

The Catch

JUGGLING • NEW CIRCUS • STREET THEATRE

ISSUE 1
SPRING
1996
VOLUME 2
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5-10

THE FINE ART OF BURN-OUT

It was cold out so we reckoned it was time for another *Catch* fire-feature, featuring advice on medical and technical matters from several eminent consumers and expellers of the stuff plus a blaze of Fire Sculptors and even including a *Round The World* special from the land of *Mañana*.

11

HOWZAT? - CLUB CATCHER'S COMPANION

Catches twice on page 11? What does that make? *Robert Dawson* gets on with it regardless. Pictures by *Winston*.

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CATCH OUT SPECIAL - CIRQUE DU SOLEIL

Yes it was special. The *Catch* audience researchers (notes) and *Adrian John* (pics) attempt to convey why.

15

THE QUICKNESS OF THE HAND...

Luke Jugglestruck mysteriously appears on our skills pages again to suggest you put a little hocus pocus in your act.

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PASSED

Another visit to *The Peep Show* and to a traditional fair in 1927 with *Walter Wilkinson*.

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SIGHT SWAP

Brian Church is an Invisible Juggler (can't see to Athens from here) - even makes quite a believable case for it. You can tell we've been off the streets for too long.

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FEEDS

The *Catch* Caption Contest has no head for heights. Some of you do a little better.

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FLASH!

The *Catch* photographic competition developed into something quite snappy. How the winners and runners-up exposed themselves.

24-30

CATCH THIS

Britain's wisest fools are ten years old, unicyclists get out of their hats (allegedly), flyers hit the road (poor things), plus full & updated British, European and World Unicycle Convention details and a lot more interesting small print.

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BALLS

It's the only bookings we get at this time of the year. The latest books and one that's not even published. Yet.

33

MULTIPLEX

Catch classified ads changed my life! says *Innuendo the Clown*. They could do the same for you. Or he will.

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CATCHPHRASES

Where we've been all this time, when we'll be where again, and where all the others are too.

34-36

DROPS

The most unpleasant story we've ever run, Mlle. «Pof!» in a tight corner, plus *Donald Grant* taking an original view on a vexed question.

37-39

DROP BACK LINES

So many good letters this time we had to give them an extra page. Policemen, bureaucrats, pedants, randy females, and the incredible expanding ego show!

40-41

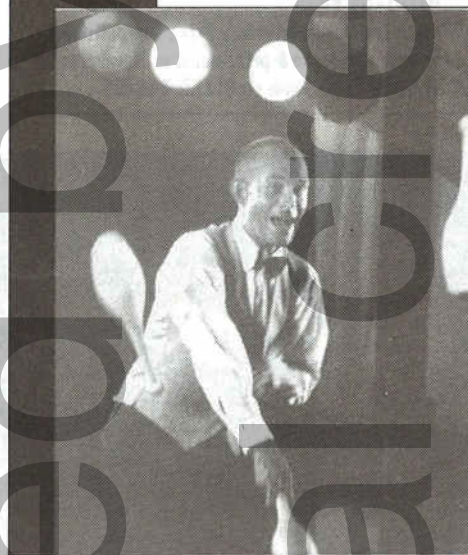
CLUBS

Recordings of *Donald* reading the entire *Catch* workshop directory in his most emotional tones are now available exclusively to his fan-club. You might prefer to do your own.

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THROBBIE!

Fiddling around the back end you'll generally find *Robbie* exercising his pointy thing. I'm sorry, that was a little unnecessary.



Too much competition for the competition.

Spanthead by Mike Bridge.

ISSUE EIGHTEEN, VOLUME 2 SPRING 1996

The Catch is published every time there's anything interesting to report (see page 33!) from Moorledge Farm Cottage, Knowle Hill, Chew Magna, Bristol BS18 8TL.

Edited by *Diabolo*, *Catch's Cradle*, c/o the above.

Advertising & Trade Sales, Jan & Stuart Ashman, *Catch Office*, phone & fax 01275 332655.

Cover Photo courtesy of *Circamedia* - see Page 26.

Strips and bits - *Robbie MacIntosh*, *Allin Kempthorne*, *Winston H Plowes*, *David Faithfull* & *Per Nielsen*.

Realised by Screen God *Howard Vause*, 01985 216013.

Brought into being at: *Wiltshires, Bedminster*, Bristol.

Let there be colour: *Sebright*, Bristol.

This is the small print. It contains stuff that we hope you won't notice if we sneak it by when you're looking at the pictures. Under relentless cross-questioning we might admit that the deadline for the next issue of *Hansard*, no, *The Catch* (June-August) has been fixed for April 30th. We don't take it as an excuse if you didn't read this bit unless you happen to be a senior minister, member of an important political family, or one of the editor's drinking buddies. If in doubt, a sweetener should sort it out.

The Catch has no knowledge how any of the decisions or opinions expressed in this magazine were arrived at. All contributions, artwork and photography remain the copyright of the originators, and we don't know any of them. They might be able to be contacted through the *Catch* office, if you subpoena them or something. Guidelines? What guidelines?

The Catch welcomes contributions to its slush funds. Oh yes, also letters, photographs, articles, cartoons, reviews of recent shows and secret blueprints of embargoed tricks. Everything we receive goes on file and could be used, at least against you. We reserve the right to claim we've never heard of you when we publish it under someone else's name. If it's long and complicated you could apply for a D-Notice, that's a *Diabolo Notice*, in which the editor expresses an opinion which could be interpreted as an interest in publishing - unless of course you ask him straight out when he'll deny any knowledge, imputation, etc. You know the way these enquiries are, it might take years to get round to it. If you want stuff returned you'd better send an SAE, though we might claim we never had it until it comes out in another connection/publication/secret report. You have two hours to read this before destroying it. Then you'll have to buy another, I suppose.

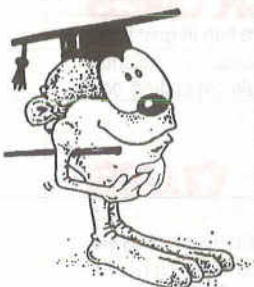
If you disagree with anything in this magazine, it wasn't me, honest. Must have been that guy we fired last week. What do you mean you want a full parliamentary enquiry. What? Lee 'n' all? OK, write us a letter. We had no idea you felt so strongly on the matter. It's normal practise, trust us... European Court of Human Rights? Ah well, you'll be wanting to put a piece on the Drops page, won't you? American Express? That'll do nicely. I think you'll find we were acting in your best interests.

Stuart & *Jan* and persons unknown would like it put on record that they never got together to start this magazine, sustain it through its darkest hour, etc. In fact there's no such thing as *The Catch*.

You lucky, lucky catch readers have been hand picked
to participate in the Gripping

BOGGLE CONVENTION QUIZ

Simply answer these 3 questions:-



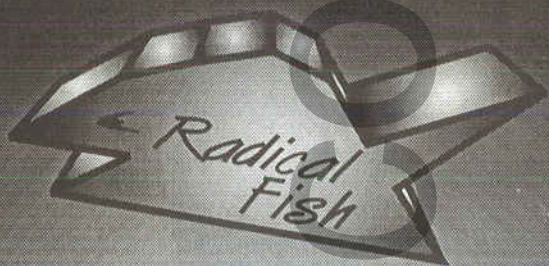
1. Where was the 2nd Juggling Convention held?
2. Who runs the *renegade*, renegade tent & Bus bar at the British Convention?
3. Who wins virtually every 5 ball endurance at Convention games?

Plus complete the following:-

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Some people don't like things not being the same. Some people are odd...

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Insurance

Burning down your local theatre can be expensive... if you look closely on a lot of contracts, booking forms etc. the venue will normally state that you are responsible if anything should go wrong.

Fire Extinguishers

Make sure that there's one to hand everywhere you perform inside. Black fire extinguishers are very dangerous if used on humans as they contain CO2 powdering stuff. Red and blue extinguishers are okay on humans; even better carry a Fire Blanket - some insurers insist that you have one of these along with an assistant who knows how to operate it. And don't go over the top with the hairspray you stick on your hair - it's bloody flammable.

Fuel

DO use paraffin (liquid paraffin, blue or pink) and barbecue lighter fluid. Definitely DO NOT use petrol, meths, white spirit, diesel or pure benzene.

Make sure

that any indoor venue has not got, or has disarmed, the following three things - Heat Sensors, Smoke Detectors, Water Sprinkler Systems.

There are companies that sell cans of **flame proof spray**. I use it. You just spray it on and it totally protects your costume/clothes. It's the stuff that theatres have to use by law on their curtains, sets etc. It smells like shit but seems to do the job.

And if you really want to be careful carry a small First Aid kit - and drink a pint of milk before you start your fire blowing act. It lines your stomach and stops you shitting like a trooper. I promise, it really works.

OOH yes, I nearly forgot. There's **The Safe way to Blow Fire!** Simply take a small sheet of paper, about A5 size, roll into a cone and fill with a teaspoon of custard powder. And now... blow quick and hard. Didn't work? Well it helps if you hold up a fire torch... (Cornflower does it too). The flames are reasonable, and with a name like Rhubarb I can't really go wrong!



Gosling (Duckling?) and a friend



Rayette Thompson (All American Stunt Diving Team) auditions for Tom & Jerry.

FYRO POWER

*It's a while since we wrote anything about fire, and, however dangerous it may be, it's still a fascinating subject. Rhubarb, aka. **Matt Gosling**, got us interested again with tales of the guy driving back from his fire gig who got stopped and breathalysed and failed, promised an article about what's really in the popular fuels, and said he was going to get some tests done to find out how much damage had been done (medically not psychologically!) for his 6 years pyromania. We went ahead and got some other notable PMs to contribute, but Matt's tests haven't come back and various other bits haven't come together, so we're holding them for a continuation next issue - any more aspects you're interested in, get 'em to us asap. - He did write the safety bit we're starting with. On the theory that those interested are going to be trying anyway, we might as well have you doing it safely. That understood, Flame on!*

PYRO-DENTAL TECHNIQUES EXPLORED

On a warm, bright, still, sunny, work-free day at the end of October, most normal, self-respecting jugglers would head off to their local park and toss things around, or go for a blast on their unicycle. But, well, us pyromaniacs from Gloucester (namely Steve & Ali aka. *The Gravity Outlaws*), are a strange breed. So we set off to a local dental surgery to participate in an experiment to discover the possible effects of fire-eating to the soft tissues of the mouth (apart from the already known obvious damage caused by getting it wrong!).

We were met by a Mr. Simon Butler rubbing his hands with glee and grinning wildly at the prospect of subjecting a 'willing' patient to unnecessary dental surgery in the name of science.

It all started with Steve getting into a conversation with him on the subject; Mr. Butler had been unable to find any information in the available dental literature, and so had spoken to one of his colleagues - a Dr. Neil Shepherd, Consultant Pathologist at Gloucestershire Royal Hospital - who thought it might be interesting to find out if there was any effect of fire-eating on the soft tissue of the mouth - ie. the gums. There is a DNA found in the cells which can be affected by stress - a fact which was proved by a professor who experimented on himself by repeatedly burning his own arm. (So we're not the only crazy pyromaniacs on this planet!).

With this scientific basis in mind, the experiment began. Steve (fire-eater) took to the dentist's dreaded chair, and found himself being injected with the numbing-stuff, before the first sample - a 2-3mm wedge of tissue - was removed with the aid of a sharp scalpel and a large pair of tweezers. This done, the fun part of the experiment started. Never before (or since) has Mr. Butler witnessed someone doing a fire-eating show in his surgery (any opportunity to show off, eh, Steve?). It must also be the first time we have ever seen a dentist more nervous than a patient in his own surgery. Once sufficient windows had been opened to enable us all to see through the smoke that lingered, and fans had been activated to try and rid the room of the smell of paraffin before the arrival of the next patient, the second sample of tissue was removed from an area adjacent to sam-

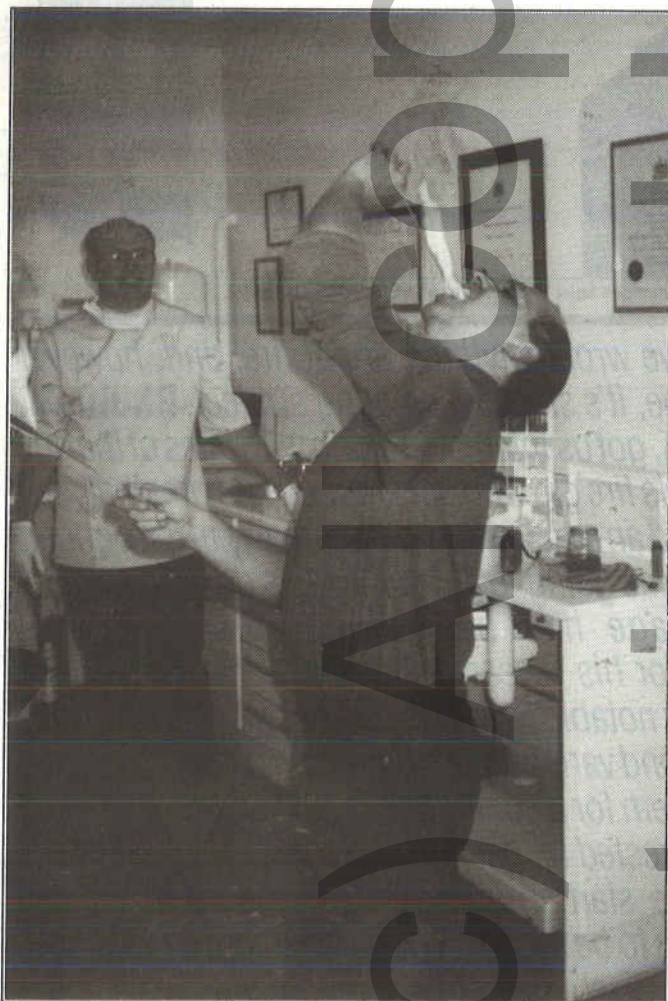
ple number one. Steve was then stitched up [sounds like he was -d], and we left, to return in 24 hours time.

For some reason, unknown even to us, we did go back the following day, although Steve, knowing what was going to happen, was, understandably, a little more nervous about the prospect of going in, and felt that he would even have preferred to be on the receiving end of my axe-throwing tomahawks (something he always tries to run away from normally!).

Mr. Butler was eagerly awaiting our arrival with the same grin and gleeful hand-rubbing as yesterday, and was keen to remove sample number three from the already tender area of Steve's mouth. This was the sample which he expected to show the most pronounced - if any - effect on the DNA, and was also the most uncomfortable part of the experiment for Steve, who admitted afterwards what most of us already thought - that he was mad to go on day one, and even more insane to go back on day two!

Mr. Butler is not aware of any scientific evidence to support his own views, but he believes that as the teeth themselves are protected by a very tough enamel substance (which is twice as strong as bone), the only possible damage that could be caused to them would be by biting down too hard on the metal rod, and breaking a tooth! With regard to the effects of the paraffin and smoke inside the mouth - again his own personal view - was that it was probably less harmful than the effects produced from having a cigar or a pipe in the mouth - both of which he has seen produce more redness in the mouth than he saw in Steve's mouth immediately after fire-eating. Overall, his views (prior to any results from this experiment) concluded with the chilling thought that the most dangerous side-effect from fire-eating would be the possible third degree burns inflicted by getting it wrong, and how dangerous this could be if the larynx and trachea were burnt - thus restricting the ability to breathe.

Unfortunately, due to *The Catch's* punishing schedule for publication, we cannot give you the results of this experiment until the next issue. So, in the meantime, if you do decide to eat fire, remember - don't breathe in, and don't bite down on the metal rod!



Outlaws meet the Jawman - Steve, Ali & Mr. Butler

Like a lot of people, Albert Warlock was an instant convert to the chemical marketed as Fire Water for use on fire-juggling clubs, for safety and aesthetic reasons. Like a lot of people too, he was a bit stuck when it was taken off the market for safety reasons. Unlike the rest of us, Albert had a go at sorting out an alternative. 'Cos we think it's a good idea, we're letting him tell you about it, and some of the problems with the other fuels.

Fire Water as it was contained seriously *dangerous additives*. One of these, to make the fuel have no taste, caused your nose and tongue not to work; this additive was actually very very very poisonous and was the main reason for adverse effects. When I could not buy Fire Water any more, I had to use paraffin which I found to be dirty and smelly, so I took time to search for a better alternative.

The liquid I found, and I am now calling Fire Water, is different in many ways to both paraffin and the *old* Fire Water. In marketing the *new* Fire Water and talking to different people, the words 'Fire Water' retain the stigma of the old stuff - this note is to try and sort out this confusion [would have helped if you'd found another name, Albert -d]

The Hot Stuff Company was started for the sole purpose of selling the excess Fire Water, as a very large quantity had to be bought in the first place. I am firstly a performer and my phone number is reserved for this purpose. The Hot Stuff Company works by mail order only.

New Fire Water has No Additives, is 99.9% pure paraffin, burns with a cleaner brighter flame, and is safe to use for all the tricks I performed with the old Fire Water.

OLD FIRE WATER:-

1. Was Lamp Oil for household use, which is now freely available.
2. Contained an additive to knock out taste buds
3. Contained an additive to make it oily.

PARAFFIN:-

1. Contains benzine (accumulates in the body and causes cancer)
2. Contains an additive to make it smell like paraffin
3. Contains an additive to make it oily
4. Contains an additive to give it colour
5. Is not purified and may be contaminated.

All additives are dangerous unless listed under the EEC regulations as safe for use.

NEW FIRE WATER:-

1. Contains no additives
2. Produces very little smoke
3. Has a clean bright flame
4. Is safe to use as directed.

Fire Breathing should not be performed with any flammable chemical. No chemical should be taken internally. Fire Water is sold to burn on wicks.

The Hot Stuff Company,
PO Box 322, Sheffield, S4 8YU

FIRE Safety Rules

(or mistakes suffered by other people)(we hope)

Taken from the ever so elusive Jellyhead's WorldWideWeb fire page, <http://www.phreak.co.uk/phreaks/jellyfire>. Drop in and spark him up some time...

1. PRACTICE!

Always practice the stunt first, with water for fire breathing, until you are 100% sure you are confident with what you are doing. Read the instructions several times, visualising the stunt in your mind. IF YOU ARE NOT 100% SURE then DO NOT attempt it.

2. NEVER PERFORM DRUNK OR STONED

It only takes one mistake to seriously burn yourself or others. It might make you feel big or clever but will make you look very stupid when the ambulance arrives.

3. BE AWARE PERFORMING OUTDOORS.

When you are booked to perform outdoors always stipulate on not performing if it is too windy. The organisers will understand your excuse!! DO NOT RISK IT for the sake of a few quid.

4. BE AWARE PERFORMING INDOORS.

When using fire indoors use your common sense. Make sure you have enough room to perform away from furniture and people. Smoky torches will choke your audience and make furniture smell for ages. Look up!! Is there enough height to fire-breathe without damaging the ceiling or set off the smoke alarm? If not, DO NOT DO IT. Do the audience need to be behind a barrier?

5. NEVER INHALE

A burnt mouth and lungs are not the most pleasant topic of conversation, but if you do inhale when fire eating/breathing, you probably will not be talking about much else!! (That is if you can talk at all!!!) On all exhaling stunts, breathe first. You should never take in breaths with paraffin or a flame in your mouth.

6. BE AWARE WHAT YOU ARE WEARING

Always tie long hair back, or shave it off!! Never wear baggy or flammable clothes. Never wear aftershave or deodorant, they probably contain alcohol. Shave off any beard or moustache - burnt hair stinks, but not as much as burnt flesh.

7. BE SAFE!

Assume that you will get burned, that way you will remember to have a fire extinguisher and/or bucket of cold water at hand. Always wipe your mouth & face after each trick.

8. TOXICS

Every time that you have paraffin in your mouth harmful toxins are extracted into your blood stream. One way to counter this a little is to create a temporary lining in your mouth, throat and stomach. Before any paraffin is used drink a pint or two of full fat pasteurised milk. Also do the same after your routine. Do not use Vaseline on lips & face. Always use a non-petroleum based cream.

NEVER USE PETROL, LEADED OR UNLEADED

FIREWATER talk

GROOVY FAKIR

I'm a Fakir, it's how I earn my keep (for heaven's sake). It's a dangerous hobby. Fire is truly amazing, and many of us get a real buzz out of performing fire acts, but we never lose our respect for the stuff because it bloody well hurts if you screw up. In fact, if you really screw up, it can kill you. So there.

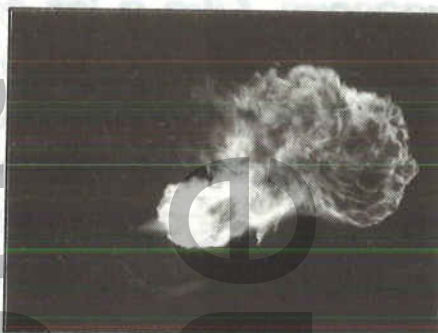
Having said that, a trapeze artist, wire-walker, or bareback rider can similarly end their career. I don't want to hedge the question here, but fire seems to attract much tut-tutting, and I just want to put it in perspective. Let's face it, most Circus acts are dangerous in one way or another [many people would say that's the whole point-d]. The difference between the fire-eater and the others is that the latter put themselves in immediate physical danger, do horrible things to their bodies, but if they stop - so does the pain. Well, eventually, anyway.

On the other hand, if you do horrible damage to your body by filling it with nasty chemicals, well... just because you stop performing, the effects don't necessarily cease. So it is with fire-eaters, and it's just tough.

Paraffin is cheap, burns at a low temperature, and is usually acknowledged as being the safest fuel to use. However, it is carcinogenic, and heavier than human body fluids. Being so weighty, residual fuel comes to rest at the bottom of the lungs where it is no bother at all for years, until eventually a condition known as chemical pneumonia develops and you fall victim to much coughing and slow drowning. That's how pneumonia kills - any sort of pneumonia - you drown.

The trouble is, whatever fuel you choose, you cannot avoid swallowing some. At the end of a blow, you must spit, but even so, while you hold fuel in your mouth, some will always trickle down the back of your throat. The possible upshot therefore is stomach cancer, lung cancer, and the dreaded chemical pneumonia.

Having said that, I learnt my act from someone who had performed her own act for years. She told me all the risks I was taking, but still I wanted to learn. I wanted to be a Fakir since I was a tiny kid, and nothing was going to put me off. Similarly, I worked for a long time with a chap who was older than me, had been in the biz longer than me, who learnt from his father who was still treading the boards - and the sawdust - into his eighties. A consultant did once contact the poisons bureau since he could find no other explanation for what was ailing me at the



Woof! More chili on Jons' hot dog. Pic. C. Mason

time - and as it happens, paraffin wasn't to blame either. Maybe I was just lucky. Maybe I'm daft to carry on, but at the end of the day it's my risk, and my living. All I can say is that if you want to learn - then learn properly. Be aware of ALL the dangers, and make your choice. Is it really any more irresponsible than performing a flying act? I think not - but then, I'm biased, aren't I?

