42. F.A.R.T.S.

Yeah, well, later on, Annette and I were sitting around at my place, drinking lots of Ovaltine mixed with triple-sec, and splitting some Aunty Claire's Canned Candied Eclairs. We talked about how happy we were with our success, because of the chances it offered us to make the world a better place. Our money had finally allowed us to spread a little happiness and peace wherever we went.

Also, we had the fine looking chicks begging us to marry them and stuff all the time. What a dead trip! Er . . . "head" trip.

But, anyway, suddenly, I started crying.

"What's your problem, you chicken weenie?" Annette asked sympathetically.

"I feel . . . all hollow, man. All empty inside, ya know?"

"You should eat more, He's."

"You're right. But, besides that, I feel unfulfilled. I was gonna ask for some advice from Pat, The Only One Who Truly Might Be Called The Father Of The One Whom We Simply Call Jason, but He was too busy taking out the garbage at the Honeywell Regional Office. Anyway, it's great that all these chicks like us - don't get me wrong - but it's just not the same."

"He's, you idiot! How many guys have beautiful, half-dressed, teenage girls offering them pedicures wherever they go at half the usual price? I mean, look at me - I've been married eight times already this year!"

"But I still love Who's! I just can't seem to connect with other girls."

"Of course you can't! I've talked to the girls you've gone out with recently - they say you never take off your guitar, for one thing - even in movie theaters. And those hip boots have got to go, man. Plus, whenever they try to kiss you or anything, you say things like, 'Whoa, babe - say it, don't spray it!' or 'Hey, give me the news, not the weather!' Debbie told me that when she tried to hold your hand, you said, 'Hey, I'm just not ready to go that far, woman!' "

"But I wasn't!"

"You still didn't have to kick her out of your car!"

"She could've called home for a ride!"

"From Thailand?"

"Yeah, well . . . "

"Look, He's, Who's was no good for ya. She's an easy lover. She's a devil woman. I tell ya, He's, Who's is a long cool woman in a black dress! Whatever happened to that one older woman you used to hang around with? The one I always liked?"

"That was my MOM."

"Oh . . . "

This made me think back to my, like, childhood years. We never had no money, but we always told the truth. Daddy didn't need no little toys, Mama didn't need no little boys . . .

When I was real little, I had to sleep in a drawer lined with comfy, cushy steel wool pads. I complained that there wasn't enough air circulation in the drawer, so my dad offered to drill some holes in the front. Unfortunately, he drilled the holes while I was in the drawer.

"Dude!" I bawled to my dad, "Man, I need this like a hole in my head - Hey! Oww!"

Then, I came back to, like, present reality.

"But, anyway, Annette, I've been thinking. There is one way that I could feel complete again, and I think you know what that would be."

"Okay," sighed Annette, "I'll just run into the bathroom and get all your old toenail clippings out of the garbage . . . "

"No, no, no, dude. Come back. You got the right idea - almost. What I need back to mend my scarred psyche is brotherly love and compassion. Not my old toenails."

"Oh," said Annette, shedding much light on the subject.

"What I mean is, we need to channel our synergy toward doing something special - to alleviate the cruel pain and suffering of those who are not as fortunate as we are - those who don't have enough to buy an extra package of eclairs on payday - or even to have their family dog groomed by the professionals at Bette's Doggy Do's, canine trendsetters for over twenty years. We have to stop being so selfish - stop wasting our money on women, eclairs, canoe paddles, mustache wax, and fake noses, and extend a hand to help the underprivileged."

I looked up to heaven thoughtfully, my eyes welling up with tears. After a long, heady silence much like the one a few chapters back (but much more meaningful), I looked back down at Annette to hear his reply, which was:

"Why?"

"What?"

"Why?"

I paused, then replied, "Hmmmmm. I never really looked at it that way."

"I mean, why in the Name Of Jason would we want to help a bunch of drunken, war-mongering, conniving, ignorant wretches - who are most likely a bunch of filthy ethnic minorities, anyway?"

I was enraged.

"Dude! Who cares if they're drunken, war-mongering, conniving, ignorant wretches? Besides, they can't help it if they're filthy ethnic minorities! You should feel sorry for them - just like any handicapped person! Do you know how hard it must be for those people to get up in the morning and do nothing all day - not even cleaning their own house - and spend all that time just trying to stay sober? Have some compassion, you bigamist!"

"But what can we do? I mean, the most obvious solution - to mow them down with machine gun fire - is illegal, as far as I know. And mustard gas -"

"Listen, Annette, why don't we try helping them?"

"You mean . . . you can help those people? What kind of a solution is that? Listen - strategically placed neutron bombs will leave the buildings standing, and -"

"Annette - if there's anything I hate, it's a bigot! If you've ever seen a minority person in the street, and they start harrassing you, they're not drunk - they give you a problem because you're a honky! You're just the same way, Annette - Hippocrates!"

"Well . . . okay. What could we do, though?"

"Dude - children, expecially dyspeptic children - and gerbils - are the biggest victims of poverty. Anyway, Christmas is coming up - you know, stockings in the fireplace, trick or treaters, rocket's red glare? The day Christ died? Three days later, he came out, saw his shadow, and went back in, and in commemoration, the leprechauns wrote up the Declaration of Independence to remember those who died in the war, after which they carved up the holiday turkey into the shape of a bunny, and then sent valentines to their favorite political candidates? Remember?"

"Ummmmm . . . well, to tell the truth, I never celebrated that holiday. See, nobody on my block celebrated it, so we were afraid to. All the people on my block were this weird religion, uhmm, what was it . . . Jellybean's Volkswagens, or . . . umm . . . "

"Jehovah's Witnesses."

"Yeah!"

"Well, anyway, whether or not you celebrate it, wouldn't it be great to put on a concert to raise toys for those poor, underprivileged kids?"

"What would we get out of it?"

"Nothing! Nothing but personal satisfaction! Doesn't that sound great?"

"Well . . . I guess. Where would we put on this concert?"

"Mountlake Terrace Senior High School!"

"But, Ms. Klein said we could never play there again!"

"That's okay. We'll talk to the principal, Mr. Karnofski - he'll let us do it, just as long as I don't call him Jerry. The last time I did that, he threatened to never let me do the morning announcements again!"

"Well . . . ," Annette hesitated, "okay. As long as you promise we won't get into any trouble - I was really embarrassed last time, man. We've gotta try not to destroy any property or anything."

"No problem. I'll call up Jer . . . er, Mr. Karnofski right away!"

So, I called him up and outlined our plan. He thought about it, and then answered.

"Well . . . okay. Just don't call me Jerry. And don't destroy any school property!"

"Oh, we won't. I swear on my dear deported mother's brass burial urn - no property damage, dude. No way, Jer . . . er, Mr. Karnofski."

"Watch it, you little punk. I'm not joking around. The only reason I'm letting you do this is because you're a big, famous band now, and our school needs all the good publicity it can get. Oh, and remember - no beheadings, either - that upset some of the faculty members, especially some of the Cooking teachers."

"Yeah, well, can we still roast a virgin -"

"NO! No roasting of any virgin anything! I mean it, He's!"

"Okay, Jerry."

"DON'T CALL ME JERRY!"

"Yeah, sorry . . . um, okay, Mr. Karnofski."

"Well, what will you call this . . . show?"

"FIFI's Active Retaliation with Toys for Siblings."

"Let's see, FIFI'S Active . . . that would be -"

"Yes - F.A.R.T.S. The F.A.R.T.S. benefit concert will be -"

"NO, NO, NO, NO! Absolutely NOT!"

"Well, what about just, 'FIFI's A.R.T.S. Benefit Concert?' "

"Well . . . okay. But NO PROPERTY DAMAGE!"

"I promise, Jerry."

"AND DON'T CALL ME JERRY!"

"Oh, right - sorry, Jer . . . Mr. Karnofski. 'Bye!"

So, we started to look for a drummer and a bassist - again.

After a while, we decided there was no substitute for Paul. We realized this after a fourteen-year-old draftee walked out in disgust, saying, "Look, you couldn't even pay me to play this stuff."

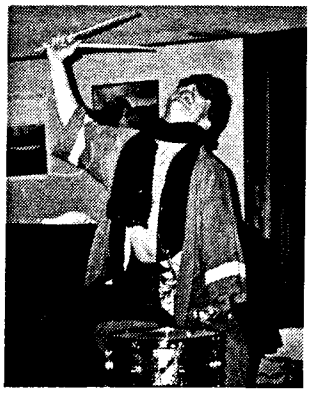
We knew Paul must've been really good.

We located Paul and wrote a letter to him, telling him we had, at long last, found his dog.

This was, of course, a bald-faced lie.

We had actually bought a throw-pillow and glued Brillo pads to it. It looked just like Paul's old dog - give or take a month of decay.

