



WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!

PHYLLIS DILLER

at the
BON SOIR

with the
THREE FLAMES
and an
introduction by
JIMMY DANIELS

HIGH FIDELITY SP 6002

mirrosonic
A PERFECT REFLECTION OF
THE ORIGINAL PERFORMANCE

WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!



"I've found the most divine new plastic surgeon!"



"Her head exploded!"



"The hat for the really ugly woman!"



"Are we in trouble!"

DESIGN AND PHOTOGRAPHY/BOB CATO
RECORDED AT BON SOIR, NEW YORK CITY

Just about the most prevalent of all our American songbirds is the Chatterbox, that persistent little cousin of the Screech Owl. Its habitat, as all of us who are not wholly deaf are well aware, is legion, and yet the nation's archives contain only fragmentary recordings of the gay, lilting, springlike, armor-piercing melodic line that is the most charming characteristic of this feckless feathered friend of ours. The reason is that even if a bird lover is able to track down a Chatterbox and set up a tape recorder, some other listener, his nerves standing on end after a chorus or two of the tiny darling's work, is apt to up and shoot the creature dead. Now Mirrosonic Records, a life-time supporter of the Audubon Societies of America, has managed, sparing any expense, to set down on wax a full-range outpouring by one of the ablest of the Chatterboxes, one who has miraculously survived several years of personal appearances without becoming the object of an assassin's bullet. Her friends, a hardy, stoic race, call her Phyllis Diller.

Phyllis Diller (to continue using the scientific, ornithological term for her particular species) was, when this recording was made, visiting an important Eastern bird sanctuary, the Bon Soir, in New York City's Greenwich Village, an enterprise wholeheartedly devoted to selling liquor and amusement to the natives. She divides her time (an easy task for her, since she is an excellent mathematician) between this establishment and her original stepping stone, San Francisco, the town in which she grew up, if that is the word for what happened to her. Her sports palace there is the Purple Onion, a launching pad for many another night-club talent. It was in San Francisco that the Diller overcame the one problem that obstructed her career. Suffering from a speech impediment (even on a clear night, her voice could not be heard for more than a mile), she sought, and obtained, a psychological cure from an analyst. Since then, in a wail that approaches in intensity the vibrato of Gabriel's horn, she has been merrily chattering everything that comes into her head, and a great deal that comes into her analyst's.

We all have our faults, and the Diller eye picks them out as easily as if they were raisins in a pudding. "CESSPOOL OF CULTURE," the opening gun in this assemblage of Dillerisms, is a sample in depth of her clinical skill at this sort of thing. It is also an introduction to the Diller sound track—the seared, endless voice, the world-weary laugh—and to the Diller philosophy, which is the exact opposite of it's-no-use-complaining. This is succeeded by "I'D RATHER CHA CHA THAN EAT," the Diller impersonation of a girl idiot whose ruling problem is made explicit by the title. Then "CORNFLAKES ON THE ROCKS," and surely by this time you have an excellent idea of how the Diller mind works and the Diller tongue wags. Next, "GUESS WHO I SAW TODAY," a slightly reorganized edition of the tortured torch song that once belonged to the Broadway revue called "New Faces," of half a dozen years ago. "I HATE CHEAP BEAUTY PARLORS!"—well, it's plain to see that there are no concealed anagrams in the titles of the Diller masterworks, because they all say precisely what they mean. "TODAY WILL BE YESTERDAY TOMORROW" catches the girl a bit off base, inasmuch as she's being more of a woman and less of a scold. Birds have to fly, as the "Show Boat" lyricist was pointing out years ago, and especially when they have to divide their time between New York and San Francisco. Wherefore we come to "THRIFT FLIGHT," a hunk of documentation that no air line is at all likely to sponsor. "TO KEEP MY LOVE ALIVE," the last song Larry Hart ever wrote the words for (it was one of the jolliest interludes in the revival of "A Connecticut Yankee"), gives the Diller a chance to play Lady Bluebeard offering a complete inventory of the high death rate in her family, and the title of "WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!" is one more ample explanation of the Diller attitude toward the fact that the whole human race seems to persist in falling on its face. For lagniappe and for l'envoi, there is a Diller change of pace, closely followed by a Diller change of heart, when she starts melting down the fine old and sadly neglected "JUST LIKE A MAN," the Vernon Duke-Ogden Nash gentle lament for a lady who finished second

best in a very decisive race. It just goes to show, and it is reassuring to know, that Phyllis Diller is not the avenging angel that she sets out to be.

Oh, about those words that come into the head of her analyst. It is more than likely that he has effected a transference (that's the word he would use) of his head to the head of Murray Grand, whose piano is now and again part of the background in this recording and whose words (they pop up in "Cha Cha," "Guess Who," and "Today") are part of the foreground, for he and she seem to think (or whatever it is) alike. Whether or not that makes Phyllis Diller a thinking man's chatterbox is hard to say. At any rate, we may as well all make up our minds to make the best of her, since she is fully equipped to get the better of us.

ROGERS WHITAKER
The New Yorker

ABOUT MIRROSONIC

The MIRROSONIC recording technique brings to the home music reproduction system a sparkling reflection of the original performance as it actually occurred. No part of the wide tonal range is missing or out of balance—every nuance retaining its characteristics through and to the end of our processing methods. HIGH FIDELITY at its best! This disc was manufactured to match the R.I.A.A. equalization curve and is capable of a frequency range between 16 and 25,000 cycles per second.

SIDE 1

- Band 1 "Cesspool Of Culture"
- Band 2 I'd Rather Cha Cha Than Eat (Grand-Boyd)
With the Three Flames; Murray Grand at the piano
- Band 3 "Cornflakes On The Rocks"
- Band 4 Guess Who I Saw Today (Grand-Boyd-Johnson)
Murray Grand at the piano

SIDE 2

- Band 1 "I Hate Cheap Beauty Parlors!"
- Band 2 Today Will Be Yesterday Tomorrow (Grand)
With the Three Flames; Murray Grand at the piano
- Band 3 "Thrift Flight"
- Band 4 To Keep My Love Alive (Rodgers-Hart)
With the Three Flames; Murray Grand at the piano
- Band 5 "Wet Toe In A Hot Socket!"
- Band 6 Just like A Man (Duke-Nash)
With the Three Flames; Murray Grand at the piano

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mirrosonic

WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!

PHYLLIS DILLER
The Three Flames
Murray Grand

SP6002-A

AMY2147

SIDE 1

1. "CESSPOOL OF CULTURE"
2. I'D RATHER CHA CHA THAN EAT - (Grand-Boyd)
With THE THREE FLAMES; MURRAY GRAND at the piano
3. "CORNFLAKES ON THE ROCKS"
4. GUESS WHO I SAW TODAY - (Grand-Boyd)
MURRAY GRAND at the piano

Recorded At
BON SOIR, New York City

LONG PLAYING



HIGH FIDELITY

mirrosonic

WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!

PHYLLIS DILLER
The Three Flames
Murray Grand

SP6002-B

AMY2148

SIDE 2

1. "I HATE CHEAP BEAUTY PARLORS!"
2. TODAY WILL BE YESTERDAY TOMORROW - (Grand)
With THE THREE FLAMES; MURRAY GRAND at the piano
3. "THRIFT FLIGHT"
4. TO KEEP MY LOVE ALIVE - (Rodgers-Hart)
With THE THREE FLAMES; MURRAY GRAND at the piano
5. "WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!"
6. JUST LIKE A MAN - (Duke-Nash)
With THE THREE FLAMES;
MURRAY GRAND at the piano

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