

The Catch

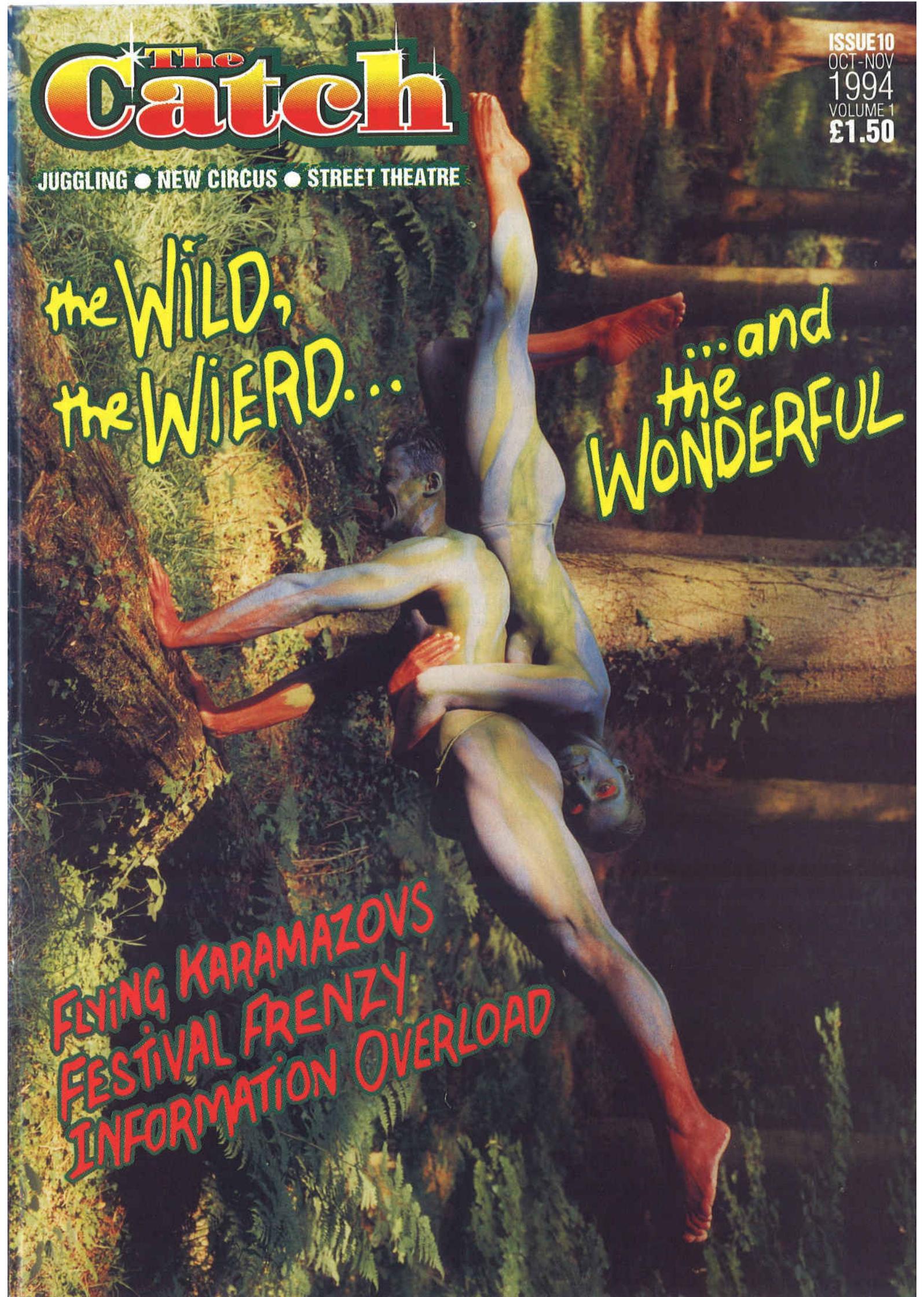
JUGGLING • NEW CIRCUS • STREET THEATRE

ISSUE 10
OCT-NOV
1994
VOLUME 1
£1.50

the WILD,
the WIERD...

...and
the
WONDERFUL

FLYING KARAMAZOV'S
FESTIVAL FRENZY
INFORMATION OVERLOAD



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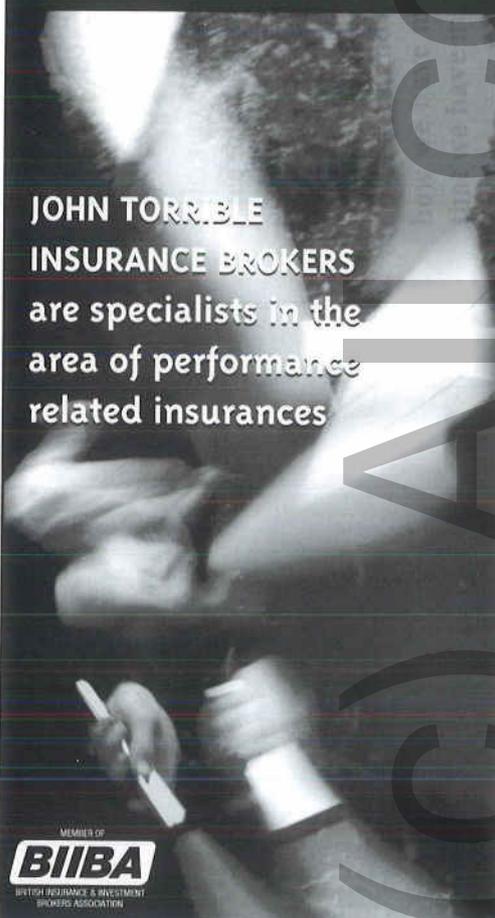
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C O N T E N T S

5-7

IDOL TALK

The *Catch* oldies get to meet *The Flying Karamazov Brothers*, incredible and incredibly influential wild western pioneers of juggling-and-more.

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THE CARRY UNDER CARRY-ON

For simple (and not-so) skills we take a leaf out of *George Gillson's* book. So should you.

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SHOP PROPS NOT TOPS SHOCK

Not only *can* you juggle with just about anything, says *Kevin Brooking*, perhaps you *should*! *Robbie* scribbled.

13

A PEEP INTO THE PAST

Matters of money, morality and modernity seen through the eyes of *Walter Wilkinson*, seventy years ago.

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FEEDS

The *Katch* kinda kinky kompetition korner, snuggling up with MULTIPLEX - the classified ads with a yawning hole to fill.

17-19

CHALON NOUS ALLONS

diabolo runs around the European street festival circuit, and (perhaps predictably) concludes that you should have been there too. Smartass.

20-23

DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES

...at least as far as organising the best convention in years. *Jules Howarth* remembers quite an impressive amount of it. *Adrian John* did the running around flashing at people.

24-30

CATCH THIS

The *Catch* worldwide news section, international event details, a few flash jugglers and at least one pretty dam' foolish new sport.

31-32

CATCH OUT

There were, ooh, thousands of shows at Edinburgh this year, and *Donald Grant* only saw about a dozen. Lazy so'n'so!

33

BALLS

New books and vids in your local juggling shops - We dish the goods on the goods.

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CATCHPHRASES

No-one much has anything much to say to you this issue. Except, of course *diabolo*. Again.

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The Animals-in-Circus debate reaches new heights, in which nobody, not nobody, escapes the wroff of *Pof!*

38-39

DROP BACK LINES

Bombshells, threats, complaints, psychotic scrawling, offers of marriage, "Congratulations Mr Diabolo you have won £50,000." And that's just the ones we bin.

40-41

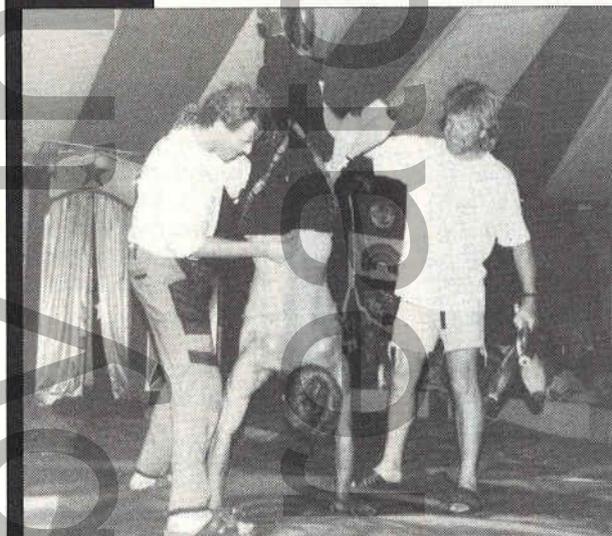
CLUBS

Juggling workshops around the British Isles. 189 reasons to be home late.

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THE BIG ONE'S BACKSIDE

Robbie recorded the evidence. The verdict was misadventure.



HAGEN - you had to be there... apparently pic. ADRIAN JOHN

ISSUE TEN ? OCTOBER - NOVEMBER 1994

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It has come to my attention that some of you actually *read* this nonsense down here. Don't you have anything better to do? This bit has one purpose (which is more than can be said for the rest of the mag, oops!) which is to remind those of you that have any reason to write to us (especially any reason which involves *money*) to do so the moment you think of whatever it is, if not sooner, and in any case not later than October 21st, if you want to be certain of its inclusion in the next issue. Anything we receive *after* that date - well, we'll have a go, especially for event information and the like, but we can't guarantee anything. Not that we'd be foolish enough to guarantee anything at the best of times. Especially not accuracy. If in doubt, a bribe often secures our closest attention.

All contributions, artwork and photography remain the copyright of the originators, though if, say, you were from the Murdoch press looking for sleazy stories, or someone from a TV programme too lazy to do their own research, well then we'd have to start talking sweeteners and helty plugs before we gave permission, contributors contacts and what-have-you. Especially the what-have-you.

If you fancy contributing to *The Catch* - verbals, photography or cartoons - feel free to send us your articles, synopses, ideas, artwork, prints, or discs on just about any computer format. It might get printed, it might get pinned up on my wall, it might get used as a 'How not to...' example in one of my famous 'How to do a completely brilliant magazine' workshops (book now), we might pretend we never had it and nick the ideas ourselves. Ya takes yer chance, like... If you want your work returned you'd better send an SAE and be prepared to wait while we make our minds up. We do like to hang on to photos for our archives and 'cos we reckon the world's largest collection of juggling photographs will have to be worth something to a museum in 50 years time.

It goes without saying that the views expressed herein are not those of the publishers, editor, shop where you bought this, person who you nicked the copy off, or son/daughter in the case of disapproving parents. Anything you don't get on with, that's what the letters pages and 'Drops' are for. And it was probably a joke anyway. Or intended to stir up debate. Or a misprint. Or a page out of someone else's magazine that got stuck in by mistake. No, sorry, I'm afraid I'm just the cleaner.

The Catch wouldn't exist without Stuart & Jan & Pip. So don't blame *me!*

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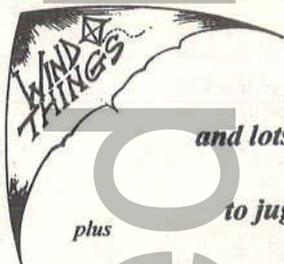
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DOSTOEVSKY'S FLYING CIRCUS

If you have just learnt to juggle there are lots of people to choose as rôle models these days. It's easy to meet them at conventions, learn a trick from them, touch part of their equipment and -if they're in the right mood, do anything else that you wish. In the late '70s it was a different story. There were only a few performers, spread all over the world, they were rarely written about in magazines, only seen on stage or TV, it was difficult to meet them - illusions weren't shattered. So when *The Catch Oldies* went to see their idols and interview them, they got all excited. We walked into the dressing room of our personal heroes, a juggling troupe that has entertained all over the planet, did for juggling what the Beatles did for music, the living legend, ladies and gentlemen, - yes, we had just shaken the hands of *The Flying Karamazov Brothers*.

How come you have been juggling for so long? Aren't you bored with it? Aren't the public bored?

We do totally different kind of shows all the time, so we keep interested and the public really doesn't know what is going to happen next. We always thought of ourselves as theatre and that was our intention when we started, that is what made us different: we didn't consider ourselves as 'jugglers', it's just one of the things we do, it's almost a kind of throwaway [ha ha -d] - but we are interested in it theoretically, we really like that part.

How did you start?

We started in the theatre, but at that time you could make a lot more money on the streets. We were there for four years; Santa Cruz, San Francisco, up and down the West Coast in the late '70's. We worked 'Renaissance Fairs' a lot: that was the ideal street situation in some ways because people were there with the intention of giving money, and there were places you could juggle. The trouble was, the people running them had this very



...Hence the name. The Brothers flying...

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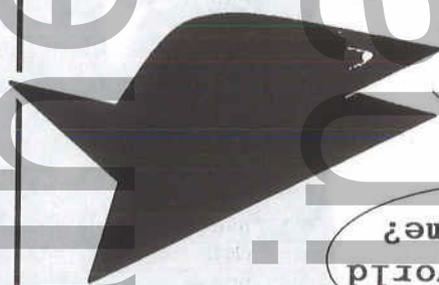


J.T.F.
 MEMBER

Things ain't what
 they used to be.

lacidaR

hsif (MT)



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 or is it me?

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DOSTOEVSKY'S FLYING CIRCUS continued...

strict and fairly inaccurate idea of what was Elizabethan and what wasn't. They had 'content police' running around all the time to report you. The thing is, the real Renaissance street performers weren't doing Classic Greek theatre - they were doing 'modern' topical references, with jokes about the Queen or the Lord Mayor, referring to the classics if they wanted to. We thought we were doing a pretty good job of walking that line, but the organisers didn't always agree. The organisers, they were *something else*; they created this Renaissance microcosm in which the woman who ran the entertainment department played Queen Elizabeth. Twice a day she would walk round in procession, and all the performers were supposed to bow down to her - weird - and then they had all these heavy bikers who would put on fair 'colours' and stop anybody getting out of line. Heavy!!! These 'guards' had to be up to the same level of armourment as the locals: in Texas they carried machine guns, because everyone else had revolvers! We were able to make a lot of money; our best record was 33 shows in one day. We had it down to a science; it takes 7 minutes to collect an audience, we timed it exactly so that when they were ready to give money we'd clock off the show very efficiently. We had to keep moving pitch as we made too much noise for other activities to carry on. Our manager would scout out a spot for us, tell them that we were going to be there in a few minutes, feed us hot coffee to get the dust out of our lungs, while Tim brought our gear over - we worked hard and learnt a lot. We were young then.

Where do you work normally?

Theatre... if we consider ourselves as variety and worked that way I'm sure we wouldn't get much business at all. It's not that we thought about it in a financial way, it's just that this is what we do and it's what interests us, consequently in America we just work in theatres - mostly in colleges because that's where a lot of towns have their biggest theatre.

The bit everyone remembers is 'The Gamble'. 'The Champ' challenges the audience to give him three things, three

things ladies and gentlemen, heavier than an ounce, lighter than 10 pounds and "no bigger than a bread box". If he succeeds in juggling them for the count of 10 after three tries, he gets a standing ovation. If he fails... a pie in the face! Is the Gamble part of every show?

Yes, in what we call our regular show. We do different kinds of Brothers K. shows.

What are the weirdest things you have been given?

A pig's stomach stuffed with lime jelly - I had a whole pig's head once, scrambled pigs' brains - a 9.5 lb. octopus, which was huge! When I was standing up with it at arms' length, the tentacles touched the ground. I could have done it, but it's weight was greater than the coefficient of friction, so I'd catch it and ...slurp! The third try I tied the legs up, it stayed for a while but I don't think I did it? No. I got to around eight throws before it came untied again.

So people come armed with things?

Yeh... and when we first came up with the idea, we thought "Well, what are people going to have in a theatre? There will be books, shoes, jackets, an occasional purse, umbrellas sometimes..." I had no idea people would bring buckets of squid, bags of dead frogs, breast implants - all sorts of things. There's a plastic surgeon in Cincinnati who likes to bring breast implants to the show.

Tell us about the drums [see review -d]

The first back-drum came about when we were staying at the *Mayfair*. I was standing with my back against this beautiful red felted wall, and I started beating against it with three clubs. The beat follows naturally the downward swing of the clubs, and I got so into it that I beat these huge holes into the wall. I guess they're still there, I haven't been back to check. We thought about doing the other stuff years ago but the technology would have cost thousands of dollars, with machines as big as two large refrigerators. Finally in '85 the machinery became available.

How long can you keep going?

Good question. I have no idea. We're trying to do more in the way of TV and films, we're doing a CD ROM project with an interactive story-board...

THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS, Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly

I first saw them ten years ago and was bowled over by their repartee, ease on stage, total rapport with each other and the audience - and the juggling was stunning. So, have things changed?

The rapport is still there - though they are now four not five 'Brothers' - puns and zappy responses flying easily. You can only achieve this after years working with the same group, and it's wonderful to listen to. Ease on stage? Well it was kind of slow at first, but hardly surprising; the exquisite theatre (worth a trip to see in itself), was barely one-third full for a mid-week matinée - a performer's nightmare! They rose to the challenge however, picking up on the children's response from the audience and playing to them - true pros of course! - and the atmosphere warmed up. I love the silliness of some of their acts:

The set-up with great theatrical seriousness, light the match, press the spring-up toy down, balance the coin on the forehead, wait with burning fingers for the toy to spring up, catch the coin, go to light the cigar... match has gone out. Start again. And again. And again... Later try it with *three* spring-up toys, and a note to be burned off the forehead. Brilliant!

...the ballet dance, even the drum suit. They seem to have the knack of producing art out of banality. I mean, you can't really call dressing yourself in a suit with soundpads all over it, which each make a different sound when hit, art. Or maybe you can. The back drums are really wonderful. These consist of a harness a bit like a one-sided sandwich board, with drums fitted above the shoulders and below the waist, either side of the body. This means that whilst juggling a cascade you can take the clubs up or down striking the drum. If you can pass left and right handed, this shouldn't be too impossible. The really tricky part is to get the rhythms right.

The juggling was very good, though not enough of it for me. But then, they always say they are principally theatre performers, *who happen to juggle*. The piece with the Samurai fans is an example: the moves involved lots of juggling related skills, but the overall effect was definitely theatre.

I could go on, but *diabolo* would only cut it... Best bits? The sounds: there are rhythms throughout - drums, the xylophone juggled/played with wooden clubs, and best of all the clacks of the metal fans, the sung interval announcement, even the differences between their speaking voices! The humour: it's fast and it's clever - I even had to explain some bits to Stuart later. And the most impressive? They are still going! They say they will be moving more into other areas, but basically they still have a wonderfully entertaining and successful show. There's hope for the NMRATs yet!

Pippa Tee

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THE JAZZ CLUB (4 looks)

With this club we knew exactly what we wanted. Strength, spin and a good price. We decided to use the Henry style wrap, as this is a cheaper technique, and experiment with the spin and handle length. All this research was started last Easter. After many attempts we were absolutely delighted with the final results. Then, to our dismay, another major British manufacturer brought out its new club range which was very similar to our new jazz club. We were hoping to be totally different. We still believe our club range is better as the handle wrap is covered in foil and it is a tiny bit longer and a little lighter. Oh, and it's also cheaper, from £11.50 retail whilst still offering amazing quality and a really great wholesale price. Sold with a one year guarantee.

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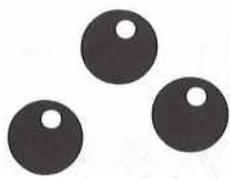
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TAKE THREE BALLS...

"Show us some more easy juggling tricks" they chorused. Your wish is our command, o glorious reader. So we nipped down the shop and borrowed a copy of George Gillson's 3-ball bible 'Beyond The Cascade' which has lots of difficult moves built out of a few easy ones like this one here. I'm sure he won't mind us borrowing this one - anyway, you know where to go for some more.

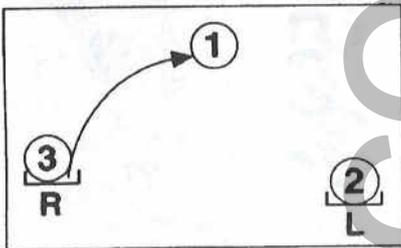
THE CARRY UNDER

This crossed-arm trick features a repeating carry that is timed to swoop under and just miss a ball descending in the opposite direction. Sound interesting?

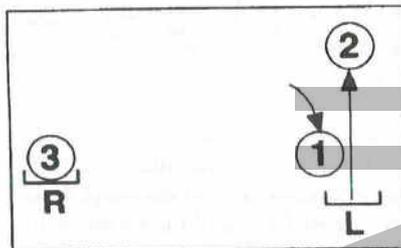
Here are the details: You start with two balls in the right hand, one in the left hand, arms crossed, right over left. Throughout the juggle the left hand remains at the right. The right hand, however, oscillates in a sort of circular movement, throwing every ball, cross-armed, from the left, but making all catches at the right.

After each catch, completing the circle, the right hand carries the ball back to the cross-arm position. It's this swoop under a dropping ball that gives the trick its essential charm. The trick has a complicated look, but Step 1 is just a starting move and, in fact, just two moves - Steps 2 and 3 - make up the entire pattern.

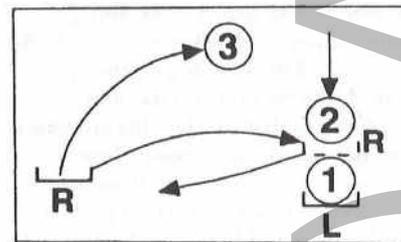
Start with 1 and 3 in the right hand, 2 in the left, arms crossed, right over left. Then...



1. RH throws 1 in an arc over toward the right.



2. LH tosses 2 straight up and catches 1.



3. RH (still on the left side) throws 3 to the right in the same arc as the throw in Step 1, then goes right to catch the descending 2. Then it carries 2 back to the left, swooping under the airborne 3.

(NOTE: The right arm always crosses over the left.)

Now the left hand repeats Step 2, the right hand repeats Step 3, and you're off and swooping!

'THE HAGEN TRICK'

for the 3 ball juggler.

If you, like us, spent the whole convention trying to work out that odd-looking waving your arms around trick that was (er...) going round, this could be the most satisfying bit of information in the whole magazine. The JSA, PT and Jo did the hard work.

Start: Black and X balls in left hand; white ball in right hand, held between thumb and first finger.

NOTE: Black ball always stays in left hand juggle.

1...Do a two ball column in left hand (black & X).

2...Throw X ball across to right, snatching at *little finger end* of hand. White and X balls now in right hand.

3... Bring the right hand across the body to drop the white ball into the gap in the left hand column.

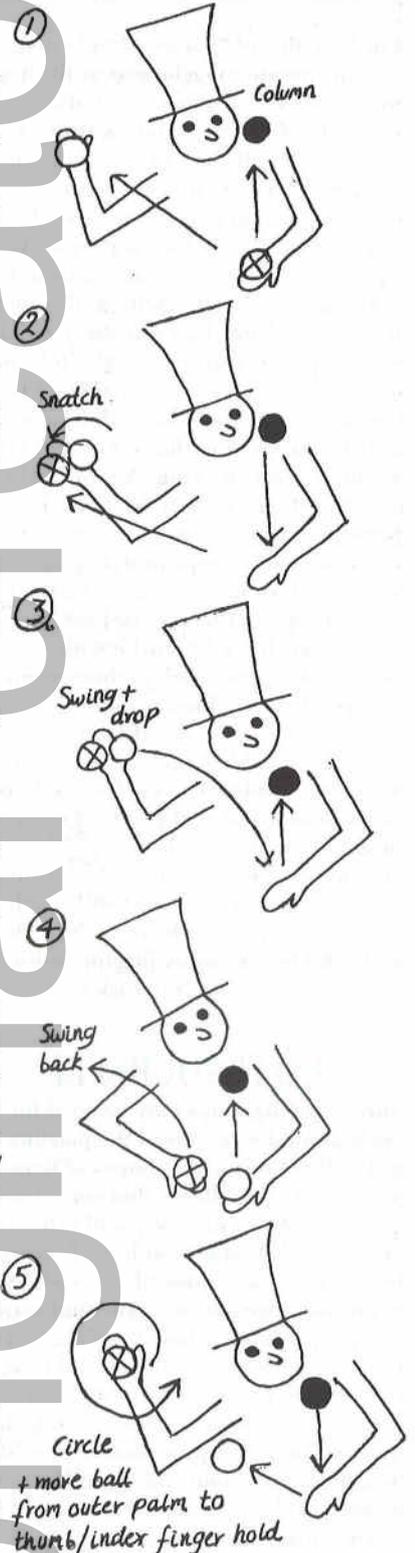
4...Continue the right hand back across your body while...