That's not to say it hasn't made me ill, or that I have never burned myself. I've done both. In fact, I burn myself frequently all summer - particularly if the weather is hot, when the flames are so much hotter too - and then cough my guts up all winter because I've stopped gobbling burning paraffin around the place. So I keep working. On the plusside, I hardly ever get a cold, and never suffer with constipation! (Oops! I knew there was something else I should mention about paraffin...) Apparently it also ruins your love life, but I wouldn't know about that...

Other fuels are available - barbecue fluid is a favourite, but not something I'd use on a regular basis since it's more volatile and more harmful than paraffin. Diesel is simply gross, tho' it works well if you don't have anything else, and only an idiot would use petrol - the fumes are explosive and can cause an explosion inside your lungs just as well as they do in your car's cylinders. (Read 'Memoirs of a Sword Swallower' by Dan Mannix - Hamish Hamilton 1951, and also a BBC tape). At one time petrol was the only fuel used by fire eaters, but even they were concerned about additives - particularly when lead was first put into the stuff! The subsequent disappearance of unleaded petrol led to the widespread use of paraffin among traditional performers, whose acts require a liquid fuel. It's the lesser of several (available) evils. It's cheap, easily obtained, and tastes marginally less horrible - or maybe I'm just used to it.

Powders can also be used for blowing flames. Custard powder, cocoa powder, lycopodium powder, boric acid, iron filings, all give different effects, but are difficult to

manage. The powder must be somehow contained, or it'll get all soggy when you hold it in your mouth! The best containers are 35mm film cases, or gun cartridges, which are slimmer and so more comfortable to hold inside your mouth. Make a hole in one end of the container, and take the cap off the other. Cut the cap in half, half-fill the container, put half the cap back on, hold it in your mouth with top between your teeth, and blow. It's a bit clumsy, but it's one way to avoid holding liquid fuels in your mouth. Unfortunately you still need to soak your torches in paraffin - so if you perform a full set, you're still going to end up with a mouth full of fumes. Or even a couple of lungs full... Fire eating, you see, carries a whole different lot of risks to fire blowing, but to display the whole act, you get exposed to the fumes. An imploded lung is an occupational hazard - but to be fair, most people only collapse one lung at a time... she said, cheerfully.

The thing is, there are so many different ways in which you can do yourself harm with a fire act. You can die slowly of a variety of unpleasant diseases, or quickly and publicly because you make a cock-up. You can scar yourself for life with body burns, remove the lining from your mouth and nose with the 'candelabra', overcook your teeth, lose your lashes and eyebrows, and suffer untold - though fortunately short-lived - agonies should the burning head become detached from your torch and you accidentally swallow it. I've seen that happen! The crowd went wild! I'm glad it wasn't me! Ultimately, while I know fairly well the risks I'm taking, I regard them as occupational hazards and do my best to minimize those risks by performing a very ancient and extremely foolish act with the greatest possible care.

Who cares? There will always be Fakirs, because there will always be people to watch them. So long as we retain our fascination for elemental fire, there'll be some idiot in baggy keks and a turban displaying his mystic mastery over the stuff.

Of course it's bloody dangerous! We wouldn't do it if it weren't; not because we're thrill seekers - that's the audience - but because we wouldn't get paid otherwise. I don't mind when people say they wouldn't do my job - it means my job's safe, doesn't it? The contortionists and Fakirs are all that's left of the old freak shows - and if you look at it that way we suddenly become historically important and worthy of your support.

Hey! That's a good argument! Think I'll leave now while I'm still winning!

Pof!



Unable to leave fire alone the winter of 94/95 I travelled around Mexico, always on the look out to set something alight, should the opportunity arise.

It was the autumn. After an orgy of fire, directing the third annual Hay-on-Fire Festival on Halloween, the next week directing Llantwit Major Fire Festival in South Wales and building a Wicker Aztec Chief, and with my cuffs still smouldering, I set off for a hundred days in Mexico.

The journey was not uneventful. Having dashed like Linford Christie to catch my connection in Amsterdam, I was stopped at the gate and frisked by airport security while I watched my plane pull up the plank and depart for the runway. Oh...! they'd discovered the remains of Chinese crackers I had absentmindedly forgotten to empty from my jacket pocket. They took the crackers but left me with the matches. The next day I was off on the first flight out, with matches, quietly savouring the thought of setting Mexico alight at an opportune moment.

Mexico set me alight; I revelled in its magic. Christmas approached and I headed off for a Rainbow Gathering on the Pacific Coast of the province of Michoacan. It was there, Christmas Eve, that I was first able to light up the skies of Mexico. I was already known as *Payasso Loco* (The Mad Clown) having built a huge turtle labyrinth on the beach and spirals and installations in the caves. Christmas Eve and Saturday night - time for something special. A giant was decided upon and so all day Jahlal, Marcello, Ben, Laura - a gang of us set to build not a wicker giant but a palm giant. Meanwhile a posse was sent out to find paraffin - they failed. Well we were forty miles from the nearest town. I insisted we must have fire cans and the only fuel was the fisherman's petrol. Petrol? This could be dangerous. Then one of the fishermen showed me how they made fire cans - They're great! Fill a can with sand and then saturate with petrol. They're heavy, stable, burn bright and pretty safe. [er... we don't recommend that you try this - and DO BE CAREFUL]

We built the giant in front of a large cave,

the throat of a watery cathedral where its pacific tongue thundered and licked the shore. He fell down twice in the building, but as the orange globe of the sun sank below the horizon he rose for the third time and assumed his own shape; armed with trident and shield, shirt bedecked with flowers and vines, he stood, guardian of the turtles and keeper of the secrets of the cave. He was ringed with candles and coconuts filled with crimson bougainvillea. Two hours later the fire cans were lit to illuminate the foaming mouth of the cave. Half an hour later, with much drumming, he was set alight. Flames shot thirty feet into the air. The audience retreated as the giant told his story - he lit the night sky, he sent out light, his sparks dissolved with the stars, his face appeared, disappeared and reformed itself, he made us laugh, he brought us angels and dreams in waves of wonderland. Who needed Father Christmas!

A month after Christmas I was visiting a theatre community, an hour and a half south of Mexico City in Tepoztlan, set amongst pillared volcanic mountains with the blue peak of Mt. Popocatepetl smoking in the distance. It was here that I became resigned to "when in Mexico use petrol"! Paraffin is hard to find, or at best it might arrive on the Mañana Express - too late!

This was the community of Huehue Coyotl (Old Old Coyote). So for their anniversary bash I suggested I'd build them a Coyote fire labyrinth. Digging the trench for the outline had started two days ahead. Flower, decorations, musicians, dancers, sawdust were all on their way. But paraffin - No! It wasn't till the party cavalcade was winding its way through the moonlit trees dancing, drumming, singing and bearing lanterns that the peso eventually dropped and it was realized without any fuel this fire show was not going to happen. We were treated to a slide show of multiple images from the group's ('The Illuminated Elephants') world tour living and connecting with tribes and ethnic groups on their travels. Ten minutes to go and four gallons of petrol arrive! Cigarettes out and Andreas and I quickly and sparingly prime the coyote labyrinth. I dip my fire clubs in petrol! The show must go on. I light up and don't (to my surprise) blow-up! The coyote is lit, flames race along the lines and with blazing torches, I perform a one man fire show. With petrol the flames are whiter, brighter and more electric. We watch for an hour as the flames died down and turn to spots - a labyrinth of stars above and a labyrinth of stars below. It worked and afterwards we dance the night away - no mishaps.

Be warned, petrol is dangerous and a big liability on site, but it can be used. And yes, Mexico is magic.

Light a flame in your hearts.

GOFFEE AT THE DEPT. OF ENJOYMENT.

mexican HOT STUFF!



Goffee Heemself

**Convicted pyromaniac
Goffee**

(of Hay on Fire, etc.)

**extended his
dangerous activities to
South America, where
they're already a little
on the mad side.**

Here's the hot poop.

BURNS NIGHT

The Fine Art of Burnout, as practised & preached by **Mick Andrew**, *Auld Reekie's Beltane Pyromaniac*

Fire has this mesmerising effect on people - since time immortal [don't you mean 'immemorial'? -d] in Scotland there have been fire festivals to burn away the "lang dreich wintry nights" and one or two of these are still running after 2000 years. Being integrally involved in both Edinburgh's Beltane and Hogmanay fire Festivals, thus curing my pyromaniac tendencies, I'm being asked to make fire sculptures or fire pictures for an increasing number of outdoor events.

The messy business of covering yourself in paraffin (making the sculptures) and soot and grime (clearing up the aftermath) can actually be a rewarding experience when the thing gets torched/lit. A bit of advance planning and some sensible precautions should avoid

the impression that you know what you're doing - it worked in Oban when I was trying to convince the local high-heidyins that our plans to fire-raise inside one of the town's most precious listed structures was going to be fine.

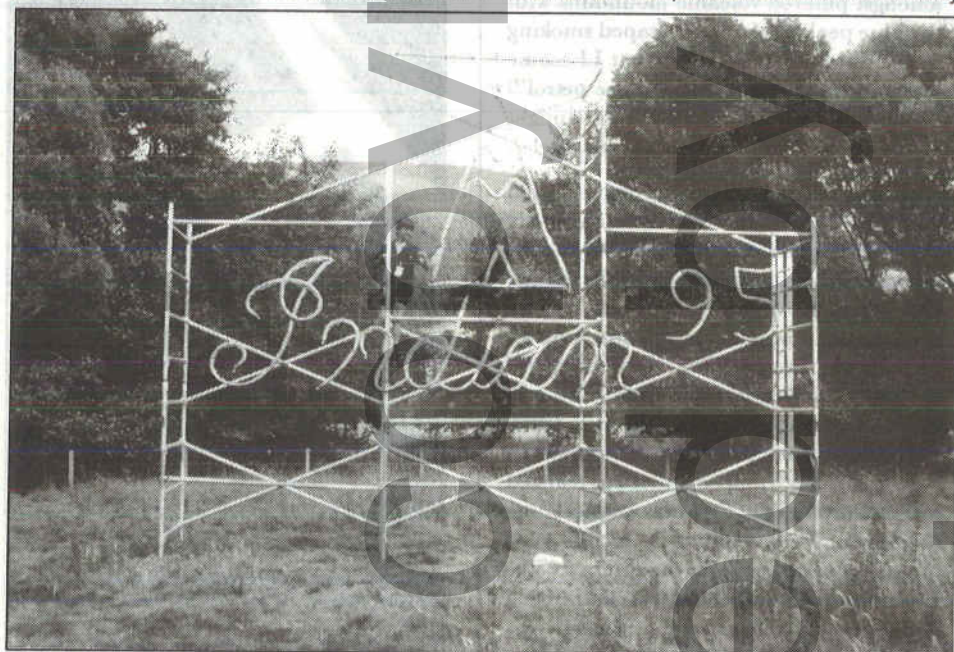
Wind direction, fallout zones and what sort of fire-fighting equipment to have all need consideration. Wind, of which there is no shortage in Scotland, can actually help to keep the design of the sculpture image clear as it maintains the shape if it's blowing in the right direction. It can, though, be a tad unpleasant rigging sculptures in a force 8 gale. A suitable fallout zone with no public access is essential, as when a sculpture is lit a fair amount of paraffin drips down and can set fire to any grass underneath. Also, when the sculpture is burning out some largish chunks of paper rope can fly off in the wind, so best to keep the crowds some distance away.

Having fire extinguishers handy is useful and I find a few fire-beaters are great for putting out anything that is set alight by dripping paraffin.

Fire sculptures can be lit either pyrotechnically or manually using fire brands. Pyrotechnic firing is fairly instantaneous but can malfunction in wet or sub-zero conditions. Using fire brands does take time to get the whole image alight but this can help build up the expectation in the crowd and they love cheering as the fire spreads. Even in temperatures of -20°C, as at this year's Hogmanay, with the paraffin freezing (!), this method was fail-safe. When sculptures burn they do get incredibly hot so if your sculpture is mounted on an aluminium scaffold tower try and keep any bracing etc. out of contact with the burning image - it can melt or distort.

When a sculpture is initially ablaze it can turn into a bit of an inferno before settling down into the intended image, and it's worth waiting 7 or 8 minutes before trying to photograph it to get the best results. They burn for up to 15 minutes, depending on wind conditions, and are certainly fairly dramatic.

Then there's the aftermath. Clearing up after a fire show can be very messy and a bit of an anti-climax. We also find in Scotland, being a staunchly Presbyterian country (avoid Stornoway on a Sunday) that such fire-raising is subject to the full wrath of organisations of the Christian ilk. Apparently we're all evil Satanists indulging in such activities so desperate times require desperate measures. It can be quite entertaining, during the drudgery of a clear-up, to see such protesters coming up Calton Hill (site of our pyromania) to perform a purifying ceremony to re-sanctify the hill and cleanse it of the pagan mischief of the night before. Long may us 'Lords of Misrule' continue to indulge in such mischief, but remember kids (as *The List* magazine says) if you're going to celebrate in the ancient pagan way, practise safe sacrifice!



Fire Sacrifice. Mick Andrew mounts the scaffold.

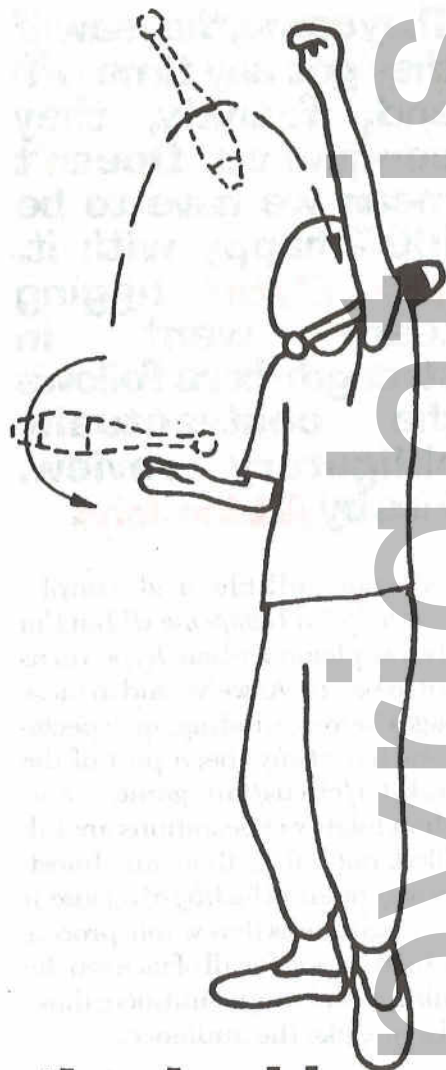
the pitfalls. The basics - paraffin, mesh panels, polythene tubing and even paper rope can be got without too much difficulty: work out your designs and it's time for the fun to start. A well-ventilated making space helps, and smoking is a dreadfully, dreadfully bad idea - you do tend to become an inherent fire risk whilst making the sculptures. Best to keep the designs simple and not too intricate as fire isn't exactly the perfect precision linear medium. However, on a small scale, by using stencil patterns and back lighting them with fire some quite detailed images are possible - one of the Edinburgh team made some stunning images of the Lewis Chess Pieces this way for the Hogmanay bash.

Liaising with the event promoters, local council, fire brigade, police etc. about the siting of fire sculptures is fairly essential. Even the more sceptical officials can usually be won round and having a copy of the purple book (HMSO Guide to Health, Safety & Welfare at Pop Concerts etc.) can work in your favour as it gives



Fork That!

It's the Catch Catalogue of Catches (title © diabololo 1995) stolen out of Take 3 Clubs, A guide to Club Juggling by Robert Dawson (Circustuff) - some moves for climactic points of your routine significantly several times more effective than dropping the lot. Here it comes!



- the shoulder catch

Here a club is caught in the gap between the shoulder and neck making a good finish or applause point in a show. A reverse spin is much easier to catch than a normal throw - watch the club as it spins around to the horizontal with the handle pointing forwards and then 'dive' at it with your shoulder to make the catch. (the things some people will do to make The Catch... -dj) The more reckless your dive, the more chance you have of succeeding. Go on! get some bruises!

Pointing your arm up brings your shoulder closer in, and your neck should be used to clamp the club in place once you make contact.

This may seem scary at first but I have never really been hurt doing this. Don't shut your eyes in the middle of the trick, but try to watch the club right up to the catch.

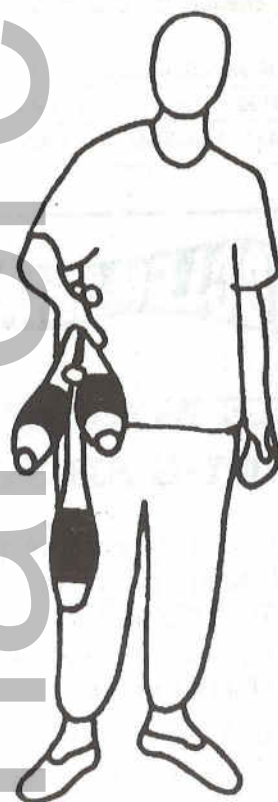


- fork catch

A finish which lends itself to continuation a little more than the last trick. A club is thrown up high and the remaining two clubs are placed in one hand (a).

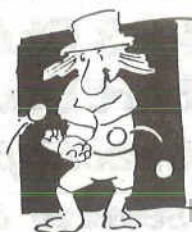
As the last club comes down it is caught between these two with the body hanging down and the knob on the handle stopping it slipping through the gap (b).

To carry on from this position allow the hanging club to slide all the way down to the knob (if it is not there already). Then either swing it up into the air again or just into a balance resting on top of the pair in your hand.



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They came, they saw (if they got any time off) and, frankly, they conquered. Doesn't mean we have to be 100% happy with it. **The Catch** lugging team went in strength - here follows the contractually obligatory review. Pics by **Adrian John**.

Call me gullible and simple-minded [*don't tempt me-d*], but I'm always pleased when *hype* turns out to be *true*. As we've said in these pages before, winding up expectations has always been part of the trickster/circus/fair game - and when mighty expectations are fulfilled, not only is there an almost-transcendental feeling of *release*, it also legitimises that whole process - which is good for all of us, even the gullible and simple-minded; those like me, like the audience.

Choose the words carefully, then. *Soleil* at the Albert Hall was undoubtedly the best circus production I've ever seen. I've seen better performers, more exciting shows, seen more done with the idea and framework of circus, but still not seen a show like this one. And when this performance (actually the last of the series, with the trucks stacked up outside waiting to move the rig the moment we were out) climaxed with a standing ovation from 5000 (or however many holes it takes), the atmosphere matched all but the most-exciting longest-awaited events, rock-shows, whatever, that I've ever seen - in the circus world, I'd guess that only seeing *Archais* again could surpass it for me.

Production. I trust you're familiar with the term. Lighting, choreography, costumes, pacing - matters that Trad. Circus takes as read (though they have at least evolved a highly-polished style in them all) and which New Circus rarely has the time or finance (or, let's face it, not always the skills) to think about. *Soleil* take the production values of a West End Show and use them to reinforce a series of performances that far surpass anything that the Lloyd-Webbers and their minions can manage - no wonder it utterly blew away an audience who have probably never seen a modern circus, or (despite the best efforts of *Soleil*-clone *Surreal*) even been tempted to.

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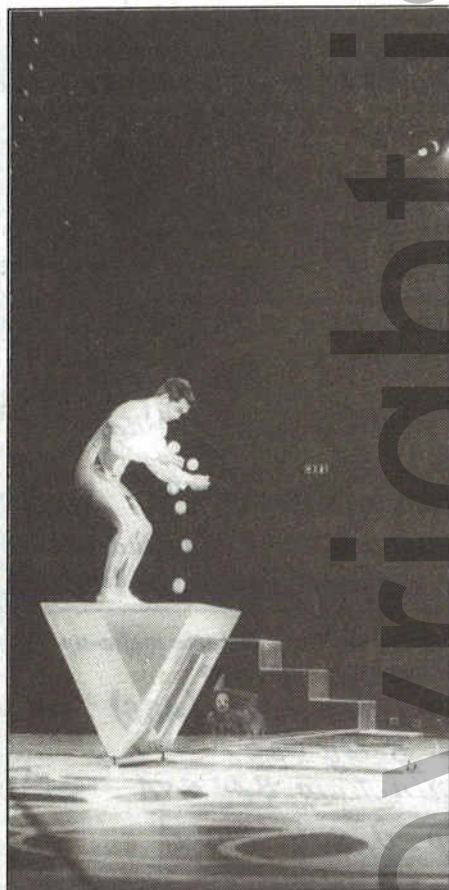
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soleil-ed!



European public would recognise the figures in Mummer, Mystery or Commedia cycles - but either the company has forgotten how to build character or never knew. For the greatest show on earth (or what could be) this was an oversight. At least it gives European companies something to feel smug about.

OK. Being a circus and not a theatre, they have *acts*. In many cases, Boy, *do they have acts!*

The Chinese Poles Why have one person doing this when you can have 16? Production values again! Apart from NoFitState, which was different, we've only seen the navy do this before. How *do* they run up them like that? Bet the guy who did it straight-armed wouldn't pass a drug test. Probably ex-Navy, then.

Contortionists & acrobats

What a word! (I've just been reading this ace Peter Carey book with a sort-of Circus in it - called *The Unusual Life of Tristan Smith* - where they use the word 'posturer' which I think I like better) Synchronised agony! How long do they take to warm up? What do they have for tea? The kid & dad are from Russia but I don't think she's the real mother. I wonder if she knows he stays up really late - he's only 10. Strongman gymnasts, whatever you call them, are a really popular contemporary flavour, and these two were devastating. Would you like a body like that? Women need not reply.