HE'S KICKIN' BUTT AND TAKIN' NAMES



ANNETTE DOIN' LIKEWISE, DUDE

43. IN WHICH THINGS GET REALLY MESSED UP

Yeah, well, a couple days after we sent the letter via Express Mail, Paul arrived at our door.

"Well, if it isn't Pau -"

"Where's my dog?"

"Hey, Paul, good to see ya, man, we were just -"

"Where's my dog?"

"Hold on, dude," I put my arm around Paul, "we found your dog, but before we give him to you, the least you could do is play at the FIFI A.R.T.S. Benefit Concert."

"Well . . . okay. As long as we don't destroy any property or anything. I'm just not into that stuff anymore, He's. I've found a truer peace within myself which -"

"Yeah, yeah, shut up, will ya? C'mon, let's make some heads roll!" Annette cried with lusty uninhibitedness.

"NOT MY HEAD, YOU DON'T!" Paul protested.

"Oh, stop being a worry-wart, you looky-loo! We promise not to behead you!" I assured him.

"Well . . . okay. But what about a drummer?"

"Well, we're just not gonna worry about that right now - something will turn up."

A month later, one hour before the show, we all stood on the stage in the Mountlake Terrace Senior High School Cafeteria. I faced the others and spoke.

"Well, this is it, guys - now it's time to worry about where we're gonna get a drummer."

Just then, Joey came running into the Cafeteria.

Annette turned to me and murmured, "Man, Joey must be paying his ghostwriter a lot. I thought we wrote him out of the book for good."

"Hi, guys! How's it going?" Joey greeted us.

"Joey!" Annette expostulated, "what are you doing here? We're not supposed to ever see you again! We already wrote you out of the book!"

"Well, since you guys decided to write this book without me and Paul, I'm gonna ruin the whole story, and make it completely unbelievable."

"You're too late for that," mumbled Paul up his sleeve.

"Joey! You can't be here! You . . . you were kidnapped by the FBI!" shouted Annette.

"No, I wasn't! I just had to . . . uh . . . drop some stuff off at the . . . cleaners. Yeah, the cleaners! Ha-hah!"

"No, Joey, look -"

"YES! That's exactly where I was - at the cleaners - yep, at the cleaners! Ha-hah!"

"Joey, be fair - we pulled you out of a nowhere job in a dime-a-dozen greasy-spoon truck stop, where you were making peanuts, and made you the drummer of a major rock group! Show some gratitude!"

"That's not true - I graduated from . . . Berklee College of Music in Massachusetts! Yeah! I was top of my class! I . . . uh . . . helped John Williams write all his stuff! And . . . I was Alex Van Halen's private instructor - besides that -"

"Jo-ey! I can't believe you! Annette, did you hear this?"

Annette was looking at his personal copy of the manuscript of "FIFI - A BAND."

"No, no. We have too many pages to go for this to happen, man . . . "

I walked over there and looked, too.

"You're right. But, anyway - Joey, I'm glad you showed up. We've only got one page to go before we're on."

"I'll fix that!" Joey exclaimed, pulling out a pen and an ink eraser.

"No, look, Joey - c'mon!"

"Don't call me Joey - that's not my name! It's George! George . . . Gershwin! Yeeaaah! Ha-hah! And I didn't die back in '36 or '38, whatever it was - I don't remember, 'cause . . . I didn't die! I'm . . . immortal! Anyway, like my dear dad, Amadeus Mozart, used to say -"

"Joey! Come on!"

"Shut up! I'm talkin'! Anyway, when he helped me invent the . . . uh . . . the compact disc player - yeah, uh-huh! The COMPACT DISC PLAYER - when I -"

"This is unreal - Joey, we have less than half a page left! Whatever you're paying your ghost-writer, we'll pay you twice that! WE NEED A DRUMMER!"

"Well . . . okay, but only because my mom . . . uh . . . Helen of Troy - yeah, her - she told me that I should always be a good boy. So, I'm gonna be nice. I'll play . . . as long as we don't do any damage to the school property. I was never into that, you know - it was all your idea!"

"Okay, okay! Let's practice!"

"I don't have to!" proclaimed Joey.

"What? Why not?"

"I know all the songs by heart already . . . BECAUSE I WROTE THEM ALL! HA-HAH!"

"JOEY!"

AN UNSUSPECTING JOEY SHAKES HANDS WITH UNDERCOVER FBI AGENT

44. MORE F.A.R.T.S.

Yeah, well, the air was thick with anticipation, mainly because we had already kept the crowd waiting for over an hour, and the Cafeteria was built without a ventilation system. The girls must have really been in love with us - just like the Beatles, Duran Duran, or Wham! - because they were passing out left and right. Some of the guys were passing out, too, but we won't mention that.

We had asked Ms. Klein to remove the lunch tables from the Cafeteria, but she figured there would be a mad, ravenous rush for the stage, so if she left the tables in place, it would serve as a sort of buffer zone to impede the advance of our slobbering fans. It would also, she figured, reduce the chance of any property damage.

It was time to rock. I started the piano intro, "(Cycle I)," from our opus, "Death Poodle (Beware Of Dog)," with the stage curtain still down. After playing with incredible passion and precision for over five minutes, Mr. Nelson, the Social Studies teacher who coordinated the show, came back behind the curtain, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "When are you going to start, He's?"

"Shhhh! Get off stage! I started five minutes ago!"

Mr. Nelson looked at the P.A. system. "Those speakers are behind two thick, sound-proofed curtains! The kids can't hear you out there!"

I had had enough of Mr. Nelson's jabbering. "Look! I told you to get off stage and . . . what did you say?"

"They can't hear you out there! Look, just get offstage! We'll raise the curtain and you can start over. But remember - if you guys cause any damage to school property, or call Jer - I mean, Mr. Karnofski, by his first name . . . God help you! The last kid to do that was forced to watch every episode of the 'Mighty Continent' film series!"

"You mean the one with . . . Peter Ustinov narrating, dude?"

"That's the one. At the first sight of Ustinov's tie, this poor kid started gagging and retching and didn't stop until all the episodes were over - nineteen hours later. I know you wouldn't want to go through that . . . I mean, it would be worse than if you guys were the same guys who did that 'Psychedelic Marm -' "

"Okay, okay, Mr. Nelson. Just let me finish the intro - I'm almost done."

"Come on!" Annette whined from stage left.

"Alright, alright!"

I got off stage. As we started "(Cycle II)" of "Death Poodle," the curtain went up, revealing Joey and Paul. When my guitar part started, I walked out like a dude . . . on foot. I thrashed out killer power chords, and the crowd went berserk. Annette came out, singing with passion. I guess he got a little applause, too. Not as much as me, though, needless to say.

But the highlight of the show was, by far, JOEY! I mean GEORGE GERSHWIN! Yeah! George's drum solo was the most incredible show one could see! He hit his drums an average of fifty-three times per second! Small, concealed jets raised his seventy-six-piece revolving drum kit up off stage, and propelled him out over the audience, where laser lights of every color and holographic images of angels and demons raced about his set! YEAH! HA-HAH! Fountains of multi-colored sparks spewed from his cymbals, and roman candles shot out from under his stool at forty-five degree angles! As he juggled one hundred flaming, golden drumsticks without dropping a single one, a halo appeared above -

JOEY! GET AWAY FROM THAT BOOK!

NO WAY!! This is great! Anyway, this halo appeared above my - HEY! What are you doing with that baseball bat, He's? What the - get away from -

Anyway, what Joey said there was a total, preposterous lie, as if you couldn't tell! His drumsticks were not made of gold! They were just gold-plated! And there were only fifty of them - not a hundred!

But we did do a lot of radical stuff for this show. Annette removed one shirt after every song; he was wearing about eighteen shirts. And we played two new songs during this concert - "I'm Not Neil Diamond (I'm He's)," and "We're Still Great," a sequel to "We're A Band."

There was one bad thing - Annette's microphone kept clicking off for some reason, so no one could hear him. That was okay, since he didn't know the words to a lot of the songs, anyway. And besides, my guitar playing was a lot more interesting - and most of the people had their attention, like, focused on me - considering the incredible feedback I was getting. It's funny - the same thing happened as last time - if I got within thirty feet of the amp, it started shrieking uncontrollably. I tried to get as far away as I could, but only succeeded in wrapping my guitar cord around Annette's neck and The Void's legs. Finally, I threw my guitar out into the audience to get it away from the amp. I pulled out an acoustic guitar, and played it instead - but I played it loud.

Some guy out in the audience grabbed my electric guitar, and played along with us. He sounded . . . okay, I guess, so we let him keep going.

