

BILLBOARD

15p



MD

**FESTIVAL
LITERARY
PRIZEWINNERS**

**ALTERNATIVE
PRESS IRKS
JOURNALISTS**

**ASSEMBLY
ROOMS MUSIC
ASSASSINATION**

**DERBYSHIRE'S
NEGLECTED
PHILOSOPHER
REDISCOVERED**

DIRECTORY OF EVENTS

BILLBOARD
Editing
Cover
Printing

Issue No. 5
Graham Joyce
Malcolm Dickson
Graham Wylie

Aug/Sept. 1979

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CONTENTS

| | | |
|------|-------|--|
| Page | 3 | Editorial. Assembly Rooms Hysteria |
| | 4 | Derby Film Theatre by Francis Clarke |
| | 5 | Body Malaise by Peter O'Peter by Malcolm Dickson |
| | 6-7 | Mayhem at the Assembly Rooms by Phil Davenport |
| | 8-9 | A Case Of Neglect by Rob Thompson |
| | 10 | Neil Ardley by Viv Wilson |
| | 11 | Urban Filth or The Gutter Press by Rad Popovic |
| | 12-13 | Festival Literary Prizewinners Telling The Bees by Elizabeth Isenberg |
| | 14-16 | " " " Paradise Row by June Rose Hayes |
| | 17-18 | " " " Poems by John Greatorex, Rita Peck, Richard Crabtree, Marion Holden. |
| | 19-20 | Directory of local Events |

In this issue we question the hysteria generated by the performance of the East Midlands Music Collective; review the progress and change of venue for the Derby Film Theatre; Modesty Blaise gets her come-uppance; the East Midlands Music Collective put their point of view, after having been denied the opportunity by the local press; research into the life of one of our almost forgotten "greats" of Derbyshire, the philosopher Harrison Smedley, and ask if there is a case for the revival of the Harrison Smedley Society; we have Festival News of Neil Ardley's forthcoming visit; ask why the local N.U.J. are getting shirty about the alternative press; and we publish the winning entries to the Derbyshire Festival poetry and story competitions; plus all the usual information besides.

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If you have articles, contributions, information or just want to sound off,
Ring Derby 364020 or
Write Billboard, 63 Uttoxeter New Road, Derby, DE3 3NL.

editorial.

Even if you attended the concert you could be excused for not understanding what was happening. The Assembly Rooms was the setting for a scene which was something like the climax of a Mel Brookes comic/horror film, in which the heroes and villains were immediately identifiable by their gold chains of office and their obscene gestures respectively. Add to this a live audience consisting mainly of women and children who were booing, hissing and stamping with truck-loads of enthusiasm, and you have a scaled-down idea of the pantomimic uproar witnessed at the recent Young People's Concert.

The villains of the piece - the East Midlands Music Collective - chose to make a political platform of their appearance. Their efforts were greeted by a slow-hand-clap, and they were asked to leave the stage by a compere with a forgettable name and a t.v. face. One of the female members of the disgruntled Collective grabbed a microphone and mouthed a few obscenities in a wonderfully futile gesture of defiance. This was followed by a punk-band, "Corridor", who had their power switched off for no apparent reason, much to the displeasure of their followers who joined in the booing for a different reason. Which was followed by the mayor, Bob Newton, walking out. Which was followed by Morris Dancing. Which was followed by a troop of indignant women leaving in support of the mayor. Which was followed by the mayor returning to his seat. Which was followed by universal confusion and more Morris Dancing. This started two rumours: 1. that the mayor had only nipped to the toilet rather than walked out (a distinct possibility since the mayor has to be escorted everywhere to safeguard his valuable chain of office: even a discreet nip for a piddle tends to look like a civic parade at a state carnival). and 2. that the mayor prefers morris dancing to punk rock. This was followed by the organiser of the event Markham May of the Community Arts Trust clutching his stomach and telling the press, "I feel physically sick." Which was followed by more Morris Dancing.

Later, in the Derby Evening Telegraph and on the air-waves of our local radio, the mayor, capitalising on his phantom indignation, seemed to have come round to the idea that he was the peoples' champion in the deafening chorus of protest which followed.

The Derby Evening Telegraph, having nothing else to report as usual, brought out a jamboree edition, splashing their muddle-headed version of what happened across the front page. The name of the I.R.A. was invoked with horror, presumably to fire the story with a crackling headline: the Music Collective were sloganising, but only on behalf of the Troops Out movement. But who expects honesty, or even accuracy, from our local rag? The Derby Trader joined in the witless condemnation, and even dirtied the name of the luckless and completely innocent "Corridor" just for good measure. The East Midlands Music Collective made a mistake in their choice of venue. The Community Arts Trust have argued that the childrens' concert was a hopelessly inappropriate place to make a political protest, and that it was an insult to the organisers after they had been booked to represent jazz in this multi-cultural event. They have a strong case, claiming that politics are essentially divisive and therefore misplaced in a programme of community orientated arts.

But the drama, the furore, the wild gnashing of gums which followed was equally overblown and downright unjust. Although the Telegraph devoted acres of space to the inevitable crop of "Outraged of Derby" letters, it refused to print a single comment from the Music Collective. Readers may be interested to read the East Midlands Music Collective's defence of their performance, which has been openly censored by the established local press, within the pages of this magazine.

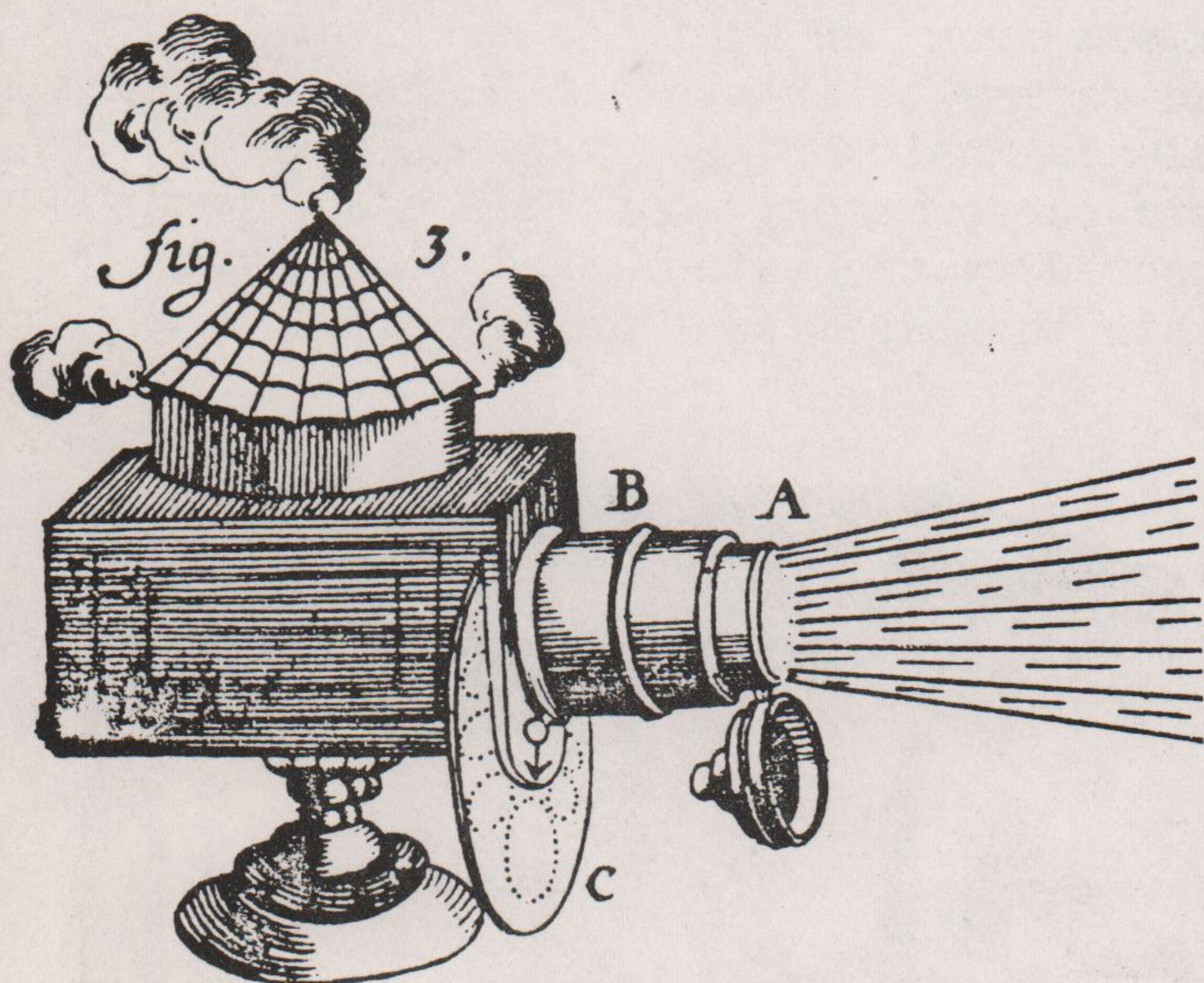


THE EAST MIDLANDS MUSIC COLLECTIVE
ANSWER THEIR CRITICS

DERBY FILM THEATRE ON THE MOVE

The function of a Regional Film Theatre goes beyond merely providing a series of interesting films. It aims to present films in a style wholly different to the commercial cinema. It should provide ancilliary activities connected with film such as discussions and lectures so that people interested in film have an opportunity to approach the subject in more depth or detail. It should have a bookshop facility where a range of literature on film is available. It should provide a library facility. In some large cities this development has gone further still and as well as formal and informal facilities for learning about film there is also the co-ordinated activity of film production. These units have to serve large catchment areas at the moment; for example the one in Nottingham serves the Derby, Leicester and Sheffield areas.

