

ultimatum2003

annual UK ultimate magazine







Index

Editor's Note

Was it a 'D' or was it a foul?

Anyone who saw the finals at this UK Nationals is sure to remember Roger Thomson's spectacular 'double happiness' when he made a block to stop Leeds scoring (pictured, left) then ran the length of the pitch to receive the score in his own endzone.

This photographic evidence might suggest that it was a foul after all! However, just like England Vs Germany in 1966, the game is over now, and nothing can change the decisions made during the game. The difference between that game where they kick a ball around and Ultimate is that these decisions were made by the players on-pitch.

Of course it's this 'Spirit' that separates our sport from any other, and it's a credit to the people who play it, that even at the highest competitive level, teams manage to 'play to win' without compromising our ideas of sportsmanship. In fact this final was one of the best spirited games I have seen; there were a few calls and stoppages but nobody lost their cool (much) and both teams really wanted to win and gave it everything they had. That is what 'the Spirit of the Game' is all about. It's not about singing a nice song or walking in a circle slapping hands.

In this issue I have tried to reflect the rise in the quality of British Ultimate by focussing on the success stories of the teams that made it to the top.

Jack Goolden

Paganello	4 - 7
Junior Ultimate	8
Fluid Druids Obituary	9
The Tour	10 - 11
Big Squad Management	12
UK Nationals	13
Finalist Interviews	14 - 15
Caladonian Beach Ultimate	16
'The Makings' do Glastonbury ..	17
Euro 2003	18 - 25
Women	19
Masters	20
Mixed	21
Open	22 - 25
JJ's Technique Toolbox	26
Crossword Competition	27

COVER: IAIN THACKRAH. LEEDS' VS. CLAPHAM, THE FINAL, UK NATIONALS.

INSIDE COVER: ROGER THOMSON'S 'D'
LEEDS' VS. CLAPHAM, THE FINAL, UK NATIONALS.
PHOTOS © PAUL HURT 2003, paulhurt@phmm.com

IAN PEARMAIN TAKES THE DISC AGAINST ALEX NORD
CHEVRON SOUTH VS. CLAPHAM, UK NATIONALS.

PHOTO © JOHN KINSEY 2003 www.jonspphotos.org.uk/ultimate

PAGE 3 GIRLS, KINDLY PROVIDED BY THE GB MIXED SQUAD
PHOTO: © THIERRY GUYONNET 2003

ROBERT ALPEN MARKING ROGER BRALOW, CHEVRON SOUTH VS. CLAPHAM, UK NATIONALS.

MATT 'HICKEY' WOODS AND IAN PEARMAIN, CHEVRON SOUTH VS. CLAPHAM, UK NATIONALS.
PHOTOS © ADAM KEEN 2003 www.imagestation.com





GREAT 'D' - PAGANELLO 2003
PHOTO: © BARBARA ZONZIN 2003
www.paganello.com

IT'S THAT EASY - MIKE GRANT - NOTSUOH, PAGANELLO 2003
PHOTO © ADAM KEEN 2003
www.imagestation.com





Revenge or Retrieval?

Bliss is a familiar team to everyone in UK ultimate, and due to the continued successes of the team at international tournaments the Bliss name has become well respected throughout the ultimate community. This has certainly not hurt the increasing credibility of UK players amongst the top European and US teams. Paga 2003 was a chance to put Bliss back at the top. The strategy was simple; 'play to win'. The hurt of losing in the semi-finals in 2002 was still fresh and after the disappointing result last year and equally disappointing amount of support, we were ready to fire on all cylinders. (It is certainly amazing how losing endears you to the crowd).

Friday was a time to get down to business. The morning started off with an easy first game against the developing Swiss chicken team. It allowed Bliss to work out our own nerves, remember what we do well and what needed improvement. In the end the game was very one sided (15-2). The 2nd game saw the French team, Droles

et Dames fight bravely at the beginning, with a couple of very talented players. Although they tired quickly showing how important depth is, a lesson we also learnt last year. Ramona provided no great challenge (15-4) to close out a successful first day with spectacular catches worth a mention: Tara Jewell's 'helicopter' catch and Maria Cahill's layout hammer grab.

On Saturday Rimini must have been the windiest place in the world. The first game against the tricky Finns' 'Maitotyot' showed that their inside-out sidearms are as precise as ever. With everyone on the sideline shouting, "hands low!" we finally started to listen. The cap went at 8-6 with Bliss extending their lead to win 9-6. The second game of the day versus rapidly improving CUSB (Bologna) was the worst conditions on the worst pitch. It was difficult to look towards the direction of the wind without exfoliating your eyeballs, and Pitch 2 was a tiny (indoor scale) diagonal pitch. The game traded

pretty evenly with CUSB eventually going up by one. Most of the CUSB scores were from long upwind (!) hucks to a waiting Italian player. Slack D gave them an opportunity to produce some easy scores. In direct contrast, Bliss scored each point by the handlers carefully working the disc, completing an impressive 30+ throws to literally 'walk the disc in'. Although the relative time it took us to score was 3 times longer than the skillful Italians, it was very safe. It really was handling skill in terrible conditions and ice cool heads (Anna, Claire and Laura) that brought the score back from 4-5 to win the game 8-5. So with the hard work done for the day we had a break with Tequila Boom Boom who did not pack the punch of the Bologna women and finished it off convincingly (14-4).

Sunday started off with a fabulous game, centre stage with those 'never say die' Dutch. The game was immensely hard-fought. The spectacular D Katey Forth put on Nicolette provided many double



 KATEY FORTH ON 'D' AGAINST NICOLETTE VERHEEM - BLISS VS. OLD ONES, PAGANELLO 2003
PHOTO: © BARBARA ZONZIN 2003
www.paganello.com

 'TLL BE HAVING THAT' DAMIAN SCOTT (NOTSUOH) AGAINST ALEX NORD (UTI) - OPEN FINAL, PAGANELLO 2003.

 AURALYN MACKENZIE - BLISS VS. COASTAL TENDENCIES - WOMEN'S FINAL, PAGANELLO 2003.
PHOTOS: © MARCUS LUST 2003
www.markus-lust.de





layout bids. In terms of a desire to win the Dutch didn't let up until the very end of the game. Whereas their O matched up very evenly with the Bliss D, the Bliss O was unstoppable - finally ending the enjoyable and crowd-pleasing game 11-6. This moved us straight into the knockout stage of the tournament where Bliss and Atlanta remained the only 2 unbeaten teams. The quarter-finals saw a rematch with the Germans 'shoot from the hip'. The game lacked the intensity of last year and Bliss D and O flowed convincingly (15-4). Semi-finals saw the Australian/German combination team 'Wodda Lodda Hoodda' who despite putting up a brave fight were tiring from a smaller core of crucial players (11-6).

The projected Final: Bliss v Atlanta (including 6 worlds finalists) was not to be. An official complaint from the Atlanta women about the uneven groups was proved unfounded by their subsequent loss to Maitotyot, CUSB and then the Dutch to finish 8th! Coastal Tendencies who had lost to Atlanta during the windy lunch time game proved their Paga experience by pushing past Maitotyot in their semi to meet Bliss in the final.

The final stage was set. It was as if all of Bliss could finally relax after reaching the final. Although those playing in front of the imposing Paga crowds for the first time admitted to finals jitters, but this did not translate to their play. Coastal Tendencies brought a strong hucking

game, and some quick runners, but Bliss came out hard and fast and managed to get a two point lead. The intensity increased towards the half when Bliss were playing with control and had secured a comfortable lead, 8-3. In the second half Coastal tendency did bring a surge of good play and strung a couple points together. Although in the end their D was not quick enough to match the swift and accurate Bliss O. The final finished with the convincing score 14-8.

The secret to the Bliss success was producing a solid team effort, including team Doctor Sundeep Dhillon. It was the finest performance from any female British team and the warm support from the crowd was touching. With more all-star American teams coming to Paganello and expecting to win it is great to see a European team performing at the highest level. Next year is a massive year: Bliss will be attempting to be the first ever team to win Paganello 5 times! With No Tsu Oh clipping at our record heels we hope to remain one win ahead.

Bliss Paga Team 2003: Kim Albright, Maria Cahill, Lauren Cappell, Katey Forth, Rebecca Forth(C), Kathryn Gould, Tara Jewell(C), Emily Lyons, Auralyn McKenzie, Jess McNeely, Anna Nelson, Claire Parker, Laura Pearce, Hanna Pesola.

Rebecca Forth





OLIVER 'SKIPP' SCOPPIE
PHOTO: © ANDY KAYLEY 2003
www.ultimate-photos.co.uk

1995 BRUGGE CHAMPIONS: PATCH WINNER, WAYNE RETTER, WAYNE DAVEY, KARL MANN, PAUL 'SONIC' SCHURICHT, GUY BOWLES (TROUSERS AROUND ANKLES), ALAN BALDWIN, ADAM 'FATBOY' BATCHELOR, IAN STEBBING (TROUSERS AROUND ANKLES).

'TRUST ME, I'M A DRUID' - NEIL TRAVERS AND PATRICK 'PATCH' WINNER

ADAM HARRAS IN HIS 'PURPLE SCUM' DAYS

PHOTOS: © WAYNE RETTER 2003

<http://£2.pg.photos.yahoo.com/smalldogyapping>

Junior Ultimate

Baltic Championships

The Great Britain open junior team went into this competition on the back of some good results in tour 2&3 and the Brit open. The championships consisted of the 5 teams to play a round robin pool before semi-finals and final.

For a few of the players that had gone to the worlds in Latvia it was an opportunity to get revenge on Russia Sweden and Latvia who had all beaten a poorly organised GB team the previous year. After arriving the day before, and having uncomfortable nights sleep on a classroom floor the first game was against Russia and although the pitches looked like the after-math of the caddy shack films, GB strapped up their ankles and started well.

The first point was an amazing Mack-layout point caught by Skipp! Which set the whole tone for the tournament. The massive cheer itself must have sent shivers down the Borgs spine! We continued to play well with some strong defence and chilled offense, we were trying to run through the structure we had talked about the night before - and the game ended comfortably with GB winning 17-6.