Anyway, while Joey was hovering over the audience, Annette, Paul and I pulled out lawn chairs and a case of Coke, and sat down on the stage to listen to Joey's drum solo. After a while, we got bored, and started playing Frisbee. twenty minutes later, when Joey's drum solo was getting near its end, the crowd was sort of . . . applauding . . . out of politeness, I guess.

When his solo was done, I grabbed the mike and said, "Hey."

The crowd loved it, and roared its approval. Or maybe they were just screaming in pain and heat exhaustion. Whatever, it sounded cool. Seeing how much they liked it, I decided to talk some more.

"Thanks," I said.

"You know, a long time ago, I called Mr. Karnofski by his first name - Jerry - and he got pretty upset, if I remember right. I'd just like to say, 'Hey, Sorry 'Bout That, Jerry!' It'll never happen again, dude, and this song is for you, Jerry."

I looked over at good 'ol Jer, and he had this . . . weird expression on his face, like when you're really constipated, or when your ear gets caught in a steam press. Also, a couple people next to him seemed to be holding him back, or something. I guess he was just overcome with emotion. We kicked into "Sorry 'Bout That." Partway through, in a quiet section of the song, I spoke to the audience again.

"You know, I want to thank Jerry for letting us come here today. I'd also like to say, we'll keep our promise to not roast alive a virgin porcupine. I mean, we're just not into that stuff anymore, Jerry - don't worry."

I began my trademark psychedelic guitar solo for "Sorry 'Bout That," and the giant, mechanized Deus Ex Death Poodle descended down onto the stage. Four women, dressed as poodles, carried in a sexually promiscuous porcupine, and threw it into the awesome poodle's cavernous mouth. Flames consumed the sexually promiscuous porcupine within seconds.

The crowd loved it.

We segued into "I'm Not Neil Diamond (I'm He's)," and kids started rushing the stage, throwing stuff at each other (and at us), threatening each other with knives and semi-automatic handguns, and spitting.

The teachers were starting to get worried, 'cause spitting was strictly against Mountlake Terrace Senior High School policy. To calm down the crowd, Annette and I whipped out our Honduran machetes and hacked at the curtains and walls, while The Void and The Filler soothed the crowd by handing out free souvenir machetes to the students. This . . . didn't seem to work too well, so The Void and I smashed our instruments into each other's amps, hoping to distract the rioters. The students still didn't simmer down, so Annette waved a World War II RAF Standard Issue Sniper's Rifle at them and said, "HEY!"

That still didn't seem to have too strong an effect, so he continued.

"C'mon! Why don't you guys dance? Yeah! C'mon - Dance! Dance . . . uhm . . . ON THE TABLES! YEAH! WHOOOOOO! BRING ON THE COWS!"

"ALLRIIIIIIGHT! WHOOOOOO!" I added, and jumped down from the stage, jumping up and down on the tables as an example, since they didn't seem to be catching on.

"C'mon! ON THE TABLES! GET UP HERE, IDIOTS!"

The audience began to comply, and I urged them on.

"YEAH! GET OUT ALL YOUR FRUSTRATIONS ON THOSE TABLES! JUST JUMP UP AND DOWN ON THEM AS HARD AS YOU CAN! WHOOOOOO! DON'T YOU FEEL BETTER ALREADY?"

I jumped back up on the stage, as Ms. Klein began to scream frantically, "GET OFF! GET OFF THE TABLES! THEY'RE NOT MADE TO WITHSTAND -"

I noticed about a third of the audience had suddenly shrunk about a foot in height, as the tables below them began to buckle under the strain.

Not noticing this, Annette spoke.

"Hey, you guys! There's no way on God's Green Acres you should let anyone make you **GET OFF THOSE TABLES!** They're not gonna break! Those tables are so strong -"

KEEEEE-RAAACK!!

"Oh, no . . . you guys, maybe you should -"

KA-BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

"Uhhm -"

THHHUUUUUUH-KRACK-KA-BOOOOOSH! TWAAAANG! SKREEEEECH-KRANG!

By this time, the entire audience was squirming around on the floor, moaning and wailing in pain. I noticed a few of them had large chunks of wood from the tables stuck into their arms and legs. Somehow, the vat of mashed potatoes and hamburger gravy had caught fire and was quickly getting out of control. In fact, the entire Wacky Wander's Burger Bar was going up in flames. The flames in the Death Poodle's mouth were getting pretty wild, too, and caught the stage curtains on fire. Ms. Klein was running around screaming, with her hair all messed up and a big rip in her blouse, and Mr. Karnofski was waving around a bow and arrow, shouting, "Where is he? Where is that little punk? Why, I'm gonna kill that little - He's, if you can hear me, forget about that sewing degree! You won't need it where you're going!"

We figured this was a good time to get out.

I nodded to Mike Johnson, and he flipped on the strobe lights he brought from home, which congealed our true actions.

I mean, "concealed."

"We love you! God Bless! Good night, Mountlake Terrace Senior High School! See you next year! BRING ON THE COWS! WHOOOOO!" Annette screamed into his mike, and we ran out the back door.

Annette slapped me on the back.

"Wow - that was GREAT! That was, without a doubt, the best show we've ever done! Whoo! Let's go get . . . um . . . "

"Drunk. Let's go get drunk," said Joey.

"Yeah! Whoo! Drunk!"

The next week, to our utter shock, we were summoned back to the school.

"They probably want to thank us!" offered Joey.

"Well . . . who wouldn't? We were great!" I added. "What do you think, Annette?"

"I think . . . they probably want to gouge our eyes out of their very sockets and throw them into a hot skillet - while we watch - and then, yank our teeth out with pliers and no anaesthetic, and then make us eat extra salty steak. That's what I think."

"Aw, Annette - you're always such a downer," said Joey.

"Yeah, man - turn that frown upside down!" I agreed.

Annette started to stand on his head, and I said, "No, no, no! I just mean don't be such a bummer! We put on a great show! Especially Joey's drum solo! I mean, Jiminy Cricket - that was truly incredible - with those lasers - get outta here! And that halo - I mean, dude -"

GET OUT OF HERE, JOEY!

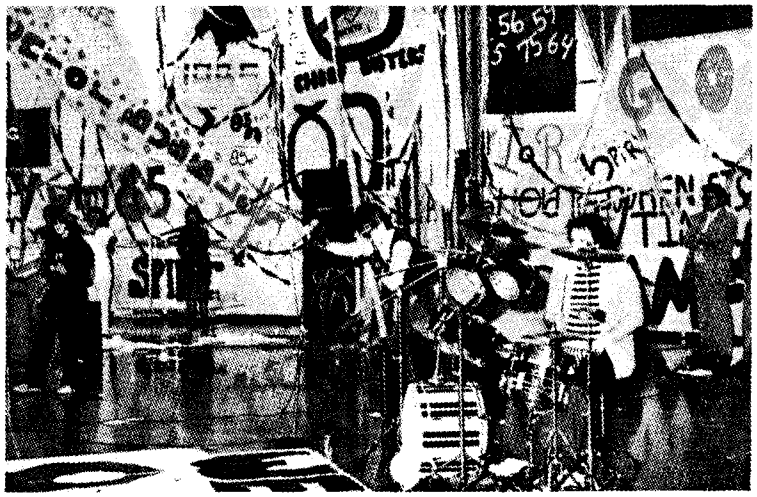
I swear, every time I put down my pen to go to the bathroom or something, Joey gets in here and starts rewriting the book.

Anyway, so I (really) said, "No, no, no! Don't be such a bummer! We put on a great show! Those kids loved us! They were dyin' to get to the stage! They're not mad at us! Just calm down!"

"I'm tellin' you guys - they are going to gouge our eyes out of their sockets, throw them into a skillet, and -"

"SHUT UP, ANNETTE! No way is that going to happen! Now, let's go!"

FIFI - FASHION GODS



FIFI SHOWS MOUNTLAKE TERRACE SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL WHY "WE'RE STILL GREAT!"

45. THE VERDICT

Yeah, well, as we walked into the Little Theater at Mountlake Terrace Senior High School, we saw Mr. Karnofski holding a pair of pliers, Ms. Klein heating some oil in a skillet, and Mr. Nelson frying up steaks in a pan while pouring a whole canister of salt on top of them. Hester Davidson, the school Librarian, came in carrying a longshoreman's loading hook.

"Are we ready to go to work? I've been waiting years for this!"

"Not yet, Hester," replied Mr. K.

"I've always wanted to get him - ever since he stole that TV!"

"I never stole no TV!" I argued.

"Well, what about those seventy-two library books you never returned?"

"I already told you - they were in my locker when someone set fire to it!"

Mr. Curtis, the P.E. teacher and football coach, stood up. "Oh, yeah? Just like all that gym equipment, I suppose?"

"Yeah, well . . . uhm . . . yeah!"

Mr. Riggers, whom I took Biology from, jumped up. "And all those preserved frogs you checked out and never returned?"