5...in a clockwise circle transferring the X ball to the *thumb end* of your hand. This is the difficult bit that, unfortunately, nobody will notice.

Meanwhile the left hand does a straight column throw with the black ball; on the next beat throw the white across the body to be caught as a snatch in the right hand at the *little finger end* (after the clockwise transfer circle).

Drop X ball in right hand into the column pattern of the black ball in the left hand and continue the cycle.

I'm afraid it's a 'jugglers' trick' and lots of people will think you are only using two balls. Aahh - but if only they knew the effort it took to learn it!

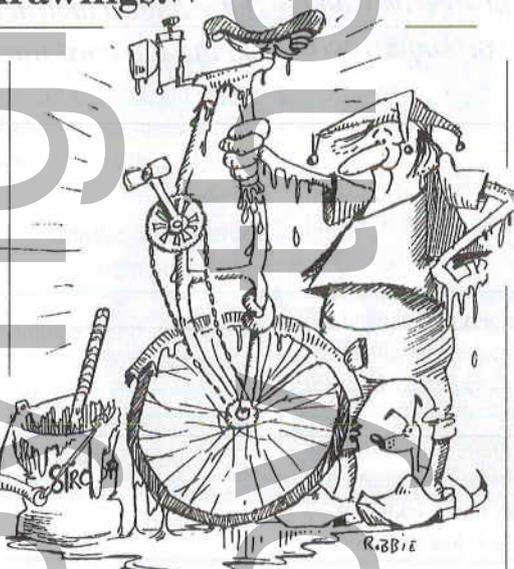


Kevin Brooking is, in the editor's totally unbiased opinion, one of the funniest people in the world - those who have seen him as part of *Mummerandada* or *Zirk Cirque* might agree. He's also been a juggler for a while. Quite a while. Oh, you had to make your own entertainment in them days... and your own props. There are advantages. Perhaps the juggling shop proprietors better stop reading right now. Robbie whipped up the drawings.

I'm from the 'old pioneer days' when meeting another juggler was as likely as finding a live octopus in the Sahara - especially if you were from Kansas. I don't think Mills had invented his mess yet. It was a time when a juggling convention from a four-state area the size of France would be fifteen people. As for equipment, you can imagine... Bean bags were something you bought at the grocery store. Brian Dubé had just started making his first plastic European-style clubs (way out of our range) and a guy named Jay Green (?) made some beautiful American-style fibreglass ones that would last about a month before looking like slum housing (paint peeling, holes in the walls, broken plumbing) from our attempts at passing. Our recipe for European-style long-handled clubs was as follows: Saw off the top of a toy bowling pin, or find a plastic *Clorox* bleach bottle, stuff it with a wooden dowel rod; weight them down with putty on the insides for balance, and then on the handle add that *pièce de resistance*, a rubber chair stopper from your local hardware store. We would risk cancer and arrest trying to find nasty old illegal (in the USA) asbestos wick to wrap around aluminium tubes for home-made torches. Cigar boxes would still smell of tobacco. Those were the days. Now shops that cater to your every juggling whim are as common as the apple trick and as big as department stores.

DO IT YOURSELF

These juggling shops may be good for the underground economy of the juggling world. But I miss those bursts of home-made do-it-yourselfness that come from either poverty or necessity and echo some of that Wild West atmosphere. I remember the renegade Amsterdammers who used to practice together in a gym, and turned into people like Michael Hesslering and Lee Hayes. They used to take old beat-up Dutch bikes and cut them into parts. Then, sticking them together with high quality Dutch *stroop* (molasses), they'd turn them into home-made giraffe unicycles. They were as solid as tanks and many a street artist got going on them.



Home-grown bean bags are still popular, as are the newest in street ware, colourful balloons filled with sand. If you are ever on your last peseta and need an instant product this is the item. You can make them, advertise them, and sell them, all for the investment capital of one veggie-burger. Other home-made items that I've seen are a special club made with an inflated balloon on one end for the body. This was the result of a brainstorm by a Belgian street clown and very practical - deflatable, painless and light.

MAKING THE FAMILIAR STRANGE

What I'm trying to say here is that making your own standard props is a positive thing. We could go even deeper into creative territory by playing with new and unexplored non-commercial non-standard juggling items. Why not use cereal boxes for a cigar box routine? You'd get a nice rhythm sound as well as being able to justify the routine with a breakfast scene and show off your legs by juggling in a bathrobe! Toilet paper rolls could make good cigar boxes as well. There are silicone balls but there are hamsters too. You can train them to run back up your leg and into the pattern if you ever miss. Instead of swinging clubs you could have fun with tea bags on those little strings. English tea bag swinging. Soak them in paraffin and you

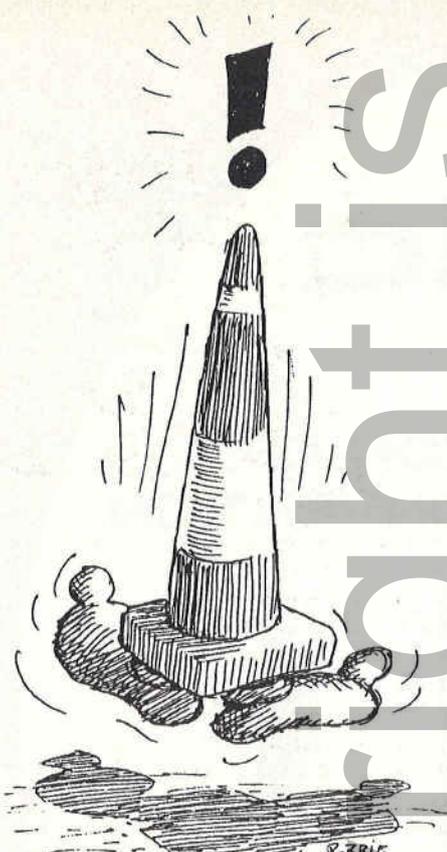


could have an amazing fire tea bag swinging routine on your hands. In total seriousness, Paul Morocco entered my 'Hall of Fame of Jugglers' when he took up the guitar. He has developed a great act with two other guitar players who spin, twirl, and cascade them between bursts of real flamenco. Also in my 'Hall of Fame' are The Flying Karamatzov Bros. who broke new barriers and a few tubas with their juggling marching band. Steve Rawlings gets a good cascade going with a table, a chair, and a lamp. It's crowd pleasing, eye catching, and eye pleasing...

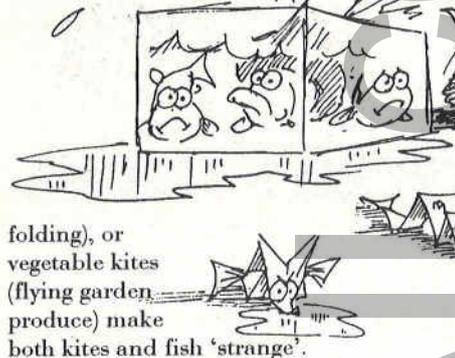


and sometimes... uhhm... crowd catching. At the Leeds convention, during one of those bottomless cabaret evenings, I saw a very stoned 15 year-old kid who - while his 13 year-old pal was telling the dirtiest jokes you've ever heard - was doing amazing things with a kerb cone. A kerb cone is one of those orange things you find in the street and can use as a megaphone to disturb sleeping citizens as you walk home from parties. He was juggling it like a devil stick. It seemed quite awkward and yet he had perfect control over the oblong aerodynamics. Or so it seemed at 3 AM. Plus there were all those built-in possibilities of tossing it over your head or balancing it on the stick on its apex end. A burst of brilliance.

HI AM S T E R S and other Musical Instruments



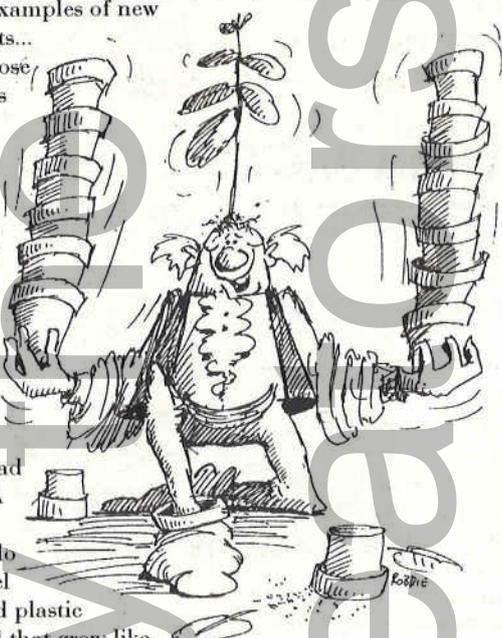
This different attitude to juggling props resembles a creative system called *Synecotics*, based on 'making the familiar strange' (and making the strange familiar, but that's another story). Asking questions like "What's faster: a table or a chair?" or "What colour is surprise" is a 'synectical' activity. Mixing images like fish origami (the art of fish



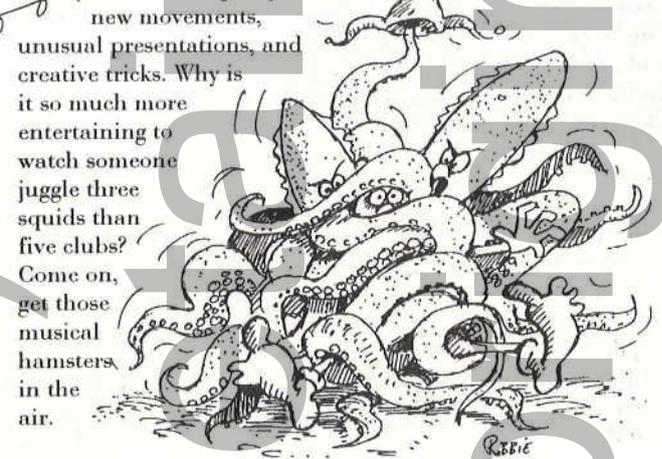
folding), or vegetable kites (flying garden produce) make both kites and fish 'strange'. Take it further into juggling territory and you might juggle ice cubes under a sun lamp - *Performance Art!* - or juggle underwater with floating objects. You push them down instead of throwing them, reverse gravity, impossible to drop. Looking for juggling in everyday life can give you a new *strange* view of juggling prop possibilities. Trumpet players, bartenders, drummers, and pizza-makers are all everyday people that could inspire original juggling routines. Inspiration from bartenders has been the source of a fabulous champagne bottle sliding routine (like down a Dodge City saloon

bar) by Thierry Craeye and Daniel Van Hasselt of Belgium. I'd love to see someone take a trumpet and put together a manipulation routine. It would have to be unique. The pizza-spinners you see in front of Italian restaurants are a good example of everyday juggling, and of making your own props. If the act never takes off you can always eat your show.

Being observant will certainly provide you with free ideas. Other examples of new juggling objects... How about those American guys who juggle plastic flower pots, seen in the public show at Verona. They found some surprising and funny manoeuvres that are based on stacking instead of throwing. A Luxembourg juggler (they do exist), Raphael Farinelli, used plastic bags, the kind that grow like weeds in kitchen drawers, and did a nice number using them like you would scarves. Vincent Wauters of *Ecole de Cirque de Bruxelles* used to do a devil stick routine with a broom while being watched by his trained pig. Any time you take an everyday object, like a banjo, shoe, or pizza dough, and manipulate it you are "Making the Familiar Strange".

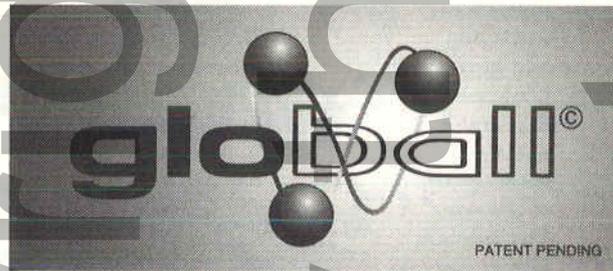


There's a whole world of objects out there waiting to become strange. Don't bother to look in a catalogue but instead check out your attic, flea market, hardware store, or restaurant. It's there that you will find the raw materials that are waiting to jump into your hands and inspire you to new movements, unusual presentations, and creative tricks. Why is it so much more entertaining to watch someone juggle three squids than five clubs? Come on, get those musical hamsters in the air.



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Hunters & Collectors

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

'The Peep Show' is a charming tale of one very idealistic puppeteer taking a contemporary (contemporary in 1927) version of Punch & Judy around the country in a waggon (dubbed "The Old Encumbrance") for which he was the only motive power, with only a tent for comfort and the occasional friend for company. Of course he meets all sorts on the way - some of which, these here for example, may seem familiar even today...

Thanks to Parachute Theatre for sending the book.

The Promenade widened out in the centre and was planted with trees. By its very structure it invited a performer and a crowd, and by putting up The Peep Show under one of the trees we supplied just the right artistic touch. We looked round nervously for a policeman or some interfering official but there were none in sight. A few children spread the news for us, William blew rousing blasts on his twopenny trumpet, and John Barleycorn poked his head out of the front, the sides, and the back of the theatre, announcing that we were about to begin. A small crowd gathered round from which William collected while I went through a performance; and then we changed positions, William performing whilst I took up another collection. As soon as I appeared, a little Cockney chap came up to me in a very knowing manner and said sarcastically:

"I don't know if your are doing this benevolently or for a living, but you missed a lot of collection - those and those," and he waved his hand to some people about a hundred yards away sitting with their backs to the theatre.

"But," I said, greenhorn that I was, "they can't see the show."

He looked at me with a mixture of incredulity and scorn while an amused smile spread over his sharp features.

"Can't see the show," he repeated mockingly after me. "What you want to do is to get round with the hat because you know you are working hard. That's clever work that you are doing and you don't want to do it for nothing. In fact you needn't work for your living at all if you knew anything about the road. But you're green; I could see that as soon as I saw you. All you want to do is to make a bit of a noise on an instrument - that's quite enough - but you must 'ave a smart collector, one who doesn't miss anything. Here, give us 'old of the hat, I'll have a go round for you if you like."

I did not like. I haughtily refused his professional example and went round myself. I was nervous and confused and did not look closely at the people to whom I presented the hat, until, being surprised by one individual who shouted out very loudly, "Oh yes! Certainly! Of course!" I discovered that I had extracted a donation from the very man who was seeking to teach me the art of collecting.

As we were packing up the show he appeared again with a Bohemian companion carrying a mandoline on his back, and evidently fearing our rivalry they tried to pump us as to our plans, advising us to go into the villages round about where we would do much better than in Minehead. But then the 'photograph-while-you-wait' man entered the discussion, and in the foulest of language and at the top of his voice, shouted:

"You stay here, mate. This place is a goldmine. You've got a good thing there - I wish I had it. The old-fashioned thing is going to be the coming thing, yes, that's it - the old is going to be the new. You stick to this place, mate, it's a goldmine. I've been here five years and I hope I shall be here another five. It's a goldmine. You stick to it and I dare say I can put you right with the people."

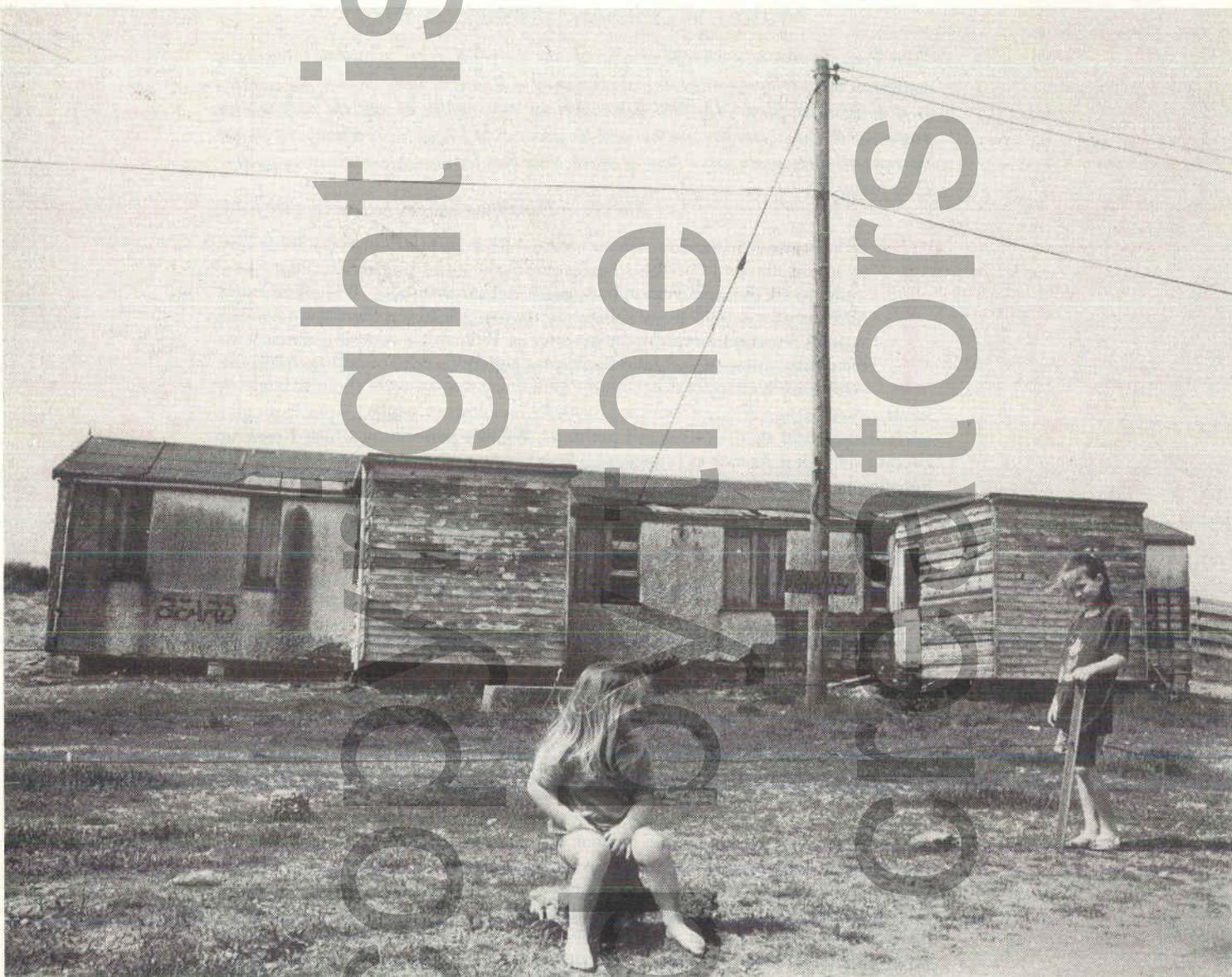
We began to feel that Punch and Judy showing in Minehead was a real serious business, with an opposition to encounter. Our collection had been wrested from the buskers and we felt their envy upon us. If we had to stay here all the season we should be condemned to a career of plot and intrigue, a gruesome affair of hard business; and as we packed up our sticks and loaded up *The Old Encumbrance* we experienced a great feeling of liberty at being able to pack up like this and fly from the swearing photograph man and the frowning buskers. As we pulled away from the Promenade they got to work again and we were followed by the sound of violin playing and "Photographs - photographs - 'oos next - three for a bob, that's my price!"

[...]It is not every one who has the ambition to be a street collector, and it is not every one that I would ask to collect for me. I had no objection to getting bigger collections, but at the same time I did not wish to purchase them with the sacrifice of my soul.

[...]I knew that they were the devil, for all the time in their company my mind had been thinking of pubs, and cadging, and no work, and tots, and Woodbines, and making a noise on an instrument...

I saw again the beauty of the night coming down on Bideford, the full moon rising over the hills, and the lime trees by the water silhouetted against the silvery brightness. In spite of all the pennies in the world I must be free to see and enjoy this sort of thing, and could never be tied to these snuffling experts in the art of cadging.





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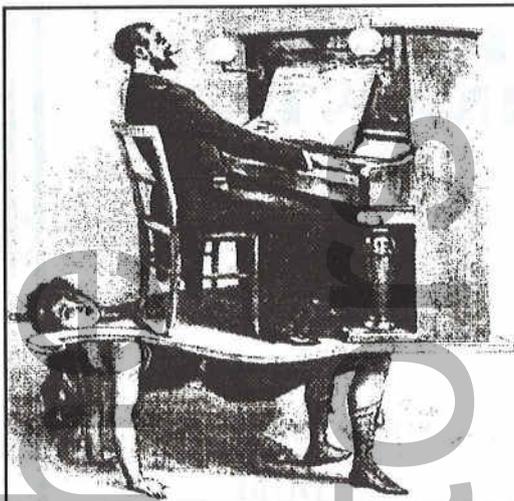
Catch FEEDS

You might say we asked for it. You might be right. But... but... but... sorry - I feel a lecture coming on. One of the central lessons of comedy, as with magic and street performance (ooh! it's a thesis, missus!), is letting people expect something, and then subverting, confounding or even *deconstructing* that expectation. There were an awful (and we do mean *awful*) lot of puns upon the word 'organ'. Even the word 'pianist'. The moment we read one, the whole lot came flooding in, like a pub-load of gatecrashers at a christening. And, frankly, not even the first one was funny. Let alone printable. Like the extensive *Ashman Collection of Edwardian Adult Parlour Games*, this magazine is always in the *best possible taste*, as that dead bisexual bearded transvestite used to say. So we chucked all the smutty jokes out. Or most of them. That'll teach you. Maybe. So... who was it won the coveted COMPLETE SET OF ALL TWELVE FLUKTRIKS? those pocket pals with more tricks than a New Orleans brothel. Sorry. It's your fault. Just for that, I'm not going to tell you. I'm not even going to tell you who won the second prize of six of the best. Or the poor frustrated so'n'so who's only going to be able to manage three. Or not yet. 'Cos first we've got to wade through the cabinet of curiosities that is the *also ran* file. The weirdies, wordies and generally wibbles that had us scratching our heads and vainly trying to steer the conversation away from our readership's men-

tal health. This is what excessive juggling does for you. Be warned.

Top of the heap we're passing on to the Working Party on Care in the Community is *Martin Wooley* of Oldbury, whose caption is, luckily for you all, too long to print. Hah! Confounding expectations, you see! While we're in the mood, let's also warn you to steer clear should you ever encounter *Mr & Mrs T Vanderplank* (that is *apparently* their real name), who hallucinated a spider somewhere on the floor. More worthy of mention are *Rich Hill Genius Esq.* and his little friend *Simon Dale III*, who at least made a good attempt at bribing us (but the poor children can only afford 1p between them), and *Barry Homan* of Tübingen, Germany, who at least wrote his suggestions on the back of something funnier. See! I've dealt with three of the blighters without having to repeat their jokes! Unfortunately the same cannot be done with *Karen Parker* of Derby, whose "So tell me, do we do the balloon animals before or after 'Little Brown Jug'?" (and others) was so curious we had to allow you to puzzle over it too. Star contributor *Dr. Angus I Lamond* from the Gene Expression Programme, European Molecular Biology Laboratory, Heidelberg, Germany (really? I thought you lived in Cornwall, Angus) weighed in with "I can with new Ultralite", which is probably a reference to a TV commercial but we don't get it 'cos we're all too busy to watch telly. Glad to see you're spending the ECUs wisely, anyway.

