

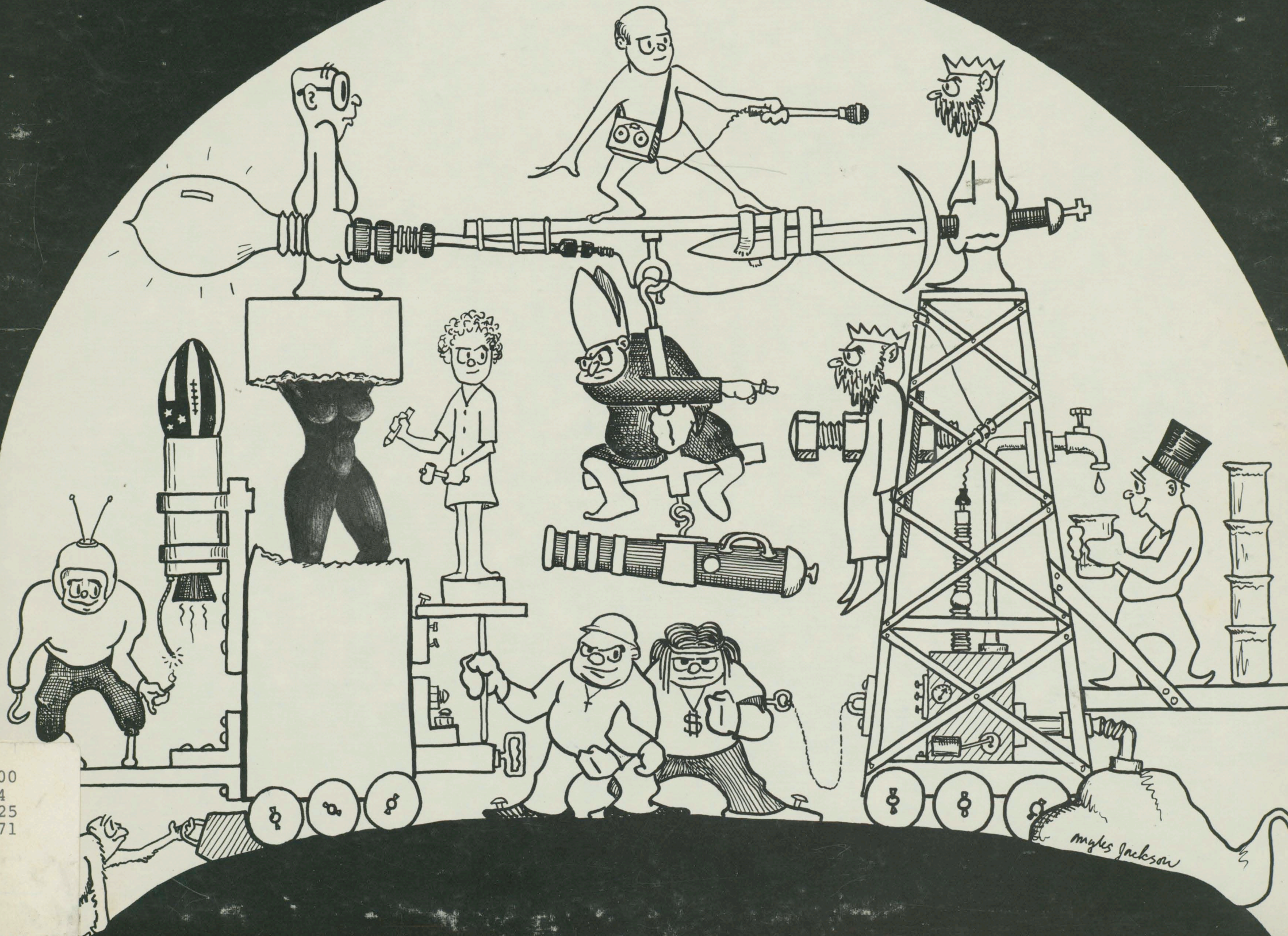
Myles Jackson's

FOLKWAYS STEREO  
Electronically Reprocessed for Stereo  
FTS 31310

# VARSITY CHEER

OR,

## A History of the Western World at HALF-TIME



M  
1500  
J14  
V325  
1971

# VARSIITY CHEER OR, A History of the Western World at HALF-TIME

**Varsity Cheer** contains an extraordinary variety of voices, music, and non-musical sound; and it is probably more rapidly paced and more packed with content than any comical-musical-satirical-poetical-historical-political-sexual-economic-religious-patriotic record within recent memory.