"Yeah, they were in there, too!"

"We're getting," announced Mr. Karnofski, as he blew his nose into a bright red, paisley pattern handkerchief that looked like it hadn't been washed for several months, since his wife had left for a special one-week trip to Peoria to see the world's largest string of rubber bands, which consists of fifteen million red rubber bands and seven million green rubber bands that came from Malaysia, which is the most populous nation in Southeast Asia, "sidetracked. The reason we're here is to discuss the damage done to our school by these moronic heathens."

"That's right!" exclaimed Mr. Schlieman, my eleventh-grade Anglican . . . I mean, "English" teacher. "They always were a couple of cabbageheads! I love 'em!"

Mr. Karnofski pointed an excusing finger at us. Er . . . I mean, "accusing." "You guys destroyed our Cafeteria and sacrificed another virgin porcupine!"

"No way, dude! We did not! That's a totally atrocious lie! Every bit of it! It was a sexually promiscuous porcupine! It deserved to die!"

"Well, how about the tables that you destroyed?"

"Look, dude, the Bible says in Ezekiel 9:17, or Acts 2:15 - I can't remember which - it says, and I quote, 'And why is it that you can see the particle of straw in your brother's eye, but do not observe the beam of timber in your own eye?' "

"Yeah, hypocrite!" affirmed Annette. " 'Let he who is without aim cast the first stone!' So there!"

"Listen," countered Jerry K., "Two hundred and twenty-seven students and faculty members wouldn't have beams of timber in their eyes, or their legs, abdomens, or anything else, if it weren't for you bozos telling everyone to get up on the tables. And besides, it was Paul in his letter to the Romans, chapter 2, verse 13!"

"No it wasn't!" shouted Grace Lord (former president and treasurer for the "Go God Go" Club - a sort of friend from my high school days) above the crowd. "It was Matthew 7:3! You all know what the Bible says about people who twist the meaning of the Bible to their own ends. YOU'RE GOING TO HELL!! IRREVOCABLY!! I REBUKE THEE!!" She then ran out of the room, holding a Number Two pencil and a nail file in the shape of a cross, and shielding her eyes.

"But, anyway," continued Hester menacingly, "all this is irrelevant, unnecessary, and beside the point! The fact is, that you guys encouraged everyone to get up on the tables and jump up and down! You caused more pain and suffering in one hour than . . . Caligula did in his entire life!" She jestered . . . I mean, "gestured" to everyone in the room wearing casts, bandages, and various metal braces and electronic life-support equipment. "I would never, could never advocate physical violence against anyone . . . except in this case. What these boys did was so dastardly, that the only fitting punishment is to gouge out their eyes and throw -"

Just then, Roxanne Bjornson, an old groupie of ours, burst into the room, interrupting Hester. "I have new evidence that proves the irresponsibility of the members of FIFI. Uhm . . . what I meant to say there was . . . uhm . . . " She quickly whipped a piece of paper out of her pocket and attempted to read it covertly. She then nodded to herself, and put the paper away. "What I mean is that the members of FIFI are not responsible. Uhm . . . for the . . . destruction of the tables. When I went to the F.A.R.T.S. Benefit Concert, I didn't only bring a toy. I secretly concealed a twenty-four-track tape console and mixing board under my jacket, along with a few boom microphones. I think you guys should hear what I recorded. I've got it all cued up, so you can clearly hear what Annette says to the crowd. Ready? Listen!"

(CLICK!) "- **GET OFF THE TABLES** -" (CLICK!)

"These gentlemen were concerned about the poor children in the area, and, because of their efforts, fifteen hundred toys were collected so that these children could have Jack Frost nipping at their noses on Christmas Day! These men don't deserve to be de-toothed! They deserve medals! Or at least a free meal of our world-renowned hamburger gravy and mashed potatoes!"

Annette stood up. "Well, I just want to make it clear that I never celebrated Christmas, because of my religion, but He's does, because he's a Rollin' Cadillac!"

"Uhh . . . Annette, that's Roman Catholic."

Grace Lord and her friend, Phyllis Navidad, stuck their heads through the doorway. "He's! You're a Roman Catholic? You're going to HELL!"

Roxanne continued, "Anyway, the fact is that -"

"Oh, yes, it's the lake of fire and sulphur for you, He's. It doesn't matter what you say or do - the name of Roman Catholic alone brands you as a child of Satan - Lucifer himself!"

"Would you guys -"

"How's your dad, He's? You know . . . BEELZEBUB? MEPHISTOPHELES? Satanist! Witch!"

"SHUT UP! I've had enough from you two!" Roxanne bellered. "Now, get out!"

"Come on, Grace," Phyllis huffed righteously. "It's no use. I don't mean to be judgmental, but . . . there's no hope for them. She's probably a Roman Catholic, too."

"Hmmph. You're right," Grace said as she left, " Hey, He's - Have fun . . . in HELL!"

Grace and Phyllis. They had mellowed out a lot since I knew them in school.

Anyway, the upshot of the whole ordeal was that we were found innocent. Ms. Klein gave us all a big hug, and we were given a full pardon, a free lunch, and permission to come back anytime we wanted. Also, I got my honorary sewing degree.

I guess they had originally planned to have Pat, He Who Most Likely Was The One Who Turned Out To Be The Father Of The One Known To Earthling Man As Jason, present me with the framed certificate, but He was too busy sterilizing the fry-vats at Burgermaster.

This whole episode taught us an important lesson about life.

Sometimes, things in life just aren't quite the things that seem to be much the same as some things, like other things are, sometimes.

You know?

46. BIRTH OF THE KANGAROO (CAPTAIN KANGAROO, I MEAN)

Yeah, well, so anyway, after all was said and done, things didn't turn out too bad, after all, I guess you could say, relatively speaking, all things considered. Annette's paranoid fears of legal action, violent dismemberment, and premature vision loss proved to be unfounded, just like I said.

Yeah, I tell you, boy, if Annette's brain was more out of control, he'd lose it if it wasn't connected to his skull. Inside his skull, I mean. Or connected to his neck by that cord that comes out of it. Out of his brain. Into his back. His spinal cord, I mean. You know?

Yeah, um, anyway, so, we all, uh . . . went back in the studio to complete the recording of . . . our latest album. Um, something about Mr. Rogers. The title, I mean. Had something to do with Mr. Rogers . . . or Robert Goulet. Let's see . . .

Oh, I know! The MEDULLA! That's what connects the brain to your . . . back! Your spinal cord, I mean. Yeah, Annette doesn't know it, but I'm quite an atomic scientist, in my own way.

Why, "Greg's Anatomy" was the first book my mother (Hers Aboy) read to me as a child. No kidding, dude. Yeah, none of that "Berenstain Bears" or "Cat in the Hat" crap for me, boy. My mom believed in my intelligence, and only read me the finest literature: "Greg's Anatomy" (I mean "Grey's" - sorry), "Critique of Dialectical Reasoning," "Concluding Unscientific Postscript," and "Dragstrip Harlot."

Medulla . . . isn't that the skanky chick with the vipers in her wig? Or was that the guy who could zap the stuff into gold?

Oh, I know! "Captain Kangaroo Stole My Car!" Our album, I mean. That was the name of it. I knew it would come to me, dude. I've got my nostrils together, man. You know? Yeah, and by the way, I meant an "anatomic scientist," you know? A few paragraphs back?

Anyway, what we want to talk about is our new album, "Captain Kangaroo Stole My Pick-Up," right? Yeah, I guess I keep getting sidetracked 'cause I don't really want to face the painful truth. Whenever I think about the past, I get all these . . . <u>memories</u>, you know?

Those hellish, twisted months of pain-racked bitterness and sadomasochistic psychological terror and nihilistic self-torture, when it seemed that the flaming, searing knife of rejection and degradation would never stop twisting, twisting, <u>always twisting</u> in my bloody skull, long since pummelled and mutilated by the white-hot lead mallet of self-doubt and unthinking hatred of all living things.

Which is not to say that it was <u>all</u> bad.

I don't want to imply anything negative by what I say, you know? It's just that, well, the pop machine <u>did</u> run out of Fanta grape, so that was definitely a problem. Plus, Annette kinda . . . looked at me funny one night when I was recording a guitar solo. He didn't actually say anything, you know, but his earlobes kinda, you know, kinda . . . <u>lifted</u> a little, you know what I mean? The kind of lift of the earlobes that means, "I hate your stinking guts, you pathetic loser! You filthy, war-mongering, know-nothing, second-rate, washed-up, festering pile of rotting ear wax!"

You know the look I mean? With the little lift of the earlobes? I just <u>hate</u> that.

If there was a problem between us, I wanted to clear it up right away, so that it wouldn't impair our special working relationship.

