

THE KINSEY SICKS

Oy Vey In A Manger

Christmas Carols and Other Jewish Music

LIVE!



OY VEY IN A MANGER:

Written by the Kinsey Sicks
Produced 2003 and 2004 at San Francisco's
New Conservatory Theatre Center

PLOT SYNOPSIS:



ACT I. It is Christmas Eve. The Kinsey Sicks, America's Favorite Dragapella Beautyshop Quartet, are busily preparing for their annual holiday party and reminiscing about the birth of Jesus, which took place in their very manger.



ACT II. As usual, no one has shown up at the girls' holiday party. However, their disappointment turns to glee when they discover a large group of Christmas carolers sitting (in rows!) outside the fourth wall of their home.

Dragapella Chorus

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2002
Based on *The Hallelujah Chorus* from *The Messiah*,
by Georg Frederic Handel
Arrangement by Chris Dille

Dragapella! Dragapella! Dragapella!
Dragapella! Dragapella!
Dragapella! Barbershop meets Barbarella.
Four Drag Fellas! Dragapella!

We're hip and au courant — and yet funny.
Kinsey Sicks sing Dragapella!
More fun than salmonella.

We're loved by gays and straights
— oh yes, honey.
We're just like Sonny and Cher, without Sonny.

Kinsey Sicks sing Dragapella!
We sing for love of art, and for money.
Dragapella!

We don't just have bad looks; we got brains.
We've got advanced degrees.
James Joyce and Proust we can explain.
And yet we sing in this manger/theater.
Our four CDs we'll gladly sell you later.
I'm really horny — where is my vibrator?
If she does that one more time, girls,
Let's sedate her.

The Kinsey Sicks
Dragapella! Dragapella!
We're chicks with shticks.
What a show we're gonna sell ya.
To hide the worst of our mistakes
We will endeavor.

Hear us sing our gorgeous chords.

Enjoy our show — that's what it's for.
Enjoy our goddamn show
Or we'll stalk you forever!

Kinsey Sicks sing Dragapella!
Golden Girls meet Penn and Teller.
We sing like Old Yeller.
But reviews have all been stellar.
Dragapella!

God Bless Ye Femmy Lesbians

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2003

Based on *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* (Traditional)

Arrangement by Chris Dille

God bless ye femmy lesbians
May good taste you display.
You don't give up your fashion choices
Just because you're gay.
With baggy pants and baseball caps
And shirts in disarray.
There's something in between a bimbo toy
Out of Playboy
And dressing up just like a 12-year-old boy.
Then gay men with shaved bodies
And their moisturizers came,
Bedecked in youthful shirts that bear
The Abercrombie name.
They hit the gym in butch attire
To banish all the shame
That they felt deep down
When they were 12-year-old boys
With too much poise.
So now they want to look like 12-year-old boys.
"I do not look like that," you think.

"It isn't right," you say.
But if it isn't true of you,
Your partner looks that way.
Seems men and women share one thing
In common when they're gay:

We all seem to look like 12-year-old boys
Or we use ploys
To attract the folks
That look like 12-year-old boys.

I Had A Little Facial

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, Irwin Keller & Oren Slozberg

© 1996 Ben Schatz and Irwin Keller

Based on *I Have a Little Dreydel* by S. E. Goldfarb

Arrangement by The Kinsey Sicks

I had a little facial.
I made it out of clay.
When it was dry and ready,
I looked like Doris Day.

Facial facial facial, she made it out of clay.
Facial facial facial, she looks like Doris Day.

I am a little maydel.
My gender is amiss.
They barred me from Hadassah,
But let me in B'nai Bris.
Maydel maydel maydel, her gender is amiss.
Maydel maydel maydel, they let her in B'nai Bris.

We are the Kinsey Shiksas.
We don't understand this song.
But since we have to live here,
We're gonna sing along.
Shiksas shiksas shiksas,

We/they don't understand this song.
Shksas shksas shksas,
We/they're gonna sing along.
Shksas shksas shksas,
We/they don't understand this song.
Gentile Kinseys Sicksas,
We/they're gonna sing along!

Crystal Time In The City

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2000

Based on *Silver Bells* by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans

Arrangement by Chris Dille

City sidewalks, busy sidewalks,
Billie Holiday style.
In the air there's a feeling of crystal.

