Will There Be Womanly Times?
ELLEN LESPERANCE
Ellen Lesperance (b. 1971, Minneapolis, USA) lives and works in Portland, USA. She has exhibited widely in the United States and internationally. Solo exhibitions of her work have been presented at Derek Eller Gallery, New York, (2020); Baltimore Art Museum, USA, (2020); Portland Art Museum, USA, (2017); Galerie Anne de Villepoix, Paris, (2016); and Seattle Art Museum, USA, (2010). She has participated in significant group exhibitions internationally, most recently at KAI 10 Arthena Foundation, Düsseldorf, Germany (2021); The Tang Teaching Museum, New York, USA (2020); Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, USA, (2019); Frye Museum, Seattle, USA, (2019); Museum of Art São Paulo, Brazil, (2019); Nottingham Contemporary and De La Warr Pavilion, UK, both (2019); Honolulu Biennial, (2019); Museum of Art São Paulo, Brazil, (2019); Nottingham Contemporary and De La Warr Pavilion, UK, both (2019); Tate St Ives, UK, (2018); and The New Museum, New York, (2017).

NADIA HEBSON
Nadia Hebson is an artist and educator who lives in Stockholm. She uses painting, objects, large scale prints, apparel and text to explore the work and biographies of older colleagues, including: Christina Ramberg, Winifred Knights, Marion Adnams and most recently Monica Sjöö.

Will There Be Womanly Times?, 2021 (detail)
Gouache and graphite on tea-stained paper
106.68 × 74.93 cm, p. 1
Installation view, Hollybush Gardens
Will There Be Womanly Times?, pp. 2–3, 4

The Only Revolution This World Has Ever Seen is the Little Man Against the Bigger Man, but They’re All Mens to Me, 2021 (detail)
Gouache and graphite on tea-stained paper with cut-paper and silver foil 5-colour lithograph,
wool sweater hand-knit by the artist
106.68 × 74.93 cm, pp. 7, 12
Installation view, Hollybush Gardens
Archival slide show
80 image slides and video stills
Dimensions variable, p. 8

Violet is for the Goddess, 2020 (detail)
Gouache and graphite on tea-stained paper,
wool sweater hand-knit by the artist
106.75 × 75.57 cm, pp. 15, 16

Red is for Artists; Orange is for the Mothers and Children; Yellow is for Political Action; Emerald is for Keeping Watch; Woad is for Confrontation, 2021 (detail)
Gouache and graphite on tea-stained paper
106.68 × 74.93 cm, p. 21
NH: Looking at all the new works, garments, paintings, the extraordinarily attentive slide show as well as the publication *Velvet Fist* (2020) and the novel *Peace Camps* (2017), I wanted firstly to go back and acknowledge the political and cultural landscape of the early 1980s in the UK as a way to frame the peaceful direct action of the Greenham Common women. Steve McQueen's recent television series _Small Axe_ (2020), along with Adam Curtis’ _Can’t Get You Out of My Head_ (2021) and strangely the Netflix series _The Crown_ (2016) when triangulated give you a sense of the toxic combination of class, racism, misogyny and inequality that underpinned British society in the ’70s and ’80s and in many forms still does. These TV series and documentary also give an insight into a political reckoning that is taking place now within mainstream cultural thinking and everyday experience, a slow but evident acknowledgement of these injustices. This too reflects how your ongoing project dating back to 2008 is incredibly prescient in its urgency to make visible the significance of the Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp and the moment a group of women, in friendship, horror and hope felt they had to take action to create discussion and change.

Firstly, I was interested in your familiarity with and perception of the political and cultural landscape of the UK in the ’70s and ’80s when you embarked on your research. There are of course shared inequities prevalent in the US and UK but also subtle differences and I was interested in if and how an understanding of these unraveled for you over the course of your extensive research and multiple trips to the UK.