So, naturally, I said, very calmly, "Yeah, well, you can just drop <u>dead</u> for all I care, you snivelling little worm-booger!"

Annette looked at me with false astonishment and, mockingly, pointed at his chest as if to say, "Who, <u>me</u>?"

This was just too much for any reasonable man, such as myself, to stomach. Under normal circumstances, I would never, could never advocate or condone physical violence or intimidation of any kind. But, in this case, I walloped Annette on the crown of his skull with the solid oak body of my guitar. When he was on the ground, I jumped on his chest, shoved some quarter-inch stereo plugs up his nostrils, and threaded his hair onto the spools of the tape deck. I pushed the "fast-forward" button.

"Take it back!" I screamed in Annette's face. The tape deck was quickly taking up the slack in Annette's hair. "Take it back, you putrid, slobbering embarrassment to the gene pool! You drooling, socially retarded pervert! I saw your earlobes, man! I saw 'em! Don't deny it! Ha ha ha!"

Finally, Annette worked up the courage to answer.

"What in God's Green Earthquake are you talking about, He's? Great day in the morning! I mean, what do my earlobes have to do with - OOOOWWWWW! OUCH! YOW!"

SMACK! Annette's head hit the front panel of the tapedeck.

"OOOOOW! OOO! YOWCH! GET ME OUT OF THIS - OKAY, OKAY! I ADMIT EVERYTHING! I ADMIT . . . ABOUT THE THING WITH MY EARLOBES, WHATEVER IT WAS! YOU'RE GREAT, HE'S -"

I looked at him sardonically. "Your Eminence," I said.

"WHAT? OOOOOW! OOO!"

"Your Eminence. He's, Your Eminence. SAY IT!"

"PLEASE FORGIVE ME, HE'S, YOUR EMINENCE!"

"- Master Of All String-ed Instruments Known To Man -"

"YEAH, YEAH! MASTER OF ALL - OOOW! PLEASE!"

"- Ruler Of Heaven And Earth And Lord Of The Turtles And Other Amphibious, Semi-Amphibious, Or Wing-ed Creatures Of Sea, Sky, And Some Provinces Of Canada -"

"I CAN'T REMEMBER ALL THAT! OOW! C'MON, HE'S! OOOOOOOOOW! -"

Yeah, well, eventually Annette did remember it all, and we made up and were good friends again.

So, anyway, we were recording at Gibson Studios (in West Seattle), and Duane Gibson (the owner) was our recording engineer and producer. He was kind of a weird guy. He was fat and short, with long, stringy hair and glasses thick as a bottle-bottom. Also, we think he was involved with some shady mobsters selling weapons to Iran, or something. I can't really say why we believed this, except for one time we asked him about this guy who kept sneaking in through the back door of the studio and conferring privately and exchanging suitcases full of money with Duane, and Duane said, "Who, Olly? Oh, he's just some shady mobster selling weapons to Iran. Now, did you want to do that guitar solo over again? I would. It sucked."

Yeah, well, we put up with that, and his constant smoking, plus some other pretty weird stuff he did.

Yeah, like, one time, we opened his closet to hang up our coats, and there was an Army General's uniform in there, plus a KKK robe, some torches, lots of posters of Cheryl Ladd, and a clown suit.

We were just about to move to a different studio after we found a Chippendale's calendar, a pair of spurs, and some raw venison in his fridge, but, we never got the chance to tell him.

That night, Duane disappeared. Forever. Off the space of the earth. I mean "face," face of the earth. Vamoose! Amscray! That bro' done picked up his grits and get hisself gone! Vanished! Took a powder! The dude -

Anyway, he was gone, so we figured we'd continue recording the album somewhere else. That is, if we could recover our unfinished tapes from Gibson Studios.

It took us over three months to find the manager of Duane's building, who finally agreed to let us scrounge around through the stuff Duane had left behind, where we eventually found our half-completed master tapes.

So, with our tapes in hand, we moved over to "The Right Track" studios in Burien.

We decided to re-record "Skippy's Outta Jail" for many reasons, but mainly because we pretty much screwed it up the first time, let's face it! We didn't release that original version until we put it on our greatest hits collection, "FIFI - Does Its Duty."

So, me and Annette, what should we decide to do but go out to King's Table and talk about who we should get to sing it, since V. Taylor had recently been told by her parents that she was, in fact, a Mormon, and, therefore, not able to be seen with any group of people who named themselves after a four-footed animal. Neither could she, like, ride on a Greyhound bus, I guess. We were gonna get Pat, The Truly Righteous And Exceptionally Fastidious Father Of The One Who Came To Us In The Form Of Jason, to counsel her, but he was too busy de-lousing the exercise equipment at the apartment he worked at.

Anyway, at King's Table, Annette got all hot and bothered about the dessert hostess. She made this wicked apple crumble, although the "pudding swirl" was vastly overrated.

Annette introduced himself, and found out her name was Jenny Brender. We tried to work out a deal with her boss, so she could come back to the studio with us.

Jenny's boss smiled understandingly, and said, "No problem, Jenny. You're fired."

So, she ended up coming back to the studio with us. She sang "Skippy's Outta Jail" pretty okay, I guess, so Annette married her.

The FOOL! I know women, and they're EVIL! Pure, unadulterated EVIL! Wicked, viperous TROLLOPS! Soul-stealing bane of man! I could never, would never, ever speak to, or look at, much less write mushy, puky love notes to another woman! I swear before the brass burial urn of my dear, deported mother, so callously, like, slaughtered, beneath the bloodthirsty, steel-belted, all-terrain whitewall tires of a rampant milk truck!

NEVER, EVER AGAIN!

ANNETTE FUNYJELLO (STANDING, WITH GLASSES) SUPERVISES THE ILL-FATED DUANE GIBSON (SEATED, WITH GREASY HAIR)

HE'S PUZZLES OVER THE MYSTERIOUSLY VACANT GIBSON STUDIOS

47. THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL

Yeah, well, the next day, I met Kelly. She's not like other girls. And she's really not like Who's, the adulterous wench. Anyway, Kelly's love inspired me to new heights of intellectual awareness and compassionate understanding.

Many incidents spring to mind which, like, show the mature love and respect we shared with each other . . .

"Quit messin' with my guitar, woman!" I screamed, as Kelly carelessly sort of . . . looked at the instrument.

"He's, I didn't mean to -"

"Shut up! Just don't ever touch my guitar, babe! Understand? I'm the man of the house, and I won't put up with you horsin' around with my stuff! Understand?"

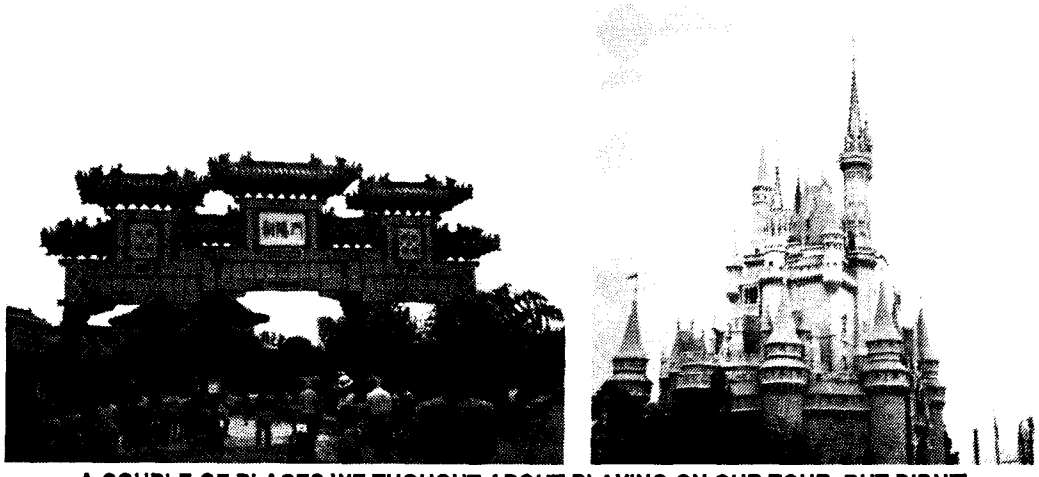
"I guess I -"

"Good! Now shaddup! I'm thinkin'!"

Yeah, well, anyway, those were the days that were. Er, the way we were, or, um . . . those were the days. I felt as though I had, like, tapped a wellspring of love and compassion that I wanted to share with the world. Well, not everyone in the world. I didn't especially want Annette to have any. Or my high school band teacher. Or any, you know . . . non-white persons. Let them find their own wellspring of love and compassion. I mean, I haven't got enough for everybody, have I?

