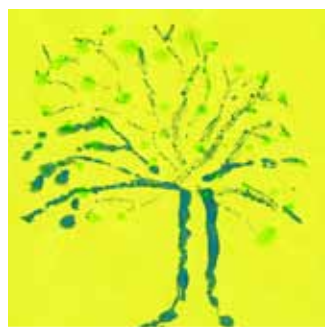




Peak Inside

Spring/Summer 2012



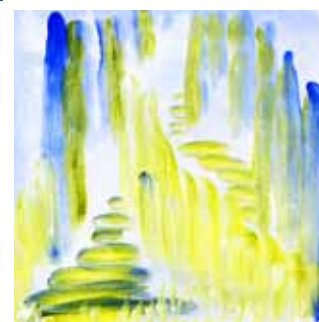
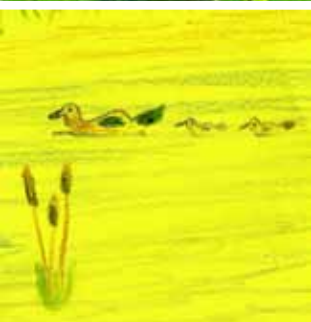
Images and words reflecting the interests and passions of our

MAGAZINE PROJECT!



high peak community arts

Arts and Well Being programme



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And not forgetting, here and there, cheerful greetings from Rosemary Bamford.

Thank you to our funders

This Magazine Project could not have happened without the generous support of the project funding from Lloyds TSB Foundation for England and Wales and the Bruce Wake Charitable Trust and the revenue funding that we receive from the Arts Council of England, Derbyshire County Council and High Peak Borough Council.

Having brought together over 30 individuals, many of whom, for various reasons, have been socially isolated, we're sure that you must feel proud of what you have helped us to achieve as a group. We are extremely grateful for your support and hope you enjoy reading the magazine you have enabled us to create.

Welcome

In September 2011 a group of High Peak residents, with varied backgrounds and a range of abilities, embarked on a project to write, illustrate and produce their own magazine. Supported by High Peak Community Arts, group members worked alongside artists, writers and graphic

designers to produce Peak Inside, a collection of images and writing that reflects their lives, their experiences, their passions.

In producing this work, group members learned valuable new skills and discovered abilities they never dreamed they had. In addition rich friendships

have grown out of the co-operation, focus and fun of the sessions.

Reader, as you turn these pages we hope you find something to learn, to try out, to make you think or make you laugh.

Something to enjoy as much as we enjoyed the making of it.



Our group graphic celebrates some of the profiles of participants, artists and volunteers who have all played a key part in producing this magazine.

We are:

- Anthony Ellison
- Anne Limer
- Armelle Hatch
- Ashley Cousins
- Caro Inglis
- Dan Goddard
- Eleanor Mulhearn
- Gillian Ayre
- Graham Aizlewood
- Jane Cotton
- Jenny Popplewell
- Julie Cordock
- June Bennett
- Lisa Ridley
- Marie Ball
- Michael Coulthard
- Mick Marshall
- Pam Garside
- Pat Metcalfe
- Peter Howe
- Bob Barton
- Rosemary Bamford
- Vaughan Parker
- Scott Beaumont

High Peak Community Arts creates opportunities for people of the High Peak to participate in creative activities to enhance their quality of life through self expression, focusing on those with less access to the arts.

A free audio CD of Peak Inside, kindly recorded by Glossop Talking Newspapers at Volunteer Centre Glossop, is available from High Peak Community Arts.

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Bread 'n butter pud.

Bread 'n Butter Pudding

4 or 5 stale slices of bread,
buttered.
1 mug raisins or sultanas.

1 pint milk
3 eggs
1 oz sugar

Butter the bread and cut into triangles.

Arrange nicely in a casserole dish.

Sprinkle with sugar and raisins.

Mix the eggs into the milk and sugar and pour this custard over the bread and raisins.

Cook at a moderate heat for at least 25 minutes until the edges of the bread are toasted and the custard has swollen up and is puffy.

Jane Cotton

Thoughts on Food

Spinach

Spinach and eggs
Spinach and cheese
Spinach Pie
Spinach and cheese pie
is why I've got muscles like
Popeye

Mussels

Green-lipped mussels
I don't like
No
Moules marinières
mussels to share
sauce -
cider, cream and parsley
don't forget the garlic
WONDERFUL

and a nice loaf of bread
a french stick maybe
eat with your fingers
use lots of napkins

Other fish to fry

whitebait mmm...
lovely munchy
slightly crunchy.
Fish and chips
I prefer cod.
Haddock?
It's got a nod.
No mushy peas
salt and vinegar
please!
Fish and chips
in Whitby
fish and chips
by the sea
Whaley Bridge
a cafe
home-made chips
quite nice
actually

Curry and chips

you can put spinach
in curry
or try this:



Ingredients -

Croissants, as many as you
want,
Philadelphia cheese, as
much as you like.

Put oven on at gas mark 5
Spread croissants with
Philadelphia cheese
Be generous

Stack upright in a baking dish
and bake for 10 minutes till
heated through

Graham Aizlewood



Illustration by Mick Marshall

Kangaroo (Bush Method)

Ingredients – 3lb. Kangaroo
 1lb very fat bacon
 Onions
 Flour
 Salt and pepper

(One of the nicest ways of cooking Kangaroo).

Cut the Kangaroo into nice slices. Line a saucepan with slices of very fat bacon, and lay the meat on this.

Sprinkle in some salt and pepper, and the onions sliced in rings. If the bacon is not very fat, a tablespoon of bacon fat may be added.

Cover closely with a tight-fitting lid, and set over a clear fire for about ten minutes. Place at the edge of the fire where it will keep very hot and hardly fry at all.

Leave in this manner for about two hours, then pour over a pint of boiling water, and allow to

simmer gently for about twenty minutes.

Take up the Kangaroo and pile in the centre of a dish. Keep hot.

Thicken the gravy with a dessertspoon of flour mixed with a little water. Simmer for about ten minutes, pour over the Kangaroo, and serve.

Time: about three hours.

Sufficient for twelve persons.

PS First you must catch your Kangaroo

Bob Barton



Posh Menu

Pickling pork or assembly of veg,
 Braised raspberries with jus of red fish,
 An assembly of gargoyles,
 A coven of hags.

Panfried sorbet cooked twice with relish,
 Tubular crayfish, and loads of white sprats,
 Puréed beef with a river of rocket,
 Lamb shanks and rosti, and grapes topped
 with sugar.

Pickled cucumbers and ready-made stew,
 Baked iceberg lettuce drizzled with a
 handful of black treacle
 accompanied by frogs' legs and snails,
 half a dozen Frenchmen + one sea whale.
 Followed by a selection of hens' cheese.

Gillian Ayre



How to Build a Model House

Decide if you will build a model to your own design, or one of an existing building. If the second, you will need to measure up the outside walls, and mark where the doors and windows are, as well as downspouts etc.

