

THE BERKELEY OPERA ASSOCIATION

PRESENTS

CREED

In *Gordon Cyr*
The ~~Urban~~ Bookstore

OR

RAISED Highbrows

AN OPERA BUFFOON IN TWO DREADFULLY LONG
ACTS *James Cahill*

BOOK AND LYRICS BY JAMES CAHILL

MUSIC BY GORDON CYR

ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT BY DONALD AIRD + OTHERS

CHOREOGRAPHY BY WALT MCKIBBEN AND JAMES CAHILL

MISC. MUSICAL ASSISTANCE BY WM. PINCKARD

COSTUMES BY GORDON

STAGE SETS BY GEORGE LEITE

CAST OF ODD CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

Earl J. Schilling, imaginary manager of a
fictitious book store-----Mr. Cahill
Morrill "Shan-Kar" Folsom, an Orientalist,
an equally imaginary clerk.-----Mr. McKibben
Albert "Minnivercheevy" Lewis, a Medievalist,
and ditto-----Mr. Cyr
Shylock Q. Legree, Personification of All
Perversity in Record Customers-----Mr. Aird
Dr. Van Wyck, Professor of History, Raconteur,
and Bon Vivant-----Mr. Cyr
Little Old Lady, an Anti-Symbolist-----Mr. Aird
Sampson Oswald Barclay, famed Berkeley recluse,
the only character in this opera to be based
upon real life-----Mr. Cyr
Hindu Dancer-----Mr. McKibben
Another Ditto-----Mr. Cahill
Artsy-Craftsy College Girl-----Mr. Cyr
A Hapless Customer-----Mr. McKibben

MUSICAL NUMBERS:

Act I: Overture: That through which there will be no talking.

1. Opening Chorus: Ensemble.
2. Guitar Song: Mr. Schilling.
3. Duet of Admiration: Morrill and Albert.
4. Aria with Trio: The Crisis at Creed's; Mr. S. and Clerks.
5. Catalog Aria: Books and Records: Mr. S., Albert and Morrill.
6. Shylock Q. Legree's Song: Das Lied von der Aird.
7. Dr. Van Wyck's Shady Shaggy-dog Aria.
8. Morrill's Erudite Aria.
9. Sampson Barclay's Indictment of the Record Companies.
-----INTERMISSION-----
10. Ballet.
-----MORE INTERMISSION-----

Act II:

11. Albert's Song, Fondly Dedicated to the Original.
12. Scene: Morrill Shelving Books.
13. Duet in Recitative: Artsy-Craftsy Girl and Morrill.
14. Trio in Ostinato: S. Legree, Artsy-Craftsy Girl & Morrill.
15. Waltz Duet: The Berkeley Intellectual's Christopher Marlowe,
followed by a Hymn to Intellectualism: Legree and A.C. Girl.
16. Aria: Mr. Schilling.
17. Duet in Recitative: Mr. Schilling and Customer.
18. Finale.

The scene is a fictitious book store called Creed's,
which is located a half-block from the local college.
Time: 8:30 A.M., a few months from now.

BERKELEY INTELLECTUALS: EAT YOGURT, THE CULTURED FOOD!

DIVERTISSEMENT AND BALLET

I. Chinese Divertissement.

Mr. Cyr is the Chanteur Chinois. Music by Oriental Musicians
Local #603.

II. Indian Ballet.

(Explanatory notes by Sir Cyril Fotheringham-Twynch, of the
Royal Asiatic Society, Indian Branch.)

As we all know, Buddhism had its roots in earlier Indian faiths, and represented an offshoot of the Hindu belief. During a number of centuries, Buddhism and Hinduism existed side by side, sometimes amicably and sometimes in opposition. In the end, Hinduism triumphed; Buddhism vanished in India and had to carry on a foreign existence in other parts of Asia. However, any attempt to connect the movements of the ballet to all this will be most unrewarding.

The ballet is in five parts. In the first, two Indian gods perform a series of dances. Then follows a battle of will, each trying to overcome the other by what is known in early Pali texts as the *Dubbōl Hwāmi*. One succumbs, but is reincarnated as the Buddhist deity *Avalokitesvara*. The other, awed, worships. It may help to remember that *Avalokitesvara* began existence as a male god, but became female somewhere in China.

In the second section, a solo by Mr. McKibben, Vishnu has found a product of modern civilization which will, he has heard, produce music. This section portrays the inadequacy of early religion when faced with modern technology.

Section three is a fertility dance performed in North India.

The fourth section, a solo by Mr. Cahill, shows the humane nature of the Buddha. After awakening and dancing, he decides to contemplate his navel for a bit. However, various disturbances beset him, among which is a butterfly.

