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Thesis SP 26

Honk Honk! Who's there?

Authors note: Originally, this script was recorded as a voice over for me to act out, with me doing different voices for the different puppets, in reality when the performance came to it my recording got erased and I had to do it live.

Riddly Diddler- (me, the speaker, dressed as a clown in a skin tight, skin colored suit)

Hello one, hello all, my name is the Riddly Diddler *pull back mask* (psst its actually me, Bean! You may know me from a class or two, from across the hall, from back home, or maybe from your parents bedroom. I'm ~in disguise~! I'm gonna do my thesis defense as a clown in the form of a weird play.) I hope they like it, because I'm kind of asking for forgiveness and not permission. *sara walks up in clown outfit and whispers to me*

Oh! Shit they can hear all this? And The panel is right over there and they are already watching you say? EHEMmm

As RD: so! *grandious* Allow me to introduce myself again, I am the Riddly Diddler! Well, allow me to introduce myself, really. (gesture towards other clowns)

Oh yeah it's that kinda show, I'm gonna play with dolls and talk to myself. I'm going to.. play with myself...

Normal voice: Sorry, mom.

I would ask you, "Riddle me this", but I think that may be copyright infringement, so, instead I ask you: Diddle me tits!

What makes absurdity so absurd, oddities odd, and how might we make sense in the absence of sense? Non-sense? How queer to query such weary woes of worry ?? *roll rs and pretend to be fancy*

What can we express with absurdity? What can it hide? What can it reveal? Paradox, play, fantasy, yucky wucky gross stuff. Why might someone laugh at a horror movie, or cry when being tickled? When does laughing at something that's not funny translate into insanity? Or did I mean sanity? Where does comedy touch humor, where does humor collide with fear. A wise weirdo Robert Provine once said: "Solo tickle is even emptier than solo sex. Most adults can masturbate to climax, whereas self-tickle is a pale shadow of its social counterpart. You can

no more tickle yourself to laughter than you can startle yourself."¹ Some people hate tickling, the surprise is fearful to them. Jokes fall flat when we aren't surprised by the punchline. SO, why?? Why why why??(Still goofy, then switch to Sad Violin Dramatic.) Lets take from Ernst Kris, "Self-irony, a form of the comic which is related to cynicism and sarcasm and bears the stamp of aggression! This difficulty in drawing the boundary between humor and self-irony reminds us again how imperfect is any happiness which the comic can offer us. We see man as an eternal pleasure-seeker walking on a narrow ledge above an abyss of fear."²

Well, ersonally, I'm using it to cope. I'm using it to hide behind the things I can't say to people, the things that break conversation. The things that make people say "oh, diddler! You poor broken soul!! Who are these beasts within you?? Why are you so, so weird and strange!!??" Well I'll tell you!! (practically crying and begging.) I must mask what I say or do so through a veil of magic, surprise or laughter. I'm a sad, sad, damaged clown, and I'm desperate to please you!! I'm here.....

~ to expose myself!! ~(takes off trench coat to reveal nude body suit/clown drag).

(jazzy)That's right! (professional) Now, please. (mustache fancy/horny voice) Let me satiate your curiosities!

¹ Robert R Provine, *Laughter* (Penguin, 2001).

² Ernst Kris, *Psychoanalytic Explorations in Art*. (London, George Allen & Unwin, 1953).

Tip toe with funny spongebob noise over to simpy wimpy.

—

Introducing the first clown puppet Simpy wimpy:

Ridley Diddler:

Who do we have here??

Turns on sad music and makes the hand puppet dance solemnly

I'm making my sad puppet dance.

I can make sad things dance if I want to

It's funny when sad things dance

Its beautiful

Its sad when sad things dance

Its sad

Its SOO SOO SAD!!! *melodramatic*

(switch on tape to upbeat song, maybe grove is in the heart or mr.

bombastic or funky town and make it dance)

HA!!

WHat even are you? You have these droopy sad eyes because you don't feel like you're enough on your own. Your body is droopy because you always need someone to prop you up and you have no back bone.. Or you just want me to put my hand up your ass? No! You NEED me to! You have no stuffing - no guts to do

it on your own! You're a hand puppet, you need to rely on someone else to keep you alive.

SW: Awww (crying) Well actually I'm made of some stuffing.. And fleece and foam and tears mixed with yearning unrythiming poetry and an unbearable sense of loneliness and suffering. I mean, stuffing!

RD. Ahahahha oh youre so pathetic!!

Simpy Wimpy:

stupid dopey sad voice hey! who are you laughing at?

RD: I'm laughing at you.

SW: uh well, technically actually you're laughing at yourself.

And so are you people! Why are you being so meannn? And why did you give me this STUPID voice?

SW: you're being self deprecating!

RD: you're being self deprecating

SW: Well it's your fault Im ugly! you spent all week fucking and crying, creaming and skrying, instead of making me better!

