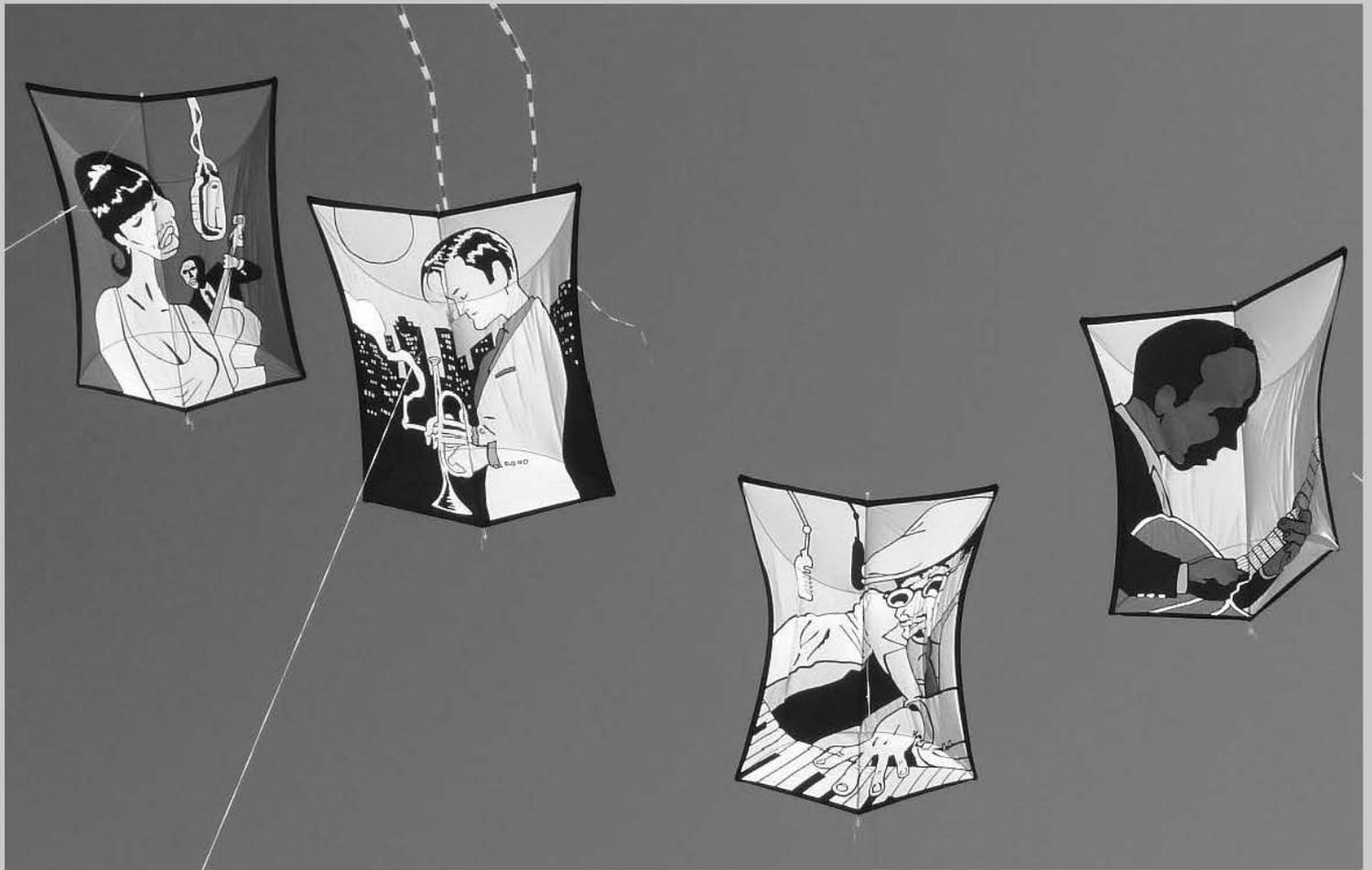


THE KITEFLIER

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Issue 128

July 2011

£2.50

**Newsletter of the Kite Society of
Great Britain**

KITEWORLD

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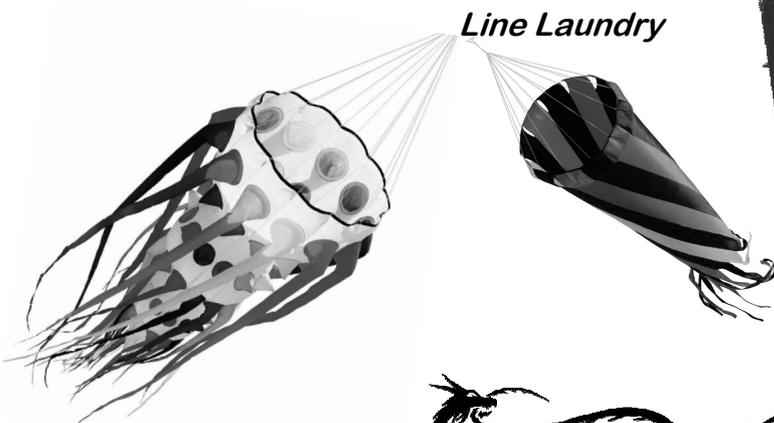


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*Keep checking our
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*Sky Dog
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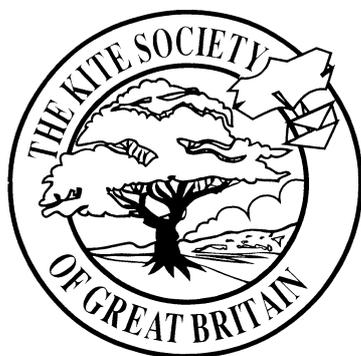
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Front Cover
Dick Bolle "Jazztrain"
Dick is one of the guests at
Portsmouth 2011.

Dear Reader

It seems that the kite season is moving on but there are still some international events to come—Bristol, Portsmouth and Margate being the largest of these. We hope you will continue to support these events by turning up and flying your kites. There will be many opportunities during both Portsmouth and Margate for you to join in with the guest fliers and show off!

As you may be aware we have been sending out a pdf version of the magazine to those who subscribe to the electronic version. There are a number of good things about this—some for us and some for you! For us it saves a lot of time stuffing envelopes and getting them to the post office. For you it means that you get the magazine ahead of the postal members—it is sent out the day before the post goes! It is also cheaper at just £5 for a year.

Of course it saves the environment as well—no printing, no paper, no post vans!

As well as this—if you own a Kindle (it may work for others as well) you can have the pdf emailed to your Kindle account to be delivered by the magic of Amazon! It looks quite good but just misses the colour.

The web site has recently been revamped and more information added. We are happy to link to other kite related sites—so have a look and let us know what can be added.

Finally—the usual plea—please send us information and articles to use in the magazine. Without the stalwarts of Hugh Blowers, Allan Pothercary and Paul Chapman—plus Brighton Kite Fliers—the magazine would be rather thin!

Editorial

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Pothecary Corner—Allan Pothecary

Corner bits

Cat riddle



There's a new cat, sorry kite, causing quite a stir amongst the kiting world. Going by the name of Felix Sadpuss, and befriending flyers around the globe, such as Close Encounters and Karl Longbottom to name a few, this kite is fast becoming a must see at all

the festivals.

Due to his popularity, Felix has now set up his very own Facebook page, so that friends - old and new - can stay in touch and share pictures. Why not make friends on line now or better still, keep an eye out for him at your next event, and get your picture taken with this illustrious feline.

Carl Robertshaw

I was talking to Carl at Brighton. He was extremely appreciative of the support from the kiting fraternity which he had received through recent, troubled times. To answer all those questions, Carl will be concentrating his efforts on design in future. There is still a lot of interest in his kites, in particular the Fury and the Flow Delta. The good news is that these will be available in the near future made, under license, possibly by one of the top kite making teams in the USA as Carl is keen to keep his name synonymous with quality. This could also result, Carl told me, in the delta price being made available at a better price than before!

Stuck on you

I was telling you about a corporate event we were invited to recently. We had to be there early for the press and TV which meant that there was a lot of time to enjoy before the event started for real with all the free drinks, speeches etc.

I was checking over the kites we were to use when I noticed that the C-clip holding the bottom spreader had slipped down and needed to

be glued back in to place.

My super glue had reached the stage where it was becoming thick after having opened the bottle a fair bit over recent weeks so I was surprised at how runny it was in the very hot weather we were experiencing that day (remember that one?). I only noticed this when I saw it flowing freely from the bottle to the ground! "Good job it only went on the grass" I thought, making a note not to put anything down there for a while.

Wrong again Allan! It had not gone on the grass - it had splashed on to my foot and I discovered later that I had successfully managed not only to stick my toes together but stuck my toes to my sandal as well! The next fifteen minutes of preparing for the event were spent gently prising my toes apart and detaching my footwear followed with my good lady peeling off lumps of glue from my ticklish feet. We have got some anti super glue liquid somewhere and, recently, someone told us that cola works well too.

I hope somebody else can tell us if that's true because we would rather not go through that again just to prove it!

How we started - Part two

At the end of one of my ramblings in the previous 'Corner' I said that would continue the story of how Marilyn and I got in to kite flying if enough people were interested and asked me to.

To my surprise an email flooded through and several people we met at various events since have said that they enjoyed the first episode and would like to read more.

Some with fertile minds (or maybe just as old and daft as me) questioned about how we bought our kids for eight quid each - you'll have to read the last one again to see what I mean

Kite two

Last time I covered how I got my first kite (it was just me then) and we both discovered how to keep it airborne but the real hook was when I flew a full size kite at Testonbridge. We picked up a leaflet for a festival at Weston-Super-Mare and in the couple of weeks leading up to it talked about buying something bigger than our little "Generation" kite.

This, of course was going to be our last purchase because then we would have the perfect tool or the job!

What an amazing festival at Weston, so many things to see, so many people and there was a wonderful atmosphere about the place. It was our first meeting with "Kiteworld" little knowing that we would become good friends and meeting up socially including them spending a weekend at ours to be treated to one of my infamous curries - our other passion!

Paul Redhead (owner of one of the best PA systems on the circuit), used to travel around with Kiteworld helping with the sales and he picked up our interest in something new. We obviously had no idea what to look for and, I suppose like all beginners, colour and design were important to us. Tricks were virtually unheard of at that time, Dodd Gross's "Jam Session", Tim Benson's "Box of Tricks" Phantom Andy Preston's "Stranger" and Chris Matheson's Sandpiper Midi were still on their way! Most kites were fairly flat - not deep in the sail - how can I explain? - Short stand offs!

Paul brought out one of the specialist kites at the time - a Rare Air, "Spectrum" I still remember him saying... "I like to get this kite out at the end of the day and just FLY!" It was indeed a beautiful kite and every Brighton Paul still likes to announce to the crowd that he... "Sold Close Encounters their first big kite!"

The next thing was to find somewhere to fly. We didn't want dogs chasing our new investment in the local park so we adjourned to nearby Salisbury Plain. We were there for hours that evening, we don't think that we should have been where we were - but suddenly it was too dark to fly - and we packed away by torchlight! Not the last time that would happen!

Semblance of Order?

From here on things are a bit muddled in my brain. Between us we can remember all the things we did but maybe not in the right order. On some days out the winds were a bit too strong for our kite. We had invested in some 200lb lines which were quite thick and helped to slow it and take some of the pull out but something else was needed.

On a trip to Las Vegas we met Scott Dyer, a

Pothecary Corner—Allan Pothecary

guy who ran BFK (work out for yourself what that stands for) a kite shop out the back of his main income - a dental workshop. Scott introduced us to one of the guys who worked on the dentistry side and a kite flyer who's name we had heard before - Cory Jenson.

Cory now runs BFK - much more fun!

We had seen the Jam Session at Dave Tomlinson's "Kreative Kites" shop in Newbury but kites here cost in dollars what were pounds back home. We came away with a vented Jam which we carried on to the plane and it travelled back, courtesy of a stewardess, in the galley as we didn't want to risk it being lost or broken in the hold.

I remember taking this kite to Bristol and a collection of Brighton flyers stealing it off me for a while giving the pleasing impression that I had actually bought something interesting and also of what the kite could do in the right hands. Kevin was amongst them and it was he who later taught me how to do a 540 flat spin at another Bristol - He showed me the position the kite should be in at the start of the maneuver and I have remembered that ever since!

Self made

It was around this time that I started to try to make some of my own kites. There was this guy - I never did get his name - who was always at festivals flying a homemade four line. It was a French design, can't remember the name at the moment, but it was along the lines of the horse-shoe shaped SkyDancer by Dave Davis. The very simple plan was quite literally drawn on the back of a fag packet - it was just one sheet of rip-stop cut to shape and a length of fiberglass rod.

Lines and handles were the biggest problem and the expensive part as I didn't have anything quad at the time. Even with my limited skill I managed to get it flying. I remember it having low pull, being quite twitchy and needing very little wind but it was about now that I first had to admit that I don't do fiddly!

Regrets

Another memory was at Basingstoke when they used to have rounds of the STACK competition there. I had captured The Decorators and Sky Dance - Steve Hoath, Jeanette and Mark Lummas (none of them wed at the time) on video

Pothecary Corner—Allan Pothecary

and world champions, Aircraft set up in the arena. Thinking about how much tape was left and how much editing there was to do I can, even today, hear myself saying... "How much video can you have of kites flying?"

Oh how I regret those words!!!

Kennett

By now we had got to know a great bunch of flyers from all over and chatted regularly at the events we attended - and we didn't miss many! Talk among some of us was about the formation of a club and what should it be called and then, under the leadership of Dave Thomlinson, the Kennett Kite Flyers club was formed and the Newbury Kite Festivals soon followed as a regular event in mid July each year.

With the formation of the club came an interest in more constructive things to do with our kites and more of an interest in what the 'elite' flyers were doing at the time but I think that's enough for now so more next time including my first competition and how we got going as a pair.

The Morgan Megadelta

Recently we were asked to do some kite demonstrations for a private company. It was a catering company who were to take over at Southsea Castle in Portsmouth. They had chosen the name of "The Big Yellow Kite Company" because it made them think of laid back summer days and a general feeling of good times – fair enough – I'd go along with that!

The corporate colours were yellow and black – perfect for us to finish the day with by 'saying goodbye' with our theme tune and flying yellow/black kites with matching tails! But the thought struck me, why had they not asked if we had a big yellow kite? We had as standard size one – "The Ascension" – which I had reviewed in the Corner a couple of issues back but we needed something big and my immediate thoughts turned to a Morgan Mega Delta. Whilst this was going on I mentioned that we had ordered a new kite which was going to be something a bit special to some of our newer friends who were very much in to kites but only for the last couple of years or so.

Who?

"What's a Morgan Mega Delta?" they asked and when I explained they said – "Who is Paul Morgan?" I've been here before – there are a lot of

names that I am used to but are not as well known these days because they simply don't seem come to the fore – you will see some of them mentioned in other articles – we owe a lot to those guys and gals who were around when we started. Some of the names and characters are still about of course – respect!

Well for others that don't know, Paul is that gentle giant with the shock of black hair who sits quietly at the back of the Skybums tent with his wife Helene at lots of festivals up and down the country. He never bothers those that walk in but always answers any questions in full with his deep, dark brown voice and smiling all the time. Former art students (Paul studied Graphic Design and Illustration and Helene studied Fashion and Textile Design) the pair got into kites in a time honoured way after buying their then two year old son a kite on a trip to the beach back in 1982. Their son flew for a while then went off to play in the sand but they carried on flying the kite all day The following morning they went off to buy another and thus they became hooked!

Over the next couple of years they started to build their own kites from plans in books and then by making variations. After a while they started designing their own.

