

Earth First!

Headwaters Forest Alert!

Earth First! is calling an action alert this summer for Headwaters Forest. While the Santa Rosa Press Democrat blathers on about legislative proposals to save this incredible grove of 2000-year old redwood trees, both Maxxam and Elk River Timber Co. (Sierra Pacific) are quietly filing timber harvest plans to clearcut around it. The most urgent of these is Elk River's plan for a 180-acre plan to clearcut right up to the edge of the ancient forest. This plan is nearly through the Department of Forestry's review process, and cutting is expected to begin this summer.

The targeted area, known as THP 93-096 HUM to the bureaucratic robots who approve these plans, borders the north side of the Headwaters old growth. It is a mature stand of second-growth redwood, which is beginning to recover old-growth characteristics. It is also a connecting corridor to another 1500 acres of mature trees, and needs to be preserved as a buffer zone if the already isolated Headwaters Forest is to survive.

One of the ironies of this timber harvest plan is that the area scheduled for clearcutting would have been a perfect place to use the new restoration forestry techniques being advocated by Rudy Becking and other forward-thinking foresters and loggers. A carefully selected thinning could actually hasten the forest's recovery while still providing jobs for the loggers and profits for the rich man who owns the land—in this case, A.A. Emmerson, heir to the Sierra Pacific family fortune. But Emmerson, like his buddy Harry Merlo, wants it all now. So clearcut it is.

You would think that a clearcut right up to the edge of such a precious ecological preserve as Headwaters Forest would violate *some* environmental law. Headwaters is home to a dense population of marbled murrelets, who have taken refuge in a shrinking area of ancient forest as the surrounding old growth has been cut. Murrelets are an endangered sea bird that nests only in the old growth forests. Their California population once ranged all along the redwood coast and numbered about 60,000. Now there are less than 2,000 left in California and they live in three isolated areas, one of which is the Headwaters. But never mind, says Fish and Game, the agency whose job it is to enforce the Endangered Species Act. Clearcutting this migration corridor and potential future habitat area will have "no impact from a murrelet's standpoint."

Recently, EPIC filed a lawsuit against US Fish & Wildlife and Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt for failing to enforce the Endangered Species Act in Owl Creek. We can expect another lawsuit if the plan is approved. But like Owl Creek, we will probably have to defend this land with our bodies while the timber companies act to take down as many trees as they can before a court restraining order can be issued. So be prepared to quit your job on short notice this summer. Headwaters is the best of what little is left of

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Mayday - Earth First! and Albion Nation perform the traditional Beltane penis-binding dance at a celebration in Albion this year.

Photo by Nicola Boyne

Yarn Stops Helicopters In Albion

by Naomi Wagner

In a dazzling display of choosing and using the right tools for the job, Friends of Albion Nation Linda Perkins and Bill Heil coordinated a swift and successful defense against yet another rapacious assault on their sorely overcut coastal watershed, this time by corporate timber giant Georgia Pacific, featuring a helicopter logging show.

Alert locals became suspicious of possible winter logging plans in the neighborhood when they noticed numerous rock and gravel trucks on Albion Ridge Road. Knowing the county was too broke to fix the road, and assuming G-P or L-P would be unlikely to be so generous, they investigated further and discovered preparations for at least two helicopter pads, each a couple acres big, one for each steep slope of the Albion River/Salmon Creek drainage.

A call to county public works revealed the gravel was being hauled without a permit, and Public Works (which foots an annual million dollar bill for log truck damage to county roads) complained to the Board of Supervisors about G-P's unannounced winter hauling plans.

Their cover blown, G-P filed timber harvest plan #1-92-442, and the community shifted gears, studying and submitting comments on the plan, contacting Water Quality and the Dept. of Fish and Wildlife with their concerns, informing their neighbors, talking on local radio shows

and writing in the papers. But the "most effective organizing tool," said Linda, was the community bulletin board at the local store.

"We put up maps and updated the information almost every day," Linda recalled, "and people would gather around to find out what was happening." They kept the bulletin board current through the season's heaviest storms, using double plastic ziplock baggies and the sturdiest tacks to secure their notices. "Ours were still up when everything else was blown away," said Linda, with a sense of satisfaction.

When THP review day arrived, we couldn't resist a little fun. Figuring that no one in the government bureaucracies will listen to anyone who doesn't wear a tie, we decided to stage a "tie-in" at the CDF's Ukiah office. When the day came, Bill and Linda met a group of us in the parking lot with an armful of ties for us to wear. We proceeded to the office, only to be told that review day had been postponed. But when they saw our ties, they let us in anyway, and we sat around the big table in the conference room for a two hour informal review that was both lively and informative.

CDF Chief John Teie (pronounced "tie"), said he realized the public was demanding "higher forestry standards," but he said his hands were tied, since he didn't have the funding to do the necessary studies. Bill Heil pointed out that it didn't take much studing to know his watershed stats: total timber - 6,000 acres, G-P owns - 4,000 acres, G-P has cut - 3,000 acres. But John Teie said he couldn't see how that tied into CDF's rules.

Helicopter logging, once touted as environmentally sound, turns out to have an impact rating of .5, which doesn't quite convey the intense noise levels, air and water pollution from military-sized choppers burning 180 gallons of jet fuel per hour and requiring mini-clearcuts for landing pads. The low impact claims came from the supposed lesser need for new or rebuilt haul roads, a major source of sediment in our starved-for salmon creeks.

(continued page 10)

Earth  First!
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Ukiah, Ecotopia, 95482

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Maxxam clearcut — All Species Grove

Action Alert (cont.)

the ancient forest. And we can't let them slice it to pieces.

But of course, slicing it to pieces is exactly what Charles Hurwitz and Maxxam have in mind. Maxxam, who has been clearcutting around the edges of the Headwaters ancient forest core for years, has just filed several more timber harvest plans in the area. Two of them (032 and 091) are in the Elkhead Springs area, just east of the piece Sierra Pacific/Elk River Co. wants to slaughter. Elkhead Springs is a grove of ancient forest, second growth, and residual old-growth near Headwaters, which has already been separated off by past logging operations (see map, page 3). Maxxam's plans for this area are still in the earlier stages of the review process, so we still have a chance to comment and to pack the review team meetings. Right now the plans are held up waiting for Fish and Game to come up with more information on the murrelets. Murrelets have been observed flying through the second growth in Elkhead Springs to get to their old-growth nesting areas, but once again Fish and Game thinks its okay to clearcut. They propose leaving a 300-foot buffer zone next to the old-growth during breeding season only (April-August), after which it could all be cut. They can't say what the Murrelets are supposed to do next year.

Maxxam has recently filed several more harvest plans in the Headwaters area, but we do not have details yet. We need people to submit comments, write letters and attend hearings on these timber harvest plans as they go through the review process. Public opposition is a legally acknowledged factor in deciding whether to approve a timber harvest plan, and lawsuits are much more likely to succeed if we cover these early steps.



It is important to remember why Headwaters Forest is still standing, and why the government is even talking about preserving it. Headwaters Forest was discovered, named, mapped and made an issue of by trespassing Earth First!ers. They photographed this 3000-acre primeval forest, with its 20-foot diameter trees and 6-foot tall ferns, and publicized Maxxam's plans to log it. EPIC filed lawsuits that delayed the cut, and Forests Forever named Headwaters for state acquisition in their narrowly defeated voter initiative.

In 1990, on the eve of Redwood Summer, a group of Earth First!ers who happened to be trespassing in the area again caught Maxxam gouging a 30-foot wide, mile long logging road right into the heart of the Headwaters ancient forests. In the glare of negative publicity that resulted, Charles Hurwitz "voluntarily" backed off from cutting Headwaters while the government negotiated to buy it. But at the same time he concentrated on limiting and isolating the 3000-acre grove by clearcutting everything around it.

Forests Forever brought statewide attention to the Headwaters Forest, but Redwood Summer brought it national and international attention. One of the most courageous actions of Redwood Summer was in Murrelet Grove, right on the edge of Headwaters, where demonstrators stood their ground against charging bulldozers and got buried up to their knees. Although Murrelet Grove was eventually cut, Hurwitz is well aware of the kind of opposition he will run into if he tries to cut Headwaters.

In 1991 EF! blockaded Maxxam's cutting of baby trees on the edge of Headwaters, in an effort to fragment the 3000-acres of ancient forest separating off a narrow piece of it. In 1992 we were in Owl Creek to stop that illegal old-growth cut. This summer we are preparing to be out there again as Hurwitz makes a final grab before legislation can be passed to protect Headwaters. We demand a total moratorium on logging in the entire 72,000 acre Headwaters Complex, as defined in the Headwaters Legislative Action Team's proposal (see page 3).

If you are available for direct action defense of the forest this summer, or if you can help by writing letters of comment on timber harvest plans or attending hearings on them (usually in Fortuna), please sign up on the enclosed Urgent Response Network form so we can notify you. We also (as usual) need cash to finance this effort, and donations will be gladly accepted. For current status reports on the Headwaters timber harvest plans, call Jamie Romeo, at 707-822-6918.

How Hurwitz Stole Headwaters

by Judi Bari

Charles Hurwitz stole Headwaters Forest outright. He put down not one cent for it, yet now he owns the deed to Headwaters free and clear, with no debt attached. And he pulled this off with such a dazzling display of deceit that you can really see how Hurwitz earned his title as the King of Sleaze.

The Headwaters coup began in 1986, when Hurwitz took over Pacific Lumber in a junk-bond buyout. The price tag on the company was \$900 million, but Hurwitz put up only \$150 million, and floated himself \$750 million of junk-bonds to cover the rest of the purchase price. Then, as soon as he "owned" the company, he began to liquidate its assets. He looted the workers pension plan for \$55 million, sold the welding division for \$350 million, and sold the office building in San Francisco for \$35 million. Hurwitz also more than doubled the cut of old-growth redwood, raking in an estimated \$500 million or more.

That's nearly \$1 billion dollars that Hurwitz took out of Pacific Lumber in just 7 years, and it would have been enough to pay off the entire junk-bond debt. But Hurwitz didn't use this money to pay off his debts. He used it to buy Kaiser Aluminum, and to stuff his pockets. So this year when the junk-bonds became due, Hurwitz still owed \$579 million.

And here's where the really slick stuff begins. In order to get out of the remaining debt without having to actually pay it, Hurwitz decided to split up Pacific Lumber Co. and refinance it. He submitted his plan to the Securities Exchange Commission, as required by law, stating that he was splitting Pacific Lumber into two new companies — Scotia Pacific and the new Pacific Lumber. Scotia Pacific got all the cut-over lands, and carried a debt of \$364 million. Pacific Lumber got all the old-growth, including Headwaters Forest, and carried a debt of \$215 million. And, although some environmental groups objected to this plan during the comment period at the Securities Exchange Commission, nothing could be done to stop it.

Then, shortly before this company split was approved, Hurwitz pulled off the coup de grace. He submitted a last minute amendment, adding a third company to the split-up. This company is called Salmon Creek Co., and it consists solely of the 3000-acre Headwaters ancient forest, and another 3000-acres of surrounding buffer zone. And on the Salmon Creek Co., which was the most valuable part of the originally proposed new Pacific Lumber, Hurwitz placed no debt at all. And so, with this slight-of-

hand Hurwitz managed to gain free and clear title to Headwaters Forest without paying a cent, and without any public notice or opposition.

While all the financial pundits scratch their heads and wonder what happened, Hurwitz is once again laughing all the way to the bank. He got out from under the original junk-bond debt. He used the company split-up as a financial shell game to shift the debts to the less valuable parts of the company—with the least valuable part, the cut-over lands of Scotia Pacific, carrying the most debt (\$364 million), and the new Pacific Lumber Co., consisting of the remaining old-growth minus Headwaters carrying the rest of the debt (\$215 million). That's how Hurwitz stole Headwaters Forest, and now he owns it free and clear.

So now Hurwitz is ready to talk to the government about selling Headwaters for another outrageous profit, which he can pocket in its entirety without applying any of it to his massive debt. Hurwitz is demanding "fair market price" if Headwaters is to be preserved, and that is bound to be at least \$500 million. It is an absolute travesty that the government is planning to reward this master criminal buy paying him half a billion dollars for stealing Headwaters. Yet Maxxam had the audacity to call the government's plan to purchase Headwaters a "land grab".

EF! certainly agrees that Headwaters must be preserved, and that that is the first priority. But Hurwitz should not get one cent for it. He has certainly committed enough corporate crimes that, even by the laws of capitalism, there is plenty of justification for seizing the land without payment. After all, the government claims the right to seize land from small marijuana growers who aren't hurting anyone. Yet Hurwitz, in addition to all his dubious dealings in the redwoods, deliberately bankrupted a Savings and Loan in Texas in a deal with Michael Milken in 1988. The U.S. government then bailed out his S&L for \$1.6 billion. And even on top of that, Hurwitz managed to "lose" \$500 million, which just sort of disappeared when the FDIC tried to balance the S&L's books. So by any standards, Hurwitz owes the government. In fact, he ought to be in jail.

