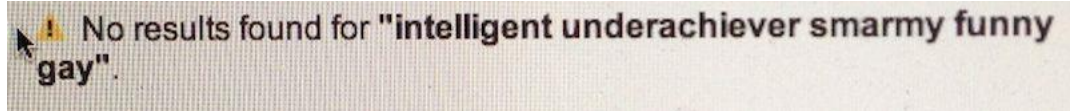


Artist Statement – finkle



(I forgot to add in white and middle aged but I'm pretty sure the results would be the same)

I am a storyteller.

Theatre was my first love, so a lot of my work is theatrical.

But I'm unsure if I'm a theatre maker anymore.

To be honest I don't know what to call myself.

And that's a good thing.

My work sounds like pop music that has gotten a bit garbled in a tape player

It feels plush like a fluffy comforter you could just dive into and roll around

but also

it feels like old hardwood under bare feet – strong and sturdy, storied

It tastes like salt. And sugar.

And lemon¹.



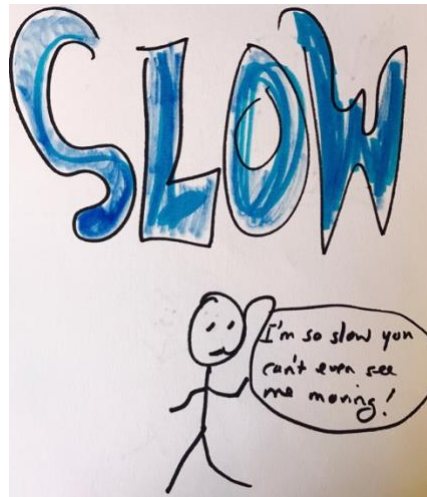
I try to keep my six year old alive in everything I make.

What joy!

But I don't always succeed.

¹ **Lemon Water (Nimbu pani, Lime Water)** prepared with lemon, salt and sugar is a perfect drink for hot summer as it provides instant energy and hydrates body in no time. It also provides vitamin C and helps flush out toxins from body. Serve it to kids during their summer vacations as well as to patients recovering from dehydration. – from foodviva.com

I studied theatre at the Experimental Theatre Wing (ETW) at NYU.
At ETW I was taught to fail.
To fail is a way of life that requires fortitude.
One semester I left ETW and studied at the Shakespeare studio.
I followed a boy there who I had become obsessed with after he starred in a play I wrote and directed during the fall of my junior year.
He identified as straight but we eventually slept together and then I let my heart get broken.



I work very very slow.
I used to hate this about myself.
But now, I think slow is the only way to work.
The only way to live.

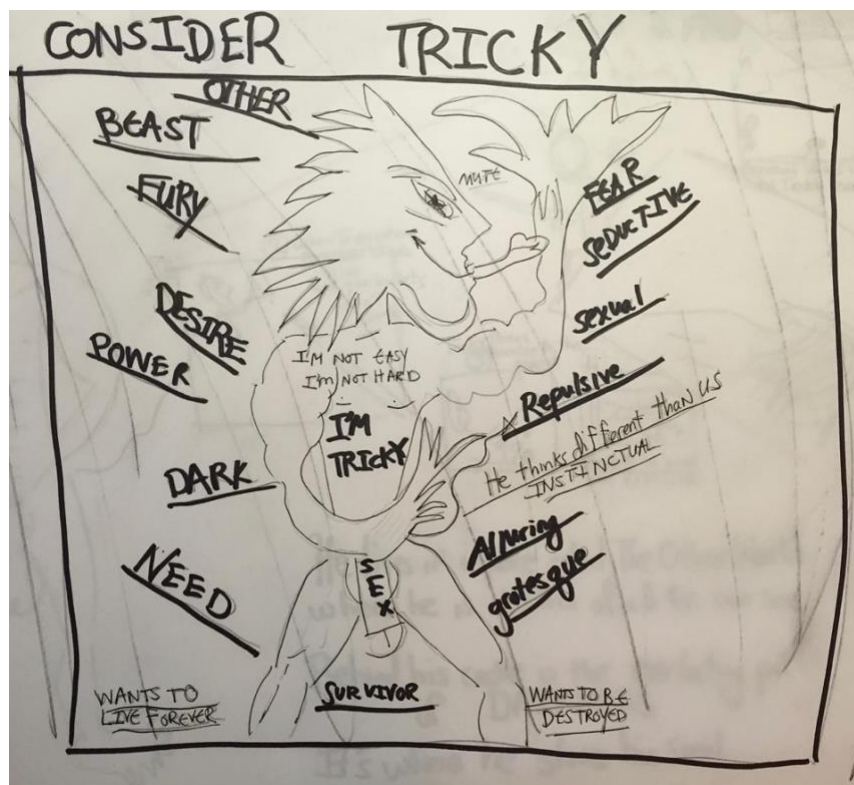
For the last 10+ years I have been making hybrids
genre non-conforming, genre non-binary
part semi-autobiographical solo show², part passive immersive, concept albumy, somewhat tactile,
pulpy fantastical messes
sometimes though I just make a simple meal.

I make work that confounds me
I trust most the part of me that doesn't know what I'm making or why I'm making it but just knows
that I need to make it.
I think that's because I'm going for a feeling.

I like to work in an aesthetic that I have very little experience with
Trying a new form forces me to be as simple and honest as possible.

