

A PERSONAL EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF THE BARNSTAPLE POLICE RAIDS ON FRIDAY January 18th., 1974

Suddenly the back door of the bar burst open and in I stormed about 30 police and a loud dramatic voice I shouted "Don't move anyone ! This is a raid." 3 or 4 policemen surrounded each table and proceeded to I search the occupants, ordering them to empty I pockets and handbags. Gentlemen had their clothing searched on the spot, whilst ladies were made to wait I in line to be searched in the privacy of the Gent's I toilets.

It sounds like a scene which might have taken place in Chicago in the 20's. But, this, believe it or not, I took place on a Friday lunchtime at the "Three Tuns" in Barnstaple. A few minutes earlier it was quite a typical market-day lunchtime. Devonians old and young I were relaxing with their ale and chatting to friends, I taking a break from the market-day bustle.

I personally had gone into the pub for what I thought would be a minute to talk with someone, carrying with I me my year-old son. We were allowed out about an hour , later, after being subjected during that time to being" treated like prisoners of war. I had to wait in line I with other women, many of them old ladies. We were taken 2 at a time into the Gent's toilet, presumably because the ladies cloakroom is next door to the select buffet bar upstairs, whose customers, for some reason, were exempt from this outrage. I had to put my small son, who by this time had become extremely distressed, on the urine-sodden floor, while I was ordered to undress and have my underclothing and person searched by policewomen. Then I had to partially undress my son and, he too was searched. Then, we were officially classified 'clean' and allowed to leave. We were left feeling very shaken and upset by this appalling episode.

#### THE HUNT

I heard the horses of the hunt Ridden hard in the hilly street, There was sweat and mud and steaming breath In the merciless haste that screamed of death;

Gentry and farmers - they all rode by And the rhythm of hooves sounded 'die, die, die....' 'It is not cruel,' said the hunting ones, 'Far better to die by the hunt not the guns.'

And they rode with the hounds across the land As the stag broke cover as they had planned, A lordly stag with antlered head And the hounds gave tongue as the chase they led;

Down the Bray valley and back again, The hunters and hunted - even beasts feel pain -Up from the valley to Simonsbath By woodland way and by moorland path;

Away out over against the sky

We were, I believe, quite a good cross section of I Su the North Devon public in that pub. Surely we are Ju not going to sit back and allow the policeforce we I employ to continue to take such liberties with us. I Unfortunately, due to the increasing powers given to the police it seems we have little protection I. I.

Putting aside any views as to what we think of drugs, or our need to be protected from them, and looking at this situation objectively, it is very disturbing I It seems the police need no grounds at all to suspect us of posessing drugs and so have the right to search any of us at any time. Another disturbing 1 point is that it appears that whoever is in charge of the policeforce of ours is not of a very high intelligence. If his aim is to catch these drug-I takers and pedlars, surely the way to do this is not to send his men charging like mad bulls into public houses. If by chance any of these 'dangerous people' were present, all they would have to do would be to throw their substances on the floor and there would be no way of proving in a court who was 'guilty'.

Hounds and hunters and a stag to die, 'It is not cruel,' said the hunting ones, 'Tis better to die by the hunt, not guns.'

So what of a hind, heavy with young, Exhausted and spent by the distance run, Dragged from a pool - and the hounds - to be Rescued by death's long liberty.

Tough death in the wilds must always be, Balance of creatures born to be free, But even rats only kill for food, Degraded they whose pleasure is blood.

'It is not cruel' say the hunting ones, 'Preserving the deer from death by guns,' Surely pleasure in death must always be Just one more crime of humanity.

> Ruth Sauerzapf. North Molton. February, 1974.

Name and address supplied. If you wish to contact the lady who wrote the above, concerning your views or experiences, write to her c/o Voices, and we will pass your letters on.

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Thoughts in February

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- North Devon Voluntoers Poom

They Slipped Away (continued) 15 BIT Dorothy & Julian in Rainbowland 16 . 17 Fostivals Free Classified Service 18

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Front Cover by John Hurford.

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Pooms for February 5 Ian Cognito 6 7 How Right You Are / Letters 8 CLAP / The Resurrectors , te 1 33 eu

Once Upon a Time But in, and the war, make no soldar a 10 Pooms 11 What's On for Fobruary 12 Crossword

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13 North Dovon Villago Life / Letters 14 They Slipped Away (Short Story)

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NUMBER 16. FEBRUARY 1974. Price 5p Annual subscription only £1, including postage & packing.

"VOICES" is the area's only community magazine, run by an editorial collective of readers, contributors and other local people. All work is voluntary. in clorious clothes with botshiful apost-long ha Pagesortes - to the woods and outsous

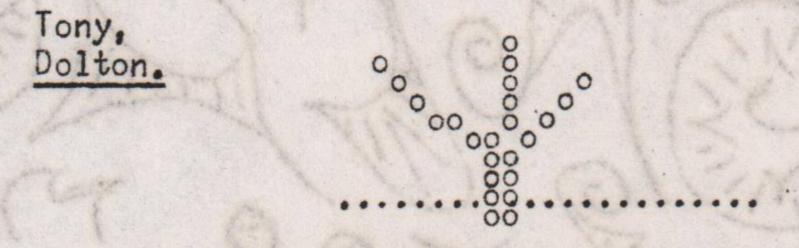
VOICES EXISTS TO HELP YOU, THE PEOPLE OF NORTH DEVON, TO EXPRESS YOURSELVES IN A FREE MEDIUM stotil chi encom fi legitno pas notas lettero . Histotraspold ve won SI ab in [ palycing elontonto cell no atta apart, yes proi a long day. Those bits on the Ile - yelders, normel, Van Gooh, Tormer, Postery - all ant intident fir unte morente ou orade et me entideri worker, book bemanitely an internet we dether and sood, when

CONTRIBUTIONS OF ANY KIND ALWAYS WANTED 1 1 the max's maximum to a strictness if ashing the bladed in these is share of illever and are and Thank you to all writers this month, and to: the artists for their illustrations. will be reversations parasatly good as it has contractions - beatmentanos , wromening - Macline tony KEEPINTOUCHKE ettined sevil the light - when as nevel no theot control over that incortant lites to an analy that incortant it as , postq attribut ferd one of , coviscing didity their off ううううろうろうろうううう NOW GET THEM PAGES A'FLICKING (THIS WAY->)

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Balance = Harmony = Nature = Life = Universe = You and me in time. 1973 was pretty freaky; 1974 will bring more. Patterns of history of woven texture of life of man, and everyone sees only his own thread, few see the material of life, the essence, the truth stretching solidly ahead and behind. And all will balance in the books of time, on the scales of heaven and hell. Peace & violence, happy & sad, money & love, you & me. All is right nothing is wrong. Sit on the hill and watch the people argue and rearrange the things of the earth. If you don't like it, leave it. Watch Empires rise & fall. When you've grown bored look beyond - there are no limits. Ancient civilisations have looked beyond a life of fun and toil. Industrial revolution looked beyond simple living. Flower Power rejected the tired grasping for possessions. Dope lifts above the material state. Keep going with the next generation to knock down the old short-sighted stand-still world to live a life that just flows along, keeping possessions to a minimum, sharing when we can. Natural communal living. Problems solved by cosmic thought that sees right through those so-called walls. Sensitive to the world about us, no selfish trespassing or doing another wrong. Controlling ourselves without following a cult, but because we see & feel what is good or not. So intuition comes back to our 1: intellect that was once thought to be so strong. Now no longer can we deny the ancient wisdoms in ourselves, passed on since we began. Our intellect can merely enhance our knowledge by seeing where we have gone wrong, where we have been waylaid by sidetracks of systems - as if things could stand still ! and where we have been brought up believing what unscrupulous generations wanted us to believe. O parents ! where is your morality that you corrupt your children so, condemning them to a life of insecurity in an unhappy world. Children rise up ! and see what there is, only believe what you know. Look for the balance of light and dark. Feel the way you want to go. There's always a way - say the Incredible String Band. Taoism - The Path. Thero's always a direction, a movement, a mood, a Herman Hesse "League" - a general subconscious highlighted by great individual consciousness. From a rocky planet, from a few\_organic cells, from the centre of Asia, Brahman, Buddha, Jesus, Love, Life, Greece, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Blake, to our existance. From right to left, up to down, religion to reform to reaction - oscillation along the way. Everything is the way, is natural. Medioc Ria Firma, the essential, direct, deepest, highest way. Dylan, Beatles, Stones, Donovan, Floyd, String Band, IT, OZ, Leary, Tolkein, our contemporary influences shouting freedom. We do our thing in glorious clothes with beautiful angel-long hair. Freedom from factories - to the woods and cottages. Lovely old England open fires and iron pots, stones and thatch, minstrels playing (we do it now by electricity), Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Van Gogh, Turner, Poetry - all leading on to where we sing our song, all fighting for fresh air, wind and sea, rejecting that out-a-date authority that balances our love with its weapons of hate. Our good thoughts are balanced by our polluted state. And so it rolls on - the next move will be a strictness (I can't agree with) - it's just another side of life's tree. Yes, our children will be reverant and personify good as it has always been personified in bad times and war - "with God on our side." Yes, we are all moving on some never-seen plan, we look to each extreme to see the light - when we have the light within oursolves. We are that infinite place, look inside at your infinite space. You are all you are and all you are is everything - for were you not born a star ? We talk in symbols - translate each that appeals to you into your universe. See yourself stretching back as your

cells surely do to times of other men's ideas, seemingly strange till you enter their brains. Trace yourself further back, slowly, don't loose yourself. And come full circle to think of the present and everything I don't know inside me, with my cup of tea.



January was a dark woollen cloak, pinned with a golden jewel. Frozen and blown by violent storms, we walked and drove through our day's tasks. Surprising afternoons were flooded with sunshine, and our bodies felt the sharp, sudden warmth of sun through a clear sky. 01d stones of the town dry out patiently in the few springlike hours, and cats, spend that little-bit-longer out of doors exploring through the half-remembered plants of gardens and fields. Trees throw long deep shadows on the suddenly-green shade; we become aware of tiny shoots growing slowly and strong by the hedges and walls. Little day-time journeys on foot are speckled with a noticeable colour pattern of spring-reminded January cold, and that sun, that long absent and welcome sun dazzles in the fading puddles and we feel a new year growing with us at last. But we, and the year, make no sudden changes. The birth pangs of our spring come more frequent now, but the ripping winds and scorching rain stay, as do our heavy worn clothes. Days grow dark so uncomfortably quickly, taking our indoor dreams into their cold and rainy corners. Our bodies, minds and clothing ache for the fresh airs of the new year - they have gathered a dusty winter grime and wait for the sun. We talk of changes, and dream. Soft waters of sleep are refreshing, and our loving renews. We are learning and watching and waiting for our time. It will be known and well recognised and shared and remembered. We try and are patient, we understand, forgive work and rest, feel cold and warmth, know the deep quickness pain and ecstasy of love, cry and laugh : we are learning and watching and waiting for our time.

So much seeming trivia tries to clutter our days and thoughts, and yet a quiet thought in a tired time makes all clear. Trivia and chores seem to be washing up, sweeping the floor, getting clothed in the ritual or morning. But no. That plate, half hidden by suds, means a meal carefully prepared, eaten and enjoyed. It means the fire's comfort, resting after a long day. Those bits on the carpet are where we've been, where we gathered wood, where rain lay. Those crumpled clothes are the happiness of yesterday, the new clean air of today. All is January and learning and watching and waiting for our time.