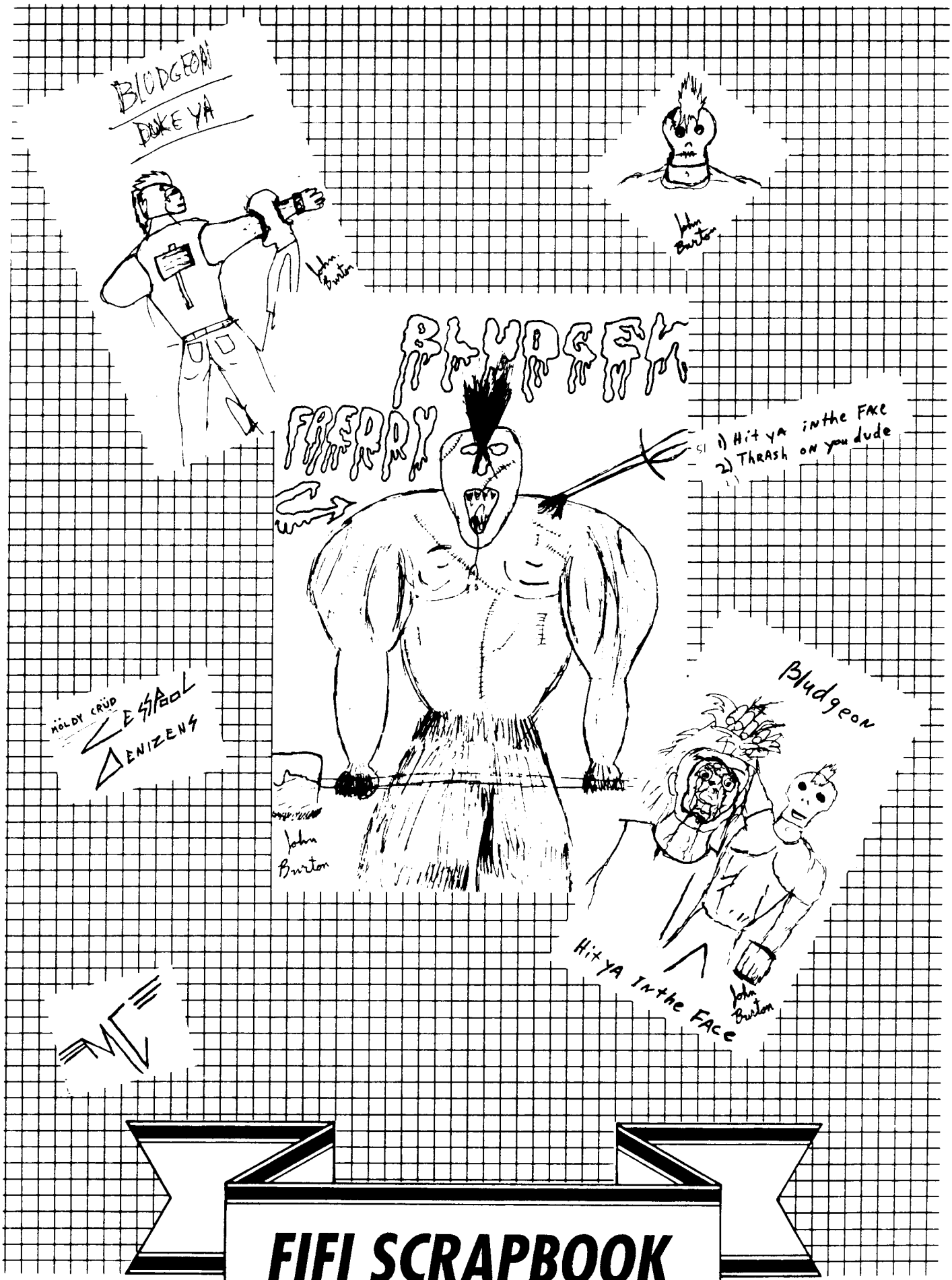
Yeah, well, Annette's buggin' me to let him write again for a while, so I guess I'll go masticate. I mean, er . . . "meditate," dude.

Yeah, well, get off my back, okay?

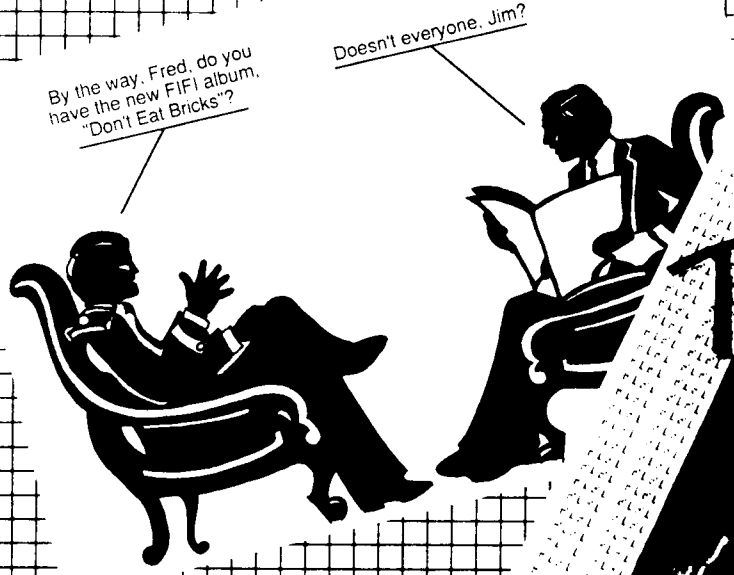


A COUPLE OF PLACES WE THOUGHT ABOUT PLAYING ON OUR TOUR, BUT DIDN'T

BLudgeon
John Burton
4. KiLL BARRY MANILOW
5. EAT YOU UP
RIP YOUR FACE OFF!
John Burton
BLUD GEON
Hit yA in the Face
John Burton
BLUDGEON
FREDDY
John Burton
FIFI
FIFI
DON'T
EAT
SIDE
BRICKS
FIFI SCRAPBOOK



FIFI SCRAPBOOK



THEY'RE HERE!!!

Fifi-Arts BENEFIT CONCERT

ADMISSION- W/ ASB-1 TOY
W/O ASB-1 TOY

FRIDAY!!
6th Period - CAFETERIA

MEET THE BAND!

Eat dirt you pig!!
I saw you walking hand in hand
You fool-he's a jerk
And I don't care
I don't give a damn
Eat dirt you pig!!

Yeah, I can play guitar
gonna go far
gonna be a star
play in a bar
there you are
drive my car
blast ya ta mars

Yeah, I can play drums-
ain't no bum
I ain't dumb
be my chum
get outa the slum
don't drink the scum
rise from the rum

Yeah, I can play jew's harp-
Momma didn't think I was too smart
n-in-in' around in my new car
at two bars

FIFI SCRAPBOOK

FIFI DOES ITS DUTY

INCLUDES: Skippy's Outta Jail - A Day In The Life Of A Doe - At Least You Saw The Jacksons - Rebellious Cottage Cheese - African Disequilibrium - Semi-Revolutionary Colons

DOES ITS DUTY

ANNETTE: Vocals, Drums, Drum Programming, Keyboards, Backing Vocals

HE'S: Vocals, Guitars, Bass Guitars, Keyboards, Backing Vocals

Special thanks to V. Taylor for her vocals on "Skippy's Outta Jail".

Recorded, Mixed, and Mastered by Doug Williams at:

METRIX RECORDING - PRODUCTION STUDIOS

Produced by FIFI and Doug Williams.

FIFI is on:

HYDRANT

Young Mercenaries in Love

Llama flying overhead.
Gamma Rays: Zap! you're dead.
I can't see anymore red.
Just what momma must have said.

Rank and file; Rank & 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.

When all this is said & done,
It'll be over; you'll have won,
Never look up at the sun-
It looks like a hot dog bun.

