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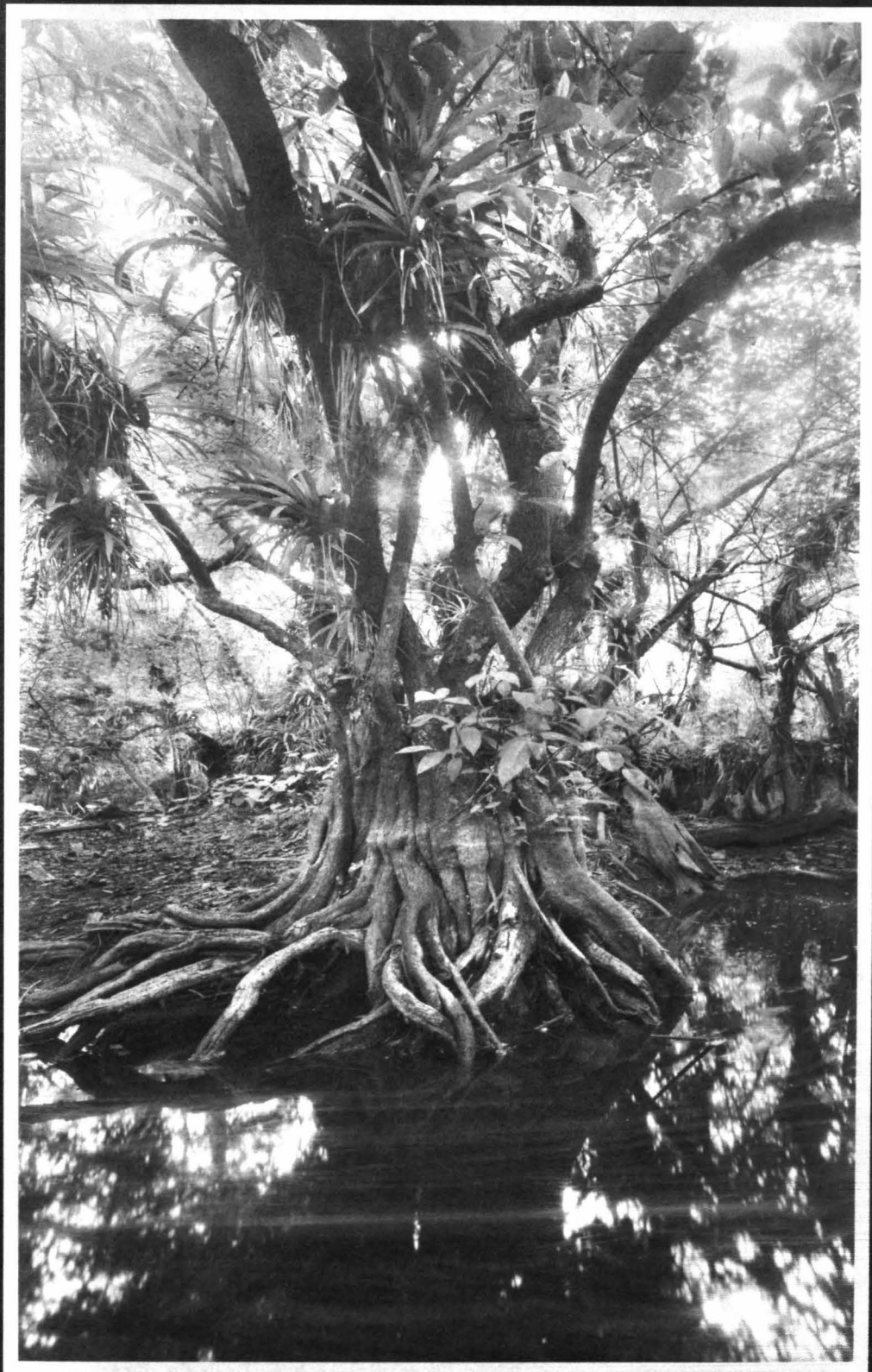
30th Anniversary * Special Edition * Volume 2

Earth First!

The Radical Environmental Journal

\$6.50 EF!J 30th Anniversary Vol 2





ПАКИСТАНСКИЙ КАТЕДРАЛ 2 BY CLIVE BROTHER

Trees are poems that earth writes upon the sky,
We fell them down and turn them into paper,
That we may record our emptiness.

~Kahlil Gibran

New *EF!* Journal Collective takes to the trees...



Defend this
FOREST!
EvergladesEarthfirst.org

On Monday, February 14, 2011, swamp anarchists and *Journal* editors strapped on their developer-skin harnesses and shimmied up several pine trees to defend 683 acres of endangered Florida flat-woods. Called the Briger Forest, this tract is one of the last forests of its kind in Southeast Florida. The biotech company, Scripps, wants to supplant this lush piece of Florida heritage, replete with threatened and endangered species like hand fern, bald eagle, wood stork, bromeliad and gopher tortoise, with a new Biotech City. Scripps and its affiliates have worked hand-in-hand with Phillip Morris, Kraft Foods, Primate Products Inc, Novartis and Monsanto to perform tests on primates and other animals in order to genetically engineer industrial products that destroy the Earth as well as toxic drugs that pollute the mental environment. As we go to print, the canopy occupation continues, blocking vivisection, deforestation, and the corporate ownership of life.

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NOT
Biotechnology**

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THE EARTH FIRST! DIRECTORY MAP

Who defines Earth First!?

★ Editorial ★

"Earth First! (EF) is a movement that supports environmental protection through grassroots organizing, civil disobedience, vandalism, and property destruction. Similar to other eco-terror or animal extremist groups, EF has no single leadership, but rather small autonomous cells or individuals. EF has routinely employed direct action resistance tactics, notably equipment sabotage and arson."

There you have it, our very own government-sanctioned definition, adorning page 68 of a 2009 document entitled *Virginia Terrorism Assessment Threat*, accidentally released by the Virginia Fusion Center, a local law-enforcement affiliate of the Department of Homeland Security (DHS), during a routine Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request in January of this year.

Should we question the competence of a secretive "Homeland Security" agency that accidentally releases documents? Forget that they got their information wrong—Earth First! does not have any official stance on property destruction, and Earth First! groups are not commonly known to partake in such actions. In the document, our logo stands menacingly between the puppy-hugging ALF and the elves of the Earth Liberation Front. We're the other green fist—not As-Sabiqun, the pan-Islamic group whose involvement in anti-war protests, prison outreach, and (gasp) fundraising has landed their green fist squarely on page 44.

Like most of the law enforcement documents released to the public, accidentally or through legal channels, this DHS document speaks authoritatively without grace or understanding. It even goes so far as to admit an "intelligence gap" on the question of "leadership overlap" between Earth First!, the ELF, and what they call "Greenpeace/Rainforest Action Network." What's this? Have Greenpeace and Rainforest Action Network merged? Was this a hostile takeover? Will they finally be able to contend with the big boys—you know, the Sierra Club/Audubon Society/Sea Shepherd merger that happened back in '04? We're talking about a chimeric intelligence gap that Crime Intel programmers have been hacking away at for some time.

Accidentally released in the same FOIA, one Emergency Response Plan includes a telling "Hazard and Vulnerability Analysis". The paper paints a picture of a justice system turned inside out, insisting that "Correctional center disturbances and riots are happening more frequently" due to "overcrowding", "corruption", "staff brutality", "lack of programs", "lack of medical aid", "lack of education", "poor food quality", "poor grievance policy", "poor communications", and "drastic changes in policy".

But when it comes to "civil disturbances" (protests and the like) no valid rationale is proffered. We are told that "protestors are becoming more proficient in the methods of assembly", but no mention is made of alienating militarization that's as unsustainable as ice in the desert, redoubled by dispossession and environmental destruction that is unparalleled in human history.

If law enforcement admitted the rationale for large scale protests, they would have to get over their own cognitive dissonance. They would actually have to think of putting the Earth first, and honoring those of us who do so.

Since the attempted assassination of Arizona representative Gabrielle Giffords, many have taken note that law enforcement has been wasting far too much time on peaceful, mostly-law-abiding groups like anti-war protestors and Earth First!, while Sarah Palin's gun-toting disciples are free to run amok. (That's not to say that folks courted by the Right, in general, are totally off-base. Traditional and conservative communities are often fighting for the same place-based ethics that give a lot of the US its activist grass roots across the political spectrum.)

A look back at the US Justice Department's 2003 report, *The Federal Bureau of Investigation's Efforts to Improve the Sharing of Intelligence and Other Information*, provides some insight on the internal conflicts between the State and industry interests: "[T]he FBI's priority mission to prevent high-consequence terrorist acts would be enhanced if the Counterterrorism Division did not have to spend time and resources on lower-threat activities by social protestors." The Justice Department went further by insisting the FBI focus on "domestic terrorist activities aimed at creating

mass casualties or destroying critical infrastructure, rather than information on social protests and domestic radicals' criminal activities." The FBI refused, explaining that environmentalist direct action has "caused considerable damage to the US economy." Damage, no doubt, that Sarah Palin's own faux-environmentalist posturing does not encourage.

We understand by now that economics and ecology don't make for good bedfellows. That's why it was not surprising to learn that the FBI has been so busy protecting US economic interests that they committed up to 40,000 "intelligence violations" documented between 2001-2008. In persecution of Earth First!, as well as of other movements, the FBI accessed password protected files without warrants, took years to assess complaints, and misused evidence to get Grand Jury subpoenas. While this is consistent with what we know of the US justice system, this evidence exposes a more widespread campaign of deception concerning activists.

Our movement is considered dangerous, not because of vandalism or civil disobedience, but because of its connection to nature and desire to defend land-based cultures. Perhaps the authorities see the roots spreading, evidenced by specific examples, like alliances between Appalachian Mountain Justice and Black Mesa Indigenous Support, and more generally, advocacy for prisoners, immigrants and the dispossessed. Earth First! has cross-pollinated these sort of efforts for multiple decades, *because* of its biocentrism, not in spite of it. Like the sweeping revolutions of the Arab world this year and the mass protests throughout Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, etc., our movement has the potential to rise from the roots of human outrage.

In nearly two and a half years working at the *Journal*, dating back to my first mailing party in October 2008, I witnessed frequent attempts to pigeon hole the movement, from both participants and onlookers. I have found that it's better just to know what the movement stands for—deep ecology, no-compromise, biocentric direct action—and move from there. The movement cannot be defined beyond that, least of all by the DHS or FBI.

Everywhere we look, new forms of struggle are emerging. As this issue of the *Journal* goes to print, we have asked ourselves, "Where does Earth First! belong in the midst of the new?" Now we pose this question to you, our readers and contributors.

I leave the *Journal* after this issue knowing that, although I do not agree with everything I helped publish, I always tried to let Earth First! speak for itself.

—Sasha



[EDITORS' NOTE: *The remaining editorial collective would like to say, "We'll miss you Sasha. Your contributions to this Journal and the movement are an inspiration. Our love goes out to you and your new family. Keep keepin' it wild!"*]

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We welcome submissions of articles, letters, poetry and art that put the Earth first, aid in healthy debate shaping the growth of the movement, and advance the creation of a world free of speciesism, classism, ageism, ablist, racism, sexism, violence, exploitation and oppression. Submission articles should be typed or clearly printed. We encourage submissions via email. Art or photographs are desirable to illustrate articles and essays. Send a SASE if you would like submissions returned. If you want confirmation of receipt of a submission, please request it.

All submissions are edited for length and clarity. If an article is significantly edited, we will make a reasonable effort to contact the author prior to publication.

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Front Cover: Clyde Butcher, *Loxahatchee River 2*

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In the spring of 1457, a gruesome murder took place in the French village of Savigny-sur-Étang. A five-year-old boy had been killed and his body partially consumed. A local family was accused of this frightful crime by local residents who claimed to have witnessed the murder. The seven suspects, a mother and her six children, were soon tracked down by local authorities, who discovered them still stained by the boy's blood. They were arrested, indicted on charges of infanticide and held in the local jail for trial....



Let Us Praise Infamous Animals

part I

By JEFFREY ST. CLAIR

The defendants were indigent and the court appointed a lawyer to represent them. A few weeks later a trial was convened in Savigny's seigneurial court. Before a crowded room, witnesses were called. Evidence was presented and legal arguments hotly debated. The justices considered the facts and the law and rendered a verdict and a sentence. The mother was pronounced guilty and ordered to be hanged to death by her legs from the limb of the gallows tree. Her six children, however, received a judicial pardon. The court accepted the defense lawyer's argument that the youngsters lacked the mental competence to have committed a crime in the eyes of the law. The orphaned children were sent into custodial care at the expense of the state.

This is an interesting case to be sure, featuring important lessons about the legal rights of the poor and the historic roots of juvenile justice in western jurisprudence, lessons that seem entirely lost on our current "tradition-obsessed" Supreme Court. But here's the kicker: the defendants in these proceedings were not members of our species. They were, it must be said, a family of pigs.

The Savigny murder case, even in its ghastly particulars, was unexceptional. In medieval Europe (and even colonial America) thousands of animals were summoned to court and put on trial for a variety of offenses, ranging from trespassing, thievery and vandalism to rape, assault and murder. The defendants included cats, dogs, cows, sheep, goats, slugs, swallows, oxen, horses, mules, donkeys, pigs, wolves, bears, bees, weevils, and termites. These tribunals were not show trials or strange festivals like Fools Day. The tribunals were taken seriously by both the courts and the community.

Though now largely lost to history, these trials followed the same convoluted rules of legal procedure used in cases involving humans. Indeed, as detailed in E. P. Evans' remarkable book, *The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals* (1906), humans and animals were frequently tried together in the same courtroom as co-conspirators, especially in cases of bestiality. The animal defendants were appointed their own lawyers at public expense. Animals enjoyed appeal rights and there are several instances when convictions were overturned and sentences reduced or commuted entirely. Sometimes, particularly in cases involving pigs, the animal defendants were dressed in human clothes during court proceedings and at executions.

Animal trials were held in two distinct settings: ecclesiastical courts and secular courts. Ecclesiastical courts were the

venue of choice for cases involving the destruction of public resources, such as crops, or in crimes involving the corruption of public morals, such as witchcraft or sexual congress between humans and beasts. The secular and royal courts claimed jurisdiction over cases where animals were accused of causing bodily harm or death to humans or, in some instances, other animals.

When guilty verdicts were issued and a death sentence imposed, a professional executioner was commissioned for the lethal task. Animals were subjected to the same ghastly forms of torture and execution as were condemned humans. Convicted animals were lashed, put to the rack, hanged, beheaded, burned at the stake, buried alive, stoned to death and drawn-and-quartered. In 14th century Sardinia, trespassing livestock had an ear cut-off for each offense. In an early application of the three-strikes-and-you're-out rule, the third conviction resulted in immediate execution.

The flesh of executed animals was never eaten. Instead, the corpses of the condemned were either burned, dumped in rivers or buried next to human convicts in graveyards set aside for criminals and heretics. The heads of the condemned, especially in cases of bestiality, were often displayed on pikes in the town square adjacent to the heads of their human co-conspirators.

The first recorded murder trial involving an animal took place in 1266 at Fontenay-aux-Roses (birthplace of the painter Pierre Bonnard) on the outskirts of Paris. The case involved a murder of an infant girl. The defendant was a pig. Though the records have been lost, similar trials almost certainly date back to classical Greece, where, according to Aristotle, secular trials of animals were regularly held in the great Prytaneum of Athens.

Interestingly, Thomas Aquinas's *Summa Theologiae*, written in 1269, is in part an attack on Aristotle's ideas and his "radical acolytes" who had infiltrated the universities of thirteenth century Europe. In the *Summa*, Aquinas laboriously tried to explain the theological basis for the trials of animals.

While most of the animal trials, according to the records unearthed by Evans, appear to have taken place in France, Germany and Italy, nearly every country in Europe seems to have put beasts on trial, including Russia, Poland, Romania, Spain, Scotland and Ireland. Anglophiles have long claimed that England alone resisted the idea of hauling cows, dogs and pigs before the royal courts. But Shakespeare suggests otherwise. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia's friend, the young and impetuous Gratiano, abuses Shylock, comparing him to a wolf that had been tried and hanged for murder:



"Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee.."

Even colonial Brazil got in on the act. In 1713 a rectory at the Franciscan monastery in Piedade no Maranhão collapsed, its foundation ravaged by termites. The friars lodged charges against the termites and an ecclesiastical inquest soon issued a summons demanding that the ravenous insects appear before the court to confront the allegations against their conduct. Often in such cases, the animals who failed to heed the warrant were summarily convicted in default judgments. But these termites had a crafty lawyer. He argued that the termites were industrious creatures, worked hard and enjoyed a God-given right to feed themselves. Moreover, the lawyer declared, the slothful habits of the friars had likely contributed to the disrepair of the monastery. The monks, the defense lawyer argued, were merely using the local termite community as an excuse for their own negligence. The judge returned to his chambers, contemplated the facts presented him and returned with a Solomonic ruling. The friars were compelled to provide a woodpile for the termites to dine at and the insects were commanded to leave the monastery and confine their eating to their new feedlot.

A similar case unfolded in the province of Savoy, France in 1575. The weevils of Saint Julien, a tiny hamlet in the Rhone Alps, were indicted for the crime of destroying the famous vineyards on the flanks of Mount Cenis. A lawyer, Pierre Rembaud, was appointed as defense counsel for the accused. Rembaud wasted no time in filing a motion for summary judgment, arguing that the weevils had every right to consume the grape leaves. Indeed, Rembaud asserted, the weevils enjoyed a prior claim to the vegetation on Mount Cenis, since, as detailed in the *Book of Genesis*, the Supreme Deity

had created animals before he fashioned humans and God had promised animals all of the grasses, leaves and green herbs for their sustenance. Rembaud's argument stumped the court. As the judges deliberated, the villagers of Saint Julien seemed swayed by the lawyer's legal reasoning. Perhaps the bugs had legitimate grievances. The town-folk scrambled to set aside a patch of open land away from the vineyards as a foraging ground for the weevils. The land was surveyed. Deeds were drawn up and the property was shown to counselor Rembaud for his inspection and approval. They called the weevil reserve La Grand Feisse. Rembaud walked the site, investigating the plant communities with the eyes of a seasoned botanist. Finally, he shook his head. No deal. The land was rocky and had obviously been overgrazed for decades. La Grand Feisse was

wholly unsuitable for the discriminating palates of his clients. If only John Walker Lindh had been appointed so resolute an advocate!

The Perry Mason of animal defense lawyers was an acclaimed French jurist named Bartholomew Chassenée, who later became a chief justice in the French provincial courts and a preeminent legal theorist. One of Chassenée's most intriguing essays, the sixteenth-century equivalent of a law review article, was titled *De Excommunicatore Animalium Insectorium*. In another legal monograph, Chassenée argued with persuasive force that local animals, both wild and domesticated, should be considered lay members of the parish community. In other words, the rights of animals were similar in kind to the rights of the people at large.

In the summer of 1522, Chassenée was called to the ancient village of Autun in Burgundy. The old town, founded during the reign of Augustus, had been recently overrun by rats. French maidens had been frightened, the barley crop destroyed, the vineyards placed in peril. The town crier issued a summons for the rats to appear before the court. None showed. The judge asked Chassenée why he should not find his clients guilty in absentia. The lawyer argued that the rat population was dispersed through the countryside and that his clients were almost certainly unaware of the charges pending against them. The judge agreed. The town crier was dispatched into the fields to repeat his urgent notice. Yet still the rats failed to appear at trial. Once again Chassenée jumped into action. Showing tactical skills that should impress Gerry Spence, Chassenée shifted his strategy. Now he passionately explained to the court that the rats remained hidden in their rural nests, paralyzed by the prospect of making a journey past the cats of Autun, who were well-known for their ferocious animosity toward rodents.

In the end, the rats were spared execution. The judge sternly ordered them to vacate the fields of Autun within

six days. If the rats failed to heed this injunction, the animals would be duly anathematized, condemned to eternal torment. This sentence of damnation would be imposed, the court warned, regardless of any rodent infirmities or pregnancies.

What are we to make of all this? Why did both the secular and religious courts of Europe devote so much time and money to these elaborate trials of troublesome animals? Some scholars, such as James Frazer, argue that the trials performed the function of the ancient rituals of sacrifice and atonement. Others, such as the legal theorist Hans Kelsen, view the cases as the last gasp of the animistic religions. Some have offered an economic explanation suggesting that animals were tried and executed during times of glut or seized in times of economic plight as property by the Church or Crown through the rule of *deodand* or "giving unto God." Still others have suggested that the trials and executions served a public health function, culling populations of farm animals and rodents that might contribute to the spread of infectious diseases.

Our interest here, however, is not with the social purpose of the trials, but in the qualities and rights the so-called medieval mind ascribed to the defendants: rationality, premeditation, free will, moral agency, calculation and motivation. In other words, it was presumed that animals acted with intention, that they could be driven by greed, jealousy and revenge. Thus the people of the Middle Ages, dismissed as primitives in many modernist quarters, were actually open to a truly radical idea: animal consciousness. As demonstrated in these trials, animals could be found to have *mens rea*, a guilty mind. But the courts also seriously considered exculpatory evidence aimed at proving that the actions of the accused, including murder, were justifiable owing to a long train of abuses. In other words, if animals could commit crimes, then crimes could also be committed against them.

The animal trials peaked in the late-sixteenth and early-seventeenth centuries, then faded away. They came to be viewed through the lens of modern historians as comical curiosities, grotesquely odd relics of the Dark Ages. The legal scholar W. W. Hyde succinctly summed up the smug, self-aggrandizing view of the legal scholars of the 20th century: "the savage in his rage at an animal's misdeeds obliterates all distinctions between man and beast, and treats the latter in all respects as the former."

Of course, the phasing out of animal trials didn't mean that the cruel treatment of domesticated animals improved or that problematic beasts stopped being put to death in public extravaganzas. While the trials ceased, the executions increased.

Recall the death warrant issued in 1903 against Topsy the Elephant, star of the Forepaugh Circus at Coney Island's Luna Park. Topsy had killed three handlers in a three-year period. One of her trainers was a sadist, who tortured the elephant by beating her with clubs, stabbing her with pikes and feeding her lit cigarettes.

Topsy was ordered to be hanged, but then Thomas Edison showed up and offered to electrocute Topsy. She was shack-

led, fed carrots laced with potassium cyanide and jolted with 6,600 volts of alternating current. Before a crowd of 1,500 onlookers, Topsy shivered, toppled and died in a cloud of dust. Edison filmed the entire event. He titled his documentary short, *Electrocuting the Elephant*.

Topsy received no trial. It was not even imagined that she had grievances, a justification for her violent actions. Topsy was killed because she'd become a liability. Her death was a business decision, pure and simple.

So what happened? How did animals come to be viewed as mindless commodities? One explanation is that modernity rudely intruded in the rather frail form of René Descartes. The great Cartesian disconnect not only cleaved mind from body, but also severed humans from the natural world. Descartes postulated that animals were mere physical automata. They were biological machines whose actions were driven solely by bio-physical instincts. Animals lacked the power of cognition, the ability to think and reason. They had a brain but no mind. At Port-Royal the Cartesians cut up living creatures with fervor, and in the words of one of Descartes' biographers, "kicked about their dogs and dissected their cats without mercy, laughing at any compassion for them and calling their screams the noise of breaking machinery." Across the Channel Francis Bacon declared in the *Novum Organum* that the proper aim of science was to restore the divinely ordained dominance of man over nature, "to extend more widely the limits of the power and greatness of man and so to endow him with "infinite commodities." Bacon's doctor, William Harvey, was a diligent vivisector of living animals.

Thus did the great sages of the Enlightenment assert humanity's ruthless primacy over the Animal Kingdom. The materialistic view of history, and the fearsome economic and technological pistons driving it, left no room for either the souls or consciousness of animals. They were no longer our fellow beings. They had been rendered, philosophically and literally in resources for guiltless exploitation, turned into objects of commerce, labor, entertainment and food.

Conveniently for humans, the philosophers of the Industrial Age declared that animal had no sense of their miserable condition. They could not understand abuse, they had no conception of suffering, they could not feel pain. When captive animals bit, trampled or killed their human captors, it wasn't an act of rebellion against abusive treatment but merely a reflex. There was no need, therefore, to investigate the motivations behind these violent encounters because there could be no premeditation at all on the animal's part. The confrontations could not be crimes. They were mere accidents, nothing more.

One wonders what Descartes would have made of the group of orangutans, who stole crowbars and screwdrivers from zookeepers in San Diego to repeatedly break out of their enclosures? How's that for cognition, cooperation and tool use, Monsieur Descartes?

Part II continues on page 98

Wounmainkat: Walking the Word



Ms. Romero, from Yukpa Clan, in a vigil for her father, Sabino Romero, currently incarcerated in Trujillo state, along with Alexander Fernández from Wayuu clan, accused by the Venezuelan Public Ministry of various charges which have not been proven, Maracaibo, 2009

BY DAVID HERNANDEZ PALMAR
TRANSLATED BY AGUAMALA

In all indigenous nations around the world, the land marks the life and history of every man and woman, but, above all, it provides the only teaching for understanding our existence. *Wounmainkat* is an entity which is feminine and sacred, fertilized by *Juyaa* (rain), and is currently being affected by mega-projects, armed conflict and plans which consolidate its destruction. To conceive *Wounmainkat* as a great woman and mother, unique and irreplaceable, makes it possible to reflect on the multiple forms of violence which are endured by both women and our mother Earth.

The history which we live in indigenous communities on a daily basis is not new, nor are the environmental offenses that our mother is subjected to, nor is our fight to save her and ourselves new. The pains and battles have no time, no owner, we were born in the midst of them and they belong to all. That is to say, the pain connects us and makes us one. Survival and a continuation of planetary health are at a critical point. That is why we must clarify the relationship between the land and us as care-takers. We human beings are not the center of the world and much less its owners. This anthropocentric vision is one of the

main foundations of sexism, and exploitation of human beings and nature.

Ecology, beyond its semantic weight, is the practice of ancestral indigenous values, since it deals with the relationship between spirit, mind, body, nature and the idea that everything on Earth is alive. These realities demand respect towards the sacred ecology and the spiritual connection between places and people. These values include respect for the land, indigenous nations and their children, the main defenders and inheritors of the planet. The hypocrisy becomes clear when we critique and demand democracy but we are not democratic with nature. Practices of domination and exploitation, besides unjust and anti-ecological, are contrary to the way nature functions, and we are brothers and sisters of everything alive.

Nature is the source of life and the human being is also nature. For others, nature is an "economic resource" and the human being is a "human resource" and this is the root of the destruction of the planet and the ecological problems that we're witnessing today. In Venezuela, in Zulia state, is the Serranía de Perijá, the land of the indigenous communities Yukpa, Bari, Japrería and Wayuu. Evelin Acosta, Wayuu from the Ipuana Clan, expresses, "In these lands it is not we indigenous people which have value but instead the resources that are in her land. The earth bleeds because



Wayuu cultural festival, Guajira, 2005

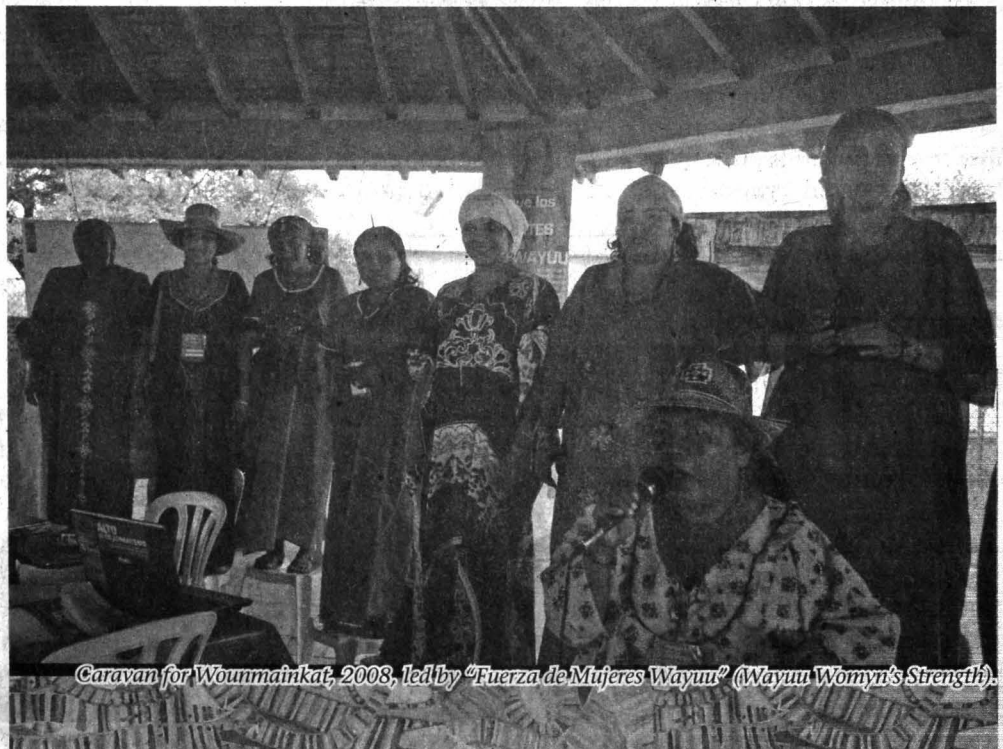
of the coal and the coal makes money for those who exploit; additionally it is a misfortune for us, smaller is the air that remains, as well the ground and the sky. The plain demarcation of indigenous territories that is being managed leaves it clear that our good lands are occupied and us displaced and thrown to the rocks, where you can barely harvest a sigh."

The Sierra de Perija (Perija Mountain range) extends into the Colombian Guajira, where the world's largest open pit mining exploit is taking place. Because of that there is collective discussion about "Defense of all of the Sierra de Perija" which is not compatible with the squared vision that proposes to define it as a simple "National Park." The United Nation's International Labor Organization Agreement 169 (ILO 169) emphasizes the right to dissent from consent to the transnationals in indigenous territory and from their so-called benefits.

In this context, there is open discomfort and nonconformity, because to question the model of development of mega-projects is to set off a sophisticated strategy which stigmatizes, disqualifies, pressures and even coopts the voices that denounce them. It was very well for-shadowed by grandfather Seattle: "Everything that happens to the earth will happen to man." If we

do not sensitize, we will do the dirty deed of erasing the color of the earth. Only through previous consultation that is binding in character and direct participation of all the affected communities, can it be dialogued and solved. We highlight the sacred condition of our indigenous land, demanding it's exclusion from all forms of violence and that it be protected by the state as biological and spiritual reserves for humanity. We are united by hope, nothing will make sense if we do not unite, alone we can not: Either we do it together or nothing changes.

David is Wayuu. From the Ipuana Clan. He would like to give thanks to the following persons for their support: Evelin Acosta, Wayuu Ipuana, Granted scholarship from the United Nations; Nicanor Cifuentes, specialist in Aquatic Ecology and environmental procedure; Coordination Climat et Justice Sociale; the Purépecha de Nurio community, Michoacán; PÜTCHIPÜ'ÜI, traditional authorities, professionals and leaders who are members of the Wayuu Nation.



Caravan for Wounmainkat, 2008, led by "Fuerza de Mujeres Wayuu" (Wayuu Women's Strength).

Run Free With the Buffalo, or Die



PHOTOS COURTESY OF STEPHANY SEAY

Exhausted buffalo in forced relocation

BY STEPHANY SEAY

They are not gone. Wild buffalo still exist. They are few in number and have no protections, but they roam. They are the direct descendants of those tens of millions that blanketed the continent. They walk bits of the ancient paths their kind has roamed since buffalo time began. Hooves beat like earth's heart-beat, drumming them down from Yellowstone's high-country, migration of the ancient giants still with us. The Yellowstone region is not their prime habitat, but it is where they found shelter to survive extermination, and where they exist today. Now they are locked in by politics. But, ageless-instincts tell the buffalo to go where seasons are less formidable, where winter snows are less deep and grass more plentiful; to follow the spring surge to natal calving grounds, where it is good to raise young. Like a great wooly tide rolling in, every year the buffalo come ... And in coming they cross imaginary lines falling straight into the traps set for them by the federal government and Montana's livestock interests.

It is bittersweet and heart-heavy to celebrate this awesome migration and at once fear for them, knowing a few short steps over ecologically meaningless boundaries will lead to their eminent harassment, imprisonment, or death. Hazed, hunted, captured, slaughtered, or quarantined: the insults and fatal blows against wild buffalo are multifarious, threatening their evolutionary potential, impeding their natural restoration, violating their right to roam.

Wild buffalo continue to migrate despite all odds, and Buffalo Field Campaign (BFC) is still with them, battling for the lives and freedom of America's last wild buffalo. We are now in our fourteenth season on the front lines.

Snow came early and deep this Winter, and with it migrations be-

gin. Rifle shots crack the crisp cold winter air. The sharp sounds echo the mournful deaths of America's last wild buffalo. Blood-red, snow-white, and raven-black starkly contrast one another, painting the sorrowful portrait of the buffalo hunt taking place here on this slice of Paradise in southwest Montana, along

the northwest fringes of Yellowstone National Park. A hunt of a creature forbidden access to habitat outside Yellowstone, the Park acts more like a zoo, consequently making wild buffalo ecologically extinct throughout their native range. Buffalo are only allowed to leave Yellowstone to be shot by hunters who are doing the dirty work of the Montana Department of Livestock (DOL). Once the hunt is over, hazing, capture and slaughter operations resume. In some cases, hazing and hunting happen simultaneously. Along Yellowstone's northern border, hunting is allowed east of the Yellowstone River, while hazing takes place on the West.

This winter, state and federal agencies involved in the nefarious *Interagency Bison Management Plan* are already anticipating taking



(L) Helicopter hazing buffalo through private land, (R) sign posted by property owners to protect the bison

severe actions against buffalo, chanting their mantra of capture and slaughter. BFC will not tolerate another winter like 2008, when over 1,600 wild buffalo were killed by Yellowstone National Park, the Montana DOL, and hunters.



Government horsemen harass the buffalo and BFC volunteers

Since 1985 nearly 7,000 wild buffalo have been killed to appease livestock interests who claim they must prevent the spread of brucellosis to "save" their filthy industry. But, brucellosis is just a scare tactic to cover up the truth: a war over grass. It's a battle for the buffalos' right to access their native habitat.

These crimes against wild buffalo are all federally funded. Every year, millions of tax dollars are used to wage war on the ecosystem and treat wild buffalo as nothing more than livestock. State and federal agencies, complete with escorts of law enforcement, use horses, ATVs, trucks, snowmobiles, cracker-rounds, helicopters, etc. to chase buffalo off of their native habitat, most of which is public land. Wild buffalo are the rightful roamers. These government cowboys run the buffalo for 5, 10, 20 miles, over rough terrain, without rest. Horses and helicopter pursuing them deep into Yellowstone. No mercy, even for little calves or birthing mothers. Buffalo suffer broken legs, separation from the herd, calves separated from mothers, exhaustion, starvation, humiliation. Hazing wild buffalo is an ultimate disrespect. Grizzly bears, wolves, moose, elk, badgers, eagles, Trumpeter swans, Sandhill cranes and the sensitive riparian areas and forests—all area wildlife and the land herself is negatively impacted. So are area residents.

The good people of Horse Butte

co-exist peacefully with wild buffalo and want them to roam free. Wildlife is the reason they chose to live on the edge of Yellowstone. They have made it clear in numerous ways that wild buffalo are welcome, but the agencies are not. The DOL responds by sending in their helicopter, flying low to the ground over the backs of buffalo—

WANTED: Room to Roam
WANTED: Wild Buffalo All
Over This Land!
Not All Who Wander are Lost

and BFC volunteers—who are on private land where they are welcome. This is how they "avoid" terrestrial trespassing. The helicopter uses the air space to scare the buffalo out of their safe zone towards the government cowpokes waiting on the public lands of Gallatin National Forest. The cowpokes pick up the haze, and together riders and helicopter continue pushing the frightened buffalo many long and difficult miles to Yellowstone National Park, or into a capture facility from where they are tortured and shipped to slaughter.

The wild buffalo of the Yellowstone region are all that remain of the tens of millions that once graced the vast prairies, grasslands and forests of North America since the dawn of the Pleistocene Era. This last wild population are the only ones to have continuously

lived on their habitat since prehistoric times, the last to still follow their migratory instincts, and blessedly free of cattle-genes. Buffalo are an integral part of the land and their restoration is medicine to the earth. What

will it take for the buffalo to roam? Pressure, endlessly applied. And maybe a little crack cake. It's not a question of where will they go, millions of acres of habitat is there, the buffalo only need to be able to access it.

In the throes of this centuries-old range war, wild buffalo continue to roam against all odds. BFC remains steadfast and determined, using every tool and opportunity to work in the buffalos' defense. We've also taken legal action, joining with other buffalo advocates, including Western Watersheds Project. We have filed suit against the National Park Service and National Forest Service, contending that they are breaking the law by participating in wild bison harassment and slaughter. Ultimately, we want to gain Endangered Species status for this remaining wild population of American buffalo. It's a long road, but we will get there. We need your help. Together, we can forever halt the crimes against North America's largest land mammal, ensuring a landscape where wild buffalo will once again fill the plains and prairies, healing the wounded land. Persistence. Resistance. Endurance.

Buffalo Field Campaign is the only group working in the field every day in defense of the last wild bison population in the US. Learn more, get in touch, spread the word, and join us on the front lines: BUFFALOFIELDCAMPAIGN.ORG or call (406) 646-0070

It Takes a Village

BY LIERRE KEITH

"In dreams begin responsibilities," wrote Yeats. But to be alive right now—if the heart is more than a brute pump—is to live in a dream from which, try as we might, we cannot awaken. The dream repeats, we struggle, it pulls us deeper, and it is possible to drown in despair.

Knowledge is now double—edged. It can be a sandbar of sanity in a world gone mad (populations of plankton—beginning of the food chain, makers of oxygen—have plummeted 40 percent—*will someone please make this stop?*) or it can drive us into the desperate denial of magical thinking (a fuel cell by any other name). Some people need the rough shock of numbers, an emotional defibrillation, to jolt them to life: old-growth forests, 98 percent gone; prairies, 99 percent gone; yes, this culture is killing the planet. For others, god is in the details, a god who needs us if not to pray then at least to notice: the lacework of life is rent and suffering.

Take the detail of prairie dogs, who, along with the bison (of which there are only 1,500 pure-bred left), are the keystone species of the North American grasslands. Something like 160 species need them for food and shelter. Their towns, which can get as big as 25,000 square miles—an extraordinary feat of both social and structural engineering—increase, well, everything, from the protein quality of the forage around them to the number of other species that can live there, too. Golden eagles, magnificence in flight, with their gold-glowing crowns and seven foot wingspans. Kit foxes, who may mate for life. Horned larks, the only native lark of this continent. "Destroy prairie dogs," says Terry Tempest Williams, "and you destroy a varied world."

The prairie dogs are indeed rent and suffering. They've been reduced to less than 1 percent of their native range. Understand what that reduction means: 96-98 percent of all black-tailed prairie dogs have been poisoned, gassed, or shot. The survivors are now "overwhelmed with stress." They stop eating, lose weight, spend too much time underground, and reproduce less. Anyone who has survived an assault will recognize this pattern—

it's Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. Prairie dogs also have a specific alarm call, a word they've now had to add to their language: "Man with a gun."

Let us join the prairie dogs and shout that alarm to everyone we love. The instruction manual for that gun is the religious texts that give men dominion over the rest of us: women, animals, the earth. The gun itself is agriculture and the biotic drawdown of civilization that agriculture incurs. The bullet is corporate power, especially the doctrine of corporate personhood. The target, of course, is what is left of this planet: the 2 percent of prairie dogs, the 1,500 bison, your life, mine. We cannot afford to burrow in and go off our feed.

But hope is useless without a plan. So here's the only one that can deliver: repair, restore, rejoin. Repair the broken prairie, all 400 million acres, one holding at a time if we have to. I'm not the only one saying this. Drs. Frank and Deborah Popper introduced the idea of the Buffalo Commons in 1987. The idea was vilified. Yet two decades later, even the Kansas Star is backing the concept.

The numbers, all of them, speak for themselves. As William Ruddiman explained in his book *Ploughs, Plagues, and Petroleum*, agriculture marks the beginning of global warming. That's what happens when you destroy prairies and forests, whose underlying goal is the creation of soil. All land life depends on that soil and we should

be humbled with reverence at what grass and trees, in concert with fauna both micro and macro, can do. The basic building block of that soil is, of course, carbon. Grass is so good at building soil that repairing 75 percent of the planet's rangelands would bring atmospheric CO₂ to under 330 parts per million (ppm) in 15 years or less. Read that again if you have to, as the world entire depends on us getting this.

It's not the math that's difficult. It's the ideological—which is to say, emotional—framework. After 10,000 years of civilization, and a few decades of the veganization of the Left, most environmentalists have no concept that agriculture is biotic cleansing, wiping clean the slate of species-rich communities to be replaced by the monocrops of humans. As Richard Manning points out



Photo courtesy of the Prairie Liberation Front

A prairie dog munching

to Raise a Prairie

in *Grassland*, a book that is equal parts love-letter and plainsong, "A wheat field is nothing more than a clear-cut of the grass forest." Corn, wheat, rice, and barley collectively occupy half a billion hectares around the globe, which means that bison, black terns, and prairie dogs don't. The relationship is direct, causal, and self-evident. And all tillage systems contribute to global warming, at 1,000 pounds of carbon per acre for corn, wheat, and soy. Meanwhile, perennial grasses store carbon at exactly that rate.

