

Band 5:

Kiki & Herb Will Die For You - At Carnegie Hall

A publication by the department of Fine Arts/Intermedia Arts/M.F.A. Body Theory and the Poetics of the Performative at the Stuttgart Academy of Art and Design.

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Print: Riso

Edition: 35

Isbn 000-No-000

Stuttgart, 2020

This fanzine made by DIE FRAU MIT 50 FÜSSEN is a labor of love and is full of admiration for one of the queens of the queens. It's also full of mistakes that Barely did in the process of copy editing. There are quite some things that got lost in translation or rather transcribing, but the lady speaks fast, so fast...

If you have a little cocktail before reading it, you might feel more fluent in.... and the more you drink, the better it looks.





...Will Die For You:
live at Carnegie Hall NYC, 2004



Act 1



- (1) Close to it all
- (2) Note to Self:
Don't Die / Flamingo / When Doves Cry
- (3) Opening Remarks
- (4) Why
- (5) Hoochie Coochie
- (6) Sex Bomb
- (7) Yasaweh
- (8) Has Any-one Ever Written Any-thing for You
- (9) The Sad-dest Day of My Life
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(1) Close to it
all

(2) Note to Self:
Don't Die / Fla-
mingo / When
Doves Cry

(3) Opening Remarks

(3) Opening Remarks

(3) Opening Remarks

(3) Opening Remarks

(4) Why

(4) Why

(4) Why

(5) Hoochie
Coochie

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Well, when I was about 15 or 16 they threw me

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fishtoed Herb outta looney bin, brought him down to Baltimore. And we started performing and it was just a wonderful time. Of course now, this was the 1950's so it was the height of the Cold War, you know, there was the Communist threat, the Red scare, everybody's running. You know, those days I was a communist, so I was something. So there we were, and ah, so we were young we were having a good time, so just picture it ladies and gentlemen, I thought why don't we do this number as from the old days, so ah. Just picture it ladies and gentlemen. A little night club in Fells Point, you know it's hot and sticky inside. And there's atomic bombs blowing off everywhere. I mean you know, how do I know, it could've happened, I wasn't outside, I was inside, I was working.

Spy on me baby, you a satellite. Infrared, see me movin through the night. Ain't gonna fire, shoot me right. I'm gonna like the way you fight. Now you got the secret code I use to keep away my lonely blues. Now I can't deny or lie cause your the only one to make me fly. Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're my sex bomb. Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're my sex bomb and baby you can turn me on.

Make me explode, although you know the way to go, is to sex me slow and yes I must respond to the claims of those, saying that you are not all that hell with them! Sex bomb. sex bomb, you're my sex bomb. Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're my sex bomb and baby you can turn me on, I'm dancin...

Now my back is made of whale bone and my cock is made of brass and my fuckin's made for driving men to dogs. They like to round, sniff my ass. You got to shave 'em dry and if you hear hola baby, won't you shave 'em dry. Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're my sex bomb. Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're my sex bomb and baby you can turn me on and baby you can turn me on and baby you can turn me on.

Herb, remind me, we gotta cut that number. Hey, I'm okay, I'm okay. Ladies and gentlemen, Herb, let me just look out and see who's all here tonight. Hello, hello, hello, hello. Oh, well let's see, a bunch of fellas down here, front row. Brunch of fellows over here. Couple of girls sittin there by themselves. You know, here we are as Kiki and Herb at Carnegie Hall. These fellas didn't get on all these girls...You know,

(6) Sex Bomb

(7) Yasaweh

but, bunch of losers, couldn't even get a date. Come to Kiki Herb show, that's terrible, haha. I know what's going on. Hey, I love the gays, if it weren't for the gays, we wouldn't have had a career. It's your life, it's your lifestyle, do whatever you want, just, you know, try not to tell too many people about it. Nah I'm just kidding Herb, Herb's a, you know, little bit light in the loafers himself. Not only is he a retard, but he's also a homosexual, and a Jew. Lovey love love, clappy clap clap. But let me tell you something sweetheart. When we were growing up it wasn't trending to be a gay Jew torp like it is today. Me, I love you gays. My son Bradford's a homosexual. Bradford is a 50 something year old homosexual travel agent living in a condominium in the Russian hill of San Fransisco. Ey San Francisco, I love it really. But ah, well I haven't spoken to Brad probably since the early 1980's so what, that'd be ten fifteen years ago. At that time Herb and I were performing in a, somewhere down there round near Washington DC, and ah, Bradford and my sister Candy came to visit. We were one having sort of a family reunion of sorts, and ah, well while they were there, they staged what they call an, "intervention," and ah, I got a little bit perturbed. And ah, one of the terms in my parole, was that ah, I had to go through rehab. Now ladies and gentlemen, I don't mind that, I don't mind going through rehab, it's a nice little vacation, and you know, it doesn't last long.

But ah, then a, after I got through rehab they told me I had to get a job. A job. Now ladies and gentlemen, I didn't know what the hell they were talking about. I been working my entire life. You know, they're all like, "Oh no you gotta get a job". Well I quickly found out the difference between working, and having a job. When you're working, you have the client, the employer, and ah, when you're finished doing your work, they give you the money, just stick it under the mattress. Now, when you have a job, you gotta give them half the pay back for the privilege of working for them. I don't want a job! I'm happy, I'll keep working, you know, But I had to get a job, to prove that I could be a valuable contributor to society. And so I secured a position, working in a little convenient store, in a shopping, in a Waldorf plaza, In Waldorf Maryland. And a, just down the way, they had this Popeye's

Chicken. And ah, everyday, this one fella would come down from the Popeye's Chicken, religiously, and order himself a can of Mr. Pip. Well I thought nothing of that, I figured, "well, er, Mr. Pip's somebody's gotta drink it, right?". But, then I thought to myself. Now, you can't tell me they don't give free soda to the employees at the Popeye's Chicken. Surely the soda must run like the river Jordan at the Popeye's Chicken. But nonetheless, this fella's coming, coming. Finally I stop to think, this man has an agenda. So I start teasing up my hair a little bit more in the morning, wear more electric shade lipstick to work, and the next thing you know, getting to know you, getting to know you. Stepping out, stepping out, stepping out. Before I know it, I'm pregnant with my daughter Misty.

Now, I have to tell you this did come as a bit of a surprise for me, because at this point I was in my early 50's. Well, I figure, okay what the hell, we'll go with it, see what happens. Ah, you know, and the thing was now Yasaweh was so good to me, that was his name, He was an African American gentleman by the name of Yasaweh, a wonderful fella. And ah, he was terrific to me because I couldn't leave the house, you know, everytime I leave the house, people would just look at me and point, "ah look at that crazy old woman, think she's pregnant". It was devastating, I couldn't leave the house. But Yasaweh came and brought me Popeye's Chicken, everyday. Everyday during the entirety of my pregnancy for Misty I ate nothing but Popeyes Chicken. I was sure she was gonna be born with feathers and a beak. But when it came time, she came out perfectly, all ten fingers and toes, neither of my hips cracked. And when it was all over, I looked at the doctor, because Yasaweh had been so good to me. I said listen doctor, when you're sewing up my episiotomy, could you just give me one extra little stitch for Yasaweh? Ah, see how, you women in the audience, you know what I'm talking about, what's one extra stitch to save your marriage and keep your man happy. Well, the doctor took this to be such a generous offer on my part, that he began call it the Yasaweh stitch. And I think he calls it the Yasaweh stitch to this very day, which I think is a lovely tribute, I really do. But of course, it was a, that was just a

wonderful time of my life, it was probably the most, sort of, secure, settled, kind of calm time of my life. Yasaweh and Misty, they adored each other and we were having a terrific time, it was really a lovely time and ah, of course this was the Regan-Bush era. So ah, you can imagine it was a very dark time in this country and ah, at that time, ah they had the war on drugs, you know, at first it was Communist then it was the war on drugs now it's this and that. You know the main thing is to have an invisible enemy that there's no chance in hell of you ever catching them, because if you could catch the enemy, then the war is over. Then who you gonna pay? How you gonna stand off? You know, ay, I don't need to tell you, you know what I'm talking about...

But at this time, it was the war on drugs. And ah, I remember one day Yasaweh was out driving, maybe he was you know, speeding a little bit and they pulled him over, and I guess he must've had a little sack of marijuana, for my nausea. And this little packet of white powder, my nerve medication. Now at that time they had a mandatory sentencing if you were caught with drugs, of 15 years, ladies and gentlemen. 15 years for a little marijuana and some nerve medication. Well I was devastated. It was a terrible thing, they sent Yasaweh away and I went to try to visit him as often as I could find someone to drive me. But ah, eventually we had to get back to work. And ah Herb and I got a contract performing on the princess cruise line as I said and eh, eventually I lost contact with Yasaweh, you know, it's very difficult to keep in touch with somebody from international waters, eh, and ah. To this day I really don't know what happened to Yasaweh, I hope he didn't catch anything in prison he couldn't get rid of. But, he was a wonderful man and I was out there walking by that water and I just remembered all those lonely nights on that cruise ship looking out at that ocean and missing Yasaweh, and I've just been thinking about him a lot ladies and gentlemen, and so I thought, well, It's a special night you know and I'd like to sing a special song. A song for Yasaweh ladies and gentlemen, cause, he was a, a wonderful man. A terrific father and the most tender lover I ever known. And so I like to sing this next song for Yasaweh, and eh, hope enjoy it.

