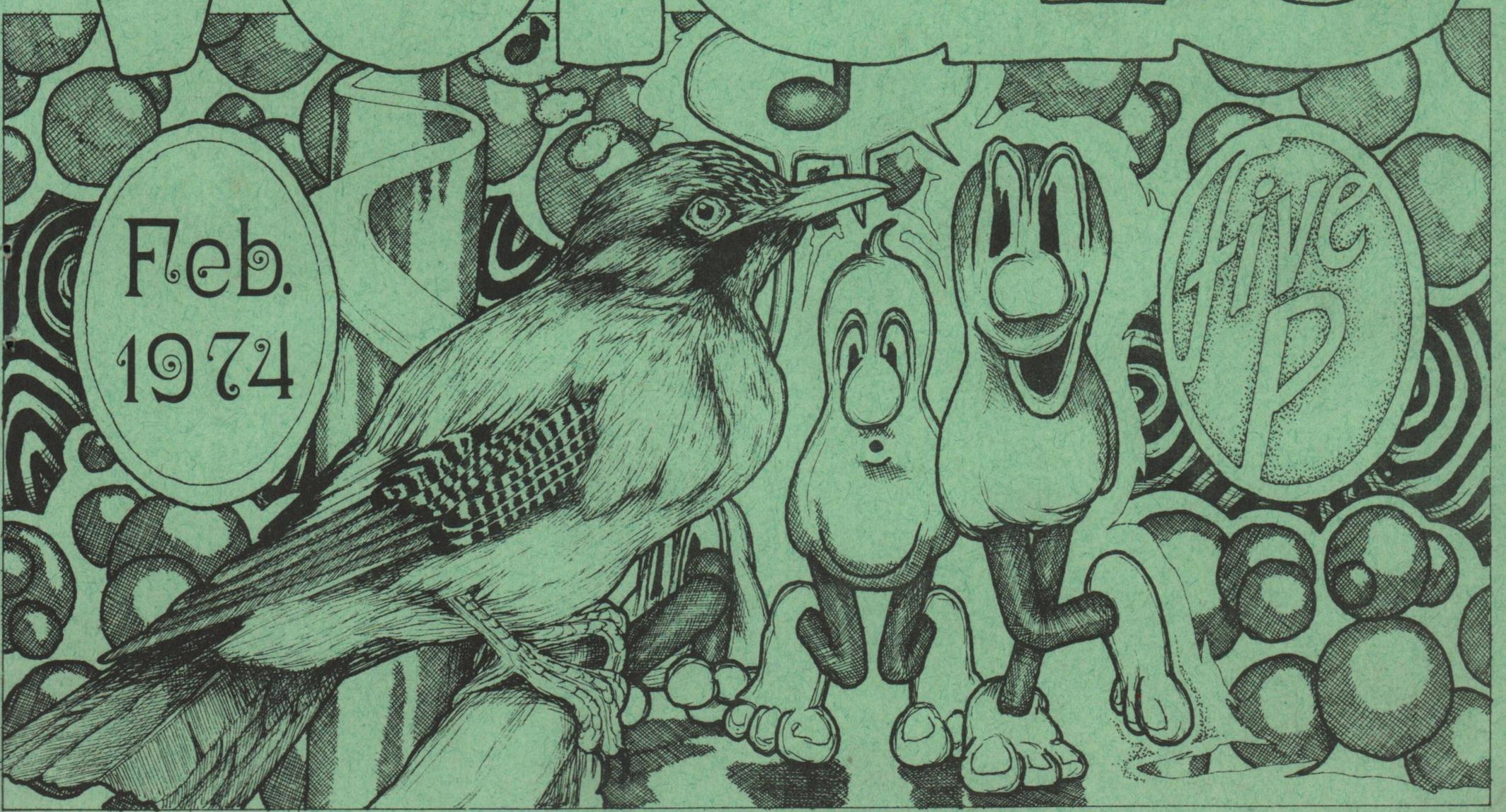




North Devon

WOODCOCKS

Feb.
1974



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

It sounds like a scene which might have taken place in Chicago in the 20's. But, this, believe it or not, 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 were relaxing with their ale and chatting to friends, 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 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 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.