People dancing, people dancing,
People dancing, people dancing,
People dancing all night,
And on every street corner there'll be:

Buys and sells, chemical smells,
It's crystal time in the city!
Functioning diminishing
When you do crystal each day!

Boost your sex life, boost your night life,
Till you're totally spent.
Shine your shoes till it's six in the morning.
See your job lost, see your friends tossed,
See you not pay your rent.
And above all, distrustful you'll be!

Manic swells, sleeping spells,
Go-to-hells, no T-cells,
It's crystal time in the city

(We're up and down 'cause we've got)
Moods that swing (they don't swing),
Arguing (yes we are, no we're not!),
When you do crystal each day.
When you do crystal each day.
(O little town of meth mayhem!)

Chanukah Medley

Parodies by Ben Schatz

Arrangement by Irwin Keller

JEWS BETTER WATCH OUT (Rachel)

© 1996 Ben Schatz

Based on *Santa Claus is Comin' to Town*
by John Frederic Coots

HOCK YOUR WAGES (Winnie)

© 2003 Ben Schatz

Based on *Maoz Tzur (Rock of Ages)*

by Mordecai Bar Yitzchak, 13th Century,
set to a 16th Century German melody

Jews better watch out.
Jews better not cry.
Jews better not pout.
I'm telling Jews why:
Santa Claus is coming to town.

He knows when you meet gentiles
And ask them out on dates.
He knows when you buy Christmas trees
And when you assimilate.

He's seen Schindler's List.
He's rented it twice.
He's gonna find out each Weinstein and Weiss.
Santa Claus
(Senty Kloyz is gekimmen in shtetl)
Is coming

(Oy gevalt is Senty Kloyz gekimmen in shtetl)
To town.

Hock your wages, join the throng.
Buying gifts to devour.
Christians have their holiday.
And so we've got to have ours.

When they Holy Gailed us.
And their ranks outscaled us.
Once obscured, a fete recurred
When shunning Christmas failed us.
A culture blurred now is cured.
God has Bloomingdaled us.

Jingle Bells, Don't Ask Don't Tell

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2003
Based on *Jingle Bells*, by James Lord Pierpont
Arrangement by Chris Dille

Prison cells, don't ask, don't tells,
Your job's thrown away.
Oh what fun is Christmas in the army
If you're gay - hey!

Living hells, AWOLs,
Colleagues to betray.
Uncle Sam does not want you.
Have a happy holiday!

I saw on TV a White House spokesman say,
"Be all you can be – except if you're that way.
Keep the country free.
That's what the Army's for.
So we'll feel free to kick you out

When we're finished with this war!"

Prison cells, don't ask, don't tells,
Your job's thrown away.
Oh what fun is Christmas in the army if you're gay.

Living hells, AWOLs, witch-hunts, who can cope?
How brave can the army be
If they're scared of dropping soap?
(We're in the Army now – nope!)

A Lay In A Manger

(Trixie)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2003
Based on *Away in a Manger* by James R. Murray
Arrangement by Chris Dille

"A lay in a manger will be hot," he said.
So I go with Jesus and give him sweet head.
I sneeze twice and scare all the chickens away.
A manger spells danger
When you're allergic to hay.

The cattle run off from the noises he makes.
They trample three lambs,
seven goats and two snakes.
He kisses a pig thinking that it is I.
I'd do him again if he weren't so high.

Now straw in your panties is itchy all day.
But he was so good I'd be willing to pay.
What the fuck is a manger?
Don't know and don't care.
(But girl, would you do Jesus again if he's there?)

Oh Lord, I'd do Jesus. Again if he's there.
Oh Mary, please make him be there!

O Hoey Night

(Trampolina)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2003

Based on *O Holy Night*, music by Adolphe Adam

Arrangement by Chris Dilley and Irwin Keller

Oh what a night! The camera lights were shining.
To make a film, almost fifty bucks I'm worth.
Would Milton Berle act with me? I was pining
For Richard Gere, Colin Farrell, Colin Firth.

Through hits of dope I heard directors' voices.
Telling me the acts I should perform:
"Fall on your knees. Bark here."
(He made strange choices.)

"Now bite his behind."

Oh, the night, that I did porn.
With too much wine. I crossed the line.

The second scene was stranger than James Joyce's.
They brought in mules
And all my pubes were shorn.

"Crawl on your knees. Sit here.

Make snorting noises."

Oh night libertine. The night I twice did porn.

He'd yell, "Blow well."

He looked and smelled just like Divine.

