

Women for LIFE on Earth



Summer Issue '83

Now,
Our time is ripe
We are born
And we grow.
With this full moon
We have reached
Fruitfulness, and give birth to our child;
a new child
Well nurtured
and born out of love.

She is the child of hope and understanding,
the child of the silent mother
and of a million women all over the world.
She is the child who sings and dances,
Weeps and Wails,
she is the child who knows she will be strong,
who grows into a place she knows she can belong.
She is born and breathing on her own,
we watch her now, together
She is our creation
and we are changing

Sally

To the child who is two days old on this full moon. May 26th.

Hello from Devon to all our readers of this BUMPER Solstice issue. (An extra 4 pages - an extra 10p - sorry about the unavoidable increase.) Whew, most of us seem to have had an action-packed 3 months. May 24th brought 1 million women, worldwide, OUT FOR PEACE surely leaving few of us in doubt about the existence of global sisterhood. The strengthening feeling of all this light spiralling around our planet can only inspire us to continue. All this has given us a chance to see just how effective the WFLOE network has become. Wonderful webs are being spun around the initial four threads: VISION, ALLIANCE, CONNECTIONS, ACTION - to weave a magic carpet to transport us all into a safer, greener more holistic future.

Many thanks to all the women for their magnificent contributions showing the power and beauty of women's creativity, and especially to SUE for her inspired drawing. This is YOUR platform so please use it to keep the sharing and connections flowing.

With love and in peace we are...Sue, Lucy, Caroline, Birgit, Helen, Jann, Francesca.

South Devon, 1983

Please send news and contributions for Autumn issue no later than 5th September 1983.

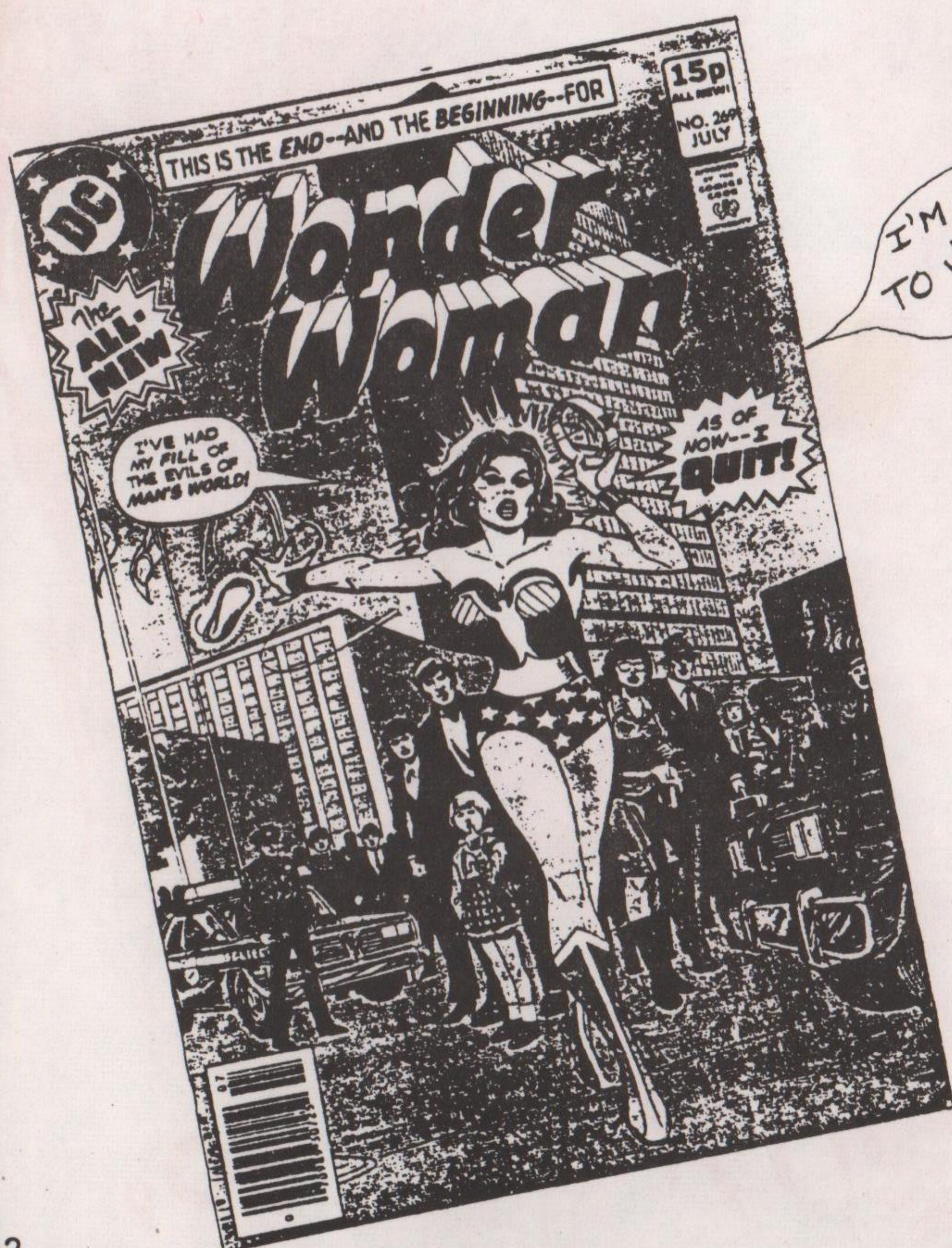
WOMEN for LIFE on EARTH

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Glastonbury
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0458 - 34484

If you would like to support the network and receive the magazine you have a choice of the following:

Annual membership: £10 for groups
£5 for individuals
£2.50 unwaged

OR pledge to sell five copies of each issue of mag instead of paying a sub.



Still We Sing

by Frankie Armstrong
and Brian Pearson.

They fear the dove, they clip her wings
chorus
Shall there be womanly times or shall we die?
But still she flies and still we sing,
chorus
There will be womanly times, we will not die.

Listen hear the mothers' cry,
What gift is life if the world must die...

The missiles sleep in concrete tombs
Born of the head and not the womb.

Each new born baby has the right
To see a new day follow night.

The greatest gift to give each child
Is science and nature reconciled.

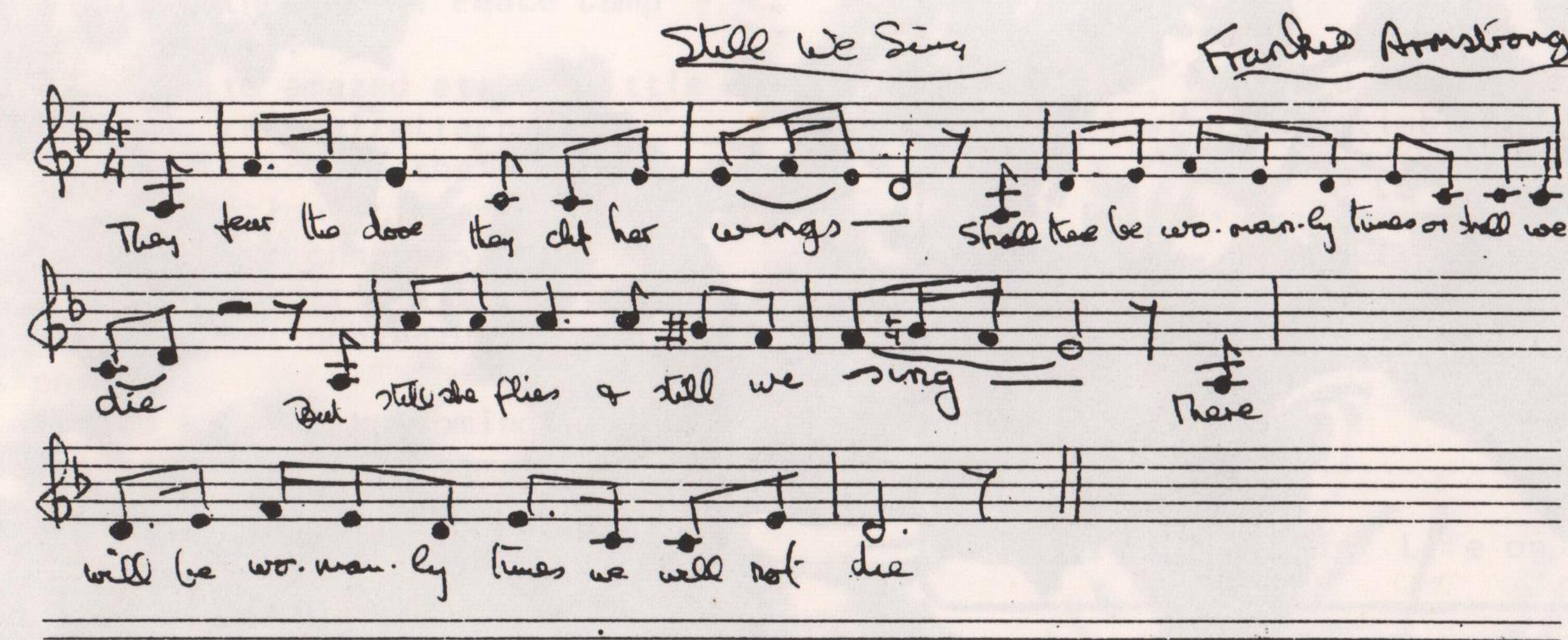
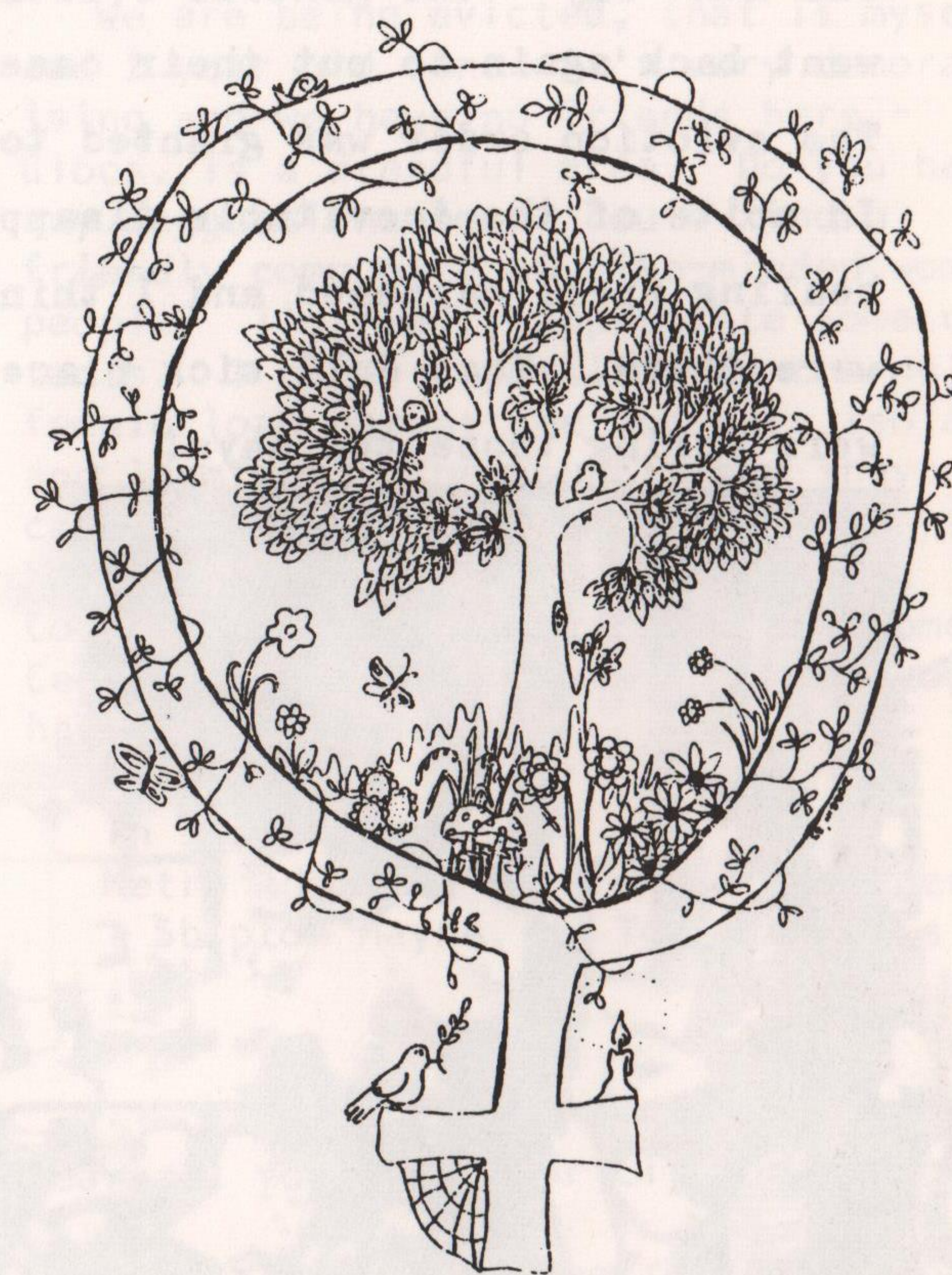
We'll make a circle round this land,
Both heart in heart and hand in hand.

Each sister, daughter, wife and mother,
Tell father husband, son and brother.

The sun has ruled the age of men
Now moon take up your place again.

Earth's born the weary wars too long,
Now bids her children join the song.

So raise the question, let it ring,
Here's our answer, join and sing.



EVICTED! OR ARE WE?

On March 9th, injunctions against 21 women were granted to Newbury District Council - The High Court said that the 21 of us must not "trespass" and that we must not "conspire together to trespass" on Greenham Common.