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

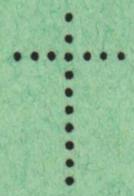
Putting aside any views as to what we think of drugs, or our need to be protected from them, and looking at this situation objectively, it is very disturbing. It seems the police need no grounds at all to suspect us of possessing drugs and so have the right to search any of us at any time. Another disturbing 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-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'.

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.

T H E H U N T

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
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.



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THIS LITTLE MAG

TOO MUCH

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Front Cover by John Hurford.

VOICES OF NORTH DEVON

107 Pilton Street, Pilton, Barnstaple, North Devon.

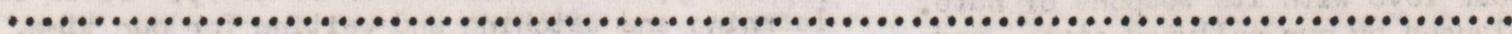
Tel: Barnstaple 5665.

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.

VOICES EXISTS TO HELP YOU, THE PEOPLE OF NORTH DEVON, TO EXPRESS YOURSELVES IN A FREE MEDIUM

CONTRIBUTIONS OF ANY KIND ALWAYS WANTED ! !



Thank you to all writers this month, and to the artists for their illustrations.

KEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCHKEEPINTOUCH

NOW GET THEM PAGES A'FLICKING (THIS WAY →)

THOUGHTS IN FEBRUARY

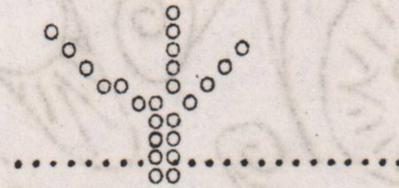
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Balance = Harmony = Nature = Life = Universe = You and me in time. 1973 was pretty freaky; 1974 will bring more. Patterns of history of woven texture of life of man, and everyone sees only his own thread, few see the material of life, the essence, 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 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. There'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 existence. 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 ourselves. 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.

Tony,
Dolton.

