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OPERATION SPLISH SPLASH SPLOSH

Corporal Clutter of CIRCA

The Global Day of Action against Climate Change is a squelcher. Having outfitted bikes with feather boas, the well-trained buffoons of 21st squadron Glasgow Kiss pedal towards the Boogie on the Bridge. How many riot squad vans does it take to thwart one gaggle of clowns? At a red light, General Support (we are all privates, generals, fools) smiles into the tinted windows. 'Think you can fit in a few more, don't you? Consider a carpool.'

We wear black armbands, and General Strike has balanced on her handlebars a flap of cardboard bearing the day's message: Oil-War-Terror

We lose the cop cars and get to the bridge just in time to make an entrance. It's a slick party, but after failing figure-eight cycle formation we receive intelligence that the gaggles are converging. By the time we arrive, Operation Splish Splash Splosh is underway. Our comrades have commandeered a kiddie pool and three mermaids. The Shell station is awash with red-nosed sunbathers, pink fluff and swimming instructors urging drivers to prepare for the fishes. In high afternoon heat, clowns play on the premises of two petrol stations, transforming them into urban oases of the hallucinatory variety. We get on our knees to pray to the filling stations and flirt with the pumps ('Oh, it's soooo big'). We play tig and lay about. We charm workers into donating an application form for assistant manager. The media are loving it. The cops are bemused but amusingly impotent. Shutting down the oil industry has never been more fun. Mission accomplished.