

The Catch

ISSUE 15
AUG-SEPT
1995
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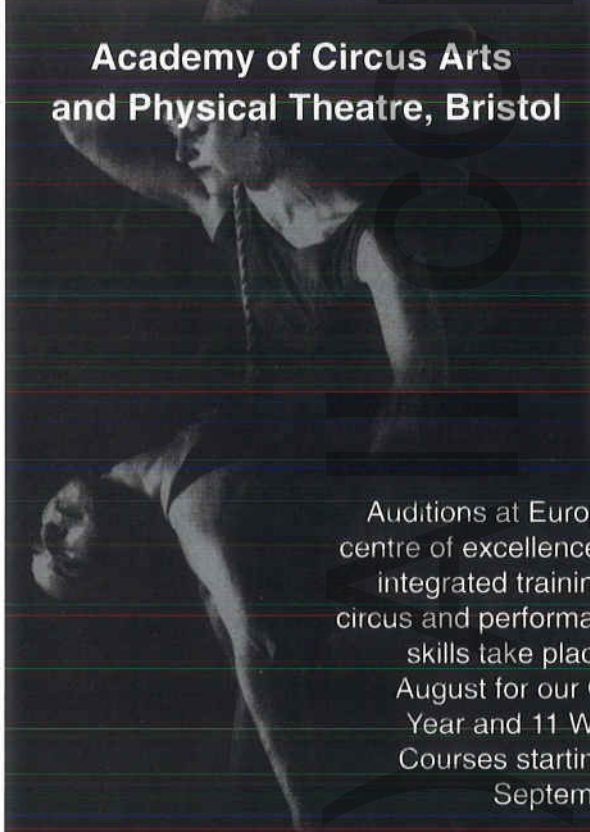
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5-7

FAIR THEE WELL

Life in the vanished world of the big funfairs and permanent circuses - author *Laurence Staig* tells the tale to *Steve Henwood*, opening the *Catch* literary issue.

9-11

WEST FEST BEST

This year's Glastonbury Festival was the fabbest yet (even Mr. Eavis says so); *Donald Grant* (words), an assortment of hangers-around and *Adrian John* (pics) seem inclined to agree.

13

FLASH!

Another excuse to run pages of photographs for the next three issues - a *Catch* photographic competition - win free tickets to the best shows in the country!

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PUT IT AWAY!

In the first one of a new series of tricks and hints from workshops around the country, *Norman Blackburn* makes a good case for making a good case.

15

FEEDS

...and *you* thought it was a 'simple caption contest... how you were deceived! For that matter, so were we.

17

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Well this is literary too - *Martin Probert* wrote a jolly good book about four-ball juggling and we've borrowed one of the tricks out of it to show you.

18-20

ROSÉ WITH LAURIE

Our *Passed* and *Round the World* features bookend this issue's dead culchered theme, and *Laurie Lee* describes busking in England & Spain in the 1930s.

21-23

IF A PICTURE'S WORTH A THOUSAND POUNDS?

Antiques Roadshow (no, not your old trucks) featuring some luvverly old pictures of circus from the early 19th Century. We say hang 'em all!

24-31

CATCH THIS

More places to go and more things to see than the tourist information office - more expensive ways to exhaust yourself and exciting ways to injure yourself than the whole top shelf of the newsagent's.

32

MULTIPLEX

The *Catch* classified ads. Never knowingly undersold, understated or understood.

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BALLS

Books! Books! More of them! But these are *brand new* ones, also worthy of your attention.

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CATCH OUT

The show must go on and we must go! That coveted *Catch* reviewer's badge gets you through the door even when the *sold out* sign is up...

35,37

DROPS

A fresh pile of Bile from «Pof!», examining why jugglers don't top themselves. Plus the animal debate crawls on - sort of...

37

CATCHPHRASES

Organisations and *dis* organisation.

38-39

DROP BACK LINES

Letters - except that this issue they seem to be substitute adverts for those too stingy to take out classifieds. Try that one on again and we'll send *The Ballet Hooligans* round.

40-41

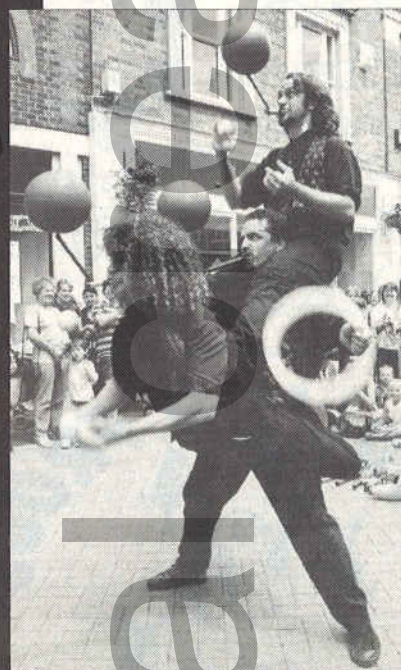
CLUBS

It takes 42½ minutes to read out the workshop list in one of those carefully-enunciated voices like the football results. You'd be much better off reading it yourself.

43

EASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS

Busker Gutflied *Catch* airlines to Sweden. Good job we've sold the tickets already.



Adverse conditions led to a 3-juggler pile-up in Winchester High Street.

Flaming Idiots, Hal Fair.
Photo: Nick Hitchcox

ISSUE FIFTEEN ? AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1995

The *Catch* is published more often than you'd believe from: Moorledge Farm Cottage, Knowle Hill, Chew Magna, Bristol BS18 8TL.

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Illumination: Sebright, Bristol.

This is the small print. It's small so you don't really have to waste time reading it unless you're very bored, or really want to know something administrative. If you're running an event or workshop, you must need to know that our deadline for information is by the end of the month preceding the appearance of the next issue - i.e. August 31 for the October/November issue. Do it now to be on the safe side! Anything arriving later will be treated with the contempt it deserves, except if accompanied by money, which we have a substantial respect for, yessir we do. We have yet to hear a good enough excuse that didn't come with a cheque attached.

The *Catch* editorial office is the most confusing mass of paper this side of the Circus Dept. of the Inland Revenue. That's one reason why all copy, artwork and photography remain the copyright of the originators, who can in most cases be contacted through the *Catch* office, unless I can't find the piece of paper any more or you sound too official. A facility fee can work wonders.

The *Catch* welcomes contributions of all sorts, the funnier / more informative / least likely / more scandalous the better. It saves us having to write anything, 'cos we're too busy going to international festivals on the enormous sums of money we make from the magazine to bother with trivia like that. Considering the quality of the letters page this time, you ought to be able to get yourselves included on that, at least. If you're doubtful or otherwise dubious, or thinking of writing something long, it might be better to write to us about it first, though the editor's not in the country much and takes months to reply. If you want stuff returned you'd better send an SAE, though for similar reasons, the summer rush, dahhling (summer rush to the Med.) we might be thinking of using it sometime later. Be grateful we're thinking at all. This could be *Hellol* magazine.

We haven't got time to check everything, we're lucky if we can find it - and certainly no time to follow up costly damages or libel suits - which means that from the start we accept no responsibility for any opinions expressed in these pages, no matter whose name is on the bottom. The information was OK when we ran it but don't expect it not to change - if anything involves a substantial journey, you're advised to ring and check, that's why we give numbers when we can. If they're wrong, well you're bugged, aren't you? If you disagree with anything you read, keep Jonathan Aiken out of this - write a letter or a rant for *Drops*. I'm sure we didn't mean it - who did you say you were? The *Catch* is proud to be part of the disinformation revolution.

The *Catch* was the collective inspiration of Stuart & Jan & someone else who wishes to remain anonymous. No I don't blame her either.

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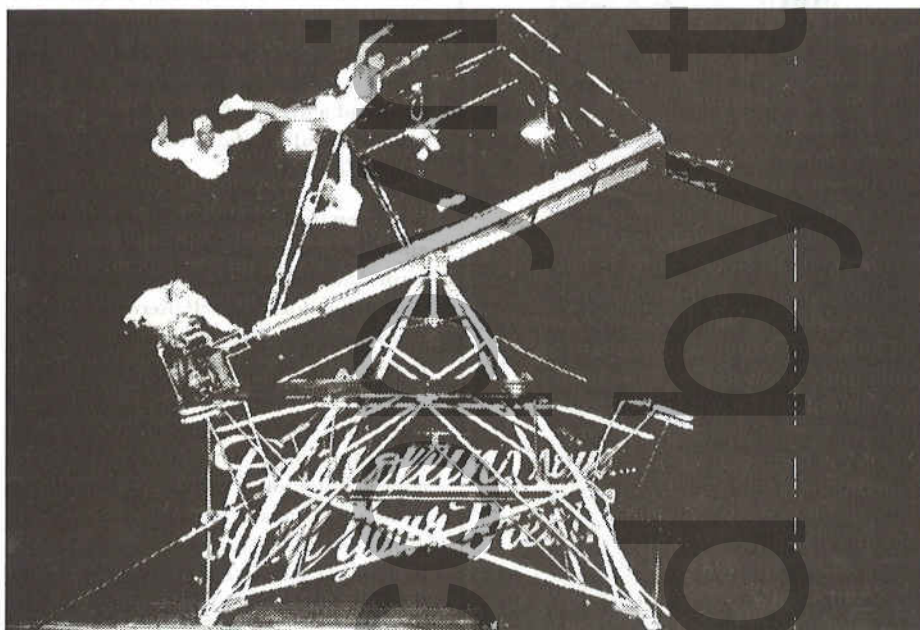
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Who has not at least *heard* of *The Wall of Death*? This famous stunt involved high-powered motorcycles roaring round the inside edge of a cylindrical structure like a drum, perpendicular to the ground, only their speed keeping them from gravity which does not approve of being checked in such a manner. Laurence Staig knew it very well. His grandfather, Fred, designed and built the first (initially run with bicycles, in the Edwardian era!), the whole family worked and rode it; his father, also Laurence, rode the still-more-fiendish *Globe of Death*, in which one motorbike going around the equator, as it were, is joined by another circling pole to pole. In theory they miss each other. And almost all the time in reality too...

whole thing pivoted, but it wasn't mechanical, it depended on the weight of the performers. So to lower the bike properly depended on a split second. If someone stumbled and went the wrong way, the thing could come down. My mother (once a Tiller Girl) tells a story that one day when there was a performance outdoors - they used to do this a lot outdoors as well - they couldn't stop the spinning for about 25 minutes. It was going round like this and he was spinning upside down - what do you do in a situation like that?"

With such stunts, Laurie Staig, *Lucky Laurie*, was a star. Regularly headlining the London Palladium and the prestigious Madrano in Paris. Invited to perform for



It'll never fly; into orbit with the Australian Air

"My father came from a great tradition of New Zealand Showmen," says Laurence, and even now, nearly thirty years after his death, you can sense he's extremely proud of the man. "At his peak we had another one of Grandfather's shows, one called the *Australian Air Aces*. Not that we were from Australia or even New Zealand really, but it was the alliteration - the AAA's you see."

You're really going to have to look at the photograph of *their* rig, it would just take too long to describe - half motorbike trick, half flying trapeze. "My father would be riding his motorbike upside-down, then at the end, which was phenomenally dangerous, what they had to do was to tilt the apparatus so that the bike came down on to the platform again. And you could always imagine it coming down on your head or neck or whatever. You had to be the right way up as you come down. You had the motorbike on one side and the

the Queen, though in the end some nervous flunky thought the noise might be too alarming for her Maj's delicate sensibilities. Laurence has a copy of a London evening paper, the *Star*, where the return of the Staig family to a London engagement is the lead story on the front page. "It's hard to imagine that today. But if you see a newsreel of the big fairs, the ones we worked - Battersea, Belle Vue, Margate Dreamland, Coney Beach Porthcawl, Blackpool - they're packed. On Bank Holidays you simply *could not more*. The queues for our shows went round the block."

Imagine life as a child on the Belle Vue site, with a zoo next door, real clowns to read you stories at night (and visits by the greats, NoNo, Charlie Caroli), the human cannonball every Sunday at 3, magicians and performing animals as neighbours, and your own reserved seat at the circus

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

Not long ago, circus and fair-ground were far closer than you'd tell today. The big annual fairs like Nottingham Goose Fair, the seasonal pleasure gardens, and the huge permanent grounds like Battersea Park or Manchester's Belle Vue, brought together independent performers and side-shows of all kinds who paid a fee or a percentage to be allowed to pitch and ply their trade - the best and most famous also worked the variety theatre circuit. Though the household-name travelling circuses held on to their own routes, acts, traditions, the show circuit folk shared a close comradeship, the same audiences and the same bosses. It's a world that all but disappeared in the 1960s. Author *Laurence Staig* was born into the family who ran one of the most famous shows of all time, and here he lends us some archive pictures and talks with *Steve Henwood* about motorcycles, magicians, and other grand illusions.



LAURIE STAIG

International Stunt Motor-Cyclist and Air Ace as Australia's "Hobo" Clown "Toby" at the Twentieth International Circus, Belle Vue, Manchester, England. Season 1948-49.

every night. Laurie senior had temporarily injured himself on *The Globe Infernal* (one of its many names, including *The Globe of Life*, changed to reflect whatever seemed to be popular at the time) and became a clown, the clown who opened the show and spent the rest mimicking the ringmaster. Belle Vue Circus ran during the winter when the fairground was closed, and had its own permanent building; I believe only *Blackpool Tower Circus* remains of this sort.

Their next line of work is equally rare nowadays, though perhaps in slight renaissance just now. In the late '50s, having

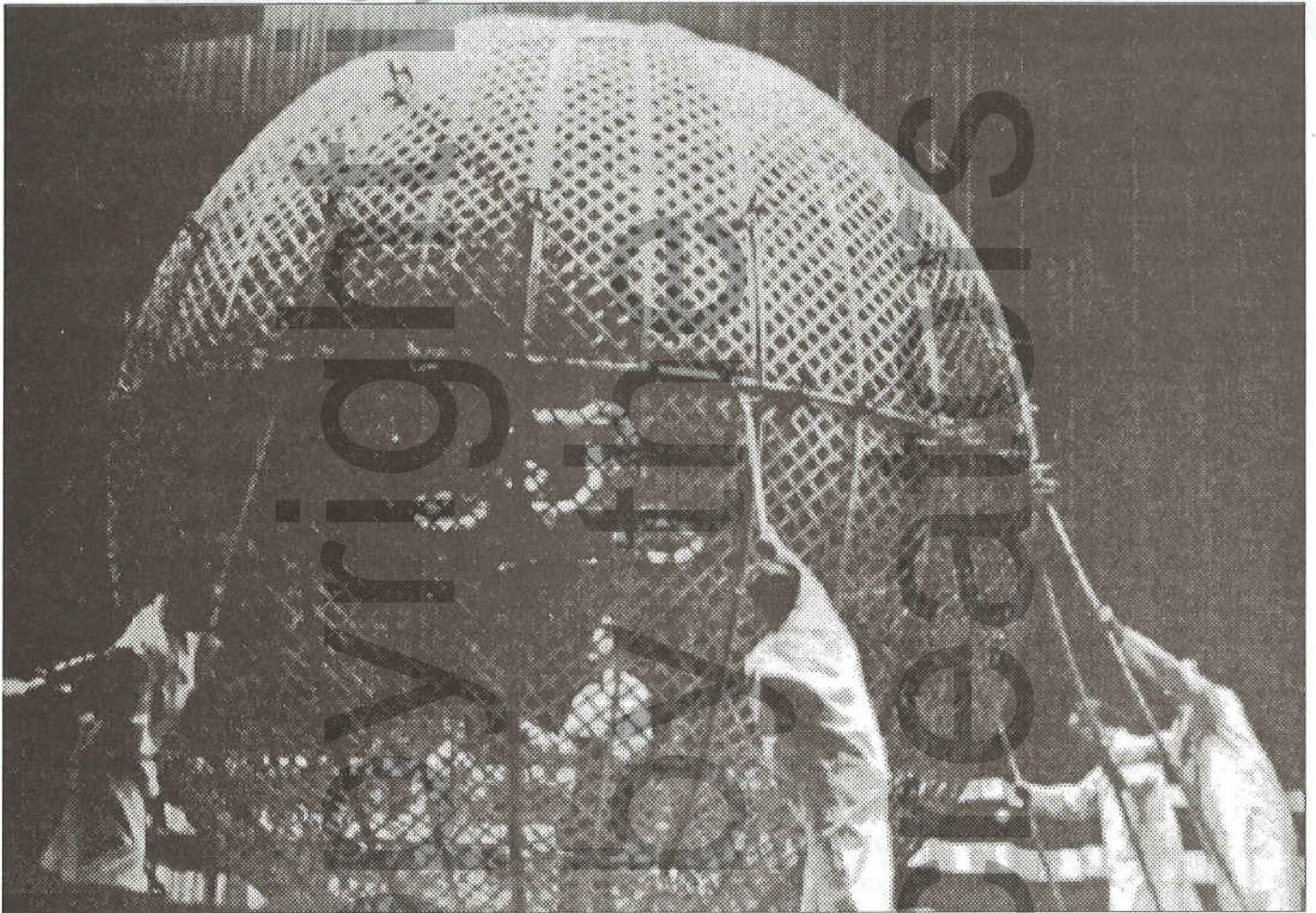
been invited to set up the *Globe* at Battersea, and after touring it for a year packed up in a furniture van, the Staigs met the famous stage illusionist Robert Harbin and moved into an extra sideline of sideshows. There was *The Spider Lady*, a real girl's face on a spider body in the midst of a giant web; *Varna The Jungle Girl* - "the natives called her taboo!" - Laurence junior was already showing his vocation when allowed to write copy for the 'flashes', the huge hardboard signs on the exterior of the booths advertising the show inside; *The Hands of Dracula*, disembodied hands with a life of their own; *The Invisible Ray*, later 'The Invisible Man' after the success of the TV show of the same

name, in which a member of the audience would slowly vanish amid futuristically flashing lights.

"I don't think illusions like we did would have the same impact now," muses Laurence, "I don't think the *pretty face in bizarre situation* set-up would mean the same either. Most of the illusions were on the same principles, the Invisible Man was based on a very old French one called *La Morte*, and so are the few you see on the TV nowadays. Penn & Teller claim they're letting you into how they're done, but they're not always telling the truth. Harbin was something of a genius, though, he actually invented some new illusions of his own. I remember his workshop was a fascinating place for a young boy to be, and there he'd be, running around saying "This'll be fantastic! Fantastic!". He always had a wig on when he was on TV and I found it really difficult to work out why he looked so different."

Even the *Globe of Death* itself is apparently now no longer with us in its original form. Although when Lucky Laurie stopped riding the *Globe* himself there was still one running under their management and supervision, plus the Harbin sideshows in London & Manchester, the occasional sightings of a similar routine nowadays aren't the same. "There have been lots of copies, but a lot of them have been incorrectly constructed. The reason is that the thing has to 'breathe', so that as the motorcycle goes round it expands and inflates at the velocity of the motorcycle. A lot of them are actually welded. There's an Italian group, *The Trocaderos*, I think they're called, who do this. But they cannot loop the loop. There's actually a technical problem in doing that because it's like hitting a brick wall when you come down again. You've got to be able to have that 'give'. A weld is too hard, too solid, you see. The original used to be riveted. But of course, if you ride a motorcycle round a cage, a lot of the rivets are going to come out. So every morning my Father and his group used to have to go round checking every rivet in the thing and knock it back in again. And my memory of my Father's act is far more the drilling and the hammering that used to go into this thing than anything else. My Father was the only motorcyclist to do this loop the loop."

Like the circus, the fairground and associated shows went through a very lean period in the '60s, from which many did not recover. "It was probably TV and the



...and you thought *walking globes* were dangerous; The Globe of Death.

way things changed in the '60s. The fairgrounds stopped being what they used to be, the place *everyone* went, to have a rave as it were. When my father stopped riding the Globe himself he tried to get younger guys to ride it, but they never seemed to have the right attitude. It wasn't like being a biker on the street at all, though of course they were attracted to the show. It's funny, he was terrified of riding a motor-bike on the road, he'd never let me out on one... But, after a while when we had to get other people to run the shows, it was all getting a bit too, um, *underworld*."

There's a memorable bit in Laurence's book about his early years where at the age of 18 he has to take matters in hand and sack some of the staff for persistent disputes with the park management. "There's this convicted burglar on front of house, says he burgled Lawrence Harvey's place three days ago and he probably did, seems to know a lot about it. Calls himself Lee, has 100 earrings all over his body, regularly gets pissed completely out of his mind. Then behind there's this guy, I can only describe him as a psychopath, ex-stunt

man, Country singer, a 40-year-old *with a mohican haircut*. In 1968! It was turning into a meeting place for old lags." Luckily there is still a certain amount of respect and dignity among fairground workers and the dismissal is accepted, not without annoyance but without violence.

It seemed that finally the fairground was getting back into the bad character it always had projected onto it by film and pulp fiction - tacky, tawdry, dodgy, dangerous, dark. Laurence could feel the spirit going out of the place. "For a while lots of kids would just come to buy drugs, and I really didn't enjoy that feeling much. Into the '60s the thrills of the fairground were no longer thrilling *enough* for the young people. For my father, it was all he knew. The fairground was dying around us at Battersea, and of course he died in 1968. We pulled out and the place closed down totally a couple of years later." If a Peter Sellers film called *The Long Arm of the Law* comes on your TV, you'll see the *Globe of Death* flash with little Laurence standing in front. Otherwise it's a different world, and a world away.

He might not have taken over the family show, but Laurence Staig junior didn't become the regular "english teacher or something" his mother wanted, either. An early brush with acting - "getting run over by Roger Moore in an episode of *The Saint* set in Battersea Park when I was small" - led into a brief flirtation with stunt work, then serious and experimental theatre, though not before he'd indulged his fascination with blues music (Fleetwood Mac were school-mates) in a dozen bands including a late version of the Spencer Davis Group - and turned down a place in the first Hawkwind! Nowadays he writes children's books, columns on jazz and blues for the national papers, and directs arts festivals. His book *'Smokestack Lightning'* is a brilliant account of his childhood and teenage years, aimed at mid-teen readers (if you know one of those, buy it *immediately*!) but really has enough in it for a pleasant read for any adult interested in the recent history of show people. It's published by Walker Books at £2.99, ISBN 0-7445-2397-6.

Attention all readers!

Dotted around the country and the pages of **The Catch** are small independent juggling shops and stores. Each one is different, part of our attraction — but we do have a few things in common...

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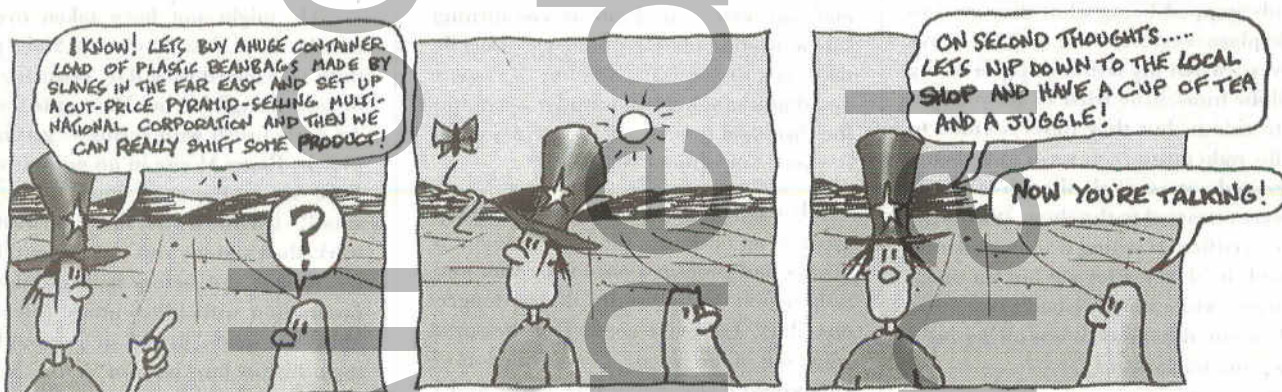
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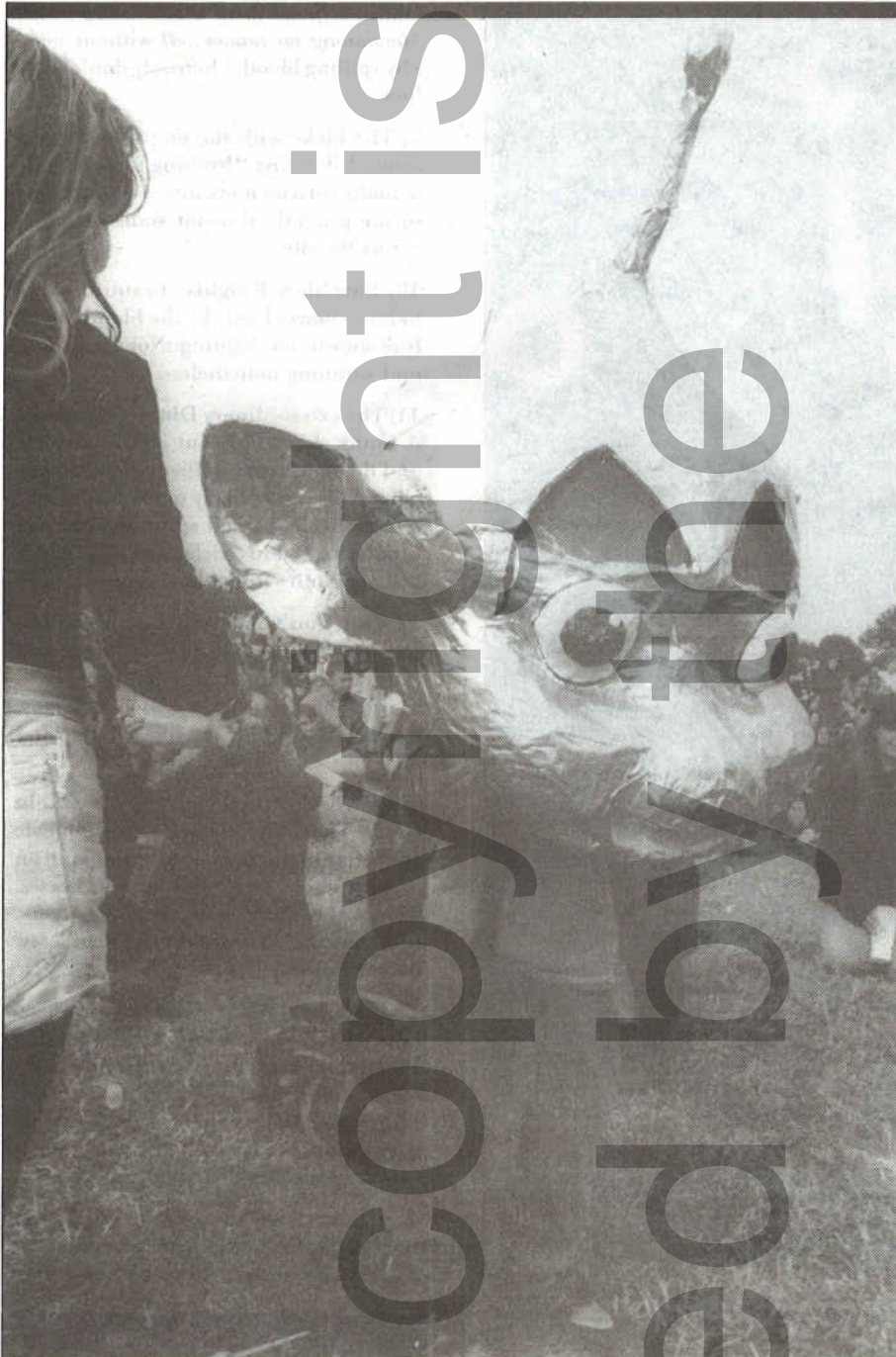
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CRASHED 'N' BURIED

Glastonbury, eh? Far too much to see. Far too much to remember. That's why this year the *Catch* team gave up on trying to work out what was going on and lumbered *Donald Grant* with doing it instead. He seems to have done quite well on catching up with the good shows, or most of them - unaccountably he seems to have missed some Scots guy making a stir with a diabolo act. We didn't catch his name, either. *Adrian John* managed to keep his camera pointing in sensible directions, a pretty good trick if you'd seen the state of him.