Outside in that formless place where power games are played, dark suited men sit round tables for talks, conciliation, settlements, compromises - juggling the tiny monopoly papers of community chest and chance. Meanwhile people are ordered when to work and when not to work, with no direct control over their important lives. Work is a four letter word. Men and women see no joyful future and move rapidly to foreign lands. Prejudice of names is passed from table under table to table and the morning papers try feebly to relieve the gloom and cold by silly jokes and out of silly season stories. We are not /cont..

out for this minor offence. espectally constdering the small puntshments that courts give only about 8 were prosecuted. The mind boggles at the cost,

Itke to make themselves unpopular, don't they ! this, the police warn for more raids likely - they really do Tie etigese the voltee, and vet despite all we sew NO DRUGS were found in Barnstaple, so the whole thing

see ADICES Nº 11) respect - namely that it is illegal. (Further references safer than alcohol, and in fact is only dangerous in one ts harmless, in some circumstances beneficial, non-addictive, all about a herb that medical and social science has agreed WHAT FOR ? What is all this annoying fuss about ? It's

hooliganism in North Devon, thank you. the Barnstaple raids) - we don't want this sort of police PLEASE NOTE, Chief Supt. Reg Goldsworthy (who led

Mas. Also, women were searched in a men's urinal, even bar of the Three Tuns was not searched, the public bar NOTE: it is perhaps useful to point out that the lounge

are already stretched to the limit. the rates and overload exteting services, many of which already here and in desperate need, put a heavy burden on for those attracted to come here and NONE for those of acres of food-producing land, provide lots of houses spospuny dn esn pinow siesodord esent tent estiser nov ou

creating public awareness and supporting organisations twenty-five years, by opposing planning applications, tron ant not neig sint to nottetnomeigmi ant theit It is too late now for a formal protest, but you can

prepared to tight it.

i omod te vete - IIIta other road users within 25 yards of them ! Or better month. Wishes of good luck and safety go to them and all TONY and ANN are both taking their driving tests this

this demolition is not applied to the Aldermen. marks of Barnstaple are disappearing. Whay a pity that Street and Holy Trinity Church. One by one, the landare to be pulled down. They are St. Mary Magdalene, Bear ere thought to be redundant because of population shifts, THERE IS A RUMOUR THAT two churches in Barnstaple, which

20 fyele i ousst then out at benettonem ed IIIw ment to youtten was not mentioned in the last issue of VOICES. Probably, that she is not the Mrs Violet Carter of East Anstey, who the third of ar beaks asked as asked us to point out

HIW TO. HE CAN MAKE A PROFIT ON EACH COPY HE SELLS. DOES YOUR NEWSAGENT STOCK "VOICES" ? IF NOT, WHY NOT ASK

. Ji to go about it. thomselves from the public at large, this/precisely the important questions. If the police were seeking to alienate the co-operation they need from the public, on more top of Itst yout you why the pollog at exactly why they fail to get in the worst sense of the word. This kind of high-handed observed if this country is not to become a police state so, people's rights to dignity and privacy must be neve tud , sere nistres in a certain area, but even needed if there is evidence of thard' (i.e. addictive Unpopular and strict methods of search are no doubt . roolf first floor.

though there is a women's toilet clearly present on the

te omit their out te nosin ni sed IIIw onw geore omet Inited time for public comment and leave the rest to the Exhibition, at the worst time of the year, allow a very Vinsos 2 no tuq - 21 ob uoy tenw os .ti esit youb finob not reingodnu paratomos ob ot tnew not it teat at nowana Important, why haven't we heard more about it ? The brief monolith to go with it i You may ask, if this is so yoar 2001. No doubt they will produce an intriguing of determining Barnstaple & District's future up to the YEW S'ILDNUOD JANOD BAT 21 SIAT . SMEDE BAT JE STENUG JI scok to stuff Barnstaple with people and industry until force feeding technique. In short, Deven County Council to sitm with margarine, but a way to expand through a THE BARNSTAPLE OUTLINE PLAN - no, this is not a new way

. sourt meetings.

NEMS AND COMMENT NEMS NEMS

# POLICE UPSET BARNSTAPLE DRINKERS - FOR NOTHING

Barnstaple pubs on January 18th at dinner-time. Their forces of law and order, when the police raided three upsetting the community) were harassed by the so-called Tong hatri and smiles, who don't go round vandalising or , sentois estimate those with the nice clothes, Many local paeople, including some peaceful young

eduq ent evest of bewolls gailowed to leave the pubs. criminals and be strip-searched (in some cases, internally customers had to suffer the indignity of suspected

politce were occupied for a day raiding 69 people of whom to ebne such the S.W. Easter Drugs Raids when thousands of trans spent in proparation. Almost as bad as the Great please note). The raid lasted 12 hours, to say nothing of What a waste of time and money ! (Barnstaple ratepayers by the police. More than 50 police were used for the raid. restomers, they might try claiming defamation of character If the publicans were upset by this, as well as their

Hotew ew bre lewer neblog a nit benning , heolo nelloow fooled. In our hearts we know that January is a dark

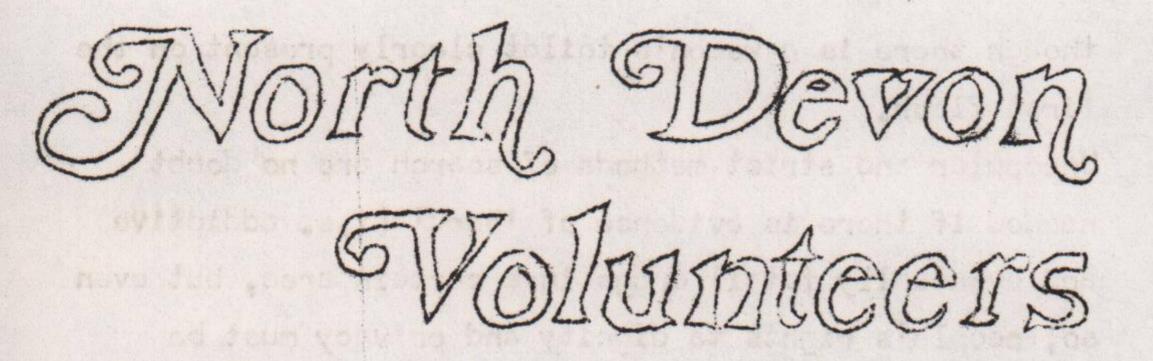
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Barnstaple. Ann W. Gleave.

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is a community organization through which local people, either as individuals or in groups, participate in finding out and meeting needs within their community.

Since its establishment in 1969, NDV has aimed to provide opportunities for people - particularly the youngto play an active part in helping to improve the quality of life of some of the most vulnerable sections of the community.

We are writing this because we believe there are many people - of all ages - who would be willing to help with their different skills and experience.

TO GET ANYWHERE NEAR MEETING ALL THE NEEDS WE KNOW OF (AND TO UNCOVER OTHERS, THAT THERE UNDOUBTEDLY ARE) IT IS NECESSARY FOR ALL WHO ARE ABLE TO OFFER ANY HELP, TO DO SO.

PLEADING FOR MERCY FROM

#### CAN YOU PUSH A WHEELCHAIR ?

CAN YOU SWIM ? There are handicapped children who would like to learn. Would you be able to give a few hours occasionally to help an old person with gardening or decorating ? Many are on limited incomes without friends or relatives nearby to help them with these tasks.

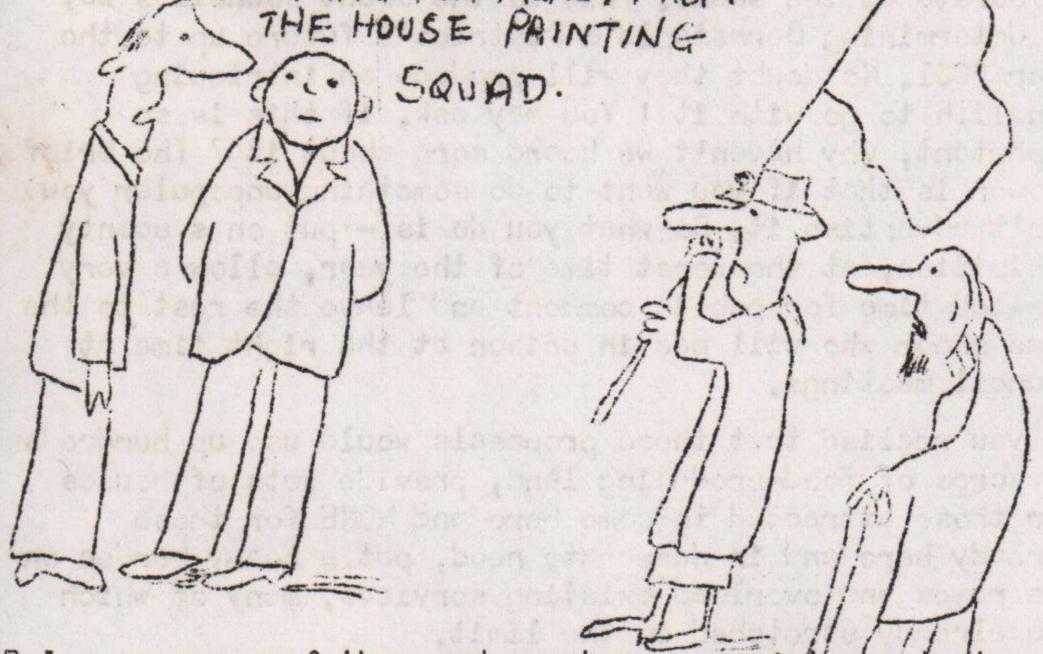
Can you play a musical instrument or sing ? Entertainments could be taken into homes and hospitals.

Do you enjoy working with young children? There are creches for handicapped children which need additional helpers. During the summer a number of Playschemes are held for primary school children.

Are you any good at knitting, sewing or craftwork? You could occasionally spend an afternoon in your nearest Old People's Home, sharing your interest with a few of the residents.

Are you reasonably fit and concerned about the environment? Footpaths and nature trails need upkeep. And litter squads would always have plenty to do !

The above is just a sample of the needs, and how people might meet them. PLEASE let us know whether and how you could help, and bring us your ideas. WE NEED YOU !



Below are some of the needs we have come into contacts with and some ideas of how, with your help, they may be met.

SOME OF THE NEEDS -

There are many old and disabled people in the area who are confined to their homes. Some don't have the opportunity to go outside their house for months, even years, on end. (Are you quite sure there is not someone in this situation living in your street, or a neighbouring street?) There are the forgotten people in many of our institutions the old or the mentally handicapped. How many people call in occasionally to these institutions to meet, talk to, share some activity with the residents ?

There are mothers with physically or mentally handicapped children. The strain and demands of caring for a handicapped child can be to some extent alleviated by someone's offer to occasionally look after the other children in the family, or to give the mother a break by caring for the handicapped child for an afternoon or evening. WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP -Everyone can help in some way. Please, just take a little time to think of what abilities you have which you could share, for the benefit of the community. CAN YOU DRIVE ? Could you help to transport someone to visit a relative in hospital, help with an outing to the country or a show, for a group of otherwise housebound OAP's, offer to take an old person or couple who live nearby you for a drive to, say, Exmoor ?

North Devon Volunteers is funded by Devon County Council, local authorities and donations from local industry and individuals. We have the resources of 5 full-time staff, office facilities and three vohicles. These resources are here to generate local effort and help towards a "better society". PLEASE USE THEM !

Ilfracombe Centre: NDV, Ebberley House, Avenue Road. Tel: 3942. Organiser: Julia Timothy. Barnstaple Centre: NDV, 7 Boutport Street. Tel: 72158 Organisers: Annette Low & Ray Clarke. Bideford Centre: NDV, The Bideford Centre, The Pill. Tel: 3494. Organisers: Colin Yates & Len Wainwright.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO OFFER YOUR HELP, PLEASE CONTACT ONE OF THE CENTRES LISTED ABOVE.

The clock Follows time obediently Winds down, And halts. The moon moves Patterned in the beauty of inescapable monotony. The sun rises In sweeping movement. The planets, Krown - 200 hours Move unequivocably eliptically, Following their own shadows Into antiquity. While man stops. And wonders.

Jeremy, Barnstaple.

nevel, Icraino almon a ni banan on ornew months and , sex

# 

### September:

#### The road

like a speckled grey velvet ribbon turns between nowly cut hedges that hang limp and torn, heavy and sparkling with rain. The flowers of summer have gone but ripe fruits are sheltored there black, rod and tawny. They tempt us to drink country wine. We gather forms and leaves and grasses eat blackberries one by one and talk of baskets of twigs to carry the borries til evening. The road is quiet. Horses graze lazily up on a hill and sheep, sensing more rain to come, huddle beneath wide spreading trees. The air here, far from town and noise, is cool and tastes of berries and wet leaves. Could we live with hawthorn and teasel could we find a road, hedge and field and watch the seasons pass, feeling the earth grow warm and cold, find a silvered spider's web and see the sun take that silver away. Could we stay just a little while longer and let the grass touch our feet could we let loose into the wildness for a short time then travel the road again when summer is here.

