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 DESERT RATS! WILDERFREAKS! ENVIRONMENTAL EXTREMISTS!
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sponsored by EARTH FIRST!



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EARTH FIRST!

NEWSLETTER

JUNE 21, 1982

SUMMER SOLSTICE



LITHA EDITION

Vol. II, No. VI

Few Dollars and No Sense

In the purest sense, biologically speaking, there is no one place on earth which is a complete "ecosystem" unto itself. The biosphere is far too complex and interdependent to tag with labels. But it is possible to point to various facets of the natural order of life on earth and recognize some of them as overwhelmingly crucial to the overall scheme of things.

For instance, the Amazon Basin is a great, but now threatened, expanse of wild jungle lands which has been estimated to generate as much as 25% of the atmosphere's oxygen, and has been called "Earth's lungs." An oversimplification scientifically speaking, yes, but a graphic and frightening irony can be drawn when we consider the consequences of the rapid deforestation going on in and around Brazil.

If we can call the Amazon Basin the lungs of Mother Earth,

and do. The score is pretty damn obvious. Our planet is being destroyed by humans, so it must be saved by humans. If we don't save Her, who will?

In this place called "America" only small pockets of wilderness have escaped the cruel blade of development. But greed runs fast in its pursuit of "profit." Now these last remaining wilderness areas (and study areas) are about to be consumed, gobbled up forever. That is, if we let it happen—which we won't.

So rise up, Earth First!ers, your Mother Earth is in pain and great peril—rally to Her defense. Come to the Gros Ventre on the 3rd and 4th of July—if you are without means to get out here, call your nearest Earth First! Contact, or call the RRR hotline in Jackson at (307) 733-8054, or give Tony Moore a ring, or even see if your thumb is still attractive enough to snag a ride from a passerby. If you have a little cash you can spare, send it to the RRR headquarters in Jackson. Make out your check to: Mike Roselle, Box 2617, Jackson, WY 83001. Mike and his crew are busting ass to get this thing together and make it an event to remember and be proud of, but most of all, one which will make a difference and set a precedent. Help out—send what you can.

But, whatever you do, be sure to come to the RRR and also stand by for the news of Getty Oils' possible imminent invasion of Little Granite Creek. Getty now has a permit to roadbuild and drill. Appeals and injunctions might ward them off for a spell. On the other hand, if all appeals to save the Gros Ventre fail, the final "approval" for Getty to drill the Gros Ventre will have come from those of us who this summer stay away from the Gros Ventre.

then we should be able to draw some other comparisons. One which comes hurriedly to mind is the threatened "Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem Complex," of which the Gros Ventre Range is still an intact and integral part. Nowhere else in North America is there so much diversity or abundance of wild animals; moose, grizzly bear, black bear, wolverines, coyotes and cougars all exist here in the mountains of northwest Wyoming. Add in the largest populations on Earth of elk, bighorn sheep and antelope, and one is tempted not only to call the Gros Ventre by its French translation, "Big Belly," but to call the whole series of mountain ranges and highlands of the greater Yellowstone region the "backbone of North America."

We are starting to see quite clearly, however, that none of this plays much importance in the minds of those who seek to exploit and destroy this great planetary treasure. Corporate industrial entities, speaking through the likes of Reagan, Block, Crowell, Watt, Gorsuch, *et al*, have finally maneuvered themselves into a position to grab what little is left of our wild places for the almighty dollar. But is it that simple?

It has been said that if the entire Gros Ventre Range and surrounding lower elevations were fully developed for oil and gas, the supply would satisfy this nation's energy consumption for perhaps 17 hours, or at best, a day or two. For these few drops of oil and gas, our government and private enterprise (not "free" enterprise, mind you—Watt knows about that one) are risking the destructive impact of extensive roadbuilding, blasting and drilling in a rugged terrain which is prone to landslides and harsh weather, all at great expense, and in total opposition to very strong local disapproval of such development. It just doesn't make sense.

Unless, we look at a bigger picture. Just as James Watt's policies are not formulated in a vacuum, neither is a Getty rig drilling this summer in what is certain to stay public land. By scarring it up (as is being done in other Wilderness Study Areas administered by the Departments of Agriculture and Interior), it becomes an area no longer considered for protection.

The day Getty starts a bulldozer up Little Granite Creek to install the first of a probable four exploratory wells (they don't stop at one), on a 1 in 20 chance of producing a field in an area for which data is called by the Minerals Mining Service "inconclusive" of any energy potential, on that day, we the people, will see the Gros Ventre—as well as

the rest of our remaining wild and free places—move that much closer to becoming the eminent domain of the rich, the powerful and the foolish, and Mother Earth will have come that much closer to ecological collapse. We cannot allow that day to come. ^{pd}

Moab Politicos to Blade Negro Bill Canyon WSA

The day was July 4, 1979. Grand County Commissioner, Ray Tibbets, and his cretin cohorts, climbed aboard bulldozers and bladed a road into a lovely, meandering, roadless canyon near Moab, which has been under BLM Wilderness review.

Conservationists and other caring people were aghast. The BLM threatened action against the commissioners, but that's about as far as it went.

A year later, on July 4th again, the commissioners decided to do it again, this time in another BLM-WSA in the foothills above Moab. Again, the same namby-pamby reaction from the BLM.

Last 4th of July, Earth First! held a protest rally in Arches National Park, and the second Round River Rendezvous near Fisher Towers along the Colorado River to draw attention to the continuing travesty being perpetrated by Ray Tibbets and his contemptuous band of wilderness-wreckers.

But here it is: Summer of '82, and these same southeastern Utah scum, who call themselves "representatives of the people," and who actually want a giant nuke waste dump to be brought in near Canyonlands National Park, are now planning this 4th of July yet another invasion into Negro Bill Canyon!

According to local conservationists, Ray Tibbets thinks that the definition of a "road" includes tire tracks in the sand. "There are roads that intrude into that area from various directions, and roads fall under the control of the county," said Ray Tibbets in an interview, later adding that, "We're going to serve notice on the BLM that the roads will be graded. If they don't like it they can take us to court or whatever."

Ray "The Raider" Tibbets couldn't have picked another date, you notice. ^{pd}

Hey, There! What's That Sound?

By Pete Dustrud

It is summer. Each day as the sun burns bright, the warmth moves to higher places. Little by little, the mountain soil releases more moisture, nurturing nature's wonders. The forest is not quiet; it is alive with sound and movement. Millions of songs fill the air—birds, insects, the wind on the treetops and the gushing streams—all playing their melodies by the rhythm of the Earth. Nothing is lost here, nothing is taken without being returned. The largest creatures give back to the smallest. Everything here, right down to the last drop of water, the most hidden spider, the smallest patch of lichen, takes its part in the great cycle. Between these sounds, this chorus of life, there is another phenomenon permeating every nook and cranny in the universe. It too can be heard, but one must listen well.

It is the silence.

Today it is very quiet. The silence is broken by only faint whispers. As the day grows hotter, the silence grows thicker. What is wrong? Where are we? Is this a dream? No, this is the Gros Ventre Range of Wyoming. And today, every creature is intently listening because they have never heard this sound before. Far off it comes—plodding, thumping, churning and banging: metallic beasts of destruction have entered the lower hills and are slowly, but steadily, inching their way up Little Granite Creek, smashing, killing, laying waste, devouring everything in the way.

Oh, they have done this elsewhere. What was once virgin wilderness, thriving with nature's abundance, is now scarred and festering, riddled with cancerous tumors of the humans' making. Like a patient, infected with cancer, the malignancy only grows larger and more lethal. Before enough antibodies can come to the defense, the organism is dying.

But, as it has been said, life is tough and death is easy. The noise at the bottom of the mountain gets louder. As it does, millions of heartbeats on the mountain

quicken. An old grizzly bear suddenly gives up trying to catch her fat trout and disappears into thicker cover. All around the path of the invaders, animals scatter to seek refuge, much like they do when a fire comes. Unlike fires, however, the noisy clamoring bulldozers are relentless: they keep coming, and will do so until they reach a pristine, alpine saddle, far up on the mountain. There, they will bring up other weapons to tear a deep hole out of the life-giving Earth. Like a hideous vampire, this mechanized bloodsucker will stab deep into the soil and rock in search of the decayed remains of creatures long gone.

Once oil is found, the pumps will pull from the Earth as much oil and gas as is demanded by the desperate power-mongers in charge of the invading machinery.

Thousands of miles away, in a vinyl and chrome-plated toilet stall, an insidious shell of what was once a being resembling the human variety, will let off an extra cackle or two, as he, James G. Watt, muses over his "divine" duty, and tomorrow will call the rape of the Gros Ventre "wise management."

Like a nasty nightmare, all of this could happen, but here's the pinch: It won't, because there are now enough concerned, fed-up and active humans, who are loosely united under one banner (not a national one, but a planetary one), who are drawn to that strong impulse and concern: The Earth's survival. We are not, and the Earth is not, alive because of profits first, nor because of power first, greed first, progress first or war first—we are alive due to the Earth first—always have been, always will be. We are Earth First!ers! The survival of this one and only planet we have is what counts.

There have always been people like us, but our voices have often been scattered and muzzled. Now we are coming out of the woodwork, as it were. We need no convincing, no one has to give us sermons, or tell us what to think

The Earth First! Newsletter

— Litha Edition —

June 21, 1982

Vol. II No. VI

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For Roadshow engagements, EF! Merchandise (topos, t-shirts, etc.) issues and general correspondence with Dave Foreman, Bart Koehler and Wildcat Annie:

EF! NEVADA
P.O. Box 235
Ely, NV 89301

For organizing local groups and for local EF! contact coordination:

Tony Moore
316 E. Spruce #2
Missoula, MT 59801
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For latest info on Getty's Little Granite Creek invasion or Round River Rendezvous, and to make donations for both; make checks out to Mike Roselle and send them to:

RRR
c/o M. Roselle
P.O. Box 2617
Jackson, WY 83001
(307)733-8054
(ask for "Round River Ron")

To submit poetry for EF! Newsletter:

Art Goodtimes
P.O. Box 1008
Telluride, CO 81135

NEXT DEADLINE



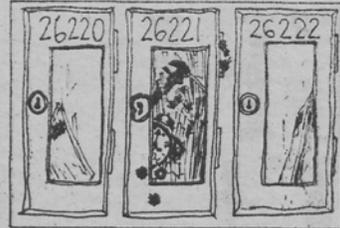
All material for consideration in the August 1, LUGHNASAD edition of the Earth First! Newsletter should be received by our office in Salt Lake City no later than July 12. Include SASE for materials to be returned.