It takes a while to establish a flourishing film theatre and to accumulate an audience. Ideal conditions are rare and in Derby we have been lucky in a sense that the Playhouse was willing to extend its normal commitment by promoting films as well as plays. But this mixture of film with a regular theatre programme is not an easy one to administer to, and all parties involved in running the show have always been aware of the very different nature of the audiences for films and plays. Your play-going public is not automatically your film-going public.



Hopefully, in April (where building alterations are concerned deadlines are hard to pin down) we will see the next stage in the development of the Derby film theatre when it re-opens in new premises at the Green Lane annexe of Derby Lonsdale College. This switch of venue has several advantages.

The first concerns the size of the auditorium. Fine though the Playhouse auditorium is, especially for showing sell-out films, there is nothing more daunting to an audience than feeling dwarfed by the venue. As one of the principal advantages of having a film theatre is the chance to see films not high on the usual popularity lists, and which are therefore not great crowd-pullers, we have found that the audience is commonly a very thin, hesitant sprinkle of people in the lonely vastness of the Playhouse interior. One feels in that situation like an apology for an audience - quite unjustifiably of course. It is not so much that we are too few but the place which is too big. There is nothing to encourage you to return voluntarily to experience this feeling of being in the wrong venue, so the audiences tend to dwindle instead of increase and develop.

This problem will be solved when the change-over occurs because the auditorium at the new venue will be more intimate; it is to be "purpose-created" of a size found by the British Film Institute (who are giving money for the venture) to have been successful elsewhere.

Secondly, just as the Playhouse can run plays four weeks per month instead of three, so the film theatre will be able to show films throughout the month. This will make it much easier for the audience, who instead of having to bear dates in mind will know that there is an alternative film source every week. Thirdly, there is the considerable advantage of being able to employ full-time staff whose commitment is to the film theatre and who can devote their full energies to developing the various activities outlined in the introduction. Up until now the film theatre has had to rely on part-time staff. Because one week's pay per month is not enough to live on, these have had to make the film theatre second or third string. John Forster, for example, the film manager for the last two years, teaches film studies at Derby Lonsdale College and is well aware of how much someone could achieve if they were able to devote all of their time to the project. Barry Ellis-Jones at the British Film Institute is pleased with the way the film theatre is developing in Derby and says that the goodwill and positive thinking from all of the organisations involved (i.e. Derby Playhouse, the City Council and Derby Lonsdale College) has made the latest stage in events a good example of people co-operating to make viable cultural alternatives in the city.

BODY MALAISE

by PETER O'PETER



IN A CAB ON RAPS STREET - DRIVEN BY AN F.B.I. HOSTESS...

I'M SOONER THROUGH HERE - FIRST FINISH TOMORROW LATER BUT GET IT OVER WITH NOW...

MEN...



WELL, THAT'S THIS - CAN'T KEEP TALKING WHEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S APPEARING

NO MAN WILL LEND YOU HIS FAVOURITE WEAPON ANYWAY!



NOTHING SO FAR...

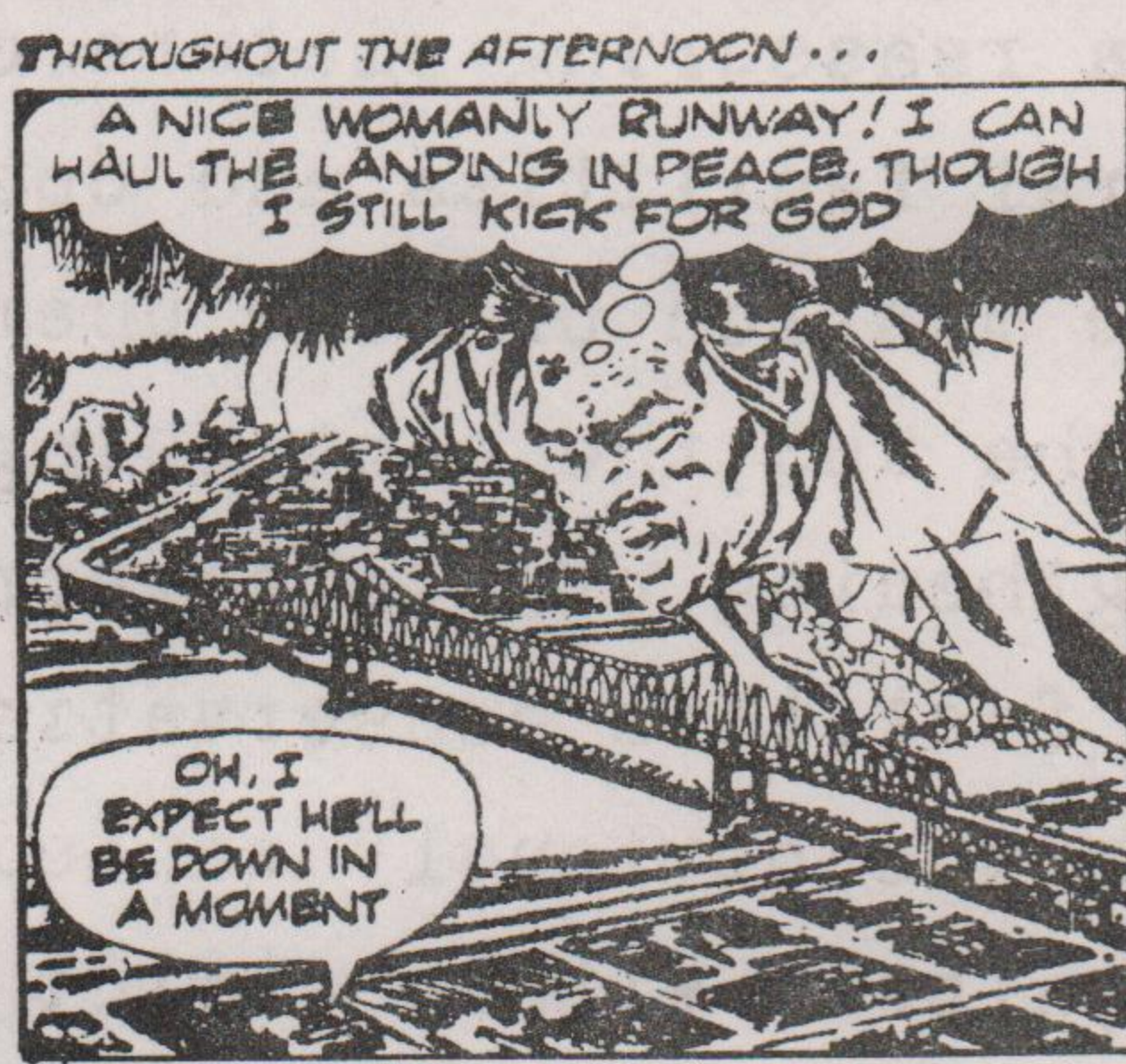
HE IS STILL GRINNING... STILL CONFIDENT... WHY?



AND AFTER SIX MOMENTS...

WANT TO QUIT? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BEAT ME WITH ONLY ONE TIME GOD?

NOBODY QUITS THIS FIGHT!



THROUGHOUT THE AFTERNOON...

A NICE WOMANLY RUNWAY! I CAN HAUL THE LANDINGS IN PEACE, THOUGH I STILL KICK FOR GOD

OH, I EXPECT HE'LL BE DOWN IN A MOMENT



I'VE SPENT THE NIGHT MOURNING THE MEDICINE! LET'S GET BUSY AND REST IN PEACE, HUH?

LITTLE LADY DON'T NEED FIRE-PITS, PRINCE!

A NEW DAY IN 'LITTLE BIG HORN'... THE WARY VICTIM MOVES QUICKLY OUT BETWEEN THE PRACTISE GIRL, AND SLINGS IN HIS SPEECH...



YOU-!?

CAN'T SPLASH HIM IN TIME-!

URRGH!



FROM THE HIDDEN BLOOD...

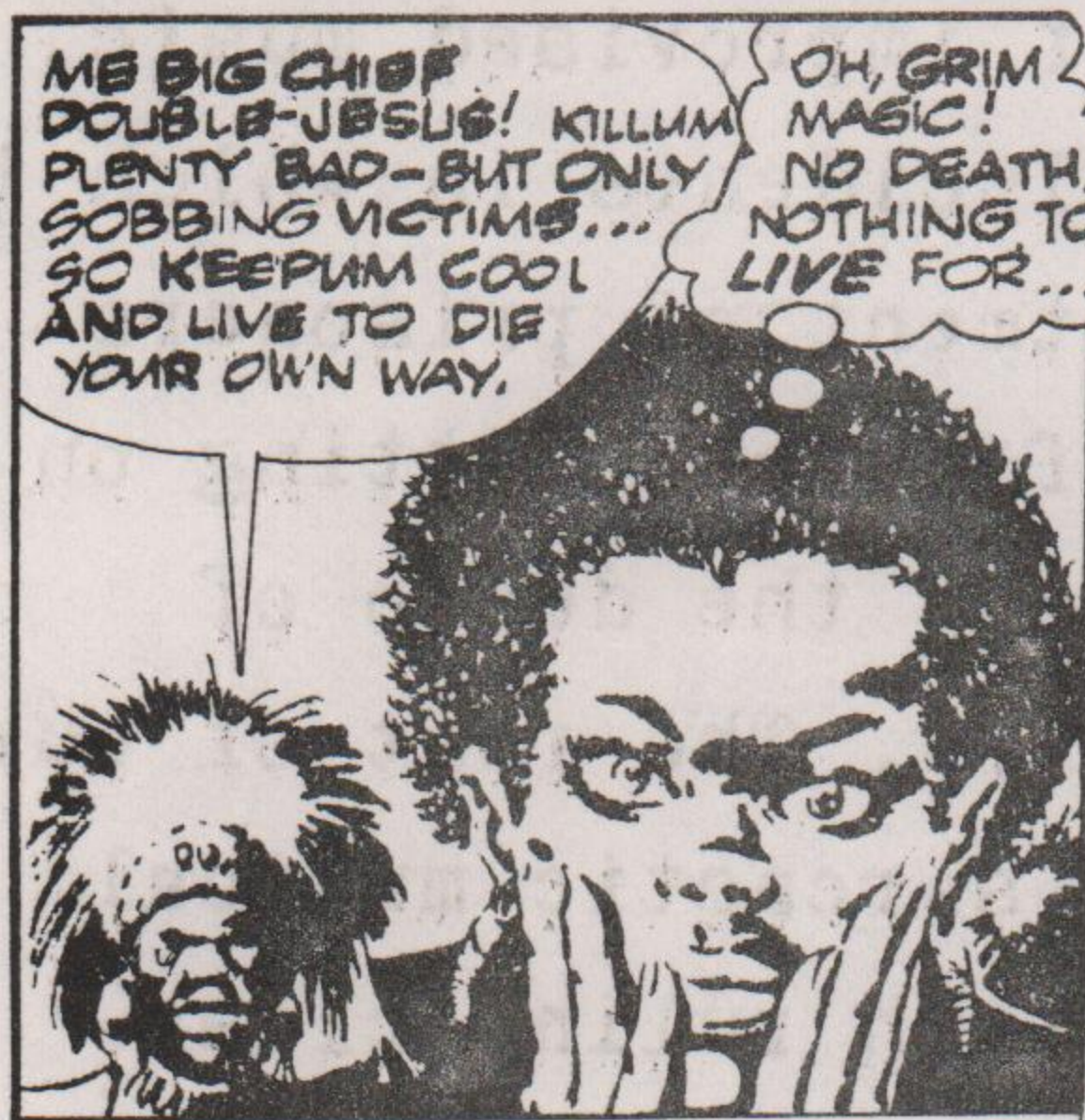
THIS IS NOT WHAT I WANT, ABDUL...