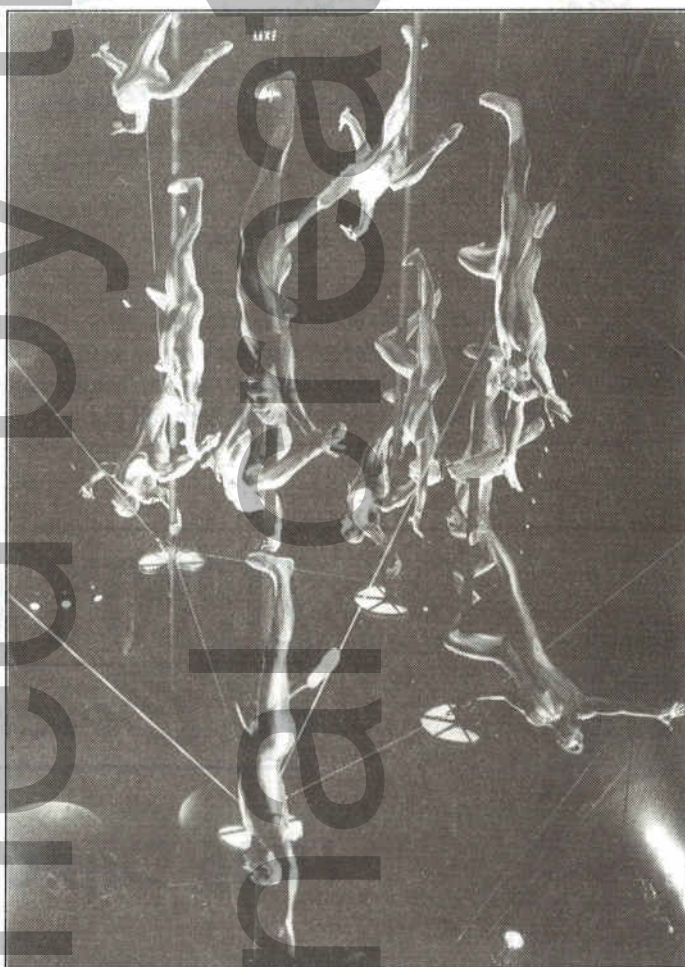
Russian Swing haven't seen this before, tho' it's big in big trad. shows. Gets you higher than breathing deeply in the Cabaret tent at Glastonbury! Notice how they didn't even bother to try to catch till the third time - get our expectations going...

Bungeetrapeze is still effective, beautiful even; but with others doing it perhaps this won't last long. Their freefall patterns were

an innovation, but I'm still burning to see the bungee flyers someone was threatening. Stuart reckons adding opera was a stab at high art and stretching it a bit, but he'll stoop pretty low for a pun.

The Juggler - Miguel Herrera (Cuba)

Probably the fastest power-bouncer with silicon balls we've ever seen - we couldn't work out if the platform was helping the bounce, but don't really care; more of a puzzle was why he only bounced 7, not juggled them, when he was so solid on 6. A treat, anyway.



Production aside, those of us familiar with the recent history of the best European and British shows won't have been so amazed. The music - face it, live music is essential to a good show - was faultlessly contemporary, occasionally excellent tho' unmemorable bar one tune. Remember, we expect nothing less from even a small-scale NoFit/Swamp size company, and the better Continental teams manage to integrate their musicians more fully into the company and the show. Choreography in movement and dancing, tho', was way above the standard we've had to put up with (which usually only means people waving their arms around basically in tune).

The circus/theatre element was, as with *Surreal* (ironically!), difficult to follow, the characters obscure and their interaction near-meaningless. Contrast this with the French companies, who contrive to have you recognise the characters, if not by name then by type, very quickly (and without as much banter as the Brits, the pace of the shows being different) and can then develop on their interaction. That the Canadians *do* have a feeling for character-play was evident with the very entertaining very Street-influenced clown entrée which opened the show, and, really, promised better on that front than the show itself delivered. Perhaps (but only perhaps) the Canadian public are used to the Soleil characters, like a Mediaeval

The Clown - René Bazinet (Germany)

Is he a genius at picking volunteers, or was the young man who stole the show from him a plant? We can't decide. For a solo performer to keep 5000 spellbound he's got to be blimmin' good - but I felt his act was too slow and compared unfavourably with *Surreal*'s Donimo.

Cirque du Soleil

It's true. The sun *does* shine out... In the best traditions of *The Greatest Show*, all I can say is: Come back soon.

The

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TRICKS WORK A TREAT

Putting together a juggling show is one of the most difficult tricks that a juggler has to master; when faced with the prospect of trying to find enough material to fill 45 minutes with witty trickery it's enough to make most people throw in the towel. This is where a spot of magical manipulation can add enough diversity to hold a crowd which would otherwise be dispersing quicker than five colliding silicon balls.

Getting started in magic can be one of those *Catch 22* situations; no magician likes to show you how it's done and when you finally send off for a trick you break your bank on something which the catalogue promised to be a reputation-maker and consists of two bits of string which when used correctly will turn you into David Copperfield. It doesn't, and you throw the string into a drawer where it stays. I know, I've run out of drawers to put them in.

The glorious difference between jugglers and magicians is that one shows all, whereas the other lives in fear of being found out. I fall into the first category, so I thought that I would share some of the magic tricks which have appealed to me as a juggler and have been used to great effect on baffled audiences.

Magic can roughly be divided into two categories, tricks that are 'self-working' and those that require years of practice to master, like sleight of hand with cards, coins and balls. The self-working tricks generally rely on a simple principle and technique, but don't be fooled into thinking that because you can make a silk come and go as you please, this will satisfy an audience for long - it won't. You've got to put just as much effort into the presentation as you have with any act. One advantage of spending years practising sleight of hand is that you can very quickly convince an audience that you are ripsnortingly good by showing them the manipulations - even though you don't show exactly how it's done - and because of this you can cut down on the verbals or even omit them altogether, just as a three ball juggler might. Another advantage (or not, depending on your personality) is that with sleight of hand you can fritter away most of your existence practising for hours on end; whereas a self-working trick

So *that's* how he manages to be such a good juggler - Luke Jugglestruck spends his spare time practising *magic tricks* - to think all that flash juggling is just sleight-of-hand... Never mind. Here he is again, reappearing out of the locked box with swords through it, with some ideas how you can extend a street or stage routine with a bit of abracadabra.

excites for only an hour or so, leaving you no alternative but to roam the streets, ambushing poor saps and subjecting them to your new-found skills.

Sometimes it's hard to know in advance just what tricks will work for you, but these next two should satisfy most jugglers as they are both to do with balls, an easy link into a juggling show. The first is self-working enough that with an hour's practice you can floor any audience be it large or small. It's called the chop cup, it costs from £17 to £30 and is available from any magic retailer. I'm not going to say how it works but it *does* work, very well; what it is is a cup, underneath which a ball comes and goes and eventually turns into a tomato. If you get on with this you can invest in a set of three cups, one being a chop cup, which will multiply the magic no end, though you will have to practice a fair bit more.

Magic with sponge balls is an absolute classic. It is not self-working, but a basic routine can be mastered with the minimum of effort, and the self-satisfaction that can be gained from making balls whizz around from hand to hand is immense. Sponge ball routines are generally reserved for close-up magic but can also be done quite easily on a stage. One of the pleasures of a sponge ball routine is that you are not just learning a simple move but perfecting a technique which gets better and better; so when you watch somebody else doing a routine, even though you know how it's done, you can still marvel at the slickness of the moves. Hmmm, sounds a bit like three ball juggling again doesn't it? When I bought my first set of sponge balls they went straight into a drawer as the instruc-

tions did no justice to the moves that could be accomplished, and it was only when I bought a video that I realised their full potential.

Sponge balls are available in a variety of fluorescent colours, cost £3 for four (1½" size) and are available from magic dealers. A good video to start with is '25 tricks with sponge balls', £13.

A rather splendid trick that can liven up a street show no end is called *tricky bottles* you use two bottles and a volunteer and no matter what, the volunteer can't keep his bottle the same way up as yours. You *do* need patter with this act, and as always that's the hardest part of the trick. A ten-year-old boy came up afterwards once and told me (correctly) how it was done though it had apparently stumped all the adult viewers in the audience; remember, as with any trick, even if people do know the secret you've still got to entertain them.

All these can be performed surrounded, which I often find to be a must in street work, and they can be performed to very large crowds, which considering the size of the chop cup is something of a miracle in itself.

Many juggling shops sell a variety of magic but *Davenport's* and *International Magic*, both in London, stock a much larger selection than most and both sell detailed catalogues. [so do our friends Magic By Post - advertising dept.]

So, if you fancy a stab at being a magician, buy one of these tricks, throw it into a drawer...and welcome to the world of magic.

FAIRS FAIRS

An excerpt from 'The Peep Show'
Walter Wilkinson (published 1927)

Here follows another instalment from 'The Peep Show', following on issue 10 (real archive stuff, eh?). New readers or old ones with limited memories will need to know that Walter Wilkinson wrote a handful of books about his adventures taking an updated 'Arts & Crafts' Movement (1927 hippies, if you asked me) version of Punch & Judy around the country, pulling the trailer himself, sleeping in a tent. All thoroughly idealistic and wonderful stuff, and in an era that effectively saw the end of a lot of the old entertainments central to the tradition that many of us new circusers now engage. As we join him here he's just decided to move on from a seaside life in Devon where he's been getting, so he believed, too comfortable by half...

Once again I found myself looking forward to the future life. In two weeks' time I would be respectable and secure no longer, for then I would turn my back on the sea and march inland across Devon, Somerset, and Gloucestershire, back to the Cotswolds. And as I began to think of the stirring life on the road romantic Saunter was romantic no longer; and those magnificent engagements at one pound apiece I began to see in a new light. Actually they were chains and fetters! They held me down to the worldly life - down to commercialism. And I began to see that one pound would not be sufficient to tie me down to one place and one date, but that I must raise my price substantially, although I could not reconcile such a rise in price with the economic laws underlying the mysteries of price and value.

In the meantime I was confronted with the Braunton Bank Holiday Fête, which most people about there called "The Feet". For some weeks 'The Peep Show' had been advertised on large posters, together with Swings, Hoop-La! Coco-nut Shies, and other attractions. I was to be paid one pound for a few performances during which *Red Hot*, a local clown, was to act as my outside man, taking up collections for a Hospital Fund. My interest in this show was that for the time being I would be part of a Fair and would take my stand alongside real travelling showmen.

When I arrived at the field the various side-shows were receiving their finishing touches and a committee-man, very much in his Sunday clothes, conducted me across the meadow to my pitch which was between the tea tent and a cock-shy affair described as "The Prettiest Girl in the World! Four shots a penny!"

It was very embarrassing that at my first association with real show-people, I should be so amateurish as to allow my theatre to blow over, for a sudden gust of wind came over the hedge and stretched the erection flat on its face. But my shame was soon dispelled by the proprietor of the Fair, who came across to me and, without a word, drove into the ground an immense stake to which I could lash the show.

And moreover he confessed to me that the wind was a something particularly horrid nuisance, that three days ago it had lifted 'The Prettiest Girl in the World' into the air, and deposited her, a complete wreck, fifty yards away, since which time he had worked for two days and one night in order to resurrect her for the Bank Holiday.

When the public began to drift into the field the side-shows were ready and we were all standing at our posts in a very professional state of mind. "The boss", stout, bold, and as brown as a berry, guarded 'The Prettiest Girl.' Next to him came a brown young daughter at the *Hoop-la!* His wife dominated the coco-nuts, where she stood, a stern, hard woman, her handsome face set as if carved in mahogany, and her caste proclaimed for all the world to see by a flowing feather in the immense hat. The family was completed by a ramshackle boy dressed in a striped jersey and waistcoat; a lithe, busy boy - a foreigner - with a queer dark glint in his eyes. There was a distinct air of domination about these show-people. They seemed to glare, rather like wild animals, at the comparatively innocent country people who were roaming about the field too shy to commence spending their money. Suddenly the showman rattled his wooden balls impatiently and said to me, "They always need a little encouragement," with which he began to shout as if the show, the field, the people, and all the world belonged to him.

"Ere, come along there! The Prettiest Girl in the World! Four shots a penny!"

The people did not come along, so he produced some cigarettes which we smoked, and the kindly old brute began to tell me how he had reconstructed his broken show. The horrible affair consisted of a wooden villa door which was surrounded by a canvas screen covered with painted bricks, with a painted window and painted curtains on either side of the door. If you felt sufficiently giddy you bought four wooden balls for a penny and with them tried to hit a spot in the middle of the door. This spot was very artfully surrounded with a piece of loose tin which banged, and clanged, and flashed when hit, and raised in the thrower a thrilling sense of having done something. If the ball hit the magic spot the door swung open and a gruesome effigy of a female figure advanced a foot or two and then tipped backwards displaying a good deal of underclothing and two very bright green garters. The thrower of the ball "ad a packit of fags" and a coarse guffaw with whistles and cat-calls arose from the lads, but I will say this for the Devonshire lasses that most of them blushed and turned away disgusted. I began to see that my work of reformation must not stop at the 'Punch and Judy', but that I would have to take a complete Fair by the scruff of its neck and put it into proper artistic order.

What an attractive work it would be for an Arts and Crafts Movement, to produce a Fair really charming and gay. And not only to make it but to travel about with it and create for us the delightful fairy-tale atmosphere which should surround a Fair.

But I suppose that Fairs are in their decadence. They have a serious rival nowadays in Summer Schools, where people gather together from all over the world to get in a yearly supply of knowledge instead of a supply of cloth, or household commodities. I suppose the side-shows of the future will be correspondingly intellectual. In a gay booth we shall find ourselves confronted with Algebraical Problems, and if we succeed in solving the set, we shall be rewarded with a free copy of *Dr. Dote's History of Algebra*. Instead of the boxing booth we shall gather round a debate on some highly controversial and inflammable subject, and instead of the boat swings we shall be levitated at twopence apiece by a Spiritualistic magician.

Meanwhile the Braunton Fête developed. More and more people surged into the field, and bold spirits were making their coat-tails fly in the swing-boats. The band began to

play and I saw that I was in for a gay time; once more The Peep Show had carried me into cheerful surroundings, and I roamed about the field enjoying the Maypole dancing, the races, and the shows and admired, in the broad effect, the flying flags, the bustle and animation of the people.

I was standing at my theatre waiting for my turn to come when I suddenly heard the loud ringing of a bell and saw, breaking through the crowd of people, my outside man, the clown *Red Hot*. He was a tall figure dressed in a bright cretonne costume, with his face painted carmine and black and a white diamond covering his respective eyes. He clanged the bell and strode towards The Peep Show. He shouted in a voice already hoarse, "Ere, come along 'ere. I got something to show you. Come and see something what's almost as funny as me. 'Ere, come along 'ere." His magic personality, or his experience as a recruiting sergeant, for that is what he had been, soon collected a good crowd, and it was not long before he was exhorting me to "Get on wiv' it."

I plunged into the performance and shouted my loudest so that the scattered,

restless crowd could hear. But in a few minutes the brass band began to play, and a tied-up dog began to howl. I shouted louder still and animated the puppets with extra vigour in order to dominate the racket, but then *Red Hot* began to collect, which was quite a performance in itself, and I found the puppets abandoning their usual orderly performance and 'showing off' to this rackets crowd in a medley of violent slapstick. Very shortly the perspiring, carmine face of the clown appeared through the curtains and said "Ere - close darn! That's enough! I've swept up that lot," and what the puppets might be doing seemed of so little importance that I pulled down the figures at once without so much as a bow to the audience.

After a third performance the clown introduced me to the tea tent, where I was served with an enormous tea generous enough for a policeman or a fireman, but I suppose in an affair like this a showman ranks with these. After the tea I was dismissed; my day at the Fête was over. I drew away from the eternal swinging of boat-swings and the cacophonous crowd with the firm conviction that the first essential for a showman at a Fair is a set of invincible nerves.



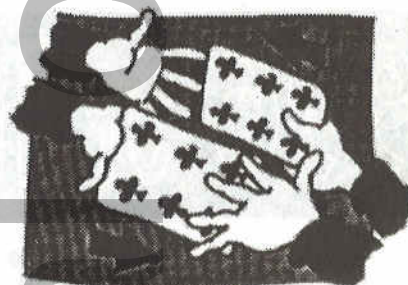
The first in a series of specially selected extracts from



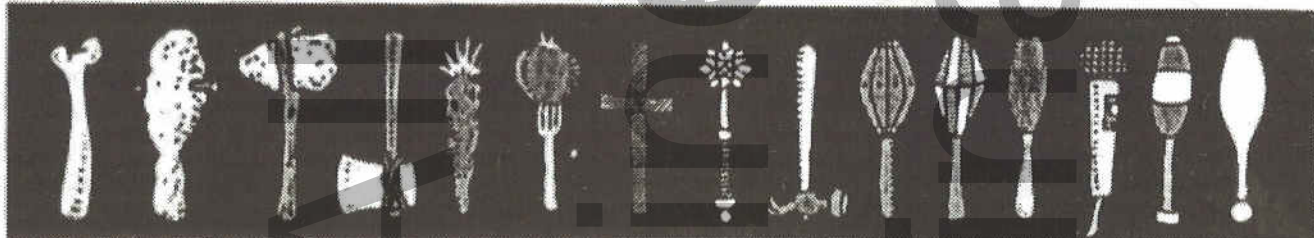
THE BASICS

Before you start passing you must be able to juggle 3 items fairly confidently. But don't get discouraged if you can't - just spend a few more hours in practicing the basics.

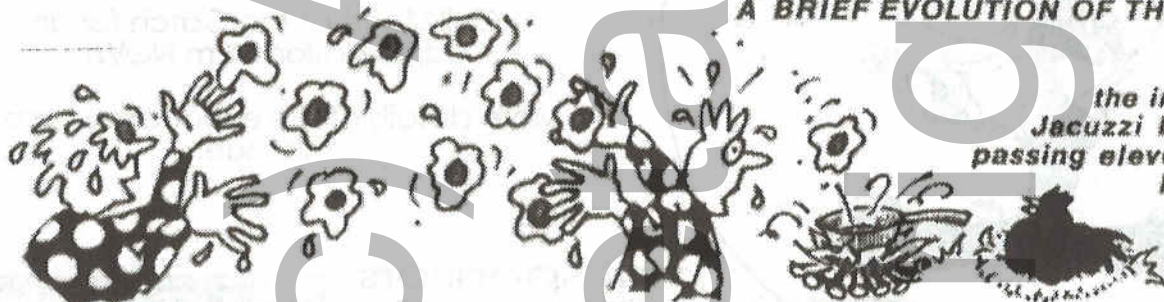
You can choose balls, rings or clubs to pass with, or even more exotic objects such as pineapples, torches, knives, plates, chairs, geese etc. However, like the other 90% of sensible and understanding jugglers, we shall be using clubs.



6 of clubs passing



A BRIEF EVOLUTION OF THE CLUB



the infamous Jacuzzi Brothers passing eleven eggs Helsinki 1976

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I/we would like to reserve places for the Hay-on-Wye 11th National Circus & Theatre Convention at £80 per person. Total amount enclosed.

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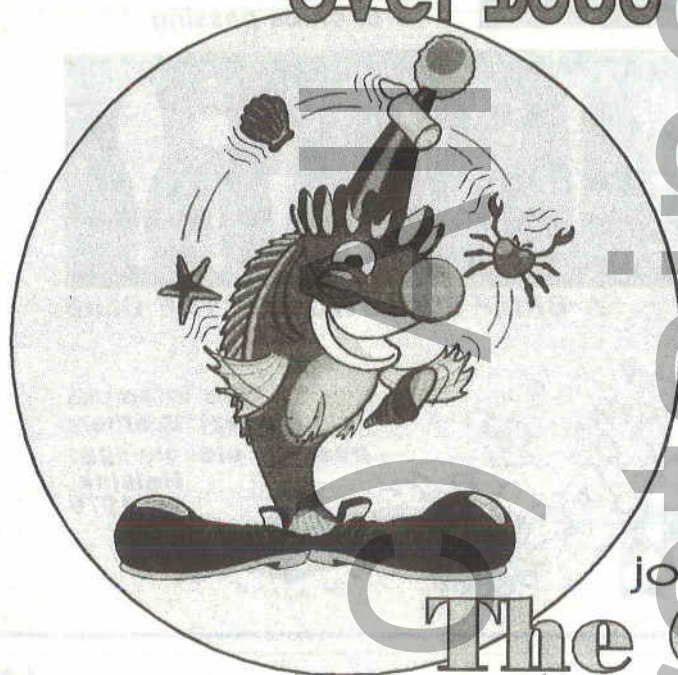
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Call Stuart at the Catch for an application form NOW!

More details of this event elsewhere in this issue.

joint sponsors

The Catch



Uh?

We invisible jugglers have suffered. The only shop in Western Europe selling invisible juggling equipment was recently forced to close down due to non-stop shoplifting which the local police refused to take seriously. A (somewhat critical) commentator defines invisible juggling as: "to the reasonable and and balanced mind, a fraudulent, albeit often entertaining, representation of something which just isn't there." (M. Thomson-Lavanitis, University of Durham, 1987 Ph.D. thesis, *All in the mind: An epidemiological study of the modern phenomenon of 'Invisible Juggling' across psychiatric wards in Greece*, quoted with the author's permission.)

But nothing can change the simple fact that IJ (Invisible Juggling) is harder than VJ (Visible Juggling). Unconvinced? Try a simple test.

Hold one real ball in each hand (which for most readers should make a total of two balls). Throw the right hand one up and let it drop. As soon as the ball hits the ground, throw up the left (juggling notation junkies out there would describe this move as RIGHT-LEFT). Now hold an invisible ball in each hand (any size, but some say different colours help them remember which ball is in which hand). Throw the right ball. When it hits the ground, immediately throw up the left.

You will notice your reaction is much slower with the invisible balls, making continuous IJ so much harder than VJ - and just try to do an invisible five-club exchange (RIGHT-LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT-RIGHT-THROW-THROW-THROW-RUN-LIKE-HELL) or even a 3-ball shower (RIGHT-RIGHT-RIGHT-DROP-DROP). Your reactions are slower because with IJ your brain is giving the signal (when to throw) to your eye - not your eye to the brain. This reverses everything we have ever learnt and 'stored away' as jugglers.

Laugh or sneer as much as you like (we IJers certainly have to display a *visible* sense of humour). All we ask is that you *try it!* By the way, to stop cheating - mime artists pose an especial problem - other jugglers should carefully follow the hand and eye movements and feel free to challenge at any time, including by throwing visible balls into the pattern. Good luck!



above: Me and Derek during a successful world record attempt at an incredible side-by-side exchange of 11 (sic) invisible balls. A couple of real (ie. visual) balls have been computer inserted into the picture a) because we have a computer b) to show beginners basic rhythmic thought patterns. Unfortunately, IJ is prone to hoaxes, hence a 5-man pub group calling themselves the *Watford Paralytics* claim to have invisibly juggled a preposterous total of 15,789 clubs over a 24-hour period (but since there were no witnesses this record is obviously not valid - even for Guinness).



Dateline: Athens. Invisible man **Brian Church**, pioneer of *Invisible Juggling*, the craze that's sweeping the world, and President of HIJA (the Hellenic Invisible Juggling Association), begs you to grab his very special balls and see for yourself!

My forthcoming book, *Teach Yourself Invisible Juggling in Just 20 Seconds* - not to be confused with the preposterous *Tell them there's Seven when there's only One* (Robert Maxwell Publications) - includes invaluable chapters on 'How to drop a ball without any of your audience noticing', 'Invisible juggling for footballers - and what to do if both teams claim they've won', and, most importantly of all, 'What if the people on the streets of Hemel Hempstead just aren't very impressed'.

