Myles Jackson's

VARSGTY CHEER

OR,

A History of the Western World at HALF-TIME
VARISITY 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 sonnets. (The pace of the record is so fast that there is no time for full-length songs except at the end.) And 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, spitoons, 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 soled at New York’s Town Hall. With guitarist Steve Moore she has entombed 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 World. 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 Quailet, Off-Broadway, and she is now Assistant Producer of The National Educational Television program, Soul.

TOM CICPOLLA, 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 spitoon 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 GUTTMANN, 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 sonnets; 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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OR,

A History of the Western World at HALF-TIME

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

Flavor: Eighty-shit-Forty-twist-Zero. But-twist-Halt Nott...SHHHH! Oh! Mmm...Right.

Announcer: Look as though somebody scared down there, and it’s 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 game. Anyhow, I’d like to say a word about the between-basket 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, clapping, drinking, Malcolm, traditional, All-American, social, 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 PATRICIAN: Shut your dirty red trap! Announcer: No, no, not that one, this SWEET THING, the Crusading warriors war, while Ha and Pat tend store.

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

Chorus: Tiger! Tiger! Burning Bright! We believe that might make right.

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

FEMALE PATRICIAN: -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.

FEMALE PATRICIAN: -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 saw their truck pull up, I just bawled my eyes out. I was all of a sudden hysterical. I couldn’t believe that that was the Beatles. They made me so happy. I never thought I would ever see them. This is my first year here, and they make me so happy.

George Harrison: Here comes a shopkeeper who wants to buy some plasma...too bad the jury thinks he’s such a pain in the ass.

Shopkeeper: A man of the highest class, you tell me, but not to die? Look at Ludwig Beethoven, he also had trouble with his stomach guy.

Gentleman: You shall have no plasma.

Shopkeeper: He helped you land upon the moon, and there, under the piano, is Beethoven’s subliminal. Ha, and with it is made of imported English brass.

Gentleman: Mmm, I see you’re bringing up a reinforcing platoon, you silly ass.

Chorus: Don’t squeeze ‘em, squeeze ‘em... Don’t squeeze ‘em...Jooooooose ‘em.

Dancing Girl: He was all imported in the bottom of a boat, and graduated to that top we took; then the man he see was in some pain, so he allowed one or two of us...to entertain.

JACOBEAN: What if the Beatles played Mozart?

BEATLES FAN: -1: Well, if they play it, it’s gotta be great. Anything they do is great.

JACOBEAN: Who is Mozart?

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

JACOBEAN: -5: Piano. He was a pianist.

JACOBEAN: -6: How about Ludwig Beethoven?

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

Dancing Girl: The menfolk, they brought the ladies too; and I was mighty pleased. I thought it’d be the best I could end things.

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

PLACE IDENTIFICATION: Harlem...must go; Harlem...must go.

PLACE IDENTIFICATION: Wait, wait, don’t walk away, don’t walk away. I want to ask you a question.

Write Identification: What right do you want?

PLACE: A man want to be a man.

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

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

PLACE: You still haven’t answered me...what right 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 the will where the tribal chief said you must find water, or soon you’ll be dead.

HILLBILLY: Ahh, water hall, old buddy, you know what that is down in the bottom of that well? That there is gas.

Sweet Thing: Did you say gas?

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

Cookney: ‘Tis a little bit of poetry I learned in commercial school; poor mother worshiped Christ, poor father worshiped money; but all I did was write down, and I got rich as Groucho.

Girl: Hickey- hibb.

Cocky: To be a little bit of poetry I learned in commercial school; poor mother worshiped Christ, poor father worshiped money; but all I did was write down, and I got rich as Groucho.

Girl: Hickey- hibb.

Cocky: The conditions today in a lot of spots are similar to what they were in 1879, 1879, 1889. In 1879, 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 ’99 ever thought of being.

Cocky: And what the United States done, they built a cornerstone; what they put it in there? The law, and...
Gentleman: Oh, Francis, I beg your pardon, but would you be good enough to lend me a little handkerchief so that I may test the edge of my tomsk? I simply cannot bear hearing this fellow talk.

Shopkeeper: But seems things we cannot help; ye do you want to take my ship?

Chorus: Oregon trail, northwest passage.

Shopkeeper: Proud! Francis! Proud!...see what a beautiful ma'am up there, tell him to take a look.

PATRICK: We must defend ourselves.

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

PATRICK: Progress is defense.

Gentleman: Ah, there we have it, progress is defense.

PATRICK: Progress is defense.

Shopkeeper: Look, look up there! ven the moon um himsel fust, then we get der Monon Koont! Hootch, phut!

Gentleman: We slanged King George and belleded King Louis, (Ah, ah)....bulldog....bulldog! Or was it the other way around? Oh yes, it was King Charles we beheaded, actually.

JACOBY: Are the astronomers hewos to you?

PATRICK: Yes.

JACOBY: What is a hero?

PATRICK: A person that does something for the world...stayed up on the moon.

Gentleman: What good is that for the world?

PATRICK: They, they, as we say, they say that nothing's impossible now.

Announcer: You know what they have, they have a weekly news magazine that circulates more than any other magazine, and this they call influencing public opinion. Hell, some people regard us all as a colossal figure-like the measurements of the mule, who danced a slice of spring stop the completed circle at Stonehenge.

Announcer: Well, they've introduced quite a few claimants to historical conflicts down there, and now they're beginning to resemble 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 worked to pray for victory power; taken a stage an artist lifts a brush, Lords soldiers rise in rage, the cheering crowd is hushed.

SIDE 2

Chorus: Remember the name!

Chorus: Remember the Maine!

Chorus: Remember the Spanish Armada!

