

A DOUBLE BARREL BLAST

Side 1 THE HIGH COST OF DYING

Actual unrehearsed phone conversation with an undertaker on the hilarious subject of how much it costs to get (deceased) Uncle Willie buried.

WATCH OUT!—

You're likely to die laughing as you listen to this record—then your relatives will be making the same kind of phone call.



Side 2 LISTENING IN ON COMPUTER CONVERSATIONS

Now there are machines capable of synthesizing speech.

Cook Laboratories matches its digital computer—ECTAR—against Ball Laboratories' analog computer.

You'll hear these machines speak, recite poetry, sing calypso . . . in a zany competition that has a surprising ending.

see other side →

A DOUBLE BARREL BLAST!!

"Bound to be a gem collector's item." "So far out it may be our next missile achievement." "Had pains in back of my ears from laughing too hard." "We've come to expect anything and everything from Cook Records, but this record surpasses expectation."

These are some of the quotes from those privileged to hear advance copies of this new release. This could be a record for you to own **provided** you meet these qualifications:

1. You enjoy out-of-the-ordinary experiences and possessions.
2. Your spouse and friends won't think you're a nut when you roll on the floor doubled up with laughter.
3. You would like to shock prim and prissy neighbors and relatives who visit too long.
4. You have the money to buy this record.

Assuming you meet these stringent requirements, here's what you can look forward to . . .

Side One

"THE HIGH COST OF DYING!"

or "How to Arrange a Funeral By Telephone."

Assume that you are in a middle-income situation, living in a modest 4½ room apartment with your small family. Now, suppose your wife's Uncle Willie from California makes an expected call. It's the first time in 15 years she has seen him, and the first time you even heard of him. He is a big, fat, bald nonentity with an enormous appetite and no visible means of support, no income, and, it turns out, very little insurance.

Two hours after Uncle Willie shovels away a big dinner (third helpings on everything—including dessert) acute indigestion sets in. (Fortunately you have developed an immunity to your wife's cookery.) So Uncle Willie shuffles off this mortal coil and goes to join his loved ones—while reposing on the living room sofa.

It's late at night. Warily we pick up the telephone and look up undertakers in the classified pages. We dial a number and when an unshaven voice in his underwear answers, we ask, "Are you the funeral director?" The voice says, "Yeah, that's me." What actually takes place from this point on is what you will hear on this record.

For instance:

Undertaker: *Then we'll have to get him a pair of shoes.*
Husband (screaming): *Shoes? What does he need shoes for?
Leave the bottom half of the casket closed.*

Such practical considerations have no appeal for the undertaker, however, so the husband asks about cremation. When he learns that a casket must still be bought and a hearse rented, his next query is:

*"Look, can't I just put him in my car and drive
him right down to the crematory?"*

Well, as you can gather, this record deals somewhat unceremoniously with what is usually regarded as an unmentionable topic—beating down the undertaker's price, — or, pun intended, trying to get a *package* deal. However, in the interest of propriety, let us assure you, gentle reader, that Uncle Willie is just an *imaginary* corpse. As the contrived cadaver he is an important part of the plot—a plot which we think you will "dig" appreciatively. It comes to a down-to-earth ending that will leave you sorrowing at its too rapid passage through time and wiping tears from your eyes (from uncontrolled laughter).

For full enjoyment, you and others whom you urge to listen to this record must continually keep in mind that what takes place is not rehearsed or acted. It is an actual phone conversation, an authentic Cook Sound-of-our-Times. No script, no matter how expertly written; no actors, no matter how skillful, could match the fascinating, devastating and hilarious spontaneity of the material on this record.

Even if you don't want to know HOW TO ARRANGE A FUNERAL BY TELEPHONE, you can't afford to miss the lessons to be learned from this "way out" recording. It is bound to be a true collector's item—a record you will play and replay over the years for yourself and friends and each time find bits of humor and incongruity missed in earlier listenings.

As the undertaker says: ". . . Then there is a \$90 charge for opening the grave."
Husband: *"Yeah — and how much to close it?"*

Side Two

LISTENING IN ON COMPUTER CONVERSATIONS

This is truly an electronic age. Now they are bouncing television signals off an orbiting satellite, taking photographs in outer space with cameras powered by solar cells that get their energy from sunshine, and, of course, there are the high-speed computers which store data and work out in a few minutes mathematical problems formerly requiring months or years of ordinary computation.

One of the long-standing ambitions of the human mind has been to build a machine which can duplicate human speech. Not just to *repeat* sounds—such as is the case with tape recorders—but to create original speech based on an analysis of various data.

Such machines are now a reality. The ones now in existence can synthesize human speech so accurately, it is almost possible to duplicate the voice of any person you might name—such as Winston Churchill, JFK, Frank Sinatra and—we were going to mention Jimmy Cagney—but almost anybody can imitate *him*.

On this record you will hear a digital computer that not only can synthesize speech, but since it has been programmed (fed) with a great deal of human experience it actually knows what it is talking about. This is an achievement some humans can't match.

In any case, rather than present the voice (and thoughts) of just *one* computer, we arranged a sort of competition between two different types of speech synthesizing machines. You will hear them talk, recite poetry, and sing along with a band (Can you imagine Mitch waving his baton at a bunch of singing computers? You're right—the union would never permit it.)

The rivalry between the engineers who designed the machines is apparent on the record. Each strives to outperform the other and the result is sometimes chaotic, with one machine interrupting the other, singing louder, and displaying other human traits.

Anyway, when you hear the computers talking you are first going to be incredulous, then fascinated, then frightened by the implications (Is modern man obsolete?) then delighted by the performances.

Is this an educational record? It is like hell—it's as entertaining as a fight between two mothers-in-law . . . as delightful a spoof as ever you heard . . . and as rare a piece of discography as you'll ever get your hands on. You'll always be glad you bought this record—especially when your friends offer you twice what you paid for it. We can almost guarantee you'll be invited to parties—"provided you bring with you that Cook record about computers."

COOK RECORDS

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