The Russians had great spirit and became some of our biggest supporters as the tournament progressed. There then followed a suitably British, rocking the shirt swapping night hard, with complete control of the dance floor! The next day saw GB take on the Estonian and Latvian teams, both games where awesome, with GB taking the first half 9-0 against Estonia before letting a lucky disc scrape through for their one and only score, the final score was a confidence building 17-1, The Latvian game was much harder fought, and was the first indication that this Junior team had some serious quality after a close first half Latvia didn't score and we ran out 17-3 winners!!

The party that night was inappropriately set in a disused factory and would have been shut down in the UK for the sheer illegality of it! Despite this GB partied hard and skanked the night away! Saturday came and so came the show down against the European champions: Sweden!

After suffering injuries the day before and an air of nervousness GB decided to play hard and see what happened! What happened was that we spanked them so

hard we could hardly believe it ourselves! A comment from one of the Swedes after the game was "that it turns out GB have good offense and defence" Dam straight we did and we showed it to them with outrageous shows and celebrations!

This left the junior team in an unusual position, unbeaten after the pool play and an easier semi against Russia. Finals day and we had already won the psychological battle. We had played hack with the Swedish girls team late into the night, although at one o'clock the boys coach came up to tell us to be quiet as the Borg were trying to sleep. We had pre booked taxis to get us to the pitches an hour before the other teams and as a chirpy Swedish team came round the corner assuming we had missed the bus, the sight of GB team already drilling, made their jaws drop.

Our semi was against a strengthened Russian side, and our first half was poor losing the half 9-8! But after a bo##king at half time we took 9 straight points and eased into the final 17-9!

So the re-match against Sweden was set up and what a re-match it was!

Probably the best game I've ever played in. Sweden took an early lead but at 3-3 GB tighten up the zone and took the half 9-5 with some amazing layout-D's and pin point hucking between Hag and Beavan! The second half was tense with them trading up to 14-12 where we entered the cap to 16. Some sweet offense between the Thundercats and LD made it 15-12, then Sweden pushed hard and squeezed two straight points to leave us slightly pressured, but after several throw-aways, we finally brought it home to win 16-14. For the first time ever a GB junior team had won an international championship, beating the European champions in the process and leaving undefeated with a positive points score of 59! Celebrations were left until the following night but don't worry we represented!

The whole team deserves all the credit in the world for the way they handled themselves without a coach, and the respect we gained from every single person at the tournament reflects the spirit of the team and how well the team performed together! GB HELL YEAH!

Matt 'Daddy' Beavan (Capt.)



Fluid Druids 1981-2003 R.I.P (or not as the case may be)

23 years of playing ultimate, making the Fluid Druids the oldest non university Ultimate team in the land. Admittedly we did not start off being called Druids. It began in Ross on Wye and unsurprisingly we were initially called Ross! (Yeah suck it up Clapham and LeedsLee... you weren't the first to come out with the original idea of naming yourself by location!) That was for almost 6 months, before we called ourselves Tetragrammaton (that's the four powerful words in white magic, or something?) and then several years later Scorpions. Oh yeah, we were rubbish! No, I really mean rubbish. In my first 3 years of playing (I joined 3 months after the start) I think we were the worst team in the league for at least two of them!

It wasn't until 1990 that the name got changed to Fluid Druids and things really started looking up. It wasn't changed because of a new team forming from the ashes of the old, although through time many people have come and gone, we changed the name as with the two previous names because the old one sucked! Admittedly 1990 and 91 saw an influx of ex Warwick Bears and the end of our weekly training sessions in Monmouth and also saw the advent of Purple as the true colour for TheUltimateFrisbeeTeam. It is also the time when (I have to say my favourite Druids side but far from the most pleasant!) Druids earned the dislike of the

British Ultimate scene and the love of the European scene. It was always bizarre to be the team everyone loved to hate in England, to then pop across to the continent and be the most popular team at a tournament.

Maybe it is no surprise that in the early 90s Druids became the most travelled Ultimate team in the world with a best of 1 believe 7 European tournaments including 2 scandinavian and a weekend trip to Washington DC for the Fools Fest. Druids also became the team that loved to just miss out! The number of times that we have been second or third at Nationals is only topped by the number of times that abysmal Redskins/Hombres/Shotgun/Clapham lot kept winning it.

Through the years we have had many players join for long periods, many for just a season and a whole raft who have guested for a tournament abroad (Yeah Harry Golby - photos don't lie!). We were, for a while, the training ground for British ultimate with some of the best known faces having worn the dreaded purple. We won a few tournaments, we dominated indoors in the 90s so much that that London crew had to call it schmindors 'cause Oz, Schofield, Toy, Arum, Roger, Olie, Duggie etc just couldn't live with the purple scum.

Over the years we have played hard partied hard and suffered in the morning

for it! For me Druids will always be The Ultimate Frisbee Team, because although the dynamic of the team was sometimes bizarre, occasionally arrogant, recently hysterical (Yeah Sanj) it has always been solid - with al, fighting each other, until someone outside had the audacity to join in and give us a target :-)

For me the some of the legends of Ultimate are from this team, Paul Macer-Wright club founder, Andrew Perkins (RIP), David "the boy" Beale, Andrew "AC" Christoffi, Jeff Jackson, Myles Kelvin, Ian Stebbing, Karl Mann, Chris Hughes and Wayne Retter. All larger than life. All at the very least can be described as full on, but all of the right stuff. The worst part of seeing my team of 23 years cease to be, is that, it is not only a sad occasion but a happy one, because it means that our sport, in our country has moved on so much, that we can no longer be just geo, which Druids have qualified as for quite a number of years. We now need to live close enough to make training painless (to get to!), squad sizes big enough to run more than one team and be able to train multiple times a week. So I can't even mope that much!

Goodbye Druids, Long live British Ultimate and here is to adding Worlds Gold to the Europeans gold we already have.

Adam Batchelor, Fluid Druids #1



FLUID DRUIDS



The Tour

This was another fantastic year for the Tour. International success, both at club and National team level have shown how valuable regular tough competition is to Britain and this year's series of four tournaments was arguably the most open and competitive since the Tour started in 1997.

In the top 16, around 160 games were played! All the way through the rankings, there were regular upsets and dramatic swings in fortune. Ben Mitchell (Leeds³) looks at a selection of key matches which tell the story of the 2003 Tour.

Chevron Action Flash South v Clapham 1, Tour 1 - Final, Bristol.

The tour usually starts with a fair degree of speculation about prospective fortunes of each team. The question that has often been asked in recent years is when the Clapham domination at the top of British Ultimate will end. Well, at 11-4 up in the final of Tour 1, most would have answered 'not very soon'. However, an unexpected blip for the London side saw them lose their convincing lead, and eventually the final, to their newly formed neighbours: Chevron Action Flash South. An exciting start, but the fortunes of those two teams were to vary considerably in following tournaments.



LeedsLeedsLeeds 1 v TeamShark, Tour 2 - pool play, Daventry.

These two teams probably started the season with similar goals – make some Tour finals and have a go at winning one for the first time. Making semi's was proving pretty tricky for both teams at this stage of the Tour. Leeds and the Sharks had met in what was effectively a quarter final at Tour 1, and Leeds had prevailed in sudden death - despite a turnover-inducing illegal time-out call that nearly cost us the game in the last point.

This time the Sharks won a topsy-turvy game that saw both teams go on big runs of points. It seemed at this stage that with the in-form Chevron South still to play we may have failed to make semi's, only for TeamShark to lose to the Druids and Leeds to beat the Tour 1 winners and start a run of form that nearly took us all the way to winning the tournament. In the end we lost the final to Clapham 17-15.

JESPER CALLS 'UP' FROM THE SIDE-LINE, BUT ALEX BOWERS HAS ALREADY GOT THE PASS OUT TO SAM WEBBER, CHEVRON NORTH VS. CLAPHAM, THE FINAL, TOUR 3.

CHECK OUT THAT WING-SPAN! DAVE SEALY LINING UP FOR TAKE OFF- CHEVRON NORTH VS. CLAPHAM, THE FINAL, TOUR 3.

DAVE GRAYSON CATCHES A PASS FROM ROB MITCHELL INSIDE THE CLAPHAM CUP. ROB ALPEN ALMOST GETS A HAND ON IT. CHEVRON NORTH VS. CLAPHAM, THE FINAL, TOUR 3.

TIM ROGERS, CHEVRON NORTH VS. TEAMSHARK, TOUR 3.

PHOTOS: © JACK GOOLDEN 2003
www.malago.co.uk

Plastic Factory v Fusion 1, Tour 2 5/12 knockout stage, Daventry.

A little further down the rankings at the same tournament was one of the most important games of the season in terms of its repercussions.

By winning this sudden death game and beating Tour 1 semi-finalists Fusion, Bristol took their first step into the promised land of the top eight. This was to give them invaluable experience of playing more games against the top teams. For Fusion it was a major setback to their early season progress, though to their credit they fought back strongly later in the season to finish fifth at Tour 4 and got their revenge over Bristol in the 7/8 playoff at nationals.





Chevron North v LeedsLeedsLeeds, Tour 3 - pool play, Southampton.

After our successes of Tour 2, we in LeedsLeedsLeeds had high hopes for Tour 3 at Southampton. However, after a six week gap between the tournaments during which many of our players had their minds on other things – much of it GB related – we found ourselves struggling to gel on the Saturday of Tour 3. After losing to the Fluid Druids in our first game, it was vital that we beat Chevron North to give ourselves a chance of playing in another semi final. In spite of our morning defeat, we still had plenty of reason to be confident.

Our previous meeting with the team from the wrong side of the Pennines had finished with an emphatic 17-4 score in our favour. However, this was a much more determined bunch of Mancs we were up against and they got revenge on us as a resurgent Harry ‘the Goobernator’ Golby led Chevron to a 17-14 win and eventually a place in the final. There they met Clapham, who by now had put their Tour 1 nightmare behind them and were looking as dominant as ever, winning the final as comfortably as they had won every other game that weekend.

Plastic Factory v Chevron South, Tour 3 - 5/8 knockout, Southampton.

I mentioned earlier the invaluable experience that Bristol gained by beating Fusion at Daventry. I think the best example of that came when they faced Chevron South at Southampton. Finding themselves 14-7 up and game to 15 against an exhausted and possibly a little demoralised Chevron team gave Bristol great pleasure at the prospect of moving further up the rankings. But that game wasn’t over yet.