This is why the Headwaters Legislative Action Team (the Goddess Squad) is proposing a Debt for Nature swap for Headwaters Forest. If it's good enough for Costa Rica, it's good enough for Hurwitz. This is the only "fair market price" that EF! could support. Debt for Nature, Jail for Hurwitz. And let the ancient redwoods stand.



The Goddess Squadess

Headwaters Legislative Proposal

by Maribelle Murrelet

Earlier this year, Northcoast Congressional Rep Dan Hamburg asked several local activists to produce a proposal for federal legislation to preserve Headwaters Forest. As a result, an ad hoc committee called the Headwaters Legislative Action Team (the Goddess Squadess) came together, consisting of many of the key activists who hiked, mapped named, litigated, documented, and defended Headwaters Forest in our community. The proposal they drafted is the only biologically sound redwood wilderness proposal on the legislative table. Of course, it is now being discounted and ignored by the same congressman who ask that be written, which is why Earth First! does not work in the legislative system. Nonetheless, this proposal is worthy of support, and is certainly worth a phone call to let our new "environmental" congressman know what the people who elected him think of his backsliding.

Headwaters Redwood Forest Complex

Ancient redwoods, and the many species of plants and animals that depend on them, cannot be preserved in small, isolated clumps. They exist in ecosystems, and they need buffer zones and corridors for genetic diversity, animal migration, and climate moderation. Redwoods are particularly susceptible to "blow down" and "the edge effect" because they don't have deep tap roots, and co-exist through their interlocking surface roots. A 300-foot tall redwood has only a 6-foot tap root.

This proposal, therefore, is not simply to save the 3000-acres of ancient forest in the Headwaters grove. It is to create a viable ecological reserve that unites Headwaters with four other fragmented old-growth groves: Owl Creek (480 acres), All Species Grove (420 acres), Allen Creek Grove (480 acres), and Shaw Creek Grove (237 acres). The entire reserve is 73,000 acres, and it follows watershed lines to connect it to the Humboldt Bay National Wildlife Refuge to the west. It is called the Headwaters Redwood Forest Complex.

The connecting lands between these groves of old-growth range from trashed-out clearcuts to mature second growth and residual old growth. The land is to be managed for the restoration of wilderness, in order to re-create a healthy ecosystem in which some of the last of the ancient redwoods can survive. The science of wilderness restoration is in its infancy, and this area is ideal to serve as a laboratory for its development. The scattered pockets of old-growth in the complex, ranging from 2 to 100 acres, contribute to genetic diversity and provide sources for soil microorganisms that are necessary to the recovery of the ecosystem. The mature second growth stands, some up to 100 years of age, are beginning to exhibit old-growth characteristics, and offer potential for re-colonization by old-growth dependent species. Clearcut areas can be restored through the planting of succession species, in imitation of nature's ways.

The Headwaters Complex offers tremendous biological diversity. Ranging from sea level to 3000 feet, it includes lowland riparian areas, moist



2000-year-old redwoods in Headwaters Forest

redwood-dominant forests, redwood and fir co-dominant forests in the drier eastern zones, upland prairie and buttes and oak woodlands. Coast redwood, Douglas fir, grand fir, Western red cedar, Pacific yew, madrone, red alder, California bay laurel, and tan oaks all thrive in the various micro-climates. Among mammals in the area are the California black bear, mountain lion, coyote, black tailed deer, flying squirrel and re tree vole. Birds include Northern spotted owl, marbled murrelet, osprey and goshawk. Steelhead trout, Coho and Chinook salmon have their healthiest remaining California runs in this area.

Forest Rehabilitation Jobs Program

In addition to being the only biologically sound proposal for the preservation of Headwaters Forest, this plan is also the only one that offers compensation for the timber workers who would be displaced by locking up the old growth. Pacific Lumber employees and displaced workers from L-P and Simpson helped put together this package. It is based on the principle that P-L employees are not responsible for Charles Hurwitz's crimes, and they should not have to bear the brunt of them.

The worker package, called the Forest Rehabilitation Jobs Program, offers displaced workers equivalent jobs at equivalent pay to those lost, working to rehabilitate the damaged connecting lands in the Headwaters Complex. This is not a make-work program—it is essential to the biological part of the Headwaters proposal. It unites the needs of the workers for jobs in the local community, using their existing skills, with the needs of the forest for rehabilitation. It fits in with the Clinton administration's statements about ecosystem management and putting America to work building for the future. And it serves at once the needs for social

and ecological justice.

About 100 restoration jobs are estimated for this project, but the creation of the Headwaters Complex would displace about 200 workers. Therefore, this plan offers a voluntary severance program for workers who want to opt out. Options range from early retirement for older workers to monetary support for school, retraining, or relocation, to a lump-sum severance payment.

The cost of providing 100 jobs at \$30,000 a year (for wages and benefits) is \$3 million a year. This amount is minuscule compared to what the Forest Service now spends on subsidizing the cooperations to loot the national forest, and that money can and should be diverted to this type of program. Adding the cost of the severance plan, this package would cost about \$50 million over a 12 years—again a small investment from the government's standpoint, for a great benefit to the forest and the community.

Debt For Nature

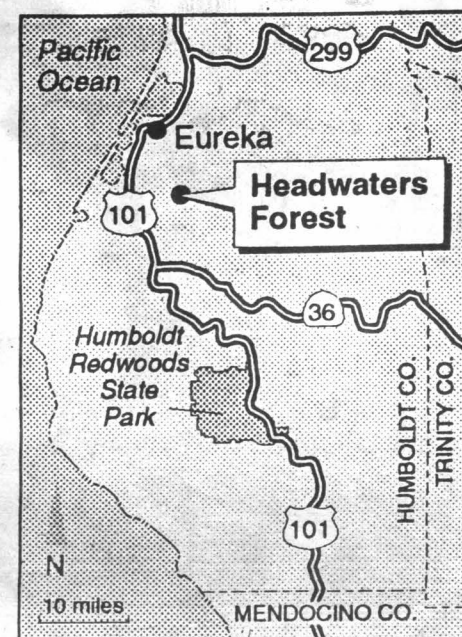
Charles Hurwitz says he is willing to sell Headwaters Forest to the government for "fair market value". Considering the crimes he committed to gain "ownership" of these magnificent forest lands, (see related article), the only fair market value would be a Debt for Nature swap. This is proposed as the first priority for financing the acquisition of Headwaters Redwood Forest Complex. Other options include non-governmental agencies such as Trust for Public Lands and Nature Conservancy, or State and Federal general funds. These last redwood forests are a national treasure, and they must be preserved.

Competing Plans

Two other plans have been proposed for the acquisition of Headwaters Forest. Rep Pete Stark has put forward a

plan to save 23,000 acres. And Charles Hurwitz says he is willing to sell 4,500 acres. Despite his public rantings about government land grabs, however, it is clear that 4,500 acres is only Hurwitz's opening gambit, since the holding company into which he sectioned off Headwaters Forest is 6,000 acres. For this reason, we call the 4,500-acre plan the "Less-Than-Hurwitz Proposal". Yet the 4,500-acre plan is the one currently supported by our "liberal" congressman Dan Hamburg. Hamburg's aide Kate Anderton has also stated that Hamburg will not support any plan that includes a worker compensation package.

So, despite our well-earned resistance to working in the stacked and corrupt system, we think it's time to give Hamburg a piece of our minds. We have a chance to implement a serious and well thought-out proposal to save Headwaters, and Hamburg is ready to roll over before the compromising has even begun. Call Hamburg and let him know you support the 73,000-acre Headwaters Redwood Forest Complex proposal, with the worker compensation package. His number in Washington is 202-225-3311. His office in Ukiah is 707-462-2515.



Harry, forgive me for I have sinned. Yes, I did trespass on Your divine property. Yes, I did block Your supreme grader. Yes, I did use Your Enchanted Meadow, including swimming and canoeing in Your river. Yes, Lord Harry. I did all these things. SO SUE ME!

— Lisa Bari, age 11

From the evening of May 3 until early morning on May 18, 1992, I inhabited a platform suspended on a tree on Bear Claw Ridge. I derived amusement, aesthetic pleasure, psychological insight and spiritual sustenance from the property, thereby obtaining the benefits of the full value of the property without securing permission from, nor providing payment or compensation to, the owner. Furthermore, I repeatedly committed theft, securing for my own private use the oxygen made available by the trees on the property. I had communion with redwoods, raptors, and other living inhabitants which L-P was attempting to remove from the property; I confess to a malicious intent to aid these beings, who were trespassing against the apparent wishes of the owner of the property. I have enthusiastically encouraged other parties to resist L-P's attempts to remove non-human inhabitants from the property, and I continue to do so. SO SUE ME!

— A benevolent recidivist,
Jacob Bear (previously "Emerald")

I may not have been there in body, but my Redwood/Spotted Owl soul was with each and every one of you who tried their hardest to stop the *Reckless Disregard* of (Our) Redwoods and Wildlife.

Snitch Survey:

1. It was me you felt buzz by your ear.
 2. Me again.
 3. I did it.
 4. Look, I'm over here (*Tee Hee Giggle Snort*).
 5. Quick, before the glue dries.
 6. and 7. I am Spiderman (soft and hard).
 8. That was me you saw.
 9. I'm an Enchanted fellow.
 10. Hey Bozo, over here again!
- Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
L-P, You must be kiddin'. SO SUE ME TOO!

— Greg Catlett
Soledad

Confessions

L-P Yes We Did!

I confess to everything. Everything! And if there is anything I didn't actually do, I thought of it. I'm serious. I'm solemn. I'm grave. I'm guilty. Guilty! Guilty!

I'm grave but also glad. It's a marvelous thing: to be guilty. Only the living can be guilty. The dead are not even - the dead. The dead are - simply living no more. Deadness is an idea the dead do not have.

So we celebrate our guilt, our living, on this fine day, right here by the courthouse, where guilty judges judge our guilt. One fine day, all of us here now will be dead, will be guiltless. Therefore it is better to have mercy on the living.

— Louis Korn

I did intake support, I trespassed on your land, I stayed up all night two nights in a row talking to Danny Pardini on the radio so he wouldn't hassle our sitters or catch those spiders. I resupplied sitters, yarned gates, sat in a tree for two days, sat in another tree for a while. I blocked roads with slash and tipped a van in front of the gate. It needed to be done and I did it because I don't want to see this county turn into a giant suburb. There's not much left, redwood-wise, and we all have to stop this madness! SO SUE ME!

— Navarro Stream (aka Peanut, aka Shelly, aka Michelle)

I played a drum while a person "locked down" to the axle of a log hauling truck. I enjoyed a Sunday pic-nic in Enchanted Meadow. SO SUE ME!

— Steven Day

I trespassed on L-P land during a demonstration to save the Enchanted. I have also conspired to overthrow, overgrow, and overknow the industrial Police State — L-P Corp. in particular. Nature Bats Last. Earth Jobs First! SO SUE ME!

— Mark Randall

Oh dear, I hope it's not too late to confess. I did it, too. I'm guilty of trespass and road blockage and thought crimes. What's worse, I know I'll do it again. Please stop me before I sit in a tree. SO SUE ME!

— Lanny Cotler

I was being carried by my mother in a front pack and I watched all that was going on. Are you guys going to leave me any trees? I hope so. I am now 8 months old, and it seems likely that there won't be any (save a few in a park) that will survive. Then they'll die for lack of a proper habitat. Ah well. Let's please not be so greedy. SO SUE ME!

— River Lassatovitch

I yarned and I darned L-P for ecocide. SO SUE ME!

— Walter Camp

We confess that we have set foot upon roads and trails within the area known to us as Enchanted Meadow and known to L-P as THP's 100 and 145. We confess that we encouraged others to also set foot upon this land for the purpose of stopping L-P's logging operations there. We confess that we encouraged people to employ nonviolent civil disobedience, including: tree sitting, yarning, road blocking, cat and mouse, etc., and encouraged them to repeatedly employ these tactics even though it meant suffering the pain of arrest and persecution by SLAPP suit. We confess that we intend to all of these things again and again, as long as we believe that such action is necessary to oppose illegal logging operations being performed by L-P. We confess that nothing will cause us to stop or refrain from such actions: no fine, no arrest, no conviction, no injunction and in fact, nothing short of death itself, will cause us to cease our opposition to L-P's illegal and destructive practices. SO SUE ME!

— Gary and Betty Ball

I had been hearing about the brave resistance at the Enchanted Meadow through the media for a couple of weeks when work slowed down enough for me to go there and find out more. I walked down Slaughterhouse Road with a woman from the Willits Environmental Center, listening to chainsaws and wondering whether or not to run when confronted. After observing the operation from the meadow for a while we attempted to go back up the road but were prevented by L-P security chief Frank Wiggington who told us to "get your asses in the river" in an irate voice. We explained to him that we merely wished to return to our car and the top of the road, but he went on threatening us and refused. The only other feasible return route that I was aware of was a 3-mile walk following the Albion River west to the ocean, then going back east another 3-miles along a county road. As it was already late afternoon and we had wet shoes we decided to take the 1/2-mile walk back up the road, for which we were arrested and are now being sued. SO SUE ME!