Possibly it is a new kind of record altogether. It has original written material and a cast of professional entertainers; and combined with this, woven into it, is oral history that was recorded in the streets, in factories, on Indian reservations, in stockbrokerage houses, and other places. So in addition to the record's imaginary historical characters—The Shopkeeper, the Gentlemen of the Old School, The Soldier, The Sweet Thing, The Dancing Girl, and the

Crusader Chorus—there are real-life stockbrokers, machinists, rock-mad teenagers, hawks, doves, Black activists, Indians, patriotic teamsters, and others.

The music ranges from bagpipes to Beethoven, with some original songs and songlets. (The pace of the record is so fast that there is no time for full-length songs except at the end.) And then there are all kinds of characteristic sounds of the Western World, including cannons, smashing automobiles, the sound of a treaty breaking, the sound of a shopkeeper being beheaded, liberty bells, spittoons, cavalry charges, flutes, guitars, chants and screams—all ending up with a Happy Ending Song, a final souped-up, highly explosive cheer, and a word for the wise.

## CAST:

MARYBETH LAHR takes the part of the Sweet Thing and winds up the record with her haunting rendition of "The Happy Ending Song." Marybeth has sung in night clubs and opera houses. In Salzburg she sang Mozart and Puccini. At the New York City Opera she sang Verdi. On Broadway she did **Breakfast at Tiffany's**. She has been in the national and road companies of various musicals, including **Sweet Charity** and **My Fair Lady**, and she has soloed at New York's Town Hall. With guitarist Steve Moore she has entranced audiences all over the Borscht Belt. On this record she expresses that Sweet Thing who, throughout the history of the Western World, has always looked down from a balcony and answered the chants of the Crusaders with a melody.

HUGH ALEXANDER is a remarkable combination of theatrical craftsmanship and free-wheeling intellectual questioning. He does the Gentleman of the Old School on this record. After Graduating from the Central School of Speech and Drama in London, he appeared in Richard Burton's **Hamlet**, and **Beyond the Fringe**. Subsequent Broadway work has included roles in **Alfie** and **Not Now, Darling**. He is a minister in the Church of the New Truth. When you hear his monologue on this record, "You Americans certainly are keen on numbers . . ." you will see why he has been compared to Sir John Gielgud in his comic moments: deadly serious, but a laugh in every inflection.

ANNA HORSFORD, a Dancing Girl on this record, is a graduate of New York's High School of Performing Arts. Her most recent stage appearance was in **Black Quartet**, Off-Broadway, and she is now Assistant Producer of The National Educational Television program, **Soul**.

TOM CIPOLLA, who does the Shopkeeper and sings the final duet with Marybeth Lahr, has been cited by showbusiness publications as the man who can do more different dialects, better, than anyone. On this record he puts everything he has into just one dialect; and when you hear him in action you will know why he has been described as "The Charlie Chaplin of Sound."

ROBERT MACK is the Production Associate for **Varsity Cheer**. Bob Mack has been dealing with dials and performers in studios for 20 years. Records that he has worked on have sold a total of more than 8,000,000 copies. He produced **The First Family**, an all-time best seller of the 1960's, and since then has been involved in all phases of producing and merchandizing records, including folk music and documentaries, and in the comedy area he has worked with Pat McCormick, Jackie Kannon, Betty Walker, Al Capp, Lou Jacobi and Anthony Holland. Artists always feel a little more artistic when Bob Mack is at the controls.