What this planet needs is the people who will repair it, acre by acre. The young and idealistic—the people most likely to have the passion and the physical ability—are not being called to the work that most needs them. They're being led astray into a political dead end of personal purity via consumer choices that will change exactly nothing. Indeed, if that purity involves eating highly processed soy products—grown by farmers who have been turned into serfs of Monsanto, and then manufactured by companies like DuPont—it's only adding to the problem.

So let this act as a call. There are groups out there, organized and working hard to restore the prairie and protect its residents. The Great Plains Restoration Council (a group that's actually working on the Buffalo Commons), the InterTribal Bison Council (57 tribes, 15,000 bison, and counting), and the Buffalo Field Campaign, (whose members put themselves bodily between the last true bison and physical harm).

My proposal is an addition to the good work of these groups. We need a new Bleeding Kansas. The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 proclaimed that the residents of each state or territory would decide whether slavery was allowed. People felt the emergency of slavery and knew that the entire west could fall if Kansas didn't hold as a free state. Thousands of abolitionists moved to the middle of nowhere—the cultural edge of the universe for Boston urbanites—to stop slavery, and they succeeded.

If environmentalists would only understand that the prairie is desperate to return and do its part, that all it needs is people willing to help it, then acre by acre hope could take root. The young and idealistic have been willing to fight fascism in Spain, to harvest sugar in Cuba, to pick coffee in Nicaragua. They're needed now to plant prairie, only no one is calling them. Let this be the call you've been listening for: repair, restore, rejoin. Repair the broken rivers, the exhausted soil. Restore the grasses and their animal cohorts. Rejoin as participants, never again to dominate. Stop buying barely edible industrial

waste products manufactured from soybeans, and start dreaming of prairies.

There are stream beds in western Kansas that have been dry for decades because the Ogallala aquifer has fallen so far. The population has fallen along with it. There are entire counties with less than 2,700 people, which is below two people per square mile. There are towns in the west that will give you a lot if you only promise to build a house on it. There are also ghost towns for the taking.

Understand that corporations don't own the land—they are very clear that if they owned the land, they'd have to pay farmers as employees. Now, they can command prices below production costs and the federal government makes up the difference. Our tax dollars are turning farmers into serfs and the world into an ever-heating hell.

It will take a village to raise a prairie. The concentrated efforts of a few hundred people could win not just a town but an entire county. With a county comes the whole apparatus of law and justice: the Board of Supervisors, the County Commissioners (who now order the gassing of prairie dogs, even on private land), and last but not least the courthouse itself. What if local power was, for once, lined up against the destructive institutions that are gutting our planet to the bone, to stand instead in defense of communities both biotic and human? Four or five groups of 150 emigrants would be enough in some places. This could be done.

Maybe Yeats had it backwards. In responsibilities begin dreams. We need to dream, and dream big, 400 million acres big, 330 ppm big, 10,000 years of destruction big. Repair, restore, rejoin, from the despairing shards of your heart to this broken world on the edge of the end.

The bison are dreaming that deep and endless promise of grass; the prairie dogs are dreaming of men without guns; the grass itself is dreaming of rain and soil, roots and sun. The prairie is dreaming of its return, of a world restored when the nightmare of industrial wheat and corn has finally ended. Surely your heart is dreaming of home, a place both wild and quiet where you finally belong. It's not too late for this planet, not yet, not if we put those hearts—animal hearts, still—and both hands to work.

Lierre Keith is a writer, small farmer and radical feminist activist. She is the author of two novels, as well as a work of nonfiction, The Vegetarian Myth. You can read excerpts of her work at WWW.LIERREKEITH.COM

FIGHTING FOR THEIR FOREST: THE GRASSY NARROWS FIRST NATION STORY

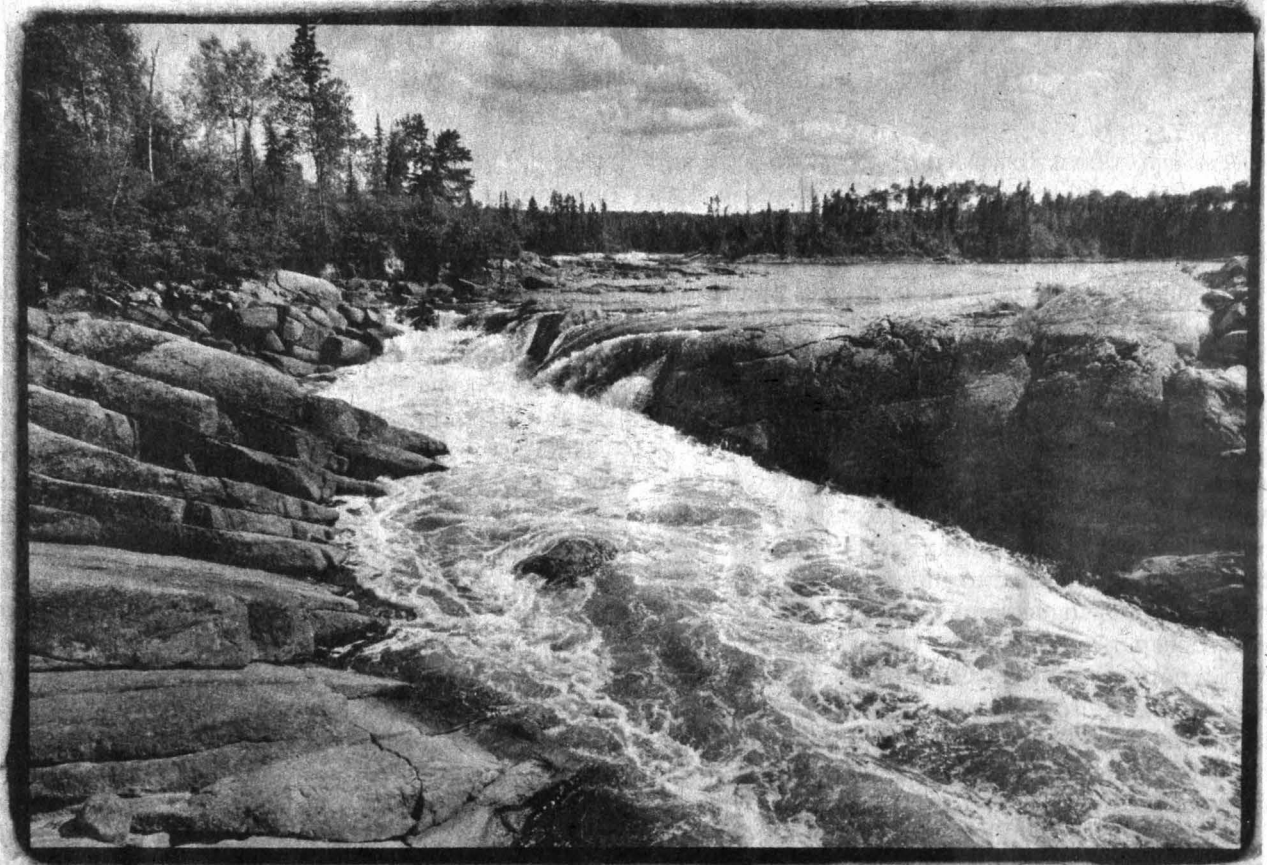


Photo By: Jon Schickewitz

White Mouth River, Ontario, Canada

BY ANNA WILLOW

It was below zero degrees Fahrenheit on the night of December 2, 2002, when three young mothers drove from their home on the Grassy Narrows Reserve—located along the southern edge of northwestern Ontario's vast Boreal Forest—to a logging road just a few miles away. The sisters felled trees over the road in a desperate attempt to stop Abitibi Consolidated from logging on their land. They then headed home, afraid their father would be mad at them.

Instead, he was proud. Their act was the spark that lit the flames of protest among the 1,000 members of the Grassy Narrows community. From that day on, First Nation citizens maintained a permanent encampment on the road and turned back all the logging trucks that tried to pass. The reserve's school conducted classes at the blockade site for a season and the community encouraged outside supporters—including national and international environmental and human rights groups—to campaign with them.

As Grassy Narrows resident Roberta Keesick said in an interview with CBC radio in June 2008, the blockade has given Grassy Narrows a new chance to claim its future: "It gives us hope that we're being listened

to. It gives our young people a purpose in life. With our persistence, we've been able to accomplish this, and it encourages us to keep on fighting, standing up, speaking and reaching out."

Proposals for new clearcut logging and mines continue to threaten the territory. The community continues to push for restitution on a long list of historical and ongoing injustices. Simultaneously, they are working to heal their people, revitalize their culture and assert their inherent right to control their lives and lands. The stand taken by Grassy Narrows First Nation has a long, complex history.

In the fall of 1873, the ancestors of Grassy Narrows First Nation joined nearly 1,400 other Anishinaabe people assembled at the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods to participate in the negotiation and signing of Treaty Three which guaranteed that Anishinaabe people retain the "right to pursue their avocations of hunting and fishing throughout the tract surrendered." Like other historical documents—the United States constitution is a good example—age has not diminished the legal standing of Treaty Three.

Grassy Narrows First Nation is a semi-remote community located at the northern periphery of Ontario's paved highway system. It is known to the



Images of resistance and action in defense of native rights and the Boreal forest

Photos By: Allan Lissner and Jan Schledewitz

Anishinaabe people who live there as Asubpeeschoseewagong Netum Anishinabek. While the First Nation's fourteen square mile reserve is tiny, the land claimed by citizens of Grassy Narrows as their Traditional Land encompasses 2,500 square miles of closed canopy boreal forest. People at Grassy Narrows still depend on this forest for food, spiritual and mental solace, and cultural identity. Although store-bought items from the supermarkets of Kenora (a timber-and-tourism town located fifty slow, winding miles to the south) are available, every family has members who hunt, fish, trap, and gather wild rice and berries. These anticipated seasonal staples make many meals complete. Perhaps even more important, as respected harvester and community leader Andy "Shoon" Keewatin once pointed out, participating in land-based subsistence helps Grassy Narrows youth remember "who they are." This hasn't always been easy.

In recent generations, people at Grassy Narrows have been forced to cope with a series of devastating environmental changes. The 1920s and 1950s saw the construction of hydroelectric dams along the English-Wabigoon River, the economic and cultural lifeblood of the community. As a result, traditional burial grounds were flooded and wild rice crops continue to be adversely effected. The Canadian government relocated the people of Grassy Narrows to a new land base in 1963. Geographically, the move was only a stone's throw, but its social consequences were profoundly negative. Prior to relocation, the people of Grassy Narrows lived with their extended families along the river's winding peninsulas and on scattered islands. On the new reserve, nuclear families were assigned to prefabricated homes in Euro-Canadian-style subdivisions with little regard for traditional Anishinaabe social organization.

Even worse, mercury was detected in the English-Wabigoon River in 1970. The mercury originated in effluent dumped by the Reed Paper Company in far-upstream Dryden, Ontario. As the 20,000 pounds of mercury traveled down the river, it bioaccumulated in the tissues of fish, animals and Anishinaabe people. The economic impacts of mercury were immediate. When commercial fisheries and tourist resorts closed, unemployment at Grassy Narrows jumped from 20 to 80 percent. The health effects of the mercury have

been even more horrific. Forty years after mercury's initial discovery, an estimated 80 percent of Grassy Narrows residents continue to experience tremors, tunnel vision, loss of coordination or other long-term symptoms of mercury poisoning. Some children born two generations after the contamination also exhibit symptoms of mercury poisoning.

Large-scale industrial logging, including clearcutting of old growth boreal forests within Grassy Narrows' Traditional Land, is the First Nation's most recent environmental challenge. Throughout the 1990s, people at Grassy Narrows watched as clearcuts grew ever larger and drew ever closer to their homes. They wrote letters to the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources and to the logging companies licensed to work in the area and conducted peaceful protests in Kenora, Toronto, and Montreal, but received little response.

By the end of 2002, people at Grassy Narrows decided enough was enough. Bundled against the bitter cold of a boreal Winter, protestors stood on the logging road just north of Ontario Provincial Highway 671 to halt the passage of logging trucks. When the truck drivers began to detour around the blockade to reach Kenora's mills, the blockaders adopted a "roving blockade" strategy. As the months wore on, the logging trucks quit testing the blockade. In response, activists' presence at the blockade shifted from constant to periodic, but blockaders and their families continued to gather regularly at the site for ceremonies, campfire strategy sessions and potluck meals. Although today the blockade is more symbolic than confrontational, it remains in place and is now the longest standing protest of its type in Canadian history. Nearly eight years after the blockade began, Gloria Keejick, a Grassy Narrows grandmother and blockader, emphasized that Grassy Narrows activists' fundamental message has remained—and will remain—the same: "NO clearcuts, NO logging, NO tree planting, NO aerial seeding, and NO dumping of wastes on water and land resources."

For the people of Grassy Narrows, protecting the forest is about saving trees, but it is also about continuing a way of life. It is about making sure that the children of tomorrow will be able to experience a self-defined Anishinaabe way of life.

For more or to get involved visit: FREEGRASSY.ORG

EVAN MECHAM ECO TEA-SIPPERS' INTERNATIONAL CONSPIRACY (PART TWO)

In Volume I of the 30th Anniversary, Ilse brought us through the first encounter with the FBI's operation to suppress ecological resistance and discredit the Earth First! movement. Her story continues here.

BY ILSE ASPLUND



...**By late Fall**, 1988, there was plenty of intelligence to arrest the Prescott 4 for overt criminal acts, but still insufficient evidence to connect our deeds to a prosecutable offense against the politically subversive Dave Foreman.

According to David Cunningham, author of *There's Something Happening Here*, there are two

broad types of police investigations; *intelligence*, in which police maintain a passive role, focused on information gathering, which may be legitimately used to further a criminal investigation, and *counter intelligence*, which restricts a target's ability to carry out legal actions or which facilitates illegal activities. Both strategies may be used to either further a criminal investigation or to repress or neutralize political targets. Cunningham defines repression as anything that raises the cost of a target's ability to legally act. I believe it was Foreman's *legal* acts of free speech which were the actual target of the investigation of the *illegal* acts of the Prescott 4.

Illegal acts by the affinity group, EMETIC (Evan Mecham Eco Tea-Sippers International Conspiracy), and individual others, were intended to raise the bar of public outrage and focus attention on genocidal and, apparently, regulatorily inevitable developments in the Four Corners. From October 1987 through November 1988, EMETIC undertook several strategic acts of vandalism, accompanied by widely distributed communiqués. In addition to delaying and adding to the cost of operation at Snow Bowl and uranium mines around the Grand Canyon, it was hoped that the multitude of injuries and injustices associated with these operations would, through radical action, be made visible in a way that bespoke their gravity.

Mark came up with the acronym EMETIC for actions by the group in Prescott; we were noxious purgatives for toxic development on sacred lands. Initially the "T" had been "terrorist," but the folly of that moniker, for what was intended as a humorous play on words became obvious so the "T" word was changed. Unfortunately, media, law enforcement and all subsequent references to EMETIC wouldn't let it go. We cribbed the name of then

Arizona Governor, Evan Mecham. Mecham, the only governor ever to be simultaneously impeached, indicted and recalled was driven from office in April, 1988, after a little more than a year. The beleaguered Mecham publically confessed that he had nothing to do with the group that carried his name.

The FBI worked closely with both Snowbowl and Canyon mine during the EMETIC investigation. Snowbowl offered a \$25,000 reward for leads in the case and hired extra security at a cost of around \$30,000. Canyon Mine hired extra security based on FBI information that they were "possible" targets. The mine supervisor cooperated fully with the FBI, and patriotically reported license plate numbers and physical descriptions of anyone who happened to drive down the dirt road toward the mine and Red Butte.

The investigation of EMETIC began in January, 1988, a month before I moved in with Mark. This is not entirely by chance. As the wretched complexities of human relationships can go, a rejected ex-lover fled to the arms of the FBI. Ron Frazier, identified in FBI documents as PX-3483-DJ, was a metal artist and diesel mechanic, known to people in Prescott from around 1986. By 1987 he was teaching Mark the art of oxy-acetylene welding and cutting. In January, 1988, as Mark and I began falling in love, pot-smoking, LSD-dealing Ron made a secret trip to FBI headquarters in Phoenix. He returned to Prescott with a smug little smile and a Nagra body tape. Nobody suspected a thing.

Citizen Frazier attended the 1987 Rendezvous at the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. He spent most of his time poaching deer (unsuccessfully) in the side canyons with his rifle. He hung out with the "New Mexico anarchists," and developed a strong dislike for Dave Foreman over something to do with Ed Abbey, whom he also disliked.

In a way, Frazier attended the Rendezvous twice. In March, 1988, Informant Frazier flew with Agent Bailey to San Antonio, Texas for a bizarre session of remote-viewing field work. Frazier was taken to an FBI hypnotist where it was suggested that he was now safe and among people with whom he belonged. Informant Frazier was then, in trance, guided back seven months to those happy fireside conversations with his friends from New Mexico and prompted to recall names, physical descriptions and conversa-

ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE ON THE ARIZONA BUST

tions which might help widen the net of the investigation. Later, in court, he reported the experience was a pleasant one. Also under oath he acknowledged ingesting four hits of LSD at the Rendezvous, but testified, to the government's satisfaction, that it hadn't affected his memory or perception.

In 1988, at the Okanagan Rendezvous, Frazier led a well attended workshop on how to disable a diesel engine. Now on federal payroll, PX-3483-DJ made nice with Foreman, who gave him a signed copy of the newly published *Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*—this would later prove fateful. Sea Shepherd folks invited Frazier aboard their ailing vessel, Divine Wind, to assist with repairs to its diesel engine. En route he made a stop at the "office" of the Earth First! Legal Offense Fund and recorded conversations about the source and use of these donations to help activists. Another paid narc at the Okanagan Rendezvous, observing Frazier in action, reported to the FBI that "this individual appears very dangerous."

It was at the 1988 Rendezvous that Frazier introduced special agent Mike Fain as his old friend, a fellow roughneck, from the oil fields of Texas. Fain possessed the useful FBI trait of being forgettable in a crowd of three. Aside from his height (tall), he was generic, bland and diplomatic. Fain's loosely config-

ured identity, like an old house with rooms added on as-needed, went something like this: Dyslexic (to account for his useful slowness and the need for others to *explain things* in detail), Recovering Alcoholic (so as to not have a beer on the job), Vietnam Veteran (with connections to underground sources of explosives from some "old 'Nam buddies"), raised on a ranch in Nevada (hence handy with tools, firearms and such practical things) and former member of the Clamshell Alliance (too far away to check out).

It was Fain, the professional, who was charged with the legalistic challenge of connecting the Prescott group, EMETIC, with some form of participation by Foreman.

By the time of the actions against the Canyon uranium mine (September 25, 1988) and Fairfield Snow Bowl (October 25, 1988), Mark, Peggy, Marc and I were under "continuous monitoring, surveillance, surreptitious recording and reporting," yet there was no attempt to arrest, dissuade or impede any actions against these sites. We were hijacked—and didn't know it.

Even the law abiding facility managers were played along in the plot. During the trial, Mark Chalmers, lanky and even-keeled Canyon mine supervisor, momentarily lost composure when during cross examination he learned that his friends at the FBI had full foreknowledge of the planned property destruction and let his mine take the fall. The federal police lifted not a finger as local law enforcement scrambled for clues.

On September 22, 1988 Peg said to Agent Fain, "We're cutting down lines to Canyon Mine on September 25," and invited him to a logistics meeting on Friday, September 23 at 9:00 a.m. She told him again on September 24, and again on Sept. 25—the day of the strike. Nonetheless, notations by the FBI informant in Prescott characterize the investigation at this time as, "moving along uneventfully." They were hardly uneventful for Canyon mine or Snowbowl.

In February, 1989 the FBI placed bugs in the home I shared with Mark: one above the dining table and the other above our bed. Wire taps and pen registers had long been installed on our phone. Pre-trial documents report that by the time the court was petitioned for this more intrusive surveillance, "approximately 20 of the 42 overt acts had already occurred," but the FBI obtained authorization by claiming that "there has [sic] not yet been a number of clear, overt acts which would allow the FBI to prevent proposed sabotage by arresting the participants."

I try not to think about the reality that strangers sat in rooms for weeks and months on end, listening to the details of my daily life. I had managed to fend them off fairly well, cordially ignoring the lurking



Fain and limiting conversation with the informant; but within the most intimate possible relations of lovers, and of parents caring for their children there was no defense.

In contrast to the seeming indifference toward pole-cutting at Snow Bowl and Canyon mine, communication between Agent Fain and the FBI field office indicates strong interest in averting, or redirecting the planned pole-cutting at the Central Arizona Project on the night of May 30, 1989. An arrest at a power line connected to an actual nuclear power plant, and a more direct connection to Dave Foreman, would yield better payoff for the major case investigation.

When it became apparent that the Central Arizona Project power line sabotage was going to happen anyway, anti-terrorist SWAT teams were dispatched to the desert and Agent Fain once again offered to drive. His old F-210, with the humorously chosen environmental bumper stickers, "Clear Cut Wal-Mart" and "Don't Nuke my Fruit", ferried Mark and Marc and Peg westward, down the winding spars, to their demise.

The Phoenix FBI division immediately released pre-written lead stories to major papers throughout the west, claiming to have intervened in a plot which could have caused nuclear meltdowns. They reported that "the arrests are a result of a three year investigation... as a result of damage done to power lines leading into Palo Verde Nuclear Facility in 1986," linking the EMETIC investigation to an event that none of us had been involved in. (However, internal agency memoranda reiterate; "The captioned case is not, nor has ever been, an investigation of the organization known as Earth First").

An FBI spokesman told national media that automatic weapons had been seized from the defendants. Between the three at power lines, there was nothing more menacing than a broken Swiss Army knife in the pocket of Dr. Baker. It may be that Dave had registered guns at his home in Tucson, 300 miles from the power lines. More likely, any automatic weapons seized belonged to Agent Fain who was, technically, at the scene.

I see from the case logs that my name is included among those arrested at the poles that night, in the prepared media statements and in criminal charges to be made at the scene. But I am not at the poles; I am home with the children. The press release and the charges were amended.

A few weeks after the arrests I had a visit from Ron Frazier who had been "out of town" for awhile. No one knew yet about his double identity and he had come to finally let me in on the secret. He was proud of what he had done, proud of the secret power he'd held over us, proud that he had been the real insider all along; he was nobody's fool. He looked at me as if I should be proud of him too. I suddenly became aware of how completely alone I was then, in that room, in that house, in the forest all around with this psychopath who thought I might love him. He looked at me,



first as if I weren't "getting" what he was telling me and then as if I just didn't understand. "I had to," he insisted, "it was either go to the FBI or pull a Rambo at an Earth First! gathering."

For over six months I was constantly pressured to cooperate in the case and threatened with indictment and arrest. From Lori Bailey's attempted "interview" the morning of the arrests [see Part I], through enduring a Grand Jury inquiry on June 8, 1988 and into the Fall. On November 24, Agent Bailey and two lawyers from the Attorney General's office met with my court appointed lawyer "demanding cooperation in the pending case." Finally, in retaliation, on December 20, 1988, a week before Christmas, a second indictment was released along with a warrant for my arrest.

I placed the kids in the care of a friend and drove myself to the US Marshall's office, a hundred miles to the south in Phoenix, to turn myself in. In a bizarre *Nightmare Before Christmas* type scenario, I was taken, wrists pinned behind my back in hand cuffs, by two gun-wearing Marshalls through the labyrinthine hallways of some cavernous federal building in downtown Phoenix. As we entered an empty elevator on a half-deserted hallway cul de sac, one of the men inexplicably burst into holiday song: "Happy Holidays... BLAM! BLAM!....Happy Holidays.....BLAM! BLAM!....."

A few months later I was issued a subpoena to testify as a witness for the prosecution on charges against Baker, Davis, Foreman and Millett.

A year later, on December 13, 1990 all charges on the two existing indictments were combined into a single, massive indictment linked by far reaching charges of conspiracy. Each of the 17 counts carried a mandatory minimum sentence of 6-8 years. Again, in the spring before the trial, more heavy pressure came down to take a plea in exchange

for cooperation. The FBI had a list of about 10 names they wanted more information on. My lawyer advised, "I think if we go to trial we're going to lose. If you choose not to cooperate assume you'll be sent to a prison facility for a significant number of years." There was no way out.

I wanted more than anything to be with my children, free among the canyons and mountains of my home and to continue my work in public health. But I found myself at a crossroads; everything that kept me strong and spiritually alive was on one side of the line and my freedom was on the other. Everything good and hopeful I might experience or accomplish had its source in the regenerating cycles of the life I had crossed the line to fight for.

I couldn't find it in myself to agree to terms that required recanting, betraying what I knew to be true or injuring others who had fought, in their way, for the same thing. But as the reality of the trial approached I shook with fear, like a clattering shell of old bones in the wind, down to my core.

We went to trial in June 1991—five defendants each with our own unique lawyer. The process of getting separate lawyers to defend us each individually while not using a defense that would endanger any other defendant had, in itself, been a monumental negotiation. It went against their instincts and training, but in the end they walked that tightrope with passion and fierce skill. It was the structure of the legal system itself that proved the greatest impediment to our cause. What can and cannot be brought into evidence is determined, in great detail, before the trial begins. No mention of radioactive contamination, no reference to ecological or cultural degradation could enter the courtroom. This was a *criminal* trial, and the only question under consideration was: were criminal acts committed and are these scoundrels responsible?

It is true that issues connected to the overreach of surveillance, entrapment and political repression were raised, within limits, throughout the trial and in the media. What could not be presented was the story of the places themselves. The harm to earth, water, critters and human displacement occurring at actual locations had no voice in the courtroom.

A criminal trial is not the place for a battle about underlying environmental issues. In this arena the best always suffer the most. Just saying.

Our liberal friends said they agreed with our sentiments but not our methods, our lawyers claimed it was all the FBI's idea.

The trial dragged on into late August with the government still presenting their evidence. It appeared that we, the defense, might not begin our arguments until sometime in the fall. Just before a 2 week break the govern-

ment called what turned out to be their final witness—the man responsible for the production of plutonium triggers at Rocky Flats.

It is hard to conceive of such a human existing, but I have seen him. He looks like any other human. This man, whose job it is to assemble a device that will, with certainty, ignite a nuclear fusion reaction by raising the temperature to 50 million degrees, took his seat between the flags of the USA and the land called Arizona. He answered cooperatively and factually each question posed to him—how the triggers are produced, where the parts come from, how they are transported,

what materials are used, where they are assembled. It would have been out of order—or "irrelevant"—to question the effect of these actions on any living being. Even so, the usual small rustlings and stirrings in the crowded room slowly faded and then ceased altogether. The jury seemed to recoil as they absorbed the content of this prolonged testimony; the complete and permanent destruction of life described as a merely logical, even respectable, enterprise. The entire room seemed to draw back and fall mute.

Immediately following this testimony, Judge Broomfield adjourned the court for a late summer break. During this time the lawyers began negotiating a deal that would allow each of the five defendants to plead guilty to one charge each without having to cooperate in any government investigation or provide testimony on any one else. It was an all or none deal—if any one defendant refused, the offer was off for everyone. Mark wanted to fight it to the end. Dave took an eventual misdemeanor charge on a count of conspiracy—giving a copy of his book, *A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*, to Ron Frazier at the 1988 Rendezvous. Marc and Peg and I were ready to get out of the legal machine and begin the long road to getting our lives back. After much discussion and debate we accepted the deal. Miraculously we'd managed to hold together for two years through intense pressure, heartbreak and personal differences.

At sentencing in September, the prosecuting US attorney reassured the court that the most dangerous group of terrorists ever to operate in the state of Arizona had been brought to justice. I imagined lassoes whirling overhead. She spoke of the terror of Hobbes' (imagined) "State of Nature" and how we had struck fear in the hearts of decent citizens who, unlike us, honored The Contract. I thought about the "bugs" in my bedroom, the uranium sleeping in the Belly of the Mother, secret cold springs gently pumping in hidden lava flows in the folds of the mountain. Oddest of all, she explained to the media assembled on the stately portico of the US

NO REFERENCE TO ECOLOGICAL OR CULTURAL DEGRADATION... THE ONLY QUESTION UNDER CONSIDERATION WAS: WERE CRIMINAL ACTS COMMITTED AND ARE THESE SCOUNDRELS RESPONSIBLE?

Federal building in downtown Phoenix that the government had done no less than rescue the mainstream environmental movement from ruin. She stated, "[these sentences will aid in] crushing this radical deviant pseudo-environmental movement that has besmirched legitimate environmental movements like the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club." *Besmirched!*

Her statement, hyperbolic as it was, gives substance to the insight of one of the most useful political philosophers of our age, Antonio Gramsci, who observed, "Civil society is, indeed, the state itself," and serves the critical function of "securing the permanent consent of the governed." The real threat was that the environmental movement as a whole might grow teeth and redraw the conceptual boundaries of legitimacy around the corporate-state paradigm of 'highest use value' within which all the world now suffers.

As for myself, I walked out of the Federal Court in Phoenix into a sea of news cameras and microphones. My kids were there, sitting on the landscaped earth playing in the gravel next to me in the midst of the pandemonium of it all. The news people wanted to know what I felt, what I thought about what had happened. All I could think was that, after this entire awful ordeal, the beautiful heart of Red Butte and the San Francisco Peaks are still under siege—what will it take to stop the destruction of these places?

I am an unlikely subject for such high-profile, high-rolling goings on. Frankly, I am a square. Boring, introverted and for most of my life worked a regular job. Fireside bacchanals scare me; I look bad in tribal attire. But I understood what was happening in the earth beneath my feet and the waters cycling around and through me.

I could see clearly that the thing devouring the future had to be stopped in the present. I don't think there is one way to do it—there is no manual, nor would we trust one if there were. There would not be a clear ending—as in victory—to our struggles. The meaning of the word hope is radically undone. What there is are innumerable acts of resistance requiring immeasurable forms of imagination, rooted in the material reality of our common existence.

Earth First! has done well to keep a healthy distance from the numbing blandishments of formal power and to develop within our own culture, over time, an analysis and repertoire of actions that draw upon the fullest range of possibilities for human response to an unprecedented crisis. It falls on each of us to find that path between freedom and survival as an individual, and the instinctual—I believe genetic—knowledge that our existence is inseparable from that of our fellow creatures and the Earth that we know to be our only home. ✂

Ilse suggests checking out WWW.SAVETHEPEAKS.ORG to get involved with the ongoing struggle in the San Francisco Peaks. Part I of this story can be ordered online WWW.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG or through the Earth First! Journal's mailing address.

EMETIC'S LETTER TO SNOW BOWL

The following text was taken from the original court transcripts of the Arizona 5 case. It's a legendary letter in its ruthless humor and tongue-in-cheek reference to the right-wing-nut Governor at the time.

"The lift cables have been rendered unusable..."

We realize that this is getting expensive. So we are going to propose a compromise. It is colder than a Bruce Babbitt speech, crawling around that mountain at night, and all of us would prefer to return to our usual nocturnal diversion of pursuing meaningless relationships in sleazy but warm bars.

The positions:

EMETIC—Get the machinery totally off The Peaks. Let the trees grow back, and the scars heal. Chain Fairfield's CEO to a tree at the 10,000 foot level, and feed him shrubs and roots until he understands the suicidal folly of treating this planet primarily as a tool for making money.

Fairfield—Catch, draw and quarter all members of EMETIC. Pave the Snowbowl road at taxpayer expense. A bill accomplishing this just passed Congress. Put up more lifts. Cut down lots of trees. Turn this mountain into a garbage strewn money machine. Sell hundreds of tacky condos, take the bucks and go back to looking for someplace else to turn into a crappy imitation of Los Angeles.

The Compromise—Fairfield agrees to the following actions: they will withdraw their ongoing attempts to get Forest Service permission to expand the ski area, and not pave the existing dirt road. They will consult with appropriate spiritual authorities on the Navajo and Hopi reservations, and agree not to operate at all on the days of greatest religious significance. In return, EMETIC will go away and stop bothering them, and everybody will be happy.

Sounds good to us.

In passing, it seems necessary to clear up some of the confusion surrounding our name. We would like to state clearly here and now that we firmly support Governor Mecham in his courageous battle against the militant, liberal faggots trying to hound him from office. He has done more in a few months to slow economic growth in Arizona than EMETIC could hope to with years of dedicated, conscientious destruction. If he is recalled, and someone competent elected, then Arizona's rampaging business community will be free to return its full attention to the process of turning one of the loveliest places on earth into a giant shopping mall.

We aren't really terrorists. We refuse to do anything that will physically injure anyone. We just needed a T word to make the acronym work.

If our compromise is accepted, Fairfield should just place a small ad in the classified personals section of next Thursday's Arizona Republic. It should say, in capital letters, UNCLE. Otherwise, better hire more security."

1. Tell the Earth, "I love you. I can't live without you."
2. You may feel embarrassed to be lovers with the Earth. Let it go.
3. Spend time with her.
4. Ask her what she likes, wants, and needs—then try to give it to her.
5. Massage the Earth with your feet.
6. Admire her views often.
7. Circulate erotic energy with her.
8. Smell her.
9. Taste her.
10. Touch her all over.
11. Hug and stroke her trees.
12. Talk dirty to her plants.
13. Swim naked in her waters.
14. Lay on top of her, or let her get on top.
15. Do a nude dance for her.
16. Sing to her.
17. Kiss and lick her.
18. Bury parts of your body deep inside her soil.
19. Plant your seeds in her.
20. Love her unconditionally even when she's angry or cruel.
21. Keep her clean. Please recycle.
22. Work for peace. Bombs hurt.
23. If you see her being abused, raped, exploited, protect her as best you can.
24. Protect her mountains, waters and skys.
25. Vow to love, honor and cherish the Earth until death brings you closer together forever.

25 Ways to Make Love to the Earth

BY ELIZABETH STEPHENS AND ANNIE SPRINKLE

Elizabeth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle are committed to doing art projects that inspire more love for the Earth and our environment. They have had seven, big eco-themed performance art weddings in five countries; they married the Earth, the Sky, Sea, Moon and the Appalachian Mountains. They aim to make the environmental movement more sexy, fun and diverse with their theater piece, visual art, and printed matter. Beth is a professor of art at University of California Santa Cruz and is working on a film about MTR. Annie holds a Ph.D. in human sexuality and is a renowned performance artist. They are out ecosexuals. LOVEARTLAB.ORG

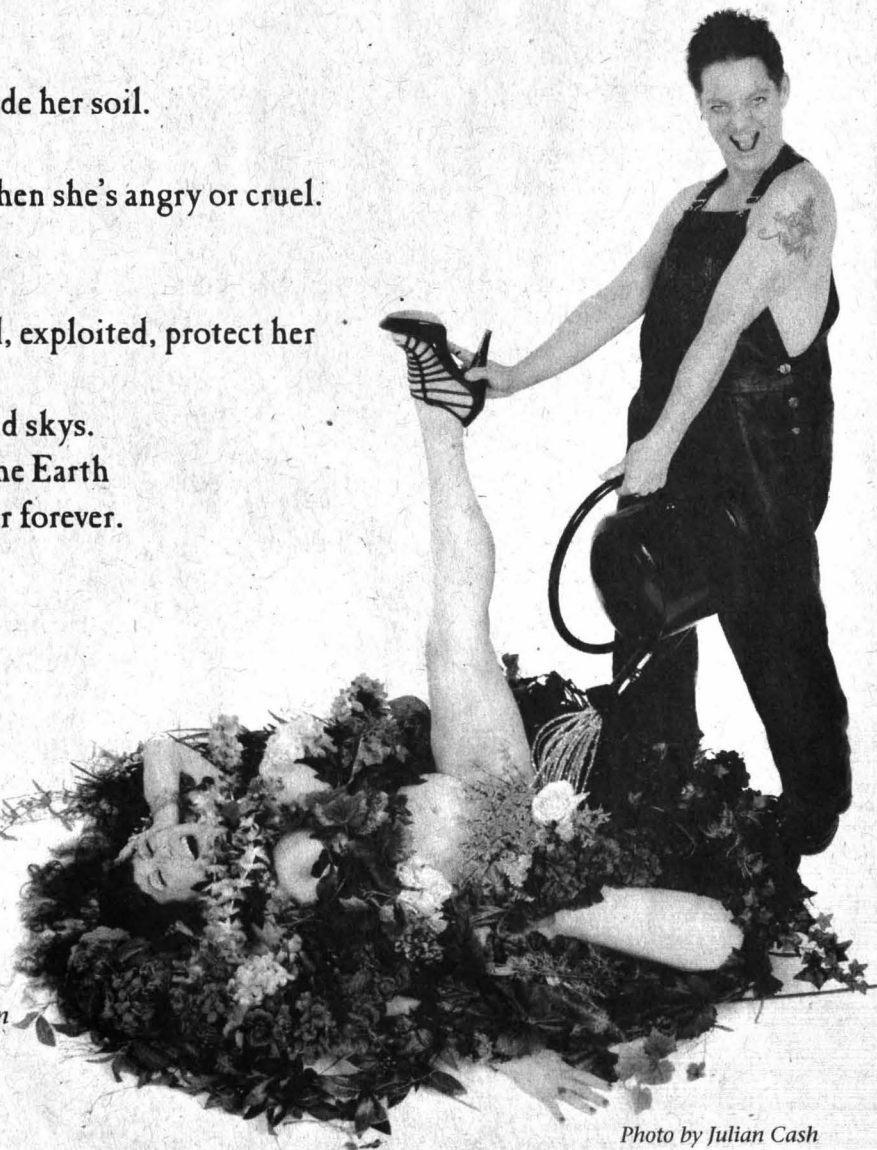


Photo by Julian Cash

Without moving to the high road by walking away from any support for destructive actions, the movement will never realize its full potential.

This isn't a philosophical game; it is about addressing a carefully-crafted reality, one that has been deliberately contrived by governments and corporations.

David Brower, the Sierra Club's first executive director, told me that the greatest shortcoming of mainstream environmentalism is that it had never taken advantage of its power base, the millions who support it, by mobilizing it.

The radical environmental movement should be the force that gathers those millions. It is on a moral crusade, it cannot win through destructive means."

— Rik Scarce, "End Ecotage" for full article, see NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG



THE ECO

STAGE QUESTION

"I fully praise those individuals who take direct action, by any means necessary, to stop the destruction of the natural world and threats to all life...

(The) drive for profits at any cost needs to be fiercely targeted, and those responsible for the massive injustices punished. If there is any real concern for justice, freedom, and, at least, a resemblance of a true democracy, this revolutionary ideal must become a reality. All power to the people. Long live the Earth Liberation Front. Long live the Animal Liberation Front. Long live all the sparks hoping to ignite a revolution. Sooner or later the sparks will turn into a flame!"

— Craig Rosebraugh, *Written Testimony Presented to The U.S. House Subcommittee on Forests and Forests Health*

Re-visiting Uncle Ted

A look at *Technological Slavery*:
The collected writings of Theodore J. Kaczynski
a.k.a. "The Unabomber"

AUGUST 14, 1983: "The fifth of August I began a hike to the east. I got to my hidden camp that I have in a gulch beyond what I call "Diagonal Gulch." I stayed there through the following day, August 6. I felt the peace of the forest there. But there are few huckleberries there, and though there are deer, there is very little small game. Furthermore, it had been a long time since I had seen the beautiful and isolated plateau where the various branches of Trout Creek originate. So I decided to take off for that area on the 7th of August. A little after crossing the roads in the neighborhood of Crater Mountain I began to hear chain saws; the sound seemed to be coming from the upper reaches of Rooster Bill Creek. I assumed they were cutting trees; I didn't like it but I thought I would be able to avoid such things when I got onto the plateau. Walking across the hillsides on my way there, I saw down below me a new road that had not been there previously, and that appeared to cross one of the ridges that close in Stemple Creek. This made me feel a little sick. Nevertheless, I went on to the plateau. What I found there broke my heart. The plateau was criss-crossed with new roads, broad and well-made for roads of that kind. The plateau is ruined forever. The only thing that could save it now would be the collapse of the technological society. I couldn't bear it. That was the best and most beautiful and isolated place around here and I have wonderful memories of it.

One road passed within a couple of hundred feet of a lovely spot where I camped for a long time a few years ago and passed many happy hours. Full of grief and rage I went back and camped by South Fork Humbug Creek.

The next day I started for my home cabin. My route took me past a beautiful spot, a favorite place of mine where there was a spring of pure water that could safely be drunk without boiling. I stopped and said a kind of prayer to the spirit of the spring. It was a prayer in which I swore that I would take revenge for what was being done to the forest.

"[...] and then I returned home as quickly as I could because I have something to do!"

BY PANAGIOTIS EVANGELOS NASIOS TSOLKAS

Many of us grew up with a wild-ass grandpa or grumpy uncle. Whether they were preaching conspiracy theories, needling us to invest in gold or embarrassing us in front of our friends by gleefully threatening to get revenge on the techno-industrial empire, they usually made quite an impression. Ted Kaczynski might just be that relative to those of us in the radical ecological movement. Over the past few decades, some have cringed at his sight and others have cheered, but we've all had to ask ourselves, is he really related to us?!

Did he subscribe to the Earth First! Journal? Didn't I see him eating at the Food Not Bombs picnic once? Was he at the Rendezvous? (or did he get kicked out?!)

While the speculations could take on mythical proportions, the only evidence to surface suggested an obscure relation at best—despite some persistent attempts to connect him to an organized movement. For example, in April '96, *Tampa Tribune* columnist Cal Thomas reported, "Kaczynski went to an Earth First! meeting at the University of Montana where a hit list of enemies of the environment was distributed." Thomas, a former publicist for Jerry Falwell, conflated both allegations: the meeting was actually a Native Forest Network conference and the list came from *Live Wild or Die*, not the *Earth First! Journal* (although when FBI agents raided Kaczynski's Montana cabin, they claimed to find copies of both).

