamed, "NO WAY, DUDE! I WOULD NEVER, COULD NEVER, EVER EAT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING!"

One time, when He's was younger, he got in quite a mess of trouble, when his dad discovered him trying to electroplate their dog. After his dad finished yelling and left the room, I said, "Wow, He's. It looks like you lost some brownie points with your dad there."

He's replied, "Hey, that's okay with me. I don't like having my underwear pulled up like that, anyway."

What did I ever do (aside from that one thing, which isn't even worth mentioning) to deserve a bandmate like He's?

I hope you found his story about the trouble I (supposedly) had memorizing "Thrash On You" amusing. It was all lies, of course. All lies, every single word of it - one big, fat lie.

I got those lyrics down pat, right after He's gave me the Mount Rushmore analogy. The Monopoly thing was just a backup. What do you expect? It was a snap memorizing "Thrash On You," especially since I wrote it!!

But, enough of my rantings. Back to the story that I'm trying to write with that GOD-FORSAKEN, MORONIC PHILISTINE, HE'S, WHO -

Ahem.

After we "broke up," while He's was doing God-knows-what, I became involved in politics.

28. POLITICS

All my life, I had dreamed of getting involved in politics. Either that, or sheepherding. I felt that there was a great need for political recognition of the disabled in this country. To address this need, I volunteered my time for the campaign to elect Timmy, a ten-year-old paraplegic, as President.

We came up with many catchy campaign slogans, such as:

1. "I may be a gimp, but I ain't no wimp!"

2. "Timmy - in the running for President!"

3. "Timmy - putting his best foot forward for you!"

4. "My opponent doesn't have a leg to stand on!"

And, our favorite:

5. "FDR was a cripple, and he was a great President!"

On the other hand, He's changed his name to "Yessir Ericfat" and formed a militant group of disgruntled Toewite reformists (pronounced TAVE'- ITE - REE - FOUR'- MISTS), known as the TLO, or the "Toewite Liberation Organization." Of course, this was all covered up by saying it stood for "Terrace Liberation Organization," since its main headquarters were in a small town in Washington known as Mountlake Terrace.

The TLO eventually established a church in Mountlake Terrace. In the center of this church was a statue depicting The Death Of The One Who Used To Be Known As Jason. This statue, made of pure Play-Doh, and standing upon a massive platform of hand-forged cardboard, was recently appraised as having a value well in excess of fifty cents. I guess they were going to have a statue of Pat, The One And Only Janitor And Father Of His Son, Jason, but He was too busy scraping the scum off the sauna walls at the apartment He worked at to pose for them.

Unfortunately, on November 22nd of that same year, the church was destroyed in a windstorm; apparently, the ten-mile-per-hour wind was just too much for the pup tent.

After this apparent sign from Pat, the TLO "changed their minds," all of its former disciples becoming either Shriners or Janitors, in The Way Of Pat.

My political aspirations met a similar fate. Timmy received two votes. Aside from me, the only other person who voted for Timmy was Timmy's opponent, as a joke. Even Timmy lobbied strongly against himself, and, eventually, voted "undecided" when it came down to it.

29. REUNION

One fateful day, almost a year since the last time I had seen He's, I came home drunk. I had become suicidally depressed following my crushing political failures. After carefully parking my car on a fire hydrant, I crawled out through the broken rear window and staggered towards my front door.

Then I heard a loud "CRASH!" and, right after that, a "BANG!" inside my house. And, behold and lo, there He's was, walking nonchalantly through my shattered living-room window, carrying a television set that appeared, in the darkness, to be very similar to my own.

"He's!" I cried joyously, "How are you, man? I haven't seen you in over a year!"

He's, surprised, dropped the TV, which exploded upon impact with his feet.

"Oh . . . yeah, well . . . uhm . . . hey, guy, it's great to see you again . . . I guess," said He's. As he extended his hand to shake mine, a mid-sized Amana toaster oven fell out of his jacket.

"Where have you been, man? I've missed you!" I exulted.

"Uhm . . . yeah, well . . . I was, uh . . . just in here a minute ago, uhm . . . aahh . . . WAITING FOR YOU TO COME HOME! Yeah, that's what I was doing - waiting for you to come home. Yeah."

Just then, his jacket burst open and an entire Nautilus weight machine, remarkably resemblant of the one that I owned, fell out, revealing his black-and-white-striped shirt. I gave He's a big bear hug, and cried on his shoulder. After I pulled away, He's looked at me for ten minutes and then said, "Yeah, well . . . do I know you, dude?"

I pulled the black Lone Ranger mask from his eyes so that he could see better. After a complete set of pewter dinnerware (which looked amazingly like a set my aunt had given me not a month ago) finished clattering to the pavement, He's's face lit up.

"Oh, yeah! Yeah! Dude! Great to see you, uhmmm . . . aaaahhh . . . "

"Annette," I reminded him.

"Oh . . . yeah, well . . . great to see ya."

Interestingly, in the pile of personal belongings that had fallen from He's's clothing, I noticed 4 square boxes marked "Psychedelic Marmoset Forty-Eight-Track Master Tapes." "That's funny," I thought to myself, "I thought that I was the only person who had 'Psychedelic Marmoset' master tapes. Hmmmmm."

"Hey, why didn't you call me?" I asked aloud.

"Yeah, well . . . the truth is . . . Uhmmm . . . I lost your phone number, dude. It was on a piece of paper in a desk in, um . . . my church, and there was this big storm, and -"

"Then why didn't you just come by my house?"

"I lost the . . . address, too. Anyway, there was this big storm, and . . . Yeah, well, what I wanna know is why didn't you call me?"

"Ummmm . . . you know, the . . . uhhh . . . same thing happened to me."

"Man, you wanna hear something funny?" He's asked. "Did you hear about that gimp who ran for President? What was his name - Timmy? He was only TEN YEARS OLD! And he only got ONE VOTE! What a joke!"

"Well . . . I heard he got two votes," I rebutted.

"But only one of the votes was serious!" He's re-rebutted. "What a loser that guy was!"

I counter-attacked, "Well, what about that joke of a church, the TLO? Did you hear about that?"

"Yeah, well . . . I sort of remember hearing something about that place . . ." He's said, cautiously.

"Those bozos completely misinterpreted the Toewite (pronounced TAVE'- ITE) doctrines! They believed He Who Used To Be Known As Jason ran over Himself with a SCWHINN TEN-SPEED! How ridiculous!" I squawked.

"Uhm . . . Yeah," He's laughed nervously. "Everyone knows it was a . . .Ford Bronco . . . right?"

"No! It was a Honda Civic!" I corrected.

"Yeah, Honda Civic. Right . . . right . . . um, in the ancient . . . Assyrian fashion."

"No, Mayan."

"Your what?"

"Not MINE! MAYAN! PRONOUNCED MYE´- YUNN!"

"Oh, yeah, yeah . . . well, you know - Assyrian, Mayan - they're easy to get mixed up, you know?"

I invited He's inside, and offered him tea and toast. To my chagrin, however, I realized my toaster oven was gone.

"Yeah, well . . . maybe your landlord . . . took it out for servicing or something," offered He's.

"Probably. Well, why don't we just sit back, relax, and watch some - HEY!"