Nominations for expected humour of the more printable variety came from (best examples only) *Stephen Duncan* of Southampton for "Sometimes Maureen felt that she was just another piece of furniture as far as her husband was concerned" and *Gavin Sinclair* of Glasgow for "'Do you know there's a woman under your piano?'" - "You hum

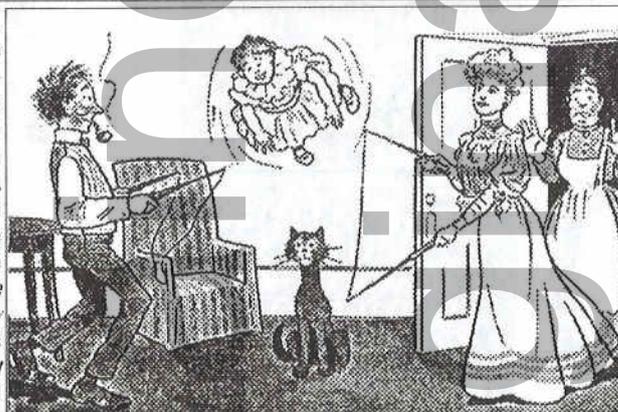


us giggle with 'The Maestro was so engrossed in his music, he didn't realise he was being kidnapped', and then blew it by studding his correspondence with spurious imagined editorial comments. As if I would.

Onto the winners, thank goodness. Third prize of three goes to *Captain Nostril* of Cambridge who managed the largest entertaining selection, ranging from the surreal "More tea, Vicar?" to the more so "How many surrealists does it take to model a pair of fashion boots?", the but-we-weren't-going-to-print-any-of-those "That pianist really gets on my tits!", and clinched it with the cultural icon reference of the competition - "It's just a jump to the left..."

Second, that's six (you're not following, are you?) was *Julian "Him Again" Mount* of Kings Langley for "As the other four pianists were in the air, Sally threw her audience a furtive glance" and some interesting reflections on the progression of prizes. Tarraaan Taraaa! And the winner is... oh dear, it's *Polly* from *Lazy Daze*, actually. Never mind. At least she didn't win anything of theirs. But her caption was judged as the one that not only had a comparative cackle quotient of more than $_x-3y\%$, but managed the most elegant internal and cultural references (no less) - "He ain't heavy... He's my Brother" Congrats Polly. We'll let you off blagging another prize for a month or so.

Anyway, you'll be hard-pressed to get too pervy on this one. A postcard from the immense *Pearse Halfpenny* archives (and *not Todd Strong's* book, incidentally) with plenty of family entertainment involved. I should think. And should be too, 'cos the prize is a regular family sort of job, and a solid gold money-earner at that - It's... It's... **Fantasy Faces'** complete face-painter kit, which consists of a 2½ hour video, 1½ hours of which is an exhaustive course in face-painting with many spe-



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at the next festival. Obviously everyone will want one, and we can't have too many face-painters (surely not), so there's only one set, for first prize - second & third places will get *Catch* T-Shirts, and proportionally less abuse from me to differentiate them. Possibly. The Deadline is **October 29**. And the first one to mention knickers gets reported to the Head.

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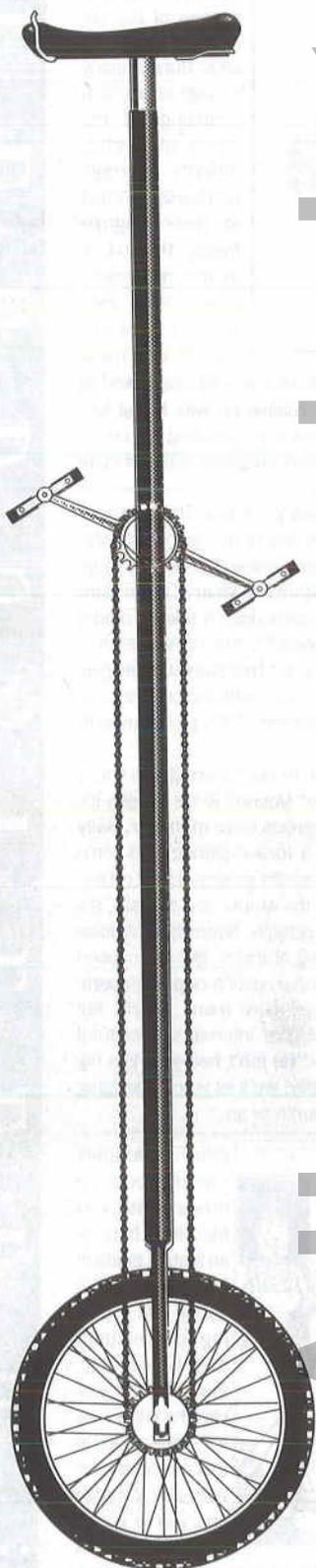
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STREET TREATS

Don't you just hate those articles that are all about how brilliant something you didn't go to was? You'd better stop reading this one right now, then, 'cos it's all hir high editorialness **diabolo** going on about what a good time SHe had at several festivals, and how there was no way you'd have had it so good unless you were there too. Which evidently you weren't. Bastard.

Big Festivals! Big Shows! Big Rigs! Grand gestures! Great audacity! Determination to the the last word in whatever you do! This summer's European festivals left a stirring sense that there is a great deal more possible than is usually even attempted in Britain - tho' before I get any further, I know that's because of money, not necessarily talent.

What follows is a wander through some events that anyone interested in the performing arts that this magazine covers would get an awful lot out of visiting, and a train-spotters' guide to a few of the acts. Some of these are worth arranging a trip just to see - some of the best (Semola, Contre-Pour) have in fact been in Britain this summer. You probably missed them. Don't be so careless again.

Chalon-sur-Saône, near Dijon in France, hosts the French national festival of street theatre for four days in late July every year. It's something of a shop-window, and a meeting-place for performers: like Edinburgh, *everyone* wants to be there. 20 or 30 'official' shows a day in the streets, squares, yards, parks, car-

parks (any space they can find, basically) of a charming late-medieval city with a maze of pedestrianised streets. An 'off' festival ('fringe') which reached a peak of getting-on-for 200 (!) shows a day, every one of which had gone through the festival organisation, who vet them for quality and suitability, programme them so they have a fair chance of an audience (and vice versa), and generally treat even the most bizarre as welcome and an asset to the festival - which of course they are! The vast majority of shows are free (the half-dozen exceptions were seriously subsidised) and range from the suitable-for-kids/unsuitable-for-adults to the absolute opposite. I really can't recommend the experience highly enough - and here are some of the reasons why:

main festival:

Wurre-Wurre: Deadpan Belgian overalled workers (seen at Glastonbury a couple of years ago), who carry around a pile of cable conduits (with some difficulty) and occasionally attempt to install them - in a passing car, telephone box, bicycle...

Theater Meshugge: German-Yiddish mime,

with costumes which turn into bleakly emblematic puppets with whom she inter-acts a chilling history of woman's place in East European poverty, the act of begging & performing. Held huge crowds spellbound.

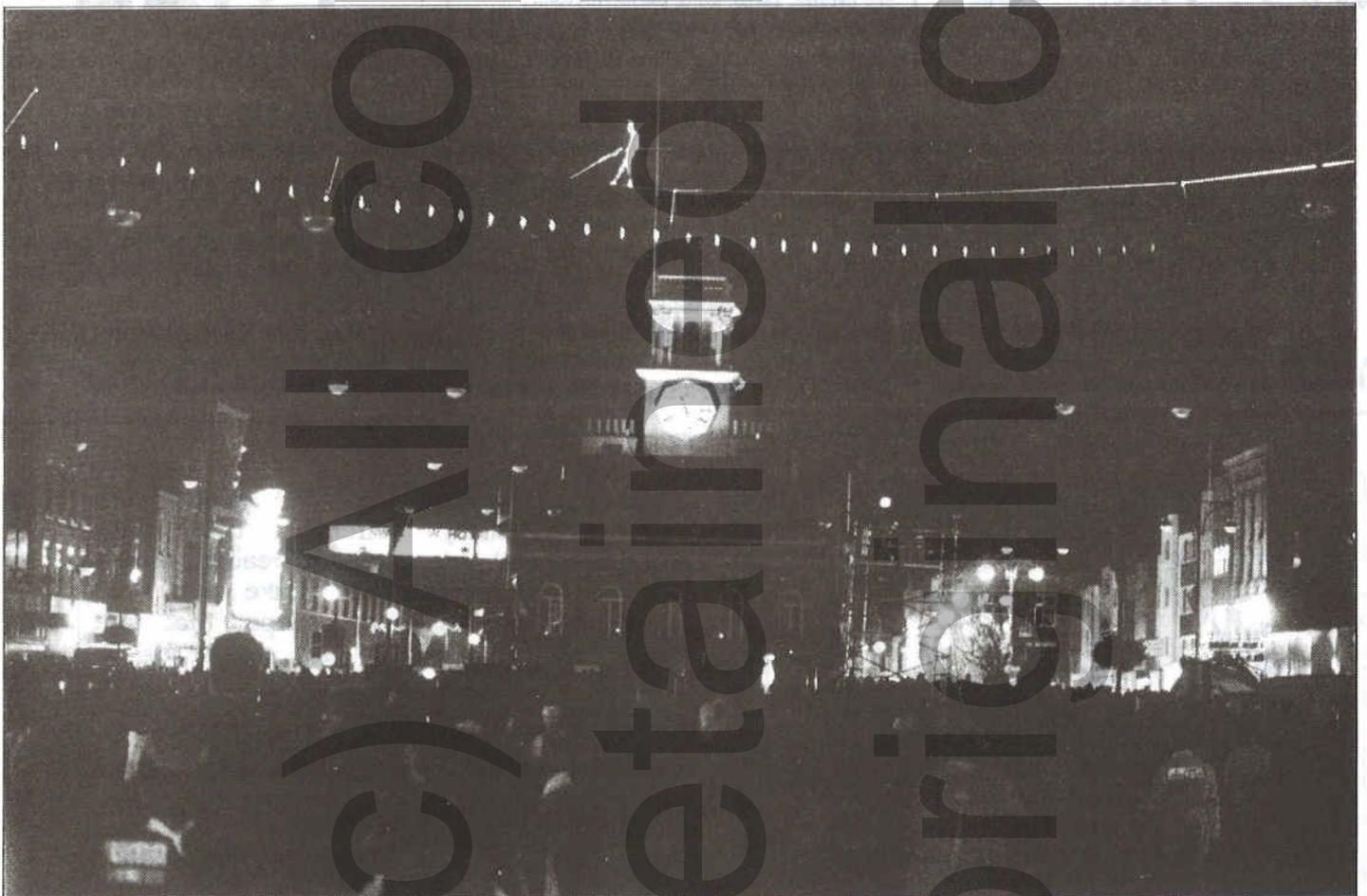
Semola Teatre: Catalan, and therefore almost inevitably more erotic, violent, surrealist, powerful than anyone else would dare - something about the selfishness of desire, as powerful but as elusive as the heart of that emotional minefield generally is.

Rasposo: French trad. circus in not-completely-successful narrative style - interesting ideas - and featuring a performing goat! You're not telling me there's any way of making a goat do something it doesn't want to...

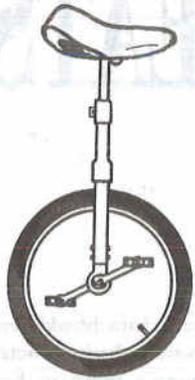
Piou-Piou: some very unsavoury things in a wheely-bin. You don't want to hear more, I assure you.

Okupa Mobil: Young and anarchic political street theatre including a hanging (a popular trick currently) and other skill-based business.

Kumulus: Notable for their rig - a four-story house which tips up off the back of a lorry with the cast in place - and for the true-to-life way



Hi Tension look both ways while crossing Stockton High Street. pic. Keith Pattison



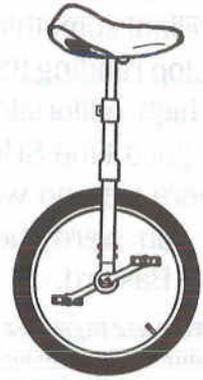
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the scenes on all floors happened simultaneously.

Compagnie Jo Bithume: Huge city-square sized performance with wire walking, immense stilt-creatures, fantastic costumes and some graceful acro/acro - notable for the audience being inside, among and beneath the action.

Compagnie Contre-Pour: 'Les Girls', The 'other half' of the priceless *Les Hommes en Noir* (see Stockton, below), a brilliant portrayal of embarrassment, almost too real to watch comfortably if it hadn't been so funny.

Cirque Baroque: Circus Cabaret is alive and well in France - up-to-date skills-based stuff.

«off»

speedy banana: built themselves an amazing 2CV that looks like something out of *Alien*, talks, assaults passers-by, etc. - not so good when they get out.

inside out: amazingly the only Brit company there, but as James Bond and EC bureaucrats are familiar to us all, they score with the public - a bit *Fringe Theatre* for the street, perhaps.

globe joker: Character Walkabout - notable for being the only exponents of this perhaps rather British (*Desperates*, *Naturals*, etc.) form.

éclat immediate et durable: Ace stuff with shopping-trolleys and a discourse on urbanism involving plenty big cardboard boxes.

compagnie tournesol: good-looking outdoor aerial.

boa'yo: A strange red abstract thing made from two stilt-walkers and a big bag. Perhaps I've seen this in Britain too...

arsenik et Percussions Drum band (lots of these) with huge Carnival skeleton puppets
ah! *mazone*: another percussion group, beating on metal insects they wore strapped to them - and the lead drummers were women.

I've deliberately excluded anything that really depended on the language, though some of that was excellent, like the slapstick cuisine of *les alamas givres* and the football laugh-in by *annibal et ses elephants*, though both of these were really more what I'd call *outdoor theatre* (not knowing the proper term for it), more like stage pieces but involving no effects bar those which came from their portable-looking sets - *alamas* might indeed have been a bit dangerous indoors, with several explosions and a motorbike to contend with. Plenty of shows were wordless, in others the physical skills or comedy were enough to carry them. Don't worry.

Acro and Aerial crews were plentiful and very skilful or at least very enthusiastic - jugglers were something of a rarity (probably only three or four acts out of the 200+) and nothing special, which might be an opening for one or two of you, if you've got the experience in leaving the words out while still getting a laugh or keeping the attention. But, as for the other species of street performance (other than walkabout) I have to say that the standard here was so much higher than I've seen in Britain, that I think few acts - with the exception of some of

those who regularly work the continent and yer actual *Welfare State*, *Forkbeard Fantasy*, *Naturals*, *Desperates*, etc. - would stand up well in comparison. Mind you, I'd love to be proved wrong.

I shan't even talk about their closing spectacle, which would take about as much space as I've got left to do justice to, and leave you with the address to write to with your bumf for the 'fringe' - IF YOU DARE!

Smooz, *Festival «off»*, *Chalon dans la Rue*, 5 Place de l'Obélisque, 71100 CHALON/SAONE France.

From there to Avignon, France's theatre festival equivalent of Edinburgh, only to find that street performers were actually being given quite a hard time by the authorities this year and would probably do better when there *wasn't* a festival on. There are usually clown-based shows in the festival proper and this year apparently a great trapeze-based one, but we never did manage to get to see it. There are always free shows on if you know where to find them, and the festival is still worth a visit especially if you want to spend a couple of days after Chalon. The other one to remember in France is *Aurillac* (mid-late August) France's *International Festival of Street Performance*, which is even bigger than Chalon and perhaps better for meeting fellow-performers as a result. The word from the street (sorry) is that it's not quite as friendly or together an organisation as Chalon, more manic and crowded, and that as a result you stand even less chance of seeing what you want - but well worth the visit if you can. There is also a smaller bash altogether at *Chalons-sur-Marne* (careful), where the Circus School is, which has been recommended if you're passing.

Also for the diaries: the street theatre festival in *Limburg*, Holland (early August), and *Ferrara* (late August) the boss of the many Italian busking festivals (all fun - nearly all music but something different might be appreciated if you ask nicely). Anyone go to any of those this summer? Drop us a line if you did. Otherwise and anyway I shall feel duty-bound to investigate them, *solely on your behalf*, of course, as soon as I can get away with it.

"Why isn't there anything like that in Britain?" I hear you cry... Well there is! Apart from *Glastonbury*, which is a special case (not being free, for a start) and gets plenty of attention in these pages, for seven summers now there has been *Stockton Riverside* (early august), which is shaping up to be something special. Bar Pilton and the odd one-off gestures by well-off metropolises (rarely and irregularly repeated), this is almost the only place to see some of the larger-scale or further-out companies - I say 'almost' 'cos this year they shipped some of the street acts down to *Cardiff* for their rather neat *Summer Festival* week (early-mid august) too. Festival Director Frank Wilson must spend the rest of his year going to all the other festivals, 'cos he's spotted some of the very best from all over the place (as well as some well-on-the-ball music and comedy selections).

They had *Semola* (see above) for a start. And

despite what I was saying about the home-grown stuff, at least they come out with something bold for Frank like they do for Arabella Churchill. *Bravura*, *Neighbourhood Watch*, not household names yet, but large-scale British companies, a rare enough phenomenon *before* you get any further. Aerial reasserted itself as mass spectacle, with ex-Archaeos *Les Arts Sauts* (glorious multi-lingual pun, I hope) on the flying trapeze and *Hi-Tension* tight-wire walking across Stockton High Street, the widest in Europe. Juggling was well-served by *Flipside*, fast getting a deserved reputation for their ability to entertain *just about anyone*.

Also on the streets were *Salamandre*, who impressed me with their ability to move not only fast but *as a group* - thus to make their presence felt as well as heard (they too love their drums) over a large area quickly - and for having plenty of skills but zero self-indulgence, so that none of the little juggling or comic spots had time to outstay the initial flash of interest, before they were all off somewhere else doing something completely different.

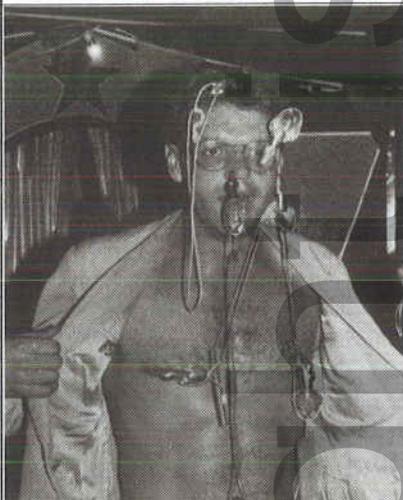
There was *Taro Yukitake* who not only managed to appeal to the aesthetes - doing impressions (rather good ones actually) of famous paintings, *I ask you* - but also the kids and deviant yooof with comic business and high madness.

And above all there were *Les Hommes en Noir*. This international continental conspiracy had already been the subject of wild tales earlier in the summer, but none of those (marching into shops and giving the merchandise away, for example) can quite prepare for the encounter. They are the perfect anarchic disruptionists, but they look so guile-less, harmless even, pitiable almost, that they get away with the vast majority of their attempts to impose their own lunatic logic on everyday activities - whether a taxi-rank, a bank, a cinema kiosk, or the hotel they were apparently staying in. Imagine four Harpo Marxes and... and you've got trouble, basically - especially if you're a TV crew trying to film them or security guards trying to exclude them from a building. Bunk school, skive work, leave hubby with the kids to see them - you'll laugh at the absurdity, reel from some of the audacity, and learn, if you're so disposed, what can happen if you push interactive/confrontational street performance towards its outer limits.

This, in the end, is my whole reason for regaling you all with that slice of 'what i did on my holidays' - not only is continental street performance thriving like you'd hardly believe, but aspects of it could mean something to anyone who does any kind of performance, street or not. Street stuff is entertainment, above all - it has to be or it dies - and thinks on its feet. No matter how smart the routine you've learned is, you've learned nothing if you lose sight of those two points. And sometimes you need reminding just how important they are - like when there's a lot of competition around. Even too much...

Details of all these festivals and more will be in The Catch as soon as we have them.

JULES HOWARTH
— The Profile —



Jules feeding the ducks. pic: Adrian John

Suave, sophisticated, posh voice that doesn't sound like he (sort of) lives in Cardiff. At the tender age of 28 Jules has peaked in his career and became *The Catch* reporter at Hagen. Overcome by this silicon ball responsibility he says it puts his past achievements at beanbag level. OK, so he's just been voted EJA representative for the UK, and I suppose he was one of the organisers of the European Convention in Verona, helped to site-manage Banyoles, and is renowned for his contribution as quality controller at Juggling Conventions, but what does that count for? It was just an apprenticeship, a character-building exercise for the big one: writing this article.

He's been juggling seven years. How did he learn? - when he was stoned listening to ASWAD in Butetown at the Cardiff Festival. I ask you. Did he know he was going to waste his Degree in Drama doing five balls on the top of a bus during the Serious Road Trip? He's even been seen riding a scooter around India! Sure he's been around the world a bit, became (some say) not a half-bad performer, but to attend a debate on BskyB with a red nosed clown from the Bognor Convention? Well we gave him a chance anyway - mind you how he did the write-up when he couldn't help getting involved in the organisation of the event, God only knows. I wonder if God's available for the Sweden write up next year?

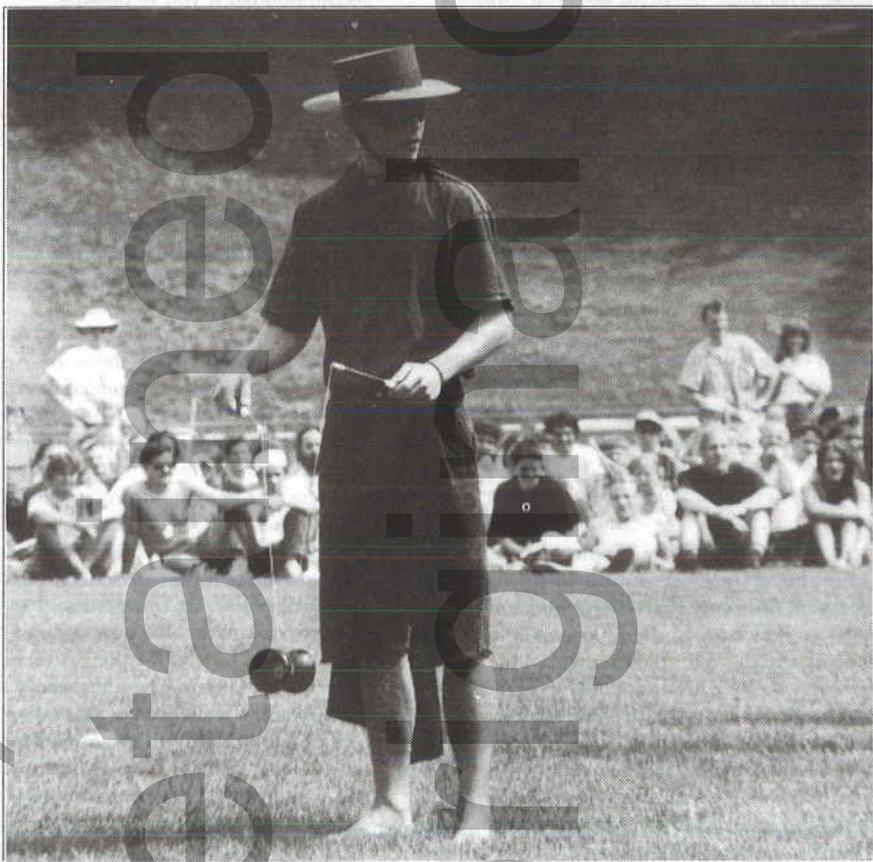
Hagen Euro-Convention... Wot a bash, eh? We're still talking about it - not, of course, trying to remember what happened, just reminding ourselves how good it was, you understand. Jules Howarth, man (and woman) about town won the coveted change to tell you about it and get taken the piss out of by us in the margins. Adrian John and Snappy Stu took the pinups. Over to you, Min.



The 17th European Juggling Convention wasn't hard to find: for the first time in years there were effective signs as soon as you hit Hagen. I did expect it to be well-organised with good old German efficiency the driving force, but I was soon proved wrong: there was a bigger force at work and play here - humour! At the Registration Desk in the Ischelend sports hall I opened the Convention Guide and the fun began. The Guide was well written in English and German and gave you all the information you needed, including timetables and maps, a cross-

word, some cartoons and a few laughs. To anyone who decided not to go to the 17th because it was in 'boring' Germany let it be known that you missed a ripper. We were all on one large site with a main sports hall, big tops (including that 12volt wonder the *Croissant Neuf*), good facilities, helpful organisers, cheap and good food, beer and excellent shows, games and a Duck.