According to the Center for Consumer Freedom's famous Earth First!-bashing website, WWW.ACTIVISTCASH.COM,

the FBI said *Earth First! Journal* was one of Kaczynski's favorite periodicals. As annoying as these industry fronts tend to be, their sources are occasionally solid. In this case, a 1998 court transcript stated that a letter titled "Suggestion for Earth First!ers from FC" (said to be the Unabomber's pseudonym) was found in Kaczynski's cabin, which read in part: "As for the Mosser bombing, our attention was called to Burston-Marsteller [sic] by an article that appeared in the *Earth First! Litha* [sic]." The transcript also states "the cabin searchers also found a copy of a letter to a radical environmental group known as Earth First!, and that letter began: 'This is a message from FC. The F.B.I. calls us Unabom. We are the people who recently assassinated the president of the California Forestry Association.'"

In the Beltane '96 issue of the *Journal*, co-editor Leslie Hemstreet authored a thorough rebuttal to media accusations following Ted's bust, primarily by distancing the movement from him to the greatest extent possible (including inaccuracies). The editorial collective went as far as filing the first stages of a lawsuit against the FBI, which was mostly fruitless. With the *Journal* bearing the brunt of the pressure, the angle taken by the Eugene collective at the time is understandable. The anxiety, fear and confusion show most clearly when Hemstreet asserts that "to even identify the Unabomber as environmentally motivated is stretching it. Of his 26 victims, only two had any environmental connection." [see *A Few FC Targets*]

Little else ever appeared about Uncle Ted in the *Journal*—no analysis of targets, no critique of the manifesto—but plenty of whispers, rants and arguments could be heard

around our campfires. In June '99, a former *Journal* editor, Theresa Kintz, attempted to break the silence by conducting the first interview with Ted Kaczynski; however, at that year's Round River Rendezvous in Colorado the movement rejected the idea of running it. Instead *Anarchy: a Journal of Desire Armed* and the UK edition of *Green Anarchist* published it jointly. Neither of which was, for better or worse, constrained by public process or movement accountability.

In response to Kintz's question about his influences, Kaczynski responded: "I read Edward Abbey in mid-eighties and that was one of the things that gave me the idea that, 'yeah, there are other people out there that have the same attitudes that I do.' I read *The Monkeywrench Gang*, I think it was. But what first motivated me wasn't anything I read. I just got mad seeing the machines ripping up the woods and so forth..."

To reflect on three decades of the ecological resistance movement while ignoring the dialogue about industrial civilization that Ted's endeavors sparked would be negligent. For the most part, however, Earth First! has shied away from any open discussion about Kaczynski. At what point can we move on past that?

Feral House Publishers offered a guiding step in their opening note to the readers of *Technological Slavery* by reminding us that even technophiles like Bill Joy, founder of Sun Microsystems, have been able to express their regard for Ted's writing:

"Like many of my colleagues, I felt that I could easily have been the Unabomber's next target. He is clearly a Luddite, but simply saying this does not dismiss his argument... As difficult as it is for me to acknowledge, I saw some merit in the reasoning in [Kaczynski's writing]."

About the book

Technological Slavery opens with an author's note from Ted: "I expect it to be advertised and promoted in ways that I will find offensive. Moreover, I do not like the new title..." (Editions Xenia published a first edition in French in 2008 as *The Road to Revolution*, as well as a limited release of 400 copies in English). Ted again expresses his deep dissatisfaction with the book in the first line of his forward.

In case you don't get the picture, Uncle Ted is bitter. Despite the author's discouragement, I kept reading. And I'm glad I did. In fact, *Technological Slavery* took me back to age 17 and my telemarketing cubicle job, where I read his words for the first time. A dozen years later, it still evoked much of the same intellectual stimulation (only now I was staring at a computer in the *EF! Journal* office).

Speaking of *EF!*, only four pages into his book *EF!* makes its

first appearance. According to Ted, "Whenever a movement of resistance begins to emerge, these leftists (or whatever you choose to call them) come swarming to it like flies to honey until they outnumber the original members, take it over, and turn it into just another leftist faction, thereby emasculating it. The history of Earth First! provides an elegant example of this process." He reiterates this idea throughout the book in various letters to correspondents.

Uncle Ted obviously preferred the overly-masculine, right-wing patriarchal days of Earth First!. Even if the reality is that his preferred faction couldn't hold its own in the Earth First! movement and much of it has since gone status quo, obsessing over pro-border policy and population, does that mean we should dismiss everything he has to say? I don't think so. In my opinion, it's far past time we take a deeper look for ourselves.

IF THE UNABOMBER PREVAILS AND WE RETURN TO WILD NATURE...



CAN I STILL HAVE MY CARPHONE?

Industrial Society's Future

In his famous treatise to the developed world, "Industrial Society and Its Future" (ISAIF), originally published in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* in exchange for an end to the bombing, there were some thoughtful, basic tips on strategy:

"The line of conflict should be drawn between the mass of the people and the power holding elite of industrial society... For example, it would be bad strategy for the revolutionaries to condemn Americans for their habits of consumption. Instead the average American should be portrayed as a victim of the advertising and marketing industry, which has suckered him into buying a lot of junk that he doesn't need and that is a very poor compensation for his lost freedom. Either approach is consistent with the facts... As a matter of strategy one should generally avoid blaming the public."

"One should think twice before encouraging any other social conflict than that between the power holding elite (which wields technology) and the general public (over which technology exerts its power)... [which] may actually encourage technologization, because each side in such a conflict wants to use technological power to gain advantages over its adversary. This is clearly seen in rivalries between nations. It also appears in ethnic conflicts within nations," (from paragraphs 190 and 191).

Uncle Ted must have had doubts about the efficacy of some of his strategies (like 204 and 205 where he encourages revolutionaries to have as many babies as possible!), because he then says in 206: "If experience indicates that some of the recommendations made in the foregoing paragraphs are not going to give good results, then those recommendations should be discarded."

A Critique of Anarcho-Primitivism

The book's next essay, "The Truth About Primitive Life", is in agreement with what Ted sees as the philosophical position of the green anarchist tendency, but focuses on a deep challenge to what he sees as the tamed, mythical version of anthropology it bases itself on, concluding "you can't build an effective revolutionary movement out of soft-headed dreamers, lazies, and charlatans. You have to have tough-minded, realistic, practical people, and people of that kind don't need the anarcho-primitivists' mushy utopian myth." And he backs up his position with a whopping 313 footnotes to his anthropology research.



The System's Neatest Trick and Hit Where It Hurts

In this short essay, Uncle Ted points out what "the System" is, and how it turns rebellion to its own advantage. He observes that "commentators like Rush Limbaugh help the process by ranting against activists: Seeing that they have made someone angry fosters the activists' illusion that they are rebelling."

He warns that university intellectuals also play an important role in carrying out the system's trick: "Though they like to fancy themselves independent thinkers, the intellectuals are (allowing for individual exceptions) the most oversocialized. The most conformist, the tamest and most domesticated. The most pampered, dependent, and spineless group in America today."

Kaczynski's grudge with Universities might have something to do with throwing away his youth by going to Harvard at 16, not to mention the CIA-sponsored MKULTRA studies he endured there in which he was subjected to extremely stressful and prolonged psychological attack, strapped into a chair and connected to electrodes that monitored physiological reactions, while facing bright lights and a two-way mirror... Just saying.

Uncle T also waxes briefly on the topic of veganism, vivisection and animal rights: "...opposition to mistreatment of animals may be useful to the System: Because a vegan diet is more efficient in terms of resource-utilization than a carnivorous one is, veganism, if widely adopted, will help to ease the burden placed on the Earth's limited resources by the growth of the human population. But activists' insistence on ending the use of animals in scientific experiments is squarely in conflict with the system's needs, since for the foreseeable future there is not likely to be any workable substitute for living animals as research subjects."

In "Hit Where it Hurts" (originally published in *Green Anarchy*, 2002), he continues on a similar theme, responding to a letter from an animal liberationist in Denmark:

"I agree that keeping wild animals in cages is intolerable, and that putting an end to such practices is a noble cause. But there are many other noble causes, such as preventing traffic accidents, providing shelter for the homeless, recycling, or helping old people cross the street. Yet no one is foolish enough to mistake these for revolutionary activities, or to imagine that they do anything to weaken the system."

Only half that original article made it into the Feral House book (at Ted's request). The article in its entirety can be found in *Green Anarchy* or – gasp! online. It is interesting for his identification of the vital organs of the "System" for revolutionary targeting, "...but only [for] legal forms of protest and resistance," of course.

Excerpts from letters

Although the book's republished letters and essays are repetitive, some excerpts lend themselves to interesting dialogue and insight about Ted's life and the choices he made.

From his letter to MK (a Turkish anarchist), October 2003: "Because I found modern life absolutely unacceptable, I grew increasingly hopeless until, at the age of 24, I arrived at a kind of crisis: I felt so miserable that I didn't care whether I lived or died. But when I reached that point, a sudden change took place: I realized that if I didn't care whether I lived or died, then I didn't need to fear the consequences of anything I might do. Therefore I could do anything I wanted. I was free! That was the great turning-point in my life because it was then that I acquired courage, which has remained with me ever since. It was at that time, too, that I became certain that I would soon go to live in the wild, no matter what the consequences. I spent two years teaching at the University of California in order to save some money, then I resigned my position and went to look for a place to live in the forest."

"Whatever philosophical or moral rationalizations people may invent to explain their belief that violence is wrong, the real reason for that belief is that they have unconsciously absorbed the system's propaganda." ... "Green anarchist, anarcho-primitivists, and so forth (the 'GA Movement') have fallen under such heavy influence from the left that their rebellion against civilization has to a great extent been neutralized. Instead of rebelling against the values of civilization, they have adopted many civilized values themselves and have constructed an imaginary picture of primitive societies that embodies these civilized values." ... "I don't mean that there is anything wrong with gender equality, kindness to animals,

tolerance of homosexuality, or the like. But these values have no relevance to the effort to eliminate technological civilization. They are not revolutionary values. An effective revolutionary movement will have to adopt instead the hard values of primitive societies, such as skill, self-discipline, honesty, physical and mental stamina, intolerance of externally-imposed restraints, capacity to endure physical pain, and, above all, courage."

In another excerpt, from FC to Scientific American, 1995, Ted had this to say: "The engineers who initiated the industrial revolution can be forgiven for not having anticipated its negative consequences. But the harm caused by technological progress is by this time sufficiently apparent so that to continue to promote it is grossly irresponsible."

The (Coming) Road to Revolution

These two essays, "The Coming Revolution" and "The Road to Revolution", have the same premise. The former was originally written in Spanish (no publication date or location is provided). It opens with a quote from Albert Einstein: "Our entire much-praised technological progress, and civilization generally, could be compared to an ax in the hand of a pathological criminal."

Kaczynski makes the case that a "great revolution is brewing", likening it to revolutionary social changes in centuries past. "The values linked with so-called progress—that is, with immoderate economic and technological growth—were those that in challenging the values of the old regimes created the tensions that led to the French and Russian Revolutions. The values linked with 'progress' have now become the values of another domineering regime: the technoindustrial system that rules the world today."

Disappointingly, the second version of the essay opens with a quote from Mao Tsetung. Yes, Ted, the revolution is not a dinner party. We know. Maybe not a vegan pot luck either. But where does that leave us—those who feel affinity with much of Ted's convictions but who engage in the Earth First! movement because of its decentralization, non-hierarchical structure and rejection of a narrow strategy? I know what Ted would say, but by the end of the book, I was ready to know what the rest of y'all think.

Why now?

The final chapter explains the reason for the timing of the book's publication. Ted runs through several pages of legalese explaining his efforts as a jailhouse attorney to defend his rights to maintain control of his writing under First Amendment protections and, essentially, losing. The rest of his property was sold with the money going towards restitution of injured recipients of his bombs. Now his papers may also go to auction.

In 2000, his enemies' quest for profit took a strange path. The SF Weekly reported that Gellen, who lost his left arm as a result of one of Kaczynski's mail bombs, took Kaczynski to court in an effort to repossess his property and offer it for sale to the highest bidder. "There were interested parties who were willing to pay more than \$1 million dollars for the property," claims Julian Hill, lawyer for timber industry executive and Unabomber victim, Dick Gellen, "and instead it was sold for only \$7,500. That \$1 million should have gone to the families of his victims."

The property was sold to Joy Richards, with whom Ted maintained correspondence for ten years. She told the Sacramento Bee that she hoped to eventually live on the property, build a residence and to preserve it. "His ideas are what really matter, and I thought his ideas were brilliant."

She passed away in 2006. His book is dedicated to her memory, with love.

When Kintz asked him in 1999 if he was afraid of losing his mind in prison, Kaczynski replied:

"No, what worries me is that I might in a sense adapt to this environment and come to be comfortable here and not resent it anymore. And I am afraid that as the years go by that I may forget, I may begin to lose my memories of the mountains and the woods and that's what really worries me, that I might lose those memories, and lose that sense of contact with wild nature in general. But I am not afraid they are going to break my spirit."



Ted is serving a life sentence without the possibility of parole. Letters can be sent to: Ted Kaczynski #04475-046, US Pen-Admin Max Facility, P.O. Box 8500, Florence, CO 81226.

TOP TEN REASONS TO VOTE UNABOMBER, Your presidential write-in choice for '96, by Lydia Eccles: "If the Unabomber put a hairline crack in the myth of progress, we should apply a wedge now—the Unabomber's fifteen seconds are just about up. But an election lasts a year. An anti-technological rallying point only came into being because of the criminal chase. There's not going to be another opportunity... HE'S GOT THE CREDENTIALS. The Unabomber's use of violence should not disqualify him from consideration. His willingness and ability to effectively use violence to achieve strategic political goals merely demonstrate the essential qualifications to be president." —FROM UNAPAC'S WRITE-IN CAMPAIGN TO ELECT UNABOMBER FOR PRESIDENT

Don't blame me!
I voted
for the **UNABOMBER**

A Few FC Targets

In all, 16 bombs—which injured 23 people and killed three—were attributed to Kaczynski. All but the first few contained the initials “FC”, which Ted later asserted stood for “Freedom Club.”

Timber Industry

In April, 1995, a bomb killed Gilbert Murray, president of the timber industry lobbying group California Forestry Association. Murray was described as a “Wise Use Leader” by Ron Arnold’s Center for Defense of Free Enterprise.

Corporate Public Relations

In 1994, Burson-Marsteller (BM) executive Thomas J. Mosser was killed by a mail bomb sent to his North Caldwell, New Jersey home. In a letter to the New York Times FC stated that the company “helped Exxon clean up its public image after the Exxon Valdez incident” and, more importantly, because “its business is the development of techniques for manipulating people’s attitudes.”

BM is one of the largest public relations agencies in the world. It is now a unit of Young & Rubicam, owned by WPP Group. The firm has 58 wholly-owned and 45 affiliated offices in 59 countries across six continents.

BM works with global producers and marketers of petroleum products in training their employees how to respond to crises and working on key communications of specific crisis situations such as oil spills and serious accidents. Among those served by BM are Shell, Exxon Mobil, Conoco, Chevron, BP and Gulf.

BM represented Union Carbide, jointly responsible for the Bhopal disaster in 1984 that killed some 2,000 people. After the Three Mile Island accident of 1979 became the most significant accident in the history of US commercial nuclear power generation, BM conducted public relations work for the plant’s manufacturers, Babcock & Wilcox.

The Indonesian government paid BM millions to help improve the country’s human rights and environmental image, following the 1991 Santa Cruz massacre in East Timor. They campaigned against human rights organizations at the behest of the last Argentine military dictatorship and conducted a PR campaign in the Czech Republic on behalf of TVX Gold, which threatened the Sumava Mountains.

In 1991 BM began a PR campaign for Dow-Corning to handle the growing public health controversy over silicone breast implants.

Most recently, BM represented Blackwater USA following a 2007 incident in which Blackwater employees killed 17 Iraqi civilians.

Computers, Robotics,

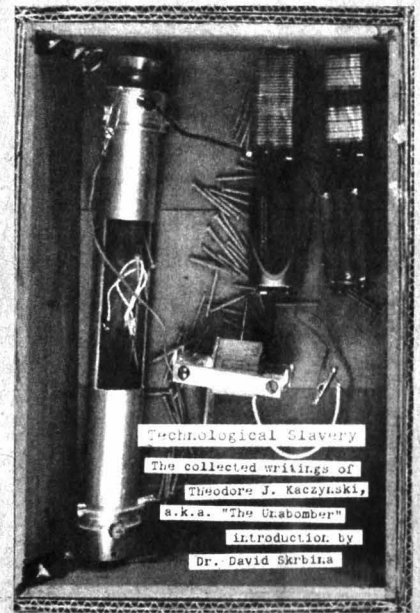
In May of 1982 Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee received an FC bomb, injuring university secretary Janet Smith. Vanderbilt’s Institute for Space and Defense Electronics housed in the Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Science, is the largest such academic facility in the world.

In 1985, a California computer store owner was killed by a bomb placed in the parking lot of his store. A similar attack against a computer store occurred in Salt Lake City, Utah 1987.

Electrical Engineering

Diogenes J. Angelakos who served for four decades as a professor at the Berkeley campus, had his labs attacked by bombs twice, in 1982 and 1985. Angelakos served as director of the Electronics Research Laboratory at Berkeley from 1964 to 1985 and was widely credited with building one of the university’s largest research laboratories. He was recognized as one of the world’s foremost experts on scattering of electromagnetic waves, as well as on the design of wireless antennas. One injured him, the other, a Berkeley graduate student.

In 1993, David Hillel Gelernter, a neoconservative professor of computer science at Yale University, was critically injured. He helped found the company Mirror Worlds Technologies based on his book *Mirror Worlds: or the Day Software Puts the Universe in a Shoebox...How It Will Happen and What It Will Mean*, 1992. Among his other published books are *Americanism: The Fourth Great Western Religion*, 2007; *Machine Beauty: Elegance and the Heart of Technology*, 1998; *The Muse in*



the Machine: Computerizing the Poetry of Human Thought, 1994.

Geneticists

June 1993, geneticist Charles Epstein from University of California, San Francisco was injured by a bomb. Gelernter’s brother, a behavioral geneticist, received a “You are next” call. Geneticist Philip Sharp at Massachusetts Institute of Technology also received a threatening letter two years later. Kaczynski wrote a letter to the New York Times claiming that FC was responsible for the attacks and threats.

Behavioral Sciences

James V. McConnell was also a target of FC. In 1985, he was injured along with his research assistant Nicklaus Suino by a bomb, disguised as a manuscript, sent to his house in Ann Arbor, Michigan. McConnell was a biologist and animal psychologist known for his research on planarians. His paper “Memory transfer through cannibalism in planarians”, published in the *Journal of Neuropsychiatry*, reported that when planarians conditioned to respond to a stimulus were ground up and fed to other planarians, the recipients learned to respond to the stimulus faster than a control group did. His findings were eventually completely discredited. He also believed that memory was chemically based and that in the future humanity would be programmed by drugs, commenting that he would rather be “a programmer than a programee.”

VERBOTEN: a forbidden interview with the SHAC7



The SHAC7 Trial Was One of the Defining Trials of the 21st Century.

As the *EF!J* reported, "SHAC Sleeps with One Eye Open," seven activists were being indicted on charges related to maintaining a website used by the animal rights community to protest vivisection. In an utter violation of free speech, six people were convicted and sentenced to up to six years each. I interviewed them separately. The following is a re-creation.

BY LILAC

At what point does a community of resistance become "underground"? The arrest and sentencing of Rod Coronado for "friending" Mike Roselle on facebook has provided a difficult point of reference for me in that question. Who can I talk to? What can I talk about?

I wanted to conduct a roundtable interview with defendants of the Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty (SHAC) case, but the state forbids them to communicate. I suppose it's suitable, after all — their only charge was communicating, through the internet, with activists. I have, on the other hand, interviewed separately Josh Harper, Darius Fulmer and Andy Stepanian, three of the activists who are now technically free, and turned it into a kind of imaginary roundtable interview. If free speech exists, it is only in our hearts. The following is a creative article about something

that did not take place, none of the co-defendants have had any correspondence with each other.

Instead, we are perhaps taken to the darkest recess of the mind — the space behind the retinal cone where the windows of the soul, weary from absorbing alien light, seek shelter beneath eyelids. SHAC has slept with one eye open for too long. I close my eyes and voices take hold out of utter darkness.

I address Josh Harper first. "A lot of people think the SHAC campaign is doing better than ever." I say, "What do you think?"

"I am not sure if it has grown or gotten stronger." Josh responds. "I certainly hear very strident rhetoric, but in the US at least I am not seeing people take the kind of actions that made the campaign effective. It's disappointing. We need to face our failings if we ever want to see progress, and the truth seems to be that the government caused a great blow to the move-

ment here in the US by conducting a campaign of harassment, surveillance, and malicious prosecutions. What we do with that information now is the important thing."

The prominent features of Andy Stepanian take shape through the shadowy dark. He nods in agreement, "It's simple," he says, "HLS still exists. Any rational, empathetic human being feels outrage when they watch Michelle Rokke's tape or similar footage from the numerous undercover investigations that shows HLS' vicious cruelty, sloppy science, and a disregard for the health and well being of the consumers who ultimately would be exposed to the end products they were testing. Additionally the animal rights movement is not one that is easily scared off. Yes the prosecution of the SHAC 7 served to scatter some of the flock, but it also served to invigorate others pledging to double their efforts."

My thoughts turn to the SHAC7 trial. People throughout the world lent their efforts to support the SHAC7 under Freedom of Speech rights. If you didn't agree with all animal rights activists, at least you could see that the SHAC7 hadn't been charged with actions outside of making information available. Clearly, it was a symbolic trial to show activists that state was more into repressing dissent than learning from it. The sentencing of the SHAC7 created shock waves around the world. If you didn't hear about it, you felt it. Somehow, you knew. For a while, Andy's hope touches mine, and I wonder if things aren't as bad as they seem.

Then Darius Fulmer speaks: "Regrettably, I have to disagree. While I am excited to see so many activists fighting on in the face of government intimidation, the campaign against HLS is nowhere near the force it once was. At its height, rarely did a day go by without a significant action, either aboveground or underground, against the lab or their financial supporters.

It is that kind of relentless pressure that is necessary to close them down. We need to bring the campaign back to that level.

"For now it seems we have fallen back into our usual template of scattered and unfocused protests against a wide array of targets with no clear path to success with any of them. Another aspect of the campaign that proved crucial was conducting an honest appraisal of our target, pinpointing their weaknesses, and devel-

oping a realistic plan to succeed. We now have SHAC-North America providing that vision and analysis. I hope that people across the country take advantage of that blueprint and pour their hearts and souls into a focused campaign again."

Darius's desperate but courageous tone strikes a chord, and I imagine what hell the three activists must have gone through. "The SHAC 7 are almost totally out," I say, "What kind of support would you like to have from the radical community over the next five years?"

A silence gathers like a still pond, until Josh speaks up, sending chills down my spine. "The kind where people honor the sacrifices we made by helping make our shared vision a reality."

I feel like the majestic statement breaks the ice, and Andy rejoins, "I have to second Josh, seeing our shared activist vision become a reality. There is no stronger support than knowing that the fight that you held so dear was not a fight held in vain."

Inspired, Darius boldly shares in the sentiment, "Finish the job. We have

a tremendous opportunity before us. This could be the first time a social justice movement has actually closed down an unscrupulous multinational corporation. The lab has been surviving on a \$100 million loan which comes due in the summer of 2011. The time for action is now, HLS's finances can not be allowed to recuperate before then.

"We need concerned people across the country and around the world to get involved, take action,



**WE NEED CONCERNED
PEOPLE ACROSS THE
COUNTRY AND AROUND
THE WORLD TO GET
INVOLVED, TAKE ACTION,
AND MAKE HISTORY.**

and make history. Seeing the campaign that they sacrificed so much for end successfully is the best support any political prisoner could hope for. We need everyone to step into the ring and put HLS on the canvas."

Pondering the power of their words, I wonder how the anti-hierarchical SHACtivists have been impacted by their case. "How do you feel about the publicity surrounding your case? How has it affected your interactions with friends, relatives and people you meet on the street?"

Josh cracks up, exclaiming, "The best part of the publicity, aside from the support we received in prison, is that my mom gets to feel all 'gangster' when she meets other vegans. Once she visited me in prison and she was just beaming as she explained, 'Last night at a vegan restaurant I ate for free when the waiter found out I was your mom!' Don't get me wrong, I recognize how important the publicity is from a political perspective, but from a personal perspective that is what made me happiest."

May not be a free lunch, but what the hell, I think to myself, grinning. Andy is less stoked. "I can't figure out if I like the publicity or not. Publicity can

be a double edged sword, it can serve to benefit a prisoner, an activist or a movement, while also at times also serving to erode security, create a sort of predictability, and bind the activist to have to continue doing or employing whatever tactics garnered such attention in order to feed some sort of publicity monster."

"It's ironic that I say this, because I work full-time as a publicist both for authors and for activists, however I feel like that gives me a unique perspective. An example of my bound hands analogy could be found a few weeks ago when I was pitching a TV show to run a story about activists who want to stop the construction of an offshore liquid natural gas terminal, mid way through my pitch they wanted me to come into their studio to

talk about my experiences in prison. As I try to move on with my activism, I find a lot of people want to talk about the stuff I am trying to move past, and as much as I adore the *Earth First! Journal* this interview is no exception."

The downcast response throws me off for a second, but Darius soon speaks up. "The publicity surrounding our case," he says, "has brought a lot of attention to the issue of animal experimentation and exploitation in general. At this point, however, I am much more interested in talking about the present. The trial and my incarceration were yesterday. What are we going to do today to shut down HLS?"

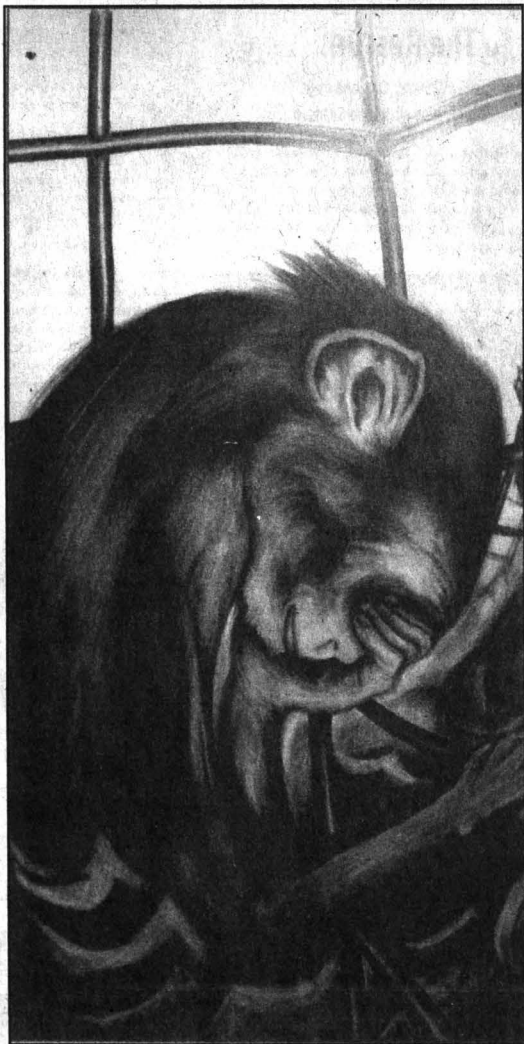
So I change the subject. No more nostalgia, let's get to the brass tacks. "What kind of roles do you think you'll try to fill in the future?"

Still beaming, Josh says, "Oh, I've got some fight left in me! Prison was traumatic and I am taking it slow on probation, but on the scale between 'radical' and 'otherwise' I hope people can guess which end they'll always find me on."

Again, Andy is a little more reserved, but hopeful. "I hit the ground running when I got out of prison," he says, "Three friends and I started The Sparrow Project, a grassroots publicity agency for activists and artists committed to relevant social change. In a nutshell we aim to create moments where very typical people can question their current existence as well some of the oppressive institutions they may contribute to on a daily basis. It's about creating those nexus moments when an otherwise non-activist finds themselves nodding

their head to an activist effort. Now that my probation has finished, I have begun speaking at colleges and similar venues, and resumed my involvement in a documentary film project."

Darius, who looked thoughtful while the other two spoke, answers slowly and provocatively: "Activists and even entire organizations too frequently choose one tactic or method of activism and stick with it, trying to apply it to every campaign. This reduces our ability to effectively create change. The SHAC campaign has been so successful precisely because it didn't do this. Rather than using the same game plan as always, it looked at this particular target and developed the most effective means for this specific situation. As far as I am concerned, it does not matter if a tactic is radical, moderate, conservative, militant, etc. The only question I have is this: is it going to get the job done?"





“THE SHAC MOVEMENT WAS SO SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE IT MOVED AWAY FROM THE TYPICAL PROTEST MOLD OF YELLING AT A BUILDING AND PLACED FOCUS ON THE MONEY THAT FED THAT ABUSIVE BUSINESS. IT DIRECTLY CHALLENGED THE CAPITAL THAT KEPT HLS ALIVE.” — ANDY STEPANIAN



Photos and art courtesy of Earth First! Journal Archive

My mental space is almost full, and I try to resolve the questions in my head with a final *pregunta*:

"What do you think of the animal rights movement today? Has it changed? Do you have any ideas or thoughts about the future?"

"When I was a kid we all wanted to be Rod Coronado." Josh proclaims, "Now everyone wants to be a blogger. The animal rights movement has an incredible amount of potential, sadly much of it gets wasted on tough words, angry t-shirts, and macho posturing on Facebook. All of that stuff is corny. I want to see people doing the hard work that needs to be done, not just posting pictures of guns and bullshit like that on the internet."

"As far as the future goes, I love militancy, but I hate the silly culture that attaches itself to the term. I want to see a mass movement that includes, but is not limited to, kids in Earth Crisis hoodies or dreadlocked crusties. Angry grannies, subversive yuppies with access to boardrooms, straight laced middle aged soccer moms—there is not reason any of those people couldn't get involved. We need millions of people to do the work that needs to get done, let's stop limiting ourselves within the confines of one subculture or another."

Andy chimes in, "I think that it is unfortunate that our animal rights movement is often single issued and myopic. I would be excited to see our movement adopt a solid critique of capitalism. Capitalism is a predicate to myriad forms of oppression, often rewarding the oppressor with widened profit margins, this is true for animal oppression, environmental degradation, gender oppression, racism, sexism and homophobia."

"The SHAC movement was so successful because it moved away from the typical protest mold of yelling at a building and placed focus on the money that fed that abusive business. It directly challenged the capital that kept HLS alive. Our movements could gain a whole lot by taking a serious look at capitalism and adopting an anti-capitalist stance."

"Additionally I think we should challenge this single-issue predisposition we have as a movement. I agree wholeheartedly that it is best not to spread yourself ineffectively thin on various issues when you can be really effective on one issue, however we should still recognize, respect, and show solidarity with, the struggles of womyn, struggles in communities of color, queer community, movements in

the global south, etc, etc."

Darius seems to agree, but maintains a contemplative distance. "When I was first involved in this movement I had plenty of passion, but little focus or strategy. I was infuriated by animal exploitation and wanted to express that rage. This might have made me feel better, but often failed to create palpable change for abused animals. I was unfocused in my approach, wanting to speak out against every incidence of animal abuse rather than focusing on a single, winnable campaign."

"The organizations I have come to most respect are those which, like SHAC, think strategically about what they want to achieve and how to make that happen. Your actions need not be on a grand scale to be effective. You don't have to close down a multinational corporation to make a change. Start with small, workable goals and meet them. Once you have your strategy, be flexible and creative in your approach, but tenacious in your determination and never back down."

Yes. No Compromise. My mind begins to clear. "Anything else you want to communicate to the *EF!*'s readership?"

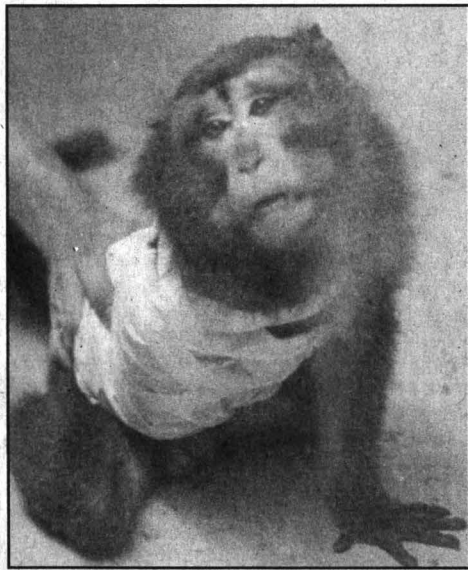
"I would just like to thank everyone for their activism." Josh insists, "In a world where so few people lift a finger to help others, y'all give me hope! We might be in the last generation of people who have a chance to make meaningful change, and I can not wait to be off of probation and back in the trenches with all of you."

Andy responds in kind, "Likewise, I too would like to thank every-

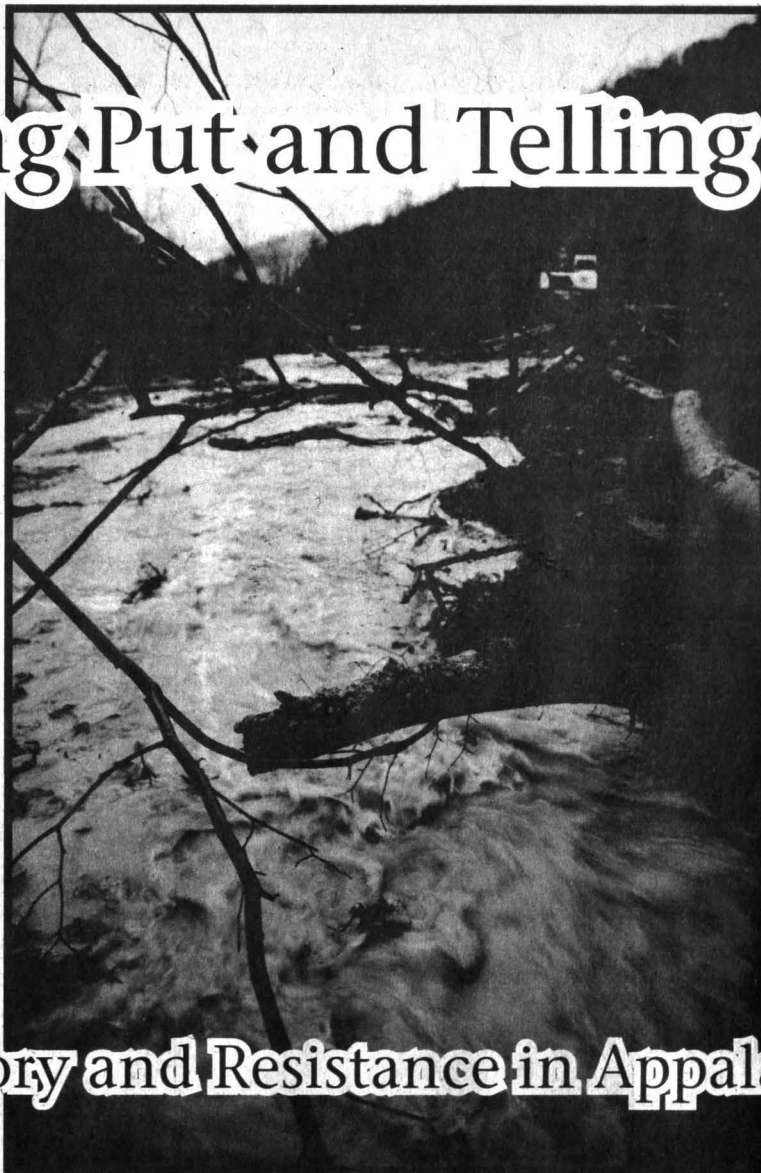
one who is out there fighting for the rights of animals, people, and the earth we share as home. Seeing others' hard work is a shot in the arm for me to keep trudging on as an activist, I owe that to each of you. Never, never doubt the effectiveness of even the smallest actions. Stay inspired because inspiration is contagious, I see it regularly when someone contacts me and says my actions or words inspired them to become active, little do those folks know that it's their words at that very moment that give me the hope to keep doing what I do. I am so thankful for that, and hence I love each of you beyond words."

Darius sums it up: "Every one of us has the power to change the world. The first step is to believe that we can and will bring about animal liberation. But wanting it and believing in it is not enough. There is a lot of hard work that needs to be done. Don't wait for someone else to make it happen. Take the responsibility on yourself and make it happen. The stakes could not be higher, and the animals and Earth have nobody but you."

Thank you to the SHAC7, whose words and sacrifices have made a million dreams possible.



Staying Put and Telling Stories



History and Resistance in Appalachia

BY WRENNA RUST
PHOTOS BY CHESHIRE TONGKAT

In 2001, an attorney with the Robinson & McElwee law firm in Charleston, West Virginia wrote a depopulation plan for coal-producing areas in that state. The receiving address, presumably a coal company, has been blacked out, but the content is available. It reads:

The state should make annual assistance grants for a period of years to low-income families who choose to relocate outside of the state of West Virginia. If they came back, they'd lose their entitlement...the State should offer free college education at State-supported schools to the coal-field kids whose families move out and stay out . . .the State should condemn the land of stubborn people in the way of surface mine projects...

The firm's plan has not (yet) been set into motion. But the document's very existence points to a hundred years of smaller forced migrations in

southern Appalachia, and King Coal's desire to erase a people and a culture.

It's an insane idea, blowing up geology, not to mention the layers of forest and human life that cling to it. I'm in the passenger seat of a car curving north on West Virginia Route 3. Along the ridge bald spots and high walls betray the existence of a mountaintop removal mine, and a row of spindly trees form a buffer between the mixed mesophytic forest below and the barren wasteland behind.

Once over the old rail bridge, Andrew and I are in the town of Edwight. We've come to speak to Rick Bradford, community historian and retired schoolteacher, about his visions for a sustainable Coal River Valley. Andrew and I work with Coal River Mountain Watch, a local nonprofit fighting mountaintop removal mining. Andrew is an organizer and I am some sort of filler-of-holes. We are in Edwight to write the profile of Rick

that will become part of a community mapping project on an educational web site *Journey Up Coal River*.

The screen door slams behind Rick as he walks out into his yard, preceded by his pack of dogs and their cacophonous barking. Rick scolds the pups, who have encircled Andrew and I, in his thick Appalachian drawl.

Railroad tracks run just behind the houses across the street, and I ask Rick how often the trains pass. Sometimes he doesn't hear the train for three or four days. Then it will pass several times a day, dusting the town in toxins and heavy metals as crushed carbon escapes from the boxcars.

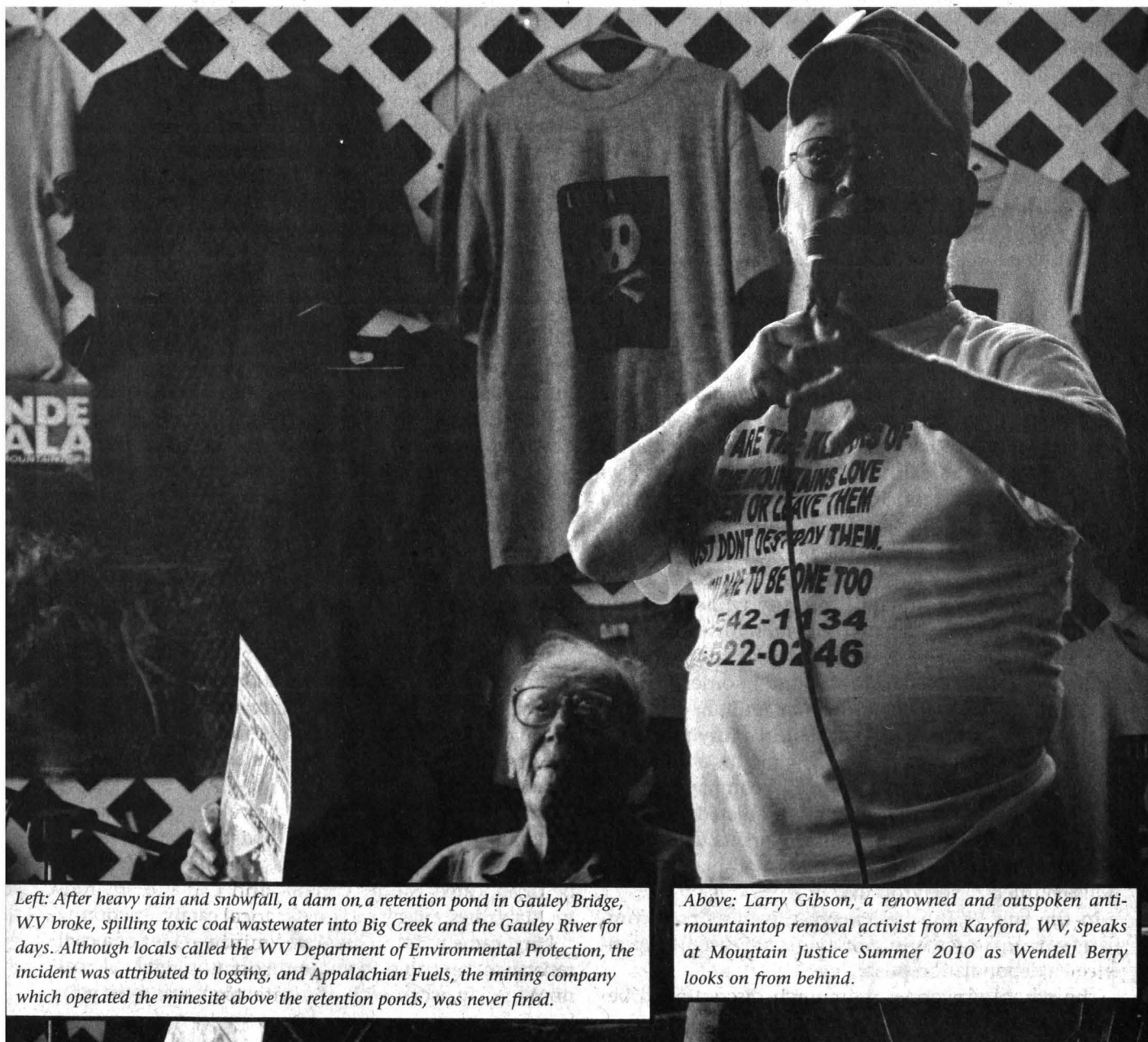
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Sometime in the mid-20th century, a woman crosses the street in downtown Edwight. She carries

a wooden basket and a cup of coffee, balanced in a pair of high-heeled shoes. Her shadow begins where her shoes hit the dusty road, and it stretches almost to the edge of the photograph.