"Yeah, well, he probably took the TV at the same time, dude."

"Oh, well, why don't we just go in the next room here and lift some weights, and -"

"Oh, no, no, no - that's okay. I'm . . . uh . . . really tired, and . . . uh, sore - Oooh! Ow! Man, real sore - yeah - I couldn't lift weights right now, dude."

He's sat down and I sat down where my favorite chair . . . used to be. After picking myself up off the floor, He's and I started to talk. When we had been talking for a few hours, I realized that He's and I were both real mad at the world and its utter cruelty to mollusks and the crushing reality society imposes upon struggling musicians, especially rock musicians.

Also, we both HATED WOMEN. Neither of us could come up with an actual reason or anything, except for He's losing his job as a pig brander to a nine-year-old girl. That was pretty bad.

Yes, we were two lone wolves, forced to be alone together, like two wolves, that are together, but yet alone.

Finally, I made a suggestion.

"Hey, He's - why don't we make our anger manifest?"

"Yeah, well . . . that sounds great, but why in the world would we be angry at a car's exhaust mechanism?"

"Not maniFOLD! maniFEST! 1. plainly apparent; obvious. Verb tense - to reveal; show; display. 2. to prove; be evidence of. 3. to record in a manifest!"

"Oh . . . okay. Yeah, right - 'manifest.' "

"What I'm saying, He's, is let's make an angry album! We could call it . . .oh, I don't know . . ."

"How about, 'Gee, I'm Angry?' "

"No, no, no. Something much more angry!"

"What about, 'Gee, I'm Much More Angry?' "

"NO! Look - I've got an album title - 'Thrash On You!' "

"Why? I didn't do anything to you!" He's protested vehemently.

"No, no - it's an album title, you fool! Don't you remember the song that I wrote?"

"Oh . . . yeah."

"What do you think, He's?"

"Yeah, well, um . . . "

"What?"

He's looked me square in the eye, and grew to a full twenty feet in height. Acidic drool foamed on his lips. Flames shot from his eyes, and steam poured from his nostrils. Claws grew from his fingers, and he roared unmeekly, "OKAY, LET'S DO IT, DUDE! I'VE GOT MY GUITAR RIGHT HERE! WHOO! LOOK OUT, MAMA! WE'RE REALLY GONNA TURN UP THE FREAKIN' SONIC WAVES BEYOND THE POINT OF HUMAN ENDURANCE, DUDE! GIVE ME AN AMP!"

"Amp!" I cheered supportively.

"NO, NO - BRING ME AN AMP SO I CAN PLUG IN MY GUITAR AND REALLY DESTROY SOME BRAIN CELLS, DUDE! OOOOOOOW! ALRIIIIIIIGHT!!"

"Okay!" I yelled, shaking my fist, "Let's rip the walls out!"

"YEAH!" He's replied, "LET'S . . . BLOW UP THE FISH TANK! YEEEEEAAAH! HIT ME, ALRIIIIIIGHT!"

"Yeah! Let's . . .oh, I don't know . . . let's . . . ring someone's doorbell and then run away!"

"ALRIIIIIGHT! YESSSS! THAT'D BE COOOOL! LET'S DRIVE A HYDRAULIC STEAM SHOVEL THROUGH A . . . THROUGH A . . . THROUGH A K-MART!! HIT ME, HIT ME, PUUUUUSH! WHOOOOOOP!"

"Hey, yeah, that's really . . . rad, man! Let's go . . . smear some . . . some cold cream around on people's door knobs and stuff!"

"WHHOOOOOOOOP! WHOOOOOOOOOOP! YEAH! GIVE IT TO ME, GIVE IT TO ME!" He's agreed, "GIVE IT TO ME, PUUUUUUSH! PUUUUUSH! ALRIIIIIIIGHT!" he elaborated meaningfully.

"Alright! I'm in the mood now, He's! I'm Ready To Rock! Okay! Let me just get my microphone - it's right over . . . HEY!"

30. WE THRASH OUT OUR "FIRST" ALBUM

After four hours of screaming, creating incredibly loud feedback, destroying whatever furniture that had not been taken in for servicing by my landlord, blowing up the fishtank, and throwing shotputs and guitar amps at each other, He's whipped out a wheat-threshing machine.

That's when I yelled, "Whoooooaaaaah, He's - you're getting TOO radical, man - Freakin' simmer!"

He's threw a car door at me and screamed, "AW, WHY DON'T YOU GO AND -"

The rest of his sentence was drowned out by the idling of his threshing machine. He jumped down and tried throwing me into the rotating tines of the wheat-threshing machine, but fell in himself. He came out laughing so hard that he couldn't hold steady the twelve-gauge double-barrelled shotgun he was pointing at me, and shot four of my chickens instead.

"Whoooooooaaaah! Dinnertime!" I screamed, kicking him in the shin with my steel-toed hiking boots.

"ANNETTE, I HAVE NEVER FELT CLOSER TO YOU IN MY LIFE, DUDE! I'M SERIOUS! I LOVE YOU, MAN!" He's exclaimed, after amiably patting the side of my head with a crowbar, several times. "I FEEL SO RADICAL RIGHT NOW, IT'S GREAT! I'M READY TO KICK AROUND SOME . . . PUPPIES, DUDE! I TELL YOU WHAT - I FEEL SO MEAN, I'M READY TO . . . SLAP JULIE ANDREWS!"

"Cool!" I shrieked, stuffing one of the chickens down my throat, "Let's do the album, dude!"

"YEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" He's wailed like a Banshee. He whipped out his guitar and threw it into the bathtub. I threw an electric space heater in after it, and shoved He's in, too.

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!! I LOVE IT! THIS IS GREAT!" He's screeched, like a piece of frying bacon.

"Here, let me help you get into the mood!" I bellowed.

He's rent the air with a bloodcurdling scream, "HEY, GET THAT GASOLINE AWAY FROM ME, DUDE! HEY! IS THAT A MATCH? WICK-ED! ALRIIIIGHT! HA - HA - HA!"

With this, He's jumped out of the tub and smashed his guitar square in my jaw.

"D-u-u-u-ude!" I commented, "I feel like . . . harassing nuns! I hate EVERYBODY!"

"AND ANYBODY YOU DON'T HATE, I DO!" observed He's in a malevolent squall born of bloodlust.

"WE'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH FOR OUR MUSIC!" we howled maniacally, in unison, "NOW IT'S THE WORLD'S TURN!! LETS GO!"

"WE'RE GONE!!"

So we headed off in my orange Charger with the Confederate flag painted on the top. He's started banging his head on the dashboard, and then we started screaming together:

"WE'RE JUST-A GOOD OL' BOYS -"

"Give It To Me, Annette! Allllriiiiight! Whooooooo! Come On, Baby, Come On!"

"NEVER MEANIN' NO HARM!"

"Whooooo! Bring On The Cows! Hit Me!"

"Whoo, Oh Yesss! Yeah, Let Me See Some HANDS!! Alright, Seattle!"

"Hey, Annette, We're In Yakima!"

"Allriiight! Goodnight Seattle, Hello Yakima! C'mon! You Know The Words! BEATS ALL YOU NEVER SAW, BEEN IN TROUBLE WITH THE LAW SINCE THE DAY THEY WERE BORN! Whooooo!"