More orders

Eventually they started making kites for friends and other kite fliers and in 1986 started Morgan kites. All summer they went round festivals (most were just starting up) and at the first Bristol met Andy King from the Kite Store in London. He asked if they could supply kites to them which they did. Early the following year they were asked if they would produce a Delta and a Para foil, based on the sizes in Mark Cottrell's book "Low Level Aerial Photography". The 12 foot Mega Delta was born with the tell-tale stripes running to the rear of the kite and has since been used for Aerial Photography, lifting aerals for radio hams, lures for birds of prey and - the inevitable parachuting teddy bears!

This large delta flies in a wide range of winds and is very stable requiring around 200lb breaking strain line. Other sizes are now produced, some smaller at 6 feet and 8 feet wingspan for lifting smaller loads to be more manageable but also larger 15, 18 and 20 feet. Variations from these have also been produced.

Even in the early days a Sled section was added to increase the 12 foot wingspan up to 15 feet and, again, this was a very stable, strong pulling kite. A 20 foot version has been used for high altitude flying.

Personalised



The Avon kite fliers asked if the Morgans would produce some branded 12 foot flow tail deltas. This was done but because there were so many versions on the market they didn't want to follow the crowd in having the same thing as a stock item. They played around with a few ideas and eventually came up with the extended keel version of the Mega Delta. Instead of having a standard keel they tapered it back to 26m giving a different look in the sky. Once again other sizes are produced but this is the most popular.

After looking through their catalogue on line, it was this kite that interested Marilyn and I the most and the opportunity to have it made in our team colours was irresistible!

Fail Safe

After seeing it in the strong and gusty winds at Swindon and after having suffered several breakages with other kites there I was keen to have ours made using glass fibre in the main, stress bearing parts of the frame. This added a



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little to the weight and to the cost but on the day proved to be a wise investment.

Paul showed us a fail safe device he uses to help protect the rods from breaking. Instead of securing the sail to the rods, he had introduced a loop of line which passed through a tag on the sail and over the arrow knock. Then if the kite did get caught up with another in the sky and performed a nose dive to the ground the line would break on impact as the pole flexed and save form breakage in much the same way as Velcro is used on sport kites.

I can say that we did manage to test this when we were setting up at Southsea in a very bad swirling gust – and it worked! Even for one who does not do fiddly, a new line was easily tied and the kite relaunched on time!

Viability

Paul and Helene have been making kites professionally for 25 years this year and now go under the name of Sky Bums after opening their shop in 1992. Like most kite businesses it proved not viable to run commercial premises but Paul and Helene now work successfully from home and make all their kites themselves. They continue to design and build kites for the discerning kite flyer and have a great range of interesting and novel kites and artefacts available straight off the shelf.

These guys are a valuable asset to the kiting world and can be found at a kite festival, somewhere, most weekends throughout the summer. Their website is www.skybums.com and they can be contacted on kites@skybums.com or by phone on 01939 234486.

Next time you are at a UK festival pop in to their tent for a chat – tell them you saw this article as a starter and ask to see some of their more unusual exclusive designs.

Waine Hucker

Just recently I keep stumbling across a home grown talent by the name of Waine Hucker. I am going to claim him as 'home grown' even though his technical education was gained in Leederville, Western Australia, and he lives in Wales, because he was born in Bristol! Waine was first bitten by kites when living on a low budget out in W.A. and started making some himself. These were constructed from black polythene, tape and dowel and gave him the

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grounding he needed along with flying other cheap fighter kites and Rok's. Returning to the UK in the mid eighties, Waine didn't start thinking about kites again until 1999 when he started to buy the odd Rok.

Fuelling a desire to have his own designs the decision was made to purchase a sewing machine and learn how to sew - lots of trial and error later kites were beginning to fly! The next stage was to decorate his kites with artwork that appeal. The method chosen was the projecting of an image on to a screen and simply paint on top the parts that were required to look good in the sky.

This all sounds fine but there were a couple of problems to overcome. Firstly Waine found that painting on to a flat screen meant that there was some distortion compared to when the kite

was bowed and secondly was finding ink, or paint, that was go not going to fade or simply go brittle and break up - it also had to be water proof.

Waine was certainly not a pioneer in this project so he looked to others for ideas and received good advice from Roy Broadley at "Kites Up" who led him toward water based acrylics by Daler and Rowney called System 3,

From here on progress was good and some striking designs found their way in to the air. I jokingly said that he could do a kite of Marilyn and I and Waine replied that was quite do-able. Don't worry though; we will spare you that one!

Yes it's true that you are not going to get the professional screen printed copies of photos or art work that Kites Up are so good at but Waine is still experimenting with what is possible and regularly produces work to be proud of with the confidence to commission work for others - you provide the kite and the idea of what you want on it and he will hand paint something that will be very individual and very personal to you - I'd say like hanging a genuine painting on the wall in difference to a photo.

Waine's son Alex flies and helps to build the kites under the banner of Barrikiteflyers and also runs the website now under construction at barrikiteflyers.com

I think that we are going to see much more of Waine's work at festivals to come.

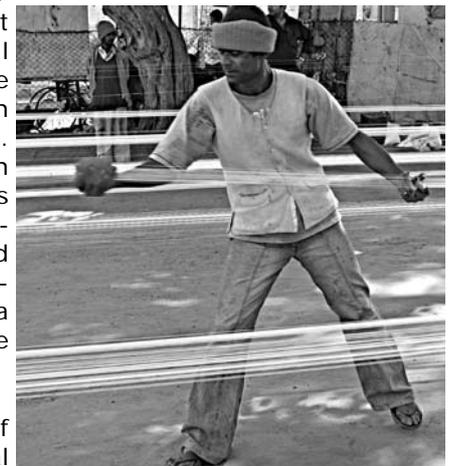


Six Months In and Still Flying—Paul Chapman

2011 started on the bank of the Sabarmati River in Ahmedabad. I had arrived on New Year's Eve and at midnight the skies of India erupted with fireworks. The next day the kite flying began. I was in India for a whole month and most of that time was spent in an Indian Kiteworld. My friends, Mital and Sunil, live and work in Vadodara and alongside their apartment is a great dusty field that is ideal for cows and kites and where the powerlines across the field were already festooned with kite corpses. It didn't take long to find out where the kite places were to be found; well not the roadside kite sellers just outside the building, or the children playing with found kites. Firstly I found Kite Street in the Old City. It really was Kite Street. This was a road full of kite sellers, spool sellers and manjha makers. One shop was the home of Mr Guptal Mistry, master kite maker, who happily let me sit and watch him cut his bamboos while the local priest came along and fumigated the shop with white smoking incense. The local manjha makers worked directly in the street, mostly using a system where the white cotton line is dipped into a bucket of red manjha brew and then spun onto a drum made from old bicycle parts. I learnt a lesson from them. Take good care of your camera lens! I had been videoing the process when I noticed it was spitting with rain. Yes, red manjha rain! Red ground-glass and glue rain right into a very expensive lens! Then I heard about the Lahore Manjha men so we took a tuc-tuc taxi across town to a cricket field that had been commandeered as a manjha factory, bought the white cotton line and spools and then watched as the Manjha men did their manjha dance and, slowly but surely, applied several layers of crisp red glass to the cutting line.

While I was in Ahmedabad I was offered the chance to visit the Rann of Kutch with the Ahmedabad Kite Circus. That was a big mistake. The actual Ahmedabad Kite Festival passed without the spectacle of the police beating back the crowds of previous years, although they were called to investigate the naughty ones who were targeting a certain Peter Lynn. No, the Kutch trip was a fiasco without the chance to see anything of the country except for the salt desert and a beach. The salt desert was spectacular but a day of flying/frying with no cover resulted in several medical casualties. I think I was the only one to enjoy the cockroach Indian shower dance as the 'roaches scuttled about for cover (under my feet) as I poured water over my head in the toilet tent. And we nearly missed the big day too. After a gruelling 13 hours, the rattling bus pulled into Ahmedabad at 07.30 on the day of Makar Sankranti, which gave me just enough time to jump ship and tuc-tuc it to the rooftops. Despite missing the spectacular midnight kite market (thanks to broken promises by Gujarat Tourism) the night before, we already had a few kites to fly. I had about 200 just for myself, but I knew that when they were gone we could call up more from the kite kids... the ones who chase down the cut kites. So Makar Sankranti was a long day of kites and chai and special eats. It went on into the night with tukkals... big kites carrying paper lanterns together with the necessary fighter escort, and roof top games and songs.

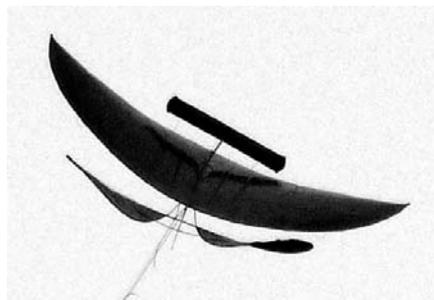
The following weekend was the beach festival in a small town near Vado-



Six Months In and Still Flying—Paul Chapman

dara. Only fighting kites of course, and with something like 30,000 participants. The five hours of fighting was quite special as everyone had to get through at least 100 kites each! And it wasn't just the kites as the local kitemakers fought amongst themselves for downed manjha. Groups of young men armed with long bamboo poles tipped with thorn bushes would chase down the cut kites, trample on the winnings and then snatch the manjha line. It was so manic that I had to return to this little town a few days later. Over a cup of chai I was told that they had had such fun that they were going to repeat it the next weekend...but unfortunately I could not go as by then we were travelling the white salt desert with one of Prince Malik's Desert Coursers.

A few weeks later the aircraft touched down in Hanoi for a somewhat surreal two weeks of chasing down Dieu Sao. As you will know well, the Dieu Sao is the Vietnamese flute kite. Probably, like me, that is about all you know of it. Well, know I know much more! How the flutes are made; how they are tuned. How the kites are made and what the preparation is that turns the brown paper skin into a soft and supple animal skin. We went to the village festival where the kites are presented at the temple for their blessing and are afterwards taken to the rice field for flying. And the eerie sounds of dozens of Dieu Sao singing overhead, together with the cries of anguish when one heads for the lake or when someone falls off the sewer drain walkway either waist deep into the sewer, or into the boggy paddy field! Our researches took us around Hanoi visiting the bookless National Library, the silent Institute of Musicology and the Art museum where you could not photograph the original kite scroll, but you could at the National museum where they had the same original scroll on display. And then there was the meeting with the Art Director who held an Art Kite festival to support the victims of Agent Orange (yes there are still victims) but who did not know about OSOW and surprised me by reminding me that the 10th October (OSOW Day) is the Vietnamese National Liberation Day. All that and drinking Weasel coffee – coffee made from beans that, for some Vietnamese reason, have passed through the intestines of weasels.



I was only back home for 36 hours before joining the Grumpy Old Gits on their Tour of Normandy. We stopped by at Houlgate so that a certain Mr Browning could fly his kites and secure them, by devious means, to the top of the church spire; the curate's wife gave him a grilling over that. Minkey did his usual thing by flying kites all day and then later disgracing himself with some red wine at the Casino banquet. And for some unknown reason I collected even more beautiful Indian fighting kites – because Ustad Patang Wallah Abdul Rauf was there – Abdul was in Ahmedabad too. For more, you should visit the GoGs on grumpyoldgits.org. Anyway Houlgate did us proud, even to the extent of laying on a spectacular thunderstorm.

So I only made it to the Swindon Kite Festival for one day...but what a day! More wind than India and Vietnam combined. Didn't stop the talking though, and of course there was the chance to help make a few kites for the victims of the Japan disaster.

A few days later I was airborne again, this time to the Netherlands and Apeldoorn for the Historic Kite Workshop. The HKW is a strange event where there is almost no kiteflying. It is a Phaff kite making convention with whirring sewing machines (no clunky Singers allowed) and where various authorities give talks about long forgotten kites. We learnt about the difference between a Woglom and an Eddy kite (new research shows that they are the same); Scott Skinner told us all about the future direction of Drachen foundation; we saw so many Steiff kites that my brain was Adlered (there were some really unusual adlers) and I gave a talk about

how I discovered some new old aerophotography kites; 1930s aeroplane kites of about 40 ft wingspan. Lots more talks, kite deals, new things to hunt down, a Dutch auction ably run by WHKFlier Ralf Maserski...and some people even finished the three old workshop kites (the 1950s Rex, the strange unknown "Brookalike" and the 1911 Vol-Ho). The workshop finished with a rather terrifying display of how not to launch an American variant of Wheelwright's Rocket Kite! Woosh! BANG..."Duck"!wallop!!



So it has been a fun 2011 so far....and still six months to go...

Berck Report—Hugh Blowers

It's so cold at Berck! 25emes RICV Berck Sur Mer

A small and intimate festival on the north coast of France, usually very cold, often wet and windy and sometimes even with a covering of snow. Well, that certainly has been the perception for some and while once it might have been small, and has certainly seen extremes of weather on occasions, none of these comments could have been made about the 25th anniversary festival. Originally started as a meeting of KAP enthusiasts, Berck has morphed into a huge international event with probably the largest public attendance of any festival in the world. The town of Berck Sur Mer gives itself over wholeheartedly to this event as whatever is invested by the organisation is repaid many times over by the money brought in. The 25th was no exception and almost certainly broke any existing records for visitors. It also probably broke the record for hours of sunshine over the 10 days. Whatever it was, it certainly was not cold, as the hoards of sunbathers and swimmers attested to.

High tides during the day and the change from off shore to sea breeze several days did restrict the amount of ripstop in the sky at times, but there was still more than enough to keep the vast crowds entertained. That the festival now extends the whole length of the beach and the entire promenade, gives some idea of the size of the undertaking. The region Nord Pas de Calais had commissioned a new inflatable kite for the festival that head honcho Gerard Clement unveiled for the TV cameras on the Friday before everything got underway. It would also feature in another addition to the annals of Peter Lynn kite lore, but not until much later. All was set for a serious session of kiteflying and mass application of whatever factor was necessary to stop burning.

So what can you add to an already amazing festival for a significant anniversary? Well, the delectable young ladies of Opale Danse were back after a break of several years. First seen at the Millenium festival, this troop has put on some memorable performances



and set a few pulses racing into the bargain. This year they did three shows an afternoon, with each dance being accompanied by appropriately floaty and artistic kites. Robert Brassington, aided and abetted by several of the British contingent, provided the accompaniment at regular intervals, whilst Spirits, again from the British, were also featured. Through several odd twists of fate, Berck also had something else up its sleeve, the first flight of what it was hoped would become 'The World's Largest Kite'.

Berck has seen each of the claimants to this title over the years, but owing to the planned launch in Kuwait not going ahead, this would be the inaugural public flight of this new Peter Lynn monster. At 1250 sq metres in area and 190m long, this new manta ray is ginormous, but as there is already a mega-ray, what could it be called? (answer later) Commissioned by the Al-Farsi team, this kite is a seriously enlarged version of Peter's latest manta design, although there is another one somewhere. The problem is, no one knows where, as Lufthansa managed to lose the prototype last year and it has seemingly vanished. If you work in an airport and see a VERY large compression bag lurking under a bench, then it might be worth a closer look.

Scheduled to fly on the Monday, the conditions were so good on the first day that the acres of ripstop were unrolled for the first official flight. Given the sheer size, and volume, inflation took a long while and strange things started to happen along the way. The sun heated up the air in the kite to such an extent, that one wing did a very good impression of a hot air balloon, standing straight up in the air for a while. With inflation continuing, the eyes popped up and the 400+kg of kite started to lift into the air. Lateral stability was fine with two steering lines, but the whole caboodle was porpoising badly as the huge mass of air moved back and forth. A little help was called for, just to keep the mouth area up, and with two lifters attached, the process continued. Given the contrast in size between the pilots and the ray, they were not doing a lot, but it was sufficient to get this leviathan of a kite into the air, where it flew quite happily and stably. That it is a lot better looking than the flags is hardly in question and whether it is now the biggest kite in the world is down to some definitions, but this was its first proper flight, and it was at Berck. As to its name, well there was little doubt as to what the mouth looked and behaved like, and with its pop-up eyes it became 'Fanny the Bug-Eyed Sprite'.