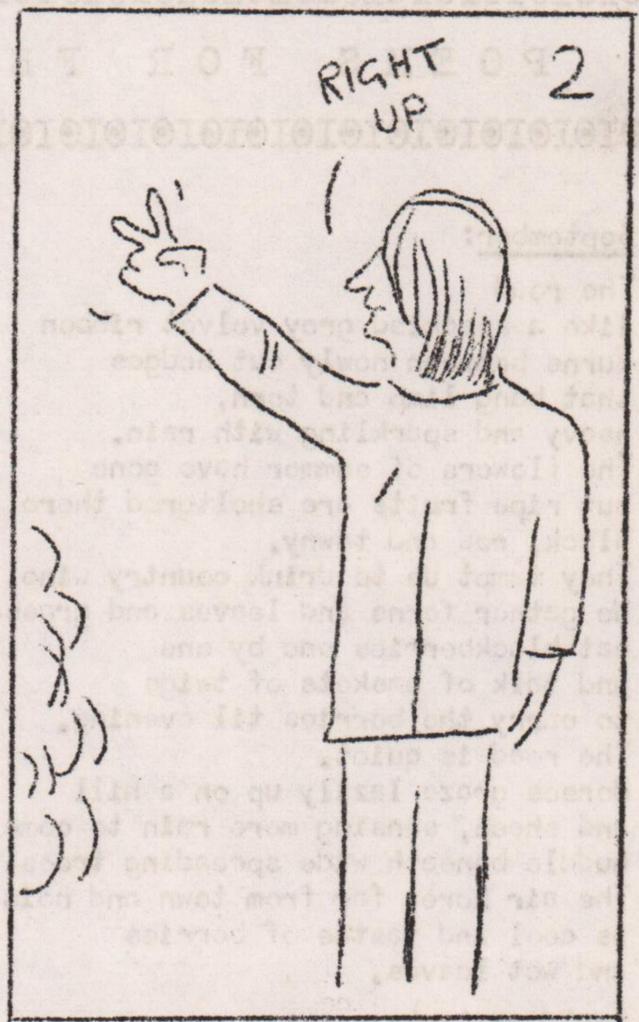
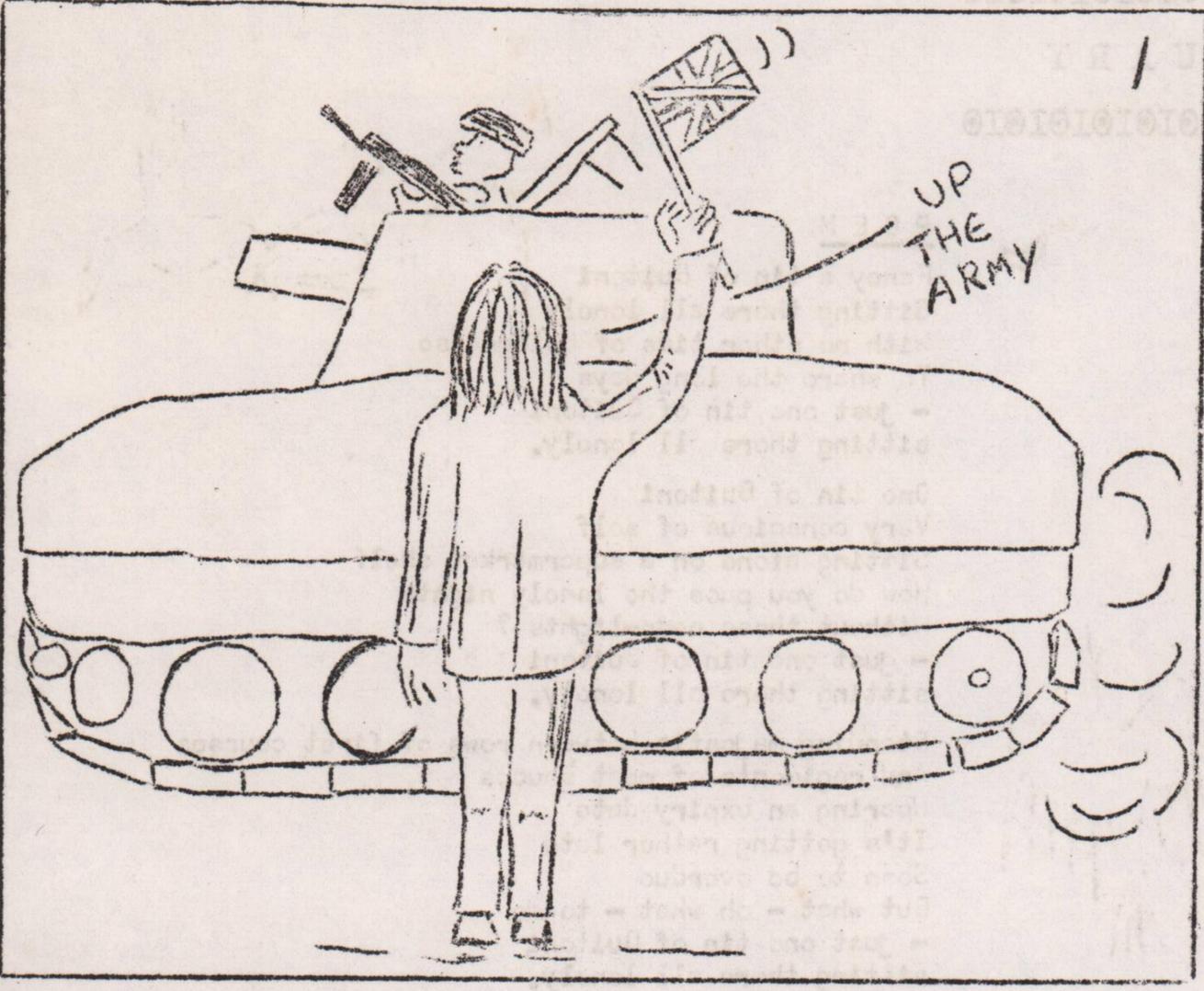


January was a dark woollen cloak, pinned with a golden jewel. Frozen and blown by violent storms, we walked and drove through our day's tasks. Surprising afternoons were flooded with sunshine, and our bodies felt the sharp, sudden warmth of sun through a clear sky. Old stones of the town dry out patiently in the few spring-like 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.