We didn't actually read out our statements to the "judge" who insisted that it would be a closed hearing - no press- no supporters - no public. We all walked out and it carried on without us. We decided not to waste our energy on that one man - when in a way it was a forgone conclusion. Instead some women read out their statements to all the women who were also in the large hall of the High Court - just outside the small chamber. It was a wonderful atmosphere with all these other women - about 300 of us singing and dancing.

The next day - the general eviction order was heard, and those women went back again to put their case - their feelings to the court.

The eviction order was granted to Newbury District Council.

In spite of the inevitable disappointment though, a very powerful healing spell happened and I think that it was very good that we were there. That dull sick place certainly felt some life while we were during those two days!

Jayne.



WOMEN for LIFE on EARTH

CONFERENCE

SATURDAY OCTOBER 15th and SUNDAY OCTOBER 16th
COUNTY HALL, LONDON

In October, an anthology of women's writing entitled Reclaim the Earth: Women Speak Out for Life on Earth, edited by two women in the WFLOE network, is being published by the Women's Press. We, in collaboration with the Women's Press, are launching the book on SATURDAY OCTOBER 15th, at the County Hall in London, courtesy of the GLC. In the afternoon, some of the women who wrote for the book will be speaking, and we hope to follow this with an evening of entertainment and shared celebration. This day will be open to women and men.

On SUNDAY OCTOBER 16th, we are planning to hold a WFLOE conference for women only. The hope is to make this a forward-looking day, structured mostly in informal discussion groups, to which women can bring their past experience, their present knowledge and their future hopes. This time is for all of us to use to discuss those issues which we feel are important - the issues which have led to the growing eco-feminist movement.

We've shared our energy, holding hands round the perimeter at Greenham and exchanging ideas through the WFLOE magazine. This conference will be an opportunity to meet and clarify where we go from here; how best to coordinate our diverse and collective energies, in order to reclaim the Earth.

IF THERE ARE ANY GROUPS WILLING TO LEND THEIR BANNER(S) TO DECORATE THE CONFERENCE HALL PLEASE COULD YOU LET US KNOW AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

SPACE IS LIMITED. BOOK NOW.

TICKETS:	Saturday afternoon -	£1.50	(Unwaged):	£ .75
	Saturday evening -	£1.50	"	£ .75
	Sunday, all day -	£1.50	"	£ .75
	Special price for all three events -	£3.00	"	£1.50

Liz Butterworth
for the 1983 WFLOE Conference coordinating group

MANDALA
Bermuda Lodge
Lambseth Street
EYE
Suffolk

Tel: Eye 870 067 (Wed-Fri 10.00-3.00)
Worlingworth 344 (evenings)

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WORK

THIRD
WORLD

PLAY

COMISO - a report

BY
BARBARA

MAGLIOCCO IS A DISUSED AIRPORT 4km. FROM COMISO WHICH IS THE PROPOSED NATO SITE FOR 112 CRUISE MISSILES DUE TO BE DEPLOYED IN 1983/4.

Comisso is a small town of 27.00 inhabitants, located in the province of Ragusa in south-eastern Sicily. Its population live by working the fertile land. Although most of Sicily is already occupied by at least 19 American military bases, the siting of cruise will complete the transformation of the whole island into a militarized desert and destroy what remains of the existing rural harmony. Magliocco is to be the nerve centre, linking the existing network of bases and providing a home base from which the missiles can be speedily transported by lorries to firing points aimed wherever US interests feel themselves to be threatened.

With the influx of 15.000 US technicians and soldiers, and the industry required to sustain the base at Comiso, it is a well-grounded fear that the Mafia (who at present have a stranglehold on the economy and people of northern Sicily) will also seek to exploit this area. They already hold a vested interest since it is their firms which are doing the preparatory construction work.

Magliocco base is a particularly important site, not only because of the horrendously destructive nature of the missiles, their first-strike war-provoking design and the imminence of their deployment, but also because their striking range from Sicily, on this 'stage of Nuclear Theatre of War', would be widened to cover the Middle East, a region already in an explosive warring state. This could lead to a proliferation of nuclear counter weapons, as a defensive tactic, by these belligerent Middle Eastern countries, making the dangers of a nuclear war greater still. Some of these countries, Israel, Pakistan, already have a nuclear 'capability' and all they require is a 'good' excuse to use it.

♀♀♀♀♀♀

But the women of Sicily are becoming more aware of the real threats and, inspired by the actions of the women at Greenham, they invited women from all over the world to participate in actions over the period around International Women's Day, to build links of support with each other and to show our solidarity with the Italian women.

The first action took place on Sunday March 6th with a march by women against sexual violence, through the streets of the town. Women reclaimed a space traditionally occupied by men (the plaza 'Fonte di Diana'), by holding hands and forming an expanding circle. Rounded stones inscribed with the names of women who had been victims of male violence were placed in the shape of a mountain in the plaza.



Two days later a hundred or so more women staged a 'sit-in' in front of the main gates at Magliocco base by sitting in a large circle linking arms. A Web of coloured wool was woven as women threw balls of wool to each other across the circle. We sat in the road for several hours and then stood up lifting the web whilst singing, covering the police presence with the web and our vibrant solidarity. That afternoon we gathered in the town square, where we joined 600 women and more from all corners of Sicily, to march through the narrow allies and main streets of Comiso, for peace.

The following day, at 6.30, women began a blockade of the base. It was three hours before the police, along with military from inside the base, began dragging us aside to let traffic through. As we repeatedly went back to blockade, police violence escalated. Women were dragged by wrists, ankles and hair, thrown brutally to the side of the road and restrained by the boot-clad feet of the policemen. While dragging the women, police twisted limbs - a woman offering no resistance except the dead weight of her body had her arm broken. Women who witnessed this had their cameras confiscated and the films ripped out. We stopped blockading because of the harm and injury being inflicted in such a vicious way taking non-violent direct action.

On the evening of 10th March, a group of women who were walking adjacent to the perimeter fence were intimidated by soldiers firing shots over their heads from inside the base, and were later accosted by the same soldiers and threatened with bayonets.

Friday March 11th...By now we were only a small number of women so we decided to blockade only the road leading to the main gate. At the beginning of the blockade (6.00am) workers arrived and we talked with them about the necessity of our actions. They listened, talked in response, and many of them turned around in their trucks to leave. The blockade lasted for about an hour during which time we experienced yet more police violence. Another woman had her arm broken and several women suffered handfuls of hair torn from their scalps. One woman was slapped on the face by a policeman. After a congregation at the main gate by the police, and the arrival of a smartly dressed man who obviously had a certain 'authority' and was waving with frantic gestures, the police came and arrested twelve of us.

After spending two hours of waiting in a police van and six hours in Ragusa police station the arrested women were taken to the women's section of Ragusa jail. On the same day the peace camp was invaded by police, tents and sleeping bags confiscated and the remaining structures and belonging burnt to the ground. That evening women gathered in Comiso for a silent vigil in the plaza to protest against the police brutality towards the women and the unlawful destruction of the peace camp.

Due to the 24-hour delay in medical treatment, Skeeter whose arm had been broken and badly reset was finally taken to hospital where her arm had to be rebroken. She then spent two days and two nights in a locked cell with two armed guards, one of whom had originally broken her arm.

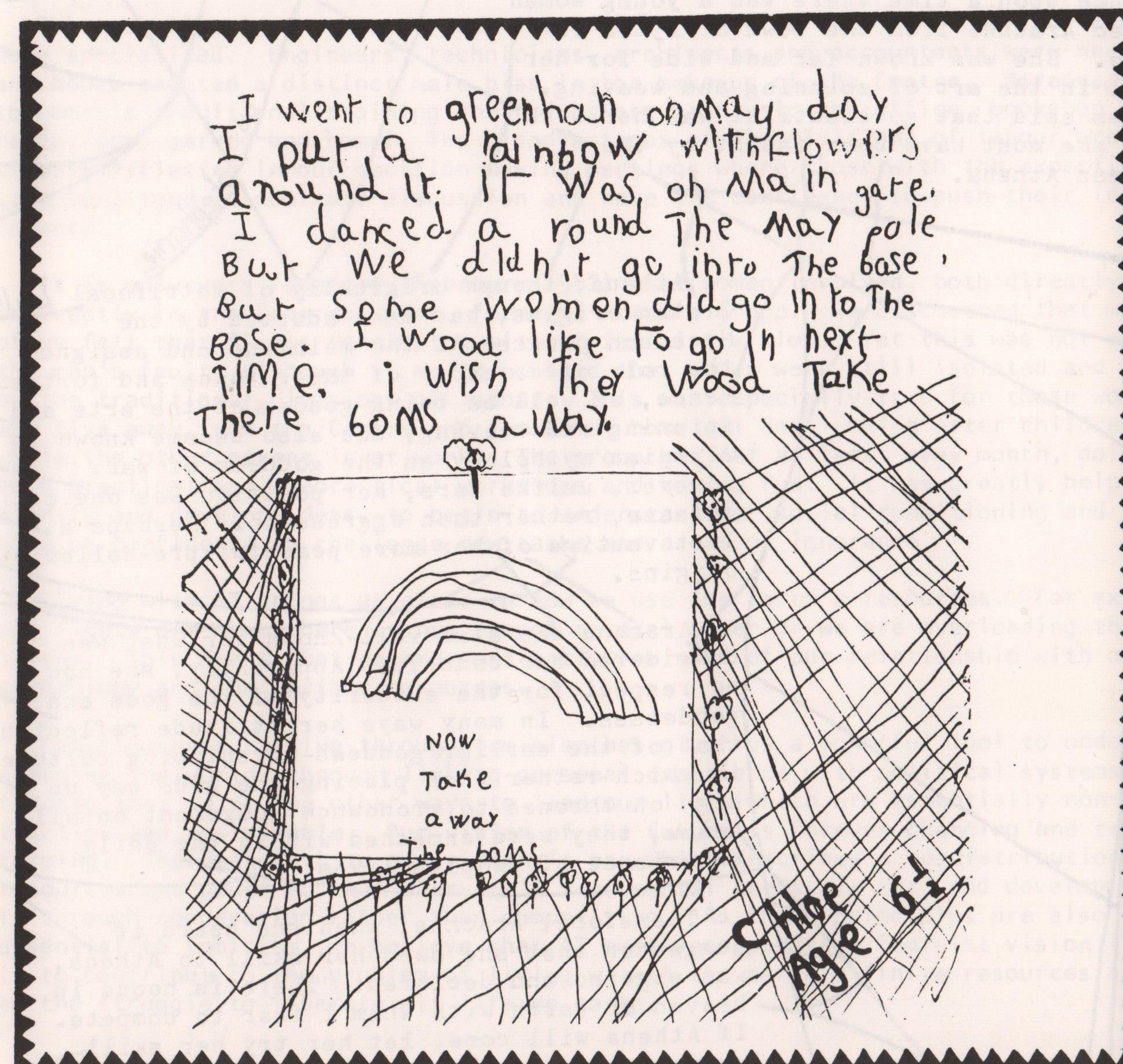
The women were held in prison for six days and allowed only brief communication with their lawyers and without interpreters. All they knew was that two charges were being brought against them; the first was for blocking a road (which has a penalty of 2 to 12 years); the second was for trespass on land adjacent to the base - a charge brought by the police, since the landowner had previously given permission for his land to be used by the peace camp.

On the sixth day, the 12 women were taken from Ragusa prison to the police station, where they learnt that the 11 'foreigners' were to be deported from the country that night. The expulsion order, which the women refused to sign, was issued on the personal directive of the Minister of Interior, Rognoni, the pretext being that the women had no money. They were given no opportunity to collect belongings and were escorted from the country by heavily armed military, with dogs; the 'carabinieri' dressed in plainclothes appearing to be passengers, some with small suitcases; others, supposed translators, with revolvers in their belts.

The 12 women are now awaiting their recall for a trial, but are forbidden access into the country to consult with their lawyers. They are also pressing for a revocation of the expulsion order which was falsely applied since the women did indeed have sufficient money with them but were forbidden access to it, and in fact were not made aware that lack of money was the excuse for the expulsion order.

The response to this week of action has since been very strong in Italy. On April 3rd 2000 people took part in a successful blockade of Magliocco base. Land is also being purchased for a Women's Peace Camp which will celebrate its opening on May 24th, International Women's Day for Disarmament, in conjunction with actions by women all over the world.

We ask women to support and act with Sicilian women in our struggle now. We ask also for donations towards securing the land for the peace camp. Please send cheques, money orders, to 'Donne per la Pace', 7 Whitehill, Ecchinswell, Newbury, Berks.



The art of spinning and weaving has been an integral part of women's cultural heritage since ancient times. The myths arising out of particular cultures often reflect actual beliefs and trends of their time. Therefore, the Greek myth of the story of Arachne, spinster of Lydia, is of particular interest to us, spinning spinsters of our contemporary world, especially as it reflects a time when Crete, one of the last Mycenaean strongholds possessing a matriarchal and goddess-worshipping culture, was being over-run by patriarchal barbarians from the North.

It is a story of a contest between the goddess Athena from Athens on the Greek mainland, and Arachne, a young weaver from Lydia, which was a town in Crete, famed for its cloth of purple dye. I am told that the seals used by the town were inscribed with the insignia of the spiders web.

The story goes like this:

Once upon a time there was a young woman called Arachne from the town of Lydia in Crete. She was known far and wide for her skill in the art of spinning and weaving. It was said that so beautiful was her work that she must have been taught by the goddess Athena.