EL: I’m going to say that I am a person who is self-conscious about just how little I know about the world and its histories, and that I operate with the understanding that I have a lot to learn, and I am curious to learn. I met an ex-long-term Greenham camper at a separatist commune in New Mexico in 2005 and my shame at not knowing what Greenham Common was led me to research it. I don’t think it is particularly well known in the US, but even so, I felt like I should have known about it. There is a lot of say about shared inequalities in the cultures of the UK and the US, but I think the particularities of the class divide in the UK feel different than here in ways. Also, there are particularities of 1980s politics in the UK that seem very important to understanding Greenham Common, like the way the police had been utilised by Thatcher’s government to crush union demonstrations, like the economic recession and the role the dole had on the lives of the campers. When I first started my research, I was looking through Greenham-specific archives at the Women’s Library in London. But spending time in archives like the ones at the People's History Museum in Manchester, or the Feminist Archive South...
at Bristol University, or the Mayday Rooms in London definitely helped to round out more of an awareness.

NH: I would be interested to hear your thoughts on this work with archives, and specifically how some of the elements of your practice read as translations rather than interpretations, where subjectivity feels lightly held in the garment or drawing/painting but present in the very choice of the translated item (the new jumpers for example). Is this a fair description?

EL: Yes, that’s a strange thing to be making choices about archival material. I think because my archive is so scrappy, like a large portion of it is blurred images taken from video and film, a lot of the photographs already feel subjective to me because it was my fixated brain that scanned the hour of film and made the image. But also, to design a painting for a garment whose source I’ve only seen part of, or I’ve only seen in black and white, also necessitates subjective decision-making.

I decided to knit one of the jumpers in the exhibit, the black hooded cardigan, because I had such a sense that I knew enough about the source jumper to bring it back into the world. I tracked the Greenham woman who wore that garment through crowds and expanses of video to capture numerous details of the jumper, including its WITCH text, its left lapel moon, the two joined women symbols on its back, even the incredible rainbow LIFE patch on its sleeve. There is one painting in the show, The Second Path of Feminye (2020), that I have made a few versions of because I keep finding new images of that jumper in my searches that further inform my understanding of the garment. Last year, I was able to finally find the reverse side of the garment, and a detail of the sleeve that includes a repeated labrys motif.

NH: In an essay in Velvet Fist, you give narrative shape to your first awareness of the Greenham Common women and appropriately it’s through storytelling and a recounting of shared experience, a sort of oral folk history in the company of women. I wondered what it was about these women’s experiences at Greenham and the documentation of this that has repeatedly drawn you back? In observation, while the shape and form of what happened at Greenham Common represents an incredibly significant moment in British history, it also feels like one that is both visually and mentally absent from the collective historical consciousness.

EL: It’s true. I remember the first time I met Malin Ståhl and Lisa Panting from Hollybush Gardens, I asked them if the Greenham Common Women’s Peace Camp was subject matter that might be deemed ‘icky’ – for lack of a better word – by contemporary Britain,
the way that early, body-based feminist art of the 1970s can feel repellent to certain people (not me of course). For me, the jumpers just have this force, they are like messages in a bottle, and they relate to so many things that I care about. They were made by a generation of women that knew handicraft in a way that we don’t anymore, and – in the shadow of second-generation feminism – these women were nonetheless utilising a craft for self-expression that was easy to deem retrograde.

I think there is a particular genius to knitting that is undervalued, even as we may more easily honour weaving and tapestry traditions. There is sculptural shaping, surface design, texture, but because it is utilitarian and usually woman-made, it is pretty guileless. My quest has been to uncover this history of material culture from Greenham Common: their argumentative jumpers, and to bring them back together and into the cultural consciousness for more attention. And to pattern them so that they could live on in a future world.

I think there is another thing that keeps drawing me back, too, and it has something to do with how familiar the dog whistling and political labeling done to strike fear against the Greenham women relates to the contemporary era in general and to my own life in particular. I have been on public assistance, I have been unemployed, I have been a single mother, and I have had any manner of judgement thrown my way, and I recognise the fight that is involved in doing hard work while navigating the cruel, tangled web of public and personal policing.