# POEM

Fancy a tin of Buitoni V Sitting there all lonely With no other tins of bolognaise To share the long days - just one tin of Buitoni sitting there all lonely.

One tin of Buitoni Very conscious of self Sitting alone on a supermarket shelf How do you pass the lonely nights Without those neon-lights ? - just one tin of Buitoni sitting there all lonely.

Standing majestic between rows of first courses And regiments of meat sauces Wearing an expiry date

#### January:

For months now winter's cold has found us still and waiting as April primroses under snow. The first days of sunlight touch us, sleeping our thoughts in the chill town and the sun's cheerful light reminds us of singing and of the games of summer. We hear the fall of surf in the still moments, moving waters and the wakening earth shift our minds to the quiet open roads - to hedges and field and the time of year when seasons roll slow and life is adventuring ! again. Ann W. Gleave. Barnstaple.



It's getting rather late Soon to be overdue But what - oh what - to do - just one tin of Buitoni sitting there all lonely.

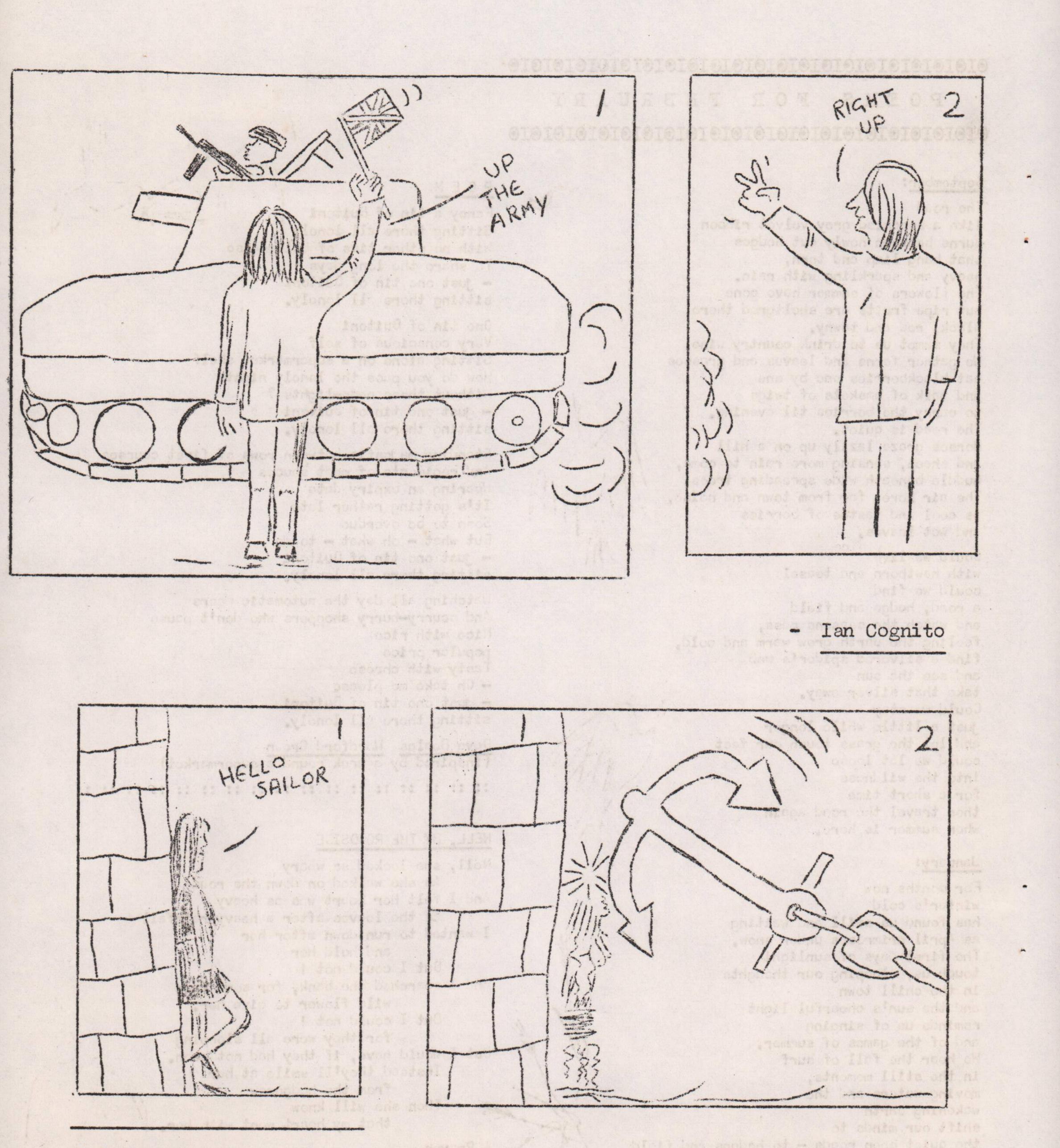
Watching all day the automatic doors And scurry-hurry shoppers who don't pause Nice with rice popular price Tasty with cheese - Oh take me please - just one tin of Buitoni sitting there all lonely.

Dave Beales Woodford Green (inspired by a trek round a supermarket)

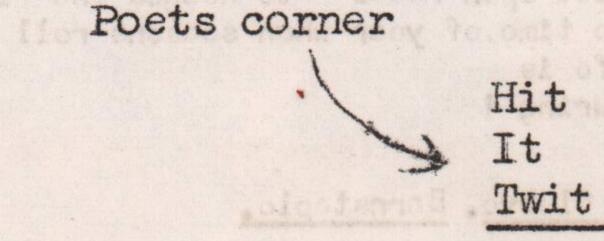
## NELL, BY THE ROADSIDE

Gwen. Muddiford.

Nell, she looked sc weary As she walked on down the road And I felt her heart was as heavy as the leaves after a heavy rainfall I wanted to run down after her and hold her But I could not ! And I searched the bank, for some free wild flower to give her. But I could not ! for they were all sleeping But I would have, if they had not been. Instead they'll smile at her from the hedgerow Then she will know that my heart went with hor. A Prayer God, Please Bless Nell, and make her see As clear as a bell, the love that surrounds her.



I dislike poetry because it says in so many words what one can say in so few.



#### HOW RIGHT YOU ARE

(Another anonymous contribution) .

Dear Voices,

I have written this article as a result of last month's contribution by Rhesus Negative. I'm hoping you'll be able to print it - I know it's a bit long but I. couldn't say it in less. Hope it's in time for the coming issue if you can print it.

#### Thanks.

Yes Rhesus Negative - the M5 is a road into nowhere. If Devon feels the M5 is going to put her on the map of Great Britain then I feel she could well be mistaken. The extra factories will be known somewhere else in the country but the new scarred land will be quickly forgotten by visitors, and people may remember with sadness what Devon was like, as many other people in other areas are remembering what their surrounding areas were like once.

About "The Road to the West". Why knock it in such an abstract and journalistic way. The whole of the first paragraph uses Motorway type language which sounds very clever but to someone tired of trying to see a clear way through such metaphoric type articles it says little but "I didn't like it". By all means say that. But honestly, without embellishment that clouds the issue. People who can read and understand totally what journalists are on about when reporting on anything from the Arts to the most important National affairs are lucky. Perhaps they can understand the reasons for all that is inflicted on us by our appointed leaders. Please, people who write, use your ability to make things clearer to us - not more inexplicable than ever.

The discussion at Barnstaple was pretty dismal. There were not many Devonians there. (Or were there?) Where were their voices ? Why keep quiet so long Rhesus Negative ! (I do hope you're a Devonian through and through). You would perhaps have stirred up some action for others and for yourself.

We don't need clever witty attacks in writing, we need everyone to voice their opinions out loud. The louder and simpler the better. If you don't like it, say so !

### Positively yours.

And in favour of the Orchard continuing its difficult job of becoming an ever more accepted part of Devonian culture.

#### 

## Dear Readers and Contributors,

Whilst we at VOICES welcome

say a subscripting fragment der sa i the

every single one of your ideas and opinions, we do like to know from whom they come, so that questions can be answered and dialogue continued. PLEASE put atleast your name on all that you send in, and your address as well, so that we can send on to you any replies resulting from your work. If you would like to use a pen name, so that your real name isn't broadcast to the world, by all means let us know, BUT PLEASE DON'T HIDE YOUR IDENTITY AS IF IT'S A STATE SECRET.

At least the Orchard's dislike for the M5 was apparent and honest, and yet not browbeating.

Perhaps both parties are wrong to assume anything on behalf of the people who live in Devon. As the Orchard opinion was biased so is that of Rhesus Negative. Unless every resident of the County is referred to, neither party can definitely be right. And please remember there are many Devonians living elsewhere in the Country and World, and hopefully they're not treated as newcomers to their chosen area for the rest of their lives.

Too many rather sarcastic assumptions are made by Rhesus (excuse the informality) such as the supposition that the people who "bemoan the Motorway" are going to be the first to shoot down it.

The people on tapes were often Devonian, many of them living in ignorance of the Motorway proposed for them by The Department of the Environment. By the way, does the Department of the Environment understand Deven better than the members of the Orchard Theatre ? They are not of Devon either and have obviously absorbed as much of the atmosphere as their Motorway will.

free and honest communication, that's what it's all about !

love,

typists and workers in the VOICES office.

Answers to last edition's CROSSWORD : (did you get it all correct, then join in this month's COMPETITION !) ACROSS 1; Transformer. 2; 0z. 6; Pink Floyd. 8; Pretty. 9; Puff. 11; Bell. 13; Ace. 14; Yes. 15; Man. 19; Zappa. 20; Elegy. 21; Heron. DOWN 1; Trip. 3; Fool. 4; Ear. 5; Amonduul. 7; Yeti. 9; Peace. 10; Fly. 16; Ananda; 17; Egg. 18; ELP (abbr.) 22; Rip.

Hope you all enjoyed doing that one ! 

and the first the second

LETTER from "Circles" (Exeter):

Dear Voices,

Thanks for the latest issue of Voices with a rather nice cover. With regard to "Circles" we haven't closed down but due mainly to lack of finances we haven't put out another issue yet. WE are hoping to have one out by March at the latest. Also I am at the moment trying to organise gigs down here as well as helping to to publicise the 3rd Windsor Free Festival and get acts and people together who want to help. Total comitmant is obviously

It is fair to question the ability of members of the company to portray Devonshire people but that does not disqualify the possibility of their absorbing the feeling of the area. By all means knock the theatrical talent if it does not meet your requirements, just as I knock your ability to see deeper into the content of the show.

Yes, the show was about the M5. But the M5 is part of Britain's society and way of living. Perhaps we're all making a mistake living as we are. To me that is evil and so, by means of its (I suspect) short living material and economic gains, is the M5.

needed for such a task and therefore something has got to suffer.

love, peace and togetherness, Nick Forrest. Circles, 40 Old Tiverton Road, EXETER, Devon. the state of the s And from EIRE:

Dear Ann,

I am very sorry for not writing till now, and at · that a short note only. Thank you for sending us your mag which we find very interesting. hen we wrote to you before we were about to set up a print shop, well that folded and we lost a lot of bread. In fact it never got off the ground.

### LETTERS continued ....

But that is now past and we hope for a better New Year, At the moment we both had to take jobs in Advertising design studio UGH !! (me) and Dept of Social Welfare (Marian). But that's life (for a while anyway) I will write again soon. Love and power, Voulto a Journal not through and through .

RICHARD & MARIAN.

Thank you all for your letters - sorry we can't print them all - but do keep in touch and write to us when you can! That goes for all you people somewhere out there in North Devon too !

