

Champagne Lecture

Frank Zappa

FZ: You know, a lotsa of people don't bother about their friends in the VEGETABLE KINGDOM. They think, 'What can I say? What can a person who is new to the Midwest say to a vegetable?'

Howard: Suss it out, wankers!

Mark: Suss it out, wankers!

Mark & Howard: Suss it out, wankers!

Jeff: Suss it out, wankers

FZ: Suss it out, wankers!

Mark & Howard: Suss it out, wankers!

Aynsley: Suss it out, wankers . . . what's the matter with you?

Howard: Aynsley Dunbar!

FZ: And after sussed it out, wankers . . .

Mark: Ok

FZ: You go and get yourself a big bottle of champagne!

Mothers: AAAH!

FZ: Find yourself a young vegetable victim!

Mothers: Yeah!

FZ: Take your young vegetable victim . . . Step one, now this is very important, you have to do it exactly this way. Bring the band on down behind me, boys, this gets technnnical! First: You get a Polaroid camera . . .

Mothers: Yeah!

FZ: And you make one good jump, from a balcony to another balcony on the seventh floor of the Sheraton Hotel in Jacksonville

Howard: Aynsley Dunbar, ladies and gentlemen

FZ: When you land on the other balcony with your Polaroid camera, something like this . . .

Mothers: Heeey!

FZ: Shoot off one good flashbulb catching . . . The agent will immediately turn around and say, 'You know, I sure would like to have that photograph.' You walk up to the agent and say, 'Well, ha, funny you should mention it, I have this photograph here and just about time to develop it, yes it turned out great, it shows both of you here, and I'll give you this photograph if you'll give me the munchkin vegetable that you're with in order that I might make a few more pictures . . . '

So you make a quick trade, holding the champagne bottle in abeyance until the rest of the members of your band have jumped over the same balcony . . .

Mothers: Eeeeeeeeh!

FZ: And come in and taken their places around the bed where the munchkin vegetable is laid out, posing: Leg up in the air and legs down, legs to the side. Then, after some deft manipulation of the vital parts of the munchkin vegetable . . .

Jeff: Hey, I want some baby to hold my tool and squeeze it

FZ: With one masterful stroke -you might use several masterful strokes- shake up the magnum of champagne to a foamy froth, holding your thumb over the end of it . . .

Aynsley: No, no, no . . . not the cork in, Frank, you

pull the cork out . . . Suss it out, wankers!

Howard: They're a hip audience, Frank, they know what's gonna happen next!

FZ: After the band has given you their complete attention, and is watching closely for the precise moment of the detonation of the alcoholic beverage into the vital organ, you give a sort of casual glance around the bedroom of the Sheraton, a suave little smile and wink one eye, adjust your bow tie, and just stuff it right in there!

Mothers: Aaaah!

FZ: And then you tell 'em how you feel. You whip it right out, take a snort off of it . . .

Howard: How do you feel?

Mark: Aynsley Dunbar . . .

FZ: No, no, no . . .