WALTER GUSTAFSON is an old radio sound-effects hand who has a personally-created library of more than 2,000 sounds—some of them dating from the days when he produced sounds for shows like **Gangbusters**, **Inner Sanctum**, **Terry and the Pirates**, **The Shadow**, **Bull Dog Drummond** and **Grand Central Station**. In recent years he has produced startling, funny, evocative sounds for thousands of radio and TV commercials, for the movie **America, America**, and for Broadway shows like **Company** and **Follies**. On this record Walt did the sounds for the treaty-breaking, the shopkeeper-beheading, Beethoven's spittoon and General Motors' birthday, among others.

ROBERT GOOD, flutist and member of the Crusader Chorus on this record, is an independent entrepreneur who is also pretty good with the lute, dulcimer and rauschpfeif.

SHIRLEY DEWALD GUTMANN, classical guitarist and violinist, is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, and has performed, as a violinist, with the youth section of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. She has done a lot of radio and TV work, and now teaches classical guitar at Manhattan School of Music.

MYLES JACKSON produced, wrote, directed and edited the record, and composed music for the songs and songlets; and he personally went out into the Western World to record the Indians, stockbrokers, machinists, patriots and other real-life people who form part of the cast of this record. He takes parts of the Announcer and the Soldier.

### Characters:

Player, Female Patriot, Male Patriot, Beatles fan, Sweet Thing, Shopkeeper, Gentleman, Jackson, Black Demonstrator, White Bystander, Old Stockbroker, Old Indian, Peace Demonstrator, Marching Troops, Young Stockbroker, Boy, Teamsters, Girl, Bystanders, Machinist

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Music for "Poor Mother," "Warshyipee," "Treaty of Versailles",  
and "Happy Ending Song" by Myles Jackson

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Myles Jackson's  
**VARSITY CHEER**  
OR,  
**A History of the Western World**  
at **HALF-TIME**

FOLKWAYS RECORDS # FTS 31310  
(c) 1971 by Folkways Records 701 7th Avenue 10036 NY USA  
(c) 1963-1971 by Myles Jackson

Varsity Cheer or A History of the Western World at Half Time. Produced, written, recorded and edited by Myles Jackson.

Note: Performers who are actual, non-fiction people, recorded in natural surroundings, are indicated with an underline, thus: PATRIOT

Player: Eighty-nine! Forty-two! Zero. Hut-two! Hut! Hut!...Ahhhh! Ow! Awww...Ugh!

Announcer: Looks as though somebody scored down there, and it's almost the end of the first half, here at the Cherry-Cherry Bowl. Any moment now we'll hear the referee's gun... Well, that was quite a gun. Anyhow, I'd like to say a word about the between-halves entertainment we have for you here this afternoon, which is called A History of the Western World at Half-Time; and it's going to be a chanting, roaring, blasting, lyrical, folk-singing, modernistic, traditional, slightly seditious, sexual, economic, religious, patriotic sort of thing... complete with songs and dances and a few animal acts. Some of the performers are coming out on the field now... there's the Sweet Thing...

FEMALE PATRIOT: Shut your dirty red trap!

Announcer: No, no, not that one, this SWEET THING.

Sweet Thing: Crusading warriors war, while Ma and Pa tend store.

Announcer: And now the Chorus, the Crusader Chorus is beginning to warm up.

Chorus: Tiger! Tiger! Burning Bright;  
We believe that might makes right

Sweet Thing: You used to sell them guns, you used to trade them briskly; but now you only sell your sons, except for those making whiskey.

MALE PATRIOT -1: The purpose of the march is to prove to the boys that are over there in Vietnam that there are more Americans than there are un-Americans.

MALE PATRIOT -2: Show these communists and pinkos and liberals a thing or two.

BEATLES FAN -1: Mister, when I came to this stadium I didn't think I would cry or anything, you know; I just thought I'd be, you know, just there and watch the Beatles. But when I seen their truck pull up, I just hadda cry. I was all of a sudden hysterical. I couldn't believe that that was the Beatles. They make me so happy. I never thought I would ever see them. This is my first year here, and they make me so happy.

Sweet Thing: Here comes a shopkeeper who wants to buy some plasma; too bad the gentry think he's such a pain in the assma.

Shopkeeper: A man of the highest class, you tell me; but vat is das? Look at Ludwig Beethoven, he also had trouble with his stomach gasma.

Gentleman: You shall have no plasma.

