

## **Excerpts From The Diary Of Balzo The Clown by Wink E. Tinkler, Ph.D, LLD, DDS**

(Editor's note: Professor Tinkler is a world-renowned writer, thinker, lawyer and dentist. He is the author of many best-selling books, including: "The Glorious Flowering of Humanism", "Clown Meat - The Other White Meat", the wildly acclaimed children's book "Mommy – May I Please Have Some More Clown Juice?" and the award-winning "Medicinal Maggot Wound Therapy – and More Love Poems". Prof. Tinkler resides in Pinworm-by-the-Sea, smokes a pipe, and often wears a bowler hat tilted at a rakish angle.)

Pinworm Manor (Oct. 1999)

Pinworm-by-the-Sea has two seasons: rainy and wet. Often both at the same time. Yet sometimes it is rainy, but not so wet. Other times it is wet, but not raining. One rainy and wet morning I was awakened by the clap of thunder and the familiar pat-a-tat of raindrops on my window. I quickly downed my ringworm medicine, knocked back a refreshingly cool glass of clown meat juice, donned my overcoat and boots, and trudged down to the town proper for a spot of tea and a quick browse at the bookseller's cart.

On this particular day I happened to notice a small, tattered notebook sitting forlornly among the more elegant tomes. I picked it up and read the words fashioned in a crude scrawl across the cover – "My Diary – Balzo the Clown".

"What is this, Smedley?" I asked the bookseller.

"Smedley's in hospital, sir – a bout with Derbyshire Neck, I'm afraid."

A rather stout, bespectacled man with a ginger complexion popped his head out of the cart to address me.

"The name is Spodely, sir."

"Sorry to hear it!" I replied.

"It was my father's name before me, sir."

"No, no - about Smedley, you fool!"

"Very well, sir."

This conversation seemed rather peculiar, as Pinworm is a typical American heartland town, accessible only by blimp, and here we were conversing with British accents as though we were characters in a Dickens novel. I continued to peruse the curious manuscript. It was stained with

moisture. I quickly dabbed my finger to my mouth. "Tears of a clown," I said to no one in particular.

"Shall I wrap it up for you, Guvn'r?" inquired Spodely.

"Yes, that's a good fellow," I retorted smartly.

"That will be 7 shillings, sir."

I reached in my pocket and was amazed to find a pound sterling. Spodely made my change, and with book in hand I trudged back to Pinworm Manor.

\* \* \* \*

I prefer my clown meat blended to a fine pulp and strained over ice. I know that's not the fashionable thing these days, but I don't go for these new-fangled "clown chunks" the in-crowd is raving about. Too much gristle for my taste – why spoil the delicious flavor of the pure blend with fatty chunks? I arranged my breakfast apparatus to my satisfaction, and opened Balzo's little book.

*Monday - dropped by the union hall after lunch. No work to be had. Not many clowns about. Ran into old Fritz tottering on his wooden leg. "Where is everyone?" I asked him. Fritz just looked at me and shook his head dejectedly. "Be careful out there, Balzo! The citizens are clamoring for nutritious juice!" What a strange, cryptic remark. I discharged a loud belch and went off to juggle in the park.*

Apparently Balzo is unaware of the world-wide demand for nutritious clown meat products. A hopeless naif? Perhaps. Poring over the pages, I note there are many poem fragments. Our Balzo was quite the muse!

*a leaf, a stone, a sausage casing in the sun  
broken unicycle by the old shed – I shriek and rub my red rubber nose  
children playing in a park – dulcet tones of meadowlark;  
flap flap flap of big clown shoes – furtive sip of fortified booze*

Balzo's humanity cries out to us from every page! His relationship with his agent Morris is of great interest – here Balzo's naïve insouciance and noble sentiment shine forth like a beacon:

*Wednesday – Hung over again. Floating kidneys are acting up. Moved the*

*bowels, but just barely. I guess a half a loaf is better than none. Morris called. "Morris, is there any work?" "Balzo, I'm doing my best. We need you to gain some weight if we're going to land the big parties. No one likes a skinny clown! Are you sticking to the all-fat diet?" "Christ, I've gained 40 pounds in two weeks, Morris!" "Good, good! Tell you what – I'll have a truck come pick you up tomorrow to take you to a gig – it's a children's birthday party!" Thank God Morris is doing his job. But why the truck, I wondered. Belched robustly and sat down to practice my squeezebox.*

In Chalmers' classic collection of essays, "Complete Transportation and Blending of Clowns" a forceful argument is made for an end to the harsh treatment of clowns during the blending process. I recommend the reader examine just a few of his brilliant essays on the subject to enhance their general understanding of his philosophies: "Argument For The Improvement Of The System Of Centralized Clown Delivery", "Tranquilizers Reduce Losses Of Clown Weight During Transportation", "Abusive Handling During Transportation --A Major Clown Welfare Problem". Who knows how much nutritious clown meat might have been bruised and lost during shipping had it not been for Chalmers' prescient musings and incontrovertible scholarship? I shudder to think.