NH: I hadn’t thought deeply enough about how knitting coheres artistic concerns, formal elements, along with pragmatism and love, to become a living, aesthetic item. Or rather I understood it intuitively but not consciously, having just had twins I’ve been astounded by the knitted clothing we’ve received from a generation of women who are 60-plus. Incredibly complex and inventive stitches, patterns and shapes that understand little bodies, I’ve also noted that they are often sent with something shop bought, as if the concentration of time, skill and care wasn’t enough. That the knitters of this generation themselves are casual about their creativity and their immense knowledge. I wonder where this casualness stems from – whether it’s a reflection of a wider societal disregard or undervaluing of their creativity or an amazing gesture of taking their skill and creativity in their stride?

EL: My grandmother, Lois Lesperance, taught me how to knit as a child, she was a very talented and prolific knitter, but she would only knit things in the cheapest possible acrylic, even sometimes unraveling old projects for the yarn in order to not spend money on herself. I don’t think she could have been persuaded that her labour was worth
a hundred dollars in yarn, and it's depressing to think about all the forces that align to create a belief like that. But if knitting is also utilitarian and, for her, coming out of a Depression Era money-saving ethos, there are other ways to look at this. Not letting access to capital stop you from creative making was also at play at Greenham, where I have read of campers undoing knit garments to reuse the yarn in a new way, including new jumpers, but also to spin their yarn webs that complicated police-access to demonstrations.

Last year, I was in contact with Juley Howard, the woman who knit the jumper that titled this exhibition, the incredible, brightly-coloured fence-design jumper with the knit-in text WILL THERE BE WOMANLY TIMES? She said that she knit multiple jumpers for women at the camp, and that she also dyed wool from the plantstuffs around the common! She said she had recently donated a surviving wool from the plantstuffs around the common! to the West Berkshire Museum, but I think the dearth of surviving examples of their knitwear of campers' belongings, but I think the dearth of surviving examples of their knitwear speaks volumes regarding the textiles being overlooked as holding value.

NH: The bile vented against the Greenham women and the forms of attempted discrediting specifically centred around gender and sexuality, remain shocking to me even now, but you're right: these malign narratives so lazily deployed have become more than familiar again. The constant refrain in the UK of an indolent poor who bleed the welfare system dry and recently the re-emergence of the scheming single teenage mother as claimed by a London mayoral candidate, would be visible if they weren't still considered real and relevant to the electorate. As you remark, class and class aspiration are riddled real by a large portion of the electorate. I didn't have a studio for years, I struggled with negotiating those boundaries and I didn't know how to politically carve out a creative life nonetheless.

NO: The bile vented against the Greenham women - who were, let's not forget, fighting really hard in a very uncomfortable setting for humankind and the future of the planet - definitely suffered from that judgement: that they were simply unfit women, unfit mothers. This happened in the press, it happened in their personal lives, but also via policing and the court, and by vigilante groups of men that formed to harass and abuse them.

I think that there are always locally to be made regarding a question like: who had access to demonstrate, or to live, at the peace camp? But to say that it was made up of entitled middle class women is, I think, not to appreciate the complexity of its population. I think that is certainly a much fairer critique to level at the 2016 Women's March on Washington in the US, but not at a nearly twenty-year-long, ever-changing, nonhierarchi-cal encampment. I was just recently on a panel with one of the women who helped to organise the 1983 Greenham-inspired peace camp in New York state: The Seneca Women's Encampment for Peace and Justice. She was asked what led to the breakup of the New York camp, and she attributed it partially to 'having to deal with the issue of the lack of women of colour.' She said that the organisers had worked hard to make the camp accessible to differently-abled campers, as well as mothers and children, but that they had failed to do the outreach that would have included more diverse populations in the encampment.