Nick ‘Mango’ Smith, Ian Pearmain and Roger Bralow had different ideas as they and their battered and bruised team mates staged an almighty comeback attempt with some at times dogged, but also spectacular play. Before they knew it, Bristol had lost their lead and found themselves playing in sudden death. It was only now that they managed to pull themselves together and put in a smooth offense point to win the game 15-14. Chevron came under some criticism for not having enough fit players to play their last game against BAF (who thus came 7th, their best result of the season), but I think it was worth it for the entertainment that it gave the many people that gathered to watch them play so well against Bristol.

LeedsLeedsLeeds 2 v TeamShark, Tour 3 - 9/13 knockout, Southampton.

On the pitch next to the Chevron South/BPF game was a pretty exciting game in itself that illustrated to me how strong the Tour is nowadays. Team Shark, having been knocked out of the top 8 by BAF, found themselves up against early season rivals, Leeds. But it was our second team and we only lost in sudden death. While I’m sure the Sharks would claim to not be at their strongest that weekend, the fact that a twelfth ranked team could come so close to a team that had nearly made semis in each of the previous two Tours shows that there are very few easy games.

Clapham 1 v LeedsLeedsLeeds 1, Tour 4 Final, Edinburgh.

The last word still goes to Clapham. Like last year, they responded to a faltering start to the season and went on to win Tours 2, 3 and 4. Each of their final wins was different. At Tour 2 they won a close game because they didn’t turn over. At Tour 3 they won fairly comfortably. At Tour 4, they were a bit short of players and went behind in the final. But their fitness, practices and resultant belief pulled them through. Some people are pretty fed up with seeing them win all the time, but I suppose, begrudgingly, when I’m in a happy mood, I have to give them some respect. They set the standard and next year we’ll all try our hardest to beat it. I can’t wait.

A final comment on spirit. There are always going to be disputes over calls and interpretation of the rules. This year it seems that all of the top teams in the Tour were aware of that fact and therefore tried to work it out amicably. That’s how it should be and thank you to all the teams that we played for making an effort to play fairly.

Ben ‘Hooves’ Mitchell
LeedsLeedsLeeds #29



Big Squad Management

Fresh back from the victorious foray into Europe, and still not bored of showing off his gold medal, Mr Hill managed to find some time to write down a few ideas that helped the GB Open squad in Euro2003.

1. O and D. I really believe in O and D (squad size permitting). Everyone understands how after getting a block it is really easy to bung the disc away and fail to score! A main reason is that to play good D you get all hyped up. But when you try to play O in this state you will frequently find that you are a liability! You must score when you are on O - it's not worth compromising this. So pick a strong part of your squad and agree that they will primarily play O. This frees this group of players from the struggle of switching their mental state every couple of minutes. Of course - the D line still has to cope with scoring when they get a block - but when your D line becomes invincible, the offense line only has to score once!

2. Big squads. You need a big squad. (OK - you don't always need one - but to win, say Nationals, you do.) How many? Well let's start with around 14, but more is fine. But how do you manage this many players, all keen to be on the pitch? - The team needs to buy into certain truths:

a) Not everyone gets to play as much as everyone else. Some players don't play at crunch time. If they don't walk off the captain should tell them to get off.

b) Everyone in the team needs to believe in this. For Europeans we took 25 players. This was a decision that we all discussed. We encouraged each other to think about how it would feel to get to the final and NOT play! It's a team game. I am convinced that open discussion about this idea and the fact that we were all prepared to do it made the team stronger.

c) The flip side of this is just as important. You must trust the whole squad. This can be difficult in teams where the gap in ability across the team is large, but in the end if you are going to win, you are going to have to trust each other.

d) But what about the "I'm not playing enough points" issue? One of the great benefits of playing O and D lines is that people on e.g. the O line, never even consider that they would play D - so they don't perceive that they are missing out on playing time when the team is on D -

and vice versa. There is one potential problem here - see "Golden Rules".

e) The people on the sideline can help - especially on D. This is really valuable. Good information from the side gets blocks. This can vary from screaming at your team mate (this works for people like Guy Bowles - but in general isn't that useful), or providing information about what the O is doing (particularly useful for the guy marking the dump), to complete remote control (I won't name names here). After a while, people find that some team-mates really give them good instructions. In GB Open this year we had a buddy system (each player had a buddy). There are lots of good reasons for doing this - looking after each other, etc, but one of the best reasons is that you start to get a consistent voice on the sideline giving you information about what's going on on the field. This is very effective.

3. Change things during the game.

Even when you think your 'man on man', 'one way force' is killing the opposition, change it. Do something else. Throw a zone, or junk. Even if it's not windy. Or change the force. Anything. Don't let the O settle. This will have the additional effect of making the original D even more effective. Don't take my word for it - try it. A word of warning though - it takes courage to do this. Some of your team mates will panic and say, "NO NO we're getting D's with what we are doing. We should stick with it." Your team mate is WRONG. The O will adapt to your best D and you will have a problem. The same goes for O: You have to change things around. Even when everything seems fine - but especially when you feel that the D is beginning to figure out what's happening.

4. The pull. Good pulls are very important. Decide who the pullers are on your team. Get them to practice. And then leave them to do the pulling. A big game is not the time to suddenly let anyone who happens to be holding the disc practice their pulling! Just as important is that YOU MUST CATCH THE PULL. The resulting quick start that you get will pay off over a large number of points. You will drop a few. Who cares? Nobody, - providing the team has bought into and understands that this is a crucial part of playing offense. If the need to catch the pull is understood by the whole team, the handler can be aggressive rather than waiting for the disc to hit the ground.



6. Time outs. There are a few acceptable uses of time outs (ignoring situations where you have really small squad), one "Golden Rule", and one "Classic mistake".

i) High (7 or more) stall count, dump is covered, no other decent options. (Si Weeks is the master of this.)

ii) Its a long (many turnover) point. You have just got the disc back - probably in your end zone - and you need everyone to calm down and play proper O.

iii) It's a semi final at European Championships and the score is 14-14, you have 1 time-out left, you are about to enter sudden death. The match point is about to begin, the D is lining up, and you are discussing who should mark who - but you are nearly out of time, the 2nd whistle has gone - you only have a few seconds left: Do you bung the disc down the field and figure it out on the way down. NO. You call a time-out and sort everything out. (This was the best time out decision I have ever seen - it takes real presence of mind to do it in a situation like that.)

The "Classic Mistake" Time-outs called in open play when the disc is going down the field. We've all seen it - someone gets the disc near the zone, its an important point to score, no immediate throw, calls a time-out on stall count "2" (or less). Nightmare. You have to be very well drilled to get away with this. There are currently NO TEAMS in the UK that are well drilled enough to score reliably in this situation. It invariably ends up with a turnover on the first pass. Not surprising since you just gave the D a chance to set up and think about the situation. The problem is that a long time ago, someone, somewhere, said this

was a good idea - and loads of teams don't seem to have realised that it's not!

The Golden Rules.

Most ultimate games are settled by a decisive run of points made by one team. Any team can get some momentum against you - the trick is to stop the run before they get too far ahead. So this gives rise to the two golden rules:

1. Substitutes. You play O and D lines - and the O has been scored on twice. Make subs. NOW. At least one of the main handlers should probably get off the field. NOW. Bring on at least two cutters from the D line. NOW. You could be even more aggressive (Depends on depth of team I guess). At Euro's we got into a spot like this against Sweden. Rik and I called over to Stu (who was running the D line) and asked for help. "Which of us do you want to stay?" I asked. "None. I don't want any of you." Stu replied. Genius. We needed some new players to come and do something different. We scored. We stopped the run just before it got momentum by trusting in the whole team. This was a key decision that helped to win the game.

2. Time-outs. The Golden Rule is "If the other team scores 3 points in a row, call a time out". No exceptions. This is the best possible use of a time out. Don't Think; "let's do another point - we're going to score this one." You are WRONG. The best bit is you don't even need to say anything earth-shattering in the time out (although this always helps). The time-out alone is often enough to break the momentum.

Si Hill

TOM QUILTER, FUSION VS LEEDS' - UK NATIONALS
PHOTO: © TOM STYLES 2003
www.block-stack.co.uk

IN COMING HAMMER! THE CLAPHAM DEFENCE GO UP AGAINST LEEDS'
THE FINAL, UK NATIONALS.
PHOTO: © PAUL HURT 2003
paulhurt@phmm.com

PETE 'RODDERS' WRIGHT CATCHES CLAPHAM GARBAGE FOR THE
SCORE! YOU CAN SEE FROM THIS SERIES THAT THE DISC IS SPINNING
ALL OVER THE PLACE AND ON THE WRONG AXIS!

ROB ALPEN LOOKS FOR THE NEXT PASS, MATT 'HICKEY' WOODS CUTS
DEEP - THE FINAL, UK NATIONALS

PHOTOS: © JACK GOLDEN 2003
www.malago.co.uk



It's September. The Clapham offense isn't firing in the second half of the UKU Nationals final and has turned over again, letting Leeds back into the game. The previous point Peter 'Roddors' Wright of Leeds made a spectacular trailing edge catch to score from a hammer that was thrown into a crowd of Clapham players and batted away. Clapham are still ahead in the second half but the game is beginning to turn in Leeds direction.

Clapham entered Nationals with a first-team squad of 15, including only 7 of the team that went to World Clubs in 2002. With so few returning players the club went through a massive restructuring over the winter, recruiting many young players from the London area. In light of this it was supposed to be a rebuilding year for Clapham, but they are one victory away from clinching the domestic double, having already won the European Champions League. Effervescent handler Doug Milne has been at the top of British ultimate for years, as part of many famous legacies. He proudly rates 2003 as:

"Not only Clapham's most successful season ever, but one of the best I've ever had the pleasure to be part of."



It's April. Si Hill, Scando and the other superstars of Clapham put their hands behind their necks and stare on in disbelief as Chevron South uninhibitedly celebrate a popular victory at Tour 1, coming back to win from an 11-3 deficit. Does the 'Big Choke' spell the end for Clapham?