All comments about IJ (or what academics paid by the word term *quasi-visual fields of rotational displacement within aerial dadaism*) should be sent to Brian Church, HIJA President, c/o the *Athens News*, 3 Christou Lada, 102 37 Athens (hence the name of the newspaper), Greece or fax (301) 323 1698.

below: The traditional march of the *Evzones* in Athens coincidentally simulates the pattern required for seven variable invisible objects. Shown at the side of the photo is the historic sentry home where Greek guards have looked after the nation since Independence in 1821 (and also where I keep my clubs in the wintertime).

FEEDS...CAPTION CONTEST

"Wish I could draw cartoons like this month's artist - looks almost like a photo", ventured one **Tree Payner** (anag.) of Portsmouth. High quality stuff, I must admit. Thankyou. Wish the same could be said for your entries, PR, but anyway we didn't need you this time (nah-nah-nah-nah) - the overall quality of entries was several stories up on recent competitions, and the judging panel spent several pints, I mean hours, discussing the finer points of acrobatic humour - occasionally even including you lot. I must point out before we get any further that our epitome of feline fairness **Tigger** took one look at the picture and with an 'I can do that' sort of look was off; last seen with three companions (believed to be the the famous *Flying Furballs*) boarding a train for Canary Wharf. Which also relieves us of the need to go any further with the entry from **Brian Dannemot** of no fixed mind.

Well yes, there were a few recurring nightmares, themes, whatever... Cats for one. Skate Naked, the *Kamasutra* (note the spelling, non-Sanskrit-scholars), TV reception, bum busking pitches of the world, and all the variations on "I can see your 'ahse from here" you could ever want. Make that *farmore* variations... **Norman Harrow** of Blackburn at least gets a mention for the typically British twist - "Don't look now but I can see your car being towed away". The Entire Household of 1 **Boulters Lane**, Wood End, Warwickshire, entered on pretty familiar and similar lines (i'd watch that Jayne, tho'), scoring a twitched lip only with the off-centre "So he says "The day you can get me three idiots half naked balancing on top of a skyscraper in New York, then I'll make you editor". Keeps the Post Office in business, anyways. "Hey McIntyre! The audience have fallen off!" - **Martin Chapman** of York - is merely another instance of another of these chains (missing link, anyone?). For some reason the piece of paper on which Edmund

"intellectually challenging" **Parsons** of Atherstone neatly typed "Come on guys, just hold that pose for another 10 minutes while we change the backdrop again" has escaped from the bin, and, yes, OK, it is an original angle. As the guys were no doubt saying themselves.

But far more originality (far more originality than the average sitcom series) was exhibited by one **Donald Grant o' Fife** (who's not winning any prizes while he's in so much of the rest of the magazine, people might think we had it in for him or something) for the rather chucklesome "Doctors agreed that separating the triplets would be a difficult task". **Nick Knight** of Reading is just not winning any prizes, full-stop, despite his foreign cheese, "Juggling used to be fun before they invented all this site-swap nonsense" or even the verging-on-the-kiddies'-joke-book standard of 'Top Bloke: "Watch out, Bill!" Middle Bloke: "Watch out Bill who?" Bottom Bloke "Watch out belowooooooooow!"', which combined effort elicited the mighty response of three giggles and a snurfit. Not quite good enough. Nick, keep taking the lessons.

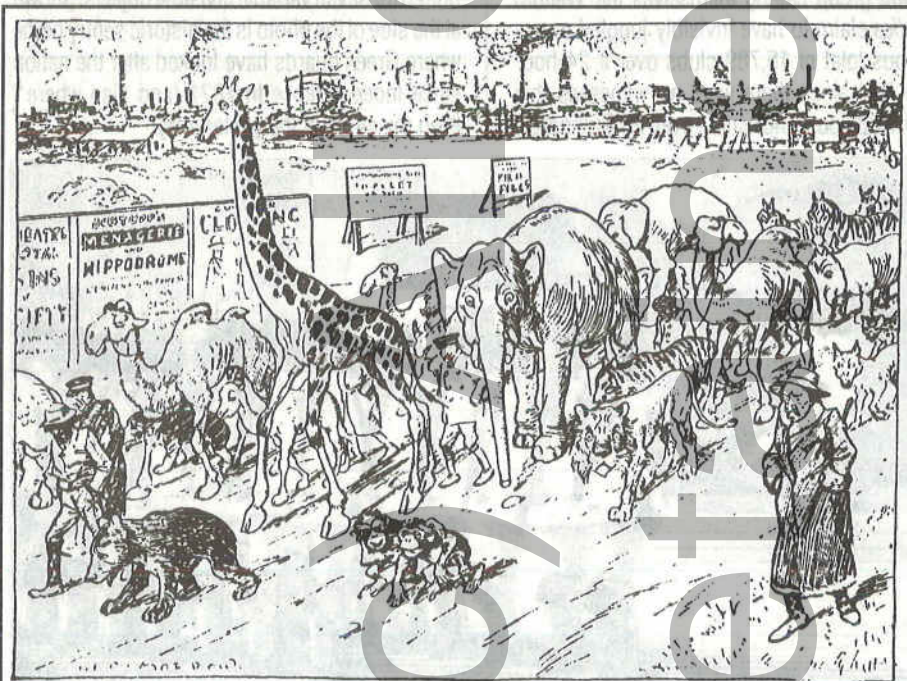
Nope, for the big yoks it was the more straight-ahead (?) weirdness of **John Crosby** of Jersey doing pretty well with "Do you think the Bald Eagle will fall for it? and hitting the old in-joke button for seven sniggers and a couple of snorts with "Who is this bloke Pete Rayner and why are we doing a benefit for him?" John wins an **Usborne Face-Painting Kit** (book and paints) from our good friends the ultimate juggling book dealers **Butterfingers**.

Simon Farrow of Houghton-le-Spring is a funny feller (so we've heard) - his unique mention of the copper & kiddy from previous cartoons, plus the downright odd 'Hungarian synchronised swimming



team waiting for heavy rain' score him a dozen guffaws and one judge collapsing in hiccups, plus a copy of the acclaimed (in this very magazine) **Charlie Dancey's Encyclopædia of Ball Juggling**. But why are you so rude about that nice Mrs. Bottomley?

There must be some kind of unaccustomed humour explosion in the archipelago, because this issue's winner, despite being the kind of annoying f-wit that prints "winning entries" on his letter, is **Keith Cox** of Guernsey, whose contributions, including "Mile High Club meeting goes ahead despite airport closure" but topped off with "We thought he would help" explains spokesman after practical joker joins Samaritans staff" had several of the judges rolling under the table laughing. Well I think that was why. Mr Smartypants wins that Dancey fellow's **Compendium of Club Juggling**, the standard work on the subject, and should get himself a job writing headlines for the local paper. And then he'd stop bothering us.



And for next issue's competition - try and get your higher intellectual functions engaged with the following 1908 *Punch* number, a number of whose characters must have been reading that Mr. Grant on page 36.

The witty winners will be welcoming the presence in their lives of some boffo bits from that trademark of quality **SPOTLIGHT**. First prize funnyperson scores a set of 3 **SPOTLIGHT EUROPEAN CLUBS**, those short-handled lightweight utterly-top-deco ultra-covetable objects of desire you've been eyeing up in the shop since last year. Second prize is a copy of the all-singing all-dancing (sorry, I made that bit up) all-juggling computer (PC) package that is **JUGGLEKRAZY** - the ultimate tool for theoretical advancement in juggling and a damn-easy way to learn the dread siteswap all in one little disc. Juggle higher numbers than Haggis in the comfort of your own home! Third prize but by no means least is a set of three **SPOTLIGHT 123G. RAVE BEANBAGS** the ones with the fabbo UV sensitive colours, a brain-boggling Blue with Pink, Orange & Yellow bits - get those traces racing!

Entries to the usual by the usual - oh, go read the small print...

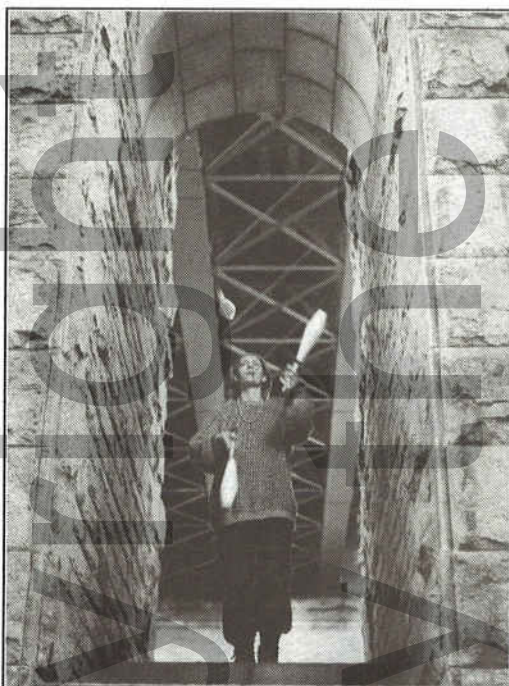
The *Catch* photographic competition

BOX BROWNIE BONANZA!

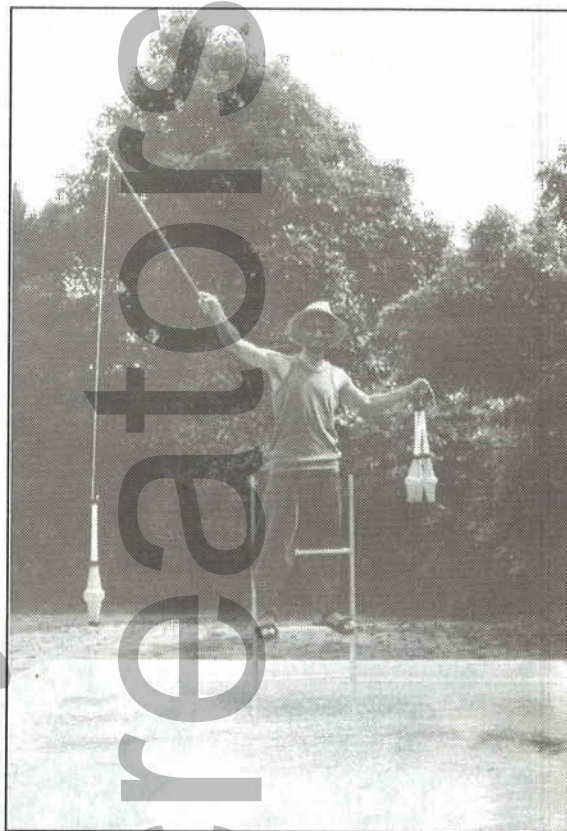
The standard of juggling/circus photography in this country is reaching new heights (see Brian's over the page!) - we see it every postbag, not just in the work of our regular contributors but in the stuff we get sent. Running a Photographic Competition means we get to look at even more! Hooray!

Take a look at the three on this page, for a start. Smart, eh? And these didn't even win! The technically-minded among the judges wish me to point out how we were getting not just classic *Catch* set-up and action shots but also better examples of classic photographic genres like the portrait, and simple *great composition*. That means we're all getting a lot more classy, right? Me I just want to give a pat on the back to the highly-commendable-but-didn't-make-it category - especially Stuart Whitmore, Sharna Longley, Esa Daniels and Heyes Hay - if we'd had enough space we'd have run theirs for you to look at too, plus more from Mike Bridge & Nick Hitchcox. But noooo, boo-hoo, etc.

Winners over the page, near-misses this - the lucky (ah, no, I mean *utterly skilled*) ones getting whole wedges of tickets for the next tours of the most visually-stunning (and hence *photogenic*) shows in the country - we mean The Chinese State Circus and Cirque Surreal, all donated by the big man in the tented touring world Phillip Gandey (many thanks). Keeping up all these standards (the photography as well as PG) does us all immense good - no, really (quick pomposity break there). We could really do with printing more great pics (and might be devoting a special magazine to photos of the year sometime) so keep the pics flash-flooding in!

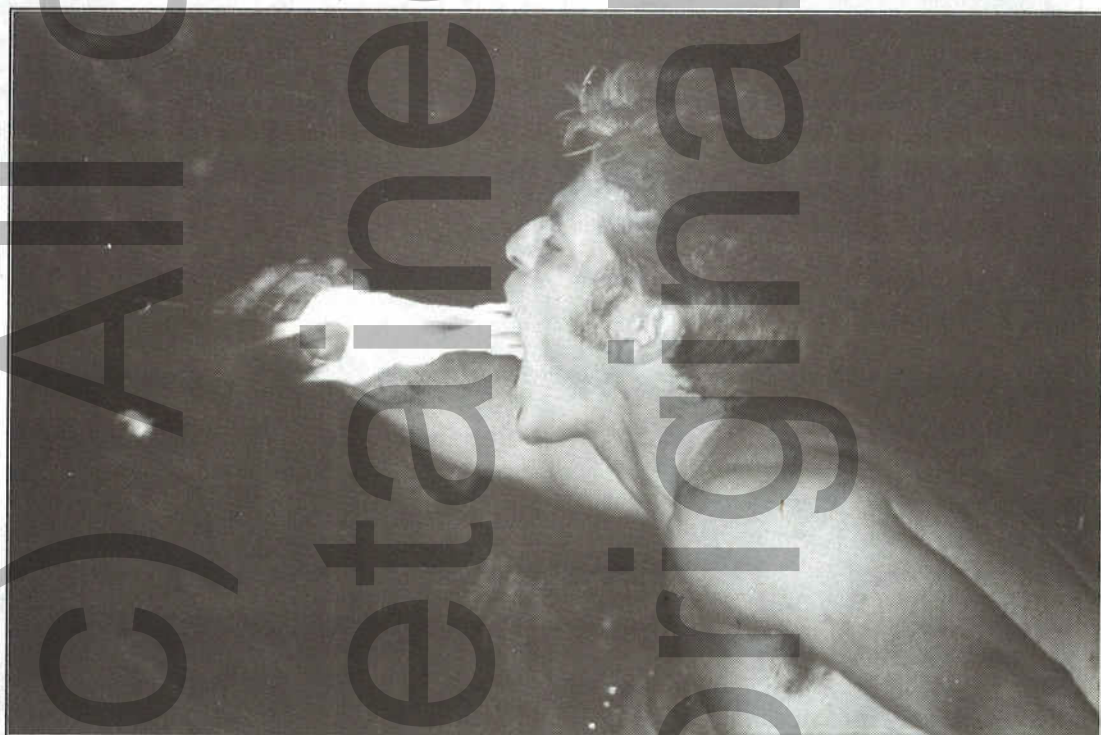


oh-blast-I've-lost-the-bit-of-paper-with-her-name-on getting to the high point for Paul Jones



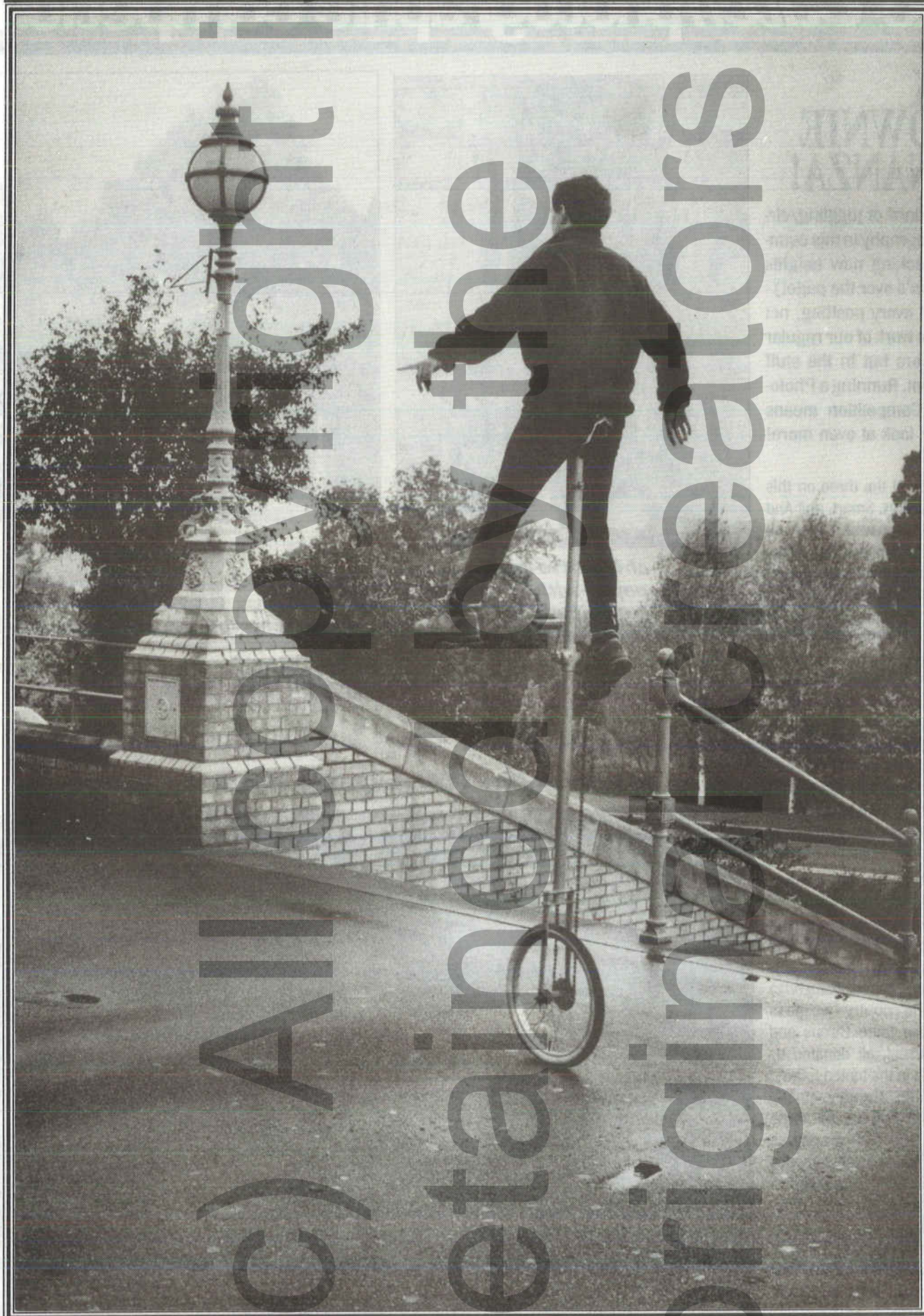
Sparky fishing for one of those front cover gags with Mark Segal

DangerHunk Mark Digby pinupped by Mike Bridge



FLASH!

The *Catch*

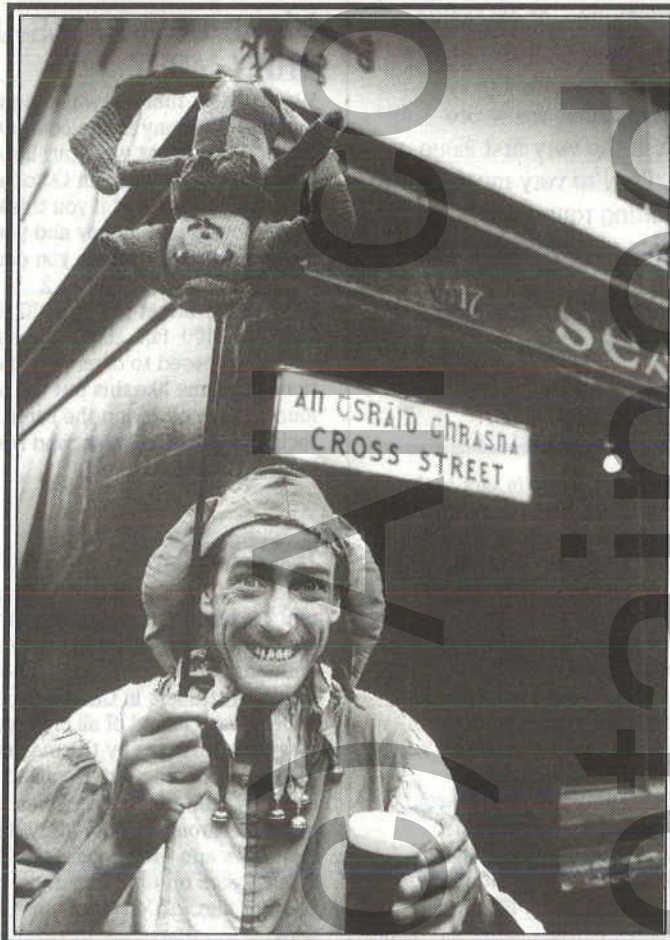


1ST PRIZE - just plain excellent photography (look at those lines, daahing) from Nick Cobbing

2ND PRIZE - The Summit of achievement (Brian & Andy on *The Cantilever*, Snowdonia) reached by Brian Minnery



3RD PRIZE - Devilstick Pin (it sez, ere) captured just-so by Nick Hitchcox



Joel *The Stickman* by Nick Hitchcox

EARTH CALLING

We have liftoff! The 25-strong **Nod Yenni** - that means *Unity* to you or i, aka. the *Swamp Circus EARTHCIRC* project - is now touring its show promoting tree-planting in Northern Ghana, but still needs your support. All contacts in West Africa appreciated, ditto old equipment & costumes, financial, whatever... More details from Greentop (see courses section) or on 0114 281 8350 - and more of the story in the next *Catch*, we hope...

ZIPPODROME

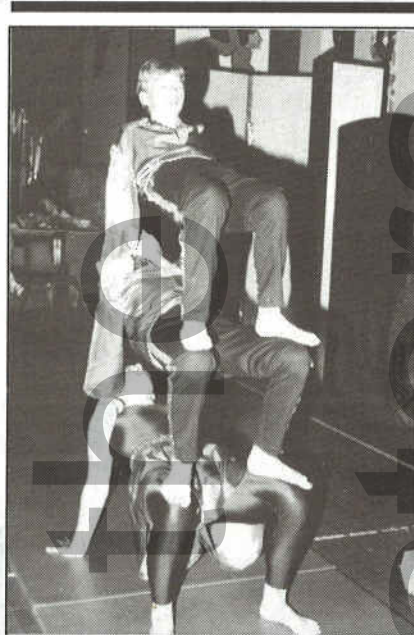
Many of you will have heard that **Zippo's** Circus have introduced animals - well, horses - into their 1996 show (but not the ZACA touring training troupe). We offer no comment other than to recall that, historically, horses were in the earliest circus shows (see article in issue 12) and that it's been a long time since Zippo ran anything like a 'New' Circus show. Nevertheless at *The Catch* our main area of interest remains in *Human Circus & Performance Skills*...

