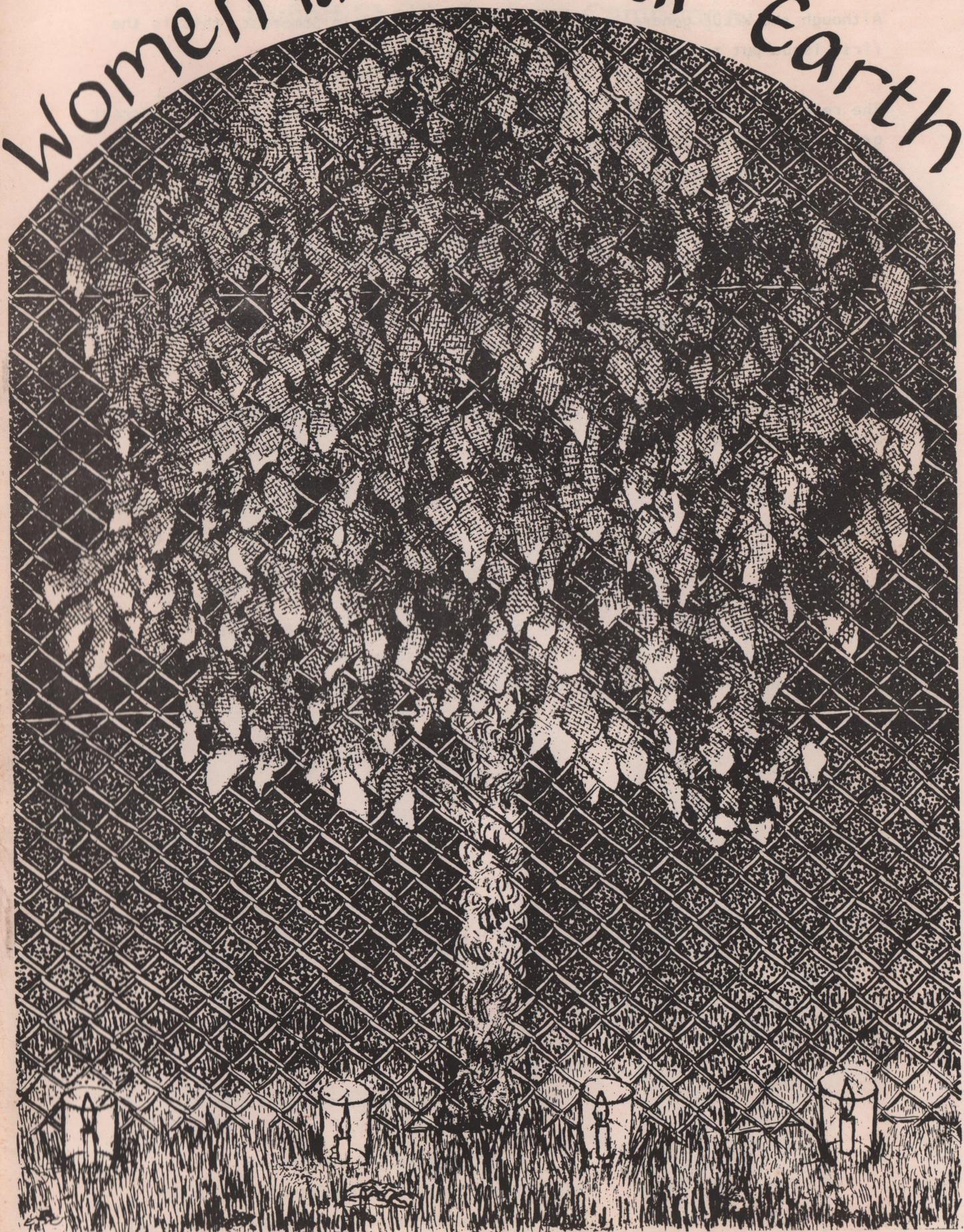
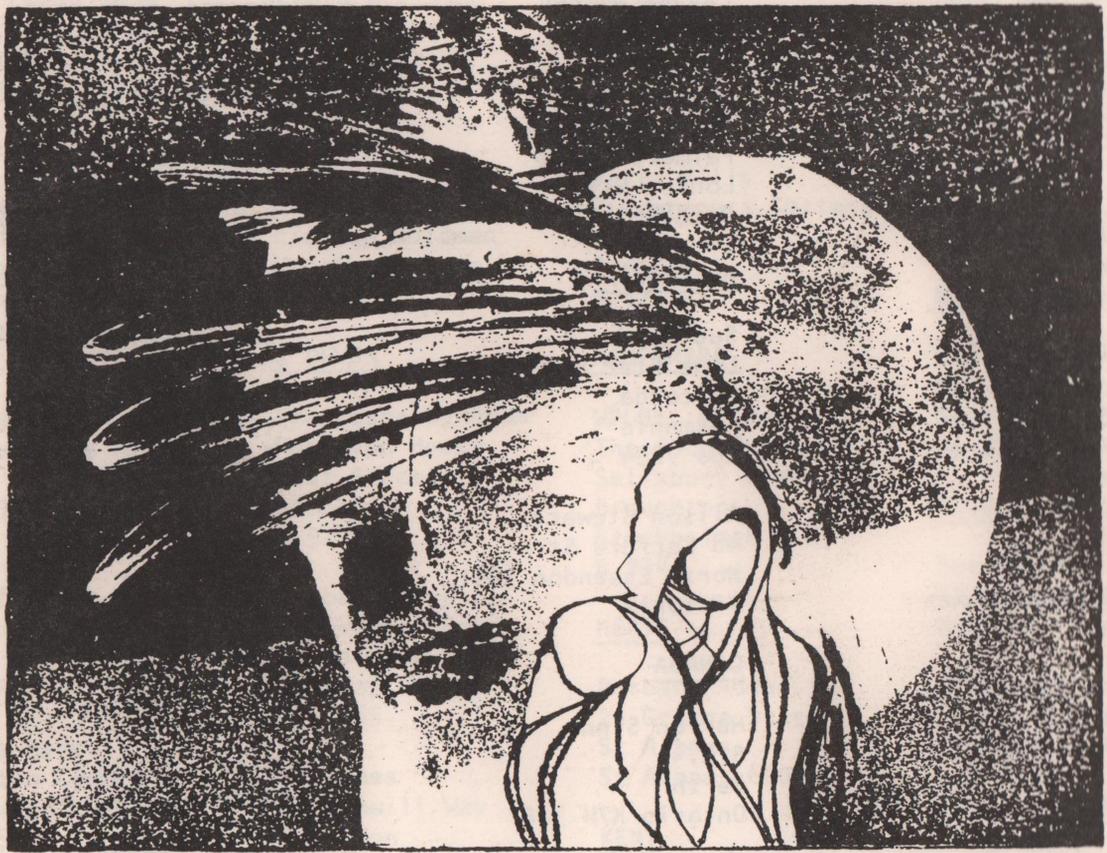


Women for Life on Earth



Autumn Issue '83 60p

Although the WFL0E general enquiries office is based in Somerset, this is the first issue put together by a group of women from Somerset.

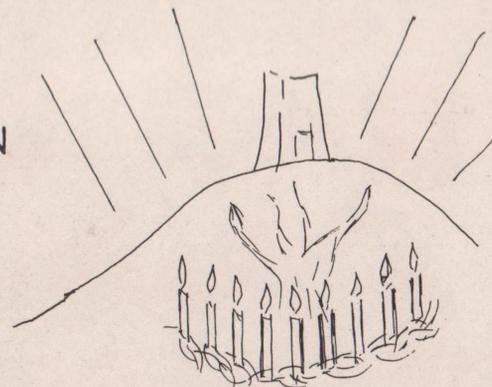
The responsibility for the production of the magazine rotates amongst different groups of women around the country. Some women from the Glastonbury area contributed to the production of this issue - which was found to be a difficult task, taking into consideration the long hot summer, personal upheavals and our involvement in sending a representative on the WFL0E Russian trip. All this did not incline us to sit down in front of typewriters and drawing boards in an attempt to communicate to you the real flavour of our group, which includes women of varying ages, life-styles and expressions. We hope it comes through just the same.

With love and peace from: Sheila, Liz, Bron, Rowena, Kathy, Frances, Stephanie, Lorye and Valerie.

Special thanks to Valerie, Bron and Lin for their illustrations, and to Wordsmiths and to Jackie for the late evenings she spent doing all the typesetting.

The Winter '83 issue will be put together by women in London. Please send all news and contributions no later than 2nd Dec. to Leonie Caldecott, 76c Culverden Road, London SW12 9LS

WOMEN
for
LIFE
on
EARTH



2 St Edmunds Cottages
Bove Town
Glastonbury
Somerset
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 and organisations

£5 for individuals

£3.00 unwaged and pensioners

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

CONTENTS

2. Editorial
4. WFL0E notices
5. Hiroshima Day Bron Bradshaw
6. WFL0E to USSR
7. The Russian Connection Frances Howard-Gordon
8. Song of the World Mary McCammon
9. How Green the Gathering Stephanie Leland
10. Wrap up Warm Jean Welstead
12. Where the Wind Blows Anabel Gammidge and Rusty Francis
14. Hestia Su Bleakley
16. The Power of Vulnerability A Conversation With Judy Chicago Leonie Caldecott
18. Shefell ...From Stories by the Sea Fiona
21. Shades of Repression Sarah Meyer
24. The Rape of Gaia by the Children of Darkness Lorye Keats
25. The Goddess at Glastonbury Janet McCrickard
26. September '83 Kathy Jones
27. 'Them' and 'Us' Rowena
28. Let's Get on With It Liz Beech
29. Reviews
31. Letters
34. Regional Contacts



Front cover illustration is an adaption of an etching 'Tree of Love' by Bron Bradshaw. The original etching size 8" X 10 1/2" in a limited edition of 100 is for sale at £11.50 per print including p&p. 25% of all sales will go to the Peace Movement. Please send cheques with order to: Bron Bradshaw, Dove Workshops, Butleigh, Glastonbury, Somerset.

Back cover image is a reduced copy of an etching by Valerie Neale, available in limited edition in black & white (£12) and colour (red/blue £17). Valerie is available for illustration commissions and also for Voice Workshops, which she runs on a regular basis in Bristol and Glastonbury, as well as for festivals and one-off events. Workshops concentrate on the gradual exploration and development of the voice through individual and group work, and include physical workout and relaxation, breathing exercises, theatre games, call and response, chanting, rounds and part songs, and scales wherever a piano is available. For further information on the above, contact her at: 31 Hill Head, Glastonbury, Somerset BA6 8AW enclosing s.a.e. please.

Women for Life on Earth

◆ WEEKEND ◆

Saturday 15 October - Sunday 16 October

COUNTY HALL, LONDON SE1

WORKSHOPS

INTERNATIONAL SPEAKERS

FACILITIES FOR
DISABLED

SUNDAY LUNCH

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BANDS

TICKET INFORMATION

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We wish to acknowledge the support given by the GLC for this event

Reclaim the Earth

Women Speak Out for Life on Earth

Leonie Caldecott &
Stephanie Leland, editors

This ground-breaking new anthology brings together feminist writings connecting the exploitation of women with the exploitation of the earth itself: survival, it argues, is a feminist issue.

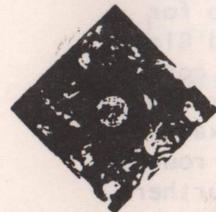
Reclaim the Earth reflects women's power to change, as well as contributing towards the development of an eco-feminist theory capable of challenging the threat to life before it is too late.

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Leonie Caldecott &
Stephanie Leland (eds)
**RECLAIM THE
EARTH**
Women speak out for
Life on Earth



The Women's Press
124 Shoreditch High Street, London E1 6JE
Tel: 01-729 5257

HIROSHIMA DAY

Aug 6th



Hiroshima Day for our Glastonbury women's peace group was a part public, part private day. The public bit was Frances and Liz handing out leaflets in the High Street, each individually rolled up and tied with cotton to look like a precious document and not just another handout to be dumped in the nearest bin. The leaflet said:

On August 6 1945 an atom bomb was dropped on the city of Hiroshima, Japan.

Children of the women of Hiroshima are born damaged, now, 38 years later, by that bomb.

Every nuclear nation and its citizens - including Britain - bears a responsibility for its failure to understand the tragedy of Hiroshima; a lack of understanding demonstrated by an escalating arms race.

We ask all of you to spend a few moments today to consider the fate of the people of Hiroshima.

In the days to come we ask you to act to ensure that such folly cannot occur again.

The private action was in the evening. We and our families gathered at Liz's house where we each made a paper boat big enough to hold a night light, decorated with patterns, cut out designs, slogans, and names of friends who wished to be included. With a light in each we filed through the garden to the stream at the bottom and put the boats on the water. At first there was a fair amount of giggling and joking as often happens when a group embarks on an unfamiliar ritual, this one being the same as happens in Japan to remember the victims of the atom bombs; but we gradually settled down to concentrate on why we were there ... The shining white boats collected in a clump by some reeds and their combined light lit up the faces on the bank. We meditated in silence and after some time returned to the house.

There was no breeze and the night was clear and dark. The boats stayed afloat to light the darkness with peace and hope, through that night and the following day.

Bron



Peace women hope for Russian visit in spring

GLASTONBURY Women's Peace Group were this week sending out information to all those who have contributed to the USSR Visit Appeal, nationally organised by the Women for Life on Earth network, explaining what is happening.

Frances Howard Gordon, a member of the Glastonbury women's group, was to have flown to the Soviet Union on September 2, but the visit was cancelled due to "technical difficulties".

Despite the delay, she and the other members of the group are confident that the visit will go ahead in spring 1984. The Glastonbury women expressed their gratitude for the positive way in which those who contributed to the appeal fund have responded, despite the setback.

GENEROUSLY

Liz Beech, who organised the fund-raising effort, explained: "People, both individuals and organisations, throughout the county and elsewhere, gave generously to the fund."

"I believe that the way in which everyone involved reacted to the postponement is a tribute to them and their understanding about peace initiatives."

"Everyone is sad that Frances couldn't go, especially as a lot of work had gone into the fund-raising, preparing booklets and scrapbooks, sending our good wishes to the Russian people."

"However, everyone I have spoken to seems to feel that the visit is more important than ever and we are all the more determined that it will go ahead."

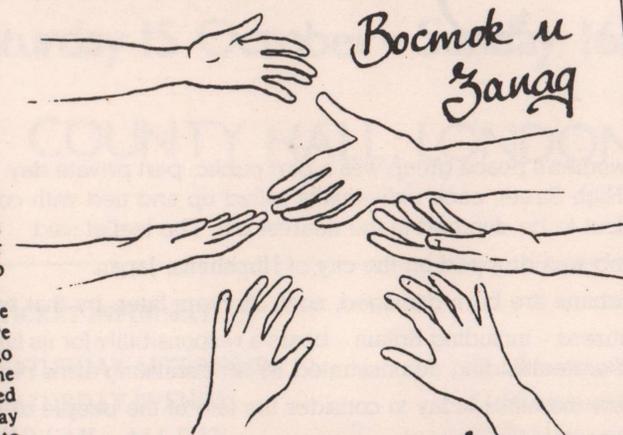
PATIENCE

Frances said: "Of course I am disappointed but, as I keep having to tell myself, patience is important and I can, in fact, use the delay constructively by taking more lessons in Russian, reading the Soviet Press and generally coming to a greater understanding of Soviet society so that I am better prepared than before."

It is the aim of the group, not only to seek to remove nuclear weapons, but to encourage everyone to think, at this critical moment in history, about other ways of resolving conflict, both internationally and on our own doorstep.

