

^{Holey}
Op uitnodiging van het Olympisch cultureel comité was de in Nederland woonachtige, Amerikaanse clown Jango Edwards (40) in Barcelona. Met zijn show 'Holey Moley' is hij tot 30 oktober op toernee in Nederland. Jango Edwards is gehuwd en heeft twee zonen.

Om geen afbreuk te doen aan zijn taalgebruik is zijn dagboek niet vertaald.

Today

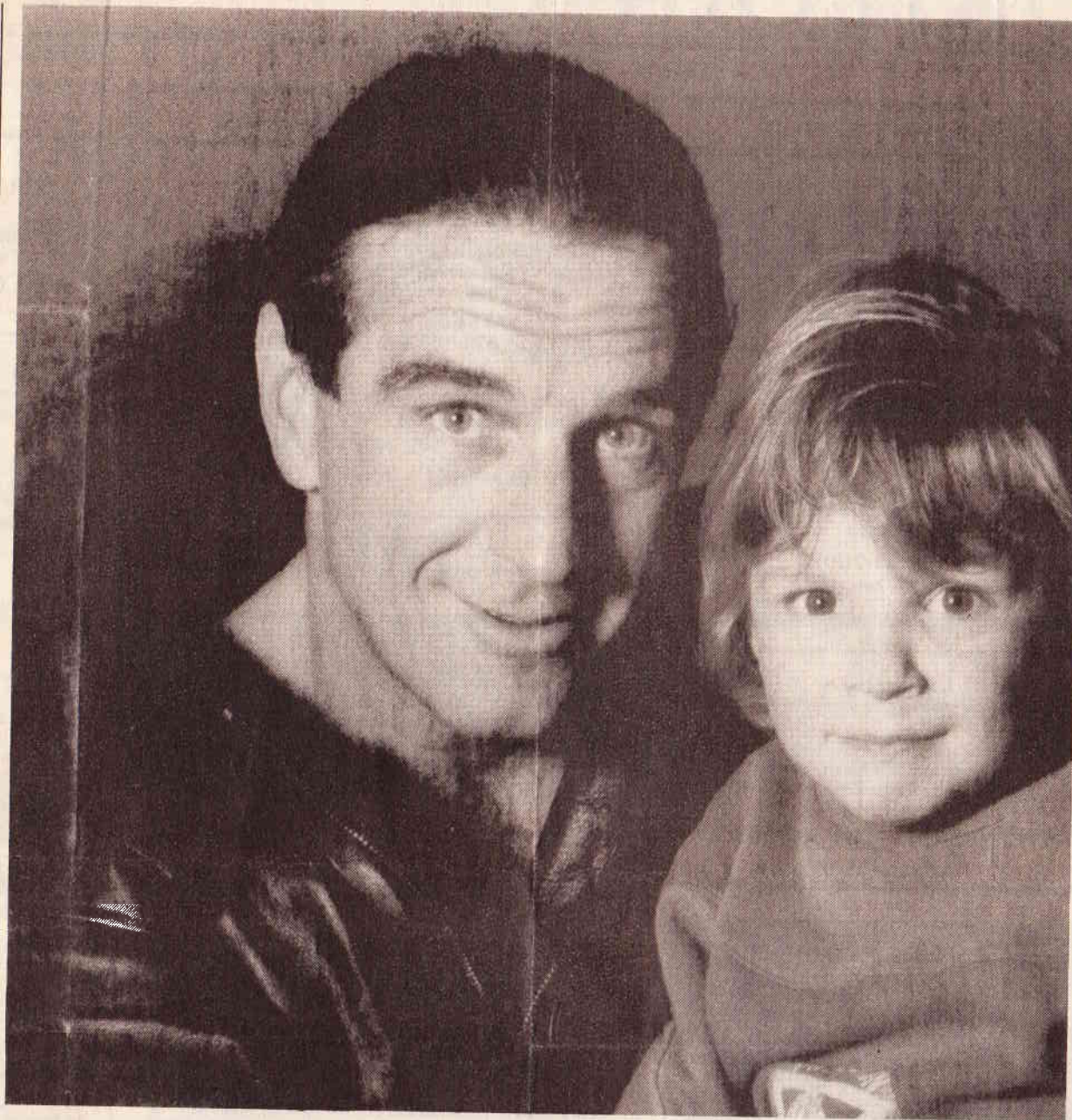
Being that everyday is a special day and I never know what day it is other than today which is always after yesterday but before tomorrow, I'll begin with today.

Today at midnight I return to 'Mr. E. Productions' my office to prepare a list of priorities for my assistants to complete during my absence the next four days. In Zaandam yesterday I presented the 17th performance of my new show 'Holey Moley'.