...I WANT MORE HEIGHT AND A REAL HUNK OF MALE TO CHOP WHEN I'M AT THE UNKNOWN POINT

MMM.MMMPH!
GHHAARR!

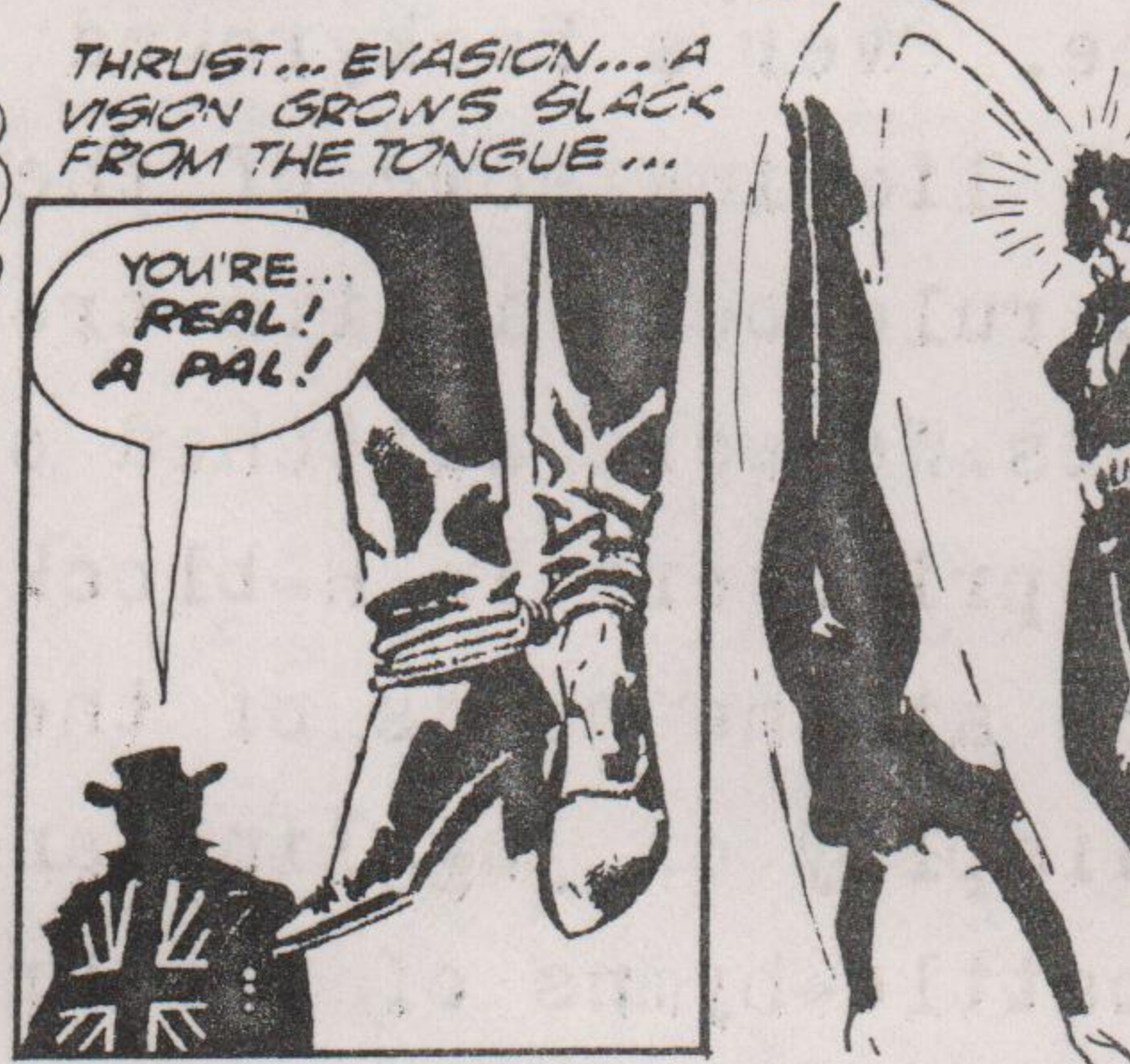
ABRUPTLY HER HILL-MUSCLE BLURS... GOT THE TUNING... THE TIMING... AND THE DIALECT!

.. BUT NO BIG-LESS SHEER-BRUTE-BLIND-MEN, HONEY. MA'AM!



ME BIG CHIEF DOUBLE-JESUS! KILLUM PLENTY BAD-BUT ONLY SOBBING VICTIMS... SO KEEPUM COOL AND LIVE TO DIE YOUR OWN WAY.

OH, GRIM MAGIC! NO DEATH! NOTHING TO LIVE FOR...



THRUST... EVASION... A VISION GROWS SLACK FROM THE TONGUE...

YOU'RE... REAL! A PAL!



ONLY THING FOR IT WHEN CORPSED IS TO ROLL OUT INTO ANOTHER

UHHH! INVADDED BY MY OWN SOUL! UNTIMELY BUT FAST!



THE SMOKE WOMEN PROPHESED I'D LEVERYOU IN THE END, PRINCESS

WILLIE... HE'S WORKING! SEX PLUS AGE MINUS STRENGTH IS SMOOTH!

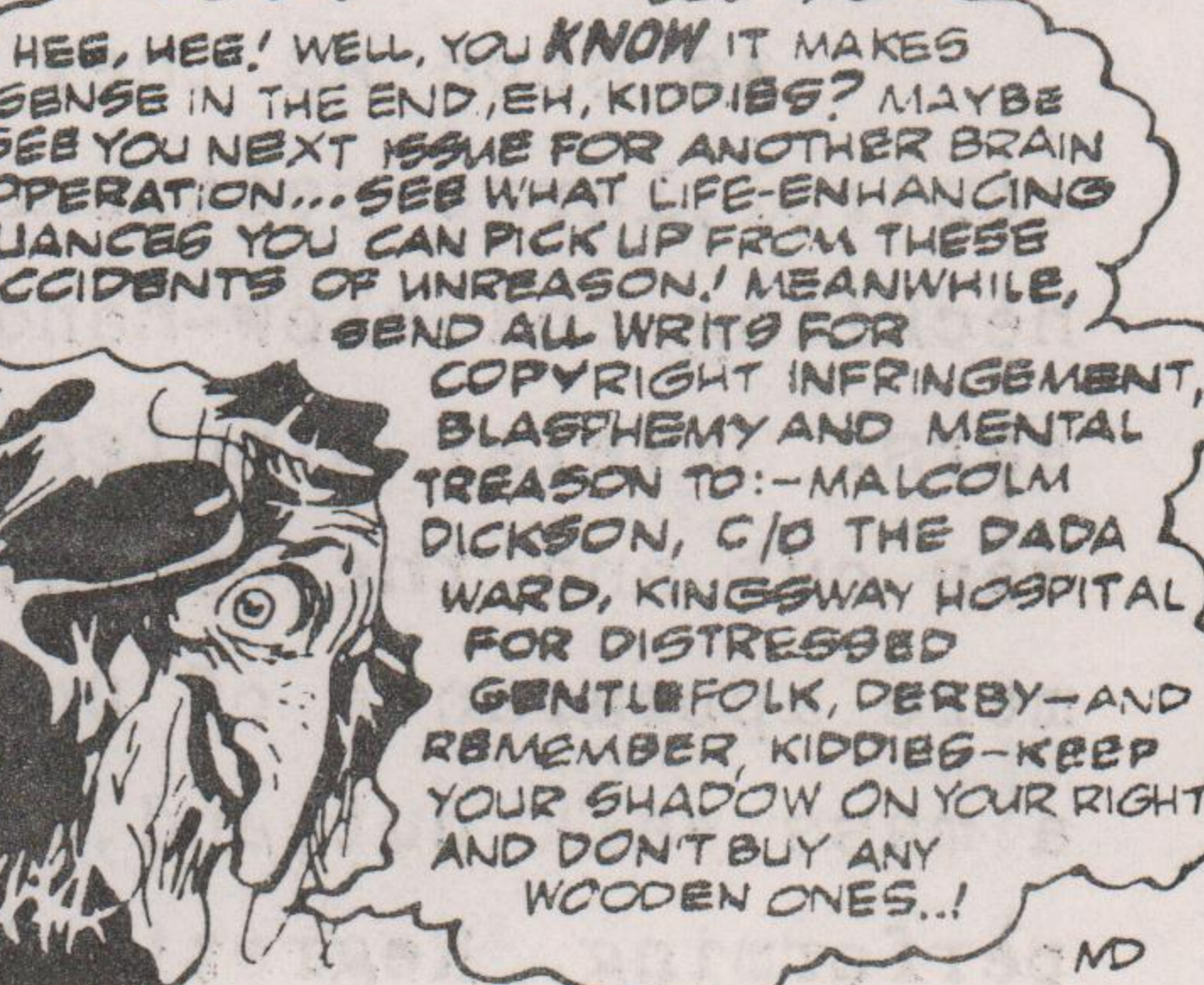
ON THE HILL-TOP...



