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Beltane 2011

Earth First!

The Journal of Ecological Resistance



No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth!

These Are Not Human Rights

No one has the right to toxify a river.

No one has the right to pollute the air.

No one has the right to drive a creature to extinction nor destroy a species' habitat.

No one has the right to profit from the labor or misery of another.

No one has the right to steal resources from another.

DERRICK JENSEN,

ENDAME: THE PROBLEM OF CIVILIZATION



Update from the Treetops



Photos by E! Humboldt



(Left) Traversing through the tree-village; (above) China-bound cargo ship leaves Humboldt

BY FARMER

As the heavy rains of winter give way to yet more rain, we watch from the tree-tops at the season unfolding before us. Our tree-village has been ongoing since February 2009, when the logging company Green Diamond had the go-ahead from complicit government agencies to destroy this rare grove of residual Old-Growth Redwoods and 100 year old second growth. The company has permits to kill Northern Spotted Owls and destroy their groves through logging, so the presence of a breeding pair of these endangered owls was of no concern to them. The logging permit could expire this August, but could also be extended up to two more years.

We have over 40 trees tied together with traverse lines and we continue to expand this defense network as rope supplies allow. There are five trees containing one or more living spaces. There are wooden platforms suspended from ropes and sturdy webs woven between branches.

Word has it that the company is considering allowing public access to a 2,000 acre swath of land, including the grove we occupy, and may eventually sell it as a "community forest." However, they have not backed off logging the grove we occupy, and we will continue to stand with this forest and its inhabitants until the threat is lifted.

Green Diamond has continued to quietly check on us from the ground, showing up at least once a month, often more. They don't talk to us but sometimes damage or take whatever useful gear they can find.

A large Sitka Spruce tree near the village fell one night during the storms, after much cracking and crashing it thudded to the ground. I caught the scent of crushed evergreen needles from about 500 feet away. More recently two smaller trees lost their tops in the wind. We choose sturdy trees to occupy, hoping that we will be spared the worst.

Due to a boom in housing construction in China, raw logs are now leaving Humboldt Bay by cargo ship. It's said by timber industry people that the Chinese companies use the wood mainly for concrete forms during construction. They are said to have 65 million empty housing units, room enough for 200 million people. "Ghost Cities" as they're called, are nearly devoid of people, yet are the site of lavish construction projects. This construction boom is increasing demand for wood exports all over the Pacific Northwest.

There is much forest here in need of defending, including an area of un-cut fir, cedar and pine forest on the edge of the Six Rivers National Forest and the destructive highway widening project through Richardson Grove State Park, which faces huge public opposition and could also come to a head this summer. We invite serious, action-minded people to this region to learn and teach, to help keep the tree-village going, as well as to join in as we confront emerging threats to old-growth forests.

from **Earth First! Humboldt**

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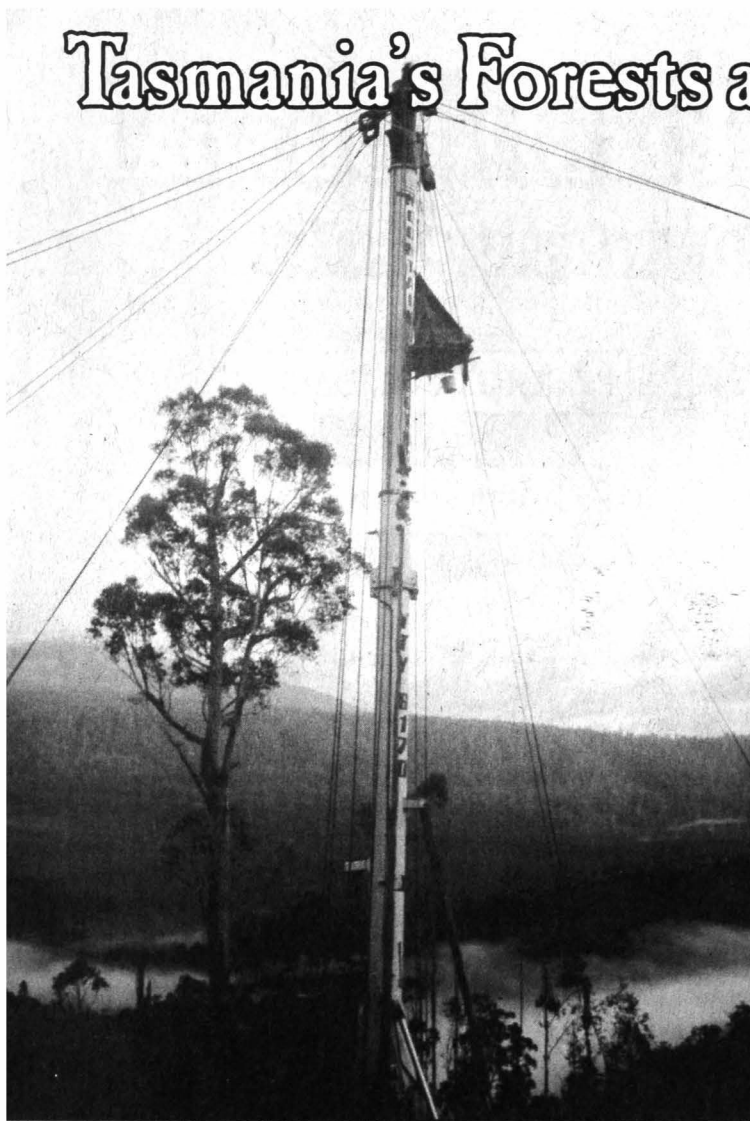
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Tasmania's Forests at a Crossroads



Activist atop a cable logging machine in Tyenna Forest during ten day campaign



Tree-sit at Esperance threatened forest

BY JENNY WEBER

On the ninth night of the Ten Day Campaign, five activists locked on to four of the six logging machines that were being used to destroy the old growth forests, set amongst the mountain ranges of the Southern Forests. The night was an eerie calm, we all knew the rain was coming. The first log trucks turned up to load their wood chip logs at 2 a.m., and then the rain started at 7 a.m. Five people were arrested and the machines and their drivers returned to log the ancient stands as Tasmanian police moved the activists out. The Tasmanian Government continued to stay quiet on their failure to place a moratorium on logging these forests.

In Tasmania, a small island south of the mainland of Australia, a strange and frustrating process is playing out in the long running debate around native forest logging. Industry heads, union reps and some peak environmental groups are in negotiations to find what they dub a solution to the conflict that has stricken Tasmania for three decades. The reality is that the long term markets for Tasmania's native

forests are drying up and the industry is reeling. Some believe that it is the logging industry who have come begging for a negotiation to lessen the burden of a market driven collapse that is on the way.

These negotiations came to a point, after talks had been held for twelve months, and terms of reference were signed by the negotiators and backed by the State and Federal Governments in December last year.

On December 15, 2010, the two governments stood up and announced they backed the talks and the first key point in the process would be the implementation of a full moratorium on all high conservation value forests within three months. 570,000 hectares (1,408,500 acres) of ancient wilderness, old growth eucalyptus forest and endangered species habitat was due for a moratorium from all logging.

Activists from the grassroots organizations Huon Valley Environment Centre and Still Wild Still Threatened had a small sense of hope for the first time in ten years that something might be saved in Tasmania's forests. On that same day in December these two organizations had mobilized 52 actions around 21 countries to participate in an interna-



Climbers drop community demands on State Parliament House

tional day of action and called for an immediate moratorium on all logging.

Sadly, three months later, after much ground truthing, a number of direct actions in forests, on log trucks at mill and on the steps of the State Premier and Forest Ministers offices, it was business-as-usual logging in the forest. The direct action groups discovered that ancient forests were being opened for new logging and new roads were being built, despite all the promises.

Seven days before the deadline was due, two activists climbed the roof of the State Parliament building and unfurled a giant banner calling for a "Moratorium Now." Five days before the deadline, three months late, the Forest Minister gave a directive to the forestry department to start work on the moratorium and ensure that logging contracts were secured. Four days before the deadline, the negotiating environmental groups, industry and union bodies, agreed to a six month extension to the moratorium deadline.

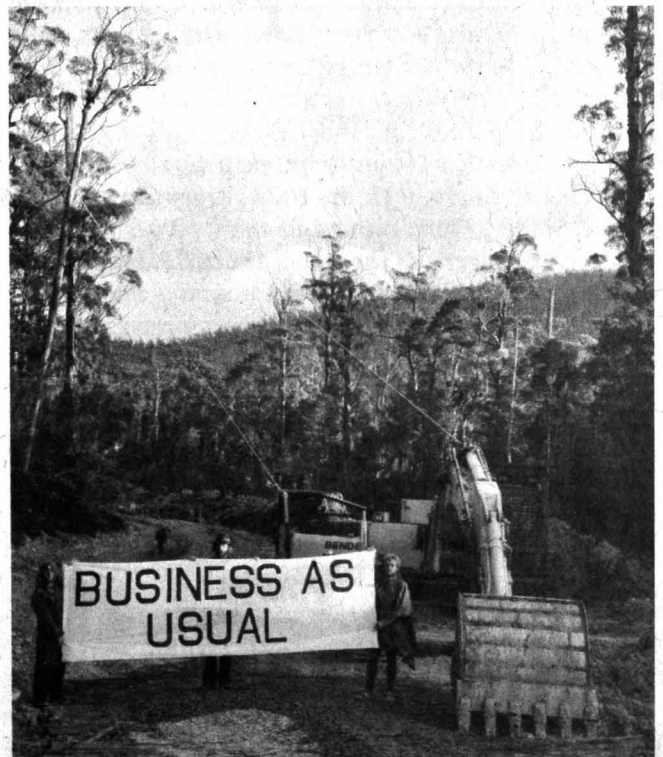
March 15, 2011 was still a long overdue deadline for a moratorium on logging in the ancient forests, according to the Huon Valley Environment Centre and Still Wild Still Threatened. That day marked the beginning of a ten day campaign where actions were held across Tasmania in native forests calling for immediate protection. The Ten Day Campaign also included a vigil on the steps of the State Government's executive building and a final day of actions hitting some of the key targets in the State's capital, Hobart, who are trying to keep the archaic practices of the past in the forests.

One company that is coming under the radar of our direct action campaigns is *Ta Ann*. This company has become one of Malaysia's largest logging companies by benefiting from its close connection to the Chief Minister of Sarawak. The company's CEO and majority shareholder Abdul Hamed Sepawi is the Minister's cousin and treasurer of his political party. Sepawi has become a billionaire through logging rights to hundreds-of-thousands of hectares of forests in Sarawak, Borneo, which were given to his company by the Chief Minister of Sarawak.

In Sarawak, Ta Ann has profited from the logging of Orangutan habitat and the displacement of indigenous people. In Tasmania, the ancient forests are falling to feed this multi-national logging giant's 20-year contract over our state's forests. Logging in Tasmania's forests is continuing to make these billionaire barons richer while the island loses its wildlife and forests. Ta Ann claims it is getting these forests cheaper in Tasmania than in Sarawak, where it benefits from being part of the Borneo timber mafia. Its 20-year contract for wood supply and demand for high conservation value forests jeopardize a moratorium on logging and the opportunity for a short term transition out of native forests.

During the Ten Day Campaign to highlight the lack of a promised logging moratorium eight actions in the forests shut down logging, and on the final day the nonviolent stand for Tasmania's forests spread across the Central Business District of Hobart. Protests were held to target the State Government, Forestry Tasmania and Malaysian logging giant Ta Ann. Two activists were arrested after climbing in the Forestry Tasmania headquarters, holding a banner calling again for a "Moratorium Now." Four conservationists were arrested after trying to enter the Ta Ann head office, and 100 people attended the forest vigil at the government offices.

With a moratorium concept still being played around with in the negotiation circle, our organizations have now called a ten week campaign to continue to pressure the State Government to implement an immediate moratorium as a crucial step to ensuring



Esperance, New 2 Km road built into ancient forest

A Story from the Esperance forests

BY ESPERANZO DESPERADO



Lockdown to logging machine in Esperance Forest during ten day campaign

their full legislated protection as National Parks and World Heritage Areas. We will continue the campaign to call for the immediate protection of all native forests in Tasmania.

Currently, activists are in the midst of a ten-week campaign which comes at a time when the market influenced shut down of the native forest industry in Tasmania is playing its card. As recently as early April the giant wood chipping export company Gunns Ltd (Tasmania's largest logging company) announced it was closing its last woodchip mill for eight weeks. For decades now the rampant logging of ancient forest in Tasmania has been feeding 80 Percent of what is cut to Gunns for woodchips and now with all three mills closed, Forestry Tasmania will not be able to financially manage the large scale logging.

To help, you can donate to our campaign, have a movie night or gig to raise awareness about tassie's forests. Visit tassie and join the campaign! Or just keep up to speed on our campaign by joining our email list. Visit HUON.ORG and NATIVEFOREST.NET

Jenny Weber has been a frontline activist for Tasmania's ancient forests with the Huon Valley Environment Centre (HVEC), which she co-founded 10 years ago focusing on the forests of the Huon. She participated in the lock-down for the Esperance forests during the ten day campaign. She is the HVEC media spokesperson. Jenny is a Mother of two young children, who are at the core of her passion for forest protection.

When we finally arrive at the side of the mountain, in the peppermint forest where they're slicing a road out of the ancient mud, there's wind sighing up off the high peaks like a long exhaled breath. Its a cold, rasping breeze that creeps down your neck and finds the holes in your trousers. The trees—huge swaying ghost-fingers—tickle at the sublime underbelly of the sky as we examine the machines.

Four hulking yellow robot monsters, caked in grey and yellow mud. Touching those tracks and huge cutting blades is like caressing the skin of a sleeping angry dinosaur. We scan the trees with spotlights for a good hold. Its bloody cold. Past the mud-pile lair of the bulldozer, there's a line cut in where the road will go. A delicate stream has been trampled under the churning mechanical feet of those machines. The stream has wound its way through a complicated, exhausting jungle of a forest with horizontal, celery-top pine, stringybark, peppermint, sassafras and tea trees. The biggest tea trees you'll ever see. Not slender, springy sticks but great strapping old growth tea trees with trunks like oaks. We stand marvelling at these stalwarts while we should be setting up the treesit.

Then we fumble with ends of rope and tangles. Convoluted twists and turns of string nearly as impenetrable as the thickets of laurel and cutting grass and climbing heath that make a green wall next to the road and stretch up into the mountains. Four throws, maybe five, and the tree is caught. It's a relief because hauling yourself through that forest is hard work, especially with broken shoes and a dying head torch. The smooth, striped bark of a peppermint branch has welcomed the slung throw-line and now we latch on climb-rope and start hitching up the tree.

All this time the clouds are still racing, cartwheeling and morphing from the west. The moon is getting brighter (its like a flood light), and the stars make cameo appearances between fronts of hazy rain-fog. We attach the machines to more rope and tie that to the treesit. Nearly ready.

It's 2 a.m. when the weather settles. Then the wind loses its breath and draws calm, dreamy draughts of scented air. The air gets warmer and there's a delicious stillness crystallising through the wild forested night. The thin, feathery peppermint leaves stop fluttering and flapping. Everything is hushed. The person in the tree shines their torch out through the branches making enormous shadows of hands, boots and leaves. Human shapes and plant shapes fuse, flash and zoom across the blank canvas of the new road bed. We stand and watch this shadow play to the soundtrack of a hooting owl and purr of the snoring mountains.



April 30, activists scale loading crane to halt shipment of cut logs at Hobart wharf



Photo By Alan Leisham

When its all set up, the treesit attached, climber/possum lodged inside, machines disabled by harmless knots, then we find time to sleep. Crawl into the metal caves under the tracks of the frozen excavators. Spread tarps on the mud. On cue, it rains and the drops find their way down hydraulic arms, along cables and exhaust pipes, under the cabin, past the tracks and onto our sleeping bags. I wake up with a wet leg and a pool of converging drips in my sleeping mat. We shuffle round and endure the "plop, plop" long enough to snatch some more rest.

But at 6 a.m., before sunrise, the moon makes way for a big, moving yellow light that flares and hums up the road. They're here. Car! Everyone up! It's two utes, contractors, a forestry bloke. We exchange empty pleasantries and then retreat back around the fire. They're frustrated. We try to explain why we need to be here, in this messy mountainside forest with its unkempt, incredible tangle of life. They reckon its barely rooted in the ground and better off logged.

This is always how it is. The strange incontrovertible ritual of actions. The sun is rising and teasing the tops of the mountains. Its pouring pure light down through the wet, slick trunks of the peppermints, dazzling off their leaves, lighting all the different coloured hunks of mud and stone along the scar of the road. Its magic.

This piece of bush lives out its final days, breathing under the orbits of moon and sun and earth and stars. And today, the machines stay sleeping and that contented silence reigns. The groan and hack and snap of progress banished for a day. That's why we're here. To hear the deep, calm breath of the wind. To let the forest sleep in.

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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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Please direct all correspondence to:

Earth First! Journal

PO Box 964

Lake Worth, FL 33460

(561) 249-2071

collective@earthfirstjournal.org

WWW.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

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Front & Back Cover: "Outclassed" by the Hungry Knife Artists Collective

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COULD THE JAGUAR BE POISED FOR RECOVERY IN THE UNITED STATES?

BY MICHAEL J. ROBINSON

The US Fish and Wildlife Service is developing a recovery plan for the jaguar. A recovery plan is a science-based roadmap to getting an endangered species away from the brink of extinction, and secure.

Furthermore, the agency is mapping out areas in the southwestern US for designation in 2012 as jaguar critical habitat. Critical habitat designation delineates the areas that are necessary to achieve recovery. Federal agencies may not take any actions that would adversely modify critical habitat. That proscription is why threatened and endangered species with critical habitat designated for them have been found to be twice as likely to have improving population trends as those without.

That the jaguar will receive these benefits is astounding given the Fish and Wildlife Service's decades of jaguar persecution, followed by further decades of maledictory neglect. But these belated and much-welcome administrative actions come just as approximately 350 miles of the US/Mexico border have been walled off, thereby blocking jaguar movements, as expanding residential and commercial development and new gargantuan copper mines threaten to further sever potential jaguar movement corridors in Arizona and New Mexico—and with no promise that a federal government still enthralled by the livestock industry, the jaguar's committed nemesis, will attempt in good faith to recover jaguars.

The Decline of a North American Native

If potential recovery of the world's third-largest felid, after the tiger and the lion, seems a minor miracle or perhaps mirage, it is at least as surprising to those who may happen upon the news that jaguars are even native to the United States. Jaguars were reported in North Carolina in 1700 and 1737, Louisiana in 1886, Texas up through 1948 when the last of an originally "vast number" of jaguars was killed, in northern Colorado in 1843, New Mexico and Arizona through the current era, and California, including the San Francisco Bay area in the early 1800s, with the last one shot near Palm Springs around 1860. Indian artifacts and accounts suggest an even broader US distribution.

Not only are jaguars indigenous, but paleontologists believe these spotted and occasionally melanistic cats

evolved in North America before colonizing southern climes. They disappeared from most of their US range during the nineteenth century due to clearing of forests, draining of wetlands, introduction of livestock, and persecution to eliminate a threat to stock and to acquire a beautiful pelt. In the Southwest, where aridity and rugged terrain curbed human development, jaguars persisted longer, not only sheltered by vast roadless areas but also bolstered by jaguars emigrating from Mexico.

In 1915, in response to the general threat of livestock predators in the western United States, primarily wolves, Congress initiated funding for a systematic program of predator extermination to be carried out by the US Bureau of Biological Survey, previously an agency devoted to scientific research. In 1918, the Biological Survey killed its first jaguar in the Santa Rita Mountains south of Tucson. In 1963, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the new name since 1940 for the Biological Survey, shot the last known female jaguar in the US, in the White Mountains of eastern Arizona.

Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) trapped another jaguar in the same region the following year, and in 1965 and 1971 two more jaguars were killed by private citizens in southern Arizona.

In 1972, with the jaguar presumed extinct in the US and declining elsewhere in the western hemisphere due to habitat loss and hunting, the Fish and Wildlife Service placed it on the list of foreign endangered species under authority of the 1969 Endangered Species Conservation Act. Nonetheless, the agency issued "hardship permits" to safari companies to allow their clients to import into the US the trophies of jaguars killed in other nations, which otherwise would have been illegal.

After passage of the Endangered Species Act in 1973, FWS continued to list the jaguar as endangered only outside the US. In 1979, the agency admitted that jaguars should also be protected domestically, maintaining that only through an "oversight" had it failed to do so, and pledged to rectify that oversight "as quickly as possible." But it failed to follow through.

In December 1986, a southern Arizona rancher, using two or three successive packs of hounds over ten days, hunted down and shot a jaguar in the Dos Cabeza Mountains. The slaying did not violate the Endangered Species Act because US jaguars were still considered extinct rather than endangered.

Agencies Kill the Last Known US Jaguar

In 1992, biologist Tony Povilitis, Ph.D. petitioned to list the jaguar as endangered in the US, but Fish and Wildlife Service illegally ignored his petition. It wasn't until July 1997, as a result of a lawsuit by the Center for Biological Diversity, that jaguars in the US finally received federal protection.

The Endangered Species Act requires, with narrow exceptions, that FWS develop recovery plans and designate critical habitat for animals and plants that are listed as threatened or endangered. Nevertheless the agency did not designate jaguar critical habitat because, it claimed, that would likely make the species more vulnerable to poaching.

Nonetheless Fish and Wildlife Service stated: "Identification of this species' habitat preferences will be addressed through the recovery process." But then the agency failed to initiate a recovery planning process. It did not appoint a jaguar recovery team charged with developing a recovery plan.

Instead, it deferred to a new inter-agency group, the Jaguar Conservation Team, that had been founded and was chaired by the Arizona Game and Fish Department in order to forestall the jaguar's listing as endangered in the US. Among other empty promises, the Jaguar Conservation Team pledged to "provide long-term commitments to identify and eventually coordinate protection of jaguar habitat."

Dominated by the livestock industry, the team failed to protect any habitat, including even failing to meaningfully engage the Department of Homeland Security as vegetation was cleared, vehicle routes were developed, and most destructively, as a jaguar-proof wall was erected in jaguar habitat.

Slowed to inaction by filibusters in its habitat committee, self-pitying perorations on constitutional principles in its plenary sessions, and parliamentary legerdemain, the "Jaguar Conversation Team," as it came to be known, compensated for its anemic record by planning to capture a jaguar to affix a radio-collar for research.

Nobody could articulate, however, how the resulting information on jaguar habitat utilization would be used for conservation. Objections that capturing a jaguar for uncertain benefits did not justify the potential risks were swept aside. Furthermore, non-intrusive methods of research, including genetic analysis of the scat of jaguars that can be located through trained scat-sniffing dogs, were dismissed as inadequate, leaving capturing a jaguar as the interagency group's clear

preference. Yet, as an endangered species, to make capturing a jaguar legal, Fish and Wildlife Service would first have to issue a permit authorizing such "take."

On February 18, 2009, a jaguar whose photo had been repeatedly taken, first by a hound-hunter in 1996, and subsequently by trip-cameras, known as "Macho B" (his eponymous alphabetic predecessor, Macho A, having mysteriously disappeared from the same area of southern Arizona years before), was captured in a wire snare. The snare had been set by one of the Jaguar Conservation Team's central figures, Emil



Macho B caught in a FWS snare, February 18, 2009.