Thinking about outreach at that time is interesting. I mean, to do a phone tree, or to send a chain letter to your group of friends who then in turn send it to their group of friends would clearly be limiting. For me, the work of the Greenham women was astounding and it is a model for us all but understanding the problematic aspects of progressive histories is part of the work that we have to do.

I love considering the essay 'Ideology, Confrontation, and Political Self Awareness' (1981) by Adrian Piper in this context because it was written contemporaneously to the camp. Piper offers us a concept, the 'illusion of Perfectibility,' and with it, she warns against imagining that our ideological thinking need not be constantly reassessed. This is the essay that got me writing my novel Peace Camps. There were problematic aspects of essentialism at Greenham Common, and, to my mind, an exploitative use of Japanese bodies killed and maimed in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and I wanted to try to work through holding together what was most excellent about the camp with the ways that we might now critique it. I had also just had my first child when I started writing that book; I was stuck breastfeeding and needing to be static. I didn't have a studio for years, and writing was one way that I could effec-tively carve out a creative life nonetheless. I struggle with negotiating those boundaries even now fifteen years later because I work
out of my garage, a small space that still has this domestic connection.

Writing also has this weird relationship to painting for me. With both, I get this intuitive sort of unrelenting pressure that builds up to tell me that distinctly different elements that I am interested in could get related through my labour, and it’s like a puzzle to figure out how. I get obsessed with the puzzle. For example, there’s another novel that I know I need to write called *Big Barry on the Prairie* that relates together the men’s movement and Sylvia Sleigh (1916–2010): the Welsh painter whose work I am also deeply enamoured with, whose archive I visited in Los Angeles in 2015, and who – from what I can tell – does not yet have a monograph because she was too dedicated to painting dick.

NH: Ha, yes! Sylvia Sleigh and the men’s movement … I really need to read that novel, not least if you can also shed some light on the mechanics of her marriage to arch reductivist Lawrence Alloway, I mean her work is so completely of the world – of skin, touch, desire, emotional connection – so other to the work he championed and the narrative of 20th century painting he coined.

EL: Agreed. But back to Piper. Her ‘Illusion of Perfectibility,’ this failure of people to continually reassess beliefs and values throughout their lives, certainly brings us around to some of the generational conflicts that we get presented with, including the deep vitriol that now fuels a term like Karen. Because, to bring it back around to the new Adam Curtis documentary – which really should have included Greenham women – there is power in the collective over the individual to bring about cultural and political change, but human lifetimes are short, and I think we would be well advised to join forces in energetic, collective labour over time and across spaces.

NH: I think the inclusion of Greenham Common would have upset Adam Curtis’ narrative drive, which is exactly the problem with his documentaries. Ultimately, a women’s collective revolution succeeded, which is opposite to the conclusions he draws in *Can’t Get You Out of My Head*.

But to return to your point, what you’re saying is so crucial - to be willing to do the work of understanding in the fullest sense: being both critically attuned and somehow historically generous, attentive to the contemporary circumstances that may have shaped thinking, action and ideologies, as imperfect as they (and we) may be. The gift being that in some way you can open up a space and walk around another’s historical moment.

I heard Chris Kraus talk eloquently about this at Raven Row in 2015 in relation to her biography of Kathy Acker (1947–1997) and as she described it – the need to also write a partial history of New York City at a cultural
juncture. Of course this is coloured by her own empathetic reading which so enriches the biography and gives her observations a dizzying charge. In turn for me, this relates back to the empathetic biographical lens through which you attune to the Greenham women's endeavours and the specific symbolic elements and material culture that resonates for you. Have you come across Carla Lonzi's (1931–1982) notion of 'Resonance' in relation to the political freedom imagined conversations between women across time can engender? This is related to her dictum that women should strive to make visible their creative political subjectivity as unexpected subjects, outside of patriarchal constraints. (Her outlook of course presupposes we all possess the privilege to do so, which is of course not the case). But Lonzi's incitement for me chimes with your approach to your practice and why it is so very particular and of course rich.