Above all the Glastonbury women believe that we live in a

Dabaime Dpykume



Босмок и Загаг

Let's be friends

East and West

The cover of the booklet compiled for the Russian people that Frances Howard-Gordon hopes to show to the Russians next Spring.

very dangerous world and it is desperately important that the message of peace reaches the widest possible number of people.

They said they felt politicians, the world over, were completely out of touch with the everyday values of ordinary people and yet they presumed to represent us.

The Glastonbury women said the present international crisis over the Korean jumbo jet showed only too clearly the dangers of confrontation politics.

They said they had found that many people simply shut their minds to the idea of nuclear war, unwilling to recognise the full horror.

"Once you recognise it, it changes your life, you cannot put it to the back of your mind and do nothing about it," said Liz Beech.

Anyone wanting to know more about the Glastonbury Women's Peace Group should contact Baltonsborough 50922.

Women for Life on Earth to USSR

Meanwhile, Ann, Karman and Cynthia have met with the First Secretary of the Embassy. We felt we had been able to clear up some mis-understandings, e.g. 'Who/what is Women For Life on Earth??' (?) He revealed that Ksenia Proskurnikova (Soviet Women's Committee) had written to the Embassy about our visit, and it seems likely that they are doubtful about our 'organisation' anyway!

This means it is the more important for our supporters to show their support by telegrams and letters.

HELP SUPPORT OUR TRIP - SEND TELEGRAMS AND LETTERS TO:

Yuri Andropov
The Kremlin, Moscow, USSR

Yuri Zhukov
Soviet Peace Committee
36 Prospect Mira, Moscow

Ksenia Proskurnikova
Soviet Women's Committee
6 Nemirovitch-Danchenko, Moscow

A telegram will cost between £5-£15, depending on how wordy you are. Regard this as a creative exercise - singing telegram? Poem telegram?

e.g. Anti-Sovietism Increasing
Cold-War Getting Colder
Help Increase Understanding
Let Peace Women Visit
(cost £8.92 and worth every penny of it)

or

We support WFLOE visit to USSR
Don't Disappoint us again ...

The Russian Connection

Of course it was an incredible disappointment that the Women for Life on Earth visit to the Soviet Union did not take place and was cancelled 'due to technical difficulties'. Thirty of us were packed and ready to go after months of preparations when we all met together for the first time in Birmingham on the afternoon of the 2nd September ready to catch an early evening flight to Moscow.

Women from all over the British Isles were going on this journey in an attempt to break down the barriers of fear and mistrust perpetrated by the unceasing rhetoric of press and politicians alike over almost everything connected with the USSR. And it was to have been quite a different sort of trip in the sense that we were not an official delegation nor were we tourists; it had actually been agreed by the Official Peace Committee that we would have the freedom to meet whom we wanted to. Well, we are reapplying to go in the Spring, so let's cross our fingers ...

On a personal level, I have always wanted to go to the Soviet Union having studied it at school and then at university. But when I actually went looking for a job, everything connected with Russia, apart from teaching, involved signing the Official Secrets Act and seemed to be inevitably connected in some way with the Intelligence Services. That put me right off from the start and all the generally available and recommended literature on the Soviet system and how it functions, at that time (late sixties), appeared to have nothing good to say about any aspect of Soviet life. Everything was made out to be oppressive, repressive or downright nasty. And of course all the Russian emigres one met, most of them wonderful eccentric personalities, had nothing good to say about the 'Bolsheviks' either. Being rather young at the time, I'd obviously swallowed quite a bit of this attitude as I was certainly frightened of really taking a closer look at communism and scared of the effects of any involvement with it might bring.

So I dropped it all and simply let the Russian connection go out of my life completely ... only to return over the last year with my commitment to disarmament and peace. Actually, it was also the thriller 'Gorky Park' that turned me on again ... and did you know that Andropov and many Soviet officials have read it and enjoyed it as much as we have?

Anyway, I found a wonderful Russian teacher who lives locally (after all those years I could hardly put a sentence together) who has given me many insights into the Soviet way of life and feeds me a steady stream of cuttings from the Soviet press on disarmament, social issues and how they view the West. We agreed from the start not to speak a word of English, but we were so interested in each other, she in the peace movement and I in what she had to say about the Soviet people, that we managed to communicate surprisingly well ...

During this time, this is very recently, just over the last two months in fact, our Glastonbury women's peace group were fund-raising for the £500 I needed to pay for the WFLOE trip and they have been amazingly supportive. You can imagine how difficult it was to generate

interest let alone funds during those hot summer months with the children at home (one of mine is only 2½ years old) when all we wanted to do was go swimming. I also had to keep our shop going during its busiest time ... But that is where women friends are so important. One of them, with four children of her own, looked after my two almost every other day for several weeks while I went off to my two-hour long Russian lessons. And not only that, but a booklet was put together especially for the trip full of messages, poems and drawings entitled: 'Let's be friends - East and West.'

I had a photo album to take with pics of Glastonbury, our children, our street theatre, in which we had the USA and the USSR in bed together having a marital row with Europe as the cleaning lady, pics of vigils and blockades at Greenham, and I had masses of little gifts for Russian children and nice things we thought would be appreciated by Russian women, as well as a brochure from our local community theatre group who wished to make contact with a similar theatre group in the Soviet Union.

Really it is all these things, these lovingly thought out gifts and messages, these genuine gestures of goodwill, that should make us all feel hopeful in this threatened world of ours. And it is only on a grass-roots level, when it is a matter of people and not power, that real caring is to be found, the kind of caring that can move mountains.

These people are not media people, professional people or people with any kind of a sense of their own importance, for these last are always ultimately more concerned with protecting their own positions. I am talking about women who are often mothers who have only their children to protect and the animals and the living things they see all around them. They are women who shudder like I do when low-flying aircraft zoom over our heads testing some new bomber and our very young children scream in terror at the piercing noise, and my eight year old boy asks quite calmly: 'D'you think a nuclear war might have started, mum?'

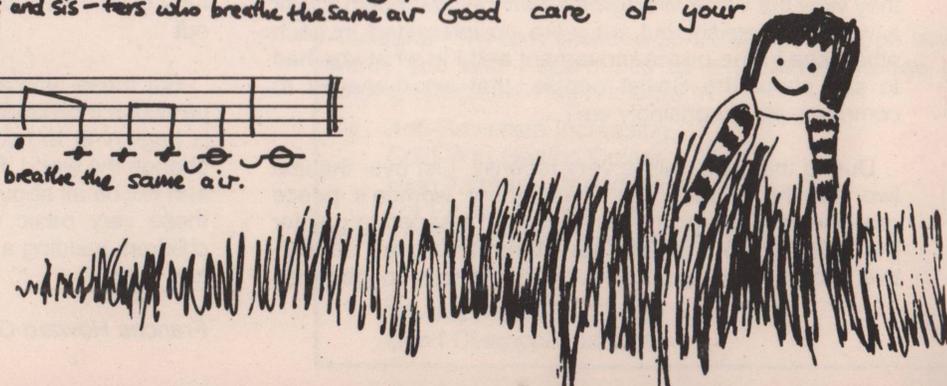
They are women whose personal lives have been indelibly touched by the threat of nuclear war, who have witnessed the lies and betrayals of our elected politicians, the incredible bias and misrepresentations made by the press and television which masquerade as 'News' when it is mostly political comment. They see how out of touch with the everyday values of living politicians and the media have become, everyday values like honesty, sharing and understanding - which may sound incredibly romantic when written or talked about, but are in fact very ordinary and pretty banal when it comes to daily living. And yet they are women who also believe that we are all furry cuddly little animals inside if only we would let them out ...

But these women, and I am not in fact talking about particular individual women, more about an attitude which is beginning to take hold, these women care enough to change the world. For me, this is what the USSR visit was and will be all about. It was about expressing and sharing those very basic values with Soviet women and their children: building a bridge between our furry little animals and theirs.

Frances Howard-Gordon

Song of the World by Mary McCammon

I am your world And I give you my love
 From the day you were born I've been watching you and
 see-ing how you get on I am your world And I give you my life
 Give you all you have known You're my family and I'm your home
 O my fam-i-ly Take good care of me There's so
 much of your selves you could share with me But it's up to you You are
 free to choose You all live your own lives And you do what you do You can
 play with my an-i-mals Swim in my seas Run through my long grass Or
 climb up my trees Your life's your ad-ven-ture I only ask please Take good
 care Of your bro-thers and sis-ters who breathe the same air Good care of your
 bro-thers and sis-ters who breathe the same air.



How Green the Gathering

Reactions to the Glastonbury Green Gathering this summer were undeniably mixed – from the 'best festival I've ever been to' to a few early exits and requests for return of entrance fees. The unexpected heat of an unusually long hot British summer resulted in dysentery and desultoriness, causing one helper to aptly comment that the Gathering felt like a 'Butlin's for claimants'.

However, amidst prevalent laziness and lack of contribution there did exist small pockets of energy created by those seriously interested in working together to transform society and create a viable, effective Green Movement in this country.

As a member of the organising collective, I personally suffered from the problem universally experienced by most festival organisers – I worked flat out from 9a.m. to 9p.m. every day and managed to actually join in only one or two workshops. Though I'm grateful for the experience I obtained in festival organising, I felt an enormous sense of personal disappointment at the lack of opportunity to participate more in what for me is the core of the Green Gathering – the workshops. In the light of these feelings you can imagine my amusement and combined sense of despair when performing a stint at one of the gates, a member of the notorious Convoy asked, after my careful explaining about the financial overheads we had to recoup, 'What do you need those marquees for anyway?' Obviously he hadn't heard that the Gathering was meant to be much more than a free festival. Neither, so it appeared, had many of his friends.

I actually hadn't meant to be so involved with the multitude of tasks and problems that normally beset those involved with the general organisation of such an event. My involvement with the Gathering was initially to ensure that there would be a women's space and a fair proportion of contributions to the Gathering by and from women. Fortunately, if the favourable comments, phone calls and letters that have been received since the event are anything to go by, generally speaking this area seems to have been a success.

However, I did feel unhappy with the conflicts created by the space we had allocated as a women-only camping area, as some women wished that it be a space that was out-of-bounds to men at all times, and some men chose to enter it expressly to annoy and violate the wishes of the women. Hence there followed the expected grumbings from a small proportion of the Gathering at large, those refusing to embrace a compassionate, understanding and libertarian attitude towards the attempt to provide a small area of safety and security in answer to the needs of those most appreciating it.

The energy from the women's marquee, however, was buzzing by the end of the week. There were workshops covering such areas as: ongoing art and creations, sacred dance, voice liberation, massage, nonviolence, black women in the peace movement, animal rights, appropriate technology, American Indian medicine wheel rituals, and practical anarchy.

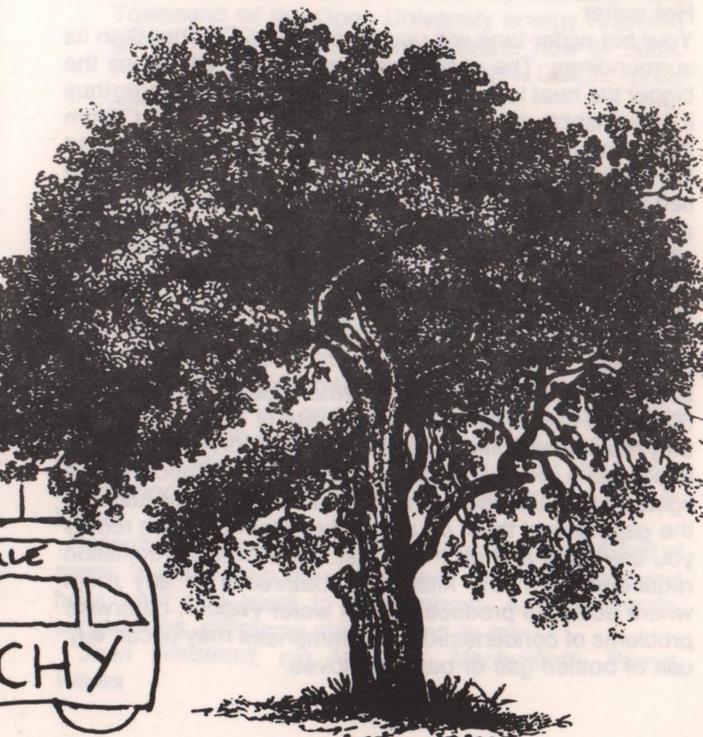
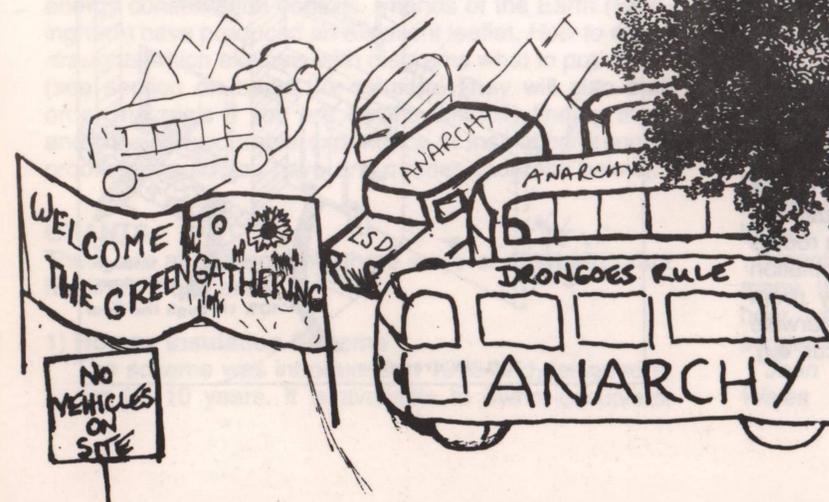
In many instances there arose the planning of future activities and projects. In the area of appropriate technology, for example, women shared their desire to be more actively involved in the constructive side of AT and felt that what hindered women's involvement was lack of access to technical knowledge. Two proposals were put into motion. One was having women's weekends or week-long sessions at places such as the National Centre for Alternative Technology in Wales for training and sharing experiences. The first small experimental weekend is happening in October. For further details contact: Jean Welstead, NCAT, Machynlleth, Powys, Wales.

The second proposal was to use the facility provided by Women for Live on Earth magazine to include a regular section providing basic, practical information concerning AT. The first of these, on insulation, appears in this issue.

There was also tremendous interest shown towards the Indian Medicine Wheel workshops facilitated by Su Bleakley. One workshop was for women only. The women's marquee was full to bursting. I did a quick head count and came up with 80 women attending. Therefore, Su also has kindly offered to contribute a regular feature to the WFLOE magazine relating to her Medicine Wheel work.

I hope there were further projects and activities spawned in the other areas of the Gathering as well. I certainly feel much clearer in myself as to the sort of Gathering I would like to be involved in next year, if at all – certainly one which is smaller, ecologically founded and a deeper shade of Green.

~ Stephanie Leland



Wrap Up Warm

A short guide to the myriad of insulation and draught proofing measures – or how to have a warmer abode at minimal expense.

Due to the complexity and extent of this subject, even when demystified, my aim is to provide a guideline to insulation rather than detailing the individual methods. So the following will include: reasons for insulating, an outline of measures, special stars for those cheap (relatively!) do-it-yourself-now methods, reference to good practical books, sources of materials and grant funds.