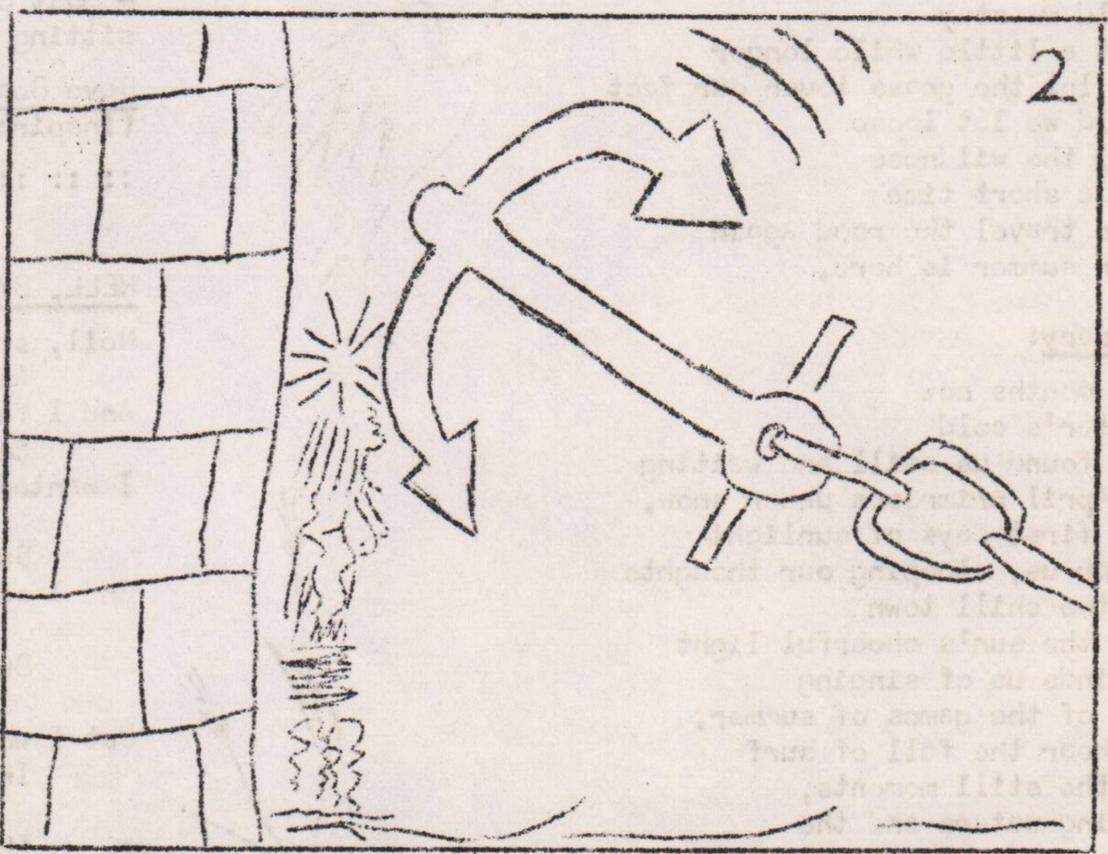
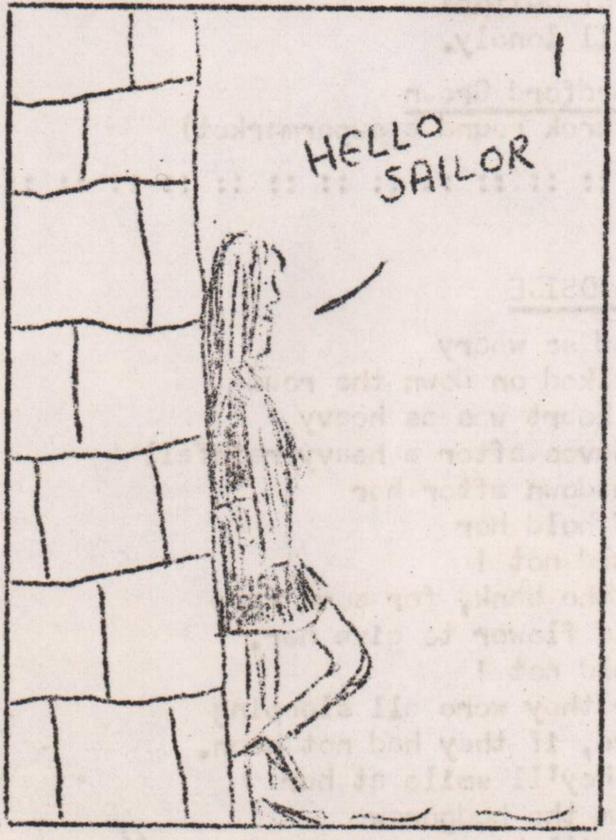
But we, and the year, make no sudden changes. The birth pangs of our spring come more frequent now, but the ripping winds and scorching rain stay, as do our heavy worn clothes. Days grow dark so uncomfortably quickly, taking our indoor dreams into their cold and rainy corners. Our bodies, minds and clothing 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..