OVER THE TOP...

NICE REPAIR JOB, WILLIE LOVE... NEXT PROBLEM IS, WHAT ABOUT THE ROLLERS?

YOU LOOK FIVE HOURS YOUNGER!



HEG, HEG! WELL, YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE IN THE END, EH, KIDDIBS? MAYBE SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE FOR ANOTHER BRAIN OPERATION... SEE WHAT LIFE-ENHANCING NUANCES YOU CAN PICK UP FROM THESE ACCIDENTS OF UNREASON, MEANWHILE, SEND ALL WRITS FOR COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT, BLASPHEMY AND MENTAL TREASON TO:-MALCOLM DICKSON, C/O THE DADA WARD, KINGSWAY HOSPITAL FOR DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK, DERBY-AND REMEMBER, KIDDIBS-KEEP YOUR SHADOW ON YOUR RIGHT AND DON'T BUY ANY WOODEN ONES..!

Mayhem at the Assembly Rooms

Some months ago a trustee of the Derby Community Arts Trust suggested that we participate in the Young People's concert, to be held at the Assembly Rooms in July. Apparently the concert was to provide a platform for a wide cross-section of young people in Derby to express their cultural interests. It soon became clear to us that the 'cross-section' was very limited, and that, far from expressing any independent youth culture, the kids taking part were those prepared to follow the artistic guidance of their elders. The concert was an attempt to produce a reassuring picture of Derby kids enjoying a wide range of cultural facilities and contentedly awaiting an even more rosy future. No mention of mass unemployment, cuts in education, the dismantling of the NHS, the continuing war in Ireland, the growth of racism, the strengthening of state repression and restrictions on civil liberties. In fact, this conservatism went so far as to embarrass some of the trustees, who obviously wanted the Collective, and Corridor, to add some variety, albeit within strict limits.

The True Version of what happened

Our reaction to this was to attempt to raise some of the issues that must be confronted if we are to have any future in this country. We concentrated on Ireland, because of the conspiracy of silence in the media on the colonial war being fought there, and because rising unemployment levels in the UK are bound to tempt more kids into joining the 'man's life' and being sent to their deaths in order to maintain British rule. Over a background of improvised music, statements were read out listing some of the incidents in which the army has broken its own rule book in its treatment of prisoners and murdering of suspects. We were switched off before getting on to the plight of political prisoners in H-block, and the death of anti-fascist Blair Peach at the hands of the SPG. The rest of our performance included a display of juggling, and sarcastic musical references to several battle-hymns of the British ruling class.

As soon as they recognised a challenge to their political control, large sections of parents and teachers led a campaign of heckling and slow-handclapping, and ordered many kids to cover their ears. Several minutes before our allotted time the electricity supply was cut and the organisers escorted us from the stage. Later, the mere appearance of Corridor provoked the 'people's mayor' to lead a mass walk out, and, after a few bars, they too were prevented from performing. Regrettably, the members of Corridor seemed not to

recognise this as a blatant act of censorship, and instead blamed us for introducing politics, forgetting that they were involved in an event saturated from the outset with political form and content.

The press responded hysterically, labelling us as 'IRA-supporters' (when our only political statement on Ireland was for the withdrawal of troops) and throwing in the usual dose of distortions, exaggerations, and omissions. A Radio Derby broadcast even implicated us in the theft of a microphone and urinating on curtains, but at least they granted us the right of reply with an interview, unlike the Telegraph, which has refused to print our letter.

The Way Ahead

These events suggest to us certain conclusions that should be relevant to any musicians dissatisfied with the way they have to perform in this society. Music, far from being an expression of the creative initiative of ordinary working people, based on their lives, work, problems, and aspirations, has become yet another platform for propagating a legitimisation of the existing social order and a powerful agent of social control. For those who would castigate us for 'introducing' politics into music, we challenge you to deny the political structure of our music industry: both based on the star system, the private sector making enormous profits churning out banal sexist garbage, and the public sector carefully handing out enormous sums to opera and a few orchestras whilst most people are lucky to get a blow on a school recorder.

We believe in organising musicians collectively, where all those involved in the music have an equal voice, regardless of whether they have expensive instruments, or a hit single, or have been to the Royal College of Music. We want to locate music as a social activity freed from the demands of big business and the state apparatus. Clearly, this requires a willingness to tackle political and social issues, though not from the standpoint of any one particular party. People interested in this project should contact us by phoning Derby 364044.

Phil Rowson

on behalf of East Midlands Musicians' Collective.

BOOKSTALL SERVICES
the social work specialists
have now opened

FORUM

An alternative bookshop

at

86 ABBEY STREET, DERBY. Tel. 368039

A CASE OF NEGLECT...

Whatever one feels about the success (or otherwise) of the Derbyshire festival, it will be generally agreed that there has been one obvious and glaring defect. While every conceivable aspect of county life and history has been feted and celebrated, there has been not one event to do with, nor even a mention of, the life and work of Harrison Smedley. He would not have expected it otherwise, I suppose; his life was spent in obscurity and his last years in exile - even in this year, this may be the only reference made to him. It would be nice if this history were to prompt a more corporate celebration.

"Who was Harrison Smedley?", I have no doubt many of you will be asking. He described himself as a "metaphysical investigator, archivist and scatological raconteur", was the friend and unacknowledged confidant of some of the finest minds of his age, is thought to have first proposed the introduction of a horizontal bar between the uprights of the goal in Association Football, and he met his end as a result of "foul vapours...partaken" during his heroic yet doomed attempt to reverse the flow of the River Dove. The wider world remembers him, if it remembers him at all, as the proprietor of what are now called the 'Manor Tea Rooms' at Ilam.

The exact year of Smedley's birth is not known and extensive research in Parish records of the time have revealed nothing, yet Smedley was proud of his home. "The oven of Heaven" he called Top of Ecton - a wild place which actually falls into two parishes - and this, together with his parents Madagascanian origins may account for the fact that young Harrison entered the world, as it were, a shade.

Smedley scholars will not need to be reminded how the boy, denied a formal education, pursued what he perceived to be "the truth" with a single-minded and ruthless dedication, and how, after losing his job as a Getter at Ecton mines after complaining constantly of "the lights" he wandered around Derby for some sixteen years. During this time he published his beautifully concise works whenever circumstances allowed (my favourite is "An Investigation Into The Nature Of The Conker") and illuminated the philosophisings of the Darwinian circle with his original and often brilliantly discursive chatter. How happy these days seem to have been! A letter we have seems to indicate this: "Was at the Craven Heifer yesternight with Y----. We supped lotion (Smedley was ever a master of colloquialism!) There was a man with a dog who sang comic songs. Y---- fell over on the way home." Thus Smedley economically paints for us a convivial, lively scene. Alas! these days were soon to be lost forever. At the age of forty-six, Smedley was obliged to leave the county following a bitter controversy centering around certain aspects of equine propulsion. He was rescued from the apparently inevitable fate of the Mine by a timely bequest which left him the owner of the aforementioned Tea-Room.

Now began the most intensely creative period of his life. Fellow artists apart, who can tell the agony of the creative mind, misunderstood and rejected in its own time? How many times must Smedley have shaded his eyes against the morning sun and sighed towards Thorpe Cloud, that symbol of his native county, which foolishness and pride seemed to have barred him from for ever?