It's intriguing to hear that Adrian Piper's essay led to the writing of Peace Camps but also to hear about how the activities of painting and writing share a procreant space for you. I wholly recognise where you place the value in these associative activities, that the thing is how the labour can allow you to work through these intuitive or unconscious connections, sometimes between the most discordant elements, to arrive at something unexpected, even transformative. I read Peace Camps in 2017 but also again recently with a group of students. It was fascinating to see how other generations understood it in terms of the protagonist Jean's beliefs but also in terms of the novel as an artwork. What I really appreciated was the space it opened up to think through the complexity, convictions, mistakes, embarrassments, of another's thinking and actions (specifically a principled middle-aged woman), alongside persistent intergenerational misunderstanding, plus the funniest, weirdest masturbation scene I've encountered in a while. What I really got excited about was the way in which your research found form in an imaginarius, in that it's a novel which inventively draws on historical happenings, bringing those details vividly into both present and future consciousness in an unexpected or differently held way. For me, the shape of the encounter shifts how we understand and relate to the history through this invitation to imagine in many different directions. As bold as it might sound, the complexity of human experience is opened out. Focused, attentive research becomes a site for the imagination to take flight.

EL: Yes, I have come across Carla Lonzi's work, but only recently, and only a translation of her 1974 Let's Spit on Hegel. Of course I identified with it immediately. ‘We ask for testimonials for centuries of philosophical thought that has theorized
about the inferiority of women.’ I mean, for me, of course the canonical history of painting the female body is one of those centuries of histories, and to use it to address a female subject was just nothing that I could do in my studio practice. It took a couple of decades of investigation into the alternate descriptive language of knitting Symbolcraft to be able to make the paintings that I can now make. Of course, feeling like I could do that reinvention took allies at critical junctures in my life. Studying at Rutgers University in the late 1990s with teachers like Emma Amos (1937–2020), Martha Rosler, Geoffrey Hendricks (1931–2018) and Hanneline Røgeberg was instrumental after a pretty tired and provincial early arts education. But allowing others’ legacies to grant you a literal license to exist in the world the way that you want to exist goes beyond just being inspirational. I don’t think I could make the work that I make if I had not found out about Monique Wittig (1935–2003), for example. She found that she had to fully reinvent the French language and its insistence on words having this appropriate predetermined gender correspondence in order to write about herself: a lesbian subject. Also artist Nancy Spero (1926–2009), who, in 1973 and in response to the Vietnam War, decided to only paint female subjects, calling her work peinture féminine. Also artist Anne Chu (1959–2016), who I was a fabricator for in New York City in the aughts, and who continuously demonstrated the fiercest self-advocacy to me because she was also continuously underestimated.

NH: Yes those artists, writers, individuals that are mentors, allies, house goddesses, the figures that literally or metaphorically give you permission, I think these are the figures Carla Lonzi is imagining when she speaks of ‘Resonance’. But to bring it back to your work, your own life experiences and the way they lead to an empathetic navigation of the Greenham women’s endeavours feels significant. That your research is driven by a conscious and articulated subjectivity (as I read it) which translates into an inventive expanded practice which sidesteps tired conventions is genuinely arresting. What it appears you have intuited and read across time is an insistent, creative language that can stand critically outside patriarchal lineages of creativity and self-expression and the critical coordinates that have been previously used to decide their cultural value.

EL: Yes, the symbolism of the sweaters is so fascinating in its range but also in its concentrations and exclusions. I created a glossary in the back of Velvet Fist that tries to give some broader context to their symbol use by diving into the diverse histories that they appropriated for communication and self-protection. It was wonderful, for example, under the symbol ‘Breasts’ to posit...
that, yes, finally, here we have it: a graphic image of breasts that falls fully outside of a patriarchal lineage!

NH: The description argumentative jumpers, I’m curious is this how the Greenham women themselves described their knitting? You’ve assiduously collected a huge resource of images which document the details, symbols and political sentiments of the garments, do you think the women had a sense of how the documentation of their protest would be communicated visually through the media? In effect the communicative complexity of dress as a language.