So this was only the first day. Sunday was even hotter and more crowded with the sky absolutely full. AWITA had almost created a screen of kites and one end of the beach, seemingly whacking every single kite they had into the air, which they left flying until well into the evening. Inevitably, much of what else was flying had been seen and reported on by 'yours truly' before, but take my word for, there was a lot of it. What was new were the Peter Lynn four line pilots,

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described in the previous Kiteflyer. Peter developed the 8m pilot that became the standard piece of kit, with a 16m scaled up version and a 12m that was the best behaved of all, but the new arrival is a whole 22sq metres. By any standards that is big, and to drop two of them into La Manche at the same time presented a significant recovery problem for Le Saveteurs and their jet ski. If dragging 44sq metres of wet ripstop out of the dill is not bad enough, removing yet another similar sized pilot that had sleeved itself on a lamp post proved even more exciting.

This was not to be the end of the big kite dramas. Unfortunately, Peter Lynn had to return to New Zealand prematurely, and whilst he was explaining the reasons during lunch, I noticed that the sea had claimed another kite and pilot. It soon became apparent that this was the new festival kite that I referred to earlier, commissioned by the local regional government. This was not our problem as there were kites to fly back at stalag 55, the home for the week of the Longbottom's and Blowers'. During the afternoon, with the tide into the arenas and the heat oppressive, our Englishness overtook us and we went for a paddle to cool down. There we are then, several yards out, when who should glide by in a two man canoe but Andrew Beattie having been on retrieval duties. That he had failed became apparent some-time later. Sat in the hospitality tent in the evening, a large bundle of very wet ripstop was laid on the floor, which we set to and untangled, with the local councillors looking on with some concern. The pilot was fine, but oh dear; the huge heart shaped kite had been sucked into the impeller of the Jet Ski, which had done a very good impression of a shredder. Could it be fixed? Well, initial optimism soon waned as more holes and tatty bits of cloth were found. The clincher was that sizeable portions were missing completely. This was even beyond Peter and his stitching prowess.

That is the 'sagas' dealt with, so on to the rest of the

festival. This year, Malcolm and Jeanette Goodman along with 'Charlie' had joined us for the duration, while Steve Hoath, Helen Ribchester, Steve Matchett and Gary Neville did sterling work in the demo arena for the 10 days. As usual there was an ebb and flow of flyers adding to the 'hard core' that stick it out whatever the weather. Much ingenuity was put into the construction of sunshades this year, and none more so than the new creation from the North East. Pauline Taylor, along with Ged, Frances and Shep had brought along a wonderful, painted canopy that was erected with civil engineering precision to provide respite from the sun. Berck virgins, the Swifts and George W forsook such comforts and slowly roasted. Paul and Natalie Reynolds were there for a short stay, but their presence remained, as they had left a set of Air Banners, which were used to loft various relevant messages into the sky for all to see.

A surprise but welcome visitor was Robert Brassington, who with a little help from his friends emptied his kite bag into the sky. At one stage there were 51 of his creations flying and so good were the conditions were that he reckoned that 'too many kites were still not enough'. Difficult to disagree with him on a day like that. Something that is somewhat easier to disagree with is the amount of copying that goes on. This is an 'old chestnut' and does not get any easier, especially when it is your kite that has been copied and replicated en mass. One flyer put up a huge display without an original to be seen, which is always good for a heated discussion. Where is the satisfaction or am I missing something. You might put an IKEA Lowry on your wall at home, but would it be acceptable at the Lowry in Manchester? Why then fly a rip-off amongst the originals at a festival? Sometimes there is a little irony though. Andre Casagnes used to entertain the crowds at Berck with his many and varied line ferries and poppers. Pete Rondeau was given permission to make the 'popper' version, which he did, to his usual immaculate standards. Within weeks they had been copied by the Chinese, knocked out at rock bottom prices, Pete was out of business, and festivals were popping like mad. They have not been seen for many years, so we decided to take our set, and yes they are originals, shame on you for thinking otherwise, to Berck. Inevitably they created a huge interest, not least from the 'Chinese vulture' who saw it as an opportunity for a rip-off. I believe that even he had a wry grin when the truth of the situation was pointed out to him.

'Fanny' proved that there is no ultimate limit to size, but at a more realistic level, both in terms of cost and transport, both Bob The Builder and Wallace took my eye. I have a theory that the level of recognisability adds significantly to the success of a kite, as well as incurring all sorts of copyright problems I suspect. Bob and Wallace must be recognisable the world over, but too often the phrase 'but what is it' was heard. With a big enough pilot, enough bridles and a hole to get the air in, almost anything will fly (after a fashion), but there should be a little more to it than

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that surely.

Although the arena programme was not getting underway until 2-30, an early start was advisable, both for the flyers and the public who continued to flock in, not in tens, but hundreds of thousands. Getting into the town was a long process, parking almost impossible and space to fly at a premium. From Monday, the offshore wind in the morning meant a good fly until the advancing tide required a finely timed retreat and a wait for the sea breeze and a change of anchor points. Happily this normally coincided with the long walk to the tent for lunch and a drink. The students from the local training establishment were again on top form, but serving that many people must be a baptism of fire in the catering industry? Suitably refreshed, most of us could wade back to our huts, but for the arena teams, it is the prelude to a lot of hard work. They are the focus, while the rest of us are the backdrop. Immediately behind the display arena were a sea of banners, including Sara and Karl's lovely flowing cloud of white chiffon that provided untold photo opportunities.

The arena programme, with the exception of the dancers, fairly well mirrored last year, and with not too much variation in routines either. Flying Squad had revived the 'frog chorus', while FLIC continued to entertain with their dynamic ballet to Beethoven's 5th. A full compliment of Decorators arrived for the final weekend and I spent an enthralling few minutes watching them practice their 'sprocket' manoeuvre. This has been developed and extended almost to an illogical extreme, but Jake assured me that it was easy 'if you remembered which kite was which'. It does look impossibly spectacular though! Certainly, the immense crowds on the prom and around the arena had 4 hours of concentrated entertainment every day.

After a bit of upset a couple of years ago, the Jardin du Vent has contracted, but the quality and inventiveness gone up immeasurably. The plastic bottle man and his wife alone are worth visiting, if only to see just what diverse delights can be created from what we normally throw away. My favourite though is Joel Goupil with his dynamic and animated sculptures. His golf ball machines made from wire are fascinating enough, but he has gone further with a seagull and an eagle, both made from wire. A windmill and gear arrangement again all from wire causes the wings to flap and with each bird three dimensional, it takes wind garden thinking to a new level. One person that can always get the head scratching is Didier Ferment, and this year was no exception. His inspiration came from the phrase 'if wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea'. Along the beach were two sections of fishing net on poles, each surmounted with a stylised fish. In the centre, a tent where wishes could be written and then attached to the nets like fish caught in a drift net. On the final day, the nets were taken down and flown from two large kites to set the wishes (or fishes) free on the wind.

Very surreal, and very much in the style of Didier. Equally 'French' and seemingly incomprehensible was the theatre group from Canada that accompanied Robert Trepanier. On Wednesday, we make the long trek down to the hospital to fly for the patients. Unfortunately the hospital is very large and formed an almost perfect wind-break, but we all managed to get something into the air. At the end, it is a climb up the dunes to the grounds to meet up and mingle, and there the troop did their first performance. Clowning, street theatre, kites, wheelchair, a lot of shouting running about and falling over. It must have meant something as the three girls continued to put on the show for the rest of the week, but really, I don't have a clue?

It was good to see Los Hermanos back after missing last year. Pedro and Esteban Gonzales could give us chapter and verse about the financial situation on the Iberian peninsular and it goes to show that we are not really that badly off over here. They had driven all the way from Spain, which is no mean feat in itself and had brought a car full of traditional Spanish delicacies to provide a reception for the flyers. A complete air-dried ham was the centrepiece, carved with skill and dexterity by Pedro. It was delicious and something like 10kg of it vanished in short order, along with several cheeses and an equally large quantity of Rioja. Thanks to you both for this wonderful gesture. Wonder if it would work with SPAM and Dairy Lea cheese slices? Probably not!

Friday evening brings the gala, and with the Kursaal still being renovated, it was again in the flyers tent on the beach. Following the usual speech from the Mayor the Berck gold medal was awarded, this time to universal acclaim as it was for Ray Bethell. Although Ray had said he would not travel to Europe, he hinted that he would make an exception for the 25th anniversary, and here he was, accepting his medal to tumultuous applause. The heat of the day and the heat in the tent was becoming oppressive,



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causing the principle festival organiser to keel off the stage in a dead faint, immediately after completing her speech. Happily she was not hurt and returned the following day. The heat was getting to us as well, so we made a strategic withdrawal, missing the showing of the festival DVD.

For reason as yet unexplained, the quite exceptionally large and might be the biggest kite in the world failed to make its planned flight on Saturday and was seen no more. Odd in a way, as France 3 had put up their studio again and were doing a live broadcast from the beach that included interviews with Jos Valcke, Gerard Clement and Olivier Reymond. Saturday is a very long day with the night fly, tableaux and dancers not starting until ten o'clock. Although there is general night flying, the arena was reserved for specific kites and teams that were supporting the dancers, that is after the horses had gone! Why they were there we were not quite sure, but we were not allowed to put up kites until they had left the arena. The combined forces of FLIC and Crazy Drivers flew white Revs in continual infinities, while Spirits wafted over the dancers. The Revs backed up to allow Heinrich Hohmann and Rene Meier to put their pyrotechnic talents to work. Aided and abetted by the British, and with military precision, eight deltas were put up one after the other, each with a huge Catherine wheel on the line. As the last stream of fire faded, they were pulled down and we were all asked to move, not far, but just so we were not stood on the main pyrotechnic display. There is something quite magic about being that close to a major fireworks display as it all happens above you, not in front of you. Elf and safety would have had kittens, but laid on the beach the percussive effect of the 'biggies' near took the breath away.

It takes hours for the town to clear after the night fly, so we joined the Swift clan in legging it back to our accommodation, making it a lot quicker than we would have done by car. This did mean a walk back in the morning, but with the sun and blue sky, that was no hardship. The focus of Sunday is the parade, and again it brings out the worst in the flyers as they interact with the crowds gathered along the prom



and through the streets. Pants were delegated this year so we navigated round with a selection of banners. You only appreciate how many and how low, most of the overhead cables are when you are carrying a carbon fibre pole? 'Charlie' joined us for the parade, but with the luxury of being pushed round in a 'Rolly'. He was a source of amusement for much of the week although I suspect the sand did little for his health and well-being. With ageing bladders and the heat in mind, this year's route was curtailed, but still ended in the traditional stampede to the beer tent, won convincingly by our own Sara Longbottom.

Monday gave us a reminder of the other side of Berck with the wind whipping down the beach stronger than at any time during the week. In the lee of the huts it was still hot and sunny, but as we all now know, that was about to change. Sometimes you need a bit of luck, and for the 25th RICV Gerard and the rest of the amazing organisation team certainly had it with the weather. Possibly not vintage in terms of the numbers of kites flying, but then that would be nigh on impossible, given what we experienced a couple of years ago. For the second time in three years, the festival dates coincided with several birthdays, affording ample opportunity and excuse for continued celebration. It is amazing just how organised some folk are, so thanks to all who provided food, drink, good wishes and gifts for those that left Berck a year older than they arrived. Mind you, after ten days in that sand I think we all left feeling several years older.

Could anyone 25 years ago ever have contemplated what Berck would become? Very doubtful, but what an event it has developed into, thanks to the huge investment in time and effort by so many people. Sorry if you have not been mentioned, but if you combine this with last year's version, then just about everyone should get the recognition they richly deserve.



Sweet Emotion—Allan Pothercary

I did an article recently on a kite that we have started using in demonstrations called the "Dream On". I am not sure how designer and well known American kite flyer Dodd Gross came up with the name but I am sure there will be a story to be told in there somewhere!

We now have the same kite with its striking colour scheme in a white background as opposed to the black we started using. We like this kite because it flies fairly slowly (good for pairs) on shorter (100ft) lines that we normally use and will fly in a wide range of winds.



I have given the kite to some of our best trick flyers and they had been surprised at how this kite will do virtually every trick in the book on its turbo setting - even I can get it to perform all of my very limited trick repertoire with ease and yet it flies very good precision too. All in all then this has proved to be an excellent and versatile piece of kit!

So what if the "Sky Dog" stable, from whence it came, decided on a more dedicated trick kite. Would it mean tweaks here and there to the sail design or bridle? No, it was something completely different in the form of the "Sweet Emotion" - much more easy to see where this name came from especially if you already fly or want to learn tricks.

I quite like the sail pattern of this one, maybe slightly retro, but certainly recognisable from the other side of the field!

Again I gave this out to some expert trick flyers and the reports were good. As with all kites you have to do something slightly different to produce the same as with another but after a short period of acclimatisation the less experienced flyer may find that some moves they found difficult before with other kites are now a little

easier.

Unlike the Dream On which is framed in 6mm rod throughout, the Sweet Emotion has Dynamic D18 for the lower spreaders to give rigidity in the sail and the flex required for performance.

I didn't have to work hard to make this kite perform. Every now and again it reminded me of the Benson Deep Space both in looks (overall shape at a quick glance) and in how easy it was to control for tricks.

The makers rightly claim that the Sweet Emotion has the built in features of some of the high end kites and these help it to perform in pretty much the same way. Once you have got to a certain level this kite will take you right on through to the top.

However, there is still a difference between individually handmade by the craftsman who designed it - and out of a factory in China.

Costs have been kept lower by the use of what I would call middle order materials, rip stop polyester, less expensive wrapped and tapered rods in the lower spreaders and 6mm carbon rods in the leading edges.

I would say that this is a good kite, without question, and, of course, I can completely understand Skydog's strategy in going for a particular market sector but I just can't help wondering how good the Sweet Emotion would be were it made with the same materials as the high end sport kites they themselves say that this kite eludes to?



Bits & Pieces

PSB Marine Tapes launches new product for Kite Surfers

PSP Marine Tapes is delighted to announce the launch of a new product for Kite Surfers and sailors: Kite Tape. This fast acting tape is designed for on the spot repairs to keep sailing, when a rip or hole has appeared in spinnaker nylon.

This tear resistant adhesive rip-stop nylon is available in an extensive range of colours and comes in a roll width of 150mm. It is perfect for the sailor or kitesurfer, who notices a small tear in their kite or sail, which needs to be dealt with as soon as possible. It can be applied on the spot, preventing further expensive damage requiring a trip to the sail loft.

Kite Tape is easy to apply, by smoothing the kite or sail out on a flat surface, making sure it is as clean and dry as possible. The tape should then be applied to both sides of the rip stop nylon pressing firmly to ensure a strong repair.

16 colours available including the new fluorescent orange and fluorescent green. Available from most yacht suppliers.

GM Foods Report on France 24

Activists fly a kite to protest against the cultivation of genetically modified corn during a meeting of EU farm ministers.



Auction Items Found

Kaizan: A Japanese Satsuma rectangular box and cover (kogo), Meiji Period, (1868-1912) the interior of the cover and the inside base painted with women at low tables, the top painted with children flying kites within gilt scroll, black ground borders, the box banded with chrysanthemum, rectangular gilt on black seal mark within red and gilt border, 6.5cm wide, 4.5cm deep, 2cm high

Kite created for the bi-century of French revolution. The wing has been made from the silk Hermes scarf entitled "La République française"



Rupert Bear flying kite—seen on Ebay. One of the 2011 official conference pins. Sold for £3.71.



There is also one in Blue.

From The News Shopper

Blackheath Bike and Kite festival axed

ANOTHER community festival has been axed because of financial cuts.

Blackheath's two-day Bike and Kite Festival has been a popular attraction on the heath in recent years, attracting 25,000 people in 2010. But this year's event, organised by Lewisham Council, has been axed as cuts start to bite.