The last section depicts a myth from the Upanishads. The four-armed god *Mahishasuramardini* is unexpectedly overpowered by his evil avatar *Lakamahadevi*, thus proving that four-armed is not always forewarned.

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Finest
Bookstore.
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C R E E D O i n U N U M

B O O K S T O R E

Or

Raised Highbrows

An Opera Buffoon in Two Dreadfully
Long Acts

—

Book and Lyrics by James Cahill III
Music by Gordon C. Cyr

—

Cast of Odd Characters
(In order of appearance)

Earl J. Schilling, imaginary manager of a fictitious bookstore in Berkeley.	Mr. Cahill
Morrill "Shan-Kar" Folsom, an Orientalist, an equally imaginary clerk.	Mr. McKibben
Albert "Minivercheevy" Lewis, a Medievalist, and ditto.	Mr. Cyr
Shylock Q. Legree, Personification of all perversity in record customers.	Mr. Aird
Dr. Van Wyck, Professor of History, raconteur and bon vivant	Mr. Cyr
Little Old Lady, an Anti-Symbolist.	Mr. Cahill
Sampson Oswald Barclay, famed Berkeley recluse, the only character in this opera to be based on real life.	Mr. Cyr
Artsy Craftsy College Girl.	Mr. Cyr

—

The Scene is a fictitious bookstore called Creed's, which is located half a block from the local college.

Time: 8:30 a.m., a few months from now.

—

A C T I

Overture

Opening Chorus: Mr. S. and Clerks.

Come--to--Creed's
Where eccentricity breeds!
Every Berkeley Intellectual
Radical and ineffectual
Comes--to--Creed's
For every book he reads!

Come--to--Creed's!
From Plato to Andre Gides,
Esoterica and erotica,
Whatever you're wanting, we have got a col-
lection of at Creed's
To cater to your literary needs!

Mr. S.: Now that we have opened the morning in our traditional manner,
we must count the money and begin the day. Will James and
Howard be here?

Albert: James is at home studying for finals---

Morrill: And Howard is preparing for his Greek lesson.

Mr. S.: It is just as well--we can manage without them, and their absence
will serve to keep down the overhead. But enough of this-- today, as
you both well know, is the crisis in the glorious history of our
great bookstore. Today its fate will be decided, one way or the
other. Will it be books---or records?

Aria, Mr. S.:

How well I remember, in bygone year,
When I was only a minion here,
And you not even a gleam in your pappy's eye---
Those were the days when the books I'd fix
Were treated like books, and not like bricks,
In that golden age of Creed's, so long gone by.

All: Let us heave a sigh
For times gone by,
The golden age of Creed's, a glorious day!
Let us shed a tear
For bygone year
When books were treated in a proper way!

Mr. S.: Then I became manager of the store
 And continued the business as before--
We had only books for sale, and all was well;
 But then there came that accursed day---
 I can never forget it, try as I may---
When someone brought some records in to sell!

All: Oh, fiend from hell!
 Why did he sell
Those records, and cast a curse upon our store!
 If, on that day,
 He'd stayed away
We would have only books for sale, as before!

Mr. S.: Oh, daily I've watched with bitterness
 The records expand and the books grow less,
And shuddered to think how far the curse would reach!
 And now the terrible day has come
 When we've reached an equilibrium---
We have an exactly equal amount of each!

All: The time has come;
 The total sum
Of records is just the same as that of books;
 And one can't tell
 Just what we sell---
It depends on the direction in which one looks!

Albert: On the right side of the store, we have fifty-five thousand, nine
hundred and thirty-eight books;

Morrill: And on the left side we have fifty-five thousand, nine hundred
and thirty-eight records.

Mr. S.: And so today will decide everything; if we end the day with more
books than records, we shall remain a bookstore; but if at the
end of the day, there are more records than books, then the old
order will pass, and this will become Creed's Record Store!
Oh, horrible prospect!

Albert: Oh, it will never come to that! Whatever may happen, our stock
of books and records will never shrink to insignificance!

Morrill: No, they will always remain, as they are now, the largest stocks
of second-hand books and records in Berkeley!

Com. - Mr. Schilling and his clerks now sing the Catalog Aria, in which they
enumerate the books and records available at Creed's.

Al. & Mor: We---have---

Mor. Dostoievsky
Al. Kabalevsky
Mr. S. LP discs of Alex Nevsky
Al. Piano music by Arensky
Mor. Tertium Organum by Ouspensky
Mr. S. Bach transcriptions by Stokowsky
Al. A. Brailowsky plays Tschaikowsky
Mor. Mathematics books by Tarski
Al. Cello by Piatigarsky
Mr. S. Books about Vaslav Nijinsky
Mor. Sac' du Printemps by Stravinsky!