Fun in the sunshine and all for a good price - basically it knocked the last few Conventions into the proverbial cocked Dubé Hat. It also broke the mould of the weekend extended Convention: spread over six days, it gave us time to settle in and meet people as well as just frantically juggling.



Who was that masked man? pic: Stuart Ashman

Duck Soup

The Organisers put the emphasis on fun, affordability and co-operation. The bog brush sharing workshops, dish washing masterclass and the formation Duck Control teams filled in cheerfully with all the usual gravitational chaos.

IN THE HALLS.

Amazing things always happen in here. The ones I remember were the chap on the free-standing ladder and the group of young Americans who were solid in five clubs and passed on the secret of the three club kick-up to this happy juggler. However, the main event was Victor. The warm rumble of applause fell down through the concrete of the hall and into the Registration area, sending feet skipping upstairs to join the hundred or so watching him practice a five ball flash pirouette. Not even the 14 year-olds can do that ...yet.

It was sheer luxury to be able to stagger out of the hall in the early hours, sweating and buzzing, into one of the ever hot showers, before floating off to beddy-byes to sleep perchance to dream of a solid five ball reverse cascade, humming the Convention jingle. Ah, those warm, dreamy nights in sunny Ischeland, a land free from litter and famed for its gravity thermals.

THE PARADE.

The Parade set off from the site which meant that it was easy to go on. Led by a band of drummers who volunteered their services for the occasion, a thousand or so jugglers wound their way along some pretty dull roads and past some pretty dull folk who seemed to find it difficult to smile much, despite the full array of kids, stilt walkers, costumed idiots on one wheel, and active antics. Perhaps it was because we were stopping their cars from going fast, poor things. We reached the first stop in the centre of town where the Mayor and local pen-pushers had decided to welcome us all - why I don't know 'cause we'd already made ourselves quite welcome. Now if I was a mayor I wouldn't try to make much in the way of a speech to lots of hot jugglers; he didn't do badly but the next one brought out the notes and started, only to die in a blaze of ducking and heckles. Let's face it, if it's not funny or flying around we don't want to know. Still, for the organisers, not as awkward as Oldenburg where the mayor got all-but booted down. It wasn't anything special until we reached our destination, the Stadelhalle and the Pool. Yes, a hot, hot day, a big (normally decorative) pool, a beautiful metal sculpture spouting water ...in we went. First the 4x4 unicyclists and then the ducks. A wild water spraying and splashing

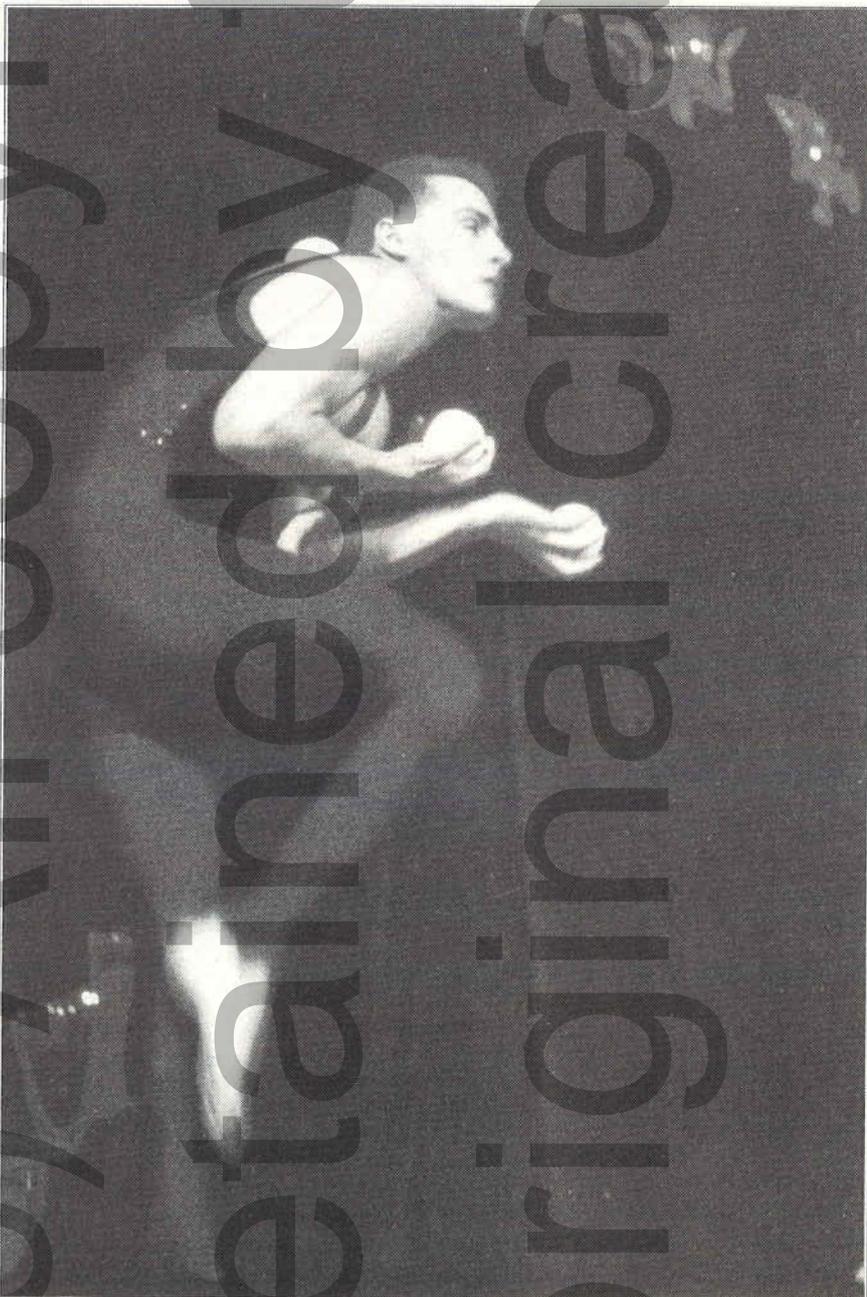
party. A couple of guys climbed the sculpture and buddy juggled at the top to a cheer and the click of cameras.

THE OPENING SHOW.

A peach. Held in the old quarry behind the Stadelhalle, three performance points kept the audience moving, allowing a new front row every time. First came a tumbling and vaulting routine performed by eight brightly-tighted men, *Kamener Chaos*, Martin Mall's diabolos, a strong piece despite the drops; The majorette baton twirler, Sascha Strupp, was a big hit with

fast flashy spins, dancey catches and his ability to move the stick around his body without using his hands.

The organisers, being a sharp bunch, had discovered that Paul Morocco and Ole were touring Germany that week, so here they were. What a show, what music, what fun! There were so many moments that had the audience reeling, not least the eggs routine, including a seriously impressive 20 metre throw-in of an egg caught straight in a five-ball pattern (of course, Paul was using four oranges). The musicians were truly great, playing some kind



Victor came out of his shell a bit. pic. Adrian John

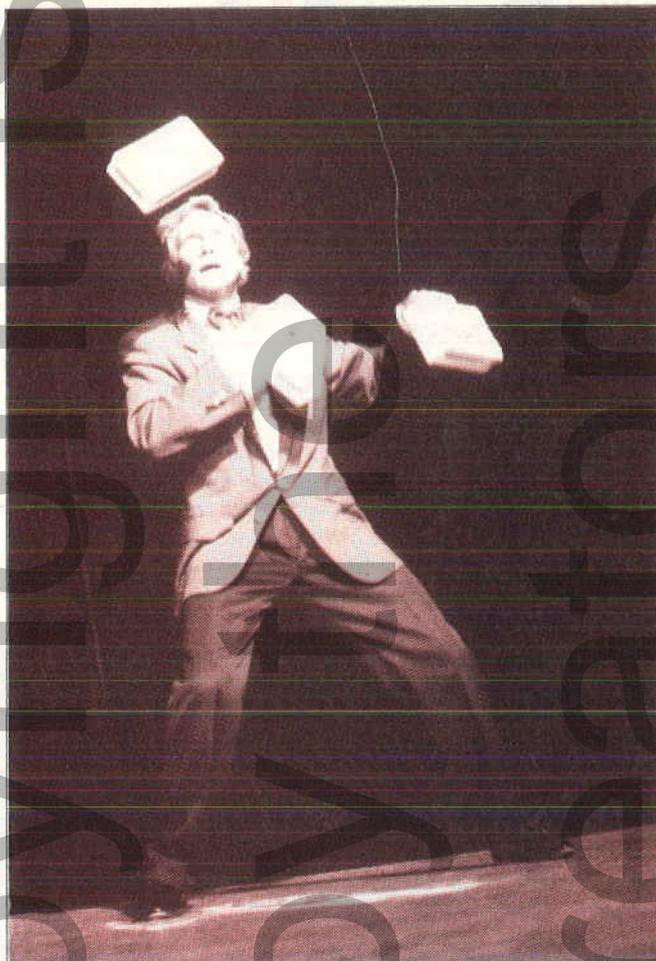
of flamenco/Hendrix/thrash guitar (including a fine teeth solo) beautifully and then able to fly into the guitar passing and drop-back sequence with ease. Whilst none of Paul's patter lines were original (to anyone who has seen more than ten good street shows) he has a style and character that powers you up as he sweats more. There is something of a Django Edwards/vaudeville feel at times, yet the energy of all three performers and their quality of sound and timing make them an unique act. The audience demanded three encores. After the show, what could we all do but head for home - more juggling, more beer, more shows.

OPEN STAGES.

The only criticism of this Convention that I have is that there were two open stages running at the same time and this left you with the feeling that you were missing something going on in the other tent. The Rami-Dami tent had no stage and no compère; it was operated on duckpower, the ducks clicking until the next act was up. Amongst the memorable acts was the yo-yo wizard from Japan who balanced a coin on the ear of a volunteer and flicked it off with a round-the-world.

In the *Croissant Neuf* tent the Renegade Stages took place. They were small and intimate events partly due to the fact that CN weren't billed in the Guide. Now there lies an epic tale. German and European bureaucracy and regulation meant that Andy and Sally had to file tent plans, designs and raise the wall height of the tent to get a permit to open. Up until the last minute it was touch and go, but they made it. Unfortunately they and the unique 12volt rig weren't in the information. However the shows went on.

The difference between an *Open Stage* and a *Renegade* is that the latter has compères, a ringside bar, non-juggling acts and active heckling. The Brits tended to hang out here on account of the bar and the bizzarity. The *Open Stage* in French and Spanish was an attempt by the organisers to be European and to get the French and Spanish on stage - there are always English and German acts, but the southerners tend to watch and not do their amazing stuff. The idea didn't work all that well, as the chosen compère, a multi-lingual guy from Switzerland, told the expectant packed-in-tight audience to go away if they weren't French or Spanish, much to the shock of all. The show did not die though and continued late into the night, with a compère making the best and worst of his poor French and Italian. Amongst the many who ventured forth where



Kris King was unfazed by the sloping stage. pic. Adrian John

many acts fear to tread were Sir Mortimer Erban (D), Prof. W.E.T. Panit (GB), Bob and Dave with their tambourines (Oxford), Alex on Devil Stick, Andrea (D) with his flaming fire Dragon Balls, the Ballistic Boys with smoke machine, *Glo-Balls* and *Laser-Glos*, Laurent (F), the Sandman with Mr Bobby, Clark, Robert Strong from the US who did some creative and entertaining compering, and Kevin the Balloon Modeller, who with his male balloon models left nothing to the imagination and confirmed everything you ever

suspected about balloon modellers and children. There were some young acts too - a girl on a unicycle she could only just ride (big applause), a boy and his diabolo, too many to remember, but thanks to all the brave. Oh and an interesting act involving a cigarette, a handstand, six clubs and two freshly squeezed buttocks. The best stealing routine of the convention though was Stuart nicking acts off the Rami-Dami stage and bringing them down to the Renegade.

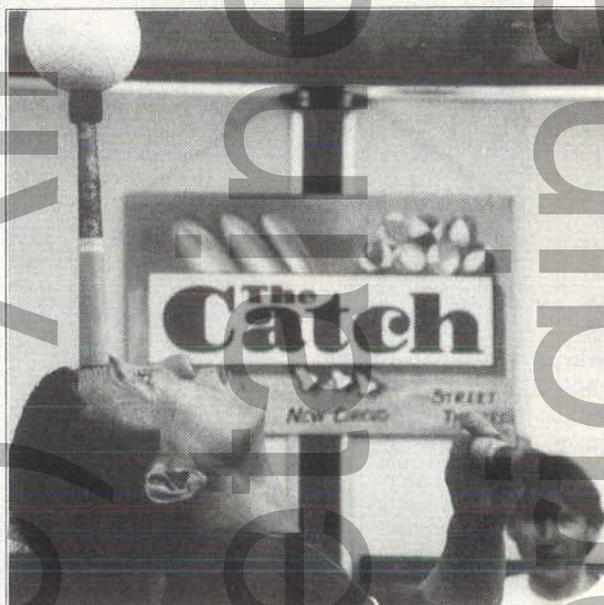
At this point Stuart breaks in, all in the cause of proving he wasn't in the bar all the time either, to point out that there was also The Marvellously Merry Monk, who did a unicycle mount using three volunteers climbing over them in his habit with no care in the world; Doug Orton, the old stager and organiser who performed for the first time on a renegade stage; Gregor with a stunning three ball routine; Dave and his amazing acrylic balls. Jules doesn't let on that he'd established himself as the main compère, with quick wit, excellent improvising skills and 'anything goes' attitude. People still talk about his Julia in a dress that was an extremely good fit (not one that he brought with him) singing 'Minnie the Moocher'.

Trouble is, he'll then have us believe he met this guy in the showers, see, with goggles on, who put his head in a fish-tank and timed himself solving the Rubik Cube behind his back. Furthermore he claims he saw no-one speak to the fellow, hasn't met anyone who knew who he was, and didn't dare speak himself for fear of spoiling the bizarre spectacle. If anyone knows who this was, or even if it happened at all, it will be a great relief to those of us who conclude, naturally, that the old boy is cracking up.

THE PUBLIC SHOW.

A coup for Til who organised the shows. Both were professionally presented and well compèred (Ursus and Nadesckin from Zurich), not too long and full of quality. And no one noticed when a stage lantern set fire to one of the stage drapes. Ooops.

We were tipped-off that a legend was being flown in, so we headed for the afternoon show. The pre-show entertainment - put money in the box and watch the jugglers do their stuff for one minute - turned the theatre foyer into what felt like our own jugglers' playground. (It was touches like this and the open-air screening of the Marx Brothers' 'Night at the Circus' that really made this a special time and place.) Axel Lauer and Karl Heinz Helmschrot were first on with an artistic movement-based piece that flowed elegantly (as did their dresses) and gave us



Performer Photo-opportunity! pic. Adrian John

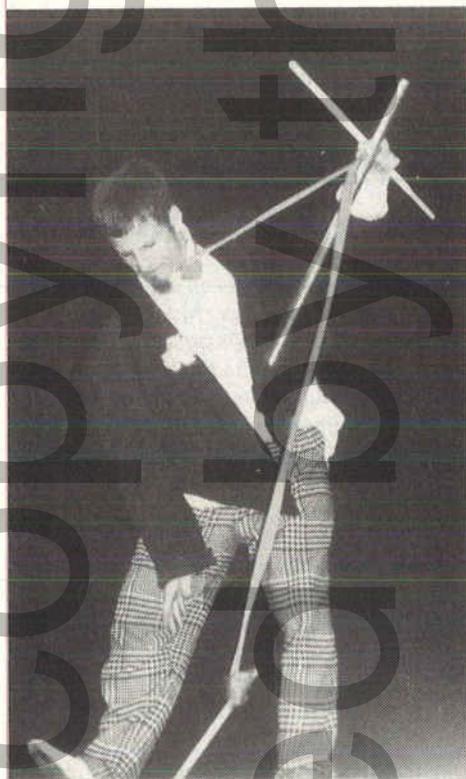
some great four-club passing patterns, balances and flourishes to applaud. Next was Albert with diabolo. Now there's this joke the Germans love - let your hair down, grab your props, put the thrash heavy metal on full and go wild - for me it was like being in your bedroom, 15 years old, pissing about with your mates for a laugh. It might have worked better if he hadn't dropped all his tricks. His saving grace was the breaking of his handsticks over his knee and ripping his teeshirt in two (although he used velcro). Not quite "party on, dude" - a good light relief but I would have traded his time for more of Philip and Thorsten who did only a walk-on one minute immaculate seven-ball sharing and passing piece. Jeremy, from Ireland, living in Paris, wowed the hall with his ring juggling without the use of music save the grinding of ring on ring. Spinning ring on ring, behind the back, over the head, some cool floor roll returns, all with good form, style and a warm presentation. For comedy (for us, not them) and general strangeness - why are they on the stage, ah, yes local boys - came Peter and Ruden with their *Federfußball*. This 'action team', backed with Eye of the Tiger, played *hackensack* with a feather boa tied to it. The audience where I sat sniggered quietly and clapped the odd trick, like when they got off. If only the thing had squeaked when kicked and was billed as the *Flying Baby Mohair Hamster* we would have got them straight onto the Renegade that night.

The curtain closed and opened theatrically to reveal a Babe and a Dude. There was no trapeze so it had to be hot sex acro-balance: it was, called X'est. Classy, precisely presented - they perspired but did not sweat - it drew well-deserved applause on cue. Memorable moves included her handstand on his arm, the flat on the floor roll-up to short-arm high hand-to-hand, his slow handstand with pike balanced on her knees and at the end her high hand-to-hand down into sitting on his raised right arm. Kris Kremó was introduced: the place went wild. He came on and it went wilder. He did his stuff and we were on our feet. There is just something wonderfully fulfilling about seeing a legend live. He does the same routine as always, including programmed mistakes, but the smile just says it all - style, precision and class. Til got to present him with an engraved cigar box and be photographed on stage with him, a good reward for making it happen, though I know he still dreams of Francis Brun. Kris, with that bounce in his step, was off into a car and onto a plane to do his evening show in Paris. Having just witnessed a living legend, one of the greats, one of the tradition that has inspired so many of us, how could it get better? After the interval it did.

Victor Koe emerged from his plastic bubble in a black body suit, the smoke hung a little in the air, red light washed over him, the music pulsed and the new school of juggling style was counterpoint to the old. An adept blend of acrobatics and juggling, using his body as a tool and a creative image. A combination of stillness, lyrical and staccato energy, captivat-

ing from the first moment - when he made a single white ball appear - until the last - when the white ball turns into a glowing red heart as he returns to his plastic shell. The audience was on its feet again. An inspired piece, technical and innovative.

Doubles Trapeze next and a strong, beautifully costumed routine from Susi Richter and Petra from Berlin - the show was covering the full spectrum of the circus arts. On came the clown *Gulko*. Superb. His musical metal devil stick, singing beating buzzing rhythms, and then the long long long red tie which eventually engulfs and metamorphoses him, were a perfect choice for an audience that loved the quality of his fun. Anna Jillings did a visually enchanting two minutes of fire club swinging, it was smooth and it went down very well.



No Sir, you can't come in the restaurant with a tie like that!
pic. Adrian John

Having seen the good, the excellent and the legendary now it was time for the downright gobsmacking original. Ruslan Fomenko from the Ukraine spun us all out with his 'bollas' juggling. Imagine two large stage balls joined together by about a foot of string; as they fly they look like rigid devil sticks with balls at either end, when caught they swing. He did three, four, five, with foot kick ups. Delirious stuff, had many open-mouthed, and manufacturers taking notes quickly. He had a few goes at getting five just perfect; we didn't mind but he kept miming his apologies for not being perfect. Okay, so he's not a god, but he juggled divinely.

In the evening show KK was swapped for Japaner from Japan who did... I don't know what, but it was good so I'm told.

After a little investigative reporting I discovered just how much all the acts got paid. Travel

expenses only and not a DMark more. Sound as a pound. Good One the Hagen 6.

THE GAMES.

Another hot day in the Ischeland. Many of the usual games and lots of new and stupid ones. Again comedy was the order of the day. It wasn't so funny when the organisers suddenly realised that the stadium PA had been removed by the builders - but struggling with sound problems is all part of the routine chaos of the Games. The fun games included: musical chairs whilst doing a devil stick propeller; throw the diabolo up and chuck your handsticks at a rope so that the string lands across the rope; get all the local kids to collect as many clubs as possible from the club balance endurance (notice how kids'll do anything to win); and the hippest game of all - stick your long hair in the water and run back to your relay team and squeeze it into a container. Who needs skill to have fun? The joke of the day was the *Masked Dark Rider* who would ride up - yes, really, on a white charger - and win all the games (though he got his comeuppance in the Gladiators). Some games he won by sheer skill but most through collective subterfuge with the organisers. The prize each time was a colour TV but he wanted no reward, to defeat gravity his only desire. Never but never say that the Germans don't have a sense of humour again! As to the identity of the Dark Rider, well I'm sure it changed for each game and we can all make some guesses, but perhaps some secrets are best kept. Who knows when he/she may reappear.

At the public meeting there were no big complaints. There was no shade for the tents and the crèche scene was discussed. Compliments were given and the organisers blasted with applause. Even the toilets gained the coveted Ann Nicholls International Toilet Hygiene Seal of Approval. Carlos Abrahams, on behalf of the traders, thanked the Organisers for at last giving them a good pitch and no problems for the first time in years.

The only worrying thing is the lack of suggestions and energy to make the next one happen. We ARE all off to Sweden next year, but where then? More input is needed. The numbers seem to have levelled out at around 2000 but Sweden is expensive and a way away. Fear not, read the *Catch* for effective and cheap ways of getting there, your EJA Representative is on the case.

Hagen opened with the line "this could be the beginning of a beautiful convention", in tribute to Casablanca; perhaps to end one could slaughter some more dialogue and say "if we ever get out of this alive, and whatever happens to us in this crazy mixed up world, though it may not add up to a heap of beans, we'll still have Hagen." Play It Sam. (Cue Convention jingle)



Serious Request III

They need your help!

They're **The Serious Road Trip** (see news item last issue or a recent *Big Issue* cover story for more details), that bunch of genial maniacs with hearts bigger than their heads, who have dedicated themselves to bringing a little light and colour to the children of Sarajevo and around, by engaging them in doing something which has no associations with the disaster they've been living in for the last two years - and teaching them to help themselves and each other in the process. They're also (by association, natch) the kids of Bosnia themselves.

What they want is

- 1) People to do art, face-paint, juggling and acro. workshops. Out there. It's not as dangerous as it might sound, really.
- 2) A professional Circus School teacher to go to Sarajevo for a month to teach the young local circus artists who are committed to passing such skills on to their young compatriots.
- 3) Volunteer fund-raisers and office assistance in their London office, which risks shutting down altogether if they can't raise more money soon.

What they want might be you...

These requests were made in August, just after our last issue, and some of them may recently have been found, but if this project or others out there interest you, call 'em anyway - they're sure to be able to find something for you to do!

Ring SRT on 071 916 9333 or fax on 9335.



The Gift - (see GIGS) Angelo De Castro

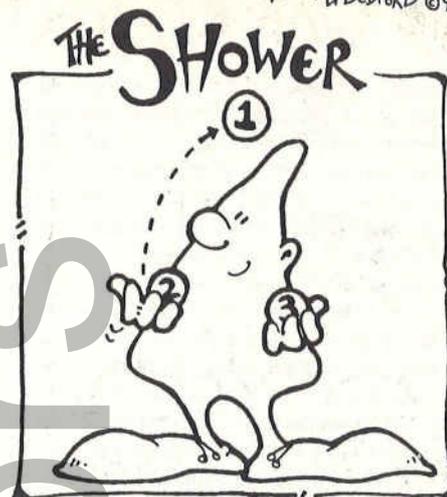
Junior Showtime

We got another letter from the parents and fans of eight-year-old *Stephen Wiley*, with a handful of press-cuttings (one from the *Daily Star*, unfortunately) regarding his recent appearance with a Theme Park Circus in Lowestoft. Watch for this boy at Norwich - NB. nobbling him may well be frowned upon by the authorities. Interestingly, the local paper reports that he doesn't aspire to life in the circus - "I'm going to be a street performer," he declares. Do child prodigies turn into great performers? or well-adjusted people? Perhaps some of our trad. circus friends might be able to shed some light on this one...