Indeed many thought that the London club's reign of dominance was over at last as the balance of power shifted towards the Northern teams. What this defeat actually did was give Clapham's players the desire and motivation to win every other 'domestic' game in the season.

Clapham 2 finished 5th at Nationals, losing only one game and this by a single point. Their players range from veteran Nolan Taylor, 47, to Colin Shaw, 17, and playing for less than a year. During the final they're all lined up along the Clapham sideline in club shirts, yelling encouragement and advice at the first team. Everyone knows that each victory is a victory for the club as a whole, to be enjoyed by everyone. Brian McDevitt is pacing up and down the sideline yelling at the Clapham defenders to get on the mark quickly.

He's been injured for some 3 months now but still contributes as much to Clapham's strength as the players who are out there on the field.

It's September. Clapham are trying to get the disc back so the offense can score. Rob Alpen plays in the middle of the cup on defence and looking to his left baits the throw, lays out to his right to catch the disc, and immediately jumps to his feet to throw the assist. The incredible play breaks Leeds spirit and Clapham go on to win Nationals.

Co-captain Alpen is Clapham's team leader and chief play maker. He drives Clapham's feared defensive line and embodies the Clapham mantra that *"It's Never Enough"*.

2003 has been Clapham's most successful year, and also the most rewarding not least because winning trophies has become harder than ever in the UK. As the Clapham website declares, "Life cannot taste much sweeter than she does right now."

Alex Bowers, Clapham.





ROGER THOMPSON MARKING ANTHONY 'SOL' SOLOMON - CHEVRON SOUTH VS. CLAPHAM, UK NATIONALS.

DOMINIC- CHOCOLATE COVERED HOB NOBS, UK NATIONALS.

PHOTOS © ADAM KEEN 2003, WWW.IMAGESTATION.COM

The Voice of UK Ultimate speaks!

Nationals was quality - fantastic weather, fantastic final, But one team has to lose and it was never really going to be Clapham. This year Leeds have pushed harder than anyone to get to the top, and almost made it. After the final was over I grabbed a word with Paul 'Larry' Larkin.

TS

How are you feeling Larry?

Larry

A bit gutted to have lost. Clapham are just a really well drilled team, when they get the disc they tend to score their O and it's the same story every year. Our O just isn't clinical enough. We need to be able to hold onto the disc and they are so good at that. But we've come second in the Tour and second at Nationals the only way is up from here.

TS

So are you looking forward to training over the winter and next year?

Larry

This is the last game I'll be playing for these guys; it's quite an emotional farewell. I was hoping to win that one. But there's more ultimate to be played. We've played well, and apart from that that one we haven't lost. It'd be nice to be standing here as National Champions but there you go.

TS

Who do you think had key performances on both teams?

Larry

Nobody. They were two team performances, at this level you've got to play as a team. And we were working on teamwork, cutting for each other, working for each other, and that showed. But the main thing I took out of that game was the spirit was bloody great, it was really good. Everyone talks about Clapham being a bad spirited team but I think they're great spirited, they played hard and on the calls they were Very fair.

TS

Where are you off to next year?

Larry

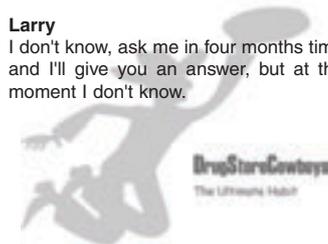
Well I'm in London next year.

TS

Is this your new team? (pointing towards Clapham)

Larry

I don't know, ask me in four months time and I'll give you an answer, but at the moment I don't know.



Of course Clapham were a little more excited by the result, and as the celebrated with champagne under the blue skies of Harlington I caught up with Sammy 'Scando' Webber.

TS

What did you think to the final, and your performance?

Scando

My own performance was OK. I didn't throw many deep, but our team performance, you know, we played as a team, we played some good D, but Leeds put up a great game, they have really good offense.

TS

Leeds came out quite hard at the start. Did that worry you?

Scando

Yeah we threw a few away on O, but by the end of the game we sorted out our O, I mean you saw the offense, when we had the disc we looked like we were going to score.

TS

What about the big man with his two D's?

Scando

Roger Thompson? Yeah, it's not bad

considering he's 32 and challenging for MVP, He's a living legend. And Doug, this is Doug's 10th National title.

TS

You've just come back from Europeans, who does that compare with winning Nationals?

Scando

The standard was right up there, with the games we had in France, that's what's happening in British Ultimate right now, you can see we're the best in Europe. 5 teams in five finals, you know, we're doing a really good thing here, and if we carry on with the intensity we've got now we're going to be taking on the North American teams next year. Clapham will continue to build on their successes at worlds last year and come world clubs in three years we can be right up there.

Also Happy with the result was a cheery Alex 'Carthorse' Bowers, normally a picture of intensity on the pitch, Alex was clearly satisfied with the Clapham win.

TS

Delighted with the win?

Carthorse

Absolutely delighted, I knew it was going to be a tough game, and we know that



PETE 'RODDERS' WRIGHT - LEEDS VS. CLAPHAM, THE FINAL, UK NATIONALS

PHOTO © PAUL HURT 2003, paulhurt@phmm.com

Leeds have a very good offense. So we brought it the best we could, we went down early on, but we knew that if we could get the D we could get back in the game, which we did. Our offense was really good all day, we had a couple of errors in the second half but we got the disc back.

TS

Some good plays from some big players there?

Carthorse

Yeah there was, we rely on that though we like to put it up to our big guys and have them come down with it.

TS

How do you think the organisation of the club affected your performances?

Carthorse

The leadership of Rob (Alpen) in the practices and the experience of guys like Roger (Thompson) and (Pete) Harvey is great for the team, but what's really done it is the way we've brought on some new guys into the team. Probably half our squad are new to Clapham this year, and they've really improved their game, and that's brought us closer as a team, than last year, and we're a better team than we were last year.

TS

Which rookies spring to mind as having had a big impact on the side.

Carthorse

People like Voodoo (Paul Waite) and Finn (Hughes) and Hicky (Matt Woods), Britney (Marc Guilbert), Rich Turner, Ollie (Benjamin).

TS

How does winning Europeans in France compare to winning nationals

Carthorse

Winning Euros was special, that was a career high. This is my fifth Nationals in a row, but because it's the season finale it really feels like job done. There's going to be some pretty big celebrations in Clapham tonight.

And with Carthorse talking about the success of the Clapham Rookies I thought I'd talk to one of them myself. Paul 'Voodoo' Waite was kind enough to tell me about his first year.

TS

You've been playing with Clapham all season now, how has the experience been for you?

Voodoo

It's been such a learning curve, but the guys are really great, and once you're used to the training, there's nothing but positive things to come out of it. I'd recommend to anyone living in London to try out for the team, because even if they don't make it they can learn so much.

TS

The two Clapham teams has been gradually getting more first team second team biased, and you just played the final tournament of the year as a part of the first team, it must be a great complement to know that you've made the grade?

Voodoo

Yeah it is. I've been on the first team since the start of the year. Every time I see the team lists I'm amazed because I'm lining up along side such quality. It's just been fantastic. You can see on the Clapham website they mark down which training sessions you've been to. That provides great motivation to turn up and put in the time and try to get on the first team.

TS

How much have you learnt under the tutorage of guys like Randy and Doug and Alex?

Voodoo

Almost everything, (laughs) They run the show and they are strict, and that's the good thing about it, they make you do fitness and work on your basic skills, and once all that's sorted they'll take you on and teach you all the tactical stuff. The main drive at training though is fitness.

TS

I've heard horror stories about the running and training that you guys have to do. Have you adapted to that quite well?

Voodoo

Yeah, its a horror to face them at first but once you've done them you're so pleased with yourself, and you feel more powerful when you go into tournaments, I've never felt strong lining up against teams as I do with Clapham, and that's all down to the fitness.

Will next year be the year that some one gets close to beating Clapham on a regular basis? We'll have to wait and see. Until next year, when we hope the sun will shine once more on the beautiful game, this Tom Styles wishing you all a happy indoor season.

**Interviews by Tom Styles
'The Voice of UK Ultimate'**

Caladonian Beach Ultimate

It takes 6 hours and 26 minutes (according to multimap) to get to Aberdeen from Nottingham. That's a load of rubbish! Talk about getting a new found respect for the amount of travelling the Scottish teams have to undertake to attend the tour events. So after about 10 or 11 hours of real-life actual driving time we got to Aberdeen. It was then we realised we didn't actually bring the directions. The obvious solution was to drive along the coast until we saw frisbees flying.

At the time of course we didn't realise that this event wasn't on your typical waterfront beach deal but was encapsulated within a sea of dunes (yes very much like the film Dune but without Sting or any giant worms). Eventually we recognised a sign for Balmedie and parked up the big red van.

As we trotted across the mile or so of sand towards the pitches in the distance, Allison and I felt oddly like C3PO and R2D2 in Star Wars. Upon arriving at the pitches we found a man playing in a rabbit suit - a rare and always pleasurable appearance from Highland Fling, and an elated DHB team - who apparently needed us to have enough people. I'll mention now that DHB wins the hard core beach award for travelling all the way from Bournemouth for this. You shouldn't really have to fly to attend a UK tournament if you're not crossing a body of water.

For those who've not been there before, what is your freakin problem?! What I mean to say is, what a great venue! The CUBE tournament takes place in the centre of picturesque dunes forming a sort of natural amphitheatre (ulthitheatre?). Amazing if you've not seen it. The word CUBE carved into one of the dunes could likely be seen from space. The weather report said CUBE was in for about 90% light rain allowing only a few dashes of sun to peek through over the weekend. The pleasant surprise came early with a beautiful partly cloudy sky morning and no real rain in sight. The bad news was that the first game made it very clear that we were not in the south of Italy as the pitches churned quickly into a deep cold mash like a stew of crushed scotch eggs. The wind coming in from the nearby sea proved to be a leveller of skills, with the pitches positioned such that one had a full head on wind in one direction (you'd better win

the flip), and the other a heavy cross wind (keep the disc flat). This held up all day allowing for some spectacularly bizarre points and some demonstrations of solid up-wind skill particularly from teams like Positive Mojo 1, Sneeky's and Huck and Sea. All finishing in top spots by the end of the day.