Has anyone ever written anything for you and in your darkest hour, did you ever hear me sing? Listen to me now. You know I'd rather be alone, then be without you. Don't you know? Has anyone ever given anything to you and in your darkest sorrow, did you ever give it back? Well I have, I have given that to you and if it's all I ever do this is your song and the rain comes down. There's no shame and there's no doubt it was easy to say, I believed in you, everyday. If not for me then, do it for the world. Has anyone ever given anything to you and in your darkest hour, did you ever hear me sing? Listen to me now! You know I'd rather be alone, then be without you. Don't you know? So if not for me then, do it for yourself. If not for me then do it for the world. And when they speak of you - and they will speak of you - I'll tell them, I'll say, he was a poet, priest of nothing, legend, Yasaweh.

You know, Herb. The saddest day of my life was the day when John Hinckley missed. If I've had the strength, I've gone to Washington DC and shot that son of a bitch myself. But I didn't, I was tired. Now we have a bigger son of a bitch down there, don't we Herb? So ah, if any of you have the strength, how about it? Be my guest. What? Oh yeah, you're right, listen, don't tell anyone I said that. I don't want them reopening my FBI file again.

But you know, It's funny Herb how things go round, come around, go around you know, and lately, you know, when was it, couple months ago that Reagan, you know, died, you know praise the Lord Hallelujah. That was a happy day, that was a happy day Herb. And you know, all you saw on television was the legacy the legacy the legacy. How many people died of AIDS since the early 1980's, Herb, still dying. That's the legacy, I hold that son of a bitch, responsible for every AIDS' death that has ever happened in this country and in this world. That's the legacy, you know, and they got the whole funeral procession from stem to stern all over the country. Nancy banging her head on the... And you know, for a minute, I actually cried ladies and gentlemen, and then I thought. Fuck you lady. I'm not falling for that one. But hey, everybody get's theirs in the end right? Let's hope. But it is funny, you know because I think back, you know, my daughter Misty, she's a biracial baby.

(8) Has Any-
one Ever
Written Any-
thing for You

(9) The Sad-
dest Day of
My Life

But of course nowadays, it's very trendy to have a biracial baby, you know. Everyone one wants a... But of course, but then when I gave birth to Misty, that was a kind of a taboo thing, to have a biracial baby. But now, you know, everybody wants one.

You know, I think it's because of the gays, you know, all these gays getting married, having children adopting adopting a little Korean baby, a little Vietnamese baby, you know from all over. It's, you know, the gays are always the leaders, the trendsetters right? You know, and set a course. Now, If you're a white baby, you know, you see a gay fella, "Oh! Look at that gay fella over there with a white baby, he must be doing pretty good for himself". You know, a little white baby. That's a status symbol ladies and gentlemen. You know, cause those little white babies, they're not so easy to come by.

And you know, you think about it. Back in the day when we started performing they had segregation, you know. You go all over and the black people, they couldn't go in the front door, you know. "Oh why do you let em sing and dance for you", but, "please don't use our toilet". And I think back about it. You know, we use to, Herb and I would ah, we were on a kind of a circuit back in the 50's in this, you know, you travel around, going from one Cabaret night club then you all walked to another. And ah, you know, if other people be on the same circuit, you'd met people. Coming in, going out. And now I remember one day we were going into a place just as Billie Holiday was finishing up an engagement. Now I don't know if anyone of you are familiar with Billie Holiday, but she was a terrific singer and a hell of a lot of fun. Billie knew how to have a good time, ladies and gentlemen. So ah, she's finishing up in this Cabaret. She's in the dressing room, we go in. She says, "here Kiki come on in". So ah, I went in, you know, sat down, threw back a few rye and gingers, locked the door. The next thing you know, we're laughing and scratching as girlfriends do. And, she looks at me, she says, "listen Kiki, let me tell you something, a white man will fuck you, but he won't take you for dinner". I didn't know what the hell she was talking about, you know. Aye, It's Billie Holiday right? Okay Billie, whatever you say. I didn't know what the hell she was talking about. But you

know, I think she was trying to warn me, about my first husband, Ruby. He was a white man, a boxer and you know, but I didn't know you know, I was in love! Sweetheart, let me see your hand. You married? Never do it. That will be the biggest mistake you ever make in your life. You know, you love him? Love him, be with him, you know, but at that time I was, you know, it was the 50's, you know, that was the thing you do. You were supposed to grow up, you know, you find yourself a nice man, get married and have a couple of children and that was the end of the story. But of course in those days, that was the only way you could get out from under your father.

So ah, so I eh, you know, dating Ruby. Hay hay hay, you know. Finally when's he gonna ask me when's he gonna ask me? Finally he says, "Alright Kiki, will you marry me?" Yes! Yes! Yes! I'll marry you. Ah was so thrilled, you know, but of course, I had a career, a lot of women back then didn't have a career. You're a lucky young girl like you, you could get yourself an education, you can go to school, you could be anything, do anything you want. Of course, don't expect to get paid the same as a man but hay! Times changing somewhat. And ah, so, but anyway he said, "Hay Kiki, I don't want any wife of mine working, you know, you're quitting that job. We're gonna have a house" Well basically, I couldn't work anymore. And he says so he installed me in a split level ranch house in Nutley, New Jersey, where I proceeded to cook and to clean, I had to iron and to sew... Have a couple of .. Have a kid, you know, wash the diapers, clean the diapers, do the laundry, take the laundry out the backyard, put it over the clothesline, careful take a damp rag across the clothesline before you put your sheets over it, so you don't have a big black stripe across the sheets. I mean, the minutiae alone was overwhelming. And I hated it, I hated every minute of it, but I was bound and determined I was gonna make my marriage work, and I knew he was cheating on me, because like I said, I did the laundry, and I know that smell.

But I said, No! I'm gonna make this marriage work, and I decided, today's the day. Today's the day I gonna put the spark back in this marriage, so I wrapped myself up in plastic wrap, and I was waiting for him

when he came to the door. Takes one look at me, "what the hell's wrong with you," goes down the kitchen. I said, "Hey Ruby! What are you doing, I wanna... Let's do something nice, I'm gonna do somewhere, let's go out to dinner, just take me out to dinner, I wanna go, let's go dancing, let's remember what this is all about!" You know, and I hadn't seen Herb in forever, because Herb had to keep working, and he got himself a job working in a resort in ah, upstate New York, In ah, Cocopee... "Pocantico"... Well he was working for his people, ladies and gentlemen and I stewed up to his resort, you know, "Hi....how many times can you play that song".

But I said, "Come on Ruby, let's get out of here, take me someplace, like, let's go to the Pocapees and see Herb. Just get me out of here, I want to get out! I just wanna..." He said, "Hell no we're not going out, I want my dinner and I want it now." And he went out in the kitchen got himself a beer, and went out and sat down in front of the television, and fell asleep. Now, I don't know if any of you people have ever experienced this, we just, walking along, right as rain, fit as a fiddle and ready for love, and all of a sudden. Snap! You snap. Oh I'm okay, you're okay, everything's groovy in this world. Tickeddy boo, tickedy boo, tickedy boo, tickedy boo. Snap! Well all I can tell you, is that when Ruby went in that living room and sat down in front of that television, I just. Snapped! And I found myself in the kitchen. What am I? Who am I? What am I doing here? How did I get here? Grazing grazing grazing grazing. Hands over the counter. Hands over the counter. Who would like it, who would love you. Maybe I'll make some coffee, maybe I'll make some coffee. Hot one or cold one or hot one or cold one. Grazing grazing grazing. There's the refrigerator, there's the refrigerator. What'll I have for dinner? What'll I have for dinner? What'll I have for dinner?

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I've always had a thing for knives. I love a knife. The shear utilitarian vision of a knife. The design, perfection of a knife. And when I first married Ruby, it was our first christmas together, he said, "Kiki what would you like for Christmas?" I said, "I'd like a set of steak knives if you please". Well he took this to be a strange request

from a newly wed, expecting mother. But ladies and gentlemen, I'm not gonna cut my meat with a butter knife. Grazing grazing grazing grazing. And all of a sudden, I found that I had this hand full of steak knives, and I went out to the living room where Ruby was sleeping and just... I wasn't stabbing him in the heart, I wasn't stabbing him in the stomach, I wasn't trying to kill him, I was just poking him in the arm. Just trying to get his attention, just trying to get his attention. And he woke up, and he backhanded me across the living room. And that night, I ended up in jail for the very first time. But let me tell you something ladies and gentlemen, when I was in the pokey, I learned there is more than one way to love. The next day, Ruby came to bail me out, I was waiting for him. "Ruby, this is Sandra, Sandra this is Ruby." He's the other woman, don't mess with a disinfected house wife! Ha! Ha! Ha!

A lover spurned. A lesson learned. I love you cause your fingers burned, shed bitter tears. Now love has turned, the sweet revenge of a lover spurned. A passing phase, a week of love till all at once, you've had enough. It pales so soon waned with the moon. No more can say for a lover spurned. She'll destroy you with your little games, make you swallow all the blame. Make you pay in many ways, for the pleasure of watching you squirm. She'll get her friends to treat you rough. She'll say, "Your doves weren't good enough", so make a going really tough for the pleasure of watching you burn in hell. And every day, more guilt to pay. The lesson learned from a lover spurned. Lalalalala...