— Glenn Martin

I admit it, L-P! I was a ringleader in the Albion Uprising. I spoke at rallies and encouraged people to trespass on your property, sit in your trees, and spider web with yarn. I painted the banner for the first tree-sit. When your goons were harassing Little Tree, I went on the radio and called for people to come and help her. I even gave directions how to get there. I trespassed on your property on April 24, June 8, and on many other occasions too numerous to remember. I played fiddle, sang, and composed songs mocking your security guards, foresters, and even Harry Merlo himself. Oh yeah, and by the way, I leaked your secret internal memos from L-P executive Bob Morris to the press last year too. SO SUE ME!

— Judi Bari

I, Duncan Blake, 2130 Redwood Hwy, #C-12, Greenbrae, CA 94904 do hereby declare that I have, on several occasions trespassed on land owned by Louisiana-Pacific. I have also encouraged my friends to trespass on these same lands with me. I also intend to continue this behavior in the future and to encourage my friends to do the same. That land is too beautiful to resist. Wait, I hear it calling me now... Gotta Go. SO SUE ME!

— Duncan Blake

I, Ben De Bolt, age 65, white male caucasian, do confess to trespass on what I believe to be Louisiana Pacific land off Albion Road, on the weekend of 22 August, while in Mendocino County visiting our forest property there. I confess that I parked my car on the edge of the road, walked into the bushes and peed on what I believe to be L-P property. My wife is not implicated in this confession since she didn't have to pee. SO SUE ME!

— Ben De Bolt

I trespassed on L-P property at albion to observe what were described as "major crimes against the balance of nature". When I realized the devastation that was actually occurring, I joined in attempts to discourage this destructive and self-defeating behavior. This included providing encouragement and support to tree sitters, cat and mouse games, and participation in non-violent protest. I am most emphatically opposed to L-P's attempts to suppress dissent against its corrupt activities and intend to continue my opposition to this type of corporate fascism in the future. SO SUE ME!

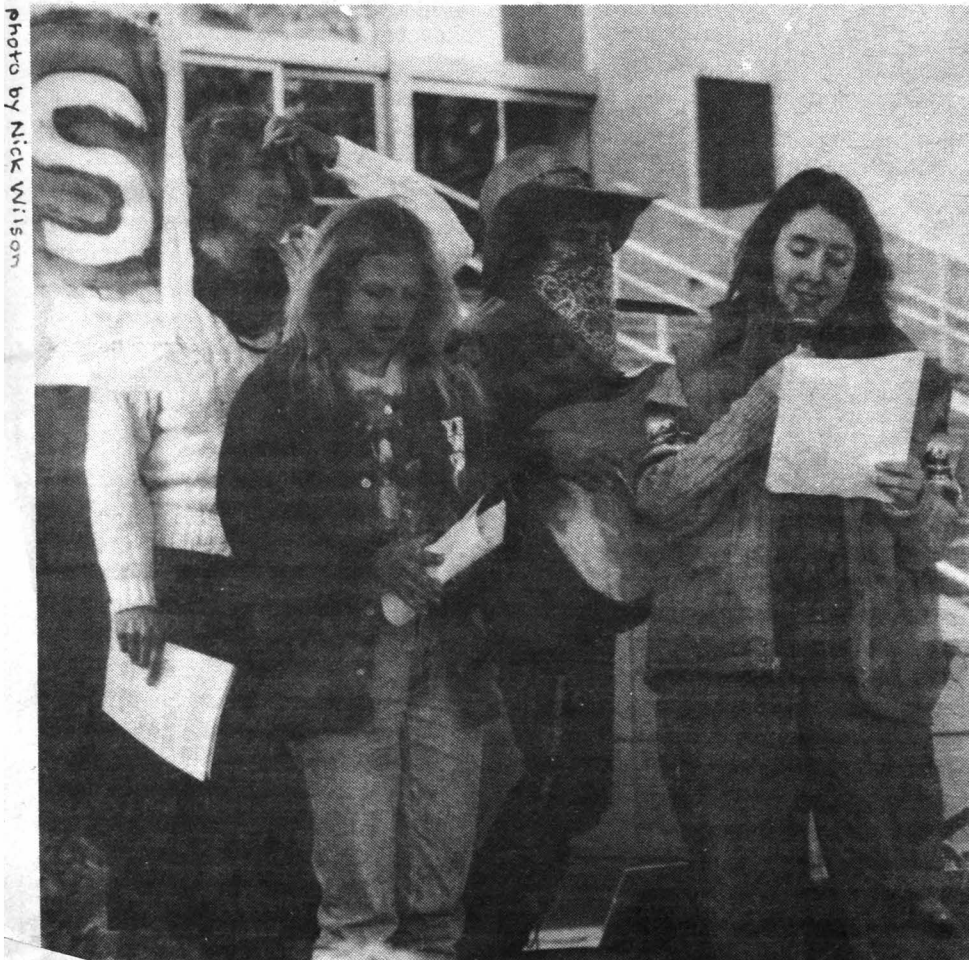
— Marc Labelle

Yes! I confess that I have trespassed on L-P land at one time or another on foraging forays and that I have sat in trees repeatedly since I was a small child. I am only sorry that I haven't trespassed and tree sat with the whole Albion Nation as I should have and WILL in the future and will not be sorry! SO SUE ME!

— Ellen Faulkner

I can't keep this inside me anymore. Sometime last spring er, summer -- er -- well, the sun was shining and the sap wasn't running, I Ernie Pardini, did willfully and voluntarily trespass on L-P property with the intention of slowing or stopping logging operations in the Enchanted Meadow area of the Albion River drainage. My relatives told me that only hippies wanted to save some trees so that there would be some left for our kids, so I figured I must be a hippie. So I did what other hippies were doing. Standing up for what they believed instead of buying up all the corporate bullshit. There, I feel better. Sorry Uncle Manchee. SO SUE ME!

— Ernie Pardini, 5th-generation timber worker, ex-L-P logger



Albion Eco-Criminals confess their sins

L-P SLAPP Suit

Harry Merlo Steps In It

by Judi Bari

Louisiana Pacific didn't know what they were getting into when they decided to sue Earth First! and Albion Nation. Last summer, in a vain attempt to stop the Albion Uprising, L-P filed a SLAPP suit against 115 of us. They claim that we caused their multi-billion dollar corporation grave economic damage and emotional distress by sitting in their trees, blocking their log roads, gluing their locks, yarning their forest and picnicking in their meadow to protest their illegal logging in Albion. We have been told that this lawsuit was filed at L-P President Harry Merlo's personal insistence. But Harry didn't count on suing such an unconventional group of defendants -- an eccentric band of hippies and homesteaders who thoroughly reject the values of the Mendocino County Superior Court. By the time this case is over, we expect to have Harry begging for mercy.

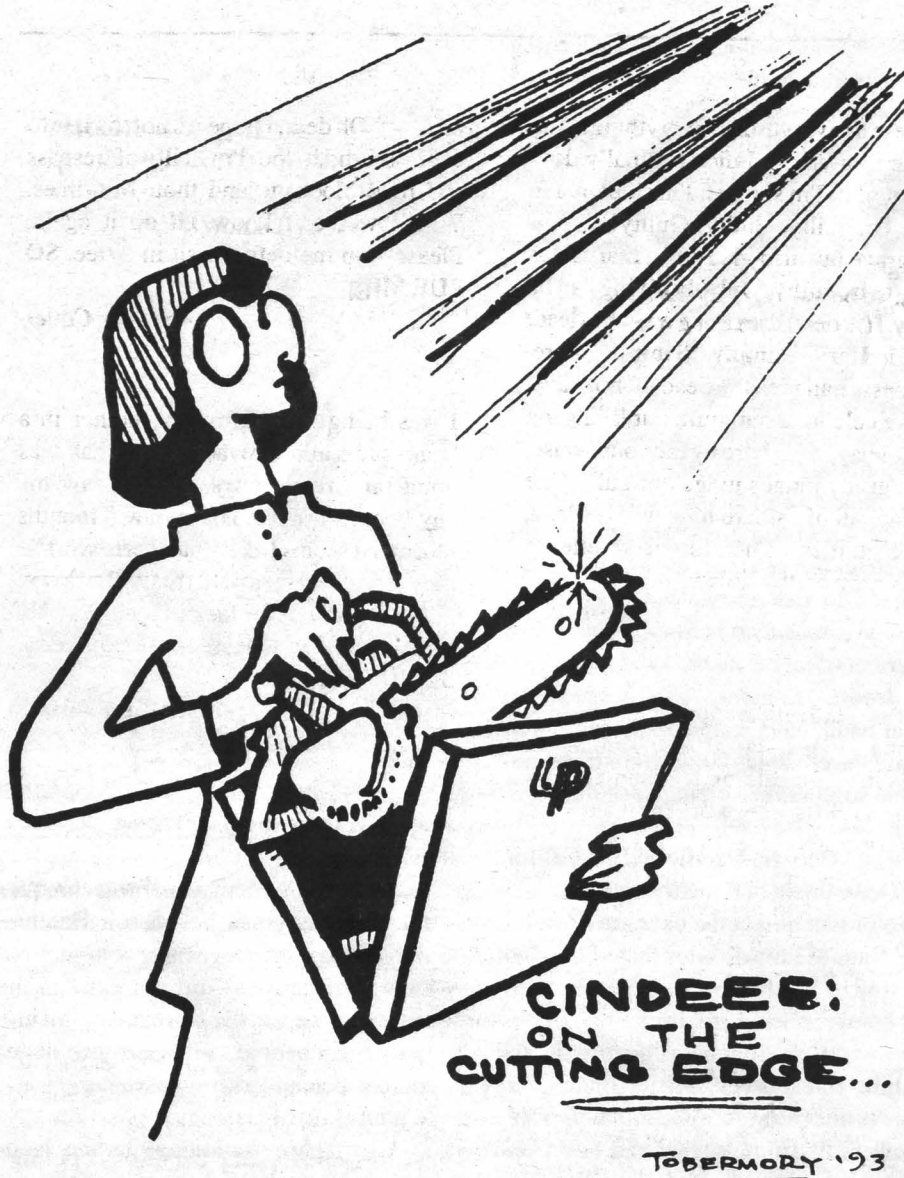
The real purpose of a SLAPP suit is not to recover damages, as the suit claims. It is to harass and intimidate activists so we will stop our protests. True to form, L-P began their case against us with the infamous "L-P Snitch Survey." They singled out eight people named in the suit, and demanded that they answer a set of questions that would require them to snitch on everyone else. "Name everyone who sat in trees. Name everyone who yarned. Name everyone who glued locks," and on and on.

Our first reaction, of course, was to refuse to answer. "They can't do this!" we thought, and confidently pled the Fifth Amendment. But to our surprise, the judge ruled against us. What we never learned in high school civics is that the Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination applies only to criminal charges. And since this is a civil suit, all L-P had to do was grant us immunity from criminal prosecution and we were free to snitch away.

Our next reaction was, "Okay, then we'll go to jail." But again we got an unexpected civics lesson. In a civil suit, they don't just put you in jail if you refuse to answer. They impose fines (called Sanctions in legal talk) or, if you still refuse, they default the case against you, meaning that L-P automatically wins, and we don't even get to present our side. Just to let us know he was serious, the judge sanctioned us with a \$3,850 fine for not answering the Snitch Survey or signing the papers. And we began to realize what a dilemma we were in.

Around about Winter Solstice, we hit on a solution. We are certainly against snitching, as a matter of principle. But on the other hand, we're proud of what we did in the Albion Uprising, we did it quite openly, and there's no reason to let L-P turn us against each other or make us run and hide. So we decided to hold a mass Confession, and voluntarily admit to our "crimes" against L-P. About 70 of us gathered on the courthouse steps for a "So Sue Me!" rally, and many others mailed or faxed their confessions. Amid music and laughter, we stood up to and disarmed L-P's intimidation tactics. Some of our confessions are printed on the facing page.

Meanwhile, though, L-P's divide-and-conquer tactics had taken a toll within our group. The defendants in the SLAPP suit range from people with property at stake and much to lose, to people who are totally judgement-proof and don't own a thing. They range from people who



(During the Albion Uprising, L-P lawyer Cindee Mayfield told a local radio talk show host, "I like my job. I'm on the cutting edge of the law.")

showed up for one rally one day, to people who planned, lived and breathed the Uprising. So it's not surprising that, after we got the \$3,850 fine and people began to realize that they could lose their property if we defaulted the suit, our group began to in-fight. Some people split off and hired separate lawyers, and some people decided to represent themselves.

But L-P's glee at our apparent loss of solidarity was soon tempered by the mess this made of the case. Kind of like a legal yarning, the pleadings got more and more tangled up as people took off in all directions. The most creative and bizarre legal theories of all were those advanced by Beth Bosk, who broke off from the group to represent herself.

Beth argued relentlessly against L-P's granting us immunity from criminal prosecution so they could force us to answer the Snitch Survey. She said that the judge should not grant the immunity because it would not be enough to protect her. Beth pointed out that L-P lawyer Cindee Mayfield is married to L-P management employee John Mayfield. "Your honor," Beth said with a straight face, "Sometime when Cindee and John are in bed together, maybe during pillow talk, maybe Cindee could be talking in her sleep," Cindee may reveal information to John that she learned from the Snitch Survey. Cindee turned bright red, but the judge was nonplussed and ruled against Beth.