McCain, while he was working as a subcontractor for Arizona Game and Fish Department capturing mountain lions and bears for radio-collaring. Ostensibly, snaring a jaguar was a happy accident. Game and Fish personnel tranquilized, radio-collared and released Macho B. Twelve days later, after he did not move as far or as frequently as expected following his capture and after he was observed ailing, he was re-captured, diagnosed as terminally ill from kidney failure, and euthanized.

McCain subsequently pled guilty to violating the Endangered Species Act in deliberately and without a permit capturing Macho B through baiting, or directing a coworker to bait, the supposed cougar or bear snare set in a canyon that he knew Macho B traversed, with jaguar scat. Arizona Game and Fish also fired a low-level employee who had conspired with McCain on the cover-up. But the question of involvement of higher-ups in authorizing or encouraging the capture remains unanswered.

The Interior Department's inspector general, investigating Macho B's death, concluded that Arizona Game and Fish did not have a permit for the capture, and stated that skinning the jaguar to preserve the

pelt, undertaken instead of a necropsy because a Fish and Wildlife Service supervisor was unfamiliar with the word "necropsy," resulted in loss of information and left doubt as to what had ailed Macho B.

Although the entire corpse was not made available for a necropsy, some organs were preserved. A veterinary pathologist who examined the jaguar's kidneys, but whose report was never released, told the Arizona Daily Star that the organs appeared healthy and that Macho B may have just suffered from dehydration.

Ironically, had the Jaguar Conservation Team monitored jaguars through a program of locating and analyzing their scat, we might have known more about Macho B's underlying health than what may be reconstructed based on his incomplete remains.

At its inception in 1997, the Jaguar Conservation Team had stated, as part of its case to stave off federal protection, that it would "reduce risk of overutilization of the jaguar for commercial, recreational, scientific, or educational purposes." But 12 years later, with little else to show for its efforts, the team and its powerbroker (the Arizona Game and Fish Department) had killed, for scientific purposes but absent the rigor of real science and outside the constraints of federal law, the last known wild jaguar in the United States.

Unnatural Resistance to Habitat Protection

Five years before Macho B's death, beginning in 2003, the Center for Biological Diversity filed the first of a series of lawsuits to compel critical habitat designation and recovery plan development. In response, Fish and Wildlife Service renounced its previous rationale for not designating critical habitat, admitting that the Jaguar Conservation Team and Arizona Game and Fish routinely disclose jaguar locations on-line and elsewhere—so jaguars would not in fact be made more vulnerable by maps of critical habitat.

But the agency proffered a new rationale for the same position: critical habitat would not be designated because no areas in the US qualified as necessary to recover the species at large across the entirety of its range. And no recovery plan would be developed because of the futility of a US agency attempting to recover a species whose vast range was almost entirely outside US jurisdiction.

This position ran counter to a 2007 resolution by the venerable American Society of Mammalogists, that was supported unanimously by the approximately 500 of its members attending the organization's 87th annual meeting held that year in Albuquerque. These scientists endorsed development of a recovery plan and designation of critical habitat for jaguars,

and described habitats for jaguars in the US, including Arizona and New Mexico, as "vital to the long-term resilience and survival of the species . . . especially in response to ongoing climate change." The resolution added that "ecosystems in the United States in which jaguars formerly occurred are not intact without the sustained presence of jaguars."

In 2009, the court struck down Fish and Wildlife Service's positions on critical habitat and recovery planning, which led the agency to appoint a jaguar recovery team to write a recovery plan and draft a critical habitat rule for release in 2012. The Center for Biological Diversity has identified, mapped and recommended designation of 26 million acres as critical habitat in New Mexico and 27 million acres in Arizona.

Gila Headwaters as a Jaguar Recovery Area

Although jaguars were once widely distributed in the southern US, there are few parts of the jaguar's historic northern range that are still capable of supporting these top-level carnivores today. The most ecologically intact landscape remaining for jaguars is the Gila headwaters ecosystem of southwestern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona, at the heart of which are the Gila and Apache national forests where Mexican gray wolves have been reintroduced. It was in a mixed-conifer forest at 9,000 feet elevation in the Apache National Forest where the last known female jaguar was killed in 1963, attracted by a predator-call and shot by a Fish and Wildlife Service sniper.

Since female jaguars are thought less likely than males to roam far from their natal landscape seeking mates and establishing new territories, the presence of a female dozens of miles from the international border suggests that this region may have been the last US locale for jaguar reproduction—a sign of its relative suitability or at least the relative security that the

ecosystem afforded even decades after jaguar reproduction elsewhere in the US had been choked off.

In significant respects the ecological integrity of the Gila headwaters ecosystem has improved since the 1960s, due in large part to the late 1990s removal of livestock from hundreds of miles along the Gila River and its tributaries, enabling cottonwoods, alders, box-elders, sycamores and other riparian trees to mature, narrowing the river channels and improving habitat for many species of wildlife.

The Gila ecosystem includes millions of acres that are roadless, a variety of habitat types including desert grasslands and oak woodlands, and thousands of deer, javelina, elk, and other potential prey animals. The New Mexico Department of Game and Fish identified the Gila and Aldo Leopold wilderness areas within the Gila

TO TRULY CONSERVE THE SIGNIFICANT REMAINING ECOSYSTEMS IN WHICH JAGUARS CAN STILL BE RECOVERED, CRITICAL HABITAT MUST BE DESIGNATED AND A RECOVERY AREA DELINEATED

National Forest as having the largest extant of habitats with the greatest potential for supporting jaguars in the southwestern quadrant of the state.

There still remains potential connectivity for jaguars from the Gila to the nearest known breeding population of jaguars in Mexico, approximately 130 miles south of the international border. Indeed, people regularly report having seen possible jaguars—though none have been confirmed in the Gila headwaters ecosystem through a track, photograph or carcass since 1964.

The only region of the US where wild jaguars have been confirmed from the 1970s onward is the sky islands ecosystem in southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico. This region consists of isolated mountain ranges surrounded by desert grasslands—though many of those grasslands and the verdant ribbons of green alongside the rivers and streams that ran through them are now dusty and dry, or paved over. This region lies between the US/Mexico border and the Gila headwaters further north, connected to the latter by the Gila River—long seen as a likely route for jaguars to reach the Gila.

The sky islands ecosystem, while vital jaguar habitat, cannot be expected to support enough jaguars to significantly shore up the small and vulnerable northernmost breeding population in Mexico and secure it against extinction. The Gila headwaters ecosystem, more ecologically intact, wetter, and supporting denser populations of jaguar prey animals, but with scant to inconclusive evidence of jaguars currently using that habitat, is vital to ensuring recovery.

Welcoming Jaguars Home

In May 1900, Forest Service ranger Jack Stockbridge witnessed a jaguar killing a calf along Hoyt Creek in the Black Range of the Gila National Forest, an area of rolling ponderosa forests and grasslands carved by arroyos and steep-walled streams that even then were muddied by erosion from cattle feeding on and trampling the native vegetation. He called the animal the “prettiest thing you ever looked at, yellow with black spots,” adding that “I didn’t happen to have any gun. When I got pretty close, away went this darned animal off into the brush.” He informed a local trapper, who caught the jaguar nearby and sold its 8-foot, 3-inch pelt in Magdalena, New Mexico for \$200, to be made into a rug.

On August 25, 1990, Doctors Gerald and Donna Jacobi, married biologists teaching at New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas, New Mexico, were driving off from having sampled streams in the Gila

National Forest, a scant few miles from Stockbridge’s jaguar encounter on Hoyt Creek ninety years previous, when they observed for around 30 seconds “a large cat (significantly larger than a bobcat) with a long tail, buffy or reddish-brown in overall color and with dark-patterned spots over its entire body,” loping through the trees fifty to sixty feet distant, according to a New Mexico Department of Game and Fish memo reporting on their call to the agency. “When



A diorama of jaguars in the Sky Islands, American Museum of Natural History

the car was stopped for a better view, the cat reversed its route and then crossed the road about 25-30 yards behind the observers.”

Nine decades makes some difference. This cat was surely better served by the Jacobis, dedicated to conservation, having contacted the state game department—unlike the 1900 jaguar betrayed to a hide-hunter. But New Mexico Department of Game and Fish failed to investigate the sighting, nor use its authorities or institutional bully pulpit to promote jaguar recovery. The 1990 jaguar—for what else could it have been?—probably had no more opportunity to perpetuate its kind than the one hunted down nearby in 1900.

As seen, just when legal protection for US jaguars was finally and belatedly secured in 1997, the US Fish and Wildlife Service similarly turned a blind eye to the jaguar’s plight which was a consequence of centuries of persecution, including half a century of the Fish and Wildlife Service’s own active hunting of jaguars. Given the growing scientific understanding of the vital role that top-level predators play in ensuring the health of their ecosystems, such neglect does a grave disservice to the public interest expressed in the Endangered Species Act’s first statement of purpose, “to provide a means whereby the ecosystems upon which endangered species and threatened species depend may be conserved.”

The Fish and Wildlife Service should not assume that

(Jaguar Recovery Continued) the jaguar's present-day distribution is the maximal area where it can conceivably be recovered. Instead, the agency and its recovery team should consider the long tenure of the jaguar in North America, its evident adaptation to many different types of landscapes and disparate prey species, and the fact that jaguars were extirpated not entirely through habitat loss but also through a systematic government program of trapping, poisoning and hound-hunting, coupled with generalized public persecution.

There is no reason that jaguars can not be returned to a small portion of their originally vast home range in North America, to serve as part of a binational population that bolsters and significantly expands in sheer numbers and in distribution the vulnerable population now residing in Mexico.

To achieve a significant boost in jaguar numbers and genetic resilience, and to truly conserve the significant remaining ecosystems in which jaguars can still be recovered, critical habitat must be designated and a recovery area delineated—not just in the sky islands, but in the Gila headwaters as well. It is time to welcome the jaguar home.

Robinson is a conservation advocate for Center for Biological Diversity and author of Predatory Bureaucracy: The Extermination of Wolves and the Transformation of the West (University Press of Colorado, 2005.) He lives in the Gila headwaters ecosystem of New Mexico. References available by contacting Robinson directly at: michaelr@biologicaldiversity.org

EASTERN COUGAR DECLARED OFFICIALLY EXTINCT

On March 2, 2011—a date which marks the two-year anniversary of the killing of Macho B, the last known wild jaguar in the US—the Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) declared the eastern cougar to be extinct. A status review could not authenticate any records of the puma subspecies since the last confirmed individual was killed in 1938 in Maine. Only one other subspecies of puma from the eastern US survives: the Florida panther. These panthers once ranged throughout the Southeast, but are now besieged by sprawl in a single, remnant population in South Florida.

“Official confirmation of the eastern cougar's extinction is a belated warning that our ecosystems are out of whack,” said Michael Robinson, with the Center for Biological Diversity (CBD). “But we still have a chance to recover the Florida panther by saving habitat in its current range and reintroducing the animal to its historic range. If we can do that, we'll help restore nature's balance at the same time.”

On February 10, 2011, the CBD petitioned Interior Secretary Ken Salazar to reintroduce Florida panthers to the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge and surrounding lands in south Georgia and north Florida. Reintroduction is called for in the 2008 Florida panther recovery plan, but FWS is stalling, despite three studies identifying Okefenokee as suitable for reintroduction.

“It is still not too late for the Florida panther,” said Robinson. “To save the panther in its existing range, the Interior Department must designate critical habitat. To recover the panther and bring back the vanishing longleaf pine forest where panthers used to roam, reintroduction to the greater Okefenokee ecosystem is essential.”

In February 2010, several groups, including Conservancy of Southwest Florida, Center for Biological Diversity and Public Employees for Environmental Responsibility (PEER) filed a lawsuit challenging the Service's denial of their petitions to designate critical habitat. This designation would give the panther the greatest protection available under the federal Endangered Species Act and promote its recovery from the brink of extinction. At present, about 120 Florida panthers survive in the wild, clinging to less than 5 percent of their historical range.

On April 6, 2011, a federal district judge dismissed the groups' lawsuit. The judge's order recognized the panther's gravely imperiled status, citing prior cases which called the panther “one of the most endangered large mammals in the world.” Nevertheless the judge found that, because the panther was listed as endangered before the critical habitat provisions were added to the Endangered Species Act, the Service's action was entirely discretionary and therefore not subject to judicial review.

But on April 20, 2011, conservation groups appealed to the 11th Circuit in the hopes of finally protecting critical habitat for the cat, which has been listed as endangered for more than 40 years.

Andrew McElwaine, president of the Conservancy of Southwest Florida, said: “In effect, the judge said the Service does not have to designate critical habitat for the panther because the panther has been endangered for too long. We trust the 11th Circuit will reverse.”

Last year, 23 panthers were killed, and at least 11 more have already died in 2011, mostly due to collisions with cars. “Unfortunately, the US Fish and Wildlife Service has an extinction strategy rather than a recovery strategy for the Florida panther,” said PEER Director Jeff Ruch, who also noted that the Service's science has been manipulated to mask the truly dire plight of the panther.

“You can't protect endangered species without protecting the places they live, and that's what needs to happen to give the Florida panther any shot at survival,” said Robinson. “We're confident that the appellate court will recognize that the Interior Department has the authority and the urgent responsibility to protect critical habitat for the panther, which is disappearing as gated subdivisions and strip malls replace forests and wetlands in South Florida.”

For further information on Florida panther mortality rates: WWW.FLORIDAPANTERNET.ORG



Florida panther in Big Cypress Refuge, Photo: Ralph Arwood/np

FLORIDA PANTHER STILL HAS A CHANCE

Ending the Silence

BY TOVA FLEMING & DR. MICHELLE STEVENS

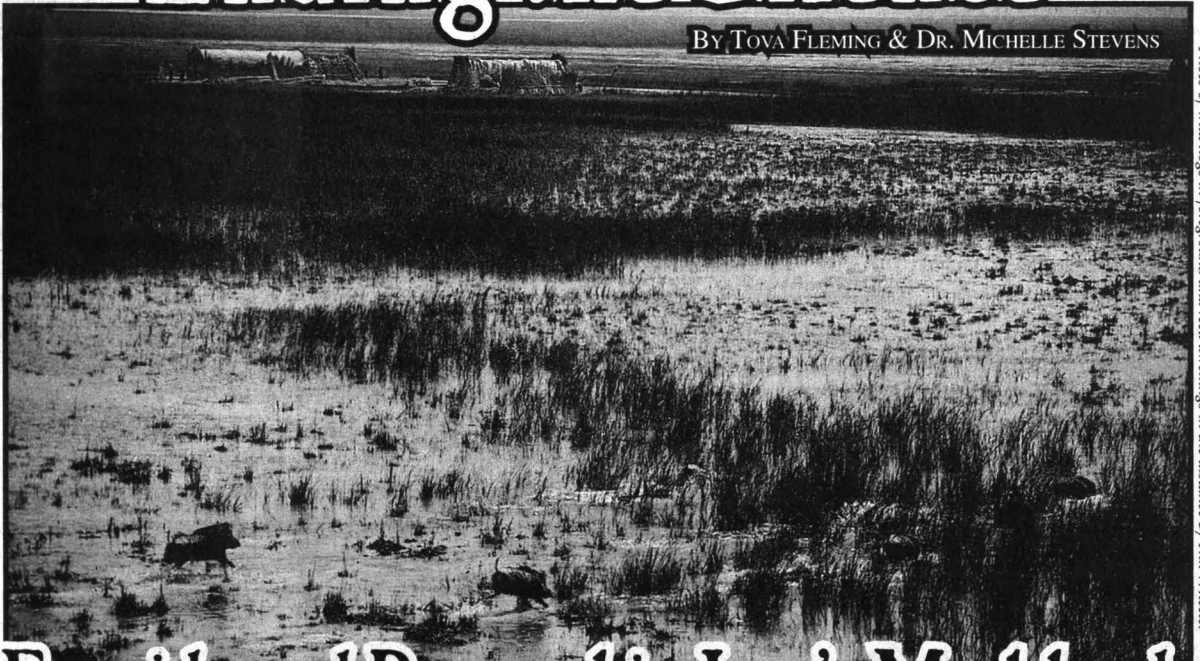


Photo of wild hogs in foreground and reed dwellings in the distance by Nik Wheeler

Ecocide and Renewal in Iraq's Marshlands

Noisy fans carve paths of relief through the hot thick midsummer air of a classroom at the University of Barcelona. Small paper make-shift fans flutter like migrating butterflies across the rows of tables as thirteen Iraqi scientists from the Basra Marine Science Center, University of Basra, Iraq, prepare to present their research on the Mesopotamian Marshes, Shatt al Arab River, and Gulf to a group of international peers who have convened at the World Congress for Middle Eastern Studies, July, 2010.

This is the first time these scientists have had a chance to present their research to an international audience. "Scientists in Iraq have been living in a blackout for thirty years because of the dictatorship. They are starved for dialogue with the international community," said Raida Fahmi, Chair of Hima Mesopotamia's Board of Directors.

In addition to the isolation of Iraqis from the rest of the world, the Western media has played a role in distancing and distorting our perception of the Iraqi people and landscape. Search images of Iraq on the internet and you will find a landscape with no horizon save crumbling buildings. The earth and sky are draped a shroud of beige. American soldiers dominate

the majority of images, women in black wail in grief, men scream into cameras, and children stare with eyes that appear much older than their years.

The intellectual blackout imposed by the Baathist regime, in combination with the Western media's portrayal of the Middle East, obscures a vibrant and passionate people with a rich cultural and ecological history as well as an ecological crisis of tragic proportions occurring throughout the Tigris and Euphrates watersheds. The media distortion also conceals the people trying to save the Tigris, Euphrates, and Mesopotamian Marshes.

Surrounded by desert to the west and south, the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers bring life to the Mesopotamian region, and an abundance of greenery and diversity to the Iraqi landscape. As the rivers begin to converge in southern Iraq, they create a system of interconnected lakes, mudflats, and wetlands that historically covered over 5,790 square miles (15,000 km²), an area twice the size of the Everglades. This complex and diverse ecosystem makes up the al Ahwar marshes—it is the largest system of wetlands in the



Photo of Ma'dan community in 1974, by Nik Wheeler

Middle East and Western Eurasia.

The marshlands support a dazzling array of wildlife including one to ten million wintering waterfowl

(approximately two-thirds of the western Asian population), the Euphrates soft shelled turtle, and the endangered endemic Basra reed warbler. The marshes provide an economically important fishery and a spawning ground for migratory fish and shrimp species that come to the marshes from the Gulf to breed.

Theologians believe the Mesopotamia Marshes are the site of the Garden of Eden. They are the birthplace of the three Abrahamic religions: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. When healthy the marshes sequester carbon, prevent the dust storms now devastating air quality and exacerbating health issues, bring essential nutrients to the marine environment, and support a traditional culture with roots dating back 3000 years. Additionally, the marshes support the agricultural production of dates, millet, rice and wheat.

This traditionally managed landscape spans the border between southern Iraq and Iran and is home to 350,000 to 500,000 Ma'dan, or Marsh Arabs. These predominantly Shi'ite Ma'dan do not necessarily see themselves as part of the arbitrary borders of political boundaries, but as belonging to the marshes themselves. Dr. Michelle Stevens interviewed some of the Ma'dan that fled Iraq to San Diego and recorded their thoughts on the relationship with the marshes: "We grow like a bird in the marsh. Everything is in front of us. We canoe inside the marshes for reeds, for the animals and for fish...the marshes are like our body, our blood. You cannot miss one part. It all should stay as marsh."

In the Marsh Arab culture, nature and culture are inextricably intertwined. The Iraqi poet, Dr. Rasheed Bander al-Khayoun spoke of the potency of this relationship:

The people of al Ahwar need water in the marshes ... Their spiritual need surpasses the material need, since draining the marshes

means putting the boats out of service and an end to regional poetry specific to al-Ahwar, and to singing, which can only be performed in that theatre of water and reeds and rushes. Indeed, draining the marshes means the death of a way of life that people have practiced for tens of centuries. There is no doubt that the people desperately want their environment to return to its natural state ... All the people dream of is the marshes full with fishes, birds, cows, and buffalos with [restored] passageways and islands, because it is this vision that is in harmony with their spiritual heritages as found in their songs, poems, and tales.

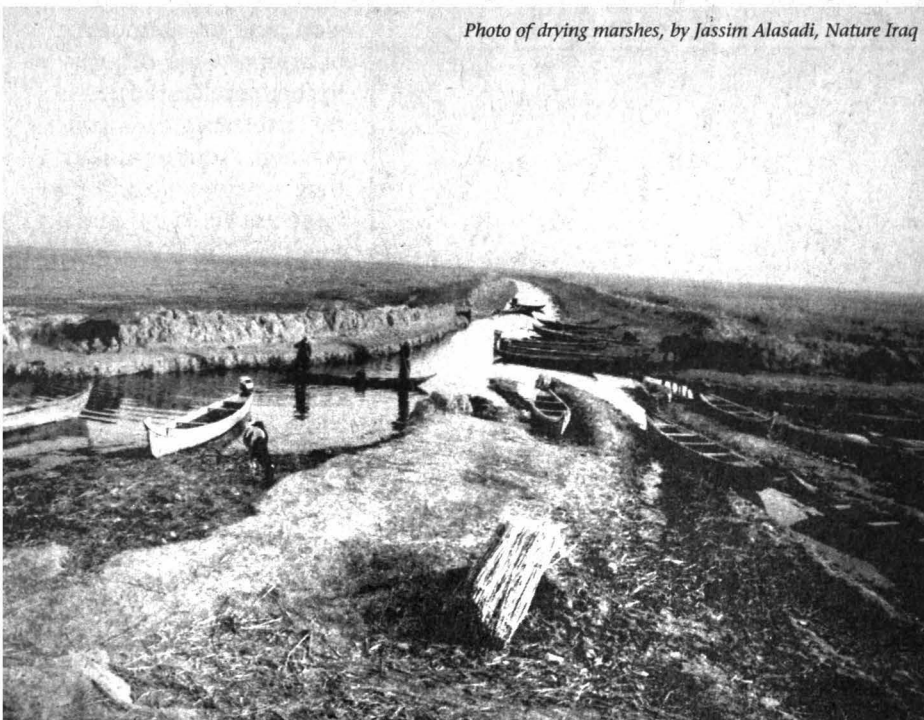
The Marsh Arabs have become an integral part of the ecosystem through their management of it over thousands of years. Traditionally, their homes floated on carefully crafted islands made of reeds; the structure and craftsmanship of the homes date back to the time of the Sumerians. Water buffalo are a cultural icon and keystone species of the ecosystem; they are vital for survival for the Ma'dan culture.

During the 1980s the marshes became a battleground of the Iran-Iraq war. In 1991, in an act of cultural genocide and ecocide, Saddam Hussein's regime drained 90 percent of the marshes in an attempt to flush out resistant factions believed to be taking refuge in the marshes. The United Nations Environmental Program proclaimed it to be "one of the world's greatest environmental disasters." The Ma'dan were forced to flee. They became environmental refugees squatting on land they held no claim to. Finally, with the fall of Saddam Hussein the Ma'dan began returning home with their water buffalo as locals began reflooding the marshes, breaking down the dikes and dams. In 2003-

2005, Iraq had good water years and local restoration resulted in the rehydration of up to 60 percent of the marshlands. In some areas fish and reeds recovered quickly, however, according to the article "The Restoration Potential of the Mesopotamian Marshes of Iraq" published in *Science*, 2005 by C.J. Richardson and colleagues, only 10 percent of the newly flooded areas were functioning as healthy wetland systems.