Well. It was all just peachy keen delicious and fan fucking tastic for you wasn't it. You with your wife, your two children and your beautiful house, not to mention your homosexual lover. But that wasn't enough for you was it? Oh no I must have Kiki, give me Kiki, I cannot live without Kiki. Then all of a sudden you get Kiki. Then all of a sudden, becomes too much, becomes a little bit too much with the juggling juggling juggling juggling, with the wife, the children, the god marriage counselling session. Not to mention all those back and forth trips from break neck long Island, to that little theatre tear in the west village. So things gotta give it's all too much, it's all too

(10) A Lover Spurned

much, I can't handle it, what can I cut loose, what can I get rid of. Oh maybe I'll cut Kiki loose, maybe Kiki's a little too much, maybe Kiki's a little too demanding, maybe Kiki's a little too intense.

Well that's just fine for you sweetheart, but you know, you go back to your perfect wife, your lover, your children. But what am I left with? I'm left with nothing but a can full of faded photographs, a half dilapidated career, and a cold empty heart. Well, let me tell you something sweetheart, I'm not that easily forgotten, I'll come back someday when you least expect it to make you pay. You asked for it that way. I'm coming to get you with a knife. Write poisoned letters to your wife, totally destroy our life for the pleasure of watching you squirm. I'll make a fool of you and work dragging him through the dirt. Make him really really hurt for the pleasure of watching you burn in hell. A lover spurned, a lesson learned. I love you got your fingers burned, shed bitter tears. Now love has turned this sweet revenge of a lover spurned. The sweet revenge of a lover spurned. The sweet revenge of a lover spurned.

I can't believe you had the nerve to show up here. But it just goes to show you, ladies and gentlemen, even when they have enough of Kiki, the women. They can never get enough of Kiki the showgirl. Never do it sweetheart, you don't want to go through all that. So ah.... I respect, I have respect for this establishment.

So ah, needless to say, my marriage didn't work out. Somebody left. But ah, of course, we had to get back to work right? I called Herb I said, "Herb! Quit the Pocapees, we gotta get back to work," you know. But of course, by now it was the 60's, times have changed, you know. Can't just pick up where you left off, we hadn't been working for a while, it was difficult. Tough time, but ah. Fortunately, I received a letter from a very dear friend of mine, Princess Grace. May she rest in peace.

Ah, now, I had been friends with Gracie for a long time you know, starting from the 50's a lot of people think, "Oh, she's a Princess of Monaco. She's a big academy award winning actress". But you know, when she first started out she was just a trashy little girl from Philadelphia. And, we used to run around,

(11) Bored, Bored, Bored

you know, even when she was down out there making a movie, she'd come back to New York you know and we'd go out hit the town, you know. She was a lot of fun back then. Good time Gracie, you know, she dated a lot, ladies and gentlemen. Let me tell you Grace Kelly was in the first slot machine to end up in Monte Carlo. And, you know, we had a terrific time, you know, we'd go all, we went all over town, you know, she knew how to hit the scene, you know, surround herself with a lot of other attractive women. No one would have eclipsed her beauty. I fit the bill. So ah, we'd go off, hit the town, we use to all the night clubs, we'd go to the latin quarter. I remember I used to love the latin quarter, it was run by Lou Walters, Barbara Walters' father. He was a lot of fun, you know, we used to call him, "Toots". Toots Walters, you know, he knew how to keep a party going. He knew how to treat a showgirl. But you know, eventually Gracie went off to Monaco and made that movie and met the Prince, you know, the rest is history. But of course, when she became engaged to Prince Rainier, she asked me if I would be one of her bridesmaids. She said, "Kiki, I love for you to be one of my bridesmaids, but I can't have Ruby at the wedding". I said, "Well if Ruby can't come, then I'm not coming either". Stupid, stupid, stupid. So she got Rita Gum. But you know, so you know, you know, I got Grace Kelly and Billie Holiday warned me against this idiot, but I still married him. I loved, I loved. Avoid that if you can sweetheart. So ah you know, eventually I quit and I got this letter, and it was the most beautiful, cause I sent Gracie this note, I said, "Dear Gracie, Ruby's gone. You were right, jokes on me. Ha ha. Love, Kiki". Then she did the most wonderful thing ladies and gentlemen, probably the most generous wonderful thing anyone has ever done for me in my life. She sent me a letter inviting Herb and myself and my daughter Coco to come over to Monaco, she was gonna present us in Monte Carlo and she was gonna take care of us and take care of us until we got back on our feet. Well I dressed little Coco up and I grabbed Herb, we high-tailed it to Monaco. Oh it was a fantastic time ladies and gentlemen, Gracie and I got along beautifully because we liked the same pills. And I was the only person she knew who could get her the pills she wanted

and that's a wonderful feeling ladies and gentlemen. To be needed to be helpful. It was a wonderful time you know, but Gracie. But even Gracie back then she was bored bored bored bored. She was an actress, an artist. But that Rainer had the yolk on her boy. I remember in her later years, she used to just sit up in that pink palace take little dry flowers sticking the pieces of paper, sending off to Paris, pray to God she could get a gallery show just so she could get the hell out of town.

And, you know, I believe, that she drove that car, off the edge of that cliff on purpose. And she had her daughter Stephanie in the car because she knew, no one would think she would try to kill herself with her own child in the car. But hey, that's just my theory. But ah, I think I knew Gracie pretty well. But of course 1967 all of that was ahead of us so none of it was behind us. We were having a terrific time you know, and ah, Herb and I had just recorded our 1968 comeback record, "Kiki and Herb it's not unusual", thank you very much. And ah, Gracie just loved it. There was one song that she had decided you see that she was gonna have this, she was bored, she was gonna have this Bastille day ball, a big masquerade ball, you know, recapture her days of Hollywood glory in a sort of there to catch a beef you know what I mean. She was gonna invite everybody, everybody was gonna come from all over Europe, the Royalty the stars. And we used to just sit up at that pink palace. We had recorded this record, and there was one song in that record and she loved it, she just listened to it over and over and over again, finally I said, "listen Grace, if you turn off the record I'll sing the God damn song your you myself". She says, "But Kiki, It sounds better on the record". She had a real sense of humor that Gracie, a lot of people don't know that, she was funny! But bored bored bored shopping shopping shopping Balmain, Balenciaga, Pierre Cardin. You name it, she bought it, she wore it. And she asked Herb and I, "Would you Kiki, would you do me the honour of singing that song at my Bastille day ball?" I said, "Well honey, sure". Oh my God she was...

Ladies and gentlemen, it was our big break, it was the biggest night of our lives. Everyone was gonna be

there, I borrowed a dress from Gracie. You should've seen her face when she realised I borrowed it. You could see the surprise behind the mask. But ah, she asked us to come and do the song, this song, and. It was really the most glamorous fantastic evening of our lives, everyone was there ladies and gentlemen.

I thought well here we are at Carnegie Hall. Why don't we just do this song Herb that we did in the 1967. I haven't sung it since then. But I thought it's a special night, so we're gonna do this song, so. Here we are, but, we're at Carnegie Hall right now, but ladies and gentlemen just sort of, close your eyes and picture the grand casino in Monte Carlo. Everyone was there, choose your role, you could be Gary Grant, Sophia Loren, her serene highness Princess Grace, and me, well. I think I'll play myself.

Round, like a circle in the spiral, like a wheel within a ring. Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning ring, like a snowball down a mountain or a carnival below, like a carousel that's spinning. Running rings around the bull, like a clock whose hand keep sweeping. As the minutes of its face and the world is like an apple, spinning silently in space as the images unwind in the windmills of your mind. Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own. Down a hallway to a cavern where the sun is never shown. Like a door that keeps revolving in some half forgotten dream. Like the ripples of a pebble someone tossed into a stream. Like a clock whose hand keeps sweeping as the minutes of its face and the world is like an apple, spinning silently in space in the pictures that you find in the windmills of your mind. Where's there's a jiggle in your pocket? Where's the jangle in your hip? Why did summer end so quickly? Was it something that I said? Lovers walk along the shore and leave their footprints in the sand. Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your hand? Pictures hanging in the hallway and the saddles of a saw. Can't remember names and faces but would never hate them all. And you knew that it was over in the autumn of goodbye. For a moment you could not recall the colour of his eyes and you could circle in this spiral like a wheel in a ring. Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning reel as the images unwind in the pictures that you find in the windmills of your mind.

(12) The Windmills of My Mind

I was meant for the stage. I was meant for the curtains. I was meant to track these ports. Of this much I am certain. I was meant for applause. I was meant for derision. I was meant to raise my hand with quiet around me. Mother, please be proud. Father be forgiving, even though you told me, son you'd never make a living. And from the floorboards to the flies here I was fainted to reside and as I take my final bow was there ever any doubt? And as the spotlight fades away and you're escorted through the foyer, you will resume your callow ways, but I was meant for the stage. But heaven's at my birth. They faded me for stardom, raise of light shone down on me and all my sins were pardoned. But as the spotlight fades away and you're escorted through the foyer, you will resume your callow ways, but I was meant for the stage.