Chorus: Remember the Trojan Horse!

Hillbilly: Ah hate war.

Chorus: Responsibly, responsibility, we got de rol of stoppingCapability.

Hillbilly: God hate war, but if'n then furnished start getting uneasy, He's prepared to do that duty.

Sweet Thing: He don't like foreign smoke; his duty he will do. But down a foreign day...he'll catch a cockroach, he'll set down a stage; a foreign lady he'll lay...while wearing the military.

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

Heather Pant: Jumping all over the place, they can't stop 'em.

Heather Pant: He knows all the faces, they'll never hold 'em back.

Heather Pant: Girls: I love 'em, I love 'em. Look at that 'em.

JACKSON: Do it again.

JACKSON: What happened?

Theatrical: I We turned and feathers 'em. Yeah.

Theatrical: Let him fool himself.

Theatrical: Yeah. Tarred and feathered 'em.
Chorus: Dying of the light... We'll have to wait till the revolution's won, then we'll have to wait till the revolution's won...

Dancing Girl: Ah do a neat, but reek o' he fell, ah finish ah dance in the country jail.

Chorus: Henry Ford raised wages.

Dancing Girl: I wish he was in jail.

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

Chorus: Run the book, kids will look.

Sweet Thing: Nellie the model who never wear their bracelets, jail the prudes, the dirty sons of bitches.

Chorus: Betsy Ross sewed the flag in Philadelphia.

Announcer: James Boswell vowed oaths all over London. America hasn't got any famous 18th century names, 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 slick?

Announcer: Thanks to modern science, everybody can.

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

Sweet Thing: Wow, what a woman.

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 slick!

Announcer: Sorcerers died on his coffin, for a principle.

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

Announcer: That if you possibly can avoid it, you should allow yourselves to be crucified by a pack of ignorant aliens.

TEATRE: 1: Local APV bringing the boys, we'd be in, they'd hit them in bales if we weren't.

TEATRE: 2: Have them there, have the flag in front of us. We'd better push them along.

TEATRE: 3: Well we're here to support the boys in Theirin, and what we support somebody we support them the best we can; over here we can't use bullets, but we use the tar and feathers to distinguish them there where we see them. You're as safe as that.

TEATRE: 4: All these people that you know, you must protect against the war and all of that; they ought to come and talk to us. I got four over there, my buddy got one.

SAILING MATE: (Cheer)

SAILING MATE: Shot up there for nothing! For nothing! We're fighting for our country, our country.

SAILING MATE: (Cheer)

Chorus: We have called the croaking joints of our twenty-odd Points.

Gentleman: Our Americans are not only on their own, we need you. Voting averages, being averages, and presidential gatherings regarded as the fraction of one percent. And those strange electoral votes; great success of their accompaniment in the highlands, and then on the fourth they come pouring down in a landslide, so getting themselves into frightful condition. Inconsolable, I should think, when you attempt to count them in the grass roots where they come to rest. And how you advise the master tenet with your top ten books, top ten pop tunes, ten best-stocked rooms, and ten most wanted celebrities in the nation. And how you aspire any master sheet with your bookplates that lists less than sixteen ways; your 242,000 spies at Harvard University, 3,000 pornographic books in the library of Congress, 2,500 skis for girls in Walden Square Garden... good heavens, what wonder there's a bull market in electronic competing machines.

MAKINGUP: 1: It's said that computer has made more lives out of good honest Christian men than any lap room or sailor club around the area.

MAKINGUP: 2: Absolutely. That's the truth.

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

Chorus: What if everybody thought like that?

Announcer: There would be a bull market in heads.

INDIAN: We don't belong down here anywhere else. We are here to support the Indians, and we are the Indians.

OLD SCHOLAR: At that time she had a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from that five thousand. That's how stocks moved. She asked what in the world I should do, and I said this in 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 17th or 18th 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.

NAVIGATOR: What do you want? Smoke! When do you want it...now. What do you want...now. When do you want it...now.

NAVIGATOR: To see this group of people, and to see the makeup 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 ease of people in our country.

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

SAILING MATE: (Goggle, cheer)

BOY: And pull their hair out.

TEATRE: 4: With their long hair, with their beards, they don't scare us, and they don't scare one of us, roughness of America. We are the roughness of America, Truck drivers, International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and we don't care for nobody or nothing. We are for this country.

Sweet Thing: That line could spell our doom.

SHIPLY: Oh! Did burn it! Ugh, ugh, shucks. Shucks they done got us.

Chorus: War is hell, Liberty Bell.

Gentleman: Couldn't see a thing, badly London Fog; shot an Arab King, missed his shaky dog.

Chorus: We still believe in the Holy Grail, Hal, hal, hal, hal. Sing a happy ending now. Or bawl your ass to jail. We are getting well...for the Holy Grail, Sing a happy ending now, or bawl 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 over, head and all.

Sweet Thing: The Happy Ending Song.

Hooters crowed at noon, nice to think of that! Nice to plant the corn and feed the pearly cat. Cat and corn and corn need not run from rat. We can send the rip and torn. Dodge the blindnet by.

Tough luck, Arab King, born of the devil; We see birds on wing, such a lovely view.

Happy ending now comes true to this: Poets, prophets, gods now; Ignorance is bliss. Still there are a few old school sort of guys, Sisting something new: 'Tis better to be wise.

Announcer: Nice going there, Sweet Thing. Bell hall time is just about over, and... no, wait a minute, here's one more cheer from the Crusader Chorus. It's the Go In Peace Locomotive.

Sweet Thing: The Happy Ending now comes true to this: Poets, prophets, gods now; Ignorance is bliss. Still there are a few old school sort of guys, Sisting something new: 'Tis better to be wise.

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