

Frank Zappa, The Adventures Of Greggery Peccary

Frank Zappa (guitar, vocals)
George Duke (keyboards, vocals)
Bruce Fowler (trombone)
Tom Fowler (bass)
Chester Thompson (drums)

The adventures of GREGGERY PECCARY!

Oh, here comes GREGGERY,
Little GRECGERY PECCARY
The nocturnal gregarious
Wild swine

A peccary
Is a little pig
With a white collar
That usually hangs around
Between Texas and Paraguay
Sometimes ranging as far
west as Catalina

Catalina, Catalina, Catalina!

This particular peccary
Is part of that bold (bold),
New (new) breed (breeding)
That extinguishes itself
By markings which resemble a
WIDE TIE
Directly below the
White collar

If it's white enough
Everyone will know
That the tie I'm wearing
Is a symbol
Of how nimble mv mind will know
Ooh-ooh!

(Swine suave!)

Look out!
Here he comes again!

Oh here comes GREGGERY PECCARY.
Yes it's cravv, cravy, veah...

Every morning, GREGGERY drives
His little red Volkswagen to the ugly
Part of town where they keep the Government Buildings.

Voodn, Voodn!
Boy it's so hard to find a place to park around here!
GREGGERY PECCARY takes the elevator
Up to the eighty-third floor of a grim,
Gray, evil-looking building
With a sign on the front reading:
'BIG SWIFTY ASSOCIATES. TREND-MONGERS'.

And what, might you ask, is a TREND MONGER?
Well, a TREND MONGER is a person
who dreams up a TREND
(Like 'The Twist' --- or 'Flower Power'),
And spreads it throughout the land,

Using all the frightening little skills
That Science has made available!

And so it was, one fateful morning,
GREGGERY PECCARY made his way through the Steno Pool . . .

Hi Mildred!
Hello Gladys!
WANDA!

Yes, from the moment they laid
eyes on him,
All the girls in the BIG SWIFTY
Steno Pool
KNEW . . .
Here was a
Nocturnal,
Gregarious
Wild swine
ON HIS WAY UP!
A Peccary of Destiny,
Adventure
And
ROMANCE!

Is there any mail for me?

SWIFTY'S!
THIS IS BIG SWIFTY'S!
AT BIG SWIFTY'S WE ALL KNOW-OW-OW
YOU'LL GO
FOR ANY GIMMICK OR GIZMO!

WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE INVOLVED
IN A SERIES OF COLORFUL
TIME-WASTINC TRENDS?

AIR HOCKEY . . . biff . . . dush-h-h!

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA, YOUP YOUP YOUP YOUP

IS YOUR WIFE SNORING BY THE SINK?

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA, YOUP YOUP YOUP YOUP

AIN'T YOUR LIFE BORING, DON'TCHA THINK?

YOUP YOUP YOUP YOUP YOUP YOUP YOUP
LIFE IS SO MUCH BETTER
WHEN THERE'S SOME LITTLE SOMETHING
TO DO!

Does it matter that this waste of time
Is what makes a LIFE for you? Hmmmmm?

I must plummet boldly
forward
To my ULTRA-AVANT
Laminated,
Simulated
Replica-mahogany desk,
With the strategically-placed,
Imported, very hip water pipe,
And the latest edition of the
WHOLE EARTH CATALOG,

And rack my agile mind
For a spectacular
NEW TREND,
Thereby rejuvenating our limping
economy,
And providing
For bored & miserable people
everywhere
Some great new
'THING'
To identify with.!

WE HAVE GOT THE LITTLE ANSWERS
TO THE THINGS
THAT MIGHT' BE BOTHERING YOU!

WE HAVE GOT YOUR LITTLE TOYS!
(WE'RE BUSY MAKIN' 'EM!)

BUSY MAKIN' 'EM,
WE'RE BUSY MAKIN' 'EM,
BUSY MAKIN' 'EM
JUST FOR YOU!

Yoo-hoo-hoo!
Very efficient. Miss Snodgrass!

And with that.
GREGCERY turned
And strode nonchalantly
Into his dinky little office
With the desk and the catalog
And the very hip water pipe.
And proceeded,
With a vigor and determination
Known only to piglets
Of a similarly diminutive
proportion,
To single-handedly invent
THE CALENDAR!
With his eye rolled heaven-ward.
and his little shiny pig-hoofs on the
desk, GREGGERY ponders the
question of ETERNITY (and fractional
divisions thereof), as mysterious
ANGELIC VOICES sing to him from a
great distance, providing the
necessary clues for the construction of
this thrilling new TREND!

SUNDAY

Sunday?
WOW!
SUNDAY,
'MONDAY

SUNDAY,

SATURDAY. . . TUESDAY THROUGH
- MONDAY!

SATURDAY. . .

And thus THE CALENDAR,

In all of its colorful disguises
Was presented to
The bored & miserable people
Everywhere!