Herb, ladies and gentlemen, isn't he fantastic? I don't know what I'd do without this fella right here ladies and gentlemen, I've know Herb my entire life, and I just think you're the most wonderful person I've ever known Herb. I really do and it's been. You really should you, I've worked with you for a very very very long time, very, long time. And ah, I just like to say, I think you're terrific, I... I hope that our few remaining friends, give up on trying to save us, I hope we come up when the fail save plot to piss off the dumb few that forgave us. I hope the benches we mended, fall down beneath their own weight. And I hope we hang on past the last exist, I hope it's already too late. And I hope the junkyard, a few blocks from here, one day burns down, and I hope the rising black smoke carries me far away and I never come back to this town again. In my life, I hope I lie and tell everyone you were a good wife, and I hope you die. I hope we both die. Lala lalalalala...

I hope I cut myself shaving tomorrow, I hope it bleeds all day long. Our friend's always say it's darkest before the sun rises, I'm pretty sure, they're all wrong. And I hope it stays dark forever. And I hope the worst isn't over. And I hope you blink before I do. And I hope I never get sober. And I hope when you think of me you stay on the line, you can't think of one good thing to say. And I hope that I find the strength to walk out, you'll stay the hell out of my way. I am drowning. There is no sign of life. You are

(13) I Was Meant for the Stage

(14) No Children

coming down with me, hand in unlovable hand and
I hope you die. I hope we both die Lalalalalalal....
That's enough of that song Herb.

Let's do a happy song. A happy song for people,
yeah that's more like it here we go. Ha. Why are there
so many songs about rainbows? And what's on the
other side? Rainbows are visions, but only illusions,
and rainbows have nothing to hide. So we've told
some choose to believe it, I know their wrong, wait
and see. Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connec-
tion. The lover's, the demons and me. Who has said
that every wish would be heard and answered? When
wish on the morning star? Somebody thought of that
and someone believed it, look what it's done so far.
What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing? And
what do we think we might see? Someday we'll find
it, the rainbow connection. The lovers, the dream-
ers and me. O, lovers under it's spell, I think that it's
probably magic. Have you been half asleep, and have
you heard voices? I've heard them calling my name,
KIKI! KIKI! KIKI! Is this the sweet sound, that calls the
young sailors? The voice, might be one and the same.
I've heard it too many times to ignore it. It's some-
thing that I'm supposed to be. Some day we'll find
it, the rainbow connection. The lovers, the dreamers
and me. Lalalal....

Tomorrow belongs. Tomorrow belongs. Tomorrow
belongs to me. Edelweiss, edelweiss. Every morning
you greet me small and white, clean and bright. You
look happy to meet me. Tomorrow belongs to me.

Thank you ladies and gentle, we're gonna take a
little break, and we'll be back in just a few minutes.
We'll be right back.

* PAUSE *

(15) Rainbow Connection



Act 2

- (1) Pina Colada Song
- (2) Institutionalized
- (3) Jazz
- (4) The Paris Match
- (5) I've Got to Go to Vietnam
- (6) The Revolution Medley: The Revolution Will Not Be Televised/Lose Yourself/Once in a Lifetime
- (7) Dominique
- (8) Show Business Martyrs
- (9) The Thin Ice
- (10) Love Will Tear Us Apart
- (11) Temptation
- (12) Total Eclipse of the Heart
- (13) Those were the Days
- (14) Tonight's the Kind of Night
- (15) Ladies and Gentleman We Are Floating in Space
- (16) Running up That Hill

I was tired of a my lady, we been together too long like some one hour recording of my favourite song. So whilst she lay there sleeping, I read the paper instead and in a personal column, I read a letter that said, It said! Do you like Pina Colada. It's cold in the rain. Are you into health food?

Wait a minute wait a minute, just hold on a minute, wait a minute. Look, I just wanna say something, now quick. Just wait a minute Herb.

Alright ladies and gentlemen. It's no secret that I've been having a lot of problems lately. Everywhere I go, I've been here in New York, been trying to get ready for this Carnegie Hall show. I'm an old person, I do my things, I live my life. Oh Kiki! Isn't going to be a great plan to be at Carnegie Hall, We'll yeah sure, it's terrific. I get work the same amount of work as an, as any other show I ever do. You know hopefully if people around out there are comfortable and having a good time, and I'm glad you came to everything. But, you know, it doesn't make any difference for me, I've been working just as hard my entire life. And I've just been, you know, kind of on edge, a little nervous, and everyone keeps saying.

"O but Kiki! You know you're so worked up! You know, maybe you should just you know, find some help, you know, get a little someone, talk to, just work these things out in your head, cause it just seems like you're angry for a lot of reasons, just doesn't seem like you should be angry. " I say Hey! You don't need to tell what I should think, how I need to feel or what I need to do. I'm doing just fine on my own.

"O Kiki, we're worried about you, you should probably, find someone that you could talk to, someone that can help you out, you can just really, you can just sit there and have a conversation, you'll talk, they're listen."

Before you know it, I say Hey! I don't wanna talk to anybody, I know what I'm angry about, I know what it's all about, I don't need anyone to tell anything, I'm just fine.

They say, "but maybe you should just talk to somebody" I say, I don't wanna talk to anybody, I don't wanna talk to anybody about it. But they just keep bugging me, they just keep bugging me! Institutional. I'm not crazy! You're the one that's cra-

(1) Pina Colada Song

(2) Institutionalized

zy, you drive me crazy! Institutional. Put me in an institution said it was the only solution, to get me some professional help to save me from the enemy, myself. So, not so long ago I was in San Francisco. I'm sitting in.. We're staying in the Phoenix hotel, it's a lovely hotel. I'm sitting in my room, I'm staring at the wall. And I'm thinking about everything, and then again, I'm thinking about nothing. I'm just looking at this wall, it's a lovely wall, the ceiling meets the wall, the wall meets the floor. It's a white wall, nothing on it, maybe little stain, just sort of. It's a beautiful wall. I'm just sitting there, I heard a knocky knock knock knock on the door. "Come in."

In comes my son Brad. Well Bradford you've finally decided to come see your dear old mother. Well isn't this fantastic, this is a cause for a celebration, why don't you run down to the liquor store and get us a bit of Canadian Club and we'll sit down and have a drink, we'll talk about old times, we'll just have a wonderful mother child reunion.

This is fantastic. He says, mother, I'm not, I didn't come here to drink with you. I'm not going down to the liquor store. I say, listen Bradford, don't start all that up again, let's just let bygones be bygones and we'll sit here, and we'll enjoy each other. Just go down to the liquor store and get us a drink. He says, "mother you're a drunk". I said, Bradford, I'm not a drunk. All I want is a little Canadian Club whiskey, to sit with my only son and have a little cocktail. He says, "mother you're a drunk." I said, Bradford I don't know what you're doing. He says, "mother you're just... ahh...." You're the one that's crazy. You drive me crazy. Put me in an institute, said it was the only solution Get me some professional help, to save me from the enemy, myself.

So, just a few minutes ago, I'm upstairs and in the dressing room. The producers of this lovely production, are... They're get together. They knocked on the door. I said, come in. Say ah. "Kiki, pull up a chair, sit down." I sit down, they say, "Kiki, we're worried about you, we've ah, we've noticed that you've been going off a lot lately, and ah, we're afraid you're gonna hurt somebody, we're afraid you're gonna hurt yourself. So we've decided, it would be in your best interest if we put you somewhere where you can get the help

you need." I said, "Hey, wait a minute, we've decided MY best interest, how the hell do WE know what MY best interest is? After all, I've been to your schools, I've been to your churches, I've been to your institutional learning facilities and you're trying to tell me I'm crazy? I'm not crazy, you're the ones that crazy.

Institutional! I'm not crazy! Institutional! You're the ones that crazy. Institutional! You drive me crazy! Put me in an institute, said it was the only solution. Get me some professional help, to save me from the enemy, myself. Well you know what? Any minute now, some little terrorist bomber might just come in here and blow up this entire joint and then no one's gonna have to worry about me. You know what hey...

Let's just take a step back here. Let's just, you know, remember what we're here for, you know, when people come to see Kiki, they want to hear her sing! So ah, let's just, ah, oh god I can't stand this!

You know, let's just, you know what Herb, let's just do a nice song for these people. We'll a little special treat for you ladies and gentlemen.

We're gonna do a number for you. From our very first record, came out 1957. The hazy days of Kiki. Thank you very much, thank you very much. And I'm gonna sing it for you, in the original key. A zooma-a-de-bah. Zoom-a-de-bah -de-swah-de-boo-deh. Ah-zoom a-d-ed-bah-..... Jazz!

That's what's known as scat. Now, I know what you're thinking. Shut up bah-bah-bah-bah...

Empty hours spent, combing the street. In day-time showers they reek on my beat. I walk from cafes to bars, wish I knew where you are. Just that I'm biting my time and now I've run out of time. Empty skies they try to forget, better advice is to have no regrets. I walk from cafe to bar, and... and now I'm all outside. I'm only sad in a natural way and I enjoy sometimes feeling this way. The gift you gave was desire. The match that started my fire. Take it Herb...

Empty nights, with nothing to do I sit and drink. All my thoughts are of you. I get so restless and bored, so I walk out the door I had to feel soaking fine and now, losing my mind. I'm only sad in a natural way and I enjoy sometimes feeling this way. The gift you gave, was desire. The match that started my fire. The match that started my fire. The match that start-

(3) Jazz

(4) The Paris Match

ed my fire. The matches.... my fire, but you started, matches started, matches started Bah-boo-dee. The match that started my fire. The match that started my fire.