The woman is wearing short sleeves and it looks like early spring—the trees on the mountains in the distance are spindly and bare. Closer to the camera, three men walk towards a passenger car, its rear-half parked in the frame. A hedge divides the road they are on from a white house with a covered porch and shed.

I am in that very house, half a century later, going through an album of old photographs. Rick, who owns both the house and the photographs, is in his mid-60s. He's lived in Edwight all his life, moving into town a few years ago, when his mother grew unable to climb the hill to the home where he was born and raised. He's a quiet man, but his shy nature is belied by the tee shirts he wears—plain except for slogans like "Rowland



Left: After heavy rain and snowfall, a dam on a retention pond in Gauley Bridge, WV broke, spilling toxic coal wastewater into Big Creek and the Gauley River for days. Although locals called the WV Department of Environmental Protection, the incident was attributed to logging, and Appalachian Fuels, the mining company which operated the minesite above the retention ponds, was never fined.

Above: Larry Gibson, a renowned and outspoken anti-mountaintop removal activist from Kayford, WV, speaks at Mountain Justice Summer 2010 as Wendell Berry looks on from behind.

Land Company Sucks" and "Massey Energy Sucks" printed on them.

While he deplores mountaintop removal mining, Rick struggles to imagine a future for the Coal River Valley no longer dependent on coal.

"The government and the companies are trying to push people out," he tells us. "They are closing the school and passing zoning laws that make it harder to build here."

*

The photographs in Rick's albums are celluloid manifestations of the memories he's been collecting over the decades. Several years ago he wrote and self-published *Edwight, Near the Mouth of Hazy*, a history of the town. Before Andrew and I head back upriver to the activist houses where we live, Rick gives me a copy.

I stay up late that night, coffee keeping my mind sharp as I wend my way through his narrative. I am soon lost in the story of one town that could be the story of many Appalachian communities, a slide reel history of a place where the contours of the land are now rapidly disappearing:

Edwight was "discovered" by Dr. Thomas Walker in 1750 and first settled by whites after the Revolutionary War. The early pioneering families have names like Pettry, Clay and Gunnoe, all still common along the river. A hundred years of history pass by in laundry lists of land sales and marriages, and in sinister tales of poisoned food and young girls charmed to death by rattlesnakes (Rick weaves legend into fact and claims it all as history). The industrial revolution stumbles in, followed by the timbering, hollowing and stripping of the mountains.

Agents of the large industrial corporations of the North burst into this sylvan wilderness of peace and contentment. As Rick writes it, northern speculators knew of the great wealth of this area, and rumors flew of building railroads into the mountains to exploit the coal resources, but first the large stands of timber had to be bought and moved to the sawmills.

Families signed Broad Form Deeds, selling their property to Rowland Land Company while retaining the right to live on the land (mineral rights trump surface rights, and these deeds allow coal companies to do whatever they need to the ground in order to reach coal seams below). The railroad was built, and the Raleigh-Wyoming Coal Company began a fifty-year lease with Rowland. They turned Edwight into a company town, building a company store and company houses to fill up with recruits. The text is punctuated by deadly mine accidents and United Mine Workers' anecdotes, like when Jimmy Hendricks, a hot union man, saw his house burned to the ground.

In the late 1950s, the Raleigh-Wyoming coal company gave up its lease, and residents of Edwight experienced a depopulation push:

The school was gone; the church discontinued be-

cause people were leaving, and the post office was no longer needed...Joe Fish, from Logan, was given the contract to dismantle the mining equipment and the tippie. Roland Land Company even sold the pump to Joe Fish. Joe removed the pump because the people were not moving out fast enough. . . . With no water, the people remaining in Edwight town, and in Colored Camp and in Straintown had to move.

*

I do not believe we'll develop the political guts to lead the kind of depopulation we need in the coalfields, reads the punch line of the depopulation report. It'll happen, but more slowly and more painfully than it ought to.

Strip mining and mountaintop removal, which are highly mechanized and employ far fewer workers than underground mining, have become increasingly common in southern West Virginia. Companies once needed human-power to run their underground operations, but this has been eclipsed by the desire to empty coal-producing areas of human inhabitation. Without a pesky landowner refusing to sell or neighbors filing claims regarding bad air and water, a coal operator can extract unimpeded until the hills themselves are gone.

Both out-migration and the coal industry's grasp on the region are evident on the landscape. Foundations and shuttered churches line West Virginia Route 3, the main artery of the Coal River Valley. At the end of Edwight's main street, you can see the entrance to a processing plant that prepares coal to be delivered across the eastern United States. The town sits below a mountaintop removal mine of the same name and the Shumate slurry impoundment, filled with the toxic byproduct of washing processes that allow carbon to burn "cleaner."

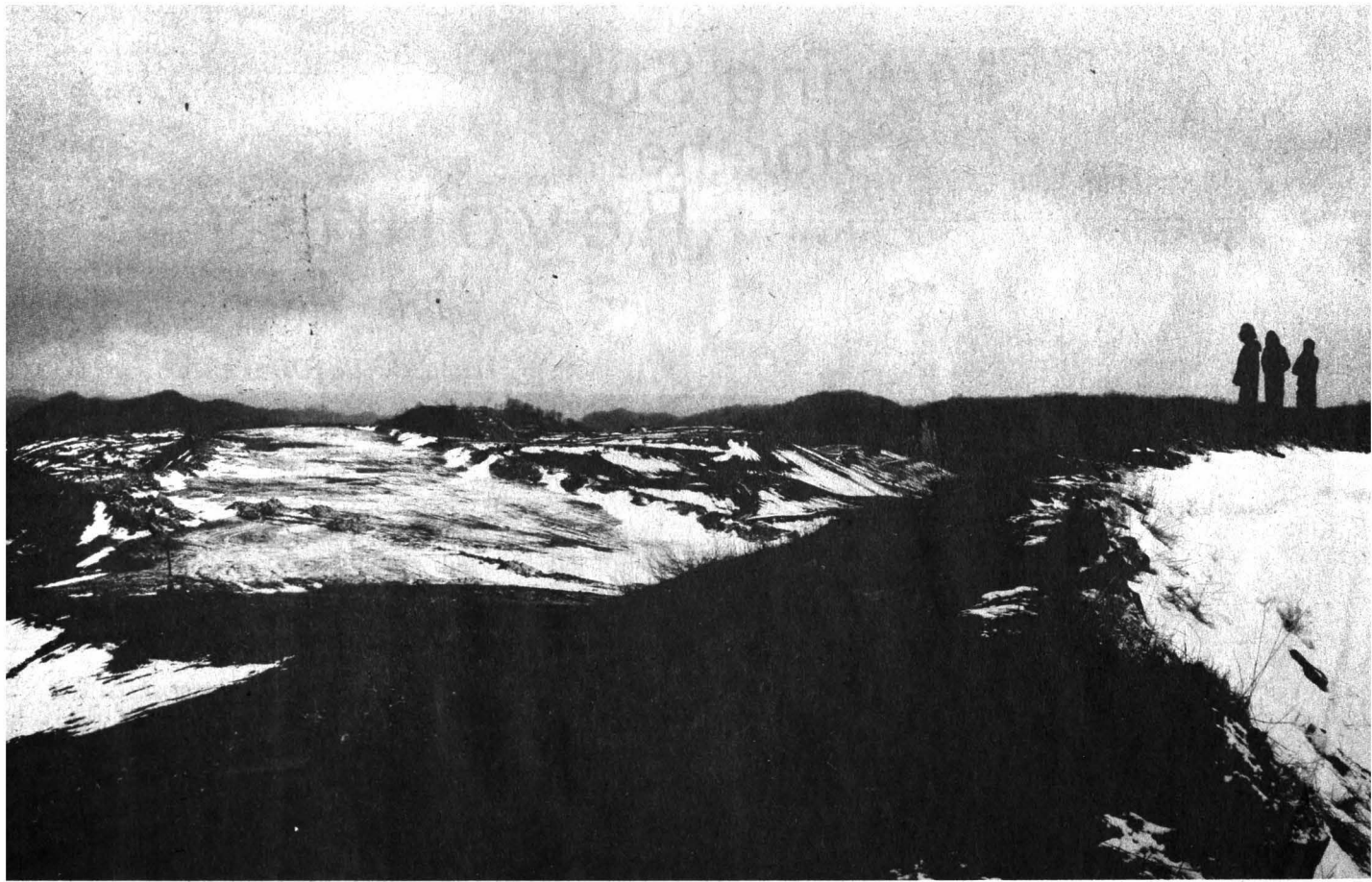
Rick has taken walks up the hollows adjacent to Edwight for years. Recently, mine guards have told him that he's not permitted to go by certain routes, because he would be trespassing onto property owned by Massey Energy. Unused land owned by Rowland or coal companies has traditionally been treated as the commons, a place for hunting, gathering wild foods or simply getting lost. Now, the mountains sit gated and guarded.

*

Rick wrote *Edwight, Near the Mouth of Hazy* because he was tired of people only knowing Edwight as the name of a mountaintop removal mine. He wants the history of his town, and the stories it contains to be remembered.

Like Rick, I believe in the power of telling stories. Much like physically staying put, the act of telling what once was, or what remains, constitutes a refusal to be disappeared. Stories complicate social and environmental issues, trigger indignation and catalyze action.

I first came to southern West Virginia as part of a civil resistance campaign to end mountaintop removal coal mining. My work with the campaign was primarily



Activists survey the desolate winterscape of a reclaimed mountaintop removal site on Kayford Mountain

media-related—crafting press releases, action updates and fundraising letters. When activists locked down to heavy equipment or blocked the doors to a government building, I was among those conveying the tragedy of mountaintop removal (MTR) to the public and the press.

I learned to articulate calamity: an area the size of Delaware mined, over 2000 miles of headwater streams buried, astronomically high rates of cancer near mine sites, 998 people dead by Massey's own estimates if the 7 billion gallon Brushy Fork Sludge Dam were to break.

The closer I looked and listened, the more narrative currents I found running behind these numbers. I heard, and then read, about 1921's Battle of Blair Mountain—a pitched battle between union miners and a private, coal-funded army which was the largest armed labor insurrection in United States history. Friends from Coal River told me about the mine wars of the late 1980s, when Massey Energy nearly eradicated the United Mine Workers of America in southern West Virginia.

I learned to whittle from a craftsman who, in turn, had learned from "the best teachers, the old people" and volumes of *Foxfire Magazine*. He rebuilt an early mountaineer's cabin in his front yard, timber-by-marked-timber, in his own effort to preserve history.

Activist Ed Wiley recalled the forest where the

Brushy Fork Sludge Impoundment is currently located. Black bears gathered there in summer, and made tunnels through the thickets of laurel that covered the ridges. It was the deepest, darkest patch of woodland on Coal River Mountain.

One night a friend and I thumbed through his old high school yearbook. He pointed out which of his former teachers had died from cancer and which of his fellow students moved to Ohio or North Carolina, leaving their homes for the economic opportunity afforded elsewhere.

The struggle to end mountaintop removal is a struggle for the right to land and life. Staying put and telling tales—about what once was and what remains—are poignant acts of resistance.

Wrenna Rust is the nom de plume of a young activist and writer who strives to tell the stories that lurk behind the facts. When she isn't lost in books, furiously knitting or organizing against mountaintop removal, she blogs at WWW.SEAMSANDSTORY.WORDPRESS.COM

Cheshire is a tonguecat, a nomad, and a feral photographer. He believes in synchronicity, shooting intuitively, and the realness of all people. You can see more of his photos at CHESHIRETONGKAT.CARBONMADE.COM

Moving Stuff for the Revolution!

*A Brief History of
the Seeds of Peace
Collective*

"At the risk of seeming ridiculous, let me say that the true revolutionary is guided by a great desire to move stuff. It is impossible to think of a genuine revolutionary lacking this quality."

- Ernesto Che Guevara

We move, for example, big pots of water or barrels of waste vegetable oil from one place to another; we move a bus filled with kitchen equipment, food, and medical supplies from one coast to the other; we move snacks, water, and liquid antacid solutions to the front lines of marches and blockades; we train people to move tri-pod poles and oil drums filled with cement and rebar.

Seeds of Peace emerged out of the historic Great Peace March for Global Nuclear Disarmament in 1986 as an organization committed to moving stuff. It is our sincere belief that moving stuff is very likely the most important, though perhaps the most overlooked, element in our struggle for a better world. As the indefatigably insightful Margaret Mead once observed, "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful citizens dedicated to moving stuff can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has."

Most of what we move, as you have probably already ascertained, is food and kitchen equipment, but we have, over the years, been known to move other stuff as well (port-a-potties, for example, or slash piles). We are a small collective currently based out of Missoula, Montana, and are committed to providing the basics — namely, food, water and medical aid — to communities and organizations struggling on the front lines for social, environmental, and economic justice. Much of our early work focused on confronting the nuclear complex and working in solidarity with the Western Shoshone in their struggle against the Nevada Test Site and the unjust exploitation of their traditional lands by the Department of Energy's nuclear programs.

To this day, we focus considerable energy on supporting indigenous communities in the Southwest who are resisting cultural genocide and environmental injustice. Last November, we cooked

BY MAX GRANGER

We thought we would take this opportunity, on the 30th anniversary of the founding of the *EF! Journal*, to tell you a little bit about ourselves. Some of you already know who we are; many have never heard our name (though you have probably eaten our food). Whether by intention (the result of a general disinclination toward notoriety, perhaps) or out of irresponsibility and accident (the consequence, we would hope, of being too busy to worry about self-promotion), we ordinarily remain more or less behind-the-scenes, cooking, cleaning, and, above all, moving stuff.

In point of fact, most of what we do is move stuff. Also, we coordinate and train people to move stuff.

“It is our sincere belief that moving stuff is very likely the most important, though perhaps the most overlooked, element in our struggle for a better world.” —MARGARET MEAD



for the annual food, supply and work caravan to Black Mesa, Arizona, where Diné (Navajo) elders continue to struggle against forced relocation and mountaintop removal coal mining (for more about this amazing solidarity project and the struggle on Black Mesa, visit WWW.BLACKMESAIS.ORG).

Now, as we face the impending horrors of a national “nuclear renaissance” (part of a larger governmental and corporate conspiracy to greenwash the dirtiest and most devastating of industrial endeavors), we are also witness to the initial signs of a revitalized antinuclear environmental justice movement in the US. Late July of this year, Seeds of Peace traveled to Chimayó, New Mexico, (near Los Alamos) to provide food support for an action camp organized by Think Outside The Bomb (TOTB), a national, youth-led nuclear abolition network that works to educate and mobilize young people to actively resist the nuclear cycle. The camp was the culmination of TOTB’s “Disarmament Summer,” a nation-wide series of conferences and actions aimed at “re-ignit[ing] hope from below and build[ing] a grassroots, consensus-based, nonviolent direct action movement” to confront the further development of nuclear weapons and to resist the nuclear renaissance.

Over the years, in addition to our work with Earth First!, Seeds of Peace has provided logistical support for the Coalition of Immoklee Workers, Homes Not Jails, Veterans Against the War, the Ruckus Society, Greenpeace, the Common Ground Collective, Rising Tide, Climate Ground Zero, the Shundahai Network, United for Peace and Justice, and a number of other organizations and movements, both big and small.

In the early 1990s, we moved to the Northern Rockies (from the Southwest) to support what would become a decade-long campaign to halt the Cove/Mallard timber sale in central Idaho. Around that same time, we began working with local environmental

activists to help start the Buffalo Field Campaign — an ongoing movement to stop the slaughter of Bison that wander outside the Yellowstone National Park boundaries — while continuing our commitment to the Cove/Mallard Campaign.

In 1999, Seeds of Peace fed the tens of thousands of activists who converged in Seattle to demonstrate against the World Trade Organization summit and, since then, we have supported dozens of mobilizations around the country calling for an end to the neoliberal nightmare. In 2004, we spent over a month cooking for the DNC2RNC march, which traveled between the Democratic- and Republican National Conventions (in Boston and New York, respectively) as well as for the demonstrations at the conventions themselves. For the past 5 years — between supporting the Common Ground Collective’s relief efforts in New Orleans, the 2005 and 2009 EF! Round River Rendezvous, the 2006 BioJustice mobilizations in Boston, the 2007 Northwest Climate Convergence in Washington, the demonstrations against the 2008 Republican National Convention in St. Paul, Minnesota, and the 2009 mobilizations against the G20 in Pittsburgh (among other events) — we have been working on converting our waste-vegetable-oil-powered school bus into a mobile kitchen, office and clinic.

By the time of publication, we will have gotten back from Appalachia Rising, a mass mobilization against mountain-top removal mining, and will be heading back West to move some stuff and to work on our bus. Seeds of Peace, we should mention, relies heavily on volunteers, so if you would like to help us move stuff, visit our website (WWW.SEEDSOFPEACECOLLECTIVE.ORG) and see what we’re up to, or email us at seedsofpeace@riseup.net.

Seeds of Peace also did a great job at the kitchen during the 2011 EF! Organizer’s Conference.



KHIMKI FOREST DEFENSE:

Resistance and Repression in Russia

BY A KHIMKI BUTTERFLY

Prelude: A Spiking We Will Go

We learned of Moscow city authorities' plans to destroy the Khimki forest in summer of 2008, when local environmentalists started an outreach campaign to drum up support for their cause. Even then it was already late, since the forest—one of the three major forests surrounding Moscow — had already been extensively logged and was pockmarked with cottages for the nouveau-riche, warehouses, parking lots, and malls.

Without a minute to lose, we grabbed some spikes and rushed in. The logging site was patrolled by guards, but their attention was distracted by the official "eco-camp" in front of their cabin so it was easy to sneak in and spike every tree we could get our nails into. This was our first experience of eco-action and it was exciting and inspiring: we didn't get caught and we accomplished what we had come to do. We were sure that between our action, the constant pressure liberal ecologists were putting on the authorities, and the popular movement gaining momentum in the local suburbs, the tree-killers would retreat and leave the forest for good. Soon we learned better.

Foreword: The Russian Context

"Those numbers are murdered antifascists only. We don't know exactly how many immigrants are killed by Nazis every year."

—ANARCHIST SPOKESPERSON AT AN INT'L ANTIFASCIST CONFERENCE

In Fall 2008, Khimki journalist Mikhail Beketov, who played a major role in news coverage of the corrupt road plans of local and government officials, was brutally attacked by thugs. The attack left him in a coma and he later had to have his legs amputated. That same month, elsewhere in Moscow, several well-known activists were attacked or threatened with violence. That's not to say that cops haven't beaten ecologists before. But it was the first time such blatant attempts were made on the lives of our comrades.

We were sucked into "the wormhole of violence" in the dead of Winter 2009, when Stanislav Markelov, who provided legal support for Beketov, and Anastasya Baburova, an eco-anarchist and journalist, were shot dead in the center of Moscow. By the time some of us returned to the surface, the whole activist landscape had changed.

Interlude: We Don't Need No Water

It was the first night of the resumed logging operation when we disembarked from our special eco-defense vehicle and ran for the cover of the nearby tree line. In several minutes we changed clothes and double-checked our comms, camouflage, and the presents we had brought along for the construction vehicles. Soon several shadows glided silently over the nocturnal plain under the pale moonlight towards the faraway forest, which was still alive and foreboding.

When we arrived at the logging encampment, we split up. Some of us lay in the romantic cover of some bushes, enjoying the stars and the sound of each other's breath; our friends who were more eager to do reconnaissance bounded off toward the black shapes of tractors and excavators. Then all hell broke loose. Suddenly we could hear the all-too-familiar sound of a vehicle going up in flames, which sometimes reminds one of a jet plane flying overhead. The entire forest was bathed in dancing red and orange light, and the comms scouts were yelling in surprise. We tried to figure out what had happened. Luckily we evaded the guards' attention and made it back to our transport on the remote and empty road. Red lights, comm talk—and we were sound and safe, spirited away to another town.

As it turned out, ours was not the only group sneaking around the site that busy night. Needless to say, the inhabitants of the eco-camp were blamed for the arson. In fact, the presence of the camp prevented eco-defenders from damaging everything they wanted to—that is why only one vehicle was torched at

the site. But this didn't occur to the logging manager, who immediately requested a police investigation of the arson and the ecologists' suspected part in it; soon enough, he got his revenge on them in a perverse but typically Russian manner.

Over the following days, our scouts reported increased guard and cop nighttime activity around the logging site, including roadblocks and patrols in the vicinity, so eco-defenders had to cancel their initial plans and shift focus.

The incident did raise serious questions regarding overall security: ELF groups do not share their plans with each other, so such accidental encounters are bound to happen again and again as these methods are propagated.

Enter the Nazis

As we found out later, one early morning we barely missed a mob of hired Nazi thugs who were marching towards the eco-camp at about the same time we were escaping, yet again, into the mist after another scouting mission. Upon arriving, they started verbally and physically abusing every eco-protestor present, but settled for guarding the logging equipment once the police made their appearance. A top manager of the logging company later admitted that he had hired the Nazis "for security reasons."

This episode showed every doubting critic how easily capitalists fall back upon fascist support—a truism not yet obvious even to most activists in Russia—and sparked a fire in the hearts of the previously dormant antifascist wing of our movement. The confrontation that morning did more to popularize and escalate the conflict than any eco-camp, internet PR campaign, or eco-defense action ever could have. Some of our comrades reflected that what we had witnessed was a fine example of how an unforeseen, unplanned, cha-

otic event—even one deemed negative—can push the movement and its supporters in the right direction—a revolutionary one.

At the doorstep of the ecological riots

The loggers had made a major mistake. Employing Nazis in what was perceived by almost every citizen as an anti-human project broke the ranks of the extreme right; most fascist groups tried to capitalize on the situation by posing as opponents of the destruction of the forest. More importantly, now every antifascist in the vicinity had enemies in sight and rushed to the battle.

The next day, the announcement went out that a huge unpermitted show would take place in the center of Moscow. Hundreds of anti-authoritarian activists, antifascists, and party-goers gathered in anticipation of a street-party with a long-disbanded famous antifascist band as the headliner. Instead, as everybody arrived at the meeting place, a guy in sunglasses announced that there would be no show, no street-party, and that the plan all along had been to go to the suburbs and attack the logging camp and the Nazis gathered there. Some people left, but the majority set out for Khimki.

While most of the protesters were traveling via railway, scouts reported multiple riot police squads at the logging site. It was then decided to head for the Khimki municipal building, which was defenseless. Dressed for a party, people gathered in a bright and colorful bloc at the railway station and started marching towards the target. The bloc was accompanied by two scooters that acted as lookouts and rear guard during the action. At first local residents reacted with fear or suspicion, but after hearing the slogans and reading the banner or talking to protestors many expressed approval and support. Cars continued honking throughout the march and assault on the building.

Participants immediately commenced breaking windows, painting anti-logging and pro-forest graffiti, opening fire on the building with handguns, and even chopping the front door with an axe. Throughout this action, no police officer showed up to protect state property.

Cops fleeing anarchists

Satisfied with the damage done, and having received word from lookouts that riot police were loading up into busses at the logging camp, anarchists and antifascists started back towards the railway station. At this moment, two encounters with police took place: The first to face the angry mob were several cops on foot, who were strolling down the street when it suddenly flooded with anarchists.



Peaceful eco-protesters say "Save the Khimki Forest"



Anarchists and Anti-Authoritarians chasing a police car

The cops retreated to the sound of breaking bottles and crashing stones. Then a police patrol made the mistake of trying to intervene in the protest; they quickly realized their mistake and retreated. Unfortunately, antifascists on foot couldn't catch up with the swiftly retreating police car. It should be pointed out that, although the local populace supported the action verbally and symbolically via honking horns, the action failed to entice onlookers into any sort of participation.

The protestors reached the railway station and crowded into the train, where they waited patiently for the doors to close. The doors, however, did not close. As it turned out, the locomotive driver was at that moment involved in a tense conversation with the police commander. A group of antifascists with handguns was quickly dispatched to explain to him the negative consequences of siding with our class enemies, and finally the engine started moving, pulling the train towards the safety of the big city with no trees.

Criticism has been raised in the aftermath of this event about the distribution of information, the lack of advance organizing, and on-site video recording. Most of the people who took part had initially expected to attend a street party and arrived unprepared for direct action, without matching clothes, masks, or gloves and with working cell phones. Many young participants used social transport cards with ID tags in them to gain entrance to the subway. The few organizers who did know the whole plan from the beginning hadn't prepared accordingly and failed to provide even the most minor riot gear such as face masks. This led to a huge number of protestors being videotaped with their facial features clearly distinguishable.

Later, people interrogated by the police reported that they were presented with a frame-by-frame breakdown of the video that circulated on the internet. Some comrades have been forced to leave the country because of this evidence.



Free Alexei and Maxim, spokespersons for Russian antifascism

The Fallout: Repression and Solidarity

Alexei Gaskarov and Maxim Solopov, public spokespersons for the Russian antifascist movement, were arrested on July 30. This was followed by attempts to capture several other suspected organizers (because of their frustrating failure to turn themselves in, they were placed on a wanted list).

Facing intense pressure from government officials, unable to catch the elusive anarchists, and receiving little cooperation from anyone, the police opted for massive sweeps of "prophylactic arrests." Throughout August and September more than 500 antifascists, activists, and anarchists were detained, put in custody, tortured, and bullied into providing information on the movement—not only in Moscow, but in Nizhni Novgorod, Vladimir, and other cities as well. Police harassed people at public Antifa and animal rights events, football matches, and gatherings. Following this sweep, the sheer volume of data on the movement has swelled tenfold. As of this writing it seems that our enemies have moved on to the next phase, probing further into the network in what appears to be a third wave of interrogations of a select few activists who have been apprehended and deemed "interesting."

Only two people are in jail awaiting trial, the main reason for their apprehension being their public profiles. The choice to rely on sweeping arrests and the total failure of the authorities to round up any direct action group despite all their attempts to convert detained activists into informants indicate that the Russian police approached 2010 unprepared in terms of provocateurs and informants within the Russian anti-authoritarian movement. This situation, of course, may yet change.

With all this said, it seems that the repression succeeded soundly in several ways. First, the movement seems to be isolated in a cocoon of fear. Support from outside is meager at best; social activists are second-guessing their cooperation with known antifascists. Second, almost every known "leader" or "organizer" has either been jailed

or driven into hiding. Third, the authorities have managed to gather an ever-increasing amount of information, since those who read about security practices and try to implement them in their daily lives are frequently not the ones who end up being arrested and answering questions. Finally, and most importantly, almost everyone has forgotten about the original problem. We are watching the original environmental campaign fade into the background while prisoner support actions demand more and more attention.

Two Cocktail Parties

On September 2, the Russian embassy in Minsk, the capital of Belarus, was firebombed by anarchists. One of the Molotov cocktails hit a car parked in the yard. The car burned up. Evidently, this was the only damage inflicted by the attackers. Soon a communiqué was published on Belarusian anarchist websites, stating that the attack had taken place in solidarity with the Russian anarchists fighting for the Khimki forest and that Belarusian anarchists held the Russian government responsible both for the continuing deforestation and the repression of the movement.

The next morning repression hit the Belarusian scene. It took the Belarusian KGB several days to round up and arrest almost every known or suspected anarchist in Minsk, Gomel, Soligorsk, and other Belarusian cities. Our comrades were pressed for confessions of having cooperated with the Russian secret services in an attempt to discredit the Belarusian government and bring down Lukashenko's regime. Most were formally questioned, then locked away and "forgotten" in cells for several days.

Some of our friends were not so lucky. One girl was hospitalized after she cut her veins during interrogation; another person, with previously existing serious health issues, developed major health problems as a result of the prison conditions and the severe beatings he received. Some lucky few fled the country; others stayed, taking it upon themselves to organize prisoner support campaigns.

Among those who stayed were the comrades brave

enough to carry out a follow-up attack on the Minsk detention center three days after the KGB started mass-arresting anarchists. A group calling itself "Friends of Liberty" firebombed a guard post in the detention center perimeter and claimed responsibility for both firebombing attacks—the Russian embassy and the police guard post—on the internet. In their second communiqué, "Friends of Liberty" stated that the KGB reacted by arresting innocent people simply because the latter had already been on the KGB's radar. The aim of their second attack was evidently noble and brave: to demonstrate that the KGB got the wrong suspects. But the KGB was acting on Lukashenko's direct order to "pacify the opposition," a common practice in both Russia and Belarus shortly before presidential elections; so arrests, disappearances, and tortures continued unabated.

The Wings of a Butterfly

Two notable events marked the Fall of 2010: a deepening crisis in Belarusian-Russian relations and the removal of Luzhkov from his position as the mayor of Moscow. Anarchists did their best to bring about both events.

Luzhkov, who'd been abusing his position as mayor for more than 10 years, was relieved of his duties by presidential decree "for incompetence and failure to live up to expectations." This occurred immediately after he returned from vacation, a month after the Khimki riots. Among the reasons cited by experts and analysts was Luzhkov's failure to cope with the Khimki crisis.

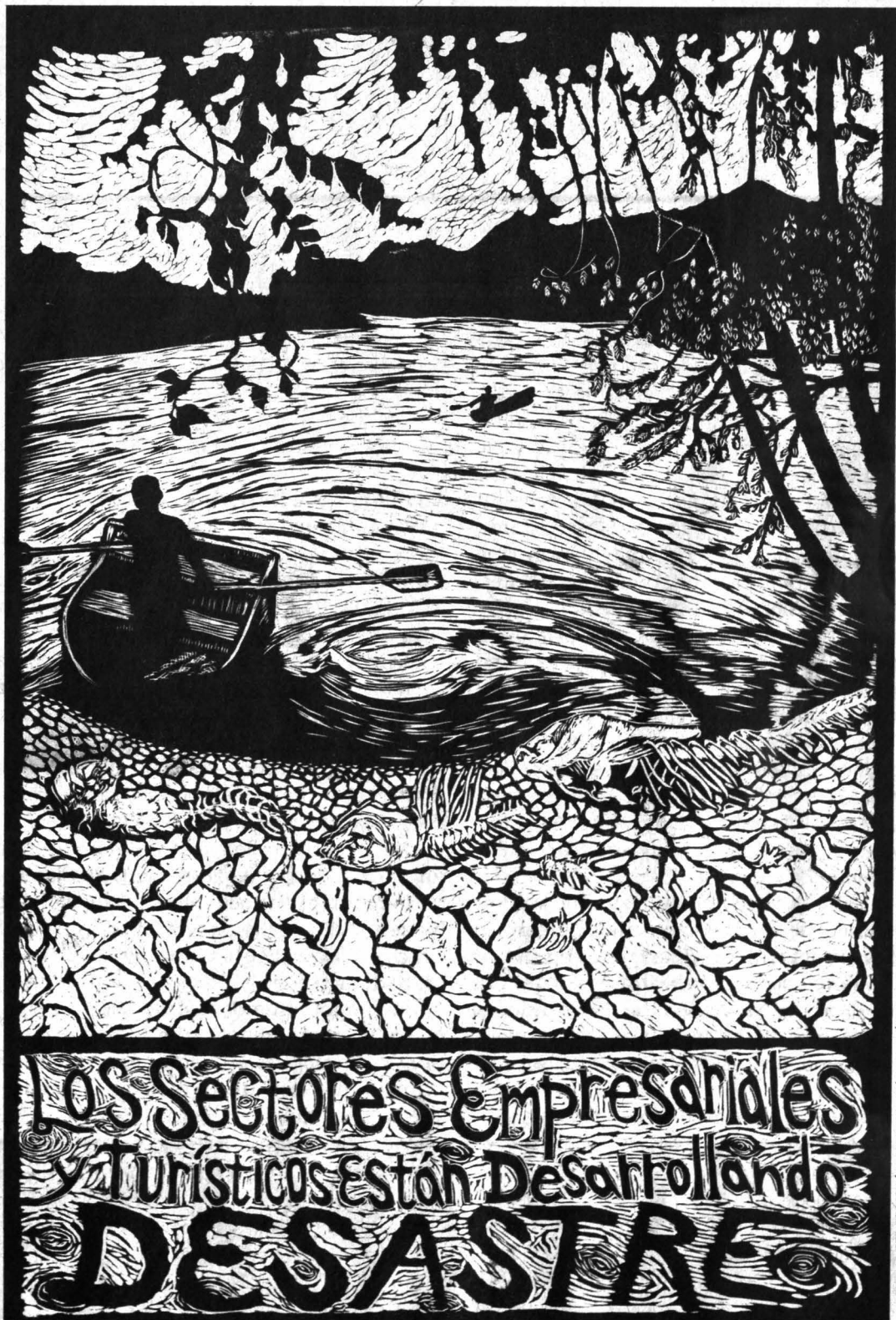
Lukashenko, the Belarusian National-Socialist dictator, gave in to fits of rage and anti-Russian rhetoric after the anarchist attacks. An exchange of notes at the highest levels of diplomacy failed to avert the crisis, which had already been brewing before the Molotovs hit their targets.

It is important not to lose sight of the political perspective; we should consider the ways our actions can sometimes contribute to significant social changes and political upheavals. Hope for change and be the change.



Photos courtesy Insiak

The Khimki Forest is one of three major forests surrounding Moscow



THEA GAHR, FROM RESOURCED PORFOLIO, WWW.JUSTSEES.ORG/RESOURCED

"Corporate and Tourist Sectors are Developing Disaster"

A Statement from the Forum for Zirahuén in Defense of the Blue Lake:

"The indigenous community of Zirahuén is moving towards a legitimate and necessary struggle. The struggle starts with rescuing our humanness that has lost its essence in the process of creating tricks that allow us to dominate

the natural world. This demonstrates how the promise of "progress" that runs in the mouth of the governments confines clarity and destruction behind a fine glittery wrapper."

—Zirahuén, Michoacán-Mexico

SUPPORT MARIEMASON



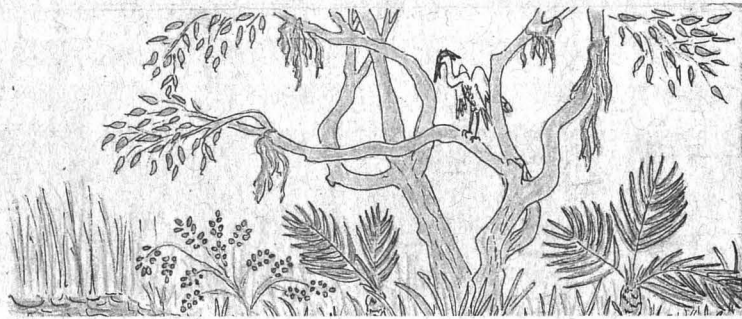
Prisoner Bio

Marie Mason is a loving mother of two and a long-time activist in the environmental and labor movements. In March 2008, she was arrested by federal authorities for charges related to two acts of property destruction that occurred in 1999 and 2000—damaging an office connected to Genetically Modified Organism research, and destroying a piece of logging equipment. No one was injured in either act. She faced a Life sentence before accepting a plea bargain in September 2008.

Mason was sentenced on February 5, 2009 in federal court in Lansing, Michigan. She received almost 22 years—the longest sentence of any “Green Scare” prisoner. The sentence is currently being appealed.

Supporting Marie Mason does not mean agreeing with her acts. It does mean opposing the fear-mongering tactics of the federal government, and the outrageous sentences they have imposed. “I hope to protect my community and the Earth,” says Marie, “to respond in defense of the living systems of animals, land and water. I tried to preserve the natural world from destruction because it is all of our home, because its health is necessary for all of use to live well.”

According to Lauren Regan of the Civil Liberties Defense Center, “Marie joins Jonathan Paul, Daniel McGow-



Poem 1

by Marie Mason

I am filled with the need to do something sensible
I am filled with the dread of the perceived inevitable
I am fired with the passion of a love unconquerable
I am filled with the poetry that runs a blood river
Deep within me, moving through me
Coming out in ways where I've been wounded.

an, Sadie, Exile, Briana Waters, Tre Arrow, Rod Coronado, Eric McDavid and several others... these folks are wholeheartedly deserving of our support as activists that have maintained their integrity in the face of political persecution by the federal government.”

Marie Mason #04672-061
FMC Carswell
Federal Medical Center
P.O. Box 27137
Fort Worth, TX 76127

Under no circumstances mention any illegal acts. Letters that mention other Green Scare prisoners may be rejected.

Everyone must use their first and last name when writing. Please also include a return address on the envelope as well as on your letter. We strongly suggest that you write her name and prisoner number on each piece of correspondence, as well, as the prison tends to discard the envelope and then may “lose” track of who the letter is going to.

For more on Marie, visit SUPPORTMARIEMASON.ORG. For more ecoprisoners, visit EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG/PRISONERS.



All drawings by Marie Mason

After forming the North American Earth Liberation Front Press Office and serving as press officers from 1997-2002, Craig Rosebraugh and Leslie James Pickering helped found the radical publishing company, Arissa, which has produced numerous books concerning liberation, solidarity and revolution. We caught up with them about the role of press officers as well as dealing with Grand Juries. The full interviews can be found at NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG.

Craig Rosebraugh

Q: Do you think there is a place for a press officer during budding campaigns?

A: I don't necessarily think that one is needed in terms of "required". A resistance movement can be built without that, for sure. I think if there are skilled, knowledgeable people involved that know how to get the message out to the media, themselves, using anonymous means that are secure, and they're able to get the message out internationally over the internet as well as to the international press agencies, there's a lot that can be done. It's just a matter of weighing the cost-benefit analysis and looking at whether or not having someone in that role of publicly explaining what is going on will assist things overall. If it's not, then there are ample reasons for not having that position, because it places a lot of focuses on one individual; a lot of law enforcement focus will be placed on that one individual as well as a lot of media focus. Of course that's not what this is about, it's about the planet, it's about the animals, it's about life in general, it's not focused just on one person.

Q: As one who has been through Grand Jury investigations without cracking under the pressure of facing prison time, what words of encouragement or advice would you have to share with people who have friends or are themselves being harassed by the State and especially the Grand Jury system?

A: I guess in terms of Grand Juries, a few things: First, the Grand Jury system in the United States thrives off of people caving. It thrives off of pressure, it thrives off of secrecy. So if you stay strong, if you expose the Grand Jury, and what it's investigating, the subject it's investigating and who it's investigating. If you expose that—if you expose its use, frequently in harassing political activists within the United States—you show a strength that the US Justice Department does not care for too much, and the US Attorney and the US Attorney's office will not appreciate that very much, either.

The truth of dealing with that stress of at least facing a Grand Jury investigation, or even a Congressional investigation, makes you look at the bigger picture about why you as an individual got involved in the struggle in the first place... I knew there was nothing that could be done to me to make me cooperate fully and give them any information to help in their investigation, because it's an issue that's not about me. It's about a larger goal of, for me, protecting life on the planet, protecting the environment, protecting animals, protecting the world we live in. It's an issue that's going to be around after I'm long gone and dead, so why in the world would I cooperate with any entity that is trying to destroy life? That's not why I personally got in the struggle, and I'd like to think that it's not why most people got involved in the struggle.

Look for Craig Rosebraugh in the new documentary film about indigenous struggles, Seventh Generation, coming soon.

Notes on Liberation

Leslie James Pickering

Q: What's a good way of supporting comrades under grand jury indictment?

A: From my experience organizing around the over half-dozen Grand Jury subpoenas served against Craig Rosebraugh and others in Oregon, popular outcry is our best defense. Large, powerful demonstrations outside the Grand Jury proceedings, focusing on the human rights violations associated with Grand Juries and support for the liberation struggle targeted, played a significant role in supporting those subpoenaed. This support better enabled them to resist the Grand Jury and remain free. Significant media attention and cross-movement support, based on the common ground of resisting state repression, are essential in creating the kind of environment where those subpoenaed are able to resist and not be held in contempt of court as a result.

Q: What have your experiences as ELF Press Officer taught you about the movement and its relationship to the mainstream?

A: My negative assumptions about the American public were surprisingly shaken by some of my experiences with the Earth Liberation Front Press Office. For example, following the second FBI raid on the Press Office, our computer equipment, office supplies and funds were drastically upgraded by donations. Much of this came from the general public who were not actively involved in the environmental movement. There were instances where unknown people approached me on the street and gave me money from their wallets to support the Press Office. Casual, apolitical acquaintances offered material support as well. Against the odds, somehow, at some level, we were getting through to the general public.

Q: Do you feel like solidarity with other movements is stronger or weaker than it was ten years ago?