Strange Code on Your Mailing Label?

A few months ago EF!N began using an easily decipherable code on our address labels so our readers can keep track of when their subscriptions run out.

It works like this: "11-2" means you are paid-up until Nov., '82. "1-4" means Jan., '84, which, by the way, ought to be an interesting election year.

Letters to Earth First!



All Letters to Earth First! should be sent to the Earth First! Newsletter as close to deadline as possible. Please make your letters brief. If your name is to be left off, please say so. All letters are subject to condensation and to corrections in grammar and spelling.

Dear Earth First!

Yes, as the numerous letters in the Brigid Edition of your newsletter stated, it is refreshing to find others, and in particular an organization, committed to preserving "wild" habitats and willing to "lay it on the line" to do so.

As a professor of biology/ecology, I find myself becoming progressively more disillusioned with environmental rhetoric, particularly that which I serve out to my students, and the flaccid, non wave-creating modus operandi of mainstream environmental groups, as epitomized by the Sierra Club and to a lesser extent the Friends of the Earth. I have no desire to put down such groups because they really do represent the integrity and core of the environmental movement and will undoubtedly inherit the legacy of its leadership responsibilities. However, as with many movements, there is a niche that needs to be filled by a devoted, uncompromising, and perhaps even radical spearhead group.

The role of such a group I see as being analogous to that of the club in the hands of the sensitive, nonviolent persuader who insists, in this presumably fictitious but often related story, that the way to get the stubborn mule to move is by rational persuasion. When asked, after successfully convincing the mule to move, why did he bash it on the head with the club if he is such a proponent of nonviolent, rational persuasion, he replied, "First you have to get its attention."

I see Earth First! as providing such a function in the environmental movement. If you re-examine the black movement in the late fifties and sixties, you will see that the nonviolent Martin Luther King and NAACP were eloquently saying the right things and truly represented the core of the movement. But not until ghetto riots and radical groups like the Black Panthers appeared did the movement demonstrate its resolve and really capture the nation's attention. And, as indicated by the "Watts This?" section of the Brigid Edition newsletter, you have gained the attention of our illustrious Secretary of the Interior. Bravo!

I have such a foreboding of what kind of world will be facing us in the near future. I see an earth overrun with people, all but a few of whom will be poor, wanting and, perhaps worst of all, forced to lead pitiful, ignorant lives on the treadmill of survival. Nearly all land, save the most precipitous and inhospitable, will be ravaged and/or converted into ecologically simple and unstable, manmade ecosystems. As a result of this massive habitat destruction, most of our great diversity of plants and animals will have gone extinct. Preoccupation with self or "family" survival will pervade most social interaction. As indicated in one of your

letters, perhaps such an existence is not worthwhile. I certainly would pass on it.

I think in order to turn this around, we are going to have to have some major shifts in values. Reverence for and non-destructive, steady-state, if you will, uses of our land and natural ecosystems must take precedence over material gratification. How do we convince people that they do not need a large house and the latest appliances to be happy? Dare I say, that it is probably easier to achieve happiness without these distracting "things."

Forgive me for waxing philosophically, I could go on and on. As a teacher, one often feels he has license to do so.

To wrap up this rather long-winded letter, I have enclosed my \$10 membership fee. Please send me your newsletter. I would be willing to serve as a contact in my area, for as long as I am here. I anticipate moving to the eastern Washington/Idaho/Montana region next fall or winter.

John R. Davey
Asst. Prof., Dept. of Bio.
Western Michigan U.
Kalamazoo, MI 49008

Dear Earth First!

Sometime back I read your article "Earth First!" in the October '81 issue of *The Progressive* and I am relieved to know there is actually an organization dedicated to saving the environment, not pleasing politicians.

I have been one of the many people ignorant to what the government is doing to the environment. For years I have concentrated all my efforts on anti-hunting and fur trapping. Animals have and always will be my first love. However, while doing a research paper on environmental policy, I began to realize the atrocities of our government toward earth, and I'm every worried and mad to think that the government has the power to create and destroy what is not even theirs.

I totally agree with your article and now consider myself a radical environmentalist. I'm not afraid of Big Business or the government and intend on dedicating my life to the environmental movement as well as my war against hunting.

I'm 17 years old and there aren't many people around me that feel like I do so I'm glad to know there's an organization that has the same views.

I would really appreciate knowing more about Earth First! and even though I can't travel for meetings around the country until I get older, I will do anything I can to help.

Sally C., Indiana

Dear EF!

I guess you could say I am one of little faith. The Book of Revelations in the Bible refers to somebody getting irate enough to "bring to ruin those ruining the Earth." EF! is great because there are those of us who don't like to leave anything to chance!

I don't want to tromp on any Christian toes, but being raised one myself I feel a little less guilty. There is room in EF! for everyone and I don't think the Christian element should recoil from EF! philosophy just because a bunch of us are pantheists, etc. Looking to heaven for help can tend to keep ones eyes from focusing on the Earth, although obviously, judging from the last issue, not all Christians have tunnel vision.

A few years ago (before the birth of EF!) I was sitting on a hill

out in the middle of nowhere thinking about nothing in particular except the lack of respect for our "space ship." Suddenly, I was hit as if with a bolt of lightning, thinking there ought to be a nation-wide movement of a religious nature. . . "the Earth Church, that's it," I thought. Of course, that's all the further it went, unless, of course, Dave Foreman was sitting at his desk in Washington, DC about that time formulating his opinions. Maybe my flash crossed the continent, who knows?

But for all you Christians in the movement, remember: paganism doesn't have to, in today's world, mean devil worship or any such nonsense. What is wrong with simply celebrating Nature and our place in Her? Who knows, it may even be the round-about way of thanking God for our lovely planet. Christianity as it is practiced and represented turns me off because it places such importance on us cancerous humans at the expense of everything else. So. . . preach the word that we are not the be-all and end-all of life on Earth.

T. Green, Oregon

Dear Earth First!

"To balance the many gonzo male voices," I am sending you a piece of original graffiti suitable for reproduction on freshly poured concrete, across bulldozer blades, over destruction signs, *et cetera* (I mean no offense, of course, to the many fine males who do not identify with this stereotypic macho insanity—and after reading my first issue of EARTH FIRST! I see I may have to revise upward my estimate of how many of you there are!). As one rapidly becoming a veteran of many conversations with entrenched proponents of the invasive-destructive paradigm, I have been amazed at the effectiveness of a few well-chosen words pointing out the fact that all these actions are *killing living things*, and that no, women *don't* find this display of "prowess" all that impressive. For those who are not (yet) ready to do the actual monkeywrenching, it can be almost as satisfying to make quite sure that the misguided machineheads understand the motivation of those who are, and perhaps a few encounters with strong feminine disapproval will take a bit of the turgidity out of the Earth-raping impulse.

R.H., Florida

Dear Earth First!

. . . The Feds inspected my last newsletter. There was a large "Opened for Inspection" stamped on the front and back. We receive an incredible amount of mail at my house and it seems odd that the Feds just happened to single out the Earth First! Newsletter.

—P.T., Oregon

EDITOR'S NOTE—When we take the mailing in to the bulk mailing center at the post office, the clerk usually wants to look quickly through it to see if there's anything that could be construed as blatantly pornographic—This time it was *your* newsletter which was scrutinized.

Dear Earth First!

Please send your newsletter. . . i wait with baited breath. . . has the eco-revolution begun? Enclosed is postage to help out.

Much Wildness,
D.H., California

Dear Earth First!
WYIZZERZOMENNIMOR—
ORZIZAZIZZANZERIZORZIZ?

Sincerely,
The Grouch



CAT TRACKS

By Chim Blea

(Ed. Note: Chim Blea is the name given by the Indians of Baja California to the mountain lion on whose kills they fed. They found such carrion by following the circling buzzards.

Neither the Newsletter nor EARTH FIRST! necessarily endorses the point of view presented here.)

The Question of Babies

For many years of my life, I never felt the slightest desire for parenthood. Don't get me wrong—I don't hate children (like I do dogs). In fact, I find a certain distant pleasure in my nephews and nieces. But nephews and nieces are like television. You can dally with them for a little while until you grow bored (a few minutes in my case) and then switch them off. You aren't stuck with the little rug rats for long.

With this attitude, then, I was surprised by a feeling I found prowling inside my skull box some five or six years ago. It was night and I was alone. The empty western freeway stretched out with no beginning or end. There was no moon. No topography. I was surrounded by blackness. I usually enjoy such solitudinous midnight journeys. You never know what ghosts may join you. In this case the ghost was a little girl. My little girl. She would have been eight at that time if she had indeed become. But she hadn't. I'd never regretted the abortion during my carefree college days that prevented her being. And I don't regret it today. But I regretted it that night. Somewhere in the DNA coiled deep within my cells, a scrap of gene—called parenthood—which I had until that time, believed I did not possess, edged itself into my consciousness and brought me the apparition of a little girl. And I was filled with sorrow. I haven't had contact with my partner in that unfortunate adventure for over thirteen years and I am sterile now, thanks to the surgeon's knife. Today, I don't regret that abortion or my sterilization several years later. I did not want children then. I do not now. But that night, that empty night on the desert six years ago, when the ghost of that little girl, my little girl, sat with me in my car and looked with her big brown eyes into mine, I knew for the first time why people want children. Misanthrope though I may be, I will never forget it.