COMPETITION CORNER

If you want to get the teensiest bit piste-off, and you read French, try to lay hold of a copy of *Arts de la Piste*, the new, glossy, idea-crammed and jolly informative journal from the French Government-sponsored *Hors les Murs*, specialising in circus. There's some excellent photography and illuminating articles around the 10-year anniversary of the National Circus Academy at Châlons-sur-Marne (beside which the self-motivated fund-scraping 10-year history of FoolTime/Circomedia is especially contrasting), plus news of other major European companies... It makes *diabolo* very jealous indeed - what we couldn't do with a bit of government money. Or any money, come to that. The magazine is 55f.(!) a copy (plus postage) and *Hors les Murs* are at 74 Avenue Pablo Picasso, 92000 Nanterre, France, (1) 46 69 96 96 (fax 98). The more of these they do, the less money they'll have for blowing up Pacific Islands, i'm sure...

OVER SIDEWAYS DOWN UNDER

Our bulging & nicely bouncy postbag (this is what happens when you take time out) also contained a communication from that nice if somewhat gravitationally-confused couple *Mr & Mrs Edwin Sideways* (aka. Garry & Pauline Nevin) who some of you will remember/know as the organisers of New Zealand Juggling Conventions and for their shop in Christchurch NZ.



BELFAST PAST BLAST

We got a letter from *Circus 1 to 3*, the Belfast Youth Circus with a special brief towards kids in (or at risk of landing in) residential care or the juvenile justice system (I mean it's *they* that are juvenile, not the justice system - or...?). Those of you with long memories, or extensive collections of back-issues that you keep re-reading 'cos they're so good, will remember we wrote about them in the very first issue of *The Catch*. They're very much still alive and getting round the place at a rate of knots and are still to be found at:

Circus 1 to 3, Saint Patrick's Training School, Glen Road, Belfast BT11 8BX tel. 01232 301123 fax 01232 626879

They've packed both those in, not in the interest of a quiet life, no fear, but to open a dedicated Backpackers' Hostel in Picton NZ (near Blenheim on the west coast South Island) called *The Jugglers' Rest*. Not only a beeyootifool and inexpensive place to stay (listed turn-of-the-century villa, peaceful grounds, swimming pool) there are also workshops in anything and everything they can think of, every afternoon. They'll still look after equipment for travelling street performers, sell crucial bits, and fill you in on all the gen you need to busk or whatever else around the South Island - still an essential stop, then. Find them at 8 Canterbury Street, Picton, NZ, or on (03) 573 5570.

¿QUE?

Something we couldn't read at all came through from a New Circus performance & workshop group on São Paulo, Brasil! "Vire a página e comece a sonhar!", they say, and i really can't argue with that. The curious or those travelling in South America can find *Cia. Cênica Nau de Icaros* at Rua Fernão Dias, 346 - casa 7, CEP: 05427 - 000 Pinheiros, São Paulo, Tel/Fax (011) 211 4668.

NERD ALERT!

Jellyhead is back! ...and in his usual spirit of responsibility has opened a World Wide Web site on *fire-breathing*. The foolhardy loose cannons on the net can find it at <http://www.phreak.co.uk/phreaks/jellyfire>. Equally foolhardy and nearly-something-to-do-with-fire, the **Ministry of Tequila** are on-line at http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/bigjohn/mot_home.html. Why doesn't someone do something about the length of these web addresses? (yes I know they're called URLs). You can probably find them quick enough by searching *tequila* or *fire* or *jelly* or something.

MORE OF A BALLS-UP THAN MOST

We also hear that erstwhile biggest juggling company in the country **More Balls Than Most** were put into the hands of the receivers in October. It's probably too late but if you think MBTM owed you money and you *haven't* heard from them you could try the receivers *Baker Tilly* at 2 Bloomsbury Street London WC1B 3ST, 0171 413 5100, fax ...5001. I'm sure you're supposed to offer commiserations at a time like this but the MBTM founders are off trying the same techniques in the States, and really I can't be bothered.

A BLINDER!

Much more interesting legal news is that Mr Magoo, the blind juggler (lyes!), who was arrested and charged with obstruction on the say-so of spoilsport traders in Camberley, Surrey [BOOI] was cleared of all charges and awarded £30 costs by the magistrates. Magoo, real name Tim Horsfield, is 38 and only started juggling when he lost his sight through a hereditary disease four years ago - his dogs, Baba & Flossie, pick up the (numerous) stray balls for him. A Convention act, for sure...

CATCH THIS - EVENTS DIARY

Catch
THIS

Mar.16/17 Brussels Circus School Juggling Fanatics Convention

Mar.16-17 Tejas Juggling Festival, Denton (Sat) and Dallas (Sun), Texas, US.

late Mar.1996 The Canberra International Buskers Festival Oz

Mar.25-31 11th National Circus & Theatre Convention Hay-on-Wye. Clyro Court, Hay, lovely place with inclusive camping, swimming pool, sauna, bar, café, etc. The whole shebang costs £80, but for that you get a week of fun & classes with the likes of Mark Digby (Le La Les acrobatic), Gerry Flanagan (Commotion clown), Barry & Joan Grantham (eccentric dance music-hall duo) Sue Nevill-Parker (Horse Vaulting!)... and it's usually oversubscribed. Get your enquiries off to Dept. of Enjoyment, 32 Lion Street, Hay-on-Wye, Mr. Hereford HR3 5AB 01497 820610. Cheques to Dept.of.Enj or Muffin Marquises. Unicycle Grand Prix 12 noon Sat.30. Ring for details.

Apr.4-8 1st Catalan Juggling Convention Artbeca, Catalonia, nr. Spain. Contact Joglares/FAE Att. Jordi Doderó Fax (34) 3 210 7297. We know nothing else 'cept that Catalans party BIGTIME!

Apr.5-8 Yerres Juggling Convention Limited free accommodation and everything else you'd expect from a major event. Registration/information Mairie de Yerres - Service Culturel, 60, rue Charles de Gaulle, 91330 YERRES (33) 69 49 79 00. Contact Evelynne GRANDIN.

Apr.5-7 20th Isla Vista Juggling Festival California.

Apr.12-14 British Juggling Convention, Cramond, Edinburgh.

May House College, Cramond, on the outskirts of Edinburgh overlooking the Firth of Forth.

Setup day Thursday Apr.11 1996 - and the campsite & 24-hour juggling games hall will be open from 4pm. This is *not* the beginning of the convention, but to help those who need to travel on Thursday. The Convention itself runs Fri.12-Sun.14.

3 gyms, games hall (24 hours), dance studio, workshop space, video room, traders hall and Bed & Breakfast accommodation. Adjoining van and camping area. Adjoining entertainment area for food/beer/live music big/little tops.

The details are on the flyer enclosed in this issue. If you've lost that, you need to know that the site is reached off the west end of the Edinburgh Bypass (A720) by the following formula. 1st roundabout Right, 2nd/3rd (double) left, 3rd Straight on, 4th (up until this point you've been following Forth Bridge signs) straight on. Bus 40 or 41 from Hanover Street (next to Prince's Street) will get you there, as will a taxi - be sure to ask for Cramond Campus. You also need to know that adult tickets are £20 before Mar.31, £25 after, under-16s £10, & B&B on Fri.&Sat. nights £19 each. Cheques to 'Scottish Juggling & Circus Skills Association'.

If you're not coming full-time you might like to share:

* The Parade with bands, carnival heads and local groups along Princes Street in the heart of Edinburgh, beneath the castle rock, followed by games in the Amphitheatre of Princes Street Gardens.

* A public show in the ring of the big top - including aerial acts.

The Springboard Award - the Catch getting in early on the next generation of great performers will be held on Sunday at 12.30 the last chance to register is at 10am that morning (or any other time earlier that weekend) and we'll go straight into a run-through of the show. Last year's was a terrific show, as in 'scarey' for the adults, and this year's will doubtless be still more so. There's an advert somewhere in the mag which might say some more about it.

Stewart Hulton, 83 Uist Road, Glenrothes, Fife, KY7 6RE, tel./fax (01592) 620711, Email bjc96@circustuff.co.uk. Web address http://www/demon.co.uk/circustuff/scotconv/

Workshops contact: Johnny Hopper (h) 0131 228 2354 (w) 0131 650 6833 Email johnny@festival.ed.ac.uk

Parade/music contact Marion Kenny 0131 669 3686 (hi marion. yoh, hy x)

Catering/boozing contact James Soper 0141 946 9332

MUX/MUni contact Duncan Castling 01207 543463

Show/hoho contact Donald Grant 01333 340233

Apr.19-21 2nd British Acrobatic Convention, Greenop, Sheffield.

Workshops including comedy acrobatics, trapeze, corde lisse, trampolining, tumbling, acrobalance and the dread teeterboard, plus acrobatic cabaret show. Essential event for those in the swing. Tutors and master class requests please get in contact - also Cabaret acts, etc.

0114 281 8350

May 4 May the Fourth Be With You - 3rd Birmingham Circus (&Star Wars) Convention Ladywood Community Centre, Brum Ffi. Kevin 0121 414 0094. Be there or be Darth Vader.

May 4 The Ultimate Balls Up! Radford Social Club, Daisy Walk, Netherthorpe, Sheffield. Hall, Stalls, UV, decor, live music. 12noon-12midnight. The Stuff'n'Nonsense last supper.

May 12 5th Great London Unicycle Grand Prix See Catch This Uni for details.

May 17-19 6th Dutch Juggling Convention, Tilburg. Ffi. St. Multiplex, Poststraat 9, 5038 DG, Tilburg, Holland 013-536 72 93.

May 31, Jun.1/2 Bedlam Fair, Bath. Club Renegade Fri. night, Sunday Spectacle, games, etc. Free Street Festival, usually a big party, runs concurrent with Bath Festival & Fringe, hats good. Bill TBC.

Jun.sometime! Festival of Fools 20th Anniversary Melkweg, Amsterdam. Be there if you can...

Jun.28/30 Winchester International Arts Fair Circus, Cabaret, Theatre, walkabout, music and a lot lot more. Organised by Attic Theatre/Hat Fair and they're booking acts NOW! Ring 01962 863966. Ticket details nest issue.

Jul. 5-7 Wessex 3D Convention Show, Kids Renegade, (see ad.) Maic 01373 452018

Jul.5-7 Hat Fair Winchester. The essential Street Rendezvous. Also booking acts now. Write 5a Jewry Street Winchester or ring 01962 855334.

Jul.16-21 49th Annual IJA Festival, Rapid City, South Dakota US

Aug.2-4 Ragged Hedge Fair near Cirencester, Gloucestershire. Excellent Camp/Festival with carnival theme. £30/25 Ffi. 01285 652808 fax 644827, trade 01594 810520.

Aug.5-12 World Unicycling Convention Guildford, Surrey. See Catch This Unicycle for updated details.

Aug.10-11 4th Crawley Convention Shows, workshops, on-site camping. Ffi. Nigel 01822 852997

Aug.16-18 Oranjeboom Straatfestival, Rotterdam, Holland. Street performers of all sorts wanted for this megaparty in true full-on Dutch style. Free accommodation & food for out-of-area visitors, travel expenses and good hats - plus a chance (against some very serious competition) at 9 prizes up to £2000. Great to watch too. Get a form NOW! from Oranjeboom Straatfestival, p/a Spektakel Theater, Jodenbreestraat 24-1, 1011 NK Amsterdam, Ffi. Lee Hayes & Marilla Mascini, 31 20 623 9487, fax 620 3570.

Aug.17-24 19th European Juggling Convention Grenoble, France

Organized by the Association Entre Ciel et Terre ('Between Heaven and Earth') - Alain Brissard and a great team of jugglers from Grenoble and Paris. Dates are provisional - they may change by a day or two, as the contracts are not yet signed - definitive details next issue. The convention will be held at the University: two large gyms, fantastic swimming pool, cheap restaurant, and accommodation. In addition, across the river (5 minutes walk from the main site) is a huge green field site for our camping. Of course there are still plenty of surprises to be planned, and if you have ideas or want to help, Entre Ciel et Terre would love to hear from you.

After previous financial debacles you'll be pleased to hear that the EJA is pleasantly solvent again, thanks to the Leeds Convention Organisers repaying most of the outstanding sum from 1993 - which means that this and hopefully further conventions are safe and can plan and develop comfortably. There is still money to come back from Goteborg & even Hagen conventions.

PRICES:

This year (like always) the organisation would like as many people as possible to pre-register, therefore are offering a 25% discount for early registration. The more people who take advan-

tage of this, the easier it will be for the jugglers in Grenoble.

Francs Marks Pounds

ON-SITE REGISTRATION

Full week adult 300 85 40

Full week child

(6-14 years) 175 50 23

PRE-REGISTRATION (before June 1, 1996)

Full week adult 240 70 32

Full week child

(6-14 years) 140 40 19

For Family tickets, the adult(s) and first child pay full price, second child is half price, and third or fourth children are FREE! (this is only valid for families, and NOT school groups. If you come with more than 4 children, you better be ready to prove they are a family unit!)

To pre-register, send a local cheque (for Germany, England or France) or a Euro-cheque together with your Name, Address and Telephone Number to the following addresses. If you transfer your money directly to one of these bank accounts, PLEASE don't forget to send your name, address, and telephone number to the contact person, so that they know who the money came from. Once you are pre-registered, you will receive a letter of confirmation which you must present in Grenoble to get your badge and show tickets.

The addresses and bank accounts to pre-register at are:

ENGLAND

Catch Moorledge Farm Cottage, Knowle Hill, Chew Magna, Bristol BS18 8TL. Please don't phone.

National Westminster Bank Sort Code 52-21-08 Account number 561 20 893 in the name of: European Juggling Convention

FRANCE

Entre Ciel et Terre, Judith Brossard, 3 rue Jean B. Piadel, 3800 Grenoble, France Tel: 33-76 46 22 83

Credit Lyonnais Bank number 30002 Office number 02637 Account number 0000 050708 S in the name of: Entre Ciel et Terre

GERMANY

Sonja Boeckmann, Johann-Justusweg 136 V-52, 26127 Oldenburg, Germany. Tel. (Michael) 49-721-608.4862 juggling@rz.uni-karlsruhe.de

Sparkasse Hagen BLZ 450 500 01 Konto 100 117 031 In the name of: EJA-D

More details will be published as they are known.

If you have any questions, don't hesitate to contact Entre Ciel et Terre - DON'T ASK THE CATCH - WE KNOW! HELP during the convention, public show, etc - be in touch with ECET.

Sep.6-8 3rd Snowdonia Juggling Festival Ffi. Mr Bliss's Bizarre Bazaar 01248 371799

Sep.14-22 8th Bristol Juggling & Circus Skills Convention More details later but always recommended. Public Show Friday 20th. Details 01749 677404

Sep.25-9 Portuguese Juggling Convention Oeiras, Portugal.

Those nice peeps the Portuguese Association of New Circus 'Loucomotivo' are getting this one going again - near Lisbon, and nearer the beach, FREE Camping, sunshine and LUNAR ECLIPSE. Enough live music to fill a very large live music container. DITTO ALCOHOL, Workshops to make your eyes pop ie. Capoeira, Samba and ?? Magic! Renegade, Open & Public Shows - Anything else you need? Bring it!

Cost: 4,000 Escudos (=£18) Mais ou Menos

Contacts: EJA Rep Portugal Michael Avidrisschok, Tel/Fax 00351 1 812 5370; Harry Rothenel 00351 1 812 6730 Tom Fullery/Helen Highwater 00351 0931 293426

Oct.11-13 Lodi Juggling Festival Mickle Grove Park & Zoo (US)

Oct.sometime Hay-on-Fire Hay-on-Wye, on a Busby Berkeley Stairway to Heaven Hollywood theme!

After sending all details to The Catch, to put your convention or festival on the Internet get the info to Rupert.Voelcker@bt-sys.bt.co.uk or to Rupert himself by fax on 01473 644649 or phone 01394 278556 and he'll make sure they're entered in the JIS (Juggling Information Service) for all those virtual jugglers out there.

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Britain's premier centre for circus arts

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Ten Years of Foolery

Happy Birthday tooo yoooo, Happy Foolsday toooo yooooo... etc. It was 10 years ago this April 1st (or thereabouts!) that Britain's first Circus Training Academy (or whatever you want to call it), **Fool Time**, opened in old church buildings in St. Paul's, Bristol, the fruit of an immense amount of enthusiasm & hard work from juggler/stiltwalkers Audrey Michel & Richard Ward and a feeling that what Brussels and shortly Châlons-sur-Mame were to have, Britain should have too. There they pioneered high-level, intensive, and advanced courses in Circus & Performance Skills for Britain, as well as making the first moves towards accredited qualifications on moving to exciting new premises, an extensive former 'Reformatory' in Kingswood (a Bristol suburb).

Then, all of a sudden, victims of vanishing budgets syndrome, FoolTime collapsed as a business entity, to be rescued by some of the tutors themselves, notably Bim Mason & Helen Crocker, and re-named **Circomedia**. The revived "university of circus" is of course still very much alive, kicking, and even partying to celebrate this important anniversary - not without pausing to reflect on how far the world of circus/street/skills has come in that decade. So are we, which is why we put that incredible human simulation of the *Circomedia* logo on the front cover. Shortage of funds mean that the major event will be a party, bringing together figures from the past as well as the future of the physical/comic arts, to which you'll already have been invited if you qualify. But don't worry, we'll sneak in the back door to sniff out any good stories / scandals on your behalf, which is nearly as good and saves you the hangover. Now where's my Gorilla Suit?



GANDINI JUGGLING PROJECT

'...And other curious questions'
Sean and co's third show, still breaking the bounds of what you can do with movement & manipulation, with Sean Gandini, Kati Yla-Hokkala, Lindsey Butcher, Alix Wilding, Jeremy Robbins, choreographed by Gill Clarke. If you haven't seen them before, well, shame on you! If you have you'll know why you should make the effort to do so again.

Mar.6 Richmond Festival
Mar.11-14 Residency, Frome
Mar.14 Merlin Theatre, Frome
Mar.15-17 Workshops, Circomedia, Bristol
Apr.1-4 Residency, Warrington

THE NATURAL THEATRE

Masters of street confusionism
Mar.10-12 Interlaken, Switzerland
May-Oct Boblingen, Germany
Jun.6-8 Nurnburg, Germany
...then Costa Rica, Roskilde, City of London, Stourhead, Chalon-sur-Saône, Bregenz.

COMMOTION IN

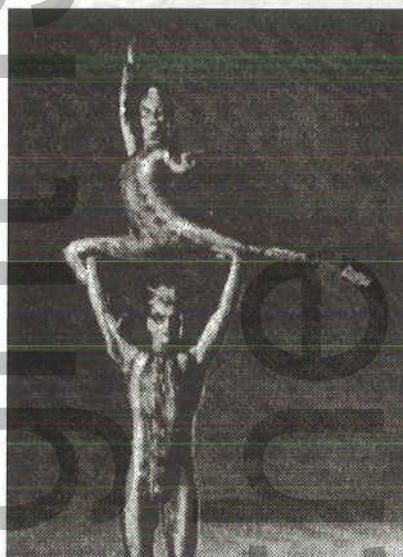
Don Juan
Mar.8 Stahl Theatre, Oundle,
Mar.9 Spring Gardens Arts Centre, High Wycombe
Mar.13-14 Unity Theatre, Liverpool
Mar.22 Borough Theatre, Abergavenny
Mar.28 Bridgewater Arts Centre
Mar.29 Plough Arts Centre, Great Torrington
Apr.1 Paisley Arts Centre
Apr.3 MacRoberts Arts Centre, Stirling
Apr.4-6 Theatre Workshop, Edinburgh.

REJECTS' REVENGE IN:

Peasouper
Brilliant comedy / physical theatre / mime, etc., directed by Bim Mason & a big hit at Edinburgh. Me, I just laffed a lot.
Mar.5 Guildhall Arts Centre, Grantham
Mar.6 University, Loughborough
Mar.9 Goole Arts Theatre
Mar.15-16 The Theatre, Midland Arts Centre
Mar.18-22 Lincolnshire rural tour,
Mar.23 The Gantry, Southampton, TBC
Mar.25-29 North Yorkshire rural tour
Apr.23-27 Nottinghamshire rural tour.

HEIR OF INSANITY

Enchanting acrobatic balancing & awesome aerial artistry (or that's what it says on their Press Release). They have been described by *The Independent* as "living tumbling artworks".
Mar.8 Birmingham International Convention Centre
Mar.9 International Women's Day Celebrations, London



Mar.14-21 Hannover, Germany
Apr.13 BJC Public Show, Edinburgh
Apr.20 Circus Space Cabaret, London
May 30 Frankfurt, Germany
May 25-26 Victorian Circus, Bedford
For more information contact Julia & Simon on 0181 3483292

.....
For details on the whereabouts of trad. circuses, including some like *Zippo's* that are well-worth your attention, you don't have to hope that the council hasn't taken their poster down - you can also ring the *Kingpole* (Trad. Circus mag) information line on 0891 343341. This is a premium (that means expensive) charge line, but gets the info out at a good rate.
.....

one-offs

GREENTOP

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

COSMOS + Workshop Group

GROUP SHOW & state-of-the-art UV performance
Mar.31.

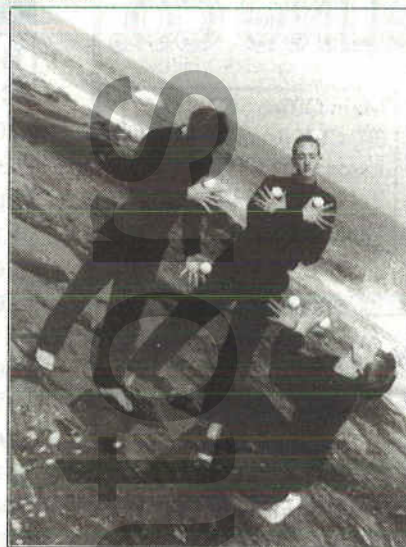
CIRCOMEDIA END-OF-YEAR SHOW

Bristol Community Dance Centre
June 21-22. Contact Circomedia for more details

PREVIEW!

A New Bim Mason-directed show with two German Circomedia graduates - to be premiered at The Rondo, Bath April 12 call 01225 444003

BLINK



Superb US jugglers, winner of 7 million IJA medals including Team Gold at Vegas this year, world record holders for most objects juggled between two people (15!) - their real names are Fritz Grobe, Jay Gilligan & Morten Hansen

They're appearing at the British Convention, Circus Space Cabaret and also Window Arts Centre, Bath April 20, 8pm, £4/3.50 Enquiries 01225 421700

cabaret

THE CIRCUS SPACE CABARET

Coronet Street, Hoxton, Hackney, London N1 6HD. Bookings on 0171 613 4141 Fax 0171 729 9422

Serious fun! Often sold out in advance so be sure you don't miss. 8/8.30pm start. Come in costume!

Mar.9 Steve Rawlings - comedy/juggle Number One; Clare - static trapeze; John-Paul Zaccarini - depraved rope master; Lou - a sweetie; Ian Smith + The Red, Yellow & Blue Men

Mar.23 Alessandro - Paul Morocco's eccentric guitarist mate; Simon Stapleton - the parasol man; Nik Weston - Trapeze; Adam Bloom - comedian; Dave Thompson

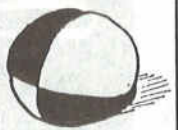
Apr.6 Blink (see above); Concussion - aerial; Milton Jones - comic; Woody Bop Muddy - the record revenger!