Thermal insulation reduces heat loss from a building, it does not create heat but conserves what there is thus making the most of the energy used. Reasons for insulating are:

- To reduce your fuel bill
- To make the building more comfortable (temperatures more even and warmth kept where you want it)
- To conserve dwindling energy resources
- It is cheaper for you to save one unit of energy than for it to be produced

The strongest personal incentive to insulate is probably its cost effectiveness. Insulation generally has a rapid pay-back period. Fortunately, the most effective measures you can take are often the cheapest and simplest. A likely list of priorities runs as follows:

- Insulation jacket on hot water tank
- Draught-proofing to doors and windows
- Loft/roof insulation
- Walls – insulation can be applied to the interior, the cavity or the exterior
- Floors
- Double glazing (unlikely to be economically worthwhile before all the other things are done)

Hot water

Your hot water tank will usually be 30-50C hotter than its surroundings. The wider this temperature difference the bigger the heat loss from the tank to its surroundings, thus it is advisable to have at least one tank jacket (75mm thick) and to lag the hot pipes. A tank jacket costs about £5; alternatively if you cannot afford this an old blanket tied with string is better than nothing, or if your tank is in an awkward position it may be easier to use 'Micalfil' which is a loose vermiculite material. There is a special black insulation tube for lagging pipes, otherwise wrap with thick (at least 1cm) felt strips.

Draughts

Draughts can account for anywhere between 15% and 50% heat loss depending on the rate of ventilation. Thus they make a big difference to the amount of heat you have to put into a room to keep it comfortable. To check, hold a lighted candle round the doors and windows or just see the gaps or feel them on a cold day! Decide which rooms you use most and do those first. Be aware of ventilation requirements in the kitchen or bathroom or any room where activities produce a lot of water vapour, otherwise problems of condensation and dampness may occur, e.g. use of bottled gas or paraffin stoves.

Methods for doors

- Heavy curtains and/or sausage dogs at the bottom of the door. Both these methods can be quick and easy to do, old heavy curtains can often be found cheap at jumble sales, and a sausage dog can be made from a tube of material stuffed with newspaper or old rags. Curtains are also useful, if easy to fit, on the bottom of stair wells to prevent them acting as a chimney flue whisking all your precious warm air up the stairs. The main disadvantage of these methods is that they need repositioning each time the door is opened.
- Draught excluders fixed to the sides, bottom or top of doors depending on where the gaps are. The most important door to draught proof if you heat the whole house is the one to the outside world, as this not only gets the greatest wear and tear but also lets in the coldest air. The most ideal situation is a weatherproof porch but otherwise excluding draughts from the

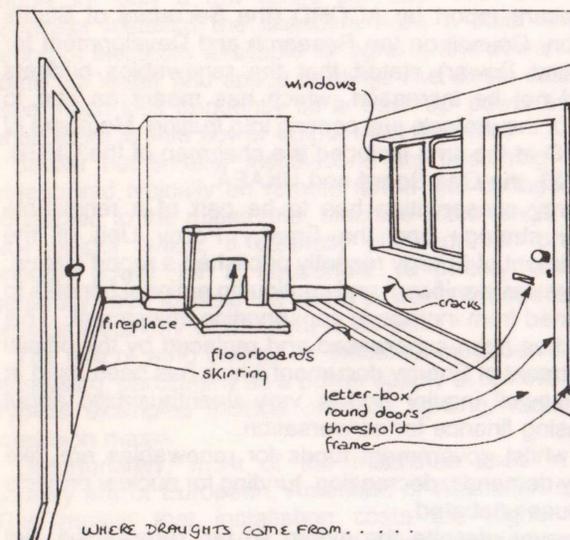
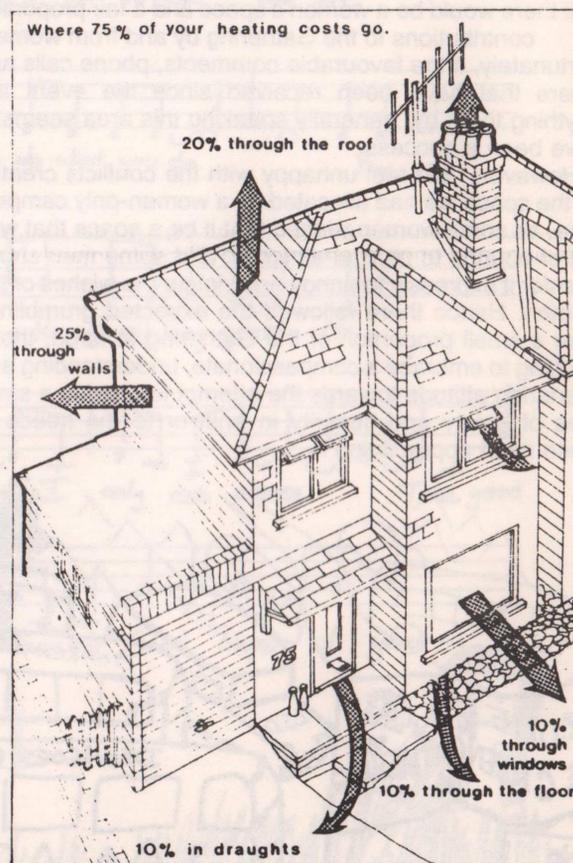


DIAGRAM FROM "KEEPING WARMER FOR HALF THE COST" BY COLESBY & TOWNSEND, PRISM PRESS, 1981.

threshold (see diagram) and the letter box are the first steps to take. A great variety of ready made draught excluders for door thresholds are available. When choosing one the points to consider are: efficiency of seal, durability, rain-proofness and how much it is going to get in the way of your feet. Some very efficient (and fun) letter box draught excluders can be bought for £2-£3 or else a cover fixed above will suffice, ditty for windy key holes.

Internal doors are easier in all respects, materials do not need to be as tough but should be flexible in order to take up unevenness in the door. Draughtproofing around doors and windows can be done with self-adhesive foam strips, sprung strips or draughtstrips (aluminium for outside, plastic for inside, with tube, blade or brush seal). The type you use depends on the sort of draught you need to stop and how much you want to spend.

Materials required

Self-adhesive foam, plastic or metal draughtstrips and sealing compound are all available from DIY shops and energy conservation centres. Friends of the Earth (Birmingham) have produced an excellent leaflet, *How to win at draughts* which explains with diagrams what to put where (see section on books for details). They will also mail order materials if you are having difficulty finding them and have considerable experience of insulating/draught-proofing should you have any queries (address below).

GRANTS

There are at present only three ways of obtaining grant funding. These are:

1) Homes Insulation Scheme

The scheme was introduced in 1978 and designed to run for 10 years. It is available to owner-occupiers,

landlords (?) and tenants (both private and public). The grant is for a maximum of 66% or £70, whichever is lower, towards the cost of labour and materials. To obtain full details ask your local Council.

2) Public Sector Energy Conservation Programme

Also introduced in 1978 for 10 years and is the equivalent of the above in public sector housing (local authority and housing association dwellings). This applies to insulation and draughtstripping measures. Apply direct to your local authority for this.

3) Exceptional Needs Payment

If you receive a state pension or a DHSS allowance they may pay for the cost of materials for draughtproofing, and perhaps for hot water tank jackets, heavy curtains, underlay for carpets, clothing and bedding. Apply to the manager of your local SS office.

It is important with all grant funding to find out the details before you start work or you may find yourself disqualified. It is also possible that schemes may have changed, so check with the appropriate organisation.

READING MATERIAL

How to win at draughts by F.O.E. Birmingham, available from 54-57 Allison St, Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TN (Tel. 021 643 4141), 30p plus s.a.e.

Fifty Energy Savers by Nigel Dudley at Centre for Alternative Technology – 50 cheap ways to save energy. Available from N.C.A.T., Machynlleth, Powys, Wales (Tel. 0654 2400), 50p plus s.a.e.

Thermal Insulation an information sheet from N.C.A.T. covering loft/roof, walls (internal and external) and floor insulation. Available from N.C.A.T., 10p plus s.a.e.

Keeping Warm for Half the Cost by Colesby and Townsend of the Open University energy research group. A wonderful, understandable 'how to' book. Available from the bookshop at N.C.A.T., price £2.95 plus 20% p&p.

LASTLY

Any women who are interested in working on or have worked on an MSC insulation scheme please contact Lesley or Stella at FOE Birmingham. They are interested in monitoring women's experiences on MSC schemes and in getting more women involved.

If you are interested in learning more about energy use in the home there is a course at the Centre for Alternative Technology, concerning this subject on the 4, 5 and 6th of November. Please contact Jill Whitehead for more information, send s.a.e. to N.C.A.T., Machynlleth, Powys, Wales.

Hopefully this and the wind power article are the first of many. It would help greatly to have some feedback and hear what you want to learn about. Any comments, suggestions, criticisms please send to me:

Jean Welstead, c/o N.C.A.T., Machynlleth, Powys, Wales

Where The Wind Blows

Throughout the sixties there had been a growing public awareness of ecological problems and the 'Energy Crisis.' There was also renewed suspicion of nuclear power and nuclear defence and the connection between the two. Then in the early seventies an Alternative approach to Economics and Technology was presented with the publication of E.H. Schumacher's book *Small is Beautiful*. Out of this the expressions Alternate and Appropriate Technology (A.T.) were born and interest in renewable energy sources blossomed. Now, 10 years on, solar panels, wind generators and water turbines are available 'off the shelf' and commercial interest is growing. This article shows that despite this, the ideals that A.T. grew out of have not been forgotten.

A.T. is able to provide a cheap and continually available (renewable) source of energy in almost any situation. In the West our access to energy is easy: mains electricity is widespread, petrol and gas, although expensive, are readily available. In many areas of the world, however, energy supplies are not so accessible. Women have to walk miles to collect a small bundle of sticks to light cooking fires, or dung, much needed as fertiliser, is wasted as fuel. So the use of A.T. is particularly applicable to the Third World.

The Intermediate Technology Development Group (I.T.D.G.) is one of the organisations which has been working for several years to promote the introduction of A.T. in the Third World. One of their most successful projects has been the design of a low-cost locally replaceable wind pump. This is now being manufactured and used in various parts of Africa to pump water, thus providing irrigation for crops as well as local employment.

Also, the cooperative that we work in, Northumbrian Energy Workshop, recently exported 25 small wind generators to Mongolia for use by nomadic herders. These were specially designed to suit the nomad's lifestyle by being easily dismantled, carried by cart and reassembled. The power generated is used to provide lights and radio contact. In this way, the rural lifestyle is improved, hopefully providing a small step towards discouraging the mass migration to the cities.

Although projects like this start in a small way, they are providing a local source of energy, eventually using locally manufactured hardware, hence reducing any countries' reliance on the oil producers. This in turn will improve the balance of payments of that country and increase its financial stability, hopefully reflecting on world stability.

In the UK, what now appears to be small steps can help build a future energy strategy using renewables. The greater the number of renewable energy installations the

less demand there is for electricity from the main grid.

A recent report by ACORD (the Secretary of States Advisory Council on the Research and Development for Fuel and Power) stated that the renewables budgets should not be increased, which has meant an end to many of the projects just coming into fruition. Members of ACORD at the time included the chairmen of the CEGB, the NCB, the Gas Board and UKAEA.

Energy conservation has to be part of a renewable energy strategy and the Energy Policy Unit of the Department of Energy recently published a report stating: '... there are significant and continuing national benefits to be gained from increased conservation investment.' This report has been suppressed and replaced by the official Department of Energy document which has been used at the Sizewell inquiry and is very unenthusiastic about increasing finance for conservation.

So whilst government funds for renewables are, like energy demands, decreasing, funding for nuclear projects continues unabated.

However, despite the gloom so far, renewables, not least wind energy, are being treated with increasing confidence in the UK.

The CEGB are setting up 'experimental' installations feeding the power generated by aerogenerators into the mains grid. One machine which can produce 200kw output in a 25mph wind has been installed at the Burry Port Power Station at Carmarthen Bay. The CEGB's idea is to gain experience of linking wind generators into the mains grid as a stepping stone to using larger megawatt (MW) size machines which can be sited in clusters.

On a similar but smaller scale, it is slowly becoming easier for individuals to own a wind generator and feed spare power into the grid. This practice is still very novel, and lengthy negotiations have to be undertaken with the local electricity board. A recent Energy Act has forced the electricity boards to take this option more seriously and they are presently working out how much to pay private suppliers. Unfortunately there is a large gap between the price paid per unit and that charged to consumers.

Another UK application highly suited to wind power is the supply of electricity to remote and island communities. Many outlying areas without mains electricity rely on diesel generating sets as a source of power.

This in turn means the increasingly dubious case for nuclear power stations becomes even more shaky.

The government's attitude to A.T. has been to try and ignore it. As a concession, token budgets for research and development (R & D) into renewables have been awarded. The total for all forms of renewable energy (solar, wind, tidal, biomass, wave power) has only been a fraction of that allocated to nuclear R & D.

A few machines are now operating in this type of situation. For example on Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel and Fair Isle (where the sweaters come from). Both islands previously relied on diesel generators which guaranteed an expensive (10.5p per unit) electricity supply for only a few hours per day. With the wind generator installed the islanders have a much longer period of electricity available for lighting and power, plus some hot water and space heating. The diesel sets are used much less frequently as a 'back up' power supply when there is little power output from the wind.

Similar but smaller installations are becoming more widespread typically on remote farms and cottages not connected to the mains grid. Machine sizes range up to 5kw output which, if carefully planned, can provide enough power for a household. A battery bank is generally used to store the spare power produced and to provide electricity when there is no wind.

The use of wind energy for industrial purposes is also increasing, particularly as a power supply at remote sites. Typical examples include offshore lighting, radio and television masts.

Unfortunately, most of the machines used in this country are of European, American or Australian origin. This means that installation costs are higher than necessary to cover the cost of shipping charges. UK manufacturers must be given more help and funding to enable them to compete with these foreign machines and to encourage the use of wind energy in this country. In most European countries, the governments provide free testing facilities on Wind Test Sites and give grants and tax incentives to customers installing wind generators.

In this fight to legitimise A.T. then, we must not lose sight of those ideals especially as conventional economic specifications are beginning to look more feasible. The only way to keep the long term goals alive and important is to make sure that A.T. workers have some control over who they sell to and for what reasons, i.e. by working in cooperatives. Although this can not guarantee that principles will always come before financial arguments (after all a bankrupt co-op is as good as no co-op!) it is certainly a step in the right direction. When cooperatives are widespread enough to make trading with conventional companies unnecessary, we may start to work to our ideals more closely.

So more worker co-ops involved directly and indirectly in A.T. would be a very positive move to support the work for world peace. More important is the A.T. user, for example there are still many communities in this country without mains electricity that could cooperatively own and run a wind generator. Our experience of working in a cooperative has led us to believe that, given the right guidance and help, a community would benefit greatly from running their vital power supply cooperatively. By learning how to work together on one particular project community spirit will be revived or generated, leading to self-help and general supportiveness.

This surely leads to people gaining greater understanding and tolerance of each other in learning to live and work together. A small, shaky step on the road to peace maybe, but more satisfactory than working for British Nuclear Fuels!

Anabel Gammidge
Rusty Francis

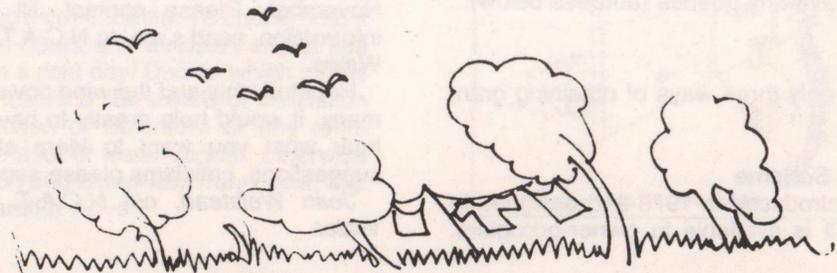
Both work at N.E.W., a registered co-op, dealing with wind energy system design and installations.



Sources of Information

For D.I.Y. plans and a full list of books write to C.A.T. Machynlleth, Powys, Wales.