Shopkeeper: Ve helped you land upon the moon, und there, under the piano, is Beethoven's schpitoon. Yah, und vitch is made of imported English brass.

Gentleman: Mumm, I see you're bringing up a reinforcing platoon, you silly ass.

Chorus: Don't appease 'em, squeeze 'em...  
Don't appease 'em...squeeze 'em.

Dancing girl: We was all imported in the bottom of a boat, and graduated to that barge we tote; then the man he saw we was in some pain, so he allowed one or two of us...to entertain.

JACKSON: What if the Beatles played Mozart?

BEATLES FAN -3: Well, if they play it, it's gotta be great. Anything they do is great.

JACKSON: Who is Mozart?

BEATLES FAN -4: He was, ah, un, yeah, a composer in the old times.

BEATLES FAN -5: Piano. He was a pianist.

JACKSON: How about Ludwig Beethoven?

BEATLES FAN -4: He was deaf, no that...yeah, no, that was Mozart, wasn't it?

Dancing Girl: The menfolks, they brought the ladies too; and I was mighty pleased. I thought I'd do the best I could and dance...

Chorus: The Yank is not...understood; we bless God real, real good.

BLACK DEMONSTRATORS: Racism...must go; racism...must go.

BLACK DEMONSTRATOR: Wait, wait, don't walk away, don't walk away. I want to ask you a question.

WHITE BYSTANDER: What right do you want?

BLACK: A man want to be a man.

WHITE: You're a man, I'll grant you that. What right do you want?

BLACK: A man want to be able to take care of his children...

WHITE: You still haven't answered my...what right do you want?

BLACK -2: What do I want? What do you want? What do you want...That's an assinine question. What do you want? What do I want? What do you want. Tell me, can you tell me, wait a minute, answer me...what do you want?

Hillbilly: Hey looka here old buddy, I believe ah done found something; right down here in the bottom of this old well.

Sweet Thing: It may be that well where the tribal chief said you must find water, or soon you'll be dead.

Hillbilly: Ahh, water hell, old buddy, you know what that is down in the bottom of that well: That there is awl.

Sweet Thing: Did you say oil?

Chorus: Founding Fathers, sea to sea, fed the fishes Boston tea.

Cookney: 'Ere's a little bit of poetry I learned in commercial school: poor mother worshipped Christ, poor father worshipped Jesus; but all I did was rattle dice, and I got rich as Croesus.

Girl: Blimey - huh!

OLD STOCKBROKER: The conditions today in a lot of spots are similar to what they were in 1927, 28 and 29. Rumors, tips, all over the place. Everybody's speculating. Everybody wants to make money quick; and I'm afraid when this thing goes, if it should go, it's going to be a hell of a lot worse than '29 ever thought of being.

OLD INDIAN: And what the United States done, they built a courthouse; what they put it in there? His law, and a Bible. Now today, you got his Bible, you got no more land.

MALE PATRIOT: Red rats! Look at those rats. They haven't even got an American flag. Traitors and commies are invading Times Square. Look at those red rats...right crost the street.

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MUSIC LP

BYSTANDER: All these guys are a bunch of fanatics.

FEMALE PATRIOT: George Washington was the biggest fanatic that ever lived.

BYSTANDER -2: George died of syphilis

FEMALE PATRIOT: Shut your dirty red trap!

Dancing Girl: One man, sitting with a wife so pretty, he reached out and pinched my bare brown titty.

Chorus: The frame of a dame is a shame.

Gentleman: To war we went for God and fame.

Chorus: The frame of a dame is a shame.

Gentleman: To war we took our sacred name.

Chorus: The frame of a dame is a shame.

Gentleman: To France we went to fight the Hun...

Sweet Thing: And when 'twas done, you fought his son.

PEACE DEMONSTRATOR: My family in Vietnam, they wanted to live a happy life, get married; now they are in Vietnam. God knows, you know, one is kill already, and I don't believe, I don't believe...

MARCHING TROOPS: Count! One-Hup-two-hup-three-hup-four; one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four.

INDIAN: We gave them an opportunity to live in our country and to survive in this country; and in return, it was nothing but murder.

