

March 2009 Timefighters

## A Clown How-To and What For

by Jusby the Clown

I find the title of your little organization preposterous, presumptuous, ridiculous, implausible, and Sisyphean to the extreme. It's reminiscent of the *Chronos vs. Kairos* affair. **And so I knew I had to participate.** Of course, I left it to the eleventh hour of the deadline, and in a clown flurry began composing with the aid of a legal pad full of gibberish fragments. Ah, excellent.

How-To.. fight time? Yes. Well, that's like Time Travel. It's usually a one-way street. I fought time, and time won. But I got back up again and went another round. Here's the thing. I wonder **WHY** you want to do such a thing, and I'm looking at it from the prospective of Non-Violent Communication, and it comes to this. You must have some BIG FEELINGS of Unmet Needs, right? Like maybe you want **more connection or appreciation or a sense of accomplishment.** So you wanted to get out from in front of a computer and go see your work actually taking up paper and ink. Provide a service: fish wrapper/ birdcage liner, whatever, help them pass the time. Fighting the boredom is more like it. I'm a lover not a fighter. And I have needs too. I need to make my mark on the world.

Well, we mark the time out with a bunch of numbers like... 4-11, for example, which also happens to be **my birthday.** So.. how about taking this one event at a time instead of fighting the whole concept of time. On my next birthday I'll be 40. What a nice present to myself, a non-linear disruption to the melancholy and nostalgia of aging, a kind of flash-back to the impetuous poetry I wrote in my 20's. Out there in black and white. What's alive for me at this minute is the excitement of novelty as it is being created **with** the expectation that it will cause synchronistic ripples in my own history. And having a birthday party with a Grasshopper Cake and stilt-walkers and fire dancers and puppets and a pony.

**These** are the memories we're making kind of thingy. In my studies of the clowny-arts I've had much experience with the psychedelic distortions of time, feeling that **infinity feeling**, sharing a thought that something was going to last forever, or wondering how the instant passed. And if you know that feeling, then bring some of that magic pixie dust to the party (wink-wink).

I started toying with the idea of Magnetic Mirror Therapy after learning my Mayan Calendar sign, Etz'nab. It's like playing with audio and video feedback loops. You know, that Mayan Calendar is **NEVER** going to catch on! Just 'cuz the Mayans aren't using it doesn't mean it's up for grabs. The thing is probably cursed. Plus we're too attached to the names of the days and months we've got. Even if they aren't synched in neatly with 13 months of 20 days each. And what would happen to April Fool's? I dunno, but since it currently resonates to me as Clown New Year's I'm gonna be out there putting pies in people's faces because the pie lasts but a moment but its residue lasts a great deal longer. The gag works because there's **a before and an after**, because there's a picture and a story to go along with it. We PLAY because of TIME, because of the rhythm of TIME, the anticipation and the satisfaction. The set-up and the punch line and the timing of it all.

Yes, I do want to come to peace with aging and not feel rushed and not feel interrupted and always be in the flow of successes that correspond to appropriate challenges, and I guess I have to FIGHT FOR TIME.

**Here's to having an attitude and an approach that has a gentle prejudice.** Hear, hear! I know it will all seem funny later. I believe that tragedy plus time equals humor. I can find a patient way to transform patterns into meanings.

How-TO? Yes. Hold your breath. Don't cheat. Go underwater. Don't cheat. Go across the whole pool.

Or find some other way to hold your breath. You know, conserve the precious gases you paid good money for. See how long you can fight time. Really BE in the subjectively pregnant pauses and MILK THEM!

Have a sense of wonder and amazement, but don't fight time. It's like trying to teach a pig to sing. **It wastes your pig and annoys time!** Don't annoy time.

Make a deal with time. Sing and dance **in time.**

Let's **spend** our time laughing. Let's all go share the magic pixie dust with Jusby now. He's a funny old clown.