- Ian Cognito



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

6

Poets corner

Hit
It
Twit

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.

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 Devon 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.

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.

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 every-one 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 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.

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; Oz. 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; Amondүүл. 7; Yeti. 9; Peace. 10; Fly. 16; Ananda. 17; Egg. 18; ELP (abbr.) 22; Rip.

Hope you all enjoyed doing that one!

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

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 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.

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, 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 1½ 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.

.

THE RESURRECTERS Words and music by Anne Peyton Jones. Appledore.

Am Dm Am Am Dm E

1. Come listen all folks + I'll tell you a tale, of practices secret + dark

Am E F Dm E C E Am

When bodies were lifted at dead of night, And were gone by the sound of the lark.

- 2. Doctors Jeffry & Hodge planned a lifting one night, Of Bamfield's son, who was dead, He died of brain fever, and sure it is true, That he wasn't quite right in the head.
- 3. So the Doctors came stealthily to the churchyard, And approached their valuable quarry, When a shot was fired by old Bamfield himself, And the Doctors, they left in a hurry.
- 4. Doctor Jeffry was shot in his side, and his friend Doctor Hodge, lost the use of one eye, They limped back to Sidmouth, all bloody & weak, And doctor'd themselves on the sly.
- 5. The lych-gate is fastened to this very day, With a bolt, which was dropped by the Doctors, Reminding us all to be careful lest we Be caught like the two practitioners.

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

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.

.....

DANCE UPON A TIME

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
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
beautiful Nureyev-Fonteyn dancing
faces glowing we shiver with light
colour & music, senses saturated
lamplit street under hot dance window
lampwarm face, swirling hair
twirling dress, 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 red cosy soft lips suck

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



Tony.
Dolton.

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.

oo0oo

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.

oo0oo

Alas, sweet rose
At thy first attempt,
Thy beauty shows
In beauties spent,
As others wither
In gaudy despair,

you still outshine
with redolent air.

M.W. James,
Ilfracombe.

10

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

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 breasts
first the left and then the right
her night dress is removed
his lips find her soft, firm brown nipples
first the left 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 pain,
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.

Dave Caddy
London.