YOUNG STOCKBROKER -1: We are salesmen, no less, no more; and when we forget that I think that...well it shows first in your production. After all, money is the name of the game here. How do we measure the success of a stockbroker, save by the size of his pile.

Shopkeeper: Give me plasma by tomorrow noon, or we destroy all composers' scriptoons.

Chorus: George Washington's birthday!  
John D. Rockefeller's birthday!

Announcer: And Huckleberry Finn's birthday.

Chorus: General Motors birthday!

Announcer: All right, Ludwig Van Beethoven's birthday!

Chorus: Treason! Treason!

Sweet Thing: Incidentally, gentlemen, which of these contains the more? The Treaty of Versailles, a bowl of cherry pie; the local general store, or sixteen pregnant whores?

YOUNG STOCKBROKER -2: Basically people are investing in the market for emotional reasons. I think a lot of this business about protection of one's future is fine, but investing is an emotional thing and it's a game.

Chorus: We will take competitive bids, free TV for orphaned kids.

BEATLES FANS - en masse: We love you Beatles, oh yes we do; we love you Beatles, and we'll be true; we love our Beatles...we're true; oh Beatles, we love you.

Dancing Girl: They all went home 'fore my dance was done; then the sheriff come and showed his...

Chorus: Blood, sweat 'n tears!

Gentleman: Devilish lot of liquid, isn't it.

Announcer: Yeah, I wonder if they'd like to give us one of those drier English jokes.

Chorus: Give me liberty or give me death!

Gentleman: But I thought that was an American joke.

Chorus: We studied one hoss shays and most of Edgar Poe's great mys-tries; we always got straight A's in Lit., in English Lit. 'n His-try.

Gentleman: Oh gently to hear, kindly to judge, how thus I slipped my dagger twixt the ribs of yoh poor lifeless, shopkeeping drudge. 'Twas not ill will I bore, but justice done; and how needful was the fair bodkin of justice in his store. 'Sblood! He deserved the grave, for he asked me 'Why pay more?' To which my answer gave a bodkin 'twixt the ribs. Ay, a bargain bodkin that it was, 'twas bought from him the week before. And so despite his whoreson creed, I say Why Pay More, indeed, sir.

Gentleman: Oh, fraulein, I beg your pardon, but would you be good enough to lend me a silk handkerchief so that I may test the edge of my tomahawk? I simply cannot bear hearing this fellow talk!

Shopkeeper: But zeeze things ve cannot help; vy do you want to take my skelp?

Chorus: Oregon trail, northwest passage!

Shopkeeper: Fraulein! Fraulein...see what a beautiful moon up there; tell him to take a look...

PATRIOT: We must defend ourselves.

JACKSON: Well are we going to the moon for progress or national defense?

PATRIOT: Progress is defense.

BYSTANDER: Ah, there we have it, progress is defense

PATRIOT: Progress is defense.

Shopkeeper: Look, look up there; ven the moon am himmel hocht, then we get der Kannon Kocht! Hoccht.ptui!

Gentleman: We hanged King George and beheaded King Louis, (Ahheht! ...Guillotine...schplonk) Or was it the other way around? Oh yes, it was King Charles we beheaded, actually.

JACKSON: Are the astronauts heroes to you?

BOY: Yes.

JACKSON: What is a hero?

BOY: A person that does something for the world... they stepped on the moon.

JACKSON: What good is that for the world?

BOY: They, they, an, they say, they say that nothing's impossible now.

Announcer: You know what they have, they have a weekly news magazine that circulates maybe seven or eight million copies, and this they call influencing public opinion. Well, some people regard all that as a mythical figure--like the measurements of the naked girl who danced a rite of spring atop the completed circle at Stonehenge.

Announcer: Well they've introduced quite a few classic historical conflicts down there, and now they're beginning to resolve them. Here's the Sweet Thing to tell you what's going to happen next.

Sweet Thing: Somewhere on the field a poet finds a flower, the regiment has kneeled to pray for victory power; then upon a stage an artist lifts a brush... Lordly soldiers rise in rage, the cheering crowd is hushed.

## SIDE 2

Chorus: Remember the alamo!