The Blackheath Society has written to the council urging it to reinstate the event for next year. Chairman Howard Shields said: "It's a crying shame. "We found out about three weeks ago but it wasn't announced in any way."

A Lewisham Council spokesman said: "There is no budget available for Bike and Kite this year. "Staff have been reduced and the safe and successful delivery of the event is no longer viable."

From the South African Sunday Times

Kite surfer doesn't impress G8

Seaborne police scrambled to intercept a waiter working at the G8 summit who thought his security badge gave him clearance to kite-surf in the exclusion zone, security sources said Friday.

While leaders of the world's most industrialised democracies met at the International Congress Centre in the northwestern resort of Deauville, a waiter at the event decided to take advantage of Thursday's strong coastal winds.

With over 12,000 police deployed to lockdown a swathe of the Normandy coast, the waiter took his security clearance badge with him, but police who have been patrolling the coast in speedboats escorted him outside the exclusion zone.

He was not arrested or fined, sources at the North Sea and Channel maritime police said.

The navigation exclusion zone extends around one kilometre (less than half a mile) along the coast and around nine kilometres (five nautical miles) into the sea off Deauville.

Dancers in Jefferson Memorial are following in footsteps of hippie kite fliers—from The Washington Post

The cops brought their motor scooters and horses, and pulled out their blackjacks and tackled people. They arrested a mom holding her 1-year-old, some lanky kids and a few others who were gathered around the Washington Monument doing something that thousands of us enjoy doing every spring.

It was 1970. The crime? Flying kites.

Fast-forward four decades, and we're right back in that lovely state of Absurdistan. Only this time, people are being arrested at the Jefferson Memorial, and their crime is dancing. On Saturday, the dancers promise to descend on the memorial again, all but inviting another confrontation with the U.S. Park Police.

This latest crackdown sounds so much like those 1970 kite arrests, which came in waves as groups of dissenters decided to set their box kites or Red Barons aloft in what came to be called kite-ins.

It began with one guy, Joseph Larry Boyd, who was hanging out with a bunch of other hippies at what was known as the P Street Beach in the summer of 1969. He flew a red kite with a white tail. A police officer told him that was illegal. The kite could interfere with radar signals and low-flying planes, the officer told Boyd.

Radar signals? Planes? The hippie scoffed. But then he was cuffed.

And the cop was right. It was an old law, passed in 1892, that made kite flying illegal in a Washington that had electric trolley cars and their overhead power lines all over the place.

According to the law, the U.S. Park Police officer had the right to arrest Boyd. But was it the right thing to do?

That arrest of that 18-year-old college kid in 1969 set off a maelstrom. There were more kite-ins and more arrests, and congressional hearings soon followed.

The Washington Post covered it. A young Carl Bernstein wrote about the antiquated law. The Smithsonian Kite Festival had to be moved to Maryland because it was clear that the government had been colluding for years on that very popular criminal act.

Meanwhile, the country was at war, and folks wondered why everyone was wasting time on kites.

Sound familiar?

You Tube

Amongst its many videos there are a number of kites—some of festivals and some of other things. One of the more interesting is the 5 plus minute video of an American Navy training film of the Target Kite. Search for Target Kite.

Seen on Kite Weekenders

Posted by Dick Abbs

I am extremely pleased to say that I have just got home after a long day of kite flying at Gedney Drove End. I was a part (a small part) of the K.A. R.A. Project Team (Kite Altitude Record Attempt) which this afternoon successfully broke the British kite altitude record by flying to 18,600 feet over The Wash.

This was achieved by flying a train of 11 sleds (36s and 24s) on 30 thousand feet of dyneema line. The entire ascent and descent took 10 hours and the flight was plotted up and down by GPS Barograph attached to the top kite and the data downloaded to computer upon recovery of the top kite.

The team in the main consisted of members of The Great Ouse Kite Flyers led by Dennis England and Scott Butler and was achieved after five years of trying. This is particularly pleasing as the previous record stood at 15,000 feet and was achieved by the world's most famous kite flyer designer and builder at the turn of the century.

Kites To Connect Two Continents: Udaipur flyer to set world record

Udaipur based, international kite flyer Abdul Malik is all ready to set another world record. This time Malik is going to bridge two continents with his kites.

Sounds unbelievable? but Abdul Malik is quiet confident to make it true. He is officially invited by government of Turkey to fly 3000 kites from Uskudar province of Istanbul which is in Asia; it is on the shore of Bosphorus Straight which on the other side has European part of Turkey.

The distance between both sides is 4.5 km as told by Abdul Malik. Malik is going to fly kites on 27th July with his Turkish acquaintance Mehmet Naci Akoz. The project is supported by Turkish government and Abdul Malik is chosen after short listing few best international kite flyers.

Bits & Pieces

The officials of Guinness World Records will be present there as this event will make a new record of connecting two continents by flying 3000 kites altogether.

"I am going to fly 3000 kites; half of kites will have Indian flag colour and other half with Turkish flag. I will try to connect two continents as a message of peace and harmony in the world. It is show that distance never affects the feeling of love and unity. My kites will be like peace ambassador for both continents." said Malik in a press conference held today at Udaipur.

Gaza Summer Games Sets World Records Again

The 2011 Gaza Summer Games opened in late June with an Olympic-style torch relay through the Strip. 57 kids carried the flame through Gaza and finished the marathon with a ceremony lighting a huge torch placed on the top of UNRWA's Headquarters, ushering in six weeks of sports, swimming, arts and drama. The flame inside my heart for Gaza grows brighter everyday, I wish I could have attended!

250,000 Gazan students participate in the summer program now in its 5th year. For the past two years, children in Summer Games have proved they can be the best in the world by breaking three Guinness World Records – in kite flying and basketball bouncing.

This year, they will be attempting to break four Guinness World Records including 28 July: Most flying kites simultaneously. 9,000 children (current record 6,198 UNRWA 2010).

Gaza children send messages to Sderot on kites

Children in Gaza released kites on Tuesday carrying messages to residents of Sderot across the border in Israel.

The kites carried messages urging Israel to end its siege of Gaza. Fourteen-year-old Einas Naim told Ma'an she hoped residents of Sderot would understand the messages.

"I came to send messages to the residents of the neighboring Israeli towns telling them Palestinian children have the right to live in safety like others. We hope we can live safely and freely because it is our right to enjoy life free of missiles, bombardment and destruction. We fear to go to school in the morning because when we wake up we hear noise of tank shells and missiles fired by Israel forces whenever they want," she said. Messages

written on the kites included "I have the right to live," "No to the siege," and "No to the wall."

Nine-year-old Muhammad wrote "Gaza is love" on a kite made of a Palestinian flag. "My message to the Israeli residents is that our country has suffered enough destruction," he said.

Future of Southampton's kite festival plunged into doubt—Southern Daily Echo

It has been flying high for 15 years, but a popular fixture on the Southampton events calendar may have been grounded forever. Organisers have been forced to cancel this year's Southampton Kite Festival – which it was already feared could be the city's last.

Ill health and a lack of volunteer helpers mean there are simply not enough people to stage the colourful two-day festival, which was due to start tomorrow.

The annual free event, organised by Solent Kite Flyers, has attracted thousands of people to Five Acres field in Lordshill over the last decade and a half.

But despite some hopes of an alternative event being arranged later in the year, it may now be gone for good.

Mike Lowe, secretary of the flying club, said it is not able to cover the costs of putting on the event on its own.

He told the Daily Echo: "Without some sort of sponsorship we can't do it off our own back, because we're not a big enough club.

"We can't do it without the support of Southampton City Council, and the way things are at the moment we're not expecting any money.

"After having 15 years of good events it seems a shame to drop it on its head, but there's no one else I can go to. We've been searching for the last two months for youth groups or any other groups to come forward to help.

"Even the local housing group, who have helped us in the past, said they couldn't guarantee that they could come and help us.

"So it's just a lack of manpower due to the ill health of three key members of the organisation.

"But we will continue to look forward and we'll look again at the beginning of next year as to whether we feel we can hold another event."

Mafia and Lemons—Gill Bloom

Kite Festival at Capo de Vito Sicily

No mentions of lemons or Mafia—well maybe...

Having to get up at 4.00am is never pleasant but if you want to enjoy(!) the delights of Ryanair... Soon forgotten as we arrived in Sicily for an hour's drive to St Vito and our apartment. There were plenty of vineyards and - yes lemons so the clichés are true, but also a beautiful unspoilt landscape and an impossibly blue sea.

St Vito itself is a small fishing village full of ice cream shops/restaurants and flowers. The festival site is set in a superb curved bay overlooked by some spectacular mountains— and an azure blue sea. So you can imagine that if the wind is coming from the wrong direction there is some interesting turbulence, still we managed to fly something every day for the ten days of the event, which was more than could be said of some of the large inflatables which often had some difficulty with turbulence and space.

The aforementioned mountains also produced some spectacular cloud formations—including some magnificent lenticular ones—like giant UFOs, with a juvenile lammergeyer soaring between them (and being mobbed by the local gulls). Being in a curved bay the flying site was fairly limited so the small group of kitefliers was probably just the right number to give a cross section of sports kites, inflatables and artistic kites. The kitefliers included Masaaki Modegi from Japan and Gruppo Vulandra from Ferrara with their flying orchestra and UFO. Marco Casadio was the kite flier organiser and did a great job publicising the event before hand by travelling around Western Sicily in a group of camper-vans putting on displays (and had the cuts to prove it—scars from flying a kite from a speed boat!)



The rest of the hospitality was organised by Trapani Eventi who did a

brilliant job in feeding, watering and generally keeping the kitefliers happy. There were many speciality dishes donated by the local restaurants and you never went short of wine as one of the sponsors was a wine company who provided (I am told as I do not like wine) an excellent red wine named appropriately enough South Wind (sounds better in Italian maybe!) Being a fishing town then was an emphasis on seafood such as tuna, swordfish (some of these fillets were huge), octopus, various shellfish and different kinds of fish eggs — one speciality a very salty smoked tuna roe. Another local speciality is couscous and they even have a couscous festival in September. I have not even started on the desserts and ice-cream.



Hmm back to the kites I suppose. The first weekend was marred by rain (the first since March) - why do English people always get blamed for the "English" weather? There was still the opening parade - but no night flying or concert. Over the rest of the week the weather gradually improved and the temperature rose. It was pleasant to stand in the sea (which is very shallow and crystal clear and come with its own foot pedicure fish) and fly your kites - now that's a kite festival.

The group of kite fliers grew as the week went by to include Martin Blais from Canada and Volker Hoberg from Germany who added to the collection of large inflatables already on show and meant a little less space for everyone.

Just before the 2nd weekend there was a remembrance service for Giovanni Falcone (a local magistrate and anti mafia campaigner) and his wife who were murdered on 23 May 1992. On the orders of Mafia boss Salvatore "Totò" Riina - a half-ton bomb was placed under

Mafia and Lemons—Gill Bloom

the motorway between Palermo International Airport and the city of Palermo. Riina's men hid in a building above the road and remotely detonated the device. The explosion was so powerful that it registered on local earthquake recorders. The airport in Palermo was renamed after Falcone. For this remembrance all kites were bought down and a single white kite was flown whilst the story of the murders was read out—it was obviously deeply moving to the Sicilians and still held painful memories.

By the 2nd weekend the weather was good enough for a night fly and concert—with a piece of music which had been especially composed for the event—and it reflected the night and kites very well—worth the wait! I also had the opportunity to try out the Snowy Owl delta which I had made specifically for night flying. I was very pleased with the way the owls glowed in the dark.



The very last day we were blessed at least for the morning with one of the those perfect winds from the sea where everything you fly seems to just hang pinned to the sky. Although later the wind did pick up a bit.

Strong turbulent winds were definitely a feature of this area and reminded me a little of the winds we had in Cape Town and it was interesting to see that a local kite maker who Marco introduced us to still produced the traditional local kite made from tissue paper and wood. This is not dissimilar to the “Native” Cape Town one – basically a Malay shape heavily fringed along the lower edges. These designs really come into their own with strong gusty winds - the kitemaker was also a poet and musician who treated us to some traditional Sicilian poems and songs.

Although a small festival because of the site it was still perfectly formed and the hospitality

(and the food)of the Sicilian people and Sicily made this a very enjoyable event.



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The Big Yellow Taxi Festival. Weymouth 2011

Over the last few years, Weymouth has faded from the position it once held as one of the very best beach festivals in the world. Falling budgets, fewer international flyers, fewer home flyers, lack of interest from traders, seeming lack of commitment from the council and a couple of years of atrocious weather all contributed to it slowly withering away. During last season the suggestion was that the 2011 event would be unlikely to go ahead and so it was no surprise when we received an email to say that there would be no Weymouth this year. However, as Joni Mitchell put it, 'you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone' this appeared to galvanize a number of people into reappraising the situation. Kite clubs and flyers, as well as the council and other parties in Weymouth questioned why this was the case and resolved to do something about it.

It was something of a shock to the system therefore to be shovelling Andy King into the car at some unearthly hour and heading South West to what he christened 'the big yellow taxi festival'. Steve Davis, the events officer for Weymouth and Portland, along with his delightful sidekick Charlie and aided and abetted by Allan Potheary, 'TC' Tony Cartwright and George Webster put together a package for the 2011 event. The list of invited flyers was very small, but with the promise of support from clubs, the festival was resurrected.

Festivals have changed significantly over the 21 years that Weymouth has been running, but Weymouth hasn't. With the exception of the new relief road that many find confusing, the erasing of roundabouts and subsequent rash of complex traffic light controlled junctions, much was the same. The real blot on the horizon was the destruction of the multi coloured tea stalls on the beach that we all relied upon for refreshment. More disturbing was the huge police presence with the riot squad tooled up to the nines. One particularly interesting character in fatigues with Hoeckler and Koch to the fore informed me it was because of the kite festival in town and 'they were a right load of hooligans!' A more enlightened officer explained that there was an English Defence League demonstration at one end of the town and an anti-fascist demo at the other and they were intent on keeping them apart. Anxious to avoid all this, we repaired to the Red Lion and a couple of pints.

A brief perusal of the beach showed that the festival had been moved down to the Pavilion end as there was a large stage where the Aquarium used to be and the concessions and amusements had expanded even further. The display arena was clearly not big enough to fly a sports kite, while the single line arena was somewhat miniscule by any standards. There is a strict rule at Weymouth that kites cannot be flown over the public, which with the onshore wind meant almost no line at all and nothing even remotely big until the tide went out. That it vanished for just two

hours was due to another Weymouth staple, extremely strong winds, unless you were in the lee of the Pavilion and Nothe of course!

The Flying Squad comprising Susan and Steve Hoath, Steve Matchett and Simon Dann, along with regular Airheads Peter (the Boss), Keith, Vee and Doug were scheduled to provide the team flying spots, while Chris Goff and Pierro Sierra showed 101 things it is impossible for ordinary mortals to do with a sports kite. With the addition of the Close Encounters turn, a couple of slots for Karl Longbottom, themed displays and the reintroduction of a sports kite relay, there was a full arena programme for each day.

What there was not were either spectators or many kites flying in the other areas. At one stage on the Saturday morning, George Webster remarked that the commentators outnumbered the onlookers, and he was not far wrong. The focus on the prom was very much the sound stage, although at times an appreciative audience did migrate down to the kite arena, but apart from the scheduled displays, there was not too much else to be seen. Now, as at so many other festivals, there seemed to be a lot of registered flyers, but not too many flying kites, which frustrates organisers beyond measure and can lead to a great deal of muttering on the ground. Certainly the wind was far from ideal, but if we want to continue to enjoy kite festivals, then it is incumbent on every registered participant to do as the word suggests and participate in some way?

George really struggled to get competitors for his opening altitude sprint, which Karl Longbottom did not win as he left his kite decorating the wires in true Weymouth fashion. Charlie Pearce was the grateful recipient of this bit of bad luck, winning the sprint. This was not the end of Karl's day as one of his tied Della Porta's was chopped out of the sky and decorated another stretch of wires for the duration. The Rok fight was reduced to tipping and pull down with Keith providing non-cutting line that was not however non-breaking, as Bob C found when his Rok sailed off into the distance. Karen Gamble dug out her stacked sports kites with lots of tails, which launched perfectly, but gave her a good run around the arena in the lively conditions.