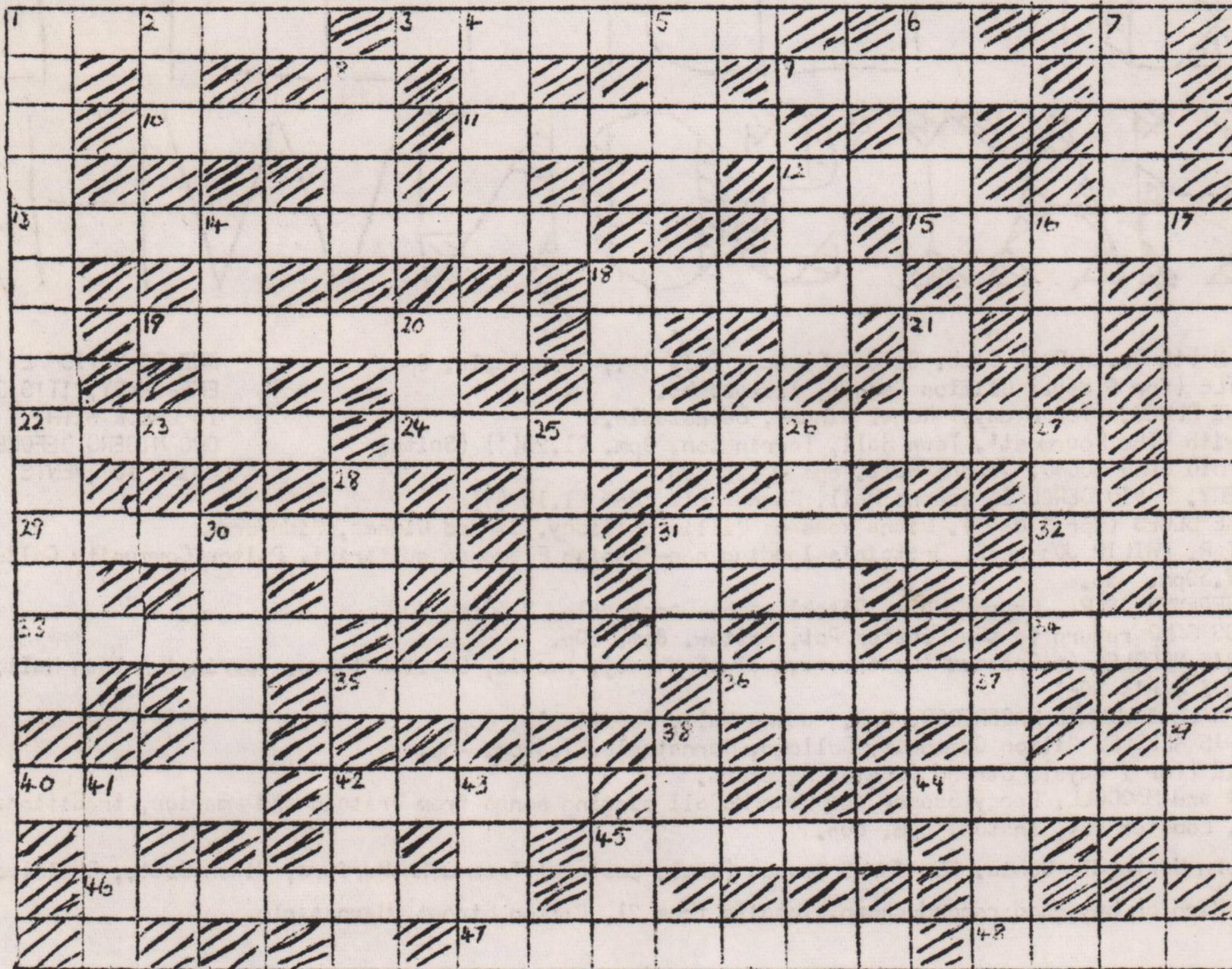
oo0oo

YOU

You are everywhere I go,
In everything I do and think
You are there.
My thoughts are interrupted
At the most unexpected times
By you.
You are here, you are there,
You are everywhere I turn
And there you are.

Valerie Owens
Weare Giffard.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN AN L.P. RECORD FROM TOADSTOOL. Just complete the Crossword 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 !



If you don't want to spoil your copy of VOICES by cutting out the crossword, then send in the whole mag, include a stamped, addressed envelope, & we will return it to you.

Crossword compiled by DAVE BEALES of Woodford Green.