Throw the book at him

International Juggling Superstar (it says 'ere) *Haggis McLeod* joins the book-signing circuit on Oct. 27 to promote his contribution to the juggler's wobbly free-standing bookshelf, *Know The Game, Juggling* (you'll have seen the series in sports shops, etc., been going for years, national institution writes for national institution, etc.). Mr Mc will be outside *Books Etc.* in Covent Garden at lunchtime, juggling and accepting any challenges (allegedly - don't whatever you do read the *Karamazovs* feature for ideas).

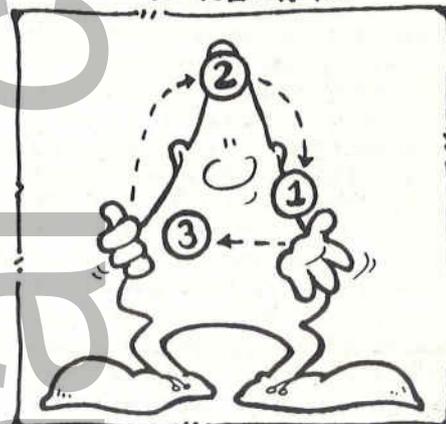
- DRAWINGS BY M.F. BEDFORD ©93



START BY THROWING NO1 BALL IN A HIGH ARC



...AS NO1 PEAKS, THROW NO2 TO FOLLOW IT.

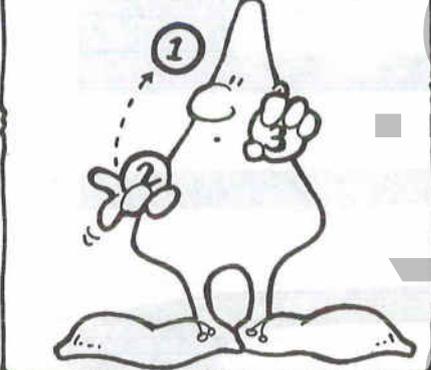


AS NO1 DESCENDS, QUICKLY PASS NO3 TO THE OTHER HAND!

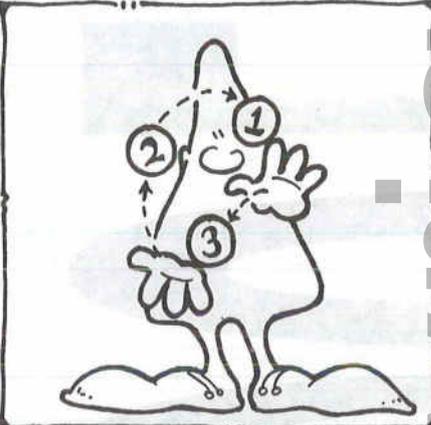


KEEP GOING AND YOU'VE GOT IT!

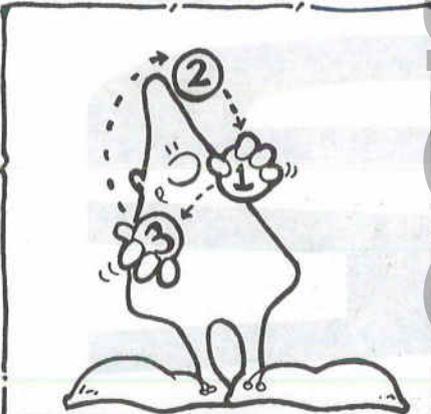
THE WATERFALL



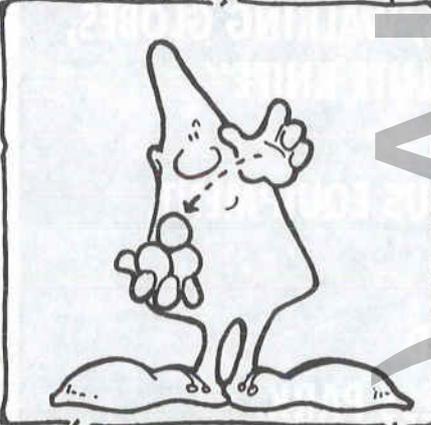
THROW N°1 UP IN A HIGH ARC



AS N°1 PEAKS, THROW N°2 AND FLIP N°3 INTO LOWER HAND



N°1 IS CAUGHT IN RAISED HAND AS 2 PEAK AND 3 IS CAUGHT IN LOWER. KEEP GOING.



A GOOD FINISH TO THIS ONE IS TO END WITH ALL THREE IN ONE HAND - GO ON, GIVE IT A FLOURISH!

OCTOBER

Oct.2 Corby Juggling Convention
 Connaughty Centre & Festival Hall, Corby, Northamptonshire. Costs £10, £5 under 16. Production of last year's badge gets adults £1 off (anyone with all 3 gets a prize to compensate) Perfumed gardens of bliss [*yer wol? - Hassan I Sahba*], overflowing with workshops, jugglers Cabaret, bar. The catchphrases and jokes from this one are notorious for lasting all year - get ahead of the rest of Norwich! Attendance limited to 300, if you haven't booked, ring 'em right now, especially if you wanted a crèche. The Evening cabaret is in Corby Festival Hall and tickets are available separately (but included in convention price) - should be worth a visit anyway. Send a cheque, payable to *Corby Community Arts*, 160 Gainsborough Road, Corby, Northamptonshire. NN18 0RQ. Ffi. contact Gary on (0536) 263786, fax 402467.

Oct.13-14 Le carrefour de la rue
 Paris, Grande Halle de la Villette. Serious conference for Street performers, agents, members of cultural institutions, continental local authorities, researchers, urban designers and planners, etc. etc. As we point out elsewhere this issue, they take this sort of thing more seriously over there. Prices for simple attendance are 150F a day, 120F if there's more than two of you. Details from **HORSLESMURS**, 74 avenue Pablo Picasso, 92000 Nanterre, tel. + 46 69 96 96, fax ...98. For your address books, this office is the French national association for the promotion of street arts.

Oct.13-15 Australian Juggling Convention
 Cairns, on the far North east and a bonzer spot so our international sources tell us. And it's warm! \$35, \$15 for yooofs. Ffi. Children's Activity Group, 3 Ash Street, Yungaburra 4872, Australia Or ring Ian on +70 95 3483.

Oct.23 National Association of Youth Circus convention, Circus Space, London.

Oct.30 Lancaster University Hallowe'en Juggling Convention
 10am-9pm. Workshops, games, Uni, UV, cabaret, café, bars - and an evening party that lets rip with a vengeance. £5 day (£4 under-14) £3 evening (£2), or £7 (£5) the whole shebang! Available on the door or from SLUJ, Students' Union, Lancaster University, Lancaster.

Mar.20-26 World Clown Convention
 Southport Floral Hall. The big international (ie. mostly American) event, usually held in the US. Lots of visitors from Europe and of course the UK. Details for now from *Truffles* (Franklin Arbisman), 13 East Moor Crescent, Roundhay, Leeds, West Yorkshire, LS8 1AD, (0532) 665526.

Mar.24-27 1st Australian Juggling Festival
 Margaret River (famous wine-producing region!), Western Australia. 'International Stars' wanted - send 'em a vid. audition tape. Apart from that there's all the fun of a convention, shows, open air night market, wine bottle juggling competition, juggling in *Mammoth Cave*, etc. Now what about that 'How to write a magazine' workshop? Ffi. PO Box 556, Esperance, Western Australia, 6450. Tel./fax. +61 (0)90 714896.

20-23 April British Juggling Convention
 Norwich. Ffi. AJC '95, c/o 194 Nelson Street, Norwich NR2 4DS. Get those thinking caps on...

REGULARS:

Every first Sunday of the month **Jugglers' Picnic**, Circus Factory garden, Hebden Bridge, 12-6, bring six-pack, sandwiches and a suitably silly frame of mind.

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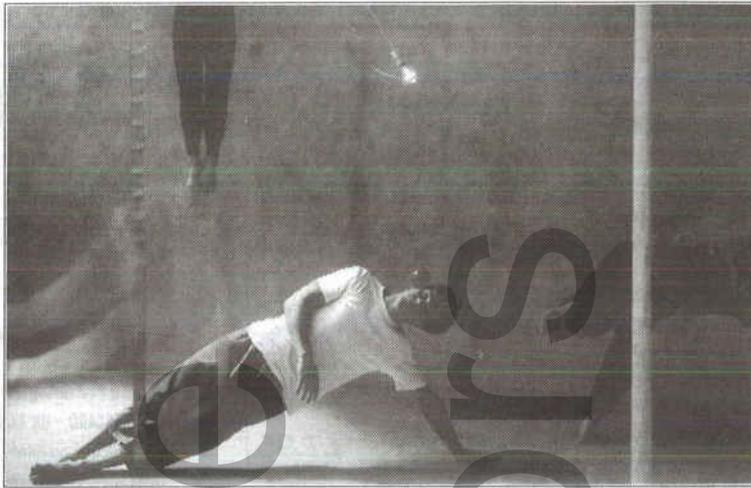
THE GANDINI JUGGLING PROJECT

Caught - "still"/hanging

Exciting curiosity and mild controversy again and as always, Gandini Project shows are always beautiful to behold, contain some stunning technical juggling (and that's not all) - and even the dissenters concede you really ought to see it and make up your own mind.

- Oct.1 Alhambra Studio Theatre, Bradford
- Oct.7 Goole Arts Centre
- Oct.8 Bowen West Community Centre, Bedford
- Oct.12-13 Minerva Studio Theatre, Chichester (tbc)
- Oct.20 King Alfred's College, Winchester
- Oct.25 MacRobert Arts Centre, Stirling
- Oct.27 Alsager Arts Centre, Crewe
- Nov.4 Exeter & Devon Arts Centre
- Nov.11 Citadel Arts Centre, Saint Helens
- Nov.16 The Brewhouse, Taunton
- Dec.3 Gulbenkian Theatre, Canterbury

THE ONLY 1994 SHOWS of "N^either Either"
29/30 Nov, Bloomsbury Theatre



CHINESE STATE CIRCUS



New show, new stars, traditional skills. Don't miss out. There isn't a single reader of this magazine who wouldn't love it.

- Sep.25-Oct.2 Gloucester Gloucester Park
0260 297589
- Oct.5-23 Dublin Balls Bridge (BT)
0260 297589
- Oct.28-Nov.13 Blackheath London (BT)
0260 297589
- Nov.15-19 Inverness Eden Court (Th)
0463 221718
- Nov.29-Dec.4 Derby Assembly Rooms
(Th) 0322 255800
- Dec.6-8 Ipswich The Regent (Th)
0473 281480
- Dec.9-11 Great Yarmouth Hippodrome
(Th) 0260 297589
- Dec.12-18 Bristol Hippodrome (Th)
0272 299444

January in Paignton, Cork, & more TBC.

*BT-BIG TOP *Th-Theatre

ANGELA DE CASTRO & CO.

The Gift

Ex Right Size, Ra-Ra Zoo and Mummerandada, Angela's one of the funniest people on these isles, and The Gift a particularly poignant bit of character clowning.

- Oct.6 Preview, Charles Cryer Studio, Carshalton
- Oct.7 Premier, Charles Cryer Studio, Carshalton
- Oct.11-13 The Base, Camberwell
- Oct.18 Royal Holloway & Bedford New College, Egham
- Oct.25-28 Turtle Key Arts Centre, Fulham
- Nov.3 The Nave, Uxbridge
- Nov.11 The Barn, Milton Keynes
- Nov.24 King Alfred's College, Winchester
- Nov.26 The Merlin Theatre, Sheffield

- Dec.2 The Citadel Arts Centre, Saint Helen's
- Dec.3 The Studio, South Hill Park, Bracknell

VAN BUREN JNR. & KIM

Superior-skilled traditional variety-style performer from distinguished family of same. Unfortunately they're on the Good Olde Days tour with Danny La Rue (might be classic camp?). A different night out!

- Oct.2 Birmingham Hippodrome
- Oct.3-5 Croydon Ashcroft Theatre
- Oct.6-7 Dartford Orchard Theatre
- Oct.8 Theatre Elli Llanelli
- Oct.9 Southend Cliffs Pavilion
- Oct.10 Hornchurch Queens Theatre
- Oct.11-12 Swindon Wyvern Theatre
- Oct.13-15 Southsea Kings Theatre
- Oct.16 Aldershot Princes
- Oct.19 Lincoln Ritz Theatre
- Oct.20 Street Strobe Theatre
- Oct.21 Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall
- Oct.22-23 Paignton Festival Theatre
- Oct.24 Huddersfield Lawrence Batley Theatre
- Oct.25 Cardiff Saint David's Hall
- Oct.27-28 Doncaster Civic Theatre
- Oct.29 Stafford Gatehouse Theatre
- Oct.30-31 Hayes Beck Theatre
- Nov.1 Derby Assembly Hall
- Nov.2-3 Cannock Prince Of Wales Theatre
- Nov.4 Rhyl Pavilion Theatre
- Nov.5-6 Colne Municipal Hall
- Nov.7-8 Blyth The Wallow
- Nov.9 Ashton Under Lyme Tameside Hippodrome
- Nov.10 Borehamwood The Venue
- Dec.22-Jan.10 Panto at Rotherham Theatre

COMMOTION

The Quest for Don Quixote

Ex Theatre de Complicité and regular Circus Space clowning tutors Rick Zaltowski & Gerry Flanagan (joined here by Fiona Battersby) have an individual style of clown-based classic comedy that should appeal to anyone from 10 up whilst remaining rich in thought-provoking moments and images.

- Oct.7 Workshop, Great Torrington (tbc)
- Oct.7 The Plough Arts Centre, Great Torrington
- Oct.8 Brentwood Theatre
- Oct.14 Northbrook Theatre, Worthing
- Oct.28 Workshop, Saint Donats (tbc)
- Oct.28 Saint Donats Arts Centre, Llantwit Major
- Nov.2 Workshop, Ormskirk (tbc)
- Nov.3 Rose Theatre, Ormskirk
- Nov.9 Jellicoe Theatre, Poole
- Dec.2 Brewery Arts Centre, Cirencester
- Dec.3 Workshop, Gloucester (tbc)
- Dec.3 Guildhall, Gloucester

STEVE RAWLINGS

Excellent juggler propping up mediocre TV comedian
Blackpool Summer Season, North Pier,
Brian Conley Show until Nov.5.

For details on the whereabouts of trad. circuses (who for anti-'anti' and anti-competition reasons often don't give any clues about their whereabouts any more than a few days in advance) including Zippo & Harlequin, you can ring the Kingpole (Trad. Circus mag) information line on 0891 343341. This is a premium charge line, but we are assured they keep the message as short as they can.

Harlequin's information line is 0836 222554

CABARET

LEEDS

HULLABALOO NEW CIRCUS CABARET

Haddon Hall (pub) music room, Burley, Leeds 4.

Fortnightly on Saturdays, at 8 for 8.45, costs a paltry £3.50/£2.50 concs.

Oct.8 The superb *Le La Les*, the great *The Great Dave*, the beeyoutifool *Rachel Henson & Marion Kenny* and the stupid *Pete Lawless White*.

Oct.22 Dancing Comedy (are you sure?) duo *Skirmish*, Moroccan acrobat *Chefrag*, *Martin Bigpig* "doing for circus what Tommy Cooper did for magic" and comic *Terry Tilter*.

Nov.5 The one-and-only *Rory Motion*, the one-and-only *Brandon Brolley* the one-and-only Devilstick *Alex* and the one-and-only *Pete Z the man from the shed*. Plus it's the clubs 5th Birthday.

Nov.19 *Cosmos* and some brand new UV wizzertery, *Juggling Frank* the convention king, *Mike Odd*, who is indeed, and *Ronald Arthur Dewhurst*, the Butcher of Burley.

Dec.3 *Tim Dalling*, not once but twice, *Bell & Bullock* from EEzy Trapeezzy and *Neil Bennell* aka. The man with no shoes.

GLASGOW

Glasgow's first New Circus Cabaret comes to central Glasgow and East Kilbride on Dec.1 & 2. Including international superstars *Cosmos* and local heroes *Co-Motion*. Ffi. Ring Chris on 041 427 3581.

LONDON

Circus Space cabarets are postponed till next year.

Whether you're a beginner or a fairly accomplished 3-ball juggler, you probably get the urge every so often to go...

Beyond the Cascade

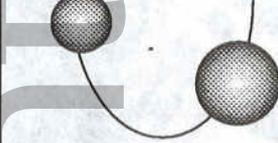
This book will take you there. By following its step-by-step instructions, you'll go beyond - way beyond - the basic 3-Ball Cascade pattern and learn 88 of the classiest 3-ball tricks known to juggling kind, including

- Milk's Mess
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- Clawed Chops
- The Long Throw
- The Snake
- and 82 other classic 3-ball tricks

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George Gillson

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CIRCUS SPACE

Shoreditch Power Station - Coronet Street, Hackney, London N1 6HD, tel. 071 613 4141. Near Old Street (Northern Line)

Short Courses

Oct.16 Ultra-Violet Black Light Convention with Cosmos, etc.

Oct.17-27 *Clown - The Art of Play* with Commotion

Oct.24-28 *3 Balls with Movement* course with Sean Gandini.

Nov.26 Club Swinging with Anna Jillings

Nov.27 Club Swinging Convention

Other details not available as we went to press - ring the blighters!

Circus Space Intensive Courses

Jan.9-Mar.3 **Two Month Physical Circus Skills Course**

One step on from the above, but that's not a precondition. Phone for an application form.

Mar.13-Apr.28 **Circus Teacher Training Course**

With particular reference to teaching aerial and acrobatic skills, also juggling, stunts, etc. Includes a British Amateur Gymnastics Association teaching qualification, and is expected to qualify you for the NVQ in Circus Teacher Training that Circus Space are currently developing, when this is introduced. Full details available in September.

Sep.1995 **BTEC National Diploma in Performing Arts / Circus**

Two-year course, postponed from this autumn. Full details available in September.

Also! Regular weekly classes in flying trapeze, static trapeze, swinging trapeze, acrobatics, tumbling, acrobalance, juggling, unicycling, wire walking, trampoline, ballet... and probably more...

SKYLIGHT

Broadwater Centre, Smith Street, Rochdale OL16 1HE Tel. 0706 50676 Fax 0706 713638.

Regular Sessions -

Monday 7-9 adult Circus Skills, Wednesday 4-5.30 Youth Circus, Wednesday 7-9 Aerial (ring to check)

Short Intensives

Oct.2 Basic Tumbling & Balancing with Jim Riley £14.

Oct. 8-9 Cloudswing & Doubles Trapeze with Sue Brent £35.

Oct.15 Introductory Trapeze with Jackie Sysum £16.

Oct.16 Trapeze - not for Beginners, with Jackie Sysum £16.

Nov.19-20 'How to be a stupid' clowning performance with the brilliant Angela de Castro. £35.

Nov.26-27 AcroBalance - not for Beginners, with Jackie Sysum £35

Dec.3 Pyrotechnics with Darren Wallins. All you need to start a mania! £19 (inc. materials)

Dec.4 Circus Skills Fun Day. Introduction to basic skills aplenty £14.

Dec.10-11 Swinging Trapeze. With Jackie Sysum. Trapeze experience essential. £35.

Courses run 10.30-4; except pyrotechnics, 1-4pm.

Longer courses

Jan.23-Mar.10 *Circus Theatre*. Performance Skills, Circus Arts. 18 hours/week plus practice! £380.

Jan.23-Mar.10 *Foundation Circus Theatre*. Training - introductory to intermediate - in Circus skills including acro & aerial, performance including character & devising, related skills including props & costumes. Will produce a one-off showcase performance at end of course and endeavour to fit in with developments on NVQs. 21.5 hours/week. Tutors include Hamish McColl, Jackie Sysum. More details on application.

CIRCOMEDIA

First year of the new full-time course now in session. Coming soon, in the new year, weekend, week & fortnight classes with Bim Mason, John Lee, Olly Crick, Franki Anderson, Helen Crocker, etc. Details nearer the date.

from 41 Balmoral Road, Bristol BS7 9AX

COSMOS

Residential workshops in UV & fire & club swinging with Anna Jillings & Jim Semlyen and friends, among the best you'll find. Lovely locations (tend to be retreat centres & New Age centres) - which also means great veggie grub, good times - the Scots one sounds particularly worth the trip. Local people can visit during the day at a reduced charge, conces-



Advanced people juggling with Ken Farquhar, pic. John Hawkins

sions negotiable from the respective centres.

Sep.23-25 Lower Shaw Farm, Swindon, Wiltshire. (0793) 771080. £75/£40 kids.

Nov.4-6, Monkton Wyld Court, Bridport, Dorset (0297) 60342. £90/£45 kids, all in. Bonfire Night extravaganza!

May 6-13 Laurieston Hall, Castle Douglas, SW Scotland

Cosmos Juggling Club Specialised Workshops

Every Tuesday 7-9pm., Priory Street Centre, York. £1.50/£1

Oct.4 3-ball tricks, Oct.11 Slack Rope
Details from Anna Jillings or Jim Semlyen on (0904) 430472.

OLLY CRICK

Old-stager juggler, comic and Commedia man running specialised courses in Bristol:

Juggling - beginners & neophytes

Weekly, Mondays 7-9, Stoke Lodge centre, Shirehampton Road, Stoke Bishop. Fl. (0272) 683112

Stand Up Comedy

Weekly, Tuesdays 7-9, Nursery Nurse's College, Broadlands Drive, Lawrence Weston. Fl.(0272) 235706

Both these courses are about to start so ring him now!

Oct.8 (one-dayer) and

Nov.12-13 *Commedia Dell'Arte*.

The Puppet Centre, Hengrove School, Petheron Gardens, Hengrove, South Bristol. Fl. (0275) 838800

Nov.5 Stand Up Comedy (introduction)

Filton College of Adult Education, Filton College, Filton Avenue, Filton BS12 7AF. Filton, sorry, tel. (0272) 798909

Nov.19,26 Writing for Comedy. Nursey Nurses College, as above.

Coming soon - Introduction to Comedy (Feb.), Relating to an Audience (Mar.) & more Commedia. Ring Olly on (0272) 553479 for more.

NORWICH CIRCUS CENTRE

104 Nelson Street, Norwich NR2 4DS.
Tel. (0603) 613445.

Autumn courses, starting week beginning Oct.3, all for 10 week term (except Diabolo & Club-Swinging)

Mondays:

6-7.30 Intermediate/advanced ball juggling with Ken Farquhar, Parkside School, £28/20 (concs.) for the term.

8-9.30 Club Juggling, details as above

Tuesdays:

6-7 Children's Acrobatics £20/15

7-8.30 Beginners' Acrobatics £28/20

Intermediate Acrobatics £28/20

All with Mark Digby at Parkside School

Wednesdays:

6-7.30 Clowning with Cos Hardy & Will Chamberlain. 8-9.30 Mask, Mime & Physical Theatre - building to a performance. Tutors: Hoipolloi, Mark Pitman, Colin Boyd.

Venue & price both Notre Dame High School £28/20(per course!).

Thursdays:

6-7.30 Trapeze for Children with Mark Digby. £28/20

8-9.30 Trapeze for Beginners with Mark Digby & Julia Dixey. £32/22

Fridays

6-7.30 Introduction to Circus Skills with Will Chamberlain & David Solomons £28/20.

8-9.30 Advanced Diabolo with David Solomons £15/10 for 5 weeks

Clubswinging, beginners & intermediate, with Zac Swing. £15/10 for 5 weeks.