Look what that nasty clown did to our Timmy

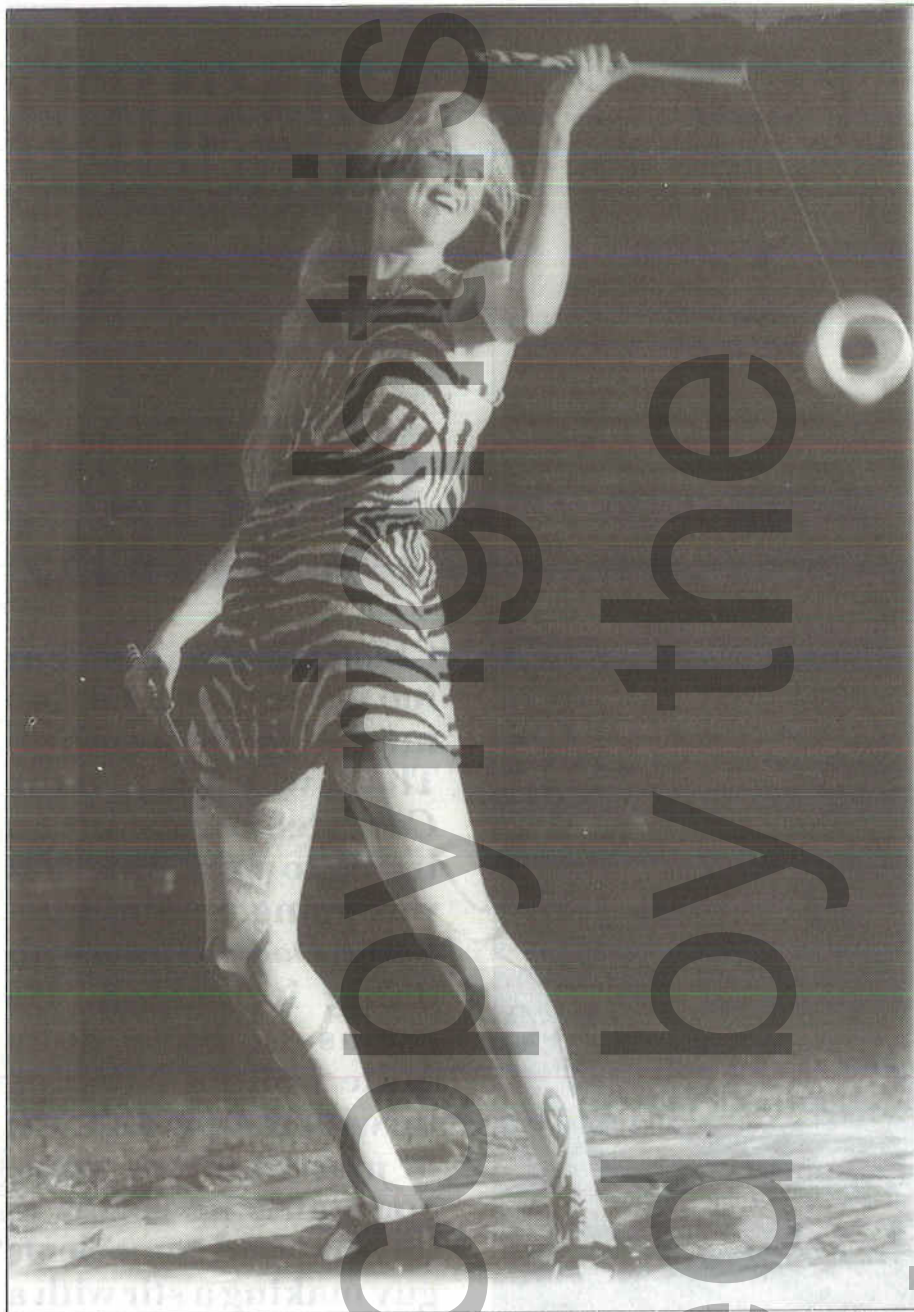
"Oooh! Did ya see Pulp?" "What about Elastica?" "Oasis rocked!" "And Verve." "And Blob." "And Bulge," and Plop, and Murk and Turd and a thousand other small name, big name bands who nobody's gonna remember in ten years time [unlike the author of this piece, natch -d]. Hell, if you spent your whole weekend at the Main Stage, you deserve to be charged £70 for your bloody ticket! There was a whole festival going on in the other fields, y'know?

Well, I got there on Thursday afternoon. No thanks to my partner-in-crime, Ewan Buchanan, to whom I'd given a free ticket and car pass so long as he got a car and a

tent. Well, he crashed the car two days beforehand and eventually had to borrow a tent which was stolen from East Lothian Boy Scouts. What a trooper, he really should have had his own show....

Me, it was my first Glastonbury, and I didn't really know what to expect. I certainly didn't expect my shows on Friday to be cancelled. What a winner! Maybe I could actually get a bit of proper reporting done. My head was still pretty clear at this point and my pen hadn't burst all over the contents of my rucksack so off I went...

Mission bloody impossible! No wonder they couldn't find anyone else stupid enough to take the job on. Basically I had to cover the two theatre stages, bits of the cabaret stage and all the walkabout, all on my lonesome. And do a couple of shows of my own on the



outside theatre stage. So if I didn't see your show, I'm sorry. I'm sure it was just peachy. Why don't you write your own review, address it to *The Catch* and post it directly into the bin. [bitter? moi?]

Anyway, here's what I actually *did* encounter on my random perambulations:

- 1) **Jugglestruck**, doing their beautiful 'Pachabel' routine and going down very nicely, thank you.
- 2) **Natural Theatre** constantly surrounded (as always), this time in their wonderfully middle-class-brown-tweedy-suburban 'National No Smiling Day' protest guise.
- 3) **Stompy** going completely mental at the outside theatre stage - a big open crowd and a radio mic, he was truly unstoppable. Whether trying to steal a JCB or telling the legend of *Pointy Hood*, he was hilarious. You don't understand? Neither did I. "Nescafé in your boots." [you've got us there,

Curiously we've never yet printed a picture of *Venus. Donald...d*]

- 4) The world record juggling attempt which never really came close. Good fun regardless, especially "OK - we're going to have a big toss up now." Pause. "...err, except all you people juggling with stones."
- 5) **Les Têtes en L'Air** who had a huge nest, dressed up as birds and were mind-numbingly slow at getting round to anything at all.
- 6) The graduates from **Circomedia**, with special gold star mention to **Minoru** from Japan with his polished, loveable hat and balls routine. Star material, that one.....
- 7) **Ben 'ex-Gandinis, Book of Club Swinging' Richter** with an innovative new solo juggling piece.
- 8) **Adrian & Paddy**, compères of the outside circus stage, who somehow managed to deal with three days of the worst possible

children [performers' children are worst! Mentioning no names...-d] without actually spilling blood. I honestly don't know how.

9) The bloke with the empty tray going around shouting "Nothing for sale". He actually got a lot more interest than many of the general ethno-tat stalls scattered across the site.

10) **Sarabian Knights**: beautiful acrobatic balance marred only by the bland 'furniture showroom' lighting. Not their fault, and stunning nonetheless.

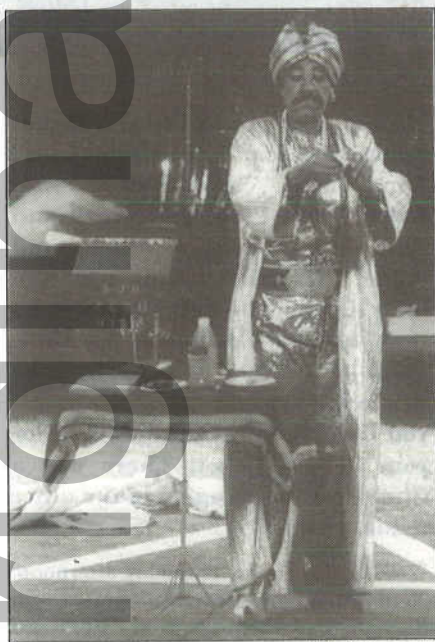
11) The extraordinary **Dino**. A nice man. A funny show. Pleasant character play, and the most crazy ballistic classical juggling skills you're likely to see over here. 3 & 5 clubs, balls, ball spinning, hat manipulation; hard tricks but TOTALLY SOLID. A rare thing these days....

12) **Tout Fou To Fly**: top class, breathtaking aerial skills with a beautiful rig and thumping live music. No wonder they had crowds of thousands watching! Hey, maybe the public *do* like circus after all????

There was the usual mayhem of **Captain Bob's**. The **Cottle Sisters** got some hassle from the animal rightsists, but still put on a great show even without the horses. Things were not so easy going everywhere, however, and I'm afraid I did hear a few horror stories.

The **Avantis** were attacked whilst on walkabout. **PeeWee & Emma (Stickleback Plasticus)** were threatened with rocks whilst doing their ballroom dancing bit. **Boggle** had their shop broken into while they were at the festival, plus they caught some kid nicking their trick bicycle.

Top tale, however, goes to the **Green Fools of Canada** who were hassled whilst doing their dragon/dragon tamer rou-



"Efa fakln Fakih"



The little ones are more dangerous; Stompy.

tine. Some triphed had run up and rugby tackled Christine in her huge dragon costume. Now the beautiful Christine is most certainly not a lady to be messed with, and she responded in turn. Firstly with fists, then with the dragon's teeth and finally with her own fangs of fury. Well, what did he expect, rugby-tackling a dragon? Stewth!

One final mention must go to the parade and fireworks. Well, err, the fireworks didn't go quite as planned, but made an impressive conflagration nonetheless. And the fire parade tried to start early, so poor old Haggis had to stop everyone and put the fire out! Then nobody had any fuel left, and everything got very stressed until hero-of-the-hour Mark Digby arrived with more paraffin. What a trooper: one of the unsung heroes of the festival!

I can't believe I actually remembered all this! I did write a lot down at the time, but most of it was pretty illegible. They say the best Glastonburys are the one's you don't remember at all, so it's someone else's job next time. Were you there at all? The fence was down, maybe you just stumbled in? You still probably saw more than I did! Oh, and apparently Simple Minds were cack.

GLASTO '95

THE PARADE & FIRE SHOW

The biggest logistical exercise for the organisers this year was the Saturday night parade and fire show. It was the only big celebration of the 25th anniversary of the festival, and took months of preparation. The vision of Arabella Churchill, who is always prepared to take a flyer, this was a tribute to years of experience of big production - who could forget the Wicca Man? Martin Bedford and *The Loft* crew made four stunning parade floats (and more): the Green Man, the Dragon, the Fish and the Bird, that like a Pied Piper, led people to Glebe Land for the start of the show. Under the spotlight, 'No Ordinary Angels', high on their rig, hung by their fingertips in front of thousands at the Outside Theatre Stage, one of two spaces that had to spread the action over a large field and huge crowd. A large cake with a pop-up Michael Eavis puppet singing 'Happy Birthday' contained a naked Malcolm Hardee who swung out and gave three cheers. Eighty fire swingers created a path for a Sacred Friesian Cow sculpture that took attention to the top of the field and the site of *Emergency Exit Arts*' show. The story of the Main Stage was told using the largest fire sculpture in Europe and a UFO landed to create the 38 metre Glasto pyro-pyramid. From the happy pyramid to its dramatic napalm destruction, the display could be seen all over the festival site, it was big, impressive... you can't rehearse this one - an organiser's nightmare, a pyromaniac's dream (the fire brigade were there, they loved it!). A Phoenix [no reference to any other festival intended -d] rose to The Beatles 'All You Need Is Love', and future Glastonburys were anticipated with a 70' Silver Pyramid, to a 25-maroon salute. The live music, fire-swingers and floats gave carnival atmosphere - a multicasted extravaganza to a mega-happy crowd... 'appy birthday!

The JSA

but you didn't say anything about...

Brief namechecks and glib one-liners are all we can remember about the following...

Richie Rich - maniac. Maybe the best solo act of the festival, he must be dynamite on the street.

Spectral FX - standing ovations, encores, all totally deserved...

British Events - they dug a hole in the field, never seen that done before. Actually they got people to do it for them. Even better trick!

Booper/Jamie B - the only person who could go down to Babylon at 2am in costume on stilts ...and live!

Dodger - leaping on people a speciality.

Petra - street comedienne? a star anyway.

Bally Hooligans - took half way through to realise I'd seen it before but I stayed 'cos I was laughing so much.

Higher than the Sun - a little eclipsed by *Tout Fou* but bloody superb still.

Haze - Alice Cooper did it better. I liked the dismembering of the hippy (plant) bit, though.

The Tea Ladies - isn't it time for their MBE?

All the compères

The Dustbin Dancers - anywhere else they'd get locked up.

Desperate Men - the most disruptive street act in Britain

Kevin Brooking - coming up fast on the outside...

Forkbeard - still going, still bizarre

Ferdinand & Fabrega - trick cyclists (?) from the land that time and taste forgot

Avanti Display - those magnificent men in their spraying machines.

Swamp - still don't understand what they're on about, but it looks good, especially the aerial.

Medicine Show - wheee!

Kiss my Axe - don't mention them.

Those grey-pained people, the lot with the picture frame, etc. - look, you can't just go up to someone in the middle of their act and say "Excuse me, who are you" and walkabouts can take hours. If we didn't mention you it was probably 'cos we were so overawed by your performance we didn't dare find out who you were... OK?

Steve Henwood

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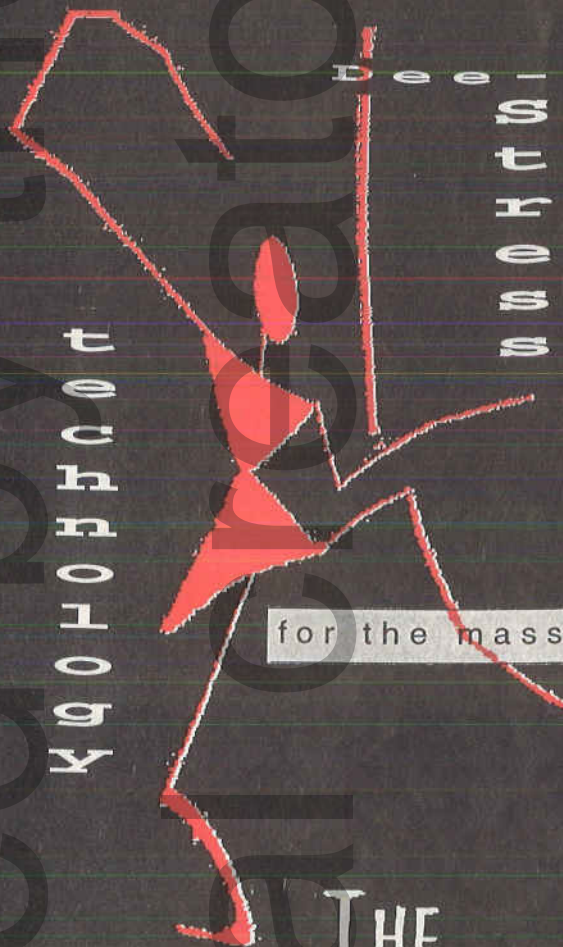
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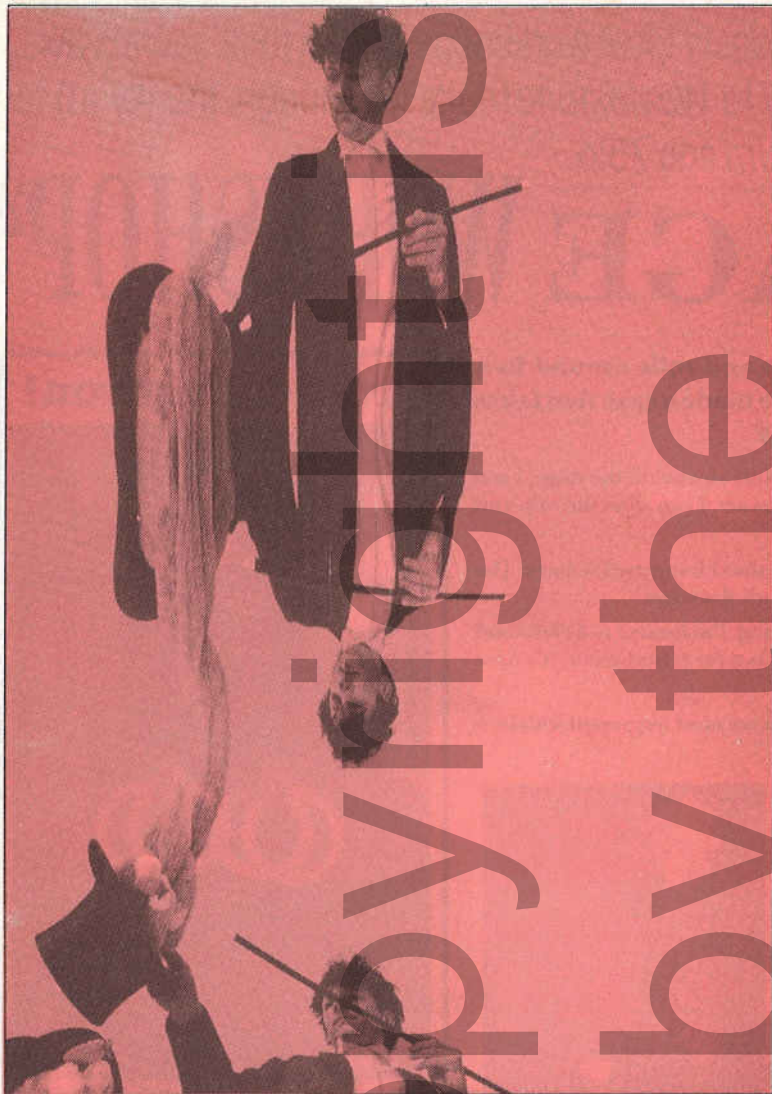
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FLASH!

RETURN TO THE TEMPLE OF ZOOM!

Catch Photographic Competition
- the sequel.

Yes it's that time of year again, when the editor is busy thinking of holidays and dreaming of ways to get the readership to fill the magazine without hir having to do anything about it... Yes! Time for another photographic competition.

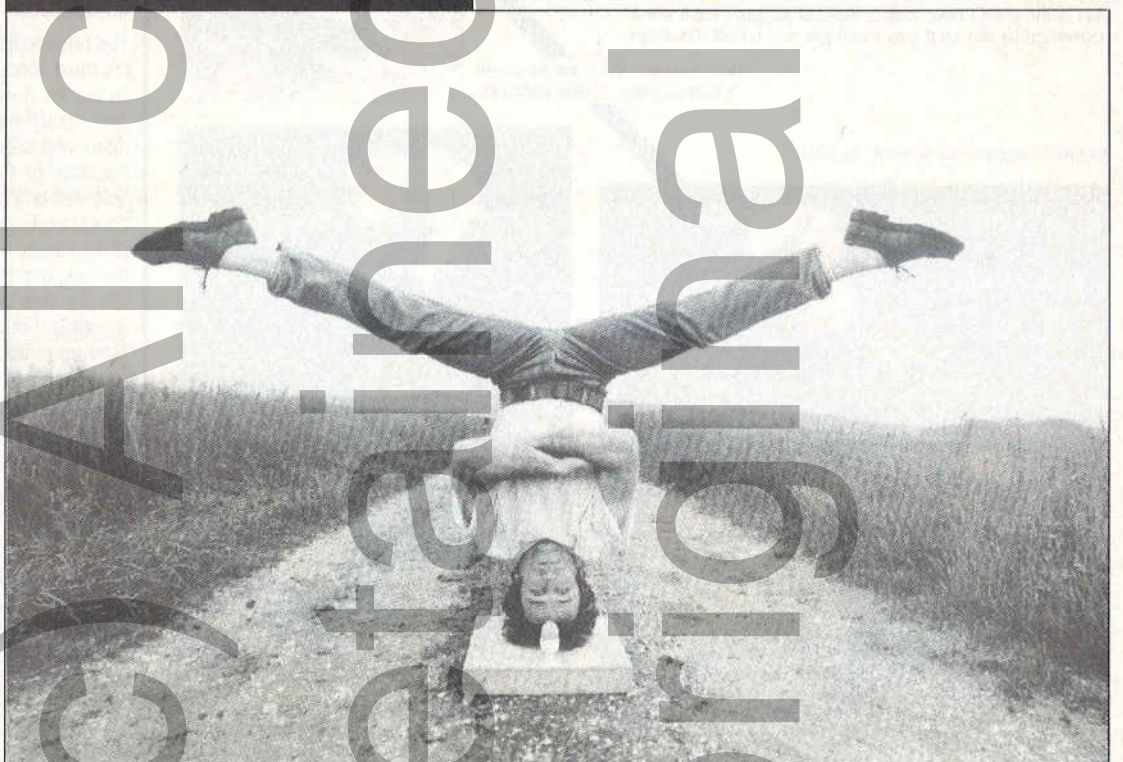
We at *The Catch* reckon we know all the best performance photographers (and what a bloody performance some of them are, too...) - so now's your chance to prove us wrong. Again.

Are you as good as these lovely pics of the wonderful *Cirque Plume* by Yves Pertou? Does your subject have to be that good for you to be? (see page 34).

As many photographs as you like, on any theme connected with juggling, unicycling, circus skills and circus life, street acts and adventures, anything we cover and anything we *should* cover. Get them to us by the end of October, and you could win free tickets to *Cirque Surreal* or *The Chinese State Circus* (you decide which!), either or both of which are just bound to be coming round your mountain some time in the autumn (check *Catch This*). The winner gets four pairs of tickets, that's the making of a damn good party, and three runners-up get two pairs of tickets each. And maybe some other prizes if we manage to blag anything good. Ain't we good to you?

I'd better put some rules down here in small print, that's what proper competitions do. OK. Adrian John, Martin Avery, Stuart Ashman, Luke Daniels, Hal Roberts, past *Catch* cover shooters, you're all banned. So is Mrs. Edwina Scrotes of Chigwell. No correspondence will be entered into, but we might read some of it if accompanied by cheques, derivatives [of what? -d], or fondant fancies. Anyone entering in a blue envelope will be summarily disqualified. Never eat Oysters, whatever there is in the month. All entries will be retained by *The Catch* for us to use, abuse or just plain lose as we see fit, tho' you will get credited in all cases (...as if you want to be credited in cases of abuse). No photos smaller than 1cm² or larger than 3m² or on IMAX film will be accepted. And no pictures of scotty dogs. That's it, folks - snap 'em up!

FLASH!



In this first of a new series in which we hassle local workshops to give their secrets away to the rest of the world, we go all the way to *Wealdstone* (quite far enough, thankyou) for the interesting case of *Norman Blackburn* age 75½.

A TIDY AGE WORKSHOP²

Most jugglers tell me that their equipment stands and rolls around in a corner of their room. To get over this problem I have made a case that takes my clubs, rings & balls in a neat and tidy manner.