CLUES.

Across

1. Hatfield and the - (5)
3. The - laughs (6) Title of LP
9. Title of an LP by Jefferson Airplane (4)
10. Leader of Iceberg, - Leonard (4)
11. A group which is named after their guitarist and split in 1972 (5)
12. Skid - (3) Name of group.
13. Acoustic guitarist who records with Harvest & wrote "White Man" (3-6)
15. "- your head against the wall" (5) LP title.
18. Titus - (5) Name of group.
19. "Uncle -" - last freakout" (6) Name of track by Pink Fairies".
22. Rare - (5) Name of group.
24. Title of an LP by The Band (11)
29. Liquid Len & The - (7)
- 31 & 35 Lead vocalist with Jefferson Airplane (5-5)
- 32 Name of group from Wales (3)
33. Simon - (5) Ex. Fairport Convention.
34. "- Longa Vita Brevis" (3). Title of LP by the Nice.
35. See 31 across.
36. Name of a group whose LP's include "LA Woman and "Weird scenes inside the Goldmine" (5)
40. - Lizzy (4) Name of group.
42. New Riders of the Purple - (4) Name of Group.
44. - and the Storges. (4) Name of group.
45. "- Chest" Name of LP track by Lou Reed (5)
46. Soft - (7) Name of group.

47. A group named after a state of mind (7)

48. "Fog on the -" (4) Name of LP.

DOWN

1. Title of an LP by Pink Fairies (5-5-4)
2. - Stewart (3)
4. Beatles' recording label (5)
5. Type of saxophone (4)
6. Stone the - (5) Name of group.
7. - Jump (5) Name of group.
8. - Gas (4) Name of group.
12. "On the - Again" (4) Title of track by Canned Heat.
14. "Atom - Mother" (5) LP by Pink Floyd.
16. Wishbone - (3)
17. "- - and Feet" (4-5) Name of group.
18. Name of group, led by David Allen (4)
20. Name of group whose vocalist is Jon Anderson (3)
21. "Tir Na -" Name of folk duo (3)
25. - Rooster (6) Name of group.
26. - Bridge (7) Name of film starring Jimi Hendrix.
27. - Motown (5) Name of type of music.
28. Makers of music equipment (3)
30. Title of LP by Humble Pie. (6)
31. - and the Family Stone (3)
37. Name of a group who recorded an LP called "The Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus" (6)
38. "- Run Run". (3) Track by Velvet Underground.
39. - Barrett. Ex. Pink Floyd (3)
41. Group who recorded LP called "The Alchemist" (4)
42. Memphis - (4) 43. - Campbell (4).
45. Curved - (3) Name of group.

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NORTH DEVON VILLAGE LIFE

A Sketch

.....

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 mourning 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."

"Ow do 'ee manage to clane th' 'ouse?"

"Doan't clane an 't all - leastways, 'tain't been claned since 'er wuz burried."

"Ah!" said Mary, shaking her head, and heaving another sigh, "I warran' yu du miss 'er."

"Ay!" remarked Jan, sucking doggedly at his core.

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 lawnlly yer, with nobody in t'ouse but yorzelf?"

"Wall!, oes, I du a bit," replied Jan, unsuspectingly;

"but I s'pose I must put up w'it; my time wawn't be very long any'ow."

"I feel lawnlly mezelf," said Mary, ignoring the latter part of Jan's reply; "'tis bad enough in tu Barnstaple but it must be awful out yer by yorzelf."

"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."

"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'ee meane?" says Jan, opening his eyes.

"W'ly," said Mary, "t'would 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 spat, "I never thort o' that; 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 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; w'y 'er a'nt a been dead but a fortnight - 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.

"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."

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 home-ward, "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.

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OF GREAT INTEREST TO OUR POETS

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

"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 camaraderie 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 keeping 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

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 certain 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 discern no difference in her features.

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

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

"In three days", announced Cheiros, "the feast is in three days time."

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 embarrassment.

They were met in the square 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, tensely, 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 with excitement.

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.

"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."

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."