# DOES YOUR PROJECT NEED MONEY ?

CLAP (Coomunity Levy for Alternative Projects), is a new scheme whereby London businesses & individuals support new & old projects anywhere in Britain which are too unusual, imaginative, alternative, or revolutionary to get money from the regular sources. There will be CLAP pay-outs every 2 months, with the 1st pay-out in March 1974. PLEASE APPLY FOR MONAY BY FEBRUARY 15th., 1974. Your project, to apply, must be (a) NON PROFIT. (b) PAYING ITS WORKERS LESS THAN 13 TIMES BASIC DOLE RATE PLUS RENT. (c) MUST BE ABLE TO ANSWER "YES" TO SOME /ALL OF THE FOLLOWING:

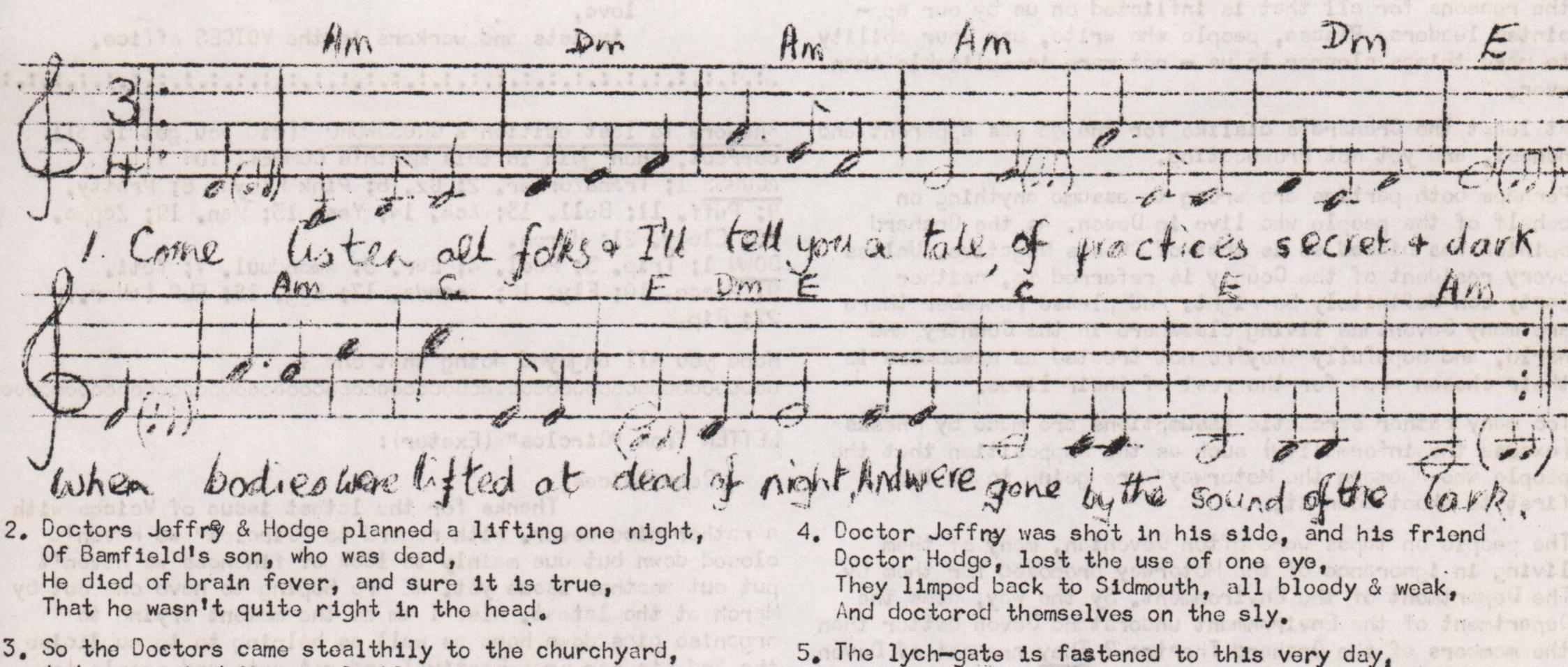
1) does your project help change or revolutionize British society in some way?

(2) does it help people fight their oppressions ? 3) does it help people expand their consciousness ? 4) does it help people communicate with one another ? 5) does it help people improve their environment ? 6) does it help build up alternative structures anywhere in Britain ? and, specifically for new projects: 7) is the scheme likely to be put into action and will the money be used to do this ? 8) is something like it already happening or does it represent a new & inspired direction ?

The total first pay-out in March is likely to be small, anything from a couple of hundred pounds up to about £1,000. But if CLAP catches on, the next pay-out, in May, will be much larger.

Send your APPLICATIONS (Maximum 200 words) to CLAP, C/O BIT, 146, Great Western Rd., LONDON, W.11.

Words and music by Anne Peyton Jones. Appledore. RREC TERS RESU



And approached their valuable quarry, When a shot was fired by old Bamfield himself, And the Doctors, they left in a hurry.

an very serry for not writting till new, and at

bes boblet Jest IIce , dona intro a quissa es succe en

8 cost a lot of bread, In fact it never oot off the ground.

Reminding us all to be careful lest we Be caught like the two practitioners.

With a bolt, which was dropped by the Doctors,

is on soop to both fud elgeog entremove U contace of the most

Yes, the show was about the MS. But the MS is part of

Arttain's society on way of living. Perhaps we're all

muking a mistoka living as we are. To ma that is evil

antipal arit and choeds mont he will be consider and without the

From a true story, written in the Parish Records of Salcombe Regis, Sidmouth, S. Devon. c. 1840.

, espendetecht bas bollog , ovel

Footnote I have very sympathy with those Doctors in many ways, since it was impossible for them to do any research work unless they dug up bodies !!

### Anne Peyton Jones.

A letter from a London girl a bright yellow summer girl Eros waits while we meet the wind choir from St. Paul's descends to our cuddle monator and set off et slowly I know my face is lifted from the ground by my Bonnard girl I can love the world as I love her startled big round eyes windflowing threads of gold & silver hair floating out in moon & sun on fairytale visions of love in our lock of looks and talks and walks through cold & brick & streets unnoticed from our Tahiti thought aurora complimentary colours dance on the Thames London comes with constant smile someone's making make love not war

Hush of heavy gold-red curtains

misty green light in the quiet feathery dancers drift tiptoe snowflakes with black hair boautiful Nureyov- Fontoyn dancing faces glowing we shiver with light colour & music, senses saturated lamplit stroot under hot dance window lampwarm face, swirling hair twirling dross, flittering moth I will have to my flame

High northern train journey end isolated room bed clean white sheets hot emotion of caressing & cuddling power of new sensations actual event of whole mind & body swirling she rushes at me my floating out mind is all over and have done beyond words even morning cannot take

Dark round bright watery white bluegrey eyes only blur floating swirling tears near wordless look openface as never light pink coming is push rod cosy soft lips suck

To elaids of

films to go att.

No L. COMP

. hore is anything

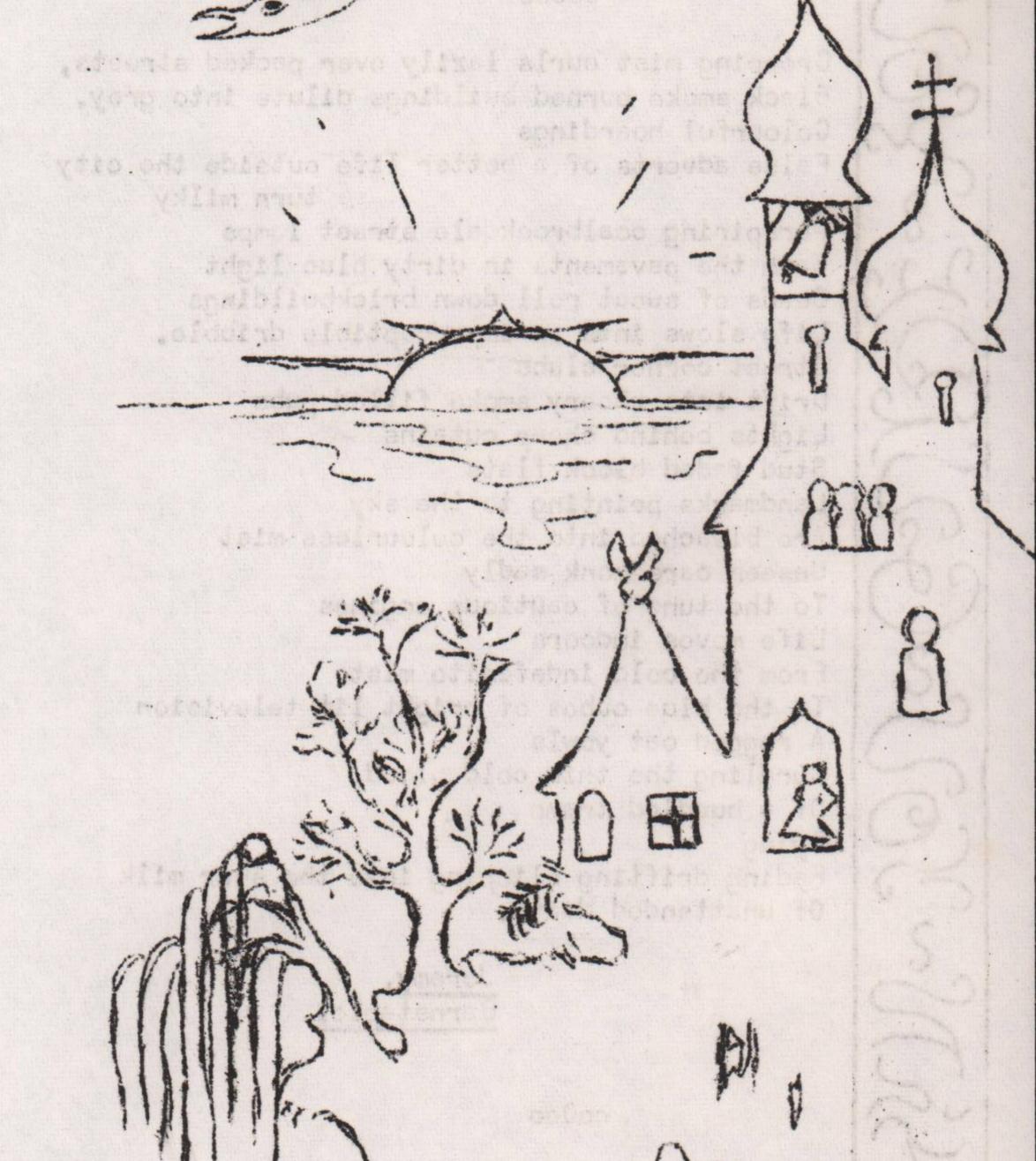
Mornings we walk close treading misty air over stubble & dewgrass over glinting streams that bubble into our oyes drowning us solitary in England's cosy importance and foggy concentration we have no chance loyalty.

Saleria Change

Tony.

Dolton.

19月11日1月1日四月1月1月



# LOVE SONNET

"We are ill-fated like the wind That wafts the flower's hummer" But, the goodness in thy own heart's home Thy mind so pure and innocent, Keeps us a bower in life's restless dome When in thy presence our time is spent. The charm from thy ever-gracious ways Thy smile's ever-increasing glow, Doth live on in us all our days Like sweet memories that flow, And in thy wide-heaven of loveliness That overlooks our immortal dearth, Do we stay forever in the increasingness Of the beauty thee gives to earth.

## 6.12.1973 M.W. James, Ilfracombe.

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There was love between us there was love.

There is stillness and dark There is the window, the room and bed There is to be no ritual but there is to be exaltation

Veso

There is a knock on her darkened window from the late night shadow that makes love with her "Can I come in?" he clumsily asks There is no reply but he struggles in. The lovers' room is a claustrophobic garden full of smells, sounds and peculiar colours She watches his long thick dark hair flow and then runs her razor sharp eyes down his body He carefully peels away the clean white sheets. Their warm bodies touched that night, that morning, that day, In the bed the lovers are silent; Slowly and deliberately his hands roam over her mountain like breats first the left and then the right her night dress is removed his lips find her soft, firm brown nipples first the loft and then the right their eyes are closed their hair is emotionally tangled. His fingers travel down to her waist and down, down, down She holds him closer and kisses the hand beside her mouth, he feels the moist heat of her loins drawing him into her and gropes for new words for the ecstasy and paint, she thinks of birds, butterflies and flowers in the? springsummer sun. There is a sigh, a flowering of kisses then their bodies join again that night, that morning, that day, and I remember.