Athena, though originally of matrifocal Cretan origins, had been adopted by the Mycenaean princes of the mainland and assigned the role of defender of their towns and fortresses. Hence, as well as being goddess of the arts and spinning and weaving, she also became known in Olympian mythology as the goddess of war. However, unlike Mars, her position was one of defense, rather than aggression. Perhaps a last vestige of her more peaceful pre-Hellenic origins.

Arachne was also well-known for what was considered her conceit. Apparently, she had no respect for the authority of the gods and goddesses. In many ways her attitude reflected that of the earlier goddess-worshipping culture, in which rather than placing the gods way up high on thrones to pronounce judgement on all below, they were enmeshed within the daily experience of people's lives.

Therefore, Arachne, when she heard it suggested that she owed her skill to Athena, was angered and declared: "There is no one in heaven or earth with whom I fear to compete. If Athena will come, let her try her skill against mine."

by Stephanie Leland

ARACHNE RISES

At that moment an old woman appeared and advised Arachne to save her challenges for mortal beings, and not to attempt to compete with a goddess. This advice only served to anger Arachne all the more, and she declared that she was not afraid of a goddess, and repeated her challenge.

The old woman then dropped her disguise and stood before Arachne as the goddess Athena. Arachne, except for a slight blush of astonishment, as the story goes, was unperturbed by the transformation. Two looms were then set up, and the contest began.

Athena, chose for her design to show the power and majesty of the gods upon their citadels, and beneath them scenes of impious mortals being dealt their just punishments.

Arachne, true to her character, wove stories that poked fun and illustrated the weaknesses and failings and love affairs of the gods and goddesses.

When Athena rose to view the work of Arachne, she was filled with envy at its beauty, as well as indignation at the insult, more offensive for its truth. I am afraid that she lost her temper, and struck the cloth with her shuttle and tore it to pieces.

Arachne, unfairly beaten, and frightened by the spiteful rage of the goddess, went off to hang herself. Athena took pity on her, sprinkled her with the juice of aconite, and changed her into a spider, and the rope into a cobweb.

And as a spider she has remained, through the ages, silently spinning, hiding in dark corners, underneath stones, behind foliage in the garden, secret and silent as the feminine matriarchal culture of her origin. Every morning she repairs the torn threads of her web, or builds a new one.

And now, the story is beginning a new chapter. Arachne is taking human form once again. The spell of Athena, goddess of war, is losing hold, as spinning spinsters everywhere are coming out of their dark corners and weaving webs of life with threads of hope and love.

Look inside yourselves, good women and men, Arachne is alive and well and deep within us all.

WOMEN for LIFE on EARTH ... in RUSSIA

About a year ago, Karman Cutler and I began talking about going to Russia. The idea began to grow and became a reality when we met with Jean McAllister, a Russian-speaking American student in this country who has friends in Russia, including members of the Moscow 'Group for Trust'.

Our trip in May by the three of us was to lay the ground for a visit by a larger group in September ('83). We booked an ordinary cheap tourist-class trip to Moscow and Leningrad, and contacted the official Peace and Women's Committees in advance to let them know we were coming to discuss this September visit with them. Everybody suggested to us that because of this official contact we would be met at the airport and from then on kept so busy with official meetings and hectic sight-seeing schedules that we would find it very difficult to break away and make our own contacts with people, whether with Jean's friends or with random meetings.

However this did not happen. For the first five days of our eight-day visit, we were left to ourselves. This was marvellous as it meant we could spend as long as we wanted just talking to Russian people, introducing ourselves to people in parks and public places, and sitting round these tiny kitchen tables with Jean's friends, their friends and relations, talking all day and half the night. For Jean it was a continuation. For Karman and myself a beginning of a fascinating dialogue which I want to continue for the rest of my life. I understand now why people who go to Russia and who make friends there, return again and again.

On Sunday we had a marvellous day out with our friend Natasha, walking through the fragrant forest for many kilometres (and as we later discovered, well outside the 'zone' beyond which foreigners are not meant to be allowed). Many groups of people were quietly holding picnics by the Baltic sea-shore, and not for the last time it seemed as if we werewalking through a painting by Manet. There is much that is ugly and brutal, but there is also such beauty as well. Suddenly we came across the women's disarmament symbol, chalked across our path, in the middle of a deserted stretch of forest. Our visit seemed full of such strange, unexpected surprises, causing our spirits to lift even when we had most cause to feel pessimistic.

That evening, Natasha gave us a toast:

"If all the people of the world could achieve the same contact as we have achieved today, without even the benefit of a common language, there would be no need for bombs, missiles of war; and the people of the world could teach their children about love, life, peace and art and culture."

We turned it into a petition, signed by ourselves and Soviet friends and members of the 'Womens Committee' (official) on May 24th, Womens International Day for Disarmament.

We returned to Moscow and held a 'peace picnic' with members of the Group for Trust in the Lenin Hills. We decided to include a member of this group in our meetin with the official peace committee the next day. Altogether we spent many hours talking with people in this group of Soviet 'peaceniks', and received much hospitality from them. We felt at ease with them and felt them to be 'like us' in the sense that no-one told them or suggested that they should become activists in the struggle for disarmament, their own consciences were their prompting. Like us, they recognised that a great deal more contact between people, ordinary people, East and West of the Iron Curtain, was the key to dissolving away the hatred and rear that fuels the Cold War and the arms race. Our aims in wanting to make a visit with a larger group were precisely to create this kind of person-to-person contact, to attack the mistrust and ignorance of each other at its roots.



But the Group for Trust were very fearful of a repetition of their experience during the Scandinavian women's march through Moscow last year. Then in order to prevent their meeting with the women, their lives had been made hell. Two of the men were simply taken away by the KGB, and the women had to spend all night trying to find where their husbands had been taken. They discovered that they had been imprisoned on false charges for 14 days. Two others were sent on sudden 'work' assignments to Novosibirsk, in Siberia, only to discover they were not permitted to board any planes back. Olga Medvedkova and others still in Moscow found their flats ringed by KGB who accompanied them wherever they went.

I can understand the doubts and confusion experienced by the Scandinavian women on this their first visit to the Soviet Union, and their desire not to upset their official hosts who had welcomed them. It would be wrong to condemn them for what happened to the Group for Trust during their visit. But I feel it would be disastrous if this were ever to become a repeat experience for this small group of courageous and sincere Russian people. They are the only group prepared to say 'We want contacts with people from the West, we are open about this and we are prepared to take the consequences'.

There is no doubt that these people, people like ourselves with children, skilled, caring people with much to offer their country, mostly now deprived of their jobs, are ready even to face long jail sentences for what they believe is the effective way to make peace East and West. But if we in the Western peace movement were to allow those consequences to happen, with no protest, with no solidarity, then it would be to our shame. I believe ultimately such indifference would contribute to our defeat as an international movement.

But we must continue to meet with Soviet people at the official level as well. To condemn the entire Soviet Peace Committee would also be wrong. In our meeting with them, we were completely straightforward and honest, and we felt such honesty was worthwhile. As long as the slightest threat from the West remains, the Soviet Union will always maintain massive defences; but we felt convinced that their stance was, essentially, defensive, and hence their desire not to enter the next round of the arms race, their desire to negotiate arms reductions was genuine. We told them this, but we also said: 'There MUST be Women for Life on Earth in Moscow, or there will BE no Life on Earth'. We stressed that during our September visit we would not tolerate any attempts to prevent our meeting with Soviet citizens, whether by restricted access to 'public' gatherings or whether by the power of the KGB to intern our friends during our stay.

Only the solidarity and intelligence of the Western Peace Movement, making good use of our hard-won freedoms and good communications, can ensure the survival of independent voices for peace, voices from the heart, in the Soviet Union. From our brief experience of random contacts and discussions with Soviet people, their desire to live in peace in a nuclear-free world, and to have normal, friendly personal relations with people in the West, was universal and obvious. I am convinced that the survival of this group is the key not only to a safe world but also to a Soviet Union which is at last secure enough to trust the voices of its own people, and to allow what must be their massive contribution to the evolution of a peaceful, understanding problem-solving world community.

Ann Pettitt, June 1983

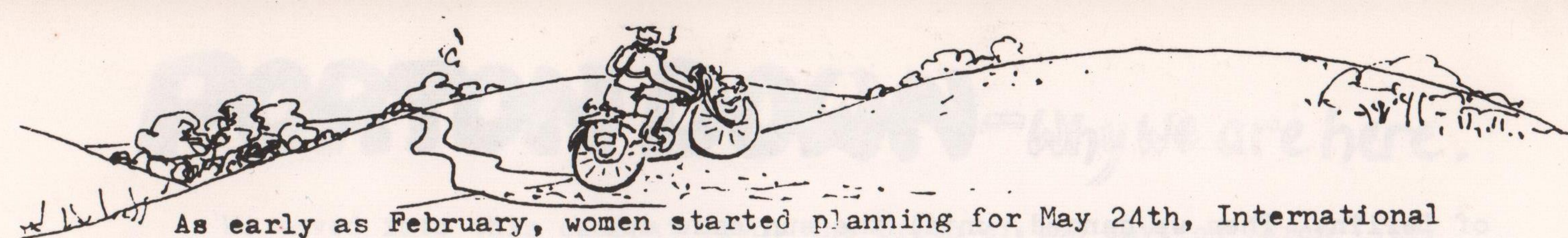
WOOBORA *are everywhere*

It is almost 40 years since The Bomb, and our earth is gasping for life as the sand in our hourglass drains away. The sea, choked with nuclear and industrial waste can no longer provide oxygen for us to breathe. The saturated air pours forth acid rain, and the lakes become sterile, with fish and plant life just a memory. As if to reinforce this repulsion towards death, our governments insist on the creation of more nuclear weapons, more nuclear power plants, more nuclear dumping, more nuclear research. Involved in their ghastly games, they fail to see the final defeat. Saint Paul said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Apathy grows apace to violence, and people all over the world turn their backs to the future.

Our hope lies in the pattern of history, and in the thread of truth that has woven its way through the labyrinth of time to the present. A mythical message, carried to us by the Aborigines in Australia, holds majestic inspiration. For these people, ^{with} timeless knowledge, are protecting their mountain - and our planet - from the pressures of a British company, determined to buy it and extract uranium, at any cost. When one understands that uranium is a kaleidoscope of colour, then such resistance takes on heroic proportions. For the Aborigine has been taught for the last 5,000 years that when their mountain is disturbed, then the Rainbow Serpent will rise and destroy the earth!

Perhaps only just in time, a new song is being heard. As pockets of perception pierce physics, philosophy, biology - a simultaneous phenomenon surprises the world. It is the voice of Woman - or Woobora, the Aborigine term meaning woman, deriving from woo (pain) and bora (earth).

Woobora took root at Greenham Common, near Berkshire in England, when a peace camp settled there in 1981 to protest the siting of American cruise missiles. For a while, the voices of women were ignored. But those with visionary strength do not give up easily. Numbers grew, and crescendoed to a chorus on 12th December 1982, when 30,000 women embraced the base. Fortified, women returned to their homes and moulded their dreams and chiseled their courage. The spirit of Greenham reached out across the world. Women started to work together along the lateral lines, linking ideas.



As early as February, women started planning for May 24th, International Woman's Day for Disarmament. In Devon and Cornwall, three woman's groups expanded to fifty-four, under the wings of Greenham Southwest, and a network tree was established with branches into every area of the two counties. On 24th May, the women burst into song, joining one million women all over the world. In Plymouth, as the sun rose, a chain was formed across the Tamar Bridge, linking Devon and Cornwall. In Exeter, women stood by the level crossing where trains carrying nuclear waste pass through. In Launceston, women gave a shopping list for a two week stay in a bunker to those entering a multi-store. In Porthleven, balloons carrying messages were carried up into the May-blue skies. In Culdrose, women presented a cheque for war widows to the commander at the base. Liskeard Women for Peace launched their day with a siren, and posters were planted on all shops and banks, while the people learned what would happen to them if a nuclear bomb dropped on them in nearby Plymouth. Picnics for children were held in many towns, torchlight processions in others. Flowers were placed in churchyards, by memorials, in new beds. Bude and Bosccastle joined to make a quilt, and Totnes Women for Peace inaugurated a beautiful cloak for their continual daily vigil. Women clambered on top of Bolt Head bunker near Salcombe, which has accommodation for 400 and a collection of paper coffins. Women walked, sat, lay down, went on strike, sang, danced, and in Penzance in the evening, Dora Russell was feted, as Torbay held a barbecue.

This sense of unity, purpose, dedication and determination was evident at the European Nuclear Disarmament Convention in Berlin, in May. Women came from 28 countries, and gently we held hands. Softly we started to sing. As our confidence grew, so too did our strength, our courage, and our sustaining faith in forming a future which will be as WE want to live it, and not as others would have us live it; and as we learned that we all, no matter our country, think along the same lines, so we started weaving our web into the sterile Texan-designed building, transforming, creating a new force. An enormous banner asking "Where are the Women?" was placed in front of the male-dominated podium. Women lined the aisles, and men had to clamber over us if they wished the microphone, rather than the reverse. We refused to hold a forum until people, sitting in tiers with backs to each other, joined us on the floor. We held press conferences, workshops, showed films. We learned that the women of Greenham are a symbol for peace all over the earth, and that all Woobora are Greenham women. On the final evening we were given an ovation and then 9 women from England, 2 from Comiso, and 1 from East Germany, led 3,000 people from the Polish to the Portuguese embassy, spanning the heart

of Berlin. Then we danced, until the sun came up.

The echoes of our joyful singing, charged with energy, IS rebounding into space and filling it, and we WILL obliterate the pain in our hearts, and the pain of the earth. We will NOT be silenced.