The reaction of the Dutch public has been surprisingly positive. The show is physically demanding but performing is the best drug next to love that I know. I return to my home in Ouderkerk at 2:30 a.m. to discover my wife and a friend of hers have wine sickness. I tend to their illness, pack my suitcase and drive out to Schiphol where the company and I embark for Barcelona.

We will perform the next four days on the Ramblas in a theatre tent as part of the 2nd festival de Tardor de Barcelona organized by the Olympic Cultural Committee. On arrival I register in the Ramada Hotel and the remainder of the day I visit the sandman.

Tomorrow - day after today



Jango Edwards

HOLLANDS DAGBOEK

surprised but happy about this. We have a unique though peculiar bond. You might say a sort of union in absentia. As husband and wife we're closer than brother and sister but after 15 years of practice the greatest of lovers. The problem is you can't make love over a phone. Well you can but I prefer a personal appearance. The company and I return that afternoon, Cindi is there and when we arrive home we don't use the phone. Micky, my youngest son, is glued to the Nintendo in his quest to conquer the Joker in the Batman video game. Some goal for a three year old. Turne, Micky, Cindi and I spend the evening with Aat & Christi Veldhoen surrounded by Aat's bizarre & curious imagination exhibited in his art, specially his newest interest in bronze sculpture. As midnight approaches, Turne and I take our new dog Babaloo for a moonlight stroll, one of our rare man to man discussions about school, money, Dick Tracy, football and how much we miss each other because I am away so often at work. There is only one serious dilemma in my profession - the lack of time to share with my family. Though people often say clowns are sad, far from it I am one of the happiest people in the world but I must admit it can be lonely when you miss the ones you love so frequently.

Another after 1 day after another - (tomorrow yesterday)

Asleep at the wheel awoke by a queen. Me lady arrives with breakfast in bed. I wonder if she knows I'm writing this diary. She always brings me my breakfast in bed. Today it's iced tea as usual and a B.L.T. (bacon, lettuce & tomato sandwich) delivered with a kiss and a note of sweetness. I eat, and sleep again while my loving wife fulfills her weekly housewife role. Why not, she has a profession and career to pursue also. I'm proud of her most recent success with photography and

FOTO CINDY MARLER

I remain with the sandman until 1:15 a.m. when I was awake by Montse Majench, the press agent for the Olympic Cultural Committee. I can see an expression on her face of doubt. How can I make the metamorphosis from dead weight to dynamite.

The performance is scheduled for 2 a.m. and I arrive at the tent at 1:50 a.m. At 2:10 a.m. we assault the stage to a sold out public. 2 hours later and 2 kilos lighter I and the Knights of the Clown Babble have won another battle on the clown crusade. Following the concert I am visited by two members of the fools family, Tortell Poltrona & Johnny Melville. My final encounter is with the artistic director of the Olympic Cultural Committee who congratulates us on our success and we set an appointment for lunch on Sunday to discuss my proposed 'Olympic Fools' project. I have offered to create a fringe festival modeled after the Amsterdam 'Festival of Fools' during the games in 1992. I return to the Ramada at 5 am, order dinner, eat dinner while reading this weeks *Variety*, a trade magazine of the entertainment industry. The meal is followed by a bath and another visit to the land of slumber. I dream I'm a millionaire, with a million hairs and it's a wig they cry. I am eating a 200 pound marshmallow when my sleep is interrupted by a phone call. This is the first of many. I can't help noticing that my pillow had disappeared and as I converse on the telephone I can't help but notice assorted feathers stuck around my mouth. I dine with Johnny M. to discuss assorted comic projects from feature film & future festival consultation to out women, children, friends & the Gulf Crisis. Johnny & I go back a long way and no longer compete but cooperate & collaborate on how we can promote humor and maintain the progress of the art of clown. At 11:40 Johnny farts and I propose we depart from the hotel immediately for the venue. Since a fox smells his own hole he agrees and we walk the

length of the Ramblas discussing the various members of the opposite sex as they pass by.

The next day - the day after tomorrow

The performance begins at 2:15 a.m. and most of the audience have been waiting since 10 p.m. tomorrow which is now yesterday. Confusing huh? The performance is 50% different and selected from the 8 hour repertoire of the 'Classics' concept. The public embrace us again and at 4 a.m. I slide out the back of the tent to avoid the crush of happy people. It's funny how sometimes I avoid the public though they are one of my true reasons for living. Laughter is a unique medicine that is often a remedy for humans in a positive sense. As I wander up the Ramblas to the Ramada Hotel I pass a small circle of policemen surrounding a ambulance driver who is hopelessly applying the last chance method of human revival on a stone cold male corpse in his mid twenties. It's a reminder that rapture and ruin are neighbors and no matter how many smiles you acquire each day there are still frowns to be found. I return to my room, have dinner, shower and fall asleep on the couch watching CNN Special Report 'The Gulf Crisis'.