An added advantage is that this case is ideal for getting your stuff on and off the stage. I can walk on, open the case, and the scene is set. Then at the end of the act, I can close the case and walk off. I am, in fact, self-contained.

The case was quite easily knocked together from odds & ends that I happened to have. The only thing bought new was the red carpet tape that goes round all the edges.

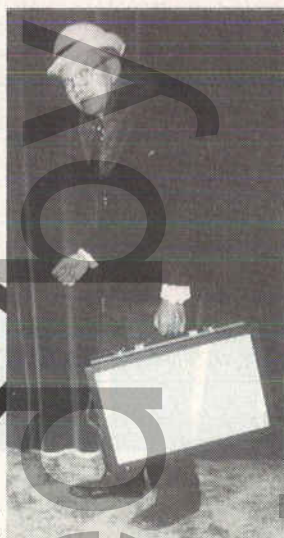
There is space for 4 clubs and 5 balls, both juggling and bouncing. I'm limited to 3 clubs and 4 balls at the moment, but I hope to progress. The beer bottle is not for refreshment, it's used in one of my best tricks.

I showed the photos of the case at *Circus Space Cabaret*. They were most impressed with how practical it is.



This is the case I have made. Several jugglers have been impressed by the neat way I can get on and off the stage.

Here you see the Case in action. Namron makes a neat entrance.

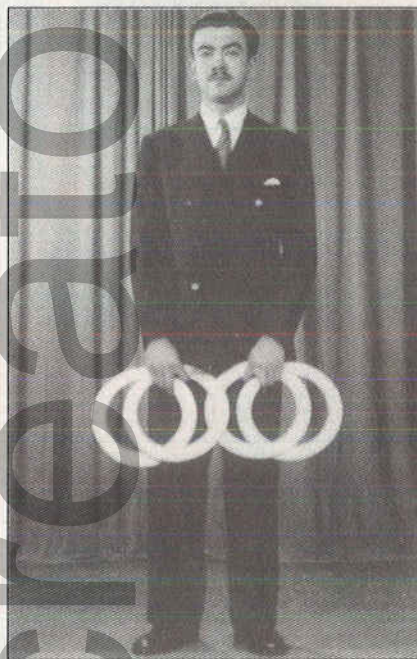


Namron's equipment is ready to hand.



At the end of the act Namron goes off acknowledging the applause. He is at the same time clearing the stage.

Profile: Namron!



Our oldest reader and most dedicated correspondent is seen here more than 50 years ago, during the war, of course, when he was with one of those 'It ain't half hot Mum' [*this comparison! -d*] units.

The rings, custom-made from 3-ply wood, were his most spectacular feat of juggling - modestly he claims it was only all the performance (and hence practice) that made him any good at all. His finale was balancing, climaxing by catching on the back of the neck an object that had been balanced on a pole, to invariable and encouraging applause. Jugglers were a rarity in those last days of the variety bills; Norman says that throughout his juggling career, before, during and after the war, he never met anyone else who could manage to juggle 4 of anything. Shortly after the war he gave up professional performance for a 'proper' job - but there's always a renegade show, eh?

Wealdstone Clowns' Collective workshop thrives at the outer limits of the Bakerloo Line every Tuesday night, and always seem to be buzzing off for charity events, gigs with the BBC Concert orchestra, tours of Harrow, etc. See *Clubs* at the back of the mag for details.

If you want to see your local workshop featured in this section, send us details of a trick or routine you haven't seen covered in these pages or the popular books, plus something about your group, its members, the venue, whatever... If we don't find it interesting or funny *diabolo* reserves the right to make it so and make it up - be warned!

CAPTION CONTEST

Catch
FEEDS



Result: A substantial proportion of entrants are far too familiar with the worst kind of pop festivals, i.e. viz. **Ed 'Bored' Blinkhorn** of Saint Albans, "What do you mean, Reading hasn't been built yet? or **John 'Minister' Kennett** "Who exactly told you that Pilton Farm was a nice quiet camp site?". We'll never get the *Country Living* or *Horse & Hound* adverts like that...

Proposition 3: The *Catch* is read by persons of some originality and independence of thought (who can always be sold the more expensive model). *Proof sought:* entrants showed considerable imagination. *Actual Result:* 93% of entries contained a Laughing Policeman joke. Many entrants repeated formulae that had been successful in other contexts - **Chris 'Cool or What?' Renison** (the answer's "Not!") of Exeter, **What a Palaver** of Nottinghamshire, who thought "What a Palaver" would be a good caption, and **Frankie The Balloonatic** of somewhere not far enough from Basingstoke, who stuck to the only thing he knows with "Hey mister this balloon centipede has only got 99 legs, could you make me another please and one for my sister". Don't laugh too hard, that one nearly won a prize.

Proposition 4: The average *Catch* reader is deeply aware of current trends in fashion, and spends a considerable part of their income keeping up with Paris, Milan, etc. *Proof sought:* differentiation between styles of hat, appreciation of latest thing in children's wear, etc. *Actual Result:* The survey shows that 66.6% of respondents to competitions are irreparably hooked on drugs and other vile habits, generally at the same time as filling in said competitions. **Ian 'Hoards' Dodds** of Dewsbury - "Thankyou Mr McTavish, your special herbal tea is just what I needed before my unicycle wagon jumping record attempt"; The entire staff of *Juggleslar* for their references to hash cake (some kind of meat-loaf, I'm told), **Woody** at Brighton Juggling Shop, whose caption rates as the first that *diabolo* has refused to print on grounds of inappropriate language (yup); or indeed **Nog** of Birmingham: "As Jenny sipped he mushroom tea she suddenly noticed her friend had changed into a funny looking Scotsman with a large iced bun on his head." Worst of all was **Mark George** of Ashby de la Zouch - "Blake in skirt: "My dear, you're on fire!" Lady: "No, stupid, I'm wearing my sexy black mohican madjockstrap". The heinousness rating on this was enough for us to award the man with two first names **A brand new Catch T-Shirt** so you can all give him a wide berth. And we can wave goodbye to C&A.

Proposition 5: *Catch* readers are upstanding law-abiding citizens. This point was necessary to establish before we could attract the support of the Conservative Party, the larger finance houses, the luxury car market, select perfumers and recruitment advertisements from key public services. *Proof sought:* exhibiting the correct attitude to key authority figures in the drawing: Constable, Laird, Traveller Liaison Officer, etc. *Actual Result:* You really blew it. Absolutely no respect for the poor copper - **U V 'pseudonym' Ball** of Bristol was rude about the poor man's armpit, several others accused him of indulging in undignified invisible club-swinging acts, and worse still - **Paul Mainwood** also of Saint Albans, "Morag & Hamish sat down for a cup of tea, confident that their life-size inflatable policemen would save their parking space." **J Crosby** of Saint Helier and **Karen Parker** of Derby had harsh words for the wonderful new Criminal Justice Act; only out-done by **Gavin 'disqualified' Sinclair** of Glasgow with "I'm sorry Miss, but once your pull-along toy started playing 'Little Bo Peep' this officially became an illegal rave and you're all under arrest", and **Shakespeareana Banana** (hmmm) of Leeds with "When in doubt, wave your arms about" - *Police Training Manual Q7 Section Crowd Control*. We know where you live, now...

Look! Look! The whole point was to recognise who was important in this picture by the fact they were wearing expensive clothes, had a valuable vintage car and, um, picnic chairs. I've had enough. Just to show how thoroughly disappointed at this missed opportunity we can be, we're awarding the prizes to the most despicable entries we can find! Hence, second prize, er, more exclusive and hand-crafted *Catch* lingerie, goes to consorter-with-demons **Rosemary Gamsa**, also of Bristol (don't worry, we got the place targeted) (and Saint Albans) for "PC Plodd froze with a sense of foreboding... That little kid with the halo always turned up at times like these." Rosemary deserves your sympathy and probably prayers for her alarming habit of (i) collecting autographed juggling balls, and (ii) starting with **Charlie Dancey** - the T-shirt should mark her out among the shuffling denizens of Bishopston. Top prize, though, to **Anonymous forgot-to-put-his-name-on-it moron** of Houghton-le-Spring, wherever that is, for the last word in repartee between the sweet little girl and the officer of law, that is "Get out of my fuckin' way, pig!". This disgrace wins Mr Mous the much-coveted state-of-the-art **Nesbitt II Fire Diabolo** - and he should be ashamed.

This might have looked like an ordinary caption contest (you know, too many words on the page, typelaces a go-go, poorly-reproduced pictures) but in fact we'd used the format to disguise something much more cleverer - a marketing exercise. Yes, we had this picture drawn by our expert art forger department (**Robbie**) to specifications specially drawn up by a team of advertising psychologists from the Department of Money at the University of Chew Magna, in order to scientifically test certain propositions about *Catch* readers. These irrefutable statistics were then going to be used to lure big advertising money (ooh, even more than *Oddballs*) to *The Catch* so we could afford to eat occasionally.

It was carefully planned, I tell you. Why, the editor himself had several exhausting meetings with a jolly nice person from the University in pubs and later in a local hotel. By your responses to key stimuli we intended to demonstrate that *Catch* readers were deeply fashion- & culture-conscious people, who changed their camper-wagons every three years, patronised the better class of haberdashers, were completely au fait with the latest brands of beverage on sale in their local QuikSave - in short, responsible, wealthy and easily-manipulated members of society.

How you have disappointed us. Our expensive survey will never recoup its cost in hardware (new notebook & pen, £42.99) or trained staff time (two students called Tamsin & Paul on day release studying coffee-making techniques) - because you all responded to the wrong stimuli.

Proposition 1: *Catch* readers are people of taste and discernment. *Proof sought:* entrants successfully allude to different clan patterns of plaid, rival makes of luxury jalopy, etc. *Actual Result:* statistics prove that readers are in fact low-witted and coarse-mannered rabble from the provinces. Example: **Jeremy Evans** of Manchester - "I really can't tell if it's tea or horse piss." Thanks awfully, Jeremy.

Proposition 2: *Catch* readers attend the best quality cultural events in the premium ticket price range: Opera, etc. *Proof sought:* entrants recognise the picnic grounds at Glyndebourne, Lady Margot Turbot and her charming daughter Wincyette. *Actual*



Just to make sure you're all better-behaved this time, we've included another officer of the law, and that popular entertainer Mr Noel Britten in his escapology act. What erudition and rapier wit will you come out with this time? I can't wait to find out.

The Winner gets a prize so exclusive it's not even on sale yet (the rest of you will have to wait till the end of August to even see one) - the brand new even-higher-tech-than-ever wonder from **Aero-Tech**, makers of *GloBalls*, etc. - a set (3) of **The Electromagnetic GloBall**. Made on principles borrowed from advanced Japanese transport systems, the new *GloBall* doesn't need to be plugged in through a jack socket to charge like the old ones, but does it mysteriously and electromagnetically just by resting on the stand provided. Hey Presto! No socket to get sand, dirt, jam, or worse in. You can even use them under water! Just to round off the upgrade, they've replaced the LEDs with new LEAs (Light Emitting Arrays) which are brighter and use less power, plus a new style of power cell inside which should give up to 12000 hours juggling. I want a set and I want them now!

Second prize is **A Fire Devilstick** of uncertain provenance but it's new, honest, third **Some T-shirt** we nicked off *Circus Space*, very rare. Get scribbling, and remember: Grime doesn't pay - keep it clean, boys & girls!

Catch
FEEDS

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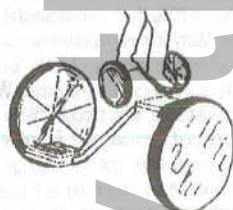
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ADVANCED FOUR PLAY

We ought to explain a bit of Martin's notation before we get any further. As in siteswap, or sort of, a 'height 3' throw is one thrown as if you were doing ordinary 3-ball, 'height 4' as in straight four-ball, etc. That's also what the numbers in the initial bit of notation mean. Obviously enough, C=cascade throw, F=fountain throw. Over to you, Martin.

(RLRL)

(5344)

(ccff)

This combination is most effective when juggled with balls of four different colours.

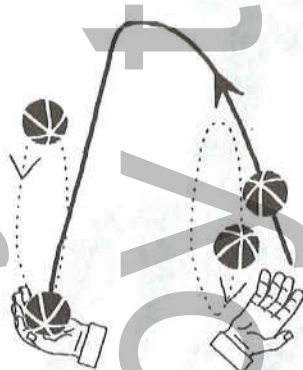
When playing the combination over and over again you will notice that two of the balls (say red and green) pass continuously over the top of the pattern from one side to the other.

The combination consists of two throws of the Half Shower (figs 1 and 2) followed by two throws of the Fountain (figs 3 and 4).

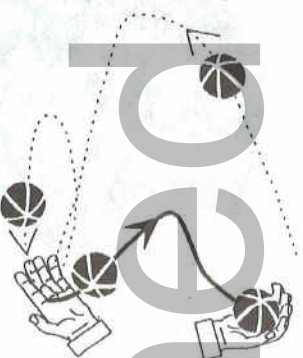
For a fine display of the pattern, reach out to the right of the pattern with the right hand when making the high cascade throw and ensure that the ball is thrown over the top of the ball which is descending into the right hand.

This book is available from all good juggling shops, or from any bookshop by quoting the ISBN Number :
0 - 9524860 - 0 - 8

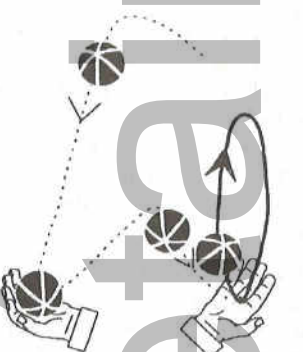
"Hey! Fourballs!" they shout, and generally the probability is they're shouting about Martin Probert, author of the definitive work on the subject, entitled 'Four Ball Juggling' in that engaging no-monkey-business way of his. This trick is adapted from those hallowed pages (where it's more sensibly called 'Two Over') with thanks to him & Veronika.



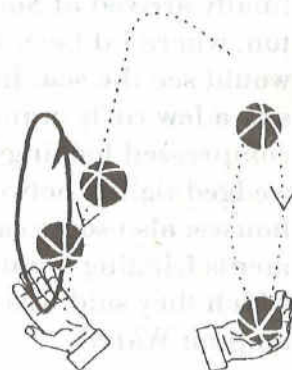
1 Cascade right hand ball OVER at height 5



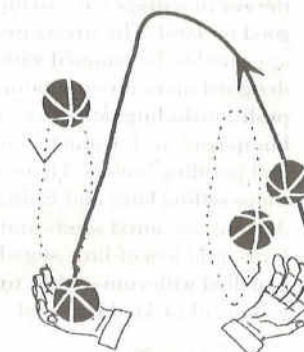
2 Cascade left hand ball at height 3



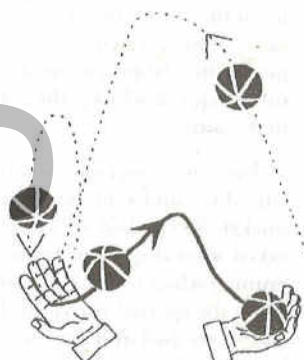
3 Fountain right hand ball to height 4



4 Fountain left hand ball to height 4



1 Back to move 1



2 then 2, and so on...

In 1934, in another world or all but, the nineteen-year-old *Laurie Lee*, of 'Cider with Rosie' fame, left his home in the Cotswolds with only a violin for company, in search of adventure, romance, and whatever few coins he might need to live. Walking round Britain and later Spain, earning his bread and wine busking, his experiences will be remarkably familiar to anyone who has worked the street in Britain and Southern Europe even now - with the only difference that he tells it far better than we could. These extracts are reproduced, by kind permission of the author and Penguin Books, from his totally ace book *'As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning'* which is required holiday reading for all buskers & travellers, even just the armchair variety.

After a week on the road I finally arrived at Southampton, where I'd been told I would see the sea. Instead, I saw a few rusty cranes and a compressed looking liner wedged tightly between some houses; also some sad allotments fringing a muddy river which they said was Southampton Water.

Southampton Town, on the other hand, came up to all expectations, proving to be salty and shifty in turns, like some ship-jumping sailor who'd turned his back on the sea in a desperate attempt to make good on land. The streets near the water appeared to be jammed with shops designed more for entertainment than profit, including tattooists, ear-piercers, bump-readers, fortune-tellers, wheel-bars, and pudding boilers. There were also shops selling kites and Chinese paper dragons, coloured sands and tropical birds; and lots of little step-down taverns panelled with rum-soaked timbers and reeking of pickled eggs and onions.

As I'd been sleeping in fields for a week, I thought it was time I tried a bed again, so I went to a doss-house down by the docks. The landlady, an old hag with a tooth like a tin-opener, said it would cost me a shilling a night, demanded the money in advance, treated me to a tumblerful of whisky, then showed me up to the attic.

Early next morning she brought me a cup of tea and some water in a wooden bucket. She looked at me vaguely and asked what ship I was from, and only grunted when I said I'd come from Stroud. Then she spotted my violin hanging on the end of the bed and gave it a twang with her long blue nails.

"Well, hey diddle diddle, I reckon," she muttered, and skipped nimbly out of the room.

Presently I got up and dressed, stuck my violin under my jacket, and went out into the streets to try my luck. It was now or never. I must face it now, or pack up and go back home. I wandered about for an hour looking for a likely spot, feeling as though I were about to commit a crime. Then I stopped at last under a bridge near the station and decided to have a go.

I felt tense and shaky. It was the first time, after all. I drew the violin from my coat like a gun. It was here, in Southampton, with trains rattling overhead, that I was about to declare myself. One

moment I was part of the hurrying crowds, the next I stood nakedly apart, my back to the wall, my hat on the pavement before me, the violin under my chin.

The first notes I played were loud and raw, like a hoarse declaration of protest, then they settled down and began to run more smoothly and to stay more or less in tune. To my surprise, I was neither arrested nor told to shut up. Indeed, nobody took any notice at all. Then an old man, without stopping, surreptitiously tossed a penny into my hat as though getting rid of some guilty evidence.

Other pennies followed, slowly but steadily, dropped by shadows who appeared not to see or hear me. It was as though the note of the fiddle touched some subconscious nerve that had to be answered - like a baby's cry. When I'd finished the first tune there was over a shilling in my hat: it seemed too easy, like a confidence trick. But I was elated now; I felt that wherever I went from here this was a trick I could always live by.

I worked the streets of Southampton for several days, gradually acquiring the truths of the trade. Obvious enough to old-timers, and simple, once learnt, I had to get them by trial and error. It was not a good thing, for instance, to let the hat fill up with money - the sight could discourage the patron; nor was it wise to empty it completely, which could also confuse him, giving him no hint as to where to drop his money. Placing a couple of pennies in the hat to start the thing going soon became an unvarying ritual; making sure, between tunes, to take off the cream, but always leaving two pennies behind.

Slow melodies were best, encouraging people to dawdle (Irish jigs sent them whizzing past); but it also seemed wise to play as well as one was able rather than to ape the dirge of the professional wail. To arouse pity or guilt was always good for a penny, but that was as far as it got you;

FIDDLER ON THE HOOF

while a tuneful appeal to the ear, played with sober zest, might often be rewarded with silver.

Old ladies were most generous, and so were women with children, shopgirls, typists, and barmaids. As for the men: heavy drinkers were always receptive, so were big chaps with muscles, bookies, and punters. But never a man with a bowler, briefcase, or dog; respectable types were the tightest of all. Except for retired army officers, who would bark, 'Why aren't you working, young man?' and then over-tip to hide their confusion.

Certain tunes, I discovered, always raised a response, while others touched off nothing at all. The most fruitful were invariably the tea-room classics and certain of the juicier national ballads. 'Loch Lomond', 'Wales! Wales!', and 'The Rose of Tralee' called up their supporters from any crowd - as did 'Largo', 'Ave Maria', Toselli's 'Serenade', and 'The Whistler and His Dog'. The least rewarding, as I said, was anything quick or flashy, such as 'The Devil's Trill' or 'Picking up Sticks', which seemed to throw the pedestrian right out of his stride and completely shatter his charitable rhythm.

All in all, my apprenticeship proved profitable and easy, and I soon lost my pavement nerves. It became a greedy pleasure to go out into the streets, to take up my stand by the station or market, and start sawing away at some moony melody and watch the pennies and halfpennies grow. Those first days in Southampton were a kind of obsession; I was out in the streets from morning till night, moving from pitch to pitch in a gold-dust fever, playing till the tips of my fingers burned.

When I judged Southampton to have taken about as much as it could, I decided to move on eastwards. Already I felt like a veteran, and on my way out of town I went into a booth to have my photograph taken. The picture was developed in a bucket in less than a minute, and has lasted over thirty years. I still have a copy before me of that summer ghost - a pale, oleaginous shade, posed daintily before a landscape of tattered canvas, his old clothes powdered with dust. He wears a sloppy slouch hat, heavy boots, baggy trousers, tent and fiddle slung over his shoulders, and from the long empty face gaze a pair of egg-shell eyes, unhatched, and unrecognizable now.

I spent a week by the sea, slowly edging towards the east, sleeping on the shore and working the towns. I remember it as a blur of summer, indolent and vague, broken occasionally by some odd encounter. At Gosport I performed at a barrack-room concert in return for a ration of army beef. In front of Chichester Cathedral I played 'Bless this House', and was moved on at once by the police. At Bognor Regis I camped out on the sands where I met a fluid young girl of sixteen, who hugged me steadily throughout one long hot day with only a gymslip on her sea-wet body. At Littlehampton, I'd just collected about eighteen pence when I was moved on again by the police. "Not here. Try Worthing," the officer said. I did so, and was amply rewarded.

Worthing at that time was a kind of Cheltenham-on-Sea, full of rich, pearl-choked invalids. Each afternoon they came out in their high-wheeled chairs and were pushed round the park by small hired men. Standing at the gate of the park, in the mainstream of these ladies, I played a selection of spiritual airs, and in little over an hour collected thirty-eight shillings - which was more than a farm-labourer earned in a week.

...[Valladolid, Spain, about a year later]

I'd been told that street-fiddlers in Spain would need a licence - though not every city demanded it. So off I went, after breakfast, to the city hall, which looked like a bankrupt casino. Soldiers with fixed bayonets sat around on the stairs, and hungry dogs ran in and out like messengers, while the usual motionless queues of silent peasants waited for officials who would never appear. Doubting that there would be a queue for fiddlers that morning, I climbed the stairs and opened the first door I came to.

The room inside was large and crowded with heavy presidential furniture. At a desk by the window sat a reed-thin man - or rather he inclined

himself parallel to it, his feet on a cabinet, a cigar in his mouth, and a chessboard across his knees. I could see his long hooked profile, like a Leonardo drawing, and one pensive downcast eye. He moved a few pawns and hummed a little, then swung in his chair towards me - and his face, seen front-on, almost disappeared from view, so unusually thin he was. I was aware of two raised eyebrows and an expression of courtly inquiry which seemed entirely unsupported by flesh.

"You are lost, perhaps?"

"I'd like to see the Mayor," I said.

"So would I. So would all the world."

"Is he away?"

The man giggled, and a convulsion ran up his body like an air-bubble up a spout.

"Yes, he's away. He's gone to the madhouse."

I said I was sorry, but he raised his hand.

"Oh, no. He is happy. Who wouldn't be in such a place? Biscuits and chocolate at all hours of the day. Nuns to talk to, and coloured wool to play with... At least, so they say." He looked secretively at his cigar. "But you see me here. If I can help..."

When I told him what I wanted, he gave a little musical squeak and his eyebrows jumped with pleasure.

"How charming," he murmured. "But of course you shall. One moment - Manolo, please!"

A swarthy young man, dressed in trousers and pyjama-top, entered softly from another room.

"Find me a licence, Manolito."

"What kind of licence?"

"Oh, any kind. Only make it a nice one."

"Then permit me, Don Ignacio." The young man grasped his chief by the legs, hoisted them from the cabinet, and searched the papers beneath them. Meanwhile Don Ignacio reclined indolently, his legs stuck in the air, beaming upon me and singing "rumpty-dum-diddle".

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"That will be half a peseta," said Don Ignacio mildly, swinging his feet back on to the top of the desk. Then he invited me to join him in a game of chess, the question of the fee was forgotten.

After repairing my fiddle, and dusting off the new straw hat which I'd bought in Zamora market, I went out - for the first time in a Spanish town - to try my luck in the streets. I found a busy lane, placed my hat on the ground, and struck up a rusty tune. According to my experience in England, money should then have dropped into the hat; but it didn't work out that way here. No sooner had I started to play than everybody stopped what they were doing and gathered round me in a silent mass, blocking the traffic, blotting out the sun, and treading my new hat into the ground. Again and again I fished it from under their feet, straightened it out, and moved somewhere else. But as soon as I struck up afresh, the crowd reformed and encircled me, and I saw in their scorched brown faces an expression I was soon to know well - a soft relaxed childishness and staring pleasure, an abandonment of time to a moment's spectacle.

This was all very well, but I was making no money - and there was scarcely room even to swing my arm. Every so often I was compelled to break off, and to attempt a wheedling speech, begging the multitude to have the kindness to walk up and down just a little, or at least to draw back and reveal my hat. A number of lounging soldiers, half-understanding, began to shout what I said at the others. The others screamed back, telling them to shut up and listen. In the meantime, nobody moved.

Presently a policeman appeared, his unbuttoned tunic revealing a damp and hairy chest. He had a dirty rifle slung over his shoulder and was sucking a yellow toothpick.

"German?"

"No, English."

"Licence?"

"Yes."

He gave it a slumberous, heavy-lidded

glance. Then, shifting his gun to his other shoulder, he hooked my hat on to the toe of his boot, kicked it high in the air, caught it, shook it, and turned crossly upon the crowd.