The mass fly of Carl Robertshaw's serpent kites, while always a spectacular sight reminded us yet again that there is considerable danger lurking, even with what appears to be the most gentle of kites. At Blackheath last year we witnessed a speaker column and speakers crashing down inches from a terrified lady holding a baby when the tail caught on launching. This was another of those 'there but for the grace of god and pure luck' moments. This time it was Lynn who was the recipient of a crowd control barrier straight on the head as a tail caught and tipped a number of them over. Luckily she was shocked rather than badly hurt, but again it was a close run thing and too close to home to ignore.

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So the day passed with one very worthwhile variation. Instead of sandwiches, flyers were given a voucher to use in the newly opened Sunshine Café for a freshly made baguette of choice. The meet and greet with the deputy mayor was organised for much later so that everyone could eat and then partake of a glass of wine before watching the fireworks. The rest of the country may have been basking, but the southwest was definitely in the way of a line of showers as we found to our cost on our way to the Pavilion, still there despite all the threats to its future over the years. The traditional fireworks finished off the day, but even these did not seem to bring in the crowds that they used to?

Opening the hotel door on Monday morning gave us a very clear indication of what we were going to be facing as it was near torn out of our hands. It was bright and sunny, but with a vicious wind directly onshore. The sand was whipping across the beach, which decided a number of flyers, and we suspect visitors as well, to withdraw somewhat prematurely. Strangely, for once the display arena being in the lee of the Pavilion was an advantage as it was possible to fly most kites relatively safely there. The slot for Karl Longbottom even featured pants, which flew very successfully and the choice by Lynn of the thong gave our commentators endless opportunities for merry quips. Karl had already won the altitude sprint, but as Sara was the only other competitor and she was flying a pterodactyl we are not sure that it was a fair fight, or even if the judging criteria was appropriate.

The wind was now so strong that even our porous mermaid would fly without a pilot, aided by its pronto vento drogues. Having finished in the arena for a few minutes, we decided to retire for refreshment with black clouds gathering. Within minutes there was a full-scale thunderstorm and cloudburst meaning suspension of all activities and a number of very wet flyers arriving at the Sunshine Café, which Steve Matchett remarked was 'somewhat ironic'.

After a break to gather the senses it was back to the beach where everything was now soaked and covered in sand, but surprise surprise, very little wind. Out came the Icarex pilot and to give some idea of how conditions had changed Rolly, AKFs giant whale. He was a bit unruly but flew relatively happily with a few strong bodies on the line and Helen Pearce as the anchor. The day was topped off with the Airheads in 'full tail' mode while the rest of us dragged wet and sandy bags to the car park.

The invited flyers gathered on the bus for the presentation and speeches from the Deputy Mayor and Steve Davis, who both indicated that the Festival would certainly go ahead next year. If this is the intention, then some serious thinking will have to be done. There is a large gap between the expectations of the organisers over their desire for lots of big show

inflatables and the size of the site and the budget. To get lots of kites in the air requires lots of people with suitable kites and a desire to fly and there was considerable mulling over how this could be achieved. Any thoughts on this topic would probably be widely appreciated by all festival organisers?

So once again, it was the weather that dominated, but there was a lot of hard work done both on the field and prior to the festival to ensure that there was a viable programme. Thanks to Allan Pothecary and everyone that contributed to the 'Big Yellow Taxi' festival. As usual though, the pile of sand outside our back door is a reminder of our trip and the wonderful ability of the beach to migrate into every nook and cranny imaginable.

A cautionary tale on how to rip off a country boy and girl. On Peter Taylor's recommendation we eat one night at Rossini's, which was a thoroughly enjoyable experience, including the pint and half of Peroni beer. The following evening at another establishment we again partook of the same quantities of Peroni with our meal. Imagine our shock, horror and incredulity when the bill came and I had less than 50p change from a tenner for the beer. They're having a laugh, and no, they did not get a tip.

Well, that was Weymouth 2011 style and a bit like the curates egg. Thanks to Traffic Master we avoided the hour's delay around the burning piece of Berkshire on the way home and the day long closure of the M11 on the way down meaning for the first time in 19 years, we had two journeys free from hold ups. Can't be bad!

Hugh Blowers

Basingstoke Kite Festival

The Festival tends to start for us in August of the previous year with meetings and such like, so it's always great when the weekend finally arrives with sunshine!

We arrived on site on the Friday to a nice breeze and a few campers / traders already set up. Some of the invited guests joined us at the Rugby Club for a bite to eat and some liquid refreshment, a pleasant evening.

Saturday morning began with a nice cuppa and bacon roll. Steve Hoath and Simon Dann (and Alan!) did their usual sterling job on the PA, keeping everyone well informed of the weekends events. Allan Pothecary entertained the public with "how to fly" and also as Close Encounters with their displays. Carl Robertshaw and Chris Goff were awe-inspiring-how do they make it look so easy!!

It was great to see all the Guests and fliers helping Janneke Groen and Kelvin Woods fly their kites en masse, a wonderful sight. The Rok fights were fun (even if Roy didn't do as well as he'd hoped!) All our other Guests put on great displays with their wonder-

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ful creations-Heinrich, Jo and Rene, Michel-Marie, Paul Cahurel, Nick James (I hope I've not forgotten anyone). The Flying Squad were brilliant with their team flying, as were Team Spectrum. Carl did a marvellous display flying 3 kites.

We (Kites Up) put up our display of "Toucan heads", 53 of them, and more to follow. We were helped by various people, including Iain Ball, Nick Webb, Phil and Debs - thanks for speeding the process up! Oh and Carl Robertshaw helped on the Sunday by tipping hats off peoples heads with his Rev!

The buffet on the Saturday evening was a great spread, as always, and beer helped to wash it all down.

Sunday was a bit cooler with more wind, but there were always kites in the sky. We showed the Mayor around, who also presented the Children's Competition winner with their design printed us as a Diamond kite, courtesy of Roy!

Thanks to everyone who came along and helped it to be another successful weekend. It was nicely rounded off by a wonderful buffet for the guests and helpers, supplied by the Jolly Farmer pub. See you next year!

Hayley Gillingham

Like Phoenix from the ashes? Cleethorpes 2011

For a couple of years now there has been talk of the Cleethorpes festival being revived. What makes a festival enjoyable from a participant's point of view is always difficult to put a finger on, yet this event on the somewhat muddy shore of the Humber Estuary has appealed to a lot of people over the years. The appeal was put under some pressure in its final years by the over zealous attentions of the hi-viz jacket brigade and the myriad of rules that seemed to get in the way of everything. It was still disappointing when the council pulled the plug on it though. (And the chief hi-viz jacket wearer as well, but that is a different story and not so disappointing!!!!) It was good news then when we heard that Leanora Pidgen was definitely going ahead with an event this year. Now, it is probably not the best time to be trying to promote such an event, but by dint of very hard work and coercion she had managed to put Cleethorpes back into the calendar. Slightly lower key than in previous years it has to be said, which is hardly surprising given the current financial climate, but in many ways that made it far more enjoyable.

Malcolm Goodman had gathered together a goodly selection of foreign and indigenous flyers, the normal excellent facilities and hospitality were in place and all that was needed was some cooperation from the clerk of the weather. The festival had moved from its traditional date to the Bank Holiday weekend and was planned to run for the full three days, but we all know what a reputation Britain has for Bank Holiday weather? The forecast kept changing all week, yet it



looked promising, if a bit windy, time would tell. Our journey did not go quite according to plan as we were held up by a serious accident just outside Cleethorpes, but in the far distance was a kite, way up. A piece of civic vandalism that we had been told of some years ago was the demolition of the Winter Gardens, which may have deprived the town of a vital facility, yet provided a most convenient car park for us all.

Saturday was a free flying day with most of the usual suspects in attendance providing plenty for George Webster to chat about. With the sunny conditions and almost perfect wind, it reminded us of why we like this venue so much. Something of a surprise was the arrival, by taxi, of the creator and sponsor of the Al Farsi Kite Team. Even more surprising was finding out that his involvement with kiting goes way back and predates the large inflatables that he is now associated with by a long time. With no formal programme, it was a joy just to fly and renew acquaintances. For some it was their first time at Cleethorpes so it was a pleasure to welcome Jan and Yolande from Kite Passion who do what their name suggests and take delight in getting as much stuff into the air as possible in the course of a day. Lovely to see Ellie and Bagus although their thoughts about the temperature might not bear repeating. They certainly do not have too much luck with their choice of airlines as this year their kites were too long, whereas last year the airline just broke them! This did leave them with a relatively slim selection for the weekend however.

Yet again, we were reminded of just how close a serious accident can be, especially when the winds are at the top end. A 2m rok did a whirling dervish act and 6ft before destroying itself on the beach arrived by some coincidence exactly where my head happened to be. By luck, and it was no more than that, it was the bowing line that hit, drawing blood and seriously altering a pair of new varifocals on its way. No lasting damage happily, but another reminder that we are

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perhaps a little complacent at times? Ironically, it was rescuing Malcolm's reel and line that had put me in the vicinity in the first place. As the Ferengi point out, 'no good turn ever goes unpunished', cynical or what?

Saturday evening was 'on the money' in all respects, unless you were a Man U fan of course. Malcolm and Jeanette had booked us all in to a 'eat as much as you like' Chinese, followed by a folk/rock gig at the miniature railway terminus. There are definitely two halves to Cleethorpes and the eastern end is definitely well to do and ultra modern. The price of drinks is something of a surprise as well, being probably 50% cheaper than we are used to in the south and east. It was a long crocodile of kiteflyers that wended their way back along the prom, dropping off members at various hotels the whole length of the seafront ready for the festival proper the following day, assuming they could remember where their hotel was and what it was called?

Sunday was an equally lovely day, but with a vicious wind rolling over the house and blowing offshore. It did mean that we were able to make maximum use of the beach, with each group lined up along the sand, with the sports kites making a second row in the wet stuff below the high tide mark. Team Fusion from the northeast had arrived mob handed and they are seemingly happy to fly all day, come what may. Graham Lockwood rang the changes with two kites and four lines, one kite and four lines and then his customary three kites and six lines. He also suffered the ironic misfortune to have the Beach Security run over his lines with their six-wheel amphibian. Mind you that did stop them running over Fusion's twenty lines that would have been next! Rumours have been spreading from the land of 'The Cheryl' about another lad joining the ranks of multi kite flying. We are lucky in having Graham, Carl and Bryan who are acknowledged experts at this masochistic exercise in spatial awareness, yet Josh Mitcheson, who is just thirteen years old, is well on his way to joining this special group. We often comment about the shortage of young talent coming into kiteflying, so it is great to see him doing so well, and it wasn't easy either.

On the beach each group was changing their kites on a fairly regular basis, so that there was always something new going up for the crowd to look at and George to talk about. This did tend to disguise the very difficult flying conditions. It is unusual to see pilot kites with drogues on, but whatever was to hand was being tied on the back to try and clam them down. Inevitable there was a fair amount of 'interaction' on the ground and nothing stayed still for very long. George Penney's pilot sled spent a great deal of its day being retrieved from the oggy downwind. Most of what was in the air was inflatables of varying sizes, with the Derby and Lincoln portion of Wigsley's Wings and Andrew and Kathleen wrestling with maxis, while the less energetic stuck with midis and smaller. Talking of smaller, Bagus had



brought a copy of 'Fanny' (the world's biggest kite – see Berck report), but this one was not 190metres long, it was hardly 1 metre, so is probably the world's smallest version of the world's largest kite. Does make transportation somewhat easier, and in the end it does depend how far away you are? Rumour has it that the feature that gave 'Fanny' her name is going to be remade to avoid any possible misinterpretation or offence!!!

A very welcome addition to the European kite scene has been Karen and Godfrey Gamble, now residing in rural Dorset. They have that wonderful antipodean attitude to festival flying as typified by Robert Brassington. If there is a space, then fill it, and keep whacking up material all day. Their bags are seemingly inexhaustible with ground stuff, line stuff, kites of every imaginable type, of which many are new to us over here. One piece that did cause constant amusement was a huge inflated ball with shapes on every facet. Now, there was debate as to whether it was tessellated or stellated and if it was a dodecahedron or an icosahedron. Whatever it was geometrically, it was big and fun.

Now, notwithstanding the fact that there was no arena programme, and the ballistic wind, George W somehow feels unfulfilled unless there is an altitude sprint, but who would be mad enough to join in? Somewhat ironically, there were several entries, mostly George's favourite kite, the rainbow Chinese delta. Malcolm produced a deluxe version to go with the more standard models that grace every festival and fly so well. A late entry was a one piece Cody, but in that wind it would be touch and go if it stayed a one piece. 30 seconds was plenty enough for the sprint, and in the end it was won by, no not a Chinese delta, but a simple diamond flown by Andy de-Sadeleer. Fusion stayed well downwind for their routines, but they had to cope with almost no wind at ground level to seriously strong at the top. Pete Sturrs added another chapter to his 'tales of Cleethorpes' by being attacked with a pirate kite halfway through their routine. By the time everything was

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untangled Fusion decided that they were better off as a four and carried on with Pete as an interested bystander.

The Beccles Bunch in their entirety were joined at the eastern end of the beach by the Swifts and Rolf Zimmerman making a welcome return. It was lovely to see Jock and Peter there as they were an integral part of the original festivals and it was an even more pleasant surprise when Anne Megrath turned up as well. Jock had his usual selection of yakko inspired trains, including the very patriotic guardsmen. With Jerry and Carolyn present, it was inevitable that an assortment of unsuspecting fauna would be hauled aloft and then return to earth at a variety of speeds, avoiding the 'oggy' thanks to athletic work by the catching team. Everyone was having to work hard to keep a show going and all the while damage was not far away, but there seems to be a level of understanding, help and acceptance of the occasional mishap that perhaps does not exist at other venues. It had been a difficult day with cut lines, drifting pilots, ventilated kites and sand in everything, so there were few complaints when George called a halt to proceedings and we could wander back to the hotel for a thirst quencher or two.

It has to be said, that Leanora and her team, which included a certain Andy Pidgen and his wife Amanda who did sterling work providing the lunches, looked after us royally all weekend. It does make a festival so much more enjoyable having a refuge and a tea urn. Amanda's date and walnut cake was something else though, every festival should have one. Sunday evening we headed over the road for a carvery meal and short speeches before toddling down to the terminus for another helping of music and Cider. They must be a thirsty lot in Lincolnshire as the cider stall had all but been wiped out, with another full day still to go.

If it seems that this report might be on its way to being inordinately long, then Monday can be summed up in three words, 'English Bank Holiday'. In short, it rained and kept on raining. Apart from an attempt by Andrew and Kathleen to get a pilot to lift a very wet fish, most appropriate given the proximity of Grimsby, and a very wet and bedraggled Fusion who would not give up, nothing much else happened. All that kept us from terminal boredom was Jim Batten who provided a flapjack that gave us all a very welcome sugar hit to ward off the cold. The Mayor was due just after lunch, and he was treated to a fine indoor display of kites and videos, and the rain slackened enough for him to fly a lattice delta that Jerry had persuaded up into the air. There was a general consensus though that the event had run its course for the day, but packing up and transporting gear was still a very damp operation for most, and exceedingly wet for Fusion and the Beaties.

Apart from the rain, and amazingly, just south of the Wash there had not been a drop all day, it was a



thoroughly enjoyable weekend for all, like wot Cleethorpes used to be. Let's hope the Monday did not put Mrs Pidgen off and that she can raise the necessary to put it on again next year. Superb effort by all concerned to get this event back on the calendar.