EL: I don’t think you can look at jumpers that bear texts like: NO BAD LAWS or STOP A CONVOY TODAY or POWER TO WOMEN or even PEACE and not imagine that they were seeking to communicate. A lot of the symbolic language from the jumpers was quite legible if you think of them as being a type of body-based placard that could then in turn be reproduced in a newspaper image or on a screen. They wanted more women to come to the camp, and I think the jumpers were certainly beckoning, and beckoning in different ways, and to different audiences.

But I also think of the garments as self-protective, as in, if you knew you would face the adversity that these women faced on any given day, what might you choose to cloak yourself in as a gesture towards claiming power, or as a way to obtain palliative comfort? For example, the jumper that I patterned and then re-knit in the exhibition, Violet is for the Goddess (2020), demonstrates a camper’s desire to cloak herself in a whole new, self-created world with both a reimagined land and skyscape to live within. I think the jumpers are worth being celebrated for multiple reasons, of course as political strategy, technically for the skill they embody, I would hope as art, but also as a sort of human survivalist gesture. For me, the jumpers are excellent, as in, the very apex of human creativity, excellent.

NH: Yes, and your practice so eloquently makes tangible all the bonds, hopes, hardships, endurances, aspirations and incitements to friendship the jumpers command. You and I have previously talked about both Christina Ramberg’s (1946–1995) work and Diane Simpson’s (who you had a two-person museum show with recently) and for me, to some degree, there are shared concerns that go beyond the simple translation of garments with both artists and yourself. I was intrigued to know if and how the show with Diane Simpson may have altered or shifted your own reading of both yours and her work? In observation, I interviewed Diane in 2015 and hinted towards the political origins of her work, (which I read) and she was clear that there were other concerns – perspectival language, the vernacular of domestic interiors, a love of Domenico Gnoli (1933–1970) for example, that are her founding preoccupations.

EL: Personally, I think that to say that your work is informed by being a woman and a mother – which she has – but to then say that it doesn’t have the so-called political aspirations of feminism is to fail to see how pervasively the world has been constructed to exclude us. Some people just don’t go there, or they think the term feminism denotes a very specific theory or set of beliefs that maybe they need to know more about before they can ‘buy in.’

My whole family is from two cities in Wisconsin, US, one being Racine – about an hour north of where Diane Simpson has spent her life and I think I can appreciate how solitary and how difficult her path must have been and how much of that difficulty must have been structural. I spent a few hours with her in 2018 at events around our opening, and I even convinced her to eat her first raw oyster, and I loved spending time with her and her work. Her sculptures are so inventive and so singularly brilliant. And I also don’t think that it is meaningless that her husband seemed surprised to meet my three kids and asked me who cooked dinner for them.

NH: Her tenacity is just remarkable and the circumstance of a creativity rooted in a domestic setting, as indeed is your own, a story so little considered as a feasible template for women’s creative lives. Wherever one draws the line in terms of feminist identification I feel it is worth acknowledging that if an artist’s work doesn’t move beyond its maker’s intentions to resonate into the future, it is in fact inert. With this in mind, I feel that we can’t mentally exhaust the work of Ramberg or Simpson, in each regard it keeps giving, and this is why it is so very precious. I feel the same description applies to your work, in all its generous, multilayered and celebratory forms.

I finally wanted to discuss the materiality of your work, which is so fundamental to its power, in particular the dynamic at play in the paintings which riff off a subversion of formal concerns and a measured geometric language to explore such a vital, emotionally charged herstory. For me they sincerely open out the rules of painting, something I so desperately need to see in the world, and this alongside the greater body of work’s enquiry and solidarity feels as if Carla Lonzi’s critical conception of ‘Autocoscienza’ is made manifest in this wholly vital way. I’d love to hear about your material approach to painting and drawing, this remarkable transparency, shapes as both silhouettes and layers, bodily index and instructional pattern, scale and text.