"I am cycling down a very long, burning road and I am very tired. Filled with pain that I can only just endure, I am deep inside myself. In the distance, far away, I can see a speck and softly I cry "woobora". I feel better, and I start to sing."

Zohl de Ishtar, Australian Bike Ride for
Peace as told to me, Sarah, in Berlin, 1983.



ON VIGIL!

"My heart, my mother;
My heart, my mother...
My heart of transformations."

The Egyptian Book of the Dead

Totnes, market square. A rectangular square of land, surrounded by concrete paving stones. In the centre stands a tree, her branches spread out across the pavements. Her presence is constant. Our daily vigil for peace started on May 24. Beside the tree a woman stands, wearing a cloak made and designed by women from our Peace group. On the breast sits a Dove, on the back the Tree of Life. We vigil in pairs. One woman turning her face and energy inwards towards herself and the Earth; the other faces outwards into the streets to meet and engage the public reaction. She hands out information leaflets. We are NOT there to 'confront' or argue about respective them/ us ideologies. This (double faceted) activity has made us question the efficacy of RITUAL, and the nature of public IMAGE.

"Why is she standing there, not saying anything?
I thought the idea was to draw public attention
to your cause?"

A young boy in passing.

So many of our actions in the peace movement appear to be concerned with drawing public, media, attention to the unbalanced, crazy, uncaring attitudes in our world. We vigil for this reason. BUT, it is also for ourselves. In the act of vigilling.

Faith is created.

Our dreams and visions travel from that cloudy, hazy world of the unconscious into life and daylight. Songs once only sung together in moonlight can be heard under the mid-day sun. We hear ourselves singing: here is celebration.

We met one wet Tuesday night to discuss our doubts and fears. A clarity of purpose emerged; "Peace starts in ourselves", said Chion. Our presence is a threat to the establishment mind. Our presence is the question for the passer by. Many women said they find the vigil experience energizing, but the leafleting draining and frightening, that it can attract hostility, resentment, and violence.

All public actions create both positive and negative feelings. I believe that the active process of transformation is a means of actualizing our growth. Making ourselves visible. Both to ourselves and others: discovering in and by the process, the path of Peace.

"There is no road to peace
Peace is the road"

Ghandhi.

The vigil is a prayer for our growth. We are Re-Membering ourselves, our Earth; our prayer is public. The personal becomes political. We are finding clarity, and this clarity is giving form to our inner voice. The vigil is a time/space available to any woman. The cloak lives in the bookshop opposite the market square. Under the arches, there for the taking.

This is an action that women can initiate in any village, town or city..

Totnes Women for Peace: a personal account
by **TANYA.**



Water is the living blood of our Grandmother Earth; The streams, enlivened by the natural vegetation are the veins of her body; from deep within, the springs rise, bringing to the surface the minerals and vital forces, her gifts to nourish those who care, and for whom she cares.

This Earth is our first real mother and if we choose to go to her she will teach us the natural laws, so that we can begin to remember our remembering heart which seeks guidance from the natural teachers of the environment. The streams, her veins, must surely help us reclaim our heart, and that knowledge of the flowing feeling.

I have been led to the stream that runs near to my house. Each day I visit it and slowly I am learning to look and to listen.

This watery mirror does not let me deceive myself. Here I am shown how to make a ceremony; this water does speak, as do the spirits of living growing things around this stream. The large stones show me strength and patience, and the mineral, plant, and animal kingdoms each have a special lesson or message. These are all the great teachers of our Earth.

If left to flow in a natural manner, the water looks after itself, keeping itself pure and clean. The spirals and twists create the power to energise and convey this blood over the Earth's body. But when the streams are tampered with, straightened, the things that grow there stripped away - the banks laid open, the water attacks these banks and they disintegrate and change the delicate balance of the environment.

The shade offered by the trees is necessary to keep the temperature of the water cool and protect the living organisms. The streams are most powerful when the moon is bright in the cool of night. If we can see that our own healing and the healing of our Mother are one, then we must find ways to practically begin this process.

Her blood, these waters are in great danger, the life force is being drained from her. If somewhere deep inside ourselves we know the water will speak to us, help us open to ourselves, others and our Earth, then maybe we are stream women. The women who care for the blood and veins of our Mother Earth in our journey to awaken the heart.

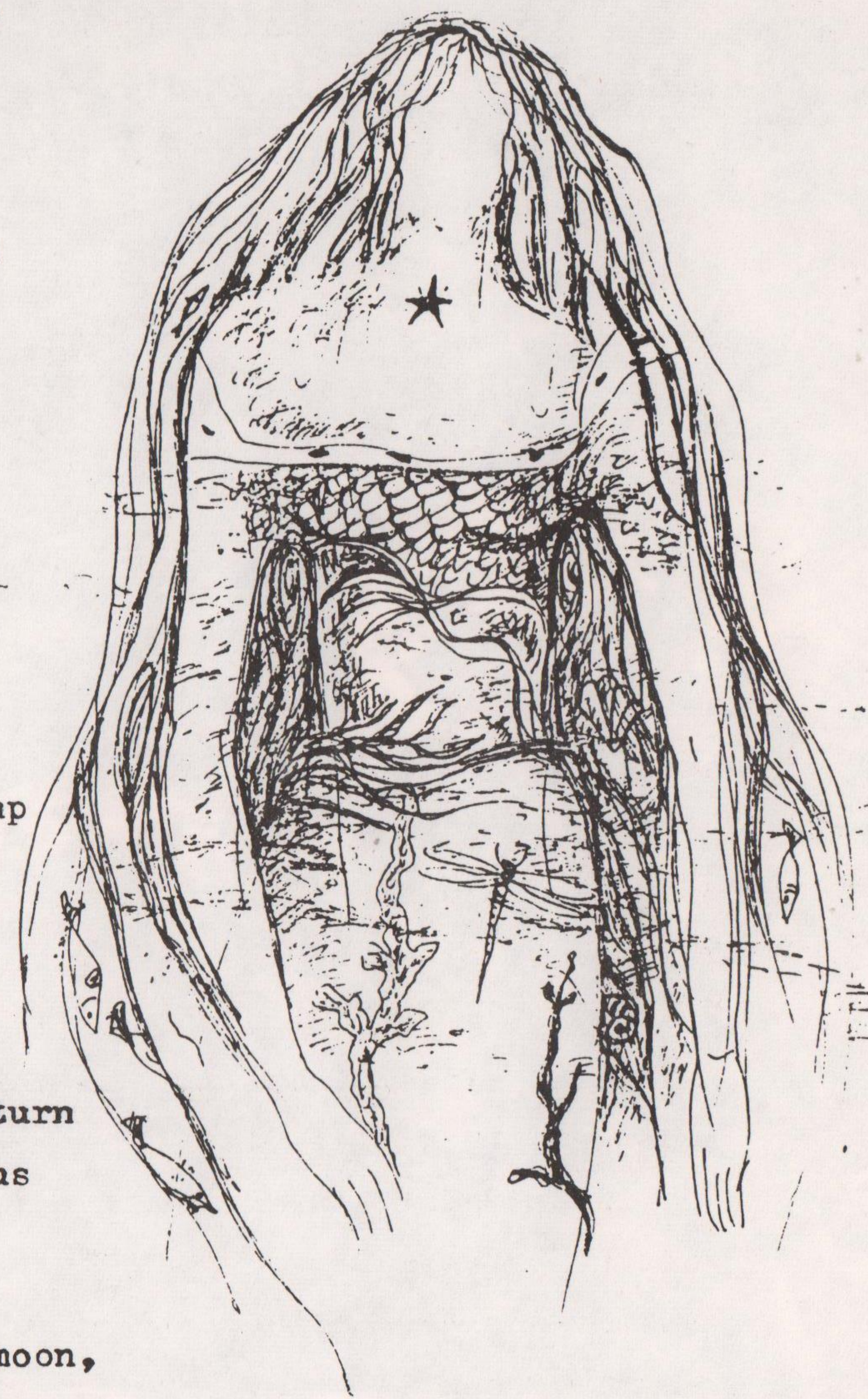
The first step to finding our natural teacher or medicine is to let yourself be drawn to the part of the stream that could be your place of learning, your temple. Go there whenever you feel drawn and as often as you can. Try not to resist that local place even if you are tempted to a place of more obvious beauty.

Where we live, where we are is where we should begin. The more you visit this place, the more sacred will become the altar to the Goddess our teacher.

The clearing of garbage and unnatural things must come first and by following our intuition as to what needs to be done, step by step, in a practical way we begin to create our own ceremony. From there we will continue to know where, when and how to build up our own awareness of the ceremonial cycle that our stream asks for. The time of gifts, of offerings, of thanks and blessings all to be sent flowing down the stream. We will not know where these good wishes will end up; and in return our Mother will reward our humility and help us open our listening ear and seeing eye to awaken our remembering heart.

A good time to initiate this work is at full moon, possibly having fasted during the day. These are not rules but guidelines. We need to help each other so that we can share and show respect for each other's medicine knowledge, and knowing that through support and sharing we are contributing to the regeneration of the whole, ourselves included with our Mother Earth.

Any regeneration will be greatly helped by planting seedlings of Oak, Alder, Willow, Ash and others to protect and shade the blood waters and so allow the correct temperature to energise them. This will effectively protect the banks of the streams which are truly the veins for the blood of the earth. By doing this, maybe one day new forests will grow out from these more barren and wounded places and when our Grandmother speaks, we shall hear.



Su Bleakley would love to hear from other women working with their local environment, with a view to exchanging 'medicine' knowledge. TAKE, STONE or PLANT women maybe.....
Su is trying to blend the American Indian tradition with our own Celtic knowledge.
SU BLEAKLEY
BAY OF BISCAT COTTAGE
NEWMILL
PENZANCE, CORNWALL.

PORTON DOWN = Why we are here.

We moved into this camp at dawn, the birth of the day, on March 13th. Mothering Sunday. We had chosen to come to Porton Down for many reasons. We thought that it was important that the development of chemical and biological weapons should be brought more into peoples awareness, for although they are as horrific as nuclear weapons, they are shrouded in deathly secrecy, and plans to fit chemical warheads to cruise missiles could slip by un-noticed. Historically, the pattern in chemical and biological weaponry has always been that public denials have been made, while preparations still went ahead in secret. We know that an important part of our work here will be to try to erode that secrecy. The Government uses The Official Secrets Act, knowing that the torturing of as many as 25,000 animals a year in order to develop even more terrible forms of 'gas and germ' warfare, would not be publically accepted.

We know that Porton Down was a place where many strands came together; that the pain and misery of some being perceived as 'Other' goes unrecognised. That those other beings may be animals, other races or the enemy. We also know that women have always been 'other', and that some of the links we most wanted to explore here are the oppression of women and the oppression of animals; and between feminism, vegetarianism and veganism.

After some time here the powerful surrounding hills and hollows of Wiltshire began to show us and help us understand the implications of the genetic engineering department of Porton Down. The significance of the date we had chosen for starting this camp was clear to us.

In the heart of this land where once the great Goddess was worshipped, there are now laboratories where animals are tortured so that scientists, through fathering weapons, are enabled to give birth to death. Here, fear of the untamable, women, animals, nature, is all enmeshed with the most brutal kind of patriarchal thinking.

Now at the camp we have to try to create a different way of being from the ways of Porton Down, without slipping into believing that all the evil is contained behind that fence, and forgetting to look inside ourselves. We must learn ways of converting our distress and our anger into a growing, transforming force so that together we can create images of hope and strength and healing.

We really need women to come and be part of all our actions, our explorations, our lives here. We value what every woman brings of herself.

WELCOME

Our address: Women for Peace & Animal Liberation. Porton Down,
Nr. Winterslow, Salisbury, Wiltshire.
Phone contact: Sue, Winterslow 862029.

MAY DAY

at
PORTON DOWN



(In the hillside near Porton Down, the earth and rock have been eroded into the shape of a woman)

Six women came with our children from Glastonbury on a wet May Day morning to celebrate life in this place dedicated to death. We drove to the Peace camp through the pretty sleepy village of Porton and then out across the Ministry of Defence land. Physically and psychically it's a weird place, as if the very earth is in pain at what goes on there. Instinctively we all hold our children closer to our hearts as we pass through the sparse landscape.

The Peace Camp is small - a caravan and several tents perched on the side of the A30 under tall trees. The women here are magnificent - compassionate, peace-loving, brave women. The night before they had been drenched by pouring rain as they attempted to walk the fifteen miles across around the perimeter of Porton Down, to encircle it with light. We sit with them by the fire and have lunch, watched by a newly installed security guard sitting just inside the gate to Porton Down. One of the main entrances is approached through a tunnel under the main line railway; it's quite a long dark tunnel and at the other end are gates and high fencing with barbed wire on the top. A large notice says 'Danger MOD property Keep Out'. The Official Secrets Act applies here. Behind the gate sits another security guard. He talks into his walkie-talkie. We walk through the tunnel. It's frightening. What can, will, might they do to us? The children run on laughing and playing unaware. I have to take a deep breath and hold someone's hand for courage. As we emerge and reach the gate, inside another jeep drives up. We begin to decorate the fence and the gates with spider's webs of purple, green and white ribbons, with wool, with streamers, with balloons, with flowers - symbols of the life we all

are. Our anxiety evaporates in the joy of bringing colour and beauty to this dull grey place. We hold hands in a circle and sing.

We create a bubble of Life and Love outside that gate. Some of our balloons float on the wind over the fence into Porton Down. Inside the gates two more jeeps arrive, with a guard dog. We ask some of the newly recruited security guards if they know what they are guarding. "No, haven't a clue. It's just a job." So we tell them what goes on inside their own gates.