Ward College We

Creeping mist curls lazily over packed streets, Black smoke burned buildings dilute into grey. Colourful hoardings False adverts of a better life outside the city turn milky Perspiring coalbrookdale street lamps Wash the pavements in dirty blue light Beads of sweat roll down brickbuildings Life slows into an imperceptible dribble. Street corner clubs Drift into cheery smoke filled pubs Lights behind cheap cutains Stud faded block flats Landmarks pointing to the sky Are bleached into the colourless mist Unseen cars honk sadly To the tune of cautious engines Life moves indoors From the cold indefinite mist To the blue cubes of bright lit television A ragged cat yowls Curdling the thin cold blood Of a huddled tramp Dying Fading drifting slipping into the sour milk Of unattended death.

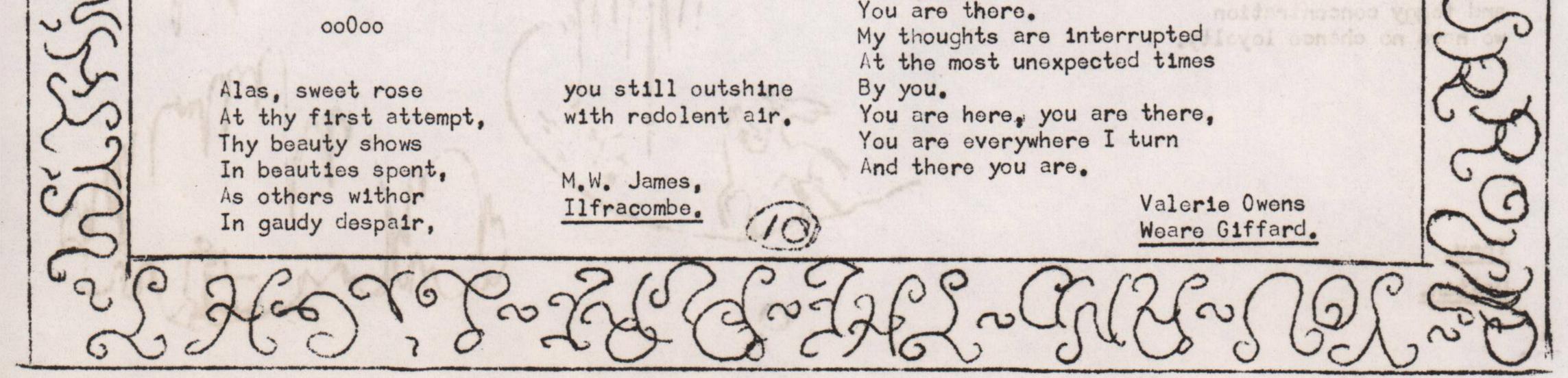
> Jeremy, Barnstaple.

Dave Caddy London.

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### YOU

You are everywhere I go, In everything I do and think You are there.



#### FEBRUARY

11th TONY ROSE at North Devon Folk Club. Golden Eleece, Tuly St., Barnstaple. 8pm. 12th DOCTOR DOLITTLE (for 5 days) Cliftor ^inema, Ilfracombe. 12th LADY SINGS THE BLUES. (for 6 days) Regal Cinema, Barnstaple. 14th MASKED BALL with 'The Fourmost'. Town Hall, Torrington, 9pm. £1.25(!) (Suits)

14th GOLDEN COAST BIG BAND SOUND, Queens Hall. 8pm - 12, 60p.

16th MAGIC & MYSTERY, DAVID BERGLAS. Queens Hall, Barnstaple. 8pm £1.10 (!)

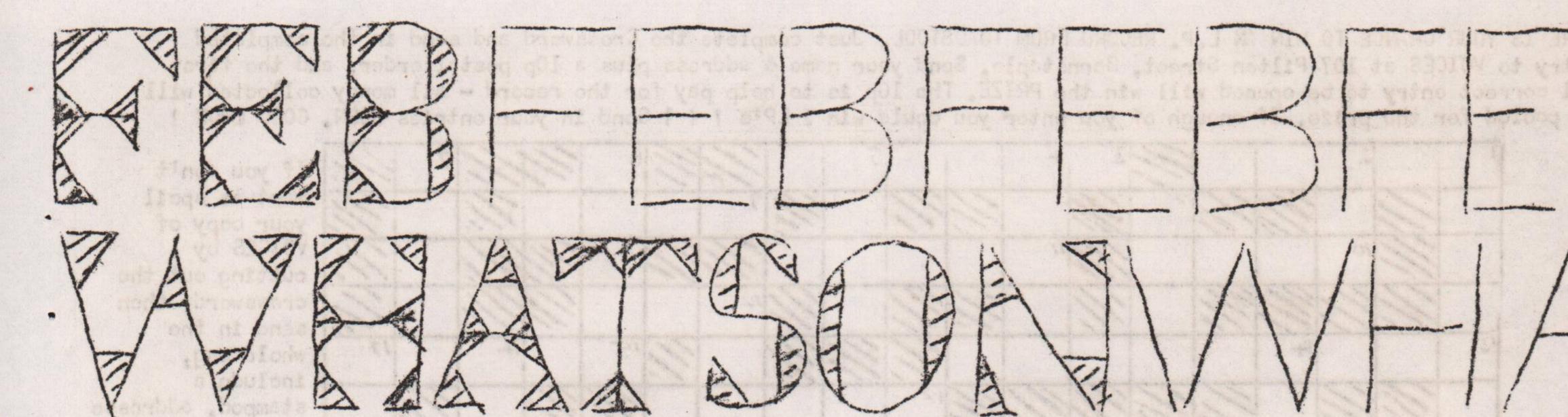
19th LADY SINGS THE BLUES (for 5 days). Diana Ross as Billie Holliday. Strand Cinema, Bideford.

21st FLAMENCO GUITAR. PHILIP JOHN LEE. Britain's leading non-Spanish Flamenco guitarist. Pilton Community College, Barnstaple. 7.30pm. 45p.

DUE TO NATIONAL EMERGENCY, IT'S BEST TO CHECK WITH ORGANISERS BEFORE GOING TO EVENTS.

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19, 20, & 2st THREEPENNY OPERA. Church Hall, Sticklepath, Barnstaple, 7.30pm. 40p. 22nd ROD MASON JASS BAND return to the Lobster Pot, Instow. 8pm. 60p.

- 22nd GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE. An Orchard Theatre revival of a racy, rustic, English farce. Torrington Town Hall. 7.30pm 45p (Children & OAP's 30p)
- 23rd FOLK ROBIN HALL & JIMMIE MACGREGOR. 8pm. Queens Hall, Barnstaple. 65p.
- 23rd GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE. Pilton Community College, Barnstaple. 7.30pm. 45p.
- 24th BONNIE & CLYDE (for 2 days), Strand Cinema, Bideford.
- 26th FOLK SEEGER and MACCOLL. Peggy Seeger and Ewan McColl singing songs from Britain and America, traditional and contemporary. Lobster Pot, Instew. 8pm. 60p.
- 'IT'S ALL LIES.' John Hurford's Comic. 55p for 5 issues (incl. postage) from John Hurford, Wixon Cott., Chulmleigh.

TAW RECORD LIBRARY Hire or buy good recordschoap. Details from 21, Pilton Street, Barnstaple.

MARCH

- 1st FITZWILLIAM STRING QUARTET return to the Lobster Pot, Instow, Shostakovich, Mendelssohn and Beethoven. 8pm. 60p.
- 7th RAG CHARITY BALL with good progressive sounds. Camel. Coast Road Drive. Tim Arnold Disco and Jules the Clown. North Devon College. 75p(app). 8-12pm.
- 8th ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS. Film Show."A Welcome in the Mud", "Flying Birds" and "Shotland Isles of the Simmer Dim". Queens Hall. 7.30pm. 40p adult, 30p child.
- 8th JAZZ- STAN TRACEY QUARTET. Lobster Pot, Instow. 8pm. 60p.
- CRAFT CLASSES AT BEAFORD. Now under way but them may be vacancies. Ring Beaford 202.

CONTINUOUS: Folk Clubs; Torridge Folk Club, Maltscoop Inn, Bideford. every Tuesday. 8pm.

Ilfracombe Folk Club, Wellington Arms, Bideford, Fridays at 8pm. Children Free. North Devon Folk Club. Golden Fleece, Tuly St., Barnstaple. Mondays at 8pm.

MORRIS DANCING every Wednesday at the Golden Fleece, Barnstaple. 8pm. MEN wanted ! ! BARN DANCING. George Hotel, Hatherleigh. Ring them for details.

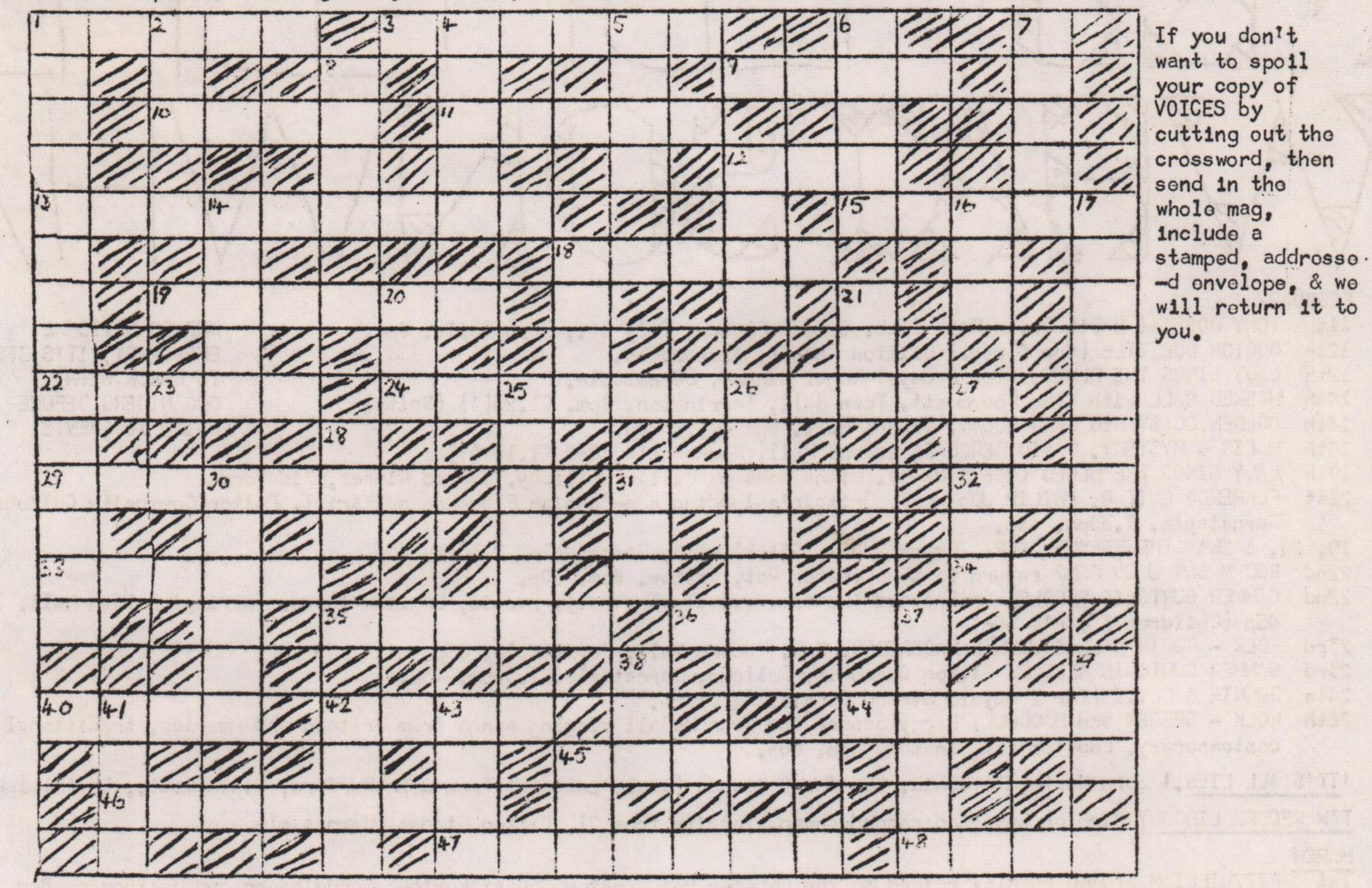
COMING: Local talont at the Lobster Pot :: John Moat : John St. Field.