Hugh Blowers

Butser Hill June 12th

This is the only event that we trade at these days, so was looking forward to good weather-ha! After spending most of the Saturday loading the van and trying to remember everything, we had a relaxing Saturday evening at home, listening to the rain hitting the windows sideways!

We met up with Linda and Tony (of Jolly Up bar fame) at 7.30am and made our way to Butser Hill, stopping for supplies in the Selbourn local shop. Got to the top of the hill, as the rain really started to fall. Simon and Martin + Cas arrived, all ready to do the Teddy Bear Dropping. We all put the caravan awning up, somewhere to shelter out of the still falling rain. The best thing to do was typically British, have a cup of tea, and eat some of our supplies.

An hour later it was still raining...Simon braved the weather and flew a (James Hartley) Delta, which crashed spectacularly, but survived intact! We had another cuppa, more nibbles and also re-discovered Astro-Jax. I can still do it! The Ranger arrived and said that the weather was set for the day. So, we took the now drenched Awning down, and drove back to Basingstoke. For the 3 hours we were up there, we didn't see a soul, unsurprisingly. It was hardly raining in Basingstoke, typical! Unloaded the van and went to the pub.

It was such a shame because Butser Hill is usually a great day out, with amazing views to boot. There's always next year..

Hayley Gillingham

Bristol International Festival of Kites and Air Creations

Bristol International Festival of Kites & Air Creations Saturday 3 & Sunday 4 September 2011, 11 - 5pm, Ashton Court Estate



Introduction:

With only a couple of months to go – we are looking forward to welcoming many of you to Bristol for our 25th anniversary festival.

We will be updating programme and other event information on the website soon (www.kite-festival.org.uk) or you can email me with any queries on kites@abc-pr.co.uk or call 0117 977 2002.

For those of you unfamiliar with the flying site – vehicular entry is via Beggarbush Lane/ Longwood Lane, (follow AA signs) and the nearest postcode for sat nav is BS8 3TQ.

Guests:

We would love to see as many UK flyers, clubs and societies this year and there will be scope for people to join in the arena programme such as artistic kites, themed slots such as festival of the sea and of course the usual Rok battles both days, so do bring along your individual/ club kites, air creations etc to join in. There will be a flyers briefing on site at 10am each day for those who want to participate.

In terms of invites to overseas guests some of our festival stalwarts have confirmed again including: Al Farsi Kite team, Marco Casadio, Peter Lynn, Janneke Groen, Robert Valkenburgh/ Wind Gallery. Some familiar faces return including Rolf Sturm, Pedro Gonzalez, Heinrich Hohmann, Rene Meier, Eduardo Borghetti and Gerard Clement plus some new faces including Fausto Marroccu and Patrizio Mariani from Italy.

They will be joined by various invited UK flyers/ teams with the Decorators, Scratch Bunnies and Team Spectrum as well as other designers and makers including Martin Lester, Nick James, Karl Longbottom and Kelvin Woods to name but a few.

Two special highlights. Firstly, subject to conditions on the day we hope that the Al Farsi Kite team will go for a new Guinness World record for the World's Largest Kite with their fabulous new Mega Ray, made by Peter Lynn Kites,

which made its European debut at Berck in April. Measuring some 50m wide by 120m long (yes that is equivalent to a full-size football pitch!!) it is a colossal undertaking to set up, fly and pack away so everything needs to be absolutely right on the day for it to fly. But it would be amazing if we could pull it off! *(If you would be prepared to help with stewarding for this please either leave your details with AKF at the Information tent on the day or drop me an email at kites@abc-pr.co.uk)*

The second highlight is that Bristol has been chosen to host a special visit organised by Ron & Baeuw Spaulding and supported by the Thai Tourist Authority involving the Thai Kite Heritage Group, who will be running workshops and flying at the festival plus a group of traditional Thai dancers. These visitors promise to add a special dimension to the festivities this year and we look forward to welcoming them to Bristol for the first time.

Alongside the arenas there will be the usual line up of kite traders and food and drink stalls, a licensed bar, a range of air sculptures and inflatables and children's entertainments.

Festival charity:

We are again supporting the **Great Western Air Ambulance** as our nominated charity and their helicopter will be visiting the Festival both days. Jerry and Carolyn Swift have offered their fantastic parachuting teddy bear services to help raise funds.

Saturday night party:

We are having our usual evening party under cover in the large marquee with a two course hot meal and licensed bar which will be followed by the all important Festival auction. We are hoping to get the go ahead for Heinrich and Renee to perform their spectacular kite pyrotechnics – *Kites On Fire* – as post meal entertainment.

Meal tickets have been pegged again at £10 per adult and £5 for under 12s and will include a complimentary 25th anniversary drink! (after a few problems last year with caterer's van breaking down etc we will make sure we have a hearty meal served on time) We have to confirm catering numbers the week beforehand and if you leave it to the day you may well find tickets have run out so please reserve your meal tickets in advance by contacting the Festival of-

Bristol International Festival of Kites and Air Creations

fice. Either pay by cheque on application or you can pay and pick up your tickets on the day from the Information tent but you need to collect these by 3pm or they will be released for others to buy.

Hotel Accommodation:

We have again negotiated a group rate and ring fenced an allocation of 30 rooms at Brook Redwood Lodge (www.brook-hotels.co.uk) This is the nearest hotel to the site and has an open air car park that can take vans, top boxes etc. These rates will be held for reservations made before 31st July 2011 or until they run out!! Costs are £72.00 for 2 people sharing a double/twin room B&B and £60.00 for a single. The hotel is also offering a welcome drink in the bar on the Friday night so do join us there

Bookings should be made direct with Redwood Lodge on tel 01275 395 814 or reservations.redwood@brook-hotels.co.uk. You MUST mention you are booking as part of the Kite Festival to get the reduced room rate. Any problems ask for Laura Walker, the reservations co-ordinator who is looking after our booking.

If we get any other hotel deals offered these will be posted on the festival website www.kite-festival.org.uk. If you are thinking about staying in town please bear in mind it is the Organic Food festival on Harbourside so hotels rooms are booking up quickly. For other hotel options visit www.visitbristol.co.uk

Camping

There is camping at **Cotham Park Rugby Club** (www.cothamparkrffc.co.uk) which is literally a 5-10 minute walk from site. The Club can accommodate tents and/or caravans, and provide secure parking, showers and real toilets! 'Above ground' BBQs are also permitted, as are pets (as long as you clean up after them – this is their playing field!).

Costs are the same as last year - £15 for 1 night, £25 for 2 and £30 for 3 nights. All payment goes to the Rugby Club i.e we do not make any money from this. You **must** pre-register so if you are interested please either email your details to kites@abc-pr.co.uk or send a letter to The Festival Office, 5 Lilymead Ave, Bristol BS4 2BY confirming your arrival and departure dates/times, name(s) of camper (s), contact email, phone and address, number of tents/caravans.. We will advise you re pay-

ment details.

We have also got the go ahead, on a trial basis, to offer limited **crew camping on site** (in a small field off the long track at the back of the car park). We need to make a small charge of £5 per night per tent/campervan to cover the costs of the portable toilet and additional litter clean in that area. There is no water or showers etc here. Please send in an SAE if you would like to book in as space is limited!!!. The estate has some strict rules - no barbecues, fires or glass please as we will get charged for any damage/ ground reinstatement works.

On site car parking

To help cover costs, such as our site fee and event licence, we are again asking flyers for a contribution to car parking. On arrival any flyers displaying a valid festival pass will be asked to pay just £3.50 per day, (instead of £7 for general public).

To get your car pass please apply in writing, with SAE, BUT SEND NO MONEY_to: **Festival Office, 5 Lilymead Avenue, Bristol BS4 2BY** Passes will be issued on a first come first served basis up to a maximum of 200. The Festival will also be running a system of dropping off passes for those with particularly heavy loads of kites and kit so again mention this in your car parking request.

On behalf of the Festival team we are looking forward to seeing you soon.

Any queries please contact Avril Baker or Lynn Gibbons at:

Festival Office, 5 Lilymead Avenue, Bristol BS4 2BY
Tel: 0117 977 2002 Fax: 0117 977 4255
www.kite-festival.org.uk

e-mail: kites@abc-pr.co.uk

Hope to see many of you up in Ashton Court if not before!!

Avril

Portsmouth International Kite Festival 2011

Portsmouth International Kite Festival—27th to 29th August

Taking place Saturday 27th and Sunday 28th August, with Monday 29th August reserved for free flying at Southsea Common, Portsmouth.

We have a wide range of kite fliers at Portsmouth this year—some regulars and several new fliers appearing for the first time.

From the UK we have Close Encounters, Team Spectrum, Brighton Kite Fliers, Tony Cartwright, The Beccles Bunch, The Flying Squad, The Decorators, Andrew and Kathleen Beattie, Pauline Taylor and Nick James, with Andy King and George Webster on commentary. The timetable will be published on the web site www.portsmouthkitefestival.org.uk.

New to the UK: Dick Bolle from Holland; Air-4-CE display team from Holland; Team Bolau display team from Spain; Team-4-Fun display team from Germany; Team Aufwind from Germany, Mehul Pathak of the Vibrant Kite Club (India) and Irene Teo from Singapore.

Other overseas fliers include Jos Valcke (Belgium), Ivo van Olman and Jazzy Tanghe (Belgium), Karl-Ulrich Koertel (Germany), Bernard Dingwerth (Germany), Sonja and Celina Kruger (Germany), Nordhorn Kite Fliers (Germany), Rolf Strum (Germany), Caterina and Claudio Capelli (Italy), Christian and Petra Harms (Germany), Fritz Groenhardt (Holland), Albert Trinkts (Holland) Jan van Leeuwen (Holland), Robert Valkenburg (Holland). From further afield we have Peter Lynn (New Zealand) and Robert van Weers (New Zealand).

As mentioned in the previous magazine we have a separate arena set aside for the Revolution Kite Fliers—at the top end of the car park—so away from the main display areas. This gives more room for both the rev fliers and the other kite fliers.

There will be a good selection of kite traders and caterers on site as well as a selection of non-kite stalls and a craft tent.

Festival Auction: There will be a short (hopefully) auction taking place Saturday evening around 8:30pm to raise funds for the festival. This will take place in the children's workshop marquee. Items for the auction gratefully received before or on the day. Everyone is welcome to attend the evening events.

Free parking is available for KSGB members on request from us IN ADVANCE. No passes will be

available at the site. Send SAE or email us with your car registration number. You will be able to unload your vehicle on the site but PLEASE, once unloaded, move your car to the car park. This year access to the site will be from **Clarence Parade**, through the gates opposite the Queens Hotel. We have been informed that the gate will be manned enabling kitefliers access. At least this is what we have been told so far. Watch the web site for any changes to details of access.

Camping There are no places left—we can add you to a wait list if requested. If you do not have a camping pass please do not camp!

For details of local accommodation please contact the Portsmouth Tourist Centre on 023 9283 6722, www.visitportsmouth.co.uk. The University Halls of Residence, where the invited kitefliers stay, can be booked online at www.port.ac.uk/holidays or call 023 9284 4884.

Look at www.portsmouthkitefestival.org.uk for up to date information.

www.Kites4U.co.uk
Secure Online Shop. Or request 'Shop on CD'.

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Sleaford, Lincolnshire

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Events List

Jul-11		
16-17	Leominster Kite Festival, The National Trust, Berrington Hall	Karl Longbottom
16-17	Dunstable Downs Kite Festival, Whipsnade Road, Dunstable	Pat Redman 01582 500922 pat.redman@nationaltrust.org.uk
23-24	Golden Valley Kite Kamp, Newlands Park, Cheltenham	Peter Whitaker 01452 728521
23-24	Malmesbury Kite Festival, The Worthys, Malmesbury, Wiltshire.	jon@catons.freereserve.co.uk 01666 824113
30 - 31	Siloth on Solway Kite Festival, The Green, Siloth, Cumbria	kiterdave@btinternet.com
Aug-11		
6-7	Jolly Up 9, The Buggy Field, Cliddesden	Kites Up
7	21st Royston Kite Festival, Therfield Heath, Royston	Jim Webb james.webb@onetel.net
13-14	Teston Kite "Big" Weekend, Teston Bridge Country Park, Maidstone	Malcolm Ford 07840 086770
21	Hunstanton Kite Festival, Smithdon School, Hunstanton, Norfolk	Ron King 01485 542975
27-29	Portsmouth International Kite Festival, Southsea Common, Hampshire	The Kite Society
Sep-11		
3-4	Bristol International Kite Festival, Ashton Court, Bristol	Avril Baker
10-11	Concern KiteFest, Phoenix Park, Dublin	The Kite Society
17 - 18	Mascotte Kite Festival, Scheveningen, Holland.	www.mascotte-vliegerfestival.nl
17 - 18	Chester Kite Festival, The Roodee Racecourse, Chester, Cheshire	Northern Kite Group
24-25	Margate International Kite Festival, Margate Main Beach, Margate	The Kite Society
25	Kites over Capstone, Capstone Farm Country Park, Capstone Road, Gillingham, Kent ME7 3JG	Sammie Freeman, Medway Council, 01634 338109 sammie.freeman@medway.gov.uk
Oct-11		
9	World Mental Health Day Kite Festival, Pontefract Race Course, Pontefract. West Yorkshire	www.facelessco.com Tony Wade 01924 335985
22-23	Cape Town International Kite Festival, Muizenberg, Cape Town, South Africa	URL: http://www.capementalhealth.co.za/
2012		
Jun-12		
2—5	Margam Park Kite Festival, Port Talbot, Wales SA13 2TJ	01639 881635

Margate International Kite Festival

Margate International Kite Festival—24th & 25th September

Taking place above Main Sands, Margate, Kent, 10:00 am to 5:00 pm. There will be a variety of stalls on site and, hopefully, one or two kite stalls.

Organised as a joint venture between the Margate Town Partnership and The Kite Society of Great Britain, the kite festival promises to be a great day out with a vast variety of scheduled displays and free flying. Along with the spectacle in the sky there will be plenty of things to do on the ground—maybe a visit to the Turner Contemporary—it is free.

Guest Fliers: We intend to have a full selection of kitefliers from near and far including Singapore, New Zealand and Israel. More information will be on the festival web site (www.margatekitefestival.org.uk) as it becomes available. already confirmed for the festival from near and far. This includes:

Car Parking: Car parking will be at Westbrook Promenade as in previous years. If you want a car pass you need to send us an S.A.E. with your car registration number or email the details to us at margate@thekitesociety.org.uk. We will send the car passes out nearer the date.

Accommodation: There are a number of hotels in the area. For information and booking contact the Margate Visitors Information Centre 01843 297843. Email: tourism@thanet.gov.uk.



Brighton Kite Flyers have found a new membership secretary who has her own unique way of getting you to join the club.

THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS

THE HISTORY OF THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS PART 2

1979 was the year of my first experience of serious kite activity when I went to the first ever Brighton Kite Festival on Telscombe Tye, which I can see from my house in Saltdean. I took along my two daughters but, as they were teenagers, I don't think they were very impressed at the time. This was to change with my eldest daughter Toody, who is still into kites some 30 years later. I was then inspired to make a kite for my girls, but it never got far off the ground. Not to be beaten, I bought a book or two, but there is nothing to beat experience, as I found out later!

In 1986 Toody completed a thesis on kite flying in the UK for her Graphic Design degree course in Bristol and made me a small parafoil, which would only fly in high winds, but at least I had a kite that did actually fly. The bug had bitten and I bought a small Wycombe delta kite from The Kite Store, in London's Covent Garden (which is sadly no more), for low winds. Little did I know at the time that it was designed by Dan Leigh, who I met many years later. I also remember a guy called Andy King in the shop telling me that the UK Rokkaku Challenge was about to take place for the first time at some of the kite festivals, so I had to come home

and look up the word to find out was a Rokkaku was!