Of passing interest is Balzo's relationship with women, particularly the widow Blimpshackle down the hall.

*Up to 240 pounds. Widow Blimpshackle down the hall has been eyeing me up and down like a prize goose. Today I passed by her in the hall and I could swear she muttered "gristly chunks!" Very odd woman.*

And this from a later entry:

*I padded down the hall in my robe and knocked on widow Blimpshackle's door. Through the door I could hear the unmistakable sound of a blender whirring. She opened the door and licked some red, viscous fluid from her lips. "Oh Balzo! I was just preparing a refreshing beverage!" Suddenly she lunged at me and bit into my leg. "Oh glorious meat of clown" she shrieked – I wrenched myself free and kicked her away, her dentures still firmly attached to my pant leg. The entire interaction seemed somehow unnatural. Couldn't quite put my finger on it.*

Surely the world will remember this gallant side of Balzo! The last entry in the diary is perhaps the most poignant:

*The truck pulled up from the agency. I gathered my props, make-up bag and unicycle. The driver helpfully loaded my gear, and I climbed into the back of the truck. There were some other obese clowns sitting back there. "Must be a big party!" I offered. They just stared at me blankly, as if they had been tranquilized, and shifted a bit in their straitjackets. I let out a boisterous fart and settled in for the ride. Who knows, maybe today will be my big break!*

O noble Balzo!

What can we learn from Balzo's diary? That even in the darkest of hours, our humanity shines forth and illuminates the path to righteousness; that the soul of man - as delicate as a butterfly's flatus yet as enduring as the mighty oak - will triumph inexorably over the most obdurate and implacable of obstacles; and finally, that one clown's actions can make a difference in a world which seems so indifferent to our hardships. I closed Balzo's little book and fell into a deep, peaceful slumber, and when I awoke I felt refreshed and renewed. O glorious, glorious humanity! Long may you reign!

**A Reply to "Excerpts From the Diary of Balzo the Clown" by  
Wink E. Tinkler, Ph. D, LLD, DDS  
by Hume N. Drain, Ph. D.**

The acrid bile which we call contemporary culture has recently been enlivened by a strange concatenation of events. As a habitual humanist, unable to resist his instinctual urge for all forms of affirmative syntheses, the tempting combination of clown meat juice and medicinal maggots blended into an "invigorating tonic, banishing fetid breath, alopecia, impetigo, and effective as both a delicious beverage and soothing balm for the rare bottoms of youngsters" proved to be the Achilles' heel in liquid form of Mr. Wink E. Tinkler, Ph. D, LLD, DDS. His subsequent arrest, consolidation of his debt (his moral debt, for perpetrating the continuing downfall of what shred of authentic culture can still be maintained, cannot be paid with this-worldly monies), and the auction of his personal items

brings a glimmer to the vanity of all that exists. While the rabble clamors for his strainer, the diary of Balzo the Clown can finally be published in its unexpurgated form, and the real Balzo may finally come to light without the sickening veneer and reactionary legend of Mr. Wink E. Tinkler's humanistic neutralization.

On comparison of the manuscript with the excerpts published recently we see the editorial horrors performed upon the red-nosed corpus of Balzo's diary. In all cases we see Tinkler's emendations correspond to Tinkler's own desires to see the "delicate butterfly's flatus" of humanism preserved at all costs whether it means violent editing or the convincing of a stormtrooper's baton. For example, Tinkler reproduces this poem of Balzo's,

"A leaf, a stone, a sausage casing in the sun  
Broken unicycle by the old shed - I shriek and rub my red rubber nose.  
Children playing in a park - dulcet tones of meadowlark  
flap flap flap of big clown shoes - furtive sip of fortified booze,"

but neglects to reproduce the final rhyming couplet:

"My little red balls tell me: 'Spirit is pain,  
The world is fallen, and all is in vain."