Decide on the scale you will work in. The easiest way is to convert from feet to millimeters e.g. 1 foot to 5 mm will give you a building about the right size for a model railway.

(To be spot on, it's 4 mm to the foot for 00 gauge railways, and 8 mm to the foot for 0 gauge). Now to get started. Take a sheet of plain card, mark all windows and doors and cut the card to the right length and height. Keep all offcuts for strengthening the model once you have cut out the openings.

You will need:

A4 cutting mat
steel ruler (one with an m-shape to protect your hand when cutting. A flat one is fine for measuring).
Craft knives (Swan Morton are the best, from most hobby shops)
Good sharp pencils.

Sheets of plain card.

PVA adhesive.

A supply of printed card, with stone or brick design.

Sheets of white plasticard, A4 size, for doors and windows.

Clear sheets for glazing.

Plastic glue.

Mark the doors and windows on the back of the printed card. Cut the front and back sheets of printed card slightly longer than the house, for a good joint at the edges.

Add one eighth of an inch all round the doors and windows you have marked, and cut them out. This gives you somewhere to fasten the windows, doors, and windowsills to. Glue the plain card to the printed card, using any offcuts to strengthen the building where needed, inside and out of sight.

Now for the roof. That always goes on last. Cut some plain card to form the shape of the roof, then cut two pieces of plain card so that they just overhang the building. Decide what type of roof you want – it may just slope from front to back, or

slope from all 4 sides. You can if you wish put in a dormer window or loft conversion.

Slates are next. You can buy printed paper with slates on, or you can make your own. Get a sheet of A4 paper and some water colours. Mix up a darkish grey, and paint the paper. Let it dry, then using a slightly lighter grey, just brush over in one or two places. When dry, cut the paper into strips 10 mm wide, then carefully cut half-way up the strips every 4 mm.

Glue the first strip to the bottom of the roof, then glue the next strip so it slightly overlaps the first, taking care to stagger the slates.

Chimney stacks can now be made out of the printed card, and attached to the roof.

Windows and doors can be cut, along with sills, and glued in place with the glazing sheet.

Thin straws will make downspouts and gutters. Plain card will make sills.

If you wish, mix up some more paint very thinly, and with a touch here and there you can give your model a weathered look.

With care, you should now have a model to be proud of.

Bob Barton



The Volunteer Centre

Throughout history, communities and groups have helped each other to support and better the conditions for individuals and town alike. We may feel our welfare needs should be met by government, central or local, but we're aware that money doesn't always stretch to giving us what we want or need.

Our communities are still, today, helping each other, and in a lot of towns you will notice a Volunteer Centre in the High Street. Volunteers from all walks of life give their time, energy and expertise to make life more comfortable. Not one of us knows what is around the corner and would be alarmed at the thought of being plunged into ill-health, loneliness, depression, isolation, or any number of

catastrophes that may befall us. We're sometimes unaware of the Volunteer Centre's role in the town. It is simply to help one another by practical means such as taking someone to appointments if they are unable to use public transport, or helping with shopping for elderly or disabled people. Befriending has a vital role in caring, as many people can feel isolated or vulnerable in our fast-paced world. Volunteers can help with DIY and gardening for less-able or infirm people. Everyone should be aware of the many services on offer through the centres, and for a volunteer entering this type of caring, a whole new set of friends and experiences emerge.

I don't know of any volunteer, whether they spare an hour, or



days, or a week, who feel they wished they hadn't bothered.

June Bennett



A night in the life of

I can fly.
I am in a cave.
I can see things the same as me flying around with their wings.
I can see the moon outside my cave.
I need to be careful in the daylight.
I get worms to eat.
Sometimes I go to the castle and stick to the walls with my claws.
Some people don't like me though.
I may attack them.