"Let's ROCK!" He's screamed, putting his fist through the speedometer, which currently read ninety-five MPH.

I joined in the fun by tearing out the steering column with my teeth.

"WE LOVE YOU, YAKIMA! GOODNIGHT! GOD BLESS! SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!"

When we got to the studio, an hour's drive away, we realized that we had forgotten our money at home. We were out of gas, so He's ran home and got my wallet. He's was so hyped up that he got back faster than he would have if he had driven. When he was still half-a-mile away, I heard him screaming, "YEAH! ALLRIIIIGHT! I GOT THE MONEY! KILL-ER! ALRIGHT, SPOKANE! LET ME HEAR YOU SINGIN' OUT THERE! WHOOOO!"

We went into the studio and got ourselves more excited by watching "Death Wish", "The Evil Dead", "First Blood", and "The Sound Of Music."

"YEAH! THE HILLS ARE ALIVE! ALLLLLLLLRRRRIIIIIIII -"

"He's - not 'The Hills Are Alive' - I wanted you to get 'The Hills Have Eyes!' "

"BUT THIS IS JUST AS RAD, DUDE! YOU SAID YOU WANTED NUN HARASSMENT, YOU GOT IT! ALRIIIGHT, MARIA! WHOOOOOO! ADELWEISS, ADELWEISS, GOODNIGHT, FAREWELL, ADIEU, ADIEU, ADIEU TO THE LONELY GOATHERD WHO'S GOING ON SEVENTEEN! WHOOOOAAAAHHH! RAD - I - CAL!"

We drank two bottles of piping-hot Gatorade and swallowed two packages of Tart 'N' Tiny's apiece. Then, the fateful, glorious, cacaphonic moment came: WE BEGAN TO RECORD "THRASH ON YOU."

He's strapped on his guitar, turned up his amp until the feedback was inescapable, and began to play. Whatever came to his mind, whatever he wanted, as long as he wanted, as loud as he wanted, He's played with passion.

"KILL 'EM ALL! EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM! WAR AND DEATH! WHOOOOOH, DISEASE AND HEARTBURN, OOOOOH, BABY, BABY - I HATE YOU - WHY DON'T YOU GO AWAY AND CRAWL OFF INTO . . . INTO . . . OH, I DON'T KNOW, BUT AWAY FROM ME! OOOOOOOOH, BRING ON THE COWS!" He screamed while he played his guitar in every way imaginable, including throwing it through the glass partition into the control booth, scraping the strings across his face, jumping up and down on top of the guitar, and breaking the instrument into two pieces while simultaneously piercing the amp speaker with a javelin.

It was great. A masterful, powerful, electrifying, electrocuting performance by a true artist after heavy doses of Tart 'N' Tiny's.

"Whoa, He's," I commented, " that was a masterful, powerful, electrifying, electrocuting performance by a true artist!"

"YEAH!" agreed He's, "AFTER HEAVY DOSES OF TART 'N' TINY'S! WHOOOOO! IT'S ALL YOURS! GO TO IT, MY MAN! ALLRIIIIIGHT!"

We hit each other as hard as we could, just like brothers.

I went into the recording room carrying a chainsaw.

The vocal session was incredible - a spiritual awakening - an exultant scream in rejoice of living and Aunty Claire's Eclairs.

I only suffered minor skin lacerations, and, after a doctor helped me put my intestines back in, I was rarin' to go again.

After finishing our recording, we set about searching down Jeff Henderson and Paul to add bass and drum tracks. For a month, we looked in every taxidermy shop, week-old bakery outlet, drug store, hubcap dealership, used pet shop, snake farm and crocodile wrestling school in Mountlake Terrace. We finally found them - in Lynnwood, in a cane and artificial limb store - browsing through the mechanical toe department.

"WHOOOOH, DUDE - PUT THAT TOE DOWN! HAVE WE GOT A FOOT-STOMPIN' DEAL FOR YOU!" wailed He's, slapping Paul and Jeff in their faces.

"We want you guys to come help us finish our new album - 'THRASH ON YOU,' okay? Whooooh! Give me five! I love you, baby! You've been a great audience, I mean that! Come on now, come on! Whoo! Allriight!" I told Paul.

"Well, I'm not quite sure if, um -"

"LISTEN, DUDES! IF YOU DON'T COME AND HELP US FINISH UP OUR ALBUM -"

"- 'Thrash On You' -"

"WE'RE JUST GONNA HAFTA -"

"- Thrash on you!" I finished He's's sentence for the second time.

"YEAH! LIKE THIS, DUDES -"

"You're dead, man! We'll . . . We'll set your clothes on fire!"

"YEAH! AND . . . AND . . . OTHER THINGS, TOO! THAT ARE JUST AS BAD!"

"Yeah, we're gonna -"

"THAT'S RIGHT! IF YOU DON'T WATCH IT, BUDDY -"

"We're serious! We might even -"

"Okay, okay, " Jeff and Paul conceded.

We took them back to the studio, and tried to get them to share our radness. We wanted them to feel just as . . . mean, just as . . . anti-social, as we did. The best we got out of Paul, though, was a mumbled, "All right. Yeah. I'm feeling really, really um . . . "

"RAD!"

" . . . yeah, rad . . . now," Paul concluded half-heartedly.

" 'DUDE!' MAKE SURE YOU SAY 'DUDE!' "

"And 'Whoooo!' Say that a lot, too, Paul!"

"Okay, " agreed Paul, "I . . . will."

"DUDE!" we reminded him in unison.

"What?" Paul answered.

"YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY 'DUDE!' " He's shrieked, an inch from Paul's ear.

"Uh . . . okay. I'll do that," murmured Paul.

Giving up all hope, we wiped Paul's nose and turned to Jeff.

Jeff was throwing knives at the electronic equipment, running over He's's guitar collection with a dirt bike, and screaming, "I hate it! I hate it! Whooooh! Dude! Hit me, hit me! Good night, Puyallup!"

He's and I looked at each other and smiled.

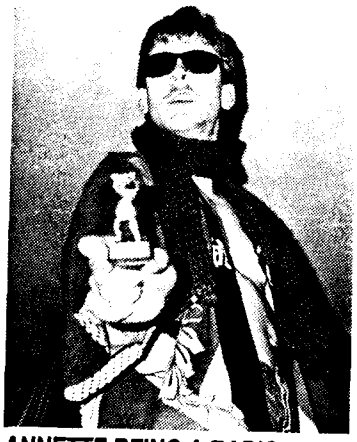
JEFF WAS IN THE MOOD.

We stuck Jeff and Paul in the studio and let 'em play what they would. Just to try something different, we didn't let them hear what we had recorded.