1994 International Workshop Festival

We missed most of the relevant stuff 'cos they didn't tell us about it. Thanks guys

You might still get onto a week with the mind-boggling Catalan outdoor street theatre/circus group *Gog i Magog* Derry, Oct.3-8, £100.

Acrobats would be advised to check out the course in *Capoeira*, the Carnival dance/acro/combat form from the Black communities of South America which has been blowing a few minds and invading a few people's pieces recently.

Nottingham, 7-11 Nov, £100.

Ring IWF on 071 580 8825.

Zippo's Academy of Circus Arts

A one-month induction course, not living on the road like the full 6-month intensive, but covering the same range of practical Big Top skills from aerial to rigging the trapeze yourself. The course runs throughout November, 10-3 Monday-Friday, and the fee is £300.

The next 6-month intensive starts in May 1995, auditions take place regionally in January and February. Fee, course only, is £1750.

Look out for a guide to auditioning coming soon in a magazine not far from this one!

For further details contact

Verena Cornwall, Manager, Zippo's Academy, 164 Stockbridge Road, Winchester, Hampshire SO22 6RW (0962) 877600

The Catch is proud to be involved in a sponsorship positive on-going relationship with *Zippo's Academy*. So there!

KIDS/YOUNG PEOPLE'S COURSES

Albert & Friends

Hammersmith, London. Info. on 081 741 5471

Circus Space Term-Time after-school courses Are planned to start again in the autumn. Enquire!

GOING DOWNHILL FAST

Mountain Unicycling - this issue's interesting way to injure yourself, courtesy of Duncan Castling. Cheers, Dunc.

Do you ride a uni?
Do you like challenges of the seriously physical kind?
Does a sports hall/tennis court induce claustrophobia?
Has Uni-Hoc lost it's sparkle? (are you out there Lee?)
Are you bored with one-legged/blindfold/backwards/wheel walking?
Can you perform without an audience? [ooh! -d]
Fancy something new? (-ish?)
If the answer to all these questions is yes, then read on...

STEP ONE

First we need to change our perspective of what you can do on a uni. Be prepared to explore the great void, to boldly go where few unis have gone before, etc. Take a foray into the big outdoors. What I'm talking about could eventually involve unicycling off-road, through mountainous terrain, sometimes for up to two days, against other competitors who are mountain bikers... OOPS! did I mention a dirty word? What about our non-competitive, caring and sharing environment? Er... what about uni-hoc?
Anyway this is how my brother Andy and I got hooked. Many years back we were both fell-runners and mountain bikers and reasonably happy with our lot. One of the events we did regularly was the *Polaris Challenge*, a two-day team mountain bike orienteering event. Having realised very early on that we would never win unless all the other competitors in our class simultaneously crashed/re-

tired/expired, we decided on the only option open to us, ie. to move the goal posts. Andy had decided to upgrade to a *Semicycle* in 1993. I inherited his cast-off *Pashley*, giving me the means and incentive to learn to ride a uni (anything you can do...). In October 1993 we finally gave up on two wheels and, spurred by the maxim "a winner is only as good as the competition", we decided to invent a new class with one team, and complete the *Polaris* on unis.

Our appearance was well received by the organiser and other competitors alike, and we were subject to much friendly pisstaking during the event. That was until the end of the two days, when we discovered that we had actually beaten nine other teams. These are now eighteen bitter twisted individuals that will forever carry the stigma of being stuffed by *MUnis*, Mountain Unis.

We also realised that we had witnessed something of a metamorphosis: we had somehow evolved into a new genre which belongs in the great outdoors and shows mountain bikers they don't have all the monopoly on loony events. But what we also needed was some competition to capitalise on our advantage.

STEP TWO

The British Mountain Unicycling Championships

17th July, Chopwell Woods, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear
Sponsors: *Polaris*, Forest Enterprise, & The Friends of Chopwell Woods.

Blue skies, baking hot sun and a single three mile lap of the upper part of Chopwell Woods, incorporating a variety of terrain from forest road to single track (with tree roots and drop-offs!)... The total climb was 400' incorporating one climb of 150' in 0.6 mile. The average speed of the fastest competitor was nearly 7 mph., quite impressive on a 20" fixed-wheel home-built unicycle.

The mental stability of Mountain Unicyclists, *MUnis*, must be inversely proportional to their technical ability. A total of eight riders entered the event from various parts of the country. The race began with a relatively smooth downhill, competitors gently weaving their way through visitors to the Woodland Festival (also taking place that day, with plenty of opportunities for busking, where were you?) onto a long section of potholes cunningly disguised as level track. If you learn one thing in this sport it's the

ability to fall off - at least there are no handlebars to cause complications. It's just that the ground seems to jump up to meet you so much faster! *MUnis* don't talk much; otherwise you tend to spend lots of time removing gravel from parts of your anatomy. The conversation was limited to identification of hazards and expletives when we failed to clear them. If uphill are a challenge, downhills cause grey hair and baggy shorts. The leading group - Dan Harrison (Halifax) Simon Schofield (Newcastle), Andy Frazer (Leeds), and, early on, Keith Baxter (Middlesbrough) - who must all have serious problems or a death wish, hurtled down the main descent and into the 'technical section' [*ere! wossat? I think he means a tricky twisty bit -d*] - no brakes, remember!. It was at this point that Simon parted company with his uni whilst attempting a short-cut incorporating a two foot drop, ouch!

The remaining two riders were neck and neck with Simon gradually re-gaining ground until the pressure of the sprint(?) finish caused Andy to fall, leaving Dan Harrison the winner with a two second lead over Simon Schofield. The Ladies race was won by Lisa Castling who adopted a much more sensible approach and completed the circuit in fine style (for a ten year-old). The biggest cheer on the finish went to Nick Levy who, at 40, should know better, but still finished the circuit (and would have finished me if he could have caught me afterwards).

Is there anyone out there? Come on guys, get a life, ditch the jugglers/hockey sticks, and learn what a real challenge is. Get out in the dirt! Better still if you enter the *Polaris Challenge* on (M)Unicycles in October 94, I'll see you there.

P.S. Is anyone out there interested in a *MUni* league with regular(ish) events?

Duncan Castling (*MUni*)

CURRENT BRITISH MUNI RANKING LIST

1	Dan Harrison	1st Junior	26.46
2	Simon Schofield	1st Senior	26.48
3	Andy Frazer	Junior	26.49
4	Rob Vasey	Senior	38.23
5	Lisa Castling	1st Lady	39.43
6	Keith Baxter	Junior	39.44
7	Duncan Castling	Senior	39.44
8	Nick Levy	Senior	56.25

Catch GOES TO EDINBURGH

...WELL Donald Grant *does*

ALBERT & FRIENDS: TILTING AT WINDMILLS

I really didn't know what to expect from this show. Children's circus can so often be spoiled by tokenism, tenuous stories, and of course egotistical young 'stars'. Not *Albert and Friends*.

'Tilting at Windmills' is the tale of two clowns sitting in a park, bored and uninspired. The world passes them by, ironically represented by the very skills which the audience would expect *them* to be doing. A train of walking globes chuff-chuff past. Children skip rope and dance happily (on stilts). A drunk lurches past, barely appearing to keep his balance, whilst pursued by a manic park keeper. Both on one wheel, of course. There are old ladies frenetically knitting with diabolos, cossack dancers on giraffes, and even some workmen who casually break a paving slab on one of the hapless clowns' stomachs! The irony is well-targeted: entertaining for the adults but never lost on the children in the audience.

Although the whole thing did go on too long, the point that really struck me later on was how talented the kids were. FORGET the skills (nauseatingly good, of course), what I'm talking about is that they were good performers. No *prima donnas*, no 'young stars': they all seemed genuinely aware of what it means to perform for and to entertain a crowd, which is more than can be said for many adults.

Take your kids (and yourself of course) and go and dispel all your nasty little prejudices about youth circus.

PEEPOLYKUS: NO MAN'S LAND

Without a doubt the most entertaining show at Edinburgh this year and the finest physical theatre I've seen in years. Directed by Bim Mason, this is a tale of life on the allotments. Three bizarre characters battle constantly with one another over boundaries, friendship, love and garden tools, mirrored by the flora and fauna of their surroundings. But this is no simple 'earth-metaphor' shit.

The three performers (Philip Boghi, Jeannine Gretler and John Nicholson, all ex-Fooltime) represent everything, from gardeners to birds, slugs to singing onions. What makes it special is that, through inspired use of mask-play, trapdoors and movement, it all flows seamlessly, beautifully. They also overcome the problem of 'token skill' in many 'new circus' (hate that phrase!)

performances. You know what I mean: squeezing a few dodgy skills into storylines where they simply do not fit. Nothing in this show is done just to force a bit of mileage out of the obvious talent of the cast. Their manipulation, slapstick, dance and musical abilities are all the more enchanting in that they always are there for a purpose, but never for long enough to be exploitative or get in the way of the story.

The comedy is genuinely funny: John's bizarre antics with a watering can are a joy to behold. The more poignant moments are genuinely moving: Jeannine and Philip's scarecrow waltz, where the raggedy figure finally breaks free from the shackles of his supporting spar, spinning and playing with it joyfully until he is finally restrained by it once more.

I really cannot recommend this highly enough: if it comes within a hundred miles of you grab some friends and go and see it. Congratulations to Bim and the cast! At last I've seen something which really, truly makes me feel that there is hope for new circus (still hate that phrase) in this country.

CHINESE STATE CIRCUS

"All human, all spectacle" it reads on the poster, and they're not kidding. The Chinese State Circus have returned with a whole new show and there isn't a superlative in the dictionary which they don't live up to.

The costumes and music are of the highest standard once more. And the skills...

A five girl diablo act with some beau-

tiful runaround stuff, three high, and two high with a no-handed walkover underneath. A three lion pyramid (six people) walk a walking globe over a seesaw. Men catch heavy jars on various parts of their bodies. Women foot-juggle tables at whirlwind speed, occasionally kicking them to each other. There is even a modern departure with a *wushu kung-fu* troupe.

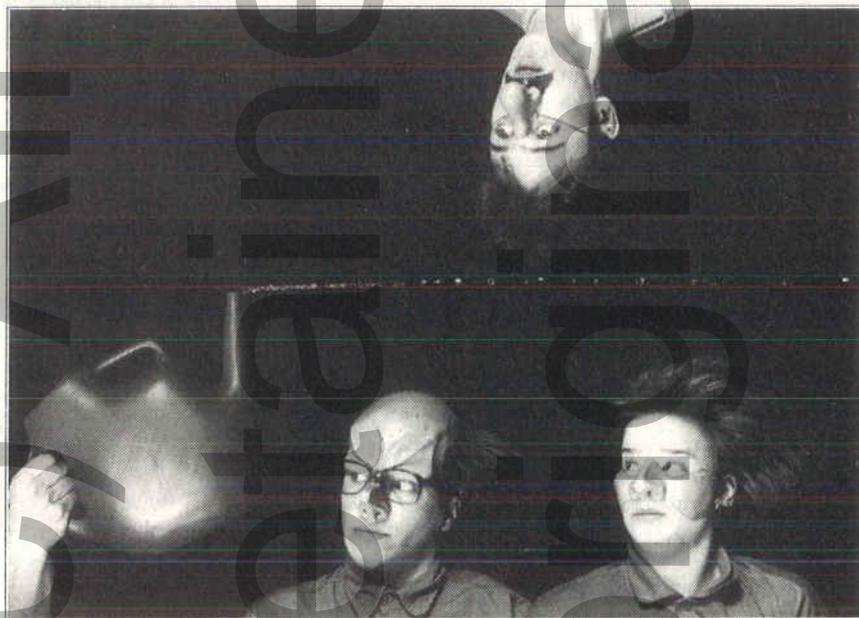
The two tricks which stand out most in my mind were truly ridiculous. The first is a tuck-back somersault. On a wire. A SLACK wire. The other is slightly more complicated: a woman balances some trays, with a vase of flowers on top, on her nose. She then climbs on to a man's shoulders, who then climbs a free-standing ladder. He then hops the ladder up stairs to a pedestal, where he juggles as she swings ribbons. If you ever have twenty years to spare maybe you can learn it. If you've only got a spare evening, though, go and see the Chinese State. It's all superhuman, and never short of spectacular.

GANDINI JUGGLING PROJECT

You argued over 'Oxbow Lakes'. You debated over 'nEither, Either...'. Now comes 'caught - "stilL"/Hanging', a new piece from Sean's ever-controversial dance/juggling outfit. Prepare to disagree...

According to Sean, the new show pushes the boundaries of the language created in the previous show a stage further. The intention is to use the language, now that it has been defined.

To be quite honest, I did prefer the previous show. Although the two are not



This way up? Peepolykus pictured by Kamina Wallon.

wholly dissimilar, I did feel there were more beautiful moments in 'nEither Either...' Yes, the intricate physical *leitmotifs* are still there, and of course some marvellously innovative movements of both bodies and props. The use of pendulums adds an extra depth of prop movement with no physical input. But I simply felt that the whole thing didn't flow smoothly enough: just as my interest was caught by something, it stopped.

All this said, you really should go and see it. It's such a *personal response* performance that I would hate you to judge it purely on my opinion. It'll give you something to argue about until the next one, anyway.

STREET PERFORMERS

Once again, the busiest year yet! Just how many street performers are there out there??? I don't have enough space to discuss them all - what with up to five shows on the Mound at a time - but here are a few highlights and low points of what was going on this year:

1) *The Great Dave*. One of the few people I know who truly deserve to have a superlative for a first name. Five fire torches, every day, no problem.

2) *Richie Rich* may have had the biggest unicycle, but someone else by the name of Dave had a ten footer built out of a ladder!!!

3) Despite all the usual giraffe and torches acts, there was a lot of variety on the street. *Jeff Bradley* from Canada with some fine cigar box, magic and comedy. *A.J. and Gordon's* acrobatics and snot-filled rubber glove show (A.J. also does a sickening standing tuck-back somersault in the middle of a five club pass!). Most beautiful was an oriental chap whose name I've forgotten (some reporter, huh?) who did impressions of famous works of art [*Taro Yuki take, actually - smug dj*]. You had to be there...

4) Dave and Matty (aka. *'The Captains'*) win the 'most beautiful moment' award for getting two old people to run into each other's arms like long lost lovers. Aaahh! With pleasure comes pain, however, and this year had plenty of that:

1) The bloody Peruvian nose-flute band were there again, and liable to strike up slap-bang in between the main pitches at any moment.

2) The even bloodier second rate children's musical groups who performed the same old handful of threadbare classics such as 'Oklahoma', 'Oliver' and 'West Side Story'. Next year the performers have decided to do our own production on the angst-ridden lives of the street artist, including such favourites as "A Pound is the Average Donation", "We do this for a Living" and "Sorry, Madam, I didn't mean to make your child cry..."

3) Tony Hunter, an acrobat who came all the way from *Surfers Paradise* in Australia, only to cripple himself playing volleyball at Glastonbury! He ended up doing an escapology act instead.

4) Matty (again) from the Captains went to play with a pompous idiot in a suit who barged through their show. In the true spirit of business-head playfulness, the moron kneed Matty in the bollocks. Fortunately, some of the other performers went after him to "explain the error of his ways".

And me? I only did a few shows this year but one of them reads as a warning to any of you as to just what can go wrong on the busy Edinburgh pitches. In just one show, I had rain. I had amplification next to me. I had religious weirdos preaching at me from on high. I had Andy Beattie up the Art Gallery columns nearby. I even had an invasion of my pitch by some drug-crazed artist mad-women. But I stuck at it. I finished. I even got a tenner. I drank it.

If you think you can cope with all that, come up next year. But bring an alarm clock and a good book, 'cos the queue gets longer every year...

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Charlie Dancey's Encyclopedia of Ball Juggling

Butterfingers £12.95

For some years now, Charlie Dancey's friends have been watching him work himself up to say something really significant. It's turned out to be an entire encyclopaedia, which is Charlie all over. Now we can all blink in awed wonder and say, "Well thank goodness he's got that off his chest."

Charlie has some interesting observations to make on juggling. This may have something to do with the tantalising way he has with silicone rubber; perhaps spending long periods peering into the surreal blur of seven balls hurtling ceaselessly at the floor transports the mind to strange and lofty regions. And Charlie has quite some mind. He's the original bouncing boffin. But what kind of book is Charlie Dancey's Encyclopaedia of Ball Juggling? A bloody good one, that's what. The publisher of The Catch thinks it will become a classic. All the best tricks are here, and the sillies too, superbly illustrated by Charlie's own very appealing cartoons. There's advice for everyone - 'beginner to expert' - but really, I don't see this as a book for the novice. If you want to bounce balls though, Charlie's your aunt.

I cursed myself for agreeing to review this book: it meant I'd have to learn Charlie's ruddy ladder notation. This is a fiendishly clever way of 'plotting' tricks on the chart. For some, the result can look like an abacus on the brink of nervous exhaustion, but if you're into complex ball-weaving it's worth learning, and moderately simple. Charlie's observations on "airtime" are thoroughly worthwhile. Some years ago they really advanced my understanding of juggling. He scored throws according to the power behind them, so in an even three ball cascade, the throw are all 3's, and in a five-baller, all 5's; 1 is a straight across pass. If you grasp this, the three-ball trick 531₃ needs no further explanation. But when Charlie offers us 99697₈, and says "eight balls - work it out for yourself", I'm inclined to tell him to sod off and leave me alone. All the tricks are cross-referenced with others, but arranging them in alphabetical order isn't ideal. If there's ever a second edition, I'd like to see a decent index categorising tricks by the skills needed to perform them.

And strictly speaking, it's not really an encyclopaedia. It's all very well to explain *Mills' Mess* and *Rubenstein's Revenge*, but who is the messy Mills? and what made Rubenstein so mad in the first place? I want an encyclopaedia to tell me these things. As a collection of tricks, though, the book's certainly comprehensive. There's even *Dancey's Devilment*, a mind-bender that came to Charlie in a dream and then faded as he woke - "the lost chord of ball-juggling".

Poor Charlie. So talented. So tall. And now,

we learn, so tormented. If he hadn't written it himself, I'd refer him to *'Zen and the Perfect Juggler'*, the charming short story at the end of this book. Come to that, I'd urge ANY juggler to read it.

Simon Pipe

Video - The 7th British Juggling Convention, Manchester '94

It's got atmosphere, fire, UV, unicycling, and just about everything you could find at the big one in the UK.

The sales from this video will help to pay off the debt from an otherwise-excellent convention. If you bothered to go there's a great chance that you have a starring role, the video crew appear to have been everywhere - at the workshops, where 'Donald & Guy Diabolo' get good coverage; at the games; around the site generally - must have caught you doing that special trick for which you are famous... In fact I think I saw you, well someone like you. If you have never been to a convention then the footage of the parade will get you rummaging through your wardrobe for colourful clothes, and anyway if you weren't there, buying the vid. will no doubt help ease your conscience.

I have to say, sitting in my armchair with my Barry Norman pullover on, that although a lot of the performances were good, the quality of the filming left me in the dark occasionally, even with the computer-generated images and with a distinct feeling that I had left my earplugs in at times. It is however - let me remind you in case you missed the first time - for a very worthwhile cause, and the bit with Philip Dammer in the public show is worth £12.99 alone... along with your bit of course - wow! you and Philip on the same tape!

SA's

The video is available from Annual Juggling Convention Ltd., 23 Brown Street, Manchester M2 1DA. Price £12.99 + 10% p&p.

Todd Strong's Diabolo Book (£9.95)

Todd Strong's glossy new Diabolo book gets off to a good start by having LARGE print so that you can (just about) read and attempt tricks at the same time. There are elaborate explanations of various Diabolo moves which I had to re-read several times to get a clear grasp of. Loads of pictures and illustrations prevent the book getting too dense, keeping it user-friendly.

Beginners get clear, helpful explanations to start, spin, control, throw and catch the diabolo. The second chapter takes us into more advanced moves including *Cat's Cradle*, *Climbs*, *Around the Worlds* and what Todd calls *'Spaghetti' - knots* to the rest of us. A word of warning to those trying to learn *Cat's Cradle* - get smooth with making

the Cradle before you start throwing the Diabolo up. Todd gives three *'Spaghetti'* variations including that wonderful one where you take the spinning Diabolo out from a complete tangle of string. This trick is not so clearly explained and the group of us struggling to understand *'diagonal overs'* from *'under the axle right to left'* wished we had even more diagrams. It looks so EASY in the picture. Strangely, there are no suicides or whip-catches for the 'live dangerously with the diabolo' types (like me). Still, compensation is to be found in Todd's *Diabolo Passing* suggestions and *High Climb* ideas.

There is a short section on learning two Diabolos. This feat is much harder (believe me, *much* harder) than Todd makes it appear. There's a great historical section, though, with 'rare historical illustrations'. A large proportion of these feature Victorian couples flirting, and child Diabolists eyeing the camera warily.

I am reliably informed that Todd's book has taken several years to get to publication stage, during which time there has been a dramatic increase in skill levels and range of tricks. The advanced Diabolist will find little that he or she doesn't already know, and the book will therefore benefit the beginner most. But Todd's enthusiasm for the Diabolo is catching and the unique historical material make the book a worthy addition to the small but growing Diabolo library.

Jock Mickstick

Diabolo Postcards

Todd Strong
(comedia - edition aragon)

17 fascinating old Diabolo illustrations, from the twee to the funny to the downright peculiar - on cards you can pull out and send. Like this one here!



European Jugglers' Association Jules would like it to be known that he's the new British representative of the EJA, and that his address - for all the bribes appropriate to such a high-ranking bureaucrat - is 69a Splott Road, Cardiff, Wales CF2 2BW.

Anyone lose anything at Hagen? Write to them at EJA (D) e. V. c/o Achim Schartle, Bach Str, 34, 58089 Hagen, Gemany, if you did.

diababble

I know it was the last issue that said *International* on the front, but this one, if anything, is even more so - several funny Americans, quite a few theatrical French, rather a large number of German jugglers and at least one Scot... that's the whole feature section and the reviews gone jolly *foreign* if you ask me. Good job too. We're all pretty internationalist types round here, *cheri*, especially after a good summer or behind a good bottle.

It's almost happened *despite* what we intended to do when we started (ummm, not the only thing) - after all, there already *was* a European juggling magazine, and we

suspected you don't really need to know about workshops in Dortmund and one-day conventions in Düsseldorf, and if you did, well you'd know where to go. But the worldwide circuit of events - not exclusively for the lucky ones, we are possessors of hobbies that have some potential to earn living- and pocket-money *anywhere* - plus performers and techniques from all over have been seeming more important the longer this game carries on. And if the wholeshoooting-match is Chinese, anyway... I suspect, without having planned any such thing, this is a drift we'll see continuing. Just about everyone on dirty ol' Albion, bar a few little *Englanders* and Ian Paisley, seems to be getting on better with their neighbours. The European Festival circuit is something I'd like more of you to write in about, recommend events from, and we'll be carrying more of - the more excuses to hop over the Channel, the better. After the summer, there must be a few busking tips to particular places someone could fancy passing on - the trouble with *Buskers' Guides* is that they go out of date really quickly and are only one person's opinion, but a column is always updateable and accessible to another view. *Buskers'*

Bulletin (or a better name if I can think of one) will appear next issue with whatever anyone sends in - and just think of the fame and endless karmic credits you get from helping your fellows - even if it's only "Keep out of Tangier the Police are really vicious". It all contributes.

We are in the business of communicating across language and culture barriers anyway - in some ways a physical skill does this better than music or visual arts (less culturally-dependent), tho' OK, it does depend on in whose hands. Smiles are pretty universal (as is slapstick, I think) and the clown/mime/tragedian's ability for pathos crosses cultures 'cos it's so basically *human*. I'm not going to get any more hippy drippy about international siblinehood (tho' i *am* a pretty drippy hippy at times), but i *will* use this as an excuse to plug *The Serious Road Trip* one more time - barking mad they may be, prepared to go places where even the UN advises them not to tread, but they're doing a good deal more for the state of kid's minds out there than David (Doctor Death) Owen ever managed. OOps! That's *two* politicians i've slagged - in a bloody juggling magazine. At least that's a fairly international pursuit...