"Have you no shame?" he demanded. "Or are you beggars of this town? Look, not a penny, not a dried garbanzo. Have you no dignity to be standing here? Either pay, or go!"

Giggling uneasily, the crowd backed away. There was the tinkle of a coin on the pavement. The policeman picked it up, dropped it into the hat, and handed it to me with a bow.

"Milk from dry udders," he said loftily. "You are welcome. Now please continue..."

I did so for a while, not made too happy by his support, while he held back the crowd with his gun. But from then on I used the trick which I'd learned in Southampton - I made sure the hat was properly baited beforehand. Nobody kicked over a hat with pennies in it, they just stood delicately around the brim. I learned some other lessons, too. That men were less responsive than women - unless approached in a café, when they paid with the gestures of noblemen. That any Spanish tune worked immediately, and called up ready smiles, while any other kind of music - Schubert excepted - was met by blank stares and bewilderment. Most important of all, I learned when to stop and move on, to spread myself around - a lesson taught me by a bootblack no higher than my knee who had been on the edge of the crowd all morning.

"You play much," he said finally.

"Why, is it no good?"

"Good enough - but much, too much. Play less for the money. A couple of strophes will do. Then you will reach more people during the day."

He was right, of course, especially where pavement cafés were concerned, whose clients liked a continuously changing scene. It was enough to make oneself known, followed by a quick whip round, and then to go off somewhere else.

At Midday I stopped, having made about three pesetas. The heat by now was driving everyone indoors. So I bought a bottle of wine and some plums and took them down by the river...

"To sell water," murmured the clerk. "To erect a small tomb... to beat gold... to press juniper berries... ah, here we have it, I do believe. Don Ignacio, with your permission..."

He replaced his chief's legs on the cabinet and handed him a kind of finely engraved cheque-book, together with pen and ink. Don Ignacio doubled up and began to write, rolling his tongue and grunting with effort. Delicate scrolls and decorations ran over the paper, feathery tendrils in violet ink; then the thing was finished, dusted and sealed, and signed with a delicious flourish.

"There," said Don Ignacio. "The city is yours. Rumpy-dum-diddle-de-ay."

I studied my licence and was pleased with it. It looked like a Royal Charter. Headed with an engraving of lions and a scarlet seal, it formally proclaimed: "THAT, by using the powers attributed to and conferred upon the Mayoralty, and by virtue of the precepts of the Municipal Bye-laws and the appropriate tariffs due to the said most Excellent Ayuntamiento; a licence is hereby granted to Don Lorenzo Le, that he may walk and offer concerts through the streets of this City, and the public squares of the same, PROVIDED ALWAYS that he does not in any manner cause riot, demonstrations, or prejudice the free movement of traffic and persons..."

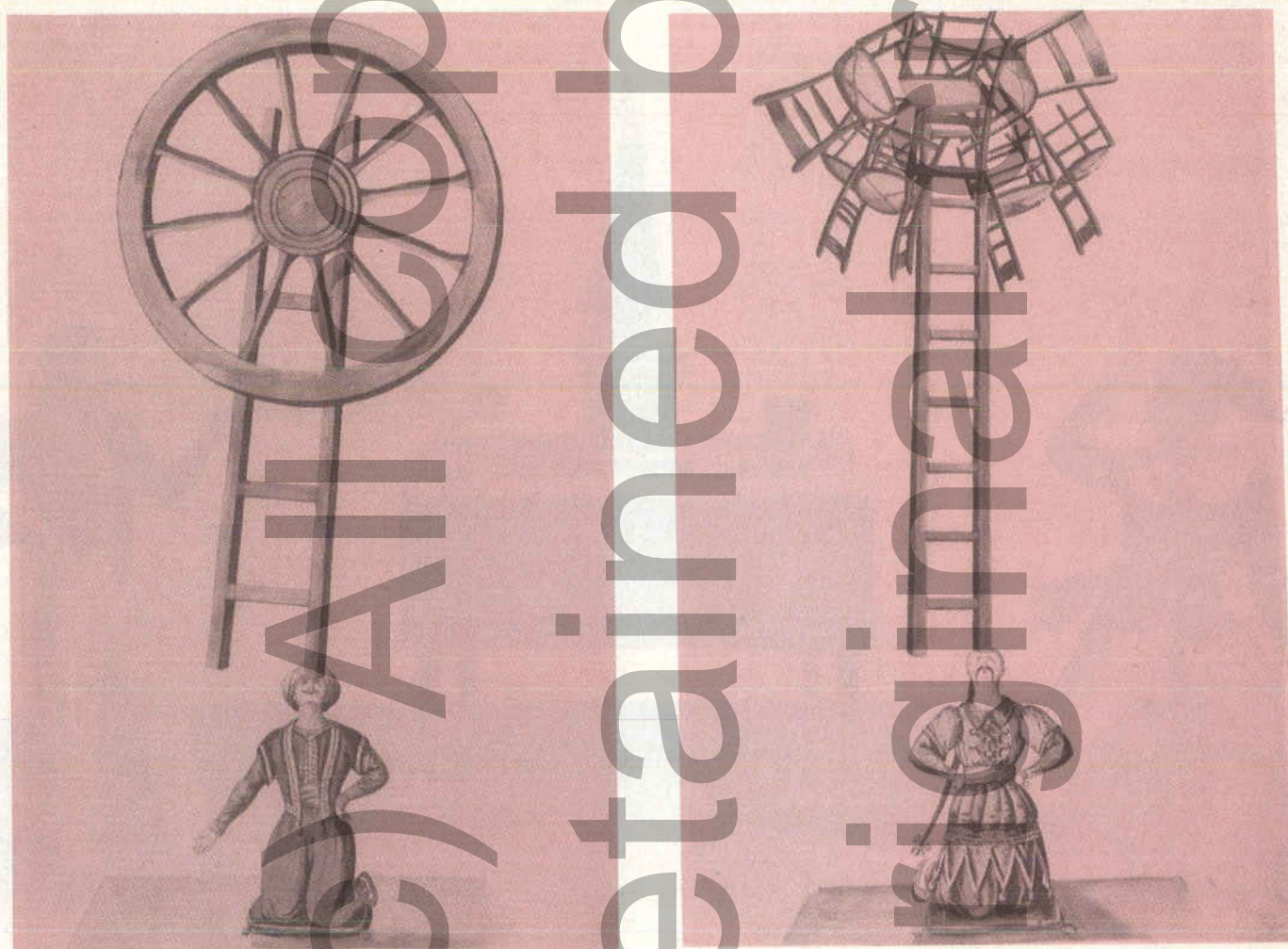
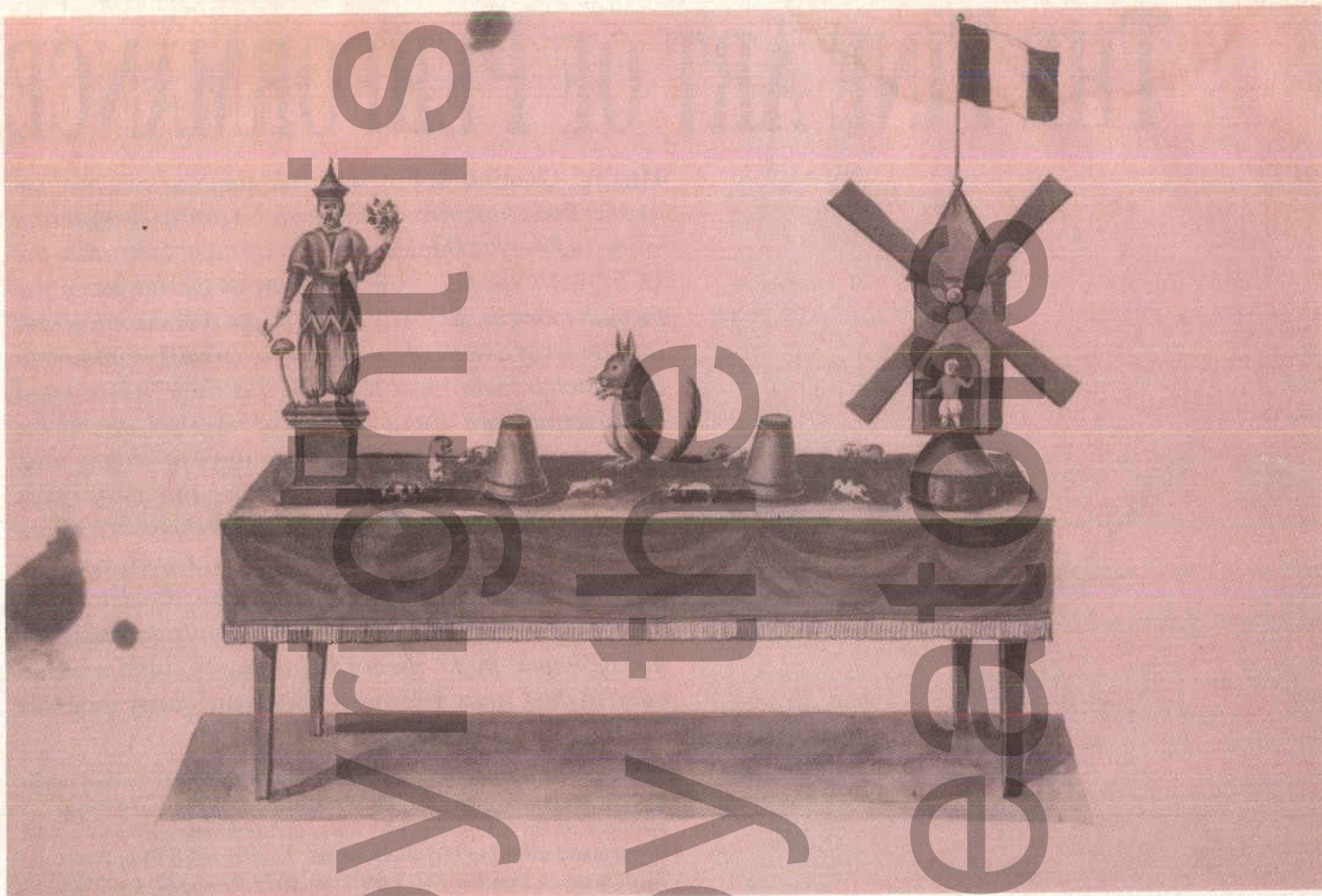
THE FINE ART OF PERFORMANCE



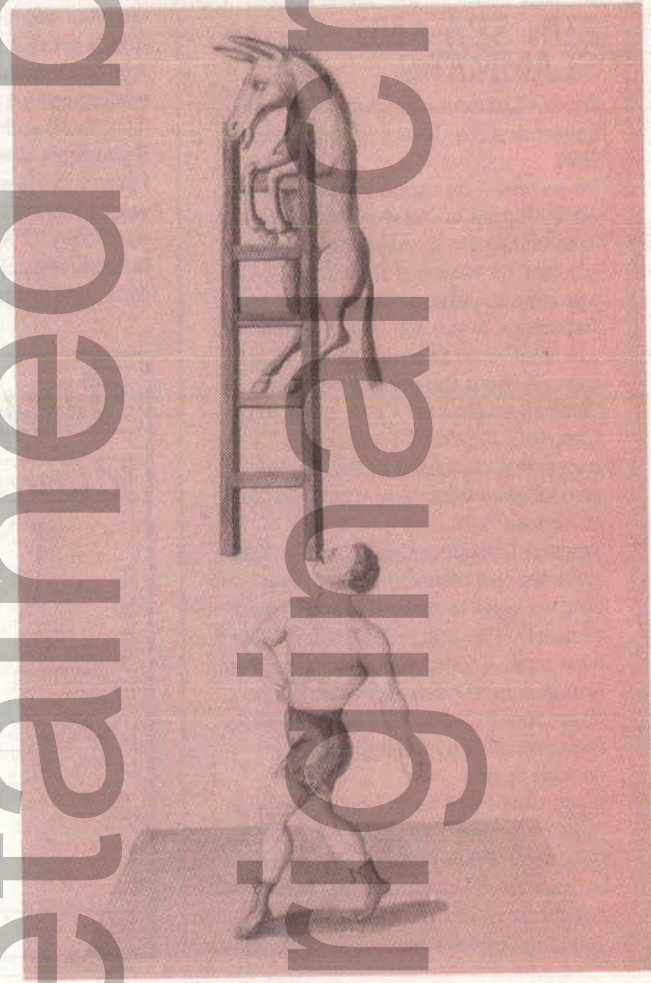
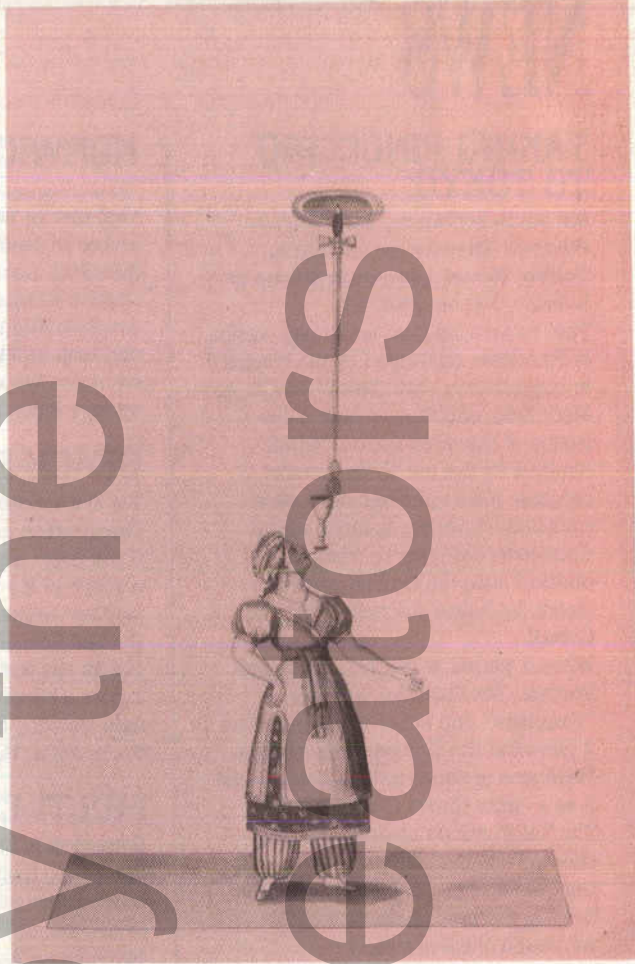
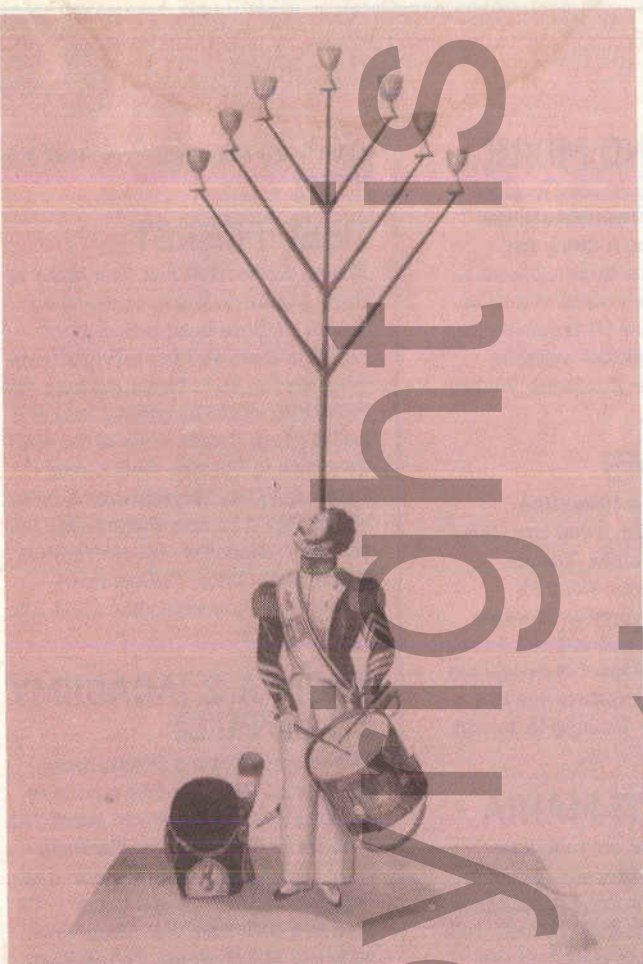
Hazlitt, Gooden & Fox aren't a juggling act, tho' we expect their hammer routine can be pretty devastating - they're Fine Art Dealers by appointment to her Maj the Q, in fact... oh yes, that's the sort of circles we in the meejah move in. Anyway, they've got this stunning and unique set of watercolours (sixty five in all) estimated to be French from around 1820-30, that they're interested in knowing more about - names of routines, anecdotes about performance in those early days of circus, anything that can make them live like the performers obviously did to the artist who painted them! We figure there's got to be someone out there in Catch country that can help them out - and in any case, the detail and degree of observation of these pictures (actual size 438x294mm) make them fascinating to anyone interested in the Circus Arts today. Blimmin' classy mag this is, eh?

If you can help in any way with background information that might help to date these lovely paintings, or just put them in context, Hazlitt Gooden & Fox could be interested in hearing from you. And if you could afford to buy them, well... They're at 38 Bury Street, Saint James's, London SW1Y 6BB, tel. 0171 930 6422, fax 0171 839 5984.





THE FINE ART OF PERFORMANCE



NEWS

TAKING PINOCCHIO TO TOKYO!

Brit youth performing arts company **Playbox Theatre** are opening in **Tokyo, Model Language Studio** on Monday October 23rd 1995.

They're reviving their acclaimed version of *Pinocchio*, developed by the company in collaboration with Stewart McGill and Mary King, and they've built a new troupe of kids from across Central England for the gig. Skills include juggling, plate-spinning, devil-stick, tumbling, clowning, theatre, and *Commedia dell'Arte*, to relate in physical style the famous children's classic by Italian storyteller Carlo Collodi.

When it played at the 1992 Edinburgh Festival, *The Scotsman* hailed it as "Exquisite" and in Los Angeles, where it played at the famous Santa Monica Playhouse, a cheering audience greeted it as a "mini *Cirque Du Soleil*!"

The Tokyo troupe assembles a multi-talented company from across the Central Region of England to train and develop the new production of this wonderful children's story.

Playbox c/o Tel./Fax 01926 512388.

SUN SEA AND SLAMMERS

Second Lanzerote Juggling Convention, Lanzerote, The Canary Islands, January 1996

Do you want an alternative to cold, wet, dreary Britain in January? Do you want to re-invigorate your life after pigging out over Christmas & New Year? Do you want to participate in a small, cosy convention in the sun on the beach? Do you want to go to a convention where you can afford the price of a drink? Can't afford Hawaii? Then, come to the Lanzerote Juggling Convention: a convention organised by jugglers to give jugglers what they want: sun, sea, and booze.

The first Lanzerote Convention in 1995 attracted five pioneering souls. This year we want to make it (slightly) less exclusive. The cost will be about £300 for a week, (inclusive of all air fares from Britain, airport taxes, accommodation costs, travel insurance, and convention fees) and maybe less, if there are enough people.

If you would like further details write to: Buffalo Chickens, 23 St. Leonards Road, Gillingham, Bradford BD8 9QE, (please enclose S.A.E.) or contact Bill Sheldrick personally at the 18th European Juggling Convention.

NORWICH NO MORE

'95 convention crazy-in-chief (besides Ken, that is) **Will Chamberlain** has moved to Switzerland (i nearly put Swindon), from where he is expected to develop a stunning snowball routine he won't be able to show off at conventions, and keep up his persistent nuisance correspondence with *The Catch*. We say up your Eiger, mate.

BEACH BUMS

There's a video of the **Hawaiian Convention** available, if you were there, if you really want to suffer 'cos you weren't, or if you have a liking for jugglers' bottoms. Rupert Voelker (see Contact Box, JIS, for address) will do you one for the cost of a tape, but be warned it goes a bit wobbly in places due to a tape-chewing frenzy. Nothing to do with the bottoms, that.

MULTI-CULTI MANIA

Greentop in Sheffield are running a fascinating multi-cultural arts project in collaboration with *Weekend Arts College* from London. Three Primary Schools, two Secondaries, four youth clubs and the resident Youth Circus will each be studying one circus skill and another from a list that includes Asian Dance, Afrikan Drumming, storytelling etc. - leading up to a performance at Greentop (Oct.23/24) and hopefully a longer project. If you think Greentop sounds good but haven't got there yet (like me), you'll want to take a look at *Challenge Annika* on Sunday 27 August at 7pm, when the famous jumpsuit waves her magic bum, sorry, wand, and transforms a derelict

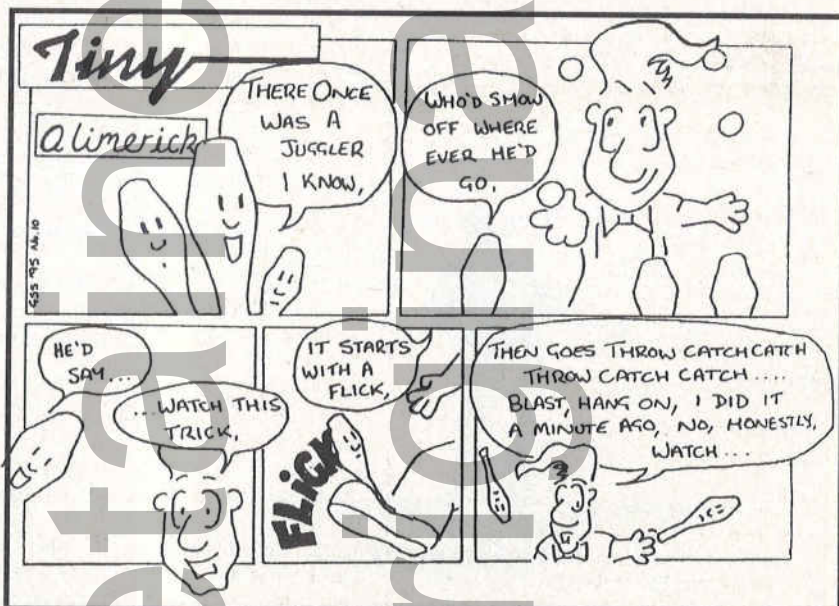
church into something somewhat more thrilling.

DEEP FOREST

Forest Artworks! [not sure about all these names ending in exclamation marks! -d] have been hiding in the Forest of Dean and not telling anyone what they're up to for far too long. We broke their cover by getting hold of a leaflet which details some of the skills they have in Theatre, New Circus, Carnival, Video, Playschemes & more, which they'd be into sharing with you if you're in range. Try 'em c/o Youth & Community Office, College Road, Cinderford, Gloucestershire GL14 2JY, 01594 822555.

FROM A-Z (ACADEMY TO ZIPPO'S)

The current **Zippo's Circus** lineup includes no less than four graduates from the ZACA course (see *Catch This Courses* for details). Miss Charlotte, Tina, Chris, & Clown Stiffy [err...] all did the course in '94 and can now be seen in a park near you, along with aerialists *The Firebirds*, *The Skating Sayers*, *The Kenya Tumblers*, *Duo Vieru* and *The Salsky Salvadors*, not forgetting, how could we? Zippo, Alexis & Tweedy. To top this [hahaha -d], ZACA got money for a new tent & equipment from the National Lottery, and they've also engineered a hook-up with *Nintendo* over their *Kid Klown* game, which might bring new bums (more used to couch-potato-dom) onto circus seats, as well as a bit more money into Zippo's hospital visiting scheme, the *Clown Care Unit*.



CATCH THIS - EVENTS DIARY

Aug.3-7 **Ottawa International Busker Festival**
Sparks Street Pedestrian Mall, Ottawa, Canada.
Aug.3-13 **Halifax Buskers Festival**, Halifax, Canada.

Aug.4-6 **Stockton Riverside Festival**
UK's best festival of *spectacle*. If you're reading this and you're not there **LEAVE NOW!** Featuring (omigosh): **Jo Bithume**, blimmin' *hugeshow* with startling costumes, FX, aerial etc.; **Vis à Vis**, probably the best large-scale show you'll see all year, worth the festival in itself; **Salamandre**, bringing new degrees of art to outdoor performance; **Bialy Blown** from the Ukraine and **Mr Yoowho** from the States; **Dodgy Clutch**, **Neighbourhood Watch**, **Full Tilt**, **Turbo Cacahuète**, **Bravura**, **Whalley Range Allstars**, **Eazy Trapezy**, **IOU** (the automaton experience), **Les Pietons** (French veterans), **The Uncles** (London juggling pioneers now resident in Amsterdam) in a team up with *Catch* luv **Noel Britten & André Vincent**; **Teatr Sn/cw** from Poland; **Marceline & Sylvestre**, ace clowns from Spain; a mind-boggling closing night show from **Walk The Plank** with 'marine special effects' the key term... plus a world-class programme of comedy and music, and a contemporary dance programme, including street shows, designed to challenge your preconceptions. More details on 01642 611625. Or wait till next issue when we tell you how unlucky you were *not* to be there.

Aug.4-13 **Limburg Street Festival** Holland - the biggest outside France - BIG craziness! (+31) 47 67 23 33

Aug.5-6 **Traquair Fair**, Peeblesshire, Scotland. See *Catch This Gigs* for more.

Aug.10-Sep.2 **Edinburgh Fringe**. See *Catch This Gigs*.

11-18 August: **The 18th European Juggling Convention**, Skatås, Göteborg, Sweden.