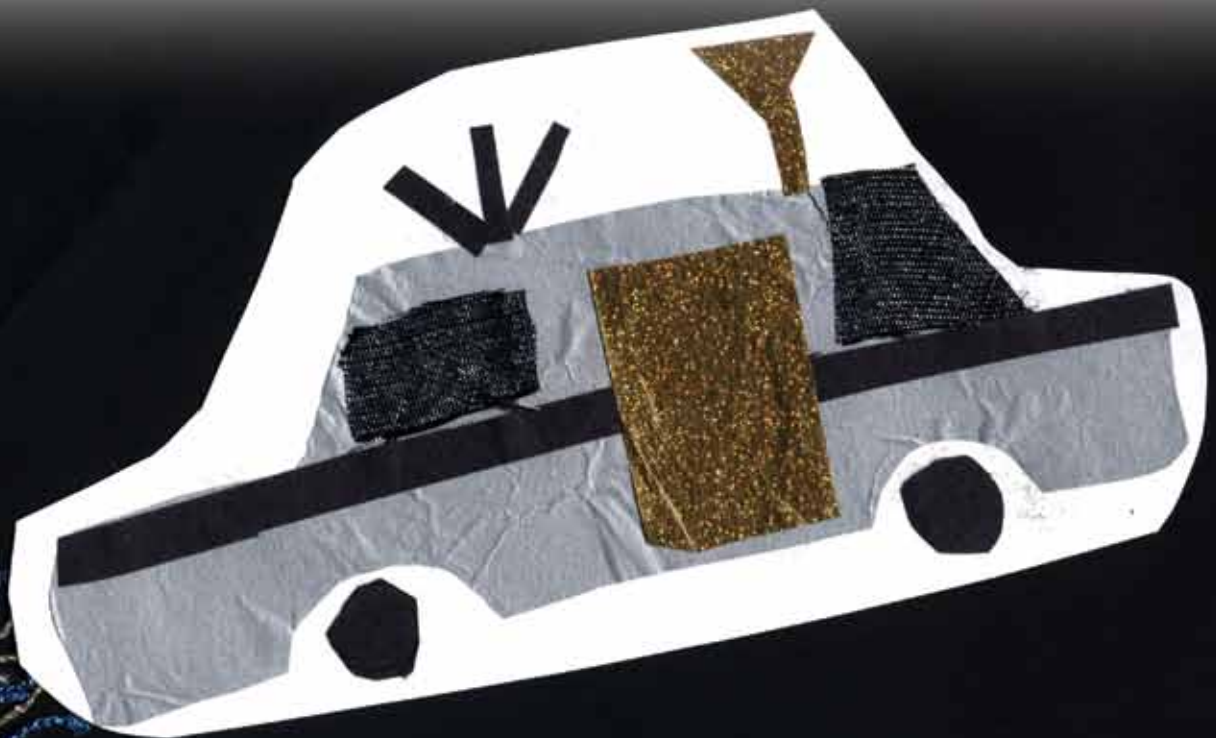
Scott Beaumont

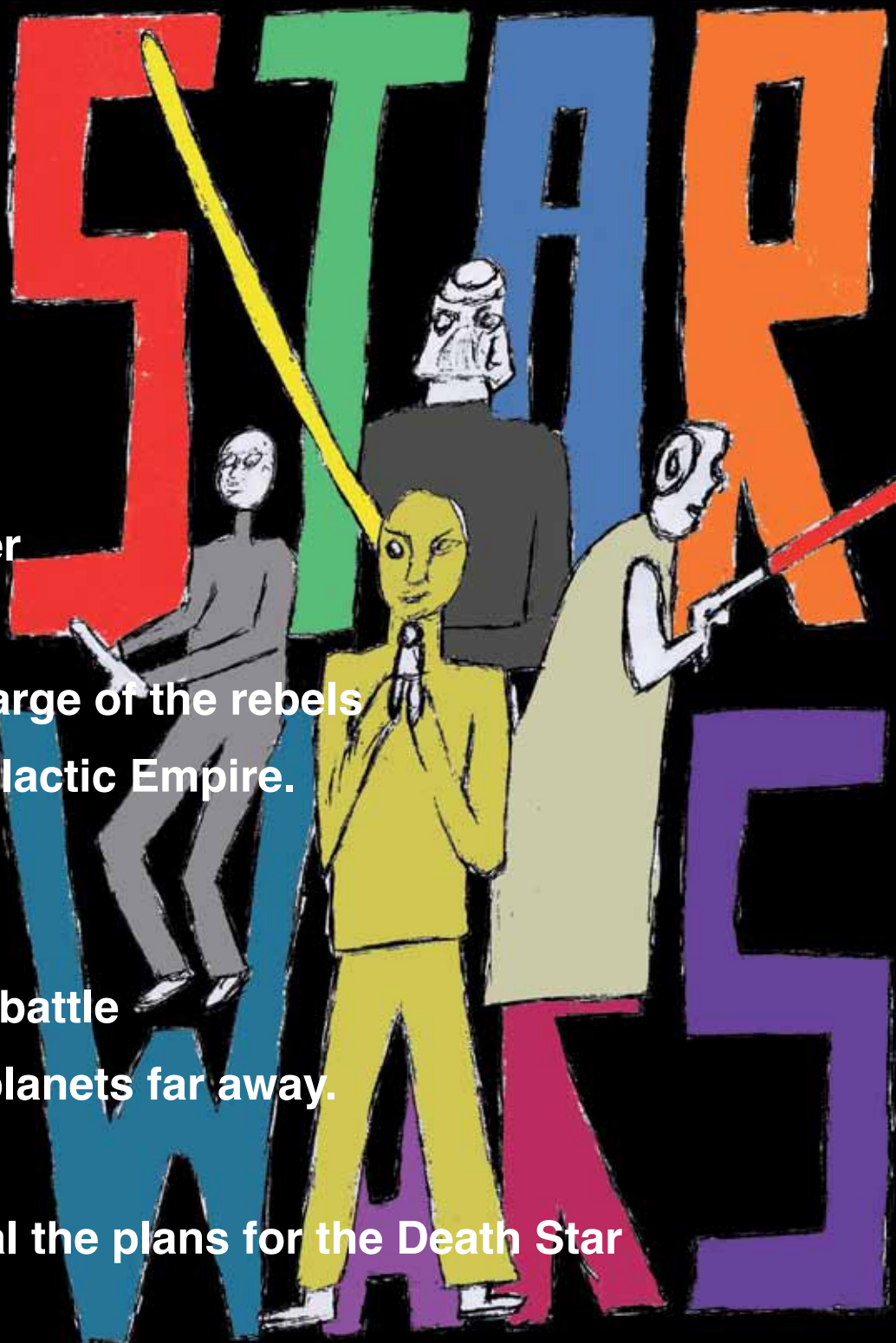
Time Travel Machine

In the future, scientists will invent one. They'll sit round the table and talk about it. The scientists will design it on a computer ... it will be big and modern. You will meet your future self and your past self in the machine. You need to be careful that you don't change the future. It will be as big as a car, and look just like a car. If you go too fast you enter another time zone without meaning to. You get into the time zone you want to be in by setting the date on the computer.

Inside there will be a window, and you'll see people walking past but they won't be able to see you. It's grey in colour, made of metal and very shiny. It's got lots of wires inside, lots of dials and things that flash. Two people can fit in the time machine, three at the most. God will be angry because he made the world and people are trying to change it. I might make one one day. I'd also like to talk to God, and the time machine will allow me to do it. My cousins will help me build it.

Scott Beaumont





Luke Skywalker

Defender

The man in charge of the rebels

Against the Galactic Empire.

The Emperor

Darth Vader.

**An epic space battle
and battle on planets far away.**

Princess Leia

Helping to steal the plans for the Death Star

for the rebels

on their secret base on planet Hoth.

Han Solo, and Chewbacca,

**helper to the rebels. Space ships
battling in space against each other.**

by Anthony Ellison



C H I N A

A Wheelchair on the Wall

Impressions from a holiday in China and Thailand by Gillian Ayre

The atmosphere at Beijing Airport was electric. It was like landing in a film set. I felt at first that I would like to be invisible. It wasn't only the driver of our bus who found me strange; a person in a wheelchair is an unusual sight in China, and people couldn't help but stare. Once I got used to the unwanted attention, I began to take in the many new impressions. The air was sultry with spicy scents, and everywhere there were beautiful children and young people. But as well, there were huge and awe-inspiring national monuments, and a powerful military presence everywhere. The people get on with their busy lives under

the constant watch of the military. The government feel a need to show they are in control.

In the Far East disability is hidden, and it seemed to me that many people had never seen a wheelchair before. Visiting the Great Wall, I was excited at the thought of going up on to the wall, but a policeman told me it was not possible. Then four students simply picked up my chair and carried me up several flights of stone steps, high up on to the wall. Then we all shared a hug. Everyone was amazed and entertained – they couldn't believe there was a wheelchair on the Great Wall of China - even the policeman was laughing.

One sunny but cold day, I stopped in a market to buy some boots. People came from all corners of the market, all smiles, just to see the wheelchair lady trying on boots. Our visit to the Summer Palace was inspirational. The Summer Palace sits beside Kunming Lake, and is made up of beautiful gardens, natural features, and ancient buildings and monuments, as well as the enormous lake. In historical times, anyone who even approached the huge gates was likely to lose their head. Beijing's river was crowded with sampans – small fishing boats rather like an exotic coracle. We sailed on a big sampan to a huge restaurant.

I loved watching the eagles swooping down to the sampans, trying to steal the fish that had been caught. During a bus tour we stopped to look at some embroidery. A young man on a rickety old bike was selling pretty

lacquered boxes that I admired. He pedalled after the bus all the way to our next stop because I'd shown interest – This is how poor he was, and how important it was to make a sale. Realising he had cycled so far, I gave

him a hug, and my sister and I each bought two boxes, and gave him a little extra. Fifty pence would feed his family for several days.