Apr.20 Heir of Insanity (see above), Rex Boyd - ultraflash juggler; Percy & Allen - clowns; Tim Vine - Perrier Best Newcomer.

May 18 Terry Alderton - comic; Waffel - juggler; Katie & Nik - corde lisse; Fizziks - the *Swamp Circus* acro maestros; Stevie Spangle - *Catchstar* pick pickaxe man; Roxie's Toolbox - band.

Jun.1 Steve Best - Comedy Magician; Lee & Polly - acrobalance; Matt Fleet - cigar box; Pete & Tina - cradle; Simon Fox - comic.

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1 min from Circus Space
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10-18.00pm

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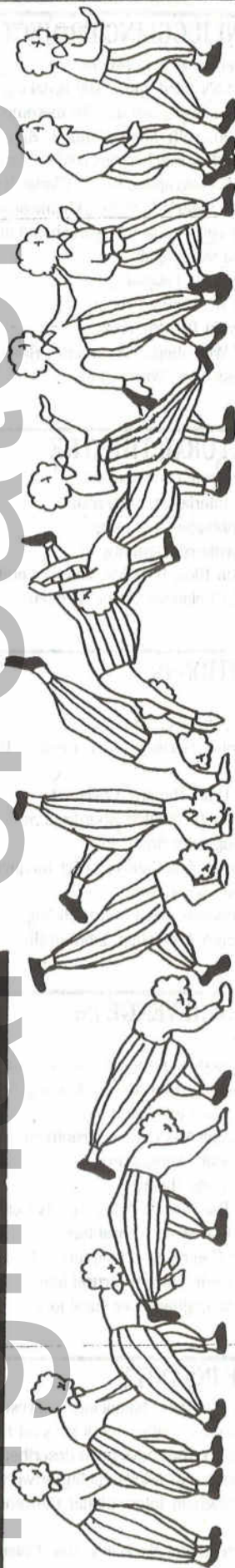
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Performance clothes from LAZY DAZE: Telephone or Fax 01422 844849.

CATCH THIS COURSES

ZIPPO'S ACADEMY OF CIRCUS ARTS

Verena Cornwall, Manager, ZACA, 174 Stockbridge Road, Winchester, Hampshire. SO22 6BW Tel. (01962) 877600

Sponsored by *The Catch!*

Unique travelling Circus School, places limited, intensive 6-month apprenticeship in *everything*, with real-life performance experience built-in. Substantial bursaries available.

Next course starts May 1996, auditions around the country right now! Call for details.

CIRCOMEDIA

Academy of Circus Arts & Physical Theatre, Bristol.

Unit 14, The Old School House, Kingswood Foundation, Britannia Road, Kingswood, Bristol BS15 2DB. Enquiries for classes on 0117 947 7042 or write 43 Kingsway Avenue Kingswood Bristol BS15 2AN.

Based in the refurbished premises of a Victorian school in its own grounds, Circomedia offers professional training with particular emphasis on the integration of technique training with performance, attracting students from Japan, Sweden, America and Europe, as well as Britain on to their One Year Intensive and 11 Week Foundation Courses.

Full-Time Professional Training Courses 1996

one year course Sep.25-Jun.27 £3125

foundation/introductory courses

Sep.25-Dec.96 £1200

short courses

Mar.9/10 Numbers Juggling with Haggis McLeod £50/£45. Few better...

Mar.9/10 Choreography for Skills and Routines with Helen Crocker £50/£45

Mar.15 Ball, Rope and Ribbon Manipulation Kati Yla-Hokkala 6-10pm. £20/£15.

Mar.16/17 Dance & Object Manipulation with Sean Gandini £30/£25.

Mar.16/17 Mask Using for Performance with Bim Mason £50/£45

Mar.23/24 Mask Making with Bim Mason £50/£45 +c.£5 materials.

Mar.18-22 The Fool with Franki Anderson, 20 years artist & teacher, this course is for the experienced. £250/£200

Mar.23/24 Rigging and Make-Your-Own Safety Belt/Harness with Jonathan Graham £40 + c.£20 materials.

Apr.9-13 Easter Intensive Trapeze & Tightrope with Jackie Williams, both £60/£55.

Apr.20/21 Storytelling into Performance with Tina Noble £50/£45.

Circus Taster Weekends with Jackie Williams & Marc Parrett

Jun.1/2 £50/£45.

Open Workshop Fun Days with Circomedia Tutors - tasting the waters at introductory or pre-course audition level.

Apr.20, Jun.29, Aug.31

weekly sessions

Trapeze/Aerial with Jackie Williams: Beginners, Elementary, Intermediate

Tight Wire with Jackie Williams: Beginners, Elementary/Intermediate

Both also available as twice-weekly 'fast track'. Juggling Club with expert tuition from Rod Laver (of Rod & John Gentleman Juggler fame). Every Wednesday 7-9 £2.50. Ring Rod on 0117 977 3028

Acrobatics with innovative director Bim Mason Tuesdays 7-8.30. Ring him on 0117 947 7288

Terms start Apr.15.

Circus Maniacs Kids Club, Saturdays 10.30-11 from Apr.20

£65 for 11 sessions. Age 10+, beginner or developing. Call Jackie, 0117 947 7042 or Marc, 0117 951 7306

THE CIRCUS SPACE

Shoreditch Power Station - Coronet Street, Hackney, London N1 6HD, tel. 0171 613 4141. Near Old Street (Northern Line)

Lovely space, fantastic equipment (new!), top tutors & visitors

Contact them for leaflets & details of Spring Courses

Full-Time Professional Training Courses

2-year BTEC National Diploma in Performing Arts (Circus) A-level equivalent course starts Sep.1996 Free for under-19s, £800 a year otherwise

All the essentials and a lot more including acro, aerial, theatrical, manipulation, movement, equilibistics, production, performance, devising, administration... With extensive performance opportunities, world-class tutors & workshops.

Weekly Classes

Trampoline, Tumbling (all levels) Acro-balance, Tumbling, Juggling (Tues 7-10pm £3), Juggling/Uni/Tightwire (Sun 7-10 £3), Static Trapeze (3 week blocks, Sunday afternoons, £21), Flying Trapeze (3 week blocks £24) including sessions with Pauline Palace, Swinging Trapeze, Cloudswing, Web. Kids After-School Classes.

Specialist Classes

Mar.16 Introduction to Circus Skills £25

Mar.16 Knife Throwing, Whip Cracking & Lasso (can be done together with the above)

SKYLIGHT

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

Tel. 01706 50676 Tel./fax 01706 713638

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)

Short Courses

all 10.30-4.30 unless stated

Mar.3 Club swinging, pole and ring spinning with Anna Jillings £10

Mar.9/10 Cloudswing Rachel Nitz (*Exponential*) £22

Mar.17 Circus Skills Introduction £10

Mar.24 Build your Street Character with *Artizani* TBC. Mask John Wright 3days, £40

GREENTOP COMMUNITY CIRCUS CENTRE

Greentop Circus Centre, Saint Thomas Church, Holywell Rd., Brightside, Sheffield S9 1BE tel. (0114) 256 0962, Fax 281 8350.

Classes in Yoga, jazz dance, mime, mask, acro-balance, tumbling, juggling, rope-work, aerial and technical skills. Write for a leaflet on courses and to join the mailing list.

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

Contact them for (extensive!) Weekly Classes programme including Acrobalance/physical fooling.

Specials:

Mar.9/10 Acrobalance Master Class, hand to foot to hand to hand to head...

Mar.17 Trapeze-static/swinging. Ring to enquire Mar.30/31 Cosmos UV, club, swinging techniques masterclass - leading to group show.

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 - junior club from 2.30-4.30, others 5-7.30. Costs £2/1. Contact them for details.

TAUNTON JUGGLERS

Bishop Fox's (New) School, Sports Hall

In addition to weekly juggling workshops

Mar.27 Ball/Club tricks & numbers with Ben Cornish

Apr.24 Tightwire

May 11 Juggling - whole day from 11am.

Jun.5 Diabolo tricks & more on 2.

cost £3/2

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CATCH THIS - UNI

unicon - It's the big one!

As reported in the last issue, **The World Unicycling Convention (Unicon VIII)** will take place in Britain on the week of **5-12 August** - except that none of it will now take place at Alexandra Palace (boo), but all together at **The University of Surrey, Guildford**.

The events programmed for the week and the highlighting weekend include: Track Races, Coasting Contest, Downhill Gliding Race, MUni/UMX race, 10K Marathon, Individual/Pairs/Group Artistic events, Uni Basketball, load carrying, obstacle course, Uni water fight (!), group games, workshops on everything, public show, unusual/historic Uni exhibition, Experimental Uni Laboratory, Cybercafé, **Unicycle Chain World Record Attempt** and of course **The World Unicycle Hockey Championship**.

Visitors from Oz, all over Europe, the US, Canada, China, Japan, Puerto Rico, South Africa and probably Mars are already flocking to sign up - the event costs £35 in advance (£45 late), accommodation is from £19 B&B (£27 with dinner) - and a registration form is available (as soon as it's available!) from

Peter Phillip
UNICON VIII
22 Nelson Road, London N8 9RU.
0181 341 7587
Email peterp@foe.co.uk
<http://www.foe.co.uk/foe/staff/peterp/unicon/html>

castling clobbered again - it's official!

Thought it was a while we hadn't heard from that sensible and sensitive soul *Duncan Castling*. Turns out he was banned from the *Polaris Challenge* (the mountainbike orienteering endurance event through which the extremely foolish sport of MUni was invented) - not for embarrassing too many hard Mountainbikers, but because *someone* (Duncan doesn't wish to indicate who) has suggested that it might not be legal to ride a Unicycle on a bridleway.

Now hang on a moment. It is legal to ride a *bicycle* on a bridleway, yes? The situation seems to hinge on the legal interpretation of terms

such as 'pedal cycle', and to settle on the problem that it has never occurred to the lawyers and civil servants that draw up laws (usually in a hurry after Michael Howard makes another stupid vote-fishing speech) that anyone might *want* to do such a thing - "What exactly *is* a Unicycle, Counsel?", you know how these judges are... Duncan also reckons that the law could be similarly (mis-)interpreted to make it illegal to *carry* a bicycle on a bridleway, though a person may lead a horse - or that pony-trekkers are breaking the law 'cos they're not riding *horses*. Hmmm. Sometimes I wonder. But of course you're entitled to ask whether a MUni does more damage to a path than a Mountainbike - or 2 than a tandem! Of course the biggest problems with MUnis are the dents left by the head of the unfortunate rider hitting the ground when the bike hits the bridleway.

In the absence of a definitive legal opinion that will sort this one out (glad to see him using his energy in something useful) DC seems to be getting round it by calling his trusty mount a MUni Bike (!) and suggesting he affix a small wheel to the underside of the saddle for 'use' on bridleways. On second thoughts, bridleways are usually so muddled and chewed-up by horses & Mountainbikes that they have to walk anyway...

This of course reminds us of (sshh!) that old and vexed question about riding a Uni on the pavement, or whether you need lights on one? Do we *really* want these questions answered?

Hastings Out of the Hat Unihockey Tournament

Brushing the dust from my hockey stick and girding my loins (make of that what you will) I set out on Sunday morning to go and have a good time at the (sing along now) Y-M-C-A, it's fun to be at the Y-M-C-A... (sorry music-lovers). Yes, the *Out of the Hat* unihockey tournament was raring to go in Hastings. Intrepid players came from Horsham, Tunbridge Wells, all parts of London, Bath, Bristol and even Leeds (would you travel all that way?). The best turn out was from (surprise) Hastings.

Everybody's names were taken (to be used in evidence against us later on), then plucked from a hat to spawn eight teams of, ah, shall we say, *mixed ability*.

Morning games were 5 minutes each way and played at a fairly frantic pace, come to think of it Unihockey is always frantic in pace. Still, it furnished us with many goals, cheers, tears, laughter and of course spectacular crashes and pile-ups. After lunch, which I seemed to have missed, games were extended to 7 minutes each way, presumably to finish off us

less experienced numb bummed unicyclists.

The gallery provided much support with shouts of "Yeh!", "Really good!" and "Get off!" as well as giving birth to the new phenomenon of the *Unihockey Mexican Wave*. This starts with one or two people raising their arms and finishes there!!!

Spectators were encouraged to look out for nominations for the following prestigious awards, each of which won some spectacular laser specs. (oo!! the fights look pretty through them!)

Sexiest player - Brian (they must have been desperate)

Best Goalkeeper - Ann (Nothing gets past me and I'm still only 12)

Most Decrepit Uni - Ralph's Sem and bits

Best Non-Fatal Accident - Erm! I won this one though I'm not sure for which of the many accidents it was for!

For what it's worth team F won and each received a stick of Hastings rock, the lucky buggers.

Well, back home soaking in a hot bubble bath, massaging my aching parts (stop it, this is a family show!) I couldn't help thinking what a great idea the whole day was. Tournaments are so often dominated by one or two teams and give little chance to beginners or freelance non-team-members like myself. It really did give everybody the same chance to play and enjoy so a big thanks to Andy, Paula, Brian, Howard, Rebecca and Martin for a great idea and a well organised event. When's the next one?

PS. For Sale: one pair of laser specs, as new!

Nick Beak

The Grand Grand Prix

These *Out of the Hat* tournaments are becoming popular; of course you realise they were pioneered by *The Catch* team, always *ad hoc*, *as lib* and impromptu - usually a total surprise to the eventual members. One is also being included (on grass!) as part of the annual **Great London Unicycle Grand Prix** at Ravenscourt Park, London N6 on **May 12th**. The event, run by our chums **Albert & Friends' Instant Circus** as a fundraiser to get the kids up to perform at the Edinburgh Fringe, also includes **Junior & Senior Grands Prix** plus a new concept in Uni torture called **'The Run of Death'**, and is always a great day out, on or off a Uni (or even both).

More details and entry forms from Albert & Friends, 36 Windermere Court, Lonsdale Road, London SW13 9AR. Tel. 0181 741 5471, fax 746 3535.

TAKE 3 CLUBS - A GUIDE TO CLUB JUGGLING

Robert Dawson

(Circustuff £12.50)

"You think it will never happen to you and then it does" - p.114

Somewhere out there, there are millions of people who have 3 balls on the mantelpiece, gradually collecting dust in a dish along with rubber bands, odd stamps and paper clips - only to regain their bright colours again when unsuspecting friends call round for a drink and 'Closet Rastelli' shows off his *over the top, under the leg, ball on the head* routine! Whether you recognise this character, or used to be it before your bus ride to the local workshop, Rob will take you beyond the 'bruised thumb-nail stage' to juggling fire-clubs. If your dream is to change the three flying ducks on the wall into juggling clubs then this is the book for you.

Stand up straight and pay attention 'cos although Rob says juggling's fun he's going to tell you how to pose properly and relax, give you a bit of psychology, and tell you *there's no such thing as the impossible trick*. Cor Rob - where have you been all my life!

Some of the terms are a bit alien to me tho': I stupidly thought a *Float* was something else and *Slapbacks*, as Rob says, "sound painful but look really good". I've got news for you all - they are painful! However he's assumed no previous knowledge on the part of the reader other than the ability

to juggle 3 balls, and I'd say he's hit it about right. Most tricks to what the appetite of Closet Rastelli are covered, well explained, and brilliantly illustrated with Winston's faceless character. One small thing: a sort of credit is given to Frank Olivier for the *Javelin* or *Trouttrick* but the *Pirate* he claims "is more of a performers gag than a trick" - I guess Charlie Dancey would agree with him there!

An appendix giving details of ball tricks to practice before trying club moves is useful advice, and juggling notation is only briefly touched on - thanks Rob! Advice on performance and fire juggling should inspire you to venture from the lounge (or regret your mistake), and, considering he's part owner of *The Mushy Pea Juggling Co.* the bit on club maintenance is very considerate/stupid (delete where applicable).

The book is easy to read, the instructions are clear with nice big print (so you can read it and do it) and the A4 format fits nicely onto my bookshelf. As someone who is just beyond the three ball stage I found some bits a bit too mushy, but to be fair I suppose it ain't aimed at me, although I admit I can't do everything Rob describes. I'd better stand up straight, relax and remember *The Impossible Trick* - there's no such thing.

SA

DIABOLO 0.027 - IN THE BEGINNING

Donald Grant

(Suckerstuff £29.99)

In this long-awaited prequel to his riveting [surely you mean stapled? -d] 17-volume *Utterly Diabolical*,

BALLS

Donald addresses the questions that need attention before you make that fateful journey down to your local juggling shop. Like: Why Diabolo? Well that's obvious - because there aren't many charismatic diabolists. There's Donald... well, there you go... The early chapters are occupied by crucial problems like what colour diabolo you should buy (a chart of what shade clashes best with what costume, and what your choice of hue says about you). An exhaustive description of the most utterly essential items kit you need for a kick-off (kick up? pick up?) seems to contain a remarkable number of books by the same author, though his recommendation of what brands of whisky to wet the string with should prove useful to all levels of inebriation.

Later chapters take up more advanced questions: thinking up names for tricks - be sure to include a serious threat element of mortal danger, 'the fluffy pink bunny', no, but 'the fluffy pink bunny of death', yes; twenty good reasons for *not* doing a trick in public; several pages of why that old piece of string with two sticks will *never* do (sponsored by *Stubble* of Scotland, makers of the DG signature series); and a whole series of new moves designed to fight off over-enthusiastic fans. There is also a useful appendix of over 200 great drop lines ("I've dropped mine now will you drop yours, missus"), which you'd better start learning now, plus a brief overview of great diabolists of history (Lao Tse, Rasputin, Crowley, Grant, John Wayne Gacy). A jolly useful book - should put off hundreds.

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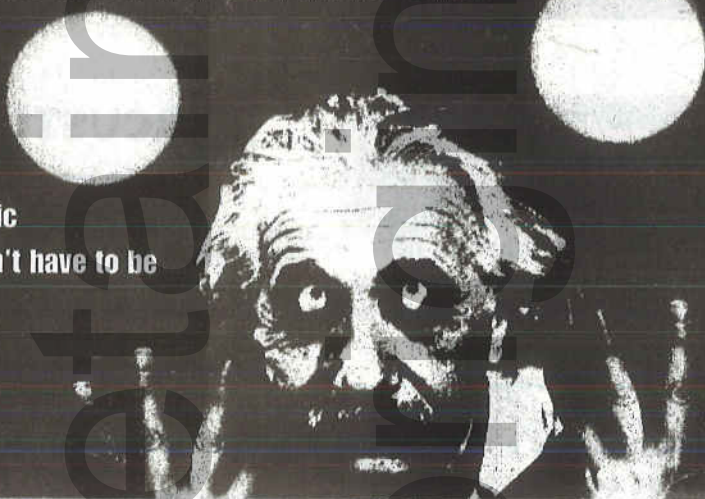
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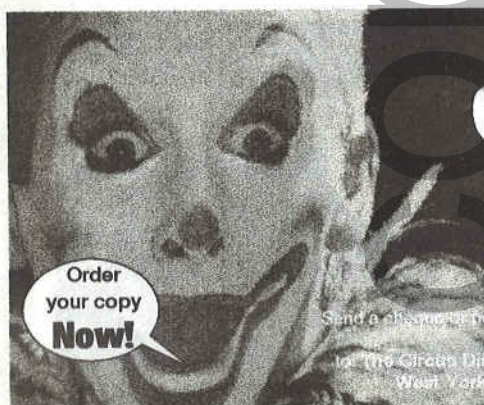
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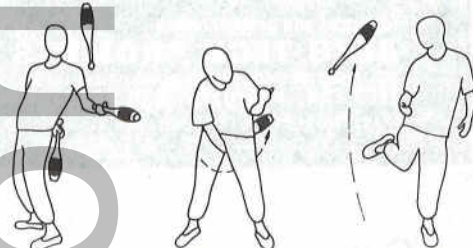
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lost it totally

LOST/FOUND CLUB at Bristol convention. Silver/red Spotlight Flying Lizard, you must have his... Mark Russell changed his phone number and reckons that's why he didn't get a reply try 01945 583858.

DIABABBLE

You might have noticed that you didn't get *The Catch* at the end of January. That's 'cos there wasn't one. Fair enough, eh? In its turn, that was due to the worldwide shortage of puns and other low-level humour.

Although for many years industrial giants like DC Thompson, the BBC and the *Carry On* team have successfully recycled humorous resources, with the arrival of *Viz* comic in the 1980s there was a enormous increase in demand for raw joke material, most sources of which are non-renewable and have been built up over a very long period of linguistic development. Though a voluntary code of practice was introduced in key markets - a joke per page in the comics sector, *Private Eye* not being as good as it used to be, the music/style/football press not being funny at all ever, *The Oldie*, and New Humour Substitute Material developed especially for use in British-made situation comedy - the annual surge in demand during the Christmas Special season led to a crisis in the industry in 1994, and quick off the mark the EC has introduced a quota system.

So we all went to this big all-expenses conference in Brussels. Some of the moguls of the European Humour Industry were there. I even got to sit next to the two fat ladies from British Seaside Postcards PLC. Never have I been so pleasantly squeezed. When the big carve-up was finished, the non-humour sector (that's us) were forced to accept a 40% across-the-board cut, in the interests of conserving stocks for future generations (as if they're going to have anything to laugh at what with the environment, the collapse of industrial culture etc.). In tense international negotiations that took place after the conference, we nicked the envelope with all the jokes in, so *Kaskade* and *Jugglers' World* won't get any at all.

But still we're 16.666% down on our annual target of chuckles, snorts, snarfs and sniggers. We tried producing this issue as an austerity humour-free edition, but frankly you wouldn't have wanted to read it - Donald makes no sense at all without the jokes, Robbie's grasp of conventional anatomy is next to useless, and I just come over as a cantankerous old git. Ah. So in the interests of quality we will be producing one or two less issues a year.

Your year's subscription is still worth 6 issues, of course. But *The Catch* will now be published 4.33 times a year, which is once every 84 days. No, hang on, that's too complicated. *The Catch* will now be published when we feel like it. No. That's not fair or sensible. *The Catch* will now be published seasonally on the traditional pagan calendar (when the weather's right) four times a year, with a bonus summer special and maybe something else around New Year. If you find this confusing, spare a thought for the subscriptions department who will have to take on extra child labour to work out the HARD SUMS involved.

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If anyone reading this has recently assumed the rather original monicker of 'Lorry Miles', you're a twat, OK? May you burn forever in Hell and then some.

Why? *[wish we knew -d]* Here, for all you Agatha Christie aficionados and wannabe Wexfords, here are the facts of the case. Plus a bit of background, of course.