WORTHLESS Women Better Off Without You

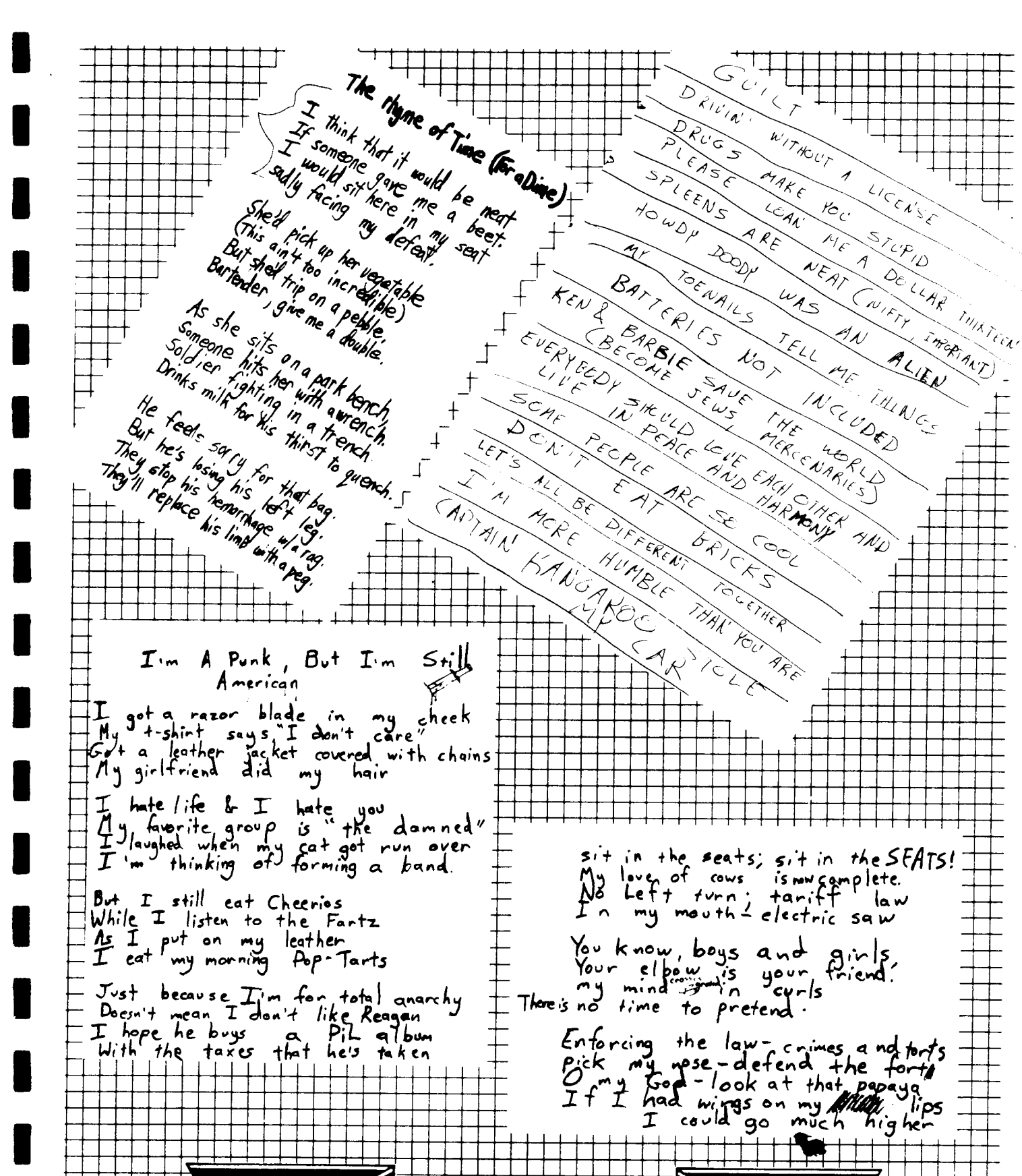
Professing love and willing support
I thought that me could trust you
When you proved to be unreliable
The sun was not in view

I tried to make it work between us
But one of us refused to try
You refused to tell me one thing
And you wonder why

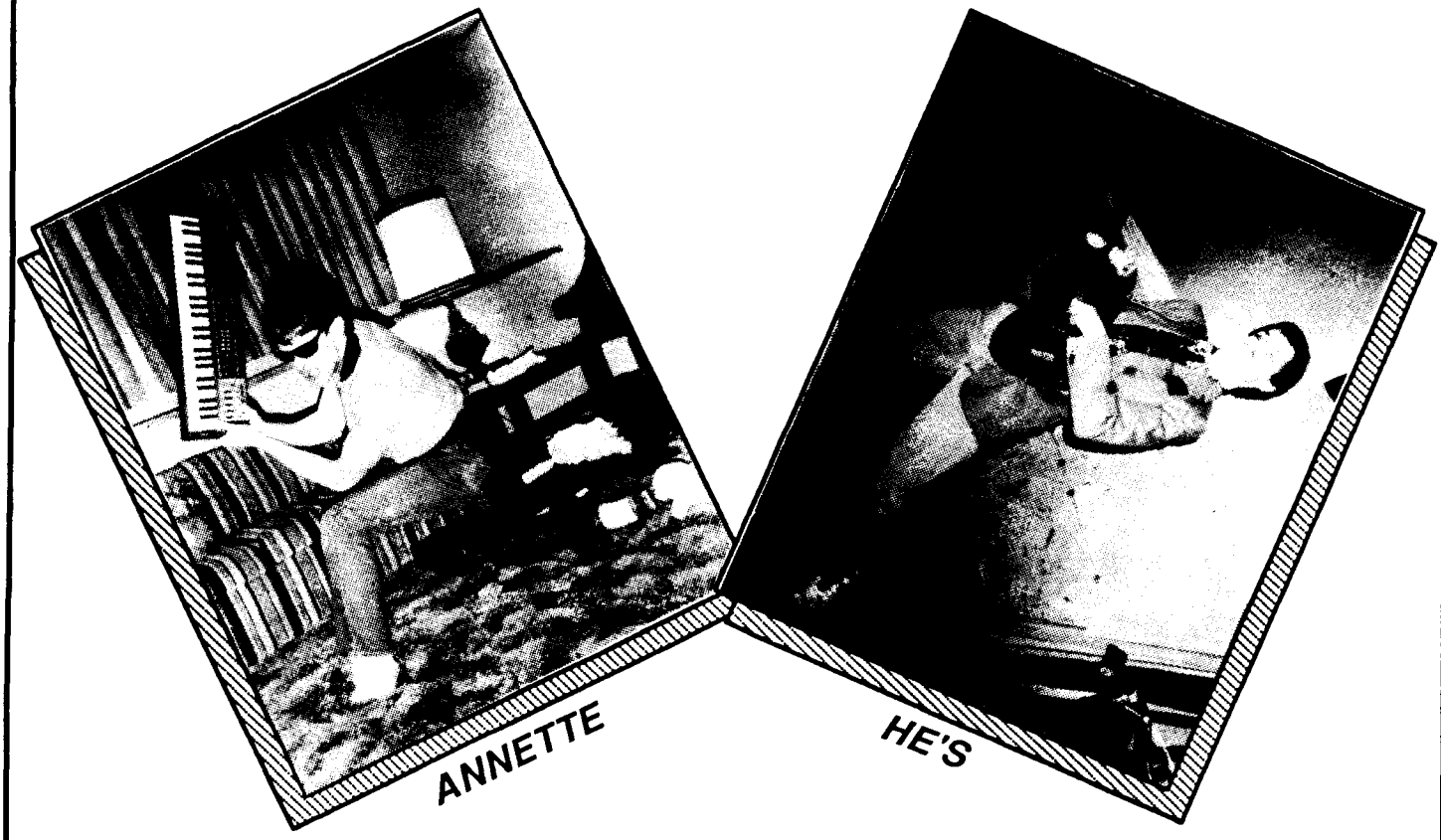
FIFI

"ROCK AND ROLL WITH A BITE!"

FIFI SCRAPBOOK


The rhyme of Time (for a Dime)
I think that it would be neat
If someone gave me a beet.
I would sit here in my seat
sadly facing my defeat.
She'd pick up her vegetable
(This ain't too incredible)
But she'll trip on a pebble,
Bartender, give me a double.
As she sits on a park bench
Someone hits her with a wrench.
Soldier fighting in a trench
Drinks milk for his thirst to quench.
He feels sorry for that bag.
But he's losing his left leg.
They stop his hemorrhage w/a rag.
They'll replace his limb with a peg.
GUILT
DRIVIN' WITHOUT A LICENSE
DRUGS MAKE YOU STUPID
PLEASE LEAN ME A DOLLAR THIRTEEN
SPLEENS ARE NEAT (NIFTY, IMPORTANT)
HOWDY DOODY WAS AN ALIEN
MY TOENAILS TELL ME THINGS
BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED
KEN & BARBIE SAVE THE WORLD
(BECOME JEWS, MERCENARIES)
EVERYBODY SHOULD LOVE EACH OTHER AND
LIVE IN PEACE AND HARMONY
SOME PEOPLE ARE SO COOL
DON'T EAT BRICKS
LET'S ALL BE DIFFERENT TOGETHER
I'M MORE HUMBLE THAN YOU ARE
CAPTAIN KANGAROO
MP CARTICLE
I'm A Punk, But I'm Still American
I got a razor blade in my cheek
My t-shirt says "I don't care"
Got a leather jacket covered with chains
My girlfriend did my hair
I hate life & I hate you
My favorite group is "the damned"
I laughed when my cat got run over
I'm thinking of forming a band.
But I still eat Cheerios
While I listen to the Fartz
As I put on my leather
I eat my morning Pop-Tarts
Just because I'm for total anarchy
Doesn't mean I don't like Reagan
I hope he buys a PiL album
With the taxes that he's taken
sit in the seats; sit in the SEATS!
My love of cows is now complete.
No left turn; tariff law
In my mouth - electric saw
You know, boys and girls,
Your elbow is your friend.
my mind in curls
There is no time to pretend.
Enforcing the law - crimes and torts
Pick my nose - defend the forts
O my God - look at that papaya
If I had wings on my lips
I could go much higher
FIFI SCRAPBOOK

FM™



THE ONLY BAND THAT ALWAYS
DOES ITS DUTY ™
IS BACK.