In Thailand, Buddhism is celebrated by almost everyone. The temples are colourful and very beautiful. In Bangkok, we visited a temple with a huge golden buddha statue seated in the centre, a powerful and benevolent presence. A Thai lady wanted to bring me closer to the Buddha for a blessing, and she put a lotus flower in my hand. It was a lovely and spiritual moment, a deep connection with another human being.

Bangkok has a very impressive palace, the home of their much-loved king and his family. While we were there, the people were celebrating the king's birthday, and there were yellow flowers decorating every building. Yellow is the king's colour in Thailand. The current king has been on the throne since 1946.

The differences between rich and poor are startling. I was surprised by the huge skyscrapers, but in the midst of all that power and wealth there were small markets filled with local delicacies. Here, I felt at home.

My wheelchair didn't seem to matter – the Thai people were too polite to stare. But when I stopped to admire some beautiful silk on a stall, and my sister carried on walking, some people thought she was leaving me. They grabbed my chair and ran to find her. It was quite alarming, but very funny when they understood their mistake, and

we all enjoyed the fun. My holiday taught me a lot about how people live. It took the "us and them" out of the equation. Cultural differences apart, people around the world are not so very different. In spite of poverty or a constant military presence, the kindness and humanity of the Thai and Chinese people came shining through.

T H A I L A N D



How to grow Phalaenopsis

The Moth Orchid by Peter Howe

Phalaenopsis produces very long-lasting flowers in a wide range of colours and patterns. Large rounded flowers give it its common name of moth orchid. It's an ideal houseplant for a warm room (18 – 30 degrees c), blooming all year round, and able to flower from the same stem several times.

rainforest.

They do not have bulbs like other orchids, but grow with fleshy leaves formed from the crown. They produce a lot of roots which reach out of the pot as well as growing into the compost.

water every 2 to 3 waterings. Avoid over-watering, and do not let water collect in the centre of the crown as this will cause rot. My son in Wisconsin gives his moth orchids ice cubes instead of water!

They still seem to thrive.

The plant will continue to make buds at the end of the stem, the flowers opening to give an impressive show.

When all the flowers have died off, and when the sap is still rising, cut the stem off at the highest node. Don't wait until the flowers have dropped, or the stem may start to die back. The node will soon start to grow a side shoot and more flower buds.

When these have all flowered, repeat by cutting above the next node down on the main stem, and so on.

When the base of the stem is reached, or if it fails to bloom, cut it off at the base.

Occasionally a new plant may grow from the stem. Let it get to a strong size with a few leaves and roots, then gently remove and pot up in fine bark. Repot every 2 to 3 years, in spring.

The most popular orchid grown as a house plant, they make good indoor plants because they can stand the drier heat of central heating, as well as being almost continuously flowering. Plant in free-draining bark compost, which should always be kept moist. Many of the orchids we love as houseplants originate from the trees of the tropical

Phalaenopsis will bloom for many months if kept in diffused light in a warm room. Water sparingly from the top, letting the pot drain well. This may be every one or two weeks, depending on how warm the room is and whether the plant is growing or not.

Add a little fertiliser to the



Here's a step-by-step guide to repotting your moth orchid

Step 1. Repot your Phalaenopsis when it is climbing out of its pot. Choose a time when flowering has stopped and when the roots are growing. Cut the stem right back at the base.

Step 2. Remove the plant from its pot and shake off most of its bark compost. If it is several years since the last repotting, the bark may be breaking down. Separate it from the plant but keep the old bark.

Step 3. Using a clean pair of scissors or sharp secateurs, cut the root to a length of about 10 centimetres. Healthy roots should be white or green, and plump. Over-watered roots are brown and shrivelled. Take this opportunity to remove any dead leaves or dead roots.

Step 4. Position the plant in a clean, slightly bigger pot, and fill with fresh bark compost. They grow well in clear pots but these are not essential. Choose a container with plenty of drainage holes.

Step 5. Make sure the bark is pressed down firmly to anchor the plant. Top it up to just below the rim. If you use a clear pot, you can keep an eye on the roots to make sure they are healthy.

Step 6. Water about every one to two weeks and spray the surface of the compost to encourage the roots to grow. Soon it will make a new leaf and the next flower spike will follow shortly.

Additional Tips

When buying, choose a plant with open flowers and a lot of buds.

Choose a plant whose aerial roots have green tips.

Never leave standing in old water.

Avoid direct heat from radiators. Keep out of draughts.

In Autumn, rest the plants a few weeks in a cooler spot.



The Griffyn's Tale

It's eventide and the sun is setting. I uncurl my head and look out of the cave, to see the tops of the mountains glimmering in the shimmering shades of light. Yawning widely, I uncurl my body and stretch out my front legs to waken them. My wings uncurl, and fan out towards the glowing embers reflected on the concave ceiling of shadows. Rising on to my hind legs I stagger outside on to the sloping grass and fly upwards, swooping around to awaken my flight.

Looking for a damsel in distress, so that I can have a juicy supper to stop my hunger. Or even a passing knight on a big white horse (with chips on the side).

Jenny Popplewell



Illustration by Jane Cotton

Tryfan Time

Cascading down the
Rustling slopes scattering
Stones beneath the crunching
Munching flint heads of
Eternal time of endless feet.
Dripping down to
The still blue
Lake of fathomless deep
Spreading into the roots
Of winding, masses of
Growth

Jenny Popplewell



Julie's tips for beating the blues

If a friend was feeling sad, here's what I would do -
I would give them a hug.

I would take them for a walk and a chat.

I would tell them to eat some chocolate.

I would tell them to go for a scenty bath.

I would tell them to listen to some tunes to cheer them up.

I would try and make them laugh and smile.

Julie Cordock



Jane's Home Beauty Remedies

Rosemary leaves, boiled in water and strained, make a good conditioner and highlighter for brown hair.

Lemon juice lightens the hair and skin if put on and washed off.

Half a lemon rubbed on the elbows smooths the skin.

Oats in a muslin bag in a hot bath makes the skin nice and soft.

Most of these ingredients are readily available in the home.

Witch hazel, petroleum jelly, glycerine, and rosewater can be bought at any chemist.

Witch Hazel used with cotton wool balls is a good cleanser and toner for greasy and blemished skin.

It is very healing and natural.



Our grandmothers used not to have moisturisers, but used **glycerine and rosewater**.



Vaseline, otherwise known as petroleum jelly, is good for conditioning eyebrows and eyelashes and shining the lids of your eyes. If you smear it on your hands and feet, and wear cotton socks and gloves overnight, it makes your skin soft and smooth.



Egg whites, smeared on the face and left on till the skin goes tight, makes a good face mask.



Jane Cotton

Grannie's Top Tips From Days Gone By

Ants Sprinkle sugar round the haunts of ants and they will reveal their nest by carrying sugar into it. Saturate the nest with paraffin or some strong disinfectant.