Al. Puccini
Bellini
Sibelius
And Delius
Ponchielli
Corelli
Menotti
Scarlatti
Rachmaninoff
Gretchaninoff
Dohnanyi
Mascagni
Beethoven
De Koven
Gasteldi
Vivaldi
Tristan and Isolde
And G. Frescobaldi!

Mr. S. Paradise Regained by Milton
Lost Horizon by James Hilton
Mor. Books on allergy and sinus
St. Bernard and Tom Aquinas
Al. Adams' St Michele and Chartres
Existentialism, Sartre
Mr. S. Gazzaladra by Rossini
With Arturo Toscanini
Mor. H. Longfellow
Pirandello
Al. Verdi's or Shakespeare's Othello.
Mor. Anapola
Emile Zola
Al. Books about Savonarola.
Mor. Henry Miller
Friedrich Schiller
Al. String Quartets played by the Griller.

Mr S A All the symphonies of Dvorak
Psychological tests by Rorschach
Al. Children's books by Felix Salten
Sitwell;s poems set by Walton
Mor. All of Shakespeare's plays and sonnets
Gershwin played by Kostalanetz
Al. Novels by the sisters Bronte
Don Quixote by Cervante
Boccacio, Petrarch and Dante
The Verdi brothers, Giusepp' and Monte!

Mr S. Books about Mahatma Ghandi,
Pelleas and Melisande,
Al. Books on holy matrimony,
Vivaldi's Quatro Stagioni,
Mor. Birth of Tragedy by Nietzsche,
Orpheus and Euridice!
Mr. S. Tschaiakowsky's Andante Cantabile
Collected Works of Francois Rabelais
Mor. Faust, a play by Wolfgang Goethe,
Mozart's opera Zauberflote,
Al. Virgil Thomson, Gertrude Stein,
Mozart's Koechel Thirty-nine,
Mr. S. J. S. Bach
Ernest Toch
Philosophy by Mill and Locke.

All:
We---can fill---all your needs
If--- you will---come to Creed's!

Albert: I must be off to class, where Professor Schaeffer awaits me.

Mr. S.: And I shall withdraw for a moment to the room provided for that purpose.

Mor.: And I shall endeavor to hold down the store while you are gone.

Com. - Exit Albert and Mr Schilling. Morrill is left alone on the stage, and reveals, in a passionate recitative, the true leanings of the clerks on the record-and-book problem.

Morrill: Ah! Little does he suspect that we are working at cross-purposes! That while he strives with all his energies to decrease the number of records and increase the number of books, his clerks are striving with equal energy in the opposite direction! Today I must buy every record that comes in, and refuse to buy every book! Ah, a customer! No, it is only the bane of our existence, Shylock Q. Legree!

Com. - Enter Shylock Q. Legree, the personification of all perversity in record customers the man who is never satisfied, who mistreats the records without buying them, and who uses every means at his disposal to prevent the store from making an honest dollar. He enters in a tall black silk hat and a black cape lined with red silk. The part of Legree is sung by Donald Aird.

Legree: Good morning, good morning! What's new today in records?

Morrill: We bought in two collections yesterday, both composed entirely of rarities and oddities.

Legree: Like what, for instance? The same old stuff, I'll bet.

Morrill: A complete recording of the St. John Passion---it's simply devastating!

Legree: I've already got a passion of some saint or other. I want something different.

Morrill: We have several new operas^s---the Abduction From the Seraglio conducted by Beecham---several[^] of the Italians done by Toscanini---

Legree: No, no operas. I don't like operas. What have you got in Haydn symphonies?

Morrill: Here's eighty-eight, and ninety-two, and---

Legree: No, no, no! I'm going to collect them in order. What I want first is number one!

Morrill: I'm afraid we haven't that.

Legree: You never have anything I want. Do you have any unusual harpsichord records?

Morrill: Here is the Pastorale Variations of Mozart, played by Madama Regina Ratorni-Casadesus of the Society for the Resurrection of Outmoded Musical Instruments. It's gorgeous, simply gorgeous!

Legree: Well, I will listen to it---but I warn you beforehand, I haven't any money, so I can't buy it anyway! Ha ha ha ha----I can't buy it anyway! (exit)

Morrill: I knew he wouldn't buy it! But it doesn't really matter, 'cause I would not sell it to him anyway! I couldn't possibly let him buy that record; we must keep up our stock of records until the end of the day.

(Legree puts record on machine, listens for a bit, then says "I wonder what it sounds like at the end" and slides the needle over the surface, producing a horrible sound. The music ~~des~~ down.)

Com. - Mr. Schilling enters.

Mr. S.: Anything happen while I've been gone?

Morrill: No one's come in except Shylock Q. Legree.