Participants from over 15 countries, as far away as Argentina, Israel and Russia, plus large groups like the 28 students/teachers from *École du Cirque des Campelières* - Côte D'Azur, France, 13 performers from the *Far East Association of Circus Arts and Variety* in Russia and of course the 50 travelling with *Catch Airlines*!

Workshops include Todd Strong, Charlie Dancey, Haggis McLeod, Anna Jillings and Jim Semlyen. Members of the Far East Association of Circus Arts and Variety will also be teaching their skills. John Newman, a balloon sculpture expert will be teaching interested participants to make large multi-balloon sculptures. The collaborative effort including approximately 1000 balloons will be featured in the parade on Sunday August 13.

Public Show Performers include: *Gunter Schulte*, *Mr. and Mrs. Peterson go to Hollywood*, *Duad*, *Les 6 Boulettes*, and Performers from the *Far East School of Circus and Variety Arts*. Hosting the show will be the multinational theatre group from Göteborg,

Teater Kolibri.

For accommodation during the festival other than camping it is best to contact:

In Karalund (very near): youth hostel, budget hotel and cabins. Spaces available from 13/8. Closest to convention and cheapest alternative for 2-5 persons sharing space. tel. (+46) 31 84 02 00, fax. (+46) 31 84 05 00

Gamla Ullevi Hostel: 100 SEK per night. Space available all of August. tel. (+46) 31 15 00 52

For other questions regarding accommodation please ring the Juggling Convention office on (+46) 31 774 2069 - mostly answering machine!

Love, *Snöbollen*

Aug.11-20 **Stockholm Water Festival** Sweden. Street Acts go aquatic! (+46) 8 614.3400.

Aug.12-13 **Crawley Juggling Convention 3**
Crawley, near Gatwick, Sussex. Workshops, shows, games, camping. Steve Rawlings, *Cosmos*, Pearse Halpenny, *Patchwork Circus*, *No Strings Attached*, more more more, and only £12.50/£10 (under 16s); Saturday show £6.50/£5. Serious fun! More info from Nigel on 01822 852997.

Aug.21-27 **Ferrara Buskers Festival**, Ferrara, N. Italy. The street musicians' international. Preview day at **Comacchio** (coastal near Venice) Aug 19.

Aug.23-26 **Aurillac 'Éclat'** The other big French Street Theatre bash. Recommended. Try & catch *Carnage Productions!* (+33) 98 46 19 46.

Aug.25-27 **Catalina Island Juggler's Jam**, Catalina Island, Southern California

Sep.1-3 **1st Lower Austria Juggling Festival**, 70km north of Vienna

Sep.8-10 **Jonglissimo**, Saint Brice Courcelles, near Reims, France. Ffi. 00 33 26 47 54 10. Includes workshop from Tim Roberts (from the French National Circus School) & Arcadii Poupone (Kiev Circus School) and other deep-level workshops. Sounds excellent if you've got the language!

Sep.8-11 **Tarrega Festival of Street Theatre** Tarrega, Spain. We've seen the bill, it's HUGE! Lots of Catalan & Spanish work, which is the wildest in Europe, plus companies from all over the continent, and mostly shows without a language problem. Sounds like a *must*.

Sep.9-10 **Snowdon Juggling Festival**, Anglesey. Tel. James 01248 371799 for details. Somewhere flat & maybe dry [!!!] - bring your kites in case it's windy! Sep.10 **Unicycle Hockey Tournament** at Heatham House Youth Centre, Twickenham. Ffi. Graham on 01932 222063.

Sep.15-17 **5th Juggling Convention** Karlsruhe, University of Karlsruhe, Germany

Sep.16-24 **The 7th Bristol Juggling & Circus Skills Convention**
Tel. 01749 677404

Sep.17 **Basel International Street Festival**, Switzerland. (+32) 14 81.26.83.

Sep.22-24 **Loerrach Convention**, Schlossberghalle, Loerrach-Haagen (no not Hagen), Germany.

Sep.23/24 **British Acrobatic Convention** Greentop, Sheffield. Tightrope, trapeze, trampoline, equilibristics. tel. (0114) 256 0962. Ffi.

Oct.1 **5th East Midlands Juggling Convention**, Corby

Oct.6-8 **Lodi Juggling Festival**

Micke Grove Park & Zoo, Lodi, California, US.

Oct.8 **1st Cambridge Juggling Convention** Howard Mallet Centre, New Street, Cambridge, 10am-9.30pm. £9, only 200 places! All the expected, hosted by *Patchwork*, which should be a good sign. Ring 01223 322748 to book or 302596 for more info.

Oct.14-15 **Polaris Challenge** (Mountain Unicycling), Gateshead, Tyne & Wear

Oct.20-22 **Monheim**, near Leverkusen, Germany.

Jan.27-29 **4th New Zealand International Juggling Festival**, Nelson, South Island

Apr.12-14 **British Juggling Convention**, Crammond, Edinburgh.

Jun.sometime! **Festival of Fools 20th Anniversary** Melkweg, Amsterdam. Essential!

AUSTRALIAN FESTIVALS!!!

Oct.12-15 **The 2nd Cairns Juggling Festival**

Cairns is a tropical town in far northwest Queensland and is one of the major jumping-off points for trips to the Great Barrier Reef, rainforests, snorkelling. If last year is anything to go by the festival will be taking place at the perfect time of year climatically. Nice and warm, only the occasional shower, low humidity. Lots of local support for the festival, discounts at several restaurants for anyone who can juggle.

Feb.22-24 **Hobart International Buskers Festival** (Hobart, Tasmania)

Feb.23-Mar.17 **Adelaide Fringe Festival** - special invitation to international street & busking artists - write now to *Adelaide Fringe Inc.*, Lion Arts Centre, Cnr North Terrace & Morphett Street, Adelaide, SOUTH AUSTRALIA 5000, tel. (+61) 8 231 7760, fax 5080, e-mail fringe@adelaide.dialix.oz.au.

Mar.1-4 1996 **The 5th Tasmanian Circus Festival**, preceded by:

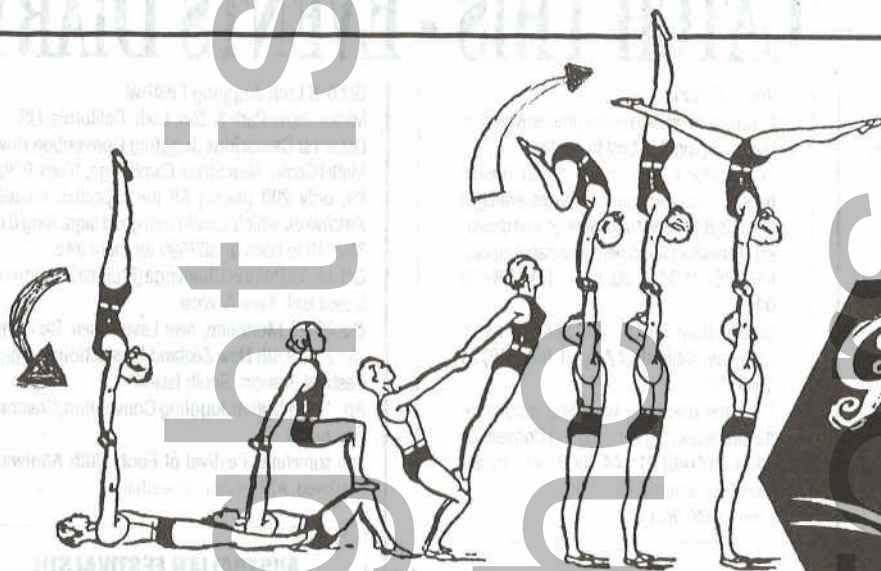
Feb.26-29 **Performers Training Master Classes** and general get together held on the festival site. This is limited to 30 people.

Mar.2/3 **Circus Festival** Probably Adventure Bay on South Bruny Island

late Mar.1996 **The Canberra International Buskers Festival**

there may be more gen on these on the Juggling Information Service or from Rupert Voelker (see below)

After sending all details to *The Catch*, to get your convention or festival on the Internet get the info to Rupert.Voelker@bt-sys.bt.co.uk or to Rupert himself by fax on 01473 644649 and he'll make sure they're entered in the JIS (Juggling Information Service). Sorry, we got the, er, email address (as well) wrong last issue!



Green
TOP

Kids Summer Juggling School

7-11 August £50 circus fun

British Acrobatics Convention 23/24 Sept

£20 trampette/tightrope/teeterboard/tumbling/trapeze

weekly/weekend classes in acrobatics - trampolining

aerial - juggling - tumbling tots - youth circus and more

CHALLENGE ANNEKA SATURDAY AUGUST 19TH
AUTUMN EVENTS PROGRAMME OUT END OF AUGUST

St Thomas Church Holywell Road Sheffield S4 8AS Just off Junction 34 M1
new programme and bookings on 0114 256 0962

ADVERTISEMENT

FAIR PLAY for IGNATOV

NOBODY has juggled more objects than Sergei Ignatov. In spite of this fact, Mr. Ignatov is not listed in the 1995 edition of "Guinness Book of Records". And this is not the only occasion that Mr. Ignatov has been treated unfairly by Guinness.

Mr. Ignatov, along with Albert Petrovski and Eugene Belaur, had been listed for several years as the World Record Holders in the Rings Category with juggles of eleven rings. In 1986 Albert Lucas replaced these men as new Record Holder with a juggle of twelve rings. Mr. Lucas continued to be listed as the Record Holder from 1986 until 1989. The only problem was - **Mr. Lucas never juggled twelve rings!**

The 1990 edition of Guinness reported: "Albert Lucas still holds records for "flashing" 12 rings in 1985. Sergei Ignatov of the USSR still holds the record for juggling 11 rings" (A flash is one pass of each object and a juggle is two or more passes with each object.)

The current edition of Guinness lists Mr. Lucas as the Record Holder in the Rings Category with a "flash" of 12 rings. No one else is listed in that category. This committee is bewildered that Mr. Ignatov could be replaced in the record book by someone who has never even juggled 11 rings. This is not fair. Guinness has been listing juggling records since 1957 and "flashes" were never listed until Mr. Lucas came along.

This committee is running this ad to inform jugglers of this unfair treatment and in the hope that someone will bring this matter up at the 18th European Juggling Festival in Goteborg, Sweden.

"Fair Play for Ignatov" Committee, Ed Mautz, Chairman,
4422 Yale Road, Memphis, Tennessee 38128, U.S.A.

CATCH THIS - GIGS

Catch
THIS

International Section

ALLIN KEMPTHORNE

Our enterprising chum with the loud suits is touring Spain with the *Marberisa Comedy Festival*. Keep your eyes open, or try the *Fools Rush Inn* if you're anywhere near Marbella.

one-offs

DESPERATE MEN

in *'What on Earth?'*
Eco funnies at the Natural History Museum! Should be good...
Jul.27-Aug.28, 1pm. & 3.30pm. (except Tuesdays and Wednesdays).
Details from the Museum

TOTTERING BIPEDS

in *Macario*
Stilts, masks, puppets, turkeys, food & alcohol (!) - the Mexican village experience... Reviews of previous TB productions are excellent.
Sep.4-23, Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith 8pm, Sat. matinée at 4.30, tickets £7.50, concs. & everyone on Mondays £5. 0181 741 2311

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL - Aug.13 - Sep.2

The alternative theatre overdose this year features **Magic Circus**, **Circus Wooloomooloo**, **Paul Morocco & Co.**, **Cirque Surreal**, **The Archaos Bikers** in 'Le Fauve' ('the wild beast!'), **The Kosh** (circus-inspired dance from adventurous company), **Albert & Friends' Instant Circus** and a whole load more.
Especially don't forget **Fringe Sunday** in Holyrood Park, August 20.

You really need a programme to get half an idea of what's going on... Try 0131 226 5257/5259

TRAQUAIR FAIR

Aug.5-6, Traquair House, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, Scotland.
Loads of our favourite acts seem to be headed here - see gig guide and see **The Ballet Hooligans**, **Contenta**, **Eazy Trapezy**, **Clownabout**, and a lot more, plus music, kids' events, crafts etc.
Tickets £9, concs. & advance £7.50, family £20 (£18 adv.) More on 01896 830785.

cabaret

THE CIRCUS SPACE CABARET

Coronet Street, Hoxton, Hackney, London N1 6HD. Bookings on 0171 613 4141
Cabarets start again September 16th. Details from them nearer the time...

Aug.20 Rhythms of the city finale, Leeds.
Insomnia.

CIRQUE SURREAL

Edinburgh, The Meadows, Melville Drive.
Aug.11-Sep.3, Tickets £6-£12.50 and worth every penny

KATHAKALI TOUR

Spectacular Indian drama/dance/music combination - very physical, very symbolic, very energetic, very good.

Sep.19 The Old Bull, Barnet 0181 449 0048
Sep.20 The Hawth, Crawley 01293 553636
Sep.27 South Hill Park, Bracknell 01344 484123
Sep.28 Kings School, Winchester 01962 861161
Sep.28 Tower Arts, Winchester 01962 867986
Sep.29 Kings School, Winchester 01962 861161
Oct.2 Kingswood Theatre, Bath 01225 427665
Oct.3 Dartington Hall, Totnes 01803 863073
Oct.4 Northgild, Southampton 01703 632 601
Oct.5 Merlin Theatre, Frome 01373 465949
Oct.6 Queens Theatre, Barnstaple 01271 24242
Oct.7 Taliesin Centre, Swansea 01792 296883
Oct.11-12 Canterbury Festival 01227 455600
Oct.13 Thameside Theatre, Grays 01375 382555
Oct.14 Borough Theatre, Abergavenny, Wales 01873 850805
Oct.15 Newport Centre, Wales 01633 259676
Oct.16-17 Warwick Arts Centre, Coventry 01203 524524
Oct.18 Cordaux School, Louth 01507 606555
Oct.19 The Lawn, Lincoln 01522 560306/529828
Oct.20 South Holland Centre, Spalding, Lincs 01775 725031
TBC Manchester Festival 0161 2379753
Oct.24 Alhambra Theatre, Bradford 01274 752375
Oct.25 Rosehill Theatre, Whitehaven, Cumbria 01946 692422
Oct.26 Stanwix Arts Centre, Carlisle 01228 34781
Oct.27 Customs House, South Shields, Tyne & Wear 0191 4556655
Oct.28 St. Brides Centre, Edinburgh 0131 3461405
Oct.29 The Tron, Glasgow 0141 552 4267
Oct.31-Nov.1 Brodick Hall, Brodick, Isle of Arran 01770 830227
Nov-Dec in Irvine (Ayrshire), Wolverhampton, Northwich (Cheshire), Scarborough, Brentford, Norwich, Wakefield, Cambridge, Reading, Belfast, Chipping Norton, Salisbury, Basingstoke, London, Brighton, High Wycombe, Newcastle under Lyne...

VAN BUREN JNR. & KIM

If you're stuck somewhere like Paignton, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, and Danny La Rue is in town, don't despair - that means Andrew Van Buren is on the bill too and he's a *jolly good juggler*.

For details on the whereabouts of trad. circuses (who are traditionally a bit mysterious and enigmatic, let's say *shamanic* about their movements), including some like *Zippo's* and *Surreal* that are well-worth your attention, you can ring the *Kingpole* (Trad. Circus mag) information line on 0891 343341. This is a premium (that means expensive) charge line, but doesn't waffle too much (like I might).

CROISSANT NEUF CIRCUS

Aug.1-11 inc. Gravesham (workshops) tbc.
Aug.19 Abbey Park music festival, Leicester (music stage) tbc.
Aug.26/27 Burton-on-Trent, Staffs (GRS)
Sep.8-10 Coombe Abbey Park folk festival, Coventry (music stage)
Sep.17 *Body Shop* family day, Steyning, West Sussex (circus)
Sep.30-Oct.1 Malvern (GRS) tbc.

SKINNING THE CAT

in *'Enchantress'*
Two-woman narrative piece with the spectacular aerial work, stunning costumes & set and ace music we have come to expect from STC. See it!
Aug.2 Hanover
Aug.14 Ostend
Aug.16 Morlaix
Aug.19 Potsdam
Aug.22 Aurillac
Oct.21 Gersthofen

NO ORDINARY ANGELS

Aug.5 Summer Festival High Wycombe
Aug.12 Summer Festival, Crawley
Sep. Covent Garden Festival
(Fli. contact Chenine at Blathena-Jancovitch on 01223 460075)

EEZY TRAPEEZY

in *Vaudeville* - truck-top trapeze comedy
Aug.4-5 Stockton Riverside Festival
Aug.5-6 Traquair Fair, Peeblesshire
Aug.10-12 Puck Fair, Ireland
Aug.17 Tommy's Party, South Shields, Tyne and Wear
Aug.19 Newburn Fair, Tyne and Wear
Aug.20 Fringe Sunday, tbc., Edinburgh
Aug.20 Riverside Park, Chester-Le-Street, Co.Durham 0191 388 1646
Aug.26-28 Stoneleigh Festival, Warwickshire 01222 231 233
Bookings: 0191 482 5157

EXPONENTIAL

in *Insomnia*
Top quality aerial spectacular, plus fire, dance & live music.
Aug.9 Cardiff 2 day shows + *Insomnia*
Aug.12 Huddersfield Gala - Day shows

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Catch
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ADVERTISEMENT

JUSTICE FOR RASTELLI

Between 1957 and 1984 the "Guinness Book of Records" listed Enrico Rastelli (1896 - 1931) as having juggled 10 balls and 8 plates. In fact, between 1957 and 1980 Mr. Rastelli was the only juggler listed in Guinness.

In 1984 Albert Lucas was unable to meet the Guinness requirements for a juggle of 10 balls and 8 plates. However, he was given credit for a flash of these objects. (A juggle is putting the objects in continuous motion - at least two throws and two catches of each object. A flash is merely throwing the objects up once and catching them.)

That same year Guinness downgraded Mr. Rastelli's juggling records to flashes and then listed the two jugglers as Co-Holders of the World Records with "flashes" of ten balls and eight plates. Guinness had never listed "flashes" in any category until this time. Also, the entry in the 1985 edition contains an obvious false statement. It reads: "Albert Lucas of Las Vegas, Nev., tied the World Records long held by Enrico Rastelli when he 'flashed'..... as opposed to 'juggle'..... 10 balls and then 8 plates, on July 2, 1984.....". The writer of this statement had to know that "the records long held by Enrico Rastelli" were juggles - not flashes. Only the year before the same writer had emphatically stated: "The only juggler in history able to juggle 10 balls or 8 plates was the Italian Enrico Rastelli."

The editors of Guinness were not finished. The 1991 edition

listed both Mr. Rastelli and Mr. Lucas with new World Records for Juggling 10 balls and 8 plates. The year given for Mr. Lucas' juggles was 1984 - the year he flashed the objects.

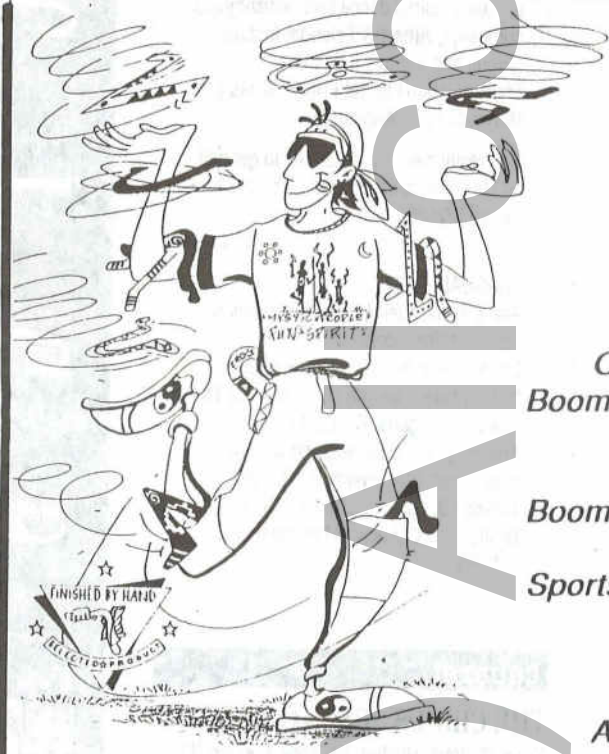
Last year the editors of Guinness were informed of these unfortunate entries. In the 1995 edition they made one change - they took away Mr. Rastelli's juggling Record of 10 balls once again! Mr. Lucas is still credited for juggling 8 plates in 1984 despite the fact that Guinness knows he flashed 8 plates that year.

It is evident that Guinness does not want to correct the record. This committee believes that the only way to force Guinness to act in a reasonable manner is by public exposure. Peter Tory of the "Daily Express" has, in the past, written an article on Haggis McCloud, one of Britain's and Europe's top jugglers. We believe that he would write an article about this injustice if he felt there was interest in it. We urge you to write to Mr. Tory and express your displeasure at the manner in which Guinness treats Juggling World Records.

Peter Tory
"Daily Express"
Ludgate House
245 Blackfriars Road
London SE1 9UX

"Justice for Rastelli" Committee
Gerald B. Shugart, Chairman
Himno Nacional #1813A-226
San Luis Potosi, S.L.P.
Mexico 78270

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Auditions in England January/February 1996.
Diploma Course commences 1st May 1996.

Fees are charged.

For more details contact:
Verena Cornwall, Manager, ZACA,
174 Stockbridge Road, Winchester,
Hampshire. SO22 6RW. England.
(01962) 877600 Fax (01962) 868097

CATCH THIS COURSES

THE CIRCUS SPACE

Shoreditch Power Station - Coronet Street, Hackney, London N1 6HD, tel. 0171 613 4141. Near Old Street (Northern Line)
BTEC National Diploma in Performing Arts - Circus Starts in September. Auditioning Now - if you think you might be interested in this course please ring for more details. The course is free for those under 19 years on September 1st 1995, and £800 per year for the rest.

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Full Time Professional Training Courses 1995
For details of the one year course and eleven week foundation starting Sep.27 contact Kim Lawrence on 0117 9477288

Part Time Training Courses 1995

Evening Classes are run throughout the year in tight-wire and trapeze. These classes are for all skill levels and run for one or two nights per week.

Coming Up:

Autumn evening classes start Sep.25 for 11 weeks

Two week intensive courses;

Trapeze starting Sep.4

Tight-wire starting Aug.14

HOLIDAY WORKSHOPS

Aug.28-Sep.1 (afternoons) Young Performers Holiday Workshop.

Aged 10 or over? Then this introduction to Juggling, Trapeze and Tight-wire, in a safe environment with expert tuition, is clearly **FOR YOU!**

SATURDAY CIRCUS CLUB

Starting Sep.23

Ten or older? Wanna be a circus performer?

Enrol now for our exciting and challenging young performers course.

For details of all part time courses etc. please call Jackie on 0117 947 7042.

SKYLIGHT

Circus Arts Training Education Performance, Broadwater Centre, Smith Street, Rochdale OL16 1HE

Tel. 01706 50676 Tel./fax 01706 713638

Sep.6-Dec.8 Performance for Tourism Training, 20+ hours per week for 13 weeks. Circus and performance arts with some business training. ESF-funded (secured) FREE, 8 places. You need to be over 18, unemployed at least 6 months and committed!

ted! Auditions 11 Aug. Contact Sue for application form tel. 01706 50676, fax 01706 713638

Aug.20 1.30pm Oi Polloi - Skylight's Community Performance project with circus arts, music and making. Rachel Henson (Peking Opera - object manipulation), Marion Kenny (music), Justine Marsh (choreography) at Queens Park, Heywood, Manchester.

Oct.-Dec. Short Course Programme - movement, physical theatre, acro, aerial, etc. Contact Sue 01706 50676 for leaflet.

Our regular sessions are:

Circus Club 7-9 Mondays

Youth Circus 4-5.30 Wednesday (2 more sessions from Sep.)

Trapeze 9.30-12.30am Thurs. (ring for confirmation)

Practice/rehearsal space for circus arts available.

NORWICH CIRCUS CENTRE

194 Nelson Street, Norwich NR2 4DS 01603 613445

Ongoing courses in most topics, including all object manipulation, acro, clowning, puppetry, mime, physical theatre trapeze at all ages and levels... SkillSwap Sundays 2.30-5.30, but from October 2 this splits into junior club from 2.30-4.30, others 5-7.30. Costs £2/1. Forthcoming courses in *Mime, Mask & Physical Theatre* and *Tightrope*, contact them for details.

GREENTOP COMMUNITY CIRCUS CENTRE

Greentop Circus Centre, Saint Thomas Church, Holywell Rd., Brightside, Sheffield S9 1BE tel. (0114) 256 0962.

Classes in Yoga, jazz dance, mime, mask, acrobalance, tumbling, juggling, rope-work, aerial and technical skills. We are interested in all support and ideas. Write for a leaflet on courses and to join the mailing list.

Kids' Events

Summer Juggling School

in conjunction with Jesters Juggling Clubs

7-11 Aug. Open to 8-14 year olds.

5 days of in-depth juggling fun, with plate-spinning, stilt-walking and lots more.

10 am - 4 pm each day. £50 per head for the whole course.

Summer Heatwave Holiday Afternoons

Magic Moments Aug.29 2-4pm: Magic Tricks and mystery fun

Clowning About Aug.30 2-4pm: Juggling, drama and stunts

Fizzical Fun Thursday 31 August 2-4pm: Acrobalance and comedy acrobatics

Regular Workshops:

Tuesdays 7-9 Adult juggling - serious skills for all abilities £2.50

Thursdays 6-7 Mime techniques from Lecoq and Decroux with Brett Jackson £2

GREENTOP HOSTS THE BRITISH ACROBATIC CONVENTION

September 23/24

Tightrope, trampoline, trapeze and equilibrists
More details from them soon!