See? That's more like it! That's what they came for. O terrific, yeah.

You know ladies and gentlemen. Herb and I have been travelling all around the world recently, been to Europe, been to London, here and there all over. And every place we go, people say, "Kiki, November is coming up, you gonna vote that son of a bitch out of office?"

I tell'em, I say. Hey, we didn't vote the son of a bitch into office in the first place, how the hell do you think we're gonna get him out? You know, I mean, he who didn't have any power when he got in the last time, now he's got a lot of power, and don't care how many votes the other fella gets, that son... He's not going anywhere. You know here we are and everybody's saying, oh we're all off voting, rocking here and there, fighting for freedom, fighting for freedom, fighting for freedom. Fighting for democracy. Who the hell's gonna fight for our freedom ladies and gentlemen? We are an occupied territory, you know. Democracy? Ladies and gentlemen I hate to break the big bad news, but we are not living in a democracy anymore, the Supreme Court put the Kabosh on that with the 5 to 4 vote in December of 2000. So don't kid yourselves you know. But hey, good luck I hope you get in, you know. But it is crazy you know, and I think about it because, well, we've been around for a while, and this is war in here, and I remember in ah, 1967, I ah, I lost my daughter Coco, may she rest in peace, and ah, If there are any parent's here, you know, there's nothing, there's no greater tragedy, then anyone would ever have to live through, then the loss of a child. And ah, 1967, I lost my daughter Coco, may she rest in peace, she drowned ladies and gentlemen, and ah, I was devastated, I was really very upset, and of course there was another senseless war back then we had the Vietnam war, everybody was so enthralled with. And seeing people today, o well you know, anyways. What the hell was I talking about Herb?

(5) I've Got to Go to Vietnam

Ah yeah, so my son at that time. When I lost my daughter Coco, my son Bradford was serving in Vietnam, and I thought, I lost my daughter Coco, I've gotta see my other child, I gotta see Bradford, I gotta go connect, so I hopped on a plane to fly to Vietnam. The closest I could get was Hong Kong, so I landed in Hong Kong, I gave this \$20 to this A-wall American soldier to take me into Vietnam on a rickshaw. Now that I know all these years later he turned out to be our president. I get to Vietnam, I'm looking all over to find Bradford, I never found him. Turns out he wasn't even in Vietnam. He just told me he was in Vietnam to get under my skin. The whole time he was living in San Francisco hippy dippy, living out there you know in the heat and all ashbury all that, so I went to San Francisco, I ended up in an Ashram in northern California, you know, trying to find myself. Nongnongalinganong.... And ah, finally Herb came over and he said, "listen Kiki we gotta get back to work". I said Herb, I'm not going back to work, I'm never gonna sing again. Singing comes from the heart, my heart is broken and I'm never gonna sing again. He said, "well Kiki, if you don't wanna sing. Why don't do we do a spoken word record?" Now, I mean, you know, I love spoken word, I'm a talker talker talker talker, you know as soon as I, don't give me silence, just keep me. They say silence is golden. Silence isn't golden. Silence is annoying. So I said, "Well Herb I might like... You know".

I sure, got into the idea. Started going around San Francisco to you know, as a politically at the time lots of activists on the. People running around doing their little signs, and in their coffee houses saying their poetry and everything. Well I found this one fellow, he was the most terrific, and you know I alway loved the Beatniks. You know in the fifties I loved, you know, a lot of friends with the, Will..Bill Burroughs an Ginsberg you know, I know all those fellas. And I remember one time, we, a whole bunch of us went down to Mexico for a holiday, we're just sitting around one afternoon, just drinking drinking having a good time, you know. Someone says, "hay Bill why don't you show Kiki that William Tell game". Someone put an apple on my head. Well ladies and gentlemen, I scream AHHH! Bloody murder. Well that

Bill Burroughs just shot his wife in the head. Oh, I felt terrible, but you know. Better her than me right?

So, I've always loved spoken word. So I said, let's go out and I was culling culling culling. And I found this fella, this very talented fella, a wonderful young fella by the name of Gil Scott Heron and I was a big fan of his. And ah, and the reason I didn't know any of this was you know, ah I stay home, I'm a news junky I watch the news, CNN, MSM, BCCM CBS ABC.. I watch all of it, I don't believe a word of it, you know, but I just wanna hear what the hell they think we're trying to swallow now. You know, okay okay, that might not be the question I'd ask and that might, you know but any way. It's just a waste of time, but it's what I do it's what I do. But Herb, he gets out you know, he leaves the house sometimes and a, one day he was out and he found this record ladies and gentleman cause you go about your life living your life, doing your thing, sometimes, I live in the present I don't living the past, I forgot more things, anyways, yeah I don't remember. And he came across this record that we didn't even remember ever recording. It was a beautiful record. It was a terrific record and that's what made me think of this, and we listened to that record, and it seemed as relevant today as it did at the time that we recorded it.

I thought, well, here we are, It's, why don't we just dust off this old piece. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if it's not a song, if it's not sung, if it's a spoken word, it's a piece. So I said, why don't we dust off this old piece and we're gonna do it for you tonight, ladies and gentlemen, it's from our 1972 spoken word record, Kiki and Herb: Whities on the Moon.

The revolution will not be televised. The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal. The revolution will not get rid of the nubs. The revolution will not make you look 5 pounds thinner because the revolution will not be televised brother. There will be no pictures of you and Willy May pushing that shopping cart down the block on the dead end rung or trying to slide that coloured television into a stolen ambulance. NBC will not be able to predict the weather at 8:32 or report from 29 districts. The revolution will not be televised. Theres only one guy. Wu tang mother fucker. There's only one thing.

(6) The Revolution Medley:
The Revolution Will Not
Be Televised/
Lose Yourself/
Once in a Lifetime

Wu Tang mother fucker. There's only guy. It's Wu mother fucker. When I first came on this scene, bitches were petrified. Give it to me big daddy Herb. Give it to me and see how. Come back to look, your bitches by homicide. My rapper, take it down a hill and kill you all Now all you bitch ass niggas in the industry, your careers won't be lasting long. It's Wu mother fuckers. Shimee shimee ahh shimmer ayaya. Wu tang Wu tang Wu Tang titi titi titi Wu Tang Wu Tang. There's only one guy.

No more games. I'm a change which you call rage, tear this mother fucking roof off like two dogs cage, I was playin in the beginning, mood all changed, I've been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage. But I kept rhyming and step right in the next side for best believe somebody's paying for pied piper and all the pain inside is amplified by the fact that I can't get by with my 9 to 5 and I can't provide the right type of life for my family cause man these goddamn food stamps don't buy diapers and there's no way for food no way for gas this is my life. Times are hard and it's getting even harder trying to feed one in my sit plus dinners gotta have between me a mother and my prima donna baby mama drama screaming over too much. They don't understand what's mine. Know the jam or not. It's gotten me to the point I'm like a snail, I've gotta formula a plot or end up in jail or shot. Success is my only mother fucking option failure's not. Mama loves you but this trailers got to go, I can not grow old in Salom's lots so here I goes my shot. If you fail me now, this may be the only opportunity if that, you better lose yourself in the music the moment you own it your better never to let it go. I know one shot and I don't miss a chance to blow, this opportunity comes once in a lifetime, lose yourself in the music the moment you own it your better never to let it go, I know one shot and I don't miss a chance to blow, this opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo. And you may ask yourself, where is my beautiful pass? And you may ask yourself, where does this highwind go? And you may ask yourself, am I right? Am I wrong? And you may tell yourself, my god, what have I done?

Letting the days go by, let the waters hold me down, letting the days go by, water flowing under,

into the blue again, after the money is gone, once in a lifetime, waters flowing underground. Same as it ever was. Same as it ever was. Same as it ever was.

The revolution will not be televised. The revolution will not be right back after a message about a white tornado, white lightning or white people. You will not have to worry about a dove in your bedroom, a tiger in your tank or the giant in your toilet bowl. The revolution will not go better with coke. The revolution will not fight the germs that may cause bad breath. The revolution will put you in the driver's seat. The revolution will not be televised. Will not be televised. Will not be televised. The revolution will be, live.

Dominique-nique-nique for the landing for the log it sings a little song. Never asking for a war, he just talks about the lord, he just talks about the lord. At a time in over England, Johny Lakeland was the King Dominique with in the bathroom fighting sin like anything. Dominique-nique-nique... Domnique-nique-nique.

You know, ladies and gentlemen, put me down here, that song, was originally recorded, it was by the singing nun ladies and gentlemen and I look at you people and I hear, Dominique-inique-nique, and let's face it ladies and gentlemen. This song is a sing-a-long. So I'm gonna ask you all, to sing along with Kiki to the tune of Dominique-inique-nique, are you ready? One - two - one - two - three - Dom... and sings a little song. Never asking for a war, he just talks about the lord, he just talks about the lord.

Ladies and gentlemen, that was fantastic. That was amazing, you know, it is humbling, humbling to stand up here as an entertainer, in front of such a talented group of people, you could just start. So because you've done such a good job doing Dominique-inique-nique, this time i'm gonna ask you to do it again. But this time 'i'm gonna ask you to do it in French, alright? Deux - one - two - three, Dominique-inique-nique..... Dominique-inique-nique.