Mr. S.: Perhaps I should speak to him about bringing back those sixteen albums he borrowed last month.

Com. (cont. from above) and shortly after him Dr. Van Wyck, Professor of History, Raconteur and Bon Vivant. Dr. Van Wyck is one of the characters who has a real-life counterpart, who comes to Creed's regularly and is famous for his jokes, most of them, we must say in all fairness, much better than the one he tells here, although this is based on an actual Van Wyck joke.

Dr. V.: Hello, Earl, how's business?

Mr. S.: Fair, fair, only fair; enough to pay the overhead.

Dr. V.: Ha, ha, ha. I've got a fine joke for you today, Earl.

Mr. S.: All right, let's hear it, although I fear it will be like all the others.

Dr. V.'s Shady Shaggy Dog Aria:

Well, once a woman and a man--
I think that's how the joke began--
I think they were conversely sexed---
Or then again---
I really am a bit perplexed---
It may have been two men---
No, that's another joke. Well, anyway,
As I was going to say---

This man and woman planned
To get married, you understand,
And then one day he said to her---
Or did she say to him?
I forget which way it did occur---
I think it was he said to her---
But may have been the other way ---
As I was going to say---

He said to her, "My love," he said,
It's been six months now since we met---
Just half a year it's been, and yet
We've never been to bed---"

Together, he meant, you see, ha, ha!
He didn't mean separately, ha ha!
As can be seen
He did not mean
To go to bed to read---
But now then to proceed---

She said to him, she said,
"Since we have waited until now,
"Why don't we take the marriage vow,
"And then we'll go to bed.
"And since I've kept you waiting so,"
(It had been quite a while, you know,)
"I'll teach you a fresh angle---
"The famous Fireman's Tangle!"

The Fireman's Tangle, I think it was---
It may have been a Sleeve Job, though---
I can't remember which, because
I get it confused
With a term that's used
In another joke I know---
Well, make it either way---
As I was going to say---

Mr. S." Couldn't we shorten this a bit, Doctor? I'm a busy man.

Dr. V.: Don't hurry me, Earl. I'll tell this joke in my own way.

So he waited quite impatiently
As anyone would, you will agree,
For although a man of wide experience
From yellow Chinese to black Algerians,
With ancient methods and ways new-fangled,
He never had been Fireman's Tangled--
Or else sleeve-jobbed, as you prefer,
It doesn't matter, either one---
He had to wait to learn from her
Just how it was done.

Mr. S.: How long is this going on, Doctor? When does the punch-line come?

Dr. V.: I told you not to hurry me, Earl! I'm coming to the end now.

At last they came to the wedding night---
He got in bed and turned out the light---
She came in through the bathroom door--
Slipped and fell on the concrete floor---
Suffered a brain concussion---and died---

So he never did find out, ha ha!
His burning curiosity
Was never satisfied, ha ha!
He never did find out, you see,
He never did find out!

Mr. S.: That's a good 'un, yuk, yuk, yuk, tell me another!

Dr. V.: Well, Earl, are you eating on the avenue today?

Mr. S.: I think so. (to Morrill) I'll be back in an hour or so. Don't do anything I wouldn't do while I'm gone.

Com. - Exit Mr. Schilling and Dr. Van Wyck, leaving Morrill alone again on the stage. In order to understand the passage which follows, it is necessary to know that Morrill, in addition to working at Creed's, has an art-goods store, stocked with objets d'art from his own collection. The store is managed by his mother.

Morrill: I am alone again. Now perhaps someone will bring in some records. (Phone rings.) Creed's book! Oh, hello Mother. You say someone wants to buy some of my fragments of Greek pottery? I really wouldn't like to see them go, I'm very attached to them. Quote the price at twenty dollars per fragment, and if he buys any, see that he takes only the smallest ones. That will discourage him. That's right. Goodbye, Mother. Oh, these people who want to rob me of my treasures!

Com. - Enter a rather bewildered-looking little old lady, sung by myself.

L.O.Lady: Have you a copy of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm?"

Morrill: Yes, madam, here's a copy for only two dollars (Aside) Here's my chance to get rid of a book. (To L.O.L.) This, madam, you will find to be a very interesting book. It's actually intimately related to ancient mythology.

Com. - Now Morrill sings his erudite aria, which illustrates the profound store of miscellaneous knowledge concerning ancient, occult and Oriental matters for which he is famous, as well as the fanciful interpretations of perfectly innocuous works on which he employs it.

Morrill: The key to the whole book, you see, lies in ancient mythology and Biblical literature. To begin with, the title: Rebecca, of course, is really the Biblical Rebecca.