PLAYBOX THEATRE

Running circus, impro, theatre, mime, voice etc. etc. courses for young people (2-20) in Leamington Spa, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-Upon-Avon, Nuneaton, Solihull, Balsall Common, Coventry, Rugby and more soon... More info from them at 74 Priory Road, Kenilworth, CV8 1LQ, 01926 512388.

ONE-OFFS

Sep.4-8 **Summer School in mask-making & use**
With mask theatre/dance/mime experts *The Guizers*, and Michael Chase & Laura Jacobs of *The Mask Studio*, London. All state-of-play stuff!

The Studio, Wilmorton College, London Road, Derby DE2 8UG, 10-6 daily. £105 (£70 concs.). Info from The Guizers, 24 Howard Street, Loughborough, Leicestershire, LE11 1PD. tel. 01509 236522.

Oct.27-29 **Weapons of the Warrior**

Peking Opera, Tai Chi and Kung Fu Weapon work (spear, staff, stick, sword), with Rachel Henson and John Bolwell. Residential weekend at **Monkton Wyld Court**, Dorset coast. For information contact Monkton Wyld 01297 560342 or John 01706 350260.

Dec.1-3 **Rhythm and Balance**

Qi Gong, African Drumming and more with David Barnaby and John Bolwell. Residential weekend at **Lower Shaw Farm**, Wiltshire. For information contact Lower Shaw Farm 01793 771080 or John Bolwell 01706 350260.

Oct.16-19 **Roly Bain** - 'The clown and i'

The Course Content (e.g. playfulness, risk & vulnerability, clown character) is aimed at Christian Clowns but liable to be of interest/benefit to many more. Cost from £108 (full board and course fees).

Some self-catering or non-residential options available.

Contact: Gordon Roy, Compass Christian Centre, Glenshee Lodge, By Blairgowrie, Perthshire, PH10 7QD. 01250 885209

MINISTRY OF TEQUILA

Become an official MoT examiner!

Write to the Minister c/o Tracy Island, 64 Tremains Road, London SE20 7TZ or give him some serious stick on 0171 237 6190.

Oddballs Oddballs Oddballs Oddballs

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Oddball Tri-Its, machine washable, humbug shaped £ 3.25 per set

Oddball thuds, top quality thuds made from the highest grade griffon material. Sold with a 1 year guarantee £ 2.75

Spotlight BeanBags, Spotlight beanbags are double lined and firmer, which makes them better for faster juggling. Sold with a two year guarantee.

Spotlight standard bags £ 3.50

Spotlight Rave bags, 5 u.v. colours £ 3.90

Spotlight Solar, colour changing £ 4.90

Spotlight giant stage bags, 180gr £ 5.00

Spotlight genuine, artificial suede bean bags: 4 sectioned £ 4.95, 8 sect. £ 5.95

Luminous Beanbags, very bright to start with, but does wear out after 5/6 months Bright green £ 5.00

BALLS

Oddball bouncers, ultra bouncy, an easier way to juggle, also ideal for fast air juggling. Large colour choice £ 4.75

Astro balls Really bright, battery operated LED balls, one year guarantee £ 9.95

DX Balls. The first mass produced stuffed stage ball. All sizes and finishes except luminous at one price £ 4.50 Lumi £ 5.25

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Fyrefill Fire Balls, silicon coated £ 42.00

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RINGS

Rings are easier for number juggling, practising hat-tricks and body spinning.

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Oddball One-Piece, nice balance, as with all one piece clubs a little hard on the hand. Over 50,000 sold in their first 15 months. Sold with 5 year guarantee.

Light weight, red, blue, green, yellow and purple £ 2.50

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Far-out decorated £ 6.50

Heavy weight, pure white £ 4.95

De-luxe decorated £ 6.50

Far-out decorated £ 7.50

Oddball Dove Practise Club

Full professional club, with white air cushioned handle, rubber knobs and a great spin. Coloured bodies, red, blue, green, yellow and purple. £ 7.50

MORE CLUBS

Oddball Dove Club, a little bit heavier than the Dove Practise, with pure white knobs, handles, heads and bodies and silver/gold decorations. £ 9.95

Oddball Jazz Club, the club that everyone is talking about. Silver/gold handles with white bodies or silver handles only with the coloured bodies.

Basic Jazz £ 10.50

De-luxe decorated £ 11.50

Far-out decorated £ 12.50

Oddball Stage Club, white rounded knob, full body decorations and its own unique spin. £ 17.50

Spotlight European Club, a great classic club, long or short handles £ 14.95 Add £ 1.50 for decorations

Beard Beach Club

very soft handle £ 8.95

Beard Circus Special, this club was introduced just after our Dove Club and looks similar. £ 9.95

Beard TransEuro, their top club £ 19.00

Beard Photon, fully luminous club, with a good bright glow. In our view their best club, a great spin £ 21.50

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All standard radical Fish £ 16.50

Luminous radical fish £ 23.00

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These take less energy to juggle than all the others £ 22.00

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A rubbery feeling one-piece club with a heavy, medium slow spin. £ 11.50 Luminous £ 14.50

Dube Classic, a giant one-piece club, with an ultra slow spin. Used by many top American jugglers. £ 17.50

Renegade, (no guarantee) these clubs look as if they will be one of our cheapest. But no, they are £ 29.00 each. Their biggest tribute is that if you go to international or European conventions you will find loads of top jugglers using them.

Renegade Fatheads, cave man shaped club with a slower than slow spin £ 29.00

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Oddball Budget Torches, foam handle, simple design for beginners. £ 7.50 each

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Oddball Quality Torch, looks like a Henrys but not quite as fine a spin (yet) incl. far-out decs £ 16.50

MORE TORCHES

Oddball Blazer, heavy slow spin, classic wooden look. £ 19.75

Beard Street Pro-torch, Max says this has a really good spin. £ 21.00

Henrys Nitelite, a dream torch for many. Not good for more than 4/5 spins £ 26.00

Infinite Illusion Torch, looks like Henrys or our quality torch, but in our view a better, easier spin than both. £ 29.00

Knives, Stainless steel falchion knives £ 17.50

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DIABOLO

All diabolos come complete with sticks & string.

Baby Diabolo, great for high throws, crap for tricks. £ 3.50

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Flare Glittery Diabolo, much stronger and with a smoother spin. £ 9.75

Oddball Medium Diabolo Fully guaranteed against warping or breaking. Great colours. Although it's cheaper it's far stronger and smoother than most. only £ 8.99

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Oddball U.V. Jumbo Diabolo £ 14.00

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Luminous £ 20.95

Henrys Jumbo Circus Diabolo £ 24.95

Luminous £ 25.95

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Day glo £ 27.00

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Nesbitt Firediabolo, the best around £ 44.00

DEVILSTICKS

First 3 sticks come with rubber, all the rest include silicone sticks.

Beard Devilstick, great range of colours and designs. £ 10.90

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Oddball Far-out Solid Wood £ 19.50

Beard Solid Wood Radical Fish £ 25.75

AJA Glitter Devil Sticks £ 28.00

Oddball Solid Wood Fire Stick £ 19.50

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Beard Fire Stick £ 30.00

MISCELLANEOUS

Pashley/Absolute Unicycles £ 78.00

Please ring for other makes.

Oddball Spinning Plates. This plate is designed for juggling as well as spinning. It remains balanced even when stationary. The plastic has a memory and they come with a child safe stick. £ 1.99

Beard Aluminium Plate. Based on the Dube design, only a lot cheaper. £ 9.95

Giant Bubble Wand £ 3.99

Modelling Balloons 260E's, £ 4.50 ea 10+ £ 3.50

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The above equipment is available from: **The new Oddball basement warehouse** (opposite Circuspace)
31-35 Pitfield Street, London, N16HB Tel: 0171 250 1333 Fax: 0171 250 3999 Open 10-17.30 Mon-Fri
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CASTLING CLOBBERED!

The MTB Pro Challenge mountain bike orienteering event. June, Dalby Forest, North York Moors.

There I was looking forward to a couple of days of gentle pooling around Dalby forest on me MUni, soaking up the sun, waving at the punters while gently cruising around leafy forest trails... I was certain I'd be blissfully immune to any serious form of competitiveness - Why? 'Cos I knew from past experience that all jugglers/unicyclists were pathetic wimps who didn't dare ride outside their sports/church hall in case they got lost, rained on, or had to stop for a fag every five minutes.

A phone call changed everything. Out of the blue a challenge was issued, there was going to be another MUni competitor! ...and not only that but his uni was state-of-the-art and more generously endowed in the rotational sense (i.e. 26" as opposed to my 20"). At this point I began to get the sneaking feeling that this weekend was not going to go to plan and could even be slightly more challenging than I or my body was expecting. "Aghh... what the hell! how bad could it get? Go for it!" said my sadly over-inflated ego. At that time I just didn't appreciate how much pain and effort was really going to be involved. Next time I'll just pay someone to break my legs or wave a white flag, surrender and cry, or maybe I could even start to train... Hmmm, this is getting serious.

I met Roger Davies, 'the challenger', dressed in full Technicolor MTB battle armour on Saturday morning thirty minutes before the start. It was then that I really started to have serious doubts about what I was letting myself into [*dayglo can have that effect early in the morning. I know...*]. I already knew Roger's MUni was made with carbon fibre/alloy and glued with *Araldite* (see *Catch* #13 for Mk.1 version). What I hadn't appreciated was the wonderful quality of the finish, the bloody thing looked just so damned beautiful and professional to boot. Damm, Damm, Damm. Then I discovered to my horror that:

- a) The 26" wheel was also sooper-fast and smooth with XXX mm alloy cranks (sorry trade secret!) and
- b) The lack of mass [*in layman's terms - 'not so heavy' - d*] makes his uni much more responsive, akin to thoroughbred race-horses, and equally twitchy.

After all that crowing and complaining that no-one else took him up on the Mountain Unicycle (MUni) game (a testament to the good sense of our readers, even those who persist in riding unicycles), Duncan Castling got a challenger last time out - what's more, he was riding the already-famous-in-these-pages Carbon Fibre Uni. What's even more is that he totally trounced him! Has this shut him up? Has it heck...

Then we started, and my suffering began in earnest as Roger and the rest of the MTB faithful gradually disappeared into the dusty distance, while I sweated and tried to invent plausible injuries that would permit an early and gracious retirement. Sadly my imagination was defeated by my ego which said "keep going you snivelling wimp" (and you think you got problems!). 25 mins. later I had a quick confab with Roger at the checkpoint handout area, me pretending to be cool while desperately searching for oxygen. We agreed similar routes for the 6+ hours remaining (stupid or what?) and then hit the road. Or at least I did. Owv.

In the following hours a cruel pattern developed. Roger would cruise off into the distance, while I trailed behind pedalling the MUni faster than it is physically safe to do. Honestly, this is not recommended for long rides if you plan to have a family at a later date. Separate route choices would then cause us to split up, but to gain time I would cunningly run all the steep un-ridable sections to catch Roger at the checkpoint. He may well have looked surprised as I strolled in, but what he didn't appreciate was the bloody effort it cost me. I knew I couldn't keep it up. To add to this I was also becoming dehydrated with the extra effort and only one drinks bottle. But at the end of Day 1 our scores were equal on 80 points, but, er, Roger was 45mins faster. That evening I had a really good night's kip. This was due to: masses of pasta, a unicycle workshop, five to six pints of beer w/ bits in, the Appalachian dance band till 1am., and being totally wrecked.

Next morning, was I ready for another day in the saddle? Was I bollocks! (or what was left of them). But we did it again anyway and I must admit that at some point I really started to realise how much I had enjoyed the event, or was I hallucinating with the pain? Ask my wife she's convinced it's the pain. No, what

was so good was to have someone else there who was as sadly addicted to MUni riding as me. Yup we were making our mark and the MUni has now become an accepted official *Polaris* class. At the end of Day 2 I also had to bite the bullet. Roger had by tremendous effort reached an extra 20 point checkpoint so his substantially impressive 150 point total clinched the first place. Is that man human? Doesn't he feel pain?

Later, on reflection, as the scars slowly healed, I did some calculations and discovered that a 26" wheel travels about 25% further per rev., which means I travelled about an extra 9000 revs in the 40 or so miles we covered in the two days. No wonder I felt so knackered. Now, what if I use a 26" wheel? Hmmm, and what about having two bottle cages so I can carry more drinks? and what about an alloy rim and sealpin? ...Time to call *Pashley*. Time for a cunning plan.

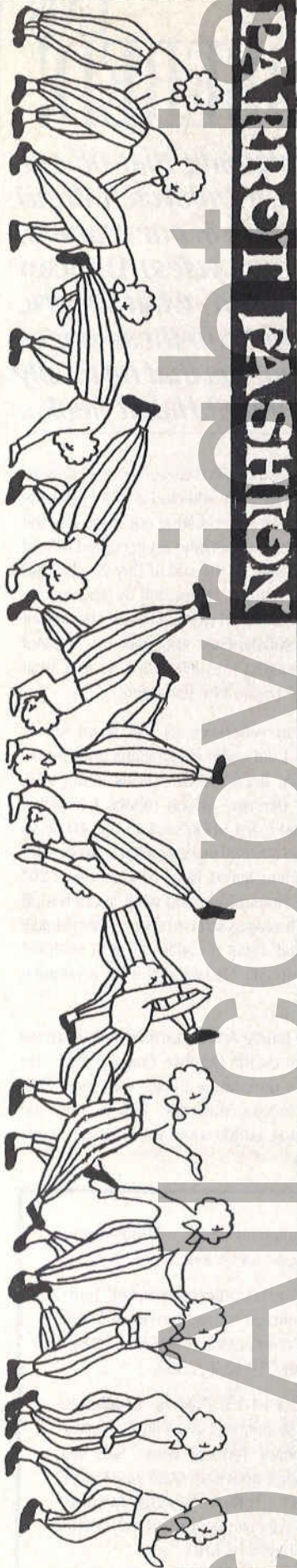
Are we bitter? Are we beyond help? Are we going to do the October *Polaris*? and ...Do jugglers do strange things with fish? Stay tuned for the answers. This is only the beginning buddy, now we're going to get serious.

Unicycle Events... well those we've been told about...

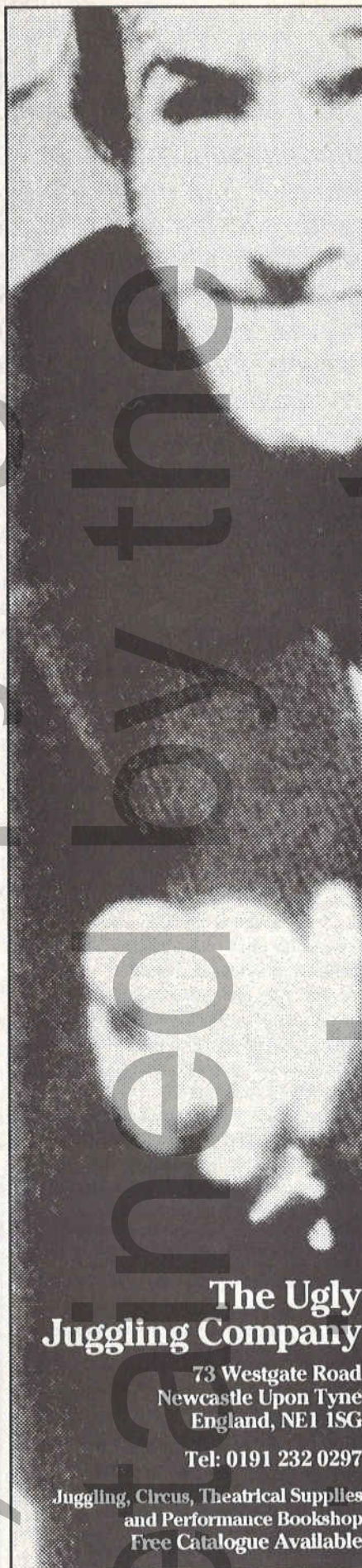
Sep. 10 **Unicycle Hockey Tournament** at Heatham House Youth Centre, Twickenham. Ffi. Graham on 01932 222063.

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MY FIRST DIABOLO BOOK BY DONALD GRANT

Circustuff £5.00

Well, Donald Grant has really confused us now by bringing out 'My First Diabolo Book' [i thought it was about your 15th, Donald -d], I've just realised I must have started with the most difficult tricks first - but what the hell, it was fun trying!

In his usual light-hearted chatly way we are taken through a bit of history, anatomy of the prop, basic hints & tips to get the thing off the ground and high into the air. Instructions are clear, well-illustrated, and make it all look too bloody easy, as he does when he performs - hence the Vegas IJA show booking. He has become a quality act and a rôle model [??? -d] to learn from, always striving to stay ahead in a skill that has increased in popularity and general ability level over the last three years; some indeed give him major credit for this.

Even if you've already used previous Donald books, this is one to add to your library, even only for some of the wonderful tricks and the descriptions he uses - 'the incredible milking the cow to windscreen wiper combination move', I bet you didn't realise it was called that, or even admit to it! Or how about 'bondage to whip' a saucy cat's cradle variation guaranteed to drive your audiences wild; now that's the sort of trick I need to learn. However this book isn't only for the beginner, as it progresses to some quite difficult moves like mini-duicides, gyro-grinds, and other tricks and variations that I haven't tried before.

Long may Donald progress backwards and we already eagerly await the sequel - 'Thinking About Learning The Diabolo'!

The JSA

THE USBORNE BOOK OF JUGGLING

by Clive Gifford, Usborne Publishing £3.99

Usborne, well known for their quality children's books, have at last brought out one on Juggling, well-presented with large colour photos and natty sequence shots that follow the trace of the balls in the juggling patterns. Not only does it take you through the basics of learning the 3-ball cascade with some simple tricks, but it has a wealth of other ideas kids will love. *Costumes*, if you want to act the fool, be scary, or become a silent movie star, all done with hints on character routines to go with them. *Juggling with props* incorporates hats, ties and other people into your show, there's even a section on what to do if you drop...cor as if you would!

Shhhh... don't tell our advertisers, but you can learn how to make your own balls, which is going to help them what live on a desert island in London or something... For those who can't make anything they list some friendly shops at the back of the book.

With an interesting bit of history thrown in, did you know "in the days before newspapers entertainers passed on news and gossip." No? Well they still do it, but also in the pages of your favourite mag. Teach your kids to be a gossip, travel the world and learn to make garlic balls!

The JSA

SUCCESS! - INTERVIEWS WITH PERFORMERS ABOUT FAME, FORTUNE AND HAPPINESS

by Brad Zupp

\$14.95 plus \$2.25 shipping and handling from Oasis Publishing: 6554 Winchester Road, Suite 235, Memphis, TN 38155.

"I wrote this book because I wanted to know what other performers considered success, and how they achieved it. It was interesting to hear about early beginnings, early successes and failures. Sometimes it is easy to lose sight

of the fact that even the most successful entertainers started somewhere!" Zupp's idea is, without a doubt, a great one. Whether you're a performer or a wannabee then reading this book is going to inspire you.

Of the thirteen people interviewed the ones of most interest to Catchers are jugglers: Albert Lucas, Ray Wold and Lottie Brunn. Albert started juggling young, juggling his age for three years - doing five balls at the tender age of five! He gives credit to one person, his father (mentor & trainer), explaining his definition of success was always altering from the big contracts - and he's performed in some biggies - to shifting to be a good entertainer. He talks about rôle models like Bobby May - he used to know how to conduct himself and never 'play down' to anybody less than him. Albert's juggling and Guinness records are discussed but it's really his relationship with his father that comes to the fore, "He taught me to love what I did... the joy for me is in the practice," says Albert.

Ray Wold, fire maniac, gets his inspiration from his wife and talks about creating new material and the importance of telly exposure. "Success for me is doing what I love to do and making a comfortable living at it."

Lottie Brunn, probably the world's greatest female juggler - started age ten and went to America from Germany with her brother Francis in 1948 - tells the story of her career in an era when women were mainly assistants to male jugglers. "There was a lot of prestige at the time... now jugglers work on the streets or walk-around performing... there are no outlets any more... all I was ever asked to do was a seven minute act." Her opinions on the present day juggling scene have honesty and passion, a true pro and worth listening to.

Other acts include magicians and clowns that are not big names 'over here'. The book has the usual over-the-pond style, but if it's inspiration you want (in whatever you do), and who can say they overdo on that, then Success is worth picking up.

The JSA

CIRCOMEDIA - END OF YEAR SHOW

A true tribute to both students and tutors who have worked hard throughout the year to finish with an excellent evening's entertainment. The students all seemed to work well with each other - great character changes and strong individual performances.

Cathy Jones had some skilful and beautifully choreographed aerial rope work with 'Airdance', and then in a sketch, 'Alley Katz' with Greg Borah, they somehow worked a superb trapeze routine that was both funny and sensual. Marc Parrett buzzed onto the stage in an imaginative costume that a fly would kill for [??? -d], and into an off-the-wall [thought it was fly on the wall -d] comedy tightrope routine - what he lacked in skills he made up for with character. Minoru Takei did two sketches. His hat routine had the natural flow of a performer who loves to be on the stage and knows his props, the ball juggling incorporating the hat with misdirections was done with great panache, and his suitcase dog was funny and original.

Audience participation, from Becky Stanley's comedy mime routine, turned the stage into a wet beach which was a good contrast to the mime tragedy of 'The Cornish Mermaid', beautifully portrayed by Gavin White. Bindle Jones, Cath Nesbit and Jean-Luc Herbie. Herbie's builder was only lacking a bum cleavage - yes we all wished the apple onto the trowel; Gonzalo Arias as 'The Bible Man' lacked God on his side which made him even funnier - cigar boxes as the good book indeed! Non-physical routines like 'Don Quixote' gave the evening variety, and the whole was held together by compères: Cathy (stylish, dominant, don't mix with me) Jones assisted by the grovelling Gonzalo, and Cath (common as muck domestic help) Nesbit.

Appreciation must go to the directors for some wonderful choreography, 'Circles' was a magical light show with music, dance and rope work executed by Bindle Jones and Cath Nesbit.

The finale I could have watched over and over, everywhere there was music, movement, juggling, acrobatics and aerial work... leaving the audience wanting more.

JA

FRED GARBO AND Co. MITCHELL THEATRE, GLASGOW

I first saw Fred Garbo at the Oldenburg Convention (I think - but it may have been Maastricht) when his *Fred Zeppelin* routine reduced an audience of jugglers to fits of laughter during the public show. He had a similar effect on an audience of children (including my two year old son) when he appeared in Glasgow in the *Scottish International Children's Festival*.

Fred Garbo and Co. are Fred, Daielma Santos and some of the largest juggling props that you will ever see. Their inflatable comedy show is larger than life and more elegant than I will ever be. You marvel as the gigantic juggling bags float through the air; as wheels the size of those you only see on Monster Trucks perform a *pas de deux* on stage; and as enormous blobs (similar in appearance to many of the evil villains that the Power Rangers regularly must defeat if they are to save the world) [you seem to know a lot about this, Bill -d] threaten to envelop the audience. I even saw the Great Pumpkin: eat your heart out Linus! The star of the show however remains Fred Zeppelin as he shakes, rattles and rolls and bounces about stage.

Its power to enchant and entertain adults and children alike is only slightly diminished during those brief moments when the show aspires to a more artistic plane, and the children's interest began to wane. As my son said to me, "where's the fat man gone?". However, this was one show that always bounced back with a vengeance and a laugh.

Bill Sheldrick

CIRQUE PLUME IN TOILES Highbury Fields, London.

All this French circus, all these Chalons-trained performers... *Cirque Surreal* blended the fine Champagne of traditional circus with the appeal of a Beaujolais nouveau from New Age Circus performers. *Cirque Plume* hits you as a delicate, sophisticated French wine - something worth tasting, to be sipped gently; it's theatre, it's art, it *IS* the new circus of the '90's. What do I know about wines? (I'm from cider country) - but if something gives you a buzz and you wake up the next day still feeling good about it, then to hell with experts! Let's get this out of the way early: lots of people compared *Cirque Plume* and *Surreal* and many feel *Plume* to be better: I sit on the fence and say *Surreal* score points because of the marriage-with-an-age-gap to a trad. circus sugar-daddy, which I hope will carry on working; *Plume* is the future for New Circus, as long as the single parent grants hold out!

We got there a few minutes late, after sorting ourselves out with tickets from the very nice LIFT (London International Festival of Theatre) people - the show's a sell-out, apologies to the woman with the push-bike who was just as desperate as us to get in. That's the reason we missed Danielle's fixed trapeze routine, greatly appreciated it sounded from outside... just get us in there!

A large performance area with a two-floor scaff backdrop for the band and an entrance below giving away none of its impending surprises; Valérie on trapeze spins in the air, always returning to sit on her mobile pew. This seems to be the year of the aerial act and Valérie is mesmerising, especially her dramatic entrance later, under a billowing white drape with strong back-lighting and a rope wrapped around her face, to give a powerful *corde lisse* routine.

Jean-Marie Jacquet is credited for *Plume's* technical conception - his magic set with Rachel Ponsonby was explosive. Two of the most recent members, Jörg Müller from Germany and Dutch Erik Borgman, were the show's jugglers. Jörg's 3 clubs had a Gandini grace about it, technically perfect and using all of the large performance space; behind-the-back to rest on a raised leg was a trick which sticks in the mind. But it was the solid 5 clubs from a high throw start - the club released from a handle trap of 2 clubs - which confirmed his skill. Later Jörg had steel tubes hung high from the big top, five different lengths strung from a centre point. He showered them over the audience, juggling them in different patterns, altering the speed and distance: two out, two out, and then the last, swinging back with only inches to spare.... everyone waiting for the collision, spellbound and silent as the pattern gradually diminishes and stops. Erik came on to gather the tubes in a bag and was booed;

he just took Jörg's hand and they walk off grinning to thunderous applause.