I tell you about this precious ghost not to assuage any guilt for my part in that ancient abortion but because she may have served to dampen my strong feelings about too many human beings on this fair planet. Beautiful, enchanting, and haunting though that darling specter may have been, my views on overpopulation remain. There are too many of us.

I will not go into the statistics of the population bomb. I will not review the Ehrlich-Commoner debate on population vs. pollution. There are too many of us. And no one can dispute the fact that if we were fewer we would have less impact on Earth and

Giant Redwoods Threatened

Time is running out for the giant sequoias of McKinley Grove. The U.S. Forest Service is planning to log within this virgin stand located in the Sierra National Forest east of Fresno, California. Sierra Association For Environment (SAFE), an EF! affiliate, has appealed this decision at all levels—from the Forest Supervisor to the Chief of the Forest Service. The appeals have been denied. The timber beasts are preparing to sell the timber.

It is the intent of the Forest Service to bring this virgin grove of sequoias under "management." In their Environmental Assessment, the Forest Service considered only three "management" alternatives for the grove.

1. Their "no action" alternative is perhaps the most acceptable of the three offered but it fails to deal with the problem of 100 years of accumulated fuels build-up brought on by the exclusion of fire. An uncontrolled blaze burning up

from the Dinkey Creek Canyon below could very well destroy the grove.

2. The prescribed burning alternative as presented by the Forest Service makes no mention of preparing the grove for such a burn. It appears that under this alternative they would simply build a fire line around the grove and light a match.

3. The alternative chosen by the Forest Service and developed in the EA utilized cable logging systems and tracked FMC Skidders to remove "high risk" white woods from the grove. SAFE has shown, in their appeals, that the Forest Service intends to log all salable non-redwoods from the grove. The Forest Service contends that logging 400-year-old sugar pine and white fir is the only way to "save" McKinley Grove from sure destruction. And they say that the timber sale will pay for the "management" of the grove.

SAFE maintains that not all reasonable alternatives were

considered by the Forest Service. The alternatives favored by SAFE would utilize volunteers to hand-thin and pile the thickets of young trees and accumulated debris. The Forest Service would then be able to burn piles and eventually broadcast-burn the whole grove. Unfortunately, the Forest Service would not consider SAFE's recommendations.

It is the thickets of young white fir along with some 100 years of accumulated forest debris that pose a threat to the destruction of McKinley Grove by fire—not the 400-year-old stately white fir and sugar pine. These trees bear the fire scars of an earlier era when fire naturally ran its course through the grove on a regular and frequent basis. They are a part of the grove.

Although it is denied, the Forest Service plan to log the grove will harm the redwood trees. Logging will upset the delicate system of small springs and creeks that make it possible for the redwoods to exist. The soil will suffer compaction and erosion. The roots of the sequoias will be damaged and some will be exposed.

The redwoods will serve as "rub trees" for the cable system. There is no avoiding the damage and scars from this sort of treatment. The animals, including at least one bear, some squirrels, deer, mosquitoes, bees, a fisher, a spotted owl, and others, will be tor-

mented, roasted or at least temporarily displaced.

Most frightening of all will be the future of the grove. The immediate future is a grove of giant sequoias that is no longer virgin. The distant future is a grove where all the big trees are dead thanks to the damage of logging. This scenario may be 50, 100, or more years down the road. 100 years is a very short time in the life of a 2,000 to 3,000-year-old redwood. Furthermore, the Forest Service intends to relog the grove every 10 to 20 years.

McKinley Grove is unique. The grove is one of only seven isolated giant sequoia groves between Kings River and Placerville. There are only two groves of giant sequoias in the Sierra National Forest and McKinley Grove is the only one that has never been logged. The giant sequoia groves nearest to McKinley Grove are 16 air miles to the south and 38 air miles to the north. McKinley Grove is a genetically isolated population of redwoods and probably has been for thousands of years. Giant sequoias have requirements for natural reproduction and longevity that are so specific that the trees occupy only 65 acres in hundreds of thousands of acres of forest.

SAFE continues to oppose the Forest Circus plans to rape McKinley Grove. SAFE, in appealing the Forest Service decision, has provided the Forest Service with detailed

explanations of exactly what is entailed in the sort of logging planned for McKinley Grove and how that would impact the grove. This is something that was not done in the Forest Service EA although it should have been. The official Forest Circus response to SAFE has been to question the professional qualifications of SAFE's consulting foresters and not answer the serious questions that SAFE has raised. If only the Forest Circus knew that SAFE's consulting foresters are from among them! But that does McKinley Grove no good. The beasts still intend to destroy the grove.

We cannot allow the "If-you've-seen-one-redwood-you've-seen-them-all" administration to destroy this unique gift of Mother Earth. Join SAFE and EF! in protesting this outrage. A rally to protest the planned logging of McKinley Grove will coincide with the rally to protest the destruction of Dinkey Creek. This rally is scheduled for August 28th at McKinley Grove. The August 1st EF! Newsletter will provide details. For further information about SAFE and McKinley Grove write to SAFE, 3771 Circle Dr. West, Fresno, CA 93704.

Forest's friend,
A Dryad Nymph

P.S. For every tree cut down in McKinley Grove, a Dryad Nymph will die. Every death will be avenged by Ceres.

From Page 2

other life forms. If you can step beyond the beautiful eyes of my little ghost, think for a moment about what every additional human child really means (and remember that the impact of each of our middle-class babies is equivalent to that of forty in the Third World): More old-growth timber clearcut, increased grazing pressures on marginal grassland, another irrigation project drowning a desert river to farm another virgin valley, another oil pad and rig in a remote wildland with a dusty access road, another sterile jungle clearing to play the ghastly "green revolution" game, more poison in our seas choking our finny fellow citizens, more minerals ripped out of their natural place in the Earth and turned into tawdry goods. . .

But if these images do not touch you as they touch me, think also that every baby is one to starve with a bloated belly in the Sahel, to bleed as a stray .223 caliber slug tumbles through her tiny body in Guatemala, to live in horror on the streets of Bombay, to escape the plastic loveless world of LA with drugs when she's fifteen and lonely, to wither with radiation. Not only do our babies cause the Earth to suffer but they will suffer themselves. Because of hunger, oppression, disease, and war. Because human society, psychology, and politics are in chaos. Because human population will soon be drastically leveled. Because there are too many of us.

Think before you have that baby. One more to cause suffering. One more to suffer. Have your tubal ligation, your vasectomy. Now. Before you are haunted by the little girl you didn't have. Or had.

Earth First!er Found in Kenya

Lake Victoria, Kenya (EF!N)—A primate, given the name "John," was kidnapped early in March from his home in the Lambwe Valley of Kenya. "John," who eats raw meat and avoids vegetables, and who does not speak in any known tongue, is a prisoner of the authorities pending identification of John's species.

John used to be active in environmental causes, but after working in so many DC offices, left for Africa in the early '70s.

ANOTHER DAM!

Don't Damn Dinkey! has been the rallying cry for Sierra Association For Environment (SAFE) in its four year battle to save a river from destruction. Dinkey Creek, located in the Sierra Nevada Mountains east of Fresno, California, is the west fork of the North Fork of Kings River. Dinkey Creek was named by an early settler for his small dog that was mauled by a bear near the river.

Dinkey Creek is a beautiful mountain river that has its beginning in high country lakes. It flows through a deep and narrow granite gorge until it opens up into a pleasant valley. Historic and beautiful Dinkey Meadow is a part of this valley. In this valley, Dinkey Creek is accessible to visitors of all kinds, including humans and the migrating North Kings Deer Herd. Dinkey Creek is locally famous for its large and deep potholes that are popular for swimming. Every Dinkey Creek visitor has his or her own favorite pothole.

Historical accounts reveal that Dinkey Creek has been a popular "family" camping area since the 1870's. People camped then and continue to camp now at Dinkey Creek for the pleasures of simple solitude, the soothing peacefulness of the river, and the inspiring beauty of the area. McKinley Grove of giant redwoods is just six miles away (see the article, Giant Redwoods Threatened) and generations of Dinkey Creek campers have made the short trip there by horseback in the old days and later by auto. This writer knows one fellow who made this first trip from Dinkey Creek to McKinley Grove by foot as late as 1971!

Before 1870, Indians known as the Monache lived in the area. Historical accounts from the 1880's tell of Indians using the Dinkey Creek area in the snow free months only. Before that, who knows? Evidence of their presence is everywhere in the Dinkey Creek vicinity. Excavations conducted last year yielded dates of occupation going back at least 5,000 years.

Dinkey Creek continues on from the valley into a steeper canyon. It flows past more and

EARTH FIRST! Joins S.A.F.E. Rally

The combined rallies to protest the logging of the McKinley Grove of giant sequoias and the damming of Dinkey Creek will take place August 28th, 1982 at the

more potholes, trees, meadows, small tributary streams, and wild habitat. The river is wild and practically inaccessible and the fishing is tremendous as Dinkey Creek flows through the deep and steep canyon known as Dinkey Hole on its way to the North Fork of the Kings River.

Now for the bad news. Money-greedy water hustlers plan to destroy Dinkey Creek by building the "Dinky Creek Project." This project entails the construction of a damn right at the location of one of the best swimming holes on Dinkey Creek, the damned diversion of several good sized creeks, the construction of 16 miles of tunnel, the flocking of the whole of Dinkey Valley, the construction of two sixty-megawatt powerhouses, the construction of at least ten miles of access road with a 100 foot right-of-way, the erection of at least two and a half miles of new transmission lines, the construction of a housing project, the creation of an undetermined number of concrete batch plants, the construction of warehouses, office garages, and other industrial appurtenances, the destruction of three youth camps and a public owned family camp, and the creation of a half million cubic yards of spoilage.

The Kings River Conservation District, a group of water associations owning water rights,

is controlled by a couple of huge corporate farms. The water associations are seeking the revenue from the Dinkey Project for the purpose of purchasing more water from out of the area. They are particularly eyeing north California coast rivers for their water moving plans. The motto is greed, "more money to make more money." The plan is water intensive crops—California fruit gold. The game is California water politics.