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HOW DARE YOU #3

Muck-raking in the Animal House Part 321, by Pof!, currently of Tyler-Moores Circus.

Well well well! What hornets nest have I stirred up here?? The first time I write an article without being deliberately snide, bitchy or rude about anyone at all, all Hell breaks loose. What a perverse lot you are.

Lets have a look...

1. Joolz says my articles are excuses for a rant against the anti-animal-circus lobby. Does he actually read them? Or does he merely read between the lines and make it up as he goes along? I mentioned the 'anti's specifically in issue 4, briefly (at the end of a long list) in issue 5, and not again until issue 8 when I retold Martin Lacey's experience with the horse tent. I did not say that this was an everyday occurrence - I believe I used the word 'nightmare'. That's 'nightmare' as in 'worst case scenario'. As it happens, I've never slagged off the anti-lobby particularly, 'cos everyone's entitled to an opinion - even me. I bad-mouth (constantly) only the militant few, who help no one, do considerable damage, and are stunningly unselective in their targets. *Leo the Lion's Circus Adventure* arrived in Shrewsbury to thunderous abuse. Shame it was a non-animal show then, wasn't it?

2. "Burning down a stable with horses in it is not the sort of thing campaigners do - it's the sort of thing idiots do."

I can't argue with that. However, where issues so emotive as animals are concerned, a lot of otherwise nice, normal people do some very idiotic things. There are militant groups out there, who seem to be there just for the sheer bloody hell of it, and they need to be stopped. The ALF aren't the only 'anti's out there, of course - did I say they were? Did I

even mention them? - the *Justice Department*' cause more than their fair share of grief as well as several individual small-time trouble-makers who affiliate themselves to no group in particular.

3. "This sort of sensationalist rubbish belongs in the pages of the Sun."

Are you calling me a liar, then, Joolz? Ask New Scotland Yard about these attacks on trad. Circuses sometime, or contact the Association of Circus Proprietors of Great Britain on 0254 672222. You might learn something. I'm trying to tell you lot what it's like to live and work in trad. Circus - which is what I was asked to do.

4. "Pof! is a bit of a naughty girl, actually..." and Diabolo is a bit dense, if you ask me. I did not mention the *Harlequin* tigers because when I wrote about the show, I highlighted those elements which made it different, and not what was exactly the bloody same as all the other trad. shows on the circuit. You will recall that in an earlier issue I mentioned that *Smarts* were unusual in that they were a trad. Circus which did not carry a cage act. Traditional European Circus, as a rule of thumb, shows big cats in the ring. If I don't bother to say otherwise, they've got 'em, OK?

5. Just for the record, I am not an animal trainer, and do not use animals in my act. I am capable of performing a full Eastern set without the aid of a camel to make an entrance, and do not feel any great need to kiss a large snake as part of the 'aren't I brave?' display. I use cruelty-free cosmetics, do not approve of vivisection, the wholesale slaughter of tigers for use in Chinese medicine, ritual slaughter, boiling lobsters alive, and if you read my article on the history of trad. Circus you'll know what I think of the people who originated the wild animal acts all those many years ago. They are all long, long gone, as are the conditions in which the animals used to be kept. I have, in the course of my employment with various shows, cared for many different animals. I have learnt much, and count myself lucky to have contact

with animals which most people only see on TV or in zoos. I do not however wish to own any of them. Any pets I have ever owned have been 'rescue' cases, even the bizarre ones, although at present I do not even own a dog.

I'd leave a show rather than work for someone who didn't take proper care of their animals - and I'd shop the bastard. If there are black sheep among the Circus profession, then the sooner they are exposed the better. What I resent is that because there may be a black sheep somewhere, all Circus and Circus people should be so branded. As it happens, there has been no legal action against any recognised Circus Proprietor or animal trainer since 1932, and no prosecution of *any* circus for over 10 years. Each show is inspected every time it moves, by the RSPCA, the Environmental Health Officer, the Fire Officer, the Police, and usually the 'city vet' or local authority equivalent. Circus animals are kept to be shown, which naturally means that it is in everyone's best interests to keep them in peak condition. In basic terms of filthy lucre, Circus animals must have the best possible care because no-one can afford to buy another. (The going rate for an Indian elephant these days is about thirty grand).

ALLEGATIONS, COMMENTS, AND AN OPINION OR TWO...

6. "Wild animals belong in the wild."

True. But the animals in Circus are not wild. They are the product of careful breeding by generations of long-dead showmen whose aim was not to preserve species, but to breed out belligerence and bad-temper. They have created a wholly dependent sub-species, whose natural habitat is not some imagined far-away steamy jungle, but with the people. I'm not trying to tell you that this is morally sound, but it's the truth, and we're stuck with it. It is now our duty to care for these pets, whether we work them or not, for to 'return' them, wholesale, to a wild state would be to sentence them to certain death in an unfamiliar, uncomfortable, and hostile climate. While I'm on the subject, may I mention the chap

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Welcome To Dreamland Sport

who didn't know his camel from his dromedary, and who offered so nicely to part me from my teeth on the grounds that *Kashmir*, a Bactrian camel, adapted for snow-bound living in inhospitable terrain, was "missing his desert"?!]

7. "The Showmen should stop buying more animal."

You'd replace your pets if they died wouldn't you? Anyway, for as long as these animals are kept by humans (and as long as they're happy and healthy), they'll breed - and so there will always be cubs/babies/calves needing homes.

Not all the animals are bought - some are rescued. One Circus Proprietor (my boss at one time) bought ten baboons rather than have the breeder sell them to a vivisection lab. He had to out-bid the lab. for them too, and we all took a cut in wages to save the show from the bankruptcy which seemed imminent as a result. He also owns three rescued Siberian tigers. They're pure, and very rare, and were going to be destroyed if suitable homes couldn't be found for them. They are now part of a breeding programme which seems doomed to supply not Siberia, but more Showmen, since, if the conservationists don't do something soon, there will be no 'wild' for their offspring to populate.

Circus animals get sex, supper and security - which is a damn sight more than I've got right now!

8. "They look sad."

And penguins look like waiters, and bears look cuddly, and mice look like bloody Beatrix Potter characters... and Johnny Morris has a lot to answer for.

9. "It's cruel to keep them on the road."

I wonder if we should keep some animals in captivity at all - even in wildlife parks, but... Circus animals move less frequently than race-horses, show-horses, or eventers. They have enough space to exercise and play, and secure sleeping quarters. These are strictly regulated - bureaucracy has done more for the animals' living conditions than it has ever done for the staff who care

for them.

Read the report by Dr. Marthe Kiley-Worthington in 'Animals in Circuses and Zoos - Chirons World?' (ISBN 1 872904 02 5). It was commissioned by the RSPCA, who at that time were opposed to the use of animals in Circus, and changed their minds somewhat when they read her findings. She stated quite categorically that there is no distress in the animals whilst travelling. She did make criticisms, however, and recommendations for change which have since been implemented by the Association of Circus Proprietors.

In a recent report, and the newly-published book 'The Tribe of the Tiger', animal behaviourist Elizabeth Marshall Thomas states that "Circus is not a bad way of life", that performing tigers are more responsive, more expressive [well, they would be, wouldn't they, being performers... - d], and live to 15-16 years old on the road, as compared to their zoo-dwelling cousins who make only 8 or 10.

10.. "The training methods are cruel."

What the heck do you think happens? Trainers work with these animals because they like them. The training methods used are mostly a continuation of play sessions. At their most structured they are similar to the methods used to train Guide dogs - who are worked far more, and worked far harder than any Circus animal. Countless people keep working animals, and their training methods are rarely called into question in the way that Circus training so often is. If you keep a pet, you should ask yourself why, and take a long hard look at how much time it spends alone before you start hurling accusations at the rest of us. Can your dog do tricks? Is it well-behaved?

An argument as emotive as this will rage forever. Those who are not opposed to the use of animals knew all this stuff already - which is why they're not opposed to it. Those of you who are vehemently opposed to the use of animals in Circus will not be mollified one jot by my feeble offerings - quite the opposite. I'm just saying what you'd expect me to

say, aren't I? No, I'm trying to expose some of the myths and untruths still circulated about circus for what they are.... Tell you what, you lot do your homework, and I'll take you all a bit more seriously - OK?

This is a vicious dismemberment of a much longer article, and I wish I could declare it last word on the subject (outside the letters page) for a while - especially as Pof! has better things to do and write about than be attacked as our only visible defender of animal circus. But while the 'anti' movement persist in ignoring our invitation to put their case, the argument isn't closed. C'mon - this stuff was supposed to provoke a debate... Where the hell is it? What do the informed public (that's you lot) really think? Do you visit trad. circuses? What do you think? Would you work in one? Can you work anywhere else? Are they any worse than show jumping, greyhound racing, aquaria, fishing, old ladies with poodles? Do you even care? I've said it before, but to be 'new' or even declaredly 'no animal' circus, you have to know what the tradition you're reacting against is about, and this is part of it. Either you get your finger out, or at least tell us where to stick it. We don't have a line on this one, we're confused too.

-diabolo

I don't know what Jootz of Shepherds Bush is getting excited about.

The facts are:

Pof! did an unbiased article about *Circus Harlequin* in which she wrote about the fact that I am an animal trainer.

My tigers are 8th generation zoo or circus bred. I think *Pof!* and *The Catch* magazine should be complemented, not castigated for realising that you can have a good circus with animals. The truth is, the stable tent was indeed set on fire, not chimp tea parties, but the ALF did claim responsibility for injecting turkeys with mercury in the Hull & Grimsby area at Christmas. *Harlequin* also loses about £200 per week on sign & directional arrows, about £8,500 worth of damage is done each year which the public have to cover with admission costs.

It is nice to see *Catch* magazine do not have double standards - as well as writing about animal circuses, *Catch* are pleased to take money from the Circus Friends Association [actually we do that one for free -d] and *Circus Harlequin* for advertising.

Martin Lacey, Managing Director, Circus Harlequin, Midhurst.

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH:
THE ABUSE OF CHILDREN IN ENTERTAINMENT.

account:

Hat Fair - an incident at the Friday nite cabaret.

PeeWee was directing his act towards 3-4 children present amongst the hall full of adults. At one point he said (all quotes are approximate) "now when your daddy & mummy were in bed making you..." At this point a woman from the balcony shouted, "you shouldn't use children to make such jokes." PeeWee responded, "You're right, I apologise."

(I don't remember what led PeeWee to this line of improv., it may have been a child asking what the number 69 meant - he had been wearing a number 69 during his walk round act as a Spanish dancer.)

As PeeWee continued his improv., he directed some sarcasm towards the woman in the balcony, every time he'd mention drinking or smoking or a four-letter word he'd say, "Oh I'm sorry, excuse me madame there are children present."

After the show there was an ugly scene at the side of the stage between the woman and PeeWee... it nearly came to blows. Apparently she had sought him out backstage to tell him off. They moved out front. They argued and traded insults. During this another woman interrupted asking obnoxiously if the children were hers. The only comments I remember are PeeWee saying he did his work not out of Ego. And he finished by shouting that the woman was out of order to come back stage to chew him out.

comment:

PeeWee was the penultimate act in a superb late nite cabaret (the highlight of Hat Fair for me), probably exhausted from his walk around act all day, and under much pressure. He seems to use no texts, props, stories, sound effects (except the cigarette thing) [no! his whole show is carefully scripted, and the people shouting "You're crap!" from the audience are plants -d]. In this kind of situation, anything and anyone is fair game (parents beware)

In spite of these circumstances and pressures and whatever one is high on, performers are responsible, there are limits and one should not resort to just anything.

I feel it was bad taste to talk to kids about their parents making love for the purpose of public entertainment. However in the heat and pressure of the moment, it was understandable. The woman was correct in intervening and PeeWee reacted nobly by apolo-

gizing and initially dropping the subject. It was unfortunate that he picked it up again, provoking the woman and not letting the incident be forgotten, and that the woman did not sympathize with the pressures and challenges of PeeWee's style of entertainment and tolerate his joking and mockery. And most unfortunate that he lost his cool at the end.

The stress of solo improv. entertaining makes it hard to resist exploiting the young and weak and naive. We're all human and insecure underneath and you're only as good as your last performance. It's a big challenge to maintain principles while being a performer.

*Dani Aurlutick,
Lille, France*

Dani is already famous for slightly convoluted discussions of abstruse performance questions in the letters columns of magazines, but there's a good point here - not entirely unrelated to criticisms we get for swearing, etc. Let's have some feedback on this one, ya indolent b#*@*s.*

INSERT PLUG HERE

When I was at the jolly wonderful Wessex Convention I watched Michael Pearse in the show. He did a trick balance with a sword and spinning plate and broke one of his teeth. Does he do this in every show? I just wrote this letter because I'm sure you have an appropriate photograph you would like to print.

*Keith The Teeth,
the Juggling Dentist*

How on earth did you guess? You must have been using Pearse's mind-reading methods from the last issue.



GLOBAL WARNING

Not many things make me act seriously - however the dangers of rolling globes do. About a month ago, being the juggler I am, I decided to try my luck at the globe. No problem, I thought. Then the floor came up to meet me as my legs went in the other direction! "Are you OK, Guy" said some kind soul. "***** OW!" I said.

I had managed to fracture my elbow therefore putting me out of juggling and A-level exams for a month. I am still not able to juggle clubs and if this is printed then you can't see my horrible hand-writing.

Walking Globes are DANGEROUS.

Please let me be the only one to suffer. ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO AND A SOFT FLOOR!

Have a go but be careful.

The only advantage I have is that my left hand can do three clubs!

*Guy The (not so) Jolly Juggler,
Weston-Super-Mare.*

PS. Issue 7 page 28 'The cold and the cold shoulder', last paragraph "Does anyone else think that the new rolling globes are dangerous?" Question answered.

And some of us find clubs quite dangerous enough, thank you.

COME BACK, ALL IS FORGIVEN

Ostracising Haggis, Donald, Brendan and that Jellyhead individual was non-democratic. Each reader should be given a small postcard on which to inscribe ONE name for ostracism for the next ten years. Ostracising four and suggesting four (?) more is utterly wicked and shouldn't be allowed. That point about not knowing who you're on about half the time is irrelevant, read *The Catch* for a few months and it should sink in. Bring back the forbidden ones!

*Philip Smith,
Driffild, East Yorkshire.*

This does seem to be the consensus among the correspondence we've had on the subject. Bah! There goes my chance of getting my own back on all those better-jugglers-than-me. Last issue's ostracisms are hereby revoked, have been already as you'll see from articles printed this time. I'm still open to suggestions, though...

A FAN WRITES

Regarding Grilho Parafuso's letter in your June-July issue: stuff Tony Blair, Grilho should be leader of the Labour Party, he hit the nail smack on the head

*Jonathan Kardasz,
s'Frango fish, Bristol.*

not sure he'll take that as a compliment...

LOOK WHAT'S POPPED UP

I'm sorry I haven't written lately but I've been in bed with something horrible. It's amazing what tricks you can't do lying down: behind the back and ball-bouncing is impossible, though quite fun to try, but a friend and I did some balloon modelling which proved very entertaining. Thanks for all your letters and cards, I'm sure I will be up and operational soon... Your under cover agent

*Innuendo the Clown
Innuendo and out the other, I'd say.*

ACROBATIC ANTIPODEAN AVAILABLE

Many thanks for the copy of *Catch* ...very interesting, and it all seems to be happening over your way. A little different from when I was last there for 70 quid a week, way back in 1967. Even the weather seems to have improved.

Thought I'd tell you a little about myself. I have never had a day job - nor, as will become more and more obvious, a typing lesson.

Upon leaving school in 1957 I managed to get a job with the YMCA teaching gymnastics and calisthenics. At that stage I was NZ Men's Gymnastic Champion, and I had been placed in the NZ Men's Springboard Diving Championships for a couple of years. Then I saw the movie *Trapeze*, which starred Tony Curtis, Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida - thusly was I hooked! I saw the movie nine times, in the front stalls at 1 shilling and ninepence a time. I met and worked with Gina Lollobrigida in Australia at a Gala Luncheon in 1974. She didn't remember me. Another great source of information and inspiration in the late 1950's was an English magazine called '*Acrobatics*', which was produced and edited by Ralph Samuels (who now lives in Sydney, Aust.)

Once I was established in show-business, I worked at different times with such notable jugglers as: Ernst Montego, Anna Rose (High-unicycle juggling); Alain Diagora, total versatility in juggling/hand-balancing/head-balancing; also that master of the hoops, Bob Branson. Thusly, working with acts of such calibre, I concentrated more on balancing than juggling.

The business being what it is at the moment, I am not doing that much, although work week-ends and holidays etc. with NZ's only circus - *Whirling Bros.*, which has not got much to offer, apart from a female African elephant, which does bugger-all. I present a sway-pole hand-balancing act, a juggling act, and a sword/dagger/ladder balancing act, plus I ringmaster the opening and closing of the show.

In March this year I guested at the NZ Juggling Convention in Christchurch. I did two workshops as well as the Public Show with hand-balancing & sword/dagger act (too many jugglers) *I'm sure he means that in the best possible way - dj.* I also met Donald Grant, without a doubt a devastating diabolist and also a hell of a nice guy, who

gave me your address. The convention was a great success, and I am sure a good time was had by all. Incidentally, I counted 22 people competing in the 5-Ball Endurance competition, which is not bad for NZ and it looks like juggling will really flourish here. God, I am glad I am not just starting out in show-business, the competition is awesome.

Next year, 1995, I am planning on getting an around-the-world air-ticket, packing my props and couple of costumes and taking off for a few months. I plan on attending as many conventions and festivals as possible and in general, be totally irresponsible while I am still young and fit enough. Incidentally, I am available for Seminar and Convention workshops and shows, so please spread the word.

*Walter Lavarre,
Wanganui, New Zealand.*

PS. When having only one name was fashionable, I shortened Walter Lavarre to Valtaire.

Walter's modest enough not to draw attention to the fact that he himself has been in six films, including 'Casino Royale', thirteen circuses, and has done cabaret in 39 countries including all over the Far East and Africa - might indeed be a catch for someone's convention.

WHERE DO WE GET THEM FROM?

Whenever I am reading my *Catch* and everyone else in the room is watching TV, why does a woman suddenly get her gear off while I'm too engrossed in the mag to notice. This has happened many times before and I would like to know about anyone else who has experienced this.

*Vinod Aithal,
Wolverhampton*

PS. Have you got any spare paper unicycles because I ruined mine. If so, could you send me one.

The question of how exactly Vinod ruined the last one occurs to me. But I reckon I don't want to know the answer.

NOT KNOWN AT THIS ADDRESS.

Dear *Catch*, why don't you write about beauty tips for teenage girls any more and tell us how to diet to get boyfriends. I must tell you, when I was on holiday I got off with a juggler, he is really cool, but me mum doesn't like him so that's OK... have any of your readers experienced this?

Sharon

More letters from teenage girls who fancy jugglers, please. And boys too, of course. We love you all...

BALLS OF FIRE II

With regard to the item in the Aug-Sept issue in '*Catch This*' about people being set light to by the sun-focusing ability of their acrylic balls.

It may interest you to know (it may not, who knows) that the British Meteorological Office has for many years used a 4" glass sphere to record amounts and duration of sunshine,

Write to:
Diabolo
Catch's Cradle,
c/o
Moorledge Farm Cottage,
Knowle Hill,
Chew Magna,
Bristol
BS18 8TL

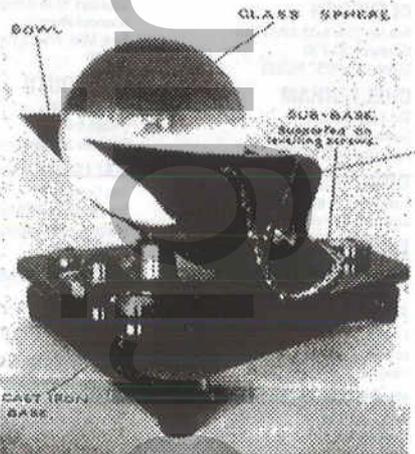
actually burning a trace onto a specially designed card held at the point of focus of the sphere.

Enclosed for your perusal is a couple of photocopies out of the 'Observers' Handbook' showing the 'Campbell Stokes Mk. II' and the 'Casella Mk. 3a' Sunshine Recorders, (and, no, I don't know where we get the glass spheres from.)

So to echo the warning of the item in your mag, Keep your acrylic balls decently covered up. Or at least keep them where the sun don't shine.

Keep them up
*P-J, a juggling Met. person,
Slough*

Anyone else want to send us incomprehensible pictures of things that look a bit like juggling equipment? Who knows we might even find them funny.



No of course you don't need to bother to write and tell us when you change your workshops or cancel them. We're psychic, us, we know before you do. And you don't need to bother about those poor people who turn up for a workshop you've changed - I mean if they're not on the right wavelength you don't want them coming anyway, do you? Of course not. Keep up the good work. Information is the ultimate power of the 21st Century and you don't want to be giving that away, eh? If you're new to the area - the only way to be really certain is to ring the contact person - that's what we print the numbers for.

Most workshops charge, often just to cover hall hire costs. When we know how much, we've put it in. You're advised to contact student clubs in advance, as some of them aren't allowed to admit village idiots, etc.

SOUTH WEST

BARNSTAPLE

Trinity Church Hall
Thursdays 6-10 £1.50/£1
Adam & Juliet 0271 78760

BATH

Window Arts Centre
Juggling & UV room Mondays 6.30-10.30 £2
Tad 0225 421700
Unicycling Tuesdays 8.30-10.30 £2
Stuart 0275 332655

BOURNEMOUTH

East Cliff Church, Holdenhurst Road (near BR station)
Tuesdays 7-10 £1.50
Luke 0202 391379

BRIDGWATER

Arts Centre
Thursdays 7-9
Pand 0823 322213

CLEDON

Rub My Club, Saint John's Hall
Sundays 5.30-7.30
Simon / Ade 0257 342333

CHELtenham

The Youth Centre
Sundays 6-9
Andy Clay 0452 862605

DORCHESTER

Tuesdays 7.30 usually
Skidazzle street circus, Alan 0300 321071

EXETER

University Circus Skills, Devonshire House
Tuesdays 8-10

FROME

F.A.H.A. Playschemes and workshops in schools
Vicky Taylor 0373 452018

GLOUCESTER

St. James' Church Hall, Upton Street
Tuesdays 8-10
Jon 0242 521483 Geoff 0242 519832

ILFRACOMBE

The Lantern Great Hall

Wednesdays 7.45-9.30, £1
Heiz, Organised Kayoss, 0271 864653

LEIGH ON MENDIP

Memorial Hall
Wednesdays 7.30-10, £1.
Pippa 0749 840107

LISKEARD

Caradon Juggling Posse, Guildhall.
Thursdays 7.30-9.30
Martin 0579 62965

NAILSEA

Blue Flame pub, Westend.
Thursdays Evenings in summertime. Free!
Di 0934 838802

NEWTON ABBOT

Up for Grabs, Saint Leonard's Church Hall, Wolborough Street
Tuesdays termtime 7.30-9.30
Richard 0364 652446

PENZANCE

Branwells Mill, Station Road
Saturdays 10.30-5 Beginners in morning, advanced afternoon
Bo or Mike, Ark Juggling shop, 0736 330750

PLYMOUTH

Ballard Centre
Fridays 6-8, £2.50
Fumballs Juggling Shop 0752 255808

SALISBURY

Arts Centre
Wednesdays 6.30-8.30, £1 (kids 75p)
Martin or Neil, Cunning Stunts 0722 410588

SENNEN (West Cornwall)

Community Centre
Fridays 7-9, £1
Bo or Mike, 0736 330750

STREET Somerset

Fiasco Productions Crispin Hall
Wednesdays 7-9
Hannah 0460 240082

STROUD

Saint Matthew's Church Hall, Cainscross
2nd & 4th Tuesdays 7-9 £1/50p
0453 750147

SWINDON

Fumbles Juggling Club, Clifton Street Social Hall
Thursdays 7.30-9.30. 50p
Steve 0793 432860

TAUNTON

Bishop Fox's School
Wednesdays 7-10
Sally 0823 275459

TOTNES

St. John's Church Hall, Bridge Town
Fridays 7-8.30 kids 8.30-10 adults.
£1.50/£1
Caroline 0364 73125

WEYMOUTH

Weymouth College
Lunchtimes during termtime
John MacDonald, 0305 208839

BRISTOL

HORFIELD

Dab Hands
Tuesdays 7-9
Mike Gibbons 0272 692145

BISHOPSTON

Juggle Fever, Bishopston Community Centre
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30, under-14s accompanied
Shaun Welling 0272 602365

MANGOTSFIELD

Shambles
Soundwell Technical College
Mondays 6.30-8.30
Claire 0272 615529

CENTRE

University Circusoc, S.U. Building, Queens Road
Termtime Sundays 2.30-7ish,
Wednesdays 7.30-10ish

REDLAND

U.W.E. Juggling Club
Termtime, Wednesdays 5-7
Diana 0934 838802

ACROBATICS -

Bristol Hawks Gymnastics, Roman Road, Lower Easton
2 hr sessions Wednesdays & Sundays 11-1 £4.50
Sports Acrobatics Fridays 6.30-8.0272 737481 / 355363

SOUTH EAST

BRIGHTON

Kempston Pier
Mondays 7.30-9.30 "drop in",
Wednesdays 8-10 "drop in" + workshops, Sundays 2-4 beginners
Tat, Andy, Mr Fitzbang 0273 739216,
Tim 0273 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.