Rebecca was the wife, you know,
Of Isaac, son of Abraham,
The sage from whom
As we assume
The Jewish race began;

She also was the mother of
Esua and Jacob, who, you know,
Was father to
The Joseph who
Appears in Thomas Mann.

You see the great significance,
The esoteric significance---
It isn't often noticed,
But it's undeniably there!

And Rebecca, as the mother of the Jewish race, may be identified with the Virgin Mary, and with certain fertility goddesses in Semitic mythology, principally Astarte and Ishtar and their Greek counterpart Aphrodite, and especially with the Egyptian mother-goddess Isis, whose ritual, as Frazer remarks in the Golden Bough, page 383, is very similar to that of the Virgin Mary.

And so Rebecca, as you see,
Portrays the Female Principle
Of bounteous birth and fertile earth
Which in Chinese is Yin;
And therefore is identical
With Mary, Isis and the rest;
This really should
Be understood
Before we can begin.

You see the great significance, etc.-----

Notice now the next part of the title---Sunny. You recall that the brother and husband of Isis and Osiris, a sun-god, and the lover of Aphrodite was Adonis, also sometimes identified with the sun, although Frazer denies this. Adonis as the sun and Aphrodite as the moon, Isis as the female principle and Osiris as the male, Rebecca and Sunnybrook---it is all the same mystic principle. And in Chinese, the opposite of the female "Yin" is, as you know, "Yang," which includes both the meanings of masculinity and the sun. You see how it all ties together.

And so we have, as you can see,
An allegory of the love
Of Isis for
Osiris, or
The Father and the Mother;
This may be represented by
The Chinese symbols Yin and Yang,

The masculine
And feminine
Reacting on each other.

You see the great significance, etc.

Last of all we have the word "farm," which of course represents the earth. Now the earth-goddess, as you remember, was Demeter, whose daughter, also connected with the earth, was Persephone. In Greek mythology Aphrodite and Persephone are rivals for the love of Adonis, and this is really the subject of the book---a sort of mystical love-triangle, with the Mother-Goddess and the Earth-Goddess competing for the love of the Sun-God.

As for what seems to be the plot,
That sentimental tommy-rot,
The puerile love
Adventures of
A girl who's scatter-brained,
That only serves to camouflage
The subject-matter of the book,
Which is, of course,
The mystic force
That I have just explained.

You see the great significance,
The esoteric significance;
It isn't often noticed,
But it's undeniably there!

L.O.L.: I sort of see what you mean---but what about the "brook?" You didn't mention the meaning of that.

Morrill: Oh, that's a river-god, but he isn't important. I didn't want to confuse you.

L.O.L.: Well, I must be getting along. Thank you so much for explaining all this to me.

Morrill: But aren't you going to buy this devastating book?

L.O.L.: Well, I've always thought it would be something I would enjoy, but now I see that it's much too complicated for me. Besides, it sounds rather improper. Good day! (exit.)

Morrill: Oh, fudge! I was sure she would take it. Ah well--- (Phone rings.) Creed's books! Oh yes, Mother. What, he bought all my fragments of Greek pottery for three hundred dollars? And now he wants my bronze figurines? Well, I think he's very greedy! I can't let him have everything. Tell him they're only for display. Goodbye, Mother.

Com. - Enter Samson Oswald Barclay, a character invented some time ago by Gordon and Jerry Randall as a part of a hoax perpetrated upon one of their friends. Samson Barclay is a recluse who lives in the Berkeley hills, rides a motor-scooter and has the most remarkable record collection ever assembled. It is remarkable in that it includes recordings of all the significant works which record companies have never gotten around to recording. The part of Samson Barclay is sung by Gordon Cyr.

Morrill: Good morning, Mr. Barclay. What can I do for you?

S.O.B.: I have here several recordings I should like to sell: Bartok's "Bluebeard's Castle," Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," and Schonberg's opera "Die Gluckliche Hand," none of which have ever been recorded.

SOB: I'm the man who makes recordings
Of unrecorded works---
Those significant compositions which
A record company shirks;
While they are busily pressing
Their umpteenth Peer Gynt Suite,
To please that emblem of bad taste,
The famous man-in-the-street,
And totally ignoring
The cultural elite,
I remedy these lacks
By putting onto wax
The great unrecorded works.

Morrill: Well, Mr. Barclay, since we haven't any of those recordings, we'll be glad to buy them. Do you have them outside?

SOB: No, here they are!

Com. - Barclay produces from his pocket a three-inch record.

Morrill: All three of them on that?

SOB: Of course. This is the I.L.P., or Incredibly Long-Playing Record. It makes one revolution every forty-five minutes! Sixteen hours of uninterrupted music - then you turn it over!

Morrill: I've never heard of those before.