The money greedy water hustlers have sought the sale of \$700 million in municipal bonds for this project they have officially estimated at costing more than \$640 million. And for all the destruction and expense, the proposed project would produce only a miniscule amount of power and store an even more miniscule amount of water. The proposed Dinkey Reservoir would hold less than one-tenth the capacity of an already existing reservoir downstream on the Kings River.

SAFE has thus far been successful in stopping this project. Unfortunately, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission issued the water hustlers a license in March. SAFE immediately petitioned for a rehearing. In the meantime, SAFE continues the fight on the state and local level.

SAFE plans an EF! rally to protest the planned destruction

al Parks. Just to the east and north is the "gentle wilderness"—the John Muir Wilderness of the central Sierra Nevada. Dinkey Creek is a wonderful place to spend a few days swimming, fishing, hiking, and just laying around. If you have specific questions about things to do in the area, write to Oread Nymph, c/o SAFE, 3771 Circle Drive West, Fresno, California 93704. See you there!

Mountain friend,
Oread Nymph

of Dinkey Creek. This will coincide with the EF! rally to protest the logging of the McKinley Grove of giant redwoods (see article, Giant Redwoods Threatened). The rally is scheduled for August 28 at Dinkey Creek. The August 1st EF! Newsletter will provide details. For further information about SAFE and Dinkey Creek write to SAFE, 3771 Circle Drive West, Fresno, California 93704 or call (209) 229-0272.

Dinkey's friend,
Naiad Nymph

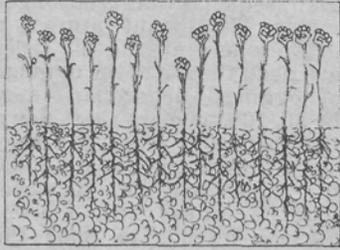
SLEEP CHEAP!

Earth First! is starting a network of folks who would be willing to share their homes with other EF!ers who are traveling and need overnight accommodations. This will be a good way for us to get acquainted with each other, share ideas, and discuss issues, as well as minimizing travel expenses.

If you would like to get involved, and have a spare room, or just some extra floor space, please contact me as soon as possible. A list of participants will be published in the next issue, and will be expanded/updated regularly. Call Eileen Kay at (503) 236-7308 or drop a note to me at 4815 N.E. Flanders, Portland, OR 97213.

EF! Grassroots News

Every issue in the EF! Newsletter, we print all the news we get on what our local EF! groups are doing. The idea is to let each group have a voice alongside other voices in the EF! movement. No longer do Earth First!-minded people have to feel they are lone-wolves crying into the mechanized wasteland. Do what you do well, but write to the EF! Newsletter and tell us, too!



Contacts

We don't give out the mailing list, but if you're in a hurry, send us the message you want to get out (and a little \$ if you can) and we'll do a mailing to EF! Newsletter subscribers in your area (or any other region you wish to contact).

This way we leave the decision to get involved completely up to the individual, and respect possible desires for anonymity. Or send a note before deadline and

we'll print it.

Ask Tony Moore's advice (see Contact List) for details on how to "surface" as a contact and how to get organized. Read each installment of Tony's Guide to EF! Organizing. If you're traveling, call or write appropriate contacts for possible meetings, get-togethers, actions, carpooling, etc.

When your group acts out, let us know! Send a copy of your action to Tony Moore and a copy to the EF! Newsletter!

22 THINGS TO DO AS AN EARTH FIRST!ER

1. Encourage folks in your area to attend the 1982 EARTH FIRST! 4th of July Round River Rendezvous and Sagebrush Patriot Rally in the Gros Ventre Mountains of Wyoming. Organize a carpool to the Gros Ventre. There will be the opportunity to discuss issues with EF!ers around the country and a discussion on EF! local groups and action.

2. Show the movie "Cracking the Glen Canyon Dam" at a local EARTH FIRST! meeting or to a meeting of your Sierra Club, etc.

3. Arrange for Johnny Sagebrush and Dave Foreman to come to your area as part of the EARTH FIRST! Road Show. Coordinate with other EF! contacts or groups in your region of the U.S. for several appearances with Johnny and Dave during the same time period.

4. Organize an EF! demonstration against Jim Watt, George Bush, Ronald Reagan, Anne Gorsuch, or other villains if they come to your area.

5. Organize an EF! demonstration against John Crowell as part of our "Howl Against Crowell" project if he comes to your area (see May 1 newsletter). We may soon be able to send out Crowell's travel schedule to local EF! contacts.

6. If you want to set up a local EF! meeting, etc., contact Pete Dustrud about sending an invitation out to all EF!ers locally. Print up your flier and send it to Pete for mailing.

7. Develop EF! proposals for RARE II bills or the BLM Wilderness Review in your state. Propose larger wilderness areas than moderate conservationists (Sierra Club, etc.) propose. Organize field trips to your proposals. Recommend that roads be closed and other development be phased out. Organize support for your larger areas. Testify at hearings. Contact Dave Foreman or Bart Koehler for help.

8. Get involved in local or state environmental issues. Take a hard-line, noncompromise approach. Present the radical position.

9. Sell EF! t-shirts, bumperstickers, monkey wrench jewelry, buttons, Lil' Green Songbooks, calendars. Arrange for local bookstores, outdoor shops, etc. to sell EF! stuff. Call or write our Ely, NV office (POB 235, Ely, NV 89301).

10. Set up a meeting of EF! contacts and activists in your region to plan strategy and discuss issues (such as for the Northeast, South, or Northwest).

11. Distribute the EF! Newsletter at state-wide wilderness workshops, local Sierra Club or Audubon meetings, or through friendly, outdoor stores, etc.

12. Mobilize support and local participation for other national EARTH FIRST! actions and issues. Details will be sent to you.

13. Organize local action on a coordinated EF! issue the same day across the country.

14. Organize a national EF! action on a local issue (such as the Gros Ventre, GO Road, 3 Sisters kitty litter mining, Canyonlands nuclear dump).

15. Report on your local issues and EF! activities for the EF! Newsletter.

16. Testify for EARTH FIRST! at wilderness or environmental hearings in your area or state. Be sure to take a stronger, no compromise stance than do other groups.

17. Get Silent Agitators from EF! and put them up in appropriate places.

18. Get a sample EF! letterhead from Pete Dustrud and make copies for use by your local group.

19. Take on the national coordination of an issue or organizing project for EF! (merchandise, ORV's, population, etc.).

20. Develop boundaries and justification for any proposed EF! Wilderness Preserves in your area. Adopt any of our proposed preserves in your region of the country (Contact Dave Foreman for draft maps, etc.).

21. Write articles, press releases, letters to the editor on the EARTH FIRST! position on local and national issues.

22. Use your imagination!



Bureau of Leasing Management

By Amanda y Percy de los Volcanes, New Mexico

Little Billy Harkenrider, BLM Resources Area Manager, stood up in front of a few mild-mannered conservationists, or so he thought, the other night and more-or-less said, "Gee, shucks folks—I think we made a little boo boo here, we're really sorry, we know you'll say it's OK."

What little Billy Harkenrider didn't know was that in that group of mild-mannered conservationists were several Earth First!ers. What Bill Harkenrider let happen was a god-damn criminal act. Bill Harkenrider approved an application that gave Exxon the go-ahead to cut a friggin' road in the West Potrillo Study Area under the guise of "seismic testing."

The West Potrillo Mountains in south-central New Mexico, are delicate and fragile. These mountains are actually volcanic cones. Wonderful creations, full of nooks and crannies and hidden treasures. The area proposed for wilderness is not a lava flow but rather magnificent, undulating craters and the adjacent desert basin which provided a home for the very old (maybe a hundred years or more) creosote bushes along with the usual desert grasses and mesquite.

When Exxon did its seismic testing, no one from BLM checked to see what was being done to the land. Exxon drove into the area with their huge vibroseis machines and all the "necessary" support vehicles. These monsters wreaked havoc on the wonderful, pristine land! Everywhere they went they caused destruction, devastation. The old creosote bushes were no more. The mesquite and grass ceased to exist. The top layer of sand was churned away. All one could see in the wake of these monsters were two tracks of white, white clay. In some cases, the tracks went all the way down to the lava itself. Very little was

left between the tracks. Vegetation that had taken maybe twenty, fifty or a hundred years to grow had been wiped out in less than a month.

The monsters not only cut the approved straight lines (2, 3, 4, miles long) but they got creative. One hillside has a long, skinny rectangle. There are loops all around one end. It is a masterpiece of wanton destruction of a fragile sculpture. The damage done, BLM took a look and said, "We made a mistake..."

When some Earth First!ers took a look from a generously provided "environmental aircraft," the initial shock left them speechless. Then came comments of "Shit," "God-damn," "Son-of-a-bitch," "Jesus-fucking-Christ, I can't believe it!" This was followed by a roar of "Who the hell let this happen?!" and, "Let's get him, sue him, get him fired, hang him, god-damn son-of-a-bitch!"

It was total incompetency for Harkenrider to approve such an exploration application (Notice of Intent), but to not ever check the work being done by the seismic crew until after the fact is gross mismanagement. It was a case of handling the wilderness study area over to Exxon to manage. Which they did. They managed to scar, destroy and devastate.

Maybe Harkenrider should find a job with Exxon. He certainly did a good job for them this time. Maybe we should help him on his way. We don't want incompetents managing our lands, our precious, few and wonderful wild lands. We should tell BLM to get its act together. Say to them, "Do it right or we'll nail your hide to the wall! These are our lands you're plundering and we don't like it! Fire all the bungling fools! Stop playing industry's game! Reclaim all the lands you've already wasted! Do your job, protect our lands!"

