

## Hi-diddle-dee-dee!

Thursday, February 26, 2009

In the cartoon retelling of Carlo Collodi's coming of age story, a fox named Honest John leads a wooden boy named Pinocchio down the road to ruin. He sings "Hi-diddle-dee-dee, an actor's life for me," emphasizing many of the cliches - celebrity, prosperity, debauchery - that non-actors associate with professional theater. Cliches aside, there are days when the spirit of that song seems more rooted in reality than not, and lately I've been enjoying a string of such days.



*The actor's breakfast: doughnut holes.*

The weather in Sanford is helping - mornings and evenings in the mid-50s spent on the large front porch at the James House. Rehearsals running smoothly. The flow of design work has kept pace with my expenses and my recent efforts to reconnect with "family" are paying unanticipated dividends. So much to enjoy about this life, not the least of which is that there's no future in it. My personal and professional horizons remain at a steady distance of only a month or two from the present. Everything seems possible, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health. I don't know what the mathematical term "floating constant" means, but I think it applies to me somehow.

As for the actor's life ... Celebrity? In a very limited sense, yes. Prosperity? Yes, but not in monetary terms. Debauchery? Well ... okay, yes there, too. But none of these aspects, however they play out individually or collectively, explain the lifestyle's overall appeal. Maybe it's the floating constant effect, emphasis on the "floating." The feeling of possibility, of potential. Nothing's locked down, so while nothing is guaranteed, nothing is prohibited. Or maybe, underneath all the lip service I pay "potential" and "freedom," there's some more specific goal I've yet to come to grips with. Don't know. But as of this moment, the journey seems sufficient. The roads to ruin, riches and Morocco all look the same, I think. Until you get where you're going. Or you get out of the car.

**Length:** 2:59

**Music:** *Hi-Diddle-Dee Dee* and *I've Got No Strings* from Disney's *Pinocchio*, 1940

**Writer, voice:** Tim Brosnan