She pressed up against him and the feel of her firm, sweet smelling body with its swelling 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?"

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 thought 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.

They spent a whole 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

DOROTHY & JULIAN IN RAINBOWLAND

A STORY FOR CHILDREN BY HEATHER
PART THREE

Chapter 4. Julian



"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 ever-changing 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 yellow. Dorothy followed Melkin a little

way down the side of the mountain, until they came to a tiny hole which they climbed into.

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 moment, 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.

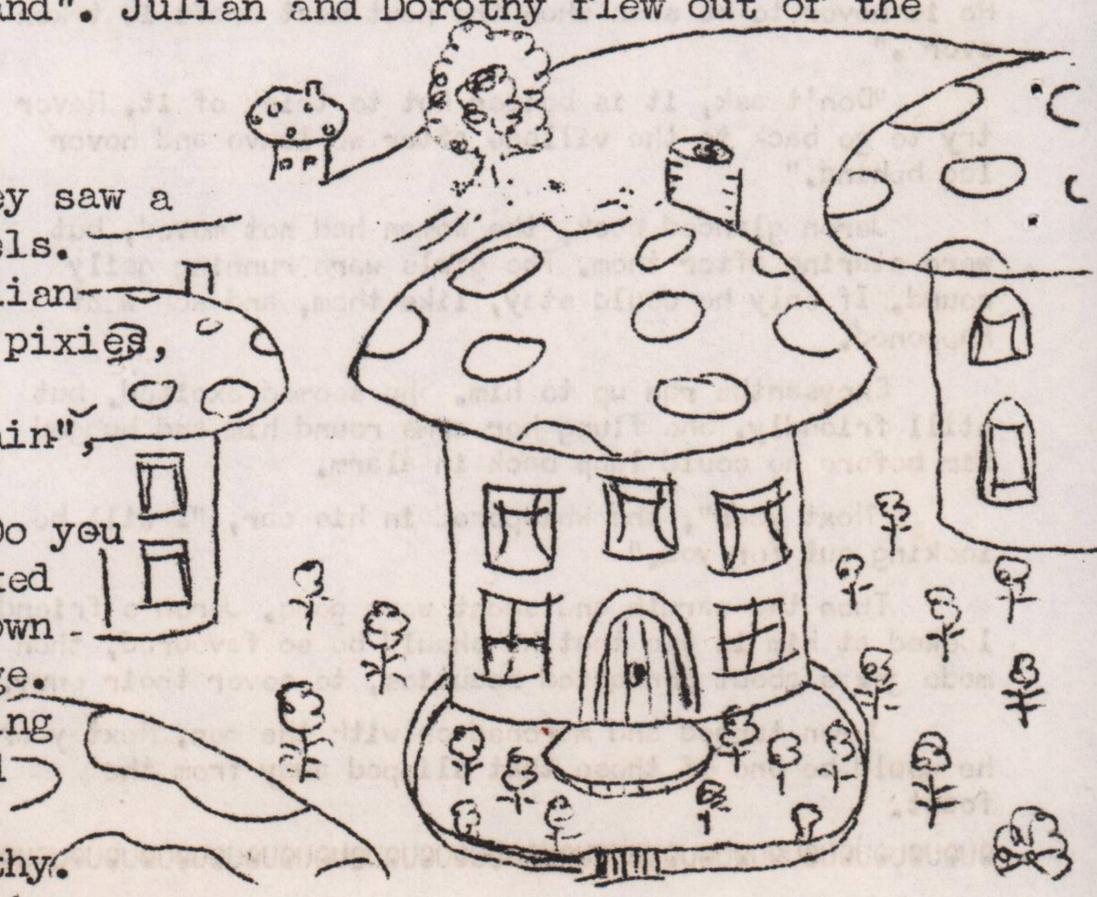
Chapter 5. The Pixie Fair

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 Julian could 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.
"Of course you didn't", said one of the pixies.



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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 Street, 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 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ p 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: "Coplw", 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 supplement, 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 !. Lots of goooooodies.

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.

Clarion Printers, 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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