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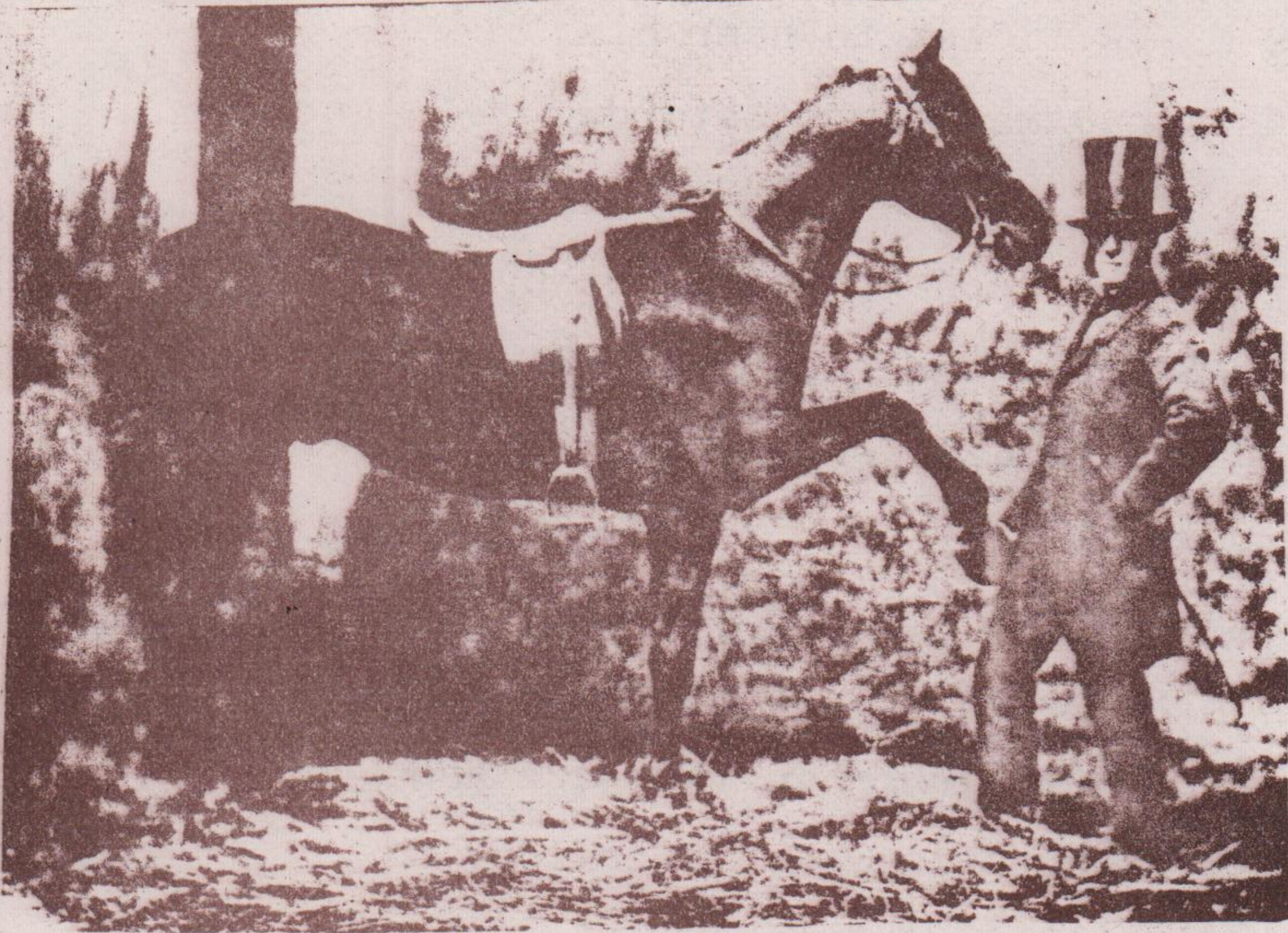
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THE OLD MASTER HIMSELF

(Continued overleaf)

Harrison Smedley Cont.



"bitter controversy" raged over the county following the publication of Smedley's views on Equine propulsion.

In the course of time Smedley died and, appropriately, was buried at sea. Now, it is as if he had never been. A few years ago I chanced to speak to an aged frequenter of his native area, who told me that as a boy he was wont to spend evenings in the company of the now defunct Smedley society, an organisation characterised by the reading of learned papers upon aspects of Smedley's work, the playing of shove - ha'penny and much boisterous singing. One or two of the members had memories of the ancient Smedley as a "gouty, ill-tempered man, given to sudden fits of weeping".

Is it not sad that in this festival year, we as a county appear to have forgotten this abrasive, creative character? Is there a case for the revival of the Smedley society? Or, with the conclusion of this short biography, will he return to that long and lonely obscurity, whence he came?

R.J. THOMPSON.



The Smedley Society meeting outside the Craven Heifer, Smedley, seated far right, always chose to sit on the floor "to avoid falling down later on".

9
Merely to repeat the titles of this forgotten artist's (and I do not use the word lightly) creations is to remember again his profound influence on all our patterns of thought. "Zephyrs of Hesperian", "Stones into Balls - A Study", "Frogs" and "Arguments against the Existence of America" (understated but perfect logic). Not least of his achievements was his poetry:

ONE FOLLOWS

*My love and I, placed we were
In a cobbler's shop on Victoria Street,
And as we waited, me and her,
I fell to musing upon feet.*

*Two of them, aye, and toes twice five
For our allotted span
Except for the halt, that is, deprived
-T' unfortunate also-ran.*

*So I liken love as to a sock,
All fresh when first put on,
Which ere may cause an unholy shock -
For aged grace ne'er begged pardon.*

DERBYSHIRE FESTIVAL

Neil Ardley Performs

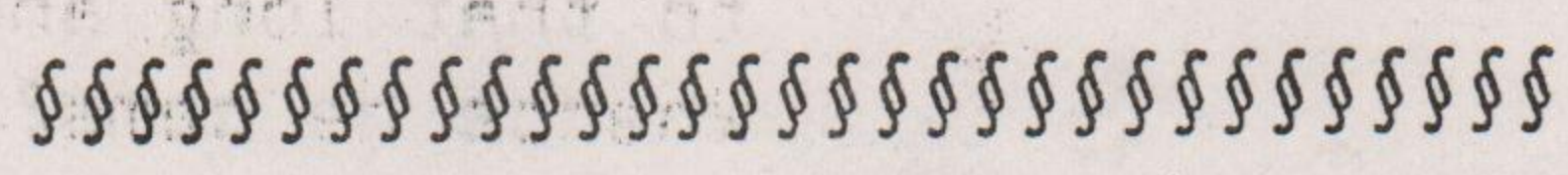
Anyone who enjoys synthesizer music might find it worth dipping into his or her pocket for the £1.50 ticket to hear his new work 'Evocations' at St Martin's Church Osmaston on Saturday September 29th.

'Evocations', a Portrayal of the Peak, has been commissioned by East Midlands Arts for the Derbyshire Festival, and explores the sound combinations given by strings and synthesizer. Neil will be playing with the Alfreton Hall String Quartet. Neil's background is in jazz, and he was director of the New Jazz Orchestra from 1964 to 1970. This orchestra made two albums and contained many musicians who are now well established in the jazz and rock world. Later his interest turned to composition, and a trilogy of works were recorded: "The Greek Variations" (1969) "A Symphony of Amaranths" (1971) and "Kaleidoscope of Rainbows" (1975)

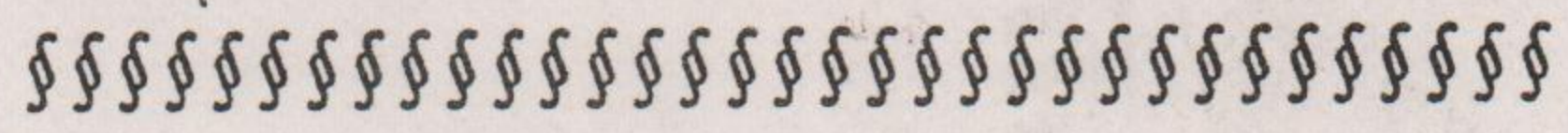
Since he took up the synthesiser he has recorded a new work, "Harmony of the Spheres" which was featured on ITV's 'The South Bank Show' in January. Since then he has recorded an all-synthesizer single, 'Summer Ice', released in June. 'Evocations' was written in the early months of this year. If you miss Osmaston, or would like to hear more, Neil and the Alfreton Hall String Quartet will be performing again at Chesterfield on the following evening..

- Saturday 29th September St Martin's Church, Osmaston. 7.45pm. £1.50 admission.
- Sunday 30th September Chesterfield College of Art. 7.45pm £1.50 .

VIV WILSON



Solid Air, Radio Derby's monday night rock programme is a victim of the local radio cutbacks. It will be off the air until early december, returning to a sunday afternoon spot, which it will share on alternate weeks with Jazz Now. During its last series of some 40 programmes, Solid Air featured sessions by over 20 local goups. This is obviously a sad loss of much-needed exposure for Derby talent, but is a result of national pressure.



On the dole or ready for a change? Info received on apple-picking in France. Starts 25th Sept. Money good, enough to save. Take tents- accomodation in barns. Until Nov 6th. Loire valley. Weather not too bad but winter gear is sensible. Then on to the Alps for winter season? Les communards du marche commune (eh?)."Patrick Tessier, Arboriculteur, La Morinette, Saint Germain-D'Arce, 72420 VAAS, France." Tel (43) 44.72.15. Station Vaas. main-line Le Mans.

URBAN FILTH OR THE GUTTER PRESS.

Derby is unique in that there exists here a thriving underground network of alternative papers. Six fanzines that are run to fill the gap that the established media will not fill. They range from Billboard to Jubilee City, which is a new wave fanzine run by Andy and Boo, two guys from Kilburn who are still at school and feel that they have a valid contribution to make to the local scene.

Earlier this year it was decided to bring together the six under the umbrella of the Derby Alternative Press Association. The idea of such an organisation had been in my mind for some time and prompted by the editor of this magazine the association was established. It has not existed without controversy, however. The established press in Derby have seen to it that our attempts to provide an alternative to their pathetic and mendacious reporting of local events are undermined.

For years the Daily Mail - owned Derby Evening Telegraph has placed its petty right-wing politics before representing the people in the area in which it hopes to make its money. It chooses to ignore politically sensitive topics in favour of "Policeman rescues drowning dog" stories.

Why do we put up with inferior journalism? Part of the answer is that we have never been given the choice by which we could make a comparison to judge the quality of work which is forced upon us by the local media.

The free press of Derby could begin to provide the yardstick: perhaps that is why the paranoid people in Northcliffe House have been so vigorous in their attempts to stop us from publishing mags such as this. They realise that we are the only people who are free to write exactly what we think without censorship by editors who are too concerned with their salaries to speak the truth. It is time this contrick being perpetrated on the people of Derby is exposed, and something very definite has to be done!

RADOVAN POPOVIC



REET
Street newspapers further disrupt

YOUR DAILY MIRROR

the Press, section for the first time... impressed and recommended... made available to community papers...
"the only really free press in Britain"
next conference is to be in the autumn and will be hosted by York Free Press.
Mark Dickinson
The writer... board of the New Manchester Review. He is a full time journalist and a member of the NUJ.

BECAUSE of an industrial dispute in London, the Daily Mirror is regular features from today's...
writes: "some of the political strands of the... these omits to...
union...
Forlea...
ha



ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE PRESS
Radovan Popovic

DERBYSHIRE FESTIVAL: Joint winner of story competition.