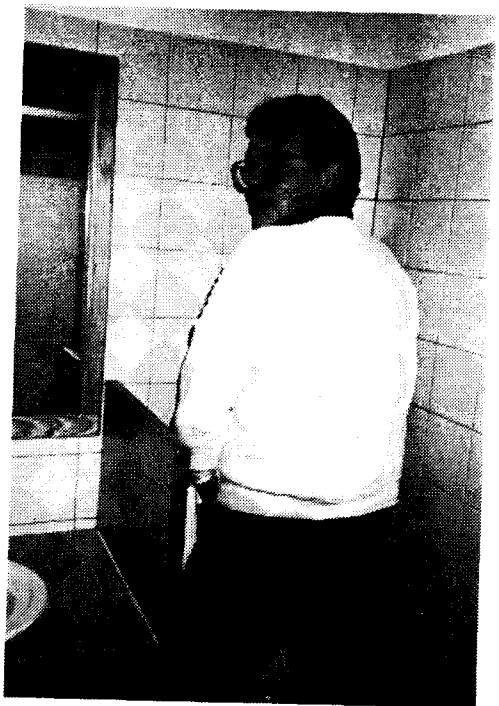
When we played back the tapes, we sat absolutely dumbstruck.

What came out of the speakers was . . . the most . . . cacaphonous, deranged, dischordant, dissonant, atonal, clashing, banging, grating, rasping, disharmonic, harsh, nauseating, noisy, uproarious, racketous, pandemonious, clamorous, boisterous, deafening, strident, tortuous, excrutiating, agonizing, tormenting, garbled, distorted, misrepresented, agitated, painful, nerve-wracking, aching, twinging, soul-rending, spasmatic, gnawing, burning, vivisectioning, writhing, lamenting, mournful, grieving, heart-crushing, brain-squishing, eyeball-bursting, flesh-flaying, offensive, shocking, sickening, disgusting, revolting, repulsive, shuddering, hackle-raising, afflicted, hellionistic, victimizing, distressing, piteous, deplorable, pathetic, disease-ridden, intolerable, and just basically twisted music ever endured by flesh and blood.

We loved it.



ANNETTE BEING A RADICAL DUDE



JEFF HENDERSON, ONLY TRUE PROPHET AND SCRIBE OF THE ONE KNOWN AS JASON

31. THINGS HAPPEN

I just remembered to tell you that I forgot to remember to tell you why we remembered to call "Thrash On You" our "first" album and pretended to forget the memory of the unforgettable "Psychedelic Marmoset" album - remember? Unfortunately, I forgot - I'm sorry I forgot, but it's okay because now I remember - AND IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER FORGET.

He's had this girlfriend named Who's. Who's Aperson. She had a . . . weird influence on He's. Like the time we went to the . . .

Oh. Sorry. Forgot again. Okay, go back, reread the first paragraph of this chapter, skip the second and third, and start where it says, "CONTINUE HERE AFTER READING THE FIRST PARAGRAPH (FOR THE SECOND TIME)."

*CONTINUE HERE AFTER READING THE FIRST PARAGRAPH (FOR THE SECOND TIME).

When we completed our monumentally good album, "Thrash On You," we knew we had to keep from being recognized as the same group who recorded "Psychedelic Marmoset."

We felt that the two albums were unique entities, each written and recorded in wildly disparate rituals quite different from one another. Each was made to express a particular set of emotions and attitudes, both together forming a wholistic spiritual embodiment.

Besides all this, we also felt that "Psychedelic Marmoset" was also a really crappy album and John Burton was Nyquil-slurping toad - what the ancient Hebrews would have called, "a real phlegm deposit."

We never released "Psychedelic Marmoset" officially (although about seventy-five-thousand bootleg copies somehow found their way into circulation), never played any songs from it before an audience, and refused to have our names associated with it in any way, but we were sure that someone, someday, would put two and two together and come up with five.

For we had unwittingly left one pathway to this knowledge open . . .

While I was campaigning for Timmy, I was forced to participate in many televised political debates in Timmy's place, he himself being mute.

Following is the transcript of a debate between myself and Timmy's opponent, Mr. Carl Muotka:

***Press**: Your opening statements, Mr. Muotka?*

***Muotka**: (Points at Funyjello) This man is a homosexual Klansman!*

***Press**: Your rebuttal, Mr. Funyjello?*

***Funyjello**: (Slaps podium) I am not!*

***Press**: Your next comment, Mr. Muotka?*

***Muotka**: (Tosses hand over head while nodding) Yes he is. (Shakes finger) Not only that, but he also was arrested for assassinating a South American diplomat! In justification, he stated, "I don't like burritos!!"*

***Press**: Your rebuttal, Mr. Funyjello?*

***Funyjello**: (Throws hands into air, as if exasperated) I was not!*

***Press**: Mr. Muotka?*

***Muotka**: (Points index and middle finger for greater emphasis, looks at Mr. Funyjello sternly) Besides that, this man sold hamburgers to little schoolchildren - whose lunch money he took by brute force - he sold these poor, helpless, defenseless, unprotected, innocent -*

***Press**: Get to the point, Mr. Muotka.*

***Muotka**: - He sold these little kiddies hamburgers with . . . GRAVEL, MARBLES AND TABASCO SAUCE IN THEM!*

***Press**: (Shocked, mouth hanging wide open) Mister . . . (Dripping with disgust) Funyjello?*

***Funyjello**: I did not!*

***Press**: (Folds arms, shakes head sadly) Back to you, Mr. Muotka.*

***Muotka**: (Crying - dabs eyes with handkerchief) Mr. Annette Funyjello, who stands before you today, when he was a teenager, was arrested for pandering obscenity to a group of aquatic birds!*

***Press**: (Eyes widened in utter shock) Mr. . . . Funyjello? Do you . . . have anything to say about that?*

***Funyjello**: No, I didn't!*

***Muotka**: (Raising hands to heaven - invoking the wrath of God) In addition to all of this, this man, Annette Funyjello, (Points at Funyjello) IS A WEREWOLF!!*

***Funyjello**: What?! That's ridiculous!!*

***Audience**: (Nods heads in general agreement, looks to Mr. Muotka for proof)*

***Muotka**: (Sweeping a pointed finger across audience) Have any of you SEEN Mr. Funyjello on the night of a full moon? Well, HAVE YOU?*

***Audience**: (General shaking of heads)*

***Muotka**: (Folds arms, satisfied) So how do you know he ISN'T ONE?*

***Audience**: (Sudden realization) "Hey!" "You're right!" "I guess so!"*

***Funyjello**: Listen, this is just -*

***Muotka**: Shut up, lycanthrope! (Holds up silver cross) But all these sins could be forgiven, if it wasn't for his participation in . . . (Pauses for dramatic effect) THE RECORDING OF THE "PSYCHEDELIC MARMOSET" ALBUM!!!*

***Funyjello**: NO!! (Pulls out small, powerful handgun, likely a German luger)*

***Gun**: (Recoiling) BANG!!*

***Press**: Rebuttal, Mr. Muotka?*

***Muotka**: Aaaaauuuuuuuggggghhh!*

***Audience**: (Throwing chairs, purses and rotten fruit) "You filthy, murderous, homosexual Klansman!" "Duck molester!" "Werewolf!"*

***Funyjello**: (To Audience) I am not!! (Runs from stage)*

***Press**: Thank you. This has been a CBS presentation. Goodnight.*

Audience: *"Murderer! " "Pervert!" "Bigot!"*

Muotka: *He got me. I'm dying.*

Soon after this, I was arrested, much to my surprise.