DON'T EAT BRICKS ™

ANOTHER AUDIO MASTERPIECE

FIFI SCRAPBOOK

do I(?)

When the kitty climbs the ladder,
All you hear is pitter-patter,
With these scissors do I tatter
My little brother for the batter.

Watch me, friend, when I sleep.
Don't make even a little peep.
My, the oceans are so deep.
Through the ceiling raindoes seep.

Hello?
I don't think I want to go.
You think my brother's name is Bo?
Well, you know where you can go.

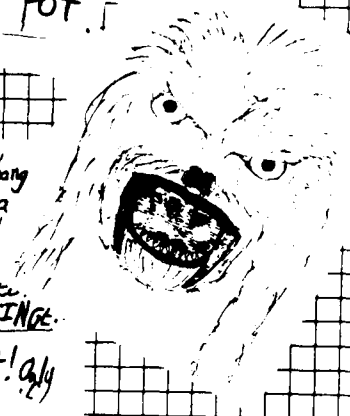
This dillybob's at an end.
That doohickey will never mend.
Who willthat chancellor send?
Who cares in these bars do I bend

Festering Pus

Bonds of love are like iron
Ours is eaten by rust
Your attitude towards me
Makes my brain feel like festering pus
There a
It's drip of acid

YOUR LOVE MAKES ME FEEL
LIKE A BLIND MAN
IN A REVOLVING DOOR

PLANT WITHOUT A POT.



The time has come for all headbang to crush their skulls for the last time. Beca the ultimate in face-melting, brain-squishing, eyeball skull-crushing heavy metal is coming your way name is BLUDGEON, & they're gonna blow your e away! They'll make your blood boil & your hair SINGE

Your mother will cringe w/terror!! Lo ut! Only a few seconds before your physicowhen things begin you're not prepared!!

Broken glass carves your heart
You find it hard to play the part
of the one she used to love

But all that you can ever do
Is say that she is a bunch of poo,
(poo: a synonym for doo-doo)
She makes a sound known as "moo"

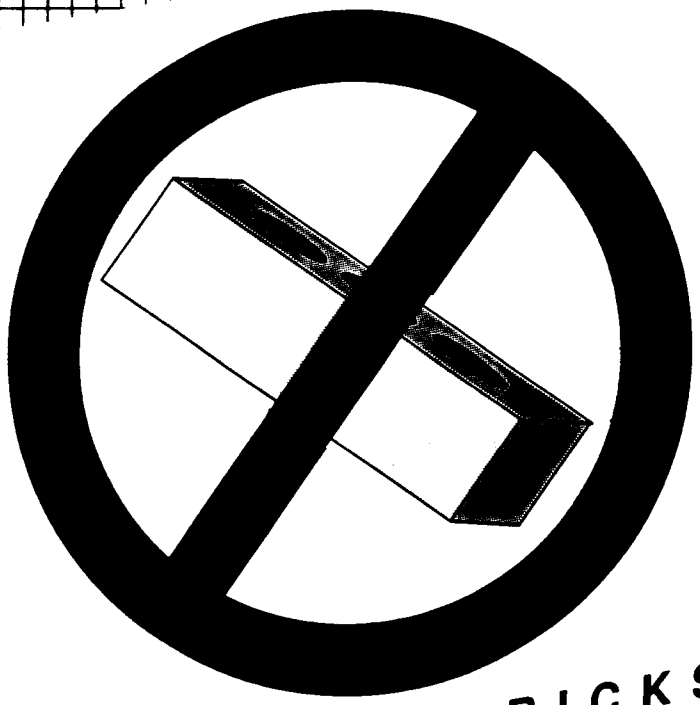
Time for execution
of all orangutangs
death by electrocution
smell of frying hair & fangs

African Disequilibrium

They don't have TV's
Or radios in Africa
Madagascar is an island
Off the coast of Africa

They don't speak English
They don't understand basic concepts
Of Nuclear Science in Africa
If I cry for Africa

Would you look at those mice?
They're infested w/icky lice.
They look just like gaming rice.
I'll eat them-for the right price.



DON'T EAT BRICKS™

The Pork Rind Song

If you think you'll never mind,
I will just eat this pork rind.
If you ever change your mind,
Then you have lied and that's not kind.

Pretty birdie in the tree;
Won't make a pork rind for me,
Nor will you, my little bee;
It's not time to shout with glee.

Mr. Piggy in the mud;
You know you can't chew your cud.
If this bullet is a dud
A pork rind lover ain't a stud.

Well, I guess it's not so bad
I think of good times that pig had.
The pork rind went to this ol' lad.
Even though it's kinda sad.

"As my car exploded one fine September morning"

"The night of the living masking tape"

"Be a non-conformist like me" (Stay different together)

"Please Loan Me A Dollar - Thirteen"

"Isn't Sewer Filtration Nifty?"

"A Band (think we're gonna be great)"

(Maytag Repairman)

"Have a nice Arbor Day"

"A career in nuclear physics / small appliance repair"

HYDRANT RECORDS

FIFI SCRAPBOOK

HELP A STRUGGLING BAND GET INTO THE STUDIO!

COME TO THE CARNIVAL

Saturday, May 19

& Try The Fun-Filled

"FiFi Hoop-Cakes"

691-1110

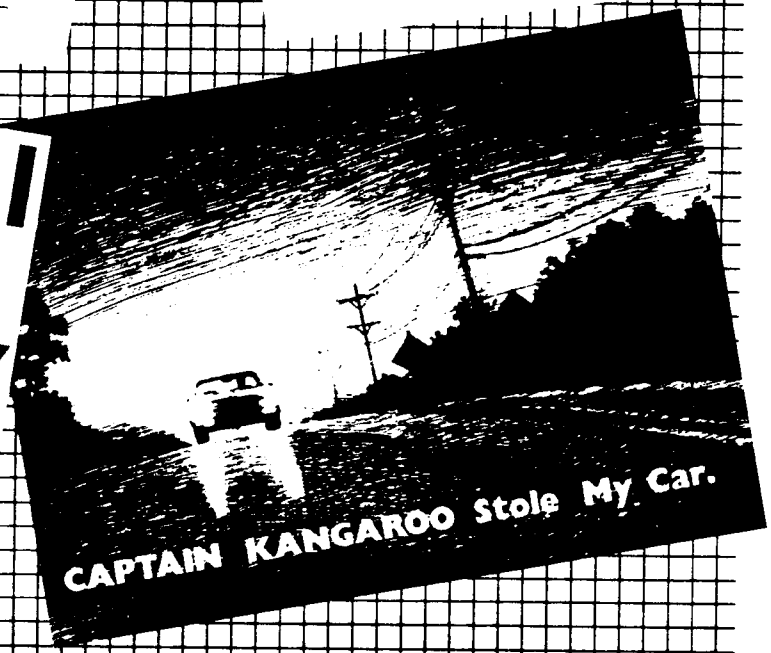
"Hi- we're Fifi and we need your help! we need mucho money and we need it yesterday, bud. So come to the Carnival this Saturday and support your class mates, okay? Donations also accepted."

"WATCH FOR THE NEW FIFI LIVE EP- "LIVE & RABID" - ROCK OUT!!

FIFI

EVERYBODY SHOULD LOVE EACH OTHER AND LIVE IN PEACE AND HARMONY

FIFI SAY WOOF



FIFI SCRAPBOOK

Mercer Island 98040). ... If you were locked in a room with nothing but a television set and electric guitars you'd probably wind up like **FIFI** too, with a bunch of playful songs about sadistic boyfriends, criminally inclined children's TV hosts and poisonous sour cream, linked together with theme tunes and announcements from our sponsor. Kinda fun stuff (c/o 11745 15th Ave. N.E #105, Seattle, 98125). Despite their name, **THE CLAM-DIGGERS OF REALITY** weren't as crazy as you might expect, with a tape ... are pre... tape co... with a... DJ Du... every... maste... the A... and t... four-s... the ...

Willie, 16636 12[illegible] Ave. SE, Renton, WA 98058.

FIFI
Radical and literate art/metal/wave/space/folk (socially conscious).
361-8987 11745 15th Ave. NE #105.
Seattle, WA 98125

FILE GUMBO ZYDECO BAND
Cajun R&B with accordian, washboard, ... vocals.