For Full details on available wind generators and special discounts to peace camps, write to Northumbrian Energy Workshop, Tanners Yard, Hexham, Northumberland, NE46 3NJ



HESTIA

The Greek Hestia (the Roman Vesta) is the everlasting flame, tended by the nine Vestal Virgins – the flame that purifies. She stands for unchanging tradition; the rituals that must be maintained in every community. She is the oldest of the goddesses, a Grandmother, Keeper of the Hearth, the grate, the 'heart' of our home.

On Olympus, a fire burns eternally. With help from Athens, Prometheus stole the fire that Zeus withheld from humans, and gave this knowledge as a gift. The flames, however, speak with forked tongues – fire gives warmth and comfort, and cooks our food, turning Nature to Culture, the raw to the cooked; but fire also destroys and can become uncontrollable. Paradoxically, it is through the use of fire, especially the hearths of industrial furnaces, that humans have come recently to so devastate, rape and burn our Mother Earth, in modern culture's greed for consumer goods.

For giving humans the gift of fire, Prometheus was punished by Zeus by being bound to a rock, his liver pecked at for eternity. Our industrial culture burns away the fuels of the earth at such a rate that perhaps we have now bound ourselves to the rock along with Prometheus. Something may gnaw at us from inside, in conscience, at the moment that we flick on the bars of the electric fire, instead of putting on those extra clothes.

This open hearth of Hestia has been the centre of human gatherings; a great comfort; a light in darkness; a guard against predators; the centre-piece for storytelling, for relating the myths and folk wisdom, for sharing stories and developing language. Fire brings power to humans, and symbolises the spark of life. It moves us closer to the goddesses and gods. To look into the fire is to reflect, to develop self-awareness, to move from Nature to Culture.

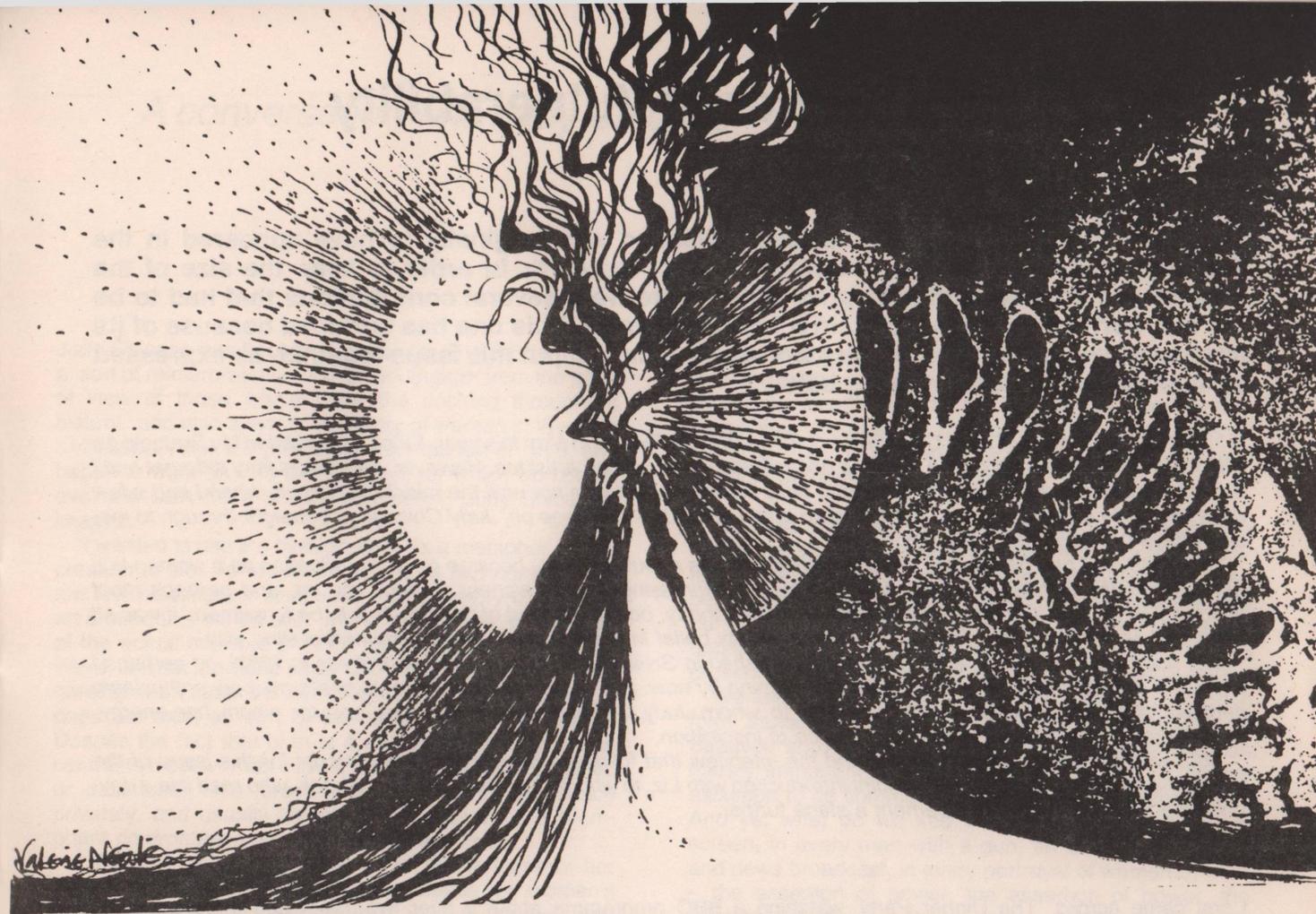
When we invoke the goddess of the eternal flame, Hestia always brings us back to a recognition of that which is traditional, time-tested, ritualistic and conservative. She sees that things are done in the unchanging manner that each new generation must learn. It is likely that the first fire was taken from a smouldering, lightning-struck tree. Fires were always lit from the fire before, a smouldering cone of white ash containing the spark for a new fire is Hestia's cone, her 'fire-wheel'. This spark must never be allowed to go out, or fire would be lost back to the gods, and never regained. Hence, tending of the cone was carried out in an exact, undeviating way. If the tradition was not observed down to the last detail, this would risk loss of the spark. At her temple, the Vestal Virgins tended her flames. They symbolised the purified woman, the full moon, which is also the pregnant fullness, the fruiting nature of the woman. The white cone of ash is also then the birth cone or cervix, with its white secretions at ovulation, the moment pregnant with possibility, the space that can be fulfilled with new spark, new child. Yet Hestia is a virgin, and the tenders of her flames are virginal, so this means that she impregnates herself, creating her vital spark from within, that fruits as imagination.

To make every moment pregnant with possibility, death, inertia and dullness must be replaced by vitality and spark. So our everyday rituals of cleaning teeth, washing face, but more, of cleaning the home, brushing the hearth, can be filled with this creative spark. Instead of being bound by social conditioning and habit, we enliven the space in which we live by devoting our 'chores' or housework to Hestia, by making these tasks sacred. In leaving a trail of 'wake up' vibrations behind us, we defeat the enemy of intuition, inertia. If boredom overtakes us in our tasks, then this bores a hole in us and our consciousness floods into the atmosphere so that we are 'nowhere', doing our chores in a zombie-like way. The 'mundane' tasks can be transformed – 'mundus' means 'world', so our worldly or earthly chores should be devoted to Mother Earth. We are her helpers, the cleaners of the grate. Emptying our ashes on the earth, we return her gifts of warmth as fertiliser.

The cleaning of our grate in the centre of the home, at the hearth-stone, can become like cleaning the grate of the world; not letting the fire choke up. This may help us to clean our own psychological 'grates'. Riddling the fire, we are reminded of the riddle of the symbolic language of tree lore. Different woods burn in different ways, and sing their differing tunes. As the bones of the vegetable kingdom, of Grandmother Growth, are placed carefully on the grate, and lit, so each log or piece of coal speaks its segment of the tree lore. Coal is very old compressed wood, sunlight stored below ground, in Pluto's realm, as his dark riches. The flames licking up from the wood or coal release the sunlight in a new way.

As we look into the fire, so we become fixed by its dance; we gaze, hypnotised, warm and relaxed, deepened. Hestia's great teaching is about focusing our attention, the 'one-pointedness' of meditation upon her flames. Learning how to see and sense the pictures that dance, leap and glow; those beautiful colours that flare and jump; ever-changing forms, caves, creatures glowing in her embers; the smells; the warmth on the skin; those sparking, crackling noises that make her music. And the smoke that can become a 'screen', behind which she is changing, unseen, into new costume.

The fire speaks to us in this way when we remember Hestia. The nature-spirits of fire are the Salamanders. As we learn to watch their dance, they reveal a mystery set upon the altar of the grate – that the dancing flame in itself is the only image of Hestia we need for focusing and meditation. There were no images of her in her own temples in ancient times. When we view the hearth as the altar of Hestia, with the dancing flames as her image, then our home is transformed into a decorated temple. Hestia is the first and last goddess, because she is never extinguished. She will show us a correct way to build our fires, in that simple intuitive language we already know.



Entranced by the dark shadows that dance about when a fire burns, we recall our own shadow that can be purified, our darker natures, the underworld aspect of ourselves within. We remember that, like the coal from the body of the Mother, within Pluto's realm, this shadow side contains its own riches. But there is a shadow larger than all of us, a spectre, that hangs over our culture, as we burn and burn the coal and oil in greed for instant warmth, instant light. How do we live with the paradox that our cultural hearths also burn out the body of the Mother? We cannot so easily give our thanks to the goddess when warmth and light come so easily, at the flick of a switch, or the push and click of a gas fire.

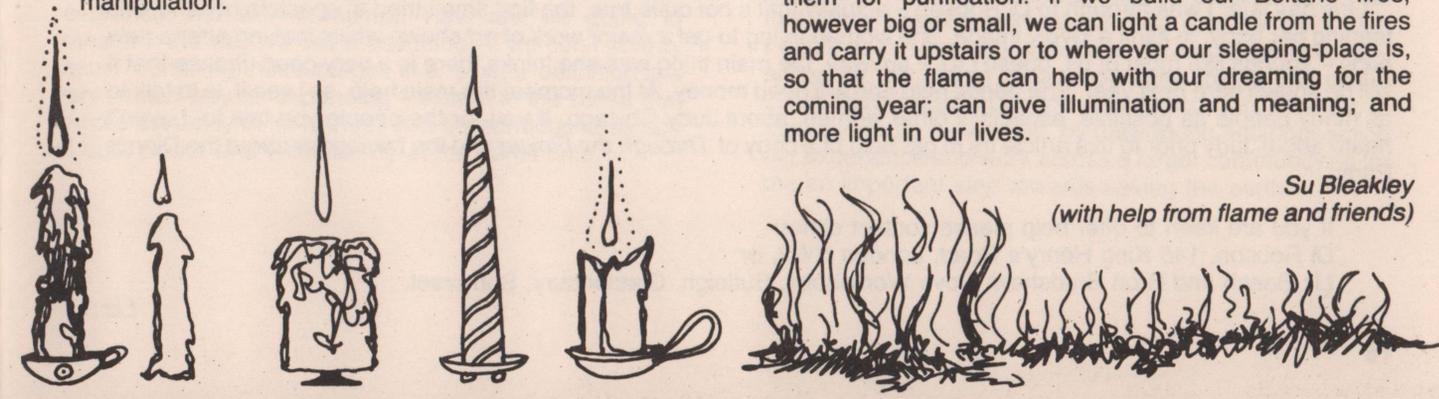
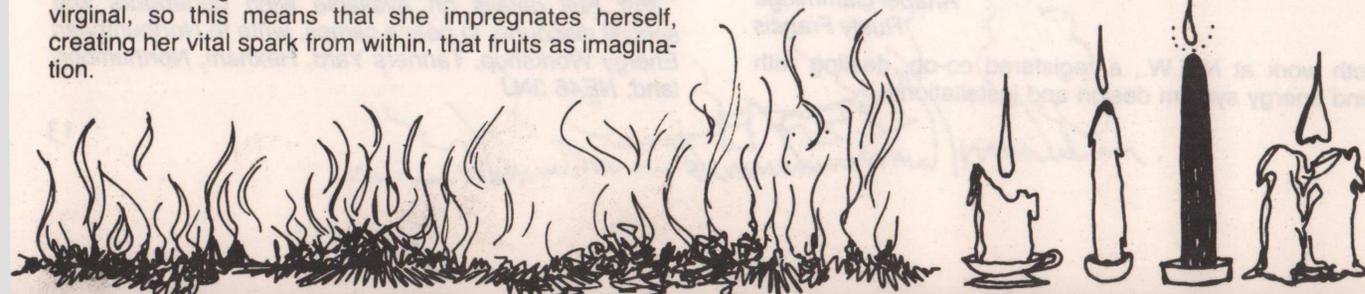
If we don't stop and make the time to care for the hearth, build and clean the fire and so forth; if all of this is by-passed through central heating or the wall-switch, then we forget to thank Hestia who is the flame. In many modern homes, television has replaced the open fire as the centre of attention; but the glass screen flickers in a dangerous and seductive manner. Hestia's too conservative for TV – she would prefer we make our own pictures in the fire, rather than have them fed to us, as a manipulation.

We cannot go back to open fires in caves. We live here; we are now. But Hestia still burns, and we can still dedicate our heating systems to her and ask for her guidance on the proper and appropriate use of whatever form of heating we have. So even in the city bed-sit, with its gas fire built into the wall, there is the altar, the hearth-stone, reminding us of the heart we must put back into the home. In the Homeric Hymns to Hestia it is said: '... a liquid an oil flows forever from your hair.' This may be the oil that fuels our heating system or cooker.

The stove is another of her sacred places, where we can invoke her, blessing the food we prepare and cook, the food that nourishes our life-spark. Cleaning the stove becomes a ritual devoted to Hestia. We can hang herbs about the stove, or have a small stone there to remind us of her presence. Here, we can ground ourselves in the home simply by touching and being with the hearth-stone: '... it is a beautiful gift you have received, it is a beautiful honour. Without you mankind would have no feasts'. (Homeric Hymn to Hestia).

At the time of the fire festival, Beltane, May eve, twin fires would be lit on hilltops, and cattle driven between them for purification. If we build our Beltane fires, however big or small, we can light a candle from the fires and carry it upstairs or to wherever our sleeping-place is, so that the flame can help with our dreaming for the coming year; can give illumination and meaning; and more light in our lives.

Su Bleakley
(with help from flame and friends)



The Power of Vulnerability

The following article about artist Judy Chicago was originally to have appeared in the recently published WFLOE anthology *Reclaim the Earth*. In order to keep the size of the volume and consequently the price down there were several contributions that had to be left out, perhaps to be included in a future volume 2. This one has surfaced because of its interest to two of the Glastonbury women who helped put this issue together, as expressed by them in their short preludes below.

A friend lent me a copy of Judy Chicago's book Through the Flower in May this year. Since it is subtitled My Struggle as a Woman Artist it seemed on the face of it relevant to me, as I am an artist too. However, my work is very different and I did not immediately feel drawn to it. I had a busy summer and it was not until the middle of August, when I had a few days free to lie on a beach, that I picked it up again. From the first page on, Judy Chicago got straight through to me, and I have not been the same since.

All the issues I had had vague and unformulated ideas about suddenly became clear: my situation as a woman in a male-dominated culture, the need to find ways of expressing my femaleness through my art, and perhaps most important of all, that 'the first responsibility of women today, both in and out of the arts, has to be to women;' it was all there and spoke to me on every level, confirming my belief in feminism in a particularly exhilarating way.

The book was first published in 1975 (first published in Great Britain by The Women's Press in 1982), so perhaps I am years behind the times and everyone is yawning by now. But I believe it is relevant to share my new enthusiasm because there must be quite a few people to whom Judy Chicago is only a name, and for whom her energy, experience and dedication could be a source of inspiration.