SOB: Of course you haven't. Not only is this music which has never been recorded; it is also on a record which has not yet been invented.

Morrill: But what do you play it on?

SOB: That is a problem I hadn't considered. The machine hasn't been invented either.

Morrill: I'm afraid we can't buy it, Mr. Barclay. Bring it in when the players appear on the market.

SOB: Humph! I shall have something much better by then. (exit)

Morrill: You know, the trouble with this opera is that it is too static. Nothing happens. What we need is a ballet; all operas have ballets. There will now be a short intermission while I retire and prepare one.

Com. - The next section, the ballet, will have to be omitted. It is performed by Mr. McKibben and myself, in the costumes of two Hindu dancers. The ballet is generally in the style of Uday Shankar, with certain occidental elements added. The music is supplied by Mr. Cyr and Mr. Pinckard, who play on a variety of Oriental instruments.

To occupy the space usually filled by the ballet, we shall have a short message from our sponsor.

A C T II

Com. - And now back to the concert performance of "Creedo in Unum Bookstore."
After the ballet, Albert enters again, and sings his aria, which expresses his many-sided personality. As all know who are acquainted with him, he is a student of medieval history, a collector of Mozart recordings and rather epicurean in his personal traits. The song also reflects his distinctive speech habits.

Albert: Mr. Schilling has not yet returned, and Morrill is out for his afternoon tea. What this place needs is a piano for me to play on -- ah, someone has brought one in, I see, for there's one right over here.

(Begins to play the "San Francisco Blues." Two voices from the back singing "Kyrie Eleison". Then Albert sings:)

Oh, I really don't like
The music of Shos-
Takovich---
Somehow---
I really don't think
There's anyone like
Kantarovich,
Somehow---

I sometimes think the Renaissance
Was really a retrogression---
And the best of times Medieval France---
But that's just my impression---

Oh, I actually think
That this modern age
Is duller---
Somehow---
And that the eleventh
Century had
More color---
Somehow---

I sometimes think I should have been
A medieval scholastic---
But then I'd be deprived of sin---
Their morals were so unelastic!

Oh, I really don't think
I'd go for the life
Ascetical---
Somehow---

I rather suspect
I'd end up a bit
Heretical---
Somehow---

I really can't imagine myself
Becoming St. Albertus---
Besides, I'd never have my shelf
Of fine Mozart concertos---

Though churchmen may lure us,
I think Epicurus
Was really the fellow for me---
And subsequent ages
Best left to the pages
Of theses in history!

Com. - Enter Morrill

Morrill: Have you bought any more records yet?

Albert: No one has brought any in to sell.

Morrill: We are going to have to buy some records today, if we are ~~gon~~ to succeed in our purpose of turning this into a record store.

Albert: And we must succeed, because we like records more, because they are so much more--more musical, somehow! You know, we are going to have to put these books away before Mr. Schilling gets back. I will go back in the education section and work back there for a while.

Morrill: All right; I'll work on these bricks out here.

Com. - Morrill begins to put away books furiously.

(Telephone rings)

Morrill: Creed's books! Yes, Mother---you say that there's a Hindu gentleman there who wants to worship in front of one of my bronzes? Well, go ahead and let him, but see that he leaves an offering. All right, Mother. Goodbye.

Com. - Enter an Artsy-Craftsy Girl, typical of all the fervent artsy-craftsy girls who inhabit our university, write poetry and do their utmost not to look feminine. This one is carrying two record-albums. She is sung by Gordon Cyr.

Morrill: Oh joy-- here is someone with an armload of records. Perhaps she will sell them.

ACG: I want to trade these records in for some others.

Morrill: (Aside) Good! She will ask for something impossible, as she always does. (To girl) What were you looking for?

ACG: I want a recording of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" played by the composer.

Morrill: No, no, we haven't that! We have it played by Landowska, we have it played by Edwin Fischer---but we haven't it played by J. S. Bach!

ACG: You never have anything I want. Well, then, I'll sell these for cash.

Morrill: Fine---let's see, the Bach B-Minor Mass. I think that's worth full price, forty cents a record. Is it in good condition?

ACG: Yeah---it's all right. I just got tired of it.

Morrill: Well, that will be eight dollars and seventy-five cents.

ACG: Okay, I'll take it.

Legree: Wait!

Com. - Legree, who is at this time playing the piano, leaps from the piano bench, throws on his hat and cape, and rushes onto the stage. The most hated person at Creeds, you should know, is the one who tries to bargain directly with someone who wishes to sell books or records to the store. Legree hopes to perpetrate this scoundrelly act.

Legree: How much is he paying you for that album?

ACG: He only pays me forty cents a record, a measly forty cents!

Legree: Well, I will pay you fifty cents a record!