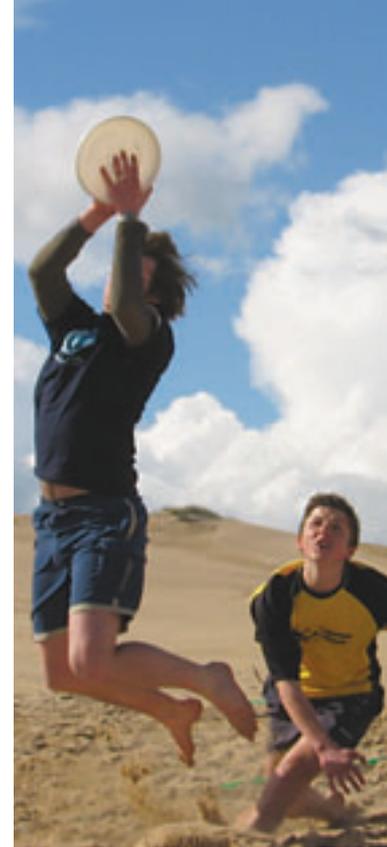
The hospitality from +Mojo was superb and the party excellent. Perhaps a bit too excellent. More on that in a bit. We stayed with the Huck and Sea lot at Jamie's flat. I'm hoping Jamie doesn't mind me saying this but... this was the most impressive student flat I'd ever seen. It had a pool table AND a bar. Unbelievable. It had loads of space, 3 floors or so and a somewhat illegal finished attic that required traversing a very dangerous ladder. That's where we were sleeping that night. I can't remember the name of bar we went to at all. I know I did a 3 pint challenge with Guinness. At 31 years old you'd think I'd have lived long enough to know not to do something this stupid. It was instant asshole time as you can ask my girlfriend and the Irish girl we were talking to. Just a tip for the North American's out there: Do not stumble into downtown (insert Scottish city here) and start trying to put on a Scottish accent! That is unless you really want the business end of a broken pint glass where your eye used to be. Nevertheless I think my Canadian accent saved my life in this particular situation. My brain basically shuts down there and I remember waking up on the floor half under the pool table and half under the bar. Not my finest hour, yet, not my worst either.

I woke up Sunday morning feeling, smelling and looking like an unchanged nappy. And of course my colossal hangover and blank memory left me only to assume that the previous evening I was undoubtedly the party king setting new standards for good times! People were probably at the pitches right now waiting to thank me for such a good time. It was then I saw I was getting 'the look' from Allison. You know the one that makes you apologise first and then look around for clues that might help solve the mystery as to why you should.

Well anyway there was ultimate to play. The variation to the weather provided more variation to the results. A favourite to the top 4, Sneeky's got bumped out

somehow leaving the top four as +Mojo (FIX!), DHB (my team, YAY!), my temporary house mates Huck and Sea, and Rampant Rabbits (yes the guy in the Rabbit outfit. They were from Manchester). The weather decided to clean up it's act a bit and the wind stopped, the sun came out and for the final, we all actually felt like we were at the beach! Huck and Sea vs the hosts, Positive Mojo gave us a game to remember. In the end however Positive Mojo became the official British Beach Ultimate Champions! So... eat deep fried Mars bars and haggis U.T.I.! Positive Mojo are now the team to beat. That is, if you're not afraid to come all the way to Aberdeen to challenge them!

Stephen Giguere



'The Makings' do Glastonbury

It all began late one night in a dingy hotel room in downtown Honolulu. The idea had been floating around for some time; to create a team that had no club boundaries, no geographical limits, just one state of mind shared by every member. And so it was that we came up with a list of twenty players who we felt were most likely to be in possession of 'The Makings' at any given moment.

There's rarely more than a few people of this quality on any one team, and we wondered what it would be like to concentrate them all into one group - Would they be able to function as one unit? Or would they dissolve into a mushy faff and never get to the pitch on time?

Somehow we all arrived at in Glastonbury on the right weekend. This in itself was a small miracle as, unlike other teams, The Makings have no email group, no phone list, and virtually no communication since our last gathering the year before. This was typical of our attitude throughout the weekend: We all knew what we had to do, so why talk about it? Our defensive strategy was simple: We played Junk - but this was no ordinary junk, this was a real mess! Since we decided to ban the calling of positions, the opposition was generally confused as to what we were actually doing (so were we). Somehow it all worked, in fact Scando spent the whole 'Fever' game trying to work out what defence we were playing! - Poor lad, trying to understand chaos.

Similarly, our offensive structure was non-existent - we tried once; "Doug, catch it and throw it to Harv." Doug caught the pull and promptly launched it to Harvey in the end-zone. Apart from that we all kind of hung around the pitch waiting for a gap. We are a team of opportunists rather than enthusiastic runners.

What better tournament to take this merry band of pranksters to than Glastonbury? Now in its fourth year, this tournament has gone from strength to strength, this year 32 teams (double the amount from the previous year!) made their way south for a weekend of sunshine, cider and general silliness. The range of 'theme' teams attending was quite astonishing; Team AI (people called AI), SlimFast (two things they're not), Furious Georgians (A team from Bath, dressed in full Georgian attire) and

a left-handed team. A team called Thundering Herd even brought a cow onto the pitch for a few points, but its rear half kept cutting in different directions from its front half, and it didn't have any way of catching the disc.

As the sun began to descend for the evening, a local band set up on the roof of the club house and played to the crowd watching the volleyball tournament. Tom Borden refereed a seemingly endless stream of enthusiastic but fairly useless teams. The Volleyball tournament was eventually won by Strange Blue who beat a bunch of local kids who seemed destined to win because they kept bribing the umpire with beer (kids these days...) These same lads became quite good at Ultimate by the end of the weekend, have now formed a team 'The Tornadoes', and have already started spamming BritDisc - so watch out!

At some point another band struck up inside the club house, but the warm evening encouraged many people to stay outside. Much frivolity and naughtiness probably took place under the cover of darkness, and copious amount of alcohol were certainly consumed from the bar which stayed open until the small hours.

After a few hours sleep I was rudely awakened by a generator being turned on a few meters away from my tent. If that hadn't awoken me, Sven's indignant screams or rage from the tent next door certainly would have! He marched over to the offending Bacon Butty shack and launched an attack "Are you having a laugh? Turn * it * off" (expletives removed). But they merely replied "Sorry, but it's staying on now." there followed a most abrupt U turn from Sven who, rather than continue with his verbal firework display, meekly said "oh", and went off to be sick in a bush.

Sunday seems a bit hazy now, I remember that Strange Blue, who had promised that we would 'whip their asses' the night before, suddenly decided that they weren't going to roll over after all! What kind of spirit is that? Thoroughly misleading I say! Anyhow, we still beat 'em. This was followed by an excellent semi final against Fever, who were ahead all the way through the game - it looked like a repeat of last year's result, when The Makings had



failed to realise that a semi final was quite an important game until too late - but this year, as the game went into the cap we finally pulled it together and scored four points in a row to win the game.

Our challengers for the final were the Funky-Monks reunion team, who looked pretty strong with the Smart brothers, Lee, grumpy Harras and a bunch of old blokes. We continued to make a mockery of the sport, calling time-outs for Hacky Sack (we almost got a hack) and generally being slack. The Monks put up a good fight, and both teams had the lead at least twice, the Monks looking particularly good near the end of the game. During one time out we even started talking about tactics without realising! Luckily one of us noticed this fatal error and we went back to talking about food. At about this point, Milky made the classic mistake of declaring that they (the Monks) were going to win! I was quite relieved because up until that point I thought they might win as well, but with Milky bellowing "Yeah guys, we're gunna win" across the pitch I knew with absolute certainty that The Makings were going to make it.

Surprisingly, the staff and local people seemed to think we were a thoroughly nice bunch of people (I guess by Glastonbury standards we are probably quite tame), in fact the Lord Mayor turned up at several points during the weekend and even wandered around in our endzone. In the end, I think everybody agreed it was the perfect warm down tournament after a hard season of Ultimate.

Jack Goolden



A MAD COW ON THE PITCH. 🐮

BOO BOO TRYING TO SCARE SOME CHILDREN. 👻

PAULO FINDS THAT HIS NOSE IS IDEAL FOR GETTING SMARTIES OUT OF THE BOTTOM A BOWL OF WHIPPED CREAM. 🍌

PHOTOS © RAJ KALIA 2003



GB 03

**GREAT BRITAIN
EURO 2003**
FONTENAY LE COMTE



BARRY O'KANE (CAPTAIN) GB MIXED
PHOTO © KATE TAYLOR 2003

WHAT IS THAT GINGA UP TO NOW?
PHOTO: © CHRISTOPHE LEGENDRE 2003

GB WOMEN WARM UP IN THE STADIUM.
PHOTO: © THIERRY GUYONNET 2003



SUE PIOLI LAYS OUT LIKE A BOY!
PHOTO: © FRANCOIS LEIB 2003

TARA JEWELL
PHOTO: © THIERRY GUYONNET 2003

GB Women

The game's not over until the Fat Lady (Fluffer) sings!

With a British team in every division, and a realistic chance of sweeping the board, GB players arrived in France with everything to play for.

The women faced a round robin format with No. 1 seeds, Finland, first game. True to form we were slow out of the gates, struggling to find our stride and remember how to play against women. A combination of trailing defence and the Finns' effective use of both inside outs and set plays saw them take a convincing lead, followed by the half. But GB players had been here before. We tightened up our D and fought ourselves back into the game. The Finns changed tactics from man to zone but unwittingly played into our hands. Patient handling from Laura Pearce, Claire Parker, Tara Jewell and Maria Cahill earned a tournament newsletter heading: a fine example of offense against the zone. At 16-16, game to 18, a layout D by Tara Jewell, followed by the score, took us ahead for the first time. Giving the Finns no time to recover, Rebecca Forth followed with a 2nd layout D and the Finns were left scratching their heads over a game they felt sure had been theirs. MVP of the game: Tara Jewell.

With a break until 5pm the following day, we were given plenty of time to ease into the tournament atmosphere, cheer on the other divisions and top up the tan lines. By the time we met the Danes they were on their 4th game, to our 2nd. We were fresh, came out strong, and never let them start. MPV: Tasha Nishiyama. The Italians (MVP: Maria Cahill) proved once more that they are a team of the future, pushing us for the first half with inspiring play from their Captain, Epa, however, neither the French (MVP: Lucy Byrne), the Irish (MVP: Beth Rougier), or the Dutch (MVP: Claerwyn Snell) could slow down our offense (although breaking Aura's toe certainly worked!).