So it was with great delight that I found the interview that follows among the pile of material for this issue of the magazine, and I write this by way of joint introduction with Liz, to whom I enthused about the book, who read it in a day, and who has carried our involvement a stage further.

Bron

I first came across 'The Dinner Party' watching a BBC programme about it over two years ago. I watched the programme spell-bound. Here was this woman, powerful, compassionate, making her art with over 300 women. Watching Judy in action with this large number of women was like being a spectator of an epic women's meeting – it was all there – the love, laughter, tears, hate, anger, frustration – and a monumental work in progress, which became the triumphant 'Dinner Party'. A 40ft by 40ft triangular dinner table with place settings, 'carpeted' with ceramic tiles with the names of 999 women in history.

Each place setting on the main table is dedicated to a key figure in women's history. The work changes and evolves as you look at it and is exquisite. All the traditional 'women's' skills are there, embodied in the work, executed with a skill light years from my competence, and yet ... my whole reaction to the work was one of instant recognition. Although both the imagination and the skill are completely out of my range I identified with it absolutely.

I asked myself why. I have seen many works of art, I have admired them, loved them even, but I have never experienced the sensation of identification before. Of course it isn't really a mystery why this should be. I believe it is because the work is ME. It is an expression of me and my feelings. Of course most works of art don't affect me in this way because they are mostly made by men and therefore, however wonderful, don't express my feelings.

The end of the programme consisted of an afterword by Judy Chicago, telling of the difficulty she is having in getting the work shown, despite the fact that when it is shown thousands of people queue to see it.

I could hardly bear it. I really wanted to see this work and yet from what was being said the possibility of getting it shown in this country seemed very remote. At that time I told everybody I met about it and urged them to put pressure on the galleries to get it seen here.

In time the urgency went out of my appeals. I still talked about what I had seen but did less and less about it. Then, very recently, Bron lent me 'Through the Flower' and I started thinking about it strongly all over again.

Much to my amazement it was incredibly easy to find out what was going on with regard to it being shown in this country. A phone call to the Women's Press gave me the number of the woman co-ordinating the project to bring 'The Dinner Party' here.

One day later I was through to Di Robson – actually that's not quite true, the first time I tried to speak to her she was feeding her baby, in itself a lovely image, one woman trying to get a major work of art shown whilst looking after a new baby – sounds like most of us, doesn't it? – anyway, the main thing was she thinks there is a very good chance that it will be shown here next year. She needs help and will need money. At the moment the main help, as I see it, is to talk to as many people as possible, especially other women, about Judy Chicago. If you, or the people you talk to, haven't heard about Judy prior to this article try to get hold of a copy of *Through the Flower* and the two books about the Dinner Party.

If you are keen to offer help please contact either:

Di Robson, 145 King Henry's Road, London NW3, or

Liz Beech and Bron Bradshaw, Dove Workshops, Butleigh, Glastonbury, Somerset.

Liz

A conversation with Judy Chicago

by Leonie Caldecott

Judy Chicago has become famous for *The Dinner Party*, a 'sort of reinterpretation of the Last Supper from the point of view of those who'd done the cooking throughout history,' and also a symbolic history of women in Western civilisation. After the project was completed in 1979, she began to work on *The Birth Project*, for which women all over the USA have been embroidering Judy Chicago's images.

'I wanted to use the birth process as a metaphor for the creation of life. To my surprise, and in fact horror, there are few paintings or sculptures in the history of western art around this theme and, until quite recently, no pictures of the actual moment of birth. 'In the beginning was the Word' is what the Bible says, and what that means is that naming is an essential act. If something is not named, it does not exist as part of the idea bank of the culture. Despite the fact that birth is a universal experience and central to most women's lives, it is not commonly depicted or described. This forces every woman to experience privately, and usually abjectly, what should be a triumphant confrontation with the life process itself.'

I asked Judy about the strong reactions some of her work, with its powerful physical images of women's bodies, has evoked – especially in view of the way men have all too often used and depicted the same material in the past.

Judy: I think the basic difference between those images and my own is that mine are grounded in an *identification* with the female experience. Truth to the body is where it starts. We have to start celebrating our bodies, our experience of having women's bodies. It is often hard for another woman to trust that I, as an artist, will not abuse my power in this respect, but I feel we must trust one another, we must stop being terrified of our own power to create.

Art is not like social action. However, it *is* action of another kind. The act of making it is itself an affirmation of life. Now the images can either support or challenge cultural values – mine challenge the notion that the female is inferior and that vulnerability is something to be avoided. That's what the *Dinner Party* plates are about. I think the rage some people heap on those plates comes from a terror of vulnerability. Yet asserting it as a fundamental value of life could lead to a dawning respect for life and for that which is vulnerable: women, animals, the earth ... Those things need to be treated with reverence, not with contempt. How are we going to transform the way we see these things if we don't portray them? Confining those images to a 'sexual' definition is a very limited way of responding – except in the sense that female sexuality in its fullness is a tremendous assertion of both power and vulnerability at the same time.

Leonie Perhaps the fear that comes out springs from our lack of confidence that the fatal spirit/flesh dualism can be overcome. In other words, the feeling that if you portray something physical in this culture, physical is what remains. That if you portray our vulnerability, you can't possibly be portraying our power ...

Judy Well, this brings us to the very nexus of this civilisation's values, which revolve around defence. Defence is seen as the only posture that makes a human being strong, hence our enormous defence budgets, and our personal defensiveness. That is why I try to use the female form, the voices and the experiences of women, to present a set of values that challenge that assumption.

We are not used to the notion that through the female form transcendence can be obtained. As Simone de Beauvoir showed, we categorise female experience as merely immanent, while universal ideas and truths are assumed to be communicated through male experience. And yet what do we see in those images? On every screen, in every man with a gun, on every football field and news broadcast, in every portrayal of women by men – the assertion of power, the assertion of power, the assertion of power ... it's so boring. It has nothing to do with the power of life, nothing to do with reality.

Leonie That makes me wonder about the actual techniques used in the *Birth Project*. Isn't embroidery, as a traditional women's skill, rather akin to the way in which women, without making these dramatic assertions of power, have stitched the substance of life, slowly and carefully, onto a deep knowledge which we can often only dimly perceive? Is the very unflamboyant, decentralised nature of the enterprise in itself a metaphor for women's experience?

Judy Yes. Although, you know, the length of time it takes has positive and negative things about it. Embroidery has been done by women in the past precisely because it was something they could put down when interruptions occurred, and pick up again later! With my designs, though, they have to concentrate more intensely, focus on the work more fully.

Also, the attempt to help women feel connected to a larger work, in a decentralised way, which is what the *Birth Project* tries to do, is related to the larger issue of the planet's survival. It has to do with the sense of 'we-ness' that Doris Lessing talks about, and that we have lost. People do not see their actions as having larger consequences for the planet as a whole, and this is one of the things that is leading us towards destruction. Working in the way we do as women, by networking and connecting our experience and work across a larger community, is for me an important step towards saving the earth.

SHEFELL

FROM STORIES BY THE SEA

For years the earth had been grumbling back from the sea. It was dry reddish and held to the rocks inside it by brittle turfs, in spite of the winds. At the top of the cliff, earth had crumbled from the path to the village, cutting under the wide grass swathes; and so slowly did it change that no-one noticed; no-one had spoken of it. Gradually, a light and metallic grey cliff face was laid bare.

How the wind blew at the sparse pink flowers; for a few seasons more they trembled there, gripping deeper through the drying soil to the smooth rock. Wind and rain, steadily blowing, steadily falling, had pulled away the earth lodged in cracks, prised away wiry roots in the finest cracks, plants had fallen to the rocks below, buff shreds clinging to dust.

The old people walked slow and saw the changes but said nothing; everything changes and all comes to dust. They moved warily where the path began to crumble, and the council talked still of moving back to the land from the gusty spur ... and nothing was said.

But the wind blew, and the rain snatched, until what seemed solid earth was only an overhanging swathe of turf held together by woven roots. Old roots long since shrivelled, and fine filaments dry and dropping earth, there being no depth or contact with the greater earth; no moisture; cut off.

It was not until a small child, skipping, skipping ahead of her brothers and sisters on the path home, trod where the path had gone and she fell and lay broken on the rocks above the tide; then the village met together at the place on the edge of the dwellings.

The old women sat around the edge of the meeting place on the stones, and the young men and the women and young children stood together. The other children who had been with the girl who had fallen stood in the centre and the oldest girl told what had happened. The old women shifted. The wind tugged at shawls and neckscarves. The men climbed down to fetch the body. The women dug a little place in the earth by the stones, and all scattered seaflowers on the smoothed earth. Bare earth for a season, to recall, and the grass would grow there in the next season.

'At the foot of the cliff the rocks were bone bare. It was easy climbing, the points are clean. Under the path there is no earth: as we climbed, roots and stones showered us', said one of the climbers.

'We should leave this place', said the child's mother.

'We must cut a new path to the village, and cut the old one away. It is death now.'

'We should leave this place,' said the mother. 'Am I to walk each day to the spring and see where she fell? Are my children to see each day where she fell? Is the man to walk each day with the nets to fish for all of us to eat, to snare the birds where his baby child has fallen and will never stand up again?'

Her children stood close to her, as birds cluster close under a wing when there is danger.

'It is all I have to say: I was born here, live here, chose this man here, and here have had seven children. Each was a joy to me, even the ones that smiled at me, and died. Now my heart is empty and heavy; it is a pot with a hole in it that can never be full: now my little girl has fallen. We should leave the village.'

And the man thought: 'How are we to live without the fish and the birds? I have seen some leave this place, but I have never known of good inland. I have seen men taken by the sea, and the wind on the rocks, and the waves have taken from beside me the next man in the boat. Every time I feel the waves ride that way, see the rain across the water that way, I see again his white face and then the waves. The waves go on, he is inside them and we must pull the nets.'

And the village would not have them go; the old women said they should not go. She and the man and the children, and the memory of the one who fell ... where should they go? Inland? Surrounded by hills and trees? Never. That evening the boys and the men hacked away the dried out, lying swathes of turf where the child had fallen. They threw the turfs to the tides and rocks below, and the old women walked a new path through the thick grass further from the edge. They drove poles in three spans from the edge of this new path, so that when the poles loosened as the earth drew back again, they would know to retread the path, that no other child or woman or man should fall.

The mother sat and did nothing; her hands would not lift from her lap. She talked to herself, said, 'This place is less without her,' cried loudly, cried without tears, screamed and then fell silent again. Her living children scattered to other dwellings, and her man the same. She stared ahead, ate nothing.

Then one evening she heaved to her feet like a cow, awkward and clutched out for balance. She walked from the place out to the headland, and her youngest living child who had sat hidden but watching started to wail. One of the old women hushed her, and rocked her strongly at her side.

The mother sat all that night; tears blurred moonlight on the sea. She leaned against a rock smooth from the backs of those who must sit and think, or sit and mourn. Any further and she would have fallen, any further back and she felt tugged by the fear of the living.

It was thought that the old women didn't need to sleep, and only pretended to be sleeping to make

the rest of the village feel that it was all right to let the hours go by unconscious: they were always up the first and the last to be sitting by the embers. When rain soaked the hearths the old women would still have fire. They would hold seeds for the few seasons that were allowed for growing. They were always there.

And for the time that the mother was mourning, one old woman or another would sit near her and then with her. Seabird cries, the waves and the wind and no words in the lull. When they gathered seaweed on the shore they would shout a remark when the wind stopped ... a conversation was slow and halted if the winds were high. And though there were no words, with the rock and the old woman black and lumped like a rock, the sea sounds and the silences brought their own thoughts.

Each old woman had sat there, when the boat came back without her man, or the children came running back to the village, without one of them, one who was never to reappear.

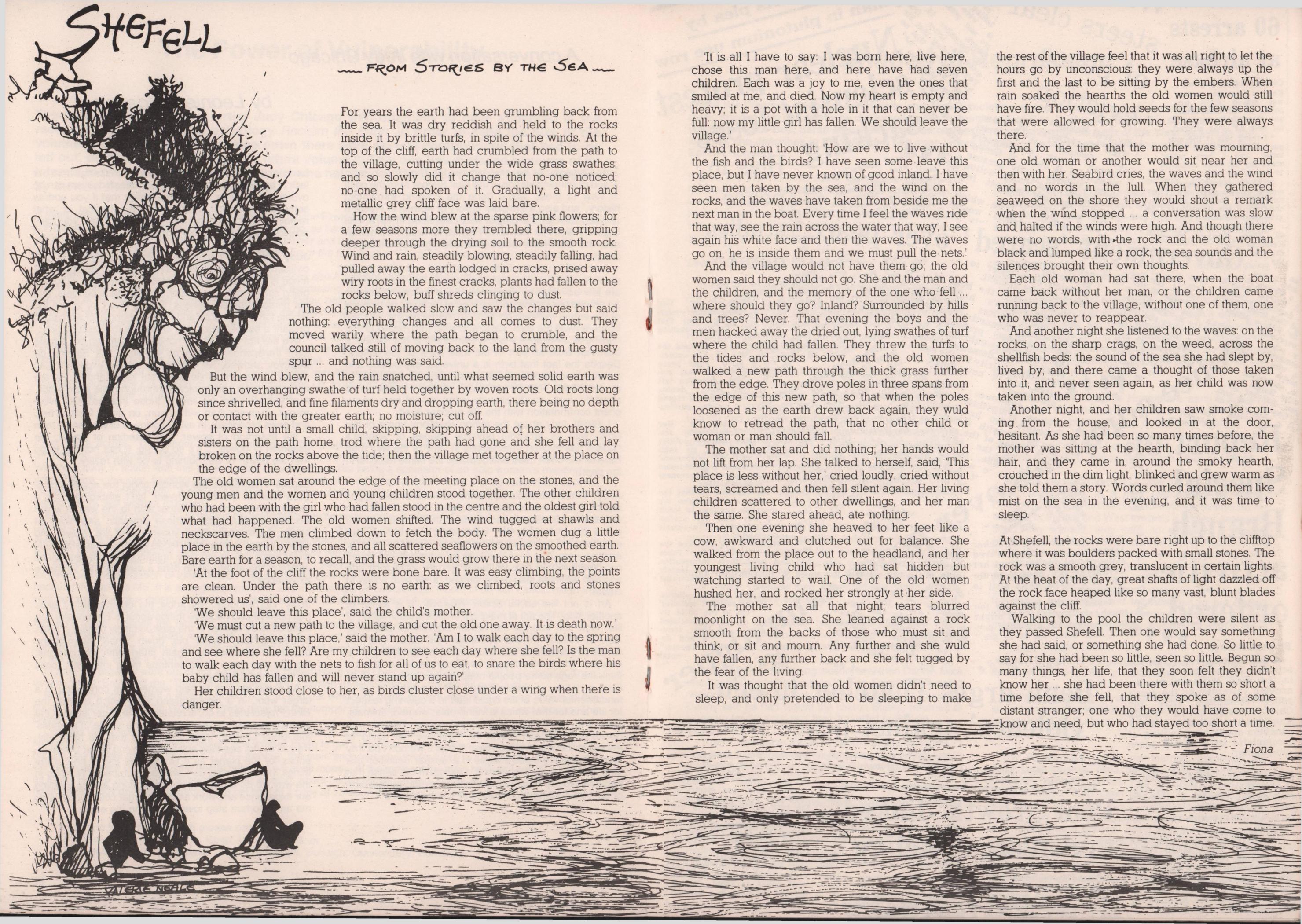
And another night she listened to the waves: on the rocks, on the sharp crags, on the weed, across the shellfish beds: the sound of the sea she had slept by, lived by, and there came a thought of those taken into it, and never seen again, as her child was now taken into the ground.

