

Prologue

Frank Zappa

Once upon a time, musta been 'round October, few years back, in one o' dose TOP SECRET LABMO-TORIES de gubbnint keep stashed a way underneath Virginia, an EVIL PRINCE, occasion'ly employed a s a part-time THEATRICAL CRITICIZER set to woikin' on a plot fo de systematic GENOCIDICAL REMOVE'LANCE of all unwanted highly-rhythmic individj'lls an' sissy-boys!

De cocksucker done whiffed up a secret POTIUM . . . an' right ' long wid it, de ATROCIOUS IDEA dat what he been boilin' up down deahhhh jes' mights be de FINAL SOLUTIUM to DE WHITE MAIN'S 'B OIENN', ef yo' acquire my drift . . .

Well, he were sure he had a GOOD THING GOIN' . . . but, dere wa s always de possobility dat somethin' might fuck up, so, he pla nned to have a little test, jes' to check it all out befo' he d ump't it in de wattuh supply.

Sho'tly denafter, wit HIGH-LEVEL GUBNINT COROBBERATIUM, he arra nged to have a good-will visit to SAN QUENTIM, 'long wit some c ountry-westin mu-zishnin's, 'n sprinkle a little bit of it on s ome of de boys in deahhh (since dey done used a few of 'em befo ' when dey was messin' wit de ZYPH'LISS).

So, heah dey come wit de POTIUM, dump'nit all in de mash potato es!

Den dey wen' up to de warden's office fo' some HOT TODDY, watch in' a little football while dey's waitin' to see what gone happ en!

Fact o' de matter were: NOTHIN' HAPPENED, so dey went off'n dri bbled it in a special shipnint of GALOOT CO-LOG- NUH dat went out 'bouts NOVEMBER!

Next thing y'know, fagnits be droppin' off like flies . . . 'lo ng wit a large number of severely-tanned individj'lls, pre- zumnably of HAY'CHEN EXTRAKMENT!

But NOT DE BOYS IN DE REST HOME! Oh no! Mixin' de shit wit de m ash potatoes done SMOOTHED IT OUT a little, so's it wouldn't KI LL yo' ass, BUT, it sho' would make y'ugly! 'N ef y'was already UGLY, it'd make yo ass MEAN 'n UGLY . . . 'n ef you was alread y MEAN 'n UGLY, it'd turn ya into a strange, UNKNOWN KREETCHUH, never befo' seen on BROADWAY!

Thass right! It'd turn ya' into a 'MAMMY NUN'! Head like a pota to . . . lips like a duck . . . big ol' hands, puffin' up! BIG ONES! Science! ME-jev'l re-LIJ-

mus costumery all over yo' BODY! Yow! Oh yeah! Mmmm-hmmm!