No Kwell? Oh well!

Oh hoey night.

Worry

(Rachel)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 1997

Based on *Don't Worry, Be Happy* by Bobby McFerrin

Arrangement by The Kinsey Sicks

Here's a little song I wrote,

I'm probably gonna get a frog in my throat,
Don't be happy – worry.
Our history of worrying is long and proud.
For every silver lining there is a cloud.
Don't be happy – worry.

Oy, oy, oy, oy, oy,
Something always could go wrong.
That's the moral of this song.
Something could go wrong.
Nu, nu, nu, nu,
So you have wealth and love and great renown.
Someone could burn your shtetl down,
Burn your shtetl down.

You win a cruise to Kingston Town.
The boat could sink and you could drown.
Don't be happy – worry.
You get a gift it's a gorgeous tie,
It could get caught in an elevator
Then you'll choke and die.
Don't be happy – worry.

Oy, oy, oy, oy, oy
Something always could go wrong.
That's the moral of this song.
Something could go wrong.
Nu, nu, nu, nu,
Life is filled with possibilities.
But most of them are tragedies,
They'll bring you to your knees.

Your son has a hundred friends at his bar mitzvah,
The only one he'll dance with:
A boy named Christopher.
Don't be happy – worry.
Your daughter has a boyfriend
To bring home to Mama.
He probably lives in hiding and is named Osama.
Don't be happy – worry!

Oy, oy, oy, oy, oy
Something always could go wrong.
That's the moral of this song.
Something could go wrong.
Nu, nu, nu, nu
If you're creative and your smart
Suffering can be an art.
It's not to soon to start.
Worry, worry, worry, worry, worry! Feh!

'Tis The Season To Drink Stoli

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2003
Based on *Deck the Hall* (Traditional)
Arrangement by Irwin Keller

'Tis the season to drink Stoli
— fa la la la la la la la.
Make yourself a mess unholy
— fa la la la la la la la.
Don your flowered gay apparel
— fa la la la la la la la
Kiss your boss and call him Cheryl
— fa la la la la la la la.

Offce parties indecorous
— fa la la la la la la la.
Drink too much, offend and bore us
— fa la la la la la la la.
Puke and pass out at your leisure
— fa la la la la la la la.
Wake yourself when you self-pleasure
— fa la la la la la la la.

At co-workers make crude passes
— fa la la la la la la la.
Say they've got enormous asses

— fa la la la la la la la.
Strip down to your thong of leather
— fa la la la la la la la.
Get your resume together
— fa la la la la la la la.

Christmas Medley

Parodies by Ben Schatz
Arrangement by Chris Dilley and Irwin Keller

Vanna White Christmas (Trampolina)
© 2002 Ben Schatz
Based on *White Christmas* by Irving Berlin

I'll Be Cloned For Christmas (Winnie)
© 2003 Ben Schatz
Based on *I'll Be Home for Christmas* by Walter Kent

O Come, Ye Unfaithful (Trixie)
© 2003 Ben Schatz
Based on *O Come All Ye Faithful*, Composer Unknown

Fellating My Dad (Rachel)
© 2003 Ben Schatz
Based on *Feliz Navidad* by Jose Feliciano

I'm dreaming of a Vanna White Christmas
For all the little girls I know.
If you're feeling foul,
Just smile and turn the vowel,
'Cause girls never run the show.
I'm dreaming of a Vanna White Christmas.
Your wheel of fortune's looking trite.
May you be more pretty than bright
And may all who run the show be male and white.



I'll be cloned for Christmas.
You'll count lots of me.
We'll get to know each embryo
And each deformity.

No more counting sheep at night.
Count each me as it weans.
I'll be cloned for Christmas
Because I love my genes.

Oh come, ye unfaithful.
I won't tell your boyfriend.
Oh come ye, oh come ye
But not on my face.

Everyone's poled him.
Trust me he's no angel.
I know that you adore him.
There's so much you'd do for him.
But right now let's ignore him.
Christ! You're hot!

Fellating my dad. Fellating my dad.
Fellating my dad in the baño with his greasy rod.

I wanna swish in your hairy business.
I want my knish in your hairy business.
Smells like fried fish in your hairy business
At the bottom of your part.

I wanna swish in your hairy business.
I want my knish in your hairy business.
Gefilte fish in your scary business
At the bottom of your part.