Kettles, to keep from furring Keep a small stone marble inside the kettle, and no furring will occur.

Bob Barton

HIGH SPEED

High Speed 2 – A New Golden Age?

The golden age of steam has long gone, and some people say there is no way back for the rail industry. This couldn't be further from the truth. Trains may not look as luxurious as they did at one time, but the technology is at an all-time high, and forever progressing.

But even though our present high-speed trains are built to

a high standard, they will never live up to their name until we build the right kind of network, with straighter tracks and fewer stops.

This is why HS2.org was set up, to look at how our trains and rail network could be brought into the modern age. Against some strong opposition, in January 2012 High Speed 2 was given the go-ahead.

Phase one, from London to Birmingham, is expected to be running by 2026, with phase two following later. This will be a Y-shaped addition, to Manchester and Leeds.

Why do we need HS2?

It has to be said that Britain's rail transport network is hanging on the edge of a cliff. Passenger trains are overcrowded and not always reliable. Businesses need fast, reliable inter-city transport. Time is running out, and action needs to be taken now!

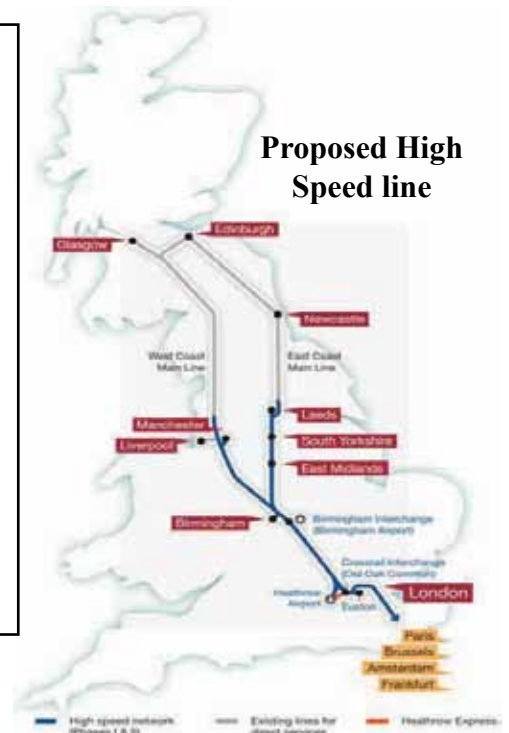
Speed

Rail customers want to get from A to B as quickly as possible.

Lines on the existing network are very bendy, so it would be impossible to do the proposed 250 mph. This will be made possible when the straight lines of HS2 are constructed, and trains are designed and constructed on more aerodynamic lines.

Capacity

Britain's railway network is almost at full capacity. Trains can't be made much longer, because the station platforms aren't long enough. More trains can't be put on the existing lines, because the space isn't there. HS2 will provide the extra lines needed, and the HS2 trains will



THE FUTURE

be twice as long as our inter-city trains are now.

Environment

According to government figures, the project will eventually bring 9 million road journeys and 4.5 million plane journeys on to the railways. If true, this would contribute to a lower-carbon future for our transport system. In response to environmental concerns, more than half the phase one line will be underground. Consultation about Phase 2 will begin in 2014. There are still concerns about damage to wildlife and the environment, and some of the plans have been changed in response to this.

Safety

Safety is a top priority, and it is important that the HS2 route and the trains themselves are designed to perfection. The whole of the HS2 project must meet the technical specifications of the European Rail Agency. The highest levels of safety technology will be needed. Even now on French railways, high speed trains travelling at 180 mph need 2.25 miles to stop.

Jobs

It is expected that Phase 1 will bring 40,000 new jobs, in construction, in permanent operational posts, and in the regeneration area and developments around the new stations.

When the railway viaduct across the Goyt Valley was first built, many people said it was unnecessary, an eyesore, and that it ruined the environment. Now it seems a useful and beautiful addition to the valley. There is still much opposition to HS2, but it has been given the go-ahead. Let's hope that it will bring another golden age to our railway system.

Money

The UK is in a bad financial way at the moment. Groups opposed to HS2 think there will be less demand than the government believes for fast long-distance rail travel, and that the cost will be much bigger than the eventual income. However, the government insists that HS2 will be of great economic value to British businesses, and they expect one billion pounds profit in its first year of operating.

By Ashley Cousins



Soundtrack to my Life



I love music.

Instrumental or choral, folk, contemporary, classical, progressive, pop, could be anything.

About popular music – I listen to the radio, as I am too tight-fisted to buy records, CDs etc.

I do not get a choice, I get what comes – a bit like life really.

Some people think they have a choice, or have control over their own life or even over other people's lives.

They have not, but they don't know it. This is what makes life a mystery and an adventure. Sometimes, mysteries and adventures are happy, or end happily, and sometimes they don't.

Music – sometimes I like the words, sometimes the music, sometimes both.

Also, have you ever noticed music all around – natural 'music' ? Listen!, you'll find out what I mean.

Even deaf people's lives might have soundtracks. Have you ever put your whole head under water, e.g. when washing your hair?

Sometimes, what we hear are not the sort of vibrations we call audible.

Sometimes, touch makes music. Think about sonar, whalesong, dolphins, bats, etc.

What can you hear?

Anne Limer



Illustration by
Mick Marshall

The Crocodile and the Little Dog

Once there was a crocodile that got ill & lay feeling very sorry for himself at the side of the river.

A little dog came along with a his boy master, and the dog licked his sores and the little boy

took pity on the crocodile and gave him regular sandwiches from his lunch box. The dog got so friendly with the crocodile, he could trot up and down his tame back. Eventually the crocodile got better, but always

remembered to be nice to his friends who had helped him.

Jane Cotton



What Am I?

I wake up in a very hot environment. When I want to eat, I have to do some very tactical hunting. I slowly move towards my prey, below the height of the grass. When I think I'm near enough, I'll run after the prey and pounce on it. When the prey is dead, I'll eat my meal. Though I've got be careful no-one else eats my meal. When the day is done, I'll have to go and rest, and get ready for the next day.

Ashley Cousins



Auntie Hilda Mary's Recipe Book

My auntie Hilda Mary had a family recipe book going back four generations. Over many decades, each generation of women added their own favourites, including some very economical ones belonging to the war period, when rationing was in place.

I can picture her in her kitchen, busy with the rolling pin, a lady in her eighties, but with hair still as black as when she was a young woman. How I wish I could still have her by my side when I cook, for her skill, knowledge and humour. We called her the Regimental Sergeant Major, or The RSM . She was kind, loving, but firm and a wonderful teacher. She taught me how to make all kinds of pastry, and how to make the most I could out of my ingredients. She wasted nothing. The one thing I never have achieved is slicing brown bread so thin that you can nearly see through it, but it still be whole. She could cut 36-40 slices from a small Hovis – awe-inspiring.