That was amazing, amazing, you could just all of a sudden, out of the blue, all two thousand eight hundred of you people, sing Dominique-inique-nique in French, like that, that's fantastic, now I'm gonna set up a real challenge for you to sport. Now what I'm ask you this time, is sing Dominique-inique-nique in

(7) Dominique

German, and I will do the desk count, are you ready? One – two – three... Dominique, Dominique, Dominique-inique-nique, nique, niqueniqueniquenique...

Will, like I said, that song was originally recorded by the singing nun, she killed herself. You know, you know a lot of you may be aware of the fact that you know, she was a singing nun, but I don't know if any of you people also happen to know that not only were she a nun, but she was also a lesbian. It's very difficult to be a lesbian and a nun, although, not unheard of. But to be a lesbian and a nun, in show business! That's where the trouble started, so I'd like you all to just take a moment, and I want you to take a moment, think about that singing nun, and I want you to think about all the happy hours you've received from the singing nun, and then I want you to ask yourselves, what the hell did you ever do for her?

She gave up her life, for show business. She was a show business martyr. That's what I'm talking about ladies and gentlemen, show business martyrs. Lived her life for the public, went out and just killed herself, and you think about all the others you know, think about, Marlene Dietrich, the golden goddess of the silver screen, the greatest sex symbol in the history of motion pictures, maybe she got a little older, maybe the parts weren't coming as quickly as they used to. Did she give up? Did she quit? No, she had a plastic rubber suit made in the shape she wanted her body to be in, squeezed herself into it, wrapped herself and, in some chiffon, threw on some spangles and went on the road, so that for \$25 you could feel a living legend.

Falling in love again, she falls off the stage, breaks a leg, maybe she didn't give it quite enough time to heal. Falling in love again, the next thing you know, she ends up in a hotel room in Paris, an old bitter, sour kraut.

Show biz. Show business, and ladies and gentlemen, who was the greatest show business martyr of all time? Our lord and saviour, Jesus Christ. The passion of the christ, the greatest box office bonanza in the history of motion pictures, he died so that Mel Gibson can be a billionaire. And yet, you can't help but think, what would happen of poor Jesus if he was alive today, you know, all these people some-

(8) Show Business Martyrs

how seem to run for office on their morality, and their good christian values, some seem to have a problem with thou shalt not kill. So, I just sort of imagine, that poor little Jesus came back today, he'd probably string em up from the top of the empire state building, a Prince of peace, I don't want to hear that around here today, Prince of peace. Crucify him crucify him, were you there when they crucified my lord, were you there when they crucified my lord. Sometimes, it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they nailed him to that tree? Poor little baby Jesus, Kiki loves you Jesus.

My daughter Coco gave her life up for show business. It was down by that water Herb, I looked out and I saw that dank dark water and I, Coco, just wished Coco could have been here tonight see all this. My little Coco, she was the apple of my eyes, she really was, I loved that little kid you know, it was a 1967, we just played at the grand casino, and we were a hit, everybody wanted us, even Herb, it was good really, it the most glamorous fantastic time in my life, it was beautiful, and ah. Someone came over to me and said, "Kiki, there's someone very important who would like to meet you, he might be able to get you that contact you've been wanting for Kiki, just be nice to him Kiki, just be nice to him."

I'll be nice to him, I'll be nice, I'm nice to everybody. I'm like the little retarded girl across the street I'm everybody's friend. They said, "No Kiki, be nice to him". I said, well, what the hell does he, what am I supposed to do? Just go out, "he wants to go out on a little picnic, Kiki, just wants to go out on his yacht, just go, just do it, it'd be smart it'd be a good career move, just trust me on this one, just do it." Said, what am I supposed to do, you know? I got a Coco, I can't just leave Coco, Herb doesn't want to be, wanna see Coco again. "Just take her with you Kiki, it'd be nice out there, she'll be out on the yacht it'll be a beautiful day, she can enjoy herself, just be nice to him Kiki." Alright so, we go out on the yacht, beautiful, sunny summer day. Coco was on deck, playing with her Barbie, I was below deck, being nice. I mean, ladies and gentlemen, where the hell can you get going with a deckered boat? And, you know, I never saw anyone drown before, I always wonder when people drown

do they just sink to the bottom or do they bobble? Bobble? They just go straight down they just. I wake up every morning, that's the first thing I see, I mean, ladies and gentlemen, how do you live with something like that? ...We just keep moving on, sometimes you have to forget, so that you can move on.

Mama loves her baby and daddy loves you too. We just keep moving on. And the sea may look warm to you babe and the sky look blue. Ooooo, baby. Oooooo, baby blue. OooooOooOOooOOOOOOOoOOO, Babe.

If you should go skating on the thin ice of modern life, dragging behind you the silence reproach of a billion tear stained eyes, don't be surprised if a crack in the ice, appears under your feet, you're out of your depth and out of your mind, with your fear flowing out behind you as you claw the thin ice.

It'll be alright honey common let's just keep moving on. Cause you know sometimes you, sometimes you have to forget, so that you can move on. And on and on, sometimes you have to forget, so you can move on, I'll be here forever my love, will just keep going on and on and on and on and on, you're my everything my love. We just keep going on and on and on.

You never left me did you Herb. I'll never leave you my love, I'll be here forever. Herb never left, can't get rid of Herb. Sometimes you have to forget, so that you can move on. I'll be okay Herb, I'll be alright. Sometimes you have to forget, you have to forget so that you to move on. So that you can move on. I'll be right with you Herb, we're gonna sing these songs baby, you want me to sing don't yah, bygone I'm gonna sing for you baby. Either way I'll be here for you my love. This is for you baby. You're my everything.

When routine bits here, wait a minute, I'll be right with you. No we just keep moving on. When routine bites hard, and ambitions are low and resentment rides high, but emotions won't grow and we're changing our ways, taking different roads, then love, love will tear us apart, again. Love, love will tear us apart, again. When you lay down in your sleep turned away on your side is it my timing that floored, or a specked rung so dry. Yet you still disappear, that we kept through our lives and love, love will tear us apart again. Love, love will tear us apart, again. Do you cry

(9) The Thin Ice

(10) Love Will Tear Us Apart

out in your sleep, or my feelings exposed. There's a taste in my mouth as desperation takes hold. Is it something so good, I just can't tell anymore and love, love will tear us apart, again. Love, love will tear us apart, again.

But I've never met anyone quite like you before, my love. Well I've never met anyone quite like you before, you're a heaven, a gateway, a hope. You're my everything my darling. Just like a feeling, I need you to know it's no joke. And though it hurts me to see you this way, betrayed by words we never heard, too hard to say. Up down, turn around. Please don't let me hit the ground. Tonight I think I'll walk alone, I'll find myself as I go home. I'll never let you hit the ground my love. Up down, turn around. Please don't let me hit the ground. Tonight I think I'll walk alone, I'll find my soul as I go home. You're my everything, my love, we just keep moving on. Each way I turn, you know I always try, to break this circle that's been built around me. From time to time, I think I've lost some of me, that was important to myself, I do believe. Up down, turn around. Please don't let me hit the ground. Tonight I think I'll walk alone, I'll find myself as I go home. Up down, turn around. Please don't let me hit the ground. Tonight I think I'll walk alone, I'll find my soul as I go home. I'll find my soul, I'll find my soul.

Oh you got green eyes, oh you got blue eyes, oh you got grey eyes. Oh you got blue eyes oh you got green eyes oh you got grey eyes. Pulled from above him the people down low, people in this world we got no place to go. Boats from above him, the people down low, people in this world we got no place to go. Boats from above him, the people down low, people in this world we got no place to go. Boats from above him, the people down low, people in this world we got no place to go.

Oh it's the last time, oh it's the last time, oh it's the last time. oh it's the last time. oh it's the last time. oh it's the last time. oh it's the last time. oh it's the last time. And love! Love will tear us apart, again. Is that it?

Thank you ladies and gentlemen, you've been a beautiful audience, and I would just like to say, if I could love, I would love you all.

(11) Temptation

We are strong. Heartache, to heartache we stand. No promises. No demands, love, is a battlefield.

Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit lonely and I'm never comin round. Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit tired of listening to the sound of my tears. Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit nervous that the best of all the years have gone by. Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit terrified and then I see the look in your eyes. Turn around, bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart, bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart. Turn around every now and then I get a little bit restless and I dream of something wild. Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit frightened, and I'm lying like a child in your arms. Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit angry and I know I have to get up and cry. Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit terrified and then I see the look in your eyes. Turn around, bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart. Turn around, bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart.

And I need your love tonight, and I need you more than ever, and if you only hold me tight, we'll be holding on forever, and we'll only be making it right, if we can just hold on. Together we can make it to the end of the line. Your love is like a shadow on me all of the time. I don't know what to do, I'm always in the dark, we're living in a powder cake and giving off sparks. I really need ya tonight, forever's gonna start tonight, forever's gonna start tonight. Once upon a time, I was falling in love, but now I'm only falling apart. Nothing I can say, it's a total eclipse of the heart.