THE EVER-EXPANDING EARTH FIRST! CONTACT LIST

- ★ Coordinating Contact:
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- AK — Albino Waerwulf, S.R. 20036, Fairbanks, AK 99701
- AR - Bill Coleman, 924 N. Taylor, Little Rock, AR 72203 (501) 664-7127
- CA - Philip Friedman, 2300 Ortega St., San Francisco, CA 94122
- CA — Rolla E. Lewis, POB 30, Brentwood, CA 94513
- CA - Michael Bordenane, Sierra Assoc. for Environment, 3771 Circle Dr., W. Fresno, CA 93704 (209) 229-0272
- CA - Jean C. Gordon, 1214 B Mill St., San Luis Obispo, CA 93401
- CA - Tim Jeffries, 22 Claus Cir., Fairfax, CA (415) 456-7433
- CA - Bob and/or Jean Curry, 302 Otis St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060
- CA — Bill Devall, PO Box 21, Arcata, CA 95521 (707) 822-8136

- CA - Bart Boyer, 6874 50th St., San Diego, CA 92120
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- CO - Art Goodtimes, POB 1008, Telluride, CO 84435
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- IL - Don Johnson/ Prairie Grove Group, EF! Woodside Farm, 1841 S. River Rd., Des Plaines, IL 60018 (312) 296-7960
- OR: Tim Byers: (312) 463-8045
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- MI — John R. Davey, 1106 Knollwood, Kalamazoo, MI 49007 (616) 375-8276
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- NB - Jack Ellis, 3920 Dewey, Omaha, NB 68105
- NV - Jomayne R. Stevens, 65 Vine St., Reno, NV 89503
- NJ - Bob Ludd, 246 Fawn Ridge, Mountainside, NJ 07092 (201) 233-7656 (N) 624-7446 (D)
- NM - Neil Cobb, 421½ Harvard SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106
- NM - Tom Callanan, 815 Dunlap St., Sante Fe, NM 87106 (505) 988-1382
- NY - Milton Bieber, Stevens Rd., RD 1, Tully, NY 13159 (315) 696-8072

- NY - Joe Onion, 189 Union St., Rochester, NY 14605 (716) 325-6161
- NY - Ralph Meima, 251 Liberty St., Troy, NY 12180 (518) 272-2496
- NC - Hank Fonda, RT. 1, Box 640B, Andrews, NC 28901
- OH - Rik Thuesen, Antioch, Yellow Springs, OH 45387 OR: 8483 Whitewood, Brecksville, OH 44141
- OR — Lynn Cochrane, 744 N.W. 27th, Corvallis, OR 97330 (503) 753-6486
- OR - Greg Morris, 2570 Jackson St., Eugene, OR 97405
- OR - Laurel Rubin, 1705 Alder St., LaGrande, OR 97850 (503) 963-0386
- OR - Lori Aschenbrenner, 309 E. Logan, Enterprise, OR 97828 (503) 426-4913
- OR - Eileen Key, 4815 N.E. Flanders, Portland, OR 97213 (503) 236-7308
- OR - (Back up for Eileen Key) Melinda Lee, 9945 SW Trotter Pl., Beaverton, OR 97005 (503) 646-0132

- TX - Rio Grande Guides' Assoc. Box 57, Terlingua, TX 70852
- UT - Pete Dustrud, c/o EF! Newsletter, POB 26221, SLC, UT 84126 (801) 364-3425
- UT - Jim Stiles, POB 221, Moab, UT 84532
- UT - George Nickas, 422 N. 400 E., Logan, UT 84321
- UT - Ken Wintch, 1101 Elm Ave., Provo, UT 84601 (801) 377-2367
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- WI - Don Ticknor, Rt. 3, Box 134A, Osseo, WI 54758 (715) 538-4336
- WY - Howie Wolke, POB 2348, Jackson, WY 83001

Who, Me? A Radical?

By Joyce Newman

It seemed to me that my ideas were reasonable, logical, factually based, and rationally conceived. Therefore, it follows that I was conservative—perhaps even a bit old-fashioned. Judge for yourself.

Camping up under Red Knob Pass, I was enjoying a lyrically lovely sunset. The enchanting sound of water rushing over live and moving rock was suddenly disturbed by thunder. NO! Not a cloud in the sky. Blasting! Prospecting! Dead-center in a Primitive Area! To me, this is wrong, morally. Someone is in the act of trying very hard to destroy the earth, the beauty of the wild places where man has not yet left his mark, and for what? Profit. Not need. To turn night into day, to create more stress, to make it harder to live a happy, peaceful, fulfilling life. I was angry.

Then there was the proud father with his son camping in a National Forest. A place where it was my joy to listen to the mourning doves. There were two of them, a couple, and I had watched them build their nest, and lay their eggs. The boy had a gun and the father was teaching him to shoot. After all, isn't that part of being a strong, confident man? And that night, the doves sang no more and the nest cooled to death in the sunset. How can it be right to kill for pleasure? How can a rational human being teach killing to a child rather than the preservation of all the creatures of the forest? Is it because mankind by and large believes it is right to kill young men by the millions? What for? Profit. Power. To make one group of men able to make all the decisions that rule the lives of others. So "they're just pesky birds." Until the forest is still and without footfall, song, or the rustle of wings.

To me, it's wrong for men to take the earth and separate its parts and distill chemicals so deadly that a single drop could kill everyone in a city. It's wrong to build plants to produce unnecessary electrical power—with a by-product of poisonous wastes that the owners then proceed to try to dump in somebody else's backyard. After all, they don't want that stuff around where it could poison people. Which people? Them, or me? So what if air pollution, chemical and nuclear waste shortens the span of human lives by five, ten, twenty years—and kills some people outright. Don't even think about other live creatures—only

man counts. And what for? To perpetuate a way of life that leaves more than half the population so mucked up emotionally that they'd rather not live.

We need power to keep the light of civilization and the great cultural achievements of mankind going? Wrong again. The architectural, musical, and artistic wonders which thrill us were, for the most part, created long before the development of electrical and chemical energy. It is a notable fact that more destruction of works of great artistic beauty has resulted from twentieth century wars than from the gradual wear and tear of centuries of use.

Mind—I'm not against technology. What riles the very bottom of my being is that one giant, or rather, several who think the same way, have bamboozled most of the people on earth into believing that they need to have a totally mechanized environment in order to live—and that in order to get that canned and plastic heaven-on-earth, it is necessary to exterminate all other creatures, tear up the mountains, dam the rivers, and alter the earth until there is no place where anyone can be alone.

Oh, yes. I forgot. The fact that I like to be by myself is "highly suspicious." A loner!? Certainly about to go berserk and shoot someone.

In the end, it's pretty simple: All this socialization, "citification," and such leaves me a nervous wreck. What I need in order to live is a place to go where no human has left a trace, where the feeling of being part of the earth, sprung from earth, and in total harmony with earth surges within me. I'm willing to share—I'll be there tomorrow; you can be there tomorrow; and maybe sometime we'll meet and share a meal, a song, and a sunset.

But I don't want anyone blasting the hills away from under me, or deciding I ought to be willing to trade a few years of my life, or my health, for power and profit. And I don't intend to just sit here and let them do it—that's the only way they can, you know, if we let them.

So I have this problem—I like to talk, and I told some people my ideas. That's when I found out: "Gee! You're a radical—and not just a radical—you're an activist." Hmm. OK. How about it? Maybe I can get to be a "soft-core terrorist"?

Earth First! Trip Program

Our fundraising trip into the Maze of Canyonlands National Park last month proved such a success (thanks to Spurs' intrepid guiding and Louisa's inspired cooking—not to mention all the great folks on the trip), that we are going full-bore ahead with other fundraising trips to support the issues work of EARTH FIRST!. All of our trips will be limited to ten people or less, will practice low-impact camping, and will go to little-used but threatened wild lands proposed in our Wilderness Preserve System. Prices for these trips are lower than for comparable commercial or Sierra Club outings and feature great food, knowledgeable guides, and the comfort that all proceeds go to fund important EARTH FIRST! activities such as protecting the

Gros Ventre from oil and gas destruction.

Other trips planned for this year include an October backpack in the threatened Rocky Mountain Front additions to the Bob Marshall Wilderness, Montana, possibly a summer backpack in Wyoming's Gros Ventre Range, a September or October float trip with Ken "Seldom Seen Smith" Sleight down Desolation Canyon in Utah, a November float trip on the Lower Canyons of the Rio Grande in Texas/Mexico, and winter backpacks possibly to the incredibly wild Cabeza Prieta in Arizona, or the Pinacate Desert, Sonoran Coast, or Baja in Mexico. Contact EARTH FIRST! P.O. Box 235, Ely, NV 89301 for information on any of these trips.

Soccer to 'Em



OR First Strike, You're Out

By T. Moore

On Armed Forces Day, Saturday, May 15, the Missoula EF! group sponsored a softball game between generals of the USA and USSR to decide world supremacy. Billing the game an alternative to nuclear war, EF! mailed letters of invitation to the Pentagon and the Soviet ambas-



sador in Washington, DC. Receiving no response, however, EF!ers were forced to don general's uniforms and play the game themselves.

May 15 brought a warm, breezy day to Kiwanis Park, which was decorated with red, white and blue plus red and gold streamers, a 20-foot high MX missile in centerfield, and signs reading "Wilderness not War," "There's a Crack in Your Atom," and "Imagine There's no Generals." To add to the festive mood, a billboard above the American dugout advertised razor blades: "For a close shave try Nuclear Parity Brand Disposable Razors." A scoreboard atop the left field fence reminded all spectators of the current state of world dominance.

The game was shrouded in controversy from the onset. Before the Americans took the field in the top of the first inning, a Soviet spy posted 5 runs on the scoreboard for the Russians.

Naturally, with a game of such dramatic consequences being played under unsportsmanlike conditions, tensions ran high throughout the afternoon. Fortunately, the umpires (equipped with brief cases full of international treaties and documents) fully controlled the potentially catastrophic situation. Argumentative generals were quickly censured or brandished; after one collision at third base the opposing generals were executed behind home plate.

The throng of 100 spectators enjoyed the afternoon, sipping brewskis and cheering on the local American favorites. The first six innings brought a great deal of anxiety to the home country patriots who watched their heroes slip into a 13-4 deficit

through the middle innings.

