

PATTER AND COMEDY ROUTINES (Published)

This section comprises patter and comedy routines, comedy monologues and stump speeches etc that were published in magazines, books or newspapers during the life of the writers or artists.



Contents

1. Extracts from <i>Jokes, Parody and Monologue</i> (Charlie Vaude)	2.
2. "If I May So Speak" (burlesque stump oration)	4.
3. "Life is like a game of cards..." (Art Slavin, 1919)	6.

"Extracts from *Joke, Parody and Monologue*"

(Charlie Vaude)

The following is from the Charlie Vaude's book, *Joke, Parody and Monologue*, the first in a series published by the Australian comic. These extracts were published in the *Theatre Apr.* (1916), 34. Vaude published a collection of comedy material under the title, *Chuckle With Charlie Vaude*, in 1934.

[Presented in the book in the form of an interview, Charlie Vaude is both the interviewer and the interviewee]

How long have you been on the stage Mr Vaude?

- Oh about twenty minutes at one time. I had to stay on twenty minutes whilst they were setting a scene at the back.

How did you first come on the stage?

- I was carried on.

What! Were you intoxicated?

- Oh dear no. It was at a baby show. I played the baby brigand.

How was that?

- Well, I was a baby in arms.

Were you successful?

- Oh yes I was a howling success.

Did the audience cry out for more?

- No but I did. But mother had left the bottle at home.

Have you any hobbies?

- Two. Keeping warm in winter and cool in summer.

Do you believe in astrology?

- No. I have nothing to fear as regards the future.

How is that?

- It can't be worse than my past.

Do you get your topics from the newspapers?

- Excuse me! I try to keep up-to-date.

Which gag do you like best?

- The one audience laughs at most.

Is it hard to get topical gags?

- Not half so hard as trying to keep them.

Which town in Australia do you like the best?

- Where are we now? That's the best.

Have you any pets?

- Two, but six o'clock closing sends them home before I'm finished at the theatre.

ooo

The *Theatre* notes in the article that "Vaude certainly gets the bulls-eye when in his book he says, 'It's a wise gag that knows its father.'" Quips constitute a big part of the publication. One reads: -

Australia was not prepared for the war. She had a terrible lot of drawbacks. But she got rid of two of them for now there are only eight in a packet.

The Germans must be short-sighted. They seem to be taking all the towns on the coast to be green peas. Every chance they get they start shelling them

ooo

The book contains a number of the songs sung by Vaude and Verne. Evidently the singer has to be pretty sober before tackling this one (the lines given are the chorus)

When the sea ceaseth it sufficeth us,
When the sea ceaseth it sufficeth us,
But when the sea's a seething sea, then we make a fuss,
But when the sea ceaseth it sufficeth us.

IF I MAY SO SPEAK
A BURLESQUE STUMP ORATION

Adapted and arranged expressly for Byron Christy, by J. B. Murphy

FELLER CITIZENS! and sitizen fellers:—In this momentous—yes, momentous cri-i-isis ob de country, when de tocsin ob war is sounding, or is gwine to be sounded froo-out de antipodeal and unlimited precincts ob dis vast continental continent, it behoves—yes, it *behooves*, “if I may

so speak”—every loyal and patriotic—yes, patriotic and loyal mother son of us to stand ready wid hands on his arms—yes, arms in his hands in magnanimous defence—of, “if I may so speak,” of the constitution; yes, of the constitution, and—so on!

As I suggested, there seems to be a disposition to fight; yes, to fight! And I say, *here*, standing upon the piney platform of—of—this stage, if there is any fighting to be did, then, in the language of the gifted—yes, the highly gifted and unterrified Scottish chief:

“Come one! Come all! this rock shall fly.
From its firm base”—in a pig’s eye, and so on.

But again, logically speaking—yes, speaking logically, I see one-half geographically and climatically, or in other words, climatically and geographically considered; yes one-half our glorious Union Slipping away—yes slipping into a—so so speak, an—a adumbruous chaosity; yes, chaosity—and so on.