We walk through the tunnel leaving behind beautiful webs of colour and life. As we reach the other end, three guards begin to tear down our works of art. What they don't realise is that although they can remove the physical effects of our presence they cannot remove the seed of Life which is now planted there.

We returned to the Peace Camp in the rain. As the traffic roared up the A30, we spiralled around the telegraph Maypole, to the gentle strains of a dulcimer. As we crossed the road and approached the fence, more security guards hurriedly arrived to ^{close} the road which crosses Porton Down. We began again to decorate the fence, and the road barrier with streamers. The guards come up and ask us to leave. By being on the road we are technically on MOD property. They ask us to move back two yards, behind an imaginary line, stretching across the road from one fencepost to another! We reluctantly leave, singing to them:

You say this land is out of bounds
Our lives and our futures are out of our hands
The earth is not yours to put boundaries around
We'll grow and get stronger. Our voices resound.

Nonviolent direct action threatens those in authority. It also threatens me. It threatens all the internalised taboos that I have, inside me, which until now have prevented me from acting against the overt wishes of the society in which I live. At times as I question these taboos, I am reduced to a nervous shaking heap or I am numbed into inactivity, unable to act creatively. But in me, as in the world around me, barriers are crumbling though not without difficulty. I too am responsible to what happens in my world. Like a Nazi guard it is not sufficient for me to say, "I am not responsible. I did not know it was happening. I was only following orders." I do know what is happening, and it is not right.

Through my ignorance, through fear and the psychic numbing which results I, like many other people, have blanked out of my mind the fact that all over this beautiful planet of mine, there are pockets of the earth, of people and resources dedicated to the destruction of other places, people and resources. It is crazy and I too am responsible for the fact that such places exist, as

we all are. To change this state of affairs we all have to change. We all have to face our fear. We all have to say no - no more. Nonviolent direct action is a way of saying NO. As daylight faded we drove away leaving behind us a small group of courageous, dedicated women. They are the beginning of the end of Porton Down and all places like it on this earth. They are the women who show women like me that I can say NO. They show me that we can change the way the world is, using our ways as women. They need women to come and stay for hours, days, weeks - so that we can support each other.

KATHY JONES.

'Message from Mother Earth'

by Frankie Armstrong

I am the soil that harbours the seed,
I am the crops the good soil yields.

Chorus
Remember, I give you birth,
Remember Mother Earth.

I am the woods, the forest the trees,
I give the buds, take back the leaves.
Chorus

I am the rains, the rivers the seas,
All creatures born must drink of me.

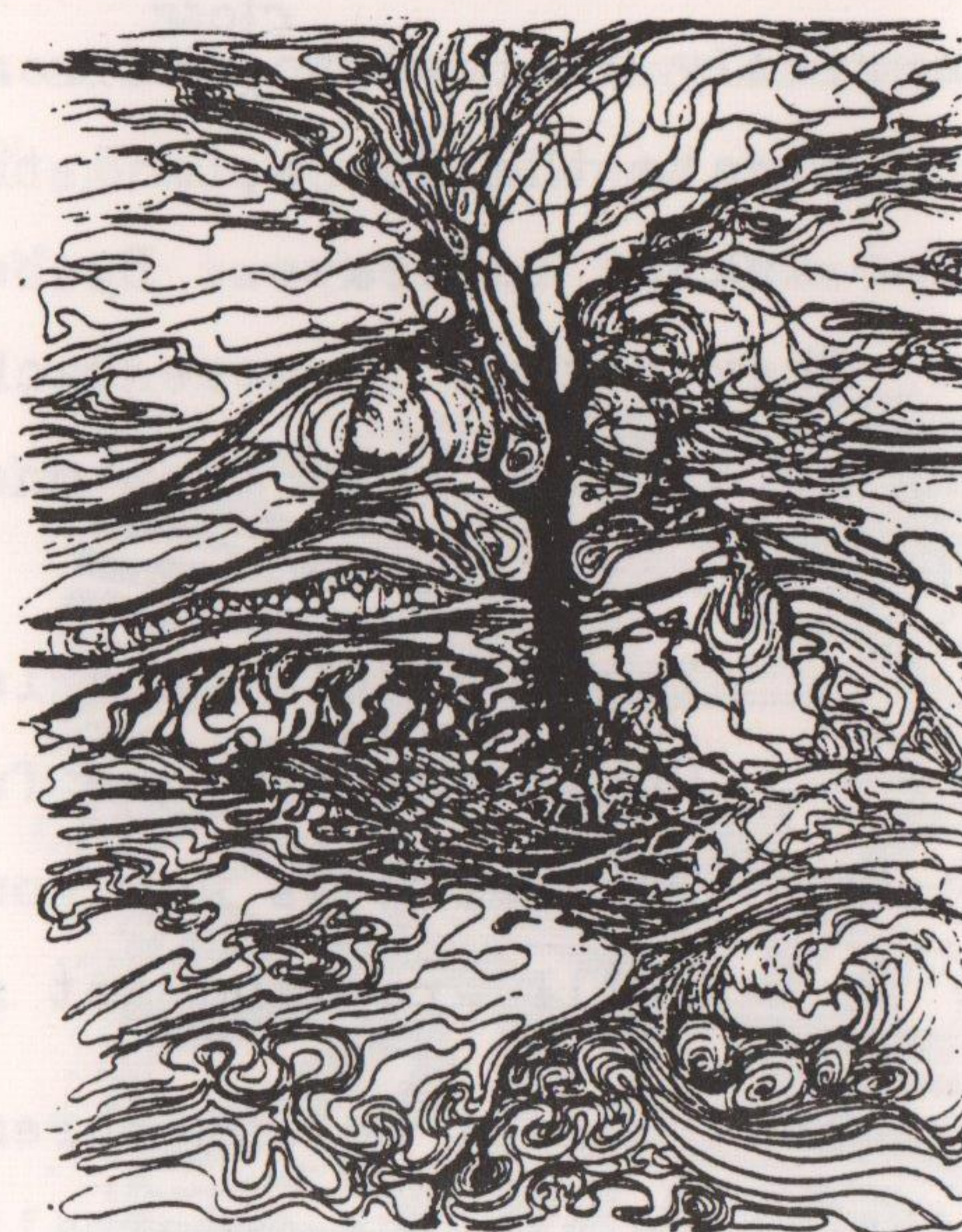
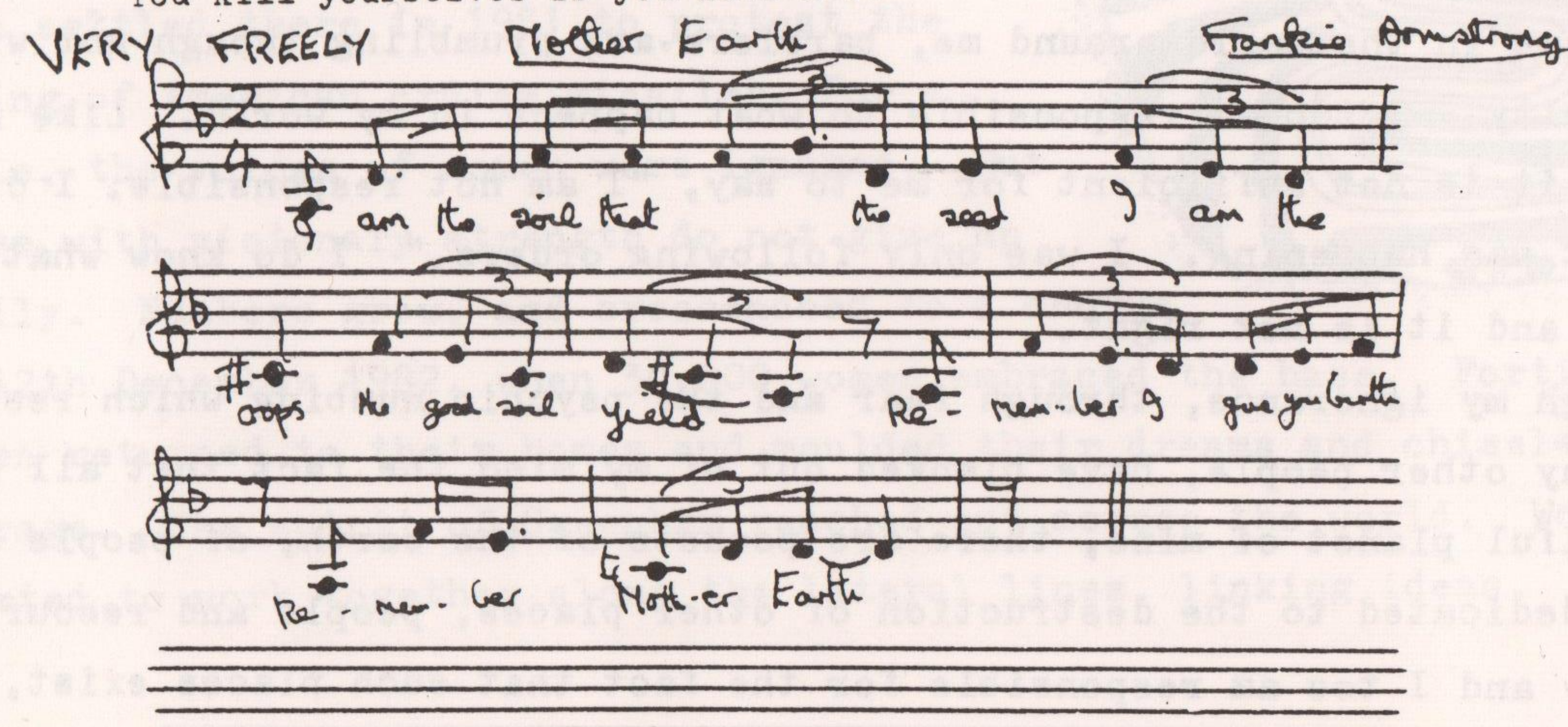
I have been here since time was new
But now I fear what your time may do..

You plunder me for coal and for oil
Leav
Leaving me scarred, leaving me spoiled.

You clear the forests, uproot the trees,
Poison the air, pollute the seas..

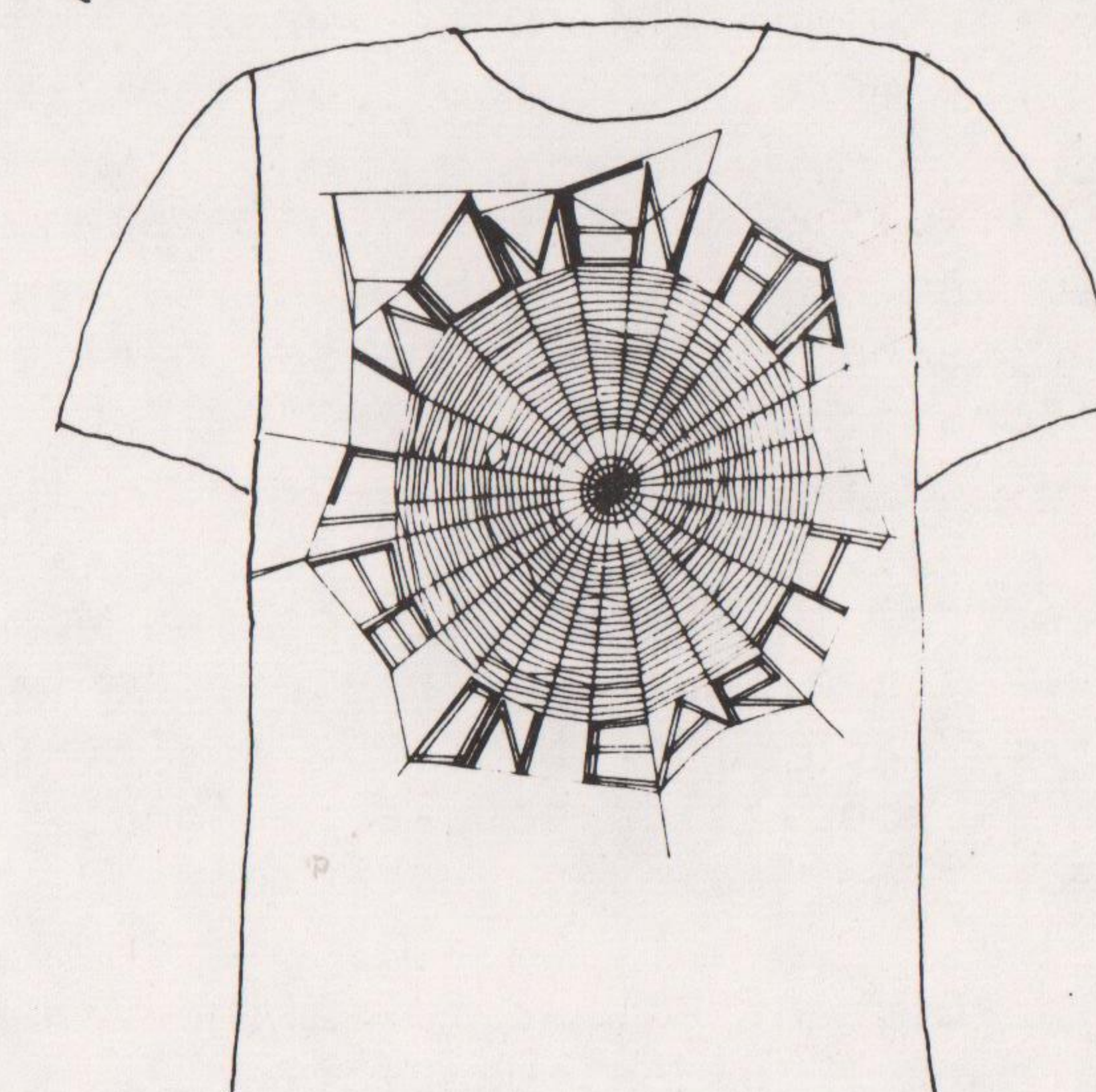
Pure air, pure rain, for millions of years,
Now on the wind come acid tears.