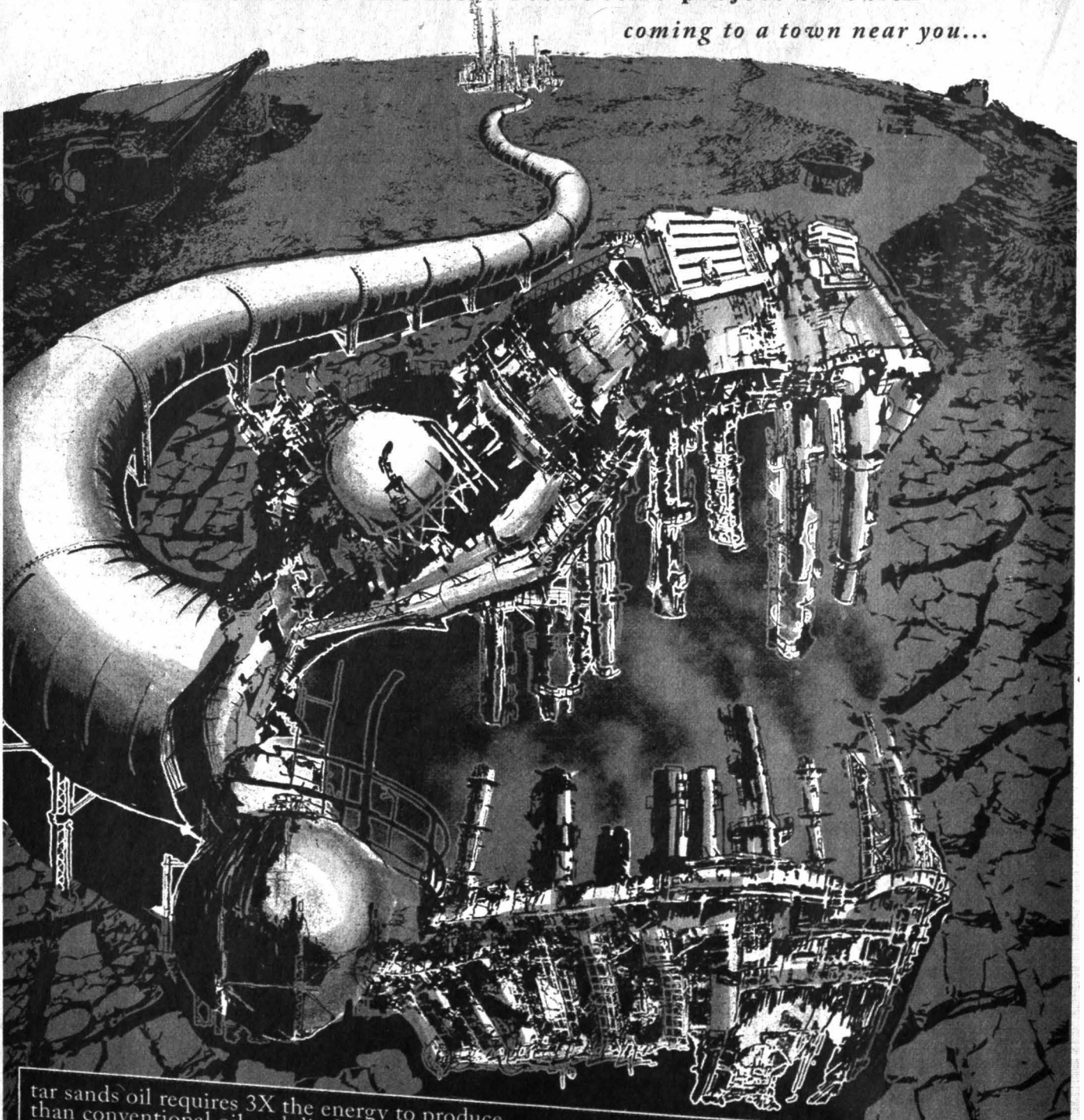
Solidarity between the Earth liberation struggle and liberation struggles that have taken place in this country over the last half century or so is much stronger now than it has been, in my experience. Unfortunately, the common ground on which this has taken place is largely government repression. We now have prisoners serving significant amounts of time in prison from the Earth liberation movement alongside prisoners still locked up from the black liberation, anti-imperialist and other movements of decades past. Even so, this solidarity has a long way to go if we are to move from the symbolic support and solidarity to the material realm.

Black liberation and anti-imperialist prisoners have suffered as the support they receive from their movements has lessened over the decades. What we are just beginning to see is support coming from the Earth liberation, and other more contemporary movements, bringing a new level of energy and support to the overall, cross-generational revolutionary struggle. This clearly helps all parties to recognize the evolution and generational legacy of revolutionary struggle.

THIS MONSTER IS REAL

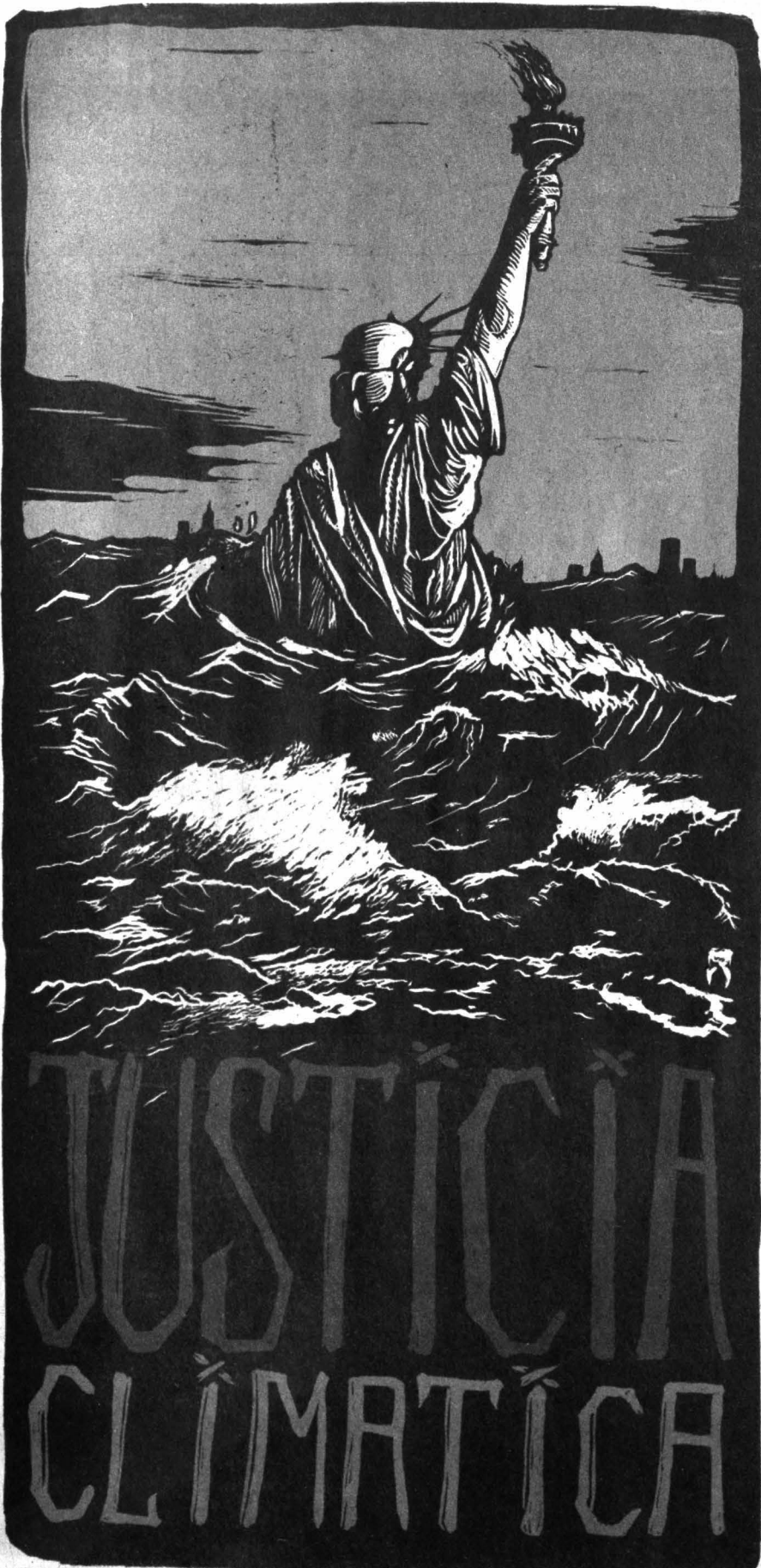
TARSANDS: The most destructive project on earth

coming to a town near you...



tar sands oil requires 3X the energy to produce than conventional oil and discharges 3X the CO₂. Deforestation from the Alberta Tar Sands is 2nd only to the Amazon rain forest and is slated to destroy an area the size of Florida

80% of oil produced in Alberta Canada goes to the US thru a vast network of pipelines. Cancer rates have skyrocketed in communities down stream from the Tar sands whose populations are mostly indigenous



RIISING TIDE

CONFRONTING THE ROOT CAUSES OF CLIMATE CHANGE

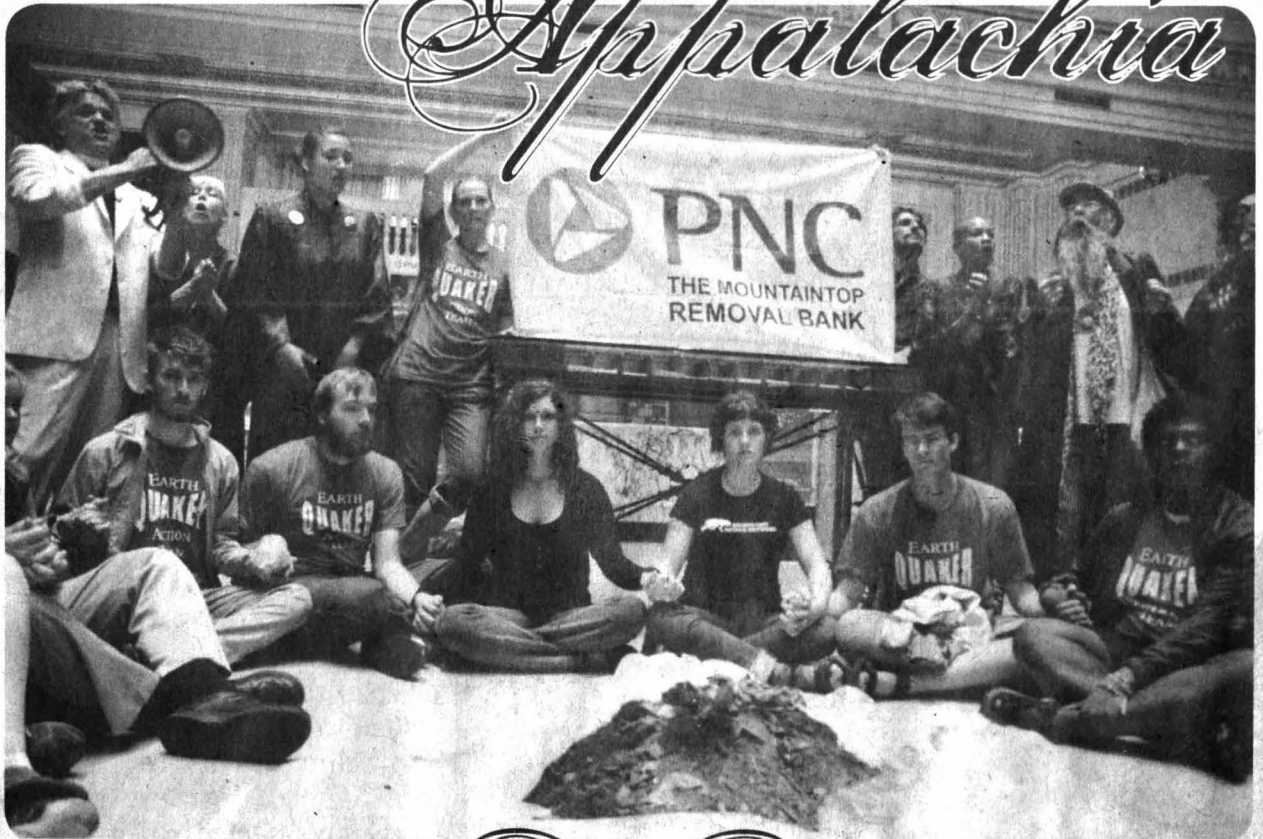
10TH ANNIVERSARY

Rising Tide formed in 2000 with these demands:

- *A Just Transition to renewable energy sources, with a low consumption lifestyle
- *Repayment of the ecological debt of the north to the south.
- *Equal access to—and responsibility for—common global resources for all peoples.
- *That solutions to climate chaos and the achievement of climate justice must be defined by those most severely affected.
- *Current and future support for refugees of all kinds.
- *A minimum of 60 percent reductions in carbon emissions now leading to a 90 percent cut.

"You may well ask: 'why direct action? Isn't negotiation a better path?' You are quite right in calling for negotiation. Indeed, this is the very purpose of direct action. Non-violent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and foster such a tension that a community which has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored."
—MARTIN LUTHER KING

Appalachia



BY MATT WALLACE

After years of community organizing and direct action in the coalfields of Appalachia the movement to abolish mountaintop-removal (MTR) took to the streets of Washington DC on Sept 27. Under the banner "Appalachia Rising" 2000 people marched through the nation's capital while over 100 engaged in civil disobedience at the White House.

The mobilization brought together coalfields community groups from Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia as well as supporters from around the country.

Before the main event, 40 people with Rising Tide paid a visit to the Army Corp of Engineers (ACE), who along with the EPA issue permits for MTR mines. 10 people entered the main lobby of the ACE and sat down in front of the security checkpoint, blocking all foot traffic into the building. Meanwhile another activist climbed onto the awning over the entrance to hang a banner reading, "Stop the War on Appalachia." Those engaging in the sit in were literally dragged out

of the building by private security, though no arrests were made. As a result of the action two residents of Harlan County, KY were able to secure a meeting with a representative of the Army Corp of Engineers.

Rising Tide wasn't the only group that got an early start. As things were winding up at the ACE another affinity group of about 30 people took over the lobby of the Department of Interior. This affinity group managed to shut down the entrance for over 2 hours and were able to eventually leave without arrest as well.

Despite the rain a sizable crowd of 2,000 eventually rallied at Freedom Plaza. After a round of moving testimonials from coalfield residents describing how King Coal terrorizes communities the march wound its way past EPA headquarters where the marchers yelled "Do your job!" The march continued on to a PNC bank, a major funder of MTR, where 30 people with Rainforest Action Network occupied the building, 4 people were arrested.

The march continued to its final destination, the White House. After another round of fired up speeches,

Rising

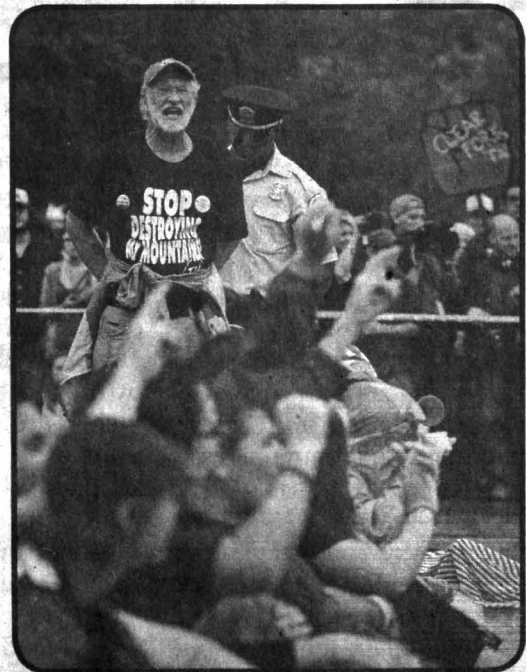


"BEING ARRESTED? THAT'S SUCH A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR BEING HEARD. MY HOME AND PEOPLE ARE PAYING THE REAL PRICE FOR MOUNTAINTOP REMOVAL. THEY ARE DYING."

over 100 people proceeded to the gates of the White House and sat down. After several orders to disperse from the police, officers moved in to make arrests. It took well over an hour to remove everyone engaging in the act of civil disobedience.

"Being arrested? That's such a small price to pay for being heard. My home and people are paying the real price for mountaintop removal. They are dying," said Mickey McCoy of Inez, KY.

Appalachia Rising was an important step for the struggle to abolish mountaintop removal mining. Not only was it the largest mobilization yet against mountaintop removal, it brought together groups from the different coal states of Appalachia in a way that had not been accomplished before. The combination of morning affinity group actions and the larger symbolic action in the afternoon allowed for more direct forms of action without alienating groups that aren't comfortable with more confrontational tactics. We hope the momentum generated by this historic protest will lead to a new wave of resistance that will succeed in abolishing MTR.





BY OLYMPIA RISING TIDE

After a long hiatus, Olympia Rising Tide (ORT) is back and going strong... and we've been busy! Our main campaign is currently focused on stopping the construction of over 25 biomass incinerators proposed throughout the State of Washington. Olympia Rising Tide sees biomass incinerators as a false solution to climate change and, accordingly, has followed through with some fun actions to show we mean business!

Locally, one incinerator is being pushed for at The Evergreen State College here in Olympia, WA. In opposition to the Evergreen administration's attempts to maintain a greenwashed, liberal, and progressive image of the college, ORT has consistently countered Evergreen's lies by revealing the true dangers of biomass—air pollution and deforestation—to Olympia and the surrounding communities.

The first week of fall quarter at Evergreen this year saw ORT's "Welcome to Nevergreen" campaign posters plastered throughout the campus. Friendly folks also tabled in the school's main square during this week, distributing free anti-biomass literature and engaging in

discussion. ORT members then disrupted Evergreen workshops with skits and mass walkouts.

Disruptions included grabbing the microphone at a welcoming event and shaming the Evergreen administration in front of hundreds of new students and then distributing info outside the event. At a biomass workshop put on by the school's "sustainability council," ORT members threw fake money into a room filled with school staff and then performed a skit exposing the connection between biomass and big business. A killer dance-out to "Burn Baby Burn" then ensued.

The group's most recent action took place at an Evergreen Board of Trustees' meeting. Here, ORT peeps dumped several bags of wood chips on the Board's table to give them a taste of what would be burned daily by the ton. They also made a statement as to why biomass is a false solution to climate change. This action was followed by applause from other meeting attendees who were not involved with ORT. The group has also done several banner drops on campus with messages like "No Biomass No Compromise" and "Defend our Forests."

The campaign has thus far

proven successful, as the administration is being forced to be much more transparent with students. By maintaining a consistent presence, ORT's targets feel less secure in their ability to get away with greenwashed lies. And though the Nevergreen campaign hasn't yet entirely halted the proposed incinerator, every step towards its construction is being met with resistance.

ORT's recent efforts to work with the wider community have included hosting several open meetings and movie nights. Community members were invited to participate with the group and to learn what ORT has been up to and why. We've also been forming relationships with, and supporting folks in Shelton, WA, who are fighting a huge biomass incinerator that has been proposed.

Our campaign has been successful in gaining public support and local media outlets have been following ORT's work. Bottom line, people are pissed about biomass and are demanding real solutions to climate change. Olympia Rising Tide is having fun, fighting with a relentless compassion for life, holding it down and can't be stopped!

Demands of the Ecojustice Assembly

At the 2010 US Social Forum in Detroit

BY US ECOJUSTICE PEOPLES' MOVEMENT ASSEMBLY

1) **Leave Fossil Fuels in the Ground.** We call for a moratorium on all new oil, gas, coal and tar sands exploration as a first step in the phase out of fossil fuels. No drilling, digging, damming, chopping, burning or bombing. We must phase out fossil fuels, mining, mega-dams, agro-fuels, waste incineration, and nuclear energy. All these resource-intensive energy systems compromise the life-support systems of communities and Mother Earth herself. Furthermore, we – both frontline communities and workers – will guide the just transition towards dismantling climate polluting industries and ending the corporate control of our economies.

2) **An End to False Solutions.** No more business as usual—no commodification of atmospheric space or people's rights through carbon markets, carbon offsets, or offsets associated with the protection of Indigenous People's lands, agriculture and forests such as REDD program. We reject "clean" coal, natural gas, nuclear power, biomass and waste incineration, landfill gas to energy, geo-engineering, industrial agro-fuels, and all other corporate techno-fixes which fail to address the root causes and deepen existing inequalities and environmental problems.

3) **Real and Effective Solutions.** Our communities will win back control of our land, food, water, labor, energy, and decision-making. We will fight for sovereignty for Indigenous Peoples. We demand investment in infrastructure for participatory budgeting,

public transportation, local food systems, local watershed and wetlands management, worker cooperative business development, and local economies that take care of the places we live in.

4) **Rapid Reductions and Reparations for Ecological Debt.** We shall hold responsible the governments, of all industrialized "developed" nations and the corporations that control them. We demand that North American federal governments move towards a zero emission economy by 2050 and honor its responsibility for both local and global climate and ecological debt.

5) **Respect the Cochabamba Protocol and the Rights of Mother Earth.** We call on the North American federal governments and all governments engaged in the UN to incorporate proposals from the Cochabamba Protocol and to adopt and implement the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth.

6) **Transformation, not Criminalization and Militarization.** We reject government responses that criminalize Black, Arab, immigrant, and other communities in North American and around the world as manifested through SB 1070 in Arizona, police-ICE collaboration and raids, increased border militarization, Fortress Europe, the E.U. Directive and many other such inhumane and unjust policies. We demand full employment in the roles we need to transform our communities—healers, counselors, mediators, facilitators, organizers, bus drivers, bike mechanics, deconstruction and reconstruction workers, (zero) waste workers, and more.

April 20, 2011: Take it to the Point of Production

Rising Tide is calling for a day of direct action against extraction on the one year anniversary of the BP oil spill. Communities around the world are under attack from extractive industries that poison our families, kill our loved ones on the job, and destroy the ecosystems we cherish. The BP oil spill was unfortunately just one of an endless string of disasters born of an economic system that must endlessly consume the Earth's resources.

Extraction is the act of taking without giving anything back. Extraction takes workers lives so corporations can make a few more bucks. Extraction takes clean water and air and gives us blackened oceans and a climate in chaos. Extraction takes the natural wealth of communities and ecosystems and leaves behind poverty and ecological wastelands.

For a stable climate, clean air and water, we must stop the extraction of fossil fuels and other "resources." From the tar sands of Alberta to the Gulf Coast, people are fighting back against the extractive industries that have declared war on our planet.

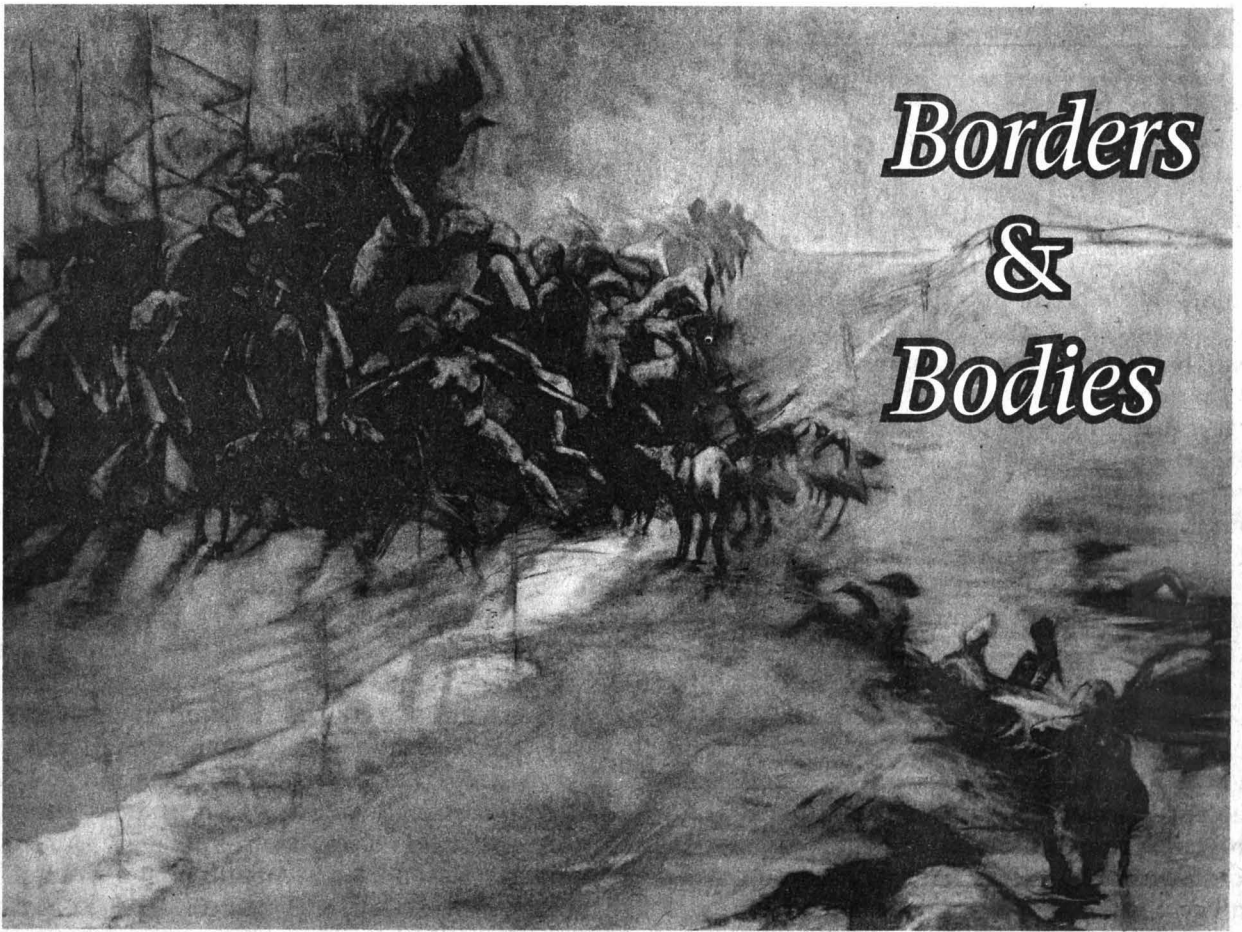
On April 20th take it to the point of production. Shut down a well site, occupy a mine, take over an office, blockade a bank. Nobody's community should be a sacrifice-zone.

For climate justice and a livable planet,
Rising Tide North America

WWW.RISINGTIDENORTHAMERICA.ORG/EXTRACTION

EXTRACTION@RISINGTIDENORTHAMERICA.ORG





Borders & Bodies

BY RUSS MCSADDEN
ART BY JILL LAVETSKY

Somewhere outside of the old mining town of Ruby—nothing more than a ghost town—and not too far from the Arizona/Mexico border, we run across a group of migrants. They are moving fast through a canyon cutting the San Luis and Atascosa Mountains. They are young, mostly women, and nervous. I offer water, food, and directions in Spanish, and the *guia* offers me water and food in English. He's unsure of my intentions. I explain that we had seen *la migra* along Ruby road and we part ways—good luck, *buena suerte*. Back up the wash I find that the group had stopped to pick up clean socks we'd left in a bucket. A pair of old bloody socks hang from a manzanita tree.

A week before, a good friend was a part of a humanitarian team that found the body of a young woman who had died, just hours before, in the open desert a couple miles from Ruby. The best guess as to the cause is that her group was scattered by Border Patrol, by a helicopter or drone or men on horseback, and that she lost her way in the panic, wandered this section of the Coronado National Forest and died of thirst. Having found an emergency contact, my friend learned that the woman was trying to reach her husband and children in Texas. Her husband cried on the phone at the news.

Just a bit north of here, around Arivaca, is one of hundreds of border check points scattered throughout

Southern Arizona. "US Citizens?" asks a guard. There's no question about whether or not we are drug runners, just whether or not our human bodies are legally sanctioned. Though he probably knows the car and suspects we've been providing aid to undocumented migrants, the officer doesn't ask if we've found any injured or dead people. There is no care for the refugee blood that spills in the desert, dries up, and cakes into the hard caliche soil.

The check point is one small impersonal component of the border control system, a part of state control over human migration, labor, and solidarity against Empire. The surveillance apparatus staring us down from the side of the road, a giant rod packed with dozens of cameras, sways in the wind, mocking the ocatillo cacti around it. I ask the guard if he knows that the Coronado National Forest is named after a conquistador who, after brutally capturing large portions of Northwest Mexico, crossed through the area that is now the border, seeking gold and conquest. I ask if he knows that Coronado's path laid the groundwork for the theft of the land Border Patrol is now guarding. He says he's not heard this before—his intonation says he's bored with the history—and he waves us through.

Its no matter that this National Forest, just another compartmentalized wilderness area, honors the passage of a murderer, a tyrant, and, at the same time, is patrolled by police, the national guard, and right-wing militias, to stop the trek of the poor. Its no matter that

imperialist policy has pulled them away from the land of their families.

Today nearly 700 miles of wall stretch across a nearly 2,000 mile border between the US and Mexico. Other infrastructure—surveillance equipment, giant towers with cameras and sensors and thousands of miles of road for patrols—disrupts a borderland of rich biological diversity and sensitivity. The intolerant, homogenous, and hyper-security needs of the North openly supports racism and ecocide at the border. As state surveillance zooms from all angles, seeing all, thousands of humans and thousands of non-humans die, cut off from ancient and necessary migration paths.

In 2009 the last jaguar in all of North America was euthanized by the US Fish and Wildlife Service. But the border had long cut off its natural path to and from Northern Mexico. Its unfettered self was already murdered. Likewise, ocelots, bighorn sheep, and pronghorns,—all endangered—have been deprived of their migration paths. In order to expedite the closing of the border, and to demonstrate the priorities of the government to contain the movement of people from an economy under attack by US interests, Congress waived all environmental laws that interfere with construction. Homeland Security director Michael Chertoff waived the Coastal Zone Management Act, the National Environmental Policy Act, the Endangered Species Act, the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, the Clean Water Act, the Clean Air Act, and the National Historic Preservation Act in the name of national security.

In order to expedite the closing of peoples minds, the state of Arizona, through HB2281 has outlawed ethnic studies programs in all grade schools. The law also prohibits courses “that promote the overthrow of the US Government.” The connection between fear, racism, homogeneity, environmental destruction and state security needs becomes obvious.

Natural borders are fluid, changing—negotiated at every step. Autonomy and collectivity intercourse and blend. Bodies, human or otherwise, are beautiful borders. Fingers, lips, eyes, tails, tentacles, and whiskers all negotiate space, touch, freedom, relationships, food, love, knowledge and movement. They are fragile and, in return for any boundaries or restraints laid, offer longing, organic reciprocity and the rhythms of heart and hunger. They follow the rules of the sky and the terrain, rain and physical need. They follow the rules of relationship and reproduction. Political borders are rigid, controlling, autocratic, murderous. They impede without giving back, without emotion. They offer the rhythms of abstraction and control: national anthems, speeches on nationhood, sirens, police banter across radio waves. They follow the laws of abstractions: property, profit, and techno-progress.

Back at home in Florida, I realize one never leaves the border. We are constantly in its presence in the US. Many of my neighbors made the trek here



through Arizona, and a certain restraint—as well as power—in their eyes, in the movement of their bodies, reflects that journey. ICE raids happen often in my town, pulling communities apart, ensuring the dominance of xenophobia and alienation through intimidation. I've watched from my roof the bodies of ICE agents, SWAT, and the Sheriffs raiding a neighbor. They are tormented and ugly and unyieldingly cold bodies, armored with kevlar, ammunition, helmets, goggles, plated gloves and rifles. They are almost not bodies at all. They are more like border walls. As long as these kinds of borders exist, the kind that stunt the movement of bodies and the exchange of life, that sever neighbors and watersheds and minds, wilderness and our place in it will remain a compartment of the state.

After the helicopters and police cars leave, friends and allies of the victims of the raid slowly stroll by the house to see if anyone remains, if they can help comfort, rebuild, and support. Some help clean up the mess left by the police intrusion, the twisted gate, the flung chairs and the broken door. After the helicopters leave I notice the return of a small flock of juvenile ibis to a nearby yard and the return of a Cooper's hawk to its perch in a mango tree. After they leave, the community begins to rebuild. The same will be true when the border wall is expelled from the sacred land it currently torments.

Russ McSpadden is an editor with the Earth First! Journal and an agitator with Everglades Earth First!

To learn more about solidarity work at the border visit
NOMOREDEATHS.ORG

Three Days

that Shook the New World Order

An Excerpt

BY FRANKLIN ROSEMONT
AND DAVID ROEDIGER

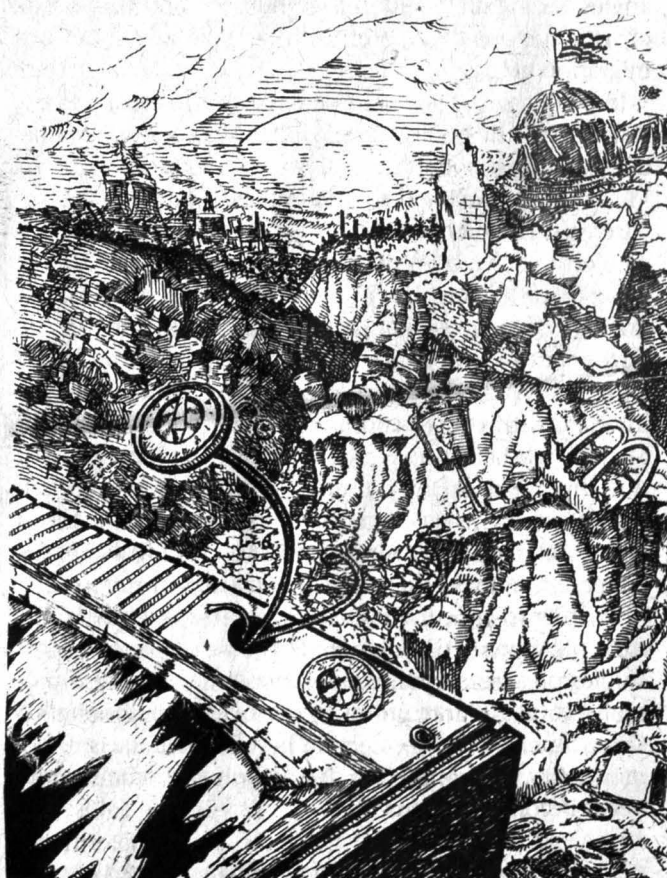
AFTER THE RAIN

The long-range significance of the LA rebellion [April, 1992] cannot be appreciated apart from the global ecological crisis. The fact that the largest urban upheaval in the US in this century has been ignored by the environmental press is one more sign—and a definitive one—that middle-class environmentalism is indissolubly allied to the pollutocratic Establishment it pretends to oppose.

Clearly the rebellion, and the nationwide response it engendered, are seething with ecological implications. An extraordinary example of “acting locally,” inevitably it will affect global thinking for a long time to come.

The rebellion provided, for example, a dramatic eye-opening prelude to the Earth-rapers’ orgy known as the “Earth Summit” in Rio de Janeiro a few weeks later. The delegates (mostly heads of state) straight-facedly resolved that capitalism—an inherently ecocidal social system—is compatible with a healthy planet. But LA’s smoldering ruins and overflowing prisons joined the polluted air that always afflicts the city to give these bureaucrats the lie, and showed all the world that the Land of Capitalism par excellence is one of the sickest societies anywhere.

In this era of massive destruction of rainforests and other wild places, the contradiction between city and “countryside” has become central to all struggles for social change. Anyone who knows the ABCs of ecology knows that massive restoration of wilderness is today an urgent priority, second to none—indeed, the precondition for the continuation of life on this planet—and that such restoration requires, in turn, massive dismantling of industrial society’s deadly cities. In this light, the festive community burning of LA’s shopping malls can be regarded not only as a sensible response to unlivable ghetto conditions, but also as an ecologically sound step toward doing away with America’s poison-



ous urban wastelands. Objectively, in the US government’s war against wildlife and wilderness, the LA rebels were on the side of the wild.

Subjectively, however, the rebellion’s ecological dimension stands out in even bolder relief. The fact that Black teenagers increasingly recognize themselves as an endangered species—this was in fact the theme of one of the most popular local rap recordings just before and during the rebellion—is surely one of the major revolutions in consciousness of our time. Equally suggestive in this regard is the fact that the planting of new trees—to bring beauty to LA’s minority communities—is a major demand in the program put forth by the Bloods and Crips for the reconstruction of the city.

The rebels’ point of departure, moreover, was light-years beyond the phony “jobs versus environment” dichotomy that miserabilist demagogues of all persuasions use to paralyze the unwary. In demanding

not jobs but life, and all the freedom and fullness thereof, the LA rebels—among whom registered voters were undoubtedly a rarity—revealed strong affinities with the most radical “no-compromise” wing of the environmental movement.

“Mainstream” environmentalism continues to be dominated by racist, corporate-minded executives who, by definition, are unwilling to challenge the interests of white supremacy, Capital and the capitalist state. In the past twenty years, the mushroom growth of the National Wildlife Federation, the Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, etc., has coincided with the destruction of more US wilderness than was destroyed in the preceding half-century. These groups, which are run as businesses by bureaucrats who think and act like businessmen, are to the rank-and-file eco-activist what the AFL-CIO bureaucracy is to the working class: a privileged elite whose prime function is to control the fury—i.e., the revolutionary creativity—of those at the bottom.

The LA rebels manifested exactly what is needed to turn environmentalism into a real and effective movement: desperation, defiance, energy, a sense of the unbearable boredom and the misery of American life today, a readiness to improvise, a willingness to take risks and a beautiful determination to win release from misery. With such an outsiders' perspective to inspire and guide the actions of a new movement, an ecologically healthy planet could become a reality instead of a slogan.

Those who are farthest from the administration of power, no matter how powerless they often feel, retain always the power to disrupt and therefore, potentially, the power to overturn the entire repressive order.

In the solidarity of all those who are outside existing power relations lies our only chance of vanquishing the ecocidal megamachine. Coming at a time when the infrastructures of America's cities are on the verge of collapse, the LA rebellion has opened exciting possibilities for the development of heretofore undreamed-of combat-alliances that could cut across and even destroy the debilitating barriers set up by short-sighted and self-serving “single-issue” groups.

Now is a time of new beginnings, and thus a time to make new connections. There is not an eco-activist anywhere who would not benefit from reading Malcolm X—the favorite author of the LA rebels—and radical ecologists and conservation biologists would do well not only to make their knowledge more accessible to those who need it most, but also to find ways of linking their struggles to the struggles of the oppressed people who can really change things for the better. Such links would seem to be particularly feasible—and even long

overdue—in the city that gave us the word smog, and which is today a major dumpsite for toxic waste and Daryl Gates' radio commentaries.

Such new connections are the inevitable fruit of the revolutionary imagination. If the LA rebels drew inspiration from the poetry of rap, the rebellion itself remains a crucial factor in renewing the practice of poetry everywhere, as a revolutionary activity. The boldest dreams of poets always have expressed humankind's deepest aspirations, and any “program” that denies them is a sure ticket to misery. Any would-be “revolution” willing to settle for less than the realization of poetry in everyday life is a revolution at a dead-end before it starts.

As eco-activists, radical feminists, point-of-production rebel workers and ghetto/barrio street-fighters begin to understand each other, to find their common ground and to pool their resources in united struggle and mutual aid, we shall begin to see a movement that might just be capable of toppling the inhuman structures that are killing us all.

Steeped in humor, open to poetry, aiming at a fundamental reintegration of humankind and the planet we live on and the creatures with whom we share it, this new global revolutionary movement naturally will be the most playful and adventurous of all time. How could it be otherwise?

The struggle for wilderness is inseparable from the struggle for a free society, which is inseparable from the struggle against racism, whiteness and imperialism, which is inseparable from the struggle for the liberation of women, which is inseparable from the struggle for sexual freedom, which is inseparable from the struggle to emancipate labor and abolish work, which is inseparable from the struggle against war, which is inseparable from the struggle to live poetic lives and, more generally, to do as we please.

The enemies, today, are those who try to separate these struggles.

In April-May '92 the world witnessed one of the traumatic first flights of this revolution which must go farther than any revolution has ever gone.

Outsiders of the world, unite! Freedom Now! Earth First! these three watchwords are for us but one.

This excerpt, commonly read around the campfire at recent Earth First! gatherings, was taken from an article which first appeared in the journal Race Traitor #2.

Franklin Rosemont, who passed in 2009, was a poet, historian and revolutionary scholar and a co-founder of the Chicago Surrealist Group.

David Roediger is professor of History and African American Studies at the University of Illinois.

The struggle for wilderness is inseparable from the struggle for a free society, which is inseparable from the struggle against racism...

THE CLIMATE

If we really believed what scientists are telling us about global warming, the fire engines of every fire department would sound their sirens and race to the nearest factory to extinguish its furnaces. Every high school student would run to the thermostat of every classroom, turn it off, and tear it out of the wall, then hit the parking lot to slash tires. Every responsible suburban parent would don safety gloves and walk around the block pulling the electrical meters out of the utility boxes behind houses and condominiums. Every gas station attendant would press the emergency button to shut off the pumps, cut the hoses, and glue the locks on the doors; every coal and petroleum corporation would immediately set about burying their unused product where it came from—using only the muscles of their own arms, of course.

The logo for CrimethInc. is a stylized white marker with the text "CrimethInc." written on it in a bold, sans-serif font. The marker has a pointed tip and a small detail on the back, suggesting it is a physical object.

CrimethInc.

AND THINGS A

IS CHANGING



But we're too out of touch to grasp what's happening, let alone put a stop to it.