Soviet strategy paralleled the finest tactics of nuclear war: Strike first and hard, then to hell with it. Using standout pitchers Antonov Fernandokaya and Olga Ambrosky to quiet the powerful U.S. bats in the early and middle innings, the Soviets capitalized on the hitting of Generals Carlikov Stevinski, Ivan Petrosky Skavar, and Comrade Doctor Zhivago to catapult to their commanding early lead.

A surprise bonus for the crowd was the appearance of several dignitaries, including James Watt, Nancy Reagan, Richard Nixon, Alexander Haig, Margaret Thatcher, and Ronald Reagan. Making a rare appearance at a public sporting event, Secretary Watt mistook the "M" symbolizing the University of Montana on Mt. Sentinel for the Bob Marshall Wilderness, then proposed digging for uranium on the site. Unfortunately, the secretary was whisked away by a group of environmental agitators before we could put him in a general's uniform.

Continued Back Cover



Two Days of the Maze Trip

By Joani Boyer

Monday May 3 Ernie's Country to The Doll House

My heel and toe blisters appear with a vengeance but turn out to be painful only toward the end of a day's hike. Thank God for Louisa's moleskin. After a bagel and cheese breakfast (some had grits) we refill our canteens at the spring. Today will be a somewhat flat, hot march, skirting the Fins on our left in a walk along a sandy creek bed, then over low, rolling red dirt hills with scruffy vegetation and through Wide Valley. We see our first pictographs! I had heard for years about the hunch-backed flute player—it was like seeing an old friend.

The last 1½ miles were hot and dusty, but when Spurs greeted us with a cool beer (much better than the Good Humor man) we began to look with interest at the stone faced Dolls surrounding us.

Most of the group take off for a quick swim in the Colorado at Spanish Bottom 1½ miles below. I retire to a nearby rock to mend my moleskin. As we begin to explore our new surroundings, Spurs asks if we want to take a short hike to overlook the river. My feet set up a silent wail, but Spurs has that gleam in his eye, and since he's barefoot, it will be a short stroll. A well worn boulder strewn trail quickly turns into fun narrow passages and butt-sliding descents. We duck and climb, grasp and leap. Dried curled holly leaves are the only things troubling Spurs' feet. Ascending a final huge rounded rock, we are suddenly looking peacefully down upon the Colorado. We could be the last or the first people in the world—the scene is unchanged. So glad we came! With a golden light illuminating the curious shapes of

the Dolls behind us, the reality of sore feet fade into enchantment. Never mind our creepy "neighbors" who are loudly playing Willie Nelson tapes and noisily riding around on motorcycles. That all comes later. For the moment, it's pure magic.

On taking a different route back, several times it looked like we would have to retrace our steps. But we made it back as



Artist's conception of another day in the Maze, when Spurs and Louisa went rock climbing.

preparations for our big steak dinner were in full swing. Salad, steak and corn on the cob. Burp. I ate way too much. And it's rather interesting eating steak with the fingers. . .

Tuesday May 4 The Doll House to Water Canyon

With heavy packs we set off through red dusty fields of sagebrush and along slick rock canyons toward Water Canyon. Dave has gone on ahead to scout Jasper and Shot Canyons. At midday we break for water, set down our packs, and go for a 3-mile round trip confluence overlook (Green and "Grand" Rivers). My feet must have hurt a lot this day. I remember only parts of the hike: Beehive Arch—short and squat. Canyon ridges strewn with jasper chips, bright reddish brown. The confluence hike—dusty and dry to begin with, then stark white boulders and cliffs. A leaning peek at the two rivers. Some water rationing with lunch. Bagels, cheese, avocados and Snickers.

Coming into a side canyon of Water Canyon, Dave had left a beer for us. Thank you, Dave! Remains of posts from an old sheep trail provide rusty, insecure handholds over sharply angled slickrock. The last mile, with everyone way ahead was tedious. We were coming down a lovely side canyon, but my feet were threatening to give notice and quit. At last—the spring! Drop the packs. Shed the clothes, and wade into those muddy, cool pools.

Evening was soft and prolonged, with a rosy sunset. We all felt relaxed. Easy burritos for dinner under a large overhanging cliff looking out on the spring and a wide alkaline grass valley. Louisa, Steve and others read poetry by Gary Snyder. Louisa amazed us all by making gingerbread over the coals from the fire! Bart and I camped on a bank of tall grass. The wind blew and blustered, but no rain.

EARTH FIRST!

Don't be fooled that the marches don't count • that the arrests don't matter • that the strikes don't hurt • Because the dragon is a liar with a tongue as slick as grease & miles & miles of wheels that only roll as long as you let it Each bump spells a break in the interlocking management that runs this juggernaut • Corporate Moloch Nuclear horse that eats its young Paws ore from the earth to forge its mills & the more you ignore it the more mess it makes • So don't be fooled when the camera distorts • When the courts don't rule • When the headlines say that the blood that's spilled was spilled in vain • It takes more than weathermen to make it rain Don't be fooled • Each mother voice is a rock in the way • Each wrench wreaks havoc in the smooth engine of the dragon's day

—Art Goodtimes
—Kuksu Brigade
Union of Street Poets
Telluride
Winter, 40081

BURBANK
—for Kirby Doyle

Luther Luther you turned the green key and spoke becoming whispers to invisible sense alive behind coronas of leaf you spoke Luther in your gentle way to the saviors of all mammals and those angels listened O Luther they listened and changed to your good song your hands on their unspeaking form entranced for the sheer give of it they gave you back good Luther what you heard from them and you then turned your deep service to the rest of men

Your reformation was so much more than that other angry priest—it is said you were reverent even with the mud you scraped from your shoes coming back from the fields
—Jack Mueller



Sec. Watt's Lament

I could cancel all oil leases
And save endangered species
If I only had a heart.
It wouldn't take much doing
To save the land we're ruining
If I only had a heart.
In a hundred years
Our Parks would still be here
If I only had a heart.
We could keep things hummin'
Even with no second cummin'
If I only had a heart.
How I'd love, it you knew it
To tell Ronnie to screw it
If I only had a heart, a brain,
some courage.

—David E. Ortman

A CHARM TO EXPLODE POPCORN

- O Terrorist of the vegetable world burst your golden prison!
- O Second Cousin of the Mexican Jumping-Bean the summer sun's booming energy compacted within your shell release!
- O Nova-Nut, microbang image of our macrobang cosmos—hear by conjuring voice and expand! Let popping kernel comets careen about the kitchen.
- O Molotov Cocktail of the Peaceful Maize Family—even after your cataclysmic birth you remain volatile—leaping out of hands

levitous to the last
O Noble Dynamite Corn—

—James Bogan

ARMED WITH VISIONS

Submissions invited of eco-radical and earth-nurturing work—Please include SASE—All rights reserved to the authors—Armed with Visions, Art Goodtimes, Box 1008, Telluride, Colorado, 81435.

THE LATEST THING IN LEGENDS.

My dreams take place on an inland sea a land soaked in silver shadows and blue. We are traveling to the continent. We are looking for a room to rent. We are having a baby. We are building a house.

You say unrecognized. Unpublished. I say just wait. You say holocaust. You say apocalypse. I say love.

Once you went with me.
Once you came for me.

We climb the loft together. This, you say is your home now. This northwest corner. This last place we can run.

this bed of outlaws, circle of mtns, finger of glacier water, dark sun of winter behind Mt. Olympus.

—Sharon Doubiago
(an excerpt from **Ground Zero**)

red willow

speak to me red willow of the magic in the world let me have the vision of a child sos that i may always be free

—Pine Wolf

The Black Christ

During the Detroit riots a statue of Christ was covered with black shoe polish the priests dare not remove.

It stands. The graven image is social dynamite.

—John Grube
(first published in **Soup**)

in this dance we are sacred in all our movements dreams open like doors light tumbles through

in this dance we are connected flesh to bone blood to semen

belly moon shine eggs fall every 28 days seahorses born every minute new day/blue day

in this dance your eyes meet mine smiling

—Luna

bags & boxes

pop!

The sound of cheatgrass
Rustled by a morning breeze
No other sound heard
—Chrysalis

So rare, no two are ever alike.

Win your dream

Feel the difference.

PULL THE PLUG on radio evangelists. Less aural acts, more oral sex!
Ranters, 55 Sutter 487, S.F., CA 94104.

Déclassé(fied)

FAILING MARX: Maoists: Marxist Moonies. Trotskyism: Stalinism's loyal opposition. Leftism: too many causes, not enough effects. Why not go so far left you've left the left behind? The left is gauche, make your own revolution! **Nothing-Leftists**, 55 Sutter, 487, S.F., CA 94104

Editorial

The Falklands—A Sterling Opportunity

By Dave Foreman

There is no way of predicting what the situation in the Falkland Islands will be when you read this. Perhaps the United States and Russia will have gotten involved and you won't be reading it at all! There is, however, one clear and simple path to a peaceful settlement that saves face for both Great Britain and Argentina. This approach also opens unlimited doors for pacific resolution of other territorial conflicts between dozens of other puffed-up imperial states, large and small, disturbing our sleep with their infernal sabre rattling. This approach is so incisive, so brilliant, that it is surprising that the only true God left on Earth, Henry Kissinger, didn't think it up first. But since he didn't, we'll just sit back and wait for our Nobel Peace Prize. I give you the EARTH FIRST! Falkland Peace Plan:

Move all the settlers to England. Move all the sheep to Argentina. The UN takes control of the Falklands, South Georgia, and surrounding waters and manages the entire area as the first International Wilderness Preserve. Both Argentina and Great Britain can claim credit for this great gift to the world.

And think of the other possibilities: Argentina and Chile can solve their territorial squabbles by presenting the world a magnificent Southern Andes and Tierra del Fuego Wilderness Preserve. South Africa and Angola can give Namibia to the free-roaming Bushmen as a UN protected Wilderness Park. China can solve its border disputes with Russia and India and Borneo and New Guinea as Stone Age Preserves! I could go on and on.

Peace in our time!
Wilderness galore!