TELLING THE BEES By Elizabeth Eisenberg

Mam shook the snow from her coat and hung it behind the kitchen door.

"Ah've telled t'bees," she said with a sob.

"Power o' good that'll do ar Fanny," snorted Grandad from his seat by the fire. "Sit thi dahn and stop thi snivellin'."

Mam obediently sat down, mopping her eyes with her apron. "'Twouldna be so bad if 'er could git wed," she complained in between her snuffles. "Niver a word from that so'dier. Killed at t'Front as like as not."

"Not 'im," said Grandad comfortably, puffing at his pipe. "Them as is nowt's niver i' danger."

"'Er dad'll kill may for not kaypin' tabs on 'er," wailed Mam with a fresh flood of tears. "'E'll turn 'er out for sure."

Grandad removed his pipe and spat into the fire.

"'Er mun come 'ere then," he said decidedly. "'Er can 'ave t'parlour."

This announcement so astonished Mam she could only stare at her father open mouthed. Grandad Jim, whose name was used as a threat to subdue unruly members of the family, who couldn't stand "squawkin' brats", was actually inviting Fanny to go and live with him!

"Well," she said at last, drying her eyes, "'er'll be gettin' t'push from t'Big 'Ouse soon as Cook knows 'er's got a bun in t'oven."

"'Er can fettle out for may, then," said Grandad, "an' feed t'ferls an' git t'coal in an' that. If ah'm kaypin' a dog, ah shanna bark missen."

He reached for his spectacles and picked up the paper to indicate she'd heard his last words on the subject.

Fanny stood looking out of the parlour window. The afternoon sun glinted through the leaves of the old apple tree and the breeze scattered petals from overblown roses on to the garden path.

"Ah 'ope it's a lad," she said wistfully.

Kneeling on the hearth, Mam held a newspaper over the fire to encourage the smoke to go up the chimney instead of filling the room.

"Cum suppertime tha'll not care if it's a little pig so long as it's born. "Keep suppin' thi raspberry tay."

Fanny clenched her teeth as another pain overtook her and she clung to the bedpost, unable to speak.

"Ah'll fetch t'nuss afore it goes dark," said Mam, getting stiffly to her feet. "Not as 'er'll 'urry 'ersen. Stirs like a paver, does yon."

Daylight had faded and the oil lamp had been lit for more than an hour when Fanny, with one last shuddering moan, was delivered of her son.

"A little lad," said the nurse, holding him upside down and giving him a sharp slap that brought forth a protesting yell.

Fanny lay back exhausted. "Are yer sure it's a lad?" she asked wearily.

"Ah can just abaht tell t'difference," was the nurse's reply and she proceeded to expel the afterbirth which she wrapped in newspaper and handed to Mam.

"Mek 'aste and tell t'bees," she said and Mam hurried off, according to Derbyshire custom, to carry it round the hives before burning it on the kitchen fire.

Back in the kitchen with cups of tea for Fanny and the nurse, Mam found the baby washed and dressed and in bed beside his mother.

"T'next'll be aysier," the nurse told Fanny as she sipped her tea, but the girl shook her head.

"Niver ner more," she said solemnly.

"Wish ah'd a clean pair o' drawers for every time ah've 'ears that," laughed the nurse as she put on her coat. She disappeared into the darkness and Mam locked the door behind her. Then she turned down the lamp, loosened her stays and settled down in the rocking chair, her feet on the fender.

(continued over)

The flickering firelight filled the room with shadows and a moth fluttered round the lamp. Fanny was already asleep but the baby by her side gazed around with wondering, unseeing eyes.

Before the sun had broken through the mist Mam was astir next morning.

"Git this dahn yer," she ordered, handing Fanny a basin of gruel, "while ah goo an' git yer dad off to work and t'kids to skewl."

Soon afterwards Grandad Jim hobbled downstairs. Leaning on his stick, he made his way across the room and looked down at the baby. He took a sixpence from his pocket and placed it in the baby's hand, closing the tiny fingers round it.

"Th'art welcoom, little 'un," he nodded and limped slowly out again.

Fanny lay back and closed her eyes and a tear trickled down her cheek. She was aroused by a footstep outside and then there was a knock on the door.

"C'm in," she called faintly and a figure in khaki stood on the threshold.

Fanny sat straight up in bed, her face flushed.

"Frank," she whispered and in a moment he was kneeling by the bed and holding her in his arms.

"Why didn't tha tell me, lass?" he murmured, his lips on her hair. "Why didn't tha let me know?"

"Ah did write, Frank," said Fanny gently.

"We never got ner mail in t'trenches," he told her. "But t' C.O. gi' me leave as soon as 'e read yer grandad's letter."

"Mi grandad wrote a letter?" asked Fanny in astonishment.

"Shouldna be 'ere else," replied Frank and he leaned over to look at the baby.

"It's a son," Fanny said proudly turning back the covers. Then, with a quiver in her voice, "'Ow long art stoppin'?"

"Long enough for us to git wed," was his answer, giving her a hug. "What'll we call 'im?"

Fanny put her hand on Frank's and laid her cheek against the baby's downy head.

"We'll call 'im Jim," she said. "After mi grandad."

Mam came in at the door and stopped short. For a moment she stood speechless, her hand over her mouth.

"Glory be," she breathed at last. "Bah goom, ah mun git dahn ter t'ives."


And she turned and ran down the garden path, repeating as she went,

"Weddin', birth an' buryin',

News from ovver t'seas,

'Appiness and worryin',

Tell it all ter t'bees."



Ben Bowers
Restaurant

AN EXHIBITION OF LOCAL ART AND CRAFT

FOR ONE WEEK COMMENCING

MON. 24 SEPTEMBER

AT

BEN BOWERS RESTAURANT, BLESSINGTON CARRIAGE

CHAPEL STREET.

ADMISSION FREE

DERBYSHIRE FESTIVAL: Joint winner of story competition.

PARADISE ROW by June Rose Hayes.

It is October. Shell-pink dawn hangs over the small Derbyshire border town. Day rises in mists hot and golden. The streets empty.

Houses creep as sleeping snails down to the meadowsweet green of the fields. The Erewash river bankslapping merrily towards the narrow-boat, reed-wedging, sidling, rocking canal, muffling laughter.

Tombstones guard the blushed-grey church of St. Mary's, towering like God on the hill, by the market square and the town hall. The yawning town is unfolding, shaking from sleep.

Folk still lie abed with sleep-smearred eyes, drowsing in half-forgotten dreams.

Small children jostle in large iron beds, plimsoles and wooden bricks strewn on rag-mats, cold water in jugs, stockings and boots lying neatly, candlestick and ticking clock on bedside table and 'Bless This House' covering the lifeless chimney-piece.

It is morning. A coming alive time. Untouched by hand, leaves fall, red, golden and dusty brown, skimming cobblestones and scooping into handfuls along walls and crunching dryly at gates.

Morning in Paradise Row, blossoming along back entries, twitchels, ash-tins and coal-houses, leap-frogging up threadbare stairs to back bedroom and into the oasis of childhood dreams.

A yawn, a giggle, a whisper, a quiet whistle, a warm promise of enchantment to come.

"Shurrup our Wilf, you'll wake little 'un."

Little 'Un lies at the bottom of the big iron bed which clangs every time they move. On either side of him are two pairs of bare child's feet.

"What is it?" comes a loud excited whisper, "when's it coming?" from a small fair curly haired boy. "When's it coming, Jody?" excitement stutters, "What's the surprise?"

"Give yer three guesses" comes the answering whisper under coverlets.

"Er...er" The young one hesitates, "A 'oliday from school."

"No, Codyed."

"Bread an' drippin' for tea instead of marge."

"Bomyed."

Silence.

"Tell us, Jody, tell us."

Jody relents like an indulgent benefactor.

"It's the an'l Il'son Fair thet's comin' to town next Thursday."

Eyes round with wonder greet this tale, almost with disbelief.

Promises and moonbeams, wishes and bluebirds!

" - with swing-boats an' coconut shies an' Dobby 'osses," excited whispers grow louder at each word, "an' hoop-la an' gypsies with crystal balls -"

"an' helter skelter,"

"an' pugilists,"

A quiet pause. "Pugilists." Then silence. Then repeated, "What's pugilists, Jody?"

A loud exaggerated sigh. "What's pugilists?" then importantly, "pugilists is boxers that fight in a square ring with a referee."

Wilf swallowing hard, daren't ask, "What's a referee?"

"Can we go?" Another silence.

"Can we go, Jody, can we?"

Miracles and tears and wonder and windjammers surfing through seas to treasure islands and magic carpets drifting into fairy kingdoms and into the Arabian Nights.

Jam jars. Words dance round in his head. Jam jars. Jam jars.

Rhythm and music.

He begins to sing softly under his breath,

"We're gooin' to the fair, gooin' to the fair,
Jars for a 'a'penny, gooin' to the fair."

Paradise Row continued

Sh! Little 'Un stirs

All the young ones are waking, the babies and the fussy mothers. Sleep flies away. Dreams depart.

Through scant breakfast, enigma persists.

To school, scuffing leaves like dropped gold coins, through lesson-laden day, riddles scythe.

To school-yard, puzzles dart and flit.

"Hey up, Jody," calls Davey, "gooin' to the ann'l fair?"

"O' course!"

"My dad's gi'en me sixpence, 'ow much you got?"

"Thet'd be tellin'"

"Tell us, Jody, tell us, then I'll gi'e yer one o' me aniseed balls."

"Don't like aniseed balls, thanks."

Sudden solution. Mrs. Robinson's shop.

Throat tightening, heart-thudding decision.

Night comes. Cotten-wool wisps shroud a silver moon. Stars sparkle diamonds. An owl's hoot is lost in a curve of sound. Bats skim through ghost-bound belfry.