Another night, and her children saw smoke coming from the house, and looked in at the door, hesitant. As she had been so many times before, the mother was sitting at the hearth, binding back her hair, and they came in, around the smoky hearth, crouched in the dim light, blinked and grew warm as she told them a story. Words curled around them like mist on the sea in the evening, and it was time to sleep.

At Shefell, the rocks were bare right up to the clifftop where it was boulders packed with small stones. The rock was a smooth grey, translucent in certain lights. At the heat of the day, great shafts of light dazzled off the rock face heaped like so many vast, blunt blades against the cliff.

Walking to the pool the children were silent as they passed Shefell. Then one would say something she had said, or something she had done. So little to say for she had been so little, seen so little. Begun so many things, her life, that they soon felt they didn't know her ... she had been there with them so short a time before she fell, that they spoke as of some distant stranger; one who they would have come to know and need, but who had stayed too short a time.

Fiona



work on an assembly line. Failure to find a job after three months could result in a police arrest. In many places, three do the work of one. There was no unemployment benefit and no 'dole'.

While another group continued to talk, some of us went for a swim. A student told me he was very worried, as the police had visited his parents and told them that their son would be placed in a mental institution if he did not return home and go to school. As the local schools would not accept him, he was planning to go to a nearby religious school. He spoke with sadness of his parents, formerly supportive of his involvement with Dialogue, now withdrawn into silence.

Danny, who had travelled with gypsies in Hungary, was upset with the government's attitude to gypsies. 'There are some half million gypsies in Hungary, but as they have no mother country, they are not recognised as a minority group,' he said.

In the last five years, one hundred of their settlements have been annihilated. They originate from the Punjab River, and speak a language of Hindid origin. Lakatos Menyhert wrote a book about his people, titled *Smokey Pictures*, including their myths, and their songs. I was promised a copy. We talked about film making, art, dancing.

Later in the afternoon, Vickie came running up the hill. 'Come Sarah, the police are at the van, and want us to come and register'.

I waved to everyone. 'I must go, but I will come back as soon as possible', I said, hugging those nearest to me. It was 5.30p.m.

At 2a.m., nine hours later, four of us arrived at the Hungarian-Austrian border, driven by two burly policemen and escorted by a full police car with a whining siren and flashing blue lights. We were not told 'why'. We were not allowed to return the camping equipment in our van to our Hungarian friends.

The British Embassy was singularly unhelpful. After five hours in a hot, locked room, refusing to leave until given a reason, we were coerced into the bus. We worried for the safety of our friends. We later learned that all the Europeans, save Lynne Jones, were deported within the next two days. Dialogue, by consensus, was disbanded. I have heard since that white flags, symbolising a nuclear free zone, were seen in the trees in Hungary.

I would like to continue our dialogue of West and East. The letter I wrote requesting another visa to the official Hungarian Peace Council has not yet been answered, although they told Lynne they had not known of our deportation. I do not understand the present political and military decisions that prevent peoples from East and West meeting. I am not a government, I am a woman, and and mother of three children ... just an ordinary human being who wants to live in friendship with other peoples, no matter their nationality, colour, class or religion. I see no reason to fear these people, no reason to be aggressive towards them. As people, East and West, we only wish to live in harmony, and to bring our children in a world that encompasses a bit more sanity than is evident at the moment.

Take care of yourself, Thomas. I hope we can meet on a Sunday in the woods, near Frankfurt, Germany.

With much love,

Sarah

Dearest Utca and Danny

I miss you both very much, and treasure Matyi's drawing. I hope one day I can return his blue bucket. We are reapplying for visas, though so far we have met with silence. Perhaps someone will extend an invitation for you to lecture in the West, and we can again meet, here.

After our sudden departure, we recuperated in Vienna. It is good, at least, that Austrians can visit you freely without visas, but ironic that they have built six hotels in Budapest to encourage tourists. Perhaps tourists are not supposed to be in the peace movement.

Following Vienna, we joined the Dortmund to Brussels Friedensmarsch, organised by women. About a thousand people from many countries, and all ages, started off, in the continuing heat. The peace movement in Europe seems much more alive than in England, where our press refuse to print information of all that is happening in the world peace movement. For example, I heard a story from Thomas, a West German with soft brown eyes and a mohican haircut. He told me about Stadtbahn West, near Frankfurt, Germany.

The American airport near Frankfurt is called the 'Gateway to Europe'. Across the road, a forest has been cut down for a 'civil airport'. The concrete of the runway is now complete. The Germans say that this new runway is four kilometres long, and that is not the 'normal' length for civil planes. Even a jumbo jet only needs 2,600 metres. They thus believe it is a possibility that the US airbase will be used for military purposes, it being an ideal size for Hercules and Galaxies. They find it strange that most of the companies who work inside the complex paint over the names of their vans.

The German struggle against this runway started in October, 1908. The original initiative was very strong, and the workers felling trees went away for two days, and returned with police. Three thousand supporters appeared, but could do nothing as they were kept behind a fence. The police used gas, and water cannons, to disperse the crowd. Thomas explained that the use of gas and water together goes through the clothing and burns skin. If one does not get rid of the clothing immediately, he added, one experiences illness, exezema, and pus which spreads.

Members of the Christian Democratic Union and anarchists together built huts in the woods. Between October 1980 and 1981, about 60 lived in the forest. It became a regular Sunday outing to visit them. The campers made badges, played music in the streets, talked with people, and started receiving donations. They built barricades against eviction, and to protect them from water cannons and fast-driving cars. And on the 5th October, 1981, 15,000 Germans occupied the building site in the forest. When, the next day, the crowd had reduced to 10,000, police numbering some 6,000 dispersed them.

The 11th of October is now known as Bloody Sunday. Two metre long wooden truncheons were used, causing bone fractures. It is said that a child of 14 was hit on the head and later died in hospital. Red Cross helpers were injured. Ten thousand came to support the camp from 6 to 10p.m. Those who sat in front of cars were beat on their



The symbol and badge of the New Hungarian Peace Movement

heads. Deep in the forest, volunteer surgeons held emergency operations in hideaway huts. The group sitting around me said that police beat everyone who was still moving.

During the following two weeks, there were always at least 1,000 people in the woods. Demonstrations were also held in Frankfurt. On November 11th, 1981 400 singing people demonstrated. The police came from both sides, and there was no escape. 'In the end,' a girl said, 'we had to run the gauntlet through two lines of police, who beat us.' Thomas felt the police used this opportunity to make an example to the many objectors all over Germany.

Simultaneously, there was also a legal fight against the runway in the forest, called the volksbegeben. In the first stage of protest, 120,000 signatures were required. But 220,000 signatures were actually collected. Meanwhile in Wiesbaden, 150,000 demonstrated on the 16th November. The second step of the Volksbegeben was to collect 800,000 signatures, and the final step was a referendum 'yes' or 'no'. But on completion of the first collection of signatures, the court decided in January 1982 that the subject of 'Landing Strip West' could not be decided in a referendum as it was a 'federal affair'. The original status of 'civil' airbase is still, however, maintained.

On the 17th November, meanwhile, 4,000 blockaded the entrances of the airport. The only escape from the police was the motorway, and this too was therefore blockaded. The police interceded, brutally, once again.

'The next Saturday, we planned to occupy the building site,' Thomas continued. Thirty thousand arrived, including the Burgerinitiative, who were half naked to demonstrate their non-violence. The minister of interior promised to use his power to stop the construction, but this has

since turned out to be a mockery. However, at the time it averted the occupation, and eventually the resistance to the airstrip lost heart. The last large demonstration was on the 30th January 1982, when 15,000 from all over West Germany succeeded in occupying part of the building site. To thwart the planned demonstration that evening in Frankfurt, 'the police beat everyone who even looked like a demonstrator,' Thomas said quietly.

Permanent resistance, since April 1982, has taken the form of 'walks' to the building site every Sunday. 'Do you know,' Thomas said in the growing darkness, 'that the police drove 1.2 million kilometres with their cars in 1982 alone?' (I recently counted an army convoy of 32 vehicles in 29 kilometres, while approaching Frankfurt.)

What is the dividing line between repression in the East, and repression in the West? Why do increasing efforts for peace by the people bring equally aggressive and violent responses from the authorities? What is it that we threaten, unless it is the insecurity of those in power? Why do people in power seem to embrace nuclear horrors, and value them more than life itself? I pray that our efforts all over the world will vaporize the evil that will destroy our children's future, and the earth itself. And I will believe in East and West harmony, based on my own experience of peoples everywhere.

With much love to you both, and a hug to Matyi.

Sarah
Greenham Rainbow Bus

Susan Griffin from U.S.A.
Author of Woman and Nature
Rupert Sheldrake from Cambridge
Author of A New Science of Life
Sigmund Kvaloy from Norway
Author of Ecophilosophy in Norwegian

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THE GODDESS AT GLASTONBURY

THE RAPE OF GAIA BY THE CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

WE HAVE VIOLATED EVERY CONTOUR,
AND CREVICE OF HER BODY.
POLLUTED HER SEAS -
AND STILL MAN DECREES -
TO CONQUER HIS MOTHER THE EARTH.
DEFORESTATION CHEMICALISATION
THE REEK OF EVERY NATION,
EMIT THEIR FETID BREATH -
ALL OVER HER BEAUTIFUL FACE!
AND NOW - THE SUPER RATS
WITH PHALIC FORCE -
ENGAGE IN NUCLEAR LUST,
EAGER FOR ONE GIGANTIC GANG-BANG!
HAVE OFTEN WONDERED -
WHY WE ARE CALLED HUMANKIND,
HAVE WE NOT LEFT THE KIND BEHIND?
AUDACIOUS MAN!
ALL HE CAN SEE
IS HATE AND FEAR -
FOR HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS FAR AND NEAR.
AND CHURCH AND STATE -
AND WESTERN WORLD GREED,
AND THEY WHO WORSHIP THE GOD OF MAMMON
OH WHY DO THEY NOT REALISE THAT -
THEIR MATERIAL ENDS AND KARMIC FATE
ALL RESULT IN THIRD WORLD FAMINE!

CAN WE NOT HEAR GAIA CRY IN THE WIND
SHE HAS HAD ENOUGH
OF HER CHILDRENS HATRED -
HER ANGER SHOWS
IN ELECTRIC STORMS -
VOLCANIC VOICE WITHIN THE VOID
OF TIME.

SHE IS KIND AND WAITS PATIENTLY -
TO OPEN DOORS OF MIND.

WILL WE RECEIVE
HER LOVE HER STRENGTH
HER COOLING BREEZE.
AND NOW -

OUR GRANDFATHER SUN
SOLAR POWER
WHO ART IN HEAVEN,
AWAITS THE GOLDEN LIGHT
WITHIN THE GODDESS -
THE GOLDEN GLOW
WITHIN HER WOMB -
IS GROWING
STRONG AND SILENT....



LORVE GLASTONBURY 83

Many women who recognise the importance of a spiritually oriented lifestyle are at the same time seriously dissatisfied with traditional religions, for their images of divinity are exclusively masculine. Even where the female principle is admitted, it is given a definitely minor or subservient role - the total message is that to be born male in this world is to bear a closer resemblance to God than those born female, and like God himself, the male is supreme. One would have thought that the male god-imagery of Christianity was pretty obvious for all to see, yet fashionable theologians accuse us of deliberate dishonesty in 'assuming' that God is male¹, and churchmen try and fob us off with the ridiculous assertion that 'Oh yes, but God the Father includes female characteristics.' Yet in the Roman Catholic religion a female priesthood is disallowed precisely because the celebrant at the altar represents Christ, and therefore a woman priest would 'introduce' femininity into the image of the Trinity. Luckily, it has not yet dawned on many churchmen that we are not as stupid as they reckon us to be; not only are women neither impressed nor intimidated by religious pretence, we simply know too much and have discovered too much that male scholarship preferred to ignore - or rather erase.

What is the meaning of the Goddess for women? I think it is important to realise that there are several basic views; for some women the Goddess is only a metaphor for women's power and dignity, or for the healthy psyche; for others, the Goddess is the earth or the moon, in a material sense; and again, others (and this includes myself) call Her the Divine Creator Mother. But however the Goddess is perceived, it is certain that the image of the Divine Female answers a desire born of deepest need. It is the same need, the same clouded perception of a Mother-of-All, that has given the cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary such importance and resilience. It is not a desire for a 'more human' or 'more earthly' image of divinity, but a recognition of the essentially divine Female.

Here in Glastonbury, at Chalice Well and Chalice Hill, we experience the Goddess as the bringer-forth and nurturer of life. The waters of the sacred spring which rises at the Chalice Well, or 'Blood Well', are in essence the womb-waters of the Great Mother; like the spring, inexhaustible, engendering life and bringing it to birth like the primordial sea. Not only does the Chalice Well water taste like blood, but it leaves a red deposit wherever it flows. This is the original Holy Blood; the blood of the Goddess, the blood of childbirth and menstruation. It was not that the ancients considered such things sacred in and for themselves, but because these reflected cosmic realities; like ripples spreading out on water from a central point, the Goddess-essence is expressed and re-expressed throughout the living and non-living world. These ripples course through the bodies of we women now; in childbirth and menstruation we enact again and again that sacred drama which brings both humans and stars into being. The same reverberating principle is expressed in the landscape, where it forms the shape of Chalice Hill; a

round, full, swelling breast; but also the belly of the Mother-with-Child, the Goddess pregnant with all-that-is.

Who is the child of the Goddess of Glastonbury itself? Some have said it is some kind of saviour-god like Mithras or the Christ-child. This can be true in one sense, but I think it is the womanhood that is yet to come, for which women who are 'drawn' to Glastonbury are seeking, and which they have yet to find. The task of bringing this daughter of the Goddess to birth has hardly begun. I do not think that it can be brought about by anger, or hatred, or by imitating the ways and means of men (look at how 'spiritual' the world is after several thousand years of such methods!) Nor is it to be brought about by any self-view as meek saviours of the human race, or by following some concocted religion drawn from books² and scholarship. I think that women are brought to Glastonbury to seek the Goddess, both outwardly and inwardly, and to face up to that which we ultimately most love and fear: the Goddess for REAL, the Goddess both immanent and transcendent. Spirituality begins when we question our most radical human certainties; for women and men that must include the traditional assumptions about 'femininity' and the divine. And since the Goddess can be found 'in your own back yard', we women weren't posted off to Glastonbury to no purpose; we are here to be doing something, and doing it seriously.

Notes

Janet E. Crickard, 1983

¹ *The Myth of God Incarnate* (symposium) Contribution by theologian Don Cupitt.

² Whatever the merits of Graves' *The White Goddess*, it has very little to do with women's spirituality.



Reagan is on the television haranguing the Russians for shooting down the Korean airliner and killing 269 'civilians'. The President of the country which brought us the horrors of Vietnam and has a finger in most wars in the world, is talking about the shock and horror of the civilised world and then goes on to talk about retaliation and ways to pay them back. Later there's a news item about US reconnaissance (read spy) plane in the area at the time and the information that on occasion it is understood by both sides that civilian aircraft may be used for spying missions. If caught they are to be escorted out of the prohibited area, rather than shot down - a gentleman's agreement.

There are few voices to be heard asking what, for me, is the most obvious comment about the whole situation, which is that the shooting down of unarmed aircraft is an inevitable consequence of the escalating defence strategies of dare you!/don't you dare! that all governments are playing with each other.

But 28 ordinary Women for Peace who wanted to go to Russia to talk to ordinary Russian people about how we can all live in peace are refused their visas at the last minute - for technical reasons. Those in power don't have to give reasons to us mere mortals. There are rumours as to why the visit is stopped, but we will never know for certain. There is only frustration and disappointment for the participants and the need for patience and a willingness to try again next month, next year until ordinary people are allowed to travel and talk freely to each other.