Thursday was always to be a tough day, playing both numbers 2 and 3 seeds. Our game against Germany started with a turnover on the first pass from both teams - a sign of nerves, but not of the standard to come. The scoreline stayed close, both teams playing pressure defence and flow offense. With the lead alternating, pin-point hucks from Tara Jewell to Laura Pearce, Rebecca Forth and Claerwyn Snell opened up GB's offense. As Germany gained momentum after the half and took a 2-point lead, GB

responded with junk and took the momentum right back. Inspired defence from Claerwyn Snell, Sue Pioli, and Beth Rougier ensured Germany never scored again. MPV: Claerwyn Snell. The final pool game against Sweden was to be played that night at the stadium. The result itself was meaningless as we were due to meet the next day in the semi regardless, but it was a show game with a crowd and pride at stake! A victory of 17-11 gave us the all important psychological advantage for the semi - or so we thought! MVP: Sally Fraser.

Our psychological advantage was short lived as the Swedes remembered that a place in the final was at stake. We struggled to put anything convincing together and they took a firm hold of the game. At 9-5 things were definitely not going to plan. Our half time team talk was simple: go out strong, and pull back some of the deficit. But at 13-7 down we were faced with the prospect that maybe we'd left ourselves too much to do. As the other squads began gathering around our pitch, a sense of urgency developed. We changed our defence to zone, looked to our most experienced line, and put our game heads on.

At 14-11 Sweden, game to 15, we were the only GB squad not to have made it to the final. The pitch was surrounded by a sea of red and white, the noise deafening. A pick denied Sweden a score, GB rallied for the D, and put in an upwind point to a huge sideline cheer. Continued zone defence, and our same line up, had Sweden under pressure as each forced error resulted in a GB score. Sudden death: we put our zone on one last time. A hand block from Tara Jewell got the turn needed. As the Swedes froze in despair, a rapid break force assist from Maria Cahill to Tara running off to the zone ensured the score to take the game - the crowd went wild. One hundred GB players stormed the pitch as we completed the set; all 5 GB teams in the final. The Swedes were left wondering what the hell had just happened!

After the emotion of the semi, the final could never match it. A rematch against the Finns saw the game trade to half, but with no fire. As they pulled away, yet another comeback was too much to complete. Silver it would have to be - this time. MVP of the week: Claire Parker. Article by GB Women.



THE PITCHES AT NIGHT
PHOTO © ANDY KAYLEY 2003

WHAT THE MASTERS DID WITH THEIR TROPHY
PHOTO © WAYNE RETTER 2003

FLAGS
PHOTO © JACK GOOLDEN 2003

THE MASTERS WARM UP FOR THEIR FINAL
PHOTO © STEVEN STEVENSON 2003

GB Masters

One of the greatest “honours” that is bestowed upon the JTM, besides fetching the beer and giving up his seat for those less able to stand than himself, is to write about it for Ultimatum.

Our preparation for this tournament included tournaments in Bruges (alcoholic), Rotterdam (alcoholic) and a final training session organised by ‘old man’ Cash and ran by a fitness trainer who in her spare time tortures ageing Frisbee players for fun.

Our team didn’t have it all our own way...we lost two players before the week started, Aram Flores to a new job/bushfire and Steve Shipley to an injury. Ironically, his Achilles heel was in actual fact his Achilles heel. Nolan was able to spring to our rescue; he played a blinder and was the oldest player in the tournament.

Playing wise, we started as we meant to go on. Captain Davey getting horizontal on first point and getting the D set the tone for the week. Timeout reminders throughout the week came from RV – “we’ve got our foot on their throat – let’s not take it off!”

Entertainment was provided by the French Coach (he was one of their token Americans) on a regular basis. “Come on guys, you’re murdering us” he said as he pleaded for us to call his player in, although even the most ardent Francophile would have called him out. At one point (they were 10 points or so down) he said to me, “I just don’t know how to coach a loss, I just don’t know.” “Look at the scoreboard” I replied “you’re doing pretty good.” Even his team liked that one.

We had taken gifts for our opponents,

Beer for ze Germans, Ragu for the Italians, Chocolate for the Swiss and Babycham for the French “in our country, a screw-top is a sign of quality” we assured them but I don’t think they were fooled. Post game calls involved a Pimms & Lemonade race – teams of three, the oldest (Nolan), the youngest (me) and the ugliest (Nic Gwynn by “popular” vote)

“Ou est ma Voiture? Ma Voiture est dans l’arbre!” was the teams slogan after Wayne ‘Recker’ had treated his hire car with the contempt that Batchelor felt for it, and parked it unceremoniously and not quite in accordance with the manufacturers recommendations. Top marks go to Paul Thornton, who recognised the danger and got out of the car at the village pub rather than risk the journey into town with Wayne. Maybe just being called Wayne is enough to get you injured. Turning up at the Physio’s table I find Captain Injury himself has caught a disc in the eye – you know how it happens, you’re sat at a table miles away from the pitch, a wayward pull goes up, closely followed by a shout of “heads” which Wayne hears just in time to turn and catch it full on the eye. Mike Tyson would have struggled to cause so much damage. Nick Cash managed to injure himself running in one of the early games and spent the rest of the week hobbling around on crutches that he’d bandaged from somewhere. He was blagged up for the last point of the final when we put on our oldest seven players to finish off the job – 5 days of physio for one point!

You might also be the proud owner of a euc2003 gold medal but we did it first! Yeah Masters! And we won Spirit!

Duncan McIntosh





BARRY OKANE. PHOTO: © PIERRE LECOLLINET 2003
CHARMEYNE MCCOLLIN. PHOTO © KATE TAYLOR 2003

GB Mixed "Just Add Diet French Water"

Saturday's welcome parade seemed kind of surreal. Was this town really that interested in us – the outsiders in the Worlds Sports Arena? The lost souls of Odd Sports? And yet somehow it felt right to announce our arrival after those 4 months of preparation. "When I'm a walking I strut my stuff..." just for a moment we were a little bit famous and one couldn't help feeling a little... patriotic?!

With "Looking So Crazy Now" (Beyonce) spinning in our heads we showed our average-to-warm stuff to Spain. Breezing through at 17-3, it seemed a Crazy contrast to think that at 9pm that night, under floodlights, we would have to put on our performance of the tournament. We were about to face Germany.

"On no, I'm going to put my foot in it..."

Worrying that 'it could go badly' was not preparation enough for the fact that it did go badly. The only De-lite was on the stereo, as the daddy-of-long-legs Ru and

Marvin brought down everything in sight, and the German ladies cut headlong into Freeville. The result – a brutal slap at 7-17 - was an even deeper wound with all the GB teams out to support us.

We had prepared 2 CDs – one track from each player - and were handing these out as gifts. It was time for some inspiring Eminem...

If we found music on Day One, on Day Two GB Mixed found soul (our best win of the week came out against Czech Republic). On Day Three GB Mixed found love (playing Greatest and Spoons back at the villa pool). On Day Four we found no-sympathy (our easiest day – but we held our fifth gear pace). On the fifth day we found passion (we had discovered by now that the way to win games was to have the loudest Sideline).

That night we had something to contemplate; tomorrow we were in the semis. And if we got through we were back in the stadium, up against the

Germans - again. *"He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready."*

The greatest motivation a team can have is retribution. Despite our semis against the Czechs being a tight game – punctuated by various come-backs by both teams – that game was always ours. No other team was going to steal our destiny of taking on the Germans!

And so, you could say that on Day Six we found buried treasure! All our dreams had come true to be there at the final. There is no explanation of where our energy came from; where our throws, our catches, that intelligence (!) found its source. It just happened. With us up two points straight away the Germans panicked – Achtung Baby! As we opted to "Play Some D" the Germans lost the plot on O – making errors and missing the easy stuff.

This team that had walked all over its opposition all week, the team that was the obvious team to win - let themselves

down. And GB mixed? We stepped it up. Our 15 points on the score board was inspired ultimate. Germany's 13 were brilliant - but just not quite enough. *"You try to match wits, you try to hold me - but I bust through."*

By day 6 we had won 10 out of 11 games. So did Germany. Collectively we were a fantastic sight and the final was an outstanding game. We shared their pain, as we'd been in their shoes 5 nights before hand – but we also celebrated. Behaving like true victors we proceeded to sign autographs, act stupid, and party the night away... and the next night, and the next.

The only pride that comes close to how our team felt at the close of that final was how we felt the next day - seated in the stadium with every GB team member that attended the event ... and knowing that every single player was wearing a medal around their neck.

"Guys - we just bagged Europe!"

Kate "Kiwi" Taylor



MARC 'BRITNEY' GUILBERT LAYS OUT ON 'D' - GB VS GERMANY.
PHOTO © ARNO 2003

RODDERS MAKES A BID - GB VS FRANCE.
PHOTO © JACK GOOLDEN 2003

GB Open

Prior to European Ultimate Championships 2003, we spent the week with friends in Southern France, relaxing and fretting about the 40 degree heat. One evening I was walking the dog along the river and visualising myself putting up unreasonable hucks to Si Weeks or Lewis when a couple of middle aged expats stopped for a chat. When they asked what I was in France for, I told them I'd come to compete in the European Frisbee Championships. "Oh REALLY! What a laugh!" replied the woman, clearly imagining that I'd seen a poster somewhere and just decided to give it a go. "Do you know what you'll have to do?" As it happened, none of us really knew what we were about to do.

Let's get the boring stuff out of the way first. The pitches were flat, baked hard and rubbish. The food was awful. The weather was way, way too hot. Everything else that happened during the week was far from mundane. It's already been said, and it will be said again, that this was the most significant week in 25 years of British ultimate. By Friday afternoon when GB Women were closing in on a semi-final victory, clawing back a 13-6 deficit to complete an astonishing 15-14 win through sheer force of will, the other four GB squads had already made the finals of their divisions and the pitch had become a cauldron in which the Swedish women disintegrated. As hundreds of players in

red white and blue tore onto the field to embrace the women, each other, and anyone else they could get their hands on, Harry turned to me and said, "This is already the best day in British ultimate history, and there are still three finals to come this evening!"