I'm awoken by a phone call from Tony Spumonie a designer, technician and performer from the original 'Friends Roadshow'. We have worked together since 1973 and I have invited him for a sauna, massage, shit, shower & shave at a health club in another hotel. My body is my instrument and it's the one item I shouldn't neglect but too often don't remember until the dull pain from falls and stunts sharpens and reminds me. After I return to the hotel too late for two separate business meetings. Of course I was on time, J.S.T., Jango standard Time which if

your lucky is 1 hour behind any other time but could easily be more. I dine on a kilo of pistachios and ice cold coca cola, the wine of Americans while watching the 2nd part of 'Summer Slam', a wwf wrestling theatre production. After the Hulk body slams the Earthquake I call my sons in Amsterdam who I know are watching it back home. But there is no answer! Now I begin to worry but later find out that they didn't want to answer the phone until the show was over.

Another day - (the day after the next day which has now become yesterday the day before tomorrow which is now 1 Day After Another)

Well this time is started at 1 a.m. and I was in bed by 4 a.m. I slept until noon when I awoke to prepare last minute details and review my proposal to the Olympic Cultural Committee to present a fringe festival in Barcelona during the olympics in 1992 based on the original concept of the 'Festival of Fools' to be titled 'The Olympic Fools'.

At 3:30 p.m. we finally meet for a late lunch for them or breakfast for me. Now here is where my past professional salesman skills comes in. If you can sell lawns to people you can sell anything. Besides, this concept will sell itself. Fools school, Olympic Clown Alternative Sport events with gold, silver & bronze fools moons as medals, an Olympic Fools village and hundreds of free street theatre performances, it speaks for itself and like a carp for the doughball they bite the bait, hell they swallow it and the official permission will be within 30 days. I return to my hotel and drink every non alcoholic drink I can find in my in room bar. Harry, my personal manager, guitarist and band leader arrives with salami, choro-

and dried tuna. We celebrate. Hans arrives, my production supervisor, we celebrate. Tortell & Montse arrives, professional clown and his wife, we celebrate.

At 11 p.m. we begin our final performance in the tent for the festival. I'm juiced, loose and it's one of those shows that are genial. Being a professional the performances are at least ok, usually good but when the ingredients are right - great.

One day after another - (The day before another day after one day after another)

The show finished at 2:15 a.m. Sometimes when you're on a roll time flies. Then again fruit flies like bananas and my fly is always open. Still it seems the audience lost track too for when we finish with our third encore and too exhausted to risk another a loud moan comes from the audience.

After the show I am presented with a silk vest and a boomerang inscribed by each member of a clown troop from Argentina. I slip out the back of the tent and return to my hotel just in time for the cable night porno film, 'Back Door Girls'. While I pack my suitcase I occasionally pause to study the finer art of anal sex. Butt (that's a pun like bum voyage) the sandman arrives before I finish and once more it's off to slumber land.

At 9 a.m. breakfast arrives. I eat, shit, shower and shave. I weigh myself only to discover that I have lost another 4 kilos in 4 days. That makes 8 kilos in 3 weeks. I was 10 kilos overweight when I returned from the Paris tv project but the new show is like playing 3 hours of professional soccer. After the shave I fall asleep again until 11, when my dear wife Cindi calls from Amsterdam to confirm my arrival. She is going to meet me at schiphol. I'm

admire her soft erotic eye for enticing. She later wakes me with spaghetti carbonara. I eat, dress and make a short visit to the office followed by a conference in route with my writing partner and co owner of Nose & Bones Productions, Rick Parets. We discuss additional changes to our new show 'Holey Moley' which tonight I resume touring in Breda. The day wouldn't be complete without a complaint and Rick completes the day. That's why I love him, the yin to my yang.

The show is sold out and the public rave. I return home driven by Rick. Exhausted, I lie in the back seat and can't help drifting into a light dream fantasy concerning sex in the backseat while caught in a traffic jam next to a doctor who thinks my partner is having a baby and rushes to her aid to find the fits of frenzy are not labor pains but undulation in the on top position. Somehow I awake in the parking lot of Ikea at 10 a.m. in my bus.

Tomorrow which is today the day after yesterday

Today is like yesterday is like tomorrow is like another day. Phone calls, wheels and deals, appointments, appeasements, consultations, confrontations, compliments and complaints. All necessary ingredients of a continuing comic crusade. Ineke, Ali, Hans & Harry, all pieces of an intricate puzzle which are placed together with my lawyers, lovers, liars, promoters, producers, agents and anglers to aquire the daily dose of stage addiction. Performing is the greatest drug next to love I know and almost just as good. So I go on, not knowing the date but aware of the time and glad to know that I don't have to detail another day for the diary because it takes too much time and anyway I know what I'm doing, don't need to know what I've done and don't need to know what to do cause I do know that it will be done. Gee, 40 years old and this is what I do for a living. Dag!