Soylent Night

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2003
Based on *Silent Night*, music by Franz Gruber
Arrangement by Chris Dille

Soylent night.
Bone appetite.
Friends are sweet so take a big bite.
Ground up virgin with mother and child.
Try the infant, so tender and mild.
Heat with carrots and peas.
Bet you can't eat just one piece.

Soylent night.
Yuck! Cellulite.
Shepherd's pie is rare 'cause shepherds fight.
If your conscience is eating at you
Remember your kids will be eating you too.
Try your neighbor with corn
Before next week's dinner is born.

Soylent night.
Budget is tight.
Treasure your children and braise them right.
Eating Mama is something to prize.
Ain't he sweet? He's got his mother's eyes.
Choose with care whom you meet –
Remember you are who you eat.

I ate Maria.

Macaroona

(Ensemble and Audience)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 1997
Based on *Macarena* by A.Romero and R. Ruiz
Arrangement by The Kinsey Sicks

Pesach isn't far and Purim's even soona.
We just got through with Chanukah
And blew up like balloons.
With kneidlach and kreplach
And rugelach mit prunas.
Oy! Macaroona.

Oh the latkes make your belly soft and mushy.
And the sour cream goes right onto your tushy.
We eat globs of gray gefilte fish, not sushi.
Oy! Macaroona. Feh!

Jenny Craig Feel My Sorrow

(Trixie)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2004

Based on *O Mio Babbino Caro* from *Gianni Schichi*
by Giacomo Puccini

Arrangement by Irwin Keller

Jenny Craig, feel my sorrow.
I ate some Caramello
And porridge with mimosas.
My ass is big as J-Lo's.

But see, I'm not that sorry.
I ate fifty Mint Milanos
And Haagen Dasz pistachio.
I'll be one fat soprano.
No strudel! Say it ain't so!
Oh well. I'll chug more beer.

(So not pretty.)

Jenny Craig, please have pity.
Let me pig out but not look shitty.

Papirossen

(Winnie)

By Herman Yablokoff, © 1932

Additional lyrics by Ben Schatz, © 1999

Arrangement by Irwin Keller

Clarinet Solo: Winnie

א קאלטע נאכט, א נעפלדיקע,
פֿינסטער אומעסטום,
שטייט א ייגעלע פֿארטרויערט
און קוקט זיך ארום.
פֿון רעגן שוועט אים נאָך א וואנט,
א קאַשיקל האַלט ער אין האַנט,
און זײַנע אויגן בעטן יעדן שטום.
איך האָב שוין ניט קיין כּח מער
ארומצוגיין אין גאַס,
הונגעריק און אָמגעריסן
פֿון דעם רעגן נאָס.
איך שלעס ארום זיך פֿון באַגינען,
קיינער גיט ניט צו פֿאַרדינען,
אַלע לאַכן, מאַכן פֿון מיר שפּאַס.

קופֿיטיע קויפט־זשע, קויפט־זשע פֿאַמיראַסן,
טרוקענע פֿון רעגן גיט פֿאַרגאַסן.
קויפט־זשע ביליג בנאמנות
קויפט און האָט אויף מיר רחמנות
ראטעוועט פֿון הונגער מיך אצינד.
קופֿיטיע קויפט־זשע שוועבעלעך אַנטיקן,
דער מיט וועט איר אַ יתום'ל דערקוויקן.
אומזיסט מיין שרעקען און מיין לויפֿן,
קיינער וויל ביי מיר גיט קויפֿן,
אויסגיין וועל איך מוזן ווי אַ הונד.

מײן טאטע אין מלחמה האָט פֿאַרלוירן זײַנע הענט.
מײן מאַמע האָט די צרות מער אויסהאַלטן נישט געקענט,
יונג אין קבר זײַ געטריבן
בין איך אויף דער וועלט פֿאַרבליבן
אומגליקלעך און עלענד ווי אַ שטיין.
ברעקלעך קלויב איך אויף צום עסן
אויף דעם אַלטן מאַרק,
אַ האַרטע באַנק איז מײן געלעגער
אין דעם קאַלטן פֿאַרק.
און דערצו די פֿאַליציאַנטן
שלאָגן מיך מיט שווערדן קאַנטן.
סע העלפט נישט מײן בעטן, מײן געוויין.

Except for Winnie none of us speaks Yiddish
We don't know a kaddish from a kiddush.
So if your Yiddish grandma calls
Don't plotz; just grab your matzohballs
And offer her a nice gefilte fiddish.