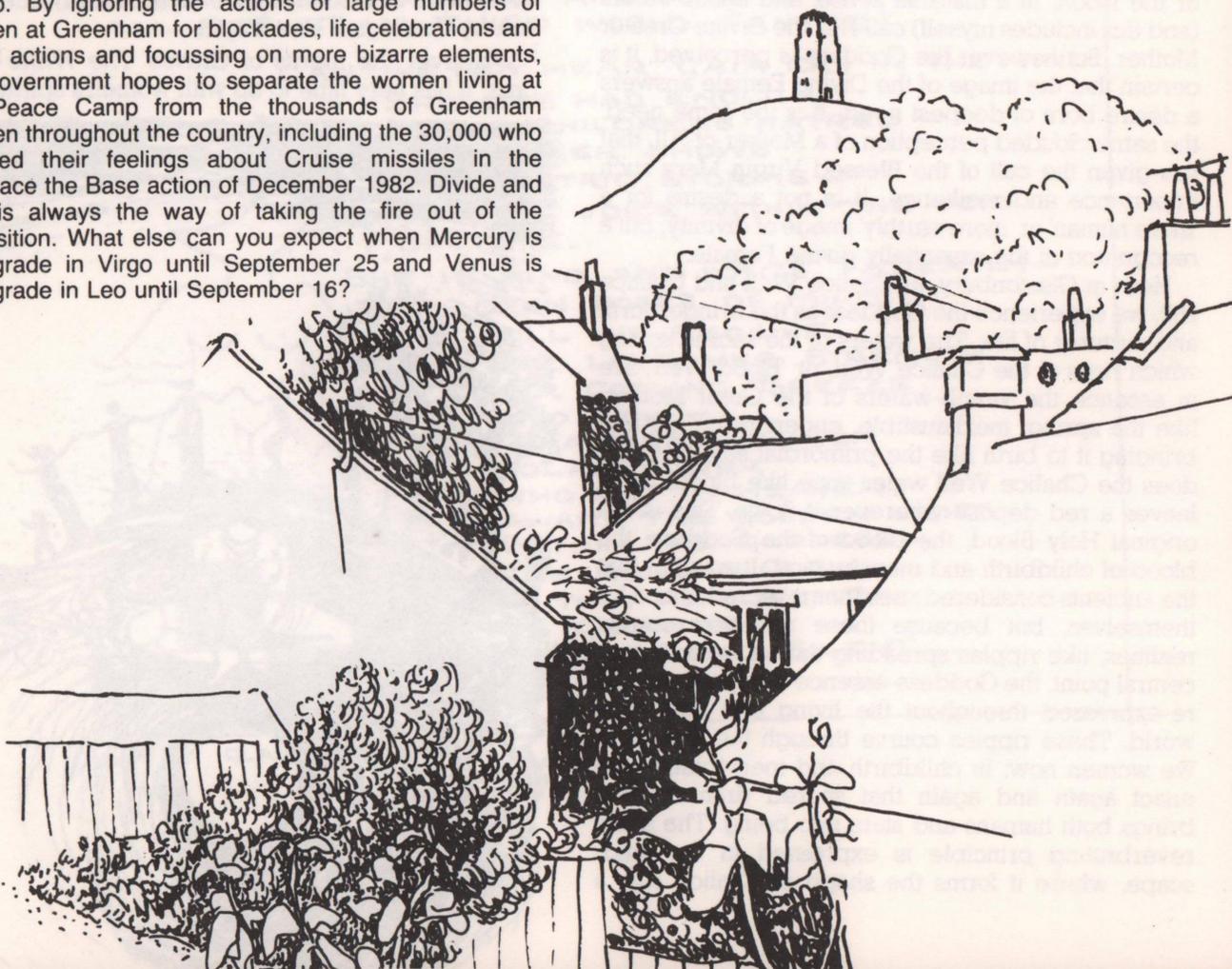
As the date for installing Cruise missiles in Britain draws ever nearer, our government, via the media, seeks to discredit all opposition to their installation. This attack is aimed especially at the Greenham Common Peace Camp. By ignoring the actions of large numbers of women at Greenham for blockades, life celebrations and direct actions and focussing on more bizarre elements, the government hopes to separate the women living at the Peace Camp from the thousands of Greenham women throughout the country, including the 30,000 who showed their feelings about Cruise missiles in the Embrace the Base action of December 1982. Divide and rule is always the way of taking the fire out of the opposition. What else can you expect when Mercury is retrograde in Virgo until September 25 and Venus is retrograde in Leo until September 16?

And here in sunny downtown Glastonbury I am concerned that my enthusiasm for peace in the springtime with the heady days of our collective actions on blockades, vigils and demonstrations, has receded as my personal dilemmas have come to the forefront. For me as for many other women the long hot summer has been like an inbreath as I understand what peace means in my life, as I come to terms with my ability to act effectively for peace day by day.

I know that much of our springtime activity came out of the excitement and novelty of finding our strength together as a group and I wonder how we will endure through the weeks, months and uyears it will take to bring peace to our planet. At the moment much of the emphasis seems to be laid on individual actions for peace, yet I also know that our power lies in being a group of strong individuals acting collectively.

At this lull/low point for me I need to remember that all living organic processes have cycles of activity. A low point is a sign of life. There are in-breaths and out-breaths, each ending becoming a new beginning. We shall continue in different forms with renewed energy, as the earth and the moon and the stars endure. No-one can kill the spirit. She is like a mountain. She goes on and on.

Kathy Jones



The Saturday of the Air Tattoo at Greenham Common I went with five other women from the Glastonbury area to protest at the show/arms sale/missile base. The two women who travelled with me were, like myself, frightened at what might happen there. None of us really wanted to go but felt it important both to the cause of nuclear disarmament and to our personal integrity that we showed solidarity with the women at the camp and our opposition to the event itself.

By the time we actually arrived, after getting lost in the problem of avoiding being directed into the base - all other cars having that aim - I felt uneasy. Finding few other women there added to this unease. Four of us went to a gate where there were about 10 other women and stood with our banner *All the Arms in the World Don't Equal the Security of one Embrace*. The sign of another group *Ministry of Death* and one of the women from the camp's signposts *This Way to the Silos* were also there.

I still can't understand how people could go in through those gates. I can only think that in their eagerness to see the aeroplanes they did not see the concrete stretching for miles, so cold and inhuman, the fence, the gates, the barbed wire.

After 10 minutes our gate was closed! Undeterred we moved to a piece of common land on the edge of a residential area and were joined by a group of Enfield women and some members of the Peace Pledge Union whose members were inside leafletting. These arrivals, the sun and a sense of 'right' helped to combat the horrendous din overhead and the gestures of abuse from passing motorists.

I was sitting on a bench sharing the holding of a banner with M when the owner of the house opposite came across and stood over us. His anger was intense. He was 'sick to death' of us. Us? Me! I sat incredulous whilst he vented months of anger at us. I was frightened and this was accentuated by sitting while he stood. He saw us as a symbol of all the women who had protested and were protesting at Greenham Common.

M tried discussing with him but first he needed to get all his hatred of his chest - hatred of the Peace Camp. Then we spent two hours arguing and talking and occasionally agreeing, and once even laughing. His wife joined us for the last half hour. M took him on the facts: El Salvador, Vietnam, Afghanistan and the second world war for example, and I tried the human aspects, the courage of women leaving their families for peace, for instance.

All this time we continually refused to leave, trying to get him to see why we felt we had to sit there. We learned from the time spent, and they had some myths shattered. I learned that they were against Cruise Missiles but that the effect on them and the life of their family because of the camp, demonstrations, attendant media coverage, etc. had overtaken this.

You who read this, do as we did and try to imagine protesters of a cause moving into an area near your home - maybe you agree with their cause or maybe you don't. Your sleep is regularly disturbed, your home is surrounded at demonstrations and your partner is frightened by the sheer mass of people against the hedge/wall. Your friends, female, are on tranquilisers because friends,

male, who work in the protest area are often on standby alert (the morality of their work is not part of this examination I feel). It seems like it will never end. You begin to feel that no one cares how you feel. (If 'the cause' blinds you to their feelings imagine 'they' want to build a Sizewell-type plant near you and the protesters are for the project).

They learnt that we were not particularly aggressive or strident; that we were 'ordinary', 'respectable', had jobs and families. That it had not been easy coming to protest. The women in our group are like us. That we do demonstrate and work for peace in our own area. These and other things were unknown to them. The woman expressed interest in our work and in the visit to Russia in which one of our group was to be included. And on and on we went.

I realised that what is missing, as ever, is communication. Talking. His newspaper wasn't mine, his views were reinforced by what he read as mine are by my choice of paper. The first visual impression feeding an image promulgated by one's choice of reading - his of peace women, mine of a 'Newbury resident.' The barriers are built and the sides entrenched: I realise how great is the power of propaganda. I wanted to put them in a home with a Russian family for a month to work in the house and garden together, to cook and eat and above all to talk together. That people ... are people ... are people ...

When finally we had to leave I stood up and felt faint and sick and desperate for a cup of tea, which was instantly offered. Split second of wavering. Friend or foe? Refusal - rebuttal? Acceptance - fraternising with the 'enemy'? We went. In their kitchen we talked further, easier now that we could relate to each other as people. We left with the offer of tea, water, etc. on our next trip and a sense of a small victory all round - we had all managed to convey our point of view and have it at least listened to.

Two others of our group awaited us. Speechless at our behaviour! I think she saw it as betrayal. M became more convinced of the rightness of our having tea and I felt guilty and confused. As usual I wanted everyone to agree and felt it incumbent upon me to explain everyone to everyone else. The four mile walk past the silos, the weight of the air, the silent-of-birdsong woods, the horrendous sudden scream of the jets, the houses with their quick exit chutes from the upper storey, all so macabre, and then the long journey home.

Arriving home all I could do was cry. The next day I temporarily lost the power of speech and when the low flying jets went over I screamed and buried my head.

I can't go there again. It sapped my energy to do something constructive against the nuclear arms race. It reinforced my fears and my sense of hopeless futility. M says she will keep in touch with the couple so the tenuous link isn't broken and we did learn, and I hope to teach, something, so maybe it wasn't totally non-constructive.

The one moment of laughter stands out. The man was arguing and had somehow ended up holding the banner. 'I wish I had a camera,' I said, 'I could send a photograph of you to the local paper entitled 'Local Resident Has Change of Heart.' Finding himself holding the banner he was perplexed. Then we all burst out laughing.

Rowena

Let's get on with it...

The Greenham of December 12, 1983 has become a legend in a very short time; an inevitable focus for the peace movement and, as it has turned out, a focus for women everywhere – an indelible imprint on women's history as surely as the women's suffrage movement which preceded the 'Greenham factor' by some half a century.

Something else has happened, though, something the validity of which I should like to question.

In the past few months a sort of depression has set in. (I mean since those heady December days when so many of us really saw what we were capable of). I frequently hear Greenham criticised or analysed destructively. Not just by the media (though that has increasingly happened) but also by us. I have heard Greenham women – closely questioned at meetings – being asked to give explanations for the way they speak, dress, act and re-act.

I now feel we are expecting too much of Greenham and demanding too little of ourselves. Greenham IS. It is an American air force base in Newbury, Berkshire, and unless we concentrate every ounce of our power and energy on it cruise missiles will shortly arrive there.

Certain women have decided that the best way they can demonstrate their responsibility in this terrible reality is to live there, doing what seems appropriate to them on a daily and evolving basis according to circumstances as they arise.

Whilst I feel enormous love for these women and respect for what they are doing, I think it is very important that I don't look to them for inspiration. The inspiration must come from me. I do not live at Greenham. I live in the Somerset countryside with my four children. In many ways I have a very comfortable life, unimaginably more comfortable than life for my sisters at Greenham, but there are many things I can do to complement their action. I have not chosen to live at Greenham but that doesn't mean that I cannot make a very positive contribution to peace.

I think there is a very real danger that we may begin to ask too much of the women who live at Greenham and not enough of Greenham women.

I have come a long way since that December day – new directions, new awareness, new friends. Above all, for me, Glastonbury Women's Group – taking action, finding alternative ways to solve problems, sharing, listening, getting it all wrong and starting again, but, above all, *doing things*, doing things for peace, and through the actions learning and growing all the time.

I believe Greenham women are like that – that's what December 12 was all about.

At the end of the 'Critical Mass' videofilm Helen Caldicott says 'I can't tell you what you have to do, it's not my country ... you are going to have to use a lot of imagination.' I think we're very good at imagination and this winter we'll produce plenty of it.

Liz

Reviews

GREENHAM WOMEN EVERYWHERE by Alice Cook and Gwen Kirk
Pluto Press £3.50

Ah! there is nothing quite like a good read about Greenham to stir the heart and raise the spirit. I must have read or heard of some of the stories ten times, but their power is such they can still move me and make me want to do more. When I first got hold of *Greenham Women Everywhere* my initial thoughts were rather reluctant, feeling 'I've read it all before.' But now I'm glad I have as it's helping jolt me out of a rather dozy summer.

Greenham Women Everywhere is the story of Greenham up until July 1983 and the Tory landslide victory. It is a slice of herstory unlikely to be repeated since the climate of opinion that allowed Greenham to flourish has now swung to its opposite pole. The media currently ignores the Women's Peace Camp and all actions, no matter how large the numbers of women involved, and attempts to discredit individual women. But this story is the bedrock from which future actions, which are more effective and diverse must spring.

The book is largely composed of women's personal accounts of their dreams, fears, aspirations and actions within the women's peace movement, interspersed with facts and comments by the two authors. It begins with a short account of the rise of the women's peace movement following NATO's decision to install Cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe.

The main body of the book follows with individual women's fears and nightmares that have motivated them to act.

"I have dreamt many times of the first few moments after a nuclear explosion. On one occasion there was a horrible smell of burning flesh. Children were screaming, running with their hands lifted up for help and their skin was peeling off." Carol

"I wake up from such a dream in a state of shock and they stay with me for a long time afterwards. I wake up thinking this is the end of the world. I wake up and the reality of the dream is far worse than the dream itself. I know that I have dreamt the palest reflection of what would happen." Wendy.

Reading of other women's dreams evokes haunting echoes of my own fears and dreams. Out of these dreams comes the need to act. *Greenham Women Everywhere* chronicles the actions that have taken place since the first march from Wales to Greenham, the 12th December Embrace the Base action, the New Year's Day dance on the silos, the die-in outside the Stock Exchange, Snakes and Ladders and other actions. It gives the reasons why nonviolence is chosen as a way of action and the value of women-only actions.

This is a book to raise our spirits and realise the incredible creativity and ingenuity we possess as women. We have it and we're going to need it. Cruise missiles are still coming here in a couple of months time. This is a book to give your friends, your mother and anyone who wants to know what Greenham is about.

Kathy Jones

Moscow Women. Thirteen Interviews by Carola Hansson and Karin Liden.

Published 1983 by Pantheon Books, New York.