Chorus: Remember the Maine!

Chorus: Remember the Spanish Armada!

Chorus: Remember the Trojan Horse!

Hillbilly: Ah hates war.

Chorus: Responsibility, responsibility, we got defoliation capability.

Hillbilly: Dad burn it, Ah do hate war, but if'n them furriners start getting snooty, Ah'm prepared to do mah duty.

Sweet Thing: He don't like foreign snoots; his duty he will do, But dawns a foreign day...he'll catch a cockatoo, he'll eat chop-choppy stew; a foreigh lady he'll lay... While wearing G.I. boots.

BEATLES FAN: Boy: A kid just jumped on the field and they can't get him off.

BEATLES FAN: Jumping all over the place, they can't stop 'em.

BEATLES FAN: If all these fans ever charged, they'd never hold 'em back.

BEATLES FAN: Girls: I love 'em, I love 'em. Look at 'em! Oh!

JACKSON: Do it again.

JACKSON: What happened?

TEAMSTER -1: We tarred and feathered 'em. Yeah.

TEAMSTER -2: Let him fuck himself.

TEAMSTER -1: Yeah. Tarred and feathered 'em.

Chorus: Ballistic missile, Paul's Epistle... Honest as Mom. Hound's tooth...Clean as a Bomb. Elk's tooth... Honest as Mom. Hound's tooth...Clean as a bomb. Elk's tooth.

Dancing Girl: Ah do mah best, but reckon Ah fail, Ah finish mah dance in the county jail.

Chorus: Henry Ford raised wages!

Dancing Girl: I wish he was in Dixie.

Sweet Thing: While sitting there in that cell, she read the U.S. Constitution; us white folks rang the Liberty Bell, and spoke about our revolution.

Chorus: Ban the book, kids will look!

Sweet Thing: Hail the nudes who never wear their britches, jail the prudes, the dirty sons of bitches.

Chorus: Betsy Ross sewed the flag in Philadelphia!

Announcer: James Boswell sowed oats all over London. America hasn't got any famous 18th Century coxmen. Oh, Benjamin Franklin made a name for himself in that way, but that was only because he lived in Philadelphia.

Chorus: What if everybody did that, you ignorant slob?

Announcer: Thanks to modern science, everybody can.

Chorus: Lafoadio Teller was the Father of the Hydrogen Bomb.

Sweet Thing: Wow, what a coxman.

Announcer: Leopold Mozart was the father of Wolfgang Mozart, who composed a symphony when he was six.

Chorus: What about Christ?

Announcer: Did He ever write a symphony?

Chorus: Died on a Cross!

Gentleman: Not to entertain us, surely.

Chorus: For our sins, you ignorant slob!

Announcer: Socrates died on his sofa, for a principle.

Chorus: Principles hadn't been invented in those days, B.C. What principle?

Announcer: That if you possibly can avoid it, you should not allow yourself to be crucified by a pack of ignorant slobs.

TEAMSTER -3: Local 707 backing the boys, we'd tar and feather them in bullets if we had them.

TEAMSTER -1: Have them burn the flag in front of us. We'd tar and feather any of them.

TEAMSTER -2: Well we're here to support the boys in Vietnam, and when we support somebody we support them the best we can; over here we can't use bullets so we use the tar and feathers to distinguish these bums when you see them. It's as simple as that.

YOUNG TEAMSTER: All these people that go around, you know, protesting against the war and all of that, they ought to come and talk to me. I got four over there, my family got four...

GIRL BYSTANDERS: (Cheer)

YOUNG TEAMSTER: Shot up there for nothing? For nothing? No they're fighting for our country, our country.

GIRL BYSTANDERS: (Cheer)

Chorus: We have oiled the creaking joints of our treaty's Fourteen Points.