Fortunately, I sat down with her before she died, and wrote the recipes out, asking her to explain things that weren't clear. It was a happy and satisfying day, spending precious time with Hilda Mary, and learning more about my ancestors.

When making the dishes from this book, I think of the family I never knew, and thank them for taking the time to write, and to pass them on to their daughters. And I remember the warm, delicious aromas from Auntie's kitchen. I hope you try the economical recipes below, and enjoy.

A new cookbook has been started, with recipes that are favourites of mine, and adaptations of the recipes from Auntie's book, so these precious family memories will continue down the generations.

Marie Ball

Coconut Tarts

4 oz butter
4 oz sugar
2 oz ground almonds
2 oz desiccated coconut
1 large egg
jam
8 oz self-raising flour
4 oz lard
pinch of salt

Set oven at Mark 4 or 140 degrees.

To make pastry, sieve the flour into a bowl. Add salt.

Dice the lard and add to the flour. Rub with fingertips till the mix resembles fine breadcrumbs.

Add 8 tps cold water. Knead together until the mixture forms a dough. Wrap in clingfilm and put in fridge to rest for 10 mins.

Meanwhile, make the filling.

Cream together the butter and sugar.

Beat in the egg.

Stir in the almonds and coconut.

Roll out the pastry till thin, and cut into rounds.

Place in bun tins.

Put a small amount of jam into the bottom of each pastry circle, and top with the filling.

Bake for 30 to 45 minutes.

Battered Onion Patties

4-6 oz flour
milk to mix
1 egg
salt and pepper
1 small onion, diced
1 potato, grated

Mix together flour and egg. Gradually beat in milk, enough to mix to a stiff batter.

Stir in diced onion and grated potato, (wring out potatoes in tea towel to remove moisture.)

Melt a little lard in a frying pan. Drop small spoonfuls of mixture into hot fat. Cook till golden brown, then turn and brown the other side.

You can add corn or chopped chillies to the mixture, or sprinkle with parmesan cheese when cooked.

Beneath the Surface

Thoughts on painting and photography, by Vaughan Parker

How is a painting different from a photo?

Every photo I've ever seen, unless contained within a frame, seems flat and unexciting. It doesn't look anything, unless there's a frame to give it emphasis and expression. A photograph is instant, and can be a better likeness on the surface. But it's not as physical or as deep. A painting has no need of a frame. A painting comes right out at you, and the frame can't contain it.

Where does that power of the painted image come from? How do you achieve it?

The power of the image doesn't come instantly, as it does with a photograph. There's a period of building up of the paint, and a personal process the painter goes through. The more you build the paint up, layer by layer, the more you are dragged into the picture, and the more you come to know the subject and what you need to do to bring out the subject's inner life.

Can you describe how you approach a new painting?

Usually I start from life, from the person or subject in front of me. I may take a photo to use as a tool, to refer to in the absence of the model, but a point comes when I know the subject so well, I no longer need it.

I know how the painting will look

before I start applying the oil paint. I don't draw an outline, but begin painting straight on to the canvas. For me, the first object is to cover the canvas, to remove all traces of white while drawing in the first lines and shapes with paint. I keep on adding paint till I feel there's enough, then I stop and leave it to dry.

I always have more than one painting in progress, so that I have one to work on while another is drying.

When the painting is properly dry, I sand it down to a point where the outline image is very sharp, then I start to lay on paint again.

To a non-artist, that sounds very drastic.

Not at all. I still have the image in a very pure form, and from there something powerful will emerge. For me, this is when the real painting begins.

I now have the same thickness of painted lines and shapes all over the canvas. I begin to put on new layers of paint till it's not transparent at any point. Any suggestion of visible canvas, and the picture loses power.

I repeat and repeat the layers of colour till the moment I know the painting is finished.

How do you decide on the background?

The background is one of the

things that distinguishes a painting from a photo. The background is that "nothing" space which is really everything, which makes the subject stand out. It isolates and emphasises the subject, giving it power and energy.

It sounds as though the process of painting takes you deeper than a surface knowledge of the subject.

Millions of people have looked at Leonardo's painting, the Mona Lisa, and wondered why it is so fascinating. I think I know the answer. When we look at the Mona Lisa, we are looking deeply into Leonardo himself, and the secret knowledge he has. Art is yourself, the artist's inner self made visible.

In the same way, I can read an artist in any painting I look at. I know the person through the work. I can put myself behind that painter's eyes, and know what it feels like to be that person.

I could paint in that style, because I have seen in the work exactly who the painter is. When someone looks at my paintings, they are seeing me.

You can see Vaughan Parker's public paintings in Glossop Town Hall, in the garden of Glossop Mental Health Project, and on the BBC Your Paintings website.



Oil painting 2012 by Vaughan Parker.



Oil painting 2012 by Vaughan Parker of Joe Acklery.



Oil painting 2012 by Vaughan Parker of Lucian Freud.

When I was a lad

When Autumn comes these days, we seem to see a lot of conkers everywhere - on the road, the footpath and the grass verge. Now when I was a lad you wouldn't have seen that; they would all have been collected and hung from strings, and all the kids would be playing conkers.

Well, that got me thinking how many more games have disappeared over the years - marbles, hopscotch, hoola-hoops, hide-and-seek, tick, and most likely some that I've forgotten. So what has happened?

I suppose it's television, hi-tech computer games, mobile phones etc, in other words the modern age. I wondered what today's children would have made of my childhood. We had no hot running water, just cold. The sink was a big slop-stone,

about four foot by two foot and only two inches deep. We had no electricity, just gas and candles. You had to go out of the back door to get to the kitchen, which

we had to keep locked because it was outside. It was not unusual to get a soaking going across

the yard for your meals. We kept a shovel at the back door, in case it snowed and my dad had to dig a path to the kitchen. Then there was the toilet, which was halfway across the back yard. The coalhouse was even further. But they were happy days. We were healthy, because we were always playing out, not glued to a television or computer. As for mobile phones, they didn't exist, in fact very few houses had phones in them. If you needed a doctor, ambulance or the fire brigade you had to run down the village to the phone box. In those days



MARBLES

they never got vandalised, thank goodness.

What would today's children think if we extracted the mobile phones from their ears and took away all the hi-tech gear, then took them to a village with no electric or hot water - my gran had to pump water from a well in the back yard. Bath day would be on washday. When your mum had done the washing, she'd ladle the water out of the dolly tub into a tin bath, Persil, Dolly Blue, the lot. And in you went.

My mother used to say to us after our bath, "Come here, let me look at you."

It was always the same.

"Have you seen the tide-mark on your neck," or "Have you seen the muck behind your ears?"