EL: Sure. The paintings are always made on paper, which is the first strange leap for some
who consider them to be (merely) drawings. They are indeed patterns for knitting as well as paintings, so they are made on a grid which is a knitter’s grid, and therefore conforms to the squat shape of a knit stitch instead of a standard square. The grid is also determined by the weight of a jumper’s perceived yarn, so it changes in order that all the necessary shapes can still fit within the confines of the paper sheet (and sometimes shapes are additionally folded to fit). These interior shapes that form the basis of the paintings’ designs are the pieces that compile a garment – so two sleeves, a front, a back, pant legs, a skirt, maybe a collar, a button placket, etc. They all are placed together in an overlapping design on the page to create a larger, complex shape that is figurative and relational to the literal measurements of a body but appears abstracted to many people.

For me, the brain-colour puzzle that I go about needing to solve with the labour of the work is about keeping each shape legible and distinct from each other (for an imagined knitter to follow, including myself when I work from the painting to recreate the garment) even though multiple distinct patterns and colours are overlapping in places. Everything gets held together and kept separate via the sort of illusion of transparency that you might learn about in a very formal, Bauhaus-inspired design class or colour theory book by Johannes Itten (1888–1967) or Josef Albers (1888–1976), but it is done in a visual vernacular more attuned to the Bauhaus weavers and their gouache instructions for different textile designs or colourways. From a distance, the paintings appear to be weavings to many people, but they are not; they are just made with gouache applied with a brush.

In laying out the paintings’ formal building blocks here, I would hope that they don’t sound overly programmatic or pre-ordained. The truth is, each one is fully a surprise for me. I can’t anticipate how the various layers of colours and patterns will appear when tossed all together on one plane. I also can’t always anticipate which formal elements will take the centre stage visually and it is a delight for me to mix hundreds of different colour variants and watch as that process unfolds.
There are many examples of Greenham Common Women’s Peace Camp activists wearing sweaters with knit-in landscape motifs, an especially poignant choice given the stark environment in which they lived, and the omnipresent threat of nuclear war.

Now a pride-based LGBTQ symbol, it originated in the Nazi concentration camps of WWII where the downward-pointing pink triangle was placed as an identifying badge on gay prisoners. It is estimated that as many as 15,000 gay men were killed in the Holocaust.

The eight-colour rainbow flag was adopted as a pride symbol by the LGBTQ Movement in 1978; it was designed by Gilbert Baker for the Gay Freedom Day Parade in San Francisco. Its colours take on additional symbolic meaning — violet (strength), indigo (serenity), turquoise (art and magic), green (nature), yellow (sun and energy), orange (healing), red (life), hot pink (sex) — and indeed the various campsites that encircled the military base at Greenham Common were identified by colours of the rainbow.

Snakes, a symbol of rebirth, shed their skins and live on, transformed and renewed. Protesters slung over their backs sewn-together yards of bedding, banners, and other handmade textiles to form a snake-like, human chain. These processions sometimes entered the military base for protest events via holes cut into peripheral fencing.

These letters signal a probable political identification with the Women’s International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell, the name for several related but independent feminist groups affiliated with the Women’s Liberation Movement since 1968.

This pictograph, first adopted by Carl Linnaeus in 1751 to denote the sex of plants, today has scientific, social, and political applications.

Snakes, a symbol of rebirth, shed their skins and live on, transformed and renewed. Protesters slung over their backs sewn-together yards of bedding, banners, and other handmade textiles to form a snake-like, human chain. These processions sometimes entered the military base for protest events via holes cut into peripheral fencing.

These letters signal a probable political identification with the Women’s International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell, the name for several related but independent feminist groups affiliated with the Women’s Liberation Movement since 1968.

This pictograph, first adopted by Carl Linnaeus in 1751 to denote the sex of plants, today has scientific, social, and political applications.
Ellen
Lesperance