VOICES EASTER ENTERTAINMENT. Possibly on the nearest Saturday to Easter. Full details in the next issue. PERFORMERS let us know if you can come - so we know what size Hall to book, etc. FOLK :: POETRY :: ROCK GROUPS :: DANCE :: BAR :: ETC. If you want to extend the day in any way, GET IN TOUCH. (Perhaps a Market ??)

ALSO: EXHIBITIONS, PAINTINGS inspired by Dartmoor by Michael Honnor, who lives in Hartford. Watercolours and oils. Beaford Centro during February. (check by phoning Beaford 202) PERSIAN MINIATURES :: VICTORIAN GREETINGS CARDS :: 19th CENTURY RAILWAY ARCHITECTURE :: details from Deaford, WHOLEFOODS. Tony at Toadstool is getting a food order up to Community Supplies. Anything YOU want? Get in touch.

YOGA - open meetings each month at the Kingston Club, Combe Martin. Write to them for details, or watch in the Press.

A famous Potter said on a TV film recently; "Like yourself and others will like you." If you're restless and unsatisfied with life, make February and March the time for you to do some creative thinking about yourself and others and the world about you. Experience music, films, reading, playing, walking, observing the countryside and towns and villages. Make a new friend. Resolve not to let the propaganda despairs of government and nations get you down. Try to live as YOU want to. But be tolerant of the needs of others. Good luck to you all, in your searches. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN AN L.P. RECORD FROM TOADSTOOL. Just complete the Grossword and send in the completed entry to VOICES at 107 Pilton Street, Barnstaple. Send your name & address plus a 10p postal order, and the first all correct entry to be opened will win the PRIZE. The 10p is to help pay for the record - all money collected will be pooled for the prize. If enough of you enter you could win 2 LP's !!! Send in your entries SOON. GOOD LUCK !



Crossword compiled by DAVE BEALES of Woodford Green.

CLUES. 47. A group named after a state of mind (7) Across 48. "Fog on the -" (4) Name of LP. Hatfield and the - (5) DOWN 3. The - laughs (6) Title of LP Title of an LP by Pink Fairles (5-5-4) 9. Title of an LP by Jefferson Airplane (4) - Stewart (3) 2. 10. Leader of Iceberg, - Leonard (4) Boatles' recording label (5) 4. 11. A group which is named after their guitarist and Type of saxophone (4) split in 1972 (5) Stone the - (5) Name of group. 6. 12. Skid - (3) Name of group. - Jump (5) Name of group. 13. Acoustic guitarist who records with Harvest & wrote 8. - Gas (4) Name of group. "White Man" (3-6) 12. "On the - Again" (4) Title of track by Canned Heat. 15. "- your head against the wall" (5) LP title. 14. "Atom - Mother" (5) LP by Pink Floyd. 18. Titus - (5) Name of group. 16. Wishbone - (3) 19. "Uncle -1- last freakout" (6) Name of track by Pink 17. "- - and Feet" (4-5) Name of group. Fairies". 18. Name of group, led by Daevid Allen (4) 22. Rare - (5) Name of group. 20. Name of group whose vocalist is Jon Anderson (3) 24. Title of an LP by The Band (11) "Tir Na -" Name of folk duo (3) 21. 29. Liquid Len & The - (7)25. - Rooster (6) Name of group. 31 & 35 Lead vocalist with Jefferson Airplane (5-5) 26. - Bridge (7) Name of film starring Jimi Hendrix. 32 Name of group from Wales (3) - Motown (5) Name of type of music. 27. 33. Simon - (5) Ex. Fairport Convention. 28. Makers of music equipment (3) 34. "- Longa Vita Brevis" (3). Title of LP by the Nice. 30. Title of LP by Humble Pie.(6) 35. See 31 across. 31. - and the Family Stone (3) 36. Name of a group whose LP's include "LA Woman and 37. Name of a group who recorded an LP called "The Twelve "Weird scenes inside the Goldmine" (5) Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus" (6) 40. - Lizzy (4) Name of group. 38. "- Run Run". (3) Track by Velvet Underground. 42. New Riders of the Purple - (4) Name of Group. 39. - Barrett. Ex. Pink Floyd (3) 44. - and the Storges. (4) Name of group. 41. Group who recorded LP called "The Alchemist" (4) 45. "-1- Chest" Name of LP track by Lou Reed (5) 42. Memphis - (4) 43. - Campbell (4). 46. Soft - (7) Name of group. 45. Curved - (3) Name of group.

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### NORTH DEVON VILLAGE LIFE

'A'Sketch

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AN EXTRACT taken from the North Devon Journal of 1896.

Old Ann Newcombe died of a paralytic stroke, and was buried, leaving her husband "Jan" to mourn her loss which Jan did.... One day, Mary comes to visit the mouning Jan

"'Ow do 'ee manage now, Jan" - she asked at length - "'oo cooks yer vittles ?" "I gits me awn breaksus," says Jan, "I gits me dinner to 'Squire's kitchen, and I gits me awn tay." 0 "Ow do 'ee manage to clane th' 'ouse ?" "Doan't clano an 't all - leastways, 'tain't been claned since 'or wuz burried." 0 "Ah!" said Mary, shaking her head, and heaving another sigh, "I warran' yu du miss 'er." "Ay !" remarked Jan, sucking doggedly at his core. 0 There was silence again for a few minutes, then Mary cleared her throat, and proceeded to carry out her idea. "Jan", she asked in a sympathetic tone, "doan 'ee vind it lawnly yer, with nobody in t'ouse but yorzelf ?" "Wall !, ees, I du a bit," replied Jan, unsuspectingly; "but I s'pose I must put up wit; my time wawn't be very 0 long any ow, " "I feel lawnly mezelf," said Mary, ignoring the latter part of Jan's reply; "Itis bad enough in tu Barnstaplo 0 but it must be awful out yer by yerzelf." "Ees," said Jan, "'tis quiet." "One thing," continued Mary, putting out a feeler in another direction, "I baint afeard o' comin' to the ... Union - I've enough left to kape me so long's I live." .

So Mary, - who was still active, - cut about, and reduced the kitchen to order and cleanliness, and, after having a "cup o' tay" with Jan, went back to Barum. "Never mind," she said to herself, as she trudged homeward, "I've a zet 'en thinkin'; he'll take me yet. Give 'en dree months gitting his own breaksus an' tay, an' living in a pegstye an' he'll cum round."

The three months are not up yet, but I fancy Mary is right, and Jan will "come round."

J.M. Durward.

Barnstaple.

O OF GREAT INTEREST TO OUR

POETS

0

0

The following is an extract from a letter received by VOICES from M.W. James of Ilfracombe, who has had several poems published in the mag. WOULD ALL OF YOU WHO ARE INTERESTED IN TAKING PART IN THE IDEA please contact the office AS SOON AS POSSIBLE .....

"Wull !" replied Jan, laying aside his pipe, which was burnt empty by this time, "I be arlright mezelf, so var's that goes."

"Wall !" went on Mary, leaning forward and putting her hand on Jan's bony knee, and looking him straight in the eyes, "doann'ee think as 'ow us tu c'u'd get along alright together ?"

"Wot d'e meane ?" says Jan, opening his eyes.

- "Wiy," said Mary, "t'wou'd be company for both of us." Jan held on by the arms of his chair and stared at Mary with much the same look on his face as might appear on the face of a man suddenly seized with violent cramp,
- "Wall, I'm darned !" he spattered, "I never thort o' that; o you've a spok' zo zudden."

"You can think about it now" said Mary, pressing home her point, and remembering the fact that in his youth Jan had found no difficulty in getting off with the old love and on with the new. She thought Jan would agree. He meditated again for a few minutes, while she watched 0 him anxiously, then suddenly waking up, he shook his head viciously, saying "No, no ! I can't a think nort about it - not now any ow; wy er a'nt a been dead but a fortnight o - let the poor old zawl git cold fus!." "No, no !" he concluded, as if to clinch the whole business, "I can't a think ort about it for a twelvemonth yet." Mary's hopes had gone down at the first part of Jan's reply, but his concluding sentence still seemed to leave her a chance. 0 "All right," she said, "thee knows best thezel', Jan, Anyway, I'll wash up the dishes, and make 'ee a cup o' tay, 'fore I get home along." 0

"I have recently been dwelling on the idea of organising or trying to organise the publishing of an anthology of poems by not only the young poets who contribute regularly to your own magazine but others who may be interested in such an idea. All this, of course, would depend entirely on the response of people interested who would be willing to help pay for such a project. (I hasten to add that I am not out to profiteer on the talents of others as many of the book publishing companies do.)

I would be grateful if you could advertise, to the affect of the above, the theme of my project asking all people interested to get in touch with me at the following address:

90A High Street, ILFRACOMBE."

PLEASE WRITE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE and also let VOICES know if you are interested, so that we may get some idea of the response.

### NOTE SENT IN TO THE VOICES OFFICE:

"So You Want to be a Freeman of the Borough of Barnstaple Then it seems that all one has to do is to serve on its moth-eaten Council for more years than the electors would care to remember. Its a strange sort of camaderie that will give the Freemanship of the Borough to someone not born in the town, who has been on the Council & Aldermanic bench for yonks, and not give it to a true Barumite, who has given real service to the town as one of its leading officers. So all it really means is koeping one's little (!) nose clean, sitting on the fence, cashing in on people's charitable feelings, and, hey presto ! you're an honourable (?) freeman. Good grief."

We publish the above as an anonymous comment on recent local news. It doesn't perhaps seem fair in every case, but recent events seem to prove the point somewhat. Any other comments on local news, please ?

Please include your name, so that we know who are worthy contributors are.

THEY SLIPPED AWAY 5000000

by Josephine Curzon (Dolton)

It was evening when the nymph came. All the men and boys, except for those on watch with the flocks, gathered to meet her, at once. They had been expecting her daily and she was greeted eagerly, though no man cared to come too close and a cortain amount of fear could be seen behind the eagerness. Jeron pressed forward as far as he dared, staring.

The nymph looked as always, long flounced skirt, tight, leather belt, short open jacket showing her painted nipples, and golden bracelets and headress in the form of snakes. Her expression was one of condescending arrogance. Jeron could not remember her ever looking any younger. Surely in 13 years there should have been some change ? He wasn't even sure that it was the same nymph, though he could discorn no difference in her features. DOMODRATIL TA CONTL WAT TITAT COL

She seemed to be alone but a hoarse grumbling from the shadows announced that the tame lioness from the villago of women had accompanied her. At the sound she broke off her conversation with Cheiros, the headman, and walked away into the darkness.

"Surely you can see, stupid ? The tinies are between three and four moons, the bigger a year older and those toddling on the floor a year older again. The boys from those will accompany you on your homeward journey."

Norest? A ' Steeron

She giggled and felt his arms and chest.

"Oh ! What muscles, See, Cirene," she called to another girl, "he will give us some fun when the time comes." SARRARARARA INA COLOUCS

She pressed up against him and the feel of her firm, sweet smelling body with its ewelling breasts roused confused, excited feelings in him. Fascinated, yet repelled, he shrank back. She laughed boldly and pressed closer, her bright eyes holding his.

"See what melting eyes he has, what hyacinth locks, what well shaped nose and mouth. I wonder if he is as well formed elsewhere ?"

At once, everyone crowded forward, demanding to know what she had said, while the excited boys scrambled between their elders as best they they could, to make sure of hearing.

"In three days", announced Cheiros, "the feast is in three days time." lations don't only to vnom ac anariso

The men shouted with joy and commenced dancing gaily round the fire, while the boys sang and clapped. Jeron's eye fell on Eutolos, who was fifteen and would, this year, join the men, as would two other boys. Once again he felt a burning longing to know what really happened at the feast.

Three days later Jeron had reached a fever pitch of excitement as he and the other boys followed the singing men down the slope leading to the village of women.

As they entered, the women flung garlands round the men's necks, calling laughing greetings, while the girls sized up the boys and passed audible comments on their appearance, that made Jeron and his friends blush with pleasurable embarassment,

They were met in the sqaure by the nymph, who made a speech of welcome, standing on a pedestal of stone. Then, she held out a bowl of beans, above eye level. In turn, each man stepped forward and, stretching his arm upwards, picked out a bean. The others waited, tensoly, until, suddenly, a roar went up. Auton had picked the black bean. The nymph stepped forward and crowned him with a wreath and the others crowded round and congratulated him, half envious and half relieved, while the little boys danced round, cheering, mad i, with excitement.