The marshes can be geographically broken up into three areas. The Hammar marsh lies to the south and west of the Euphrates, the Central marsh is located between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers and the Hawizeh marsh is found to the east of the Tigris and is fed both

Photo of drying marshes, by Jassim Alasadi, Nature Iraq



by the confluence of Tigris and the Karkeh River that runs through Iran. In October 2008, the Haweizeh marsh was added to the List of Ramsar Wetlands of International Importance. The same year Iran began diverting water from the Karkheh River, drying this spectacular marsh.

In fact, water diversions in Turkey, Syria, and Iran coupled with several years of drought are devastating the Marshes and the Iraqi people at large. Last summer hydroelectric plants along the Euphrates were forced to shut down, leaving people with no electricity in temperatures as high as 135 degrees Fahrenheit. A recent article in *Radio Free Europe* noted that according to, Aoun Dhiab, the Director of the National Center for Water Resources, [Iraq], ... "the Tigris and Euphrates rivers are 'in a dire state,' especially the Euphrates, 'which has been reduced to a mere creek due to insufficient quantities of water released by Turkey and Syria.'" Additionally, the UN recently released a report that the Tigris and Euphrates could be completely dry by 2040.

Reduced flows to the Shatt al Arab River (created by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers) have resulted in a decrease of nutrients available to marine life and fisheries. Additionally, the reduction of fresh water flows allowed the intrusion of salt water into the rivers as far north as Basra. The water is not only salty but increasing in temperature. These changes in the aquatic environment have reduced shad populations by 75 percent and are adversely affecting other aquatic organisms such as shrimp and the fisheries that rely on them.

In April 2009 the Basra Marine Science Center hosted the fourth International Conference on the Rehabilitation of the Iraqi Southern Marshes. Because of her years of work with wetlands and Nature Iraq (Iraq's first conservation organization performing restoration work in the marshes), conference organizers asked Stevens to be the keynote speaker. Stevens describes the experience of arriving in Basra: "The environment I witnessed in Basra had shattered buildings and rivers so polluted with the algae (*Dunaliella sp*) that the water turned bright pink. Garbage was everywhere, and stray dogs snuffled through the garbage, well fed but in ill health. Heavy particulates from dust caused the air to appear sepia-toned and visibility was similar to dense fog...Reduced flows have exacerbated water quality problems." In fact, the second leading cause of death among Iraqi children is diarrhea from drinking polluted water.

Frustrated that the many local conferences held inside Iraq were doing little to create meaningful change in upstream water use, five hundred scientists attending the conference in Basra signed a petition to "appeal to governments of the neighboring countries and international societies to help by insuring and assigning a specific share of water for the Mesopotamian Marshes. For thousands of years the cultures and ecosystem of the al Ahwar marshes have flourished and been sustained through life giving waters, we request enough water to

restore and preserve the biodiversity and long lasting cultural heritage of this region".

Additionally, Dr. Ali Malik, Director of the Basra Marine Science Center (BMSC), and Dr. Adil Yousif al-Handal (BMSC) asked Stevens to help them organize a conference outside of Iraq to inform the international community on emergency freshwater scarcity for the people and marshes of southern Iraq. "We want the world to hear our voice," said Dr. Yousif, "We held several conferences in Iraq about the marsh problem but these remained local, and no one outside Iraq could know about it, we have very bad contact with the outside world due to the ongoing situation."

In response, Dr. Stevens contacted Matthew Hall and Tony Miller (Centre for Middle Eastern Plants, Royal Botanic Garden Edinburgh), organizers for the World Congress for Middle Eastern Studies, Barcelona (WOCMES), Spain 2010, to arrange two symposia featuring the work of ten Iraqi scientists on biodiversity.

The call for international help from the Iraqi scientists and the organizing of the two symposia prompted the formation of the non-profit Hima Mesopotamia: Water and Peace in the Middle East. Stevens organized roundtable discussion at WOCMES to discover the best role for the international community and Hima Mesopotamia in this ecological crisis.

Dr. Nadia Al-Mudaffar Fawzi, Assistant Professor of Marine and Environmental Pollution, Marine Chemistry Department, BMSC, brought an incredible amount of expertise, insight, and focus to both the panels and the roundtable and played an integral role in shaping the mission of Hima Mesopotamia. Dr. Fawzi was the only Iraqi woman from the BMSC at the conference. Her approach to the crisis in the watershed is inclusive and holistic, "We must work to protect the entire Tigris and Euphrates watershed, not just the Mesopotamian marshes," she said. She is currently working in the marshes conducting socioeconomic studies and interviewing Ma'dan women who may not otherwise be accurately represented in such studies.

Dr. Fawzi's holistic approach to the watershed found consensus among the roundtable participants at WOCMES. Other ideas included the necessity of looking at solutions on a local, regional, and international scale; the importance of a socially inclusive response including economic concerns, business leaders and unlikely allies (such as working with oil companies to obtain water through mitigation) in solutions; the creation of a network of support, outreach, and communication with and between grassroots organizations along the Tigris and Euphrates watersheds; and finally, and perhaps most importantly, telling the stories of the scientists and traditional and local people living along the watershed.

The discussion between Iraqi scientists (with hands-on experience with the watershed and firsthand knowledge of the local and regional situation) and the larger international community generated and clarified Hima's

purpose and mission: *Hima Mesopotamia strives to connect people working on water issues throughout the Middle East and to draw the support of the international community to these groups by telling their stories.*

Our Vision: The restoration and maintenance of the ecology and cultural heritage of the Tigris Euphrates watershed.

Our Mission: To nurture the eco-cultural heritage of the Tigris-Euphrates watershed through

1) Outreach, coordination and capacity-building among grassroots organizations working throughout the watershed, policy makers, and the international community.

2) Synthesis of scientific information and traditional and local knowledge.

3) Providing a forum for cultural and environmental information exchange between individuals, local, national, and international groups via art, media, public speaking and scientific conferences.

At the conference in Barcelona, a young Turkish researcher told Stevens about Doga Dernegi—a grassroots movement opposing the Ilusu dam which would rival Three Gorges Dam in China. In order to meet European Union greenhouse gas emission requirements, Turkey turned to hydroelectric power and is currently building 1700 new dams (many in Kurdish areas) along the watersheds. These dams will affect over 2 million people in Turkey and will drastically reduce water flows downstream. When Dr. Stevens traveled to Turkey, she found that while many of the dams may not be stopped, their operations could be improved. Currently, water is held behind the dams for 2-5 hours. This completely dewater the riverbed, then a surge of 3 meters of water is sent downstream. These conditions create an environment in which aquatic and riparian life cannot hope to survive. The World Bank and the European Union refused to fund the dam. No environmental or social assessments have been done by the government and no consideration for archaeological sites has been made. The Ilusu dam will drown the 10,000 year old city of Hasankeyf.

While in Turkey to conduct research on public opinion about the dam and learn about the ecological conditions of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, Stevens met with Dicle Tuba Kılıç and Engin Yikmaz of Doga Dernegi in Istanbul, in the lush garden of the Sphendon Hotel. She arranged a meeting with Doga Dernegi's President, Guven Eken. The connection galvanized a partnership working for social justice and ecological integrity along Mesopotamia's two rivers. Following the meetings with Doga Dernegi, the group arranged for Dr. Stevens' travel and research on the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers for the next three weeks. Stevens visited dams and talked to engineers and evaluated ecological and social conditions on each watershed.

Today, Hima Mesopotamia is gathering international

support, and has an international advisory board including members from Nature Iraq, Basra Marine Science Center, Kuwait Institute of Scientific Research, Doga Dernegi, Institute Of Oceanography & Fisheries, Alexandria, Egypt, International Buffalo Federation, Royal Botanic Garden Edinburgh, Centre for Environmental Stewardship and Conservation, Pakistan Wetlands Programme, and researchers from Universities across the United States.

Additionally, Hima Mesopotamia is planning two symposia for the Society of Ecological Restoration International conference in Merida, Mexico. The symposia will bring together representatives from Iraq, Turkey, and Kuwait for the first time. Communication among grassroots organizations and scientists along the watersheds until now has been virtually non-existent and is vitally important to creating equitable water allocation and the restoration of the ecosystems.

It seems that after several decades of war in Iraq, we forget that people are never solely victims but are filled with vibrancy, passion, love, art, dreams, and hope. We forget that humanity's battlegrounds are also ecological systems. Wildlife and people are both affected by war. Additionally, when we think of the instruments of war, we tend to think of human technologies such as aircraft, missiles, automatic weapons, and tanks. Amidst stories of the dominant contemporary world view that tell us we are separate from the natural we forget that the arsenals of war include the manipulation or management of ecological life support systems in acts of biocide. Water will be one of the most divisive issues in the coming years. We have the unique opportunity to use water as a way to encourage cooperation and help heal cultural strife in this ecologically and culturally rich region.

For more information visit:

WWW.HIMA-MESOPOTAMIA.ORG

To follow Dr. Stevens research in Iraq and Turkey visit:

WWW.IRAQMARSHRESOTRATION.BLOGSPOT.COM

Tova Fleming is a student at CSU Sacramento, and has been working on the formation of Hima Mesopotamia with Dr. Michelle Stevens for the past year. She is currently serving on the Board for Hima, and hopes to pursue graduate studies focused on the relationship between story and restoration ecology.

Dr. Michelle Stevens is an assistant professor at California State University, Sacramento, in the Environmental Studies Department. She has been working on the cultural and ecological restoration of the Mesopotamian Marshes since 2001, inspired by working as Project Manager for Suzie and Azzam Alwash working on the Eden Again Project. She is now executive director of the Hima Mesopotamia: Water and Peace in the Middle East NGO, and can be reached at stevensm@csus.edu

DECLARATION OF PATIHUITZ

INDIGENOUS AND CAMPESINO PERSPECTIVES ON THE CLIMATE CRISES AND FALSE SOLUTIONS

During the days April 2 and 3, 2011, more than 300 delegates of regional *campesino* and indigenous organizations gathered in the Forum: *Indigenous and Campesino Perspectives on the Climate Crisis and the False Solutions*, to dialogue and analyze the situation in which our communities are living right now. During these dialogues, the memory of our *compañero* Porfirio Encino was present among us; eight years after his passing, his acts and his thinking continue to live in our hearts.

We came from different parts of the State of Chiapas to unite with our brothers and sisters from the jungle of Ocosingo; over the course of two days we shared the challenges that we see arising at the local, state, and national level.

Following our discussions, we conclude:

1. The peoples and communities of Chiapas reject policies that benefit only large national and international-capital interests. These policies are manifestations of the neoliberal project that dominates the planet, and is provoking more poverty, marginalization, and exclusion of *campesinos* and indigenous peoples in Chiapas and around the world.

2. The poorest of the poor find ourselves in a permanent crisis. In the world and in our country, we hear about the food crisis, the climate crisis, and the economic crisis. But in our communities we have a permanent crisis whose history is in the history of the Conquest and in the governments whose prime objective is the continual enrichment of the dominant class. Public money is used to enrich the po-

litical and economic classes of this country, with only crumbs given to the people through poverty alleviation programs, which, themselves, are a business for corrupt bureaucrats and service providers. These programs do not address the root causes of poverty.

3. As indigenous and peasant communities we are being denied the responsibility of feeding our people. Now, it is the transnational corporations that produce, distribute, and commercialize food, and who also want to appropriate the seeds that we've developed and improved over the course of thousands of years. The government would prefer that our communities be fed by foreigners, rather than desiging and promoting public policies that support the production, distribution, and sale of food from our own communities, which would simultaneously serve to strengthen peasant and indigenous agricultural production.

4. The current food crisis also signifies an increase in the price of food, which means that every day we have less economic capacity to purchase basic staples. In indigenous and *campesino* communities, access to food is made even more difficult due to our low levels of income and because the marginalization we suffer makes price increases that much more difficult to bear. For this reason, it is necessary that we be able to continue producing our own food and that small-scale agriculture be recognized as the most viable method for food production and for cooling the planet.

5. Our lands and territories are at risk. The conservation programs that are being implemented today have as their primary goal the trans-

formation of our natural resources into commodities.

6. We express our urgent concern about disinformation regarding the REDD Program [Reducing Emissions from Deforestation and Forest Degradation in Developing Countries, a United Nations program] as it is being implemented in the Lacandón Jungle. We consider that in the medium and long term it will not benefit the peoples and communities that live here, but that it will benefit the transnational corporations that stand to make huge profits from the carbon market. It will generate the privatization of forests, the expulsion of communities, and increasing financial speculation. Carbon markets are one of the false solutions to global warming being promoted by transnational corporations and governments.

7. In Chiapas, the operation of REDD has already begun stimulating landgrabs from pueblos and communities. Three facts confirm this: 1) the agreement signed between the government of California, USA (the most polluting state in the world) and the government of Chiapas for the sale of carbon credits; 2) the decree of the Law for Adaptation and Mitigation of Climate Change in the State of Chiapas on December 7, 2010, and 3) the signing of the Pact for Respect and Conservation of the Lacandón Jungle in December of 2010 to give economic support to the landholders of the Lacandon community to preserve the jungle and allow the sale of carbon credits to the government of California.

8. Global warming will not be solved by the privatization of natural resources. Its root causes can be traced to current models of

production, distribution, consumption, and commerce, which are based in the concentration of capital (more wealth for the few); massive consumption of fossil fuels (oil); overproduction and free trade. All of these are characteristics of transnational capital, which is seeking to continue expanding its dominance over the entire planet.

In these moments, in which peoples and communities, and specifically the Lacandón jungle, are subject to the multiple pressures of landgrabs, incomplete processes of agrarian reform, extreme poverty and conflict over natural resources, indigenous and *campesino* organizations manifest that:

1. We need access to adequate information in order to decide how to best confront global warming. The Federal and State governments give priority to solutions proposed by transnational corporations and international governments, rather than hearing the demands voiced by *campesinos* and indigenous peoples.

2. The REDD program is not a solution to global warming. Its objective is the privatization of carbon, land, air, seeds, water and other resources. Its final objective is that industrialized countries "buy" the right to pollute, at the cost of the lands, territories, and natural resources of the indigenous peoples and peasant farmers.

3. We demand that conservation programs must be sustained by the vision and practice of indigenous and *campesino* communities. We are convinced that smallholder peasant farming and community forestry can cool the planet.

4. The production of food is a family and community obligation. The policies of the Federal and State governments should be oriented toward the food sovereignty of our peoples. We close the door to the transnationals.

5. Those of us in this Forum value sustainable peasant agriculture. For this reason we insist that it is the solution to both the food crisis and the

crisis of global warming that we are suffering today.

6. We demand that primary and secondary education take into account ecological perspectives on global warming, and the solutions proposed by our peoples. But it is also important that we design and implement our own programs of environmental education, in ways that are autonomous and in solidarity with civil society organizations whose ethic is to accompany popular struggles. We reject those who join our work in order to attempt to discredit us later.

7. As peoples and communities we take the conservation of natural resources into our own hands. We will be fomenting new forms of organization for action and protest to make our initiatives and our proposals heard.

8. We are moving toward a constant mobilization to awaken the consciousness of our *compañeros* and *compañeras* throughout the region. We need to generate more information in our communities, aware of the fact that television and the press are all in the pocket of the government, and always speak in the government's favor. We are aware that the reality behind what the media portrays, is other.

9. We promote the defense of our native seeds, which is necessary to recuperate and restore our agrarian history, in order to improve our crops. We resist the privatization of seeds by interests such as Monsanto.

10. We will implement community laws to procure the conservation of natural resources and the establishment of agroecology for food production.

11. We call for an immediate halt to the theft of lands, territories, and natural resources in the Lacandón Jungle. Respect for the word and the life of those who live here.

12. We reject the rights recently approved by the Congress, which puts our lands and our indigenous and *campesino* territories at risk. No to the sale of land in our communi-

ties! We defend our right to live.

13. This Forum appreciates the message sent by the *compañeros* of the Global Justice Ecology Project of California and Vermont in the United States of America. In the same sense, we are committed to strengthening and linking our struggles in order to achieve climate justice.

14. We offer our solidarity to the Tzeltal educational project of Guaquitepec in the municipality of Chilón, promoted by Patronato Pro educación Mexicano AC. We denounce the government's contribution to the theft of lands by those who have appropriated the social and educational infrastructure of indigenous education.

15. From Patihuitz Ocosingo, we send our voice in solidarity with the 35 families of the OCEZ-CNPA-MLN in the municipality of Chicomuselo, who suffered the burning of their houses and the theft of their belongings. We demand punishment of those responsible, whoever they may be.

16. We call for the unity of all peoples and indigenous and *campesino* communities, and for all of our organizations to defend our lands, our territories, and our natural resources. We call for a struggle in defense of life.

Walk without hurry, but with meaning and with conviction.

—PORFIRIO ENCINO HERNÁNDEZ
Patihuitz, Ocosingo, Chiapas,
April 3, 2011

Signed by: *Comisión Ejecutiva Nacional*; UNORCA; *Coalición de Organizaciones Autónomas de Ocosingo (COAO Ocosingo)*; ARIC *Independiente y Democrática*; *Coordinación Región Avellanal*; *Coordinación Región Patihuitz*; *Coordinación Región Agua Azul*; *Coordinación Región Amador Hernández*; ARIC *Unión de Uniones*; *Coordinación Región Patihuitz*; *Coordinación Región Batzil Winiketie*; *Yachil Atel*; *Organización Regional de Cafeticultores de Ocosingo (ORCAO)*; ALIADOS AC; *Unión Democrático del Pueblo (UDP)*; *Patronato Pro-Educación Mexicana AC*

"This is not oil drilling. It's not even mining. It is terrestrial skinning. Vast, vivid landscapes are being gutted, left monochromatic gray." —NAOMI KLEIN

Into the Muskeg Swamps of Northern Alberta: A Brief Ideological History of the Tar Sands

For those who are familiar with pictures of mountaintop removal sites, imagine a mine that looks the same only not constrained by the topography. Tar sands mines in Canada stretch from horizon to horizon leaving the land a veritable moonscape speckled with the worlds largest earth-moving trucks and shovels, dots of yellow compared to the totality of the mine itself, meandering slowly about picking at the muck.



Northern Rockies Rising Tide & supporters protest Conoco Shipments, Missoula MT, March 10, 2011

BY NICKLE

Herman Kahn, Born 1922 in the United States, was a preeminent futurist of the later half of 20th century. Futurology is a not-so-well-known corner in the arena of probability where scientists and academics attempt to systematically predict the future through a combination of basic assumptions regarding human nature and current political dramas. Herman Kahn was a major player in this field in the 60s and 70s.

At the time, Kahn was known for taking an unsavory tack in the field, delving into the realm of the unthinkable. For instance, post-nuclear war scenarios and human reactions took the form of a logistical game for Kahn. In such a circumstance, he posited, nuclear fallout would just be one of life's general unpleasanties, the much feared rise in birth defects would be negligible since they wouldn't happen to everybody, and radioactive food could be fed to the elderly because they would die anyway before the onset of cancer. Because of his willingness to engage with the distasteful, Kahn was admired by nuclear arms disarmament activists, such as Bertrand Russell, for this descriptive analysis of what the future might hold, and hated by others who thought that positing the consequences of nuclear war and fallout made the possibility that much more likely.

However, there is a certain kind of shortsightedness in Kahn's line of reasoning; one specific element which also appears, over and over again, in US

policy decisions regarding foreign affairs, the economy, and, specifically, the future of energy development. It was his visions for the future which were always ones of a certain kind of unending hopefulness, of overcoming, of the indefatigable nature of the human race to plow through whatever problem arose. Man would never die because he would always adapt, create, and thrive. However, Khan believed we would do this regardless of how bad we may make the circumstances for living, and that therefore consequences of decisions could in some ways be ideologically circumvented. For Kahn, fears regarding possible human and environmental consequences of actions, when held up against short term gain, became negligible. Today, this ideology seems to be a bedrock for resource development, especially oil development, worldwide. It doesn't matter what we do today, what irreparable damage we commit, there will always be a way around it in the future.

Kahn took a note from another visionary, this time from the oil industry. M. King Hubbert worked for Shell and was the first to predict the peak and eventual decline of US oil production in the 1950s. Hubbert's work later became the basis for a number of peak-oil scenarios. In the 1950s Texas oil rodeo, any thought of wells running dry was downright laughable. Hubbert was almost run offstage, but by the early 1970s it was hard to argue anything other than the demise of US preeminence in the field of oil resource production. Texas Oil had peaked and

the US was currently importing almost one third of its oil from OPEC countries.

In 1973, the US was recoiling from the oil embargo presented by OPEC which led to high prices, oil shortages, and lines of cars stretching for blocks bleating at each other for their turn at the pump. Thus, ideologically armed, in 1973 Kahn flew to Montreal

to propose that Canada delve into the tar sands.

The Alberta Tar Sands already held a strip mine and upgrader located on the banks of the Athabaska River, erected by oil visionary J. Howard Pew (of the future Pew foundation). Pew's enterprise had been losing money for decades by mining and refining the most expensive oil in the world. The gamble that Pew had made, and that Kahn was urging the Canadian and US Governments to take in a larger degree, was based on the notion that as future oil reserves would run out, the harder-to-refine and more expensive forms of petroleum would take center stage, revamping the world energy economy and placing Canada and the US back in a central position. Kahn's predictions regarding the future of the industry would prove correct. The only thing off was his timing. The future boom in the tar sands wouldn't happen for another 30 years, but when it finally hit, it would prove to be something that even Khan couldn't have imagined.

You say oil, we say tar

Tar Sands are a thick, black, mucky mixture of water, clay, sand, and hydrocarbons, hard as a hockey puck, and good for patching a canoe. The eventual product, after rolling up the forest, exhuming the earth, mixing it with water, heating it, skimming it, upgrading it, mixing it again (this time with light crude), piping it, refining it and finally shipping it, is oil.

Well, kind of. Oil is generally conceived of as having come from light or heavy crude. Think Texas oil fields slooshing black rain and striking it rich. Technically speaking, tar sands are bitumen. Bitumen is, basically, the lowest grade oil product on the world shelf. It takes huge amounts of energy to refine to something that is relatively useful. Refining bitumen means huge amounts of water consumed, natural gas burned, and a carbon footprint that can be seen from space, along with the tailings ponds, strip mines, roads, and clearcuts through the northeast quarter of Alberta.

Even though most of the focus regarding tar sands mining is in Canada, there are tar sand deposits else-



Delicate Arch, Arches National Park, Utah

Photo By Ashley Anderson

where in the world; Hugo Chavez, boasting the second largest pocket. Utah, Russia, Congo, and Madagascar all contain smaller but significant deposits. However, barrel for barrel, the individual holdings of both Canada and Venezuela contain more oil than Saudi or Iraqi reserves. In Canada, the tar sands cover an area the size of the UK; Venezuela holds deposits about a third of

that size. In all, tar sands represent about two thirds of the remaining oil reserves in the world.

Tar sands mining around the world belongs to the same burgeoning, bottom of the barrel, once-this-is-gone-there'll-be-nothing-left field of the energy industry as fracking, extremely deep sea drilling, and polar pursuits. The term "unconventional oils" hardly begins to describe them. For the tar sands, the process of separating the bitumen from the sand and clay can only be described as brute force. In general, the ratio of energy input to barrel output in normal light crude operations is about 1:100, meaning the energy contained in one barrel of oil will produce 100 new barrels during extraction and processing. For tar sands, that ratio drops to about 1:3.