Erik's football juggling and effortless ball-spinning combinations contrasted well. Many 4-ball tricks using the head and body and into 5, a character instantly established by simply sitting on the stage, taking off his jacket and smiling at the audience. He threw a ball over a screen for it to reappear as a spotlight, then with his shadow projected large onto a backdrop he juggled different coloured balls of light and threw them into his hat. Luvverly stuff!!!

Cyril Gasmèze and Alexandre Demay were acro-buffoons, Cyril's dog was totally realistic and his 'beauty and the beast' with Danielle superb. Alex's hand balance was Norman Wisdom on steroids, very funny physical comedy.

One of the main stars wasn't human (shock horror!) - I'm afraid the grand piano stole the show. Always waiting quietly in the wings it leapt into action as a belligerent bull, and when tamed sat down in sympathy with musical director Robert Miny. Later it turned into a miniature grand with more clever shadow lighting.

There was no real theme or story to the show. Some of the performers were dressed in a sort of 15th Century costume while the rest were in modern clothes, but we were left with a strong feeling that the group were one. The cast were complete all-rounders, playing the music (no Wakemans in this production!), all taking part in the show and the links, which made use of the large set to the full - the picture frame 'museum' scene was brilliant. Apparently inspiration for the show came from the visual arts rather than theatre or circus; whatever, it was different and the sell-out no surprise. The standing ovation which followed the tranquil wine glass musical finale was genuine and well deserved. Our thanks go to Rachel who helped us lig out with the performers after the show and get our facts right - we left them to watch a murder mystery video home-produced by the many 'Plume kids'. Comparisons are difficult, but there is a link and that's the French *Appellation Controlée* - Chalons. I'll drink to that!

L'Équipe 'A' du Secours en Montagne de Norfolk.

HAT FAIR, WINCHESTER

Can't understand why I've never been to Hat Fair before - it'll be a fixture in my diary from now on... Pretty town, pretty streets, a pretty green space by the cathedral, a pretty theatre for the cabaret, a pretty park for Sunday - pity street performers are such ugly bastards, but you can't have it all, I suppose.

The acts all rotate around half a dozen sites, which in theory means it's easy to see everybody. I've developed an unbeatable routine of turning up promptly at the end of sets, so I *didn't*. If you're not mentioned here, then, it's my fault, not yours.

Kate The Great bump-started the cabaret: street comedy is developing over here but we still don't match this sort of thing - Kate (great as in *huge*) is Canadian, I think, pretty good at getting laffs and even better at getting passers-by to get them for her. Certainly one of the stars of the weekend - she even had the audience/heckler problem sorted from the off. Haggis & Charlie are getting very good at working crowds again; though Joel might be in danger of outclassing them on the juggling (better sort that, Hag) they're still streets ahead as performers. Noel Britten, who discovered he was on by reading the programme, is another consummate street worker - the show is nothing to the pleasure of watching his *craft*. Stompy, danger man, remains unpredictable which is his greatest strength when it works, though his confrontational style can scare repressed Brits - I still reckon he's one of Britain's best. Circus Fudge and Eezy Trapeezy have nothing particularly new in their shows bar the obvious custom props & rigs, but boundless confidence and energy which communicate very well with a non-specialised crowd. Which is why they get repeat bookings! Captain Bob's have really come on since Glastonbury, even, and are working very well as a group - good to have them around again.

The 'theatricals' didn't do so well. Jonathan Kay, whose event this of course is, had very hard work against one pig-headed audience member (why sit in the front row of a show like this and expect to get away with not playing?) and another who might have downed a few too many somethings; that his act worked at all was a testament to a rare skill. Contenta have a brilliant show, good outdoors, even better in their dome, with all the energy and vitality of mediaeval travelling theatre (do see it if it comes by), but I think they have a problem persuading the public of this. Shame - considerable skill wasted against indifference.

The atmosphere was high & friendly, the locals (with a few exceptions who should be ashamed of themselves) seemed to love it, Palfi was very silly, one of the loveable lunatics in *Tragic Roundabout* was even more so and got himself locked up, some of the pubs joined in the spirit, though it's a bit daft to have to take chairs off the streets just as the evening's developing - at least they now do the proper European-style 'clear the main square and have a loud band or two for the Saturday night' thing. Well done.

Leaving them till last, the best thing all weekend was probably US visitors The Flaming Idiots. Stateside-style skills, very flash (passing clubs by *bouncing* them?); a nice way with volunteers, particularly the straitjacket escape (if they don't get out in time it's the *volunteer* that gets hurt!); and a fairly European way with humour - even if the lines were the same every time out, well, they were *good* lines. A few festivals should club [hahaha-d] together and bring them over again so more of us can appreciate this definitely *class* act, suitably rounding off a definitely *classy* festival.

Steve Henwood

Wot? No JUGGLERS?

Q: Jugglers performed in the *Circus Maximus* of Ancient Rome - so how come there are so few in Trad. Circus now?

Now there's a funny thing me dearies, one I've been a-pondering of for some time - as have a number of other folk judging by the times I get asked about it. 'It' being the apparent lack of jugglers in trad. Circus. This is no new, recently-discovered, first-time-ever-in-this-country phenomenon - it's been going on (or not going on) for some years. Odd then that the slightly pompous and recently-concocted phrase "Circus Arts" - which actually encompasses a huge spectrum of skills, including those displayed by animal trainers - was, until quite recently, a mere euphemism for 'juggling'. This is being redressed somewhat by the increasing involvement of other performers with other skills at conventions. Not only that, but I am pleased to see more trad.-orientated folk at these events - not least because I was getting to feel a bit bloody lonely out there!

But - why are there so few jugglers in the Big Top? Obviously acts come and go, become fashionable for a while and then fade from the scene... ("But wait!" I hear you cry, "Juggling is exceedingly trendy right now...") Shows change too, constantly - the same show, season after season, will fail to get bums on seats - which is, at the end of the day, what really counts.

A few years ago, I was desperately trying to find another show with a fire act, as there was a trick I was having trouble with and needed some advice. *Fossetts* took pity on me, fed me consoling cups of tea, assuring me the while that my search was in vain. Fire acts, they said, were passé, so many people were doing it in shopping centres now that the punters wouldn't find it impressive in the ring. Trampoline acts went the same way for a good while - so many schools had one that no-one was going to be overawed by something which their kids could do.

I saw the sense in this, although it didn't go any way towards solving my immediate problem; but when I have given the same reply to others, they

have accused both myself, and Circus as a whole, of elitism.

This isn't true. It's all a question of business - the bums-on-seats problem - and what Trad. Circus is actually about. The whole point of a Circus is not simply to entertain, but to perform wonders, to create illusion, laughs, suspense, and to do things which the audience simply cannot. [*Hear hear -d*] Maybe that does sound a bit elitist after all, but the idea is to wow 'em. They should be stunned, awed, mystified, they should have sweaty palms during the aerial act, they should laugh, clap, cheer... They should, in short, feel that it was hard-earned dosh well-spent for a bloody good evening of family entertainment. They should want to come again.

There *are* jugglers in the trad. ring. *Stephan Gruss*' five clubs on horseback is legendary, and deservedly so. Lately I notice that he is no longer alone up there; *voltige* is gaining fresh popularity after an absence from the ring, and with it we find that many of the jockeys have included horseback juggling in their acts. *Stitch* that! I have a friend who is a smooth and elegant juggler, but I suspect that for him it's just part of the job, to be learned, and performed to the best of his ability, but rather less important than billing (publicity), accounting, and negotiating the next pitch.

That's one of the problems, you see. The Circus-owning families must, of necessity, be many things to many people. They cannot simply be businessmen or performers, but both. They must be Showmen, artistes, accountants, animal trainers, mechanics, need a sound knowledge of the laws governing each aspect of their activities, and much besides. The pressures on these people are tremendous, and I envy them not at all.

Stephan Gruss is a fortunate man. He has combined his two great loves - horses and juggling - into a stunning and beautiful act. He was, given his enormously talented parents, bound to learn these skills anyway, was almost guaranteed a place in the ring - but the difference is that this act is something he loves to do, and has developed carefully for years, rather than simply an inherited task. You

see, for those for whom juggling is 'part of the job', another skill to be mastered, it is easier in these days of trendy juggling - *juggling-for-fun-and-therapy*, indeed - to simply not bother and use a different act instead. "But wait!" you cry, diving for your *Radical Fish* thermonuclear glow-in-the-dark UV factor eights and a pair of shades, "...why don't they employ good jugglers who enjoy what they do?"

Good thinking. Good jugglers cost money, unfortunately, which is in short supply these days. Trad. Circus isn't renowned for being phenomenally well-paid - what a contemporary juggler charges for a night, we're lucky to see in a week - and the seriously good earn their keep in cabaret, make guest appearances on *Paul Daniels* and the like. Also, most small shows - most shows, actually - employ artistes who can perform two acts. It pads the show out, keeps the wages and diesel bills down. Business is business after all.

Most jugglers can't perform two separate acts. Fewer still ever audition for Trad. shows. Some have been approached directly by Circus proprietors: but these people, so slick in their local clubs, often lacked ring skills, and were unable to put an act together which would present well.

Consequently, this growing national hobby seems doomed to remain just that, tho' the calibre of some of the acts in the renegade shows demonstrates quite blindingly that this should not be so. While many people complain of the absence of juggling from the Big Top, and of the relatively low standards of the jugglers they do see, very few seem willing to do anything.

Something must be putting everyone off. Is it the early starts? The 14-hour working days? Having to be seen wearing a costume by all those people? The crap money? The hard graft? Living on the road with no day off for months on end? If you're not prepared to do something about it, the ring will remain a mostly juggle-free zone until some other craze sweeps the nation, or until the people who do do all this for a living manage to catch up with the skills of all you folk with enough time on your hands to play around.

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The EAST MIDLANDS JUGGLING CONVENTION HAS JUST GONE BI-ANNUAL

Which means that this October will not see hundreds of Jugglers Roaming around Corby looking for somewhere to pass (I think that's what my notes say) Normal Service will resume with The 5th East Midlands Juggling Convention at Corby in October 1996

Phone Gary McNeil on 01536 460555 for info

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CONTACTS

BJF - British Juggling Foundation

Neil Hope-Collins
(chairman)
2 Melbourne Street,
Hebden Bridge, West
Yorkshire HX7 6AS

JTF - Juggling Trade Federation

WHERE? WHO? CONTACT
Beard's for clues.

National Association of Street Entertainers

J Arno (secretary)
221 Webb Rise,
Stevenage, Hertfordshire,
SG1 5QQ.

EJA - European Juggling Association

Lee Hayes
Jodenbreestr. 24-1, 1011
NK Amsterdam, Netherlands.
Jules Howarth (British
Contact)
69a Splott Road, Splott,
Cardiff, CF2 2BW, Wales

IJA - International Jugglers' Association

Jugglers' World Magazine
IJA Box 218, Montague MA
01351 USA
Year's Subscription \$35.00

Kaskade - European

Juggling Magazine

Gabi & Paul Keast
Annistr. 7, D-65197
Wiesbaden, Germany
Year's Subscription
£12.00

Ozjuggle

PO Box 361, Northcote
3070, Victoria, Australia
Year's Subscription
\$25.00

New Zealand Juggling Association

Quarterly Newsletter
NZJA, 84 Studholme
Street, Christchurch 2,
New Zealand

Circus Friends' Association

The Membership Secretary
20, Foot Wood Crescent,
Shawclough, Rochdale,
Lancashire OL12 6PB

Fairs & Festivals Federation

27 Kells Meend, Berryhill,
Coleford, Gloucestershire
GL16 7AD

Juggling Information Service

Juggling on the InterNet!
Rupert.Voelker@bt-
sys.bt.co.uk or by fax on
01473 644649

DROPS #2

At Glastonbury this year the *Cottle Sisters Circus* was to include performing horses. Before the first show a small demonstration congregated outside the big top complaining that the animals were being exploited. Considering Glasto is Europe's biggest alternative festival the group was only about fifteen-strong but, as *The Catch* receives little communication from the "antis" on the subject of animal rights in performance, it seemed a good opportunity to get the experts' opinion. I have to say their reaction was a great disappointment; far from wanting a national platform to voice their real feelings, they seemed to know very little about the subject they were being so passionate about: twenty years campaigning against circus animal-use, but they could only name *Cottles* currently touring with animals. Are these the people who give the "antis" a bad name? If so where are the real experts? Your opinion is welcome, whether you agree with domestic animals performing and not the more exotic ones, or no animals at all at any level. We are really looking for experts in their field - but of course anyone's opinion is welcome as long as they don't just generalise - "I just don't think it's right" is not very convincing. We have tried to do this question justice before, but with no response from anti-circus campaigners. I can't believe it's no longer an issue.

SA

DROPS#3

Why I should apologise to these people? I don't know...

Devil Stick Peat - if he can't spell his own name, how am I expected to?

Heyes Hay - nice picture, shame it was about three weeks after the deadline. Or was it just early for the photo competition?

Amel No i didn't know that Nigel Lawson is an anagram of *We all sign on*. That has enriched my life immeasurably.

The Max Oddball Fan Club

Anyone (any one else) who missed *Cirque Plume*
Carlos Ortiz for making mutie of him
Guernsey Juggling Workshop for persistently getting
their contact number wrong - next issue, honest...

diabolo

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LANGUAGE EXERCISE

Congratulations! vous êtes arrivés. La 9ième Suisse a Genève, sur la Rhône, all 2 of you. La première question est "Parlez-vous Anglais?" et la première réponse est "Quoi?"

So, here we go, in Deutsch, Français et Portugues with only the one O level between us - merde!!

Freitag:

Megamega wowwow - fantastique numeros de club passing; fantastique absence de l'Anglais (except of course the O level).

Samedi:

Le morning: Good old 'all air been sucked out of the tent' syndrome - hmm! The Convention is just too babelicious [er - what language is that, pray? -d]. Spent 5 hours in the afternoon wandering the beautiful streets of Geneva - how hot (definitely not recommended for the shoeless - K). The festival is now in full flight - what a party.

Le evening: Beau, Beau, Beaus - avec Francoise - ballet et 6 batons. Lots of decent oral ball control (ping pong surprise) from **Peter Panic**. Amazing acrobalance from Julian and Adrian sur un monocycle, followed by the bear hug of bear hugs backstage. Arrr... Good French punter act with audience participation - does Heyes always believe everything he's told? - all answers on a postcard... Plus tard and later on as well 'feuer boom' in a wood - good!!

Domingo:

Le games:

Having practised all le weekend, ourselves et notre ami le alpine squirrel were momentarily disillusioned to find that long distance pine cone throwing was not included in the games. A far more civilized variation of Gladiators (3 clubs) was played - *Tickleators*. Our most luscious travelling companion **Michel le Belge** won the unicycle slalom (obtaining yet another record!!) and even better still, one of the most sought-after T-shirts in the world (look out for them in Goteborg). The evening show was très obscure starring **Thierry Nadalini et les Frères Stromboli**, French and excellent, with la musique, la comédie, et le horniest homme du bout du monde. Oh la la - what a weekend! For every word in this article there was a juggler in Genève 95.

MEGA THANKS and merci to the wonderfully hospitable Bernard Gisin who organized everything so brilliantly - maybe material for a future European Convention??? and wasn't it just really really good value for money!!

For all you out there who missed this one, next year's convention happens between 11 and 14 July in Arosa, halfway between Liechtenstein and St. Moritz (1800 metres up in the Alps) - with hors piste downhill juggling and very probably on the piste juggling as well. For information contact: Flüzug - Ester A. Fich, Seestrasse 92, CH-8803 RUSCHIKON - Tel. 01 724 1881.

E! Malabarista! Schloss to Gené!

ADVERT

The 6th of May saw the 2nd Birmingham Circus Convention at The Ladywood Arts Centre. There was something for everyone

with workshops for beginners in 3 ball juggling, diabolo, devil stick to more advanced such as 4 ball Mills, 2 diabolos, tightrope and globe walking. There was also childrens entertainment and a creche which proved popular. The evening show was filled with great acts which included **Guy Heathcote** and once again **The Gentlemen Jugglers** provided a terrific finale. This is a one day convention that should end up on everyone's juggling calendar for next year.

RIPYA NOG

Ice Dragon Juggling Co., Birmingham

So we don't write reviews of conventions? Doesn't stop you doing so, see?

THANKYOU LETTER

I have been juggling for about a year now and go to *The Madhatter Circus Club* on a regular basis.

In April I went to my first juggling convention and I thought it was excellent! Will was a really nice guy and so too were the other organizers. A really big thanks to Will and his mates for a great convention!!

Rob Elgood, Luton.

PS. A big thanks to Magi for taking us, and another big thanks to Duncan for driving!

There, look - three letters for the price of one stamp. Don't say we're not good to you...

BOOK PLUG

I thought I'd write and be pedantic about Ken's article on 3 count passing in the last issue. [gee, thanks -d]

He says that after passing a double in 3 count, you do 3 selfs. This is not in fact true. The sequence is:

2 hand left
pass
self
double pass
pause
self
self
pass

During the pause, the left hand simply holds the club. If you want to be really flash, however, you could flourish it. The club to be flourished is the one which has just been passed to you. If you're not sure how to do it, have a look in *Club Passing - a jugglers guide to social interaction* [mmm - who wrote that? -d] at your local juggling shop.

The same thing applies to the triple, the order of throws is:

R hand
left
pass
triple pass
pause
pause
self
self
pass

I hope all this makes more sense than normal.

Brendan.

...and Charlie Dancey's 'An Author's Guide to Strategic Product Placement' is available on the Net. I expect.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Following on from 'The Symbolic Clocks of KAG', issue 11.

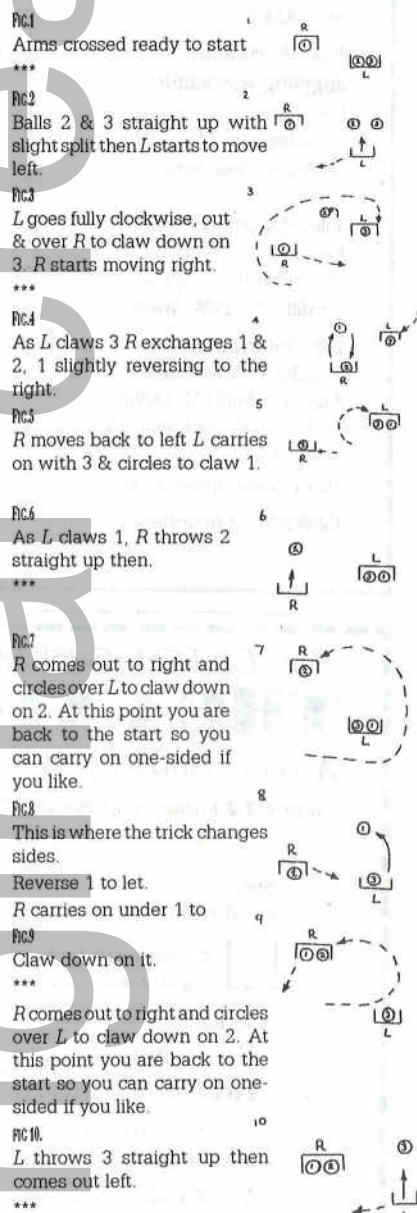
Karen, my girlfriend, left university and came home, "Hoorayyyy!"... Then I dumped her... "Booo, rat, fink etc.", then we got back together, "Yeeahh", then she dumped me, "Hissss, user, not-nice person"... [not sure we needed to know all this, actually -d] ...now we are back together.

As you see it is a tempestuous relationship between Gee & Karen (hence 'KAG', remember). So... to illustrate this here is 'The Gyroscope', which involves ten throws, of which two are multiplex, six are reverse and all are cross-arm... oh yeah, of the ten catches, eight are clawed. There are also some carries, and arms are crossing and re-crossing for good measure.

This trick is dedicated to both of us who are constantly trying to 'make-it-work'. Just like the relationship, non-stop action.

Notes: All pictures show cross-arm position. The highest hand in the picture is the upper-arm at the time.

L = clawed hand
R = palm up



Roll
Up & over R to claw down on " 3.

You are now at the opposite starting position to Figure 1, so go to Fig. 1 and reverse.

Therefore 1 - 7 repeated = 1 side

1 - 7 reversed = Opposite

& 1 - 11 + (1 - 7 rev) = Full trick.

The trick is better if you try to make all throws (except Fig. 4) from extremes. Possibly from under the upper-arms (above the elbow) this makes it more frantic and watchable [like your relationship, I expect -d]

Gee of 'The Flippin' Tossers'
(recently licensed at Covent Garden, Hooray!)

Yes folks, it's the world's first juggling soap opera! Ah, but have you seen the new trick I wrote for my boyfriend? I call it 'Premature...' well, perhaps better not...

OFFICIAL REPORT

Take around eighty young people of five different nationalities, add a sprinkling of different languages and a dressing of Circus and what do you get? ...the INNOV8! International Festival of Youth Circus, held in Leeds during May/June 1995, organised by NAYC, the National Association of Youth Circus.

The idea took much research and over a year to set up, with funding from Leeds City Council, Yorkshire and Humberside Arts and from the Kaleidoscope Project of the European Commission.

Eight different groups took part: *Jaunība* from Latvia, *Zirkus Pepparoni* from Germany, *O.S.E.* from France, *Chapito* from Portugal, *Circus Zanni* from Leeds, *Sky-light Circus* from Rochdale, the *Hereford Youth Circus* and the *Griffin Youth Theatre* from Rotherham.

INNOV8! ran over a week and was a mixture of performances, street work and workshops. Each day there was some Circus activity going on in the city. Three different set evening performances were given at the *Leeds City Varieties*, the ambience of the old Music Hall lending itself well to Circus. Each performance was completely different and all members of the Festival took part at some point or other. The final show on the Friday evening was sold out and the atmosphere was electric!

During the lunch hour sessions there was street Circus at various venues around the city. Whilst some groups were rehearsing for the evening performances the other groups worked together in skills sharing workshops at Circus Zanni's base in the city.

The Thursday of the week was the biggest and hardest day. The idea was that we would fill the city with Circus! Beginning over the lunch time period we staged shows in four city centre locations simultaneously. The public wondered what had hit them. Everywhere they turned there was somebody juggling or unicycling or tumbling or... Then we all processed through the city to the Corn Exchange

where we staged a two hour rolling show for the general public [amazing how many different kinds of rolling there are...-d], then another at the West Yorkshire Playhouse throughout the evening in the foyer/bar area for the theatre-goers. BBC Television's *Newsround* covered the day and gave us a national profile.

As well as raising the profile of Circus with young people what was important about the INNOV8! Festival was that it gave the opportunity for young people to come together to share knowledge and ideas. It was very interesting to see the range of styles of Circus presented: the Latvian group were very traditional in concept and also very highly skilled technically; the Portuguese group were at the other end of the spectrum, total Circus-Theatre, equally skilled but very surreal. Many went away from the Festival filled with new inspirations and ideas.

Hopefully the event will be repeated. The city has already requested another Festival next year! Who knows... perhaps we have the beginnings of an annual International Festival of Youth Circus in the making.

If you want to know more about the NAYC then contact:

Steve Ward

1 Moorgate Rise, Kippax, Leeds LS25 7RG
Tel/Fax 0113 287 6080

Pity it was the same time as the British Convention, then, Steve...

SITUATIONS VACANT

Yer elloh me ald Darlens

I fault it wer tyme I got a few fings awt int openly publick sort of fing.

Sum of ee, so Ive erd, finks I got a blocky person barefeeted wiv a pinny on watchin over me brats when I'z owt at those ther convension sort a doffers, ecklin un avin a gert nice tyme.

Whale all I ave ta say ta that is: "Mynd yer own soddin noses cause I avent!" Right un if ee add the totall ta talk ta I proper theed no that eyed never fink of doin such a nasty selfsenturd fing ta me block. No, I leaves the littal gits all bye um selfs fer weeks on end. The nuffin on feets I mite admit too but ther aynt sertunly most definutly no block wiv um not so wer.

Yer a nuber littal fing, as fer those of ee ooh windged in me buddys hairy blocks ear cause eye never did owt much at that ther renegaid in Froom. You can all bugger off un fink of summink rightly tasteful you finks you'd fancee seen I do.

Oh but yer, I nose ee ownt furget, any fing you finds of fur I ta do I nose a gooder moor pooeer fing thit I ul get ee ta do.

See ee all at the next un

Claire (er in Bristol)

Requests and appliccunts fur above blocky job sent on a fiver by recorded livery ta I in Bristol.

P.S. Skotish jackit lenders ay'nt gettin away wiv not gettin the beers in. Snogs ta thee all. xxx

From the little of the above I do understand, I think it's a good thing I don't understand the rest...

Write to:
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"And once every week, even the fiercest of these desert savages, the J'Ughlah, gather together in their largest tents for a ritual which, I am assured, is essential for their well-being, although a modest and sober man of industry and learning would think that it had more of play. They busy themselves by throwing a great many sticks into the air, or by perching in a most undignified manner upon other sticks, lengths of twine and discarded carriage wheels. After the requisite number of these sticks have fallen to earth and the balancers received the stipulated number of bruises and minor injuries said by their leaders to be beneficial, the savages pronounce themselves satisfied with the rite and repair to a neighbouring oasis, from which they are hard to dislodge. This people will be of little use to civilisation until more suitable activities, namely church-going and simple decorative fretwork, replace this indiscriminating activity." The Right Rev. William Chambers-Potte, 'Travels in the Outer Colonies', 1861.