Tinkler also heroizes the gallant naivete of Balzo in numerous passages: the "cryptic remark" of Monday's entry, the "seeming unnaturalness" of Blimpshackle's dental confrontation. Mr. Tinkler, DDS cannot resist a chance to advertise himself! Only now are we in a position to question this a priori "naivete" of Balzo lauded by Tinkler. Considering that the unexpurgated diary of Balzo the Clown is projected to be published in 27 volumes, requires the work of numerous translators to render the passages he wrote in archaic Portuguese, an obscure regional dialect of Yukon Eskimo, four separate variants of an Indo-Judaic script resembling the syntax of middle Phoenician and the hieratic pictograms of the low Byzantine language groups, and numerous other languages (once they have been decoded from a complicated alphabetic substitution code which changes its letter arrays every 37 characters, including spaces), not to mention the selected correspondence projected to begin in 3 years with each volume anticipated at 7 month intervals, and closing with his early writings the Jena period, including three early drafts of a system of Ethical Clowning and a First Philosophy of Juggling, some political Writings

both early and late, a Politico Theologico Tractatus, lectures on Kant (never delivered) planned for a course at the Institute for Clown Research, and a volume of Criticism on the "Fairy Queen", we can hardly call Balzo naive. Obviously the irony in tone escaped Mr. Tinkler in his rush to squeeze every drop of a priori humanism out of the otherwise juicy and corpulent body of Balzo's work, but for Tinkler as shrivelled and dry as the world's most desiccated prune shot deep into the heart of a sun a thousand times greater than the one that is already bright enough to blind the eyes of Mr. Tinkler to the world's mere facticity which is enough, in its very presence alone, to contradict and annihilate beyond the possibility of the existence of even the remotest trace, his irritating humanism! What's more, he missed the only true humanist moment in the entire work - the pregnant moment where Balzo, trapped alone on an island with a wound from an enchanted serpent that will not heal, and almost tricked out of his last means of survival by a young rogue, howls with pain and brings about the confession of truth from the young rogue about his devious plans. Here, Tinkler should be spilling his vial of nutritious clown juice all over himself; but NO! his *meconnaissance* is too great!

Have you no shame Wink E. Tinkler? To mutilate a poor blended clown's diary for the sake of your own pleasure? But existence for you is nothing more than the clamoring after one pleasure following another. Your jouissance must be endless, and when your jouissance does end, then, where immediately before there was jouissance, that hole is now as quickly filled with the emptiness of ennui. You find only a movement between pleasure and boredom in this eternal replacement of jouissance with ennui and ennui with jouissance. But your crapulence impels you to strive for pleasure after pleasure. You seek a world of pleasures, pleasure without end. One pleasure is not enough, only the eternity of jouissance will satisfy your infinite appetite for pleasure. I would vomit upon your litany of pleasures if only I was not aware that my vomiting would merely give you pleasure! Oh what a joy to find pleasure wherever one goes, only I would reply that that sentiment sickens me but mustn't in order to contradict the pleasure you get from my displeasure, hence I say that I am pleased at your pleasure as a stratagem to displease you! But do not think that I am pleased by your displeasure at my pleasure, for my pleasure isn't as easily pleased as yours, nor does it labor under some other person's pleasure as its bondsman, receiving its own pleasurable valence of pleasure as a negative coefficient of some other's displeasure. For I know if this were the case you would find it an amusing fact, and

this amusing fact would, over time, become an enjoyable sensation and then, mediated by the imagination, would produce a feeling of pleasure! No! I choose a fate less horrible than that: my sentiments are those of Balzo's who, in a passage neglected by Mr. Tinkler, wrote the following:

"Woke up. Wasn't hungry. Squeezed a drop of urine out. Ate the fat like Morris said. Remembered a dream from the previous night. An old man told me about a powerful beverage. "Some people call me a beverage man, but I know of a nutritious beverage that is overpowering."

"Is it tea?" I asked.

"Too tepid," he scoffed.

"Coffee?"

"Stains the teeth," he spat.

"Orange juice?"

"Acid! Irritates the glands," he shouted.

"Vodka?"

"A bolshevik's beverage," he stuttered.

"Water?"

"No physiognomy," he screamed.

"Sebum?"

"Tastes like sweat," he spewed.

Little did I know that while I was engaged in conversation the old man was trying to frotherize me. I awoke. What could this dream mean?"

Oh, you sad, sad clown!