Morrill: Just a moment, Shylock Q. Legree, you can't come in here and use our store as a place of auction!

ACG: I will sell these to whomever I wish to sell them to!

Morrill: Well, if you want to help pay the rest. But we make our living by buying and selling books and records, and he can't just come in here and buy them out from under us!

Legree: Well, I would like to see you try and stop me!

Trio

Legree: I will buy that album for ten cents more than Creed's!

ACG: I do not care whom I sell it to, I only want the cash---I'm only interested in cash, in cash, it makes---no---difference to me---I will sell this album to you for ten cents more than Creed's!

Morrill: No no no no! No no no no! No no no no no no, you cannot do that! You cannot do that---you cannot do that--you cannot bargain with the customers in here. No no---no no---you cannot do that---you cannot do that---you cannot bargain with the customers in here.

Legree: By the way, didn't I see you in my Anthro 1-A class?

ACG: Yes, I remember you! You were the one who was always correcting the instructor and showing him how little he knew!

Legree: Yes, that was me!

ACG: I thought you were just wonderful!

Legree: I think you're wonderful too---Let's go to my apartment!

ACG: What for?

Legree: Well, what do you think? Why, sex, of course! Romantic love fills me with a strong abhorrence--- But when I look at you---I think of D. H. Lawrence!

Waltz Duet:

Legree: Oh, come with me to my unfurnished apartment,
Where we shall sit on boxes and be free---

ACG: You've matrimonial intentions?

Legree: I don't believe in such conventions---
They're much too out-of-date for you and me.

ACG: You mean---we're going to live together out of wedlock?

Legree: Completely out of it. Everyone does, you know. Intelligent people haven't been marrying for years.

ACG: Well, if you're sure---

Legree: Of course I am. Wait till you see the apartment---

Legree: There we shall sit, surrounded by my art-works---
My paintings and my sculptures full of holes---

ACG: A work of art, to be effective,
 Must be completely non-objective,
 And must express the pains of tortured souls.

ACG: Oh art! There is nothing so---so---artistic!

Legree: But it can't just be art for art's sake. That went out decades
ago. It has to have a significance now, you know.

Legree: We shall read the works of Kafka, Gide and Melville---
All their esoteric meanings we'll explore---

ACG: Our minds will run, alert and nimble,
 Ferretting out each Freudian symbol,
 And finding meanings no one found before!

Legree: Oh, how happy we shall be together! I've always wanted a girl
like you-- someone sufficiently maladjusted to be interesting---
someone with whom I could develop nice, complex psychological
conflicts!

Legree: There we shall sit, comparing our neuroses,
Our inhibitions and our mental strife---

ACG: You'll tell me how you love your mother---

 We'll psychoanalyze each other---

Both: And lead the Berkeley Intellectual Life!

HYMN: Oh, movements rise and movements fall,
And revolutions glow and pall,
From blazing glory to oblivion ranging;
And yet, untouched throughout it all,
The Modern Intellectual
Preserves his pattern through rebirth unchanging!

Com. - Exit Shylock Q. Legree and the Artsy-Craftsy Girl, hand in hand.

Morrille Oh, another opportunity missed! I will repay that Shylock Q.
Legree for this some day! I wonder when Mr. Schilling will
return. Hiw hour for lunch, as frequently happens, has turned
into five hours, and there is only a short time left before we
close. Unless I buy a record or he a book before closing time,
this deadlock will continue. Ah, here he comes now!

Com. - In the two ariettas which Mr. Schilling sings upon entering, we hear
several of his favorite sayings set to music.

Mr. S.: Anything happen while I've been gone?

Morrill: Not much; someone brought in some records.

Mr. S.: Records? Records? You've been buying records with my--money! My--money! When you fritter it away, it's me that has to pay, with my- money! My--money!

Morrill: Don;t worry---we didn't buy them.

Mr. S.: Oh, why didn't you say so? You shouldn't frighten me like that! Remember my weak cardiac--my cardiac--my cardiac---it isn't strong, and won't last long, if you frighten me like that!

Morrill: It was Shylock Q. Legree who bought them for ten cents more than I offered.

Mr. S.: Legree, eh? Well, perhaps he isn't such a bad fellow after all.

Morrill: There's only an hour before closing time, and still we haven't made a single transaction. It's been a dull day.

Mr. S.: Fair, fair, only fair. Uh---why don't you go back and work in the Poly Sci section while I watch the front?

Morrill: All right.

Mr. S.: I must buy a book before we close, so thã we can preserve the status quo, and keep this a bookstore, as it has always been, and so I may remain what I have always been, a bookstore man!

Aria, Mr. S.