I was brought before a judge, and the transcript of the debate was read. The judge was ready to put me away forever. Then, the last portion of the transcript was read, and the judge's face became contorted in disbelief and horror. After considering the matter carefully for a full five seconds, he issued his judgement.

"Mr. Funyjello, I would never - COULD NEVER - condone cold-blooded murder. Except in this case. How any man could accuse another man of taking part in the creation of that . . . that God-forsaken testament to . . . badness with the unspeakable name of "Psychedelic . . . You-Know-What" . . . Why, any man in his right mind would shoot. In fact, I'd question the sanity of any man who wouldn't have immediately shot Mr. Muotka between the eyes, as you so rightfully did. You are truly a modern patriot - a defender of the American legal system. Go, my son, and may God be with you."

The gallery rose and applauded this just and wise decision.

I was awarded a million dollars for my efforts, all of which I somehow lost on my way home.

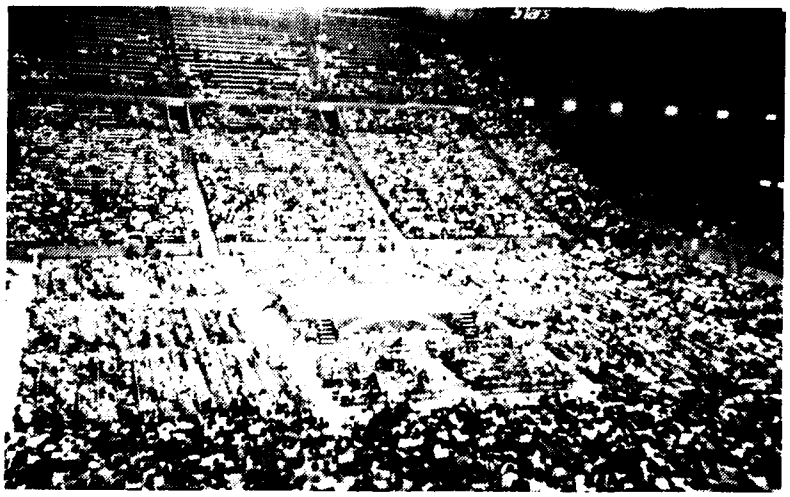
So, anyway, here it was, our "first" album! It was a hit! It went plastic in only two weeks, selling over forty copies on the international market (twenty-seven in Paraguay alone), and who knows how many people taped it from their friends. We were immediately approached by Hydrant Records. We signed a contract agreeing to record nine more albums in two years, four in the first two months. In return, Hydrant Records would set us up in a luxuriant shack, made of sturdy, corrugated, lime-green fiberglass. Every day, we were served a hearty meal of Spud Buds and hard cider at only a minimal charge to us.

Right away, we embarked on our contracted four-hundred-and-seventy-eight-date tour, the "Gonna Duke Ya" tour. We had t-shirts saying, "Freddy's Gonna Duke Ya!" that had a picture of Freddy smashing his fist clean through some unsuspecting fan's skull. Some people said that kind of told you what our attitude was toward our fans, but I don't really know what they meant. We just thought it was a cool picture. Anyway, onstage, we featured a gargantuan, five-foot, four-inch Freddy. Occasionally, blood would trickle from his nose, and steam would issue from his ears, if the auditorium had running hot water and we could find a really long hose. Freddy was played by our good friend, Wade Beaudry.

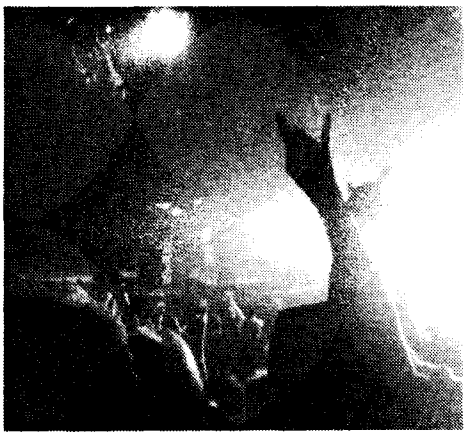
Sadly, halfway through the tour, Wade fell off the stage and got smacked in the face by an Official BLUDGEON Bludgeon held by an over-eager fan. We had forgotten to give Wade any eye-holes in the papier-mache bodysuit.

After that, we changed our tour shirts to read, "Freddy Got Duked!"

We had groupies, too. Eventually, we got to know them both, and they were real nice. Their names were Roxanne Bjornson and Anne Maurer.



THE "GONNA DUKE YA" TOUR, OPENING NIGHT!



DROOLING BLUDGEON FANS, EAGER TO GET "DUKED" BY FREDDY!

OUR GROUPIES (OOH LA LA!)

32. HE'S SCREWS THINGS UP - AGAIN

All of this excessive rock 'n' roll lifestyle went to He's's head. He started giving interviews to everybody. Eventually, this led to tragic accusations and a name change for the group.

I remember the day of the beginning of our downfall very clearly. I had walked into a bookstore and began to glance at the various magazines and their cover stories.

NEWSWEEK: How Long Will Communism Last in China?

WEEKLY WORLD NEWS: Man Cuts Own Self in Half With a Nail File - AND LIVES!!

TEEN BEAT: BLUDGEON or The Beatles - Which is Greater?

GUITARS AND GUITARISTS: BLUDGEON's Guitar Wizard, He's, Speaks Out - PLUS Sexy Color Poster!

I picked up the last magazine and turned to the interview with He's.

Following is an excerpt from that interview.

Interviewer: *He's, where did you learn to play guitar?*

He's: *Yeah, well, uhh . . . learn?*

Interviewer: *The imagery on your album, "Thrash On You," including the songs, "Duke Ya," "Kill Barry Manilow," and the title cut, is a truly unique vision of our increasingly troubled times. I was completely stunned by your almost . . . Orwellian lyrics.*

He's: *Yeah . . . but did your ears bleed? That, to me, is the mark of a great record. Or if some glass things in your house broke while you listened to it, dude. THAT would be killer. But, yeah, I agree with you, I think it's a pretty wailin' album.*

Interviewer: *Critics are already saying that your epic song, "Headless Biker," is, possibly, the most convincing dialogue on the dangers of insecticides ever written.*

He's: *Yeah, well . . . we were really just trying to crank the amps beyond the point of "stun," you know? Heh, heh. But, yeah, sure, I hate bugs, too.*

Interviewer: *In your new deal with Hydrant Records, it seems like you've been greatly rewarded for your toils.*

He's: *Yeah, well . . . it's great, 'cause I never knew the rules to all those cards games, you know? And there they are, all, like, written down in this, like, book. It's cool!*

Interviewer *I think you may have misunderstood me. I said "toils," not "Hoyles."*

He's: *Yeah, well . . . whatever.*

Interviewer: *He's, I just have to say it's great to have you here. It's a privelege just to . . . be in your presence. I mean, you - a near Messiah of the rock world! You're amazing!*

He's: *Hey, hold on, man! We're not half as popular as Jesus Christ, dude! Not half!*

Interviewer: *I just meant that -*

He's: *Listen, dude - don't ever compare us to Jesus! You think we're popular? He was way more popular than we are! Everybody liked him - except for some priests and teachers, but who listens to them, anyway? More people like Mohammed, too, dude. You know, that fatso in the Far East . . . Buddha? Him too. It's true! Why, even Ayatollah Richard Mente and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon -"*

I knew that we were in trouble. He's's declaration that we were "not half as popular as Jesus Christ, dude," was sure to make some people angry.