The 1995 season was bloody awful. Everyone knows that. For me, 1994 wasn't exactly a bed of roses either. Just at the shit-or-bust stages, when euthanasia seemed like a jolly good option, I managed to find work which fitted in around the show. Oh goody-goody! Suddenly, I was in the unenviable position of having a night job which began an hour after the end of the show, finished just in time for breakfast, and allowed me to get a bit of kip between elevenses and the afternoon school run. On the up side it also allowed me to buy new food (as opposed to food which had been jettisoned into the supermarket skip, which I got for free so long as I didn't get caught).

To my surprise, I actually like the job. That's 'liked' as in 'enjoyed going to work', which is possibly a bit sad when you think about it - but there were advantages. We got paid for one thing - and being paid didn't rely on how many other people shelled out their hard-earned sponds to be allowed to watch me do my job.

For the first few weeks, I didn't get insulted, either. Remember all those snotty Headteachers and school secretaries? None of that in the spud factory, no siree. Until one morning.

One morning, at the end of my shift, I strolled across the factory yard, inhaled the rare and exotic combined scents of the nearby offal hauliers yard and neighbouring sewerage plant which wafted on the morning breeze, and found a scrap of paper stuffed between the drivers door and pillar of my car.

I opened it.

"Fuck off, Gyppo."

it said.

Naïvely, I ignored it. Shortly afterwards - on 20th October, to be precise - I returned home from a school workshop, knackered, unpaid, and with two hours before my next factory shift, to find two geezers in trilby hats standing on the step. Spud Factory Supervisors, no less, tho' I'm sure we can abbreviate them to Spivs.

Grimming greetings, I bounced cheerfully toward them, while they shuffled their boots and looked awkward.

They said "Err" a lot, and made excuses why they shouldn't come in.

Eventually they spat it out. A 'phone call from someone who gave her name as

"Lorry Miles" had told *them* to tell me that I was newly bereaved and that I should probably not drive or operate machinery. No.1 Spiv waited anxiously for me to cry or do whatever us girls do in times of great distress. I waited for him to piss off so's I could. While I studied the floor, I decided to make a 'phone call - and discovered that the deceased's untimely disappearance from this mortal coil was, to put it mildly, a gross exaggeration. Upon hearing the dead man's voice I was soon reduced to a gibbering wreck and satisfied No.1 Spiv's curiosity by spreading mascara down the front of No.2 Spiv's overalls.

A few nights later I turned up for work to find No.2 Spiv waiting for me. A letter had been delivered, addressed to me and marked "deeply personal". It contained five razor blades, all strategically placed so that anyone whose method of opening mail involved indiscriminately stuffing their fingers into the envelope would need to be wearing chain-mail gauntlets if they expected to pull them out again in an unaltered state.

Fortunately I'd already caught a whiff of fetid rat musk. The cunning ruse failed, and I won an early fag break.

Speaking of fetid rat musk, a dead rat was among the post one day. By the time it had been through the postal system it was pretty well wrung out and star-shaped, but was accompanied by a stained and malodorous note claiming that the martyred rodent had met a humane end "just like Jews and Gypsies" in the '30s.

All in all, there were reams of junk mail. Two 'phone calls to the factory informed them of Lorry Miles' opinion of the "Circus Gypsy", and a letter to No.1 Spiv mentioned that the "Circus Gypsy on the night shift" might care to show respect for the "ones who did their homework". Aah yes, but I told you about that one already...

Was it a racist attack, based purely on assumptions made about my perceived social and ethnic background? Was it from the animal rights lobby? *[i have to butt in and say it sounds nothing like the Hunt Sabs or anti-riv/veal people i know -d]* Was it merely from someone who didn't like old slappers in sequins - tho' to be fair I had been, until Lorry Miles stuck her oar in, the happiest old slapper anyone had seen for quite some time.

The whole barrage of abuse, threats, comments on my movements, and the occasional sliver of seriously sharp steel lasted for precisely one month. The last piece of correspondence I received was postmarked 21st November 1995.

Three weeks went by, and not a whisper from Lorry Miles.

Now, to be fair, I hadn't been at the factory for a while, as all the agency staff had been laid off. I still got the mail though. I considered having it re-directed to the Plod but it was more interesting not to. It struck those of us who cared to notice, that Lorry Miles must have known that I was still getting the

POF! IN A COLD CLIMATE OR THANKS FOR THE PENURY

mail - and yet must have known that I wasn't at the factory because so many of the notes had commented on what times I arrived and left. As long as this continued, we could hope for Ms Miles to become careless.

One day, the 'phone rang. We were back in work! Cries of "Yippee!" and I invested in some groceries in anticipation of a much-needed wage cheque.

As it happened, I couldn't work the first few shifts - I had business in another part of the country to attend to. The beauty of agency work being that one can take time out if the need arises, the down-side is that as unprotected employment goes, vulnerable just doesn't seem to be a big enough word. 'Pon my return from other parts, I 'phoned the agency as promised. They pussy-footed around, spouting garbage about altered shift patterns, interesting new projects in other places and would I please call back in ten minutes?

Like a prat, I did. They would call me in ten minutes. After an hour, I called them. And so it went on. It took me two days to find out that I didn't have a job, and even then they wouldn't give a reason. They told me to 'phone the factory and ask them.

I did, but no-one there seemed to know either. Eventually, since the detectives on the case needed to know if I was out of work because of the mail I was receiving rather than for any misdemeanour on my part, they asked. The reason they got was still unclear: "The MD doesn't want the hassle". I took this - largely out of kindness - to mean that in the run-up to Christmas it would be all too easy for some nutter to send an explosive device through the post and that by removing me from the factory they removed the threat to the safety of other members of staff.

The police pointed out that the person behind the fan-mail was, in their opinion, incapable of constructing such a device, and had, in any case, not sent anything for three weeks. Even so I arranged to have any future mail re-directed to the police station. At their behest, I made a second 'phone call to the factory. I reminded them of the coppers' conclusions about the technical skills of Lorry Miles, said that any further mail would be re-directed, that if I were allowed back to work my vehicle would not be anywhere in the precincts or vicinity of the company, and that I would use another name. Thus, no-one outside the building would see any evidence of my presence there, and no-one inside would recognise my name on any paperwork. I

Apologies if the following doesn't make comfortable reading, but no apologies for taking the space to tell the story. It reveals that a distressing 'racism' against travelling people, in particular travelling circus folk, exists and exercises itself in this country today - and sometimes uses the smokescreen of claiming 'animal activism'. This has serious repercussions for all Circus, whether animal-using or not. It had still more serious repercussions for our correspondent «Pof!».

also said that if there was any further trouble, I would leave voluntarily.

They said "No".

That night, either very late or very early, depending on how you view these things, another letter arrived. This one was addressed to me at my contact address, and was delivered by hand. It was long-winded and full of crap, red-herrings, and trite clichés. It roughly translated as "Yah-Boo-Sucks! You can't catch me!" and was signed "Lorry Miles". I passed it to the plod.

Not being of a naturally suspicious nature, I do occasionally get my leg pulled, but even I noticed that this response was a bit quick off the mark. It was suspected that the factory might be the place to start looking for Lorry Miles, so we supplied copies of the letter to them and to the agency.

That afternoon the 'phone rang. The manager of the agency threw an eppy of epic proportions. She said that I had been "hounding" the factory, that I had threatened them with legal action if I didn't get my job back, inferred that I was responsible for Lorry Miles' last letter - that I had written it myself in a last-ditch attempt to get back to work - and said that I was "bad for business".

Now I don't call two 'phone calls harassment, and I don't fight legal battles unless I have a damn good chance of winning because I don't have a penchant for public humiliation. If I wanted to make a prat of myself I'd be a clown and not the bloody Ringmistress, OK?

Let us consider some questions. Like, why did it take three weeks from what appeared to be the 'last' letter for anyone to decide to sack me? Why ask me to go back, and then change their minds? If I had not had to go away, but had gone back when they asked me, what might have happened? Might

they, after an uneventful week, have still requested my absence? Or might I have met with something more unpleasant? Or, more likely, did something happen during those few days which is for some reason being kept quiet?

Fascinating, isn't it? Why did the factory subsequently lie about my behaviour to the agency? - the agency who, incidentally, haven't found me a scrap of work since. Any shifts they offered were strangely coincidental with a series of schools' workshops which I was running in the afternoons. I gave up 'phoning them. I can't stand the humiliation.

Unfortunately, other agencies can't find me any work either. They all seek references. They all refer back to my last similar employment and suddenly lose interest in employing me. Why is that, do you think?

T'fact is, I don't dispute the MD's decision to get me out of the factory. What I do object to are the accusations which have been levelled at me since, and to which I am permitted no reply. They may well feel safer if I don't work in the spud factory - but why stop me working anywhere else? Travellers' rights - or lack of them - mean that the benefit system fails to provide the same safety net for people like us as it does for the settled community. I have no income. Ultimately, the factory and the agency have done me far more harm than Lorry Miles ever did. I doubt if I'll ever find out who she is, but I do suspect that someone knows a whole lot more than they're admitting to. How else does one explain the sudden revision of their attitude toward me, and why else should I now need to clear my name before I can find work in the winter months?

I'd like to hear your thoughts on the matter. Opinions, advice, food parcels - all will be gratefully received, c/o the Catch office.

Desperately yours, Pof!

WHERE THE WILD THINGS AREN'T

While some people (see last article) resort to violence, the only argument they know how to use, the notorious animals-in-circus debate isn't over, no way. It's just all getting a bit boring (unless you happen to enjoy being threatened). Luckily we've had a contribution from quite another side of the argument. Don't let the fact that it's from Donald Grant colour your reactions in the slightest.

Regular readers of *The Catch* will no doubt have realised how completely stagnant the 'animals debate' has become. «Pof!» has rattled on at great length from the pro-side of the debate; hardly an article of hers goes by without extolling the virtues of the beasts of the piste. The 'antis'? Well, they don't seem to have anything much to say at all, do they? Endless goading by Stuart (presumably with a vegetarian sausage on the end of a sharp stick) has failed to raise even the slightest of hackles in the protest brigade.

Thus the so-called debate has trundled on for the past god-knows-how-many issues, and gotten nowhere. Hell, even a well-fed, unbeaten elephant would have trouble remembering how long this non-event has been going on for. Debate from only one side is merely propaganda. I can't honestly be bothered with it any more, so I'm stepping out from the relative comfort of the workshop and review pages to see if I can stimulate a bit of opinion-mongering from a different angle...

I don't believe that animals in circus are mistreated, in general. I believe that the trainers must love their animals to get the best from them. A sick, injured or abused animal obviously cannot perform at its best, just as with any human artist.

But I don't really enjoy seeing animals in the circus, and do you know why? With a few notable exceptions, they BORE me - bore me to tears.

I'll give you an example: the other week I went to see *Circus Knie*, (one of the largest and greatest trad. circuses in Europe) when they visited Geneva. The first act, after the intro/charivari, was an exotic animal troupe. We had llamas which

walked in circles, zebras which trotted and galloped in circles, little ponies which followed the zebras (in circles). Oh yes, and big fuck-off old rhino which walked out into the middle, watched the others going round and round, then buggered off again.

The finale was a giraffe. I won't bother to recount what this beautiful creature did, but suffice to say that eventually it ended up back exactly where it started from. The whole affair took about fifteen minutes in total, and by the end I was wishing I had been that rhino so I'd only have had to watch it for a fraction of the time.

I could have done that act y'know. No, not the training, I am perfectly aware of the skill that takes. But I could have wandered around, stood on the pedestals and shat on the floor in return for a sugar lump and the odd carrot. I believe most of us could.

Are you beginning to see where I'm coming from? For me, the circus is about drama, spectacle, the unexpected. It should create a magical atmosphere which captivates and enthralls the audience. If you are captivated and enthralled by Jumbo standing on her hind legs and stuffing a half loaf down her gullet, then I fear you don't get out much. Or even watch enough television.

Perhaps I'm wrong. Write in and tell me I'm wrong if you can. But personally I would rather watch five minutes of human skill than half an hour of even the best of bestiaries.

There are exceptions (I said there were, didn't I?) *Zingaro* from France displays a beautiful harmony between man and beast in its equestrian performance. If you can't get across to see them, try going to your nearest arty video club. They won't have any *Zingaro* but they might, if you're lucky, have a copy of the French film 'Mazeppa'. Based loosely on Byron's poem of the same name, it contains per-

formances of sheer beauty within the setting of the 18th Century, wholly equestrian show.

The difference, I feel, is in the relationship between animal and performer on the stage. With harmony it works, without it is merely a man making animals do things, and seldom impressive things at that. Even if you couldn't do them, your dog probably could.

In conclusion, I'd like to repeat a little line from the Yeats poem which was printed in the *Catch* a few issues ago (ooh! two poets in one article, wotta scholar!). Yeats suggests that "piebald ponies, led bears, caged lions, make but poor shows" and I truly cannot fault him on that. I don't have any problem with the concept of animals in circus, but please don't try and tell me they're essential. If any act fails to entertain, then obviously it has no right to appear in the programme. So I'm afraid that as far as I'm concerned, the sooner Tigger, Dumbo, Leo and Larry's contracts run out and the agency says "sorry luv, we'll have to let you go, you just weren't good enough" the better.

Over to you...



"No Dave, I can't guess what this one's going to be."

COP THAT!

There I was, busily juggling knives on one of Nottingham's designated juggling spots, when out of the nearby shopping precinct strolled a couple of security guards. "You didn't ought to be doing that here son, someone could get hurt," they told me. Well, working on the principle that if I wasn't in their precinct it was sod all to do with them, I ignored them. Some people just like trying to make life difficult for 16 year old lads with long hair.

Ten minutes later down strolled the local beat copper, closely followed of course by the reappearance of the security bods, beaming nastily. "There's been a complaint" the copper said. "Umm" I replied articulately and handed him one of the knives accompanied by a, for his ears only, aside - "There's no edge on them". He looked me in the eye and confirmed this statement with a quick slide of the ball of his thumb. Then he handed back the knife with a casual "Carry on son" and wandered off. I wish I could have sent you a photo of the security blokes' faces, they were worth one! Aren't some of our policemen wonderful? By the way Nottingham Council are really busker friendly, unfortunately Nottingham folks are mostly skint! Yours triumphantly,

*Mark Jones
aka A.J. Fargo*

PS. Is there anyone out there willing to allow aforementioned 16 year old lad with long hair to tag along on their gigs during the school summer break. Will work for bed, board and maybe pocket money, quick learner, no vices except juggling, uni. etc. easy to feed (lives on cheese samies & hot dogs mostly) phone 01623 797140 24hr (Dad's answerphone!)

COUNCILS COUNSELLED

I was somewhat amused to read that Stratford Upon Avon Council have come up with the idea of a busking permit - only a bunch of pin-striped piss-pots in a town hall could have come up with a stupid idea like that - only to find my local council has the same idea. So I rang Lewisham Town Hall and the woman on the switchboard didn't know what I was talking about, neither did the other six people I spoke to. Eventually I got through to the main man. He told me I had to fill some forms in and sign a declaration that I would abide by the local bye-laws etc., hand two photographs in and they would give me the permit. Then all I had to do was book up to busk at one of the special sites outside the library...

The cost of all this, here's the punchline, is free. So if it's free, why have a permit in the first place? Because if they charged money for it everybody would kick up a stink but because it is free, next year when they bring in a small charge for administration, you can't do bugger all about it.

They tell me that busking without a permit is illegal and they will prosecute. It is this

sort of stupidity that stops genuine talent from busking on the street.

I myself used to perform in and around the North East. My partner Fatty Rollerball Hignett used to do a juggling act with two live scorpions and a rubber rat. As a finale he would throw the rubber rat into the air and catch it on a kitchen knife attached to his motorbike helmet and because somebody was physically sick once, the next time we did the act some bloke from the council popped up and said that we were frightening the tourists and causing an obstruction. Bloody typical. You try to give people a quality act and that's what you get. Unfortunately I have a suspicion that in ten year's time permits will be the norm. Is that what you want?

I'll tell you that for nowt mate.

Tony Snakey Hips Hickson

Free Chips on the NHS!

PS. I think 2 quid is cheap for a top notch mag like *Catch*. Personally I think you should put it up to £3 just to get back at all the snots that are too tight to pay £2.

...and he was doing so well till the last paragraph. The PS makes up for it, tho' - it's obvious that this is a deeply sensible young man to be taken seriously - d

FINGER EXERCISES

I am writing this to ask for some help. My Canadian relatives who live in Edmonton tell me that they are unable to locate a Juggling Club in their city. Could you put us in touch with one? Or at least suggest a contact who could help? They also say that they have not seen juggling equipment on sale in the shops. There could be an opening there for someone.

The GP's health enquiry showed us some endangered jugglers. I always thought juggling was a way of keeping fit. It could be that those with physical problems would have been troubled anyway. I took up juggling seriously in 1935 because I suffer from Raynaud's disease, and wanted something that would exercise my fingers and hands. The only problem I have heard jugglers speak of is a slight bruising of the fingers when juggling clubs. Could the Spin Doctor be asked to give advice of what to do in the case of bruising and the other conditions he mentions?

My answer to the party scene problems of being asked to juggle at inconvenient times is to say: "You'll have to ask my agent". On the other hand, if I don't mind juggling fruit, I go into the eating an apple routine. That silences those who say "I can do that".

If they still persist, I offer to juggle their best china plates. You'd be surprised how quickly they change the subject.

Norman Blackburn, Harrow.

...er... there ought to be Canadian jugglers in the IJA, surely? how else did Soleil start? Norman is becoming what they call a persistent correspondent but we don't mind a bit... - d

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

We have just received this year's society grant from the students' association, and we are hoping to acquire a low-level dismantlable mobile tightwire or slackrope rig. The University Engineering Department have agreed to adopt the project - but we do not have a design for such a piece of equipment. I would be grateful if you could put me in touch with anybody who may be able to provide me with one, or give me some indication of who to approach next.

*Mark A. Richards,
Dundee University Juggling & Circus
Skills Society, DUSA Airlie Place,
Dundee DD1 4HD Tel: 01382 224341
Fax: 01382 224124*

Email:
marichards@its.dundee.ac.uk

GENUINE CORRESPONDENT OH YES

I am writing to get my two pennorth worth into the argument on should you let nutters write into your letters page ie. Mr Snakey Hips Hickson. I think he has been watching too much daytime TV and drinking too much coffee. And I'll tell you that for nowt mate.

Kathy.

SA ESSAY

Most of the companies advertised in *The Catch* sent me catalogues as I requested. The problem is simply, what to buy? There is simply nobody to guide us here in East London. My nearest juggling buddies are from the Zip Zap Circus in CapeTown [ah - that East London - d], some 1000 km away... my phone bill does run high! I am going to CapeTown on Tuesday for a short holiday and to sort out my jugglers' programme for 1996. I am hoping for a featured slot at the National Arts Festival in Grahamstown, but who knows? Our group has been invited to tour overseas - but I doubt if our local education department can really afford to sponsor it. Anyway, by your standards we would be quite a laugh! In spite of its size, we are the only jugglers in East London - big fish in a (global) very small pond.

The magazines are... what can I really say... **wonderfull!** Ever since they arrived all work ceased here at home. I am busy writing my sixth pantomime, 'Puss in Boots' for production in May next year... if I ever stop reading... so many great ideas. Please remember that I would love to hear from other jugglers, especially those in teaching if possible. If you would be so kind as to pass my address on to a few interested folk, I would be most grateful.

It may be interesting to note that we completed over sixty performances in 1995 - not bad for a couple of kids having fun and doing community service [don't expect that means the same out there - d]

Best wishes or... as you are having winter... warmest regards.

Brian Cook
14 Castle Street, Berea, East London,
5201 South Africa.

I was quite favourably disposed towards Brian until that last line. Grr! Brr! I thought of punishing him by showing you the pictures he sent, but they wouldn't have come out anyway... More seriously, I'm surprised that Free SA isn't on the international jetset convention trail yet - friendly people with an urge to learn, just what we like. Who's running the first Johannesburg Convention? - d

STOG-STARVED

Ello me ald Darlens

Tiz me agen. Eye add ta rite cauze it wer the onlee weigh eye nose ta fank that person oo righted me that littal poem. As far as gettin imbarust eye fink oo ever rit it would ave ewe knot ta stick it in if it wer gunna imbaris um.

Eye also wants ta sea Booj's name in ritetin un ta fank er agen fur me brill frock. Fanks allsoe ta Luke fur givin eye such good sopport when eye wer in tyme of refuse and won moor fanks ta Aggis oo wer great wiv the gaffa un elped loads (Eye did ave ta ave a pea mid-show onist - trust me Eye's a leo). And ta evree won else oo cum fanks for avin me.

Mow all that is said eye wants sum elp. It's this bleedin Missaltoad stuff. Eye wuz told if eye add a clump that eye is spoose to ave all these stangers cummin up un snoggin eye.

Eye Fink KNOT.

Eye can't get the misseraball green stuff ta werk dwon yer. Un its allfully weerd that eye cant find any of the stuff at all when we as all them warm, sunny, tenty convensions wher ther is loads of people ta snog oo as buggerd off from ome ta ave sum fun.

OH NO!

We as the useless stuff when it's freezin called un pooee un all the blowks is at ome and ther art even a street entertainer this syde of Hawhyee ta snog. And lets face it you ant gunna fynd much stranger than they.

So next yer eyes got it susst. We reckons all ewe ald darlens alt ta cum down by yer in Bristol ta a Crimbow throw. When all us yer a fynd a nice big all wear we cun play all dae und ave a stonkin gert neez up un crash owt at nite.

Onlee condition ist that all the persons oo cums gotta bring a warkin gert big bunch of this missaltoad stuff that werks.

Opefullee we is gunna get the vennnew from a blowky buddy that eye werked four oo appens ta ave a wackin gert Cassal. But wer ever it be it all be warm and big un Good Amee ow it's scunna ave ta bee next yer so ave a brill un this yer und eye all keep ewe posted.

Luv un snogs

Claire.

PS. If any won appensa ave sum missaltoad wiv a nice bit a root on it can eye ave it so I cun grow me self sum snog berries of me own.

Fanks agen

i'm hoping she means next Christmas... it'd have to be a pretty big hall for the entire Claire Fancub, though...

WHY DO THEY DO THAT?

At the Old Town Christmas Light Switch on in Swindon November 30, for a publicity stunt and a bet(!), I attempted to set a **world record** walking astride a line of people whilst juggling 3 Fire Clubs. I got about 35 volunteers from the *British Motorcycle Federation* and the *Beehive Pub* to lie on the white line in Wood Street suitably clad in protective Motor Bike Gear, Helmets, Visors etc., so there was no danger to the participants. There were about 1000-1 people watching the stunt, but the Christmas Lights Switch On usually attracts around 700, so we swelled the audience. I was attempting 75 metres in all but only got to about 30 before dropping. Swindon Old Town Association measured the distance covered with a tape measure(!) at 109 feet (18 people). We have submitted it to the Guinness Book of Records but they are not happy at introducing a new category. They have 10,000 ideas submitted a year!

