

Frank Zappa, A Token Of My Extreme

Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Warren Cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Denny Walley (slide guitar, vocals)
Ike Willis (lead vocals)
Peter Wolf (keyboards)
Arthur Barrow (bass, vocals)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Vinnie Colaiuta (drums)

Arriving at L. Ron Hoover's modernistic office / cathedral / warehouse / condominium complex, Joe

L. Ron Hoover:
Welcome to the First Church of Appliantology! The WHITE ZONE is for loading and unloading only

Don't you be Tarot-fied
It's just a token
of my extreme
Don't you be Tarot-fied
It's just a token
of my extreme

Don't you never try to
look behind my eyes
You don't wanna know
what they have seen
Don't you never try to
look behind my eyes
You don't wanna know
what they have seen

Joe: (thinking to himself)
Some people think
That if they go too far
They'll never get back
To where the rest of
them are
I might be crazy
But there's one thing
I know
You might be surprised
At what you find
when ya go!

And thus, having rationalized his expedition to L. Ron's modernistic office / cathedral / warehouse /

Joe:
Oh oh oh
Mystical Advisor
What is my problem,
tell me
Can you see?

L. Ron Hoover:
Well, you have nothing
to fear, my son!
You are a Latent
Appliance Fetishist,
It appears to me!

Joe:
That all seems very,
very strange
I never craved
a toaster

Or a color T.V.

L. Ron Hoover:
A Latent Appliance
Fetishist
Is a person who
refuses to admit
to his or herself
That sexual
gratification can
only be achieved
Through the use of
MACHINES...
Get the picture?

Joe:
Are you telling me
I should come out
of the closet now
Mr. Ron?

L. Ron Hoover:
No, my son!
You must go into
THE CLOSET

Joe:
What?

L. Ron Hoover:
And you will have

Joe:
Heh?

L. Ron Hoover:
Hey!
A lot of fun!
That's where
they all live
So if you want an
Appliance to love you
You'll have to
go in there
'N' get you one

Joe:
Well...that seems
simple enough...

L. Ron Hoover:
Yes, but if you want a
really GOOD one,
You'll have to learn a
foreign language...

Joe:
German, for instance?

L. Ron Hoover:
That's right...
A lot of really cute
ones come from
over there!
(Fifty bucks, please)

And a cheerful group of
Appliantologists dance
into the room wearing
aluminum foil lab smocks,
lock arms in a circle
around JOE, making sure
he pays in full, all the
while singing with L. RON
as he delivers his final
instructions...

L. Ron Hoover:
If you been
Mod-O-fied,
It's an illusion,
an you're in between
Don't you be
Tarot-fied,
It's just a lot of nothin',
So what can it mean?

If you been
Mod-O-fied,
It's an illusion,
an yer in between
Don't you be
Tarot-fied,
It's just a lot of nothin',
So what can it mean?

If you been
Mod-O-fied,
It's an illusion,
an yer in between...

JOE leaves the First Church of Appliantology and sets out to try L. RON's expensive advice

CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER:

This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER... Joe has just learned to speak
German Now, get this, heres why he did it! He's gonna go to this club on
the other side of town, it's called THE CLOSET...
And they got these Appliances in there that really go for a guy dressed up
like a housewife who can speak German (you know what I mean)... so
Joe's learned how to speak German, he goes in this place and he sees
these little Kitchen Machineries dancing around with each other, and he
sees this one...that looks like it's a cross between an industrial vacuum
cleaner and a chrome piggy bank with marital aids stuck all over its body...
it's really exciting...and when he sees it, he BURSTS INTO SONG...