Why can't you hear, why can't you see?
You kill yourselves if you kill me..



WFLOE MARKETPLACE

NEW



THE ALL NEW WFLOE T-SHIRT. Two designs: 'Women for Life on Earth' and 'Greenham Women are Everywhere'. Choice of green web and mauve lettering or vice versa on 100% cotton white background, two sizes: M or L (on the small side) Price: £3.50. (Discount for shops)

FULL-COLOUR POSTCARDS AND A2 POSTERS OF WOMENS DISARMAMENT BANNERS

Titles: Nuclear Free Wales, Women for Life on Earth, Peace March Cardiff to Brawdy, Womens Struggle Won the Vote Use it for Disarmament, Borchester CND, Greenham Commemorative, Greenham Original, F.1. 11 off to USA, Remembrance is Not Enough, Cardiff Womens Peace Band.

Postcards: 15p each, 4 for 50p Posters: £1.30

Available from: Thalia Campbell, Glangors, Ynyslas, Borth, Dyfed (Borth 360)

Cheques payable to: Women for Life on Earth, Art and Publicity

SONGS FOR ACTIONS

Song sheets of Greenham songs and others available from Betty Stutz, 23, High Street, Bedmond, Abbots Langley, Watford, Herts WD5 0QP

Please send 25p per pair of sheets, or £2.00 for 10 copies plus 30p p&p Enclose long sae.

HOW ALTERNATIVE IS AT FOR WOMEN??

Let us first look at AT as a feminist might understand and live it. AT has the potential to serve our vision of the future, embracing the delicate balance of living things, the environment and the quality of life - priorities we feel have been neglected in conventional technologies. Too often AT is used as an umbrella term for windmills, water wheels, solar panels etc.. However, these bits of hardware are merely the tools of the vision.

Criticisms of conventional technology are not new. We can trace them back to Plato and Aristotle. However, a new upsurge of global consciousness and discontent with 'technological progress' manifested itself through the inspirational works of E F Schumacher (SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL, 1973), Barbara Ward and Rene Dubos (ONLY ONE EARTH, 1972) and the Club of Rome (LIMITS TO GROWTH, 1972).

Central to these philosophies was the understanding that growth was not necessarily linear but possibly exponential, i.e. that phenomena do not expand in parallel to each other but, due to intricate interconnections, changes in one area, such as population, causes changes in another, such as food. These in turn cause changes in land use, energy demand, the economy and so on.

The Club of Rome commissioned an international research team to study the limits to growth in global population, agriculture, resource-use, industry and pollution. They concluded that, even under the most optimistic assumptions about advances in technology, the world cannot support the present rates of economic and population growth for more than a few decades from now. Schumacher challenged western doctrines of economic, technological and scientific progress and proposed a system of Intermediate Technology based on smaller working units, communal ownership and regional workplaces utilising local labour and resources. AT thus began as a movement conscious of how we use the earth's resources. This leaning towards environmental and economic issues may be what has led, a decade later, to its apparent lack of relevant social vision today, in particular its ignorance of women's issues.

Indeed, AT has developed away from women. After the initial visionary outbursts, AT became firmly embraced by the chambers of science. Engineers and architects set about designing, building and testing equipment to harness the earth's natural and renewable resources. Equipment was rigorously tested for efficiency and reliability. Comparisons of viability were made with conventional power systems - a field in which there has been years of research, masses of financial input and government support, as it perpetuated central control and industrial power, which natural energy systems do not do. Inevitably the alternative systems remain inferior.

Furthermore, this concentration of effort on the scientific side of AT obviously attracted technical and engineering staff, hence immediately discriminating positively for men. This meant that the development of AT was in the hands of men and reflected their values rather than women's.

As a philosophy which began preaching that we must not exploit people or resources there remain glaring unanswered questions of inequity which deserve our attention. For example, does AT create more domestic labour? If so, it follows that this should be equally shared between cohabitants. Therefore, this creates the necessity for more part-time and shared jobs. Secondly, do women have as much choice of their type of employment in AT society as men? If not, we must think in terms of providing training facilities and developing work structures to allow for equal opportunity and choice. Thirdly, is the media image of AT sexist? For example, bikini-clad ladies beside solar panels! This is offensive and inhibiting to women. Fourthly, who cares for the children? If parents share paid work and child care, this responsibility should also extend to the community, e.g. community-supported creche and education.



No wonder feminism and AT have not been seen as a united struggle! What seems to have been sorely missing from the evaluation of AT's progress is its possible contribution to the quality of life, and what has been lacking in its appeal to at least half the universe is its passive reinforcement of the social organisation from which we try to escape. Historically it has always been far simpler to work on improving the tools rather than to identify and implement an ideal life style. The effort in AT has been disproportionately placed on material development thus weakening the potential for AT to facilitate social change. This has been doubly damaging; for not only is the cause lost on the scientific front because it fails to match up to conventional, quantitative tests, but more importantly the social impact of AT has been detrimental to its image and growth exactly because it has failed to realise its potential to initiate social change and improve the quality of life.

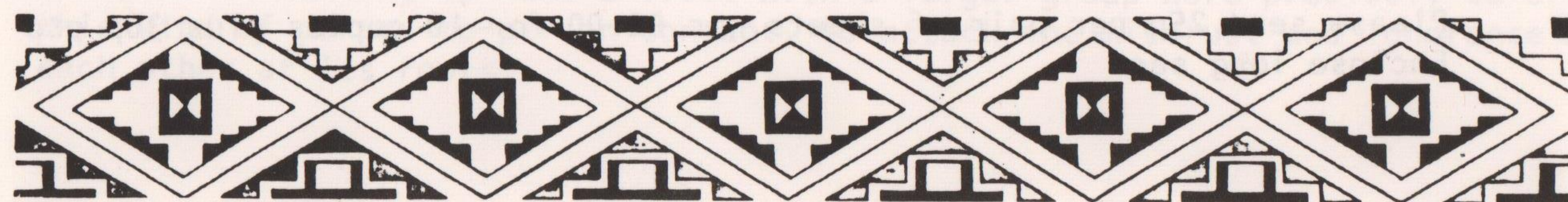
Living and working in a small world of natural energy systems at the Centre for Alternative Technology, Machynlleth, Wales, is a very special and privileged experience. We aim to demonstrate that it is possible to have a fulfilling life-style without impinging on the rest of life on earth. Our emphasis does not entirely rest on how we produce energy (we are independent of mains supply) but also how we make decisions and how our daily work integrates with the rest of our lives. Since the Centre began in 1972 the importance of vision being followed by action has not been lost.

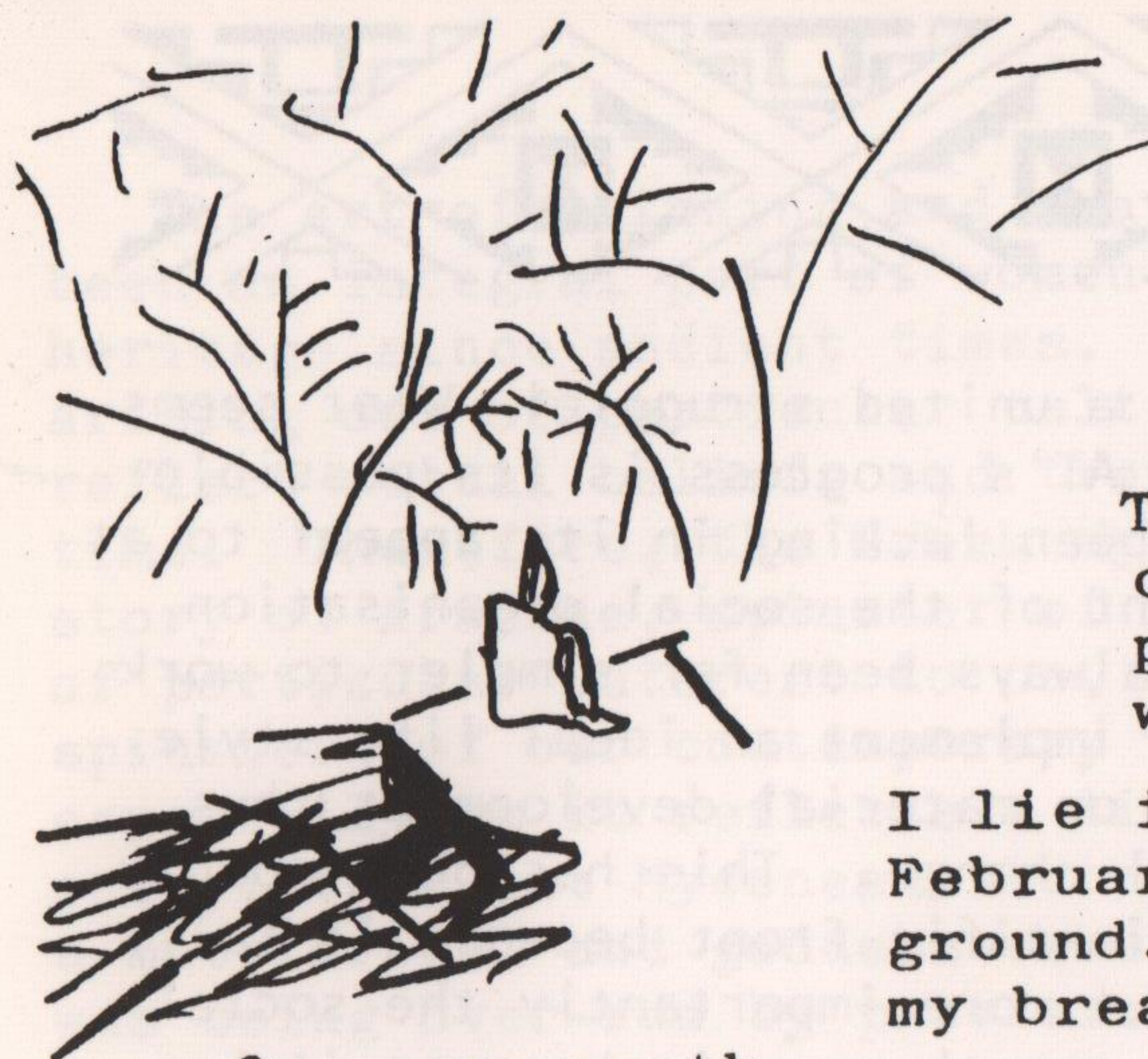
Subsequently, as the Centre grew the work became wider reaching and jobs became more specialised. Engineers, technicians, architects and accountants were needed and hence created a distinct male bias in the make-up of the Centre. Moreover, due to women's traditional training their jobs are mainly in the office, bookshop, restaurant, garden and home! The disadvantages of the divisions of labour are clearly reflected in our decision-making meetings where those with the expertise (the men) tend to dominate discussion and have the confidence to push their ideas forward.

It is only very recently (February 1982) that women involved, both directly and indirectly in the Centres' work, formed a women's group. We discovered that many of us felt that AT was developing without feminist vision. Yet this was not entirely the men's fault, although it could be said that women were still isolated and tied by the traditional divisions of labour. This was especially true for those women who live away from the Centre and remain at home all day looking after children while the other parent is at work. The group has met at least every month, doing both practical and theoretical workshops and having fun. It has greatly helped clarify and develop ideas, to begin to understand our social conditioning and to give us confidence to challenge new tasks and areas of ignorance.

Living with AT brings us close to how we use the earth's resources. For example, our lights dim when there is not enough natural power or we are overloading the system. This means that we are constantly reminded of our relationship with our technology and the earth's resources.

Consciousness raising through feminism has given us a powerful tool to understanding the world, through linking personal experience with political systems and finding that we do see other ways to lead our lives which are essentially non-destructive and sustainable. Our vision of the future is forever changing and transforming. The backdrop to our vision is one which describes a re-distribution of resources and power so that everyone's fundamental needs are met, and development is through cooperation rather than competition. As these principles are also essential to feminism, we believe that AT must incorporate a feminist vision if it is to contribute to the problem of living within the earth's finite resources and to the struggle to liberate all life on earth.





this place i love the most

The shadows of the bracken make patterns on the walls. Small and sharp-edged patterns in places; larger and fuzzier webs where the light is less intense.

I lie in the straw: well wrapped for it is February and there is a little snow on the ground. It is warm, but when i raise my head my breath is like little puffs of icy smoke

from my mouth.

The patterns reach over me in a dome... but not all the way over. They climb, reach the top, but then mingle with the tree inside, a small pine with delicate green fingers even now.

My candle flickers. It is not bright white or constant like the spotlights from outside penetrating even here through the woods and the darkness. Yet it was purposeful; my coming here; a reminder. I could have gone deeper into the trees and scrub.....i had to bend the tree... but i don't think she minds....

I hear vocal sounds from the women on the road; it means they are back again. There have been frequent visits to put out our fire ever since we've been up there on the road.

I cannot get up to join them. I lay here paralysed; not like fear, just wide-eyed and paralysed. This evening i am dormant. And yet fear.....fear of my vulnerability... laying here alone in the straw.