Her hand dropped lower and Jeron leapt up with a cry of alarm, colouring hotly, while all the girls burst out laughing.

"Never mind, little boy, we won't hurt you, you're too young yet".

"Well, so are you" returned Jeron with spirit.

"Maybe, but we know, while you are just a shy little innocent."

"Know what ? What do they do, when they leave ?"

"Oh ! Wouldn't you like to know ? Perhaps I'll teach you, next year."

She pressed against him once more and he stared back, terrified, yet attracted. Jeron tought he was more afraid of the girls than the women, alarming though the latter were, at least they ignored the boys as a rule, but he could remember, a few years ago, when the girls had teased one boy until he lost his temper and struck his tormentor. At once, all the girls had attacked him, while the men and boys had looked on, too afraid to interfere. At last, the nymph had come and called them off but the boy had lain ill for weeks after and his arm had healed . crooked, so that now he stayed behind tending the flocks, together with Palen, who had lost an eye.

The women with babies got up and left, taking the . two year olds with them and the girls followed them out. The others were still drinking and eating fruit and honey comb. Gradually, the remaining women got up, touched a man, who rose at once and the pair slipped away together. The nymph and the king had already left and Jeron knew they would not return but the others would and the women would pick other partners among the men. The three youngsters had been among the first picked and Jeron stared eagerly at them as they returned, somewhat shame-faced and strangely elated but he knew they would refuse to tell afterwards. Despite himself, Jeron could keep awake no longer and soon all the boys were sleeping at their end of the hall.

Soon everyone was seated in the big meeting hall eating roast mutton and drinking wine as fast as they could. The children, boys and girls, were seated apart, their wine well watered. Jeron watched where Auton sat beside the nymph. Both she and the woman on his other side were plying him with food and wine. About two thirds of the women had young babies with them and Jeron knew, from past experience, that they would take no part in what followed.

The girl beside Jeron had a merry face, like all the children, she wore a short, belted tunic.

"How old are the little ones ?" Jeron asked.

They spont a wole week in the women's village. During the day, they gathered flowers to garland the Goddess and each other, danced, and the men ran races and held competitions, showing off, in front of the women. When evening came, the feast began, always ending the

same way. Every evening the same merry girl sat beside Jeron and teased him into a state of delicious fear, while she and her friends talked knowledgably about things the boys did not understand and laughed at their ignorance. Jeron noticed all the other girls deferred to his companion and one girl whispered to him.

"You are honoured, she is the youngest daughter of the nymph, she has only had two daughters, her other babies were all boys, poor things. So Chrysanthe will one day be the nymph."

"Why do you say poor things ?"

"Because they all had to be killed, of course. Boy babies born to the nymph are always killed, only her daughters are reared. This nymph has not had any babies for six years now. After her last two babies were boys, sho said the Goddess could not mean to give her any more daughters, so she would not have any more babies."

At last, the end came. In the morning the tribe gathered for the trek home, some of the men carrying the two year old boys. But the king remained behind, standing beside the nymph, crowned with flowers and looking half stupified. All the women were chewing leaves, already looked strange and wild, while the king laughed foolishly.

NICHOLAS SAUNDERS "ALTERNATIVE LONDON" 65 Edith Grove, London SW10.

PRESS RELEASE :-

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"We've just finished work on the fourth edition of Alternative London which should be out during February. We're now starting Alternative England and Wales and would like to know of any relevant information, and, at this stage, contact addressos so that we can get in touch later. Nicholas will then spend about two months travelling round the country and seeing as many people as he can.

In case your haven't seen Alternative London, the following gives some idea of the areas covered: accommodation, squatting, food, money, social security, drugs, conservation, craft workshops, film, video and free radio, setting up communes, info, community pro jects.

In addition we intend to include sections on alternative technology, building, farming, food production and other projects which are in operation.

Cheiros spoke their farewells and gratitude to the Goddess hastily, anxious to get away and many of the men looked nervous. Jeron danced with impatience, if only he could understand.

"Why does the King always remain behind ?" he asked Manelon, who had brought him up.

"Because otherwise the corn for next season will not grow, boy, and how will we live through the winter, without the barley that the women give us ?"

"We give them meat animals in exchange."

"True, but you must always remember that the women could easily manage flocks for themselves if they wanted to, but only they can make the corn and other crops grow or spin wol and make cloth. They make the wine, too. They do not really need us, but we cannot be without them. It is the Good Goddess that makes them take care of us, as she takes care of all her childron,"

"What do they do to the king after we have gone ? He is never to be seen when the next meat draft is taken over "

"Don't ask, it is better not to think of it. Never try to go back to the village after we leave and never lag behind,"

Jeron glanced back, the women had not moved, but were staring after them. The girls were running gaily round. If only he could stay, like them, and see what happened.

Chrysanthe ran up to him. She seemed excited, but

B I T 24-hour free Information and Help Service (London) has been going 5½ years. We are now determined to launch a BIT project which has been brewing for a very long time (says their press release) :-

We have no money but by hook or by crook, sometime in 1974, we are going to find a place in the country, within a day's hitch-hiking (or biking) range of BIT, where we can grow food for BIT's London Community Food Kitchen, where BIT workers can work for about 3 months each year on a rota basis and where we can co-operate with COPE (organisation trying to set up alternatives to mental hospitals) in running a craft workshop and in looking after freaked-out city dwellers who need a spell of working the land - i.e. a saner environment than London W.11.

The ideal would be a place big enough for at least a dozen people and suitable for vegetarian farming (grains, fruits, vegetables, chickens, goats etc.) and for adapting to eco-machinery/heating/recycling etc., and which could operate as part of the BIT collective. Do you know anyone who's inherited an unwanted £20,000 or so ?!? Or who has a spare few acres of farmland ?!?

Almost anything would do for a start, But once we have the land, we'll need many pounds to finance us for the first year, within which time we should become selfsufficient. Does anyone know a rich landowner somewhere who might have a spare cottage - or barn ?!? Does anyono know of a possible place or possible contacts anywhere in Britain ??

still friendly. She flung her arms round him and hugged him before he could leap back in alarm.

"Next year", she whispered in his ear, "I will be looking out for you."

Then the warmth and scent wore gone. Jeron's friends looked at him in awe that he should be so favoured, then made jokas about conceited beauties, to cover their envy.

Jeron turned and marched on with the men. Next year, he would be one of those that slipped away from the feast.

contact BIT at 146 Great Western Rd., London, W.11. tel: 01-229- 8219/8210

0 0 0 0 0 VOICES AND THE FUTURE

WE ARE NOW WILLING TO TAKE & PAGE ADVERTISEMENTS FROM THOSE INDIVIDUALS OR SOCIETIES WHO SUPPORT THE MAGAZINE. ADVERTS TAKEN FOR COMING EVENTS, BUSINESSES, MARKET STALLS ETC. ETC. ALMOST ANYTHING ! BUT KEEP IT CLEAN !

MINIMUM DONATION FOR THIS SERVICE £1.

The money thus collected will help us to pay for litho covers EACH MONTH and to improve the mag. If sales go well, we might be able to drop the minimum charge to 50p. SO KEEP ON BUYING THE MAG EACH MONTH !

Chapter 4. Julian

BY

"Look down there," cried Melkin, "it is Julian's mountain." Dorothy saw the mountain which first appeared to be pastel pink, but slowly it changed to sky blue and then it was as green as new grass. There was music coming from the mountain and the valleys below, and it seemed to draw them down to the everchanging mountain. Down and down they went, the music grew sweeter and the mountain continued to change colour. They

were very soon standing on the peak; now

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yellow. Dorothy followed Melkin a little way down the side of the mountain, until they came to a tiny hole which they climbed into.

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Inside the mountain there were faint yellow lights along the passage. It stopped at a door with a blue light over it. Melkin softly opened the door. Inside sat a boy of about the same age as Dorothy. He was dressed in a red velvet smock, red tights and boots. He suddenly looked round to find Dorothy and Melkin looking at him. He jumped up quickly and went over to greet the two arrivals.

"Hello Julian", cried Melkin, "this is Dorothy, she has come to see Rainbowland and you."

"Hello Julian", said Dorothy, her big blue eyes stared at him for a mement, she was amazed by his handsome face, his large green eyes and golden hair. Julian took Dorothy's hand.

"Come Dorothy, I will show you Rainbowland". Julian and Dorothy flew out of the cave, leaving Melkin who wanted to go to bed.

Chapter 5. The Pixie Fair

THREE

Julian and Dorothy flew into a wood. Below they saw a train with bright red carriages and green wheels. The carriages had no roofs, so Dorothy and Juliancould see that the train was full of fairies, pixies, gnomes, elves and woodland animals. "What a lot of people there are on that train", Dorothy cried. "They are on their way to the pixie fair. Do you want to go as well?" said Julian. Dorothy looked very excited and said she would love to go. Down they flew, landing softly in the first carriage. There a couple of pixies and a fairy sat telling stories. They were surprised to see Julian and Dorothy land in their carriage. "I hope we didn't frighten you", said Dorothy. 16 "I hope we didn't ", said one of the pixies.

# DOROTHY AND JULIAN IN RAINBOWLAND. A Story for Children, by Heather. continued ......

"Can you tell stories?" said the fairy. Dorothy smiled at them. She sat down between them and started to tell them about where she lived.

At last they came to the fair, but the pixies and the fairy seemed more interested in Dorothy's story, until they heard music and smelt food coming from the fairground. The five of them thought it was time they went to see what was going on. The train had stopped on top of a big hill. At the bottom of the hill was the fairground. In a few minutes they were in the fairground, everyone was having a wonderful time. Julian and Dorothy lost sight of the two pixies in the crowd. Everywhere was very noisy and very colourful. There were swings and roundabouts and lots of things to eat. In fact there was so much going on they didn't know what to do first. After thinking about it for some time they decided to go on one of the roundabouts. The roundabout was made up of lots of different animals that were all colours and sizes. Dorothy got on a blue pig and Julian climbed onto a pink horse. The roundabout started to go round and round, up and down, with sweet music coming from every direction. When it stopped they went on something else, unti they had been on everything in the fair. Julian and Dorothy were very tired at the end. Hand in hand they flew up above the fair, waving goodbye to all the fairy folk and woodland animals as they disappeared into the wood on top of the hill.

Next month: Part Four; The Witch Captures Dorothy and The Princess and the Prince.

# 

The Exmoor (Devon) National Park Committee have issued a statement on the Festival of the Whole Earth Society, held at Tentishoe in July of last year (remember?)

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It includes a list of services provided (water, food, accommodation, first aid, refuse points, medical aid.) It also includes a police report on 'public order', public reaction, goes on to outline planning objections and powers of control.

This statement by the Park Committee ends with a recommendation which reads:

"The National Park Committee particularly hope that the Code of Practice put forward , by the Stevenson Committee, or something similar, will be adopted in respect of agreed festivals. But the National Park Committee also feel that stronger powers

The only Act which has been passed by Parliament is the Isle of Wight County Council Act 1971. In this the local authority is given power to veto unsuitable sites or impose conditions with regard to water supply, securing sanitary conditions, public order and public safety and for the prvention of actionable nuisance. Appendix H lists what to wear and what to take to a festival. Other publications which may be of interest are: "Pop Festivals, Prejudice & Public Health", published by Community Medicine (1972) "Pop Festivals Beyond Saving" published as above.

"What Price Pop?", published Rural District Review August 1971. 

are needed to dissuade festival operators from proceeding in localities where there are public objections."

"Pop Festivals, Report & Code of Practice" the report of the Stevenson Committee, is available from H.M.S.O. at £2.75. The recommendations laid out in this book are NOT statutory, and depend on cooperation between promoters and the rest.

CONTRACTOR AND A CARDINA PARTY OF

fill tent tuode word ! antt tert

It is true that Trentishoe was not advertised by the organisers as a 'pop' festival - it was to be a "whole Earth Fair". How far it achieved that aim you can judge for yourself. in tarms, the most some states and

> So, be prepared for this year's crop around the country. Get to know as much as you can about the event before you go, and, promoters, still keep trying with outraged locals and don't let worn old prejudices stop a good time. Happy summer to all.