GREGCERY issued a memo on it.
Whereupon the entire contents
of the Steno Pool
Identified with it STRENUOUSLY,
And WORSHIPPED IT as a WAY OF LIFE,
And took their little Pills by it.
And went back 'n forth from
work by it.
And paid their rent by it,
And before long they were even
having
BIRTHDAY PARTIES IN THE OFFICE
by it,
Because NOW. AT LAST,
CREGGERY PECCARY's exciting new

invention
Had made it possible
For everyone
To find out
HOW OLD THEY WERE!

What hath GOD wrought?

Unfortunately,
There were some people
Who simply DID NOT WISH TO
KNOW,
And that's why,
On his way home from the office
one night,
GREGGERY was attacked
By a RAGE OF HUNCHMEN!
Making his way through the
evening traffic, GREGGERY notices
that the other vehicles which
crowd and bump his little red car
are all inhabited by slowly-aging
'VERY HIP YOUNG PEOPLE',
They appear to be casting
sinister glances toward him
through their glinting acid burn-
out eyeballs, trying to run him
off the road, or make him bump into
something, giving strong evidence
of HOSTILE AGGRESSION!

To elude them, GREGGERY takes the
SHORT FOREST EXIT off the express-
way. They zoom after him in all
manner of cars, trucks,
garishly-painted buses, and
motorcycles.

GREGGERY takes a bumpy trail
off the main SHORT FOREST ROAD,
which leads him up the side
of a FAMOUS (and conveniently
placed) MOUNTAIN, and into a strange
cave on the edge of a cliff, not far

from a LITTLE TWISTED TREE. . .with
eyes on it.

Meanwhile, the enraged HUNCHMEN
(and HUNCH-'WOMEN) rumble
through the SHORT FOREST until
(realizing the little swine has
escaped, they decide to park their
steaming vehicles in a circular
pseudo-Wagon Train formation. . .

and have a LOVE-IN!

Under the influence of a fantastic
amount of TRENDY CHEMICAL AMUSEMENT
AID, they proceed to perform lewd
acts, rip each other off for small
personal possessions, and dance
with depraved abandon in the vicinity
of a six-foot pile of transistor radios
each one tuned to a different station).

WHAT?

The HUNCHMEN finally expire
from exhaustion,
And GREGGERY,
Who has viewed the proceedings
From a safe distance,
Breathes a sigh of relief. . .

Phew!
Only to be terrified once again
By a roar of immense laughter. . .

HO! HO! HO!

Which seems to be rumbling up
From the very depths of the cave
In which he has hidden his car!

(Good lord! What was that!?)

GREGGERY doesn't realize
He has concealed himself
Inside the very mouth of
BILLY THE MOUNTAIN!

HO! HO! HO!

And, as you all know,
Whenever BILLY laughs,
Rocks and boulders hack up,
And the air for miles around
Is filled with tons of dust,
Forming a series of huge
BROWN CLOUDS!

WHO IS MAKING THOSE NEW BROWN CLOUDS?
WHO IS MAKING THOSE CLOUDS THESE DAYS?
HO IS MAKING THOSE NEW BROWN CLOUDS?
BETTER ASK A PHILOSTOPHER 'N SEE WHAT HE SAYS!

GREGGERY stops at a gas station
And makes a mysterious phone

IS THIS THE OLD LOFT
WITH THE PAINT PEELIN' OFF IT
BY THE CHINESE POLICE
HERE THE DOGS ROLL BY?

IS THIS HERE THEY KEEP
THE PHILOSTOPHERS NOW,
WITH THE RUGS & THE DUST,
WHERE THE BOOKS GO TO DIE?

HOW MANY YEZ GOT?
SAY YEZ GOT QUITE A FEW,
JUST SITTIN' AROUND THERE
WITH NOTHIN' TO DO?

WELL I JUST CALLED YEZ UP
'CAUSE I WANTED TO SEE
A PILOSTOPPER BE OF ASSISTANCE
TO ME!

GREGCERY receives information
that
'The Greatest Livin PHILOSTOPHER
Knwon to Mankind'
Is currently in possession of the
very information
In question,
And, furthermore, this information
could be HIS,
If only GREGGERY would attend a
'SPECIAL THERAPEUTIC GROUP
ASSEMBLY'
(Classes now forming),
And available at a special
low introductory fee. . .
And now, here he is,
'The Greatest Living PHILOSTO-
PHER Known to Mankind',
QUENTIN ROBERT DeNAMELAND!
Take it away!

"Folks,
As you can see for yourself.
The way this clock over here
is behaving,
TIME IS OF AFFLICTION!
Now this might be cause for alarm
Among a portion of you, as,
From a certain experience,
I TEND TO PROCLAIM:
'THE EONS ARE CLOSING'!"

Make your checks payable to

-25.8-

'QUENTIN ROBERT DeNAMELAND,
Greatest Livin Philostopher
Known to Mankind'!

WHO IS MAKING THOSE NEW BROWN CLOUDS?
WHO IS MAKING THOSE CLOUDS THESE DAYS?
WHO IS MAKING THOSE NEW BROWN CLOUDS?
IF YOU ASK A PILOSTOPHER, HE'LL SEE
THAT YOU PAYS!