Anyway any takers at this year's Juggling Convention to beat this distance? I emphasise

1. It was done in the dark
2. All Participants were fully protected / just stick to safe drops, kids -d/
3. It was done on a road with stewards to keep the audience back

Rob Stradder
Les Bicyclettes
Swindon.

'Sfunny, that - I reckon I hold the world record for dropping the devilstick (4695 times in just two hours) but Guinness just weren't interested. No justice, is there? - d

MORE REAL READERS WRITE

I am writing to agree with Mr Tony Snakey Hips Hickson who wrote in your Jan. issue about animals in the circus. I think he is right. I know it's not trendy or anything but where else can you see real animals. Our school went to the zoo and it was dead good. I think Mr Hickson should be in your magazine more often I think he is funny.

Tracy Harris
Age 12.

PS. My friends in the juggling club at school have started a *Snakey Hips* fan club.

Tracy is so much of a fan of Mr Shakey Nips that she's even learned his special-ist style of handwriting... -d

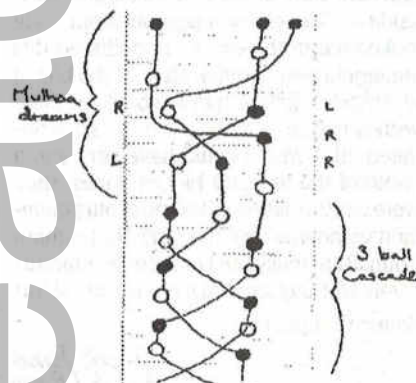
NOT AN ADVERT REALLY

My nearest bookshop is a bit slow on the uptake and has only just got Charlie Dancey's two books in: 'Encyclopaedia of Ball Juggling' and 'Compendium of club juggling'. So I bought them and I have to tell the world - *they're excellent, buy them!*

If anybody out there is stuck for a new pattern (at least I hope it's new!!) I've invented one. It's actually more of a move than a pattern really. I've written it in ladder notation so I hope you can read it. If you can't there's a section in 'Dancey's Encyclopaedia'!!!

Mark Rushworth
Leeds

Mulhoo Dreams
by Mark Rushworth



ACADEMIC RESEARCH REQUESTS PART 2

I am a Year 11 student at Sir Frank Markham Community School in Milton Keynes preparing my GCSEs. I am working on a Technology project where I am making juggling balls. If it is at all possible I would be grateful for some advice on what is the best material to use and what is the best type of stuffing to use? I would be grateful for some advice on the best way to sew/stitch the balls together. I am also looking for some information about the history of juggling.

Stuart Crush
21 Ashby, Eagle Stone,
Milton Keynes, Bucks MK6 5AP

Any manufacturers reading this? Stuffing with rice or similar is simple and cheap, though commercial brands tend to use little plastic beads 'cos of regulations and because they don't swell up when they get wet. The best materials, uuh, it depends what you can get hold of - artificial leather would be good - see what your local craft shop has got. Most of the better juggling books include a little bit of history - as do those big illustrated books about Circus - d

HIYA TONY

See that Highwayman Dick Turpin... Well that's you lot that is. £2 you're having a laugh you are. I only get 50p pocket money a week. I was saving up for a bag of rat poison with which I was going to kill my parents who I dislike but this is going to

take flipping ages thanks to you lot... I will probably have to go out and steal cars to get the extra money. Bloody cheers.

Nobby Hairstyle
Age 13.5

SERIOUS STUDENTS

Heart-felt sympathies to all other brain-numbed, last-term, A-level students who have had to down clubs before they balls-up!!

When the ever-nearing and dreaded finals are over, out comes the WD40 and a good summer will be had... if we pass! (pun... sorry).

Sarah Wisbeck

but juggling's so good for your concentration - and will stop you getting stressed-out during revision... -d

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Five or six years ago I visited India and started twirling a section of bamboo, called a **Staff**. This was part of the ancient art of **Kalaripayit**. Later I found myself in the Pacific Islands again enjoying the practice of **Staff** movement, although in New Zealand it is called the **Tiaha** and in Samoa the **Knife Stick**. In China they call the same instrument a **Bo** or **Jo**, depending on length...but in all these cases the English word is **staff**... one more time... **staff**.

The word 'Staff' conjures up visions of wise men in the Himalayas or mountains of China (or Israel - Moses), of the **Samurai** and warrior tribes of the Pacific rim, of **Tai Chi** practitioners and others using the staff as a meditation. The Staff has been used for thousands of years and is deeply embedded in many cultural traditions.

So how is it that some people call it a pole??? A pole is something you chuck a flag up, something semi-naked girls dance around in Vegas. It conjures up images of something that you dance around with colourful streamers in May. The pole has no traditional value and was probably bought as a broom handle before being spun (**Staffs** don't spin they *twirl*, etc. A top spins as it revolves around it's own axis, something a **staff** rarely does) by someone with absolutely no idea of the cultural heritage involved. So please that bit of wood which occasionally crushes your kneecaps, destroys your essential oil burner when let loose and occasionally gets used as a limbo stick at parties is called a ... **staff**.

Just thought I'd clarify that point.

Namaste

The Phoenix
Chipperton.

As an utter pedant, may i just say that was the most interesting letter we've received all issue. Apart from this next one, that is, which even managed to get through the post without its stamp being franked. I assure you we take this kind of psychokinesis lark very seriously.

To
The powers that be
of catch magazine
and all "jugglers
everywhere"

We are a secret organisation a jugglers fifth column we have a deadly mission to change the face of juggling our stormtroopers of juggling are ready to take out targets around the country who do not fit in with our vision of new world juggling, we have agents everywhere and we have been studying your magazine

our demands are.

1. Anybody that does not work in light engineering is not allowed to use the word workshop

2. All crap poetry is to be banned from your mag

3. An end to people who write in about nothing or whinge on about the sodding price from now on only funny letters will be acceptable

4. People who describe themselves as jugglers that wear silly hats and big baggy trousers with naff patterns on them to try and make themselves more interesting and dodgy 1970s type hippies that wear dungarees should be rounded up put in a field and blown up

Write to:
Diabolo

Catch's Cradle,
c/o

Moorledge
Farm Cottage,
Knowle Hill,
Chew Magna,
Bristol
BS18 8TL

5. All students should be banned from all juggling events for ever

If our demands are not met all jugglers will be rounded up and sent to one of our juggling correction centres (see local press for details) failure to print this letter will result in all catch staff being thrown into a big vat of spew chunks that looks not unlike milky sweetcorn.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

Dr Luke Backinanger
(THE HEAD HONCHO)
The foundation for the advancement of juggling

HOW TO SURVIVE IN CIRCUS by Allin Kempthorne

NUMBER 9 IN
AN ON-GOING
SERIES;

NEVER SELL
PEANUTS
DURING THE
ELEPHANT
ACT.



Pleading 'not guilty' to a charge of Conspiring to Pervert/surely 'subvert'?) the Laws of Probability and Gravity at the Gretna Green Old Bailey yesterday, alleged Juggling Cult Leader Mad Mick McMichael denied that the weekly so-called 'workshops' held at Gretna's University of SouthEast Dumfries had a sinister hidden agenda. "We wus jest havin' a laff", he protested, "we's had no idae we wus undermining the very fabric of Scientifically-Determined Reality." "You are a very Foolish Young Man," said Mr Justice Cocklecarrot in his summing-up, but McMichael appeared to take this as a compliment. A separate charge of Conspiring to Defraud the Public was dropped after it was revealed that they never made any money busking on Market Day in nearby Kirkpatrick-Fleming. The world does not know how lucky an escape it has had.

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 'cos sometimes you need to sit an exam or equivalent to find them before you start...

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

Chiropractic College
Fridays 8-11, free
Joel at 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
Thursdays 8-10.30 £2
Ark & Mule 0831 753328, Dan 01305 268977

EXETER

University Circus Skills, Devonshire House
Thursdays 8-10

EXMOUTH

Jug'U'Like, Cranford Sports Club
Wednesdays 4.45-6.45 £1.50 (under-16s £1)
Paul 01395 222341

FROME

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

GLOUCESTER

Juggling By Numbers, Community Resource Project, Conduit Street
Tuesdays 8-10 £1/50p
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

Richard 01364 652446

PLYMOUTH

Barbican Theatre
Fridays 6-9, Sundays skillswap 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

STREET

Fiasco Productions, Crispin 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

WEYMOUTH

Weymouth College
Lunchtimes during termtime
John MacDonald, 01305 208839

BRISTOL

HORFIELD

Dab Hands
Tuesdays 7-9
Mike Gibbons 0117 969 2145

CENTRE

University Circus, SU Building, Queens Road
Termtime Sundays 2.30-7ish,
Wednesdays 7.30-10ish

REDLAND

U.W.E. - juggling, uni, acro-balance
Wednesdays 5-7 (termtime)
Paul 0117 924 8722

UNICYCLE HOCKEY

Stapleton Church Hall, Park Road, Stapleton
Thursdays 8-9.30
Freaks Unlimited 0117 925 0368

SOUTH EAST

BRIGHTON

Kempdown Pier
Mondays 7.30-9.30 "drop in",
Wednesdays 8-10 "drop in",
workshops, Sundays 2-4 beginners
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/Sieve 01243 788052

CHERTSEY

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

EASTBOURNE

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

FARNHAM

Memorial Hall, West Street
Sundays 7.30-9.30 £2
Nick 01252 715252

GUILDFORD

The Khyber Concept, Shakelford 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, Sian 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

Cascadia, Bucks College of Higher Education (!)
Mondays 7-10
Adrian 01494 537656

HORSHAM

Park Recreation Centre
Thursdays 8-10 Juggling, Uni-hoc etc.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes Youth Centre Gym
Sundays 6-9 £1
Phil O'Neil 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 Allbrighton 0198 367531

LEWES

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

MAIDSTONE

Methodist Hall, Brewer Street
Thursdays 7.30-9.30
Juggling Kite Co. 01622 682220

NEWBURY

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

OXFORD

East Oxford Community Centre
Wednesdays 7-9, £1
Malcolm 01235 818585

OXTE

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

PORTSMOUTH

Lower Gym, Priory School
Wednesdays 6.30-9.30 £1
Martin (Avilion) 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

The Pioneer Club, Harpenden Road
Mondays kids 6-7.30, open 7.30-10.30
£3

Jon or Mark at Jesters 01707 268766

SOUTHAMPTON

Ichen College, Bitterne
Wednesdays 7-9.30 (Termtime) £1.50
Ruf 01703 872141

SOUTHEND

Balmoral Community Centre, Salisbury Avenue
Mondays 7.30-9.30 £1

STEVENAGE

Bowes Lyon House
Mondays 7-10, Thursdays 12.30-4.30
Pete 01462 673406

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

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

WELWYN GARDEN CITY

Screwballs, Ludwick Family Club, Hall Grove
Thursdays 6-8 £2
Debra Barker 01707 339211

WHITSTABLE

Kent Circus School, Whitstable Umbrella
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 727241

WICKHAM (nr FAREHAM)

Long Room, Community Centre
Thursdays 8-10
Steve 01329 834210

WOKINGHAM

Iain Schofield 01734 760521

WORTHING

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

YATTENDON

Thursdays 7.30-9.30, £1.
Barney 01635 201546

LONDON

CENTRAL 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 6856

NORTH-WEST

The Shanti Shack, Lechford Mews, Harrow Road NW10
Mondays 7-9.30
Andy c/o 0181 812 1781

SOUTH

Grove Community Hall, Tooting SW17
Wednesdays 7-9, £2/hour.
All circus skills, equipment provided.

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 MOLEY

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

HARROW & WEALDSTONE

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

TWICKENHAM

Oddballs, Union Hall, Saint Mary's College, Strawberry Hill
Tuesdays in termtime from 7, £1
Giovanni 0181 892 0564

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 Hockey-Cokeys, Daneford School Gossel Street E2
Mondays 7-8.45 £2 one.
Mr James Plungers 0171 729 5013

KIDS' UNI

Rico 0181 773 1748

EAST ANGLIA

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)

Justso 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

NORWICH

The Amazing Boffo's
Norman Centre, Bignold Road
Sundays 3-5 £2/1.50/1

Jubilee Centre, Long John Hill
Mondays 4.30-6.30 £2/1.50/1
Ray 01603 449357

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

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

Coventry Artists CoOp, Artspace Studios
Wednesdays 7.30-9.30
Circus Palava 01203 230068/448276

DERBY

Tomfoolery, Ashgate School, Ashbourne
Road
Thursdays 7-9.30, £1, 50p 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

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 6-9 £1.50 kids
Horsefair Community Centre, Broad
Street
Sundays 6.30-9.30 £2/1.
UniHockey 8-8.30
Steve 01562 861113

KINGSLAND

Coronation Hall
Thursdays 6.15-7.15, 75p Seperate Uni
space
0568 708577

LEAMINGTON SPA

Bath Place Community Venture
Mondays 7-9
Jocular James & Cath 01926 882457

LEICESTER

De Montfort University Juggling Club,
City Site S.U.
Tuesdays 6.30-9ish
0116 255 5576

LINCOLN

Croft Street Community Centre
Thursdays 7
Barry 01673 860556

LUTON

Mad Hatter Circus, Chapel Langley,
Russel Street
Tuesdays 7-9 £1
Maggie 01582 484167 Geoff 01582
416950

MILTON KEYNES

Great Linford Memorial Hall
Wednesdays 7-10, £2
Jugglers Anonymous, Graham 01908
210264

NORTHAMPTON

Drop Shop Juggling Clubs
Beckie Middle School, Kingshorpe
Wednesdays 7-9
Acrobalance & Trapeze Saturdays 11-1

NOTTINGHAM

The Forest School, Forest Fields
Thursdays during termtime 7-9, £1
Tony 0115 951 9061

NUNEATON

Saint Nicholas Church Hall (behind
Library)
Fridays 6.30-8.30 £1
John/Clare 01203 387579

PELSALL

Shelfield 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

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

The Warehouse, Greenhall Street
Tuesday 7-9
Adam 01905 351733

WORCESTER

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

BIRMINGHAM

CENTRE

Birmingham Palisades
Sundays 1-3
Air Adventures 0121 633 3230

EDGBASTON

Midlands Arts Centre, Cannon Hill Park
Adults Sundays 7.30-9, Children
Wednesdays 4.30-6, £3.50
James Millar 0121 442 2469

HARBOURNE

Martineau Centre
Wednesdays 7.30-9
£2.10, 90p concs.
James Millar 0121 442 2469

LADYWOOD

Arts Centre, Freethe Street
Mondays & Wednesdays 7-9,
Saturdays 4.30-6.30, £1.50
Blair 0956 842702

SEELY OAK

Selly Oak Centre, 648 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

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

CHORLTON

Quirkus, Saint Werburgh's Parish Hall
Mondays 7-10
Nigel 0161 862 9419

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)
Bzercz - Moni 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

BLACKPOOL

Jugglenuts, Grange Park Junior School
Wednesdays 7.45-10.30 Saturdays
1.30-4.30 £1 (kids 50p)
Carl 01253 304831 Alan 01253
397817

BOLTON

Higher Education Centre
Friday Evenings
Zebra cards 01204 22220

BRADFORD

Manningham Sports Centre
Fridays 7-9
Ann 01274 546198

BRADFORD

Saltair Hall,
Thursdays 7-9 £1.20
Helen 01756 795759.

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, Shavington Youth Club, Main
Road
Mondays 7-10 50p
Carl 01270 650204

DURHAM

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

DURHAM

Durham City Jugglers, Shakespeare Hall
Scott 0191 384 6077

HARRGATE

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

HEDDEN 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

HULL

Splat Circus,
University Students' Union, Cottingham
Road

Tuesdays 7.30-11, £2 to join
Steve Pollard 01482 493463

KENDAL

Tuesdays & Wednesdays
Jem Hulbert 01229 581485

LANCASTER

University, Minor Hall (juggling) sports hall
(unis)
other details t.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 6746

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, Beauclerk Road
Tuesdays 6.30-8.30, Free!
Phil 01253 731143

MACCLESFIELD

Tythington 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 Uglys

PRESTON

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

ROCHDALE

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

SCARBOROUGH

Catchstrophy, 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

Hope Farm Centre, Ellesmere Port
Mondays 9-11
Keith 0151 609 0355

YORK

Cosmos Juggling Club, Priory Street
Centre
Tuesdays 7-9, £1.50 (£1 concs.)
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
Main Hall, Students' Association, Airrie
Place
Wednesdays 4-7pm (term time)
Mark Richards 01382 204244

EDINBURGH

Tollcross 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

Cowane Centre
Mondays 7-8.30
0786 475429

STIRLING

Balls Up Club, University

Contact Noeleen Breen, S.U.

SKYE

Skeabost Memorial Hall, Skeabost Bridge
Wednesdays 7-9
Dave Patfield 01470 562377

WALES

ABERYCYCH (near Newcastle Emlyn)

Alternate Wednesdays 8-9.30
Tom 01239 615428 Nelly 01570 480022

ABERYSTWYTH

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

BANGOR

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

CARDIFF

Yellow Kangaroo pub, Elm Street
Wednesday nights
CUT - Cardiff Unicycle Team
Russell 01448 740520

LAMPETER

Cwmnn Village Hall
Thursdays 6.30-8.30
01570 480022

LLANDUDRO WELLS

Rockpark Hotel Games Room
Wednesdays 6-7 (7-12 yrs.) 13-adult 7.15-9
Chris 01597 824300, Jerry 0831 581070

LLANDUDNO

John Bright School
Tuesdays 7.30-10
Zero G, Phil/Andrea 01492 547542

NEWPORT

Alternates from Newport to Caerleon!
Thursdays 5.30-7
Kris 01633 220367, Fiona 01633 430088
x4041

PORTHMADOG

Harlequin Juggling Club, Guide Headquarters,
Hill Street
Thursdays 6-7.30 (beginners) 7.30-9 others.
£1.

UGLY'S



have moved to

**13 Christon Bank
Alnwick
NE66 3EY**

Tel./Fax. 01665-576 080

The Ugly Juggling Company

**Juggling & Circus Props,
Theatre Make-Up & Books**

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Juggling software for PCs
(needs 386, colour EGA/VGA)

- Teaches juggling and notation
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- Only £24.99 + £1 p&p
- Over 60 patterns supplied, including:
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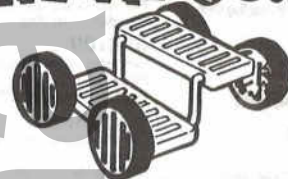


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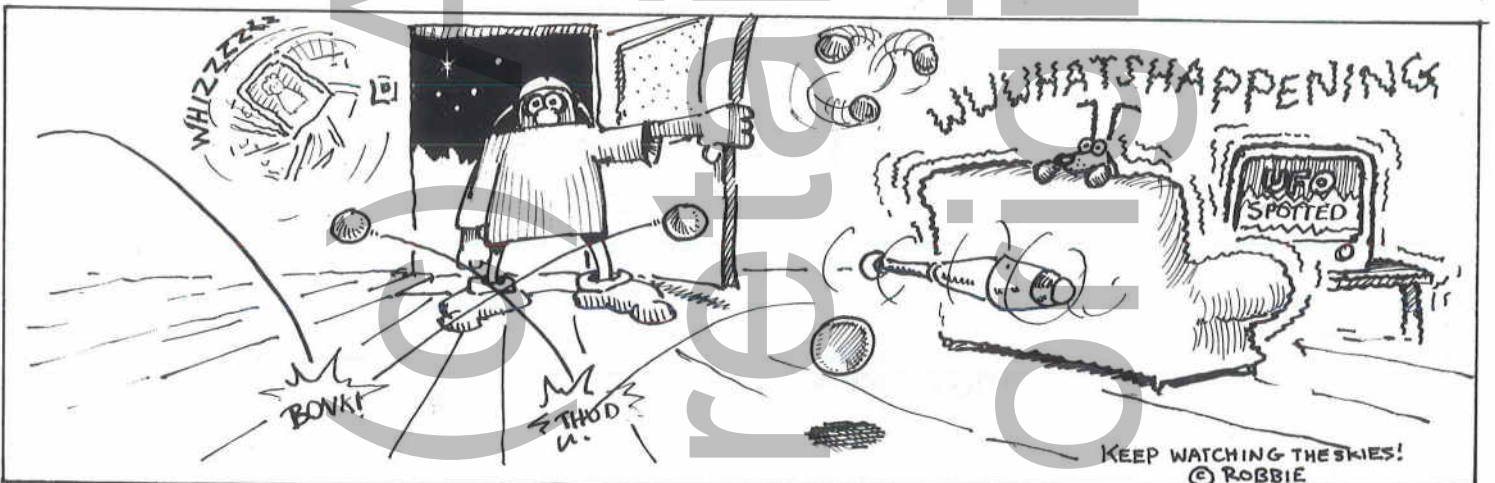
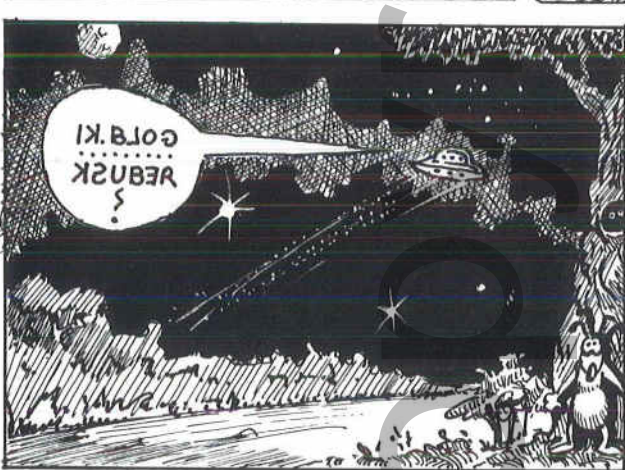
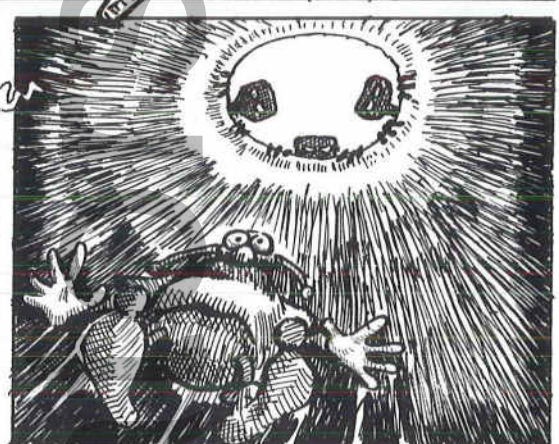
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