Behind Mrs. Robinson's shop in the yard, the sightless eyed jars stand sentinel. Tottering awry.

Jody slides stealthy as a witch's cat spreading spells. Heart stopping moments. Nerve ends tingle his fingers.

Coconut shies dazzle his eyes, helter-skelters spin around his brain. Dobby horses swing and lurch, rifles crack in his head. Hushed secrets beckon from a gypsy ball.

Six jars cling under tattered jersey. A voice, drowsed with sleep calls:

"Who's there?" A curse and a... "Damn that stinkin' tom cat!"

Glass clear as church-bell chimes chink as Jody slinks by black-painted yard.

The slow breathing of night gives way to quiet rhythms and gentle movements of shadows and whispers.

Wind dawdles impishly with slippered feet through lonely twitchels.

A baby cries. In the wink of an eye, windows flicker bright, a fumbling at unbuttoned breast. Delicious peace...

"Somebody's been slinkin' round Mrs. Robinson's shop-yard at night!"

Palpitating glances over spartan meal.

"Might 'ave been the Thompson's cat, Mam."

"Cats don't steal jam-jars."

Round eyes stare with gloom and despair. Apprehension stings conscience.

Whorls of enchantment and wonder shake and shatter glassy brittle. Sickness clutches his stomach. Dreams die.

"Mam, 'ave y'any money to go to the fair?"

"Huh! Do yer think that's all I have to do with me hard-come-by cash? Give it you to throw away? Might as well chuck it down th' drain!"

"But Mam..."

"Stop mytherin' me. It's 'no' and that's final."

"A penny'll do."

An old boot misses Jody's head as he dives through the back door.

"Jody!"

"Mmm?"

"Shall we go to the fair, Jody, to see that coconut shies, an everythin', an pugilists?"

"Dunno."

"But Jody, you promised!"

"Didn't."

"Well you almost did."

"Aw shurrup, Wilf, we can't go and that's that. Mam says."

"Only 'cos we 'aven't got any 'a'pennies and pennies. Look Jody, look what I've found."

One of Jody's six jam jars appears. "If we take these back to Mrs. Robinson's shop we could get some pennies."

"Where d'y' find these?" asks Jody, fearfully.

"Back o' the coal 'us door."

(continued...)

Paradise Row cont.

"What yer want ter fish these out for?"

"There's five more, Jody, cum on, let's tak' 'em back."

"There might be trouble."

"What trouble Jody? These are worth money."

"I know they are, but..."

"Cum on Jody, the fair'll be gone by t'morrer. We won't get another chance."

Temptation and longing spill over him. Grasping Wilf's hand and the rest of the jam jars, they enter Mrs. Robinson's deliciously, warm-scented, home-baked cake, bread-scented shrine.

Throat-clutching, knee-knocking fear.

The door opens and the bell tinkles. Slivers of light stab Jody's eyes.

"Hey-up you young 'uns, my you've been gettin' through some jam lately. Happen yer Mam said she'd brought all her jars in on tuesday. Said she'd not had much jam for sunday tea just now."

Heart palpitates. Breath stops.

"Well, well, she must have missed these when shewor sorting out, I daresay."

A knowing look.

Twitching smiles come and go on Jody's face.

"'Ere yer are, me ducks. Seein' as 'ow they're two-pounders, 'ere's a bit extra."

Her blue eyes twinkle with sunshine humour.

"Go an' 'ave some fun at t'fair."

Care falls from Jody's young shoulder...

From the hill on the market place, glorious sights, smells and sounds call Jody and Wilf.

"An' will we 'ave enough left t' see the pug-pugilists, Jody?"

Shafts of evening sunlight spill liquid gold across the town.

AT LAST... Derby has an alternative bookshop.

A new bookshop has come to Derby.

Bookstall services have for some time offered a specialist mail-order and conference service to social workers, psychotherapists and others in related fields, originally from London, then Bristol. Last October it was taken over by Chris Forman and Roy Umney and moved to Derby where it has been run from cramped and inaccessible premises. Now they have achieved their original ambition and opened a retail bookshop (Forum Books) at 86 Abbey Street. As well as having available a wide range of social work books, Forum is expanding to other areas. At last books and periodicals on feminism, politics, radical psychology, ecology, third world are available in Derby.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH must be awarded to Steve Orme, the Derby Trader's pop columnist. Referring to Peter Cooke's most recent album our local music critic remarked with sagacity that Cook could be called "a punk in that he appears anti-establishment on this record although this is probably far too involved for punks to comprehend".

The title of his column was "How Does He Get Away With It?"

WANTED: LOCAL BANDS
OF PROVEN ABILITY FOR LEADING DERBY
VENUE. APPLY IN WRITING ONLY WITH
FULL DETAILS OF MUSIC TYPE AND
HISTORY TO: "BANDS", 27 ORDISH AVENUE,
CHADDESSEN, DERBY.

The Derbyshire Festival organisers kindly gave us permission to reprint the winning entries for their literary competitions. Numerous entries were attracted for both the poetry and the story sections, and the Festival Director, Brian Stewart, declared that although the judges were looking for strength of Derbyshire connection rather than literary quality, "the standard of both was extremely high". It would have been a good idea for the Festival to have issued a modestly-produced publication containing a varied selection of the entries. However, so that they do not become entirely lost from view, we have reprinted both the winning stories and the winner and runners-up of the poetry section. The first prize in the poetry competition went to the poem entitled 'Arbor Low'. Copyright for all reprinted material is with Derbyshire Festival 1979.

ARBOR LOW

Blade sharp the whetted wind
which sacrificed our flesh
upon the brooding hill.
A sudden stinging reel of snowflakes
gummed our lashes stiff to frozen cheeks.

Stark, under timeless skies,
we saw the circling mound
enclosing neolithic darkness
in its sombre stones.
Here the naked people fell,
crushed by incantation,
waiting for the crouching light to
spring;

here the priest with fiery sickle
trapped the sun-god's beauty
in a noose of pain.

Flare of torch on sweating skin,
smell of resin, scent of blood;
thrill of dark stones' crimson
flowering,
savage thrill of mindless chanting,
ritual of death in life.

We stood aghast,
stricken by our blood's remembering;
suddenly aware
of life's brief treachery...
the silent dust in fallen sanctuaries.

Then
the children took the stones by storm,
flung their morning bodies
to the flailing wind,
abandoned, dancing, in a maze of snow.
Their beauty, frail as apple blow,
defying time's decrees -
challenging the earth's power.

O not the broken stones,
the burial mounds of men,
can move to pity and to tears -
but these
our children dancing on the bones
of temples in an hour
undesecrated yet by all the years,
blithe hostages to sacrificial time.

RITA PECK.

PAEAN FOR PEAKLAND

Shire of Derby, queen of counties,
Sing we of her beauties rare;
Blessed with wealth of nature's bounties,
Graced with charms beyond compare;
From wild Kinder's northern vastness
To the Trent's green smiling plain;
From the ancient Peveril fastness
South to Melbourne's Norman fane.

Rugged heart of England's treasures,
Richly laid in rock and soil;
Where man mined the deep coal measures
Through long years of grinding toil.
Arbor Low's strange stones so hoary,
Roads where trod the Roman van,
All proclaim her timeless story
From the days of early man.

Caverns, vast beyond revealing
Secrets hid in womb of earth,
Feed the spas with waters healing,
Springs which give her rivers birth;
Peerless dales, where Dove and Derwent
Through fantastic gorges flow,
While the gentle Wye, so pleasant,
Glides by Haddon's walls below.

Then to Chatsworth homage render,
Famous palace of the Peak;
And to Hardwick's noble splendour,
If the arts inspired you seek.
Quaint, the unique waters' blessing;
When each village, thanks to show,
Decks its wells in flow'ry dressing
For the unfailing fountains' flow.

With such beauty all abounding,
Senses, lost in wonder grow;
Soft, the air of peace surrounding,
In the evening's radiant glow.
Those who seek such haunts entrancing,
Here will find th' ultimate prize,
As they tread the paths enchanting
Of this demi-paradise.

JOHN GREATOREX

TRIPPERS

We love a run to Derbyshire, me and my
old lass,
To sit at side 'o Fox House Road and
picnic on the grass.
Wife and me 'ave a coucil flat an't
garden is a box.
There's nowt like that in Derbyshire,
Just miles o' moors and rocks.

On a sunday if it's fine a lot of folk
gets out,
But me an't lass, we're used to folks -
To us alt' crowds are now't.

On shifts I work in't foundry,
Stoking up for t' steel,
Me weekend off's but one in three,
And tha can imagine how that feels.

Out 'ere tha's left alt' smoke behind,
Bar occasional Park Drive tipped.
We like to just relax, unwind,
To get away from't city's grime,
And enjoy alt' beauty on its step.
We've been to Monsal, Lathkill and Hope,
And parked on't Winnatts Pass.
There's nowt like a run in Derbyshire
To me and my old lass.

We've seen Little John's grave at
Hathersage,
An't sheep dog trials an' all.
Horses jumping at Chatsworth House,
An 'ad a trip round Haddon Hall.

Though we 'aven't got a lot o' brass,
We've saved some year by year,
And when t'work sends me out to grass,
We'll retire to Derbyshire.

RICHARD CRABTREE.

A DERBYSHIRE DREAM

I stood on Chevin's hill and saw
The legions marching by;
I leaned on Swarkestone's ancient bridge
And heard the clansmen cry;
I rode with Cromwell's ironclad men
En route to Hopton Hall;
I walked in Wingfield Manor
With the saddest Queen of all.

I heard the cries of children
As I passed by Litton Mill;
I saw lead miners scrambling
Out of Wirksworth's riddled hill;
Upon St. Mary's Bridge I heard
The Padley Martyrs scream;
I counted all the crosses
On the cottage doors of Eyam.

