

## A fragment of Mick Swain's Diary about NoFit State



11th. August 1991

My friend, Wid, wasn't sure whether he was going to go on the visit to NoFit State, but he turned up on Saturday morning, and we set off about 10.15 and writhed through the lanes to avoid the refugees fleeing from Butlitz in Minehead, who were certain to be clogging the A39. The M5 was busy, but moving.

Apart from one other earlier trip to Cardiff it's the first time I've done any motorway driving since finishing the car delivery lark. I find it unnerving to know that I'm not driving as well as I know I can.

The M5 was quieter. Over the bridge, and out of England. Would we make it for 1 o'clock? One of my rules is to never hurry if late, which makes departure times slightly more crucial. And we left about 15 minutes later than I would have liked.

We left the M5 at the Cardiff North exit, which took us straight to the castle where the children's festival was being held and I dropped the others off at ten to, then drove a long way back again to park the car.

After I had walked back to the castle it was ten past.

Out of Wales and into NoFit State. I saw the little big top at the far end of the field-sized lawn, surrounded on all sides by the castle walls. I walked around the back and the first person I saw, was Emma. Nice surprise. The show began at 1.45.



I'm not going into it. Afterwards Ali asked me what I thought of it. I said, 'I was expecting a good show, but not that good.' It was wonderful.

There was an hour to draw breath and obtain refreshment before Risky in Pink were on at 4.30. And again wonderful.



Afterwards we hung out, played backgammon, juggled in the big

top and so on, then set off for England at 9. We made an emergency landing in Weston-super-Mare at 10.30 for fish and chips and beer take-out, and got home at midnight.

It wasn't until after watching the Riskies as I was admiring the colourful poster, for the show in Toby and Lurch's caravan, called the space shuttle, that I noticed that the show - based on a board game called Monotony that provides the structure for the gags, tricks, strobe lit table-tumbling, juggling, trapeze, and tight roping, and pole-walking - is called 'Take a Chance'

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Woke up bright and early this morning feeling completely blissed out by the two shows. Evidently Luke has been talking about it all day, and I've been thinking about it all day.

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One more thing. The show begins with Toby as quiz show host - somewhere between Bruce Forsyth and Max Quordlepleen - calling each member of the cast out of the audience in turn. Then Ali/Barbara Baggage, the dosser, appears and rolls two large foam dice. Toby had taken to divining what kind of show it was going to be from the numbers on the dice. Saturday was a six and three show.