CHELMSFORD

The Y's Jugglers, YMCA
Tuesdays 9-10 £1
John Hawkins 0245 263526

CHICHESTER

Girls' High School
Thursdays 7-9 £1
Ball Space, Iain/Steve 0243 788052

CHERTSEY

Less Stress workshop, Saint Anne's Hall, Guildford Street
Tuesdays 7.30-10
Graham 0932 222063

CRAWLEY

Thursdays 7.30-10, £1
Up for Grabs Sally / Nigel 0293 786143

EASTBOURNE

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

HASTINGS

Scout Hall, Croft Road.
Fridays 7-9.30
Bosco Circus, Andy 0424 813144, Derek 0424 431698, Siân 0424 431214
HUG Unicycle Hockey
Sundays 10-12, phone Andy or Derek for venue

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

Boxmoor Art Centre, Saint John's Road
Thursdays 8-10, Sundays 3-5
John 0442 243282

HIGH WYCOMBE

Cascadia, Bucks College of Higher Education (!)
Mondays 7-10
Adrian 0494 537656

HORSHAM

North Heath Lane Hall
Mondays 8.15-10.15 Juggling, circus & performance skills
Park Recreation Centre
Thursdays 8-10
Uni-hoc etc.
Pyramid 0903 232755

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes Youth Centre Gym
Sundays 6-9 £1
Phil O'Neill 0983 294929

LEWES

Circus Pipsqueak Youth Circus (8+)
Dr. Colin 0273 813464

NEWBURY

Newbury New Circus, Waterside Centre
Mondays 7-9.30
Gunther Schwarz 0635 41269

OXFORD

East Oxford Community Centre
Wednesdays 7-9, £1
Jason 0865 63441

OXTED

Sundays 7-9
Andrew 0293 821195

PORTSMOUTH

Lower Gym, Priory School
Wednesdays 6.30-9.30 £1
Martin (Avalon) 0705 293673

REDHILL

Tuesdays 8-10 £1.50
Dave 0737 242919

READING

Sun Street
Mondays 7-10
Pete 0734 660430

SAINT ALBANS

Allison Circus, Youth Office, Alma Road
Tuesdays 7.30-10, £1
Dez Paradise 0727 855375

SOUTHAMPTON

Iichen College, Bitterne
Wednesdays 7-9.30 (Termtime) £1.50
Rut 0703 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 0462 673406

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Camden Centre, Market Square
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30
Kevin 0622 831918

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 0227 772241

WINCHESTER

Weeks Adult Education Centre
Thursdays 7-9, termtime only
Paul 0962 714468

WORTHING

United Reformed Church, Shelley Road
Mondays 6.30-9.30
Stu 0903 232755

WORTHING

The Ball Room, Union Place
Tuesdays 7-10.30 and maybe Sundays
Howard 0903 231508

YATTENDON

Thursdays 7.30-9.30, £1.
Barney 0635 201546

LONDON

CENTRAL

Colombo Street Sports Centre, SE1
Sundays 12-5 (£2.20-£4), Thursdays 7-9.30 (£1.20-£2.60)
Phil 081 801 9859, Centre 071 261 1658

NORTH

Circus Space, Coronet Street, Hackney (Old Street Tube)

Courses and classes and one-off workshops in just about everything regularly available. See *Catch This!* and/or ring for more details. Circus Space 071 613 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 081 442 4816

NORTH

All Saints' Art Centre, Whetstone
Tuesdays 7-9.30 £2
Simon 081 449 6856

NORTH WEST

Kingsgate Community Centre, Kingsgate Road NW6
Thursdays 6.30-9.30
Fizzie Lizzie 071 723 3877

SOUTH

Grove Community Hall, Tooting SW17
Wednesdays 7-9, £2/hour.
All circus skills, equipment provided.
Screwy & Shirelle 081 672 2575.

SOUTH-WEST

Saint Paul's Church, Hammersmith
Mondays 7.30-9.30
Albert & Friends 081 741 5471

CROYDON

Croydon Parish Church Hall
Tuesdays 8.15-10.30 £2
Keith Wood 081 669 9685

EAST MOLESEY

Vine Hall, Vine Road
Thursdays 7-10
Juggling & Molesey Maniacs Uni Hockey, £1.50
Steve 081 398 7390

WEALDSTONE

The Clowns' Collective, Saint Joseph's Community Centre, Graham Road
Tuesdays 8-11
Jane 081 861 0919

WIMBLEDON

Kings College Sports Hall
Tuesdays 7-8, termtime only
Andy Moore 081 947 9311

UNICYCLES & UNI HOCKEY

Trinity Centre, 119 East India Dock Road, Poplar
Wednesdays 7.30-10, £1.50
Jon 071 987 1794, Lunis 071 700 6529

KIDS' UNI

Rico 081 773 1748

EAST ANGLIA

BURY SAINT EDMUNDS

Bury Fumbles, Saint John's Hall, Saint John's Street.
Tuesdays - 7.30-9.30 £1

CAMBRIDGE

Patchwork Circus.
Victoria Road Community Centre, Tuesdays 8-9.30
Drama Centre, Covent Garden, Sundays 6-8 (all levels 14+) 5-6 (beginners), Thursdays 4.30-5.30 Youth Circus (8-14).
Richard Green 0223 302596, Simon Smoleskis 0223 410138

DEREHAM (nr. Norwich)

Justo James 0263 732888

IPSWICH

Sulfolk College Gym
Tuesdays 7-9 £2
Dave 0473 255082

NORWICH

Saint Michael's Church, Colegate
Sundays 2.30-4.30 (under-16) £1.20, 5.7.30 (skillswap) £2!
David 0603 486286, Will 0953 613445

ROMFORD

Rhythm & Balls, Century Youth House
Mondays 7-9.30, 50p
Chris Irving 0708 751656

IN THE MIDDLE

BEDFORD

Bedford Circus Ring, Cauldwell Community Centre, Althorpe Street
Thursdays 7.30-9.30
0234 328322

CANNOCK
Youth Centre, Avon Road
Tuesdays 6.30-8.30 Adults £1.50, Kids
£1
Richard Potter, Cannock Kites 0543
573177 / 271563

CORBY
Youth Centre, Cottingham Road
Mondays 7-9
Balls Up, Gary or Andy 0536 63786

COVENTRY
Saint Peter's Centre, Charles Street
Wednesdays 7-9.30
Circus Palava 0203 448276

DERBY
Saint Helen's House, King Street
Thursdays 7-9.30, £1, 50p under 16s
Andrew Vass 0332 369581

DERBY
Normanton Community Circus, The
Madeley Centre
Wednesdays 7-9.30
Adrian Wilson, Just Another Circus,
0332 382813

DUDLEY
Drop Zone, Gornal Youth Centre
Tuesdays 8.30-10.30
Neil Phoenix 0384 250068

EVESHAM
Wallace House Community Centre, Oat
Street
Mondays 7-9 £1.50/1
Matt 0386 421693

HEREFORD
Percival Hall, IT Owens Street
Thursdays 6.30-7.30 (kids) 7.30-9
(adults) £1
Pete 0432 760350

KIDDERMINSTER
Youth House, Bromsgrove Street
Thursdays 7-9 £1/50p kids.
Steve 0562 861113

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

LEICESTER
De Montfort University Juggling Club,
City Site S.U.
Tuesdays 6.30-9ish
0533 555576

LINCOLN
Croft Street Community Centre
Mondays at 7
Potty Porter's Kite & Juggling shop
Tuesdays at 7
Fred Porter 0522 544611

LUTON
Mad Hatter Circus, Chapel Langley,
Russel Street
Tuesdays 7-9 £1
Dunc 0582 484167 Margaret 0582
508269

MILTON KEYNES
Great Linford Memorial Hall
Wednesdays 7-10, £1.50
Jugglers Anonymous, Graham 0908
210264

NORTHAMPTON
Drop Shop Juggling Clubs
Bective Middle School, Kingshorpe
Sundays 5-7.30
Nene Centre, Bedford Road.
Tuesdays 6.30-9
Lawrence or Vicky 0327 36600

NOTTINGHAM
Portland School, Westwick Road,
Bilborough
Wednesdays 7-10
Tony 0602 708177, Barry 0602 283080

PELSALL
Sheffield Community School
Wednesdays 7-9, Adults £2, Kids £1
Richard Potter, Cannock Kites 0543
573177 / 271563

SHEFFIELD
Crooked Circus, Walkley Community
Centre
Wednesdays 8-10.30 £1
Sam/Pete 0742 681034

SHEFFIELD
Flying Teapot Circus, Lower Refectory,
University Students' Union, Western
Bank
Thursdays 6.30-8.30, Sundays 4-6
Rick 0742 663546

SHREWSBURY
Jugglespace, No Fixed Abode!

Thursdays 7ish-10 £1.50
Robin 0743 884175

WATFORD
Youth & Community Centre, Lower High
Street
Wednesdays 8-10
Youth Arts Centre, Grosvenor Road
Fridays 7.30
Justin/Tom/Michelle 0923 817663

WORCESTER
Perdiswell Young People's Centre
Tuesday 7-9, £1.50
Sharon or John, 0905 23347

BIRMINGHAM

CASTLE VALE
School & Leisure Centre, Farnborough
Road
Thursday Evenings
021 747 6226

EDGBASTON
Midlands Arts Centre, Cannon Hill Park
Adults Sundays 6.30-8, Children
Wednesdays 4.30-6, £3.30
James Miller 021 443 4783

HARBOURNE
Martineau Centre
Wednesdays 7.30-9
£2.10, 90p concs.
James Miller 021 443 4783

LADYWOOD
Arts Centre, Freeth Street
Dave 3.3.10 021 359 6200

PERRY BAR
B Block Hall, University of Central
England
Gravity gets you down, Mondays 5-7
termlime
Sam c/o SU

BOURNEVILLE
Bournville College
Thursdays 7.30
Raymond 021 440 0784

MANCHESTER

CENTRE
Polytechnic Gym, All Saints' Building,
Oxford Road.
Fridays 7-9, termlime.

EAST
Levenshulme Community Circus, Chapel
Street
Mondays 6.30-8
Spurley High School, Gorton, Thursdays
7-9
Liz 061 224 4901

CHEADLE HULME
Adult centre, Woods Lane
Wednesdays 7-9
Isabelle Duncan 061 485 7201

CHORLTON
Quirkus, Saint Werburgh's Parish Hall
Mondays, Juniors 7-8, Adults 8-10
Ric, Clare 061 881 0506

CRUMPSALL
Mushy Pea Juggling Co. workshop
Saint Matthew and Saint Mary's Church
Hall
Thursdays 6-8

SALFORD
Circus & Juggling Club, University
Sports Hall
Fridays 5-7 termlime, £3 a year!
Mark / Joe 061 708 9250

STOCKPORT
Stockport Community Circus, Pulse
Young People's Centre,
Wednesdays 4-7
Olive 0457 837371

WITHINGTON
Manchester Community Circus
Sundays 3.30-7
Jo 061 226 2393

WORSLEY
Beesley Green Hall, Green Leach Lane
Mondays 7.30-9.30
Matt 061 794 0595

NORTH

BIRKENHEAD
Charing Cross Youth Centre
Sundays 12-5
Ann, Small Top Circus, 051 653 3519

BLACKPOOL
Lytham Sain Annes Old School,
Beauclerk Road

Tuesdays 6.30-8.30, Freel
Phil 0253 731143

BOLTON
Higher Education Centre
Friday Evenings
Zebra cards 0204 22220

BRADFORD
Manningham Sports Centre
Fridays 5.30-7.30
Peter 0274 586219

BRADFORD
Sallaire Methodist Church Hall, Titus Street
Simon 0274 532287

CHESTER
Ballistics Juggling Club, Northgate Arena,
Victoria Road
Mondays 8.15-10.15, £2/1.50
Aiden 0244 340789 (day) 383475 (not)

CLITHEROE
Rofields Leisure Centre
Wednesday
Brian Waterhouse 0200 29860

COCKERMOUTH
Juggling Club, Christchurch Rooms
Tuesdays 7.30
Dave 0300 822867

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

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

DARLINGTON
Community Circus, Drama Centre, Trinity
Road.
Thursdays 7.30-9.30 £1/50p
Hannah or Matt 0325 361633

DURHAM
University Circus Club, Duneim House, New
Elvet
Thursday Evenings in termlime, all welcome

HARROGATE
Starbeck Youth & Community Centre, High
Street.
Saturdays 6.30-8.30
Pete 0423 889125, Tim 0423 567583

HEBDEN BRIDGE
The Ground Floor Centre, Holme Street
Wednesdays 7.15-9.30
Circus Factory Studio, Old Town, L.b.a.
Tony Webber 0422 842072

HULL
Splal Circus, Room 8, S.U. Building
Termlime, Tuesdays 7.15
Sam Rowe 0482 445586

KENDAL
Tuesdays & Wednesdays
Jem Hulbert 0229 581485

LANCASTER
University, Minor Hall (juggling) sports hall
(junis)
other details t.b.c.
contact S.U. on 0524 65201

LEEDS
Hullabaloo Community Circus, Woodhouse
Community Centre
Wednesdays 6.30-8.30
Ali 0532 770121

LEEDS
Holt Park Leisure Centre
Mondays 8-10, £2+30p entrance fee
"Complete Juggler" certificate scheme!
Fun Company, Kris Wray 0532 696716.

LEEDS
Unicycle Hockey, Bramstan Recreation
Centre, Calverley Lane
Wednesdays 7-8
Mike 0532 435491 (work number)

LIVERPOOL
Tosspots, Community Arts Resource
Centre, Cornwallis Hall. L1
Wednesdays 7-10 £1.50 (tuition available
first half, £2)

LIVERPOOL
Toxteth Sports Centre, Upper Hill Street
8-10, Thursday. Contribution to costs.
Max Lovius and others 051 727 1074

LIVERPOOL
University Juggling Club, Mountford Hall
Mondays 7-10
051 420 7054

MACCLESFIELD
Tythington School
Thursdays 7-9 termlime
Contact Borough Council!

MIDDLESBROUGH
The Pandemians, Saint Mary's Centre,
Corporation Road.
Thursdays 6-8, £1.50 (concs £1)
Bob Parker 0642 262869 days.

**NEWCASTLE UPON
TYNE**
Dockray House (formerly West End Boys
Club!) Sutherland Avenue.
Thursdays 8-10, £1
Simon, Ugly Juggling Co., 091 232
0297

**NEWCASTLE UPON
TYNE**
Unicycle Hockey, Leazes Park
Wednesdays at 7
Alex 091 261 5128 or the Ugliers

PONTEFRAC
Carnegie Centre, Minsthorpe Community
College, South Emsall
Tuesdays 7.30
0977 644141

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

ROCHDALE
The Broadwater Centre, Smith Street
Adults Mondays 7-9, Children Tuesdays
& Wednesdays at 4
Skylight Circus in Education, Noreen &
Jim 0706 50676.

STOCKPORT
Priesthall Recreation Centre, Heaton
Moor
Tuesdays 5-7 (children) 7-9 (adults)
Bzeicus - Moni 061 256 1838

WARRINGTON
Bewsey High School Gym
Wednesdays 7-10
Rob Taylor 0925 602544, Karen Wilde
0925 631519

WHITBY
The Church House, Flowergate
Saturdays 2-4, £1.50/£1
Vicky 0947 601727

WIDNES
Jugglers' R' Us, Ditton Community
Centre
051 420 7064

WIRRAL
Charring Cross Youth Centre,
Birkenhead.
Sundays 12-5
Ann, Wirral Community Circus 051 924
1927

WIRRAL
Hope Farm Centre, Ellesmere Port
Mondays 9-11 (phone first)
Keith 051 334 0219, Phil 0244 336172

YORK
Cosmos Juggling Club, Priory Street
Centre
Tuesdays 7-9, £1.50 (£1 conc.)
Jim or Anna 0904 430472

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH
Tollergoss Community Centre
Mondays 7-9
Angelo 031 447 7862

GLASGOW
The Firhill Complex, Hopehill Road,
Maryhill
Thursdays at 7
Mark 041 945 2641

GLASGOW
Co-motion, Maryhill Community Central
Halls, Maryhill Road
Wednesdays 7.30-9.30
Chris 041 427 3581

GLASGOW
University Juggling Club
Meets in QM Union, University Gardens
Most Tuesdays 7-9. Membership £2
QMU 041 339 9784

INVERNESS
Merkinch Community Centre
Mondays 7.30-10
Andy 0381 621016

SHETLAND ISLES
Sandwick Junior High School
Saturdays 10.30-12
Gary Worrall 09505 501 / 0595 2114

STIRLING
Cowane Centre
Mondays 7-8.30
0786 475429

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

SKYE
Braes Community Hall
Saturdays 11-1
Dave Patfield 047 062 377

WALES

MID WALES
Rockpark Hotel Games Room, Llandudrod Wells
Wednesdays 6-7 (7-12 yrs.) 13-adult 7.15-9
Chris 0597 824300, Jerry 0831 581070

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

BANGOR
The Greenhouse, High Street
Thursdays 7.30-9, £1.50
0248 372239

CAMARTHEN
Queen Elizabeth Cambria School
Termlime, Thursdays 6.30-9.30
Netty 0570 480022, Pippa 0239 77292

CARDIFF
CUT - Cardiff Unicycle Team
Ronald 0446 740520

LLANDUDNO
John Bright School
Tuesdays 8-10
Zero G, Phil 0492 514039

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

Ian & Gill 0766 75763

SWANSEA
Jugglar, Dymevor School, Mansell Street
Wednesdays 7-9.30, £2/£1, first week free
Sam 0792 470546

SWANSEA
Dillwin Llewellyn School, Cocketts
Mondays 7-9, Integrated Youth Circus
Phill Burton, 0792 466231

IRELAND

BELFAST
Belfast Community Circus School, Crescent Arts
Centre, University Road
Contact 0232 236007 / 248861

BELFAST
Circus 1 to 3, Saint Patrick's Training School,
Glen Road
Tuesdays 6-8
Pal Duggan 0232 301123

DUBLIN
Ormond Multi-Media Centre
Mondays 7-10
(01) 260 1946

GALWAY
Butterfingers Eve, Eyre Square Centre
Workshops most weeks
Toby Shears (010.353) (0)91 63586

MAYNOOTH
c/o Students' Union, Saint Patrick's College,
Morgan Gilbert.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

ALDERNEY
Masonic Hall, Alderney
Wednesdays 7-8
Moira 0481 822246

GUERNSEY
Saint Martin's Church Hall
Tuesdays 7-9 £2/1
Keith 0481 54155

JERSEY
Wesley Grove Church Hall, Saint Helier
Tuesdays 7.30-9.30, £1
Lisa 0534 285160, Suzi 0534 285008

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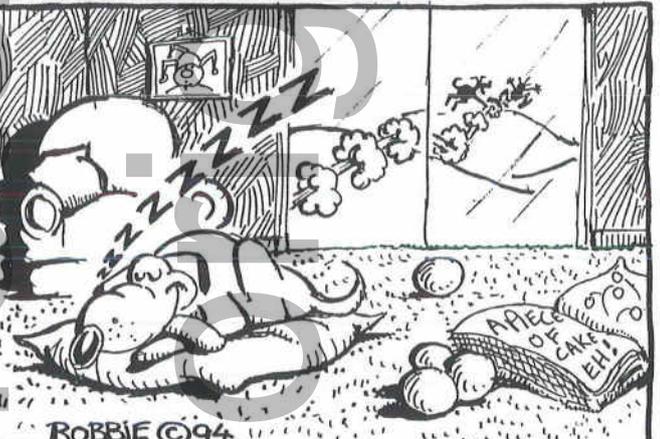
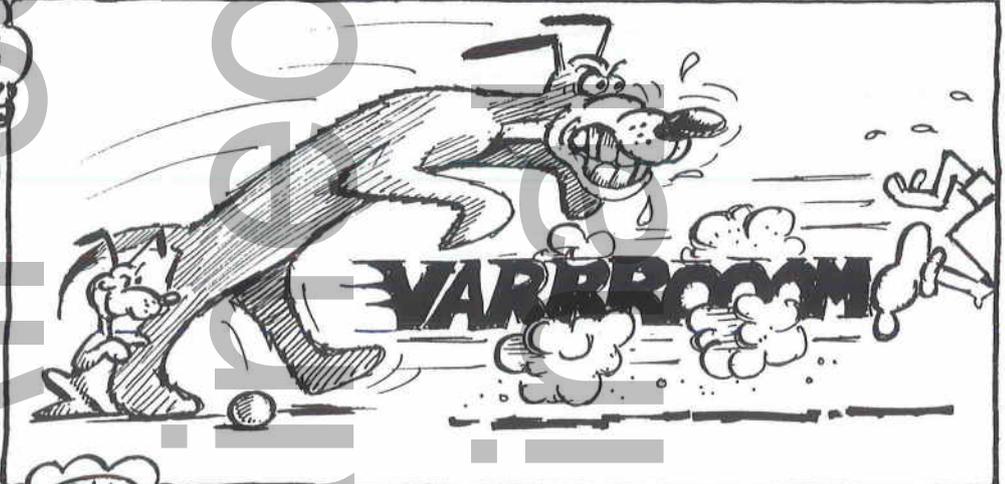
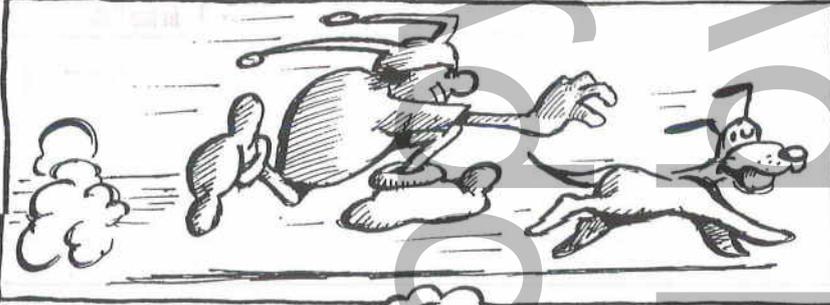
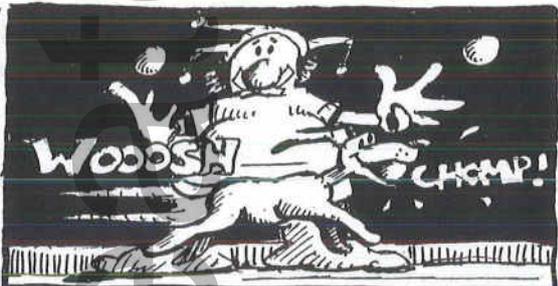
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