I'm so farklemt — is that a word in Yiddish?
To try and speak it always makes us skittish.
Now you make think we sound like drek
But we don't give a flying heck.
At least we sing it better than the British.

Harried Little Christmas

(Ensemble)

Parody by Ben Schatz, © 2003

Based on *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*

by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

Arrangement by Irwin Keller

Things to do.
Got lots of things to do.
Got lots of...

Have yourself a harried little Christmas,
Things to do each night.
And soon your stress level will be out of sight.

Have yourself a harried little Christmas.
Tell your folks you're gay.
Folks will hear your mother cry from miles away!

Here we are stuck in airport lines
To see families we abhor.
Long lost friends never close to us
Send form notes to us once more.

By next year you'll get your shit together,
Stop grazing like a cow.
Maybe then you'll pay off this year's debt
Somehow!

But hurry hurry hurry there's lots
To do for Christmas now.

(Go home now.
This is crap but send folks anyhow.
And applaud us as we take our bow!)

The Revelers:

Rachel – Ben Schatz

Trampolina – Chris Dilley

Trixie – Jeff Manabat

Winnie – Irwin Keller

CD produced by The Kinsey Sicks.

Lead Producer: Irwin Keller

Recorded at San Francisco's New Conservatory

Theatre Center, December 18-31, 2004.

All tracks engineered by Dana Jae.

Additional live sound tracking by Dragon Petrovic,

Wayne Sherwood, Philip Witkay and Pete Deutscher.

Mixing by Dana Jae at Potrero Post Studios.

Mixing assistance by Jeff Manabat and Irwin Keller.

Mastering by Michael Romanowski at Paul

Stubblebine Mastering, San Francisco.

"Oy Vey in a Manger" was produced in 2003 and 2004 at San Francisco's New Conservatory Theatre Center. The Kinsey Sicks would like to thank all the NCTC staff members involved in the 2004 production recorded in this CD: Ed Decker, Artistic Director; Amanda Spooner, Production Stage Manager; Cat Stevens, Technical Director; John Kelly, Lighting Designer; Nancy Macias, Set Designer; Ted Crimby, Sound Designer; Rob Foster, House Manager; Margo Melcon, Box Office Manager; Jackie Jordan, Operations Manager; Mark Gagne, Marketing Director and Victoria Kirby, Publicist.

CD Design: David C. Valentine, Media Construct.

Design Supervision: Chris Dilley

Yiddish Typesetting: Doron Hovav

Costumes: Maria Montoya, David Draper, Tracy Kuerbis, Maurice Kelly, Mario Ivan Arteaga, Zilda Lopez and Lourdes Ruiz.

Hair: Stephen Keyton

Cover Photograph: Paul Reder

Inset Photographs: Jill Dilley, Jake Manabat

THANK YOU

The Kinsey Sicks would like to thank: Maurice Kelly, Kevin Smith Kirkwood, Dave Gan, Steven Freemire, Clyde Wildes, Lisa Geduldig and Kung Pao Kosher Comedy, Dawn Debois, Shelly Weiss of OUTmedia, Paul Reder and Rich Super of Super Artists, Inc., Jessica Herman Weitz, East Coast Entertainment, and our piously devoted fans. We would also like to thank Jesus Christ for being such a good sport.

We also remember with fondness and gratitude the late Harlow Griffith.

Chris Dilley would like to thank: David, Mom, Jenn, Dad & Marilyn.

Irwin Keller would like to thank: Oren, Mom, Lynn, Anne, Suegee, all the Israeli in-laws, and my great joys, Squid and Ari.

Jeff Manabat would like to thank: Brian, Jake, Mom, Dad, George Hernandez, Arthur Perez and the Universe.

Ben Schatz would like to thank: My family of origin (Mom, Dad, Judy, Robin and delightful progeny) and my family of choice (including Bill, Cynthia, Debbie, Ethel, Jim, Michael, Nancy, Rasika and Val), anyone I'm kicking myself for not having named, and whomever I'm sleeping with this week.

*Susmaricsep! Tarantando Ang Babae Ito...
Sirang 'Ulo! Siral SIRAI!**

* For translation, check out www.kinseysicks.com/tagalog.htm. If you don't know what Tagalog is, check it out on Google. If you don't know what Google is, check it out on www.kinseysicks.com/tagalog.htm. If you don't know what Tagalog is...