Before a week had passed, our fans had turned on us. Our records, t-shirts, posters, and action figures were burnt across the nation.

Within the next week, a born-again Christian group, The Church of The Mentat, had denounced us as demon-possessed cultists on national television. Their leader, The Right Honourable Ayatollah Reverend Father Richard Mente, claimed that the song, "Duke Ya," when played backwards, contained the satanic message, "I Love Lucy," repeated one hundred and eleven times.

"These heathens are on such good terms with Lucifer that they have shortened his name to 'Lucy,' " proclaimed Ayatollah Mente.

"As if that weren't enough, this message of diabolism is repeated one hundred and eleven times. Multiply that by six, and the Christian's decision is made. The Lord appeared to me in the shower last night and told me of the putrid, repugnant evil of BLUDGEON. He even allowed me to film His Holiness with my new Sony Betamax camera - to prove to you that this denunciation is truly from heaven! Unfortunately . . . I accidentally taped a 'Gilligan's Island' episode over it.

"I could never - would never - condone or promote outright violence . . . except in this case. Will we wait until the members of BLUDGEON start kidnapping our pets and stealing our footwear for use in some God-forsaken ritual? I SAY, er the LORD SAYS, 'NO!' Although I am nauseated at the very thought of it, I have heard rumors that BLUDGEON is the same group that created that ungodly testimony to depravity, 'Psychedelic Marmoset.' Did you know that the lead singer of BLUDGEON is a WEREWOLF? YES, IT'S TRUE! Remember what the Bible says, brothers - no need for you to look it up, I'll quote it to you - the Bible says, and I quote, ' "My vengeance is your vengeance," sayeth the Lord, "doeth my dirty work for me, and I shall lead you beside still waters, out of the valley of the shadow of the werewolf, who deserves to be impaled on a spit. Also, honor your father and your mother or the mighty stainless-steel rod of discipline will smite ye below the fifth rib again and again, until ye have repented of thine badness. O Yea, O Yea. Forsooth, Forsooth. Addis Ababa, Addis Ababa." '

"Are we getting the message, brothers? I hope so. I hope you see what you have to do - and remember - I could never, would never promote or condone outright violence - I trust your hearts to do what is right, keeping in mind what the Bible said should be done to werewolves."

At this, he paused, took a breath, wiped the sweat from his forehead, removed a sheet of paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and began once more.

"Here are the addresses and phone numbers of the members of BLUDGEON, and, although I do not encourage you to USE them, flamethrowers and stainless-steel combat knives will be available at the door as you leave. Annette Funyjello lives at -"

I shut the TV off, rounded up He's, and we fled to Jamaica, where we launched a lucrative salad bar enterprise. While we hid out, we thought about the future. We couldn't go back to America as BLUDGEON. For one thing, fifty-two different women accused He's or I of fathering their children. We didn't think it would stand up in court, though, because all of the children in question were older than we were.

Anyway, after a while, we decided to change the name of the group. We looked and looked and thought and thought about a new name. We ate a lot of salad and meditated and slept on it.

We wanted something totally original and unique; something unlike anything ever before - a name unlike any other group's.

Since He's and I both liked bread, especially in salad sandwiches, we looked for a name related to bread. We came up with: MOTORBREAD, THE GRATEFUL BREAD, JUDAS YEAST, and PINK TOAST. We liked these names, but none of them really exemplified the kind of group that we wanted to be. So we were right back where we started.

Then, we thought it might be easier to come up with an album title first, so we came up with: "Shout At The Chicken," "Screaming For Vegetables," and "Hell Bent For Yogurt."

The last title, "Hell Bent For Yogurt," stemmed from a deep-seated hatred of dairy products by both He's and myself. Just after we had found Toewism (pronounced TAY'- VIZ - UMM), He's's parents were having dinner with mine. Just as my mother brought out the pitcher of milk, followed by my father carrying a cheese platter, a dairy truck crashed through the room, killing them all. The truck had swerved out of control when its driver died of a heart attack caused by a high milk content in his diet. Later, He's and I would write a series of songs on the inborn evil of all dairy products.

So, anyway, we still didn't have a new name for our group.

Finally, I came up with MÖLDY CRÜD (pronounced MOLL'- DEE - CROOD').

I wrote a new song, "The Books That Kill," about a sadistic English teacher. The lyrics to that song are here reprinted:

THE BOOKS THAT KILL

The lady in black
A-hands your paper back
When she gives you that look
You better take out your books
Open your Robert Frost
Or else you'll pay the cost
If you don't start to read
Well, hey, she'll make you bleed

CHORUS:
She's got the books that kill
(That kill)
She's got the books that kill
(That kill)

SHE'S GOT THE BOOKS THAT KILL!

Now she spits in your face
A-when you lose your place
Hinton, Melville and Twain
Like a knife in your brain
Swift, Dickens and Verne
And her eyes start to burn
Thomas Hardy and E. B. White
Nine hundred pages by tonight

CHORUS

JEW'S HARP SOLO

"I want an essay tonight
On how in Wuthering Heights
The symbols of calm and storm
Are revealed by style and form!"
Unless you read Oliver Twist
She's gonna slash your wrist
"These books are just too tough -
Maiden lyrics are hard enough!"

CHORUS

After I wrote "The Books That Kill," I wrote a number of other songs, including this one, a sort of funky song about elbow pain.

LET'S GET BEN-GAY

SPOKEN INTRO:
Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here today today to get to this thing called . . . YOUR ELBOW. Interesting thing, your elbow, it lies between your shoulder and your wrist, and that's a mighty long arm, but, let me tell ya, there's somethin' else . . . YOUR KNEE. But that's not important now. Your knee is much different from your elbow. Your knee is in a totally different part of your body, and it's normally hidden inside your pants. But you can usually see your elbow - DAY . . . OR NIGHT. So when you call up that orthopedic surgeon in Ruby Valley, Nevada, you know the one - "Dr.-Your-Elbow's-Gonna-Be-Just-Fine," don't ask him how your knee is, ask him about your elbow, baby. 'Cause in this life, you'll have to use your elbow a lot more than in the afterworld. In this life, your elbow's on its own. So if your tennis elbow starts to get you down - GET BEN-GAY!

Put some on your arm!

Tennis player
Tries too hard
Jumps up, falls down
Drops it on the ground
Aaauugh! Aaauugh!
Was all I heard

I'm not gonna let the tennis elbow get me down
OH NO - LET'S GET - Let's get Ben-Gay
Let's get salve
Protect your elbow, boys and girls
'Cause your elbow's great to have

Let's get (Moan)

Aspirin
Just won't work
If you try it
You'll look like a jerk!

For fast relief
Of aches and pains
There's only one thing
That you can use
Short of Novacaine

C'mon, baby - let's get Ben-Gay, yeah

C'mon, everything will be all right
Get some Ben-Gay now
Rub it on your elbow
Rub it on your knee
I'll rub it on a cow

Try some, try some

Let's get . . .