That pitch invasion was the defining moment of the week, and something none of us will ever forget. Three generations of British players came together in the middle of the pitch and screamed and danced and yelled for the success we'd worked so hard for, for so many years.

Back to the beginning. The Open squad arrived in Fontenay-le-Comte knowing that we had what it took to win the tournament, but knowing also that four or five other teams were in the same frame of mind. The opening day featured a parade through the town, followed by an incomprehensible opening ceremony featuring buffoons on stilts and the Major of the town throwing an enormous fabric disc. Go figure. Play started with a tight stadium game in which Finland edged out France 17-15.

The next morning we began against a young Dutch team who have been getting better throughout the season. Chris Berry opened our account with an interception in the first point, Dave Barnard stepped it up a notch later in the game laying out to

block a first pass and all was right with the world. Our squad was set up to run with an offensive line drawn from nine players who's job it was to score whenever they received the disc, and a larger defensive squad who's job was to get blocks, score points and win games. Everything seemed to be working well and we ran out winners 17-7.

That afternoon we played the Irish in the pummelling 40 degree heat and things went less well, despite another opening point interception from Chris B. Resting several players, the team seemed disjointed, and individuals played without connection or rhythm. Meanwhile the Irish were pulling off ridiculous scores built around the simple yet effective idea of slinging anything deep and assuming that our D would miss it. Another 17-7 victory for us, but one which reintroduced the nerves we had banished that morning. Our minds turned to Germany.

Along with Finland and Sweden, the Germans have always been a benchmark for European Ultimate and despite recent successes against their clubs, GB Open had not beaten the German national side in living memory. Going into the game we all knew that we needed to produce our best to win, and that, from here on in, we would need to get better and better if we wanted to go all the way to the final. Our 17-10 victory proved

what we could do. Despite a couple of turnovers, the Offensive team scored every point it played, and the D team started to produce the intense pressure with which we hoped to grind down the best teams in Europe. The big blocks started to come too. Dave Sealy introduced himself to a hapless German deep who assumed that getting two yards free underneath would be enough. Sealy laid out and caught the disc two feet in front of him. Britney, who had been frothing at the mouth for months, opened his account with a huge flying fingertip block. We finished the game feeling that we had controlled it from start to finish.

In the afternoon we rested seven or eight players, on our way to beating Austria 17-5. Germany meanwhile scored an impressive 17-14 victory over Denmark.

Day three started less well. Our final pool game was against a strong, physical Danish team, which had been playing together against the best European clubs throughout the Summer. As expected, they played an expansive game, running hard and going for their shots, hoping to blast their opponents away. They took advantage of our slow start and established an early lead which we just couldn't break down. It seemed that everything they tried came off, with hammers and blades flying to hand, and their hard running defence pressuring

turnovers from our offense. Meanwhile, we were beginning to learn the lesson which would, eventually, win us the tournament: Blocks count for nothing. Goals do. Our D team must have turned the Danes over in nearly every point, but only rarely were these turnovers converted. We lost 14-17. Both teams, along with Germany, went up into the top pool.

The Finns had gone on from their opening night success to dominate the other half of the draw, overcoming the fancied Swiss and beating the Swedes by an impressive 7 points. The Swiss, meanwhile, had seen their ambitions for the tournament begin to crumble, also losing to Sweden and, in a tight and acrimonious game, to the French. This left us to play the three top teams from the other pool to determine seedings for the knock-out stage, with a quarter final place already secured.

First up were the Swedes, for so long the

strongest nation in Europe. We started hard and took an early two point lead. Our offense was still dominating, its focus on scoring simply and quickly and getting the D team back on the pitch. Only rarely did we find ourselves under pressure, and when we did turnover, we were so psyched to do our job that more often than not we got the disc back and scored the point.

Still, as we pushed towards half-time we had a wobble. Having received the disc 8-6 up we let the Swedes turn us over and score to reduce our lead to one point. What had looked like a comfortable half-time lead was slipping through our fingers, with the momentum threatening to switch sides. Next point, and cometh the hour, cometh the man. Having worked the disc down to half-way a speculative shot went into the endzone towards Ian, trapped within easy reach of his defender who reached out to tip the disc around him and out the side of the endzone. At this point Harry, in his

own words, thought, "I'm having that!", turned and laid out of the side of the zone to land on top of a row of chairs which promptly collapsed beneath him. Prior to this ungainly landing he'd returned a perfect backhand disc to Rik's midriff, completing the picture perfect World's Greatest Play for a score which took the vital point for half. As we tore over to mob him he was politely apologising to the unsuspecting middle-aged chap who had been sat on the middle chair just prior to Harry's take-off. It was one of the moments that dreams are made of, and one that those who saw it will be recounting for years to come. From here we pushed on to complete GB Open's first ever win over Sweden, 15-12. We now knew that we were capable of doing something special.

The following morning we met the host nation, a clash we had been talking about for many months. The French have built a reputation for being prepared to interpret

the rules fairly liberally, and to argue that noir is blanc when it benefits them. Having watched them previously in the week we knew that a close game could become a nasty game.

Despite another flawless first half from our offense string, we took only a 9-8 lead into half-time. Harry's second huge contribution in two days was even more important to our week than his first: As an offense player who had spent the year running himself into the ground to be fit, and the tournament busting a gut to score every point we had the chance to, he decided enough was enough and opened up both barrels. "I'm knackered out there, and it's the D's fault! The offense team has been carrying you for too long! It's time you started pulling your weight and scoring some points!" We took the second half 8-1.

Our final pool game was against Finland, now the only remaining European team never to have lost to GB. Coming into the

RIK SHIPLEY APPEARS FROM NOWHERE AND CAUSES TROUBLE.
GB VS SWEDEN, THE FINAL.
PHOTOS: © ARNE JACOBS 2003





DAVE BARNARD GETS A 'D' AGAINST FINNLAND.
PHOTO: © PIERRE LECOLLINET 2003



SI WEEKS KEEPS HIS TOES ON THE GROUND TO SCORE AGAINST FRANCE
PHOTOS: © JACK GOULDEN 2003
www.malago.co.uk

game on a high, we failed to produce our best against strong and disciplined opposition who ran relentlessly, were totally safe with the disc and were the only team to put real pressure on our offense. The 17-11 defeat meant little in terms of the tournament, but was dispiriting for the team. We knew we hadn't produced our best, but were left facing the possibility that we had met our match in the fit, disciplined Finnish team.

The defeat was followed by another pivotal moment. At precisely the point where many teams would be looking to apportion blame, the O and D teams independently concluded that the most disappointing thing about the performance had been that each had let the other half down, and came back together with practical suggestions for how to make it better, and stern promises not to repeat the mistakes.

Knock-out ultimate started on the Thursday morning, with one game per day, and a trophy at the end. Our quarter final against France showed that we had made significant progress even in the preceding couple of games. Again our offense scored all its points, but this time our D scored more, leading us to a 17-6 win. Elsewhere Denmark narrowly beat the Dutch whilst the Swedes and the Finns had relatively comfortable wins over the Germans and the Swiss respectively. Our Semi-final the next morning saw us

meet the Finland team which had so knocked our confidence two days earlier. This game would be much tighter. At our team meeting the night before Stu had set out a simple game plan: "We do the things we talked about the other day, and we throw the kitchen sink at them." The whole squad seemed almost ready to disembowel itself to push us over the edge to victory. However, passion and commitment aren't always enough. The Finns were also better and more determined than they had been two days earlier. Their offense relied on fast turning runners giving super-safe options to level-headed handlers, and blocks were incredibly hard to come by. When our offense team turned over, the effort necessary to try to win the disc back threatened to kill what had been the backbone of the squad's success so far. When Wigsy laid out around his man to get what looked to be a huge sideline block, a foul was called and tensions started to show. Few Finns rushed to defend their team-mate, but he stood by his call and the disc went back. Everyone started to scent a sudden death finish.

In the early part of the second half we got the feeling that things might not be going our way when the O team, having turned over, made a defensive stand on its own endzone line forcing a throw which was on its way into the ground when Ian reached out a foot to kill it, instead sending it fluttering ten yards across the pitch, over Si Hill's shoulder



and straight to a Finnish player. The score in the corner which followed was called out by several GB players, but vigorously defended by the Finns. Eventually Si asked the Finnish receiver to make the decision and he called himself in for the score.

Now, however, we felt that the Finns were tiring. Joff was shutting down their offensive go-to-guy and the rest of the team looked to be fading fast. Meanwhile Dave Barnard laid out right across his man to get a crucial turn, retrieving a disc which our D team were by now extremely reluctant to give back. Hanging on by the skin of our teeth, turnovers were retrieved through grim, grinding defence. The offense team scored point after point as the game went to the wire. At 13-14 down, Doug took an incredible turning layout catch to keep the disc alive and eventually level the game. He played the whole tournament with a broken wrist and no sidearm. Special things were happening. At 15-14 the offense received the disc and put in a calmly worked score to set up the sudden death finish. The Finns received the disc and looked

to have run out of ideas when on a stall count of nine a half-pitch blade went to their main receiver in the zone. Bob's determination to get to it forced the turnover, but it was a near miss, and we knew we wouldn't get another chance. Stu and Carthorse had neglected to tell us that they'd been working on their slapstick act, but when Cart picked up the disc on our endzone line and Stu slipped, they seemed to be clowning around. Unfortunately there were no more options available and on nine Cart floated a wide disc past a still prone Stu who just managed to scramble to his feet and run it down. The rest was plain sailing! The chances of our D team turning over had shrunk to nil and by the time the winning pass went into the zone, they were composed enough for Dave B to call for a laying-out Bob to leave the disc for him to catch for the score. 16-15, GB Open make the final having gone through the wringer physically and emotionally and given veteran Harry the best birthday present he's ever had.

The women's semi-final victory came ten minutes later, putting all five GB teams

into their respective finals. The others will have lodged their reports, but a special mention must go to GB Mixed who came back from a dispiriting loss earlier in the week to win their gold medals that evening in the most inspirational, swash-buckling fashion imaginable.