We can't count on those who learn about the destruction of the environment from books or the internet to rescue anything. The decimation of the natural world has been going on around us for centuries now; it takes a particularly bourgeois brand of blindness to drive by felled trees, spewing smokestacks, and acres of asphalt every day without noticing that anything is happening until it shows up in the newspaper. People for whom reality is composed of news articles, rather than the world they see and hear and smell, are bound to destroy everything they touch. That alienation is the root of the problem; the devastation of the environment simply follows from it.

When profit margins are more real than living things, when weather patterns are more real than refugees fleeing hurricanes, when emissions cap agreements are more real than new developments in our own neighborhoods, the world has already been signed over for destruction. The climate crisis isn't an event that *might* happen, looming into view ahead; it is the familiar setting of our daily lives. Deforestation isn't just taking place in national forests or foreign jungles; it is as real at every strip mall in Ohio as it is in the heart of the Amazon. The buffalo used to roam

right here. Our disconnection from the land is catastrophic whether or not the sea level is rising, whether or not the desertification and famine sweeping other continents have reached us yet.

As usual, the people who brought this crisis upon us are eager to explain that they are the best qualified to remedy it. But there's no reason to believe that their motives or methods have changed. The results are in—smoking causes cancer—but they're still trying to sell us low-tar cigarettes.

Forget about nuclear power, solar power, clean coal, and wind turbines. Forget about carbon trading, biofuels, recycling programs, organic superfoods. Forget about new legislation, along with every other inefficient, insufficient response involving ballots, petitions, or some other proxy. Our only hope is to fight with our own hands, to take a stand on the ground beneath our feet—rediscovering in the process what it means to be a part of the world, not separate from it. Every tree they try to cut down, we can stop them. Every poison they try to release into the atmosphere, we can block them. Every new “sustainable” technology they introduce, we can unmask them.

They aren't going to stop destroying the planet until we make it too costly for them to continue. *The sooner we do, the better.*

BE HEATING UP

A Field Guide to False Solutions



from the makers of global warming—"sustainable" energy!

The Corporate Solution

Where others see hardship and tragedy, entrepreneurs see an opportunity for financial gain. Putting the "green" in greenhouse gases and the "eco" in economy, they greet the apocalypse with outstretched wallets. Are natural disasters wrecking communities? That's great—sell the survivors disaster relief and put up luxury condominiums where they used to live. Are food supplies contaminated with toxins? Slap "organic" on some of them and jack up the price—presto, what was once taken for granted in every vegetable is suddenly a selling point! Is consumer culture devouring the planet? Time for a line of environmentally friendly products, cashing in on guilt and good intentions to move more units.

So long as being "sustainable" is a privilege reserved for the rich, the crisis can only intensify. All the better for those banking on it.

The Conservative Solution

Many conservatives deny that our society is causing global warming; of course, some still don't believe in evolution, either. But what they themselves believe is immaterial; they're more concerned with the question of what it is profitable for *others* to believe. For example, when the UN's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change released its 2007 report, an ExxonMobil-funded think tank linked to the Bush administration offered \$10,000+ to any scientist who would dispute its findings.

That is to say—some people consider it a better investment to bribe experts to deny that anything is happening than to take any steps to avert catastrophe. Better that the apocalypse snatches us unawares so long as they can maintain their profits one more year. Sooner the end of life on earth than the possibility of life beyond capitalism!

The Liberal Solution

Certain do-gooders would like to claim credit for bringing global warming to the attention of the public, even though radicals have been clamoring about it for decades. But politicians like Al Gore are not trying to save the environment so much as to rescue the *causes* of its destruction. They are pressing for government and corporate recognition of the crisis because ecological collapse could destabilize capitalism if it catches them off guard. Small wonder corporate initiatives and incentives figure so prominently in the solutions they propose.

Like their conservative colleagues, liberals would sooner risk extinction than consider abandoning industrial capitalism. They're simply too invested in it to do otherwise—witness the Gore family's long-running relationship with Occidental Petroleum. In this light, their bid to seize the reins of the environmentalist movement looks suspiciously like a calculated effort to prevent a more *realistic* response to the crisis.

The Malthusian Solution

Some people attribute the crisis to overpopulation—but how many shantytown dwellers and subsistence farmers do you have to add up to equal the ecological impact of a single high-powered executive?

The Socialist Solution

For centuries, socialists have promised to grant everyone access to middle class standards of living. Now it turns out that the biosphere can't support even a small minority pursuing that lifestyle; one might expect socialists to adjust their notion of utopia accordingly. Instead they've simply updated it to match the latest in bourgeois fashions: today every worker deserves to eat organic produce and live in a "green" condominium. But these products only came to be as a marketing ploy to differentiate high-end merchandise from proletarian standard fare. If you're going to think big enough to imagine a society without class differences, you might as well aim for a future in which we share the wealth of a vibrant natural world rather than chopping it up into inert commodities.

The Communist Solution

In practice, Marxism, Leninism, and Maoism served as a convenient means to jerk "underdeveloped" nations swiftly into the industrial age, utilizing state intervention to "modernize" peoples who still retained a connection to the land before finally dropping them unceremoniously at the margin of the free market. Today, party communists have gotten no further than blithe assurances that new management would take care of everything. Sing along to the tune of "Solidarity Forever":

*If the workers owned the factories, climate change would not exist
All the smoke from all the smokestacks would be changed to
harmless mist . . .*

The Individual Solution

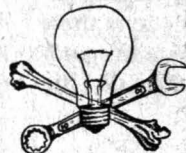
An individual or community can live a completely "sustainable" lifestyle without doing anything to hinder the corporations and governments responsible for the vast majority of environmental devastation. Keeping one's hands clean—"setting an example" that no statesman or tycoon will emulate—is meaningless while others lay the planet to waste. To set a better example, *stop them*.

The Radical Solution

Too many radicals respond to the crisis with despair or even a kind of wrongheaded anticipation. There's no reason to believe the exhaustion of the planet's petroleum supply will put an end to patriarchy or white supremacy. Likewise, it's all too likely that hierarchy can make it through ecological collapse intact, so long as there are people left to dominate and obey.

We'll get out of the apocalypse what we put into it: we can't expect it to produce a more liberated society unless we put the foundations in place now. Forget about individualistic survival schemes that cast you as the Last Person on Earth—Hurricane Katrina showed that when the storm hits, the most important thing is to be part of a community that can defend itself. The coming upheavals may indeed offer a chance for fundamental social change, but we have to come up with a compelling vision and the guts to implement it.

Another End of the World Is Possible!



CrimethInc. is a network of think tanks and action squads bent on enabling humanity to survive the downfall of capitalism. We have been honored to struggle alongside Earth First! for the past decade and a half. For strategic analysis and practical tools, visit www.crimethinc.com.

Where Are They Now?

Earth First! Old Guard (Round II)

COMPILED BY EF! JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

As we promised in *Volume I of the 30th Anniversary edition*, below is another glimpse into the lives of active longtime EF!ers and instrumental people who have moved on. Again, some names might be new, some may have been heard before (some you might wish you never had!) These are what we lovingly refer to as the old guard of our movement, along with some "mid-guard" in the mix.

The questions: name, age, residency; first and last EF! Round River Rendezvous (RRR); what you're most known for; your wildest memory; what you've been doing lately; message to younger generations; if you'll be coming to another Rony; and any pseudonyms you wanna divulge.

If we get more responses, we may continue this feature into future issues of the Journal. So keep 'em coming!

Christopher Manes

Palm Springs, California, 53. First and last Rony: 1985 and 1987. "I was the self-proclaimed 'pseudo-intellectual' of the movement." Wildest memory: "At the Colorado RRR back in '87, Wolf arrived with a 5th of vodka, some grapefruit juice and a hankering to get mightily drunk. So he, Bill Turk, the much under-appreciated Roger Candee, and I joined him, and plied with liquor, we decided that EF! had become too soft. So we wandered the area shouting "Fuck Humanity!" and "No Man's Land!" with Turk cracking his bull whip for emphasis. (Yes, he carried a bull whip). At one point we almost fell into the Grand Canyon, which would have been an appropriate demise for us indeed. Now (stay with me here), unbeknownst to us, earlier that day, before we arrived, Ed Abbey had gotten into some kind of verbal altercation with some anarchists. Fair enough. However, when darkness fell and they heard some drunken men cracking a bull whip and making vague threats and apparently prowling the area looking for victims, they

thought Abbey had somehow sent out his "shock troops" (their words not mine) to hunt them down for the ideological heresies. Shortly thereafter, the incident was printed in an anarchist journal as evidence of the "fascist" nature of Earth First!'s old guard, with the bull whip playing a major role in the narrative... But it was just us all along. After that the rift between the old guard (or as Roselle likes to call them the "buckaroos"), and the more traditional leftists widened. It was of course inevitable. But I think it all started with Turk's bull whip and too many greyhounds." Lately: "I wrote a couple books, and became an attorney." To younger generation EF!ers? "Only young people can change things. It's your world. The rest of us are just commentators now." Pseudonyms: "Oh, I used many, which has caused a lot of confusion about who wrote what. Best to leave it at that." Coming to a Rony again? "I hadn't given it any thought. It might be fun. As long as there are no bull whips present."

Karen Coulter

Age 52; used pseudonyms in both the *Journal* and in the *Earth First! Campfire Poetry Book* (to shift the focus off a personality onto the ideas); residency: Cascadia—divided between a mountainside in eastern Oregon from late spring through fall, and Portland, Oregon for winter. First RRR: 1988 (involved since 1984), last: 2009. Most known for: "my ongoing legal forest defense in eastern Oregon and helping organize the End Corporate Dominance Conference and related workshops." Wildest memories: "... the all night torch-lit building of the immense Jack Road blockades in the Cove Mallard sales area of Idaho, using nothing but our hands and cooperation; the hunt sabotage against the hunting of endangered Big Horn sheep in the Mojave, experiencing the diverse unique rock formations there and seeing Big Horn sheep rams standing on peaks against the blue sky; the

first wild tribal dance at the Rendezvous in 1989... There's too many wild memories to limit it to just one." Lately: "struggling to keep Blue Mountains Biodiversity Project going financially, field-checking proposed timber sales in eastern Oregon with wonderful volunteers each summer, working on a book about the foundations of corporate rule in 19 Century US history, writing biocentric poems, making wine, dancing, hiking, hanging out with my son, friends, cats, dogs and wildlife." To younger generations: "Really plan out a long-term strategy for meeting your goals as a group. Don't stay in tactical ruts or be an exclusive clique. Don't let your group die due to a few disruptive people. Read Brian Glick's handbook for dealing with infiltrators: *The War at Home*. Keep developing a movement culture of resistance—with art, music, poetry, dance theater... Really get to know the wild and wildlife—ground yourself in wild nature. Don't wait for a campaign, an action, or a group to come to you: start one. Follow your passion to find your focus. Ask me or other 'old guard' folks what else we've learned that might help your situation. We too were young and still are radical. I'm an anarchist too..." Another Rony? "Of course... see you this year in Idaho."

Ilse Asplund

Currently living in Cascadia and Atzlan. First Rony: '87; most recent: '02. "Recently dealing with some health challenges, finding plants to be wonderful allies in healing." Favorite EF! Memory: "Sending the KUTV News car back to Salt Lake City after the North Rim Rony (~400 mile journey) with a new bumper sticker, *Another Mormon on Drugs*. To younger generations: "You are the present upwelling of life's fierce impulse to renew itself once again. Humans and other critters have come to certain crossroads over the millennia and it is always the willingness to act against impossible odds that brought them through the

breach... As bad as things are, we're just a small part of the picture and we only have partial knowledge. Anyway, it's arrogant to think otherwise." Coming to another Rony? "Is there a geriatric rendezvous planned? No, seriously, a token out of the way *shittel* within the larger rendezvous for the old pre-post-modern relics of ancient times (the 1980s). No running water or flush toilets required, just a place where we can wear our red bandanas. We don't really want to contaminate the minds of the young with our unpurged droppings of memory and experience, but we are always in danger of doing so if left on the loose! Was that a yes or no question?"

Dirt

Living in Olympia, WA, 42. First, EF! Rony, 1994 Western Regional Lake Davis, Oregon; most recent, 2009 RRR, Umpqua, OR. Known for rigging tree sits in Luna, Fall Creek and two dozen other similar campaigns in 1990's. Wildest memory: "Real Rendezvous' with wild raucous and mostly naked drunken behavior around the campfire. Including side-splitting hilarious music with too many talented musicians trying to get a single song squeezed into a very musical campfire that went till nearly sunrise..." Lately? "Building an EF! Warrior Poets website... doing lots of environmental activism with mainstreamers too. Also earned a grad degree (Master's Public Administration.)" To the youth: "Why don't y'all smile? You smile at people who are the same age as you, why not the rest of us? Do you think older EFlers are the enemy or something? Rendezvous' used to be a place where we knew solidarity and trust and we smiled and said hi to everyone we passed on the trail. What made y'all so cruel, elitist and cold? Do you think because I don't dress like you and am older than you that I'm not worthy of a smile back? You think I'm not down with your cause? The lack of respect for diversity from your generation is abysmal."

John Davis

Westport, NY, 47. First Rony 1986; last: 1990. Edited Journal for a few years with Dave Foreman. Wildest memories: "Camping in Sonoran desert with AZ EF! friends; glimpsing a wolverine

as I took a hike at Rendezvous in Idaho; raft trips down San Juan and Green Rivers; Actions in the woods best kept as inside memories." Lately? "On various conservation boards of directors, including Wildlands Network, Restore: The North Woods, Champlain Valley Conservation Partnership and Heron Dance. I serve as Conservation Director of the Adirondack Council." To the Youth: "No matter how diverse your interests and causes, keep wild nature foremost in mind. Boldly confront its greatest threats: human population and over-consumption." Coming to a Rony again? "Not likely, as I attend too many meetings already, and I'm too old now to keep up with you young folks! May you succeed wildly in putting Earth first!"

Peg Millett,

Bradshaw Mountains, central AZ, 57; used to be called Gristle, back in the '80s. First Rony, 1985 Uncompodray Plateau CO; Last, Wyoming I think. I went to the AZ Winter Rony in '08. Known for "Dancing, singing, AZ 5, doing fed time (20 years ago), Woo Woo Queen." Lately: "Playing with horses, going on a few river trips with the Usual Suspects." To younger generations: "Learn from herstory, smile fiercely, live from a spiritual perspective, learn from the earth and the animals, celebrate." Coming to another Rony: "Probably."

Dennis Fritzing

Bay Area Bioregion, CA, 67. First RRR: Kalmiopsis, Oregon 1983; most Recent RRR: 2009. Most known for: "At rallies: the tea song. At campfires: my poem "Donuts Galore". In the Journal: Editor of *Armed With Visions*. At OC's: the Night to Howl." Wildest memory? "Seeing a mountain lion on the way to the 1987 RRR on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. The funniest memory was being part of a herd of caribou at our post-rony demo in Albany, NY in 1991." Lately: "Writing stuff to send in for the 30th Anniversary issue." To younger generation: "Don't get burned out. Taking time to go camping, hiking, river-rafting and just getting out in nature is a good antidote to living in cities and working on campaigns. Do your homework. It's important to understand the science. Learn basic survival skills so you

can be self-sufficient when you need to. Keep a sense of humor." Coming to a Rony again? "Definitely. I plan to go to next year's and as many as I can after that."

Mike Petersen

Spokane, WA, 57. First: 1986 in Idaho; last Rony: maybe 2000? Organized 1988 RRR and the follow-up Okanogan Highlands Action. Wildest memory: "Going to northern BC in the middle of winter to stop the aerial wolf kill, setting up road blockades during Redwood Summer. Other things I can't talk about." Lately? "Executive Director of The Lands Council, and on many Boards." To younger generations: "In my mind EF! inspired environmental activism in a unique way that was focused on direct action. The focus has been diffused by others wanting to capture some of that spirit, whether it be anarchism, prison activism, or any of the other isms that can be good causes, but not earth centered." Any pseudonyms? "Better not, since I am unsure if the statute of limitations has run out..." Coming to a Rony again? "Possible. I still get the Journal."

Daniel Barron

Oakland CA, 48. First Rony: Colorado 1985; last: Oregon 1998. Most known as: main San Francisco EF! contact 1986-1990; action with Mike Roselle & Helen to kick off part 2 of Kalmiopsis campaign (April 1987); organizer of EF! whitewater trips." Wildest memory: "post-Rony action 1988 at Okanogan Nat'l Forest HQ, a hundred of us shut down Freddie office for the day, blockaded the entrances, occupied the roof, put cowpies in the air conditioning intakes, played music, danced, yelled, drew chalk murals on sidewalks. Freddie brought in every law enforcement officer in 3-county area resulting in over 20 arrests, 3 days in jail, and jail solidarity on hunger strike so that all arrestees were released with equal minimum fine... shook the Forest Service nationwide." Lately: "Disappearing into obscurity." To younger generations: "think long and hard about appropriate tactics for each situation, study the history of the movement and of all eco-social change, learn from the successes and failures of your elders." Coming to a

Rondy again? "No. Some of my best memories are from past Rondys; I remember past years by where the Rondy took place and who was there; but I've passed the torch on to others who can make their own memories."

Angela Wartes Kahl

"Been Garlic for the last 14 years", 35, Alsea, OR. "First Rondy was Twin Lakes in 1997 or 1999, don't remember the year but the hike in was a nightmare." Last Rondy: 2010, in the North Woods of Maine. "We drove all the way from Oregon with a three year old, that's dedication folks..." Known for? "Jail and Legal support of the Headwaters Forest Campaign in Northern California, WTO, and volunteering with lawyer teams that represented the pepper spray plaintiffs and Gypsy's family." Wildest memories: "Fall of '96 in Headwaters. The legal team saw more than 300 arrests in two months, every other day there was an action—tripods in the road, sleeping dragons, endless lockdowns, so many lock boxes and bags of concrete, I lost count. I felt like we were surviving off air, no sleep and pure adrenaline. All the old guards were firecrackers. Judi was still alive and very much involved. It was an incredible time to be in EF!" Lately, "Garth and I have an organic farm called Common Treasury. Recently I have been working on going back to college in the textile field, essentially working on sustainable fiber manufacturing. Joined the Seeds of Peace Collective after the RNC in St. Paul and enjoy cooking meals for 5,000." To younger generations: "I am so happy you are here. Please stick around but breaks from activism are necessary no matter what people tell you. Always be honest and open to new ideas, it is the only way we are going to succeed." Coming to a Rondy again? "I'm helping organize the 2011 Rondy—Idaho! See you there!"

Art Goodtimes

Norwood, CO. A former poetry editor for *Earth First! Journal* and *Wild Earth*, Ed Abbey mentions Art by name in the 1987 Rondy scene from *Hayduke Lives*. He's now a 4-term Commissioner in San Miguel County, with the Green Party. According to famed author Terry Tempest Williams, "If there's hope in the American West, it's

that Art Goodtimes is one of our county commissioners." He didn't respond to our questions, but in another interview he said this of Earth First!, "It's become a warrior clan whose effectiveness is limited...Every tribe needs its warriors, but their anger wasn't always targeted very well. And (direct action), that's dangerous and scary." I guess that's what the voters wanted to hear.

Laura B.

Eugene, Oregon, 29. "Can't remember the first, late 90s, early 2000s? It was probably a regional affair. The last was the one in the Mount Hood area. Was that 2005?" (little young to be losing memory, no?) Known for: "Tree-sifting in Oregon. Biscuit fire campaign. Northwest Ecosystem Survey Team (NEST)." Wildest memory: "Getting arrested twice in three days at the Biscuit fire campaign trying to protect the Fiddler Timber Sale area. The second time, they weren't as keen to let me out of jail." Lately: "Law school. Finishing up my last year, then I'm going after the federal land management and wildlife management agencies in their own courts of law." To the youth: "Keep on fighting, but don't get stuck in a rut. Be creative in your tactics. Some of our most successful work came from someone's random idea, thinking out of the box. Like, 'Hey, I know, why don't we try conducting our own surveys for red tree voles?'" Coming to a Rondy again? "If the Rondy and myself are in the same area at the same time, I would love to. People will probably judge me for being all old and normal, though."

Dave Foreman

Lives in New Mexico, co-founded Earth First! and the *Journal*. Left the movement in 1990 to found *Wild Earth*, a magazine which has since folded, and The Rewilding Institute, which, among legitimate wildlands advocacy, also advocates for bringing elephants, lions and camels back to North America (yes, really). Foreman is, sadly, also now a leading voice in Apply The Brakes, a newly formed anti-immigrant coalition under the white supremacist network of John Tanton. He did not respond to us.



Slugthang

The following are excerpts from a poem sent by "Sluggo" in response to our Old Guard questionnaire:

Now I was a radical once
I ran with the forest loving crew
To demos downtown Portland we would go
Region 6 Forest Service bureau

Logs exports, spotted owl, denied native rights
Had us uptight
so it was
Consensus meetings all day
And parties every night

We had a group house
phone ringing with eco emergency calls
A few of us puked red white and blue at shopping malls
Undercover agents where knocking at our door
We fed the homeless from the dumpster store

We drove to Actions and Rendezvous
For this we had a ravenous thirst
We started to call ourselves I-5 Earth First!

There was drama, more than we could possibly use
We watched ourselves eagerly on the evening news

...
We spawned a culture of music
Wild music the best kind
We howled at the moon
Round campfires that burned out too soon

I watched successful comrades
form non-profits groups sustaining
I taught many workshops on non-violence training

...
And as the years drug on, the banner was passed on
Strangers' voices began the angry shout
As the years drug on my friends one by one began to burn out

For the movement mutated and is unforgiving
The movement is not friendly to making a living

And the "more radical" started to burn things down
Which in turn made things more difficult all over town
So began much consternation
That tactic I always considered a lack of imagination

So now every day
I work for change in subtler ways
Now every day i focus on proactive and kind
I engage others as a way to change their minds

But the greenfire still burns bright
And sometimes i can still hear the howling in the night

Ah, the work is endless and of constant variety
Earth lovers stay alert! Ain't nothing wrong with sobriety

30 Pearls of Wisdom

Part II

By MICK

Someday you may find yourself in a strange wild place far from your forest, and everyone in your camp is younger than your kids. If you're lucky, they won't roll you for your jar of moon. If you're really lucky, they'll put up with your unsought pearls of wisdom that dribble out around the fire between sips. And if the gods then laugh at you, your ego gets played by some nice young journalista, and now you have to actually produce something—like 30 or so bits of mollusk excretia that decades with the Earth First! mob has bestowed. I'm screwed. If you live long enough, this may happen to you.

Camp Etticket

16) If you can carry a tune, learn a few songs. If not, memorize a good poem and break that out for us at the next fire. Then you can get pissed at those noisy asshole drunks with the rest of the artists.

17) Dogs. You know.

Issues Vehicular

18) Before launching your covert op, make sure your turn signals, lights, etc. are all in working order. Duhh!

19) If you are in deer country, get a deer whistle for your bumper. Its cheap, the deer and your bunny-huggin friends will be thankful, and you'll look like someone who knows their way around. And the irony of your stout direct action ass getting taken out by Bambi; you'll just want to avoid that.

20) Do not pick up souvenirs from the logging site, put them in the back seat of your stuffed-with-dready-first!ers vehicle, have a flat, and have the first vehicle to render assistance be from the opposing team. We won't get tired of that story for a while.

21) If you don't have a vehicle of your own, make sure you have the permission of the person who owns the vehicle you are borrowing, or at least...

22) Don't "borrow" the vehicle of someone who currently hates your dysfunctional junkie ass, and at least...

23) Make sure when you bring back the vehicle you "borrowed" from the person who currently hates your dysfunctional junkie ass, you put it back where you got it, so no one goes down to the local cop shop to ask stupid questions.

Hot Topics

24) Don't test your flammable accelerants in a pan in the brambles next to your residence, or at least...

25) Make sure you have a fire extinguisher or at least a hose hooked up and running nearby so the local fire department doesn't get deployed to address the suspicious three-fourths acre brushfire they find your dumb ass dancing around in. Another story that doesn't get old.

Basic Stuff

26) Memorize the phrase, "I am not resisting."

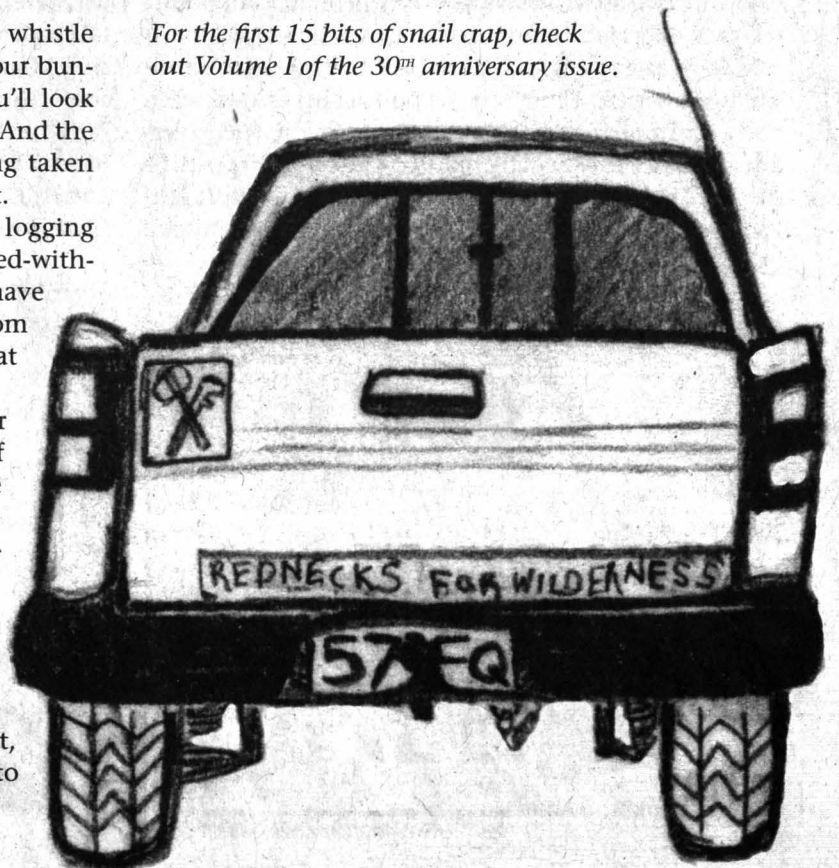
27) Don't be a junkie or a tweek. Don't work with same.

28) It really is about the sex. Study after study confirms that it is the best you will ever have. Don't cry now.

29) Watch the movies *Clearcut* and *Carnosaur*. With friends. You will be a better activist for it.

30) Dedicate as much of your energy and passion to the upkeep and maintenance of your friends as you do to the thwarting and frustration of your enemies. While the latter are never in short supply, a good friend is impossible to replace.

For the first 15 bits of snail crap, check out Volume I of the 30th anniversary issue.



In Memory of Mark Blecher, Judy Bonds

Mark Blecher, Australian Forest Activist

BY COL GIBSON

Mark Blecher has been praised for his contribution to the conservation cause in the South East Forests over many difficult years, as a local stalwart of the Towamba Valley Catchment Protection Association, a regional representative of the South East Forest Alliance, and sometime president of the South East Conservation Council. It is less well known that he was also one of a number of Towamba Valley local residents who participated in the early actions in defense of the South East Forests of New South Wales in 1989.

Mark was the designer of a particularly ingenious device: a cylindrical locking steel canister with five openings at the top, used to block gates in the Coolangubra forest. Police had to toil with crowbars and mattocks to dig the contraptions out.

Ian Cohen mentions these in his book *Green Fire*, noting that they were nicknamed "Wog Wogs" (after a local landmark). But we did have another name for them before this—Blecher Devices. Mark, however, was a little uncomfortable with this name given the profile he had in the broader community. Neither of these names stuck, however, and today a device such as this might be referred to as a *sleeping dragon*.

Mark also made durable platforms that served us well in Coolangubra, as well as Wog Way where they supported relays of sitters for thirteen months.

Mark was good natured and level headed. In standing up to ranks of duplicitous politicians and bureaucrats, despite set backs at every turn, his perseverance always testified to his dedication and positive disposition. Sadly, Mark lost his long battle with leukaemia in March 2010. He is remembered with love by his family, friends and fellow campaigners.

Colin Gibson was blockader and tree sitter in Australia during the '80s at the Franklin, Daintree and South East Forests.



PICTURE BY GRAHAM PRITCHARD

Log truck stopped by "Blecher Devices" at Sheepstation Creek, March 1989.

These pages are a continuation of the Fallen Warriors section in Volume I of the 30th Anniversary.

Judy Bonds, A Voice of Appalachia

BY VERNON-HAL TOM

Julia Belle Thompson Bonds, executive director of Coal River Mountain Watch, passed from this life January 3, 2011. She was born August 27, 1952, in Birch Hollow of Packsville, West Virginia, one of many communities to be eliminated by Massey Energy's malignant coal operations in Appalachia.

Known as Judy to her friends, she joined Coal River Mountain Watch to fight the mountaintop removal and sludge dams threatening her family and community. In 2003, she won the Goldman Environmental Prize. With Earth First! Appalachian allies, Coal River Mountain Watch, and others, she created the Mountain Justice movement. In 2005, Judy was one of the first two people in decades to be arrested protesting Appalachian strip mining operations. In 2009, she was arrested again protesting Massey Energy's mountaintop removal and coal processing operations beside Marsh Fork Elementary School, at a rally where she was violently attacked by a Massey supporter. Judy has appeared in several documentaries, such as *Black Diamonds*, *Mountain Top Removal*, *Burning the Future*, *Coal Country*, and *On Coal River*; books such as *Coal River*, *Plundering Appalachia*, *Crimes against Na-*



Judy at a Public Energy Authority meeting, 2007.

Fallen Warriors

and Walkin' Jim Stoltz

Many friends and family have passed on in our movement, but their spirit continues to live through our commitment to carry their struggles forward.

—EF! JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

ture, *Mountain Justice* and *Something's Rising*; and numerous magazines including *People*, *Newsweek*, *Vanity Fair*, *Utne Reader*, and *O*. In 2009, *Utne Reader* named her one of "50 Visionaries Who Are Changing Your World," along with such influential people as the Dalai Lama. The story of her passing was covered across the country, from the *Washington Post* to the *Los Angeles Times*.

During Judy's funeral, activist Reverend Jim Lewis quoted Frederick Douglass: "If there is no struggle there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet depreciate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters... Power concedes nothing without demand." Judy had a short version of this quote displayed in her home, and she constantly made that demand. She never compromised in defense of Mother Earth.

Videos, photos, and written accounts of Judy's inspirational life can be viewed at WWW.JUDYBONDSMEMORIAL.COM OR WWW.CRMW.NET.

Vernon Haltom is a friend of Judy Bonds and the current executive director of Coal River Mountain Watch.



"Prove you're a friend of coal: drink sludge."

Walkin' Jim Stoltz, Warrior Musician

BY PAUL RICHARDS

Legendary American Folksinger and Backcountry Traveler James "Walkin' Jim" Stoltz passed September 3, 2010, in Helena, Montana.

Stoltz, a veteran performer for 35 years, earned his nickname "Walkin' Jim," by hiking more than 27,000 miles through wild country in North America. Packing a guitar and penning extraordinary lyrics along the trails, Walkin' Jim's songs voiced enormous respect and appreciation for the Earth, its wild places, and the wild critters that he carefully studied and truly adored.

Walkin' Jim Stoltz was a co-author and dedicated proponent of the Northern Rockies Ecosystem Protection Act (NREPA) the "wildest bill on Capitol Hill," which, when enacted, will designate 24 million acres of our roadless public wildlands legacy in Montana, Idaho, northwestern Wyoming, eastern Washington, and eastern Oregon as Wilderness.

Stoltz had a successful kidney transplant, donated by John Giacalone, on March 16, 2004. In the fall of 2007, Walkin' Jim learned that he had cancer in his tonsil chords and lymph nodes of his neck. Jim underwent surgery, followed by chemotherapy and radiation treatments. The winter of 2007-2008 was a tough one, as expenses piled up and medical bills consumed most of Jim's financial resources.

In the summer of 2008, Walkin' Jim underwent his own prescribed "Wilderness Therapy" and walked 460 miles through the mountains of Idaho and Montana. In 2009, Jim walked an incredible 500-mile loop through the remote mountain ranges of eastern Nevada. In 2009 and early 2010, Walkin' Jim toured unwaveringly with his "Forever Wild" show (named after the song he wrote, which Peg Millett made famous around Earth First! campfires), combining live music, story-telling, and poetry with stunning slideshows to create a stirring celebration of the natural world.



Walkin' Jim playin' the git box



The God's Valley Spruce had a trunk diameter of 7.3 meters, photo taken in 1903

BY REX

Those two weeks at the end of September in 2001 were some of the finest North West, end-of-Summer days you could imagine. From the very top of the tree, a 150 foot tall giant western hemlock, I could just see the ocean—a thin strip of blue stretched along the horizon through the tops of the trees. This was a place called God's Valley on the northern Oregon coast, and we were fighting to protect this forest from the saw at a timber sale called the Acey Line Thin. The hemlock in which I had taken up residence we named Wisdom, and for half a month I had enjoyed the peaceful solitude of the dense, mossy forest from my perch so high above the forest floor. All that changed abruptly one morning before dawn when I was awoken by the loud blare of a bullhorn declaring that I had two hours to vacate the tree before the loggers would begin cutting. I told the police and other logging officials that I wasn't going anywhere and proceeded to call our friends and supporters to report that the loggers were here and were going to begin felling in a matter of hours regardless of what this could mean to our safety.

For the next couple of hours, the police repeatedly ordered me to come down. When they realized I wasn't coming down, they sent in the loggers. The saws roared to life and what seemed like very suddenly to me, the trees began falling down in great thunderous crashes. On the second morning, soon after the saws started, they were silenced and I heard from the tree tops nearby a voice yelling "Stop cutting!! I am up in this tree with no safety harness and I'm not coming down until the cutting stops!!" I recognized the voice as Tre's. I was totally surprised to hear his voice as I had assumed that nobody would be able to make it into the area being logged, and he had snuck in and free climbed a tree with no harness!

It soon became apparent that the loggers and the Oregon Department of Forestry had no regard for the safety of us in the trees as they resumed logging almost immediately after discovering Tre's presence. They literally cut every tree surrounding my platform, some of which falling within fifteen feet of me. They eventually sent a climber up the tree Tre was in and cut all the branches out from

ACTION

How to Hit the Ground...

under him as they threatened to cut the very branch he was clinging to. What this accomplished for them other than stranding him or how it was he was supposed to ever come down is still a mystery to me. Eventually, the climber came down, leaving Tre eighty feet above the ground with no branches below him. At night, the police had a giant flood light pointed up at me and they blared loud music all night long. I had it easy compared to Tre because I had a platform to lie on, a blanket to pull over my eyes and I even had a pair of earplugs to dull the loud music. As a result, I was able to sleep. Not so for Tre, who didn't even have a harness. For two whole days and two nights we experienced the constant harassment of the police and loggers as they continued to cut the area.

Late into the second night, I awoke to find that the forest around me was dark and quiet. For a moment, I thought that the police had left, but these hopes were dashed when I peered over the edge of the platform to see the parking lights of their vehicles on the road and I could see flashlights in the woods. The silence was broken when I suddenly heard the cops yelling up at Tre "Hey! Are you falling asleep up there? If we can't sleep, you can't sleep!" I was so angry at that moment and I remember thinking how much I just wanted them to leave him alone. Just as I was thinking that, I heard the loud snap of a branch breaking and a loud thud on the ground. I knew that he had fallen, the entire 80 feet with not a single branch to slow his descent. Before I could say anything the cops on the ground were scrambling yelling, "Oh shit!! He fell!! Call the ambulance!—is he dead?" Things were chaos with the cops running around on the ground and me trying to get information from them about Tre. Then, the ambulance came and he was gone. I didn't know what condition he was in or if he was even alive.

The mood of the police changed after that, and they became somber, almost remorseful. "Hey tree!" one cop called to me, "Let's just end this now, your friend just fell—we don't want anyone else to get hurt. Why not just come down now?" They informed me that Tre was alive and that he was "banged up badly", but that he was going to make it. I told the cops that I didn't feel comfortable repelling in the dark, but that in the morning I would most certainly come down. This reassured them and bought me some time since they then paid a bit less attention to me. I had decided that I was going to escape!

STORIES

... Running

I had to act quick, the dawn was fast approaching. They had already cut the trees in the unit, and they were just waiting to catch me at that point.

The flood light was on and shining up at me, which made being sneaky challenging, but I realized that the entire back side of the tree was completely dark. I quietly coiled the entire length of line that I had, and with my heart in my throat, began the descent down the shadowed side of the tree. I was able to sneak by until I reached the last branch, about twenty feet from the ground, one of the cops happened to glance in my direction and yelled, "Climber coming down!" Two cops started running for me, and at the same moment, with a rush of adrenalin and panic, I jumped off the branch, hit the ground, and was somehow able to disconnect myself from the line, all in a matter of seconds. They were literally ten feet from me saying "Don't run!" and I turned and did exactly that—as fast as I could.

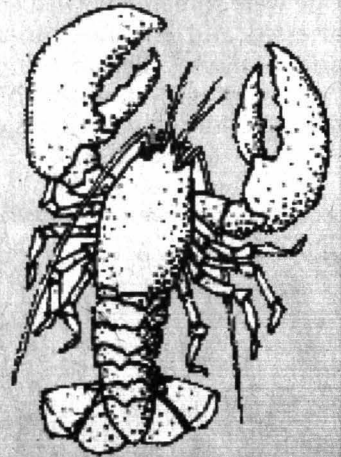
I ran for a long time before I finally collapsed on the forest floor. I had no idea where I was, but I figured if I just walked long enough in any direction I'd eventually find a road. Somehow, completely unplanned by me, I ended up at a friend of the campaign's house. Exhausted and weary, I trudged into the driveway just as our friend, Brett, came out of the house. He saw me, cast a paranoid look over his shoulder, and hurried me to the barn. "They've been looking for you all day and they have our house staked out. We've been listening to them talk on the scanner all day, they expect you to show up here," he said. He went to the house and brought out a shaver and some clean clothes. I quickly shaved my long beard, cut my hair, changed my clothes, and got in a car headed back to Portland. About a mile down the highway from the house, there was a police checkpoint. I was in the front seat and the cop pulling us over looked directly at me. "We're looking for someone," he said. My heart was beating so loud I was sure the cop would be able to hear it. The moment lasted a lifetime but eventually his gaze shifted past me, into the backseat, then he nodded and waved us through. I was back in Portland that afternoon and went to the hospital to check on Tre. He suffered many broken bones, a concussion, and a punctured lung, but he was going to be all right.



Guts to the Governors!

In 1997, Delyla Wilson gained fame after she dumped a five-gallon bucket of rotting bison innards on a panel of senior government officials responsible for the slaughter, including Marc Racicot, the Governor of Montana and Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman. News of Wilson's action was broadcast across the country and helped bring the killing of more than 1,000 buffalo to the attention of millions of Americans.

The post-Rondy action in Maine 2004 was composed of several self-organized affinity groups and a couple dozen active supporters. Participants first erected a tripod in Governor Baldacci's driveway, this was followed by an anonymous crew of righteous vandals known as the Lobster Liberation Front, who proceeded to dump a couple hundred pounds of rotting lobster guts (donated from coastal communities impacted by the proposed LNG facility). Before long a dirty horde—ripe from a week of rustic camping—swelled in over the fences and up the driveway and commenced an EF! family reunion picnic...

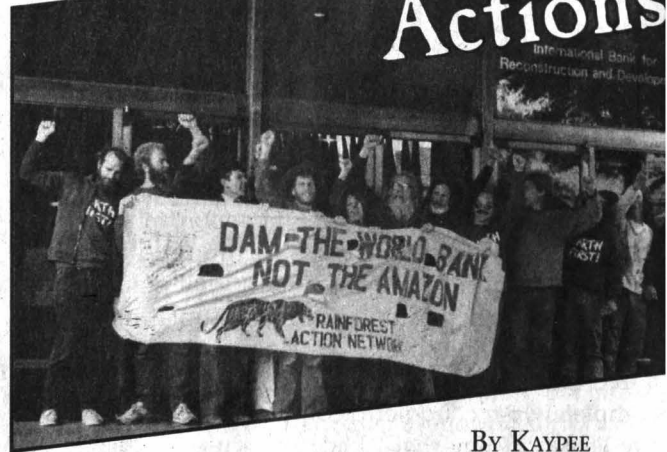


The lobster story is excerpted from EF!J, Mabon 2004; the full "Blood and Guts in Montana" story can be found in Beltane 1997. Contact the EF!J Collective to purchase back issues..