Later on, I heard that some other guy stole my whole idea, and just changed the words a little bit. Needless to say, I was hurt, but, being a gentleman, I never released my song, to avoid a conflict. Later still, I heard that someone had stolen our band name, too, just changing it slightly.

"Is nothing sacred?" I cried passionately to the glorious heavens above, while picking my nose.

Then we heard that Jefferson Starship wasn't going to use their "Jefferson" anymore, so we took it and changed our name to JEFFERSON MOLDY CRUD. Unfortunately, after a short time, they wanted it back, so we were stuck again.

We had to come up with a name that showed us to be just what we were - the rudest, toughest, meanest, crudest, most head-bangingest, cranium-crunchingest, most molten, killer metal, slash-and-burn group ever. There was only one name that expressed all this . . . and more. A name so dangerous, so on-the-edge, so fraught with darkness and violence that we could only write it down after eating plenty of eclairs sprinkled with native Jamaican herbs and a salad on the side.

I steadied my hand and wrote down the name I had borne. He's and I backed to the other side of the room and looked at this new creation, this new name . . . that seemed to pulse and glow on the paper as if it had a life of its own and was ready to jump from the paper, bare its yellow teeth, and ruin any furniture that got in its way.

There it was.

The name.

My name.

Our name.

THE GREATEST NAME EVER WRITTEN.

We gazed with horror and eagerness at our new name - the only name that would ever, could ever really be our own. We looked at what we had created, and saw that it was good, and the light moved to and fro upon the surface of the ripped sheet of floral print toilet paper on which the name was written.

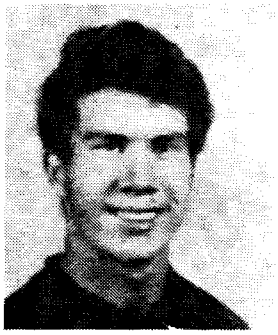
This was the name:

FIFI.

All the lights in our salad bar went out, the windows and doors blew open, and thunder boomed in the Jamaican sky.

Somewhere in the distance, a dog squealed as his tail was stepped on by a longshoreman carrying a five-hundred-pound bale of native Jamaican herbs.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!



THE AYATOLLAH FATHER RICHARD MENTE

33. HEY, HEY, GET OUT OF OUR WAY . . .

The next day we went out to the docks to see if we could hitch a ride back to America with anyone. To our surprise and amazement, Monsieur Jacques-Yves Cousteau was in port in the harbor, with his boat, the Calypso, tied to the dock on the pier by the water at the shore. We assumed a respectful appearance and walked up to M. Cousteau.

"Monsieur Cousteau," He's exclaimed, "we didn't expect to see you here in port in the harbor, with your boat, the Calypso, tied to the dock on the pier by the -"

I intervened. "Could you give us a ride to America, Mr. Cousteau?"

"Yays, I cood take you to . . . Amaireeka . . . " Jacques answered.

"That's great!" I said.

"Yeah, great," reaffirmed He's.

" . . . bah way of zee Atlanteek Ocean . . . " added M. Cousteau, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

"No problem!" I assured him.

"Yeah, problem," re-assured He's.

" . . . ahnd zee Ball-tick Sea, ahnd ze Nort' Sea, ahnd zee Sargasso Sea, Ahnd Ahntahrteekah. Aftair wheech, wee weel veezeet zee beautiful lahnd of . . . Greenland."

He's and I looked at each other.

"Uhmm . . . " I began.

"Yeah, uhmm," said guess-who.

"Okay, we'll do it!" I decided.

"But," continued our captain, "You ahrr goeen to haff to work."

"That's okay!"

Jacques looked lovingly at the ocean, scratched his red woolen cap, and spoke once more.

"Whaht eez eet about zee sea, I wondair az I stare eentoo eets depts, zat hass always . . . loored man on to explore eets secrets?"

"Yeah, well, I'm not sure, but I think it has something to do with our having . . . boats, or else -" ventured He's.

"Shut up," Jacques suggested.

"But, seriously, dude, if we had these boats, what good were they until we decided to finally go out on the water? I'll bet he's one rich dude."

"Whoo eez?"

"The guy who figured out what boats were for. I bet -"

"Shut up," recommended Cousteau.

As we loaded our stuff onto the Calypso, Jacques continued to muse aloud.

"I wondair az I gaze on zee ocean - whair all zee watair comes from zat makes life posseebull?"

He's spoke up.

"Yeah, well, I don't know about <u>your</u> home town, but where I grew up, we had this bi-i-i-i-i-g water tower, and all the water came -"

"Shut up."

Anyway, our journey began.

You know how, in Jacques Cousteau books and specials, you are always told these fantastically huge numbers of different scientific things, like, "Een a year, ahn oystair weel lay five hondred meeleeyon aigs"?

Our job on the Calypso was to count those eggs.

It was kind of funny sometimes, like once, when we got up to seventeen million and four eggs counted, Jacques wandered through the room, and said, "I wahnt you to make shoor to count evairee one of zoze aigs in zat buckait!"

As he pointed at zee buckait . . . sorry, "the bucket," he was talking about, he knocked it over into the pile of eggs we had already counted, so we had to start over.

Jacques walked out, snickering, and saying, "Oh, gollee, I aim so-o-o-o-o sorree! Eet looks like yoo weel haff to stahrt ovair! Heh, Heh, heh . . . "

As soon as we had finished counting, we ran to Cousteau.

"Jacques! Jacques!" I yelled above the howl of wind and sea, "We feegyoord eet . . . I mean, we figured it out!"

"Yeah, out," agreed He's.

"We've been counting now for months, and we've finally got the figure you wanted! The average female oyster lays -"

"- five hondred meeleeyon aigs a year," Cousteau completed my sentence.

"What? But how did you -"

"Oh, wee feegyoored zat out monts ago. Wee jhust wahntaid yoo to chaik our feegyoors. Yoo know, pairpetyooayshun of most speeseez een zee sea eez a vairy wastefell process, necessitating zee produckshun of sousands of aigs so zat one or two weel servive. Een ordair to be able to beeld wit'in dair own bodeez, out of dair own substance, so many life-germs, zee pairents need to move slowly; store enairgee for lo-o-o-ong peereeyods of time, so zat -"

"Yeah, well, there's an easy way to solve that problem, dude."

"What eez zat?"

"If they'd just learn to eat more Jack LaLanne high-protein bars -"

"Shut up."

When we finally reached America, at the port of Duluth, Minnesota, we immediately rented a luxurious room at the famous Thrifty Scot Motor Inn. When we turned on the TV, we were amazed and surprised to see John Burton on American Bandstand. His new band, Porpuse, played a song called, "Drive You Like A Two-Bit Car." It was obvious John had written this song. Afterwards, Dick Clark asked for a teenaged girl's opinion of the song.

"Well, I think that the modal system that the song was supposed to be played in was all mixed up! I mean, the song starts out on E, and E is the main note, so it should be played in the Phrygian mode, with the semitones occurring mainly in the first and fifth scale steps. But, more often, they skipped around between the Locrian mode, with the semitone located at the fourth step, and the Mixolydian mode, with the semitones located at the third and sixth steps! Everything seemed almost chromatic, but with the bass occasionally shifting to pentatonic, while the guitar simultaneously shifts to the whole tone scale, it just becomes a mess! Besides . . . it just doesn't have that butt-boogyin' beat, ya know, Dick?"