Beth tried again. The immunity would not protect her, she said, because she's being sued with Earth First!. Surely the government didn't mean to grant immunity to Earth First!, Beth argued. "The authorities in San Francisco have a file a yard wide on Earth First!." And don't forget, she said, "that Judi Bari and Darryl

Cherney are still the only suspects in the 1990 car-bombing." That one brought me to my feet. Even my worst enemies don't say that anymore. "I object!", I shouted. Judge Luther responded by throwing me out of the courtroom, but again he ruled against Beth.

Beth also tried to counter-sue not just L-P, but their lawyers as well. The case reached some kind of weirdness quotient at the hearing on that one. Beth was trying to sue L-P lawyer Cindee Mayfield. Cindee was asking for sanctions against Beth for trying to sue her. Meanwhile, the group was asking for relief from the \$3,850 sanction that had been imposed earlier. And Cindee was asking for sanctions against us for asking for relief from the sanctions. The judge ruled no, no, yes, and no.

The next issue that is going to be ruled on in this lawsuit is whether or not Earth First! exists. Not only has L-P sued EF!, but now they are demanding that EF! answer the Snitch Survey. We have responded that EF! is not an organization - it's a T-shirt. EF! has no officers, no membership, and no mechanism to appoint anyone to answer a Snitch Survey. L-P responded that EF! is a national organization with local branches, and that the national group publishes a newspaper, the EF! Journal, that represents the organization. We expect to have fun answering that charge. In fact, we are fully confident that L-P will find no evidence whatsoever of organization, cooperation, or process in Earth First!, either locally or nationally. Besides, if L-P cuts down all their trees and closes all their mills like they are doing in Mendo County, we question whether they exist!

Meanwhile, this case has yet to even come close to the principle issue of

whether we caused any damage to L-P. That's not surprising, because L-P has no real case. They can't hold us responsible for the money they lost by not being able to finish the cut, because it was the court, not us, who ordered them to stop. And since the cut was ruled illegal, our protests were vindicated. All L-P can even try to blame us for is the amount we slowed them down while protesting their illegal cut. They have so far managed to document only \$90,000 of alleged expenses due to our protests. But during the time we slowed L-P down, the price of timber nearly doubled. And by the time they finally got the court's permission to haul out and sell their 2 million board feet of illegally felled timber, they made money on the delay we caused them.

After our mass Confession, L-P doubled the number of people named in the SLAPP suit. Now there are 200 of us, 80 by-name and the rest John and Jane Does. Of course this only makes us stronger, especially since the new people stood up voluntarily, knowing full well that they were subjecting themselves to being sued. With more defendants, L-P can expect to see even more legal strategies being pursued simultaneously, and more people representing themselves, hopefully matching the standards set by Beth Bosk's sublime legal logic.

And, if L-P thought this SLAPP suit would stop us from protesting, they got their answer in the Albion Helicopter-logging job that the Albion activists just shut down. (See article, page 1) And if they thought all that in-fighting would destroy our group, they don't know much about our local culture, where in-fighting is a traditional winter season cabin-fever sport, and as soon as the sun shines and the trees start falling again, we're still out there side by side to stop them. Harry Merlo should have heeded the warning we gave him last summer, when Albion resident Neil Miller summed the whole thing up: "L-P, you really stepped in shit this time! You think you got us, but now you've got the Albion Nation on you!"

(The next SLAPP suit hearing is scheduled for Friday, May 22, 9:30 AM in Judge Luther's courtroom in the Ukiah Courthouse).

Free The L-P 200!

Getting sued by L-P may be amusing, but it sure is expensive. Even our very generous lawyers have to eat, and L-P is managing to take up large chunks of their time. To help with these ongoing expenses, some of the SLAPP defendants have decided to bill ourselves \$20 a month as a way of bringing in some kind of regular income. Unfortunately, many of us are too poor to afford even this small amount, so we are looking for people who can join us in pledging \$20 (or any other amount) per month. We also gladly accept one-time donations. Checks should be made out to

Albion Defense Fund
106 West Standley
Ukiah, CA 95482

Sinkyone Wilderness - Rediscovering Natural Law

By Dennis Martinez, Inter-Tribal Sinkyone Wilderness Council

(The Sinkyone Wilderness State Park consists of a small area of old-growth redwood, the Sally Bell Grove, surrounded by miles and miles of cut-over land, most recently raped by Georgia Pacific. Two groups are competing for a state grant of stewardship over this land. One is the Mendocino Forest Conservation Trust, headed by well-known G-P apologist Don Nelson, who wants to log the Sinkyone. The other group is the Inter-Tribal Sinkyone Wilderness Council, which is already directing a restoration project on the land. Last summer EF! sent Restoration Brigades to help with that project. The following is a statement by Sinkyone Wilderness Council representative Dennis Martinez concerning plans and intentions for the Sinkyone.)



The first restorationist was the Creator, known as Nagaicho to the Sinkyone people. One of the last fullblood Sinkyones, Jack Woodman, told of an encounter he had with Nagaicho:

"Nagaicho came over Elk ridge and he saw where White men had peeled tanbark. He said to me 'it looks like my people lying around with all their skin cut off.' He looked...and he hung his head...he was sad and he would not look again, he felt so grieved. Tanbark has great power and it all belongs to Nagaicho. He saw men breaking rocks and plowing up grass. He saw all things leaving and going back where they came from..."

Most Sinkyone Indians were massacred in the 1860's. They were shot down and scalped for bounties, their hair peeled off like the tanbark -- for money. Then the hair and the green skin of forest trees from the earth itself. The ancient, sacred Redwood trees were cut and sold.

Redwood trees are sacred to Indian people because they guard the headwaters of the creeks and rivers. Countless generations of Indians saw the great trees capture water from the sea-fog, drip down to the earth, and resurface again in springs high on the ridges where the people lived.

But because of decades of destructive logging practices, the land is slowly dying out. Indian people see the streams as the Earth's blood vessels that carried life-sustaining water to all creation. Because the skinned and scalped land unravels westward to the sea at an ever-increasing rate, native Coho salmon, trouts, and several species of frogs and salamanders are extinct or nearly so.

Fish and Game has told me that the bridge at Usal Creek is now around 15 feet closer to the riverbed since the repeat logging of the 1960's and 70's. That's 15 feet of sediment accumulation in around 20 years! And logging by G-P continues today in the Usal Creek watershed. Repeat logging in the Usal watershed has crossed a threshold that is irreversible until the slow course of natural readjustment runs its course. This disaster exemplifies "cumulative impact."

Natural Law dictates that a change in vegetation will cause a change in the shape of the watershed. Deforestation anywhere upslope from a river will lead to increased movement of sediment down to the river. As sediment builds up in the bottom of the rivers, exceeding the capacity of existing storage sites, the river

will steepen side slopes. This steepening will continue to the top of the watershed -- until an equilibrium is reached.

Natural Law -- there is absolutely no discussion here-- dictates that a change in watershed form results in a decrease in site productivity and stability.

No one remembers a scale of destruction this large. Old-growth forests are stable and can sustain normal stress without loss of thermodynamic efficiency. These old forests can do this because of deep soil layers with high nutrient capital and a diverse flora with mixed ages and high incidence of stress-tolerant species.

An example of normal stress is the light forest fire. Many plants are adapted to fire and come back from it more vigorous than before. Natural fires return nutrients to the soil and rejuvenate the forest. Logging slash fires, on the other hand, have resulted in a net loss of nutrients, erosion of bare ground and unstable successional plant and animal species.

Georgia-Pacific and the California Department of Forestry opted to maximize production at the expense of stability. Natural Law dictates that you cannot maximize production indefinitely without compromising stability.

Well spaced old-growth and mature forest trees, fertile bunchgrass valleys and prairies, almost unbelievable numbers of animals, fish and birds, and abundant. Potable water were all the result of Indian management practices in harmony with Natural Law. Nagaicho, the Creator, gave the Original Instructions for earth-stewardship of this hemisphere to Indian people.

Fires deliberately set by Indian women created the park-like look written about by early California travelers. There was an openness about the land then -- repeating mosaics of trees, shrubs, bunchgrasses and forbs. Biological diversity gave Indians a diversity of foods, animal and vegetable. Land health was directly linked to the health of the people. Competence in prescription fire, therefore, was critical to life.

Local Indians still go to Sinkyone to gather seaweed, mussels, surfgrass and abalone, but it is a pitiful harvest compared to former times. Despite the shattering of Indian formal and traditional knowledge by the genocide, many people still practice the resource conservation of the old days. Young people go to collect seaweed for the elders. They carefully cut seaweed above the "roots" which are attached to rocks, thus allowing seaweed to grow large again. Fish and Game once held Indians to ten pound limit -- soaking wet! But through lobbying in Sacramento the limit was raised to fifty pounds per person - with a "scientific use" permit. Fish and Game doesn't understand that one or two younger persons have to collect for many elder ones too weak to climb down the steep cliffs.

We were told in Sacramento that in order to have the present fifty pound limit waived the burden of proof was on us to show that our harvesting techniques didn't deplete the seaweed, as if the 10,000 year old track record of the local Indian people, with a population much greater than at present, was not proof enough.

Sinkyone Indians employed extensive and intensive resource management techniques, including pruning, cultivation, weeding and clearing, selective harvesting and planting, controlled burning and game inventory management.



Photo by Nick Wilson

Sinkyone Wilderness

Indian management techniques did not distinguish between agriculture and ecology or between people and nature. "Wilderness" did not exist in the sense that we use the word today - nature apart from people. Efficient use of resources demanded an integrated "Cultural Agro-Ecology".

These traditional Indian landways (which are also life-ways or culture) are our models for the Sinkyone restoration. We have conducted over 80 in-depth interviews with Indian elders. We have studied the ethnography of the Sinkyone and closely related Indians in the Smithsonian National Archives, and UC Berkeley's Bancroft libraries. We have surveyed all 7,100 acres of the To-cho-be-keah Sinkyone land (I did this on foot two summers ago). The elders know where the burial sites are. We will never allow logging near these sites.

My botanical survey work indicated that a shift was occurring from Redwood/Douglas fir co-dominancy to Douglas fir dominancy, especially in the uplands. I looked particularly at species understory plants and found a clear trend from wetter to drier species. Members of the Lily family, especially, were hard to find. This is also true generally in western mountains. Twenty percent and more of BLM/Forest Service "sensitive plants" are *Liliaceae*: highly dependent on good soil and water.

What we're documenting at Sinkyone is the first phase of classic desertification. The clear-cutting of the old-growth forest has reduced humidity dramatically. That was why Sinkyone and other California Indians regarded giant Redwood trees as guardians of water. There are elders still living who remember when many streams ran all year -- not just during the rainy season. They tell of springs which no longer flow.

Sinkyone is now choked with second-growth--even on the old skid roads, Cross-country walking is difficult. Douglas fir comes up in blueblossom (*Ceanothus sp.*) thickets, germinated by intense slash fires, where redwood used to be. The ridges, where the people lived, are choked with manzanita.

Our meaning for restoration differs from that of mainstream foresters. Restoration, to us includes reforestation and selective cutting/thinning, but actually encompasses the whole spectrum of

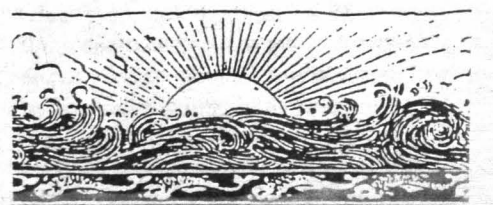
re-establishing a complete forest ecosystem. As much attention must be paid to understory plants as to trees (including non-merchantable species). Equal attention must be given to erosion control measures and to stream and fisheries restoration.

The best approach for the prevention of any further catastrophic watershed degradation is the restoration of the original old-growth Redwood forest, which we call the "historical forest." We can do no better than allow that historical forest to guide us as a model still relevant to today's restoration efforts.

The means to accomplish this restoration will include interim selective logging/thinning and may include economic incentives. Indian cultural values, including Natural Law and historic Indian land management practices, must take precedence over other management systems.

Sinkyone is very unique climatically and geologically. It is the only place I know of on the coast where Redwood-forested mountains so closely approach the sea. On a large scale, Sinkyone is on the southern margin of the King's Range back wind-eddy. From the ridges at Sinkyone I have watched fog move up the gulches and then suddenly reverse and return to the sea. We can only imagine how long it must have taken for old-growth Redwoods to establish themselves on these high seafacing ridges! Like the top of the Sally Bell Grove, which today is a dry and pitiful shadow of its former vigor, a skid road girding its lower circumference. Would you be surprised to know that Indian people have wept at the site of this sacrilege?

No question should remain that Sinkyone is a marginal Redwood forest that should never have been logged. The way to the exploitation of this land was through the decimation of its original inhabitants. The way to the land's restoration is through the descendants of the Sinkyone and their neighboring Tribes, who are represented by the Inter Tribal Sinkyone Wilderness Council.