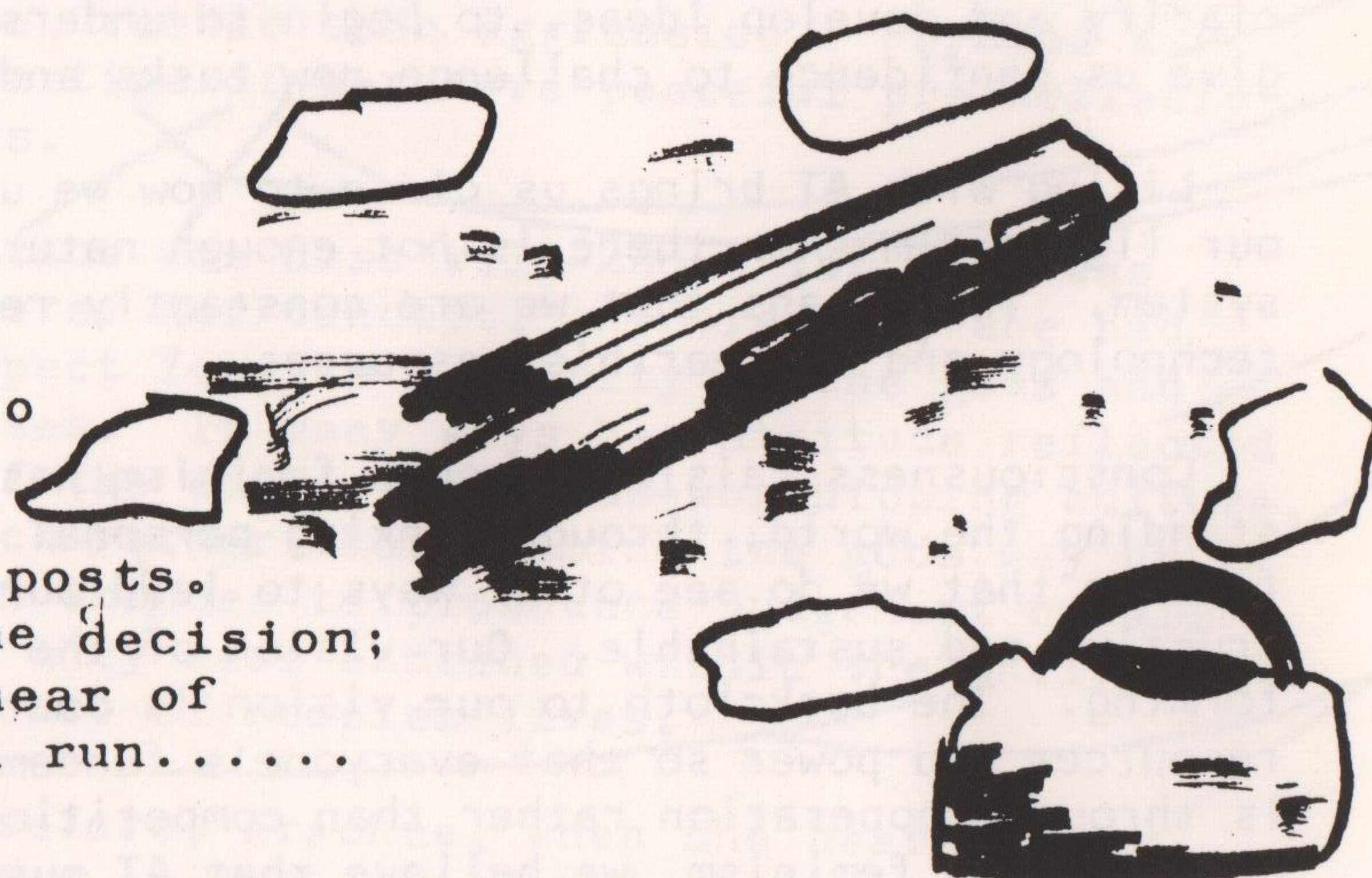
Later.....quiet.....

Tonight i am warm, my sleep heavy, and i can't remember my dreams; they slip through my fingers like once-so-clear water....and are gone.....

I wake to the shouts of 'the police are marching up the road', start, pull on some clothes, and stumble outside the flap. The cold air hits me.

I make for the fire but there is nobody there; there is-in fact- no fire. One charred log and some grey brown ashes, not even warm.

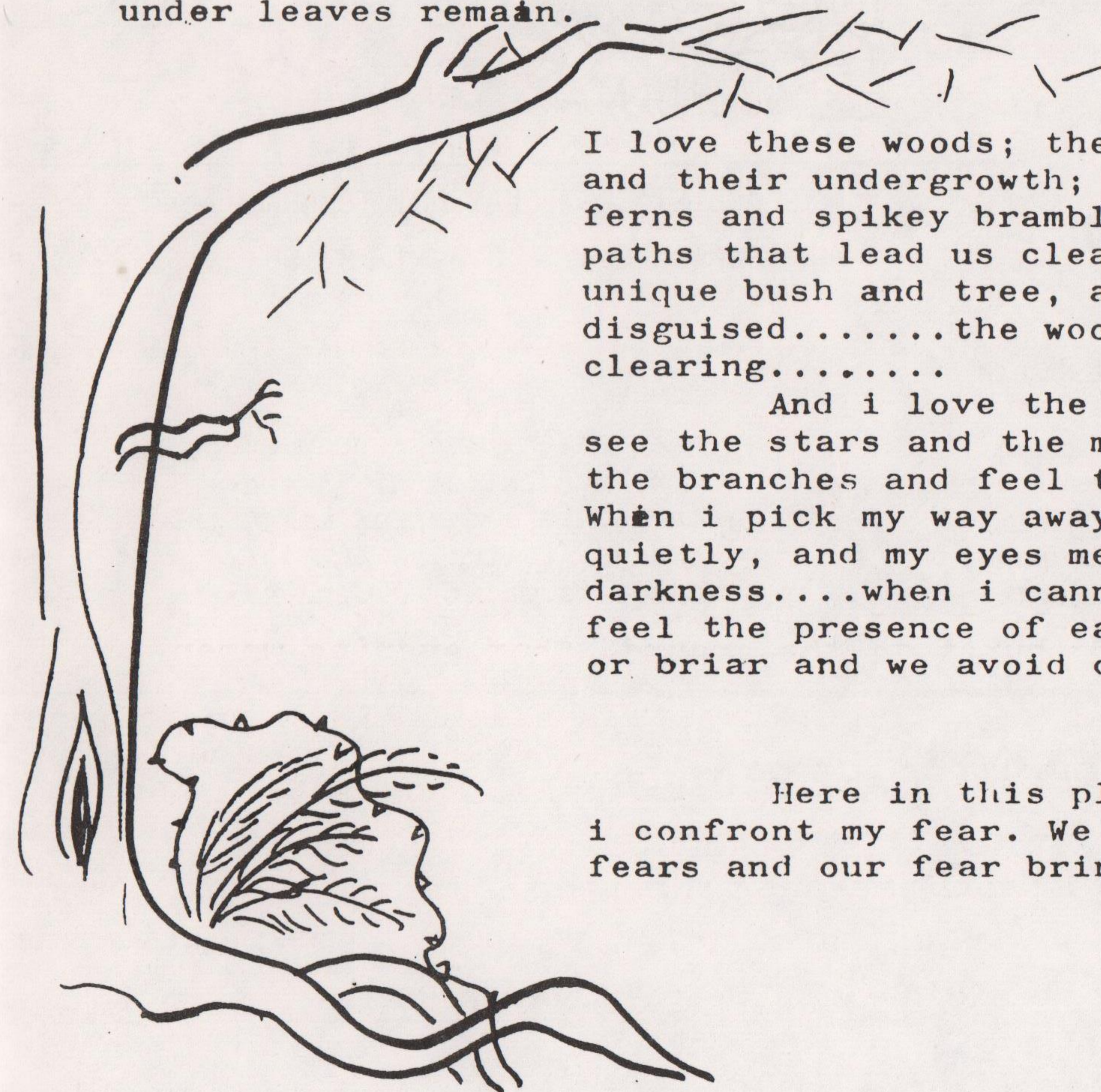
The wind whips under the polythene lean-to blowing it up like a parachute held down by its strings to the wooden posts. I turn my head and make the decision; ready or not for another year of emotion it is coming, so i run.....



.....sometimes, often, i don't sleep or i wake intermittently with dogs barking, in fear, and the night seems endless, and i cannot remember sleep...This is what they want; ruled by terror, facade of militarism.....

.....i reach the road... the scene is a familiar one now; they march in formation and drag us away; dispensable nuisances. Put us in vans, sometimes held, sometimes dumped.....masses of us.....100's.....

.....and it's over again, i retreat and notice that the day is warm.....the sun has melted the snow; only icy clumps under leaves remain.



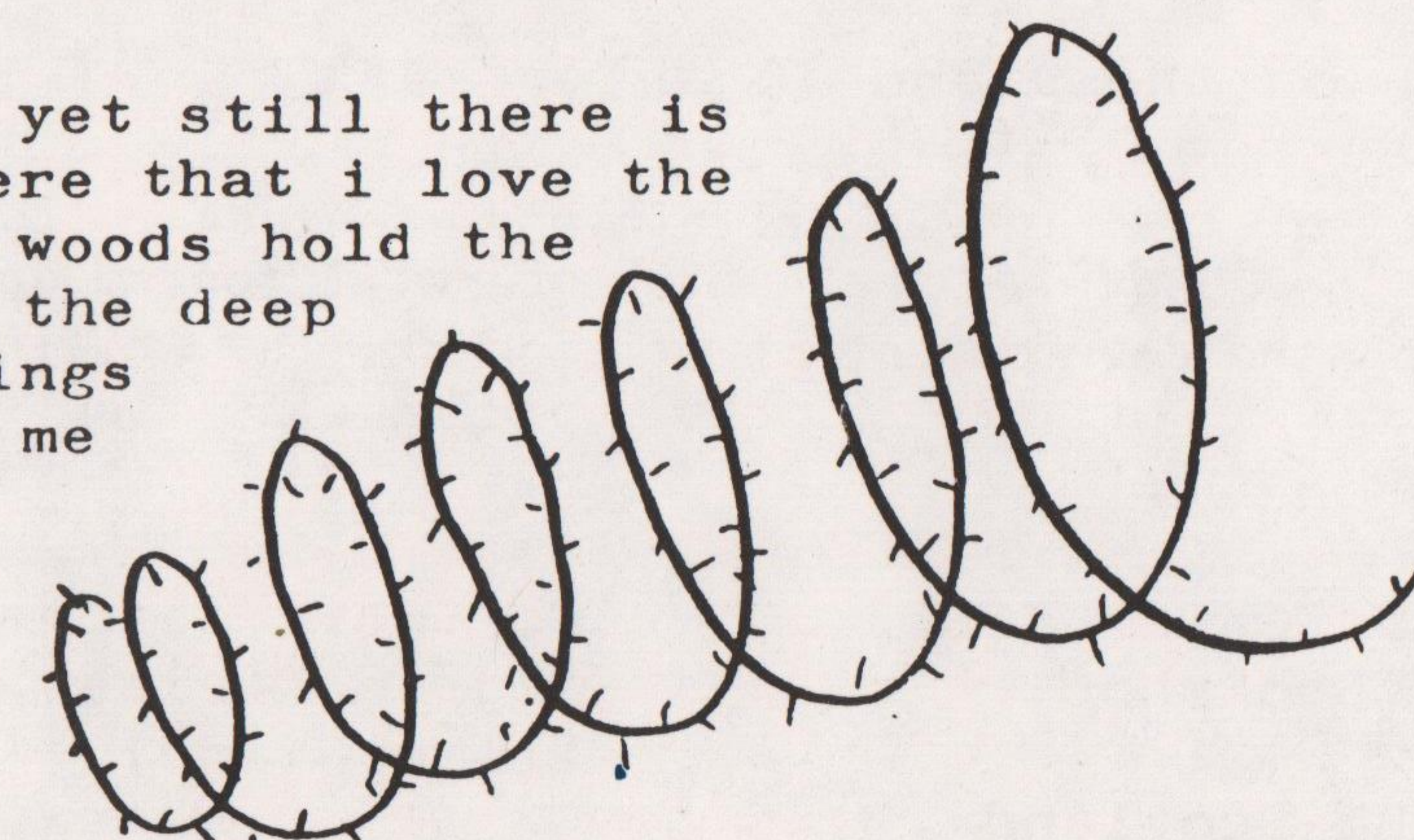
I love these woods; the tall sturdy pines and their undergrowth; dormant brown ferns and spikey brambles. Our windey paths that lead us clearly through each unique bush and tree, and yet remain disguised.....the wood pile.....the clearing.....

And i love the night when i can see the stars and the moon peep through the branches and feel the fire warm my toes. When i pick my way away from the fire quietly, and my eyes meet with sudden darkness....when i cannot see, but i can feel the presence of each young sapling or briar and we avoid colliding, tactfully.

Here in this place i love the most i confront my fear. We confront our separate fears and our fear brings us together.

Here in this place i love the most there is barbed wire which has razor edges, guard dogs, soldiers with guns. There are people who have the right to lock up other people, to deprive them of food and drink, to torture them by hours of standing upright in coffin-like cells without air or sanitation. There are secrets; deadly secrets of substances which kill us quietly in our children's time, there are substances that we ingest without choice which kill us now. There are facts and there are rules, there are secrets and there is silence. We shout, we cry out, we declare, we reclaim and the sound is turned down, and we are met with stoney faces for we are not yet at the controls.....

.....and yet still there is so much here that i love the most; the woods hold the voices of the deep re-memberings that give me hope.