Visions of Cleaver

During a mid-May speech in Berkeley, Eldridge Cleaver (ex-Black Panther leader and author of *Soul on Ice*) was harangued and finally assaulted by hecklers. Cleaver, who has been trying hard to find his new niche in the world, was planning on becoming a Mormon, but has evidently given that up to be a Moonie.

DYING TO Meet the Bomb

Almost one half million anti-nuke demonstrators in Japan protested the nuke arms race Sunday, May 23. A giant, timed "Die-In" was staged during the demonstration to symbolize a mass of corpses.

PARALLEL PERILS

Harris Burg was 45 years old. He lived 9 miles away from a small river island in the state of Pennsylvania.

The earth was 4.5 billion years old. It orbited 90 million miles from the sun in a small solar system of the Milky Way.

In March of 1979, an incident occurred at power plant on the island. A near meltdown of the plant's reactor core resulted in a substantial release of radioactive steam and gas.

Rather late in the earth's history, a physically weak, but fiendishly clever biped began to assume a dominant role over the continents, plants and animals of the planet.

Since the human body is biologically unsuited for defense against radiation, Harris inhaled and ingested tiny bits ("safe") of the radioactive material.

The continents and lifeforms of the world were defenseless against the bipeds. They conquered and settled the land in a relatively short time.

Harris continued to prosper for a couple of years, but slowly the random firing of high energy particles from the absorbed radioactive materials began to affect him.

The settlements prospered for a few millennia, but over-population, over-consumption, greed and waste began to strain the economies of the world.

At first the damage was minor. Atoms were stripped of electrons. DNA molecules were stripped of atoms. Cell replication became less perfect.

In the beginning the warning signs were ambiguous. Some nations still flourished, but increasingly at the expense of one another. Inflation and unemployment climbed.

It's uncertain when the runaway cell production process began. In the beginning Harris was unaware and apparently unaffected by it.

It's not clear when the economic indicators first signaled a problem. The people mostly ignored the indicators anyway.

But one morning Harris awoke to a small, but sharp pain. Panic stricken, he contacted his physician and minister.

The problem's first serious manifestation was a motor fuel shortage. Panic stricken, the people squalled at their politicians and economists.

The physician told him to take two aspirin and call back in the morning. The minister reminded him that he had not been tithing. The physician's fee: 225 dollars.

The economists said they should stockpile butter and the politicians said they needed more guns. They did both at a cost of 225 billion dollars.

The cancer continued to grow at a brisk rate. GCP (Gross Cell Production) exceeded 1.5% per month (compounded continuously).

Meanwhile, the economy continued to expand at a satisfying rate. The GNP exceeded 1.5% per month (not corrected for inflation).

Harris began to experience steady pain. He became desperate. He consulted a chiropractor, then an astrologist. His hope waned.

But the people's situation continued to deteriorate. In desperation, they began electing lawyers, then movie actors for leaders. Hopes soared.

Terminally ill, Harris withdrew his savings (substantial penalties) brought a motorhome and took a trip. Exponential cell growth continued.

Inflation declined, but massive unemployment ensued. Motorhome sales rose. Growth sustained the economy for a time.

Harris Burg died.
Growth is progress.

—Barton H. Boyer III

DEAR NED LUDD

The "Dear Ned Ludd" column is a regular feature of the *Earth First!* Newsletter. Each issue we print whatever comes our way regarding unusual or extreme methods of preventing ecological collapse.

Earth First! and the *Earth First!* Newsletter, however, do not necessarily advocate any opinion or method outlined in this column, nor do we support any illegal or violent acts. Our readers are encouraged to consult with their local law enforcement authorities before actually proceeding with any questionable activity. We take no responsibility, nor credit, for any possible consequences of this column.

Submissions for "Dear Ned Ludd" are subject to condensation, editing or censure. Please indicate whether submissions are to be accompanied by your name and address.



BY JOHN ZABELIT

Whatever the case, when using spray paint, be careful. Wear goggles and a protective mask. Don't do it on a windy day. And, remember to point the arrow away from the body.

"One Who Knows"

P.S. A 5-year-old wrote this for me.

Dear "One Who Knows,"

Seems you know your biz. Only thing that bothers me is your suggestion of using a spraycan: There's already enough crap loose in the environment; we surely don't need any more fluorocarbons in the air.

Also, don't your timber barons mark "selective" as well as areas to be "clear-cut" in a similar manner? Which are we trying to discourage? How do we tell the difference?

—Ned

Dear Ned Ludd,

One of the annoying things about putting up posters is that they keep falling off whatever edifice I stick them on. But no more!

Here's the scoop: When out "posterizing" take along some powdered milk, water, bowl and sponge. Smear a strong solution of this muck onto front and back of poster with sponge, affix poster and spread more solution all over it. It works great! Poster comes off in ten years or so.

Signed,
Ann R. Kist

P.S. Don't use this tactic to destroy murals and other people's

artwork, like the Art Maggots did in Eugene, Oregon.

Dear Ms. Kist,

In my day (during the industrial revolution), we didn't have powdered milk. We used shellac to fix posters and slogans, although it smears. I also understand a mixture of flour and water works wonders.

Ned

Dear Ned Ludd,

Once I knew this trucker who gave me a most unusual method of disabling diesel trucks: Empty a quart of liquid bleach into the fuel tank. Once the engine is fired up and running at operating temperature, the bleach causes intense and quick overheating, resulting in massive damage to pistons, valves, etc. Ever heard of this?

Backwoods Bob

Dear Bob,
I have now.



Son of Road Show

It's said that you can't teach old dogs new tricks, but this fall our resident dog and pony show, Johnny Sagebrush and Dave Foreman, will hit that long lonesome highway again with the Great EARTH FIRST! Traveling Road Show. This year they'll have the Glen Canyon Damn Crack movie, new songs, a better supply of trinkets (t-shirts, bumperstickers, monkeywrench jewelry, calendars, songbooks, etc.), and an inspiring message on new tactics for the environmental movement of the Eighties (based on this summer of confrontation with the industrial beast in the Gros Ventre, Siskiyou, Sierra, Three Sisters, Bisti, and Canyonlands).

Instead of hitting the entire United States in one epic of suffering, Johnny and Dave would like to break the country up into more reasonable bites—such as the Pacific Coast, Midwest, New England, etc. They also would like to give preference to locations they missed last year although they're more than happy to do repeat performances.

If you'd like to organize an appearance by Johnny and Dave in your area, let us know at P.O. Box 235, Ely, NV 89301, as soon as possible so we can start putting together regional packages. Hosting Johnny and Dave in your area is one of the best ways to get a local EARTH FIRST! group going.

KAYAK, PADDLE, OR RAFT THE GRAND CANYON

And help save the Coloradol

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Box 1115,
Flagstaff, AZ 86002.



P.O. BOX 235 ★★★★★★

EARTH FIRST! assiduously tries to avoid doing the expected. So, where would a more reasonable place for an EF! office than Ely, Nevada, dying copper town, hotbed of Knownothingism, and cultural armpit? It's true. On June 15, Johnny Sagebrush (Bart Koehler), Wildcat Annie, and Dave Foreman will move in together in a house in Ely and conduct many of the functions of EARTH FIRST! from that garden location. Actually, Ely (in east central Nevada) makes a great deal of sense: It is in a central location for the entire West, it's only four or five hours from Salt Lake City, and there's a hell of a lot of wilderness nearby.

EARTH FIRST! in Ely will

handle all EF! merchandise (including topo maps), coordinate issues work, the EF! Road Show, fundraising trips, Ned Ludd Books, and media contacts. This will free Pete Dustrud for full-time work on the Newsletter. The EF! address in Ely is: P.O. Box 235, Ely, NV 89301. We will soon be getting a phone (which will probably be installed by an FBI agent so watch what you say). Communicate directly with EF! in Ely on the above topics or use your permanent address in Salt Lake City and your mail will be forwarded. Obviously, we plan to keep a fairly low profile in our new hometown since we have little desire to try out any locally braided neckties.

Snake Oil & Trinkets

With the grand opening of the Earth First! Nevada Office comes easy access to our line of tested and approved goodies. No more frustrated waiting for your T-shirts or Li'l Green Songbooks.

Even though some of our products are not ABSOLUTELY essential to your existence, their sale does help finance EF! activities.

T-Shirts

Earth First! T-Shirts—
—Earth First! Shirts—Earth First! lettering with fist in circle—Green 100% cotton in men's sizes: S, M, Lg, X-Lg. \$7.50 plus shipping.
—"Cracking of Glen Canyon Damn" by artist Jim Stiles. Light blue 50-50 mix fabric. In men's sizes: S, M, Lg, X-Lg. \$7.50 plus shipping.

Topo Maps

Our Ely office is proud to announce that USGS Topo maps are once again available. Save 12% off USGS prices. Pick up a catalog at any USGS office (or send to us for one) and order through us. Be sure to specify state and whether you want 15 or 7½ minute maps.

EF! Bumperstickers

Current titles: "Earth First!" "Hayduke Saves," "Drill Watt, Not Wilderness," "Rudolf the Red Lives." Green ink on white "five-year paper." Get 'em while they last! \$1 each plus shipping.

All-metal Monkeywrench Jewelry

Little wrenches to hang from your neck, your ears, your nose, what have you—Measuring approx. 1" each, these little dandies are made of 100% metal, are non-adjustable and are sold without chains, etc. (get them yourself). Were \$3.50—on special now for only \$2 each plus shipping. If they don't last forever, well, nothing does.

Silent Agitators

Little round stickers for affixing to who-knows-what, who-knows-where. In the tradition of the Wobblies' silent agitators, ours are designed to be just the message you would like to leave behind. Available in early July. Strips of ten for about \$2.50 a strip.

EF! Goodies Order Form

Make out a check or money order to "Earth First! Merchandising." Include a dollar shipping on smaller orders, up to \$4 on larger orders. Send \$ and order blank to: Earth First!, PO Box 235, Ely NV 89301. 30% discount on orders of 10 or more of any item.