Ecotopia Earth First! Rendezvous In The Sinkyone Wilderness

It's high time for us to come together, share stories of the past year, and have some fun. So, we've planned the Ecotopia Earth First! Regional Rendezvous for June 4, 5 and 6 at the Usal Campground in the Sinkyone Wilderness State Park on the Lost Coast. Hosted by the pounding Mendocino surf, coastal redwood cliffs, and boundless summer sky, there couldn't be a more magnificent place to gather, heal from, and celebrate the last tumultuous year of actions for the Earth.

Musicians will be there to lift our spirits, including Francine & Nymiah, Todd & Alicia, Connie Cohen, Darryl Cherney, George Shook and Judi Bari. Some of the workshops that have already been scheduled include:

- Sinkyone Natural History - Dennis Martinez, Sinkyone Intertribal Council
- Hands-On Restoration Brigade - Richard Geinger
- Herbal Allies - Debbie Lucas
- Naturalist Skills Hike - Annie Oakleaf
- Organizing - Judi Bari
- Tree Climbing - Todd Cinnamon

- How To Talk To Loggers - Ernie Pardini, 5th generation logger

- Wise Use Movement - Gary Ball
- Population: Enough Already! - Kelpie

- Surviving the Press - Darryl Cherney
- Ecofeminist Rap Circle



There will also be hikes and other activities for children. When the sun goes down we'll illuminate the night with a roaring fire and songs under the full moon.

Cost for the rendezvous is \$15 for three days. This includes camping fees and food from a communal kitchen.

To get there: Take highway 101 North or South to Leggett, and catch coast highway 1 to Usal Road - mile marker 90.91 (county road 431). Turn right (North) on the dirt road and go 6 miles to the Usal Campground. Passenger cars only, no buses or RV's. We'll be gathering on Friday, just in time for the lunar eclipse.

What to bring: Food for the communal kitchen (bulk food preferred - no rotting fruits and vegetables, please), camping and hiking gear, dishes and utensils, plenty of drinking water, warm clothes, rain gear, musical instruments, your family and **YOUR WILD NATURE!**

Neighbors Rise Up For Redway Redwoods

By Darryl Cherney & Laurie Sarachek

Laurie almost bowled Darryl over as he walked into the Garberville Action Center that fateful Tuesday evening January 26, 1993. "They're logging old growth redwoods in Redway! Right now! Let's go!" A call had just come in to the Environmental Protection Information Center (EPIC) from neighbors concerned about an adjacent property owner logging ancient redwoods.

Down the stairs we flew, like a couple of firefighters on our way to a blaze. As we dashed into the car, we saw paralegal Jim Lampport walking down the street. Perfect timing! "Get in the car Jim. Don't ask questions. They're logging old growth in Redway." And off we sped with the car's imaginary siren wailing away.

Landowners Randy Lucero and Dawn Srdoc decided they were going to harvest something bigger than Humboldt's Finest: namely six ancient Redwoods and one Douglas-fir on their 1.6 acre lot in lower Redway. Lucero's reasoning "the trees were a hazard because limbs could fall on his house in a storm, and he needs the space to build a new garage / shop.

If you're worried that a 360 ton giant tree might crash through your bedroom one night, don't live there!! As one neighbor put it, "the best protection from windfall is to not live under the trees in the first place! It is blatantly foolish to move into a forest if trees are not an attraction, and in lower Redway, the trees are the attraction!" "Blow downs" are a reality there because the area has already been opened up where all the homes are built. Cutting trees down to make it safer will only intensify the problem, as the "edge effect" increases exposure of remaining trees to wind. Any trees posing harm due to limbs falling should just be limbed up. Of course the trees Lucero proposed to cut

were not the ones with limbs dangling over the house, but sure enough the biggest ones on the property. True motive? Take a guess! When asked why they don't just limb the trees, one logger answered that limbing does not pay for itself (no trees to sell in order to pay the loggers), and that Lucero needs the money from the trees to pay for a new roof. As for a new garage/shop, there is a large open space near the driveway with plenty of room to build a new structure without cutting a single tree.

The neighbors were quite upset. The folks who called us into action were not exactly a bunch of long haired Haight-Ashbury refugees. When we got there at 5 pm, we were greeted by a 50 year old investment banker, his sister, and their mother, who has lived there for the past 60 years. "I played under that tree as a little girl," the sister said as she pointed to the 10 foot diameter redwood giant Lucero aimed to cut.

The loggers had gone home for the night, but had already lopped off 1 or 2 twenty foot sections from the top of one of the trees. They were scheduled to be back at 7am the next morning. "So how would y'all feel about a little protest here in the morning?" we coyly suggested. "Sure, sounds ok," our new found friends agreed. Little did they know what to expect!

Synchronistically, Darryl was scheduled to host the Environmental Show that night on KMUD radio in Garberville. He and Laurie put out the call for help. Originally, Darryl was scheduled to leave for the Earth First! activist conference in Southern Illinois that Wednesday morning so you can imagine how quickly his foot went in his mouth when he accidentally slipped and said on the air "I'll see you all out there tomorrow at 7am." Laurie looked at him with a shit-eating grin. Ha! Guess he was going to the demo after all!

That night we worked away. Laurie and Jim made phone calls late into the night. We called Fish and Game, judges, and bodies for the front lines. Most importantly we called an employee with the County Planning Department at home at 9:30pm! His response to the news of the trees going down was, "they can't do that!" This was the man who wrote the county ordinance pertaining to removal of trees in lower Redway. The furor following a weekend clear-cutting of a corner lot seven years ago led the County to adopt this special ordinance for lower Redway, an area which has been partially protected through land acquisition by the Save the Redwoods League. The ordinance specifies that no trees can be cut unless they are specifically on the actual building pad site for which a building permit has been approved, and a "Special Permit" must also be granted by the Planning Dept.

When we arrived at 7am, all the players had gathered like pieces on a chess board. Neighbors and other concerned community members gathered in front of Lucero's house. The logging crew showed up and was led by Bruce Willis, who told us he likes the thrill of falling the big trees. Bruce is also famous for buying up the redwoods at the top of tourist attraction Confusion Hill and cutting them down. Meanwhile, the elusive Randy "Lucifer" Lucero hid out in his house and grudgingly spoke to a couple people and a reporter.

We all began dialogue with the four loggers and received unusually good news. The loggers agreed not to log until they heard the OK from the Dept. Well, you can imagine all the phone calls going on between Lucero, neighbors, the Dept., our County Supervisor, the sheriffs, judges, KMUD, and more. Dialogue included confusion over the ordinance, whether Lucero had the proper permits, whether a restraining order could be obtained, etc. Meanwhile, folks continued talking with the loggers. One was really interested in the Real Wood Co-op and how to log sustainably. In fact, he knew Co-op co-founder Ernie Pardini and promised he would give him a call. The

loggers did cut one limb off the tree they had topped the day before. They then proceeded to set up a tri-pod and photograph themselves in front of the huge tree!

It was pretty exciting to hear our 50 year old investment banker talking like an Earth Firster! and even more exciting when the finally came through that Lucero could not cut the trees, at least for the time being. The trees he wanted to take were outside the building pad specified in the plan for which he received the building permit and he had not obtained the Special Permit from the Dept. either. The Dept. later admitted it messed up by letting this one slip by.

So, one moment we were plugging along, swamped with work on lawsuits and MAXXAM, GP's, and LP's liquidation logging of hundreds of thousands of acres. The next moment, after no arrests, no blockades, lots of phone calls, a protest, and some good conversations, we saved a beautiful stand of majestic giants. The quiet neighborhood of lower Redway led the way, standing as tall as the redwoods themselves.



The Secret History of Tree Spiking

(Part 1)

by Judi Bari

In May 1987, millworker George Alexander was nearly decapitated when a spike shattered his sawblade at the Cloverdale L-P mill. This grisly accident sent shock-waves through our community, and eventually led Northern California Earth First! to renounce tree-spiking. Southern Oregon EF! joined us, but that's all. The rest of Earth First! still endorses spiking, and many of them reacted to our no-spiking policy by denouncing us as traitors or dismissing us as wimps, without ever examining the reasons for our actions. Because of this, and because some of the new activists in our area have been talking about tree-spiking as if it may be a viable tactic, I think it's time to re-examine the issue. Recently, George Alexander and his wife Laurie agreed to talk about the 1987 tree-spiking. The following account of the incident is based on my conversations with them.

"I was the perfect victim," began George Alexander. "I was nobody." George, a lifetime Mendocino County resident and son of an old-time Willits logger, was 23 and just married, with his wife Laurie 3-months pregnant at the time of the accident. George's job at the mill was called off-bearer. The off-bearer operates a huge band-saw that makes the first rough-cut on the logs as they come into the mill, sectioning off slices of wood that will later be cut to standard lengths and planed for finished lumber.

Off-bearer is one of the most dangerous jobs in the mill. The saw that George Alexander worked on was sized for old-growth logs — 52 feet around, with a 10-inch blade of high tensile steel. "That saw was so powerful that when you turned it off you could make three more cuts through a 20-foot log before the saw stopped," George told me. One of the dangers of working as off-bearer is that, if the blade hits a hard knot or metal debris (from old fences, choker chains, nails, etc. embedded in the wood) the sawteeth can break off and can go flying. If it's bad enough, the sawblade can break. To protect against this, workers have to wear a heavy face mask and stay on the alert, checking each log as it goes through.

George knew the job was dangerous, but he was also confident of his skill. "I always figured that if that blade ever hit me, it would hit me on the run," he said. He knew every sound the saw made, and could tell by listening when something was going wrong. He also knew to look for the tell-tale black stains that usually show up on the smooth surface of the de-barked logs if metal is present in the wood.

Although George Alexander was an L-P employee, he was no company man. L-P management had earned his disrespect long ago through the callous way they treat their employees. "We're not even people to them," he said. "All they care about is production." The perfect example of this L-P management attitude was Dick Edwards, the day-shift foreman. Edwards was always after everyone, but he seemed to go out of his way to harass George. In the months before the tree-spiking Edwards would often stand on the cat-walk overlooking

George's work station with L-P Western Division head Joe Wheeler, just watching George work.

L-P has never been known to spend too much time maintaining equipment or worrying about worker safety. But in the weeks preceding the tree-spiking incident, conditions had gotten even worse than usual. Cracks had begun appearing in the band-saw blade, and the blade was wobbling when it ran. But when George and other workers complained, foreman Dick Edwards shined them on, saying the new blades were not in yet, and they would have to make do. "That blade was getting so bad," said George, "that I almost didn't go to work that day."

Normally when a big tree is sawed, they start from the outside and square off the edges first. But the tree that George was sawing on May 8, 1987 was a 12-inch pecker pole, and because it was so small he took the first cut down the middle. Halfway through the 20-foot log, the saw hit a 60-penny nail. "That nail must have been recently placed and counter-sunk," George told me. He had checked the log when he started cutting it and had seen no sign of the metal. And, because the saw hit the nail square-on, there was also no warning sound. "Usually there's a high-pitched metal sound and you have time to get out of the way," explained George. "This time I didn't hear nothing but 'Boom!'"

The next thing he knew, George was lying on the floor covered with his own blood. "I knew I was dying. And all I could think about was Dick Edwards, and all the shit he gave me when I complained about the saw. I tried to get up but they pushed me back down. I tried to becken to Edwards so he would come close enough for me to get my hands around his throat in a death grip. If I had to die, I wanted to take that bastard with me."

A 12-foot section of the huge sawblade had broken off and hit George in the throat and face, ripping through his face mask and cutting into his jugular vein. His jaw was broken in five places and a dozen teeth were knocked out. The blade was wrapped around him, and his co-workers had to blowtorch it off while they tried to keep him from bleeding to death. "The saw hit me flat," said George. "If it had hit me with the teeth I'd be dead. I'm only here because my friend Rick Phillips held my veins together in the hour before the ambulance came."

L-P didn't call the press right away, but when they did they had a field day. "Tree Spiking Terrorism," screamed the headline in the Press-Democrat, while the Eureka Times-Standard proclaimed, "Earth First! Blamed For Workers' Injuries." Mendocino County's Sheriff Shea put out a widely quoted press release that was almost gleeful in its condemnation. "This heinous and vicious criminal act is a felony offense, punishable by imprisonment in State Prison for up to three years," he wrote. "Still undetermined in the investigation is the motive of the suspect or suspects, to deter logging and milling operations or inflict great bodily injury and death upon lumber processing personnel." Even L-P President Harry Merlo got into the fray, blaming "terrorism in the name of en-

vironmental goals" for George's injury.

Meanwhile, George and Laurie Alexander had a different take on the incident. "I'm against tree-spiking," said George from his hospital bed, "But I don't like clear-cutting either." Laurie also tried to include L-P in the list of culprits. "I hate L-P," she told me. "I like trees." But the press wouldn't print a word that Laurie said, and George's comments about mill safety and clearcutting were mentioned in only one news article, by Eric Brazil of the San Francisco Examiner.