Shall I stand here unmoved and gaze, “if I may so speak,” wid distended eyeballs—yes, wid eyeballs, at de red heel ob de soger—yes, at de heel ob de red soldier as tramples out de lifeblood ob my countrymen and coadjutors in a—so to speak—fratricidal and suicidal—yes, in a suicidal combat.

In the language of Patrick Henry—yes, of Henry Patrick, I say “no!”—yes, “no!” I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me lager bier, and so on.

But, as I suggested, we have lost, “if I may so speak,” our—our equilibrium and balance—yes, our balance pole, where, “if I may so speak,” where do we tend? Our proper position is to the zenith, with our hoary bird of freedom flapping his wings and soaring—yes, soaring to the fathomless azure of the fathomless azure—yes, to the azure of the lustrous firmament, radiated and bright—yes, bright, “if I may so speak,” with the glorious coruscations of innumerable constellations—yes, constellations of innumerable coruscations!

In the language of the noble bard:

“Earth shook! red meteors flash’d across the sky,
And conscious nature *shuddered* at the cry.
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom screeched,”

as—yes, as freedom screeched, and so on.

But, again! as I suggested. It is, perhaps, or perhaps it is, “if I may so speak,” necessary that I should apologize for the latitudunosity—yes, for the tudionsity—dinosity—nosity ob my circumlocutory—locutory—cutory, the latitudinosity and of my “cution with which, “if I may so speak,” I have! and so on.

But, as I suggested previously, how can I, how can you; yes, how can you and I stand by, “if I may so speak,” and see the gigantic, yes, the gigantic and stupendous onslaught of a lot of swine-eyed and spavined—yes, spavined and ring-boned, and pot-house political politicians—upon the bullworks of our freedom—yes, the freedom of our bullworks. In the language of—of somebody, “What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have?” I repeat it, and so on.

These are the ones who have got our liberty pole off its perpendicularity—yes, the perpendicularity of our pole off—off its dicularity—larity. And where now, “if I may so speak,” is the high bird of freedom—yes, the freedom of our high bird of liberty. Echo answers, yes she answers. Instead of spreading his noble pinions to soar beyond the regions of the—“if I may so speak,” of the boreal pole—yes, of the boreal pole, he’s driven far back to the primeval—yes, the primeval fastnesses—ess—ess-ses ob de gum trees of the west—yes, of the western gum trees; and there, I trust—yes, we all trust, he may soar and rest—and rest and soar, and flap his ponderous wings in the sunlight of freedom—yes, the freedom of sunlight, till the coming of that time, “if I may so speak,” so graphically described and depicted—yes, depicted and described by the noble bard:

“When all the sister planets have decayed,
When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven’s last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou undismayed, shall o’er the ruin smile;
And smile—and smile,”—and—and—so on.

"Life is like a game of cards..."

(Art Slavin)

Life is like a game of cards. We all take a hand in the game. The barber cuts, the shopkeeper deals, and the old maid goes alone. She tries to get a partner; but nobody will prop; and she's euchred every time. The butcher plays a plucky game. He plays for a good stake, and never loses his block. A baker never plays for fun. He always needs the dough. The navvy plays spades and the sport plays clubs. The lover plays hearts; but he often has to use diamonds to take a trick. A little baby always reminds me of cards. The baby's the little joker and his mother's the queen of trumps. If the little joker plays a crook game his mother takes him up, put him across her lap, raises the right bower, and trumps the ace.

Theatre Feb. 1919, n. pag.

This page last updated: 10/01/2014

NB: The URL for this PDF will change each time it is updated. If you wish to cite or link to this record please use the following:

Australian Variety Theatre Archive • <http://ozvta.com/texts-published/>

First published in: Clay Djubal, "What Oh Tonight" Ph D Diss (2005) U of Qld (Appendix D)