OK, here's my \$_____ . Send me the following:

- _____ EF! T-shirt(s), Size(s) _____
 _____ Damn Cracking T-shirt(s), Size(s) _____
 _____ Li'l Green Songbook(s) _____
 _____ Bumpersticker(s). Circled: "EF!" "Drill Watt. . ." "Hayduke. . ." "Rudolf. . ." "Rednecks for Wilderness"
 _____ Topo Maps. (Specify) _____
 _____ Monkeywrench(es) _____
 _____ Calendar(s) _____
 _____ Other _____

Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____

Allow approximately 30 days for delivery

Loping On Empty

If you perhaps thought that the \$10 or so you sent in to Earth First! was to provide just one of many thousand subscriptions produced in a plush, well-financed office by a fat-salaried staff, you would be wrong.

First off, you are one of about a thousand subscribers. We may be big on the Earth, but we're still small in number—the same goes for this newsletter. With the assistance of a few volunteers, I work FULLTIME, to make this newsletter worth its paper and ink.

The unfortunate reality of this paper's existence, however, is that it must survive on a shoestring, and with a skeleton crew. Our subscribers aren't in the Social Register, hence, they don't have lots of cash to spare. That's the way it generally is with those who put the Earth ahead of money.

Despite that, we're trying to make the newsletter go—on its own—and the only way we can keep going now (besides doing a decent job) is to cut back to eight pages and to attract NEW subscribers. No one has paid for any advertising so far—and I kind of hope we don't have to go that route. When finances improve, we will return to 12 pages, which seems about right.

So what's the pitch? Just this: If you like the EF! Newsletter and you know somebody you want to give a subscription to, or if you think you might be due to renew yours, or if you have just a few dollars you could see spending to keep this rag kicking, please consider filling out the form below.

Thank you, Pete Dustrud, EF! Editor

Clip and send to the Earth First! Newsletter, P.O. Box 26221, Salt Lake City, Utah 84126

There's something I like about the EF! Newsletter! Here's some \$_____ to keep it in good health and to keep it coming to me.

I want to send a gift subscription of the EF! News to:

Name _____ Address _____ Zip _____

Here's enough \$ to cover a year's worth.

Have Tony Moore get hold of me: I wish to become a regional EF! Contact for the _____ area.

Your Name _____ Address _____ Zip _____

ON THE RUN

Caribou in Maine

By Gary Lawless

hunting of moose, the state mammal, using a lottery ticket system for deciding who will get the chance to buy one of the \$100 licenses. (The lottery is not limited to residents of the state.) The deer are hunted as well and the caribou are gone.

"Glorious it is to see long-haired winter caribou returning to the forests."

from the Netsit
 Soon the caribou could be gone from the face of the continent. Of the barren ground caribou the Beverly herd has been cut in half in the past 10 years, the Kaminuriak threatened. These caribou migrate through Canada and Alaska, calving in the spring along the Arctic Coast, moving to the north slope of Alaska, and wintering in the southern Yukon and northeast Alaska. U.S. and Canadian efforts toward a treaty to protect them has proven fruitless. In the United States, Secretary of the Interior Watt wants to open the Porcupine calving grounds to exploration for oil, gas and minerals. In Canada the native land claims issue has held up the creation of a park in the caribou range. Also, if Canadian plans for oil and gas production in the Beaufort Sea go ahead, the now remote northern part of the range will undergo a rapid transformation by man and machine.

Gary Lawless
 South Harpswell, Maine

caribou were introduced into the Corbin Preserve in New Hampshire in 1890, but all soon died for lack of suitable food. Maine tried to reintroduce the caribou in 1963, bringing 24 adult woodland caribou from Newfoundland and dropping them into Baxter State Park near Mount Katahdin. As soon as they were released they began walking north again, and by the next summer some had traveled 90 miles to the northeast, in the direction of Newfoundland. Other than sporadic sightings, these caribou were never seen again.

Caribou in eastern and Arctic Canada have played a very integral part in the lives of the native tribal peoples. They are still of great importance to many living there. Meat for the winter, clothing, sinew and more. In Newfoundland there is both a legal season and a legal limit. These are strictly enforced. A friend caught jacking caribou in western Newfoundland was not only fined, losing his right to hunt for five years, but also lost everything he had with him at the time of his arrest; gun, tools, snowmobile and truck. All this for one caribou. The people of Newfoundland seem concerned about the health of their herds, in a land where hunting and fishing on a subsistence level is still of great importance to the inhabitants.

In Maine the lawmakers are trying to create a season for the

The sled runners hum through the loose snow. Four dogs in harness. We are heading through the woods to the water. We slow in each clearing, looking for trails, tracks we will never see. Looking for the tracks of caribou and finding only silence and fresh snow.

I first saw them in June, while climbing to the top of Gros Morne, in western Newfoundland. They were standing on snow patches, reflected light, fur and antler. The rising cool air discourages blackflies, mosquitoes. Pawing at the snow. The Micmac named them caribou, the shoveler.

The caribou lived in Maine until the early 1900's. Hunters shot them and shipped them south on the railroads. (Most of Maine's resources are shipped south and sold.) In 1896 239 were killed and shipped. In 1900 the season was closed. In 1906 the official word was "there are no indications of any caribou left in the state." The loss of the caribou should not be placed directly upon the hunters. The forest was changing. With the burning and clearing of the land, the caribou moved north. The change in the forest also brought in the white tailed deer, and with it a parasitic meningial worm which killed caribou by infecting the spinal cord and brain.

The last caribou were sighted near Mount Katahdin, in north-central Maine, in 1908. Six woodland and four barren ground

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Activists!



In spite of a direct request by Wyoming Governor Ed Herschler (not to mention EF! and others) to deny Getty Oil a permit to road and drill Little Granite Creek, Jim Watt's Minerals Management Service has signed the document allowing the Oil Giant to begin destroying the Gros Ventre range.

If administrative and legal appeals by local conservation organizations fail, Getty's bulldozers could invade the Gros Ventre as early as June 15! Earth First! is, of course, sponsoring the third annual Round River Rendezvous at Little Granite Creek on July 3-4, but a rendezvous is one thing, an invasion by the Getty Monster is quite another.

When (and if) Getty tromps into the Gros Ventre, Earth First! must be there to defend her. We'll keep you informed, but bear in mind that events are breaking rapidly. Uncertainties prevail. We may very well need you and your friends to help prevent the impending rape of Little Granite Creek after June 14. Please send us the names, addresses and phone numbers of people in your area who will be available to help us. We'll also need money for food, transpor-

Fill Out & Return to RRR Headquarters

- Yes! I'll be there! Drop me a quick note or call when you need me!
- Sorry folks, but I'll still be at the RRR—and what a RRR it will be!

My name, address, etc. _____

Phone _____

P.S. Don't use this to broadcast my name all over, just call me when you're ready and so shall I be ready.

MX Drops Back To Utah

No sooner did the Great Basin racetrack basing scheme for the MX Missiles get scrapped than the generals in charge of mutually assured destruction (MAD) came up with new and equally macabre ideas of what to do with the MX. Now the Air Force is trying to bring their "Dense Pack, Deep Basing Mode" for the MX to southern Utah.

Several near-wilderness areas are being eyed in Utah for the giant, suicidal boondoggle, including the Book Cliffs, Pine Valley Mountain, Hurricane Cliffs and Boulder Mountain.

Soccer to 'Em

Continued from Page 5

Haig and Nixon expressed disappointment that we were replacing bombs with softballs, then scurried back to their respective cubbyholes. President Reagan seemed delighted to be a part of the festivities, but appeared slightly offended that he hadn't been asked to play. Maybe next year, Gipper.

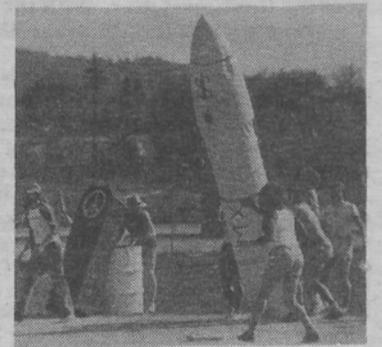
Prime Minister Thatcher remarked on how she loves her visits to the British colonies. Unfortunately, when reminded by announcer Ray Deate that the U.S. was no longer a British holding, Thatcher became very indignant, accused Ray of being Irish or Argentinian, and threatened to surround the "island" with British Navy (she was apparently confused by the Clark Fork River, which meanders quite a bit.)

Finally, after the umpires had quelled most of the spy shenanigans and restored the order so necessary at a championship ball game, the American power hitters came to life in the late innings. Lead by the atomic bats of Generals Confusion, Motors, Electric, and Dynamics, and solidified by the strong relief pitching of General Gloria, the Americans gained a 16-13 lead in the bottom of the 8th inning.

In the 9th, the Soviets rallied again. Temporarily calmed by talks of "first strike potential" and "parity," they had relaxed and lost their lead. But several solid hits and daring wartime running pushed the three tying runs across the plate and left two runners on base with two out. The situation brought fear to the hearts of the Americans, when another unexpected guest appearance brought a halt to the game.

From an adjacent field came the Kiwanis Dread soccer team, kicking their funny looking ball through the 16-16 world supremacy game. Apparently, the generals had softened on the idea of war and world dominance by

the 9th inning, for most laid down their mitts and bats and joined their soccer game. Neither team offered any opposition when the Dread dismantled the MX missile, and converted its stages into four steel bass pan drums, turning the World Supremacy Softball Game into one big reggae party on the infield.



The Dread takeover was a non-violent affair. Borrowing the microphone from announcers Deate, Polly Profit, and Billy Blazo, the soccer club spokesman Dread Scott, stated "De Tird world countries deh are tired of nuclear bomb game. We united peoples will no longer stand for big nations to threaten us wid da bombs. Live in peace and dance."

And dance they did, generals, Dread, and spectators, bringing a sudden end to the ball game. Fair enough. No one could win a nuclear war, anyway, so a tie was a fitting conclusion. Not everyone was in total agreement, however. A Missoula County deputy sheriff observing the Dread party was heard saying at games end, "No wonder they want to drop the bomb."