Earth First! was much less generous in their reaction, displaying practically no sympathy for this innocent man who had just been through such a terrifying ordeal caused by a spiked tree. And after advocating the tactic for years, even putting out a manual on how to do it, when the shit came down they tried to disassociate. "This is probably the first time we've made international news, and we weren't even involved in it," was EF! co-founder Mike Roselle's flippant statement to the press. "This raises the whole question of violence. Not just tree-spiking, the violence of cutting down ancient forests." Dave Foreman was even less concerned about George Alexander. "I think it's unfortunate that somebody got hurt, but you know I quite honestly am more concerned about old-growth forests, spotted owls and wolverines and salmon — and nobody is forcing people to cut those trees."

This moral arrogance didn't win Earth First! many supporters in our area. But did EF! spike that tree? The answer is probably no. Back in 1987 EF! was just getting started in Mendocino County, and the only issue at the time was old-growth. There was no consciousness yet about baby tree-logging, and the spiked tree was only 12-inches in diameter. There were also other signs that this may have been the work of a disturbed individual instead of an organized group. L-P traced the spiked tree to a cut on Cameron Ridge Road near Elk, where neighbors had been complaining about L-P liquidating the forest and threatening their water supply. One of the local residents was a strange man who drifted in and out of the area and mostly kept to himself. He was described by neighbors as a survivalist. Before the tree-spiking incident, loggers reported finding mutilated animals around the sight — a beheaded deer hanging from a tree, a skinned dog draped over a bulldozer — hardly Earth First! tactics, to say the least. But if this was the work of a lone crazy person, that still begs the question of where he even got the idea of spiking trees. The answer is probably Dave Foreman's book, Eco-Defense.

There is also reason to believe that the tree was not spiked at Cameron Road at

all, but rather was hit while lying on a log deck after it was cut. The saw hit the spike about 9-feet up the tree. If you figure a foot for the stump, that means it would have to have been spiked 10-feet off the ground. Bruce Anderson described the technique like this in the May 27, 1987 Anderson Valley Advertiser: "One average sized person teams up with a midget. The midget gets up on the shoulders of his partner to hammer in the spikes. L-P can nail those pesky terrorists before they nail the trees by arresting any stray midgets they spot roaming around Mendocino County."

But it doesn't really matter whether an EF!er, a lone Survivalist, or Harry Merlo himself spiked that tree. The point is that if you advocate a tactic, you had better be prepared to take responsibility for the results. And I don't want anything to do with causing the kind of injuries suffered by George Alexander. While George was convalescing from those injuries, he was contacted by someone from the yellow-ribbon gang of pro-timber stooges.

George doesn't remember her name, just that it was "some woman from Humboldt County." She asked him to go on tour with her denouncing Earth First! for the tree spiking. And George refused.

No matter what you think of L-P's forest practices, this much should be clear. George Alexander is not the enemy. He has no say over his bosses' policies, either in or out of the mill. I have heard EF!ers say that that doesn't matter, he shouldn't be working at an L-P mill. Well I shouldn't be driving a car either, but that doesn't make it okay to put a bomb in it.

After George refused to go on tour denouncing us, he was forced to return to work at L-P before his injuries were even healed. His and Laurie's baby was about to be born, he needed the money, and there are not many jobs in the Hopland where he and his family live. George got workers compensation for the time he was off work, but L-P didn't offer him a cent for the trauma and hardship he suffered. They made a big public show of putting up a \$20,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of the spiker. But George Alexander had to file a private lawsuit against L-P to get anything at all. And while the company was crying crocodile tears over his injuries in public, in private they were fighting him tooth and nail over his damage claim. He ended up with just \$9,000 and an involuntary transfer to night shift. "They used my name all over the country," George told me. "Then they laid me off when the mill closed down."

"L-P is just sorry I didn't die," said George Alexander. "Yeah, I know," I replied. "They're sorry I didn't die too."



The Secret History of Tree Spiking

(Part 2)

by Judi Bari

Shortly after this article was first published (*Anderson Valley Advertiser*, 3/3/93), three people were arrested and charged for a tree-spiking that took place in 1989 in the Post Office Creek Timber Sale of the Clearwater National Forest, Idaho. John Blount, Jeffrey Fairchild and Dan LaCross have all been indicted and ordered to testify before a Federal Grand Jury. Two "unindicted co-conspirators" have already agreed to plead guilty to misdemeanors and cooperate as witnesses.

The Grand Jury was first convened in this case back in 1989 (see article below), and conducted an inquisition and harassment campaign that tried unsuccessfully to link University of Montana Professor Ron Erickson and several of his EF! students to this tree spiking. The three men now charged with the spiking are not active EF!ers, but were known to and on the fringes of the movement in 1989. At this point, the Feds are apparently trying to link the EF! Direct Action Fund (DAF) to this spiking, in an obvious attempt to get at EF!'s ability to raise money. In reality, the DAF funds only public, above-board campaigns, and has never given money to any of the people involved, or funded any tree spikings or other sabotage. But truth has never been much of an impediment to the Feds when they want to crush radical activists.

These arrests, besides sparking another round of harassment for EF!, have also sparked another round of debate over the tactic of tree spiking. The EF! Journal has acknowledged that there is concern over this issue of danger to timber workers, as highlighted in Part 1 of this article. But Part 2 addresses another aspect of the debate, not talked about in the Journal. That is, does tree spiking even work? For those who still defend this tactic, I hope you will read Part 2.

- J. B.



Tree-spiking is a failed tactic by any standard. It has been practiced by Earth First! for ten years now, and I think it's fair to say that the results are in. Here's Dave Foreman's description of tree-spiking from *Eco-Defense*:

Tree-spiking is an extremely effective method of deterring timber sales, which seems to be becoming more and more popular. If enough trees are spiked in roadless areas, eventually the corporate thugs in the timber company boardrooms, along with their corrupt lackeys who wear the uniform of the Forest Service, will realize that timber sales in wild areas are going to be prohibitively expensive.

Believing this to be so seems to be an article of faith for some EF!ers. But a look at the actual history of Earth First! tree-spiking will show that it hasn't really worked out that way.

The most intensive spiking campaigns occurred in Oregon and Washington, although there have also been tree-spikings in California, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, British Columbia,

Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Maine and New Jersey, to name a few. And I'm not going to say that none of them saved any trees, because in a few cases they did, especially early on, or in areas without a timber-based economy. But the successes have been few and far between. Even unabashed EF! apologist Chris Manes, writing in his well-researched book *Green Rage*, could only come up with two timber sales that were cancelled because there were spiked — one in the George Washington National Forest in Virginia, and one in the Wanatchee Forest's Icicle River drainage in Washington State. I don't know about the trees in Virginia, but the Icicle River sale has since been cut. EF! activists from Shawnee in Southern Illinois also report that when the hard-fought Fairview sale was finally clearcut, the only trees that were left were a few oaks that had been spiked.

But there have been scores and scores of tree-spikings, and in the vast majority of cases, the Forest Service or timber company just sent people in with metal detectors and, often with great public fanfare, removed the spikes and cut the trees. Sometimes spikes were missed, and sometimes they hit the blades in sawmills. But the timber industry has made it quite clear that this is a price they are willing to pay.

The first known tree-spiking in EF! history occurred in the Siskiyou Mountains of Oregon in 1983, on the Woodrat timber sale on BLM land. Notice was given of the spiking, and some of the trees were marked with yellow ribbons to make them easy to find and verify. The BLM reacted by having the loggers cut the trees and leave them on the ground for firewood cutters to saw at their own risk.

In 1984 a group calling itself the Hardesty Avengers mailed a letter to the Oregon Register-Guard announcing that a 132-acre sale on Hardesty Mountain in the Willamette National Forest had been spiked. The area was scheduled for helicopter logging by Columbia Helicopter. The Forest Service responded with a plan they called "Operation Nail," sending 20 Forest Service employees into the woods to remove the nails before they went ahead and cut the trees.

In 1985 in Southern Oregon, EF! was engaged in a high-profile direct action campaign to save Cathedral Forest in the Middle Santiam Wilderness. Demonstrators blockaded roads, staged the first tree-sits ever, and even occupied an area scheduled for blasting with dynamite, some of them actually sitting on the charges. In the midst of these actions, a few EF!ers took it on themselves to spike some of the trees at Pyramid Creek. And to read about it in Chris Manes' book, I can see where people get the false impression that tree-spiking is a drastic but effective last resort. "Despite continued opposition in the form of civil disobedience," writes Manes, "the road crept inexorably toward the sale. As a last ditch effort, (Mike) Roselle sneaked into the stand one night and spiked it. He sent a letter to the timber company announcing the spiking, and signed it 'the Bonnie Abzug Feminist Garden Party — a reference to the voluptuous ecoteur in The Monkeywrench Gang. The authorities

caught neither the allusion nor the tree-spiker."

What Chris Manes doesn't tell us is that the spiking didn't work. It caused a spate of negative publicity, and it caused Mary Beth Nearing, one of EF!'s most inspirational organizers, to publicly distance herself and the Cathedral Forest Action Group from the spiking and Earth First!. But it didn't save the trees. In fact, Mike Roselle himself, speaking in Rik Scarce's book, *Eco Warriors*, admits that the spiking "barely slowed them down." The Forest Service sent rangers in to pull the nails, and the trees were cut.

Other areas in Oregon that were spiked and cut include the Hobson and the Deer Creek sales in the North Kalmiopsis, the Top and Skook sales in Hell's Canyon National Forest, Bull Run in the Mt. Hood area near Portland, and a Boise-Cascade sale in the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest. At this last site some of the spikes were missed by the loggers and made it into the mill, breaking teeth off of six sawblades. The saw teeth shot across the mill like bullets, injuring no one but terrifying and angering the millworkers.

In fact, the main effect that tree-spiking seemed to be having in Oregon was to piss people off. In June 1987, EF! was protesting the Lazy Bluff timber sale in the North Kalmiopsis roadless area. Tree sitter Randy Prince was perched 80-feet up in an old-growth fir when a logger cutting in an adjacent area hit an 11-inch spike and damaged his chainsaw. The logger stormed over to Randy's tree, revved up a saw, and, screaming something about tree-spiking, began cutting down the tree with Randy in it. He cut out a notch 1/3 of the way through the tree before he was talked into stopping. Shaken, Randy denounced tree-spiking and publicly distanced himself from Earth First! And the Lazy Bluff timber sale was cut.

By this time it was becoming clear that something was going wrong with the tree-spiking strategy. It seemed that all this publicity was backfiring, putting the timber industry in a position of having to cut the trees or lose face. So when Holcomb Peak in the Siskiyou Mountains was extensively spiked in June 1987 the spikers tried to correct past mistakes and do it "right." No notification was sent to the press. Instead, the BLM, the logging contractor and the millowner were quietly notified, in order to give them an opportunity to quietly back out and cancel the sale. No luck. Instead, they called the press and made the incident into a media circus, with BLM rangers posing for photos in the woods with tree spikes, and the timber industry rallying to raise a \$13,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the spikers. And the trees were cut.

The ultimate media manipulation in the tree spike wars, however, came in 1988 when Senator Mark Hatfield and Congressman Bob Smith (known to jaded Oregonians as the Representatives from Timber) were on a tour of the Gregory Forest Products sawmill near Glendale, Oregon. In an amazing display of synchronicity, at the very minute when the Congressional delegation was watching the operation of a bandsaw, that very bandsaw just happened to hit a spike and explode. The delegation had just been shown spikes found in logs from the Silver Fire in the North Kalmiopsis. None of the dignitaries was hurt by the flying sawblade, but they were predictably impressed. "Tree-spiking is a radical environmentalist's version of razor blades in halloween candy," was Congressman Bob Smith's comment.

Meanwhile, some of the Oregon EF! activists were getting tired of answering for this ineffective and marginalizing tac-

tic. "Personally I don't think it works," EF!er Steve Marsden told the *Seattle Times* when asked about tree-spiking in June 1988. Fellow EF!er Bobcat expressed the same frustration, complaining that it makes them have to talk about "tree-spiking pro or con instead of old growth pro or con." But pressure was great within Earth First! to refrain from criticizing a tactic that others still engaged in. And tree-spiking was certainly going on outside of Oregon.

Spiking in Washington State was just as extensive as Oregon, and its results no better. Starting with the temporarily successful Icicle River spiking in 1986, sale after sale was spiked and cut, including the Lake Creek and Naches areas of the Wanatchee National Forest, Greet Mountain and Granite Falls in Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie, and Storm King Mountain and Karamip in the Colville National Forest. The only spiked sales that I could verify as "probably still standing" are the Spoon sale and Olston Quirkendale in Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie, and they were set aside in the spotted owl ruling, not due to the spiking. In 1989 the Sugar Bear sale was spiked in the Cedar River area near Seattle. Although the cut in the watershed was eventually halved due to a public campaign by EF! and others, the spiked area was cut.