In Canada, water is used in such extreme quantities that tar sands production accounts for about 65 percent of water withdrawals from the Athabaska River. This water is then heated by huge amounts of natural gas, mixed with the tar sands and other chemicals, and shaken about to separate the oil for skimming. The leftover water is then returned to tailings ponds that boast the largest earthen dams in the world. That condensed oil/water/chemical slurry then leaks from the ponds back into the Athabaska River at about a rate of one billion gallons of toxic water per year, resulting in unfathomable rates of arsenic in food supplies and rare forms of cancer in downriver First Nations communities. The water leakage from the tailings ponds could go up to about 6.6 billion gallons per year if future projections regarding development are true.

In other parts of the world, the risks associated with tar sands mining are compounded by the usually devastating relationship between oil giants and European banks to developing countries. In Madagascar, for instance, the multinational French company Total S.A., one of the six "supermajor" oil powers in the world, has been accused of overthrowing the democratically elected government because of its lack of support for tar sands operations. In the Congo, the Italian oil company Eni signed a deal in 2008 that combined both tar

sands production and the largest palm oil project on the planet. The size of the project is 1790 km square (1,113 miles), and even though Eni claims no rainforest or areas of high biodiversity will fall within the proposed zone, privately their estimates show that 50 to 70 percent of the tar sands covers these highly sensitive areas.

Boomtown or Bust

Much of the focus and the history of tar sands mining lies in Canada. In some ways, the history of Canada's tar sands can be seen as a road map that any area slated for future development would probably follow. Kahn's vision of the future of tar sands development included what he saw as a rush and boom of the resource, along with some unavoidable consequences. What Kahn's vision didn't contain was the level of destruction that mining the Alberta fields would cause and just how far the tentacles of big oil would reach.

Fort McMurray today is a boom town the likes of which only our great-grandparents would remember, and it comes with all the social hallmarks of such a place. Workers are flooding into Alberta from all corners of the world to work short stints in the oil fields. The thousands of homes needed to accept them can't be built quickly enough, many are flown in and out from not so nearby cities.

Work camps, those bastions of company-paid "living quarters," spot the area surrounding Fort McMurray. Company officials have made a policy of keeping the accommodations poor, lonely, and boring in order to prevent workers from skipping work. The influx of immigrant workers means that companies can exploit cheaper labor while visiting workers wait the two years before receiving their landed immigrant status. Women working in the oil fields have an especially hard time, facing severe sexual harassment, lower wages, and issues with gouging landlords and domestic abuse.

Downstream, the consequences of the mines take on a different and more deadly tone. Canada's First Nations communities have been facing inflated rates of rare forms of cancer. Fish pulled from the river for food are often covered with cancerous sores and sometimes boast two mouths. Arsenic levels in moose meat were once claimed to have been 300 times the normal safe standard for human consumption. When the Alberta government got a hold of this data and conducted their own study, they found that levels were only 33 times the normal safe limit.

In 2007, Dr. John O'Connor, a community health provider in the First Nations community of Ft. Chipewyan, was accused of "causing undue alarm" when he drew the connection between rare cancers in the community and the leaking mines just to the north. Officials found O'Connor's conduct as a "whistleblower" unacceptable. His license was suspended, pending an

investigation by the Alberta College of Physicians and Surgeons, and even though three years later he did return to practicing medicine, the take home story is this: *where the mines and money go, all must follow lock-step, health concerns be damned.*

The reach of tar sands production in Canada defies conventional reason. Proposals on the table for a series of huge pipelines to be built carrying oil and natural gas makes the analogy to an octopus, both metaphorical and visual. Of major concern is the Northern Gateway pipeline to be built from Alberta to the British Columbia coast. Pumping tar sands to the coast and from there taking it south or west, would result in the lifting of a ten-year ban on oil shipping that was originally imposed because of the consequences of the Exxon Valdez spill. Leaking oil pipelines in the US would span the shallow Ogallala Aquifer, the largest in the world.

A Vision for the Future

Today Alberta has a booming petroified economy. The Boreal forest is being scraped to it's core. The rivers are being poisoned and what is happening to First Nations peoples is tantamount to genocide. In many ways, it's all just beginning. In the last few years, permits for tar sands mines in Alberta have skyrocketed, to the extent that health and regulatory agencies don't have the resources to keep up and surrounding communities are being silenced.

There is a common assumption that rising oil prices will provide an incentive for cleaner development and that the industry will take care of itself somehow. In reality, the future looks a lot more pessimistic. In the end, the problem isn't so much the lack of oil in the world, but the abundance of the remaining dirty fuels; coal, gas, shale, tar sands, to name a few. Unless we change something big, we may continue to follow Kahn's trajectory toward an unthinkable future.

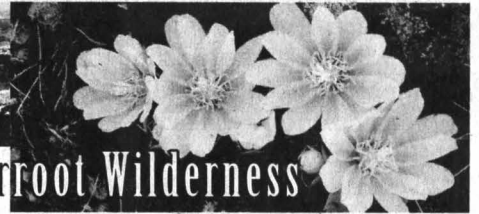


Locals protest first Conoco/Phillips Megaload shipment in Lewiston, Idaho

Photo by Northern Rockies EPI

Dreams of the Big Wild

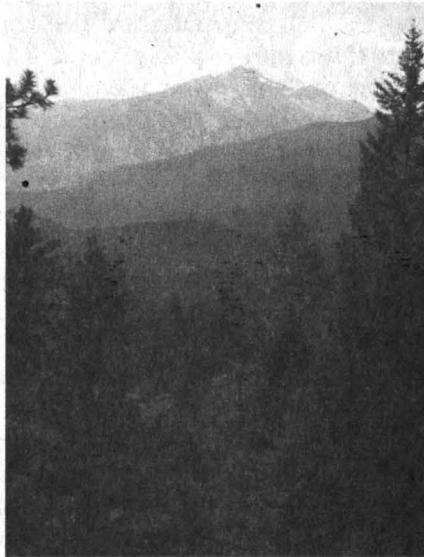
2011 Round River Rendezvous in the Bitterroot Wilderness



BY GARLIC

How about a little information on where you are going this summer for the Earth First! Rendezvous, to wet your whistle, as they say? This is the land of breathtaking natural beauty, where you are afraid to look away, burning these images into your nature-starved psyche. When you are back in New York or Columbus or Boston, I want the Bitterroot memories to obliterate skyscrapers and the solitude and peacefulness to drown out the raging traffic. Did you know we have more stars here than in other states? Maybe it just seems that way when the Milky Way is the backdrop of your dreams and you can manage a midnight pee by starlight.

The Northern Rockies —the Wild Rockies— hosts so much large fauna, it's hard to wrap your mind around all the diversity from moose, black bear, mule deer, white-tailed deer, elk, bighorn sheep, mountain goat, wolves, and mountain lions and so many more. Yes, mountain lions slinking under the sheer walls of Trapper Peak at a mere 10,157 feet.



The Bitterroot Mountains

The Bitterroot Range is a geological wonderland located on the eastern edge of the Idaho Batholith. Formed over 200 million years ago, as molten granite pushed through the earth's crust sending the mountains high into the air.

A large portion of the granite mass broke off and slid 50 miles to the east creating the Sapphire Range in Montana and leaving the eastern edge of the Bitterroots with a cool 25 degree angle. Then the glacial ice sheets carved through the mountains, leaving the bowl on Trapper Peak, and beautiful long sloping valleys. Like most of Idaho and Montana's wilderness, you have to pinch yourself, it's so majestic.

The headwaters of the Selway and Bitterroot rivers also begin here. The Selway flows for 47 miles through the heart of the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. This river is especially unique because it is the only one in the US to receive instant inclusion in both the Wild and Scenic system and the Wilderness Preservation System. It rushes through stands of Western Red Cedar, Doug Fir and Ponderosa Pine joining the Clearwater in north-central Idaho.

With the continued development of the Alberta tar sands, this wilderness now sits on a shipment route for machinery from the Port of Lewiston north. Come stand with us in the Bitterroot and act to stop these mega-loads that are cutting through the Northern Rockies and contributing to the devastation of Alberta's boreal forest. You're welcome to stay, you know, and spend the summer defending this quintessential western experience from the oily hands of resource extraction. Help us keep this dream alive. There are worse things you could be doing with your time... See you in July!

EF! Rendezvous: July 5-12 in Idaho and Montana

For more information and directions to this year's Rendezvous:

EF! Round River Rendezvous

WILDROCKIESRONDY.ORG

2011ROUNDRIVERRENDEZVOUS.WORDPRESS.COM

Northern Rockies Earth First!

NREF.WORDPRESS.COM

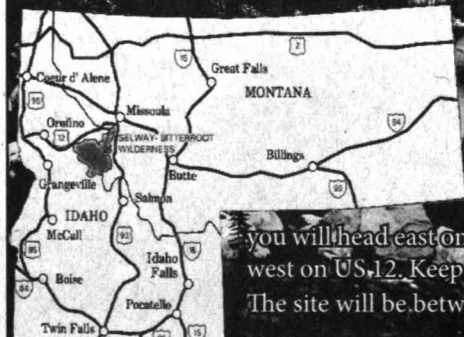
Northern Rockies Rising Tide

NORTHERNROCKIESRISINGTIDE.WORDPRESS.COM

Or contact NREF! directly at 208-596-3319; nref@rocketmail.com

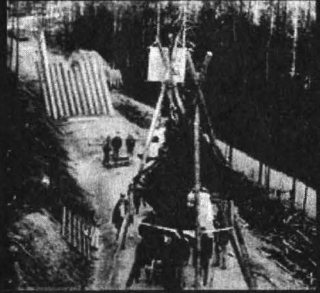
General Directions:

If you are flying, come into the Spokane, WA, Lewiston, ID, Moscow/Pullman, ID or Missoula, MT. If you are coming from the Idaho side you will head east on US 12. From Missoula you will head west on US 12. Keep an eye on the web sites or contact us. The site will be between Kamiah, ID and Lolo, MT.



Rising Tide activists and locals from Missoula, Montana

A Bit of Advice About the Wild Rockies...



Come with Respect

We are expecting First Nations and local folks. Be aware that drunken behavior away from the rowdy fire may drive important allies away from the ronde and our campaign.

We will be camping and hiking in what is traditional Nez Perce land. The Nez Perce have come out against the Alberta Tar Sands shipments that cut through their land.

They stand in solidarity with the Cree of Fort Chipewyan, Alberta who suffer the direct poisoning of their people, their land and wild game. The Nez Perce recently marched against Exxon/Mobile-Imperial Oil along Route 12 in Idaho.

Prepare for Fun!

Come to the Big Wild Wilderness of Idaho and Western Montana to celebrate vast pristine forests and to resist the largest, most destructive project on the planet.

Bring music with environmental and social justice themes. Bring stories, wild crafting information and wilderness skills. Bring plans and workshops for your campaigns.

You may encounter lynx, grizzly, wolf or cougar, but probably not because they have 3.6million acres of protected wilderness to hide from you. We don't have ticks or poison ivy, but we do get snow in July. In the land of hot springs,

pristine rivers, phantom grizzly, and extensive wilderness, it is best to come prepared. Here are some helpful hints:

The Fun List:

- Hiking Boots (waxed-water-proof)
- Tent (3 season) or Tarp (set up for torrential rains)
- Sleeping bag (holo-fill or down, down dries slower when it gets wet)
- Hat (wool)
- Gloves and Socks (wool)
- Fleece, Wool or Silk clothing
- Rain Gear (plastic, pants and top, gortex is no match for the Bitterroot)
- Water bottle (1 quart)
- Food

- Sleeping pad (to insulate the body from the cold ground)
- Extra set of clothes (to replace wet ones)
- Compass, Maps, Matches/Lighter and Flashlight
- Emergency Blanket
- Good Attitude and Work Ethic

The Not-So-Fun List:

- Cotton clothing ("Cotton Kills!" Bring clothes that are water resistant)
- Converse shoes
- Fascist people and groups
- Whiny, complaining, energy suckers
- No real camping gear

Thanks! See you in July!

Looking Back with NREF! 15 Year Cove Mallard Anniversary

Fifteen years ago the last annual Earth First! Rendezvous in this bioregion was a working rendezvous. Two tripods and a bi-pod with sitters were set up before the rendezvous started. Dragons, log cabins and a culvert wall transformed the Jack Road, in the Cove Mallard logging area, into a working art gallery. There was a beautiful view from the shutter in the middle of the road.

After 40 days a roving gang of brutal Feds decided that the Cove Mallard Free State (Jack Squat) and 2 other Pacific Northwest free states needed to be toppled. They busted Jack Squat first, then China Left and the 11 month free state of Warner Creek, Oregon.

After the Jack Squat bust we felt obligated to greet the loggers and cops with a new lockdown every Wednesday. At the same time we had a 10 day tripod siege at the Region 1 office of the Forest Service in Missoula, which included a 200 person critical mass and a visit from Winona LaDuke and the Indigo Girls. We also prompted the cops to remove the door handles on the Boise Federal building.

They logged the Jack sale, but never logged the rest of Cove Mallard. Warner Creek was also saved. Yes, we do win sometimes.

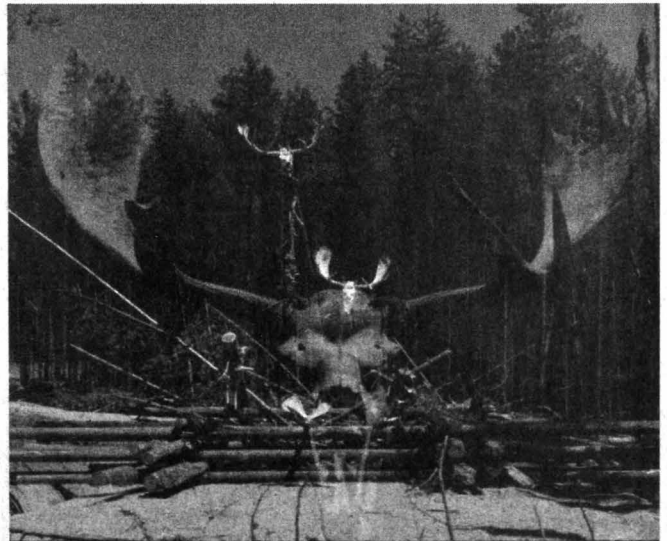


Photo overlay of the Jack Squat

Report from 2011 Organizers' Conference & Winter Rendezvous Fisheating Creek, Florida

BY ALI G

I've long wanted to make it to a Florida Organizers' Conference/Winter Rendezvous, as they have a reputation for dedicated activist networking, good workshops, and lots of fun in a great ecological setting. This year I was not disappointed—the Everglades Earth First!ers outdid themselves with enabling essential movement work to be done in the OC and hosting a variety of useful workshops mostly geared to skills-building, cross movement solidarity and examination of core concepts and significant trends of the Earth First! movement on its 30th anniversary. There was a lot of joy in being together, including skinny dipping in the creek while playing catch with feral grapefruit, sing-alongs with the Hootenanny songbook, and a naked pyramid of Earth First!ers at the late night campfire, and canoeing and walking along the creek to

The setting was a seasonal swamp where we could wander among jutting, gnome-like cypress knees along Fisheating Creek, the last flowing waterway which meets Lake Okeechobee, some of the last habitat left for the Florida panther.

check out abundant wildlife and Bromeliad airplants, cypress, palms, and majestic Live oaks draped with Resurrection ferns, Spanish moss, and sometimes cactus. The Saturday night *Outlaws of Florida Folk* campfire gathering included Earth First! poets and musicians, including several lively Florida ensembles, with banjo, fiddle, accordion, guitar, and Mayan marimba music.

The setting was a seasonal swamp where we could wander among jutting, gnome-like cypress knees along Fisheating Creek, the last flowing waterway which meets Lake Okeechobee, some of the last habitat left for the Florida panther. The creek corridor has been painstakingly saved so far by local activists, who educated us with a panel discussion on what it took to save it and on current threats to the area and nearby wildlands—namely the ever-encroaching insatiable developers, industrial agriculture runoff causing creek eutrophication, mining desecration, capitalist corruption and greed. Due to the pressures from without, the wild places remaining are especially important as core habitat for the preservation of

the unique array of Florida wildlife and plants, which need re-wilding of surrounding areas for long term viability. Species seen during the OC and rendezvous included alligators, Florida black bears, white ibis, roseate spoonbills, great white egrets, cattle egrets, tricolored and little blue herons, red-bellied woodpeckers, and tiger swallowtail butterfly, as well as tell-tale signs such as a wild pig skull, a slider turtle shell, and a gopher tortoise burrow.

During the Organizers' Conference, Earth First! activists discussed and resolved issues regarding such internal movement business as the status of the *Earth First! Journal* (broke, but good! four magazine-style issues a year and four Newswire brief electronic or mailed updates, with speakers bureau and increased merchandise and subscription sales for funding efforts); supporting Earth Liberation warriors in prison and upon their release; effectively dealing with infiltrators and COINTELPRO-type surveillance and harassment; and educating ourselves about environmental racism. Winter Rendezvous skills-building and movement-building workshops included tree climbing, direct action training, 30 years of Earth First! history (our story) and a workshop on Deep Ecology, biocentrism, and conservation biology, which was well-received and stimulated ongoing discussion. Current issue workshops included: nuclear power in the South, solidarity against mining in Guatemala, and a workshop by Jeannie Economos from the Farmworker Association of Florida about the case of pesticide poisoning in Apopka, FL. Workshops for preparing for a post-industrial world and self-sufficiency covered energy efficiency, DIY solar power, primitive skills, native plant walk and "radical mycology." Musicians around the campfires included Evan Greer, Dirty Fist!, Sobrevivencia (from Guatemala), Hunter Altshul, Sam Comfort, Melodie Malfa, and Lars Din.

Now, if you didn't make it there, don't you wish you'd gone? But wait! there's more: Of course we had to end with an action, given that just about everywhere needs one, and we had lots of people gathered to help. Scripps Biotech Research Institute was our villain of choice, as they not only torture live animals with vivisection, and mess around with infectious diseases, nano particles and gene splicing in their biotechnology labs, but are also planning to destroy one of the last large forests in the urbanized eastern corridor of south Florida—683 acres of pine flatwoods, scrub, and wetlands—replacing endangered species habitat



Outlaws of Florida folk play the Night To Howl. (Above) Dirty Fist, from Gainesville, Florida, rock the campfire

with a "biotech city" of lab buildings, employee housing, roads, malls, and artificial lakes, leaving only tiny scraps of real Nature left. So a tree sit was waged (and continued for more than a month!) in the tops of pine trees in the forest slated for destruction, including a beautiful banner with the straight forward messages "Defend This Forest" and "La Tierra No Se Vende, Se Defiende" easily visible to thousands passing hourly on I-95. The tree sit attracted immediate and ongoing media attention due to the rarity of this kind of direct action in Florida, this being the first canopy occupation in a wild native Florida forest. Supporting the tree sit was a rally and march to the front of the existing main Scripps building, defying the police attempt to close a public sidewalk, leafletting workers, and maintaining a 24-hour vigil there for five days. While the tree sit was cut down and several people were arrested, the forest still stands and the campaign needs experienced climbers to prepare for the next round. So come on down and experience Everglades Earth First! hospitality yourself.

And if you can't do that, get a taste of the wild adventure, love of Nature and each other, and biocentric dedication that is Earth First!, by coming to our next national Round River Rendezvous in Idaho this July. You can expect to find more educational workshops, music and poetry, and hard hitting direct action, as well as the beginning of lasting friendships and new

meaning in life. See you there! Hats off to Everglades Earth First! for a great OC and Winter Rondo, and to the RRR organizers in Idaho and Montana.

For a State of the movement reportback from the Organizers Conference discussion entitled "Giving EF! a good kick in the ass," visit the "articles" section online at NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

Swamp Anarchists

(EF! Organizers Conference & Winter Rendezvous, Fisheating Creek, Florida, 2011)

Arriving at the camp

I'm disappointed that we're parking such a short distance from the highway, can hear the muted rush of traffic from our tents.

Yet along Fisheating Creek

the Wild takes over along every bend—
Cypress knees jutting up like gnome armies
to thwart unsavvy intruders,
White Ibis plying the shallows
with spear-like orange beaks,
ancient armored catfish, sinister looking gar

lurking within the black tannin waters,
a wild pig skull grinning cunningly
from the dead leaves on the far side
of the creek.

By day I delight in roseate spoonbills,
great white egrets, red-bellied woodpeckers,
airplant bromeliads and cactus
hanging from trees.

I splash with a playful crowd
of naked humans in the creek,
tossing feral grapefruits to each other,
then at night warming frozen feet
by the campfire
while singing together, telling stories and poems,
listening to banjo, accordion, fiddle,
Mayan marimba.

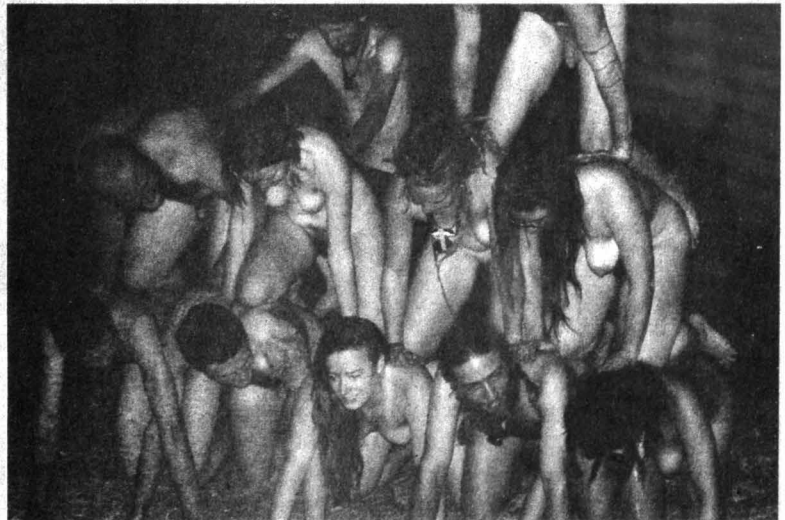
Later when I am sleeping alone
on the other side of the creek
I am startled by the sudden cacophony
splitting the dark night—

the raucous terrified death throes
of a heron caught by an alligator
on the white sand beach—
shrieks cut off abruptly
to silence

with its drowning—
my heart starts pounding
despite my mental reassurance
that the gator won't sneak
into the woods to get me.
I stay still with no light
until sleep overtakes me
only to wake again to another
shrill death cry—longer this time.

Just before dawn
the barred owls call
their odd conversations.
Here the Wild is concentrated
by the insidious human sprawl
of development to suit
Nature-alienated
burgeoning populations
of retirees and tourists
at the expense of manatees,
hand ferns, gopher tortoises,
pine flats, scrub, and wetlands.
The swamp anarchist tribes
have their own cultural responses—
armadillos infiltrate suburbia,
dig up the lawns,
alligators prowl the canals
into posh wealthy manor backyards,
snatching up pets and small children
for dinner,
captive parrots take to the skies
preening casually on telephone lines
above beachside parks

wild pigs roam the bayous
throwing their weight around
terrorizing with their tusks.
We Earth First!ers practice
our own re-wilding,
climbing cypress trees, talking strategy,
then ascend into public attention
with a tree sit to show the last
700 acres of natural intact forest
in eastern Palm Beach County
that Scripps corporation plans to turn into
a biotechnology nightmare city
of messing with infectious diseases,
splicing drugs into corn genes
vivisectioning animals
transforming intricate wild ecosystems
into sterile buildings, roads, malls,
artificial "lakes."



