

Conference Of the Parties 2015 Paris.

I attended the COP in Copenhagen and like the weather the talks were frozen as a snowmans body. As we stood outside the Conference centre our body warmth was the only positive vibe emanating in the surrounding building. The shouts of.. ' Push..' and the carefully rehearsed sway of bodies which were meant to break the lines only contributed to a slight raise in the temperature and our tempers as we realized how disempowerd we really were. There are those on the inside with the power and those on the outside who are the genuine climate experts. We are the ones who travelled there for many hours and days, got snowed in, dug the budget bus out of blizzards and was driven by a driver who coughed so much we thought she was going to go into cardiac arrest at any point in the journey. We arrived to find ourselves herded into a large barn. No food, hot drinks one toilet and only a few familiar faces to keep our ever dwindling morale up. However, we thought we might make a difference, so ,with grim determination we held our bladders . Another venue was found so, we thankfully left the makeshift ersatz concentration camp and found ourselves a deserted school. It was warm and thankfully with toilet and shower facilities.

The familiar faces spread like a home spun blanket and we all found our niche. Meetings were arranged and the assembly hall began to look like Hitlers bunker, maps timetables all adorned the walls. A kitchen organically formed, donations came in. Nearby fences were scaled and various skips scavenged. Waddled in handknitted hats and gloves, gangs of laughing activists with frozen cheeks and snot all laughing loudly at their conquests, unwrapping cheeses of massive dimensions, mishapen bread with all the odour of freshness, showing us the realism of waste in our society. There were moments around the steaming of the ever boiling kettle that our victory seemed inevitable and Copenhagen would be the time and place of our triumph.

Capitalism had no place here, money not a language to be spoken. Buses were the only means of transportation around the various centres where films and talks were shown. These were boarded by the middle door and we jostled amongst the padded overcoats clenching our gloved hands over a non existent bus ticket. Our expectation of a yell from an angry bus driver never came and Copenhagen was ours. Buses were our temporary refuge from the bitter baltic biting wind.

The marches were a godsend you could move and keep your body temperature at the normal rate. The wheelchair my husband steered slid and slithered like a curling game. His brakes unresponsive to his bidding. His body unable to gain the benefit of movement slowly became colder and colder until his body had achieved a living rigor mortis. Amidst the crowds outside the centre of so called climate debates his wheelchair was jostled and held. A huge sense of unified activism. It was his wheelchair had become the focal point of the demonstration and all nationalities were protecting my husband from the malicious onslaught of baton wielding Danish riot police slashing out indiscriminately as if we were the very culprits of Climate change.

The sense of community and cooperation had won the day in our small autonomous world. This sense of togetherness which is an essence of what should become a pandemic spreading throughout all the countries seeped in capitalism and all the ills of the world herein.

Unfortunately, this was us with our answer , those being hurtled indoors were escorted there in black limousines, wined and dined on expensive food, wine and bottled water . The carbon guzzlers, the multi nationals, the political leaders those who could make or break the talks with so much to gain through fossil fuel addiction and a blind eye to sustainable alternative technology. It will cost £122 m to hold the Paris Cop talks. A Climate Conference which will be funded partially by General Motors( who funded the climate-sceptic Heartland Institute ),EDF, Engie,(formerly known as GDF Suez)Air France,Renault -Nissen and BNP Paribas.

It beggars belief that a Climate conference should include these despots of climate polluters, instead of excluding them totally and inviting instead all the sustainable energy companies who really do have the climate and the wellbeing of Gaia at heart. As they perch at their polished tables, deaf to our demands, blind to our undulating mass gathering outside. I know which side I want to be part of and maybe just maybe like the Mayan prophesy some one might see we were right and like the emperor with no clothes one day they might take notice of the small voice in the crowd.

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