RD: Well, you wouldn't go to therapy because you said I'm all you need! Even though we have six boyfriends! EACH!!

SW: But, you complete me!

RD: No I didn't! You're still not even finished yet!! Many of you aren't!

SW: I'm doing the best I can, I'm even reading The Bible,

RD: you are??

SW: Uhnn yeah its called poly secure a polyamourus guide book by Jessica Fern. How am I supposed to let you focus on thesis while I'm here trying to juggle "Sharing intimate details (hopes, dreams, fears) and being vulnerable with each other.

- Introducing partners to people who are important to you.

- Helping your partners with moving, packing, homework, job hunting, shopping, etc.

- Having regular time together, both mundane and novel.

- Making the person a priority. (I suggest defining what 'being a priority' means to each of you.)

- Planning trips together.

- Being available to partners when they are sick or in need.

- Collaborating on projects together.

- Having frequent communication.

- Offering physical, logistical or emotional support (e.g. at doctor's appointments or hospital visits or by helping with your partners' family, pets, car, children, taxes, etc.).”?

RD counting off each bullet on fingers (fake and real)

RD: Thats easy you juggle it just like this! ! Like this!

tries to juggle objects

drops all of them immediately (cymbals crash)

SW: See!!! I told you!

SW: I just need you to fix me, again... (Whine)

RD: News flash! You can't be fixed bro!

I tried so hard to love you without changing you! But you never seemed to be satisfied- That's why you still look like this! First you weren't cute enough, then you weren't pathetic enough, then you weren't funny enough, or emo looking enough, you're never enough

SW: damn, poly INsecure am I right, ladies?

womp womp

(Both start crying)

RD: Well.. You're gay!!

SW: No, you're gay!!

...

SW: I'm sorry—

RD: -No I'm sorry.

SW: I love you.

RD: I love you....

(RD turn CD back on and make out with puppet aggressively)

Gayly prance over to the next clown puppet

Electro contortionista:

(note: The Point of this exposed desire feels vulnerable and dangerous, morphs into a monster if unrecognized or repressed, kinda.)

She has a scary and crazy sounding voice. When bold and italic it sounds demonic.

RD: Well hello there, and whats-

EC: -Ohhh, cut the questions diddly, it's meee hahah sweetie! Plus you can already see my insides. I'm made of wires cause i'm ssssstrong, pantyhos cause im sexy, wood because...(horny)

RD: Oh ehem, (deepen voice) yeah heya there electro uh contortionista, what the hell have you been up to loca? *waggle eyebrows*

Put nose mustache glasses on EC and have her evilly and fastly say: Oh you know, (crazy voice) i've just been personifying *someeebody's*

various thorny, horny, entangled fears and desires about sex and gender. SW intrudes with : whoo meeee?

EC: – can it subby! Anyway, it's like Julia Kristiva and Barbara Creed's ideas about women and monsters. We reclaim power, they fear us, Why?

EC: Patriarchy this and patriarchy that *mocking*

RD: so... (throw away) you're telling me there's more to it all than just an (flirty shy) all consuming dominatrix-mommy that terrifies?

EC: awww honey whats so scary about little ol meeeeeeee?

RD: Well, you're so intimidating with your big beautiful eeeeeeyes. (flirtily and shyly twirl mustache, look down at contortionistas bra pointedly).

EC: Oh come on diddly give me a squeeze, promise I won't bite! YET.

RD: Well, I mean if you insist, don't mind if I do. (Rub hands together, wiggle fingers, squeeze boob that has a squeaky toy inside to make squeaking sound)

Insert scare

EC maniacly laughter: HAHAHA!!

RD: Hey, when did you get implants?

EC: What are you saying these aren't real?

RD: Oh! well huh huh (about to flirt) no of course i mean yeah no

EC: I have another surprise for you.. Why don't you take a look at what's inside this box, hmm?

RD: Uh right now? In front of all these people? Remember at the beginning? My uh mom is here.

EC: (Crazy ass laughter ish voice fast desperate freaky) Ohhhh ahahaha i'm sorry, are you a little too chickennn? (cluck sexily)

RD: (all macho) haha pshh uch no way, I'm not scared! (kiss bicep then open door).

EC's baby pops out, cork sound plays, RD has horrified face then goes

RD: HA! Electro, you always know how to make me laugh.

Well clear throat you know what i just gotta go out for a minute, you see i've just ran out of milk and the stores closing soon...(awkard laughing and running away).

The Goey Eyed Doll

RD: Hey! Who do we have here?

Hold out mask talk to it.

GD: I'm the goey eyed doll... (soft spoken, ish?or maybe childish giggly?bubbly?)

RD: uhhh haha wait ! you're stuck to my face

(pretend to struggle to get it off but cant, change demeanor to be of gooey eyed doll.)