The final was a strange affair. We had to wait around until 2pm to play on a stadium pitch which had already disintegrated, leaving huge slabs of movable turf covering what felt like rolling sand-dunes. The Swedes had beaten Denmark in the other semi and we knew that despite having a young team, they were genetically predisposed to winning finals. As the first few points unfolded in front of the packed stand and sidelines, it felt like we were all playing ultimate for the first time. But we were not to be denied easily. Our offense made some rash choices, but Wiggy came down with all manner of rubbish for us. Our D may have slipped and slid, but they pressured the Swedes into throw aways, and came down with more swill than they missed. We took the first half 9-6 and knew that a big push to start the second might finish the game. When Sweden's main handler Lasse Hamstein dropped the pull shortly afterwards, we thought we might have broken them, but when Carthorse picked up the disc quickly and couldn't get rid of it, eventually getting stalled out on the endzone line, we weren't so sure. The Swedes scored the point. They were hanging in there.

As the second half progressed we traded with a 1 to 2 point lead, knowing that an offensive slip could bring the Swedes back level, and that a block and score could almost win us the game. At 15-13 the D team forced a turnover and a hammer went into the endzone for a huge catch by Rodders. At 16-13 the offense sweated on the sideline knowing that if the Swedes scored and then we missed we would be walking back down the pitch one point ahead, facing a possible sudden death finish. We had no need to worry. The Swedish handlers made the last of a string of uncharacteristic mistakes and our now dogged D team worked the disc down the field before Mango broke the force to put the disc to Hickey for the win.

The rest is blurry, but moments stand out in perfect clarity. Stu telling us, "We did it boys! We fucking did it!" Dougie, Harry, Si Hill, myself and all the players who had been labouring away for years to get here crying their eyes out. The Major running out of medals when he got to

Britney. The party. But most of all the feeling that we had all finally realised our potential and given everything to achieve a success we would always share and never forget. I could go on. We all could. No doubt we will.

The next day, Kenny and I drove back up to Calias. North of Paris we stopped to get petrol, and the cashier pointed and cooed at the medal I was naturally still wearing around my neck. "Tu? D'Or?" he asked. "Oui," I replied, miming a sidearm throw. He pointed back to where we had come from and raised a quizzical eyebrow. I nodded sagely, surprised that he knew that the European Ultimate Championships had taken place a few hours South of here, but agreeing that we had come a long way. It was only as I got back in the car and he ran to point us out to his colleagues that I recalled that the World Athletic Championships had just finished back in Paris, making me, in his eyes, the discus gold medallist and someone he would feel proud to have met for years to come. I saw no reason to disabuse him of this notion.

Rob Mitchell



Geoff Legg, the final
Photo: © Andy Kayley 2003
www.ultimate-photos.co.uk

All five GB squads celebrating - with three golds,
two silvers and one spirit prize. You can see why.
Photo: © Steven Stevenson 2003





JJ's Technique Toolbox:



The 'Triple Threat' Position

Ok, stop sniggering at the back there, I know it sounds like something from Madame Syn's House of Delights, but the triple threat position is something that every Ultimate player can benefit from on the pitch. As we're a relatively immature sport, particularly in coaching terms, I'm unashamedly borrowing a concept from basketball here, so bear with me if you've played that sport before and already know what I'm talking about. For everyone else here's a quick idea of what the triple threat position is, and how it's used in basketball; we'll return to Ultimate in a minute.

Figure 1 shows a basketball player on offense in possession of the ball, confronted by a one-on-one defender. The aim of the triple threat position is to keep the defender in the dark about your intentions until the last possible moment. With the ball in a 'ready' position at hip-height and with your weight low and on your toes it's easy to explode into a dribble either way, to rock back into a jump shot, or to pass to team-mates on either side. These are the three threats – hence the name – that the marker has to try and defend against. From the central 'ready' position you can easily fake in any direction to commit the marker, before taking off the other way leaving them helpless in your wake. Cue

evil laughter, and the smell of overdone toast...

Ahem. Right, now back to the Ultimate pitch. Swap the basketball for our beloved 175g disc, change the stance slightly (to allow for a stationary pivot foot), and we've got an Ultimate player on offense marked by a defender. As the thrower in this situation we can borrow the basketball theory and use it to bamboozle our marker by threatening backhand, sidearm or overhead throws from our neutral position. Anyone who's ever seen one of Steve Shipley's indoor hammer fakes will need no convincing of the efficacy of this particular tactic – many are the poor unfortunate markers last seen shouting 'UP!' and looking round to see where the disc has gone as Steve stands there ready to throw the sidearm unmolested, with maybe just the merest hint of a wry smile playing on his lips...

Enough nostalgia for the halcyon days of Ultimate, when indoors was still trendy and sidearms were as common as sideburns; let's get practical. To incorporate the triple threat concept into your repertoire you need to think about re-learning each throw as a continuous action from the neutral position. The neutral position needn't be the



ROB MITCHELL SHOWS HOW TO MAKE A FOOL OF HIS MARKER, BRITOPEN. PHOTOS: © ROB WALKER 2003

JEFF JACKSON MARKED BY OLIVER BENJAMIN. UK NATIONALS. PHOTO: © ADAM KEEN 2003

JOSHUA JEAGER DEMONSTRATES BASKETBALL POSES, PHOTO: © JACK GOOLDEN 2003

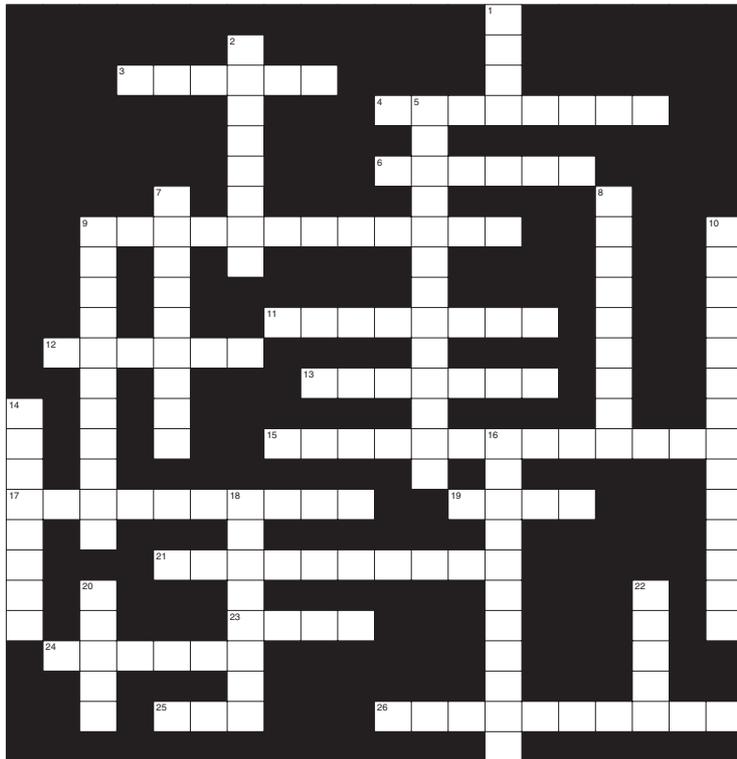
same for everyone, but its basic characteristics are:

- Feet a little wider than shoulder-width, weight well-balanced, slightly on the toes
- Knees bent, ready to snap into the pivot-and-throw motion
- Head up, surveying all the downfield options (not forgetting the dump!)
- Disc held close to the body at hip-height in both hands

(This last point can have the added advantage of ensuring your marker is a full disc's width away.)

Whenever you're throwing around imagine there's a marker in front of you and practice all your throws as if you've got to fake them out. You'll rarely get a clear throw in a game from a static initial position, so why practice stationary throws? As you pivot from backhand to sidearm side (or vice versa) think about passing through your neutral position – as long as you've learnt all your throws as complete leg-body-arm actions from this central point you should never have to worry about rushed, off-balance passes again. And boy, will your receivers be grateful for that!

Jeff Jackson



CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 3: He is around and over it? (2,4)
- 4: Short bribe for means of propulsion. (8)
- 6: Chuck in some MC action. (6)
- 9: Playtime for the two Johnnies! (6,6)
- 11: Master thief? (4,4)
- 12: Handling a Spanish bouquet? (6)
- 13: Weapon, alternative to "4 across." (7)
- 15: Emotional Saint's group. (7,6)
- 17: Stop! It's rude to make multiple bookings! (5,5)
- 19: Other away. (4)
- 21: 91 chillies named these soul brothers. (5,5)
- 23: Return route without any additives lasts all season. (4)
- 24: Repetitive player is very loud in confused rage. (6)
- 25: Five in national representative election. (1,1,1)
- 26: She's a sailor and a gem! (4,6)

DOWN

- 1: Rubbish singer embraces world authority. (4)
- 2: Beach hunk finds headless damnation at Manchester? (8)
- 5: Religious leader improves bad choral team. (4,9)
- 7: Common amphibians. (9)
- 8: Topless greeting from a non-believer in Italy. (9)
- 9: Genetic breakthrough ruins standing charges. (6,5)
- 10: Team snag a score and reverse anything Yorkshire. (5,6,3)
- 14: Ouch! The Brummy's back! (8)
- 16: Shy, dank, dogs move around in Sweden. (11)
- 18: Neil part reorganises Government ministry. (4,4)
- 20: Dapper double. (5)
- 22: Extra Blunderhorse? (5)

Play: All the answers are names of teams, players, or terms to do with ultimate.

If you want to know who set it, you just have to solve "24 across."

Win: The amazing prize: A player pack provided by www.lookfly.com - includes a Lookfly Aquaduct Performance T, a Pair of Lookfly Shorts and a Hack.

And, provided by www.discology.co.uk - a very cool 'Flashlight' light up frisbee.

How to enter: Send an email to editor@ukultimate.com with the answers and your contact details.

Rules: All entries to be received by 28th February 2004. Unless somebody gets 100%, all entries that get more than a few answers correct will be put in a hat, from which the winner will be drawn. My decision is final, only serious bribes will be considered.

Discology
discology.co.uk
tel 020 8568 4441





STUDENT NATIONAL OUTDOORS 
PHOTO © STEPHEN FIGUERE 2003
www.lookfly.com

ultimatum2003
annual UK ultimate magazine