Spiking was not saving many trees in Washington, but it was certainly raising the ire of the timber industry. Bandsaw blades were broken by tree spikes in four different Washington sawmills between 1987 and 1989, resulting in the standard cries of "terrorism." Finally in September 1989, the timber industry and corporate press mounted an all-out assault on Washington Earth First! A four-part series was printed in the Bellingham Herald listing acts of sabotage in the area, quotes from *Eco-Defense*, and the names, addresses, places of employment and photos of key Earth First!ers. No proof was given to show that these public EF!ers were actually responsible for any of the sabotage listed, but the atmosphere was so hostile that no proof was needed. The Earth First!ers had to leave town for their own safety.

The classic example of tree-spiking, regularly cited by EF!ers as proof that the tactic works, occurred on Meare's Island in British Columbia in 1985, where the Society to Protection of Intact Kinetic Ecosystems (SPIKE) drove 26,000 helix nails into old growth cedar trees. What the tree spike advocates don't tell you is that there was a whole campaign going on over Meare's Island, and the spiking was only part of it. The issue on Meare's Island is native land rights, as the Claque people who lived there have never ceded the land or signed any treaties. When the Canadian government attempted to sell timber rights on the island to MacMillan Bloedel, a coalition of natives and whites fought back with a lawsuit and a five-month occupation. When MacMillan Bloedel tried to come in and cut before the court could grant a restraining order, hundreds of people massed on the beach to prevent their helicopters from landing. The court finally halted the logging until the final ruling. That ruling is expected soon, and the Canadian government has stated that if they win in court they will take the timber, spikes or no spikes.

Closer to home, California has had far fewer spikings than our northern neighbors, with many of them occurring in 1987, the same year George Alexander was hurt by the spike at the Cloverdale L-P mill. Just one month after that accident in Mendocino County, Trout Creek was spiked in a last-ditch attempt to save it from being cut by its owner, Pacific Gas & Electric. Friends of Trout Creek had

(continued page 10)

Helicopters (cont.)

By groundhog day, the entire Albion Nation had been roused, and the bioregion was buzzing. But just in case some Albion Ridge residents had missed the extra truck traffic, Columbia Helicopter, the Oregon contractor on the job, introduced himself by buzzing ridge to ridge one afternoon.

After this wake-up call, a spontaneous phone campaign voiced neighbor's complaints to G-P offices in local Fort Bragg, to Portland Regional and the national headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia.

The two week CDF review period sped by. A known nesting spotted owl stood up CDF's wildlife biologist Ted Wooster when he came to call one day. A computerized "before and after logging" data base showed a potential loss of 18 species, but a gain of 10 others. "Which ones?" asked Linda, but that information wasn't "tied-in" with the program yet.

Gone was the relaxed, open atmosphere of the earlier, impromptu meeting, as the bureaucracy's military mode kicked in. As if expecting a riot, review team leader Strickler announced he would enforce the room's fire safety limit of 25, though only a handful of folks were there. "They really were rude," said Linda, who could easily replace me as Ecotopia's politest Earth

Firstler. "They ignored me, and others of the public, and even fought with each other," she added. When we insisted on answers about the habitat ratings, the agency officials went into a frenzy of paper shuffling, pulled out another study, and announced there would be no habitat loss at all!

"No adverse effects!" agreed CDF, failing to include Water Quality's notice of road rehab needs in the file, and approved the plan. The decision surprised even Columbia Helicopter, who were busy deforesting other pockets of timber left in the nooks and crannies of the watershed. They finally got started the following Saturday, only to be met by a band of peaceful protesters, who managed to talk a few fallers out of cutting trees that day.

Sunday they left the forest alone, and Monday the race between the chainsaw and the court resumed in earnest. ARWPA, the Albion River Watershed Protection Association, was already in Judge Luther's Superior Court, with attorney Paul Carroll requesting a TRO.

Direct action continued to slow down logging till the court hearing the next day. We'd never seen G-P attorney, Cindee Mayfield, who usually dresses as conservatively as the law firm she represents, wearing an above-

the-knee skirt, cinched with a wide belt at the waist, and wondered if her outfit was a mitigation for her weak-kneed case. Attorney Carroll presented a full file of watershed related information and a recess was called while Luther withdrew into chambers with the evidence. Meanwhile, the usual suspects gathered on the courthouse steps for a few songs and howls.

When court resumed session, it was clear that Judge Luther was going to turn down G-P's logging plan. Nonetheless, in a scenario we have seen repeated all over the bioregion, G-P would be allowed to haul out the logs that they had already illegally cut. Seeing this outcome, Cindee asked for a restraining order to keep protesters away from her corporate client's land. "Your honor," she pleaded, they're threatening to trespass. They're singing a song that says, 'We will stop you in the forest / We will stop you in the mill / We will stop you in the courtroom / We'll stop you before you kill...' "And you honor," she pleaded, "I haven't told you this, but there's already been trespassing -- and yarning!"

Fearing the spectre of advancing hoards of terrorists yarning bri-

gades, Judge Luther granted the restraining order, but still seemed inclined to turn down the logging plan. As a last-ditch effort, Cindee requested that Judge Luther read all the information in the record thoroughly, before making a decision. "That will take time," replied Luther, but he was willing to delay for a day or two if G-P would voluntarily desist from cutting. So what could a poor corporation say? In a precedent of some magnitude, G-P agreed to lay down the saws while the judge studied.

In his decision two days later, Luther granted an order to block G-P's logging as sought by ARWPA, on the basis that the water quality letter about road conditions in G-P's total watershed ownership had not been included in CDF's file, and therefore, CDF had failed to adequately assess the cumulative effects of 1/91-2. For now, the plan is under an indefinite stay until June.

"I have no doubt the shadow of last summer's EF! - assisted Albion Uprising is still on the land," said Linda. Bill agreed no one had forgotten the power of direct action to change the political climate. "They have to take us seriously now."



Photo by Nick Wilson

Tree Spiking (cont.)

when the spikes were discovered PG&E been negotiating for a compromise, but angrily broke off negotiations. Things looked bad until EF!er Sequoia came up with a plan. She organized a protest in which people were asked to withhold \$1 from their PG&E bill and mail in a green card to show public support for saving Trout Creek. PG&E received so many green cards that they backed down and agreed to save the whole grove with no compromise.

There were also a few tree-spikings in California's National Forests. A minor uproar occurred in June 1987 right after the Trout Creek spiking when it was discovered that a spiked sale in Mendocino National Forest had been cut anyway and sent on to the mill, despite injuries to George Alexander one month earlier. A 202-acre sale in Tahoe National Forest was spiked and cut, as was a 240-acre sale at Running Springs in the San Bernardino National Forest, sold to L-P at Inyokern. One of the strangest tree-spiking incidents in California was again on L-P land, this time near Guerneville in Sonoma County. The newspapers received a notice that the Sonoma County Coalition to Stop L-P had spiked trees at the Silver Estate. No spikes were found, but nonetheless L-P said they had a suspect. He was described as "a black man with a bone through his nose who rides a bicycle and carries bows and arrows," obviously a better example of L-P's racism than their investigative capacities.

As tree-spiking continued across the US, the government increasingly tried to crack down on it. Although no spiker has ever been caught, laws were passed to make spiking a felony in California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. In 1989 the federal government passed its own laws, and that brought the FBI into the picture. When the Post Office timber sale in Clearwater Forest, Idaho, was spiked, the FBI responded by rounding up University of Montana professor Ron Erikson and several of his Earth First! students. They were forced to

give hair samples and fingerprints, write "Stumps Suck" 25 times, and submit to a Federal Grand Jury investigation. No evidence was found to link them to the spiking, and no charges were brought. But this intimidation served to separate Missoula EF! from its support in academia. And the trees were cut.

With this kind of history, you have to wonder why some EF!ers cling so tenaciously to the myth that tree-spiking works. One of the explanations commonly given is that, regardless of whether it saves individual trees, spiking is an economic constraint on the industry. "The idea could have come straight from the Chicago Business School," says Chris Manes in Green Rage. "If the cost of removing spikes is high enough, the cut will not be made, or at least the decreased profit margin will discourage logging in (controversial) areas." With this logic, Chris Manes would have flunked Econ 101. There are several flaws in this theory. The strategy of tree-spiking was designed for federal lands, where most remaining old growth in the US is located. In these cases it is the Forest Service, not the timber company, who bears the cost, both of removing the spikes and of charging lower rates for the timber to make up for the risk of broken saws. The Forest Service is not required to make a profit, since it is financed by tax money, and one of the scandals of the looting of our national forests is that the Forest Service subsidizes big timber by paying for log road construction and selling timber below cost. Between 1982 and 1987, the Forest Service received \$800 million/year in federal timber sales, but spent \$1.2 billion/year making the timber ready for sale. That's a loss of \$400 million/year. There aren't enough tree spikes in the world to make a dent in this agency.

And even in the case of tree-spiking on private lands, this economic theory assumes that the price of lumber is fixed, so that any increase in production costs will result in a decrease in profits. But old growth timber is so valuable, and there is

so little of it left, that the timber industry could charge anything they wanted and still sell every stick. Any increase in production costs due to tree-spiking would simply be passed on to the consumers.

Nor are the timber companies put off by the threat of injury to their employees, as we have already seen in real life. Dave Foreman tells us in EcoDefense that tree-spiking is "unlikely to cause anyone physical injury even should a blade shatter upon striking a spike, which is an unlikely event." But Foreman also admitted to the Christian Science Monitor in 1987 that he had never seen the inside of a sawmill. And it is clear that he doesn't understand the depths of depravity of the timber companies. Logging is the most dangerous occupation in the US, with injury and death rates higher than those of underground coal mining. The routine maiming and killing of timber workers is coldly calculated into the cost of the lumber, and a few more injuries are not going to stop them. L-P made this clear after George Alexander was hurt by that famous Cloverdale tree spike. "L-P will not let tree-spiking be a deterrent," said spokeswoman Glennis Simmons. And she meant it. L-P kept running the logs form that same spiked sale through the mill, even though they encountered two more spikes and broke another saw blade. Other timber companies were just as emphatic. After the Buse Co. in Everett, Washington broke four sawblades on tree spikes in 1987, manager Ron Smith commented, "I assume they think if they do things like this the timber industry will get discouraged and will just quit cutting trees. But I don't think that's going to happen."

And it hasn't happened. Yet just because Dave Foreman told us 10 years ago

that it would, most of EF! continues to ignore reality, no matter how much experience we have. The forests that EF! had been instrumental in saving in this area (Trout Creek, Cahto Wilderness, Headwaters Forest, Albion and Owl Creek) have all been saved through blockades and public organizing campaigns, often combined with lawsuits. And it's time we faced the truth about tree-spiking. It is unquestionably dangerous to workers. It needlessly endangers EF! activists on the front lines. And it doesn't save trees.

Ironically, most of the early advocates of tree-spiking — including Dave Foreman — have left EF! for safer harbors after suppressing debate by treating any questioning of their tactics as heresy. And, although most of them have refused to make any public statements about it, the EF! groups that most strongly advocated tree-spiking in the early days have quietly abandoned the tactic. Yet the myth lives on.

Last month in Maine, a letter was sent to the local press stating that the trees at Mt. Blue had been spiked by EF! I don't know if the letter was real or fake, but a group of EF!ers blockading Mt. Blue were subsequently arrested, dragged through hot coals from their campfire, and roughed up in jail. And I wondered if a new generation of activists is going to repeat the mistakes of the last ten years. Those of use who are out on the front lines putting our bodies in front of the bulldozers and chainsaws can't afford to be isolated and discredited by something as ineffective and incendiary as tree-spiking. If we are serious about putting the earth first, we need to choose tactics because they work, not because they are macho or romantic. That's what no compromise really means.

Author of *Ecotopia* by Eric S. Galt

Book Review: Assata You Can't Kill The Spirit

BOOK REVIEW -- ASSATA, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ASSATA SHAKUR by Alicia Little Tree

On May 2, 1973, Assata Shakur, known by the FBI as JoAnne Chesinard, was riding on the New Jersey turnpike with fellow Black Panther Party members Sundiata Acoli and Zayd Malik Shakur, when they were pulled over by state trooper James Harper. Harper was following orders laid out in the FBI's counterintelligence guidelines that directed him to arrest activists for minor traffic violations. Assata left the encounter with three bullet holes: a shattered clavicle, punctured lung, and paralyzed right arm. Zayd was dead, Sundiata escaped and was later captured. By the day of the confrontation on the turnpike, Assata Shakur was already wanted by state and federal police for several crimes connected with "Black nationalist hate groups," and was the victim of a vicious trial by media that etched her in the minds of America as a dangerous cop-killing "mother hen" of the Black Liberation Army. Needless to say, she was innocent of all charges.

The shootout on the turnpike and her subsequent arrest and imprisonment set the stage for the breathtaking story of Assata, the Autobiography of Assata Shakur. Assata has crafted a masterpiece, as she takes us through her childhood in New York, to her involvement in the Black Panther Party, prison, and trial after trial in the "american system of justice."

Until 1970, Assata's deepest involvement with the Black Panthers had been as a volunteer. It was after Jonathan Jackson was killed in Marin that she made the decision to join the Black Panther Party. Joining the Party was a serious commitment to revolutionary action; a decision not to be taken lightly. Assata (and most other Panthers, both male and female) worked on the Free Breakfast

Program, waking up at 4:30 AM everyday to feed hungry kids in Harlem. She also worked on the Panther medical cadre, providing basic health care through the Free Clinics. Assata talks of the love and enthusiasm she found in the Party, and her admiration of the Panthers' commitment to human rights and dignity for Black people, and the revolutionary change that would entail.