GD: I know, don't worry, I'm protecting you.

muffled

RD: uhhhhhhhhh Diddle me this!?

I know, you want to know how I was made. Well, I didn't quite grow up in a circus! But there were preformative people, (pretend to tight rope), untrained knife throwers, unexpected fire spitters, uncaged lions and tigers and bears.

RD: (peaks out behind mask) oh my!

(mask slams back on face)

GD: Sweet girl on the outside. (curtsey) I watched from afar, I learned from what I saw, I crawled inside of myself when it was too much. (crawl inside of tent). I've learned to build my own home. (hold mask just outside of the tent to talk while my body is inside).

It's very comfortable here. There's mirrors, so I can pretend I'm not alone.

There's fairies! Well, fairy lights. And I can play with the shadows.

I can also pretend none of you are even here! I can pretend there's no spotlight!
Or, you could also pretend I'm not here. Or, (dejected voice) I could pretend I'm
not here. (pull mask inside of tent)

RD: uh okay I think that this is a little too sad now...!

(Pretend to fight with GD to take off mask. Struggle noises, cartoon fight noises,
tiger rawr or cat scream or something. Exit through the secret back exit, army
crawling as if being dragged out of the tent, then get up and cough, straighten tie
and then jaunty skip back to podium)

ENDING:

Haha! Well, wasn't that fun!

I guess its time for me to ask myself some questions, diddle me tits.

Why did I do any of this? Why didn't I just have a regular speech?

How did I make all of this stuff? Where did I end up versus where I started? Why
am I naked?

I'll puzzle until my puzzler gets sore. As you can see, really all of these clowns
are inside of me, and perhaps they are inside of you too.

Being able to be vulnerable is a big piece in this for me, I wanted to show the
dissonance between hiding behind a clown mask and also being naked in front of

a crowd. It's like most people have this exact nightmare all the time. Being unprepared, losing half of their material, and being naked on stage in front of all of their family and friends. I've found that every single step of the way in this process I've learned something deeply integral to my person through my subconscious. I've learned that the process is always visible in my work, I've never arrived with anything finished, and I think that the amount each of these pieces are finished or un-finished or how much they have been redone over and over again until they were destroyed directly reflects my mental state and specifically my personal relationship with these characters. For instance, with Simpy Wimpy, I had him near finished near perfect by midterms, but I just kept prodding at him and I messed up his face over and over again, there are so many layers of new material and glue and ripped up seams under his final layer. And I think that has directly reflected how much attention and obsessive insecurity I've been feeling towards the pathetic romantic sulky part of my self this semester. I spent more time being a simpy wimpy than I did doing my homework and in turn he was also the puppet giving me the most grief and taking up the most amount of my time, enough so that one of my clowns didn't even get finished enough to show up here. That clown was the Fickle Tickler and was actually the first clown I came up with. They were driving around in a little cardboard clown car with a crazed bouncing laughing head and several other heads. They were representative of my mental health issues and the strung out mania that happens to me often when life gets so overwhelming (often during

finals and thesis as well) that I just sort of crack into insanity and embrace and feed off the chaos, but it also feels uncontrollable (hence the car). The Goopy Eyed doll was actually one I was going to omit, she broke through though and bared her ugly face. This is so symbolic as well because she most represents dissociation and escapism. When I was given a prompt to make just and “interesting podium” for another class I began to build this table like structure with wood, and when I was building it I got fed up and took some time sitting underneath it, and I suddenly felt so calmed and like it was almost a little magical place completely away from the bright lights and noise of the glass building. As I dressed her with sheets and she eventually became a circus tent I just kept being like wow all the materials I have and the color scheme is exactly aligned with my vision of what the Goopy Eyed doll would’ve been except she wasn’t a doll.

During that period of the semester I spent a lot of time in this dull apathy and I didn’t want to work on anything else than that. She’s gentle and soft but also dangerous and all consuming. The Electro Contortionista was the most exciting and fun conceptually to me but I feel I got to spend the least amount of time with her, which makes sense because she is the most fun and sexy and powerful and confident and I didn’t spend much time feeling that way this semester. They all help me cope in different ways and it ebbs and flows, but its not always good or bad. She is made of mostly wood, stuffing, and a lottt of mixed media and various trash I picked up, and of course, pantyhose. The Riddly Diddler is of course made up of me, and I decided to be him, because I believe he is the closest to

the mask I put on everyday. He's the one who's good with people, flamboyant, joyous. Rio helped me build him a lot the costume especially, and I think that's really symbolic as well because I find that he's not around very frequently when I'm alone. He's there to entertain, make people laugh, and be weird and unashamed. To make fun of himself to make himself more tolerable. He tries to manage all the other parts and keep them at bay. He's trying to make sure you can tolerate something more underwhelming—

takes off mask

Me.

Thank you!