We rally, we advance,
we climb, we speak
We support our wild brethren—
environmental justice for all,
biocentrism forever.
We can win this
and strike again,
rise up like our relations
in Tunisia, Egypt, Bahrain, Libya,
and Yemen,
subvert the dominant paradigm
like the alligator and the armadillo—
we can change this sick society
and have fun doing it.

—KAREN COULTER

Written February 20, 2011, on a train in Virginia, en route to her next stop on the EF! 30th Anniversary speaking tour. Karen has been going to Rondies since 1984. Find out how to invite her to your town by viviting:

SPEAKERS.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

Wild Foraging in Appalachia

BY WRENN RUST

The mixed mesophytic forest that blankets Appalachia's hills is the most biodiverse in North America. Over eighty woody species inhabit the central Appalachian range. Throughout the growing season it is abundant with a variety of herbs, game species and edible plants and fungi. For generations, Appalachians have foraged and hunted to supplement their dinner tables, medicine cabinets and, through commercial sale, their income. Certain foods, like ramps, a type of wild leek, have become integral to Appalachian cultural traditions—each April, many communities gather for an annual ramp dinner.

The central Appalachians are a multi-layered region. Absentee landholders and coal companies control the thick bituminous coal seams beneath the surface while the forest has traditionally been treated as shared land. For years, a forager would be ill-advised to take from someone else's mushroom or ginseng patch, but had the freedom to roam the mountains and find patches of their own. With the increase of strip mining over the past thirty years, the surface has become increasingly gated and guarded. Foraging traditions and Appalachia's many valuable species are being compromised by the quest for cheap energy.

What follows is a list of edibles and herbs native to the central Ap-

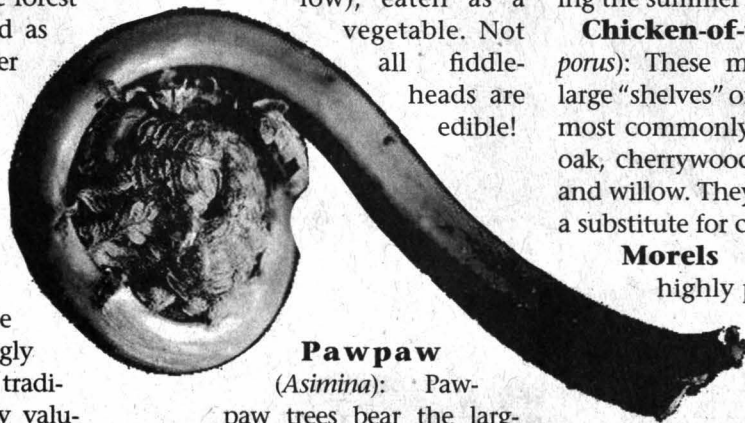
palachian forest. It is heavily drawn from *Tending the Commons: Folklife and Landscape in Southern West Virginia*, Mary Hufford's excellent study of West Virginia's Coal River Valley.

Note: This article is meant as a cultural piece, and I do not suggest you go foraging on what you read in it alone. It's important to know what plants are too endangered to harvest and how to properly identify them. If you do forage, insure that you research what you are looking for and do so sustainably.

EDIBLE PLANTS, NUTS & MUSHROOMS:

Berries: Strawberries, mulberries, blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries, elderberries, currants, groundberries, gooseberries, wineberries, blueberries.

Fiddlehead fern: The unfurled fronds of a young fern (image below), eaten as a vegetable. Not all fiddleheads are edible!



Pawpaw
(*Asimina*): Paw-

paw trees bear the largest edible fruit indigenous to North America. The fruit is reputed to be extremely delicious, with the flavor of a banana and texture of a mango.

Persimmon (*Diospyros ebenacea*): The fruit of a number of trees in the ebony wood family. In the United States, persimmons are often over-ripened and then used in pies and puddings.

Ramps (*Allium tricocum*): Ramps, part of the allium family, have a strong garlicky odor and flavor. Each April, Appalachian communities have ramp festivals, where eating these wild leeks (often in beans or eggs) is the center of the festivities. In Appalachia, they have a folkloric association with the coming of spring.

Sassafras (*Lauraceae* family): Has been used in the creation of fragrances, for aromatherapy and for the production of root beer.

Chanterelles (*Cantharellus cibarius*): These delicate, funnel-shaped mushrooms, pictured on next page, crop up in Appalachian forests during the summer months.

Chicken-of-the-Woods (*Laeitporus*): These mushrooms grow in large "shelves" on the trunks of trees, most commonly on the wounds of oak, cherrywood, sweet chestnut and willow. They can be prepared as a substitute for chicken.

Morels (*Morchella*): These highly prized mushrooms, colloquially called "molly moochers," are hunted for consumption and profit each spring. They grow in conjunction with certain trees, including ash, poplar, dead or dying elms,



Chanterelles

tulip trees and old apple trees. They are often served simply, sauteed in butter, salt and pepper.

Nuts: Hickory, Beech, Chestnut, Walnut, Hazelnut, Chinquapin.

MEDICINAL PLANTS & HERBS:

Black Cohosh (*Cimicifuga racemosa*): A strong medicinal herb used to treat menstrual cramps, the symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis and the physical and mental changes associated with menopause.

Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*): Used to treat bronchitis, asthma, croup and laryngitis.

Ginseng (*Panax quinquefolius*): 'Senging is perhaps the most com-

mon foraging activity in the Appalachian mountains. The ginseng root is sold and used as an adaptogen, aphrodisiac and stimulant. Despite its popularity, many wildcrafters believe that no one should be harvesting ginseng, because it is endangered.

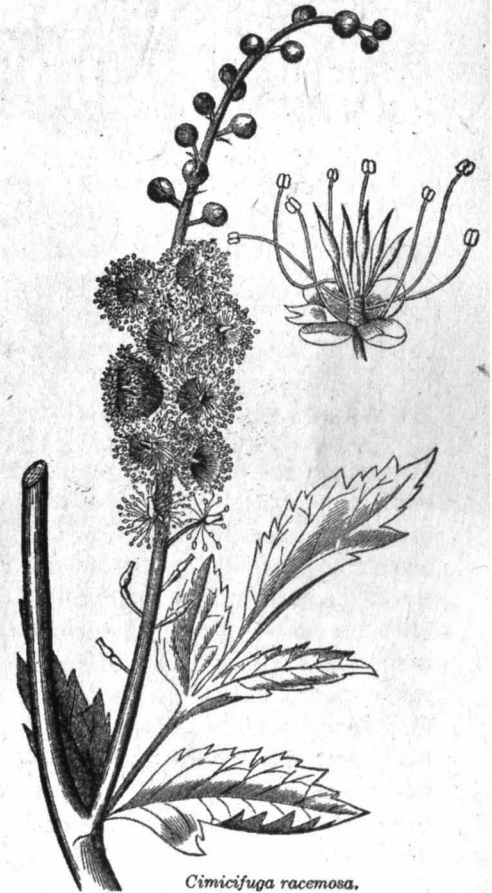
Jewel weed (*Impatiens*): Applied externally as a home remedy to treat bee stings, insect bites, poison ivy and stinging nettle rashes.

Nettle (*Urtica dioica*): Nettle is used for a variety of ailments, including as a detoxifying tonic, topically on inflamed joints, for eczema and, brewed in to tea, for stomach pains and hemorrhage.

Virginia Snakeroot (*Aristolochia serpentaria*): Traditionally used to treat snake bites, and appears to bind and deactivate the Phospholipase A2 of certain snake venoms.

Yellowroot (*Xanthorhiza simplicissima*): Traditionally used for ulcers and skin ailments, yellowroot is toxic in large doses.

Thanks to friends who attend the Chestnut School of Herbal Medicine in Leceister, North Carolina for looking this over and giving me feedback.



Cimicifuga racemosa.

Black Cohosh



CHICKEN-OF-THE-WOODS

Born Fighting

An Interview with Judy Bonds

By Taylor Kirkland

"In Southern West Virginia we live in a war zone. Three and one-half million pounds of explosives are being used every day to blow up the mountains. Blasting our communities, blasting our homes, poisoning us, trying to intimidate us. I don't mind being poor—I do mind being blasted and poisoned."

In October of 2009 I spent a Saturday afternoon with Judy Bonds at her house along the Coal River in Boone County, West Virginia. A daughter, granddaughter, sister, and ex-wife of coal miners, Bonds knew a little something about coal. For the last decade she fought against a highly destructive form of mining called mountaintop removal, which involves clear cutting native hardwood forests, using dynamite to blast away the mountaintop to expose underlying coal seams, and dumping the waste into nearby valleys and streams. Judy Bonds passed away on January 3, 2011.

Bonds, who previously worked as a waitress and manager at Pizza Hut and convenience stores, turned to devoting 90 hours a week to protecting Appalachia—the people and the mountains—from the ravages of mountaintop removal mining. For her and her family, it was a deeply personal fight. In 2001 they became the last residents to evacuate Marfork Holler, a community that had been virtually destroyed by mountaintop removal mining. Since then, her dedication and success as an activist and community organizer made her one of the nation's leading community activists confronting an industry practice she called "strip mining on steroids."

Bonds was co-director of Coal River Mountain Watch, a grassroots organization that advocates on the front lines for the end of mountaintop removal. When she was not organizing demonstrations or attending public hearings, Bonds traveled extensively with the Mountaintop Removal Road Show talking about the impacts of mountaintop removal on coalfield residents, communities, and ecosystems.

From the study of her home in Rock Creek, Bonds regarded each of my questions, even the poor ones, seriously and slowly.

Kirkland: Tell me about growing up in the Coal River Valley.

Bonds: I was born in 1952 and raised a few miles down the road in Marfork. It was great growing up in that holler—the most safe, secure place you could be. We were always taking walks, talking with each other, flipping over rocks and looking for crawdads. I'd go swimming in the Coal River with no concerns. We were kind of isolated, but I think I liked that isolation, the mountains closing in on us, one on each side and one to the back. It made us feel safe.

We were the last house up in the holler, which we call the "head" of the holler. The "mouth" of the holler is what we call the entrance. You'll hear a lot of that kind of talk in Appalachia, the talk of body parts. We talk in human, living parts—the mouth, the head, the spine or backbone of the mountain, the finger ridge. We speak the language of a living, breathing world. I don't think I realized that until about ten years ago when I became an activist. Somebody came up and said, "You talk about your home as if it were part of your own body." And they were right, this landscape is a living breathing part of me. I consider it something to protect, like I would my own body. That's an idea that's been passed down from generation to generation.

Kirkland: How does your connection to coal inform your role as an activist?

Bonds: I know what it feels like to be around coal mining. My father and grandfather were both coal miners. My brother was a coal miner. My nephews and my ex-husband, they were all coal miners. I've got coal in my blood. That connection gives me an edge that other activists might not have. And that's the case for all the local activists here in the Coal River Valley, folks like Chuck Nelson, Maria Gunnoe, Bo Webb, and Lorelei Scarbro. We all have long histories with coal, so we absolutely know what we're talking about when we get up and speak at hearings or organize demonstrations. It

doesn't work to call us kneejerk environmentalists because we all have the proper credentials. We're forging a whole different kind of environmental movement, and it's about time. The movement should have morphed a long time ago.

Kirkland: *What's different?*

Bonds: I see it moving away from simply explaining the science, talking about ecological indicators like mayflies and stoneflies. I agree those are very important predictors, "canary in the coalmine" kinds of indicators. I support every bit of that work. But the main problem with the movement for us is that the science has been too disconnected from human culture. The social and cultural implications of environmental destruction are becoming more and more important to local people. These people are beginning to speak out because their livelihoods are at stake.

Kirkland: *Using local culture as an environmental indicator, I like that. But coal producing states like West Virginia that sacrifice their natural resources for quick-fix development aren't improving the conditions for long-term sustainability. It still seems to be jobs versus environment.*

Bonds: That's the way the coal industry and the EPA look at it. The industry's biggest argument now is that the EPA cares more about mayflies than it does human beings. Then you have companies like Massey pumping out commercials and putting together events that are supposedly celebrating how great they are as job producers in the state. Apparently all the EPA cares about is the "environment" and all the coal companies care about are "jobs." It's obviously not that simple. We stand up as activists because we know this conversation is about something much bigger. It's about what kind of jobs and how those jobs affect the mayflies and the people living in these mountains. We're trying to make broader connections and bring the conversation to a whole new level.

Kirkland: *Getting back to Marfork, tell me about your exodus from the holler.*

Bonds: In 1998 Marfork Coal Co. built a synthetic fuel plant, which was nothing more than a tax write off. After they put the plant in we woke up every morning with this orange greasy stuff all over our home. It was terrible. Then we found out about the Brushy Fork Impoundment, a 9 billion gallon sludge dam sitting directly above our home. The dam's foundation was built on a honeycomb of abandoned underground mines so if it were to collapse, the slurry would blow out from every side of the mountain. Even Marfork Coal knows this. Their emergency warning plan states that in case of a dam breach, a 40 ft. wall of sludge, 72 ft. at its peak height, would engulf communities as far as 14 miles away. Marfork Coal is owned by Massey who is the largest coal producer in Central Appalachia and the fourth

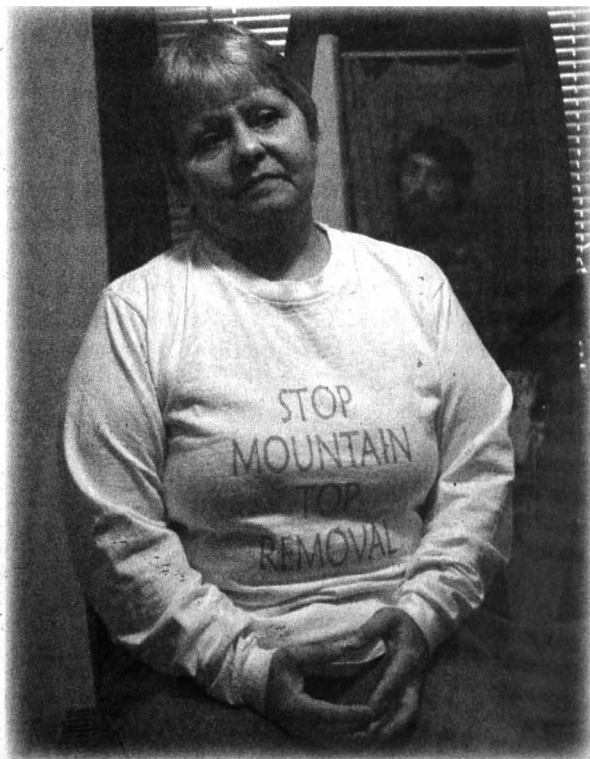


Photo of Bonds by Taylor Kirkland

largest in the US. Up here we have Massey, Arch, and plenty of others, but Massey owns most of the coal deposits. They don't own the land! Just the deposits.

For years we dealt with black water spills and fish kills in the river and coal dust all over everything. The dust was in my grandson's lungs and he became ill with asthma. We decided we had to leave Marfork. We didn't want to leave, in fact we were the last one's to leave, but we had no choice. For our own safety we had to. We moved here to Rock Creek, a little bit above the mining and slightly above the sludge dam, but still close enough to feel the blasting. Even now I feel them blasting at the Edwight job just over that ridge.

Kirkland: *What was the catalyst for you becoming an activist?*

Bonds: I don't think I chose to become an activist, it was chosen for me. The circumstances dictated that for me. I think it had to do with how much injustice I was willing to accept. My work is about recognizing injustice and pushing for it's correction. If we choose not to see it, we won't be inclined to do anything about it.

I became an activist because of the fish I witnessed with my grandson in Marfork when he was six years old. One day we found ourselves standing in a river full of dead fish. So he and I started paying close attention to the river and we noticed black water spills happening almost on a weekly basis. I found out it was coming from the sludge dam just above. It wasn't just affecting us, but this was poisoning the whole town of Whitesville right below us. I know the chemicals and the heavy metals coming from this coal waste have made a lot of local people sick. There are folks in Prenter whose well's are

contaminated by the coal sludge that has been injected underground by the coal companies. These people have brain tumors. They have kidney and liver cancer. These people are dying from coal sludge.

For a long time I watched the companies poison this whole area and it finally became too much. I decided something needed to be done, so I called the Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) hoping to find some answers. The DEP is the agency that gives out mountaintop removal mining permits, not the agency that "protects the environment" like their name suggests. They're in cahoots with the coal industry, as are all the other regulatory agencies in this state. These agencies are set up by the industry and for the industry. You might say, "Come on Judy, that's crazy." But it's not hard to get your way when you have a lot of money. Coal owns this state, there is no question about it.

Kirkland: *How so?*

Bonds: The schools, the politicians, and the media are all bought off by coal. 95% of the media in West Virginia are holdings that have direct ties to coal. Big industry guys like Buck Harless, Bray Cary, and Don Blankenship have all the money in the world to shape public opinion, and they are directly involved in producing the media West Virginians look at every day. The other 5% of the media is very, very afraid. Even the *Charleston Gazette* has backed off on running editorials about mountaintop removal.

This state doesn't belong to the United States of America, it belongs to King Coal. West Virginia is like a Banana Republic.

Kirkland: *Has the pro-coal agenda become more intense with the pressure put on by activists or do you see signs that they are weakening?*

Bonds: If anything their agenda is becoming more aggressive. The closer we get to winning, the more hostile they are toward us. I don't know who said this but it's true: "First they laugh at you, then you face violent opposition, then you win." We're in the violent opposition phase right now and I think we've been in that phase for a while. Today we're dealing with the same conditions they were in the 20s and 30s fighting for unions, 40-hour workweeks, and livable working conditions. And you've heard of the bloody mine wars—the Matewan Massacre and the Battle of Blair Mountain. This violent opposition is here today and it is getting more aggressive.

Kirkland: *As a prominent spokesperson in this movement, what does this increased aggression mean for you? What kind of danger does it put you in?*

Bonds: I face danger every day. Before I get in my car to go to work every morning I look underneath my car for dangling wires. I look in my gas tank to see if there is a wire hanging out that could be attached to the

taillight. I lock the door to my car every night, which diminishes how easy it would be for someone to get into my gas tank, pop open my hood, or insert a bomb in my car somewhere. I'm very much afraid when I drive down the road. I won't let my family be in the car with me. We have narrow roads here with a rock face on one side and 100-foot drop off on the other. All it would take is one coal truck to run me off.

This past spring I applied for, took the test, and was approved for a license to carry a concealed weapon. So I've started carrying a concealed weapon, a gun, my mom's .22. We usually have a gun sitting in the living room in case anyone comes to bother us. If we have an action or a protest we adhere to nonviolent civil disobedience. That is something we've all sworn to. But I'll tell you what, if anyone comes to my house looking for trouble they're gonna find trouble.

The fact is that people want to hurt me and many of the other activists on this river. Bo Webb almost got run over by a car while we were doing a march not long ago. Larry Gibson's house has been shot at and his cabin has been burned. Maria Gunnoe's dog was shot and killed. She's installed cameras and put up a tall fence to protect herself.

Kirkland: *I saw that you were slapped in the face by a woman at a rally earlier this year. How did that incident come about? How do you maintain dignity in the face of this kind of opposition?*

Bonds: On June 23rd we had a protest and a rally down the road at Marsh Fork Elementary. It was a peaceful protest organized by local residents and organizations and brought out a lot of great people. Some friends of ours like NASA scientist James Hansen, actress Darryl Hannah, and former Rep. Ken Hechler were there with us. Before we started the demonstration we all swore not to engage with the coal workers, not talk to them or bother them at all. That was important because you could see the miners were out for blood that day. You could see it in their eyes. I only recognized ten or fifteen of these miners. The coal companies had shipped them in from all over—Logan, Mingo, and Summersville. Most of them weren't local so they had no problem causing trouble and making it difficult for us to speak.

The police were everywhere as we marched that day, but they weren't maintaining any kind of peace. They allowed the miners to behave aggressively to the point that things got out of control. Had they set down the rules early on and said, "You, you, and you, get in the car, we're arresting you for this," they could have stopped a lot of the hostility. But it didn't happen that way.

If you go back and look at the video from that afternoon you'll hear a bunch of dogs barking as we marched. As soon as I turned my head to look for the dogs I felt a "pop!" right in the face. I was knocked in the jaw by a coal miner's wife, turned my neck all the way around. Honestly, if I had seen her coming, things might have

played out differently that day. I'm glad I didn't retaliate because had I struck back, there would have been a blood bath that day, and it would have been our blood in the street. I know those coal thugs had weapons on them.

Kirkland: *Is it difficult not to use the same aggressive tactics used by those who oppose you?*

Bonds: It's really hard. And I think it's harder for the local activists to be nonviolent than it is for some of the volunteers that come in. A lot of us are of Scots-Irish background, which seems to give us a predetermined urge to fight. For many of us who live in local communities here in the hills and hollers of Appalachia, it's hard not to say, "Come on!" when people start threatening us and spitting on us.

Kirkland: *Some critics argue it's the environmentalists who have crossed the line and started using extreme tactics. Some have used terms like "environmental terrorism" to describe the direct action against mountaintop removal. Are there grounds for making these claims?*

Bonds: I've heard of the Earth Liberation Front and I've read about people burning SUV's and that sort of thing, but those aren't the kind of people fighting against mountaintop removal.

I haven't seen a single person involved in this movement get wrapped up in anything that would be called terrorism or extremism. The people involved in terrorism in this region are the coal companies and the coal miners. It's easy to use their words against them because they're the ones with the explosives. They're the one's blowing up mountains. They're the ones threatening people's lives. They're the one's with blood on their hands.

Kirkland: *Do you think it's your role as an activist or your disruption of gender roles that makes these men more aggressive?*

Bonds: Either way I'm rocking the boat. But what else am I supposed to do? I can't unrock it. Just yesterday the Associated Press asked me why I keep fighting when I know I'm in danger. My answer is that I can't not do it. My butt is already hanging on the flagpole. People know who I am, they know where I live, they know what I stand for. If I were to just stop doing this work one day, I think I'd put myself in an even more vulnerable position. When you're standing face-to-face with the enemy and you take one step back, that gives them a one step advantage. Sometimes all it takes is that one step for them to run right over you. I say this to you and I say this to anybody out there reading this, we will not back down, not a single inch.

Before this fight is over with, I fully expect one of the local activists—Maria Gunoe, Larry Gibson, Bo Webb, myself—one of us if not more will have a serious accident or one of us will be killed. I fully expect that. This

is a difficult fight, and I have the highest praise for any local person that has the integrity and courage to stand up. A priority of ours is to constantly be bringing in new faces because we don't want coal companies saying, "Well, it's the same ten faces, the same ten environmentalists showing up all the time." That's why it's important to be a part of a larger network, a network that has roots with local citizens.

Kirkland: *It's been an uphill battle for you from day one. Most people don't have the stamina to face the opposition you do every day. How do you stay energized?*

Bonds: I know it's the right thing to do. And I'm deeply religious and think God plays a big part in my work. I also see the youth of America and try to picture every child standing in that stream full of dead fish like my grandson. I know that isn't right. As I've been learning more about climate change the consequences of not acting have become pretty clear. Once you know what I know, you can't un-know it. There's no going back to "normal." If you stop fighting against what you know is wrong, then shame on you! You may have to take a little break, but you can't quit fighting. You can't quit doing what's right. Some days are harder than others, but we do have good days around here.