Then, the teenaged boy was asked what he thought.

"Well, I mean, what can you say about a band where the drummer plays . . . buckets? With . . . screwdrivers? I give it a twenty-three, only because I'm a nice guy, and I don't want to, you know, be accused of artistic repression or anything . . . I mean, I believe in freedom of expression and all . . . up to a point. But, frankly, Dick, these guys couldn't get a job opening for the Banana Splits!"

Dick went over to interview the band amidst flying bottles, telephones, and Radio Shack CB antennae. The band members were: Mike Gardner, bass; Geoff Ronning, rhythm guitar; Steve Ronning, lead guitar; and John Burton, drums and vocals, just like Don Henley, and that guy in the Romantics.

"Well," Dick began, "it appears they didn't like you too well."

"That's okay with me," John replied, "I've had that sort of experience before. Back when we recorded the 'Psychedelic -Unnnnh!' "

Geoff Ronning struck John in the throat with his forearm. "Ahem. Uhhh, John means when he recorded back . . . in the Psychedelic Era . . . he had some difficulties . . . being accepted."

We turned off the TV and decided we had better get our lives back together and start working on our third "first" album. The first thing we had to do was round up Paul. But where? What would he - could he - possibly be doing?

We put personal ads in every newspaper in the world, with headlines reading, "Desperately Seeking Paul," "Chercher Paul," and "✧❐✗ ✍ ♦⑦☠→." These produced no results. Later on, we remembered Paul couldn't read. Or even speak very much, to tell the whole truth.

While we planned our next move, we decided to go shopping for some new clothes. I knew for a fact that He's had not changed his underwear since his third-grade Arbor Day pageant. So we went out to a local shopping mall. We were just about to leave, when we saw something that made us look twice - a mannequin that looked shockingly similar to Paul!

"Hey! That mannequin looks . . . shockingly similar to Paul!" I said, voicing my thoughts aloud.

"Yeah, well . . . WOW! You're right, dude! It looks just like him!"

We walked up for a closer look. The resemblance was truly uncanny.

"Paul, is that . . . you?"

No reply.

We stared at the mannequin for an hour, to see if it would flinch.

It didn't.

Still unsure, we poked the mannequin in the ribs. When this produced no reaction, He's rapped him across the head with his electric guitar.

"Hey, Paul, your zipper's undone!" I goaded.

"Yeah, and your socks are untied!" chided He's.

After this, the mannequin continued to vigorously stand motionless, so we dumped a bucket of water on him.

We stared at him for another ten minutes.

Seeing no other possible course of action, we began taping electrodes to the mannequin's skull and preparing to hook him up to a high-voltage power cable.

"Hey, shh," whispered the mannequin, otherwise remaining energetically catatonic.

"Paul! It is you!" I cried.

"I can't talk to you right now. Can't you guys see I'm working?" he monotoned, still vehemently doing . . . nothing at all.

"But, Paul -"

"Shh. Come back later, when I'm not so busy."

That evening, we came back and picked up Paul. Literally. He was frozen in position for an hour or two - until we put his bass guitar on him and plugged it in, forgetting that his clothes were still wet. That kinda perked him up.

"Wow. That . . . felt weird," he mumbled. "Say . . . you guys haven't seen my dog . . . have you?"

MONSIEUR JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU

PAUL MODELING POLICE UNIFORMS

34. NO FILLER

So, we had Paul, to play bass, but, in all creation, who would - who could - play drums for us? We pondered long and mightily on this question.

While discussing it one starry night, He's, The Void, and I went out to "Ed's Grub 'N' Suds," a subsidiary of Aunty Claire's Eclairs and Clothes, Incorporated, Corpus Christi. While we ate, Paul practiced for his next day at work as a mannequin. I spoke.

"Paul, is your steak as tough as mine is? Paul?"

"Shh. I'm practicing."

"He's?"

"Yeah, it is. Look."

He's put a piece of the meat in his mouth and chewed, with his mouth wide open. After chewing for a couple minutes, he took the piece out and put it on my plate.

"See? That's how tough it is, dude!"

"Waiter!" I yelled, "This meat is as tough as nails!"

A somewhat portly man strolled to our table. He had two cast-iron spiked mallets hanging from his belt.

"What seems to be the problem here?"

"Listen, dude - it's not our problem - your meat is too tough!" He's snarled, shaking the previously chewed piece of steak in the waiter's face as a sort of visual aid.

"Well, that's easily fixed. Please sit back from the table. Thank you."

With this, the as-yet-unknown waiter whipped the mallets from their cloth loops and began to viciously attack and rapidly hammer our steaks into a brown, steaming paste.

"Is that tender enough for you?" asked the waiter with a cheerful grin.

"Yeah, well, uhmm . . . "

"My word! Your speed is absolutely incredible!" I expostulated.

"Thank you. I've been the official 'Ed's Grub 'N' Suds' meat tenderizer for five years now. I just got my first raise last week!"

"Wow," mumbled He's, staring in disbelief at his plate, "That's . . . great."

I had a brainstorm.

"Hey, waiter? Have you ever tried playing drums?"

"No."

"You see, we need a drummer right away, and I think you'd be great! Don't you think so, Paul? Paul? Oh, never mind - How about you, He's?"

"What . . . happened to my steak? I mean, one second, it was . . . my God, I -"

"He's, don't we need a drummer?" I prompted.

"Yeah, well, I don't know . . . to tell you the truth, I never really liked chicken all that much. I'd rather have my steak, but -"

"No, no! Not drumSTICK, He's! DrumMER! DRUMMER!"

"Oh . . . yeah, I guess. What were we talking about?"

"Well," I addressed the waiter, "what do you say, guy?"

The waiter shifted on his feet for a moment, then looked me straight in the eye.

"OKAY! I'll do it! My name's Joey Enbom!"

We had to work a lot with Joey before we were ready to record our "first" album under the name FIFI. First, we made him change his name to "The Filler," so we didn't have to remember a new name. Also, although Joey was an extremely fast drummer, he wasn't very . . . accurate. Finally, I came up with a solution.

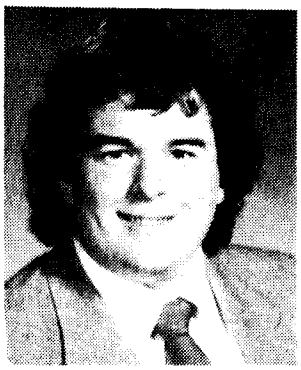
"Just hit the cymbals a lot. The constant crashing and clanging will cover up any mistakes you make."

Later, this style of drumming bacame a major influence on the great Alex Van Halen.

Finally, we were ready.

The studio date came up sooner than expected, and He's, The Void, The Filler, and I (Annette) packed up our equipment and a crate or two of eclairs, and set about the creation of our latest audio masterpiece.

I've just been informed by my editor that I've got to turn the book back over to He's. I'm sorry for the inconvenience you are about to suffer.



JOEL ENBOM (A.K.A. "THE FILLER")