

Somewhere Over The Rainbow Performed at Various Locations

By milktooth

GEORGE BUTCH (as dive bar as it gets.)

I'm going to play somewhere over the rainbow on my ukulele, I hope you enjoy.

Turn around, revealing underwear.

Have you heard the "straight" reasoning that Oz is a gay fantasia? Long story short, I read a paper that said Oz is gay because L. Frank Baum used "queer" as a descriptor to mean weird. But in the words of Tison Pugh, "ah ah, he used the word." so nonetheless...

Yeah, but no Wizard of Oz is definitely, *wrist*.

Sit and strum the first chord. Stop

There's also the theory that Dorothy is dead and she's "Over the Rainbow"

The tornado killed her and now she is cursed to wander the yellow brick road forever.

Start to play. Overly sappy a ramp up into the song.

But... Judy Garland lives forever... In our hearts.

~Somewhere...~ *start vamping*

The immortality Judy has garnered is really impressive. I can't even do this song justice because we all know this is Judy's song.

Stop

Did you know that immortality is one of the oldest literary tropes, second only to death?

The Epic of Gilgamesh, the oldest literary work that dates back to Mesopotamia, THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION, THE MITOCHONDRIA OF MANKIND. Is a story about a man in search of immortality.

I am currently on a similar journey, minus tying rocks to my feet to harvest a magical plant from the bottom of the ocean.

I think I'm going to go with option A) go full Mike Brady and just pump out kids. Actually, Mike did it right, Have three kids of your own, then get divorced and marry into more kids. Half the work, twice the children.

But then again am I a child person? I mean look at me. It is convenient that the number one buyers of glue sticks are 6-year-olds and drag queens.

Having children is just the clearest path for me. I write plays? Maybe that's my immortality? But i think you have to be better at writing plays. You don't have to be better at being a parent.

Maybe I'll just settle for my body. I'll leave my body behind and flowers will grow from my hair and mushrooms will sprout from my ribs

Wow I really digressed. Oh my gosh I am almost out of time

~Somewhere over the rainbow way up high.~

I'm not too worried about my death. Only the animal part of my brain that seeks out trivial things like shelter and warmth and love.

Imagine having me for a dad. Imagine having a dad that can serve you breakfast in the morning and be serving you *all this* at brunch. That's kind of badass.

Turn around again to reveal underwear.

If I can be blunt. I'm good with kids.

Put on the lion puppet.

For some reason kids just like men more I find. As long as you are a young man you can do anything and little kids will eat that shit up. Working in preschools, kids never want their normal, female, teacher. They always want the cool fun young man teacher.

If I do have kids that means settling down and that means I'll have to settle down

Reference to drag. Take off wig

My kids will probably only know George Butch from pictures. And they probably won't know George Bush at all, we don't support such things in my house.

Maybe I am achieving immortality RIGHT NOW. Maybe I achieve everlasting life on Earth by being the most beautiful creation I can be. Stars die because they burn soooo bright. They use up everything they have to shed light. I don't want to leave anything left in the tank. I want to meet my creator and have nothing left to give. That's kinda why I do drag. Although I do drag because I'm a narcissist. If it were for the art I would have flatter brows and a tighter tuck but... Maybe when I have kids I won't need drag...

Whatever, anyway here is Somewhere Over the Rainbow.

Play "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" until time runs out.

Op! That's time. That's it, I guess.

INTENTION

For my performance I wanted to touch on the themes of immortality that I've have seen in many plays, such as *Last Summer at Blue Fish Cove*. I wanted to explore some of the paths presented and the issues that come with them. I focused on having children because of my personal relationship to this philosophical question. That said, I had to explore my role as a parent and how gender might influence that dynamic. I enlisted the help of George Butch and her humor to make the masculine disconnect that is typical of paternity palpable while also trying to demonstrate why drag has manifested in my life. The final product was trying to paint a clear picture of how these questions are intertwined.