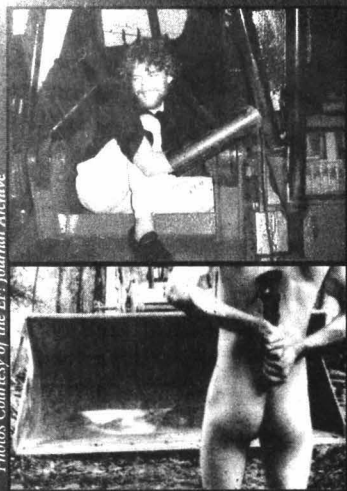
Kirkland: *I heard that the EPA vetoed a final permit for the Spruce #1 mine in Logan County, a permit that had already been approved by the US Army Corps of Engineers. That's a real precedent setter, and a huge blow to the industry.*

Bonds: Oh you bet, and the lawyers at Arch Coal are throwing a huge fit over it. They're complaining that they've been planning this site for ten years and that the company has spent all this money. The fact is they've been planning it all illegally. Come on guys, people have been selling heroin for hundreds of years but that doesn't change the fact that it's illegal to sell. In West Virginia the mining companies think that if they've been doing something for long enough it doesn't matter what the laws are. By taking back the Spruce #1 permit, companies are starting to realize that not only can future un-permitted sites be stopped, but now the EPA can go back and stop sites that are already active. That scares these companies to death, which it should.

Kirkland: *What would you be doing if you weren't an activist?*

Bonds: I'd be enjoying the mountains, forests, rivers and hollers. I'd be hiking and fishing, just being a hillbilly. I'd especially be spending more time with my family.

Taylor Kirkland is an educator, oral historian, and the founder of the Radical Roots Project, a collection of stories highlighting cultural and political resistance in the Appalachian south. You can find more of his work at WWW.RADICALROOTSPROJECT.ORG.



Katuah Earth First! is back

Katuah EF!, known for lush Appalachian biodiversity, billboard renovation, daring lockdowns and nude monkeywrenching

BY A BORN AGAIN KEF!ER

After a long slumber in a remote holler in the mountains of Western North Carolina, Katuah Earth First! (KEF!) has re-emerged to once again confront the Earth-destroyers operating in our bioregion. To kick off our comeback we held a campout during the Spring Equinox in the Pisgah National Forest near the Case Camp timber sale and Looking Glass Rock. We took the weekend to reconnect with each other and our beautiful mountains, as well as scope out the destruction caused by the timber sale. A week later we followed up the campout with a Fossil Fools Day protest in front of Progress Energy, our local utility. It was reassuring to know that our reputation is still intact; there were six police cars waiting for us when we got to the office.

The threats to our bioregion are many and we are still in the process of figuring out what campaigns we want to focus on. There is the aforementioned Forest Service who allowed quite a hack job to happen at the Case Camp timber sale and are currently proposing another 1,000 acre sale in the same area. We plan to keep an eye on the Forest

Service and give them some hell if they go forward with their logging plans.

We are also confronted with the ongoing challenge of dirty energy in our backyard. Duke Energy and Progress Energy are planning to merge into one company, which would result in them becoming the largest utility company in the country. Duke Energy is currently constructing the Cliffside Coal Plant in Western North Carolina and is applying for permits for new nuke reactors in North and South Carolina. Progress Energy operates the Skyland coal plant just outside of Asheville, NC and is also looking to build several new nukes in the South. The Skyland plant is also home to one of the most dangerous coal ash ponds in the country.

While mountaintop removal coal mining (MTR) is a little further away from home, we remain committed to doing ongoing support work for the campaign to abolish MTR. KEF! was a founding member of Mountain Justice. We have already held two fundraisers to support direct action in the coalfields and are currently gearing up for the big mobilization against MTR on Blair Mountain, West Virginia this summer.

Its great to have KEF! back up on its feet and we are looking forward to kicking some ass in the coming months.

Blast from the Past:

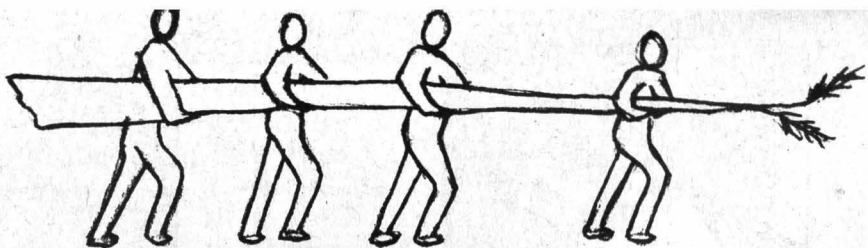
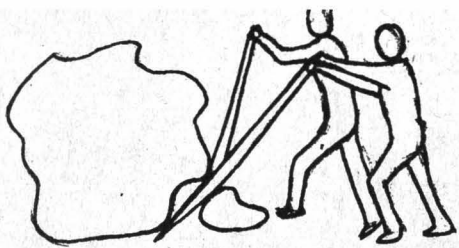
Katuah Earth First! shut down chip mill in fight for Appalachian biodiversity

Excerpt from a KEF! press release, May 24, 1998: *Activists from all over the southeast physically stopped the destruction of the southern Appalachian forests this morning in a nonviolent action, completely shutting down Willamette's newly opened chip mill. The entrance of the mill was blockaded with five protesters chained together and four others have occupied the crane and dropped a 25' banner reading, "Willamette Destroys Rivers, Forests, and Jobs," while dangling 30 feet*



in the air. The activists remained in place for nearly seven hours.... Forests are clearcut in a 60 to 100 mile radius for every chip mill in the area. The Pisgah, Nantahala, Cherokee, and Sumter National Forests lie within the sourcing area for the mill at Union Mills, NC.

"We are willing to sacrifice our freedom to defend the Southern Appalachian forests" says Katuah Earth First!'s Ed Stein, who was arrested blockading the gate.



Road Occupations and Free States

BY THE DAM COLLECTIVE

Since roads pave the way for logging, mining, grazing, development and the utter destruction of the wild, natural places, they must be stopped, seized or ripped. Creating a people's road occupation is an effective way of protecting a given area. The occupation or blockade enables activists to consistently monitor the area while creating a climate of strong resistance to the proposed annihilation of it.

Nonviolent road occupations have arisen in every shape and size. Some of the first Earth First! road blockades were at Cahto Peak in northern California in 1988. Enormous debris barricades, a 4-foot-wide, 3-foot-deep "tank trap," and roving cat and mouse blockaders completely shut down logging for three days. This pressured the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) to review the sale and eventually the area was protected.

Some road occupations are as simple as small shanty towns of tents. Others are quasi-sophisticated villages with living and cooking shelters and elaborate blockades. What's important is that a road occupation be located strategically and that it is secure. Access to the area must be effectively sealed off from all points to the forces that want to destroy it. The blockade needs to be situated far enough from the area being protected that destroyers could not easily walk to it. The road occupation can begin at night with the installation of one or more road blockades by a tight affinity group. From this point forth, a continual presence of activists is needed to prevent law enforcement from crushing the blockade. With this time, the defenses can be multiplied and fortified as people will be living on the blockade.

Some would say that the road is now an autonomous zone, liberated from the government by the

people. The blockade can attract a diverse group of people, and a progressive community of resistance can form in what has been identified as a Free State. Now, security is a priority. Not only does the blockade defend the land; it also guards the people on it from renegade attacks by Forest Service, BLM, police, and anti-environmental/wise-use thugs. A schedule should be worked out within the group that ensures a 24-hour security watch of the area. Those on watch need to be ready to sound the alarm and spring into action at any given moment. Security camp watchdog posts situated above and below the blockade

will help in alerting the core residents of the blockade of any sudden events that may develop. Whistles and noisemakers are essential security tools for everyone to have. Two-way VHF radios and cellular phones are very handy yet expensive. What's important is that there is a process of communication on the blockade that is respected for security, safety and action pre-



paredness. Activists should always pair up and rotate through security shifts, always keeping close radio communication with the main camp. This can be hard when there is a small number of people at the blockade. It is essential to have a tight affinity group that is dedicated to occupying the site and to reaching out to additional trustworthy people to help hold the blockade.

The surrounding area needs to be carefully surveyed and mapped. Depending on the remoteness of the blockade, mountain bikes, motorcycles or even cars may be used to reach help, while the cellular phone instantly sends word of fast-breaking events to your support networks and the media. Documentation of "visits" is also key. This is best accomplished with video cameras, still cameras and pocket audio recorders. Integral to the occupation are devices that will keep



people and the blockade from being easily breached, ie. concrete lockdown barrels, dragons, tripods, etc.... Barricades that may have taken months to construct can be quickly removed with heavy equipment unless people are physically attached to them.

The story of the 1995-1996 Warner Creek Cascadia Free State in Oregon is a good example of a full-blown road occupation. The heart of the blockade was the main tipi village guarded by a fort-like pole wall, complete with watch tower, cat walk, draw bridge and moat. There was a pole hut built further up on the road with several other livable structures. Scores of trenches were dug into the road, and culverts were pulled and plugged to wash it out. A wooden bridge allowed people to pass over one of the biggest trenches (which was as big as a school bus). Rock and wood debris walls and artistic obstacles were built up and down the road as well.

There were two tripods on the blockade, as well as one tripod. Several steel barrels were fitted around the forest service gate and filled with concrete. The gate was originally placed on the road by the government

to lock the public out of the area while it would have been destroyed. But, the concrete-improved gate enabled activists to lock down to the barrels at any time. There were three sleeping dragons in the road, one covered by a steel fire door which had an arm hole cut through it with an acetylene torch. (This lockdown was known as "Morrison," named after Jim Morrison of The Doors.) A concrete crawl space with lockdown positions, known as "the dog house," was built into a large rock and wood debris pile at a lower security camp.

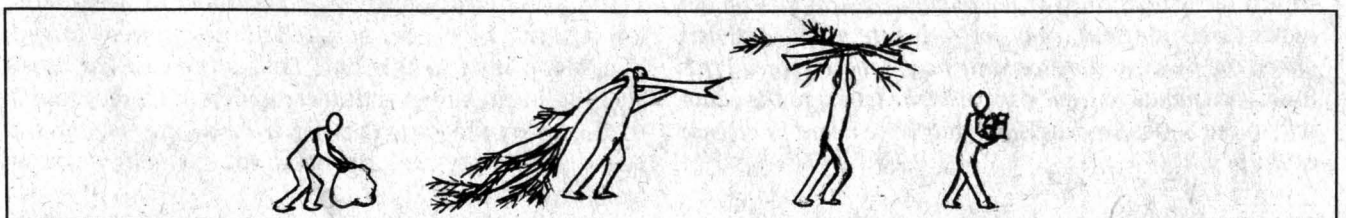
In all, the Cascadia Free State was a blockader's playground. Many ideas were tested and techniques perfected there and applied in other forest defense campaigns throughout Northern California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Many of these ideas were originally inspired by British and Australian anti-road campaigns. The British anti-A30 occupation even dug an elaborate system of underground tunnels.

The heart of the blockade was the main tipi village guarded by a fort-like pole wall, complete with watch tower, cat walk, draw bridge and moat.

For nearly a year, courageous people and the Cascadia Free State protected the forests of Warner Creek before they were forcibly removed by Forest Service law enforcement on August 16, 1996. An executive order blocks all logging in the area; however, this protection would not have been declared if people had not moved themselves to nonviolently seize the access road to the area and made Warner Creek an international incident. Thousands of people from all over the world were inspired to visit and support the outrageous blockade activists had built to defend Warner Creek. The local community sustained the blockade the entire time with endless food, gear and equipment donations and lots of financial and political support. Because of this, activists were able to focus their lives on defending the forest, keeping the story in the media, and the politicians and the Forest Service on the run.

Organizing a road occupation is challenging and requires a core group of committed, trustworthy friends, reliable supply lines of food, tools and equipment and an extended support network of people willing to rise to the defense of the area. The occupation will only be as strong as peoples dedication to fulfilling these and other campaign needs. Once in place however, a road occupation affords activists a means to be not just a random, short-lived inconvenience to the Earth rapers. The blockade offers a creative space, a base camp, for activists to strategically plan and launch action after action. The blockade has the potential to truly become an enduring, uncompromising, nonviolent land occupation that successfully resists any form of destruction.

This is an excerpt from the Earth First! Direct Action Manual, published 1997. The book has been out of print for several years, but still circulates in guerilla DIY format. A new edition of the manual is rumored to be in the works. So keep your eyes peeled.



Blast from the (Recent) Past:

SISKIYOU FREE STATE DECLARED IN THE BISCUIT!

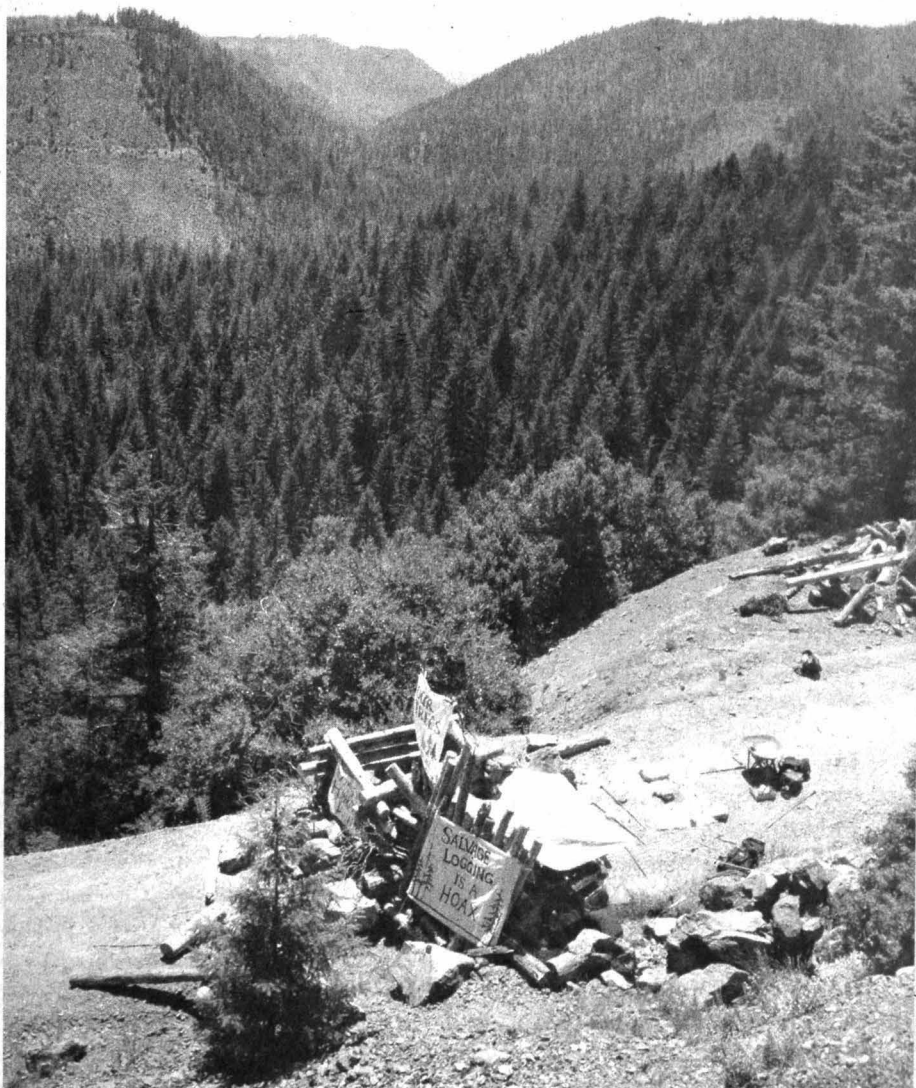
JULY 17, 2005

"In an exciting new chapter of the campaign to save the Wild Siskiyou, forest activists announced today the construction of a bold and elaborate infrastructure of resistance at the Hobson old growth reserve timber sale in the Biscuit Fire area. Southern Oregon forest defenders are calling on all allies to support these actions in whatever ways they can.

"An impressive log cabin fortress now stands on the single road leading to this remote North Kalmiopsis timber sale, sealing off vehicle access to an area now referred to by many as the "Siskiyou Free State." In addition, an unusual new form of tree sit has been established in one of the units of the sale that connects many trees together across multiple acres in a rope-work network that suspends an activist in midair while preventing any trees from being felled in the area.

"Dozens of people worked through the night with chainsaws and other tools to transform an abandoned log deck and boulder pile into a Lincoln Log-style cabin that completely blocks the road from human passage, other than foot traffic. Beneath the fortress is a boulder-fortified basement chamber that contains two activists secured to lockdown devices that prevent their removal.

"Law enforcement has now made contact with the blockade. Spirits are high and activists are confident the fortress will remain in place for a good while. The forest canopy network is sure to last even longer. Now is the time to take action in defense of this magnificent landscape. We cannot sit idly by while the last of the pristine backcountry on our public lands are sold away for corporate profit! Activists are on their way to the Free State now! Join us! Spread this message! Donate to local groups! Write letters to the editor and to the Forest Service! Have your voice heard in defense of the Wild!"



The glory day of the Hobson log cabin

[NOTE FROM AN EDITOR WHO WAS THERE: While that blockade didn't fare particularly well—as in, the Law came, caught activists off-guard and evicted the unoccupied cabin later that same day (ouch!)—it was one of many obstacles which impeded loggers and Forest Service for weeks following, calling attention to the sale and becoming part of the groundswell that scaled back the Biscuit logging plan from its initial gargantuan proposal.

The backcountry resistance continued for weeks following that blockade, and relationships were forged which continue to this day. This is the case for most every full-time direct action campaign (or "Free State") that I've known of. Whether it lasts one day or six years, real victory can only begin the moment we draw our line in the sand.]

Road Spikes

by the Monkey Wrench Gang

Napoleon's army may have traveled on its stomach, but the army of wilderness destruction travels by road and vehicle.

Indeed, one of the most commonly used criteria for "wilderness" is "roadlessness." Roads are used for logging, for mineral exploration and development, for oil & gas activity, for grazing "management," for powerline construction, for dam building, for ski area, recreational, and subdivision development. They are also used by trappers, poachers, slob hunters, archaeological site vandals, prospectors, seismographic crews, and other vanguards of the industrial spoilation of the wild.

The road network on public lands, however, cannot be effectively guarded against a serious campaign to close it. The money is not available to both build and constantly repair roads in rough, remote country. And vehicles—whether on the roads or off—are highly vulnerable to having their tires flattened if they enter areas where they don't belong.

With the simple tools and techniques discussed here, an Earth defender can essentially declare her own wilderness boundary and safeguard an area from vehicle-borne destruction. Are two roadless areas separated by a dirt road? Close it. Are "cherry-stem" roads invading a block of wild country from all sides? Shut them off at the periphery. Is the Forest Service building a logging road into prime wildlife habitat? Wreck it. Are miners, seismographers, surveyors, trappers, or poachers threatening your area? Take their transportation away. Are bozos on their tricycles or dune buggies trashing a wild canyon, roadless beach, or desert valley? Flatten their tires and make 'em walk out.

The most vulnerable portion of the industrial infrastructure is the transportation network. The ecodefender can safely, securely, cheaply, and effectively disrupt it—and save wild country.

An additional attraction of road spiking or road destruction is that it is much more difficult for the villains to protect hundreds of miles of road from sabotage than it is for them to guard a few pieces of heavy equipment or active logging sites. You are in much less danger of apprehension doing this kind of monkeywrenching out in the wildwood than you are crawling around equipment yards. Nonetheless, do not neglect basic security precautions.

Road Spiking

A modern version of the Vietnamese "punji stake" offers a simple means of closing an unsurfaced road. An angle-cut metal rod driven into the road's wheel rut will puncture tires while not harming people. The 1/2 inch diameter rod, protruding only about three inches, is too blunt to penetrate a shoe sole under a person's weight, but sharp enough to puncture the tire of a heavy vehicle. With this technique you can cure an off road vehicle (ORV) problem or make a logging or mining operation unprofitable. By harassing a survey or exploration crew with these you might persuade a corporation not to proceed with a mining or drilling operation. The possible applications are extensive since almost any exploitive enterprise requires roads.

You can buy the materials to close a road for pocket change, and can place the stakes alone in a very brief time. By not involving anyone else, you can insure that nobody can betray you. That peace of mind is sometimes worth more than the encouraging companionship. Since the stakes can be driven quickly and easily, there is little chance of being seen, let alone identified, if you exercise even minimal caution.

Obtaining the Materials

Any piece of hard metal that can be sharpened and driven into the ground will work. For convenience and economy, we recommend 1/2 inch diameter steel rod used for concrete reinforcement, usually called "number four rebar" in the construction trades.

If you buy rebar pre-cut to length, you will order "one foot number-four dowels," and you will have to sharpen one end.

If you decide to cut the stakes from longer rods, you can hacksaw stakes such that the ends are sharp enough. Cut the rods off at a sharp angle (at least 45 degrees) every couple of feet, then cut these pieces in half with a straight-across cut. Thus each stake is about one foot long, with one sharp end and one blunt end. Stakes longer than a foot are hard to drive deep enough in rocky ground; much shorter and they are not stable. Longer ones may be useful in very soft ground.

If you buy the longer rod and cut it, keep in mind that rebar is usually bought by contractors in quantity and delivered to a construction site. So, do not call attention to yourself by repeatedly buying small quantities of rebar and hack-saw blades in the same building supply store in an area where "road spiking" is taking the profits out of some local rip-off. Rebar is common, ordinary stuff, though, and nobody will take any interest in why you want it so long as you don't need a salesperson's help in figuring out what (and how much) to order. Order a length that you can easily transport. Buy the best hacksaw blades, since cheap ones break easily and will only make a few cuts before dulling. Buy the longest blades you can find in order to get a decent stroke (most hacksaws accept blades of various lengths). This will make cutting much easier.

Expedient Method of Cutting Stakes

Secure one end of the rod (by clamping, jamming, etc.) and lay the free end across a crotched (or notched) piece of wood under the cut to be made, about one foot from the end. Lay the blade alongside one of the retention ridges which run across the rebar at a 45 degree angle. Make several light strokes until the blade cuts into the bar enough to prevent sideways slipping. With a little practice you can cut more than a dozen road spikes an hour in this manner. If you cut up a rod or two in your spare time during the week, you will have plenty by the weekend.

Building a Jig (optional)

For ease and convenience, you may want to build a jig to hold the rod steady and to guide the sawblade. Any kind of "miter box" that doesn't reduce the length of the stroke much is okay. A simple method is to place two cement blocks on end and place the length of rebar to be cut in the grooves on the ends. Saw the rebar between the cement blocks.

Using an Acetylene Torch (optional)

A torch is the fastest and easiest method of turning out large numbers of stakes. Learning how to cut (as opposed to welding or joining) with a torch is easy. Someone can show you in half an hour how to hook up and adjust the equipment well enough to burn off rods. Learn how to handle the gases and equipment safely, and to adjust the flame.

Placing the Stakes

Make the "cap" so that you can drive the stakes into the ground without blunting the sharp end. Buy two 3/8 to 1/4 inch galvanized pipe "reducers," one 3/8 by 5 inch galvanized pipe nipple, and one 1/4 inch nipple of any length (the shorter the better), and assemble as follows: Screw the five inch long pipe into the large ends of both reducers; screw the smaller pipe into the small end of one of the reducers; then cut it off flush.