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\*INFORMATION SERVICES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

Voices Services will try to help with any problem. Contact Voices Info/Help service by ringing Barnstaple 5665, calling round to 107 Pilton Streat, Barnstaple, or to Toadstool in Bideford & Barnstaple markets.

For Legal Advice call in the COFFEE BAR, 108 Newport Road, Barnstaple. Open Thurs, Fri, Sun, Mon, 7-11pm, Sat, 2-11pm. Or ring Barnstaple 5078 at any other time.

The Samaritans of North Devon will listen to your problems in complete confidence. In despair or suicidal ? Ring Barnstaple 4343 - a 24 hour service.

North Devon Volunteers. 7 Boutport Street, Barnstaple. Tel: Barnstaple 72158. (See article in this issue of Voices). North Devon Movement, 107 Pilton Street, Barnstaple (Tel Bple 5665). Write to the secretary for information and membership details. Annual subscription still only 122p a year. This is the only active group in North Devon to have produced a detailed reasoned objection to the proposed 'development' plan for Barnstaple. This is the group that CARES about your area and that has the resources and imagination to make its voice heard and heeded. Friends of the Earth (Plymouth Group) - the only active group in Devon at present. 3 Manor Park Close, Plympton, Plymouth. Secretary: Elisabeth Cooper. Tel: Plymouth 37445. Write to them if you are interested in joining and supporting their work. CONSERVATION SOCIETY, Devon Branch Secretary is Jeff Pearson. Tel: Exeter 51329. Devon Conservation Forum: A focus for Devonian concern with all aspects of the environment. Bradninch Hall, Castle St., Exeter. Tel: 50086. Pilton Arts & Crafts Group, Pilton Arts Centre, Write to the Secretary for details of membership, exhibitions, social events, working tutored and untutored groups of artists and craftspeople: "Coplow", Strand Lane, Ashford, North Devon. Tel: Barnstaple 3373. Marriage Guidance Council for North Devon. Barnstaple 5268. 30 Joy Street, Barnstaple. 9.30am -12.30pm. Personal, Family or Marriage Worries and Problems ? We are available to assist you. Square Two Club. A welcome awaits you if you are divorced or separated. Golden Fleece, Thurs, 8pm. Or write to box No. 6814 at the North Devon Journal Herald. Family Planning Association. North Devon Clinics at Barnstaple, Bideford and South Molton. Ring Bideford 3245. \*BUYING : SELLING : ETC. : PERSONAL Odds and Ends at Chittlehampton. You will find crochet, tables, lights, brass, glass, dolls, tins, bric-a-brac, carpet beaters, books, toys and more. Open when you come. Green Door, Ilfracombe, has closed but may be re-opening at another shop. Nucleus, Catalogue for Survival. A Cell supllement, published by anti-bodies in Truro. Info etc. From 4 Richards Cres., Malabar, Truro, Cornwall. Irving Gallery High Street, Bideford, For the best selection of local crafts, Well worth a visit, (Mornings only during the winter). Painting, Decorating, sign writing etc. Contact Tony, Toadstool, Dolton, North Devon. Carpentry work done. Furniture repairs, or made-to-order. For estimates call Barnstaple 72317. ALL SEASONS RESTAURANT, top of Bridgeland Street, Bideford, are still doing wonderful things with food. Quick, pleasant, and efficient service - sheer miracles take a little longer, but not much. Meals for special diets, etc., may be ordered in advance. They also do Take-Away. Tel: Bideford 3558. Very good food at very reasonable prices. The best in the area. Guitar Lessons given by experienced teacher, patient with beginners, Folk & Classical, Terms: 35p solo, 20p Group. Ring Bideford 4610 for more details. Vera Gilson. Astrologer, Ethical Tarot Reader, Psycho Palmist, Numerologist, Clairvoyante, Lectures day or evening. Private readings by appointment, 14 Alexandra Road, Barnstaple, Tel: Barnstaple 5031, (STD Code 0271)

Porcupines, Good bookshop, Member of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association, 19 Pilton Street, Barnstaple, Single

volumes - libraries purchased. Also at Bideford and Barnstaple markets. Write for their interesting catalogues. Seed. Journal of organic living. 15p plus postage from 269 Portobello Road, London, W.11 and from "Skylark", Barnstaple Pannier market. Very good magazine.

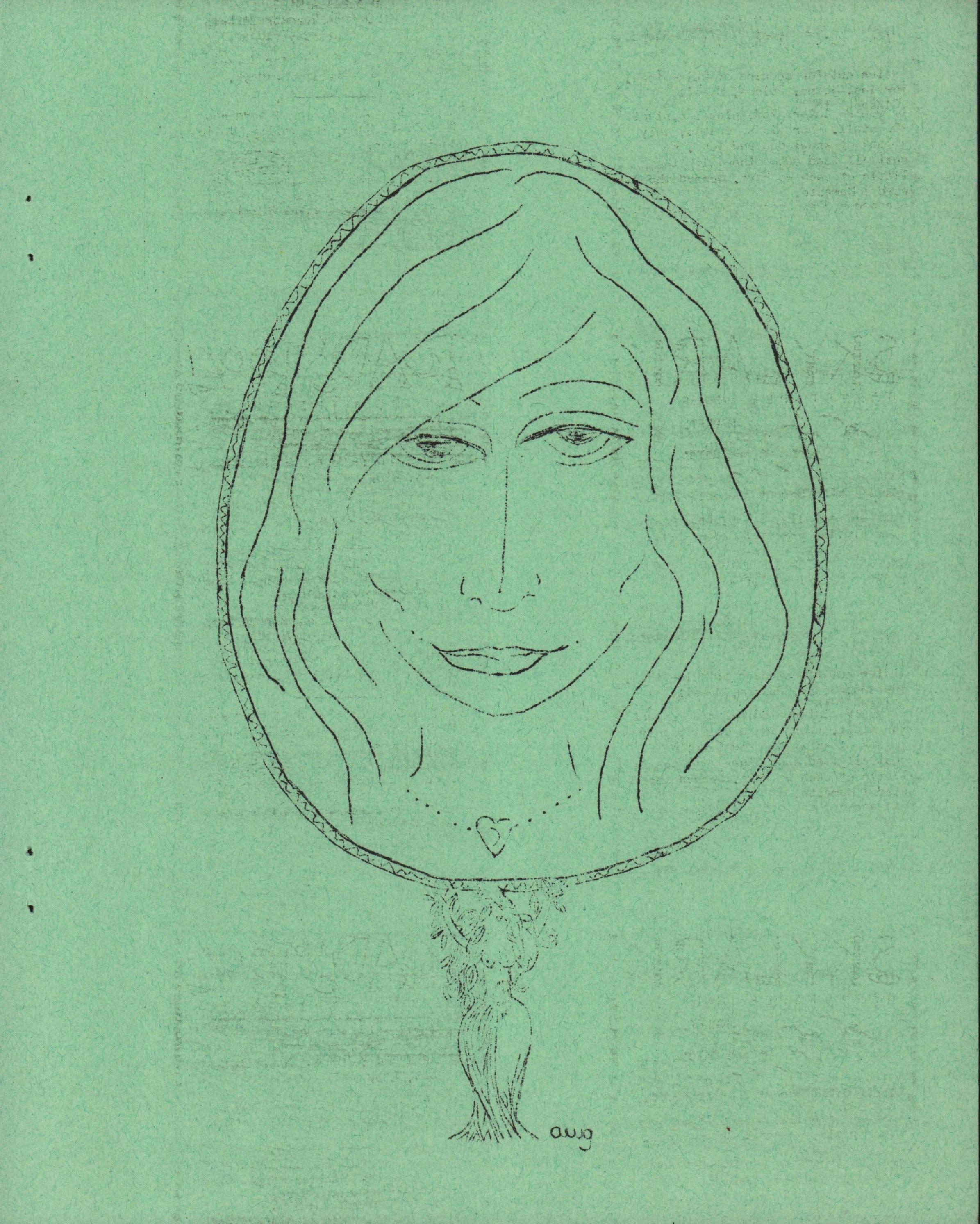
Bath Arts Workshop. 1a The Paragon, Bath. VOICES stocked 1. Lots of gooooodies.

Surf Chat. Local surfing magazine with news and views on surfing in North Devon. Plus 2 pages of photos. 5p plus 3p postage from: Brian Adams, 176 Moreton Park Road, Bideford. Also on sale in TOADSTOOL, Bideford market. <u>Clarion Printers</u>, for posters, tickets, headed paper, business cards, car stickers. Unbeatable prices ! 107 Pilton St., Pilton, Barnstaple. Tel: Barnstaple 5665.

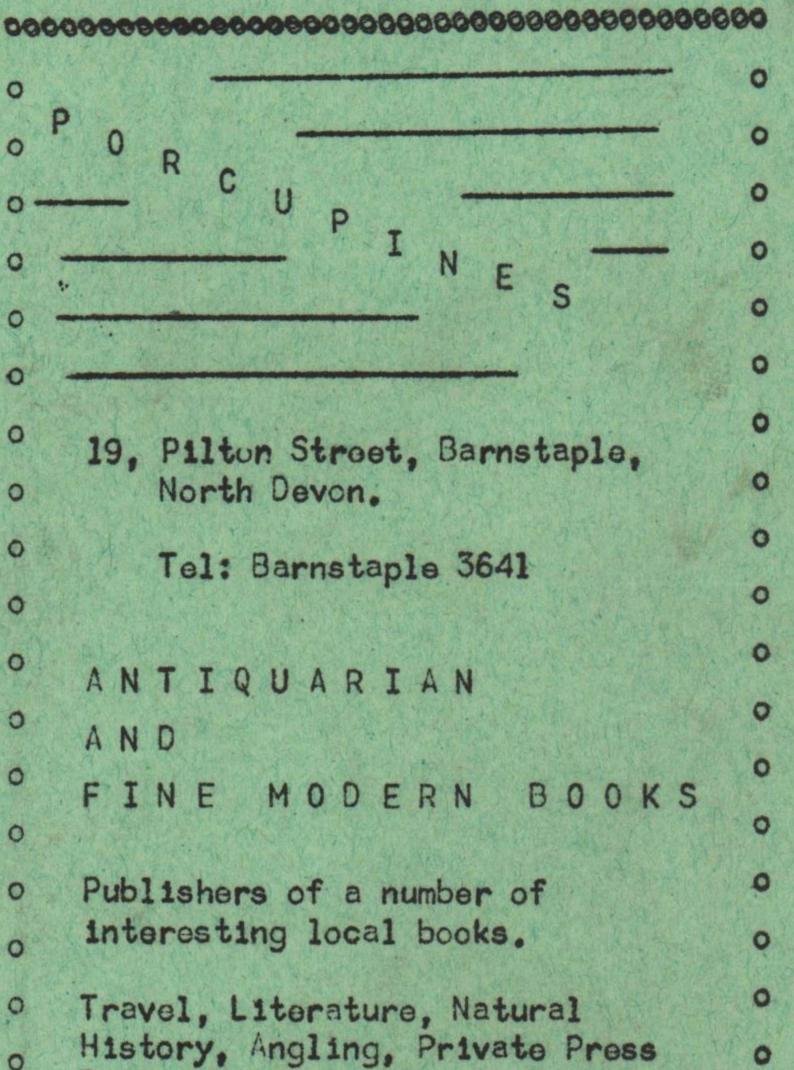
Commune Movement produces Communes Journal. Details from Richard Secombe, 3 Longfellow Avenue, Bath.

BIT INFO/HELP SERVICE. 146 Great Western Road, London, W.11. (01-229-8219). 24 hour free service. Many publications. Send them a donation when you can. Also see article in this issue of Voices. They produce BITMAN, BITWOMAN, COPEMAN, "Overland Through Africa", "Book of Visions".

Just room to tell you all that Ann passed her driving test - first time ! How about that !!?? KEEP IN TOUCH. WRITE OFTEN. INFORMATION AND YOUR VIEWS ON LOCAL EVENTS, PAST & PRESENT, ALWAYS WANTED, STAY HAPPY ! !



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