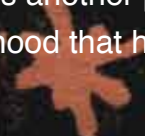
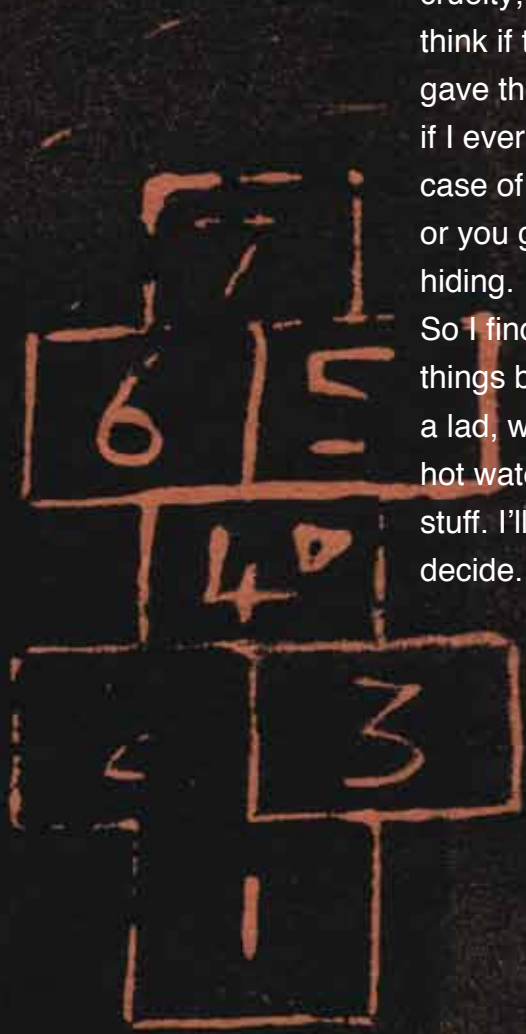
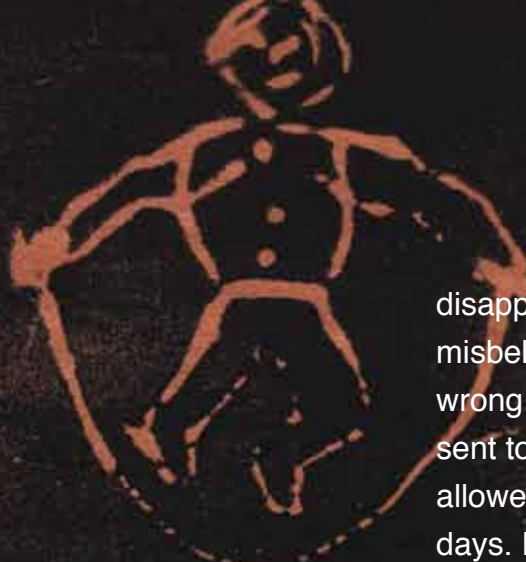
Try as I might, I never could twist my head round to see it, and when I told her that, it was always a clip behind the head for being cheeky.

That's another part of my childhood that has

disappeared. Back then, if we misbehaved or did something wrong we got a good hiding, sent to bed without tea, not allowed out for a couple of days. Do that to your children today and you could well find yourself in court charged with cruelty; and what would they think if the school teacher gave them the cane? I know if I ever had the cane it was a case of don't tell your mother or you got another good hiding.

So I find myself asking, are things better than when I was a lad, with good hidings, no hot water on tap, no hi-tech stuff. I'll leave it up to you to decide.

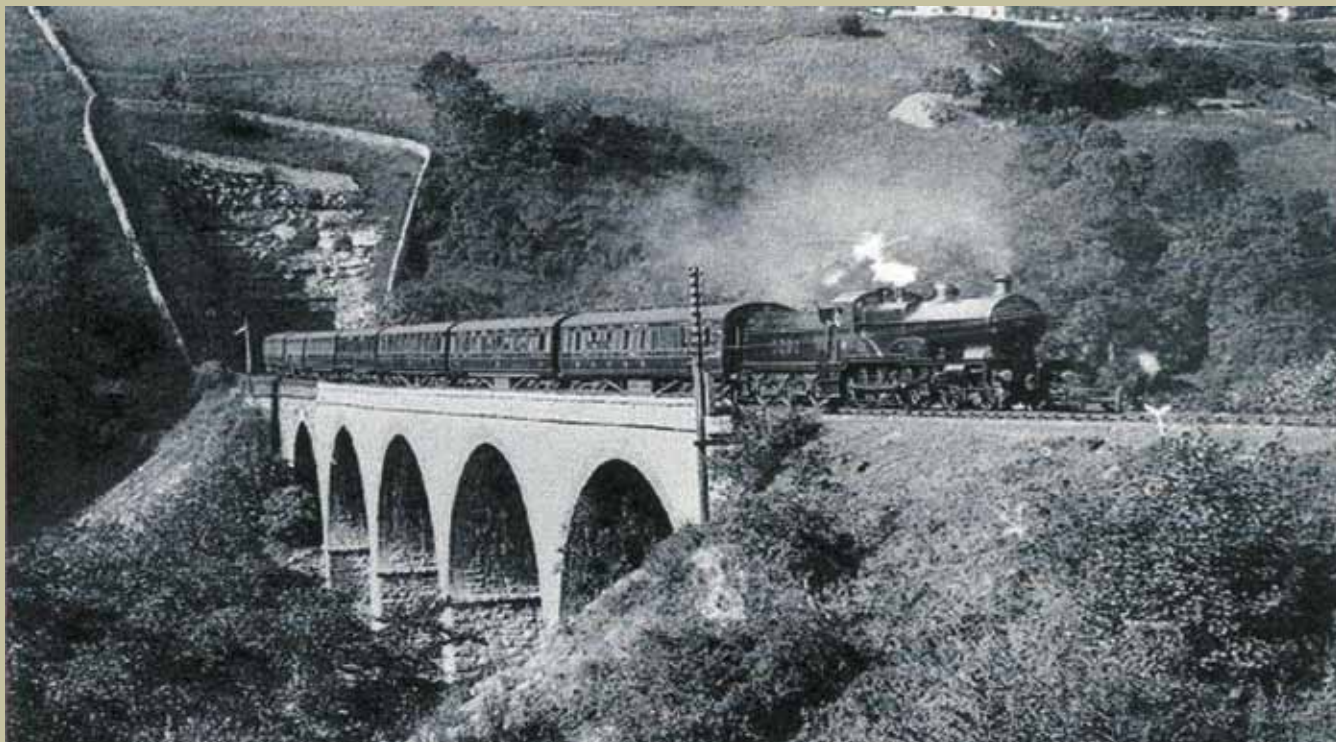
Bob Barton



YOUR NEXT

Monsal Dale Then and Now

researched by Bob Barton



One of Derbyshire's many beauty spots, Monsal Dale is situated in the middle of the Peak District National Park. In the early eighteenth century the dale, with its glorious walks along the River Wye, was popular with local people for Sunday afternoon strolls and picnics. The Wye rises on the gritstone moorlands to the west of Buxton, winding south through limestone country till it joins the Derwent at Rowsley. In its quite short span it passes through superb Dales scenery, including Monsal Dale which forms a part of the Wye Valley between Water-cum-Jolly and the foot of Taddington Dale. The valley is horseshoe shaped, and standing at the top of Monsal Head gives magnificent views of

the dale.