Berlin
Hildegard Klimmeck
Heylstraße 5
1000 Berlin 62
☎ 030/7845793

JOIN IN THE START PEACE MARCH

- PEACE STARTS TODAY NOT TOMORROW -

Berlin-Geneva 6.8.-17.9.1983

Enough is not enough. With the strength of our courage we will walk for peace until every house, every street, every town, all our water - till the whole world is free of nuclear weapons, till the environment and rivers are polluted no more.....

We want to be like water,
gentle water breaks down stone.
Women, men children, friends
join us! Be a drop of water in
the huge flowing of the anti-
nuclear movement to Geneva.....

Some women at Greenham Common have initiated a special care project to create the means of providing special physical and emotional care for women peace workers suffering from the special stresses of our way of life.

Donations to the project may be sent direct to Women's Peace Camp Special Care Fund, Williams and Glyn's Bank. Market Place, Newbury, Brks (A/C 12698387) or to the camp. Helpful contacts are also needed to publicise the project. This is a long term effort which will need committed women to make it happen. If you are interested in getting involved please contact Jean, Sue and Anna at 7 Whitehill, Ecchinswell, nr Newbury, Berks. If you have no money or time to spare but feel the importance of the special care project please send loving thoughts of a healing home to help make this idea a reality.

A weekend-long Feminist Writers Conference will be held in Edinburgh on the 9 and 10 July, 1983.

This event is the first of its kind in Britain and is expected to draw women writers from all over the country. The conference will centre on a wide range of workshops, including the development of writing skills, writing womens history, the feminist novel, writers' blocks, working class and regional writing, and feminist humour and satire.

FEMINIST WRITERS CONFERENCE
Lavender Menace Bookshop
11a Forth Street
Edinburgh EH1 3LE Scotland

For more information contact:
Sigrid Nielsen, (031) 556-0079
Ellie Siegel, (031) 667-0977

GREENHAM RAINBOW BUS

The Greenham Rainbow Bus will be taking three tours this summer, stopping in towns and cities and visiting conferences. We hope to make contacts with as many women as possible, exchanging information of the Womens Peace Movement in Great Britain for corresponding information relating to women in Europe, including videos, photographs, workshops. On the first tour, we shall take in part of the Dortmund to Brussels Friedensmarsch, 9th July - 8th August. The second tour will hopefully join the Norwegian Peace Walk, the WILPH Convention and the Green Congress in Sweden. The third trip will be to Italy (Comiso), and to the Womens International Diramament Convention in Geneva on 17th & 18th September. We started planning for things to discuss in Geneva while we were at the END convention in Berlin earlier this year. We hope lots of women will join us in Geneva, which also coincides with the end of the walk from Berlin to Geneva. We hope a photographer will accompany us on two of the trips, as well as a woman from the Greenham Common Peace Camp.

Any relevant information/photos etc. please contact: Sarah, 6 Fore Street,
Salcombe, Devon
Phone: Salcombe 2979

GREEN WOMEN ARE GATHERING

♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

♀ AT THIS YEAR'S GLASTONBURY
♀ GREEN GATHERING THERE WILL
♀ BE A WOMEN'S MARQUEE AND
♀ CAMPING AREA WITH:
♀ STALLS
♀ FOOD
♀ ENTERTAINMENT
♀ RITUALS
♀ AND
♀ WORKSHOPS ON:

**FOR
LIFE
ON
EARTH**

EARTH

FEMINISM AND ECOLOGY

HEALING

PEACE ISSUES

NONVIOLENCE

LAND

SCIENCE

DANCE

YOGA

TAI-CHI

MUSIC

POETRY

SPACE FOR EXHIBITIONS

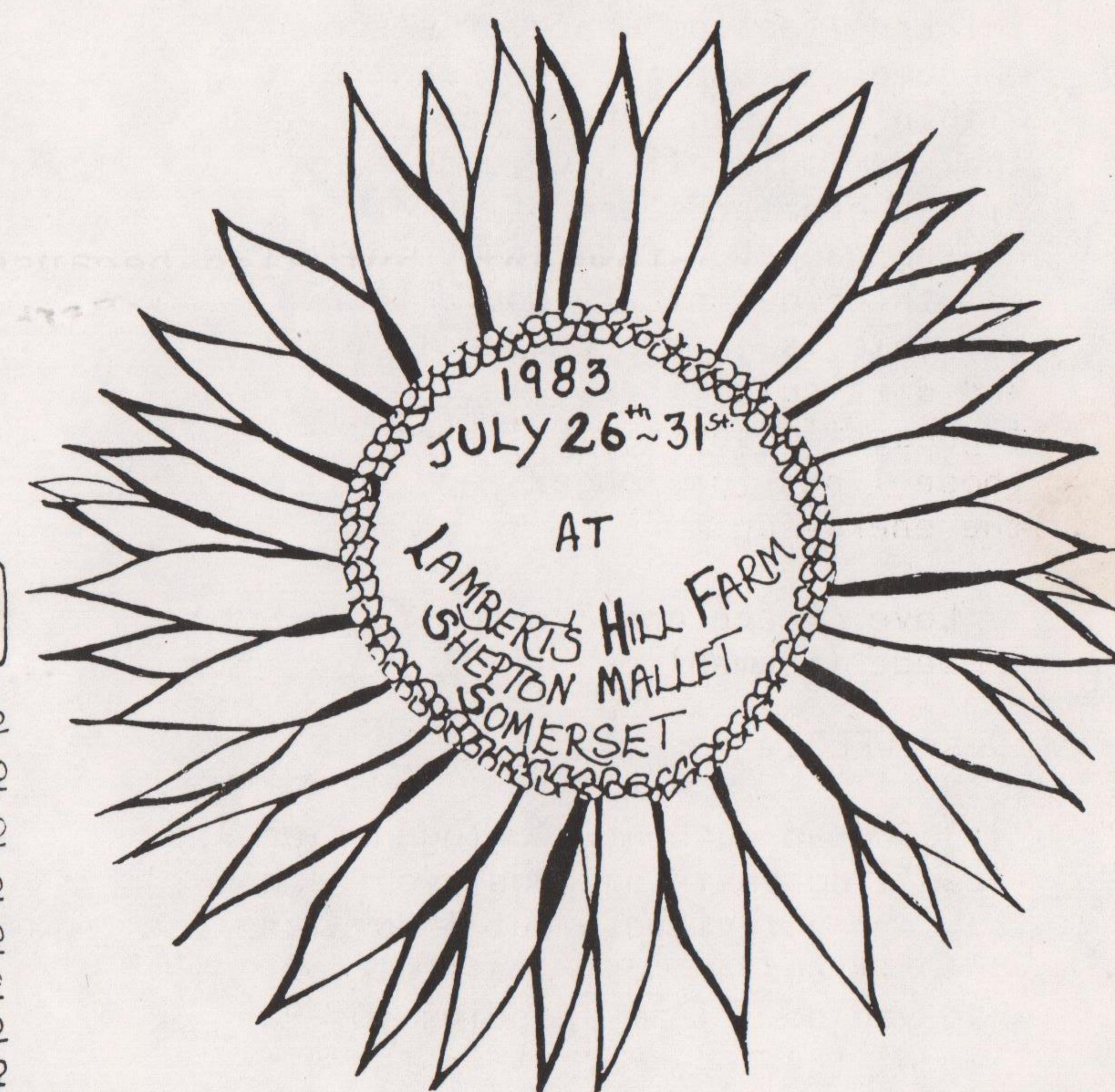
COMMUNICATIONS

FOOD SYSTEM

HUMAN RIGHTS

ALTERNATIVE TECHNOLOGY

POLITICS



WOMEN FOR LIFE ON EARTH,
2 ST EDMUNDS COTTAGES,
BOVE TOWN, GLASTONBURY,
SOMERSET BA6 8JD

TICKETS AND INFORMATION FROM: [S.A.E. PLEASE]

Dear Stephanie,

At both the Embrace the Base on December 12th, and on the Peace Chain at Easter from Greenham to Burghfield a large number of people gathered and joined hands. The amount of energy produced by an action of this kind is potentially enormous - and is best generated by sustained linkage. Every-one I've spoken to about the Easter Chain, has expressed a sense of anti-climax - all that time and effort spent in forming the chain, only to have it in existence for a period of literally a few seconds. Somehow it wasn't enough.

No-one I know has expressed any sense of anti-climax about 12th Dec. at Greenham. The first embrace lasted two to three minutes, and the circle was formed again, twice, for much shorter periods. In between, we kept active in whatever way felt appropriate to each of us. Every time the embrace was joined up, I felt the energy just beginning to build, when the embrace was broken. One or two others have remarked on this too - and in no way is this meant as criticism - just a view of how we could improve the effectiveness of our actions.

If only - especially at the Easter Chain - we could have held the link for say about ten to fifteen minutes, each of us doing/ thinking/feeling whatever we do whenever we contact the 'centre within' - I can't help feeling that we would all have gone away with a greater sense of something having happened. And in my belief something definitely would happen but this is just a personal notion and difficult to explain. Basically I guess I'm saying let's hold those links for longer, and build the energy up.

Love, Peace and Freedom,
Jude (Newman)

Dear WFLOE,

Being an authentic octogenarian I can't do anything about your smashing Camp activities, but I do wish you well and am most grateful for what you do. I am standing for Parliament (Ecology Party) in the Al- lincham and Sole Constituency - more or less as a paper candidate. But at any rate I can get my values

message spread abroad via free post. I got 800 votes last time without much trying. I should do better this time. After 50 years hard slog in the peace movement I have at last come round to the conclusion that sometimes a 'women-only' campaign is a good idea. This upsurge at Greenham reminds me of the feelings we had during the Spanish Civil War. It has to be the Life Force or whatever bursing out, like lilies of the valley coming through asphalt!

Would you be kind enough to give me names and addresses of any Live Wires in this part of the world?

I am also trying to get OAPs in a Grannies against all Bombs drive. Am depressed by number of Old Crocks hobbling about in the village - me included!!

Yours in peace,
Cicely Marsh

Dear WFLOE Sisters,

I want to take up Portia Fincham's letter in the Winter issue of the mag and especially the part where she talks about being torn between sending positive energy to Greenham Common or bad energy to try and destroy it.

I'm sure she's not the only woman to have experienced these feelings and I hope the following will help her and others to make decisions that will bring happiness to us all with no risk of unpleasant repercussions.

The following are words not originating from a human source and need to be read with devotion; they have greater depth than may at first appear. They are from the part of the Scriptures from which all religions and truths derive called the Veil of Ulster.

Offer Me not the Sacrifice of blood, for I take not delight in the hurt of any creature; 2. and you, My children, if you love Me, are friend to every living thing, and the soul of every maiden is your sister. (this applies to men as well as women) 3. Therefore for evil words offer not evil words again, and for evil acts return not evil acts, 4 but where ill is given let your return be good- and for injustice return not justice merely, but generosity. 5. For truly is it written that no creature shall gain good for herself by any evil act; 6 and whatever you shall cast upon the wheel of life, that shall return to you sevenfold.

If it gets difficult to carry out these words than all we need do is ask for help, for strength from the Goddess but we do not need to bring about more suffering.

In sisterhood,
Olga Lotar

Dear Stephanie,

Hello! I just returned from almost 8 months in Europe, mostly in England (London) working with PLENTY, an alternative 3rd world development organisation. During that time I got to go up to Greenham for Dec 12th Embrace the Base which must've been the largest gathering of women anywhere anytime, as far as I can figure, and a really incredible experience. Then also for the Easter blockade and human chain to Burghfield. I got so inspired by Women for Life on Earth and also signed on as a member of Green CND.

Well, I had to reutrn to the US to connect back up with my two kids and to return to the Farm, an intentional collective community of 1100 people in Tennessee that I am a member of. PLENTY is the Farm's outreach to the world from co-ordinating and developing soy-food dairies and alternative technologies programmes in 3rd World countries to environmental research and law suits to stop the atomic fuel cycle.

Since I've been back I've been trying to spread the news about WFLOE and the Greens. We have started a WFLOE group on the Farm, where we intend to go to Oak Ridge Tenn (250 miles away) and rally on Aug 6th there. We also plan to camp out at the Womens Peace Camp in Seneca Falls.

I was quite amazed at how little flow of the radical/alternative news makes it across the big pond in this direction. I want to see the news/access channels open, because I think it's vitally important we all get hooked up as well as possible.

If you know folks coming to the States and would like some connections and/or a place to stay while in D.C., we'd be glad to help out.

In MPLS there is the Honeywell Project. That's been going on since the Vietnam War, protesting the manufacture of anti-personnel bombs. Now they protest part made for nuclear bombs. Two weeks ago, 178 people, including the Chief of Police's wife (!) arrested at Honeywell/WAMM action. (WAMM is Women against Military Madness.)

I appreciate all your effort and hope I can help give it more expression over here.

Peace and love,
Karen Flaherty
Tennessee, USA

Dear Stephanie,

We are being evicted, that is myself and 2 year old son. It's very demoralising and we have no friends here - Glocs. is a dreadful area. Do you have any suggestions how I could find a friendly community of like-minded women/people? I'd really appreciate some contacts. I cannot possibly be the only female loan parent feeling very isolated and impotent. The Council say they cannot offer any accommodation, and I have already contacted Gingerbread, Council for One Parent Families, Womens Centre etc etc to no avail. Hope you have some ideas.

In sisterhood,
Metra Adams, 3 Waterworks Cottages,
Shipton Mayne, Nr Tetbury, Glos.

Dear all you Women for Life on Earth,

We are still struggling to keep afloat financially. So...some of us felt it would help to accept advertising in the magazine.

Therefore, we would like to suggest the following (negotiable!) rates:

Full page	£40
Half page	£22
Quarter page	£12
Eighth page	£7
Sixteenth page	£4

Cheques to Women for Life on Earth.