² Solo – hmmm, this word makes me uncomfortable, but it is the closest to the truth...all of the work I've made over the last decade or so has been for me to perform/present alone. Maybe this reflects the isolation and outsider ness I feel in the culture/society I live within. Maybe it feels the closest to that 6-year-old me alone in my room making stories. Maybe its economical – my attempt to solve the capitalism problem. I often romanticize the solo artist – like Prince – all songs written, recorded, played, sung, produced by...

This is the beast that lives at the center of all my work.
 I call him Tricky³.
 He's part saboteur, part seductress, part destroyer, part cuddly kitty cat
 A desperate need to survive, a desperate need to be destroyed
 Tricky is charming, funny, unreliable



³ Tricky – a la a trickster – from Wikipedia - In mythology and the study of folklore and religion, a trickster is a character in a story who exhibits a great degree of intellect or secret knowledge and uses it to play tricks or otherwise disobey normal rules and defy conventional behavior



Tricky featured prominently in my graphic novel musical for small audiences

I LOVE STORY.

LOVE.

IT.

But I find it virtually impossible to tell a straight story.

I think this is mostly because I'm queer

I'm a queer thinker.

I think queerly.

I tell queer stories.

I am a queer storyteller.



All of my stories center a character in deep internal conflict (like me)

What am I in conflict about?

It depends on the day.

Mostly the conflict is like

Should I act or should I not?

Should I speak up or should I just stay quiet?

Would it even matter if I did?

What matters?

At some point the character is like – *Enough!*

This usually happens because of some external problem that conflicts with an internal struggle forcing them to fucking do something.

**I WOULD RATHER
DIE THAN SIT
THROUGH YOUR
ISSUE PLAY**

I consider myself an outsider.
I'm happiest outside systems.
But this also has its drawbacks.

I'm too bougie for the rebels and too much of a rebel for the bourgeois.

I live a quiet life
I create loudly
Out of desperation
 Out of necessity
 Out of desire
 Out of whimsy
 Out of fear

I move but I don't shake.

- Sazerac
- Mint julep
- Manhattan
- The driest Pinot noir
- Vodka martini w olives
- Pale ale

- Sativa
- Indica
- Hybrid
(I'm not picky)

Reading comprehension:
(circle all that feel true)

In 1976, as the United States was celebrating its bicentennial, finkle was:

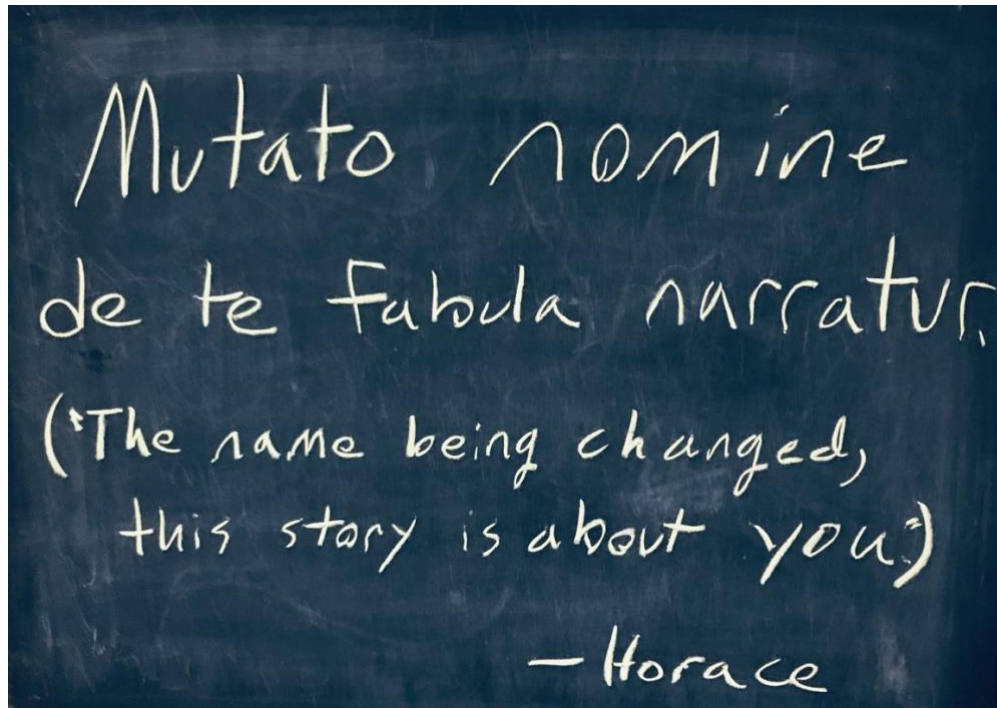
- a) 5 years old
- b) Learning fur elise on the piano
- c) Stealing his mother's high heels and nightgowns to wear in his room
- d) Trying to murder his 2-year-old brother who was taking all the attention
- e) Being taken care of by a woman wanted on several accounts of fraud
- f) Abducted by aliens for 7 minutes

I like work that feels homegrown.
where you can see and feel the human touch.
I want everything to feel as pure as the shows I used to make in my bedroom and perform for my
next door neighbors and family.
I want to feel that intimate, that vulnerable, that simple.

I like to find low stakes ways for the audience to participate.
This terrifies some audience and thrills others.
Sometimes they feel both at the same time and don't know what to do.



finkle is a persona.



Mutato nomine
de te fabula narratur.
(The name being changed,
this story is about you.)
— Horace