Once upon a time, there was light in my life, but now there's only love in the dark. Nothing I can do, it's a total eclipse of the heart. A total eclipse of the heart. A total eclipse. Turn around, every now and then I know you're never the child you always wanted to be. Turn around, every now and then I know you'll always be the child who wanted to be the way that I am. Turn around, every now and then I know there's no one in the universe as magical and wondrous as you. Turn around, every now and then I know there's any better no there's nothing that I wouldn't do. Turn around bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart. Bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart, and

(12) Total
Eclipse of the
Heart

I need your love tonight and I need you more than ever, and If you'll only hold me tight we'll be holding on forever, and we'll only be making it right, if we can just hold on. Together we can make it to the end of the night, your love is like a shadow on my all of the time. I don't know what to do, I'm always in the dark. We're living in a powder cake and giving off sparks, I really need you tonight. Forever's gonna start tonight. Forever's gonna start tonight.

Once upon a time, I was falling in love, but now I'm only falling apart, nothing I can say, it's a total eclipse of the heart. Once upon a time in my life, there was light in my life, but now there's only love in the dark. Nothing I can do it's a total eclipse of the heart, a total eclipse of the heart, a total eclipse. Turn around bright eyes, there's nothing I can say, it's a total eclipse of the heart. Turn around bright eyes, there's nothing I can do, it's a total eclipse of the heart. Turn around, turn, turn, turn. To everything there's a season, down down down, you turn me off I'm a radio, I'm a congress patient I'm a little bit corny. Turn turn turn, turn turn turn. Turning and turning in the widening gyre the falcon cannot hear the falconer. Surely some revelation is at hand. Surely, the second coming is at hand. Turn around, turn around, don't turn your back on me, don't turn your back on Kiki. Kiki loves you. Kiki needs you. Kiki would die for you

Once upon a time, there was a tavern where we used to raise a glass or two. We'd sit and drink and while away the hours. And dream of all the things that we would do. Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day. We'd live the lives we'd choose and fight and never lose, for we were young, and sure to have our way.

Ladies and gentlemen, Michael Cavadias and Rufus Wainwright. Then the busy years went rushing by us, we lost our starry notions on the way. If by chance I see you in the tavern, we'd smile at one another, and we'd say. Those were the days my friends we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day. We live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose, for we were young, and sure to have our way.

Ladies and gentlemen Miss Sandra Bernhard. Sandra. Sandra, are you alright there sweetheart.

(13) Those
were the Days

The whole night has torn me up and down and sideways and every which way Kiki, as you know. Sandra I don't want you to feel bad, you're so pretty and so young, so talented. You got your whole life ahead of you sweetheart, don't let it get you down, just do what you do, you can do it, you're beautiful, sing for the people, that's what they want, sweetheart.

Just tonight I stood before the tavern. Nothing seemed to be the way it once was, I looked at the glass and saw my reflection and I thought, Christ, that really killed my buzz. But those were the days my friends we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day. We live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose, for we were young... What the, you just do that sweetheart that was beautiful... and sure to have our way.

Ladies and gentlemen, Izaac Mizrahi and Jason Sellards. Who are all these people, secret. Through the door I heard familiar laughter. I saw your face and heard you call my name, hey Izaac, oh my friend we are older but no wiser. For in our hearts, the dream is still the same. Those were the days my friends we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day. We live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose, for we were young, and sure to have our way. Those were the days my friends we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day. We live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose, for we were young, and sure to have our way. Lalalalalalalaaa...Uhhhaahh...for we were young and sure to have our way. Aren't they fantastic?

Thank you very much. Thank you ladies and gentlemen, we're gonna do one more song for you, but before we go, I would just like to say, this is very, it's a very special night ladies and gentlemen, because, someone very special, very very special is in the audience. I never thought I'd see the day, but it has actually happened, my daughter Misty is in the audience tonight ladies and gentlemen. Misty why don't you stand up. Isn't she beautiful. Mummy loves you sweetheart, thank you for coming, you made this a very special night for me, haha. It's fantastic, see sometimes you've gotta wait long enough.

Tonights the kind of night, when all things come together, tonights the kind of night, when nothing need be said, tonights the kind of night, when all the lamps are burning, and nobody wants the go to bed. Some will have crackers and some will have pudding, soup and crispies, and homemade bread, and no one will go hungry and lovers will be faithful, we'll have ourselves a drink and then we'll have another as we sing. Come all ye faithful tonight sing out merry Christmas o yeah, yeah. Avay Mary we'll cry, one more time, halleluyah. Mummy's and daddy's are loving all their children from a distant room we can hear them giggling, one of them is dreaming the world a little brighter and everyone is listening to the song in her head as she sings. Come all ye faithful tonight, sing out merry Christmas o yeah, yeah, Avay Mary we'll cry, one more time, hallelujah. Merry Christmas, tonight merry Christmas, tonight's the kind of night, the world can't hold us down here from planet to planet, from star to star, we'll shine our little light, so that everyone can follow. Tonight's the kind of night, when all things come together, tonights the kind of night when all the lamps are burning, where no one will go hungry and lovers will be faithful. Tonight's the kind of night when all things come together. Tonight, the kisses fly from all Herb's little fingers, tonight, I make a promise that I will sing forever, and no one wants to go to bed. Come all ye faithful tonight, sing out merry Christmas o yeah, yeah. Avay Mary we'll cry one more time, merry Christmas, one more time, merry Christmas and we bid you goodnight. Goodnight, goodnight. Merry Christmas. Thank you.

We already went overtime so they don't have to pay us anymore, so we can stay as long as we like really. And if you're tired of it, feel free to leave, nobody's nailing you to the. All I want is just a little love to take the pain away, we're getting strong today, a giant step each day. All I want is just a little love to take the pain away, we're getting strong today, a giant step each day. For all I want, is love, love. We'll drift in time.

It doesn't hurt me. Do you want to feel, how it feels, do you want to know, know that it doesn't hurt me. Do you ought to hear about the deal that I'm making and if I only could, I'd make a deal with God,

(14) Tonight's
the Kind of
Night

(15) Ladies and
Gentleman We
Are Floating
in Space

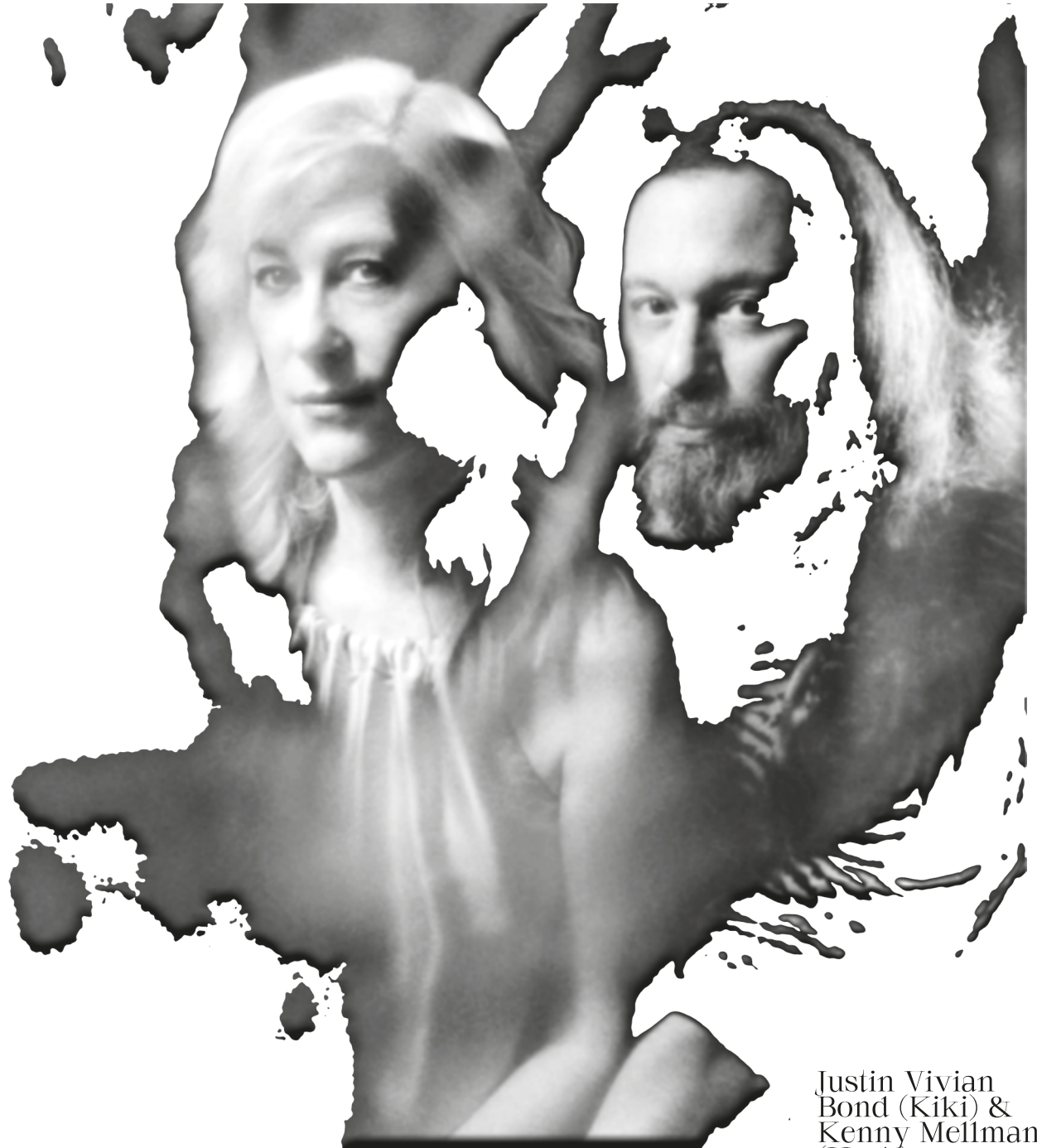
(16) Running
up That Hill

and I'd get him to swap our places, I'd be running up that road, I'd be running up that hill, I'd be running up that building, if I only could. It doesn't hurt me, do you want to see how deep the bullet lies. You're unaware, you're tearing us asunder, there is thunder in our hearts, you've got so much hate, for the ones you love. Tell me, we both matter don't we. It's you. It's you and me, it's me, it's you and me, it's you and me I won't be unhappy and if we only could I'd make a deal with God, and I'd get him to swap our places, I'd be running up that road, I'd be running up that hill, I'd be running up that building. If I only could, it's you, my baby, it's you and me, it's you and me we won't be unhappy.