I can't remember now how I discovered Brighton Kite Flyers, but I did somehow (no internet for me then, or for many people in fact) and so I joined the club and came into contact with Greg Locke, John Barker and David White at my first event at Parham House, where the club had been invited to attend. David was flying three stacked stunt kites (as they were called in those days) with roundels on, which had been made by Danny Steer of Cottage Kites. John and Greg were setting up to parachute Teddy bears, although I didn't see them do any, as I left early. John and Greg were heavily into parachuting Teddy bears and other soft toys at that time and Greg put together a manual for the operation, entitled "BMISS Aerial Applications Manual" dated 1987, which ran to 14 pages. BMISS standing for The Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. It was extremely detailed and began with a Preamble, Definitions and Specifications, before going into extreme detail about Recovery Crew, Flight Operations Area, Safety Zone, Drop Zone, Lift Rig, Anchor Point, Lift Line, Release Unit, Canopy, Primary Risers, Harness and Incidents, plus various appendices. It was so

professionally produced that the Civil Aviation Authority accepted it to issue an Exemption Certificate to allow Brighton Kite Flyers to drop 'soft toys fitted with functioning parachutes' from a maximum height of 200ft. This application still has to be renewed each year by the CAA. The reason behind all this, is that nothing is allowed by law to be dropped from an aerodyne, unless you are in possession of Exemption K03-00-0091 issued by the CAA, which they will only issue if you are in possession of the BMISS manual.

The next event I attended was a village fete at Rusper and the flying field was surrounded by trees - how unusual! Not to be beaten, Greg had his safety harness on and climbed a few trees to rig up a high line from



JULY 2011 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE

THE HISTORY OF THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS CONTINUED

which Teddies could be parachuted, although I don't remember seeing any dropped at the time - maybe I came home early again. I seem to remember that Sunday lunch time was a long standing tradition to be observed in my local pub at that time! I was now well and truly hooked and started attending 'Fly-ins' on the first Sunday of every month. These were held at various venues around East and West Sussex and some, I believe, in Surrey. This was to try and accommodate members more fairly, so that we all had varying distances to travel each month. However, some of those flying sites were pretty dire, with long grass, high thistles and large hidden cow pats. I am reminded of the old adage "What the eye doesn't see, the foot steps in!"

At those fly-ins, I met Peter Jones, who was a radio ham interested in flying kites to lift aerials for communication around the world, with a radio transmitter/receiver in his car. His favourite lifter was a giant Bermuda kite that he built, which was extremely stable. Peter was also the first BKF Membership Secretary. I also met Mik Jennison, an avid stunt kite flier who designed and made many of his own kites.

I see that the first Dieppe International Kite Festival was held in September 1980, so I must have gone to the one in 1988 - Wow!! This was what serious kite flying was all about! I remember meeting John Barker there and he was giving away hand painted pins that he had done. When we mentioned that we were BKF members, he said, "Oh, you are some of Greg's mob then!" - not a very warm welcome. This was an introduction to Kite Club Politics, which we failed to understand at the time. I found out later that Greg had borrowed a lot of John's precious American magazines and had failed to return them. Not only that, but Greg had given me the same magazines to read earlier and they were in my possession! John did get them back from me later though, after I realised that they were his property. I read those mags avidly during lunch breaks at work and learned a great deal about kites. I still have some

photocopies of the relevant parts.

It must have been in May of that year I went to the Brighton Kite Festival held at Waterhall playing fields. It was a chance to see what went on at a kite festival and I sat on the sidelines watching competitions and other strange antics of people with kites or without. Not much has changed in 25 years then! Little did I realise that I would be involved the following year. It must have been then that I got an application form and was eventually issued with a membership card. I was number 003, so I often wondered how many members there really were at that time. So who got 007 then?

It was in 1989 that I visited the Brighton Kite Festival as a member of the club and so I was drawn in to helping organise events and competitions by Greg, who was only too glad for someone keen and daft enough to want to get involved. I also now owned a Peter Powell stunter, which I managed to find time to fly. I remember that Greg got a kite line across the 400,000 volt power lines at the edge of the flying site and was about to put an aluminium ladder against a pole to retrieve it. When we all ganged up on him not to do it, he said, "It'll be OK, I've got wellington boots on!" I was the one who had to phone Seeboard and get the power cut off for the whole of Patcham, before the linesmen could get the kite off. We were not popular, but things calmed down after we offered beer!

1990 saw me even more involved with the annual festival and Greg was quite happy to hand over more and more to anyone who could relieve him of the load. Little did I realise that I would be organising the whole event the following year!

It was in 1991 that Greg was having personal problems and just did not have time to take on a festival or even run the club. He opened up his cellar and invited some of us to come and help ourselves to what was in a big pile of kites and other kit in the middle of the room, most of which were in a pretty horrible state. Our car boots were filled with whatever we could carry and I think he dumped the rest. There was no money in the kitty to fund a festival that year, as funds

from the previous festival had mysteriously vanished, so three of us (myself, Peter and Mik) contributed £50 each to get it started - there was no other way. Greg had disappeared off the scene, so we could not ask him where the money had gone, although we had a good idea!

I was invited to a lunchtime meeting with the Brighton Council Events Organiser and his cronies and was immediately informed that the festival was to go International as soon as possible! This mad idea was Greg's from his discussions with them the previous year, although the festival's first international flier (Ray Bethell) didn't attend until 1994. That just scared the pants off me, to say the least! Hang on - I was new to this game! Anyway, they contributed about £300 to run the festival and let us have the site for free. Bear in mind that we did not get the money until the festival was over. However, we did ask traders to contribute 10% of their takings at the end of the weekend. The festival was to continue to take place in May, as part of the annual Brighton Festival, being the reason why the Council was so keen to give us funding (albeit a fairly small amount) and free publicity.

With a lot of help from my daughter and other members, the 1991 festival was a great success, but tremendous hard work and considerable worry involved - not least by Seeboard again, trying to get their own back, by booking that weekend to change a large transformer on the site. I only found this out at the very last minute and persuaded them to supply a generator to cover our power requirements. Then they left it so as to fill the pavilion full of exhaust fumes, where we were trying to serve food and drink. When the Seeboard boss returned to find that we had moved it when it was running and had to take out the ground stake to do it, we were berated with the perils of electrocution. More beer was offered to placate the situation. Seeboard seemed to be taking an increasingly greater part in Brighton Kite Festival each year and I was beginning to wonder why!

In October of 1991 the Club also had

JULY 2011 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE

THE HISTORY OF THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS CONTINUED

its first formal AGM at the Downs Hotel in Woodingdean, where it was decided that the BKF should have an official committee and a new logo. I volunteered to be Co-ordinator (I was doing the job anyway!), Toody became Treasurer and Editor of the Club's magazine (well, 4 pages as it was at the time) 'Aerodyne', which was printed in the Kite Society of Great Britain's 'The Kiteflier' magazine for free, thanks to Jon and Gill Bloom. Peter remained as Membership Secretary, Mik filled the post of Festival Competitions Manager, Danny volunteered to become Festival Safety Officer and Andy Dalglish became the PR Officer. The position of Secretary remained vacant. It was also agreed that, with effect from 1992, the Club would have regular fortnightly fly-ins on the first Sunday of each month at Hollingbury and the third Sunday at Telscombe Tye, both having clean winds and no trees. This also made my job of applying for CAA Height Clearance much less complicated.

Brighton gained its first kite shop 'Air Born Kites' in 1992 and the joint owners Paul Thody and Estelle Barton became active club members and part of the Committee. The Club's new logo (which is still in use), designed by Mik, was used for the first time and, a year later in 1993, appeared on the Club's first pins.

We continued to run the festival at Waterhall until 1993, when it became obvious that the new Brighton by-pass, which was being built at the time, was going to encroach on the site. The festival was also becoming a victim of its own success (with in excess of an estimated 10,000 people attending) and car parking was taking up as much room as the flying area, so a new site had to be found.

By this time Club numbers had started to swell and myself, together with a group of other enthusiastic core members, began regularly attending other clubs' festivals throughout the country and becoming increasingly well known in the kiting community.

I had now got into the swing and routine of organising a kite festival, all

of the BKF events, CAA height clearance and also became Membership Secretary. However, the membership was increasing and I had a day job, which took up ever increasing time, so I suggested the idea of getting a group of BKF members together to spread the load of the festival organisation, which became the Festival Committee. It mainly consisted of the BKF Committee with the addition, over the years, of various other members including Dick Ruck (later to become Festival Safety Officer), Barry Poulter, Carolyn and Jerry (later to become Secretary) Swift, Alan Outram, Pete Linnell (later to become Co-ordinator), Barry and Gill (later to become Treasurer) Pitman, Danny Steer, John Turner, Ken Boddy, Derek Lloyd, Mick and Norma House, Paul Thody, Estelle Barton, Paul Fellingham, Simon (later to become Co-ordinator) and Corinne (later to become Membership Secretary) Hennessey, amongst others. This seemed to work well and together we ran a festival at Shoreham Airport in 1994, which is part owned by Brighton Council. I had long discussions with the airport boss in the control tower and he designated an area for flying kites, but much to my amazement, he was still going to allow aircraft to take off and land on the runway. Apart from the awful weather, the festival was a success and there were no aviation incidents, apart from a pilot complaining about a kite at 3,000ft inside a cloud! It was invisible from the ground, but I tracked down the flier, who had all the line wound on a broom handle and had never flown a kite before!

I thought that this would be the last kite festival for me to organise, before the job was passed over to Paul and Estelle and the site moved to Stanmer Park in 1995. They worked hard, but naturally their business had to be paramount and they also had a stall at the festival, which took up a lot of time, so I still felt responsible for a large part of it, although there were now a lot more helpers. We were the first and only kite festival to have a Safety Officer and Marshalls, who were responsible for public safety

and awareness of the dangers of large kites in particular.

In 1995 the Club gained its first banner and the first Honorary Life Membership was bestowed on John Barker, followed by Ray Bethell in 1996. The first tee shirts and sweatshirts were produced in 1996, the same year that Phil Chitty created the BKF web page. In 1997, thanks largely to the hard work of Jerry Swift, the BKF adopted an official constitution. Club membership increased steadily, as did our presence at other festivals and attendance at our own events, including regularly parachuting Teddy bears in aid of the local children's hospital's Rockinghorse Appeal.

It was also at this time that I wanted to release the reins of the club and let someone else take on the duties. Pete Linnell was up for it, despite chronic ill health, when he was often confined to bed for days on end. He did draw the line at organising the festival though, so it was down to me for another year at Stanmer Park in 1998.

In 1999 (the same year that the first BKF email address was created!) Simon Hennessey took over the reins of the festival, but I was still heavily involved during this change over period. We were now getting media attention from the local newspaper and Southern TV, who wanted an aerial shot from a kite using their camera! In 2000 Mik and Toody created the Brighton Kite Festival website and, for the next few years, the festival was featured in the local press, both before and after the event. Somebody was taking notice at last!

It was in 2001 when we realised that if we sold our building society shares, that we had been given when it became a bank, we could buy a very large kite. So I then went ahead to commission Peter Lynn, in New Zealand, to make us a 40ft. Teddy Bear wearing a BKF tee shirt. This was to be the first of several large kites that we would buy to demonstrate at festivals at home and abroad. It was this Teddy and the other big kites that got the attention of other festival organisers, resulting in

THE HISTORY OF THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS CONTINUED

invitations from around the country, often with remuneration to offset the costs.

I was now beginning to take a back seat in the running of Brighton Kite Flyers and the festival. It also gave me satisfaction that the club had been saved from oblivion way back in

1988 and to see it grow to the successful organisation that it has become today. In 2003 I was honoured to be asked to be the first Honorary President of Brighton Kite Flyers, a post which I treasure and hold to this day.

Ray and Toody Oakhill

Apologies if we've omitted to include anyone, there have been so many Club members involved over the years that it's almost impossible to list (or remember!) them all.

June 2011

And long may the clubs history continue.....

SO WHO IS UP FOR A BIT OF PUBLIC DISOBEDIENCE?

Many years ago, together with a gaggle of mates, I'd go to "Star Trek Events". Between 1993 and 1997 we'd go to all sorts of trekkie-related things. Conventions in the University of London. Booze-ups at the Star Trek theme pub in the West End. Trekkie/Gaming festivals at Camber Sands. "Trekkie Nights" in the gay pub in Canterbury, and in the "strangely normal" pub in Margate. To the cinema, all dressed up as Captain Kirk. In full Star Trek costume at the end of Southend Pier. On one memorable occasion there was over fifty of us (all dressed up) at the pictures in Folkestone. But not any more - it all got banned.

I used to keep large snakes as a hobby. You can see them on the Internet at <http://www.thestylehouse.freemove.co.uk/snakes/boids.htm> At first sight you might think it's a dangerous thing to do, but you would be wrong, as anyone who's ever held a royal python would know. No one in the UK has been eaten by their pet python. Nevertheless there were those who sought to ban snake keeping, and by the early years of this century the ban had pretty much succeeded. Where in 1999 I was spoilt for choice for a pet shop, within a few years there was no pet shop with an hour's drive of my house that supplied snakes, equipment or food. In 1999 there were four reptile societies within an hour's drive of my house. Today there are none that I know of. (Having said that, the hobby is once more picking up, but realistically it is but a shadow of what it once was.)

One of the pastimes for many years has been mass outings to a lovely

picnic site at Kearsney Abbey where anyone who knows me will tell you what I do there. I guzzle two bottles of beer and fall asleep. Not any more! I can't do that any more as the area is now a "zero tolerance for alcohol" zone. I enjoy a cigar. I used to sometimes have as many as six in a year. Now thanks to the smoking ban I can't remember my last cigar.

In 2001 I bought my first power kite. It was great fun. A few months after that we experimented with the fun and frolics of people lifting and "arsing", but it didn't take long to realise that what we were doing was potentially dangerous, not only to ourselves, but to passers-by, so we formed a formal kite club and got insurance. Very soon after this we began hearing rumours of certain councils banning kite flying on their land. Wonderful! There is a Google group called rec.kites. If you go back far enough on that site you'll find my comments on the subject are still there, some years later.

But then - Salvation!! This bloke in Yorkshire was getting in touch with all of the kite clubs in the UK. Together we'd be able to form an organisation that would work with councils to educate kite fliers, to formulate a code of practice, to be a unified voice for kite flying across the country. Here was an organisation that would stand up for us. So my local kite club joined up with the British Kite Flying Association from the start, enthusiastically supporting them. Mind you, they were never easy to support. It took some weeks to get a straight answer to the question of how much they wanted off of us as a subscription fee. Our enthusiasm was

somewhat blunted by the observation that as members we were liable for anything they did wrong, and incredibly blunted by their flat refusal to take the problem seriously.

We let our affiliation lapse until such time as the liability issue was sorted. During this time my support for the ideals of this club remained as enthusiastic as ever. I would regularly post on their club Internet forum, but as time went on, my enthusiasm was more for the ideal than for the club itself. Having drawn up a constitution and having very rudely told me how important said constitution was, the BKFA then flaunted it several times.

And so I for one rather resigned myself to losing yet another hobby. And I was right. It's taken a while, but Bexhill council are going to ban kites from their beach - see <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-sussex-13576342> for more details. And bear in mind that from so many historical precedents we can be sure that the phrase "consulting on the plans" means "have already decided". The ban at Bexhill is the thin end of the wedge.

Whilst there is some pyrrhic satisfaction in saying "I told you so", didn't I spend years ranting at the kite flying community that this would happen? Didn't I? And did anyone listen? Did they?

Let's no one act surprised about this. I ranted about this over six years ago.....

But ranting is easy. Doing something about it..... is easy too. Should this ban be enacted at Bexhill, does anyone fancy joining me in some mass civil disobedience?

Dave Styles

CREATIVITY AND INNOVATION AT THE LAST JOLLY UP

We have written before about the fun to be had at the kiter's Jolly Ups.

Nevertheless, we wanted to note that this April's Jolly Up was also very much about sharing kite-building skills and innovation.