Of all the occupations
 In which one can engage
 To fill the space between vacations
 And pay one's daily wage,
 The only one that's suitable
 To my special temperament,
 To my pride and dignity immutable
 And literary bent---is---
 The life of the bookstore man!

If the bank should want a president,
 They'd find me rather hesitant,
 For though the job is lucrative, it's not the one for me;
 It's pleasanter---and quieter---
 To be the proud proprietor
 Of the most distinguished bookstore at the University.

To see the eager faces
 Appearing every year
 To occupy the empty places
 Of those no longer here;
 And all the ones remaining,
 The old habitues,
 With such superior looks disdainng
 Their inexperienced ways---that's---the---
 Life of the bookstore man.

Oh, there's a place in this city
For every eccentricity,
And every affectation one is ever apt to meet;
From the mystic---enigmatical---
To the fervent bearded radical
Who gives out propaganda on the corner of the street.

To see them raise, with passion
A hymn to Henry James,
Then one month later change with the fashion
To chant some other names;
At money and position
The Berkeley people sneer,
And only bookish erudition
Is highly thought of here---that's---why---
I am a bookstore man.

So you'll understand, if you're sensible,
I'm quite as indispensable
As any great professor at the University;
They lecture---professorily---
Dispensing knowledge orally---
While I dispense it second-hand at a very trifling fee!

Ah, here is a man with a book under his arm; perhaps he will sell
it. Something I can do for you?

Customer: I was wondering whether you had an illustrated edition of the
Kensey report.

Mr. S.: No, we haven't. But may I ask you, what is the book you are
carrying?

Cust.: It's a copy of "Ben Hur" ---why?

Mr. S.: Oh, I just thought you might want to sell it.

Cust.: Sell this? I couldn't. It belonged to my grandmother.
It was her favorite book. She read it seventeen times.

Mr. S.: Well, it just happens that we need a copy of "Ben Hur," as
we only have five, so I will give you a dollar for it.

Cust.: A dollar? I couldn't sell it for that. My grandmother---

Mr. S.: All right, two dollars. But that's more than its' worth.

Cust.: But it has a sentimental value---

Mr. S.: Three dollars!

Cust: You must want it awfully badly.

Mr. S.: Uh--no, I was just attracted to it. I happen to be very fond of Ben Hur myself.

Cust: You can have it for five dollars.

Mr. S.: Five dollars! It isn't worth more than fifty cents.

Cust.: Then why did you offer three?

Mr. S.: I'll tell you what we'll do---we'll compromise on four.

Cust.: But my grandmother would be unhappy if she knew I was selling it---well, four-fifty.

Mr. S.: Sold for four and a quarter! (pays him)

Cust.: Thank you.

Mr. S.: Thank you. (Exit customer.) Now I shall call my clerks and inform them of this fortuitous transaction. Albert! Morrill! (Enter clerks.) The day is saved! I have bought a book!

Albert: Oh, fine (sadly)

Morrill: Wonderful. What was the book?

Mr. S.: Well - - - Ben Hur. But it's a book.

Albert: And since it's closing time, I suppose that settles it.

Mr. S.: It certainly does. The status quo, to which I am so attached, is preserved. We are and always will be a bookstore.

Al. & Mor: Our efforts were in vain---
It ~~is~~ always will remain
Creed's---Book---Store!

Com. - But instead of the expected resolution, the pianist, who is really Shylock Q. Legree, strikes a false note and leaps from the seat. Mr. Schilling and Morrill stare after him in wonderment, while Albert goes to the piano and plays uneasy music.

Morrill: But wait! Here comes a deus ex machina in the person of Shylock Q. Legree!

Com. - Enter Legree, staggering under the weight of a huge armload of record albums.

Legree: I bought all these albums here last month, but they all have scratches on them, so I'm bringing them all back!

Com. - Mr. Schilling with a wild gleam in his eye, advances on him menacingly. Legree retreats, still carrying the records, and the two circle warily about the counter. Then Legree flees into the back of the store; Mr. Schilling siezes a long-bladed knife from the counter and follows him. There are sounds of scuffling, and then---(Legree screams twice.) (Sounds of breaking records.) Mr. Schilling re-enters, wiping his hands and smiling, while the two clerks look on in horror. Albert rises from the piano and walks uncertainly to the counter. There is a silence; then the door to the book slowly opens and Legree appears, with the handle of the knife protruding from his chest. He staggers across the room, points dramatically at Mr. Schilling, collapses at the piano, then painfully pulls himself onto the bench and begins to play---

Final chorus

All: Come---to---Creed's,
 Where genius grows like weeds!
 Now our opera is ended, the
 Authors hope they've not offended the
 Manager of Creed's---
 So none can say they've bit the hand that feeds!

Gordon Cyr (right)
James Cahill (left) 1949?