Ha, common darling, common, common angel, let Misty steal this woman from you now. Common darling, common common angel, let's exchange the experience. And if I only could I'd make a deal with God, and I'd get him to swap our places, I'd be running up that road, I'd be running up that hill, I'd be running up that building. If I only could, I'd be running up that road, if I only could I'd be running up that hill, I'd be running, I'd be running, I'd be running, with no problems.

Thank you New York. Thank you. Goodnight.

* END *



Justin Vivian
Bond (Kiki) &
Kenny Mellman
(Herb)

**Label: Evolver (2) – EVL 2030, Format: 2 × CD, Album
Usa, 2004
Genre: Non-Music, Pop
Style: Chanson, Comedy, Parody**

**Kiki & Herb
Will Die For
You: Live At
Carnegie Hall**

Disc 1

Written-By – Melanie Safka	(1) Close to it
2:01	all
Written-By [Flamingo] – Edmund Anderson, Theodor Grouya	(2) Note to Self:
Written-By [Note To Self: Don't Die] – Parker Posey, Ryan Adams	Don't Die / Flamingo /
Written-By [When Doves Cry] – Prince	When Doves Cry
5:23	(3) Opening
2:32	Remarks
Written-By – Annie Lennox	(4) Why
4:05	(5) Hoochie
4:35	Coochie
Written-By – Errol Rennalls, Mustafa Guendogdu	(6) Sex Bomb
3:11	(7) Yasaweh
9:48	(8) Has Any-
Written-By – Keith Olsen, Stevie Nicks	one Ever
4:28	Written Any-
11:00	thing for You
Written-By – Peter Marc Almond	(9) The Sad-
5:39	dest Day of
6:54	My Life
Written-By – Alan Bergman, Marilyn Bergman, Mi- chel Jean Legrand	(10) A Lover
5:45	Spurned
Written-By – Colin Patrick Meloy	(11) Bored, Bored, Bored
3:45	(12) The
Written-By – John S. Darnielle	Windmills of
3:07	My Mind
Written-By – Kenneth Lee Ascher, Paul H. Williams	(13) I Was
3:36	Meant for the Stage
	(14) No Chil-
	dren
	(15) Rainbow
	Connection

Written-By – Rupert Holmes	1:13	Disc 2
Written-By – Louis Manuel Mayorga, Michael H. Muir	5:59	(1) Pina Colada
0:39	0:39	Song
Written-By – Paul Weller	5:16	(2) Institution-
6:46	6:46	alized
Written-By [Lose Yourself] – Jeffrey Irwin Bass*, Luis Edgardo Resto, Marshall B. Mathers, III		(3) Jazz
Written-By [Once In A Lifetime] – Talking Heads		(4) The Paris
Written-By [The Revolution Will Not Be Televised] – Gil Scott-Heron	5:05	Match
Written-By – Soeur Sourire	3:13	(5) I've Got to
9:20	9:20	Go to Vietnam
Written-By – Roger Waters, Ute Lemper	1:40	(6) The Revo-
Written-By – Sumner, Curtis, Hook, Morris	3:17	lution Medley:
Written-By – Sumner, Gilbert* Hook, Morris	4:36	The Revolu-
Written-By – Richard James Steinman	7:31	tion Will Not
Vocals – Isaac Mizrahi, Jason Sellards, Michael Ca- vadias, Rufus Wainwright, Sandra Bernhard	7:16	Be Televised/ Lose Yourself/ Once in a Life-
Written-By – Melanie Safka	7:01	time
Written-By – Spiritualized	1:36	(7) Dominique
Written-By – Catherine Bush	5:28	(8) Show Busi-
		ness Martyrs
		(9) The Thin
		Ice
		(10) Love Will
		Tear Us Apart
		(11) Temptation
		(12) Total
		Eclipse of the
		Heart
		(13) Those
		were the Days
		(14) Tonight's
		the Kind of
		Night
		(15) Ladies and
		Gentleman
		We Are Float-
		ing in Space
		(16) Running
		up That Hill

Marketed By: Evolver Entertainment
Executive-Producer: Stephen Hendel,
Victoria Leacock
Layout: T. Deupree
Liner Notes: Doug Wright
Mastered By: Paul Vasquez
Photography By: Ruven Afanador, Victoria Leacock
Producer: Julian Fleisher
Recorded By: Leszek Maria Wojcik
Vocals [Herb], Piano: Kenny Mellman
Vocals [Kiki]: Justin Vivian Bond

This recording is dedicated to the memory of the original Kiki, Peg O'Connor.

A publication by the department of Fine Arts /
M.F.A. Body Theory and the Poetics of the Performative
at the Stuttgart Academy of Art and Design.
Edited by Prof. Dr. Cristina Gómez Barrio,
Prof. Wolfgang Mayer (Discoteca Flaming Star)
Copy editor: Barely Anyone
Transcript: Wendy Yu
Photography: (p. 2) Ruven Afanador,
(p. 24) Eric McNatt, (p. 43) Loulex
Fanzine design: Andy Grammel
Print: Andy Grammel
Typeface: Aktiv Grotesk, Serifbabe
Paper: Metapaper rough white 120 g/m²
Edition: 50
Stuttgart, 2020

Acknowledgements

This fanzine made by DIE FRAU MIT 50 FÜSSEN is a labor of love and is full of admiration for one of the queens of the queens. It's also full of mistakes that Barely did in the process of copy editing. There are quite some things that got lost in translation or rather transcribing, but the lady speaks fast, so fast...

If you have a little cocktail before reading it, you might feel more fluent in... and the more you drink, the better it looks.

This fanzine is the fourth publication in a series of publications on contemporary art initiated by the department of Fine Arts / MFA Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative at the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design. The series focuses on certain collective and individual artistic practices and discourses that are central to the newly founded MFA Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative. A proposal for reflecting on performative practices as a way of working with time and space, with the handling of objects, and with the spending of time with the audience. Placing oneself into a state of uncertainty, into the intermediate spaces between white cube and black box, museum and theater; negotiating artistic material provisionally and indeterminately, between spectacular presence and dispersed remnants; sounding the depths of temporality between the present and the archive, now and after, live and recording. It is our hope that these cross-fertilizing proposals and thoughts on questions of performativity and on contemporary art more generally will prove helpful and significant, both within and beyond the academy.

The practical Master's degree programme in art "Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative" – the first of its kind in Germany and founded in 2018 by Prof. Dr. Cristina Gómez Barrio, Prof. Wolfgang Mayer and Prof. Dr. Felix Ensslin – allows students to formulate a deeper artistic position in the field of the performative. The M.F.A. regards working on the material, linguistic productions and theoretical reflections as independent but inseparable practices which come together with the performative in artistic work. If the body is produced by social power, it cannot – or must it not even – become the location of resistance? If it has become impossible to formulate binding poetics of artistic work, is then the formulation of singular practices not the path to a general, different politics? If theoretical work is always bound to the social, material conditions of its own production, is theory not the place where these conditions, their perception and their consequences can be changed practically? The negotiation of these critical questions for each artistic work finds

Die Frau mit
50 Füßen

M.F.A. Body,
Theory, and
the Poetics
of the
Performative

a privileged place in the field of the performative because body, theory, and poetics are inseparably bound to one another in this field. The M.F.A. allows students – and the teachers as well – to formulate the technical, theoretical and organisational aspects of their practice. Jointly developed artistic formats, performances, books, graphic works, seminars, exhibitions and productions, etc. are the centre of the artistic education in the M.F.A. “Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative”. Collective forms of criticism and individual conferences complement the course offerings. Here, individual practice is always in a charged relationship with collective work.

Discoteca Flaming Star is an interdisciplinary collaborative art group. DFS is a group of people who use songs and other forms of oral expression, understanding them as a personal response to historical events and social and political facts. Cristina Gómez Barrio and Wolfgang Mayer have worked since 1998 as the basis of DFS. In 2011 they took on the Professorship for the department of Fine Arts / Intermedia Arts at the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design. Since 2018 they run the M.F.A. Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative together with Prof. Dr. Felix Ensslin.

Discoteca
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Stuttgart