For one thing there was the Cody 'Finishing School'. This was a follow up to a Roy Broadley-led workshop held about a month earlier. We all knew it was ambitious and optimistic to aim to complete such a large and complex kite in a weekend but could not resist giving it a go. So although there were one or two completed kites by the end of the workshop, most participants needed more time. Hence the Finishing School.

So, it was that on the Saturday morning of the Jolly Up the beer tent (or Larks Head) became a place for people to gather and work together to complete their kites, sharing their newly-acquired skills with those at a less advanced stage. We'd like especially to thank Bonefish for helping us get our bridling finished, even though he didn't go to the original workshop.

Almost all of us were able to get our

new Codys in the air (in spite of the low wind). It was an awesome sight to see so many of these bulky but graceful creations filling the sky.

We were also treated to a visit from someone we understand to be one of Cody's great grandsons: John Cody. He had with him one of the last military cody kites made in WWII - a huge canvas affair with enormous bamboo spars

The other main bit of kite-making fun was a sled competition organised by Roy Martin. Roy had put notices on several forums some weeks before the Jolly Up alerting people to the event. The aim was mainly to have fun but also to see if people could be creative and innovative with the design within the competition rules.

There were almost a dozen participants. And although we were again challenged by lack of a good wind, it was great fun. Prizes in the form of specially printed feathers were given. To the best of my recollection the winners were:

Keith Boxall, Best made
Arthur Dibble, Best new design
Guy Reynolds, Best flying angle

Siobhan Reynolds, Prettiest
Danny Rice, Altitude

Andrew Scott, Best overall
Apologies if I have missed anyone.

Of the competition, Roy said, "Most sleds seem to have little lift and a lot of drag, and generally fly with line angles of 30 degrees or less. Why is this? The weight generally isn't too high for the sail area, so it can only be down to poor sail design. Who's going to be the first to design a sled that can fly at 45 degrees? Now THAT would be progress, and a name in the books for a good design."

It is planned to hold another at Jolly Up 9 at the beginning of August, with a different judge so that Roy can take part. Rules can be found at www.roy-martin.co.uk/SLED.

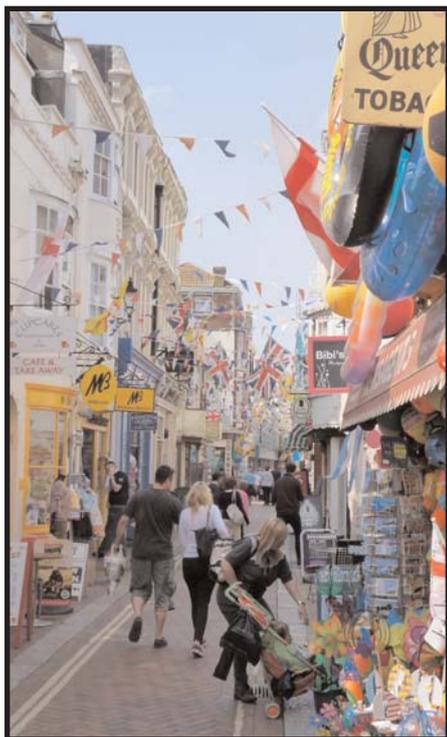
Towards the end of the second day we wandered over to the top of the field and discovered the Grumpy Old Gits and the Bloke surrounded by a large ripstop circle and working out the complexities of bridling a bowl.

We came away from the Jolly Up having learned a lot and feeling inspired to make more kites.

Sandra Fletcher



JULY 2011 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE BKF DO GO TO WEYMOUTH AGAIN



It was broadcast in 180 countries. Four hundred million people watched it online. A million lined the streets of central London. A crew were even following proceedings on the International Space Station as it orbited 220 miles above the capital*. All of which meant that the roads to Weymouth for one of the first major kite festivals of the year were unusually clear for the Friday before the first May Bank Holiday. This, together with the completion of the many of the new roads around Weymouth being built for the Olympics being open meant that the trip to Dorset was extremely relaxed.

The Weymouth Kite Festival did actually take place this year after a lot of "is it on or not?" questions in the lead up to the Bank Holiday. There was a complete lack of a mention of Weymouth in the January Kiteflier other than it, along with a number of other festivals, was under threat from cut backs in Council funding. I had already booked my usual camping place soon after Christmas, so decided to see what transpired. According to the Weymouth Council web site, the Festival appeared to be on

despite indications to the contrary in the next issue of the Kiteflier, so Hilary and I decided to go anyway as this is a Festival we particularly enjoy. Our decision was vindicated when an email came from Simon confirming that the Festival was on and did we want car parking tickets. We said "Yes", but they never turned up, (posted but never arrived) although this was not a problem as we were given the usual tickets when we arrived by the Tourist Information Office as the Council rather than the Kite Society were arranging them this year.

The weather was excellent and boded well for kite flying over the weekend. With acres of ripstop having been provided by Roy and Hayley at Portsmouth, over the

best flying day. Many regulars were there, but only John Lancaster, Hilary and I from the BKF. I soon had both seals and the frog flying off a large sled, together with my BKF Rok and Spirit all flying much of the time as the wind was close to perfect and, with no formal flying in the main arena, plenty of space to fly as well. I was quite chuffed with my inflatables as they looked good all flying together and stayed up all day long. I was not the only one to think that they looked good as they were photographed by Steve Davies, the Weymouth and Portland Promotions Manager, and also the Dorset Echo giving BKF some good publicity (see <https://picasaweb.google.com/weIshtyrstevo/KiteFestival2011#>



winter I had built (constructed?) a second Bernhard Dingworth seal and also one of his frogs - the parrot is on the stocks but yet to be tackled - and I was looking forward to giving them a good outing. As in many previous years, Saturday turned out to be

and http://dorsetecho.newsprints.co.uk/view/17460044/12372175_jpg for copies of the pictures).

Unfortunately, Saturday turned out to be the best day for flying with Sunday and Monday brilliantly sunny but with

BKF DO GO TO WEYMOUTH AGAIN

increasingly strong winds, so flying was pretty limited but still possible with the right kites. As always, the invited fliers managed to put on great displays in the main arena on both days despite the conditions.

A couple of weeks after the Festival, I received a very nice 'Thank You' email from the Council thanking us for attending and inviting us back again in 2012. Weymouth Council say that as they will be hosting the London 2012 Olympic and Paralympic Games sailing events, 2012 is due to give a boost to the festival and events programme and in particular the

2012 Weymouth Beach Kite Festival which is to take place on 5th, 6th and 7th May, 2012 if you want to put the dates in your diary now, so Weymouth at least appears to be definitely in the Kite Calendar for next year. With the move of the Brighton Kite Festival now on the second Bank Holiday weekend, just time to clear out all the sand before packing up the motorhome again for hopefully another good weekend of kite flying.

* Just in case you hadn't worked it out, the statistics relate to the wedding of Prince William and Kate Middleton!

Peter Jackson



Photos by Steve Davie's

BRIGHTON KITE FESTIVAL

As many of you know we had to change our dates for Brighton Kite Festival in 2011, for those of you that did not, you will have to wait to 2012 now, as it took place over the weekend of 28-29th May with a free flying day on the 30th. The weather gods were not as kind as they could have been but we avoided the rain during both the festival days, not over night, but we did not avoid the changing wind. It blew with gusts up to 28mph and dropped to nothing in the space of a few seconds making it very hard to fly. Even with these problems the

invited flyers, club flyers and public seemed to have some sort of kite up at all times and be enjoying themselves. The children's workshop was busy on both days and lots of kites were made and flown in the arena.

A big thank you goes out to all those that made the festival possible with out the help of members, invited flyers and everyone who turned up the festival would not be possible. Two questions are left do we want a festival next year and if so when?

Chariman, Brighton Kite Flyers

PARANOIA OR NOT

With more and more people using social networking sites do we need to be more careful about what we say on them? In the days before the social networking sites and smart phones if you went out for the day no one really knew what you are up too unless you wanted them too. Nowadays you spend days leading up to events saying you will be going how long you will be there etc. etc. and with smart phone even while you at the event you can download photos and information of others attending the event. This all seems harmless enough, but look at it another way, would you have put an advert in the local paper telling everyone you would be away and while away put up a sign outside your house to confirm the fact. It's not much different when using Facebook or such do you know who sees the posting saying you will be at one event or another or who sees the posting saying that you are actually at an event miles away from your house. Do we as kite flyers need to be more aware of the security risks in posting not only for ourselves but other we post about, it's not hard to get enough information from the internet, phone books etc. or to find an address to give some of the not so nice people a chance to ruin your life. It makes me think that it's a blessing rather than a curse to have ones mother-in-law living with you after all to look after your house. When I discussed this with a few kite flyers many said they had not thought about it in that way and would think about it before they posted in future.

What do you think with this in mind should we think a lot more before you post and keep the risks as low as possible?

Simon Hennessey

JULY 2011 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE

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Thank you

The committee would like to say thank you to all those who made this issue of Aerodyne possible Peter Jackson, Sandra Fletcher, Marian Reynold, Ray & Toody Oakhill. We know we keep going on, but Aerodyne is only possible with your help with articals etc. So please do write an artical as we can not keep the publication going without them.

So thank you again to those who help and keep the articles coming and those that haven't if you want to keep aerodyne going put into action the good words said at each yearsplease put pen to paper for the September issue
Editor

We have a range of sizes in all club t-shirts and hooded tops for sale T-shirts £10 hooded tops £25.00

Please contribute to your club newsletter - even the smallest of items is welcome. Anything sent to the 'Editor' will be considered for print unless marked otherwise.

Contributions should be sent to:

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Deadlines dates;
January issue - 1 December
April issue - 1 March
July issue - 1 June
October issue - 1 September

M A R I A N | S K I T C H E N

No. 7: Flapjack.

Our American friend (at Swindon) seemed to think that flapjack should be soft, but I like things 'ard! (What he actually said was they did something like Marion's flapjack but in the USA it was softer all we could do was laugh as we had tried it and wondered the best way to break it up to eat it)

Ingredients:

4oz. hard marg.
4 tblsp. Golden syrup.
3oz. granulated sugar.
8oz. rolled oats (porridge oats)
¼tsp. salt.

Method.

Put marg. and syrup in a largish saucepan, heat gently until melted. Take off heat, add sugar, oats and salt and mix well.

Grease a shallow square tin about 7½ inches and line with baking parchment ('cos the b****y stuff sticks!). Flop mixture into tin and roughly level.

Cook at Gas mk 3 (160°C) for about 35 mins. or until brown but not.....you know the rest by now!

Cut into squares while still warm 'cos, as we know, it sets 'ard!

Last instruction: bring to kite event so that I can have some!

Marian (aka cakelady)

Next Issue

Do we want one - do we need one if the answer is yes to either of these quetions then please send in articals as it's the only way to keep it. We are thinking of haveing some fun so if you have any really old photos of well known kite flyers please sent them in.

Whilst every care is taken to get the details correct in 'Aerodyne' the Brighton Kite Flyers cannot accept responsibility for any errors or omissions that may occur. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editors or of the Brighton Kite Flyers.



fly - in reminders

Our Monthly fly-in is where we try and get as many of the club members to fly together. These are held on the 1st Sunday at Saltdean Vale, East Sussex, 2nd Thursday at Stanmer Park 6pm. Remember that during the summer members may well be attending kites festivals, but the fly-ins are still on.

See you there



THE BEAR FACTS



A very occasional news letter from the Ted Berets in loving memory of Roman Candle in the hope of easing the pain for those of us who loved it and not giving the po-faced the satisfaction of believing they have won.

RIP Roman Candle.

With the very sad demise of RC in the last issue I felt that it was still necessary for those of us who enjoy the fun of parachuting fauna, flora and fungi (PFFF) to have a voice. Unlike RC it will not be a regular feature and will certainly not run to 100 issues or last 30 years. It will only appear if YOU have any good stories about PFFF.

Paralander

This was featured in the last issue of Kiteflier as a method to accurately drop cargo to German troops in Afghanistan. Payloads of 1000kg from 10,000m and distances of 50km. Can we reduce the size of this for dropping unsuspecting teddies from 60m and distances of 0.5km? They probably don't even need the laser altimeter but we do need the price to be reduced proportionally.

Bear News

In New Hampshire a teddy bear killed 2,500 fish. A Paddington bear, complete with yellow mac was dropped in to a fish hatchery where it blocked the drainage system and reduced the flow of oxygen to the pool there by suffocating the fish. A worker recovered the bear looking a little bedraggled and the hatchery supervisor has issued a written warning "RELEASE OF ANY TEDDY BEARS into the fish hatchery water IS NOT PERMITTED."

A 23ft high bronze teddy bear slumped under a lamp has been displayed in the plaza of the architecturally acclaimed Seagram Building skyscraper on Park Avenue. It was sold at Christies in May for \$6.8M.

Tulare, CA April 15, 2011 Tulares St. Aloysius School recently collected and donated over one hundred teddy bears to the Get On The Bus Program. Get On The Bus is a program that brings children and their guardians/caregivers from throughout the state of California to visit their mothers and fathers in prison. Get On The Bus is an annual event that offers free transportation for the children and their caregivers to the prison, meals for the day, travel bags for the children, comfort care bags for the caregivers, and a photo of each child with his or her parent, all at no cost to the children's family. For the bus trip home, each child receives a teddy bear with a letter from the parent and post-event counselling.

In America an idea is being tried to help overcome children's fear of doctors and hospitals. Because the teddy bear is a symbol of comfort and caring, children are encouraged to bring their favourite bear or stuffed animal. Together they can watch and learn as they visit various medical stations. Children and their bears will be weighed and measured. Teddy bears who need extra care can be sutured, bandaged, or splinted. An x-ray will be taken of each teddy bear, and children can see various respiratory care treatments and equipment demonstrated on

themselves or their bears. Perhaps we could start training the "Paras" by letting them watch our fearless bears jump from kites.

Two teddy bears were married at St John's Church in Moggerhanger witnessed by 4&5 year old school children as part of the school curriculum. The bride wore a long white veil and the groom looking sun tanned sported a smart black waistcoat. Just what part of the curriculum this covered is not explained nor where the funding came from with the current restrictions. Do you remember that old slapper of a bear who used to be featured regularly in this magazine. What would she have taught those kids?

Cookie, Horatio and Florence are hoping to raise £4M each by sponsored travel around the world. The three brave bears will travel by post to companies who sponsor them. Funds will go to supporting families and caring for children and young people with life-threatening conditions in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Essex. They started their trip from Norwich in April and will continue until August and you can follow them at www.followteddy.co.uk

Research in Singapore has found that touching a teddy bear, "mitigates the negative effects of social exclusion to increase prosocial behaviour". Well tell us something new! The BOF has been trying to tell the po-faced this for years and he didn't have a grant to do it with. Now it is official perhaps they will start listening. In this country you need CRB clearance before your touching and will probably get taken to court any way.

A Western buyer at the Canton trade fair protested against higher prices by wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with "Too Expensive" in Chinese. That generated little sympathy from toy seller Clara Zhang (specialising in teddy bears and Ducks) who stated that prices are likely rise even further before Christmas as inflation arrives in the Far East.

Did any one see Hume Swift at Bedford drop a bear with a mobile phone taped to it taking a video? We would love to see the results. At least that one didn't end up in the trees!

OK so what do you think? I have found plenty of stories about teddy bears but nothing on parachuting. There's no new plans or pictures and very little knocking the po-faced. It's set up on one of these new fangled computer things so lacks the character and spelling mistakes of it's fore runner. It also contains these infernal "links" that are nothing to do with golf or shirt cuffs. If you want to see more of this sort of thing it is up to YOU.

Keep B.M.I.S.S. alive by sending pictures, videos, record updates and anything else you have to be published at www.bmiss.org.uk or in TBF.

So that's it from Electric Arthur and The Ted Berets but please keep in touch via arthur@tedberets.co.uk or the good old snail mail to 24 Alexander Road, Thatcham, RG19 4QU.

Well b***er
me, I thought
we had
retired.



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August 2011



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