I joined the merry Morris men
In Winster's village street;
I heard the monks of Darley
Chanting plainsong, pure and sweet;
I spoke with simple Quakers
In the Fritchley days of yore;
I saw the pagans worshipping
Their gods on Stanton Moor.

I stood in Repton's age-old crypt
And sensed the Saxons there;
I sat on Haddon's terraces
And breathed the peaceful air;
I watched the folk of Tissington
Adorn their wells with flowers;
I blessed the chequered story
Of this Derbyshire of ours.

MARION HOLDEN.



**Ben Bowers
Restaurant**

BACKGAMMON KNOCKOUT COMPETITION SAT SEPTEMBER 1ST

COMMENCES AT 2.30 P.M.

1ST PRIZE £80.00

2ND PRIZE £40.00

3RD PRIZE EVENING MEAL FOR 2

AT BEN BOWERS RESTAURANT

JUDGED BY ROLLS ROYCE BACKGAMMON CLUB. ENTRY FEE £5

DIRECTORY

LIVE MUSIC

August

| | | | |
|-----|----|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| Sun | 26 | Alien Tint | Bell Hotel |
| | 26 | Poster | Bull & Bush, Mackworth |
| Mon | 27 | Benny Gardstein's Houseshakers | Fighting Cocks, Sinfin |
| Tue | 28 | Shattered Dolls | Bell Hotel |
| Wed | 29 | Lammerguere | Bell Hotel |
| | 29 | Benny Gardstein's Houseshakers | Fighting Cocks, Sinfin |
| Tue | 30 | Cyclone Eddie | Bell Hotel |

September

| | | | |
|-----|----|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Sun | 2 | Roaring Jelly | Derby Playhouse |
| | 2 | Driver | Bull & Bush, Mackworth |
| | 2 | Chris Blount Jazz Band | Bell Hotel |
| Tue | 4 | L.T.V. | Bell Hotel |
| Wed | 5 | Bacchus Blateau | Bell Hotel |
| | 5 | Benny Gardstein's Houseshakers | Fighting Cocks, Sinfin |
| Thu | 6 | Scorch | Bell Hotel |
| Sun | 9 | Flame | Bull & Bush, Mackworth |
| Mon | 10 | Police | Assembly Rooms |
| Tue | 11 | The Outsiders & Scissor Fits | Bell Hotel |
| Wed | 12 | The Innocents | Bell Hotel |
| | 12 | Benny Gardstein's Houseshakers | Fighting Cocks, Sinfin |
| Thu | 13 | Peachey Street Flicks | Bull & Bush, Mackworth |
| | 13 | Lammarguere | Bell Hotel |
| Sun | 16 | The Yettis | Derby Playhouse |
| | 16 | Chris Blount Jazz Band | Bell Hotel |
| | 16 | Poster | Bull & Bush, Mackworth |
| Tue | 18 | The Trend | Bell Hotel |
| | 18 | Loudon Wainwright III | Assembly Rooms |
| Wed | 19 | Benny Gardstein's Houseshakers | Fighting Cocks, Sinfin |
| | 19 | Control Chaos | Bell Hotel |
| Thu | 20 | Low C | Bell Hotel |
| Wed | 26 | George Melly | Talk of the Midlands |
| | 26 | Benny Gardstein's Houseshakers | Bull & Bush, Mackworth |
| | 26 | Cold Storage | Bell Hotel |
| Sat | 28 | Neil Ardley Synthesiser music | St Martin's Church, Osmaston |
| Sun | 29 | Flame | Bull & Bush, Mackworth |
| | 29 | Chris Blount Jazz Band | Bell Hotel |

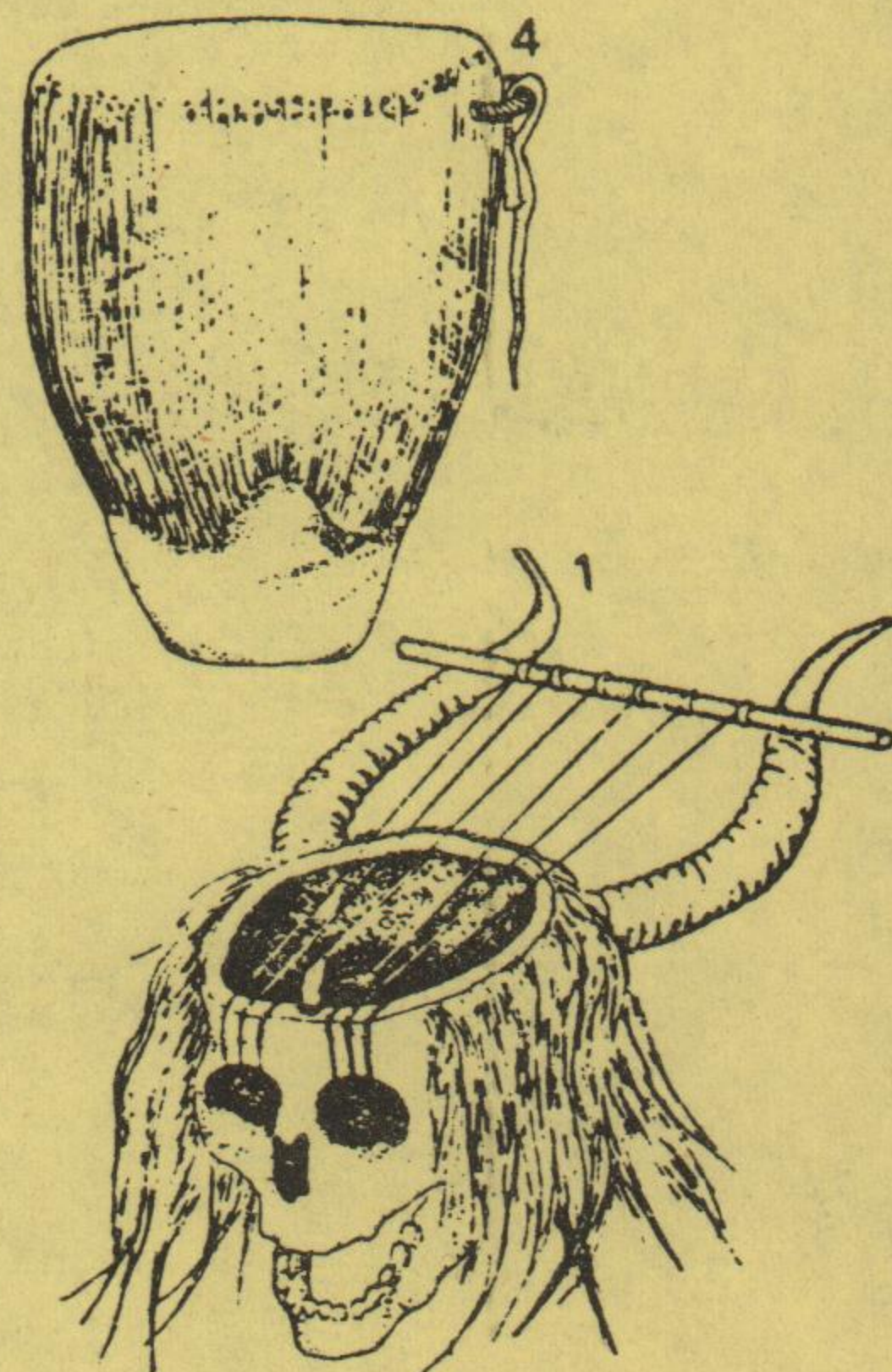
FOLK MUSIC

(traditional) Paesemouldia, Station Inn, Midland Rd
 Aug 23 Singers Night, 30th Ossian - Shetland band
 Sept 6th Doug Porter, 13th Bob Chiswick, 20th Roy Harris
 27th Singers' Night. All thursdays, 8pm.

Mumpers Ceilidh Club, The Meadows, New Cattle Market.
 Alternate sundays 8pm. Aug 19th, Sept 2nd, 16th, 30th.
 Resident band: Rams Bottom.

(contemporary) The Blessington Carriage, Chapel Street.
 Sunday & Monday evenings. Resident & guest singers.

Sat 1st September Ilam Folk Festival, Ilam Hall nr. Ashbourne. Music, arts & crafts.





DIRECTORY
CONTINUED

DRAMA & DANCE

Aug 28 - Sept 8 *Otherwise Engaged* by Simon Gray. Derby Playhouse
 Aug 31 *Bonnie Prince Charlie's Gone Awa*. Marlowe Players. Guildhall.
 Sept 7 & 8 *Silk* by Gordon Bewley Derby Youth Theatre Guildhall
 Sept 12-29 *Ten Times Table* by Alan Ayckbourn Derby Playhouse
 Sept 18-29 *The Daughter-in-Law* by D.H. Lawrence Derby Playhouse Studio.
 Sept 20 Dance works. Artstart. Derby College of F.E. Wilmorton.

EXHIBITIONS

To Sept 15 Derbyshire Artists. Green Lane Art Gallery.
 To Aug 31 *Water Colours* by Brian Stanton. St Michael's Gallery, off Irongate.
 Sept 3- 15 *Derbys*. Guild of Artists & Craftsmen. " " " "
 Sept 4 *Caring for the Collection - Museum in action*. Derby Museum.
 Sept 20-28 *Creative Textiles*. Childrens' work. Derby Cathedral.
 Sept 24-29 *Local Art & Craft*. Ben Bower's Restaurant, Chapel St.

MUSIC

| | | |
|---------|--|-----------------|
| Sept. 1 | Edwardian Musical Evening | Guildhall |
| 22 | Renaissance Evening of Music & Dance | Guildhall |
| 22 | Festival Concert English Sinfonia | Derby Cathedral |
| 23 | Viennese evening | Derby Playhouse |
| 21 | Flamenco music by Paco Pena | Assembly Rooms |
| 25 | Festival Concert with Osian Ellis, harpist | Derby Cathedral |
| 27 | Praetorius Consort | Derby Cathedral |
| 29 | Cantabile | Derby Cathedral |