Gentleman: You Americans certainly are keen on numbers, aren't you. Batting averages, bowling averages, and presidential popularity ratings computed to the fraction of one percent. And those strange electoral votes; great masses of them accumulate in the highlands, and then on the fourth year they come roaring down in a landslide, so getting themselves into frightful condition, indecipherable, I should think, when you attempt to count them in the grass roots where they come to rest. And how you admire the number ten; with your top ten books, top ten pop tunes, ten best-dressed women, and ten most wanted criminals in the nation. And how you admire any number above ten; with your toothpaste that fights decay sixteen ways; your 240 Russian spies at Harvard University, 3,206 pornographic books in the Library of Congress, 5,402 Decisions for Christ in Madison Square Garden... good heavens, small wonder there's a bull market in electronic computing machines.

MACHINIST -1: I said that computer has made more liars out of good honest Christian men than any tap room or night club around the area.

MACHINIST -2: Absolutely. That's the truth.

MACHINIST -1: You've got to lie to it to survive with it. And if you don't lie to it somebody else is going to lie for you. And they tell you, you only get out what you put in; but they aint putting in the right things. They aint putting in the truth.

Chorus: What if everybody thought like that?

Announcer: There would be a bull market in hemlock.

INDIAN: We don't kneel down before statues, no. And we don't kneel down before anybody, or anything. But, everything that we...that we have a ceremony for is nature. The sun, the moon, the wind, the rain, the thunder, lightning, the trees, the medicine, strawberries, corn... you call that pagan? That's the real things in life.

BEATLES FANS: Girls: Please let me tell my Paul how much I love him. I love him...I can't say it any other way, because there's no other way to explain how much I love him. I'm one of the millions of fans that he has, but he's my only Paul.

OLD STOCKBROKER: At that time she had a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from that five thousand. That's how stocks moved. She asked what I thought she should do, and I said this is a fool's paradise. Take my advice and sell every share of stock you got and get the hell out and take your daughter around the world, and forget about business. October the 16th, 1929, I didn't hear from her. On the 11th or 12th of November, her husband walked into our office, and he was as white as the shirt you have on your back, and he said we're broke, we haven't got a quarter.

DEMONSTRATION: What do you want...Peace! When do you want it...Now! What do you want...Peace! When do you want it...Now!

MARCHER: To see this group of people, and to see the make-up of the group of people, makes you think that there is the possibility of mobilizing...let me try to think of the word...goodwill, of the mass of people in our country.

TEAMSTER -4: If I could get a hold of one of them crumbs for five minutes, alone, I'd like to take the skin off his body without killing him.

GIRL BYSTANDERS: (Giggle, cheer)

BOY: And pull their hair out.

TEAMSTER -4: With their long hair, with their beards, they don't scare me, and they don't scare any one of us... roughnecks of America. We are the roughnecks of America. Truck drivers. International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and we don't care for nobody or nothin'. We are for this country.

Sweet Thing: That line could spell our doom.

Hillbilly: Ow! Dad burn it! Ugh, aww, shucks. Reckon they done got me.

Chorus: War is hell, Liberty Bell.

Gentleman: Couldn't see a thing, beastly London fog; shot an Arab King, missed his shaggy dog.

Chorus: We still believe in the Holy Grail,  
Rah, rah; rah, rah;  
Sing a happy ending now,  
Or haul your ass to jail.  
We are setting sail...for the Holy Grail,  
Sing a happy ending now, or haul your ass to jail.

Gentleman: Look here, watch your language, or by heaven I shall scalp the lot of you. Mind you, I've already taken one, head and all.

Sweet Thing: The Happy Ending Song.  
Rooster crows at morn, nice to think of that;  
Nice to plant the corn and feed the purring cat.  
Cat and corn and morn need not run from rat,  
We can mend the rip and torn  
Dodge the blinded bat.  
Tough luck, Arab King, morn is gone for you;  
We see birds on wing, such a lovely view.  
Happy ending now comes about to this...  
Poets, prophets, gods avow, ignorance is bliss.  
Still there are a few old school sort of guys,  
Stating something new: 'tis better to be wise.

Announcer: Nice going there, Sweet Thing. Well half-time is just about over, and...wup, wait a minute, here's one more cheer from the Crusader Chorus. It's the Go In Peace Locomotive

Sweet Thing: Happy Ending now comes about to this:  
Poets, prophets, gods avow, ignorance is bliss.  
Still there are a few old school sort of guys  
Stating something new: 'tis better to be wise.