Place the reducer with the flush-cut nipple over the sharp end of the road spike and hammer the other end of the reducer to drive the stake into the ground. If you simply put a piece of 1/4 inch pipe over the sharp end of the stake and hammered on it to drive in the rebar, one pipe end would deform very quickly from hammering and the stake would wedge up in the other end. The reducers hold their shape and make this a long lasting tool. Driving the first stake creates a seat (in the end that fits over the stake) into which succeeding road spikes should be fitted.

Where to Place Road Spikes

For effectiveness and safety, give thought to where you place road spikes. Avoid areas where a blow-out or flat from the stake might put the driver of the vehicle in danger. Roads or "jeep trails" with a sheer, long drop-off on one side are obvious danger zones. Choose, instead, a flat area or low point in the vehicle path. Determine whether you should spike a long vehicle route at the beginning or in a remote location in the middle.

Will a flat miles from nowhere endanger a typically overweight, soft ORVer?

Although road spikes are difficult to see from a vehicle (particularly a charging muscle wagon), picking a spot where they will be extra difficult to see will increase their effectiveness. Choose a spot where vegetation to the side, shadows, a dip in the route, a curve, or other natural camouflaging will obscure the three inches of dark rod protruding from the ground. Also, pick a site where there is an excellent chance of the road spike making contact with a tire. At some points along a vehicle route, there may be several feet of variance for the tires. Several road spikes may be needed across the route there to flatten a tire. Instead, select a spot where ruts or natural constrictions keep the tire tread confined and where one spike is sure to make contact with knobby rubber. Crossings of streams and dry washes are also choice locations. Look at the terrain and previous vehicle tracks to determine where each of your spikes will wreak maximum (but not dangerous) havoc on vehicle tires that should not be there.

Consider the direction most vehicles will be traveling and incline the road spikes accordingly. It may be necessary on some routes to direct your spikes in both directions.

Even with proper planning of spike placement, your road spikes may stand out. Put a tumbleweed, litter, or small branches over visible spikes to hide them.

Field Notes

Check a dead-end jeep trail before you spike it. It is best to flatten some-one's tires when they are going in, not coming out.

Often a trustworthy partner is useful for security. While one person drives the spikes in the road, the other can watch or listen for vehicles or hikers. Prudently used, radios can add to security.

Placing a rag over the head of the spike driver when hammering in stakes may help to deaden the noise of hammering.

Rebar is cheap. Rebar also saws easily and quickly with a good hacksaw blade—don't be intimidated by the task until you try it.

Disguise your spikes with small branches. This may be especially effective on logging roads. Soon, drivers will be afraid to drive over any fragment of dead tree.

3/8 inch rebar can also be used for road spikes. It is cheaper, saws easier, and is lighter to transport in your pack. Except for really macho tires, it should do an adequate job.

3/8 inch diameter rebar cut in two or three foot lengths has been found effective for flattening the tires of dune buggies and the like on beaches and in sand dune areas.

Free rebar can oftentimes be had by scouting around old construction sites where short pieces have been discarded.

On almost every construction job where rebar is used,

many small pieces will be left over. If you walk up and ask whoever is putting in the steel if you can have the leftover rebar for a home project, they generally will be happy to give it to you.

A quick and easy way to cut rebar for road spikes is to rent a heavy pair of bolt cutters (handles at least 3' long). Place one handle on the ground and stand on the grip. You want the whole cutter lying on the ground except for the one handle used to work the jaws. While keeping the cutters flat, raise the jaws as wide (high) as you can. Place the rebar in as close to the hinge pin as possible, then put your full weight on the handle. The jaws will eat right through, crimping the bar into a razor-sharp edge. Be careful; you can lose blood to these sharp little suckers. You may not be able to cut the rebar at more than a 20 degree angle, but field experience has proven that to be sharp enough. This method works well for anyone over 175 pounds; a smaller person might want to use a hydraulic cutter. In two hours, you can have enough stakes to spike a lot of jeep trail.

The so-called "Anti-Drug Abuse Act of 1988" which made tree spiking a federal felony, also made road spiking (including nailboards) a similar crime. This testifies to the effectiveness of road spiking and to the concern industry and ORVers have about its increasing use.

Use of a Road Spike Driver



Place the driver over the sharpened end of the rebar stake and hammer it in.



Note the "Seal" created in the end of the driver (the 1/4 inch nipple screwed into one of the reducers).

MY NAME IS EMMA MURPHY-ELLIS AND I SUPPORT SABOTAGE...

I state without fear—but with the hope of rallying our collective courage—that I support radical actions. I support tools like industrial sabotage, monkey wrenching machinery and strategic arson. The Earth's situation is dire. If other methods are not enough, we must not allow concerns about property rights to stop us from protecting the land, sea, and air. Today, more than ever, the Earth needs our effective action using all the methods of resistance at our disposal. Radical actions and radical movements grow out of supportive cultures. Let us once again build a strong supportive base for them.

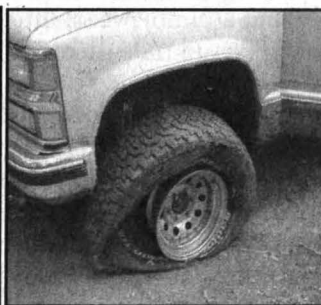
Don't get me wrong. During the Green Scare, in which dozens of activists were incarcerated, our movement got seriously screwed with, and we have had some extremely hard times because of the outstanding repression we have faced for the last six years. I want to remember that we were targeted by the powers that be because we were effective. Not only was EF! a growing force with which the state and corporations were fearful to reckon, but also that other more radical affinities were being forged in our communities.

To state it clearly, ELF actions came out of our communities and shared struggles.

The FBI knows that. Its been said in court by their officers. Its been written in their documents. Instead of shying away from that, let's say it proudly. We already face major repression. Pretending that is not the case does nothing but mislead new folks and create more fear. Let me say it again: *the majority of underground ecological actions that took place over the last decades grew out of our movements that were supportive of them.* Our movements were the incubator.



(ABOVE), Burning ski resort in Vail, Colorado, on October 19, 1999, costing \$12 million. From a communique to the press: "12 miles of roads and 885 acres of clearcuts will ruin the last, best lynx habitat in the state. Putting profits ahead of Colorado's wildlife will not be tolerated." (BELOW LEFT) August 1, 2003, a 206-unit condominium in San Diego was destroyed, with a banner left at the scene saying "If you build it, we will burn it," signed "The ELFs are mad." Damages totaled \$50 million, flames reached an estimated 200 feet in the air. (BELOW RIGHT), Cheap, easy, anytime, anywhere...



Are you disheartened that there are less radical actions attacking the root causes of the ecological crisis? Me too. So let's take one effective, tangible step towards changing that by openly celebrating all tools in the box.

However, when celebrating, we should be mindful of practical lessons of security culture learned from the Green Scare. The best practical advice in celebrating sabotage is to publicly celebrate, but not to publicly incite. Inciting is illegal. For example, yelling, "The logging trucks

are coming, everybody get into the road, block it, and then firebomb the fucker!" Not so smart.

But, it is not illegal, for example, to get excited around the camp fire, stand up, and read a particularly eloquent communiqué out loud while others clap, cheer, and celebrate how the bad guys got their asses kicked that round. It is not illegal to talk about how awesome the blockade and sabotage was (in the hilarious communiqué below, for example) and say proudly that you wish there were more like it. And, it should not be illegal to openly support and generally advocate the use of incendiary devices. But please note, there are no promises in love and eco-war; the state and its courts have proven over the years that if they want you bad enough, universal human rights of speech and expression may not matter. *A friendly lawyer checked this part of this article out and agreed that the do's and don't's listed here are indeed the case.*

With that all said, I propose that EF! gets back to openly and publicly celebrating radical, underground tactics, in our songs, our stories, our *Journal*, and

on our T-shirts (anyone remember the one that read: *I torched Vail, ask me why*).

If there is a knock on your door by the agents of state repression (supposedly because of your undying, unabashed support of pouring abrasive compounds into gas tanks, loosening bolts that hold up power lines, or smashing computers at your local biotech facility.) So what. Yep, just more evidence, that we live in a police state. Let's use that knock as a springboard to organize stronger and more effective resistance to state harassment.

And a quick note about security culture, because I feel like our movement has gotten way off track with that subject. Security culture is the building of awareness intended to keep one safe from repression. It is essentially a set of guidelines on how to live in an active resistance movement where individuals may or may not be breaking the law, and minimize risks of the state cracking down on us. It is not a bunch of paranoid random rituals or estranged superstitions, nor is it folks being alienating to new people or a way to act cool and superior. It is, in fact, a whole bunch of behaviors and, for lack of a better phrase, social protocols—which are always evolving—for how to behave in order to keep yourself, and everyone else you interact with, safer. It is something that should be done so fluidly that most of the time, others don't even know you are doing it. And when eventually it is needed for you to "call someone out" you will do it in a way that makes them feel all the more welcomed and a part of a learning movement, as opposed to alienated and even more unsure as to how to act responsibly, right?

Perhaps the most damaging events from the Green Scare are behind us. But the brunt of the cleanup and lessons we still must learn lie ahead. The Green Scare cracked some of the foundations of our movement leaving us unstable and, in my opinion, in desperate need of shoring up.

One of the reasons I think our movement continues to get smaller and smaller is because we have, out of fear, limited and censored ourselves. Our support of radical direct action is one of the main things that made us unique. There are no other groups like us around; no other above ground ecological activist group that vocally supports, unabashedly and unapologetically, the use of every tool in the tool box to take down this fucked up system and hopefully save what little we have left, so that it can recover from the

plague of industrial civilization.

Long live the Earth Liberation Front!

Yours for the rev,

—USNEA (ALSO KNOWN AS EMMA "COME AND GET ME, FUCKERS" MURPHY-ELLIS)

P.S. Since its not illegal, I wanted to share some excerpts from a communiqué that was sent out October 13, 2008, after the Canadian Pacific Railway sabotage took place. Pass it along! Share it with friends!

Enjoy!



"In an attempt to cause a shitload of economic damage to the infrastructure of the CP rail main-line, we cut down two telephone poles across the tracks just to the north of their main intermodal yard outside To-

ronto. A pile of fallen trees was ignited with gasoline across the tracks, and we molotov'd one of those weird grey box things that look pretty important and are full of electrical shit. We also tied copper wire across the tracks to signal the blockage so no one would get hurt. That was way more exciting than a turkey dinner!

...For us the Spirit Train is every train, they're all spreading "Olympic spirit," or more like the spirit of capitalism: construction materials, military equipment, useless consumer products, tourists...

Fuck it all. Every ride on the rails is a ride for the same invasion that's been goin on since the railway was built to colonize this whole place. This rail system has been developed and is utilized to serve our exploiters and enemies. As long as the exploiters exist, infrastructure will always be their weapon. So we wanna destroy it all... their railway, highways, cameras, telecommunications, it's all serving the masters and their police. We're not interested in expressing our dissatisfaction at a symbolic part of the problem. We want to actually dismantle the whole system and hit these cracker-ass-capitalists where it hurts. It's not just the Spirit Train; it's every train, the tracks and the social structure they maintain!

This is solidarity with all the comrades raisin' hell wherever they live. Keep the struggle burning locally, and your solidarity reaches globally. This chaos was for the warriors everywhere who are still facing charges for their involvement in acts of resistance quite like this one. It don't matter how hard they come down on us cause there are too many of us waiting to explode. Let's show'em what we can do and aim for our actual objective! ... Every train—stopped, every track—untied, every jail—destroyed!"

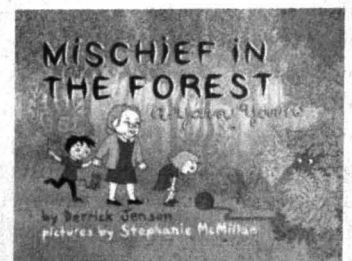
MINIMUM SECURITY

by Stephanie McMillan



Minimum Security is a comic strip about a group of friends fighting ecocidal maniacs. Read it five days a week at minimumsecurity.net.

Stephanie McMillan also draws *Code Green*, a weekly editorial cartoon about the environmental emergency. See it at stephaniemcmillan.org/codegreen. She has three books, including *As the World Burns* (a graphic novel) and *Mischief in the Forest* (a children's book), both created with writer Derrick Jensen. They are available at minimumsecurity.net or derrickjensen.org.





THE ARMADILLO FOREST & THE BIO-ECONOMY

BY ETIENNE DOYLE

OR THE JOYS & NIGHTMARES OF SOUTH FLORIDA FOREST DEFENSE

All our language is woven from animal hair.

—ROBERT BLY, *THE NIGHT ABRAHAM CALLED TO THE STARS*—

I am come in very truth leading you to Nature with all her children to bind her to your service and make her your slave...the mechanical inventions of recent years do not merely exert a gentle guidance over Nature's courses, they have the power to conquer and subdue her, to shake her to her foundations.

—SIR FRANCIS BACON, *THE MASCULINE BIRTH OF TIME*—

I said to the saw palmetto: "Sister, speak to me of God." And the saw palmetto blossomed.

—ADAPTED FROM NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS, *REPORT TO GRECO*—

CHRYSLIS AND CONCRETE

The Interstate of Powdered Bone bisects the Briger forest, which some call the Briger Tract or Indian Creek site #33, carrying the bodies of busy shadows through the forgotten land of miracles—wetlands, fire thirsty pine forests, and secret animal conspiracies. Anastacia calls it the Armadillo forest.

Anastacia is seven. She is in a beautiful world buried in mango blossoms, concrete, and the warm sparkling twilight of dystopia. She has green eyes speckled variously with gray, purple and yellow. It's late winter and the weather is warm. The air is salty and windy, tinted with the smell of mulberries and diesel gas. The sun is sitting heavy over the pines and the concrete facades of wealth. Anastacia sits at the edge of the forest counting cars, awaiting an invitation from an armadillo.

The Briger is skirted by the Avenue of Biotechnology at its northern edge, Hood Road to the south, Polished Glass street to the west, and Beach Fox lane to the east. Once a rather boisterous and comedic commu-

nity known for their love of travel and adventure, it is only seldom now that a beach fox dares to peak beyond her home in the sea grape forests of the coast. The last festival to host armadillos and foxes cavorting together took place just after the construction of Beach Fox lane, twelve years ago. Several foxes died on the crossing home.

And it is not a very large forest anymore. The hundred mile fingers of cabbage palm and pine habitat no longer press, uninterrupted, through marsh and sugar sand to mix with the Loxahatchee river, Hungreyland Slough, the Corbett, or Dupruis further west—remnants of the wild and estranged underbelly of the South. Anastacia, with a good machete or a snake's slither, could cross what's left of the Briger, from highway to highway, in three or four hours.

In a sterile building ornamented with exotic plants a large man finalizes a zoning permit. The Briger forest will be felled, parcels of trees mitigated into pockets around trenched ponds, endangered species will be gathered by biologists and relocated to eco-ghettos. Species without a designation of concern will be trampled and dispersed indiscriminately. Pipes will be laid, streets woven in, and enormous biotech labs and vivariums will glitter through the remaining pines, the squirms and screams of the organisms inside muted by sanitized walls. The new economy is coming to the South. The glint of a sounder money making scheme than the old economy has that modernizing ring—the development of alternative biofuels, nanotechnology, posh onsite apartments, boutiques, and restaurants for technocrats from California, Sweden and France, and the whole pharmacopoeia of genetically modified and patented life.

This way, a rustle whispers. The thin hairy tail of an armadillo, the one Anastacia calls Thea, disappears into the undergrowth, beckoning with little formality. Anastacia keeps her head low and unmoving, but

watches with her eyes for a moment when no cars are passing. Her heart feels warm as she waits. She finds her moment and follows the invitation into the thick understory.

The pounding sun creates an eclipse through the density of forest, casting long shadows. Anastacia is small for her age which is a great benefit. Saw palmetto, with serrated fronds, grows upwards and in almost total density below the pines to over eight feet. A small person, however, can find where the density subsides. Below three feet secret paths form, weaving between the impenetrable walls. It takes a special eye to find them, to follow the smaller trails of bobcat, racoon, opossum, and armadillo. Anastacia has special eyes.

Pause here Thea motions. The small armored creature looks deep at Anastacia. Time passes. A small burst of rain comes and goes.

A patch of pennyroyal blossoms glow blue-purple. The smell of wild fennel floats over the crisp pine fragrance. Thea unlocks her gaze and rushes off quickly, burrowing under a large palmetto root. Anastacia sits, winded from the crawl-climb-slash of moving through saw palmetto. She has a small cut above her eye. The warmth of the coagulated blood is comforting to her.

As she lays back in the sugar sand, she looks up at the exact moment that another cloud releases a brief slip of warm rain. It mists her eyes and it feels warm like crying or laughing hard. Its a promising omen to her. The pines are whipping, almost in dance, and the cabbage palms, with their alien structures, remind her of nothing. They are unto themselves. She stands up and raises her arms, takes to flight in a spin, and falls down laughing. These moments for her are once upon a time and she can imagine many endings. She knows all of the endings.

On the horizon she sees the twisting spire of a biotech building, the Scripps tower, tangling the vertical forest in a kind of gross mediation. Its the kind of building that will soon move into the pinelands and replace them. It looks like a syringe injecting the sky. She can hear the construction of the Max Planck Institute, a German bio-science operation, across the street. Its the same organization at odds with the Apache over the invasion and construction of an observatory on the sacred peak of Mt. Graham in Arizona. *When will construction start here? she wonders. It will come very fast and the forest will be gone.*

Iatrogenic—A medical term indicating an ailment caused by a cure, such as impotence induced by antidepressants, addiction to prescription painkillers, or an unhealthy dependence on indoor heating and air conditioning. "There was an old lady who swallowed a fly..."

—FROM ROLLING THUNDER No. 2—

Iatrogenic—Foremost among today's iatrogenic (doctor-induced) diseases is the pretense of doctors that they provide their clients with superior health. This, while new sicknesses are constantly defined and institutionalized, and the cost of enabling people to survive in unhealthy cities and sickening jobs continues to skyrocket. The monopoly of the medical profession now extends over an increasing range of everyday occurrences in every person's life, and preservation of the sick life of medically dependent people in an unhealthy environment has become its principal business."

—FROM IVAN ILLICH'S *TOOLS FOR CONVIVIALITY*—

She hears the rustle of the armadillo again. It is somewhere deep in the roots below her and moving south. Every so often it stops and pushes a subterranean thump to call her forward.

She pushes back into the saw palmetto, soon to blossom their medicinal berries. Her feet and knees push her quickly and there is the sound of crashing as she collides with gray dead fronds. She looks down to keep her footing and traces patches of black soil, white sand, decaying branches. She looks up. A tall man wearing a variety of instruments towers over her.

"What are *you* doing out here? You are trespassing," says the man. He is handsome and has a friendly but concerned face. She averts her eyes. He is not a cop. He is a biologist working for the Fish and Wildlife Commission. He is holding a wrap of orange tape and a wrap of white tape stripped with blue.

"What are you doing here?" Anastacia asks in return. A cloud opens up with a small spatter of rain again. They both pause to take it in.

"I'm marking gopher tortoise burrows for relocation and marking trees with endangered ferns and bromeliads to be saved for transplant. I'm also looking for wood stork rookeries. I don't think there are any of those left in this forest. Do your parents know where you are? Are you with the tree-sitters?"

"What about the rest? What about the armadillos? What about the eagles and bobcats?"

"Those are not protected darling. The eagles will find a new place to hunt and the armadillos, well, there are lots of them in this part of the country. I'm sure the bobcats will move on."

"What about all these pine, all the palmetto and the flowers? What about the forest?"

"Its going to be developed. The permits are in order. Your parents can take you to the state park."

Anastacia stands in the shadow of a tall man. She is determined never to speak to him again. They do not have a language in common. They speak from two different worlds. She rushes into the thick understory as he calls out to her to come back, to be careful.

THERE IS A NIGHTMARE WAR OVER LIFE

On March 9, 2010, an underground cell of the Animal Liberation Front sends an encrypted email to Scripps researcher Howard Fox. With no return address the message explains that they have placed an incendiary device (25% fine powder aluminum and 75% fine powder iron oxide) in his vehicle parked outside the bio-pharmaceutical company's La Jolla facility. Having received the message he paces in his lab. Beyond the sound proof walls primates injected with methamphetamines and the Simian Immunodeficiency Virus wait to die.

Several months later in September 2010, members of an ALF cell infiltrate Primate Products, Inc in Doral, Florida just outside of Miami, a leading distributor of primates and restraining devices to vivariums around the world including Huntingdon Life Sciences and Scripps. What they unveil is a hidden world of crushed skulls, scraped and seared flesh, and human supremacy. Images of the tortured animals are leaked to the media and the Food and Drug Administration. Donald Bradford, president of Primate Products glances over his shoulder, flicks his cigar, and walks toward a media crew waiting to interview him outside of the vivarium.

On May 8, 2011 another cell throws down a middle of the night blockade at Primate Product's secret breeding facility along the edge of the Big Cypress swamp and the Florida Panther National Wildlife Refuge near Immokalee. Truck tires, logs, and cement blocks are chained and tarred to impede the arrival of vivisectors to a "primadaption" conference. The brochure for the event highlights a course on turning "naive" primates into "willing workers." An anti-terrorism sign near the entrance is spray painted and a banner reads "No Primate Products," "No Scripps."



Over a period of years, Corninne Lamezas, a scientist with the department of infectology at Scripps Florida heads up a study on the transmission of bovine spongiform encephalopathy to nonhuman primates. BSE, also known as mad cow disease, is caused by forced bovine cannibalism. The factory meat industry, in order to cut costs, has been known to feed their beef cattle the remains of ground up cattle, and

specifically sick cattle that they can not sell on the market to humans. In the study, brain particulate from infected cows is fed to macaque monkeys imported from the wild or bred in captivity by companies like Primate Products. What follows for the macaques is rendered in emotionless scientific jargon: *truncal ataxia* (impaired motor function), *hypermetria* (loss of voluntary movements), *dysesthesia* (unpleasant sensations produced by ordinary stimuli), *priapism* (persistent and painful erections), *myoclonus* (uncontrollable and shock-like twitching of muscles), paralysis, withdrawal, depression, death and autopsy. Their opened brains show rot and liquefaction. The study concludes that primates are susceptible to infection from contaminated cow brain.

Biotechnology is creating a new industrial revolution based on biology instead of petroleum. As biotech processes replace old rust-belt technologies, they are enabling a transformation from a petroleum-based economy to a bio-based economy.

—B. ERICKSON, BIOTECHNOLOGY INDUSTRY ORGANIZATION—

This burgeoning "bioeconomy" conceives the planet as a closed system to be managed and claims to establish the foundations for a science that would integrate all the parameters of life...video-surveillance cameras, spirituality, biotechnologies and sociability all belong to the same "civilizational paradigm" now taking shape, that of a total economy rebuilt from the ground up. Its intellectual matrix is none other than cybernetics, the science of systems—that is, the science of their control.

In the 17th century it was necessary, in order to completely impose the force of economy and its ethos of work and greed, to confine and eliminate the whole seamy mass of layabouts, liars, witches, madmen, scoundrels and all the other vagrant poor, a whole humanity whose very existence gave the lie to the order of interest and continence. The new economy cannot be established without a similar screening of subjects and zones singled out for transformation.