Most workshops charge, often just to cover hall hire costs. When we know how much, we've put it in. You're advised to contact student clubs in advance, as for some of them you need a geography degree and a diploma in sweet-talking to find the place and get them to allow you in.

SOUTH WEST

BARNSTAPLE

Trinity Church Hall
Thursdays 6-10 1.50/1
Adam & Juliet 01271 78760

BATH

Window Arts Centre
Juggling & UV room Mondays 6.30-10.30 2
Tad 01225 421700
Unicycling Tuesdays 8.30-10.30 2
Herbert 01275 332655

BOURNEMOUTH

East Cliff Church, Holdenhurst Road (near BR station)
Tuesdays 7-10 1.50
Ocean Kites 01202 780185

BRIDGWATER

Arts Centre
Thursdays 7-9
Pand 01823 3222213

CLEVEDON

Rub My Club, Saint John's Hall
Sundays 5.30-7.30
Simon / Ade 01257 342333

CHELtenham

Grosvenor Youth Centre
Sundays 6-9 1.50p
Andy Clay 01452 862605

CHELtenham

Axiom Centre
Sundays 2.30-4.30 1.50/1
Jem Watts 01242 519400

DORCHESTER

Groves Arts Centre
Tuesdays 8-10.30 2
Ark & Mule 0831 753328, Dan 01305 268977

EXETER

University Circus Skills, Devonshire House
Tuesdays 8-10

FROME

F.A.H.A. Playschemes and workshops in schools
Vicky Taylor 01373 452018

GLOUCESTER

St. James' Church Hall, Upton Street
Tuesdays 8-10
Jon 01242 521483 Geoff 01242 519832

HIGHWORTH

Silver Threads Hall
Tuesdays 7-9 1
Rob 01793 725206

LEIGH ON MENDIP

Memorial Hall
Wednesdays 7.30-10.1.
Pippa 01749 840107

NEWTON ABBOT

Up for Grabs, Saint Leonard's Church
Hall, Wolborough Street
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30
Richard 01364 652446

PENZANCE

Branwells Mill, Station Road
Saturdays 10.30-5 Beginners in morning, advanced afternoon
Bo or Mike, Ark Juggling shop, 01736 330750

PLYMOUTH

Barbican Theatre
Fridays 6-9, Sundays 3juills swap 3.30-6.30 1.50/1
Ian 01752 561357

SALISBURY

Arts Centre
Wednesdays 6.30-8.30, 1 (kids 75p)
Martin or Neil, Canning Stunts 01722 410588

SENNEN (West Cornwall)

Community Centre
Fridays 7-9, 1
Bo or Mike, 01736 330750

STREET Somerset

Fiasco Productions Grispin Hall
Wednesdays 7-9
Hannah 01460 240082

STROUD

Saint Matthew's Church Hall, Cainscross
2nd & 4th Tuesdays 7-9 1
01453 750147

SWINDON

Fumbles Juggling Club, Clifton Street

Social Hall
Thursdays 7.30-9.30. 50p
Steve 01793 432860

TAUNTON

Bishop Fox's School
Wednesdays 7-10
Sally 01823 275459

TAVISTOCK

Tuesdays
Nigel 01822 852997

THORNBURY

Wednesday evenings somewhere unspecified
Shaun 01454 415345

TOTNES

St. John's Church Hall, Bridge Town
Fridays 7-8.30 kids 8.30-10 adults. 1.50/1

Caroline 01364 73125

WEYMOUTH

Weymouth College
Lunchtimes during termtime
John MacDonald, 01305 208839

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HORFIELD

Dab Hands
Tuesdays 7-9
Mike Gibbons 0117 969 2145

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Tat, Andy, Mr Fizzbang 01273 739216, Tim 01273 690737

BRIGHTON

Queens Park Road Day Nursery
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30 2 if you've got it, 1.50 else.

CANTERBURY

University
Wednesday Evenings
Contact S.U.

CHICHESTER

Girls' High School
Thursdays 7-9 1
Ball Space, Iain/Steve 01243 788052

CHERTSEY

Less Stress workshop, Saint Anne's Hall, Guildford Street
Tuesdays 7.30-10
Graham 01932 222063

EASTBOURNE

Central Methodist Church Hall, Langney Road,
Tuesdays 7-10 2

GUILDFORD

The Khyber Koncept, Shackleford Village Hall
Wednesdays 7.30-9.30 2
Nick 01483 425988

HASTINGS

Scout Hall, Croft Road.
Fridays 7-9.30
Bosco Circus, Andy 01424 813144, Derek 01424 431698, Sin 01424 431214
HUG Unicycle Hockey
Sundays 10-12, phone Andy or Derek for venue

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

Boxmoor Art Centre (upstairs)
Thursdays 8-10 2
Julian Mount 01923 262306

HERTFORD

What's got 3? Saint John's Hall
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30 2
Pete Ambrose 01992 589424

HIGH WYCOMBE

Casadia, Bucks College of Higher Education (!)
Mondays 7-10
Adrian 01494 537655

HORSHAM

North Heath Lane Hall
Mondays 8.15-10.15 Juggling, circus & performance skills
Park Recreation Centre

Thursdays 8-10 Uni-hoc etc.
Pyramid 01903 232755

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes Youth Centre Gym
Sundays 6-9 1
Phil O'Neill 01983 294929

ISLE OF WIGHT

Jolly Juggling Club, Quay Arts Centre, Newport
2nd Friday of the Month, 7.30-9.30
James 01983 756065

ISLE OF WIGHT

The Vectis Unicycle University
11 years up - Brading Town Hall
Mondays 6.30-9, 1
4-11 years - Brading Station
Tuesdays 4-6
Stuart Albrighton 0198 367531

LEWES

Circus Pipsqueak Youth Circus (8+)
Dr. Colin 01273 813464

NEWBURY

Newbury New Circus, Waterside Centre
Mondays 7-9.30
Gunther Schwarz 01635 41269

OXFORD

East Oxford Community Centre
Wednesdays 7-9, 1
Jason 01865 63441

OXTE

Bletchingley Adult Education Centre
Sundays 7-9 1
Andrew 01293 821195

PORTSMOUTH

Lower Gym, Priory School
Wednesdays 6.30-9.30 1
Martin (Avalon) 01705 293673

REDHILL

Frolics, Saint Matthew's Church Hall
Tuesdays 8-10 1.50/1
Dave 01737 242919

READING

Sun Street
Mondays 7-10
Pete 01734 660430

SAINT ALBANS

Allsorts Circus, Youth Office, Alma Road
Tuesdays 7.30-10, 1
Dez Paradise 01727 855375

SAINT ALBANS

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Jon at Jesters 01707 268766

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Wednesdays 7-9.30 (Termtime) 1.50
Ruf 01703 972141

SOUTHEND

Balmoral Community Centre, Salisbury Avenue
Mondays 7.30-9.30 1

STEVENAGE

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Mondays 7-10, Thursdays 12.30-4.30
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TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Camden Centre, Market Square
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30
Kevin 01622 831918

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Screwballs, Ludwick Family Club, Hall Grove
Thursdays 6-8 1.50
Carolyn Murphy 01707 339211

WHITSTABLE

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Wednesdays 6-7 kids' open session, 7-8.30 youth circus. 1/50p.
Saint Peter's Hall, Cromwell Road
Thursday, adults 7-10, 1.
Tina/Steve 01227 772241

WINCHESTER

Colden Common Community Centre
Tuesdays 7-9
Paul 01962 714468

WOKINGHAM

Youth Centre (behind Library)
Sundays 7-10 1.50
Iain Schofield 01734 760521

WORTHING

Sion School Hall, Gratwicke Road
Wednesday 7.30-10
Laurie 01903 266236

WORTHING

United Reformed Church, Shelley Road
Mondays 6.30-9.30
Howard 01903 231508

YATTENDON

Thursdays 7.30-9.30, 1.
Barney 01635 201546

LONDON

CENTRAL

Colombo Street Sports Centre, SW1

Sundays 12-5 (2.70-1.20),
0171 261 1658

NORTH

Circus Space, Coronet Street, Hackney (Old Street Tube)
Courses and classes and one-off workshops in just about everything regularly available. See Catch This! and/or ring for more details.
Circus Space 0171 613 4141

NORTH

Jackson's Lane Community Circus, Community Centre, Archway Road N6.
Thursdays 8.30-10.30 3/2.50
Bar & restaurant!

NORTH

Bouverie Road Scout Hall, Stoke Newington
Thursdays 7.30-10.15, 2.50/1.50
Steve Richards 0181 442 4816

NORTH

All Saints' Art Centre, Whetstone
Tuesdays 7-9.30 2
Simon 0181 449 6866

SOUTH

Grove Community Hall, Tooting SW17
Wednesdays 7-9, 2hour.
All circus skills, equipment provided. Screw & Shirelle 0181 672 2575.

SOUTH-WEST

Saint Paul's Church, Hammersmith
Mondays 7.30-9.30
Albert & Friends 0181 741 5471

CROYDON

Croydon Parish Church Hall
Tuesdays 8.15-10.30 2
Keith Wood 0181 669 9685

CROYDON

John Ruskin College Juggling Club
11.15-1pm termtime only
Tim Haggis 0181 657 6862

EAST MOLESEY

Vine Hall, Vine Road
Thursdays 7-10
Juggling & Molesey Maniacs Uni Hockey, 2
Simon 0171 358 1451

WEALDSTONE

The Clowns' Collective, Saint Joseph's & Community Centre, Graham Road
Tuesdays 8-11
Jane 0181 861 0919

WIMBLEDON

Kings College Sports Hall
Tuesdays 7-8, termtime only
Andy Moore 0181 947 9311

UNICYCLES & UNI HOCKEY

Ackland Burghley School, Burghley Road NW5
Wednesdays 8-9.30, 2
Lunis 0171 985 6513, 0181 341 7587

UNICYCLE HOCKEY

Hackney Hokey-Cokeys, Daneford School
Gosset Street E2
Mondays 7-8.45 2 ono.
Mr James Plungers 0171 729 5013

KIDS' UNI

Rico 0181 773 1748

EAST ANGLIA

BURY SAINT EDMUNDS

Bury Fumblers, Saint John's Hall, Saint John's Street
Tuesdays - 7.30-9.30 1
Dave 01284 764865

CAMBRIDGE

Patchwork Community Circus
Cambridge Drama Centre
Sundays 5-6 (beginners), 6-8 (14+),
Thursdays 4.30-5.30 Youth Circus (8-14)
Richard Green 01223 302596

CHELMSFORD

The Y's Jugglers, YMCA
Tuesdays 8-10 1
John Hawkins 01245 263526

COLCHESTER

Little Devils, Arts Centre
Sundays 2-5 1.50
Tony 01206 844213

DEREHAM (nr. Norwich)

Justo James 01263 732888

HARWICH

Dover Court Ark Centre
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30 1
Suzy Oddball 01255 504758

IPSWICH

Suffolk College Gym
Tuesdays 7-9 2
Dave 01473 255082

NORWICH

Saint Michael's Church, Colegate
Sundays 2.30-4.30 (under-16) 1.20, 5.7.30 (skillswap) 2/1
David 01603 486286, Will 01953 613445

ROMFORD

Rhythm & Balls, Century Youth House
Mondays 7-9.30, 50p
Chris Irving 01708 751656

IN THE MIDDLE

BANBURY

Mill Arts Centre, Spiceball Park
Mondays 8-10 1 Wednesdays (kids)
4.30-6.30
Pete 01292 250719

BEDFORD

Bedford Circus Ring, Saint Bede's
School, Bromham Road
Thursdays 7-9
01234 328322

BLIDWORTH (near Mansfield)

Circus Interchange, Rainworth Recreation
Centre
Wednesdays 6-7.30
Mark/Pam 01623 797140

CHESTERFIELD

Graft, YMCA Hollywell Street
Tuesdays (termtime) 7.30-9.30
Steve Graft 01246 239245

CORBY

Youth Centre, Cottingham Road
Mondays 7-9
Balls Up, Gary or Andy 01536 63786

COVENTRY

Saint Peter's Centre, Charles Street
Wednesdays 7-9.30
Circus Palava 01203 448276

DERBY

Tomfoolery, Ashgate School, Ashbourne
Road
Thursdays 7-9.30, 1, 5.0p under 16s
Andrew Vass 01332 369581

DERBY

Normanton Community Circus, The
Madeley Centre
Wednesdays 7-9.30
Adrian Wilson, Just Another Circus,
01332 382813

DUDLEY

Drop Zone, Gornal Youth Centre
Tuesdays 8.30-10.30
Neil Phoenix 01384 250068

EVESHAM

Wallace House Community Centre, Oat
Street
Mondays 7-9 1.50/1
Malt 01386 421693

HEREFORD

Percival Hall, JT Owens Street
Thursdays 6.30-7.30 (kids) 7.30-9
(adults) 1
Pete 01432 760350

KIDDERMINSTER

Youth House, Bromsgrove Street
Thursdays 7-9 1.50p kids
Steve 0562 861113

KIDDERMINSTER

Horsellair Community Centre
Sundays 6.30-9.30
Steve 01562 861113

KINGSLAND

Coronation Hall
Thursdays 6.15-7.15, 7.5p Separate Uni
space
0568 708577

LEICESTER

De Montfort University Juggling Club,
City Site S.U.
Tuesdays 6.30-9.30
0116 255 5576

LINCOLN

Croft Street Community Centre
Thursdays 7
Barry 01673 860556

LUTON

Mad Hatter Circus, Chapel Langley,
Russell Street
Tuesdays 7-9 1
Dunc/Maggie 01582 484167 Geoff
01582 416950

MILTON KEYNES

Great Linford Memorial Hall
Wednesdays 7-10, 1.50
Jugglers Anonymous, Graham 01908
210264

MILTON KEYNES

Junior Juggling Circus Club (under 16)
Two Mile Ash Community Centre
Mark 01908 569462

NORTHAMPTON

Drop Shop Juggling Clubs
Bective Middle School, Kingshorpe
Wednesdays 7-9
Acrobalance & Trapeze Saturdays 11-1
Lawrence 01327 36600

NOTTINGHAM

Portland School, Westwick Road,
Bilborough
Wednesdays 7-10
Tony 0115 951 9061, Barry 0115 928
3080

NOTTINGHAM

Gravity Bum Shock (?), Forest School,
Sundays 12-5

Gregory Boulevard
Thursdays during termtime 7-9
Doug 0115 985 7050, John 0115 982
2351

NUNEATON

Saint Nicholas Church Hall (behind
Library)
Fridays 6.30-8.30 1
John/Clare 01203 397579

PELSALL

Shellfield Community School
Wednesdays 7-9, Adults 2, Kids 1
Richard Potter, Cannock Kites 01543
573177 / 271563

SHREWSBURY

Jugglespace, Artscape, 5 Belmont
Thursdays 7.30-10 1.50 (kids 1)
Robin 01743 884175, Fiona 01952
727230

STOKE ON TRENT

Dragon Community Circus, Booth Street
Recreation Centre
Wednesdays 7-9 2/1.50
Dragon Youth Circus
Fridays 6.30-8.30 1-16s 1
01782 747867

WATFORD

Scout Hut, Durban Road
Wednesdays 8-10 2
Tom or Mick c/o Jesters 01707 268766

WORCESTER

Perdiswell Young People's Centre
Tuesday 7-9, 1.50
Sharon or John, 01905 23347

BIRMINGHAM

EDGBASTON

Midlands Arts Centre, Cannon Hill Park
Adults Sundays 7.30-9, Children
Wednesdays 4.30-6.30
James Millar 0121 442 2469

HARBOURNE

Martineau Centre
Wednesdays 7.30-9
2.10, 8.0p concs
James Millar 0121 442 2469

LADYWOOD

Arts Centre, Freeth Street
Dave 3.3.10 0121 359 6200

SEELY OAK

Selly Oak Centre, Bristol Road
Saturdays 10-12 noon
Kevin 0121 414 0094

MANCHESTER

CENTRE

Polytechnic Gym, All Saints' Building,
Oxford Road
Fridays 7-9, termtime

CENTRE

UMISSED, C Floor, Reynolds Building,
UMIST
Wednesdays (sometimes tuesdays)

CENTRE

Metropolitain University Juggling Club,
All Saint Building
Fridays 5-7 termtime

CHORLTON

Quirkus, Saint Werburgh's Parish Hall
Mondays, Juniors 7-8, Adults 8-10
Ric, Clare 0161 881 0506

FALLOWFIELD

MUCUS Above the bar, University
Buildings, Owens Park
Thursdays 7-9 termtime.

GORTON

Gymnastics Club, Old Gorton Baths, off
Hyde Road
Tuesdays & Thursdays 8.30-10

SALFORD

Circus & Juggling Club, University
Sports Hall
Fridays 5-7 termtime, 3 a year!
Jon 0161 792 3037

STOCKPORT

Priesthall Recreation Centre, Heaton
Moor
Tuesdays 5-7 (children) 7-9 (adults)
Bzeicus - Mon 0161 256 1838

WITHINGTON

Manchester Community Circus,
Withington Community Centre
Sundays 5-7
Winston 0161 445 5774

WORSLEY

Roe Green Juggling Club, Beesley Green
Hall, Green Leach Lane
Mondays 7.30-9.30
Matt 0161 794 0595

NORTH

BIRKENHEAD

Charing Cross Youth Centre
Sundays 12-5

Ann, Small Top Circus, 0151 653 3519

BLACKPOOL

Jugglers, Grange Park Junior School
Wednesdays 7.45-10.30 Saturdays 1.30-
4.30 (kids 50p)
Carl 01253 304831 Alan 01253 397817

BOLTON

Higher Education Centre
Friday Evenings
Zebra cards 01204 22220

BRADFORD

Manningham Sports Centre
Fridays 5.30-7.30
Peter 01274 586219

BRADFORD

Saltire Methodist Church Hall, Titus Street
Simon 01274 532287

CHESTER

Ballistics Juggling Club, Northgate Arena,
Victoria Road
Mondays 8.15-10.15, 2/1.50
Aiden 01244 340789 (day) 383475 (not)

CLITHEROE

Roefields Leisure Centre
Wednesday
Brian Waterhouse 01200 29860

COCKERMOUTH

Juggling Club, Christchurch Rooms
Tuesdays 7.30
Dave 01900 822867

COLNE

The Old School, Exchange Street
Tuesdays 7-9 1.50/1 (kids)
0282 860735 (shop)

CREWE

Screwballs, Ludford Street Family Centre, off
Badger Avenue
Sundays 6-9

DURHAM

University Circus Club, Dunelm House, New
Eket
Thursday Evenings in termtime, all welcome

HARROGATE

Starbeck Youth & Community Centre, High
Street
Saturdays 6.30-8.30
Pete 01423 889125, Tim 01423 567583

HEBDEN BRIDGE

The Ground Floor Centre, Holme Street
Wednesdays 7.15-9.30
Tony Webber 01422 842072

HUDDERSFIELD

Tuesdays
Del 01484 686617

HULL

Hull Community Circus
Wednesday 7-9 somewhere
01482 343926

KENDAL

Tuesdays & Wednesdays
Jim Hubert 01229 581485

LANCASTER

University, Minor Hall (juggling) sports hall
(unis)
other details l.b.c.
contact S.U. on 01524 65201

LEEDS

Hullabaloo Community Circus, Woodhouse
Community Centre
Wednesdays 6.30-8.30
Ali 0113 277 0121

LEEDS

Holt Park Leisure Centre
Mondays 8-10, 2+30p entrance fee
"Complete Juggler" certificate scheme!
Fun Company, Kris Wray 0117 269 6716

LEEDS

Unicycle Hockey, Bramstan Recreation
Centre, Calverley Lane
Wednesdays 7-8
Mike 0117 243 5491 (work number)

LIVERPOOL

Toxeth Sports Centre, Upper Hill Street
8-10, Thursday. Contribution to costs.
Max Lovius and others 0151 727 1074

LIVERPOOL

University Juggling Club, Mountford Hall
Mondays 7-10
051 420 7064

LYTHAM SAINT ANNE'S

Old School, Beauchler Road
Tuesdays 6.30-8.30, Freel
Phil 01253 731143

MACCLESFIELD

Thythening School
Thursdays 7-9 termtime
Contact Borough Council

MIDDLESBROUGH

Cleveland Community Circus, Saint Mary's
Centre, Corporation Road.
Thursdays 6-8, 1.50 (concs 1)
Mike Bridge 01287 652316

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Dockray House (formerly 'West End Boys
Club') Sutherland Avenue.

Thursdays 8-10. 1
Simon, Ugly Juggling Co., 0191 232
0297

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Unicycle Hockey, Leazes Park
Wednesdays at 7
Alex 0191 261 5128 or the Ugles

PRESTON

University of Central Lancashire
Wednesdays 6-9, everyone welcome
fri S.U.

ROCHDALE

The Broadwater Centre, Smith Street
Adults Mondays 7-9, Children Tuesdays
& Wednesdays at 4
Skiight Circus in Education, Noreen &
Jim 01706 50676

SCARBOROUGH

Calistophy, Westborough Methodist
Church
Tuesdays, kids 7-9, adults 8-10 1
Brian Renshaw 01723 581067

SHEFFIELD

Flying Teapot Circus, Saint Andrew's
Church Hall, Hannover Way
Mondays 7-9
Rick/Tim 0114 266 3546

SHEFFIELD

Jesters Juggling Club, Hunters Bar
Junior School
Wednesdays 6-7.30 under 13, 8-10 the
rest
Barbara Goody, Jak & Mo Hirst 0114
256 9505

WARRINGTON

Bewsey High School Gym
Wednesdays 7-10
Rob Taylor 01925 602544

WIDNES

Jugglers 'R' Us, Dilton Community
Centre
051 420 7064

WIRRAL

Charing Cross Youth Centre,
Birkenhead,
Sundays 12-5
Ann, Wirral Community Circus 0151 924
1927

WIRRAL

Hope Farm Centre, Ellesmere Port
Mondays 9-11 (during first)
Keith 0151 334 0219, Phil 01244
336172

YORK

Cosmos Juggling Club, Priory Street
Centre
Tuesdays 7-9, 1.50 (1 conc.)
Jim or Anna 01904 430472

SCOTLAND

ABERDEEN

Aberdeen Circus Club, Northern College
of Education Sports Hall
Wednesdays 7 on
John Easton 01224 637629 / 01358
571347

DUNDEE

University Juggling & Circus Skills
Society
Students' Union Airlie Place
Wednesdays 3-7pm
Mark Richards 01382 646469

EDINBURGH

Telfcross Community Centre
Mondays 7-9
Angelo 0131 447 7862

GLASGOW

The Firhill Complex, Hopehill Road,
Maryhill
Thursdays at 7
Mark 0141 945 2641

GLASGOW

Co-motion, Maryhill Community Central
Halls, Maryhill Road
Wednesdays 7.30-9.30
Chris 0141 427 3581

GLASGOW

University Juggling Club
Meets in QM Union, University Gardens
Most Tuesdays 7-9. Membership 2
QMU 0141 339 9784

INVERNESS

Merkinch Community Centre
Mondays 7.30-10
Dave 01463 220165

LIVINGSTON

Cross Clubs Christian Juggling Club
Gary Casson 01506 411187

SHETLAND ISLES

Sandwick Junior High School
Saturdays 10.30-12
Gary Worrall 019505 501 / 01595 2114

STIRLING

Cowan Centre
Mondays 7-8.30
0786 475429

STIRLING

Balls Up Club, University
Contact Noeleen Breen, S.U.

SKYE

Braes Community Hall
Saturdays 11-1
Dave Patfield 0147 062 377

WALES

ABERYCYCH (near Newcastle Emlyn)

Alternate Wednesdays 8-9.30
Tom 01239 615428 Netty 01570 480022

ABERYSTWYTH

Studio, Arts Centre
Tuesdays 7-10
Oily 20 Marine Terrace.

BANGOR

The Greenhouse, High Street
Thursdays 7.30-9. 1.50
01248 372239

CARDIFF

CUT - Cardiff Unicycle Team
Russell 01446 740520

CARDIFF

Keppoch Street
Wednesdays 7.30-10
Russell (as above) or Mark Robinson 01222 693321

LAMPETER

Cwmam Village Hall
Thursdays 6.30-8.30
01570 480022

LLANDIDROD WELLS

Rockpark Hotel Games Room
Wednesdays 6-7 (7-12 yrs) 13-adult 7.15-9
Chris 01507 824300, Jerry 0831 581070

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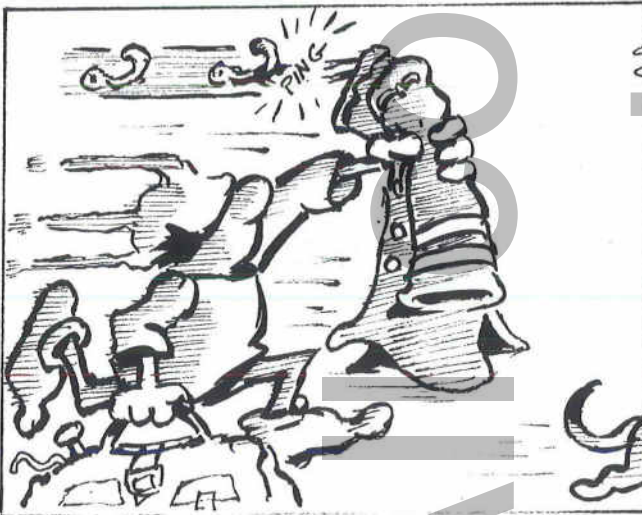
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