Monsal Dale itself is of great geological interest. Millions of years ago the area was under the sea, and the dale was formed by the uplift of the sedimentary rocks that had formed there. Layers of shales and sandstone formed the top of the uplift area, called the Derbyshire Dome, but these have long since eroded away, exposing the underlying limestone which gives the whole area its name, the White Peak.

The Dale is designated an Area of Special Scientific Interest, a special area of conservation, and part of a European network called Natura 2000, which was set up to protect the most threatened wildlife habitats.

In the early eighteenth century

the Midland Railway cut a line through the valley, blasting out tunnels and building the now-famous viaduct. Most people call it the Monsal Head Viaduct, though in fact its name is the Headstone Viaduct. Local people at the time said it was an eyesore and spoiled the valley. The poet John Ruskin wrote these lines: "There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe ... You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley – you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it; and now every fool in Buxton can be in Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton;

which you think a lucrative process of exchange – you fools everywhere.”

But the railway had been built, and a station now stood at Monsal Dale. The Bull’s Head pub at Monsal Head was rebuilt, and renamed The Railway Hotel. There were stables at the back, which housed the horses used to bring passengers up the steep incline to the hotel. The stables are still standing, now known as The Stables public house. Not much has changed inside – the stalls and the flag floor are still there, horse tack still hangs on the walls, and there’s a hayrack behind the bar.

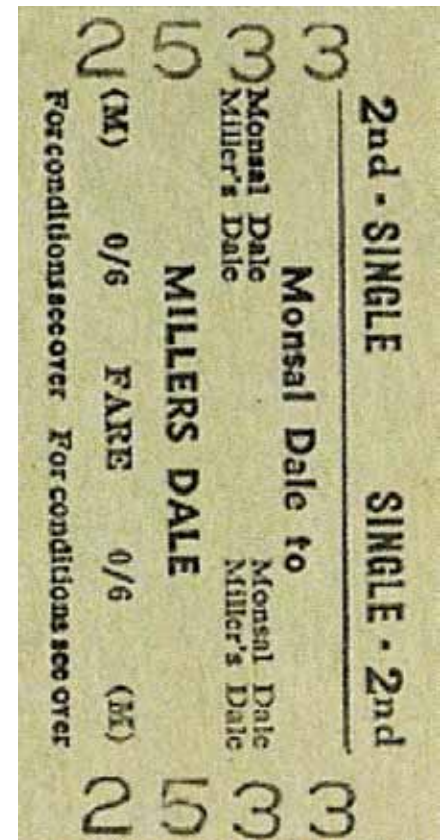
The hotel is now called The Monsal Head Hotel, but it still has the carved stone bull’s head up on

the front wall. Both the hotel and the pub serve excellent food, and both are popular with hikers and sightseers.

So a day out to Monsal Dale to have a meal and see the superb scenery is well worth it. And who knows, you may see Hob’s House. Legend has it that the giant Hob would emerge from his house, a natural rock formation, to thresh the local farmers’ corn. The farmers rewarded him with a bowl of cream.

The railway alas is gone, but the line has been turned into an eight-mile footpath, the Monsal Trail. And yes, you can now walk through those tunnels and over the famous Monsal Head Viaduct.

Don’t forget, it’s on your doorstep.



Freedom At Last

As I wake up in a safe environment
I think to myself that I am free at last
I also think to myself
No-one's going to hurt me
and that I am free at last.
I'm thinking to myself
There's no more nasty people
and that I am free at last.
I'm thinking to myself
There's no more harm at last.
I am also free from bullies.
I am free from my past.
I am free from everything.
As I go to bed on a safe, free note,
I think to myself
My life is completely free now.
I can do whatever I want to now
and that my life is how I make and choose.
I think my life is free,
I have much love and care
and support
But most of all I have this word
FREEDOM
at last.
I can now think I can put my past behind me.
HOORAY AT LAST.
THANK GOODNESS.

Julie Cordock



Friends

Friend in need is a
Friend indeed
and a
Friend to love is a
Friend to love
and a
Friend to have is a
Friend to have
and a
Friend to share is a
Friend to share
and a
Friend to hug is a
Friend to hug
and a
Tear to have is a
Tear to share
and a
Friend to trust is a
Friend to trust always

Julie Cordock





Michael Coulthard made these paper and clay figures during the illustration sessions of the magazine project. Michael makes claywork on an ongoing basis and has won an award for his work. These images were made when Michael was invited to make drawings on paper around his figures, opening new dialogue potential.



Autumn Senses

On an Autumn-scented
Leaf-rustling, golden morning,
Russeted by time and space,
The hills rose into the mists,
Mellowing upwards, lost in clouds,
Ambling across the blueness of thoughts.

Jenny Popplewell

What am I?

I opened my eyes and blinked a few times – stretching, and whisking my tail. It had not been a comfortable night. I had been terrified by a human being trying to grab hold of me. I had to abandon the hotel room and find a new resting place. Anyway, for now, the hunt for breakfast was on and I would enjoy it in a nice sunny spot. From under my rock, I could see few opportunities, so flicking my tongue and moving slowly forward...

Graham Aizlewood

A day in the life...

Awake with a slight breeze in my face.
Stretch and flex my wings.
Let the day begin.
Must hunt for food and water, then ...
the beauty of freedom.
Soaring high on the wind, diving.
Circles uplift with the air currents.
Food and water once more, then a final flight
before putting my head under my wing to sleep.
Looking forward to the freedom of tomorrow.

Marie Ball

I've Got No Sense of Direction

Where are we going?

Quo vadis?

I'm going home.

Now, Whaley Bridge is on the way home.

Whaley Bridge is warmer and lighter.

Home is warmer and lighter.

Warmth and light is home.

I'm going home.

Ann Limer

About High Peak Community Arts

For over 30 years we've undertaken projects which address the thoughts and feelings of people who live here: their hopes, dreams, aspirations and problems. We use a wide range of creative media – dance, drama, visual arts, music, photography, digital media – to tell stories that celebrate life.

We have three main strands of work:

1. Local Communities – work across the whole borough, often taking our yurt (circular tent) as a mobile venue.
2. Arts and Wellbeing
3. Youth Arts

To find out more, get involved, become a member or a volunteer, check out our website www.highpeakarts.org or find us on facebook or twitter.

Alternatively you can ring us on 01663 744516.



high peak community arts



Come back another day



Below is a response by our group to a perennial wonder...

Question : You are granted another life. What will you be?

“A hard question to answer, but we feel that we are who we are. The strings of our life, like children, are too precious to leave, and memories of the good times in life are too valid to discard. Learning to make the best of past harms is a difficult path, but a path we must take.”

“ The future is our own to strive to make positive.”