Karen Pickett has been around EF! since the '80s, and has contributed her tireless efforts to pivotal projects, including decades of resistance for the Redwoods. We caught up with her to ask her about some of her favorite actions of all time. Here are a few, in no particular order:



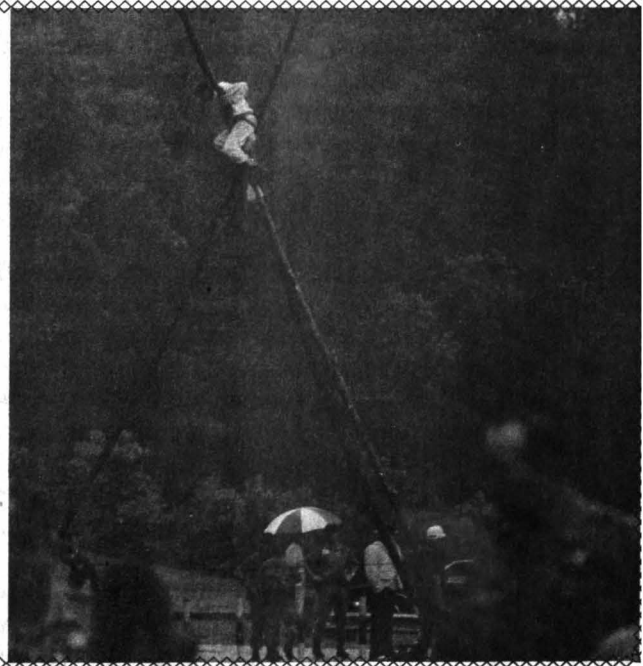
KP's Favorite Actions



BY KAYPEE

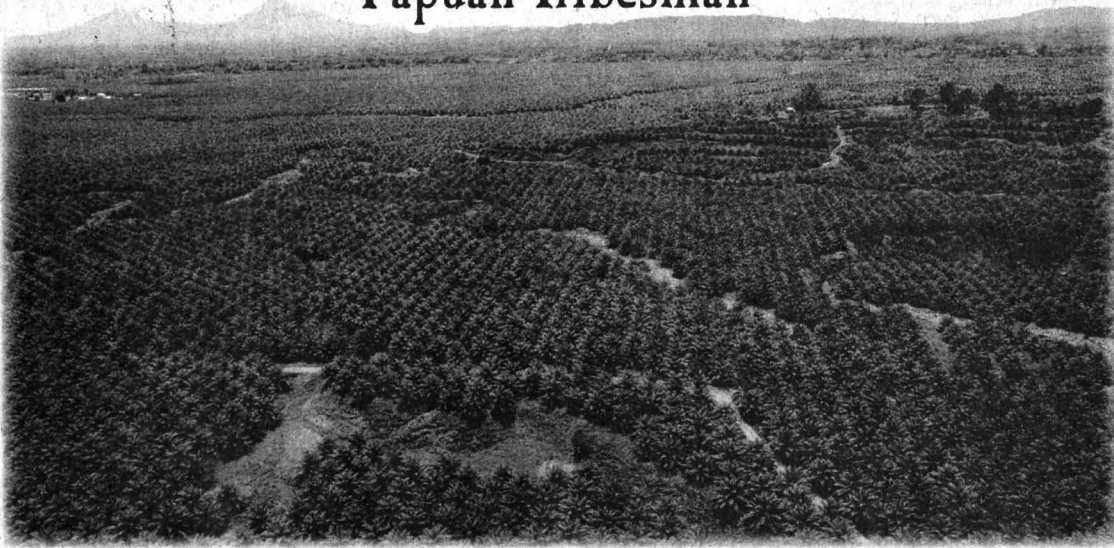
(Above) Another early action long before all the big World Bank protests: In 1987, we blockaded the doors of the World Bank meeting in Washington DC. But the action that got the press coverage was the day before when a couple of us spontaneously hung a banner on the Lincoln Memorial. The tourists loved it.

The 1994 post-Katuah RRR action at TVA's Watts Bar Nuke plant was one of my favorites because it was so frigging raucous. We had people locked into concrete-filled barrels, a tripod, and people swarming all over the massive property, with traffic coming into the plant at dawn backed up for miles. We were about 150 strong, with 56 people arrested and the jail and court drama and antics went on for days in the tiny Tennessee town where John Scopes's "Monkey Trials" challenging the teaching of evolution in the schools took place in 1925. The aspect in itself spawned a new Cherney-written song, "Monkey Town". Earth First!ers meeting over breakfast in a local cafe were threatened with charges of inciting a riot, I was arrested and managed un-arrest twice, and one of the angry jailers yelled at the jailed arrestees at one point: "Know what EF stands for? Ignorant fuckers!" The whole circus yielding bucketloads of media coverage.



Our Cars Last! action makes my list of favorites just because no one else was going to say it—except EF!. In 1989, after the Loma Prieta earthquake, the Bay Bridge was closed for months while repairs to the very broken bridge were done. When it re-opened, they first let people walk and bike across the bridge. We sent out a press release and staged a march calling for the bridge to be closed permanently to vehicular traffic and remain a bike and pedestrian thoroughfare, marching under the banner of our new organization, Cars Last! We also had a canoe in the water with a banner.

From: **Leave Us Alone** a Letter from a West Papuan Tribesman



A palm oil plantation owned by the Cargill corporation replaces what was once a dense and biodiverse forest in Papua New Guinea.

Agriculture and industrial revolution are all about destruction and power control. Do not forget that people in the Western world are actually suffering a lot. As a simple example, there is no land where people can build their huts. There is no place where people can go, gather and enjoy their life. There is no place where people can grow their own food. There is no place where people can pick what they can eat, such as cassava leaves and "ndimbar" leaves in the jungle as we can in West Papua. There is nobody that can find something to eat in the modern community; they must buy it. Everything is well controlled. Control is in the hands of those with money. The rich people control money. The rich people are those who do not care about the people and our environment.

Above all, we all need to agree that corporations are the kings of the world powers. Corporations govern the world in absolute authority. The religious organizations, the governments, and the Non-Governmental Organizations are all dependent on the corporations. There is no way to escape from the corporations in the modern world. The only way is by refusing modern life.

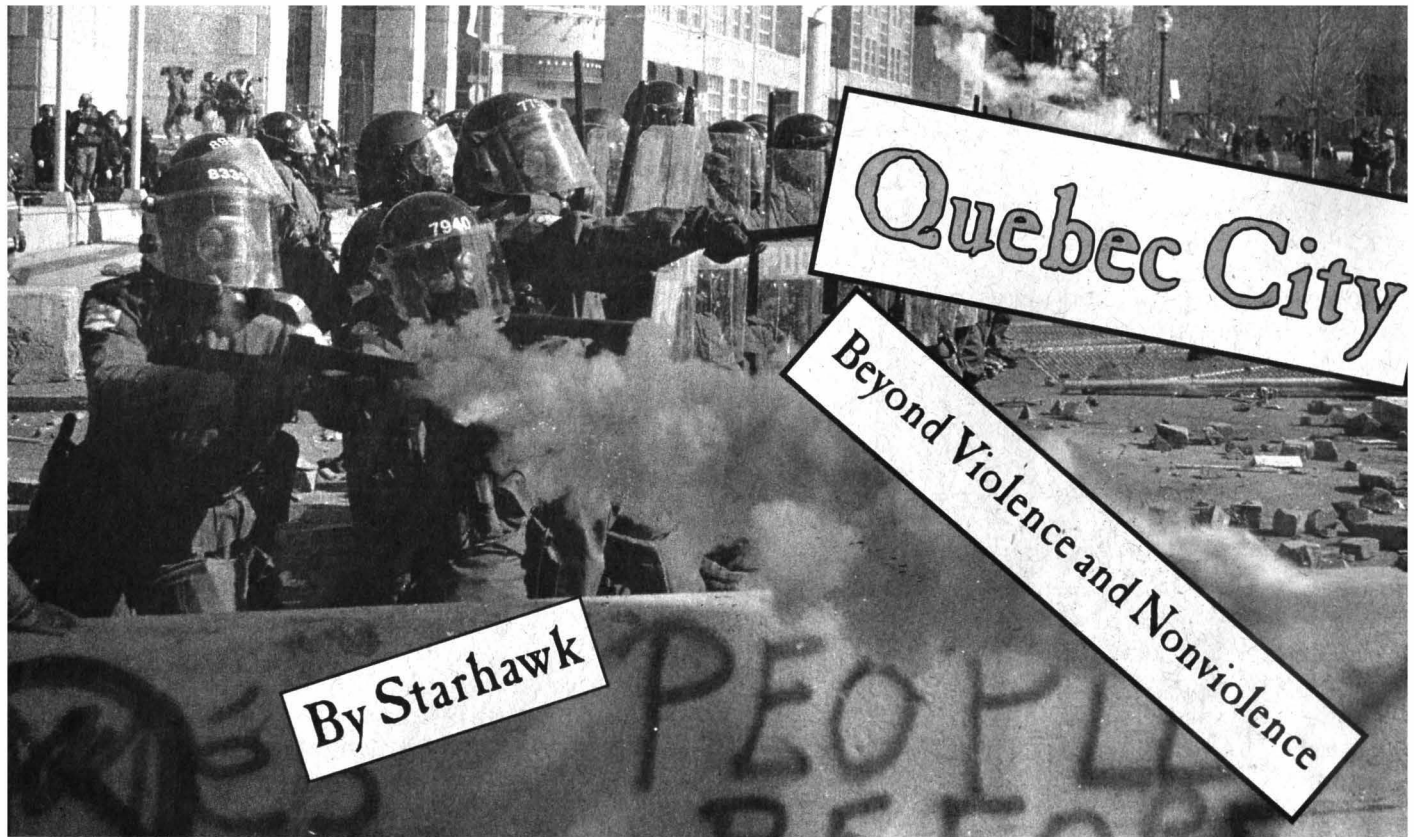
All aspects of life on this Earth are concentrated and centralized into money. Money is the evil, and the god of modern community.

Iam not surprised if people in the West refuse the World Trade Organization and Genetically Modified crops.

At the end of the day, multinational corporations will control everything, even the genes of human beings. They will be able to manipulate the genes of human beings as they want. Most probably what they want are humans who are hard working and very loyal to the bosses. Most probably they will not have a critical way of thinking. I have seen that this already exists in Britain. People do not care about what is going on in the surrounding villages. They do not care about what is the meaning of life. So much time and energy is spent for their own personal problems. Capitalists deliberately create and allow as many personal problems as possible. These make the people concentrate more on their personal problems rather than dealing with global problems. This worries me a lot.

This raises the question: when can we globalize our struggle against capitalism and environmental destruction?"

For more information on this letter visit Solidarity South Pacific at ECO-ACTION.ORG/SSP



The EF! Journal editorial collective chose to reprint this piece by eco-feminist pagan activist Starhawk in our 30th anniversary to serve both as a reflection on the anti-globalization mobilizations that Earth First! has been an instrumental part of and a reminder of the ongoing discourse surrounding diverse, and often controversial, tactics. This debate is an ever-present part of our actions, both in the streets and in the backwoods. In light of a recent suggestion by longtime scholar of the EF! movement, Rik Scarce, to abandon the monkeywrench in favor of mass mobilization, we felt Starhawk illustrated eloquently that this is not an either/or situation. For further readings on the subject, check out the collection recently posted in the 'articles' sections of the EF! newsire.

I had a hard time coming back from Quebec City. I know because, almost two months later, I still have the map in my backpack. In part it was exhaustion, tear gas residue, and the sense of having been through a battle in a war most of my neighbors are totally unaware of. But deeper than that is my sense that something was unleashed in that battle that can't be put back, that underlying the chaos, the confusion, the real differences among us and the danger we were in, was something so tender, exuberant and wild that I don't want to let it go, something that smells and tastes and feels like the world I'm fighting for.

How we achieved this sense of sweet unity on the street is a mystery to me. In the lead-up to the action it often seemed that every single group involved was either actively disagreeing with some other group or ignoring their existence. The conflicts were mostly around issues

of tactics, in particular the question of nonviolence. Quebec City was the first time since Seattle that a major anti-globalization direct action in North America was organized by groups that were committed to a "diversity of tactics" rather than to an explicit set of nonviolence guidelines.

I admit that I came into the preparations for the action uneasy about the concept of "diversity of tactics." I'm fifty years old: I've been an anarchist and an activist since I was in high school back in the streetfighting days of the sixties. I've also been an advocate for nonviolence for many, many years, in part because of what I experienced in the sixties and seventies, when mostly male dominated militant groups moved to clandestine actions, sectarianism and armed struggle that left their base of support far behind. I experienced the non-violent direct action groups of the eighties, with their commitment to feminist process and nonhierarchical structure, as far more empowering, effective, and liberating. My fear about "diversity of tactics" was that it would open a space for people to do things that I thought were stupid and wrong. That, in fact, proved to be partly true—at least, people did do things I would never have agreed to. But what surprised me is that it didn't seem to matter in the way I thought it would.

I thought people would only come to a mass action if it had clear nonviolence guidelines, but people came to Quebec City anyway. I thought high levels of confrontation would lose us popular support, but we had the strongest support ever from the local people, many of whom joined us or opened their homes to give us water, food, and access to toilets. I thought people new to

direct action would be terrified by the level of conflict we experienced. But our cluster included many people who had never been to an action before. The first day, yes, some were terrified. By the second day, more were ready to go to the wall. By the third day, they were demanding better gas masks for the next one.

There is an ethic and a strategy about nonviolence that's clear and easy to understand: that violence begets violence, that if we resort to violence we become what we're fighting against, that a nonviolent movement will win us more popular support, gain us legitimacy, heighten the contrasts between our movement and what we oppose, and perhaps even win over our opponents. That's a powerful and persuasive set of values, that I've held to for many years. But they're not the only values I sympathize with. Some advocates of nonviolence assume the high moral ground in any argument, and to see those who disagree with them as unethical. In Quebec City, "diversity of tactics" meant respecting that those who employ other tactics do so not out of a lack of principles, but out of their own politics and values.

High-confrontational struggle has its own principles: that a high level of confrontation is appropriate in the situations we now face; that people have the right and responsibility to defend themselves against police violence; that many people are already angry and mostly not saintly and a political movement needs room to express that rage; that active self-defense can be empowering and may also win people to our cause; that to bring down an economic and political system that worships property, property must be attacked.

And there is also an ethic behind "diversity of tactics" that the phrase itself does not convey—that people should be free to make their own choices, that a nonauthoritarian movement doesn't tell people what to do, and that we should stand in solidarity

even with people whose choices we disagree with.

I can't do justice to any of the positions in a few sentences, and they by no means represent all of the debates in the movement, especially when it moves beyond North America with our particular political cultures and histories. But I think it's worth the trouble to try and articulate what they are. The debates have continued since Quebec. Some people are now hailing "diversity of tactics" as the new watchword while others call us to get back to Gandhian nonviolence.

My sense is that many people coming to Quebec wanted something that was not fully described either by "nonviolence" as it has come to be practiced, nor by "diversity of tactics". I'm talking about people who know there is no set-in-stone definition of what constitutes violence, or right and wrong, who want an action that's real, not just symbolic, but don't equate that with throwing rocks at fully armed riot cops. Who understand that an effective action means we're going to face a higher level of confrontation and repression, but who would rather deescalate police violence than heighten it, given a choice. Who wanted to see the fence go down and cheered when tear gas canisters were thrown back toward the police lines, but who also know that we're in danger whenever we dehumanize another group of people, even cops. Who don't necessarily want to sing "We are a gentle angry people" and hand out flowers to the dear policemen, but who do want to remember that under the Darth Vader outfits the cops are human beings who are capable of changing and whose class interests are actually with us rather than with our opposition. And who believe that however the cops might be behaving in the moment, setting them or any human being on fire is wrong. People who are willing to risk arrest or injury when necessary, but who would rather succeed in an action and get away with it than go to jail or be martyred. Who don't see suffering as transformative, but are willing to suffer if that's what it takes to change this system. Who will act in solidarity with others



they may not agree with rather than leave them to suffer alone. Who want to take actions that are powerful, visionary, creative, and empowering. And there were many moments, interludes, clusters of such actions in Quebec City, from the breaching of the wall to our River Cluster spiral dancing in the midst of the tear gas.

I'm not suggesting some middle ground between the Gandhians and the Black Bloc. I'm saying that we're moving onto unmapped territory, creating a politics that has not yet been defined. And to do so, it might be time to leave Martin and Malcolm arguing around the dinner table with each other and Emma, Karl, Leon and all the rest, and step out into the clean night air. The debate around "violence" and "nonviolence" may itself be constricting our thinking. The term "nonviolence" itself doesn't work well from a magical point of view. Every beginning Witch learns that you can't cast a spell for what you don't want—that the deep aspects of our minds are unclear on the concept of "no." If you tell your dog, "Rover, I can't take you for a walk," Rover hears "Walk!" and runs for the door. If we say "nonviolence" we are still thinking in terms of violence.

I'm old enough to have seen a lot of revolutions fail or go wrong. In fact, for someone of my generation to even dare the word "revolution" is like someone who has been really badly hurt in an affair daring to risk love again. I'm willing to take that risk—the risks of being let down, disillusioned, betrayed, and maligned as well as the ongoing risks of being jailed, gassed, beaten, thrown around and generally stomped on the street—but not merely to change who holds power in this system. I want a revolution that changes the very nature of how power is structured and perceived, that challenges all systems of domination and control, that nurtures the empowerment of individuals and the collective power we can wield when we act together in solidarity. As an anonymous writer on the Crimethink website put it, "The revolution isn't some far-off single moment...it's a process going on all the time, everywhere, wherever there is a struggle between hierarchical power and human freedom."

I don't yet have a catchy name for this approach to political struggle. For lack of anything better, I've been calling it "empowered direct action." And it's already evolving in our movement.

The goal of an empowered direct action is to make people believe that a better world is possible, that they can do something to bring it about, and that we are worthy companions in that struggle. And then to bring to life that world in the struggle itself, to be the revolution, to embody and prefigure what we want to create. Empowered direct action doesn't simply reject or restrict certain tactics: it actively and creatively searches for actions that

prefigure and embody the world we want to create. It uses symbols skillfully but is more than symbolic: it gets in the way of the operations of oppression and poses confrontational alternatives. Empowered direct action means embracing our radical imagination and claiming the space we need to enact our visions: it's magic defined as "the art of changing consciousness at will." It challenges the structure of power itself and resists all forms of domination and all systems of control. It undermines the legitimacy of the institutions of control by embodying freedom, direct democracy, solidarity, and respect for diversity in our organizations and our actions. And it starts with clarity of intention before we get around to diversity of tactics. That is, before we decide what tactics to adopt, we need to know what we're trying to do.

What we're trying to do:

Make people believe that a better world is possible, that they can do something to bring it about, and that we're the fun sort of folks they want to do it with. Build the movement.

We'd start not with debates about tactics but with clarifying our intention. What would victory look like? Is it the political gains we make, the delegitimizing of the institutions?

Undermine the legitimacy of the institutions of global corporate capitalism. Expose their hypocrisies and lies. Make visible the violence inherent in their structures and policies. Interfere with

their ability to function. Link the global issues to local issues and strengthen and support local organizing. Pose alternatives that are creative, attractive and sane. Heighten the contrast between our vision and theirs.

Claim space outside the logo-ized, corporatized, media-colonized realm—whether that's Reclaim the Streets taking back public space, Witches creating ritual space in the midst of a battle, the Zapatistas establishing enclaves in Chiapas, forest defenders staking a claim to an old growth forest, Ya Basta! pushing through police lines without attacking, the MST in Brazil resettling families on unused land, protestors pushing down the wall in Quebec City, adbusters, billboard alterations, banner drops, or the thousands of other creative ways we find to do it.

Encourage defections from the ranks, both from within the corporate institutions and the ranks of those who are drafted to do their dirty work, like the police and the military who are acting against their own class interests when they repress us.

Create the alternative society. Live the revolution. Build the support networks we need as a movement, and in local communities, both to wage this struggle and to begin exploring just and sustainable ways to feed, house, cloth, shelter, care for and employ ourselves.

What empowered direct action might look like:

We'd start not with debates about tactics but with clarifying our intention. What would victory look like?

Is it the political gains we make, the delegitimizing of the institutions? Or is it actually shutting the meeting down, or disrupting it? How important is a tactical victory to the political victory? Is there a possibility of inspiring dissension in the ranks of our opposition? (Dissent within the military was a huge factor in ending the Vietnam War, for example). Are there ways we can embody an alternative in the moment of protest itself? How do we make the action have real, not just symbolic, impact?

In those initial discussions, we'd look for dialogue among as wide a spectrum of groups as possible, with no single organization or group preempting the turf. We'd actively seek a diversity of race, class, and gender as well as diversity of political philosophies. We'd understand that no one group or tactic gets to own or define the movement, and that there are times when we want to organize together, and need to compromise and negotiate, and other times we might want to organize in parallel but separate structures.

We'd encourage the formation of clusters or blocs as well as affinity groups. (I prefer "cluster" as "bloc" sounds more fixed and static). Clusters—groups of affinity groups—might develop their own unique goals and tactics within the framework of the action, focusing on a specific issue, target, or style of action. For example, in Quebec City the Medieval Bloc brought the catapult. Our cluster became a Living River to focus attention on water issues, practice fluid and mobile street tactics, and bring the Cochabamba Declaration to the action.

We'd encourage the development of a spectrum of targets, tactics and strategies that encompass many levels of risk. Mobile street tactics as well as blockades. Art, music, dance, puppets, ritual, street theater, processions, parades, all the things we already do as well as things we haven't thought of yet. Diversions and surprises. Humor. Doing the unexpected. Never being boring, tedious or stereotyped. We'd do our best to orchestrate our different approaches, to negotiate time, space and targets, to make them most effective.

We'd also understand that the more confrontational the tactics, the more clear the message needs to be, and the more we need to be sure we have a base of support for the tactics we employ.

We'd accept that we can't necessarily make our actions safe. We don't control the police, and their response has escalated even for clearly nonviolent actions when they are more than symbolic. But people can face danger if they have preparation and support, and choices we make in an action can increase or decrease the risks in the

moment. We'd provide trainings and preparations that teach a spectrum of responses to crisis situations, prepare groups and clusters to act together, spread effective street tactics, prepare people for jail and for solidarity actions, and teach de-escalation as a tool and an option, not a moral imperative. We'd encourage the formation of affinity groups, and also develop many other forms of support.

We'd set up ongoing networks of support for those who end up in jail, fighting legal battles for those who get hurt, physically or emotionally, in actions.

Instead of decreeing a set of guidelines telling people what not to do, clusters and groups would state their intentions for what they do want. For example:

"We will carry out this action in a manner that prefigures the world we want to create, and act in the service of what we love."

"We will use means consistent with our ends."

"We will act with respect for this community, for its homes and enterprises, and in a way that encourages all to join us."

"We hold open the possibility that those who are currently our opponents may change their allegiance and join us."

"We will protect and care for each other in this action, and act in solidarity even with those whose choices differ from ours."

Or, as Scott Weinstein, one of the medics in Quebec, suggests: "We will creatively target the agents of repression and capitalism and ensure our tactics do not endanger our sister and brother activists. We will attempt to defend our spaces such as the convergence center and the neighborhood from any police take-over or trashing. We are warriors for global justice and our greatest weapon is our solidarity for each other and the planet. Therefore this action is not over until each of us is safely out of jail, (and the planet is liberated)."

In many ways, Quebec City embodied these ideas. But what didn't quite happen in Quebec City is what many of us dreamed of—masses of people swarming the fence, taking it down in so many places at once that it couldn't be effectively defended, flooding the area around the Congress Center and utterly stopping the meeting. What is so tantalizing about the action, in retrospect, is the sense that it could have happened—that with only a little more coordination, a little more trust, a little less fear on everyone's part, we could have done it.

And we will.

In solidarity and long term commitment to a world of liberty and justice for all, Starhawk.





Ape Crusaders

Grassroots NGO Works to Save Kalimantan's Orangutans and Forests

Photo courtesy of www.orangutan.org

BY MELANIE JAE MARTIN

When I first spoke with Hardi Baktiantoro, director of the Center for Orangutan Protection (COP) he'd just rescued a baby orangutan whose mother had been killed with a machete near the city of Samarinda, Indonesian Borneo. The baby had a machete wound in the back and was missing three fingers. Tragically, Hardi encounters this situation regularly in his daily work. Though the baby orangutans may survive, they can't learn to live in the wild without their mothers, and the rehabilitation centers overflow with orangutans already. As the palm oil plantations claim their native forest, orangutan populations dwindle and these unfortunate individuals face life behind bars for crimes they didn't commit. But COP and other local NGOs believe that with the help of local people—along with wide-scale surveillance and awareness campaigns—they can still protect orangutans and their rich rainforest habitat.

COP patrols their habitat to find and stop forest crimes like illegal logging and encroaching on protected areas with palm oil plantations. Kalimantan (Indonesian Borneo) has some of the most diverse habitat in the world, and its lush rainforests are a vital source of oxygen for our planet. But lax regulations, and rampant corruption on the provincial and local level, allow companies and individuals to profit from degradation of the habitat of orangutans and countless other species. This corruption has been widely recognized by the international community in high-profile discussions on the Reducing Emissions from Deforestation and Degradation (REDD) carbon-trading program, which aims to protect important ecosystems in developing countries with support from the global community. Even the head of the State Ministry for the Environment has strongly criticized the Ministry of Forestry's management of the environment, as a 2009 *Jakarta Globe* article by Fidelis E Satriastanti shows.

As a result, orangutans have become endangered in Kalimantan and critically endangered in Sumatra,

the only two places in the world where they live. And orangutans are a keystone species, meaning that when their numbers drop, the whole ecosystem is in trouble. Countless species share their habitat, and orangutans plant many of the fruiting trees they depend on.

In 2011, a moratorium on logging will allegedly halt new concessions on peatland (a crucial carbon sink) and natural forests for two years. But many conservationists are concerned that even then the forests won't be safe, with the moratorium meaning little in light of rampant corruption and vast forest and peatland concessions waiting to be used. "Unfortunately the government puts economic development before the environment," says Hardi. The government has also been said to undermine its own professed conservation efforts. As a recent *Tempo* article says, COP's investigations have revealed the presence of natural forests that were unrecognized on government maps.

As their forests dwindle, orangutans sometimes enter plantations to look for food, leading to encounters with humans. People sometimes kill them out of fear, or kill a mother to sell the baby. Sometimes plantation owners place a bounty on the orangutans, prompting low-paid workers to kill them. But palm oil is the real threat to orangutan populations, and the reason poachers have access to them.

While working with Lone Droscher-Neilson at her Orangutan Island rehabilitation center, featured in the popular series *Orangutan Island*, Hardi realized he wanted to address the root cause of the problem. And so he formed his own NGO, investigating illegal and government-sanctioned destruction of the rainforest and saving orangutans like the wounded baby he found. With an SUV christened the Ape Crusader, he and his dedicated staff travel throughout rural Kalimantan documenting forest degradation and making sure the government knows about it. They have tried meeting with government officials, Hardi says, but made little progress that way within the culture of corruption. "Very rare as we know that it is useless in many ways," he says of these visits. "We need the harder ways to make them aware."

When the government doesn't listen, they hold protests. They've been known to dress as orangutans and roam through prominent parts of Jakarta to get their message out—or even, in February 2010, as “avatars.”

COP has gained a reputation as a rebel even amongst other NGOs. Hardi doesn't hold back when he has something to say. He has claimed that some NGOs, especially the larger ones, compromise too easily with destructive companies. Because Hardi has also spoken out strongly against palm oil companies, he received threats several years ago and had to hide his family, he says. Someone also hacked into the COP website once in retribution, he adds. But Hardi continues to speak out against the injustice he sees every day.

One might picture Hardi as a gruff, abrasive character, but he has a personable, mild-mannered style and a ready laugh—at least, until he starts expounding on environmental issues. “I do not want to look over any other group. I just do what I should do,” he says modestly, when asked if his NGO is the most radical in Borneo.

As a recent Mongabay article discusses, Hardi believes in empowering local people to protect their forests. He estimates that COP has saved about 45,000 hectares of forest in this way. Local communities' rights have been overlooked in many cases, with companies claiming the villagers don't own the land because they have no proof of ownership, as the 2008 report “Losing Ground: The Human Rights Impacts of Oil Palm Expansion in Indonesia,” by Friends of the Earth et al, documents. Meanwhile, in numerous cases companies have made big promises of financial assistance, but left villagers with nothing but hectares of degraded land. Too often the government takes the side of big companies that violate the rights of locals while polluting their water with harsh chemicals.

Corporations have tended to intimidate many of the people of Kalimantan. Even when villagers know a company will destroy their way of life—and livelihood—they may not assert their rights, says Mohammad Ali Daut, COP's orangutan habitat campaigner. The villagers know the local officials often side with the corporations, refusing to recognize local people's land rights. But COP reaches out to show them they do have rights, and to focus public attention on the issue.

Problems have sometimes arisen when companies claimed no one owned the land, though indigenous people had been living there for generations. Another problem arises when people split into two factions: those in favor of the company's presence in their village, and those against it, says Daut. Palm oil companies have sometimes made deals with the pro-company faction even if it held no legal power to sign away its land. They've also become notorious for making false promises, often giving villages nothing.

Villagers have always listened to what COP has to say, though, Daut continues. COP's policy of working with all-Indonesian staff and volunteers shows locals that the grassroots organization understands where they're coming from. The staff have a strong understanding of local culture, economy, and political climate. Of course, speaking the same language fluently also helps.

Further, COP doesn't come in spewing doomsday predictions. It empowers people by reinforcing the

COP doesn't come in spewing doomsday predictions. It empowers people by reinforcing the beauty of their current sustainable way of living, and engaging them in fun educational activities.

beauty of their current sustainable way of living, and engaging them in fun educational activities. The staff members particularly focus on the children because, says Daut, “if you can make children happy you will win their parents' hearts, and so the whole people in the village will support you.”

To reach the children—and the adults—COP's staff hold school visits and film screenings to teach them about rainforest life (and how it can so quickly be destroyed). They might even create a new film about the lives of the children in that village, reinforcing the idea that each person plays a crucial role in maintaining a sustainable way of life, says Daut. They also hold English classes for the children, showing the people that they care about them as well as the forest. And the children want to learn. “When I announce the program one day in advance, children from the neighboring villages will come,” Daut says in the *Tempo* article. COP teaches children English and educates them about environmental issues so they can make more empowered, sustainable decisions about their land and community in the future. It's not a matter of fighting for people or the forest—their needs are one and the same.

When everyone joins together and refuses to give up their land, Daut says, no one can take it from them. Solidarity can be hard to reach, but once they have it, they're a formidable opponent against any company.

Hardi and his organization aren't against palm oil itself—but they believe efforts to make it more sustainable have largely been a greenwashing scheme. Hardi sees the Roundtable for Sustainable Palm Oil (RSPO) as a charade that lets companies and buyers appear to be using more sustainable practices. Companies can join the RSPO without becoming certified by the organization's standards. “Many NGOs gave up and collaborate with them. It is like green washing,” he says.



Photo courtesy: AFP

Environmental concern grew as people realized that helping the environment didn't mean giving up an income. With this self-empowering program, the village was the first in the Kayong Utara regency to successfully refuse to give up its land to a palm oil company, Pak Bastarin Kask noted at the meeting. It was also the first village in Kayong Utara to declare a managed forest (i.e., a sustainably used forest), members noted. Forty-seven other coops now exist in Kayong Utara alone.

The success of this coop shows that with a combination of enforced regulations and sustainable solutions, along with education, villages will often strive to preserve their environment. Logging is extremely hard work, and takes a great toll on people's bodies as well as their environment. Palm oil monocultures, the way they're usually grown, cannot keep producing fruit indefinitely and cause major problems like flooding. Moreover, when villagers work for companies, the companies sometimes refuse to pay them, as Andrew de Sousa of GPOCP says. When people realize they have options, they're often eager to seize them.

With the growing focus on how wealthier nations can help developing ones to conserve their environment through the REDD carbon-trading scheme, some conservationists have raised serious concerns that local communities are being overlooked. Grassroots NGOs like COP and GPOCP work to bring villagers' concerns to the forefront, believing that only wide-scale public support can save Kalimantan's environment. What truly helps the people, they've found, helps the forests, too. "Humans and orangutans share the same interests," Hardi has said. By empowering humans to live sustainably, these groups protect orangutans and the countless species that share their forests.

COP may be one of the most outspoken NGOs in Kalimantan, but Hardi and his team certainly aren't working alone. Groups like Gunung Palung Orangutan Conservation Program (GPOCP) work toward the same cause, even if they sometimes use different methods. GPOCP works in the area of Gunung Palung National Park in southwest Kalimantan, an area of phenomenal biodiversity in terms of ecosystems as well as species. The mostly-Indonesian group assists villagers with development of sustainable livelihoods, so they can make a living without selling the health of their environment, and without depending heavily on rich outside nations. Many communities are working toward the same goal through village coops, sometimes with educational support provided by GPOCP. In Riam Berasap Jaya, Kayong Utara Regency, a village coop gathered together in the home of its leader, Pak Bastarin Kask. Members of GPOCP sat in a circle on the wooden floor with the coop members, friendly banter gradually giving way to serious discussion as everyone sipped hot tea and ate *pisan goreng*, fried bananas. Both the leader and the kepala desa, or village chief, volunteered that most of the village—including themselves—had been involved with illegal logging for years because they felt they had no alternative. But in June 2007, after regulations grew stricter (at least temporarily), they formed the coop to support each other in developing sustainable local industries like bamboo furniture making. The microfinancing operation runs like a bank, accepting deposits and lending funds for small-scale ventures. Fifty-one people now belong to the coop, 11 of whom are women.



AP Photo/Achmad Ibrahim

Center for Orangutan Protection protests taking place, Avatar-style, against palm oil plantations

The ReWilding

Roots of the Term, Primal Perception & Personal Action

BY JESSE WOLF HARDIN

The world is a *wild* place. Even now, enshrouded in a crust of asphalt and concrete, forests leveled for a bestiary of condominiums and golf courses, grinning missiles of commerce and war looming over fallow rivers and silenced fields: The world is a wild place still, true to the process and essence of its own intrinsic, inherent nature, rhythmic patterns of impermanence and change mounting waves of their own fertile heat.

The planet is a wild, out of control whole. The ancient Greek named this wholeness "Gaia," the daughter that emerges from chaos. To the indigenous tribes of northern Europe, the living Earth was known as *Nerthus*, imaged as a sacred chariot joy and peace would follow. By any name, the natural world is wild: *willed*, directed and empowered by its own inner nature rather than some outside force or idea. And we too are wild originally. Humans are truly, deeply willed. And willful. For legitimacy or compliance, safety or comfort, we may try to deny our wildness, sacrificing our will as we seek shelter in the expected, rote and tame. Yet in spite of all the artifice and constraint, we remain instinctual, dreaming beings who suffer in direct proportion to the suppression of our instincts and dreams. We're interterrestrial sensors, activated nerve endings extending from the Gaian ganglion into the ever shifting universe of experience. Whether we consider ourselves cowboys or anti-grazing activists, anarchists or true American patriots, we are, at our best, wild elements of this greater whole, acting out our true beings, our most meaningful gesture, in spite of the over-regulation and desensitization of the order.

WILD (ADJ.) 1. OCCURRING, GROWING, OR LIVING IN A NATURAL STATE; NOT DOMESTICATED, CULTIVATED OR TAMED. 2. A NATURAL, UNRESTRAINED LIFE OR STATE; NATURE.

Wildness can be described as the condition of oneness with our bodies, desires, needs, sensations, instincts and dreams. Wildness is oneness with the wild Earth, where there is no abstraction and no real chaos; where even turbulence manifests itself in purposeful patterns more akin to art than artifice. The fear of sexuality, of mortality of our *natures* and the *naturalworld* is the fear of ourselves.



The cure is in the reclamation of our wildness, a high-dive into the potent flux of natural forces, and the responsibility to *act*.

The dominant paradigm, the corporatized, techno-industrial elite "new world order" must dominate every vestige of personal and cultural wildness in order to propagate its methodology of extraction and control. Theirs is a process of separateness: a rigid, cultivated separation between body and intellect, vision and reality, self and planet. In order to guarantee the unimpeded dismemberment and marketing of the natural world, the paradigm must construct and tend a perceptual schism between the living Earth and its human constituents. We find the evidence of this campaign in the other, modernist definitions of the word "wild": "unruly, desolate, out of control, extravagant, fantastic, furiously disturbed or turbulent, risky, random erratic, deviating, disorderly and disarranged." The definition of wilderness has gone from one of "uncultivated unrestrained profusion" to a "bewildering wasteland." In the *real* world, wilderness is all there is, a condition of profuse nature that includes but is not determined by populations of natural humans. In what my compatriot John Trudell calls the "shadow of the real world," wilderness is a sequestered preserve managed by the same forces destroying the rest of the planet, an isolated playground for the recreational indulgence of an

increasingly privileged few. For even most "outdoor enthusiasts," wilderness remains something separate from the self—a place to visit rather than a condition of being. For those seeking deeper elemental contact with the forces and spirits of nature, it's an opportunity to act out a wildness shared and enjoyed equally by the inspired natural landscape. Those escaping the boundaries of propriety and objectification are characteristically fun and demonstrably feral.

FERAL (ADJ.) 1. EXISTING IN A WILD, UNTAMED STATE, ESPECIALLY, REVERTING TO SUCH A STATE FROM ONE OF DOMESTICATION. 2. CHARACTERISTIC OF A WILD ANIMAL; SAVAGE.

To the dominant global society, wild means unruly, out of control and hence *dangerous*. A few generations after escaping into the thickets, feral hogs have turned the tables on many an unwary hunter. The feral creatures are the ones who have returned to their true nature and their natural context, a freedom worth guarding once obtained.

The dominant paradigm labels the willful child as wild. Wild weeds. Don't pick up the wild cat. Beware the feral dog, the savage wolf, the savages of "lesser" societies. We can learn so much about a civilization by its applied language. We read common expressions like "savaged by a bear," and witness people yelling at their kids for behaving like "little savages." Savage wilderness. The word is derived from the Middle English *sauvage*, from the Latin *silvaticus*, "of the woods."

SAVAGE (ADJ.) 1. UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZATION, UNDOMESTICATED, UNCULTIVATED, WILD. 2. A PRIMITIVE, UNCIVILIZED PERSON.

For the "civilized," "primitive" has come to mean simple, untaught, coarse, barbaric. But to the Earth-centered Seeker, it means primary!

PRIMITIVE (ADJ.) 1. OF OR PERTAINING TO ORIGINAL STATE. 2. PRIMAL.

If this is our original state, the condition of our true beings unimpeached by institutionalized neurosis, influenced but uncontrolled, then why the derogation, and fearful vilification of the primitive? What does sophistication have to fear from the simple, artificiality from the authentic, or civilization from the savage, the primitive, the primal? It's afraid of the shift in perception and priorities from denial to exuberance, from scheduled production to spontaneity and sensation. The paradigm fears what na-

ture teaches: the ascendant power of present time and the primacy of direct experience. Going feral is a conscious and deliberate exercise in self-realization. Voluntary primitivity enhances experience, connection, sense of meaning and purpose and joy. Nature, whether you consider it a result of evolution or the creation of God, teaches us *what's most important*.

PRIMAL (ADJ.) 1. ORIGINAL, ARCHETYPAL. 2. OF FIRST IMPORTANCE; PRIMARY.

The human spirit dies when it is tamed, and the human species cannot survive the deliberate unraveling of contextual nature. The scientific community has belatedly come to this realization of the full extent of biotic interdependency the ways in which even the most minuscule of living components may hold the key for the health of the entire ecosystem. Ultimately, civilization's war against nature is a war against ourselves. The contemporary struggle in the face of the techno-industrial paradigm by primitivists, activists, home schoolers, libertarians and many ordinary citizens is, for all its assertiveness, an act of *preservation*: a celebration of diverse life and independent thinking, of personal empowerment and the fullest living of our lives.

Rational mind, government and science cannot cure the social or ecological crisis, which is first and foremost a crisis in value and character. After all, it's in some ways rational to accept giant banking inter-

ests if it means more profit to us, or to subjugate natural ecosystems for the "betterment" of society at least up until the point of diminishing returns, where humanity can no longer survive their impoverishment. Expansion is rational, if only because civilization must continue to expand or perish. The economic, social and political systems of the modern world cannot survive either stasis, contraction, or balance. To the contrary, the natural world functions perfectly with checks and balances, responding to ever-changing conditions with falls as well as rises in species populations. In nature, any single species impinging on its fellow life forms, any one growing beyond the capacity of its ecosystem, insures its own downfall. As has been pointed out elsewhere, civilization functions in many ways like a cancer, endlessly expanding until it kills off the host body and thus itself.

The only solution for the disheartening human condition, and for the living Earth in total, is our imminent re-

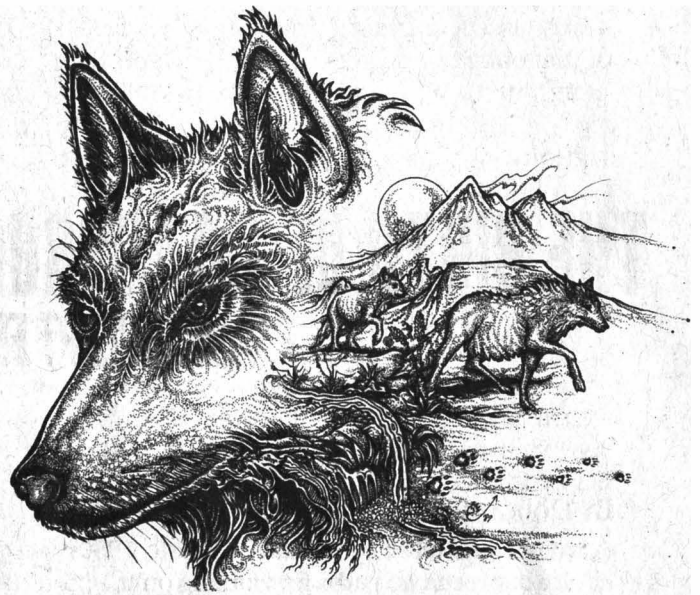


wilding. Human existence as a continuous part of this planet is contingent on our return to our original nature, and our re-immersion and participation in the extended nature that surrounds our gilded enclaves of destruction and distraction.

