


LIFE AGAINST DEATH

CITY LIMITS



Life Against Death — Sunday December 12th

All day within the enclosure of Greenham Common, the military busily whizzed up and down in sinister looking vehicles, dark anonymous trucks buzzing along the tarmac for no clear reason, maybe containing uneasy personnel protecting themselves from the women, who rise like lions after slumber distinctly in disturbing number, anarchic and wholly at one — maybe in routine treks or checks of their tophole work to welcome the missiles, the most explosive pricks this world has ever seen — no semen but seeds of destruction, whose sorrowful journey is speedy doomsday.

We held hands in a nine mile circle round the perimeter fence, which we had brought to life by love and common sense with grass-woven symbols, messages, teddy bears, balloons, woollen webs, roses, babygrows, knitted booties, poems, photos, paper christmas trees with streamers, many banners as the morning rising (who is she? — Wisdom), Dutch, Norwegian, solemn compound German from the Greens. We planted primulas still flowering and snowdrop bulbs in hope. We sent round kisses and apples of peace, hand to hand, face to face. There was singing, dancing, picknicking — soggy sandwiches, brandy, oxtail soup. And the spirit was like a mountain, old and strong. It was a sturdy, cheerful quickening.

Poem by Dinah Livingstone
Picture by Raissa Page

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