



Percussive
surprises
for pear-shaped
ears.

Speed

the parting

"If music be the
food of love
then here indeed be grounds
for further loving."

quest

Conducted, arranged, composed
and perpetrated by Jimmy Carroll
and his mad marriage makers.

Much sweeter sounds the clavichord
on which some madcamp plays his febrile fertile jazz
as the kitten laps her milk
Methinks he doth cavort too much upon his clavichord too much.
Ye Gods must I endure all this. O Zounds!
Twelve tones shall ring upon the twelfth night
and thus shall all the guests depart.
Hark! That tune purveys the old famylar ringe.
Egad 'tis the one I love.

THE
HOT-TEMPERED
CLAVICHORD

speed the parting guest

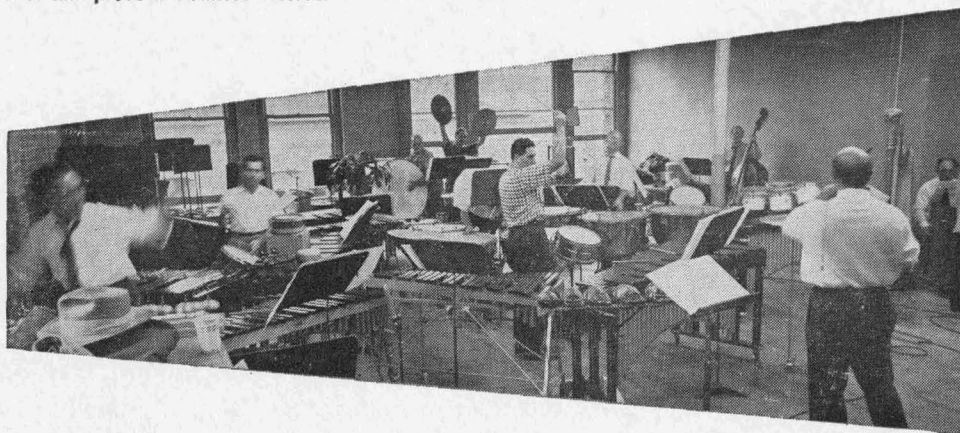
(Hi Fi Bull In A Chime Shop)



We're not quite sure how this all happened. Somewhere, someone had a tiny germ of an idea — a germ of frightening, galloping virulence. Before we knew it we were surrounded . . . and recording.

The room was loaded with an explosive welter of percussives (partial count on cover). It was a collection which summarized, maybe equalled, the vast array of instruments man has developed since he first recognized an innate compulsion to strike back. They belong to the Carroll Instrument Service, Inc., which is to say Carroll Brattman (upper right, on kettles), without whom this record could never have been perpetrated.

He makes the preposterous claim to being able to play them all himself (adding modestly, "Not all at once . . .") but no one so far has had the patience or scholarship to call his bluff. We can testify to his deftness on 13 of them, however, and you can hear him prove it on these records.



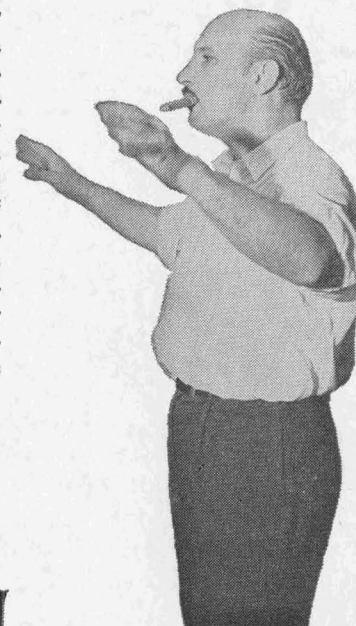
Our memories of some of the other men in this gigantic undertaking are a little blurry and the action photo (above) shows why. It was a busy afternoon for us all.

There were only nine of them, but by rough count under fire, each man used 2¼ music stands each, innumerable cigars, and all doubled (but not on brass). All displayed a light-footed sprinting ability uncommon among professional musicians.

Some carried alternate sticks in the mouth while performing, and the mallet mortality rate was prodigious. A cloud of smoke which accompanied each gong crash was traced to Willie Rodriguez' cigar. (He says gongs take more effort than drums.) Ed Vito (upper left) was worried: "What will my friends say . . . accompanist to cow bells!" Harry Breuer (upper middle) is being gleeful over his dulcimer part — a secret passion. He also played the BUZZIMBA (center photo, right foreground) — which is really nothing but an expensive way to sound like the old time *tissue-paper-on-the-comb* (hear last movement: Woodpile Suite).

photos by Jerry Rennick and Bob Alderson

The most surprising thing that happened during the session was that all of "these" made beautiful music together. That was Jimmy Carroll's fault. As a top arranger, Jimmy is noted for his extreme versatility — having provided "supports" for Marlene Dietrich and Rosemary Clooney. But this is the first time he has been a football coach as well. The end "plays" of the men around kettle drums and glockenspiels was that complicated. The result is titillating music full of Disneyesque surprises — and highly listenable. To Jimmy Carroll, our conductor, arranger and composer, our awe-inspired thanks. He is a brave man, indeed.



Jimmy Carroll



Speed the Parting Guest
Tinkle, Tinkle Little Bell

Hong Kong Local
Drummers' Parade
Happy Little Woodpile

For really stubborn guests, we suggest more and madder Camp clavichord on "The New Clavichord".

Cook 12" LP #1133.

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