Assata joined the BPP just when the Panther 21 case had shaken the movement and the Party itself was being systematically dismantled by the FBI's counterintelligence program (COINTELPRO). The Panther 21 were arrested for supposedly plotting to blow up the Botanical Gardens in New York. The charge was absurd, but the arrest took out the best leaders, speakers and organizers in the eastern branch of the BPP, as well as diverting the Party's energy towards trying to get them out of jail and defending them in the rigged court system.

Assata's description of this period of FBI disruption should be read by all Earth First'ers. "After a while, everything seemed strange to. Plans, priorities and procedures changed daily, and most of the time the changes were ill-conceived." She speaks of her frustration as projects were started then abruptly cancelled, or people took on responsibility then failed to do what they said they would. Working in the movement became increasingly chaotic. Petty, unfounded charges about Assata and others were spread within the party by a man who later turned out to be an FBI agent. Panther leaders were targeted with death threats, and phony letters were sent to key people in the party to stir up factional fighting. Paranoia was rampant as members were openly followed, watched, listened to and harassed by FBI and police.

Finally the leadership began to crack under the pressure. Huey Newton changed his title to, as Assata puts it, "the

ridiculous-sounding Supreme Commander" and began a series of expulsions, condemning long-time respected party members as "enemies of the people." Those expelled included Geronimo Pratt and the Panther 21. The fabric of the Party was torn apart, making organizing impossible. Members left in droves, and when Assata's two closest friends, Dhoruba and Cetewayo were expelled, Assata, "sick and disgusted," decided it was time for her to leave the Party too. As soon as she quit, though, the level of disruption in her life increased dramatically. She was soon forced underground after reading in the New York Daily News that she was wanted for questioning in a machine-gunning incident that left two policemen dead. Posters of Assata's face were plastered all over New York screaming "FBI MOST WANTED," and despite her innocence, she was tried, convicted and hanged in the media.

Assata's story is horrifying, but her words ring with love and deep respect for all oppressed people. In a statement she made from prison in 1973, her commitment is clear:

Every time a Black Freedom Fighter is murdered or captured, the pigs try to give the impression that five or ten guerillas are responsible for every revolutionary action carried out in amerika. That is nonsense. That is absurd. Black revolutionaries do not drop from the moon. We are created by our conditions. Shaped by our oppression. We are being manufactured in droves in the ghetto streets, places like attica, san quentin, bedford hills, leavenworth, and sing sing. They are turning out thousands of us."

Throughout her story, assata shares with us the many lessons of her experiences in the Black Revolutionary movement. She stresses the importance of education within the movement, of both the history of oppressed peoples' struggles, and the theory and practice of



organizing. From observing the successes and failures of the Party, she finds that people of any movement must understand what it means to bring about revolutionary change in society. Only if the movement has the ability to criticize itself and its actions, she maintains, can it grow and change as times demand. Her observations about open and clandestine tactics are just as applicable to EF!'s experience with monkeywrenching. "An aboveground political organization can't wage guerilla war any more than an underground army can do aboveground political work. Although the two must work together, they must have completely separate structures, and any links between the two must remain secret." Assata's ability to analyze and change have kept her alive in the face of the most lethal force on earth.

In 1979, Assata Shakur escaped from prison. She was granted political asylum in Cuba, where she lives today with her daughter. From Cuba, she has offered her autobiography for us, to serve as a poignant lesson for all who work to change this system. Anyone who strives for social and ecological justice must read this book.

Assata, An Autobiography, by Assata Shakur, is published by Lawrence Hill Books and distributed by Independent Publishers Group: 814 N. Franklin St., Chicago, IL 60610.

Fighting Genocide In Laytonville

by Julie Muson

In 1908, a rancheria (reservation) was established near Laytonville for "homeless" Indians, the fragmented survivors of disease, massacre, slavery and dispersal. In 1965, a seventeen year old Anglo woman named Peggy married Louis, a young Indian man, and settled near the rez. In 1968, the County of Mendocino created a landfill on top of a mountain, a stone's throw from Peggy and Louis' home, and the poisoning of people, animals, plants, air and water began.

The word "science" comes

from the Greek root word "skientia" which is a verb meaning "to know." We hear over and over again from County officials, Supes, etc. that there is yet no "scientific" evidence that the landfill is harmful... "scientific" is a kind of Mantra chanted in the temple of bureaucracy, catechism of the widely practiced religion of "know-nothingism."

Grandma Peggy (by now, at 44) hasn't had time to pick up that degree in organic chemistry/toxicology, but she's had sense(s) enough to watch the trash mountain heap and leap -- going from a mere 1.5 permitted acres

to 6, 7 acres. She'd seen her granddaughter stop breathing, heard the trucks going up the hill at all hours of the night for years, seen fewer fish, then diseased fish, then no fish in ponds and creeks from which Louis' family had gathered food from for years.

Around the neighborhood, stories of cancer, miscarriages and a wide spectrum of other ailments abound. Despite disturbing evidence provided by a statewide survey of landfills which ranked lowly Laytonville as 5th most toxic in the State for certain carcinogenic gases, the County proposed expanding the landfill even more, making this Branscomb Road neighborhood unwilling hosts and hostesses to a *Mother Of All Dumps* for Mendo County.

Peggy said, "no more garbage," chained that gate shut with her body as a lock. I've lived in Laytonville, since 1989, spent years before that as a housecleaner. Mine were the hands that were paid to put the processed, used-up, once living earth in the garbage can. Simultaneously, I've spent the last ten or more years trying to decolonialize my mind and soul, learning how to pick up my part of the check accumulated during the last 500 years.

For over 2 years now I've volunteered at the local Recycling Center. For a month and a half now, I've spent three days a week at the dump

doing outreach. Indians, anglo residents, occasional others, we talk to everyone who will listen. Using only our minds, mouths and experience, we've seen the number of dumpers each open day drop from 35-40 to 10, 7, 4 or sometimes

The dump itself is only part of struggles within struggles. People from the Rez tell me of the uphill effort required to free themselves from two consecutive inept/corrupt tribal council administrations. Peggy and I trade marginalization stories, she from sticking up "for those goddam Indians," me from being me of those nefarious Earth First'ers.

Despite every stall the County can muster, despite every possible prejudice, despite rain and cold, and constant exposure to toxics, the outreach and empowerment continues. Closing the dump is only the beginning, people from the Rez and others are talking about re-occupying the Cahto's traditional lands this summer, living right again, breathing clean air and drinking pure water. I've done two lockdowns there, and thus far with less than ten arrests total we've managed to turn the tide. It may take the County (and the corporations who've dumped here (landestinely) a while to realize it, but the power of people working together is infinite and unstoppable. Meanwhile, we'll keep talking, and I'll keep collecting stories.



EF! joins community blockade to dump the dump

Going To Jail With The Lesbians

by Mary Korte

you can go in here
the jailer says
they're singing Lesbian Songs
and you stumble in to
the singing laughter boomed
by cinderblock walls

it's not a seedy motel
you want to think it is
it's jail

Unchained Melody
the jailer says

and you sing over the loudspeaker
Honey I Love You
or something like that

she blushes you don't
see her centered as you are
on the stainless steel toilet
and the narrow bench of
stainless steel and the narrow
window in the stainless steel door

this is Reality
the jailer says
not fuckin' bullshit
she slams the no-knob door
not fun and games you guys

but you get to sing
you get to sing if not to shout
you get to go to jail & sing
with the Lesbians
and song carries
you thru over to the other side
when it's over
the turn over of govt.
that lets friends drive you home

by that time your clothes
smell jail jail food sits
in your carsick stomach
sun comes up to well-
come you to bed

& you think

it was the singing you wanted
you waited twenty-five years to do
sing with the Lesbians in Jail

from singing in the Church to sing-
ing at Meetings Concerts Campfires
Kitchens for twenty-five years now
NOW you get to sing with the
Lesbians in the County Jail

and it becomes a feast

REINTRODUCE IT



OR TAKE IT OFF THE FLAG

More Banner Banter

by Mickey Dulas

I gotta add my share to the ridiculous bantering about banner hanging that is raging in the EF! movement. To hang or not to hang...you have wasted too much tree flesh on this subject.

Any movement or campaign needs diversity to accomplish anything. A full spectrum of people and tactics, lawyers filing papers, grannys in tennis shoes picketing, workers speaking out, signs, banners and monkeywrenching, (not necessarily in the same place at the same time. I must add.) Not all of us are willing or able to be the most rad...hey there is even room for art and musical comedy if your intentions are right on.

I have made a lot of banners, some of which have been very key to spreading the message, for instance, how many of you have seen a picture of "Tarzan" hanging out with the SAVE THE OLD GROWTH banner? The story and picture of that banner has appeared in more places than I will ever know. It was also hung in many places...(we call it the well hung banner). It served its purpose, to help make the concept of saving the old growth common knowledge.

Banners are a lot cheaper than newspaper ads and they do catch the at-

tention of the public. After attempting to hang a beautiful banner from the Golden Gate Bridge, (what a rush), we generated several news articles addressing the issues we brought forth, even though we were not able to unfurl the banner.

Also let us not forget that while monkeywrenching plays such a vital part in this drama, some things are better left unsaid, (or unprinted) while some things are better said on a recycled bedsheet...

Seems to me that it boils down to the same old problem in the radical eco-movement, intolerance to the diversity that makes EF! what it is.

Diversify or die.

Who To Blame For This Paper

This newsletter is produced by Ecotopia EF!, Mendocino, with big assist from Humboldt. It is edited by Judi Bari and Alicia Little Tree. The following people also contributed to this issue: Naomi Wagner, Darryl Cherney, Laurie Sarachek, Julie Muson, Mary Korte, Mickey Dulas, Kay Rudin, Ron Johnson, Jamie Romeo, Nicola Boynoff, Nick Wilson, and John & Jane Doe 1-100.

We have no intention of producing a newsletter on any regular schedule. But we'll try to keep getting them out as the need arises.

Bari Bombing Case Jams FBI Shredder

Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney's lawsuit against the FBI and Oakland Police for their role in the 1990 car-bombing is slowly making its way through the court system. The judge has twice ruled against the police' Motion to Dismiss the

case, allowing Judi and Darryl to proceed with charges of false arrest, illegal search and seizure, and other civil rights violations. They also charge that these immediate rights violations were done as part of a larger, COINTELPRO-type operation to isolate and discredit them by making them look like terrorists.

Once this case is past the motion to dismiss, it enters the Discovery phase, in which the police agencies are supposed to open their files on the bombing to the plaintiffs. The Oakland Police have already released 270 pages of reports, plus tapes and photos. The FBI, however, has filed another appeal on the Motion to Dismiss, granting them another delay in Discovery. We guess they aren't done shredding all their documents yet. But meanwhile, the documents that have already been released from the Oakland Police indicate what we've been saying all along—the cover-up and frame-up around the bombing were deliberate, and the FBI is in it up to their slimey eyeballs.

We will be holding a rally and press conference on the anniversary of the bombing this year, for a ShowINTELPRO release of some of these documents and photos. The rally will be Monday, May 24, at 12 noon at the FBI office (Federal Building) in San Francisco. For more info call 707-468-1660.



Cult deflates tires and ties Manila into a knot

ASSOCIATED PRESS

MANILA — Religious cultists who said they were carrying out a divine command to deflate vehicle tires ran amok in the Philippine capital Monday, paralyzing traffic throughout the city. Police arrested 32 people.

Terrified motorists abandoned their vehicles and fled for cover as armed police chased the cultists, who swarmed through stalled traffic deflating tires. Other cultists flagged down buses and then let the air out before drivers could stop them.

"This is God's order to let out air," said Honora Dimagila, 44, one of those arrested. "Air is from God. This is the solution to the crisis in our country."

The mass deflating, which appeared to have been well planned, began during the evening rush hour and created massive traffic jams. Hours later, traffic was still at a standstill on major thoroughfares.

It was unclear what purpose the cultists thought was served by the bizarre strategy. When pressed for an explanation, they said only that cult leader Alelio Bernaldez Pen told them it was God's will.

The Usual Desperate Plea

It still costs lots of money to put out these newsletters, sponsor a Rendezvous, defend ourselves against L-P's SLAPP Suit and most important, organize direct action to save the last of the redwoods. And we're still broke as usual. Unlike the mainstream environmental groups, we don't have an army of underpaid canvassers going door to door.

The only way we can keep paying the phone bills, replacing our tree-climbing gear when it gets confiscated, and feeding activists at base camp after a hard day of blockading, is if you send a contribution.

EF! does not pay salaries or put out slick promo materials. The money we receive goes straight for actions. So empty your pockets and sell your house and car. Or better still, come out and join us! It's going to be another hot summer in the redwoods, and we need your help to keep it going. Checks should be made out to: Earth First!, 106 W. Standley, Ukiah, Ecotopia, 95482.