Witnessing the technocratic juggernaut of our modern society stripping us of our constitutional rights and grinding up the very Earth in front of us, we may be tempted to feel ashamed of ourselves for being a part of the human species, and to feel guilty for our complicity. Some feel the pain of the wounded biosphere and dishonored human nature so severely they come to distrust the legitimacy of our own kind. But *wild and rewilded* humans are an integral part of the biological fabric. The problem is not the nature of humanity, but the *abrogation* of our true human nature. The problem isn't humanity per se, but our vaulted civil paradigm, the encroaching manifestation of a particularly harmful system of perception. It's not the only way we perceive, nor was it throughout the past 50,000 years of history in social human existence. Primary human perception—the ways that the animals, our ancestors, primal peoples and all children before a certain age experience and engage their world—is encompassing, integrative, and symbiotic. Original human mind is as magical as the earthen energies it ponders and the brilliant cascades of water that stimulate its receptors. It's an adjunct, an equal and ally of the human body housing it. Original mind is an integral component of Gaian mind, of planetary mind, and is thus free of the imaginary or enforced schisms between mind and matter, feeling and thought, creator and creation, nature and society, spirituality and activism, man and woman, human and *home*.

The sudden changes in behavior essential to our future and crucial to the continuation of evolution itself, can only follow a change in how we perceive. The perception of the world as live, sentient, willed and inspirited is the perspective of the wild. The world will *be* wild, no matter what we do to tame and deaden it. In the long run, in geologic time, the worst of what we can do will be erased by the evolutionary fruiting that will follow. The exciting option is to join in that native fruition, to rejoin the dance, to precipitate the reinhabitation and reawakening of wild self, wild culture, and wild place right now. Waking our talk. Being true to our beliefs, whatever the hell they are. Living our wildest dreams! ✂

Jesse Wolf Hardin toured as an EF! performer and inspiriteur throughout the first decade of the movement, appearing with the likes of Dana Lyons, Walkin' Jim Stoltz, John Seed and David Brower. He coined the word "ReWilding" in 1984, one year before his launching of EF! Deep Ecology Medicine Shows. His artwork, poetry and over 160 articles in the EF! Journal inspired readers to take charge of their lives and act on their beliefs, becoming effective restorationists, activists, artists and litigants. He and his partners offer books and online home study courses on nature awareness, herbal medicine, earth path shamanism and rewilding at the Animá Lifeways & Herbal School.



THE BIRTH OF GRASSROOTS BIODIVERSITY GROUPS

AN EXCERPT FROM *THE REBIRTH OF ENVIRONMENTALISM*

BY DOUGLAS BEVINGTON

Environmentalists in the late 1980s faced a choice between two paths for working on the protection of biodiversity. ... One path, represented by the national organizations, provided political access, but was hindered by compromise and constraint. The second path, embodied by Earth First!, offered an unconstrained approach to biodiversity advocacy, but it was not particularly influential. However some activists found a way to transcend this dilemma by forming new grassroots biodiversity protection groups.

Grassroots biodiversity groups offered a third path. Unlike the national organizations, they did not usually have offices in Washington DC and were not invested in insider politics. Unlike Earth First!, they relied on legal tactics, particularly litigation. Some examples of the new grassroots biodiversity groups were the Biodiversity Legal Foundation, Center for Biological Diversity, Forest Conservation Council, Forest Guardians, Heartwood, John Muir Project, Native Forest Network, Southern Appalachian Biodiversity Project, and Wild Alabama.

Not all small environmental organizations fit the model of grassroots biodiversity protection groups described here. For decades there had been some small wilderness protection groups that generally served as local auxiliaries of the national environmental organizations and other small groups that limited themselves to local political issues. But after 1989, there was a proliferation of new grassroots biodiversity groups that were distinctly different from previous small groups. The new groups actively engaged in shaping regional and national environmental policies, and they took a notably more confrontational approach to environmental protection.

This approach reflected their underlying outsider strategy. Many of the founders and early staff members of these groups had participated in Earth First! or drew inspiration from its unconstrained environmental advocacy. These activists had been deeply influenced by Earth

First!'s movement culture and its critique of moderate environmentalism. From this, they embraced an outsider strategy for social change which did not depend on appealing to politicians and avoiding controversy. While the pioneers of the grassroots biodiversity groups were strongly influenced by Earth First!'s outsider strategy, the new groups were distinctly different from Earth First! in terms of their tactics and organization. As Todd Schulke, an Earth First! activist who later cofounded the Center for Biological Diversity, recalled,

Here were all these people who were committed to the point that we were taking great risks. And we realized fairly quickly how limited an influence we had standing on the front lines doing direct action. Not that it was completely irrelevant. But as an end it didn't get us nearly what we expected it would...So I think a lot of people took that passion and moved it into different approaches. The philosophy stayed the same, but the approach changed dramatically.

While Earth First! in the 1980s largely defined itself through monkeywrenching and other forms of direct action, the grassroots biodiversity activists explored alternate tactics. In particular, they found administrative appeals and lawsuits to be powerful tools to compel the increased enforcement of existing environmental laws. Activists found a variety of legal tools for challenging logging and other activities that

THE POTENTIAL POWER OF THIS TACTIC BECAME APPARENT IN 1989 WHEN FEDERAL JUDGE WILLIAM DWYER ISSUED HIS FIRST INJUNCTION AGAINST LOGGING IN NATIONAL FORESTS IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST...

harmed biodiversity including applications of the National Environmental Protection Act, the Endangered Species Act, and the National Forest Management Act, as well as the Marine Mammal Protection Act for ocean issues. Litigation became the defining tactic of the grassroots biodiversity groups.

At first glance, such law-abiding tactics might appear to be a rejection of Earth First!'s radicalism, but closer examination reveals that was not the case. A successful lawsuit could stop a logging project. In this regard, litigation had a similar effect to the Earth First!ers who sat

in trees; both tactics directly blocked environmentally harmful activities. As such, the grassroots groups' litigation tactics were similarly rooted in a strategy that did not rely on trying to convince politicians to act on their behalf. However, backed by the authority of the courts, litigation could have an even larger and more lasting impact than direct action.

The potential power of this tactic became readily apparent in 1989 when federal judge William Dwyer issued his first injunction against logging in national forests in the Pacific Northwest that were home to the imperiled northern spotted owl. Dwyer's injunctions would ultimately stop most old-growth logging in the Pacific Northwest until 1994. The success of the spotted owl litigation was a key inspiration for the proliferation of grassroots biodiversity groups in the years that followed.

Litigation was an appealing tactic for the grassroots groups because it did not necessarily require extensive resources. Grassroots activists generally did not have money to pay for legal representation, but they didn't need to. Environmental laws such as the Endangered Species Act included citizen suit provisions requiring the federal government to pay the fees of attorneys who successfully sued it for failing to enforce those laws. As a result, some attorneys were willing to take on biodiversity protection cases at no charge to the activists with a reasonable hope that they would ultimately recoup their fees.

The grassroots groups' aggressive approach to litigation was markedly different from that of the moderate national environmental organizations. While the nationals sometimes filed lawsuits, they were often reluctant to pursue cases that might stir up controversy and upset influential politicians. By contrast, because the grassroots groups did not depend on insider access to politicians to achieve their goals, those groups did not need to avoid controversy. Therefore there were abundant opportunities for the grassroots groups to take the lead in initiating litigation to protect forests or wildlife in situations that the national organizations either overlooked or avoided as being too controversial.

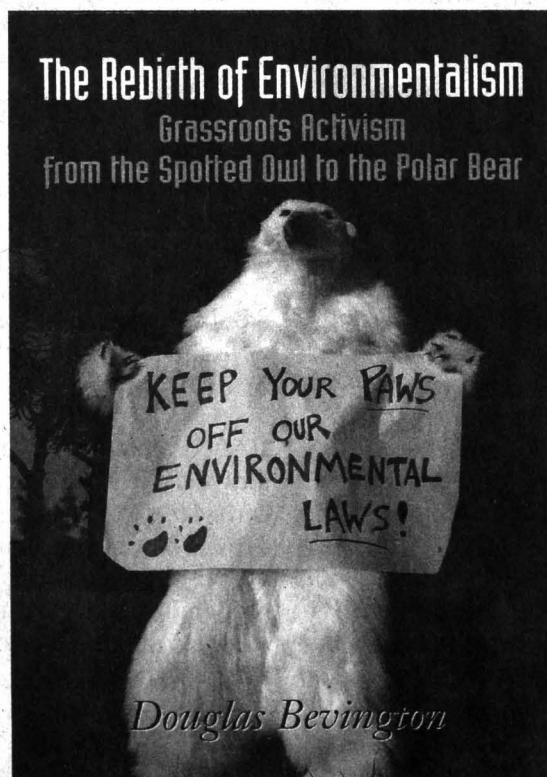
As grassroots activists started doing litigation to protect forests and endangered species, they created new organizations as vehicles for these lawsuits. The new groups were initially very small with few members other than the activists directly involved in the group's work. The

activists described their new organizations as "grassroots" to distinguish themselves from the nationals. In the context of other social movements, the term "grassroots" is often associated with mass participation, but this was not the case for most grassroots biodiversity groups. The new biodiversity protection groups found that a small handful of determined activists could achieve significant environmental protection through litigation without having to engage in a broad mobilization of the public. Furthermore, these groups had little chance of building a large membership base through direct mail because that terrain was already dominated by the national environmental organizations. Instead, for the new groups, "grassroots" connoted that they were rooted in site-specific struggles over forest and wildlife protection and, unlike the nationals, they did not rely on an insider strategy based on appealing to politicians in Washington DC.

Because the grassroots biodiversity groups used lawful tactics, unlike Earth First!, they were eligible to receive tax-deductible contributions from grantmaking foundations. With this funding, the new groups could now provide modest salaries for their founders. And as they accrued litigation victories and attracted more funders, they were able to hire a few additional staff members. They often drew them from the Earth First! community, employing activists who were talented and capable but who did not have the professional credentials, political connections, and insider mindset to be hired by the national organizations.

For the first time, a sizable number of radical activists were able to work full-time on biodiversity protection outside of the constraints of the moderate national organizations.

The growth of the new grassroots biodiversity groups was aided by new funding sources, Earth First!'s movement culture, and the political conditions of the 1990s. Foundation grants were crucial to the growth of the new grassroots biodiversity groups. If the groups had instead tried to rely on fundraising through direct mail like the nationals, they would have encountered daunting obstacles. As noted earlier, direct mail requires extensive up-front funding. Moreover, the large national organizations already dominated direct mail fundraising on wildlife and wildlands protection issues. The small grassroots groups had little hope of competing with them on this terrain. Foundations offered an alternate source of



funding that lowered the "barriers to entry" for the new grassroots groups.

The significance of foundation funding for the growth of the radical grassroots groups is ironic. Foundations have often been seen as a moderating force on advocacy work and most large foundations do not fund radical groups. However, the grassroots groups were able to at least partially circumvent these constraints because of new environmental funders that appeared in the late 1980s. The late 1980s was a time when environmental issues were receiving a great deal of public attention, stimulated by events such as the Chernobyl nuclear power accident, the Exxon Valdez oil spill, accelerated loss of rainforests, and the discovery of a hole in the ozone layer, and culminating in the twentieth anniversary of Earth Day in 1990. With all of this interest in environmentalism, philanthropic foundations were more likely to incorporate environmental issues into their grants programs.

The influx of new environmental grantmakers brought opportunities for funding alternate approaches within the environmental movement. As Peter Galvin of the Center for Biological Diversity explained,

When you think about the new generation of funders that came online in the late '80s and early '90s, it really was a dramatic shift. If you look at conservation as investment, there is this sense of the big national groups as being these 'blue chip' groups that everybody would put their investment in. But then as new people started to come into money...they said, 'Let's try something different.' And at that time, there was an explosion of smaller environmental groups forming.

In my interviews with grassroots biodiversity activists, a few of the newer environmental grantmakers were frequently mentioned as providing crucial early support for

their groups. Two in particular were the Foundation for Deep Ecology (FDE), created by Esprit Clothing founder Doug Tompkins in 1990, and the Turner Foundation, begun by media mogul Ted Turner in 1991. Galvin recalled, "I would say that FDE and Turner at that time were probably the two most significant players in getting what some people have called the 'new conservation movement' off the ground."

These foundations hired program officers who had previously been involved with environmental organizations that did not rely on an insider strategy. Turner Foundation's environmental program was directed by Peter Bahouth, the former executive director of Greenpeace USA. Foundation for Deep Ecology brought in Bill Devall and John Davis from Earth First!. Devall was a leading proponent of deep ecology and had administered the Earth First! Foundation/Fund for Wild Nature. John Davis had been the editor of the *Earth First! Journal*. Another notable new funder of grassroots groups was the outdoor equipment company Patagonia Inc., whose environmental grant program was staffed in the second half of the 1990s and early 2000s by John Sterling; Sterling had previously worked for Earth Island Institute, an umbrella organization for grassroots environmental groups. Similar developments were evident within a few of the more established environmental grantmakers as well. For example, the Levinson Foundation had been involved in the formation of Group of Ten, but in the 1990s its environmental program was directed by Charlotte Talberth, who had previously been active in an Earth First! offshoot called the Cathedral Forest Action Group. Because of their backgrounds, these new foundation program officers were more likely to be supportive of radical activists and as a result they played crucial roles in fostering the development of the grassroots biodiversity groups.



Photos from EF! Journal Archive

While styles have changed, and the US nationalism is now an embarrassment to most, the musicians and orators at early EF! gatherings laid a cultural foundation for a generation of biodiversity activists to come.

The grassroots biodiversity groups also benefited from the movement culture and community of Earth First!, especially in their early years. Many of the founders of biodiversity protection groups were shaped by Earth First!'s movement culture, which nurtured their use of an outsider strategy. The Earth First! community also provided the training ground for a pool of dedicated radical activists that these groups could draw from as they added more staff. Facets of Earth First!'s movement culture aided the grassroots biodiversity groups in other ways as well. For example, the *Earth First! Journal* was an important medium for these groups to share their experiences and learn from each other. Before the growth of internet-based communications, there was no other

comparable space for dialogue within the environmental movement. Likewise, the Round River Rendezvous provided an annual opportunity for grassroots activists to reconnect and reaffirm their outsider approach. Not all grassroots activists participated in Earth First!, but because most grassroots biodiversity groups did not develop significant community-building institutions of their own, Earth First!'s movement culture provided an important resource to help sustain the radical approach of the new groups in the 1990s....

However, in the late 1990s and 2000s, Earth First!'s influence began to fade. In part this shift was a result of the success of the new grassroots groups. Previously, Earth First! had been the sole refuge for activists who were dissatisfied with moderate environmentalism. But as new grassroots groups accumulated accomplishments during the 1990s, young activists who in the past might have otherwise participated in Earth First! instead went directly into working with these groups. However, most of the new groups did not build their own radicalizing, movement-building institutions, and it is not clear whether simply working on timber sale appeals and ESA listing petitions can have the same radicalizing effect on a new generation of activists as participation in Earth First! did for the previous generation. Likewise, by the early 2000s, the founders of these groups were less likely to attend the Earth First! Rendezvous or read the *Earth First! Journal* on a regular basis. Having a background in Earth First! does not guarantee life-long use of an

outsider strategy. There are ongoing inducements for outsider groups to adopt a more conventional approach to social change, and engaging in contentious conflicts can be exhausting. It is not surprising then that some grassroots activists became more conflict-averse over time. Ultimately, it is only through the on-going encouragement of a radical movement culture that an outsider strategy is likely to be sustained.

Douglas Bevington is the forest program director for grant-making foundation, Environment Now, based in California. His book The Rebirth of Environmentalism was released by Island Press, 2009.

Three paths to biodiversity protection in the U.S. environmental movement

	NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS	EARTH FIRST!	GRASSROOTS BIODIVERSITY GROUPS
Strategy	Insider strategy	Outsider strategy	Outsider strategy
Tactics	Conventionally prescribed forms of political participation, particularly lobbying. Application of litigation constrained by the insider strategy.	Direct action, including "monkey-wrenching."	Lawful tactics, particularly litigation, but applied more extensively without the political constraints of the insider strategy.
Organization	Large, bureaucratic organizations, centered around a professional staff.	No formal organization. No staff. No official members. Membership defined through participation.	Small formal organizations with radical staff, often coming from Earth First!, generally without professional credentials, working for very low pay.
Funding	Very large budgets. Membership donations obtained through direct mail solicitations are a primary funding source.	Scant resources. Ineligible for foundation grants. Some funding from sales of the <i>Earth First! Journal</i> and non-tax-deductible donations.	Limited funding, primarily coming from grantmaking foundations, particularly maverick new funders whose staff have roots in environmental groups that use an outsider strategy.
Movement Culture	Diminished movement culture. Members have little or no direct involvement with the organization, while staff are increasingly motivated by careerism.	Radical movement culture of music, art, and philosophy. Community built through national gatherings and open dialogue in the <i>Earth First! Journal</i> .	Influenced by the radical movement culture of Earth First!, but most groups do not develop significant community-building institutions of their own.
Political Conditions	Early development during a time when environmentalism is a nonpartisan issue. Insider organizations become increasingly tied to the Democratic Party amid the ascendancy of an anti-environmental wing of the Republican Party.	Develops out of disappointments with shortcomings of environmental protection during the Carter administration, followed by concerns over the threat posed by the anti-environmental wing of the Republican Party under Reagan.	The election of Clinton creates conditions under which grassroots groups are better able to distinguish themselves from the nationals, though those differences subsequently become muted during the George W. Bush administration.



*Steven Yeager
Willamette National Forest, Oregon*

A Passion for Plants

*I first gazed upon the pearly bloom of a *Trillium ovatum* 15 years ago. When I began to study botany and wildcrafting in the Cascades that year, I discovered that these enchanting lilies were being harvested and sold on the herb market. The thought of our old growth forests without the beloved Western *Trillium* was heartbreaking. Thankfully, I was not alone and through conservation we can still enjoy these harbingers of spring.*

Today, I teach my students that ethical wildharvesting requires a relationship not only with the plants we use, but with the complex ecosystems where the plants grow. With that relationship comes the immense responsibility of stewardship.

It's this commitment to stewardship that shapes my work as Quality Control Manager at Mountain Rose Herbs. I strive to raise industry standards and preserve our ethical foundation, and will never compromise the quality of herbal products we carry or the health of the unique ecology we all treasure.

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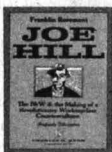
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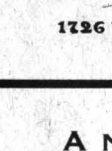
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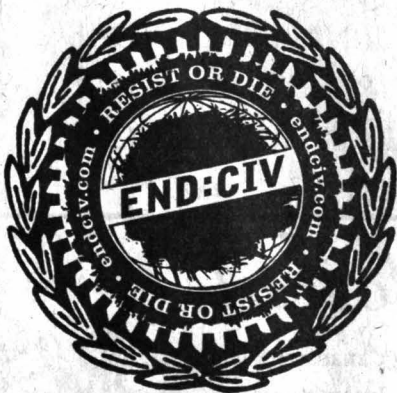
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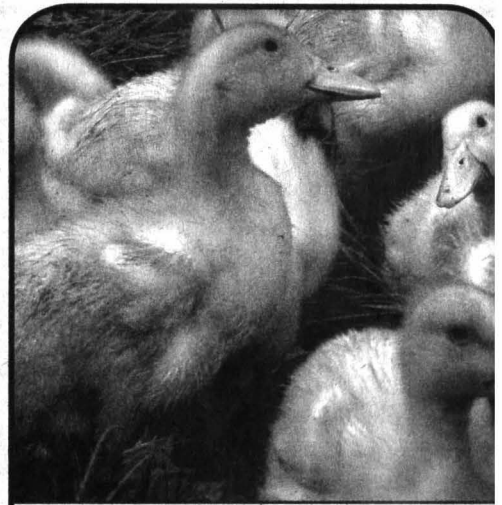
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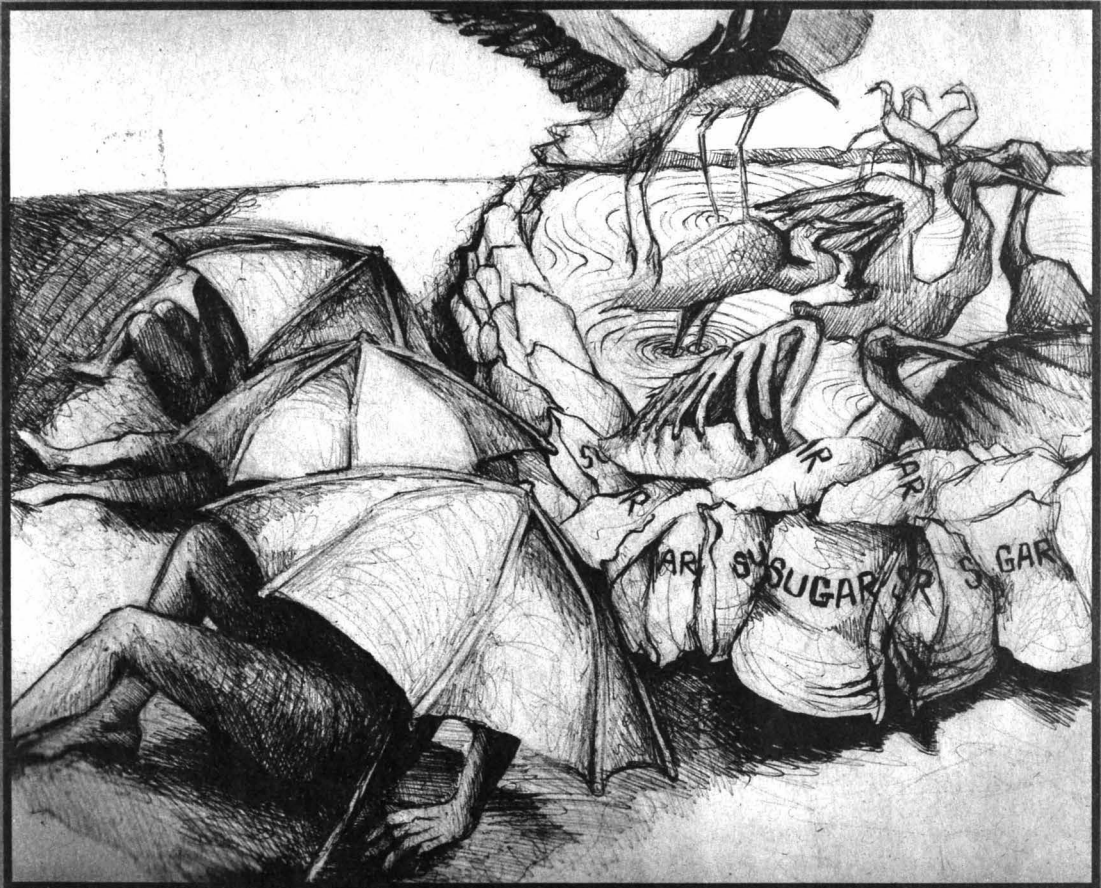
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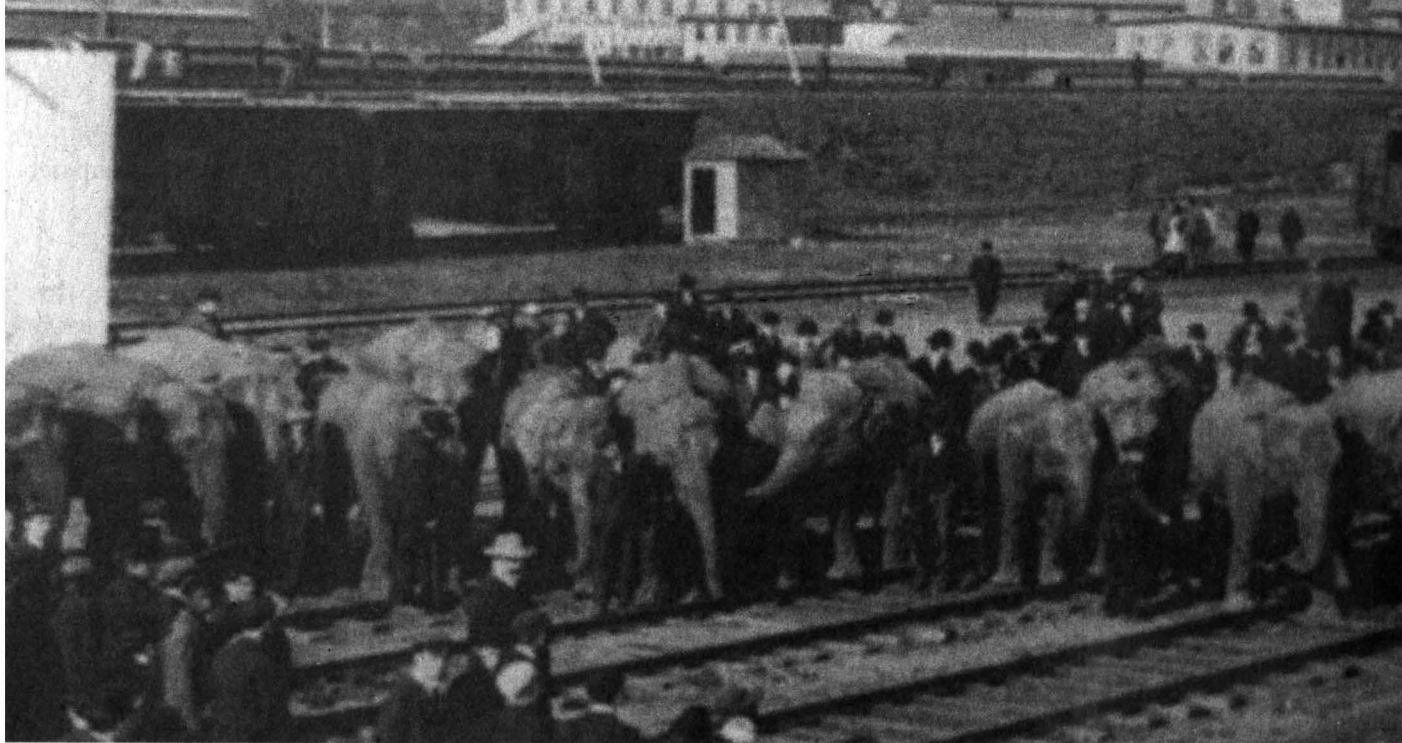
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So Let Us Now Praise



BY JEFFREY ST CLAIR

Consider the case of Jumbo the Elephant, the world's most famous animal. Captured in eastern Africa in 1865, Jumbo would become the star attraction of P.T. Barnum's Circus. Jumbo earned millions for his owners, but he was treated abysmally for most of his brief life. The giant pachyderm was confined to a small compartment with a concrete floor that damaged his feet and caused his joints to become arthritic. He was trained using unspeakably brutal methods, he was shackled in leg-chains, jabbed with a lance, beaten with ax handles, drugged and fed beer to the point of intoxication. He was endlessly shipped back-and-forth across the country on the circus train and made to perform two shows a day, six days a week. At the age of 24 Jumbo was finally fed up. He could tolerate it no more. On a September night in Ontario, Jumbo and his sidekick, the small elephant called Thom Thumb, broke free from their handlers and wandered away from the tent and towards the train tracks. As P.T. Barnum later told the story, Jumbo pushed his pal Thom Thumb safely off the tracks and tried to ram an oncoming train. After Jumbo died an autopsy was performed. His stomach contents revealed numerous metallic objects that he had been fed over the years, including keys, screws, bolts, pennies and nickel—his reward for entertaining hundreds of thousands of people.

Tatiana the Tiger, confined for years in a small enclosure

at the San Francisco Zoo, finally reached her limit after being tormented by three teenaged boys on Christmas day 2006. She leapt the twelve-foot high wall, snatched one of the lads in her paws and eviscerated him. She stalked the zoo grounds for the next half-hour, by-passing many other visitors, until she tracked down the two other culprits and mauled them both before being gunned down by police.

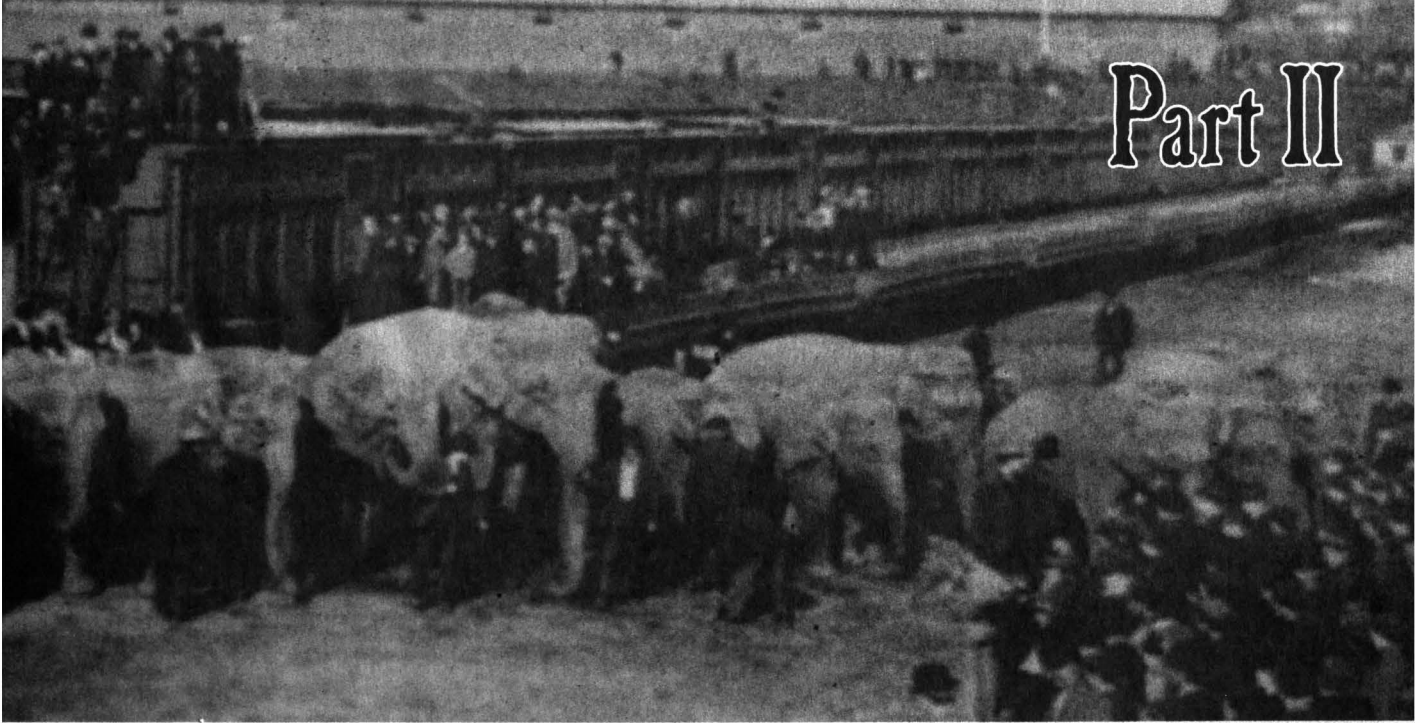
There is Ken the Orangutan who pelted an intrusive TV news crew with his own shit from his enclosure at the San Diego Zoo.

Moe the Chimpanzee, an unpaid Hollywood actor who, when he wasn't working, was locked in a tiny cage in West Covina. Moe made multiple escapes and fiercely resisted his recapture. He bit four people and punched at least one police officer. After his escape, he was sent off to a miserable confinement at a dreary place called Jungle Exotics. Moe escaped again, this time into the San Bernadino Mountains, where he's never been heard from since.

Speaking of Hollywood, let's toast the memory of Buddha the Orangutan (aka Clyde), who co-starred with Clint Eastwood in the movie *Every Which Way But Loose*. On the set, Buddha simply stopped working one day. He refused to perform his silly routines any more and his trainer repeatedly clubbed him in the head with a hard cane in front of the crew. One day near the

Infamous Animals

Part II



end of filming Buddha, like that dog in Racine's play, snatched some doughnuts from a table on the set. The ape was seized by his irate keeper, taken back to his cage and beaten to death with an ax handle. Buddha's name was not listed in the film's credits.

Tyke the Elephant was captured in the savannahs of Zimbabwe and shipped to the United States to work in a traveling circus, where she was routinely disciplined with a sharp hook called an ankus. After 20 years of captivity and torture, Tyke reached her tipping point one day in Honolulu. During the elephant routine under the Big Top, Tyke made her break. She smashed through the railings of the ring and dashed for the exits. She chased after circus clowns and handlers, overturned cars, busted through a gate and ran onto the streets of Honolulu. She was gunned down, while still wearing her rhinestone tiara.

Then there is the story of Tilikum the orca. When he was two, Tilikum was rudely seized from the frigid waters of the North Atlantic off the coast of Iceland. The young killer whale was shipped to Vancouver Island, where he was forced to perform tricks at an aquatic theme park called Sealand. Tilikum was also pressed into service as a stud, siring numerous calves for exploitation by his captors. Tilikum shared his small tank with two other orcas, Nootka and Haida. In February 1991, the whales' female trainer slipped and fell into the tank. The whales wasted

no time. The woman was grabbed, submerged repeatedly, and tossed back and forth between the three whales until she drowned. At the time of the killing, Haida was pregnant with a calf sired by Tilikum.

Eight years later, a 27-year-old man broke into the aquatic park, stripped off his clothes and jumped into the tank with Tilikum. The orca seized the man, bit him sharply and flung him around. He was found floating dead in the pool the next morning. The authorities claimed the man died of hypothermia.

In 2010, Tilikum was a star attraction at Sea World in Orlando. During an event called "Dining With Shamu," Tilikum snatched his trainer, Dawn Brancheau, and dragged her into the pool, where, in front of horrified patrons, he pinned her to the bottom until she drowned to death. The whale had delivered his third urgent message.

Tilikum is the Nat Turner of the captives of Sea World. He has struck courageous blows against the enslavement of wild creatures. Now it is up to us to act on his thrust for liberation and build a global movement to smash forever these aquatic gulags from the face of the Earth.

Jeffrey St. Clair is co-editor of CounterPunch and author of Been Brown So Long It Looks Like Green to Me: the Politics of Nature, and Born Under a Bad Sky: Notes From the Dark Side of the Earth. He lives in Oregon.

Blast from the Past!

EARTH FIRST!

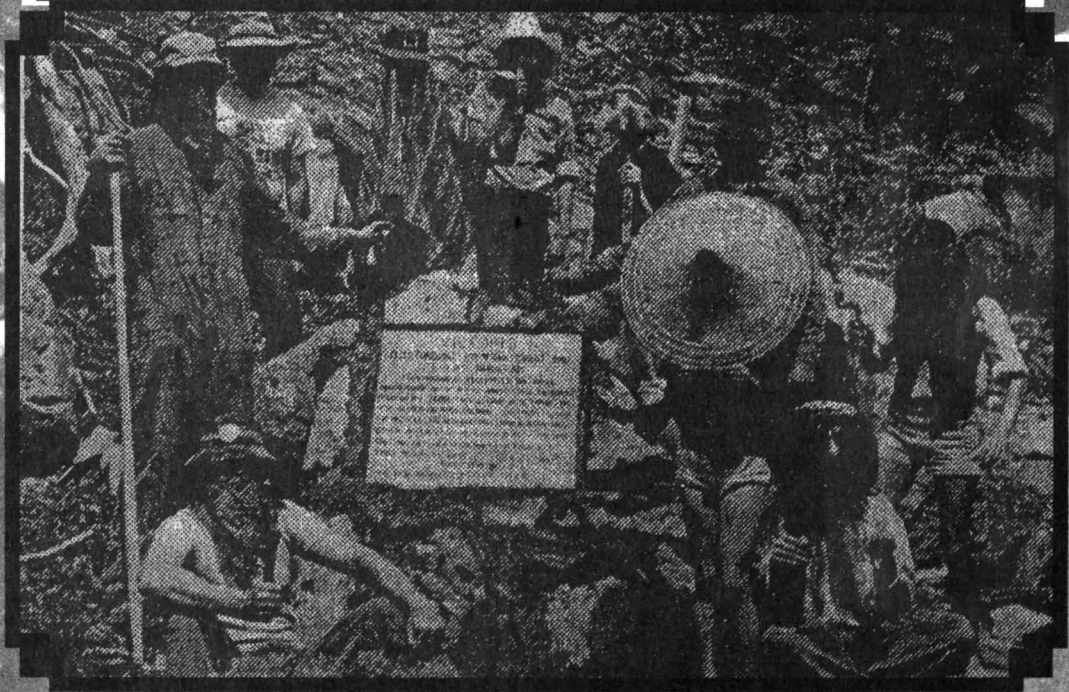
NEWSLETTER
VOL. 2, NO. 4

EOSTAR RITUAL
MARCH 20, 1982



SPRING EQUINOX

Spring Equinox—time to rejoice at the return of spring—dark and light in balance, a time for music, for dance, for love, and for new life.



Earth First!ers pose around their monument to Victorio.

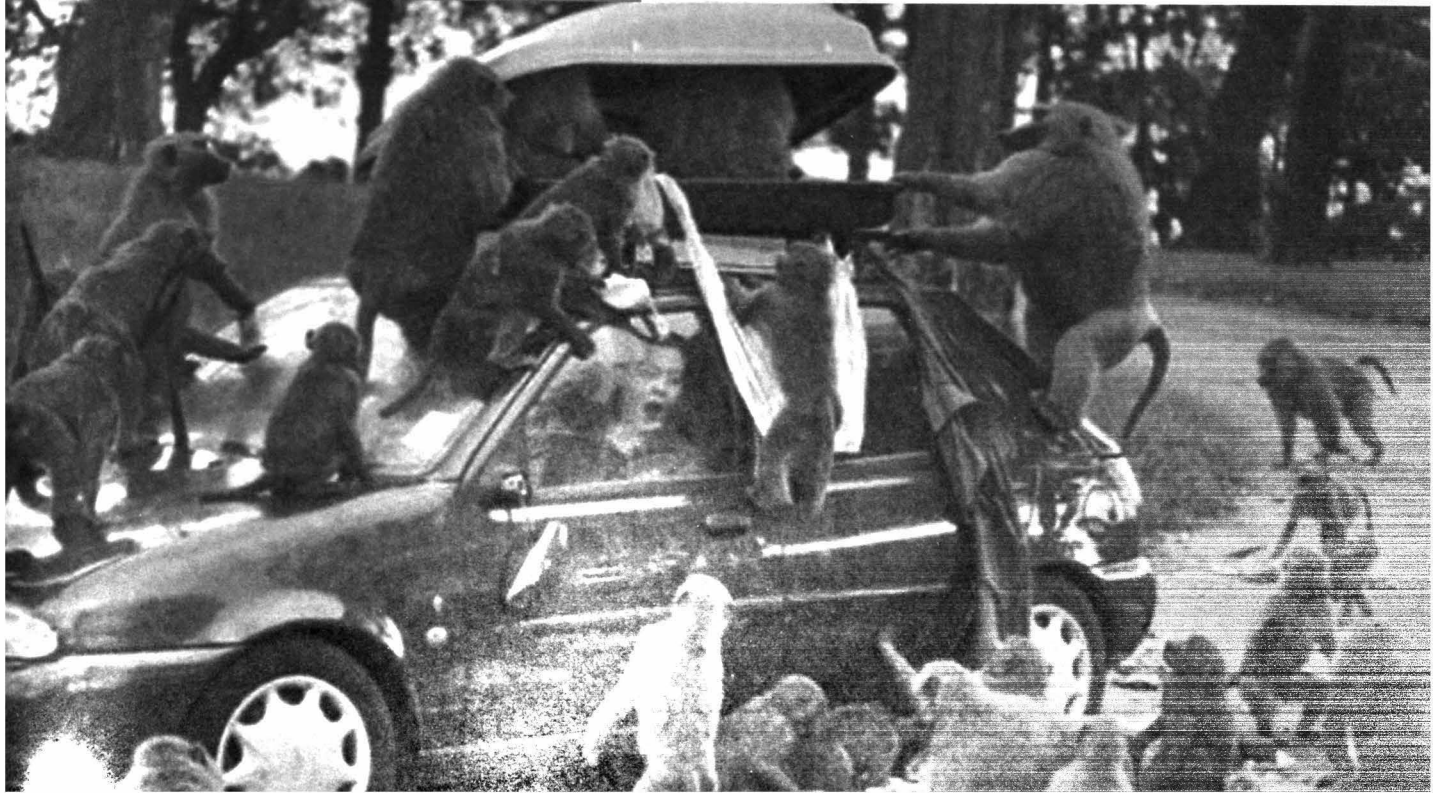
It's been thirty years since a gang of environmentalists calling themselves Earth First! hiked up a mountain in New Mexico set on their first action ever: constructing a monument to Apache chief Victorio for leading a raid in 1880 on the Cooney mining camp. This heralded the first action of a nascent environmental movement. Since that moment, Earth First! has stood for both environmental causes and indigenous solidarity.

On December 10, 2010, the *Earth First! Journal* received a letter from someone claiming to be Jack Cooney, great grandson of James C. Cooney (of the Cooney mining camp), insisting that we remove the "monument to murder and anger". It's nice to know that the initial action in the name of Earth First! is still ruffling feathers.

You have just finished reading the second edition of the 30th Anniversary of the *Earth First! Journal*. As you've likely noticed, we're in the process of redefining ourselves. We've moved to Florida and we're now putting this publication out quarterly, along with a newsletter that is released between *Journals* and available for free download at our daily newswire website. It's a tough time for independent media and culture. Many publications are being swallowed by the Internet and movements, in general, are suffering the reality of pacifying technologies. We're trying to keep up without getting sucked in and we've survived thus far because of our readers and supporters. So stick with us. We still have much to do!

For the Wild,
Earth First! Journal Collective

A.L.F. Driver's Ed





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