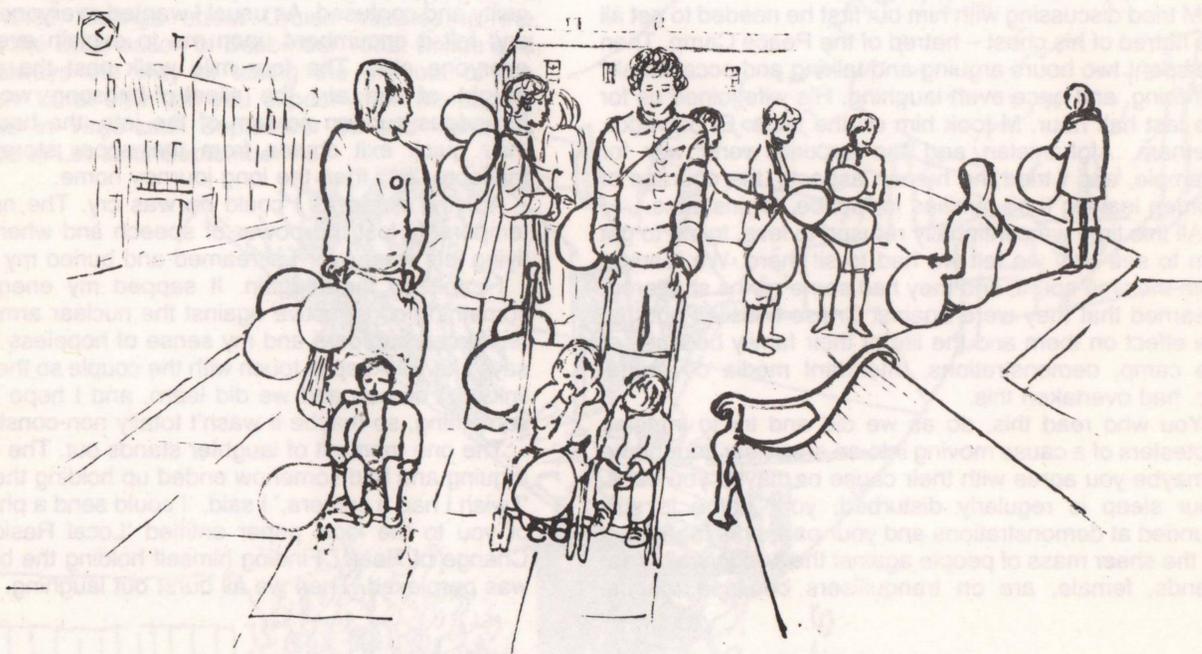
Available from Collet's International Bookshop, London.

This is the first book I have come across in which Soviet women share their experiences of what it is like to live, work, have children and relationships in the Soviet Union. The interviews are conducted in private and intimate circumstances and what emerges are frank personal accounts of their very difficult task in seeking some balance between work and family roles. It is also clear that Soviet women live in a society where being educated and having a profession is taken for granted and employment is guaranteed. They don't have to put up with the ruthless and alienating commercialism we have in the West, nor are they in any way treated as sex objects. Soviet women also seem to have much closer ties with their families who continue to support them and their children well into adult life, which means they don't suffer the loneliness and isolation of the western 'nuclear family' or single-parent family.

However, the Swedish women who did the interviews say: 'Despite the feeling of self-assurance that the woman gets from having a professional life, a conflict often arises between her feminine ideals and the limited opportunities to realise them that the Soviet system offers. It isn't easy to be "soft, calm, patient and beautiful" when one has to struggle with a double work load, stress, long queues, lack of merchandise, preoccupation with the children, and a difficult financial situation. How does one, for example, reconcile the conception that a "good mother should give her child some kind of spiritual guidance," with circumstances that force her to put him or her in a day-care centre five days and nights a week? ... All the women we interviewed unhesitatingly described what being feminine means to them: a woman is soft, agreeable, patient, caring, unselfish ... But there is no conscious attempt to establish a female culture or to give weight to the feminine aspects of society. The community and the workplace are almost exclusively dominated by male standards and ideals, and here feminine qualities are transformed into something like weaknesses that can be exploited.'

'Even if women rarely explained why their situation was unfair, they agreed, almost without exception, that it was. But when we looked for the desire for change, suggestions for solutions, a unified stand among women and a fighting spirit – what did we find? Almost none of these. We seldom found even indignation. For each and every woman, the solution for the time being was private and individual. ... The social solutions they could imagine were somewhere in the distant future, and they were traditional ones: Men have to start helping, the society has to expand services, women should have larger subsidies for children and longer maternity leaves. Their attitude was one of reservation. Maybe things would start to move in the right direction – the government was, after, "aware of the problems."

Each Soviet woman interviewed, and the 13 were from



all walks of life and living in different circumstances, expressed a view that we can only too easily find in our own society.

There's Lyuba, 32 years old, an artist who supports her sick husband and child. Women in our country would doubtless echo her words: 'No, fathers don't have children! If a father stayed at home because his child was sick, it would be truly unique. The only possible reason would be if the mother literally couldn't stand on her feet. A lot of prejudices would have to be overcome if the man were to take care of the children while the woman worked.'

And again parallels with the treatment of women in the west: 'In general, women are in non-mechanised jobs. The subways are staffed with women. They're in jobs that require attention and patience - monotonous jobs. I don't know why teachers, doctors and cashiers should be so poorly paid while a welder makes between 200 and 300 roubles a month!'

Tanya, a 24-year-old teacher: 'I see that men have an easier time of it in a lot of ways. But I also think that the problems we have with men have been caused by women themselves. We women brought them up like that. We reap what we sow. We're so different from you (the women's movement in the west). We aren't active. We've been taught to leave our problems to the government. We don't discuss our problems the same way you do. We can, of course, turn to our representatives. But you can hardly go to your representative and tell him that you want to write your dissertation but that you have two children who need to be cared for. There are more serious problems - the lack of housing for example. In our circumstances I think the most important ingredient is our will. The conflict between children and a job has to be overcome on a personal level. And only the woman herself can do that.'

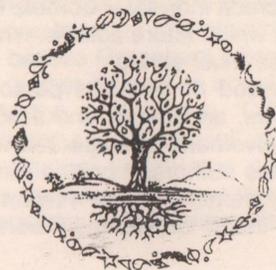
And there's Lyuba again: 'Of course we tell stories, gossip and laugh at what goes on in this country. But what's important is that things aren't as bad as they were. Salaries may be low, but we're still alive! Do you see? Iniquities don't always give rise to anger. Sometimes they make you subservient.'

I think here it is important that we understand a bit of history concerning the Soviet Union. Lenin described housework as 'Barbaric, unproductive, petty, enervating, stupefying and depressing.' The socialist state envisaged by Lenin would liberate women from this and communal and state responsibility would take over. But the doing away with private ownership hasn't changed the family unit which is still an economic entity. And the effect of the last war on the Soviet Union, which was to kill 25 million people, mostly men, cannot be underestimated. 'The surplus of women after the war was enormous, and women needed all their strength for their own and their children's survival. Women had to replace men in heavy reconstruction work, so it was not surprising that later on, when things normalised, women longed for a partial return to the old sex roles.'

On the subject of peace and friendship, here's Lyuba: 'I wish a good life for everyone. In newspaper interviews

women want peace most of all. I do too and I wish there would be an end to all "ideological differences" - that our country and the west could find a common language. You seem to be able to live with your ideals, and we aren't so badly off either. Why is it necessary to be forever trying to prove that one ideology is better than the other? Perhaps we have much more in common than they want us to know?'

Frances Howard-Gordon



LOWER ROCKE'S
BUTLEIGH
GLASTONBURY
SOMERSET
(0458) 50737

Lower Rocke's is a small community providing a caring place for those seeking a new direction in their lives. Our workshops are aimed at enabling people to explore and grow, assisted by practitioners experienced with group work.

Autumn Programme 1983

Friday 7th October to Sunday 9th October	Sexuality & Relationship with Catherine Leder
Saturday 15th October	Tai Chi with Richard Bertschinger
Friday 4th November to Sunday 6th November	Co-Counselling with Hazel Knight
Friday 18th November to Sunday 20th November	Introduction to Postural Integration with Sue Sidery
Friday 25th November to Sunday 27th November	Becoming Whole with Ros Langdon
Saturday 10th December to Sunday 11th December	Womens Weekend

For more information telephone or send us an S.A.E.

Letters

PORTON DOWN

Dear Stephanie,

We had a nasty incident last Wednesday night when two soldiers stole our Elsan Tent and then set fire to Maion's tent. Thank God noone was in it. The Police caught them and we got the Elsan back, but Marion's tent was burnt out. We fear the army will put pressure on the police to cover it up - but they have been charged with criminal damage with intent to cause fire - arson. They say they looked inside the tent first, and seeing as none of us were up at that time we can't dispute this. We wanted to charge them with attempted murder, but now don't think that will ever be accepted. They have to appear on 30th August. We're all pretty nervous about sleeping in tents now - especially as it looks like the MODs have taken their night guard off. So any safe thoughts you can spare would be welcome!

Love and happiness in all you do,

Women for Peace and Animal Liberation
Porton Down
Nr Winterslow
Salisbury
Wiltshire

Dear WFLOE,

I thought you might be interested to know of a story relating to Porton Down, in which the victim is a friend of my father.

This guy is, or rather was, a sales representative covering the West Country. He was having a sandwich lunch one day, near the Porton Down research station when he got stung by some sort of weird-looking fly, the likes of which he had never seen. Very shortly after this he contracted a terrible and unknown fever disease. He was taken from hospital to hospital and referred eventually to the Tropical Diseases hospital in London but no one was able to come up with a diagnosis, much less a cure. The fever is of a malaria-type, recurring at intervals and causes great pain and delirium. This guy has had to give up his job and is a permanent invalid.

The MOD, of course, denied being in any way concerned by this person's plight, but the victim himself is convinced that the thing that stung him caused his disease,

and was something that had escaped from the research station. He had certainly never seen a fly like it before. Just as noone had seen, or was willing to admit to recognising, a disease like the one he caught immediately after being stung.

It seems likely then that the MOD's devilish experiments have already started claiming victims. Not only do the people on the outside not know what is going on inside, the scientists on the inside do not have complete control over what gets out!! I wonder if anyone knows of other such cases.

Before I end, I'd like to ask if among your contacts you know of WFLOE movement or similar in France, preferably in the SW. Please contact me if you do. I'd like to do something more than just subscribe, but so far I've drawn a blank as far as finding a peace movement in or near Bordeaux. The peace movement generally is in poor shape here, it seems. The main group is, hand and glove with the Communist Party and people tend to sneer when you mention Peace Movements.

I wish you all the best and hope your networks grows and grows and grows.

Yours peacefully,
Angela Britton
France (see contacts for
address)

PEACE CAMPS.USA

Dear Stephanie,

Just a note to thank you for putting the two songs in the newsletter. It was very moving reading, especially having experienced so directly the inspiration and impact that Greenham has made. I've just returned from singing in Canada and the States and each place when I sang 'Still We Sing' (which I've retitled 'Shall There be Womanly Times') I talked about writing it for WFLOE and Babies against the Bomb, and almost without exception the mention of Greenham women brought cheers and applause. I felt very privileged to be another little link, or should it be thread, connecting up across such thousands of miles.

I met women who are forming the Alberta Peace Camp in Canada, and visited another Peace Camp near Kent,

I met women who are forming the Alberta Peace Camp in Canada, and visited another Peace Camp near Kent, Washington outside the Boeing Cruise Missile site. They call themselves the Puget Sound Women's Peace Camp and are a small but really inspiring camp. There were quite a few women who wanted the two songs from me and sometimes I had time to put them on tape for them.

The recording of the songs now looks as if it'll be ready for Sept. and will sell at £1 per record... proceeds to WFLOE and Babies Against the Bomb. I'd be glad of any sympathetic people in the Media (currently that sounds like a bad joke) who might publicise the songs and give them air play. Suggestions please.

Love,
Frankie Armstrong
London

P.S. letters of support welcome to:
Puget Sound Womens Peace Camp
64th S & S 212th
Kent, Washington, USA

CRUISE

Dear Sisters,

The arrival date for Cruise is fast approaching and to many people within (and without) the peace movement, the deployment seems inevitable. Resignation seems to be setting in; a belief that it is not physically possible to stop Cruise.

To me, Cruise is a symbol, a forerunner of all those weapons to come and an extension of those we already have. Our countenance of Cruise would be taken by the Government and the state as an acceptance of all those generations of weapons yet to come. It is vital that we do not allow this to happen.

One possible way of preventing this escalation would be an open-ended mass fast, pressing the Government for a

fair referendum on Cruise, and also inspiring a deeper commitment to nonviolence within the peace movement. The proposal is to have 300-500 people taking part in the fast, with an effective regional national support and information network.

A great positive force could be generated by such a fast, as the whole peace movement would be acting together, spiritually and physically; the fast being a focus for many other activities, both locally and nationally. We would be gaining control of our own lives with a completely nonviolent act, with an unmistakable message.

However, without the support of the whole peace movement the fast would lose its impact and be difficult to maintain. When we act together we are strong.

Obviously, such a proposal needs the widest possible discussion, which is why I am writing to you.

Love and peace,
Lyn
Manchester

MUD PIES

Dear WFLOE,

Thanks for sending me your newsletter. One little niggle, it's the language - fine for creating optimism and sisterhood but unintelligible to city gents. Having familial links with natives of the stock exchange and knowing that, in their vocabulary, 'earth' tends to be associated with mud pies and childhood, could anyone give me a crash course in key words for converting these people. After all they are dedicated to getting the best for themselves...

Please help. They've got my father.

Love,
Gillie Evill, Tyne & Wear

PS Any active WFLOE in this area please drop in/drop us a note - I've plenty of teacups!

(see reg. contacts)

NETWORKING

Dear WFLOE,

We now have a local WFLOE group for Dewsbury and district. We meet regularly and will have actions and events as we think of them.

Please could you give my address as above and Christine (0924) 467881 as contacts for the group.

Love and Peace,
Cathy
10 Bank Street
Mirfield, West Yorkshire

RUSSIAN AMAZON

Dear Stephanie,

In the Ukraine, 18 metres north of Melitopol is 'The Stone Grave Preserve' (Sea of Azov area) and there are archaeological 'digs' goin on which prove the existence of the famous Amazon women, the same as jewellery, with the peltae (Amazon's shields) have been found in the Elan Valley area - S Wales. (1st-3rd Cen AD). As you know the Goddess of the Amazons, as at Ephesus, (West coast Asia Minor, now Turkey) was Artemis/Diana. So it would have been nice, if the women from Glastonbury who appeared 'WFLOE' BBC TV Evening News last night, 1st Sept could have made it to the Ukraine with the WFLOE Russian visit.

Love in sisterhood,
Paddy Stone, Wales

GREEN CENTRE

Dear WFLOE,

As a supporter of WFLOE and other green groups, I am speaking for members of these groups and similarly concerned people, who feel the need to establish a Green Centre in the London area where we could come together to exchange ideas, invite speakers, show films/hold exhibitions and generally communicate with

the potentially interested as well as with the already convinced.

Perhaps this would be along the lines of a 'drop in' centre with a wholefood cafe, bookshop, or meeting/activity room(s).

Although green centres have been established in other parts of the country, it hasn't happened in London as far as I know. This being so, I would like to co-ordinate a meeting with representatives of the various groups who would be interested in working towards such a project. One of our first aims would be to find a suitable low cost accommodation.

Could London based members of WFLOE who are enthusiastic about this idea and have some time and energy to spare, please contact me at the address below.

Brenda A. Sawyer
155 Gloucester Place
London NW1
01 402 9229

BIRTH

Dear WFLOE,

For most women the experience of giving birth is the most personally significant event in our lives. We will never forget it. It is such a natural everyday occurrence that its value for the individual woman has been almost completely ignored. I am writing a book about pregnancy and childbirth from the point of view of the emotional and spiritual experience it is for the mother.

I would like to contact women who have experienced pregnancy and childbirth as a psychologically and spiritually transforming process - a way of initiation. I would like to talk to women who have also re-experienced their own time in their mother's womb, their own birth and post-natally while being pregnant and giving birth.

Please write to:

Kathy Jones
Flat 4F
Preston Manor, Wick Hollow,
Glastonbury, Somerset