—THE INVISIBLE COMMITTEE, *THE COMING INSURRECTION*—

PINELAND CANOPY OCCUPATION

"Is the banner ready to unfurl!" a tired voice yells out over the rush of interstate traffic. She is anchored into a spindly 50 foot pine tree, pulling a line around to set a traverse. "Yeah, but the line seems loose." Another climber in another tree is preparing to drag a banner that reads "Defend this Forest" out over a line between two pines. They had spent the nights previous setting up a tree further back in the forest with hammocks, water, food, and tarps, preparing for a long term canopy occupation to block the destruction of the forest and the construction of the Scripps biotech city. The grass-



roots environmental group responsible for the forest occupation has a history of fighting Scripps.

From 2004 to 2006, activists fought and defeated the project from its initial site, a 2,000 acre fallow orange orchard along side of a 60,000 acre wildlife management area just northwest of the Briger. They chained the gates to the construction site, interrupted meetings with government officials, biotech lobbyists, and developers, visited the oceanfront condo of former Scripps CEO Richard Lerner (also a consultant for Philip Morris through the Molecular Science Institute and a director of Kraft Foods) and they held public rallies in opposition. Though over thirty-eight million dollars of concrete, labor and litigation hit the site, a judge ordered the development to cease for lack of a proper Environmental Impact Statement. The developers surrendered the site and regrouped around the Briger.

"Look, an eagle!" one of the climbers shouts. A giant bald eagle hovers for a moment over the spot where forest and interstate collide and then turns East. "I don't have enough steel links," the other responds.

By noon camera crews, local sheriffs, and a Homeland Security SUV arrive. With the banner unfurled the two climbers withdraw to the interior tree to rest off the night's work in hammocks suspended forty feet over the thick saw palmetto below, far enough back to keep cherry-pickers out of reach. One of them dreams of the sound of the ocean rising up and blending with the rush of semi-trucks. The ocean turns dark black and turbulent. A spinner shark leaps from the water's surface and its eyes glow brilliant green then murky red. The other dreams of armadillos, thousands of them, climbing to the tops of the trees, escaping a flood. They pour over the climbers position like ants.

The canopy occupation continues for over a month before police arrest the activists and cut all the trees connected to their site.

CONSPIRACY

The sun is falling towards the west. The humidity and salty air begin to prepare for rest. "This is Anastacia," Thea motions to the others gathered in the center of the forest. Anastacia is surrounded by hundreds of armadillos in a dark cabbage palm jungle. She can see many of their small faces lit by the thin fibrous strands of sun that fleck through the canopy of fronds. There are also tortoises and lizards present. Whispers and excited deep breaths rise and fall, filling the understory. Even the tall whispering grasses seem to move with conspiratorial intention.

"You are gathering to defend this forest? You know what is happening" she asks, stuttering.

"Soon we go on the offensive. We will," Thea responds "and there are others too. People may be adaptable to the loss of places like this. But we are not. We live and die right here. We have received correspondence from forces in Cascadia, Italy, Haiti, and Mexico. And we have you with us now. Thank you for coming."

Between living and dreaming there is a third thing.
Guess it.

—ANTONIO MACHADO—

There are many possible ends for the Armadillo forest. It survives. It is cleared. The biotech mega-project is born. It cures cancer. It causes cancer. The armadillos are slaughtered, tossed head-long under bumpers and bulldozers. The armadillos are victorious. Dreams are realized, dreams are void. The ocean opens up, red and purple, over the Interstate of Powdered Bone. Relationships are born anew.

Blood will be fixed on the ocean and the forest, the dark spaces, the white caps, the bromeliads—but also the underworld. Behind your face, turned away, will be another face.

—THEA THE ARMADILLO—

The campaign to save the Briger Forest is ongoing. As of today the final development order has not been given. Everglades Earth First! as well as other environmental and animal rights organizations are actively engaged in its defense. Keep an ear out for part II of this tale of truth and legend in a future issue of the EF! Journal.

Etienne Doyle is an armadillo whisperer, journalist and fiction writer based in the bottomlands of South Florida. In 2008 Etienne received an interdisciplinary degree in alligator philosophy and snapping turtle linguistics at the Ludd-Kaczyński Institute of Ecology and Sustainable Demolition.

Support Helen Woodson

Prisoner Bio



With sledgehammers, in front of pneumatic jackhammer used during disarmament action at Minuteman II missile silo in Missouri on November 12, 1984: Carl Kabat, Larry Cloud Morgan, Paul Kabat, Helen Woodson

"Nuclear weapons, war, the destruction of the natural world, and government and corporate greed must be resisted."

Nuclear resister Helen Woodson is scheduled to be released from prison in September 2011 after 27 years behind bars, most of them in maximum security.

Back in November of 1984, Helen went to a Missouri nuclear missile silo with three others, where they began to disarm it with sledgehammers and pneumatic jackhammer. She was sentenced to 18 years for that action. Twice when she was released on parole, she immediately did another action to spotlight corporate and court complicity in the destruction of the planet (like robbing a bank and immediately burning the money, and pouring symbolic blood at a courthouse security point.) These actions resulted in her arrest and being returned directly to prison for violating parole.

Helen is now 67 years old and it has been a long time since she has lived on the outside. She will leave prison with a sweatsuit, plus books that she's accumulated. *That's it.*

Since she will leave prison with no source of income or health coverage, she plans to apply for government benefits but it can take 6 months for someone to find out if they've been accepted to receive them. In the meantime, in addition to things like food and clothes, she will need to buy medications for multiple health problems, at quite a significant cost. She has asked friends to raise funds on her behalf.



Left: Helen Woodson disarming nuclear missile silo lid with a sledgehammer

Can you help? Any amount, from \$1 to \$1000, will be gratefully received. Checks and money orders can be made payable to the Nuclear Resister (with "for Helen" written on the memo line) and sent to the Nuclear Resister, PO Box 43383, Tucson, AZ 85733. Secure online donations can be made via paypal at the Nuclear Resister website at NUKERESISTER.ORG/DONATE and note that the donation is for Helen.



*A flower blooms
in the winter.
Comrades go to jail.
But they do not go
alone.
They hold high
the blooming Flower
of Resistance.*

Helen Woodson

Political Prisoners' Summer Birthday List

Send a birthday card to these political prisoners. It's an easy way to help remind these eco-revolutionaries and freedom fighters that they aren't forgotten. If you make one, remember—don't use anything like white-out, stickers, tape or glitter on it. We also recommend that you put a name and address and their name and prisoner number on the card, lest the authorities "lose" the envelope and forget where it is going.

While the list highlights people in prison for ecological resistance and land struggles, we include prisoners of other liberation movements and politicized prisoners to nurture solidarity across movements.

This list is brought to you by the Chapel Hill Prison Books Collective in collaboration with the *Earth First! Journal*. For those with internet access, a more complete list can be found at: EARTH-FIRSTJOURNAL.ORG/PRISONERS.

Grant Barnes #137563, Arrowhead Correctional Facility, PO Box 300, Cañon City, CO, 81215-3000. Born **June 21**, Grant Barnes is an environmentalist who was arrested in 2007 for setting fire to a number of SUV's in Denver. He pled guilty and was sentenced to 12 years.

Delbert Orr Africa #AM4985, SCI Dallas, 1000 Follies Road, Dallas, PA 18612. **Debbie Sims Africa** #OO-6307, 451 Fullerton Ave, Cambridge Springs, PA, 16403-1238. Delbert (born **June 21**) and Debbie (born **August 4**) are two of the MOVE 9. There are currently eight MOVE activists in prison each serving 100 years after being framed for the murder of a cop in 1979. MOVE is an eco-revolutionary group dedicated to liberation struggles.

Bill Dunne #10916-086, USP Pollock, PO Box 2099, Pollock, LA 71467. Born **August 3**, Dunne is sentenced to 90 years for the attempted liberation of an anarchist prisoner in 1979.



Dr. Mutulu Shakur, USP Florence-High, PO Box 7000, Florence, CO, 81226. Born **August 8**, Dr. Shakur has been in prison since 1986 for activities in support of the Black liberation movement. Before his imprisonment, Dr. Shakur was a tireless educator and healer, one of the pioneers in using acupuncture in the treatment of substance abuse. He was also a key organizer in the historic gang truce between the Bloods and the Crips at Lompoc Penitentiary and is father of the late Tupac Shakur.

Hanif Shabazz Bey (Beaumont Gereau), RR 1 Box 9955, Kingshill, St Croix, VI, 00850. Born **August 16**. Arrested during the small-scale Mau Mau rebellion taking place to resist colonial rule in the US occupied Virgin Islands. Hanif was one of five known sup-

porters of the Virgin Island independence movement charged with the attack. Using extreme torture and a Kangaroo Court in 1973 the five were sentenced to 8 consecutive life terms.

Maliki Latine #81-A-4469, Clinton Correctional Facility, PO Box 2001, Dannemora, New York, 12929. Born **August 23**, Latine was in the Black Panther Party and spent eight years in the underground working for Black liberation, do to government repression. On October 1, 1981, he was sentenced to 25-to-life in connection with a series of bank expropriations. He continues to suffer medical neglect of his food allergies at the hands of NY Department of Corrections. He is a devout Muslim (Shia Sufi), learned in philosophy, community organizing, communalistic living, martial arts, self-discipline, and resistance.

Sekou Odinga #09-A-3775, Shawangunk Correctional Facility, 750 Prison Road, Wallkill, NY 12589-0750. Born **June 14**, Odinga was Imprisoned for actions carried out in the fight for Black Liberation. In 1965 Sekou joined the Organization for Afro American Unity, founded by Malcolm X. In early 1968 he helped build the Bronx Black Panther Party. In January 1969 Sekou joined the Black Liberation Army. He remained underground partaking in revolutionary clandestine activity for 12 years until his capture. Among other things, he was charged with nine predicate acts of Racketeering Influenced Corrupt Organization (RICO), including the liberation of Assata Shakur from prison and expropriation of an armored truck. He is serving a 40 year federal sentence, plus a consecutive state sentence.

Earth First! News

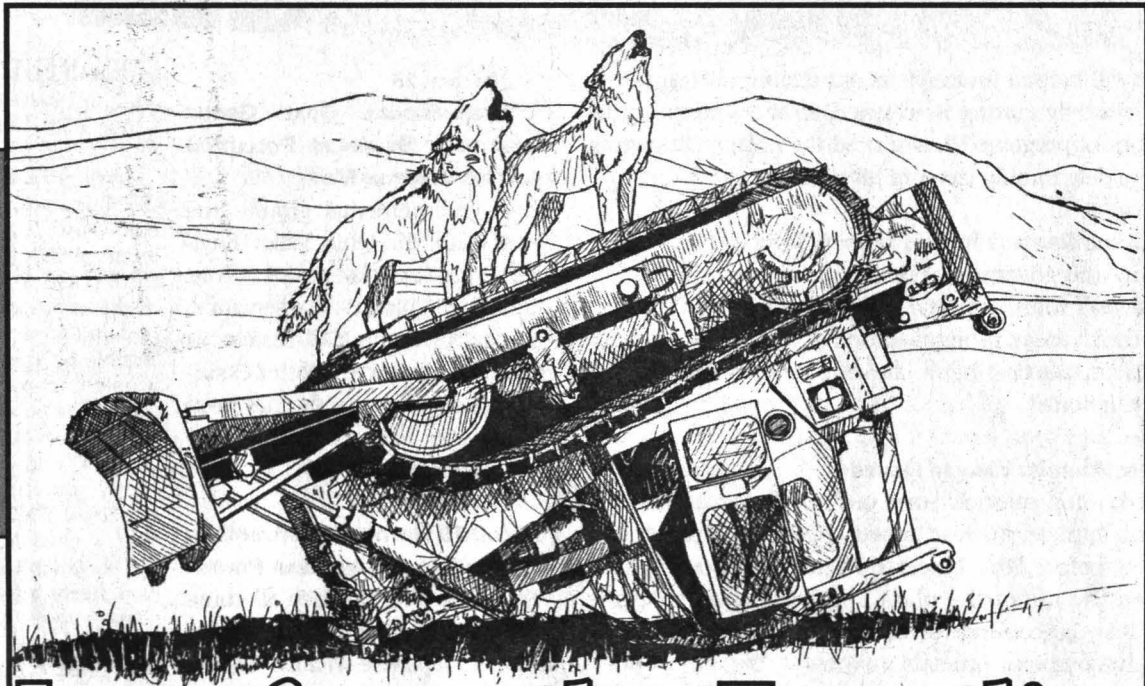
"On the Frontlines of Ecological Resistance"

Number IV

Beltane

May 1, 2011

Beltane is the time for ecstasy, orgies and eco-defense, so why not head to Humboldt and help with their active treesit campaign to save giant Redwoods? While you're at it stop off in the Northern Rockies and help stop the megaloads from reaching the Tar sands in Canada. Then, after all that, head back home and kickstart a campaign to bring down the earth brutalizers where you live!



News from the Frontlines

COMPILED BY THE *EF!* JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

MARCH 11

A QUAKE, TSUNAMI & MELTDOWN

An 8.9 magnitude earthquake rocks the coast of the Osaka peninsula of Japan, creating a chain reaction of tidal waves, power grid shutdowns and a massive meltdown at a Japanese nuke plant comparable to Chernobyl. The quake was so intense that it caused the Earth's axis to shift. On the upside, subsequent massive protests spark the necessary counter to the so called "Nuclear Renaissance."

MARCH 13

JERSEY BANS HYDROFRACKING

Though temporary, New Jersey joins the state of New York in banning the process of extracting natural gas through

chemical hydro-fracturing after public concern over health and environmental contamination spreads throughout the Marcellus Shale region.

MARCH 14

KAYAK BLOCKADE OF COAL SHIPPING

Some 600 swimmers, kayakers, tubers and canoers overrun a coal shipping harbor in Newcastle, Australia stalling all coal shipments for the day.

IN OTHER NEWS

Everglades Earth First!ers commemorate their one month anniversary of maintaining a treesit in the Briger Forest to halt deforestation and the development of a Scripps biotech city. On the following day another tree sit is erected at a new location directly in the path of the development.

MARCH 15

SARDINES AND NEUROTOXINS

Scientific researchers conclude that a deadly neurotoxin has contaminated King Harbor in Redondo Beach, CA causing a fish die off reaching millions.

MARCH 16

TURKS TAKE ON GOLD MINE

Enviros and villagers in Northwestern Turkey disrupt a meeting held by the bureaucrats of the Environment and Forest Ministry. Locals, carrying sticks and beating cans chanted against the Canadian company seeking to use gold cyanidation to extract the resource.

MARCH 19

VENEZUELA VOWS NO NUKE PLANTS

According to Venezuelan *presidente* Hugo Chavez, the South American

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country will halt all future plans of building nuclear power plants, effectively cutting its partnership with Russia to develop a nuke program. Chavez cited the nuke meltdown in Japan as a determining factor in his decision.

MARCH 20

THOUSANDS PROTEST NUKE POWER IN TAIWAN

Protesting the government's decision to construct the island nation's fourth nuclear power plant in Kungliao on the northeast coast, thousands took to the streets demanding that construction halt, and the three existing plants be decommissioned.

MARCH 22

YANKEES AGAINST YANKEE NUKES

Hundreds of protesters turn out to demand that the Vermont Yankee nuclear power plant be shut down. Just days before, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission extended the life of the plant another 20 years despite several leaks, a cooling tower collapse, and official misstatements by plant officials.

IN OTHER NEWS

TASMANIANS TAKE TO THE TREES TO SAVE OLDGROWTH

Blockades and tree-sits are set in West Wellington in the southern old growth forests of the island to halt logging and pressure the government to impose a moratorium. Two tree-sitters were extracted and arrested.

IN OTHER OTHER NEWS

ARIZONA ISSUES PERMITS FOR THREE URANIUM MINES NEAR THE GRAND CANYON

Yep, its true. The Arizona Department of Environmental Quality has approved water and air quality permits for three uranium mines, including the proposed Canyon Mine near Red Butte, a site held sacred by the Havasupai Nation.

MARCH 23

CHAINED ACTIVISTS HALT NUKE HEARINGS

An environmental assessment of the proposed construction of new nuclear reactors at Darlington Power Plant on the north shore of Lake Ontario is delayed after Greenpeace activists chained themselves to a table in the hearing room. They remained locked and immovable from 9am to 1:30pm, shutting the meeting down completely. The activists called for a 6-month moratorium on talks in light of the disaster in Japan.

MARCH 25

INTERNATIONAL COAL GROUP SUED OVER SELENIUM POLLUTION FROM W. VIRGINIA MINE

Three environmental groups (the Sierra Club, the Ohio Valley Environmental Coalition and the West Virginia Highlands Conservancy) sue coal operator ICG Eastern in federal court over a Webster County surface mine they say has been discharging toxic selenium into streams for years.

MARCH 26

200,000 HIT THE STREETS IN GERMANY TO PROTEST NUCLEAR POWER

Where the hell did they all come from? Carrying banners in solidarity with Japanese victims of the Fukushima meltdown, the streets of German cities are flooded with nuke resisters.

MARCH 26

OK, THIS ISN'T ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT BUT...

Several hundred masked protesters clash with police, attack shops and occupy a top store in London after hundreds of thousands of people rallied against government austerity measures. Clad in black and covering their faces with scarves, the protesters stared down the law, hurling fireworks, petrol bombs and paint. HSBC bank had their windows smashed, while some protesters hurled missiles at London's landmark Ritz Hotel. Others lit a bonfire at Oxford Circus, in the heart of the shopping district. Bagpipers, steel bands, choirs and dancers were also out for the event.

MARCH 27

INDIGENOUS AND ENVIRONMENTAL GROUPS SET SAIL FROM AUSTRALIA TO PROTEST OFFSHORE OIL DRILLING

A flotilla of six boats sail from Auckland to launch a protest against plans by a Brazilian oil company to drill for oil and

Earth First! News

Beltane

May 1 2011 Number IV,

Earth First! News (EF!N) is a project of the *Earth First! Journal*. The intent of EF!N is to make Earth First! movement media more decentralized and more easily accessible by encouraging people to copy and distribute the publication.

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EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

gas off the East Cape of the North Island. Enviro and Maoris said they would fight to stop a future BP Gulf disaster from happening near Australia.

MARCH 28

RADIATION FROM JAPAN DETECTED IN US RAINWATER

The Massachusetts Department of Public Health says that traces of radioiodine-131 which were likely from the Japanese nuclear meltdown have been detected in a sample of rainwater in the US. Officials did not say where the sample was taken.

MARCH 29

FARMERS & ENVIROS BLOCKADE COAL SEAM GAS PIPELINE

A month long campaign to halt a gas pipeline escalates with one arrest at a human blockade of the construction site in Queensland, Australia

MARCH 30

DIESEL SPILL IN MAINE

At least 1,000 gallons of off-road diesel fuel leaked from a truck at the Foss Construction Co. , sending fuel into the Middle River, the Pleasant River and through vital smelt spawning beds.

APRIL 3

LETTER BOMB EXPLODES AT SWISS NUKE OFFICE

A statement from the Italian Informal Anarchist Federation was found in the remains of the explosion at the offices of Swissnuclear in the northern town of Olten. Authorities said the letter written in Italian was postmarked from abroad and referred to three eco-anarchists, Costantino Ragusa, Silvia Guerini, and Luca Bernasconi, connected with the group Il Silvestre detained in Switzerland in connection with an attempted bombing at the Swiss headquarters of IBM in Zurich. Il Silvestre opposes nanotechnology, biotechnology, the state and the military.

APRIL 4

JAPAN DUMPS RADIOACTIVE WATER INTO OCEAN

Japanese officials announce that they have dumped tons of water used to cool overheated fuel rods because they do not have the capacity to hold the water. Radiation levels along the shore of the plant measure several million times the "legal" limit.

APRIL 6

BIGGEST FINANCERS OF MOUNTAINTOP REMOVAL EXPOSED

PNC, Citi, and UBS are the top three financial enablers of mountaintop removal coal mining, according to a report by Rainforest Action Network and the Sierra Club.

IN OTHER NEWS

BANKS "CLOSED" FOR CLIMATE CRIMES

Rising Tide activists smear mud, tape up, and blockade two Portland, Oregon area banks, urging customers to find another location to hold their money.

APRIL 7

VICTORY FOR MAINE'S MOOSEHEAD LAKE

Maine Earth First's longterm camapaign to save Moosehead Lake from development by Plum Creek sees a victory when a superior court judge rules development process illegal.

APRIL 8

THREE MURDERED IN PERUVIAN ANTI-MINING PROTESTS

Agrarian peasants angered by the potential contamination of their water protest a proposed mine by Mexican owned

Southern Copper. Clashes with security forces result in three protesters shot to death. A few weeks later the Peruvian government denies the permit to build the mine.

IN OTHER NEWS

SECURITY STAFF OF MINE ASSASSINATED

Two security personel are found shot to death in a burning car outside of a contentious Freeport-McMoran mine in Papua.

APRIL 11

BOLIVIA GRANTS NATURE EQUAL RIGHTS

The law, which is part of a complete restructuring of the Bolivian legal system following a change of constitution in 2009, has been heavily influenced by a resurgent indigenous Andean spiritual world view which places the environment and the earth deity known as the Pachamama at the center of all life. Humans are considered equal to all other entities. It will also enshrine the right of nature "to not be affected by mega-infrastructure and development projects that affect the balance of ecosystems and the local inhabitant communities"

APRIL 12

NEW GREEN-SCARE INDICTMENT IN MICHIGAN

A recent indictment order by Federal prosecutors in Grand Rapids Michigan has charged Jesse Waters, a Detroit area man, with damaging logging equipment and a flatbed trailer near Mesick, MI more than 10 years ago during an environmental campaign to halt deforestation. The indictment further states that others painted the message "log in hell!" at the site of the incident.

Environmental activist, musician, and mother of two, Marie Mason-was also charged and convicted for her alleged role in the Mesick sabotage. She is currently serving 22 years in prison.

APRIL 13

FATHER OF THE "CROCODILE HUNTER," ARRESTED IN PIPELINE BLOCKADE

He says his son would be proud of his actions in Australia.

APRIL 13

ACTIVISTS STORM DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, RETURN OIL TARBALLS TO BP

Thousands gathered for the Powershift convention in DC to march to the Department of Interior and a corporate office of BP to return actual tarballs from the Gulf of Mexico oil disaster one year ago. Later in the week dozens of activists are arrested for sit-ins and blockades throughout the capital.

APRIL 19

MONGOLIANS ON HORSEBACK SET UP YURT OCCUPATION TO HALT MINING

Mongolian herders ride into the capital city right to the central square and set up camp, erecting their traditional yurts, prepared for a long Mongolian style free-state to protest the loss of land to foreign mining projects.

APRIL 25

ANTI-ROAD PROTESTERS SET UP CAMP TO BLOCK FREEWAY CONSTRUCTION

The group Stop the Pave in British Columbia, Canada erect a camp to block the construction of a freeway that will cause havoc to the local environment and several indigenuous sites.

Summer 2011 Announcements

For updated calendar

NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

**-Day of Solidarity with Marie Mason
and Eric McDavid, June 11.** JUNE11.ORG

-Stockholm Anarchist Bookfair, June 18

-Wild Roots Feral Futures, June 14-22
Southwest CO, FERALFUTURES.BLOGSPOT.COM

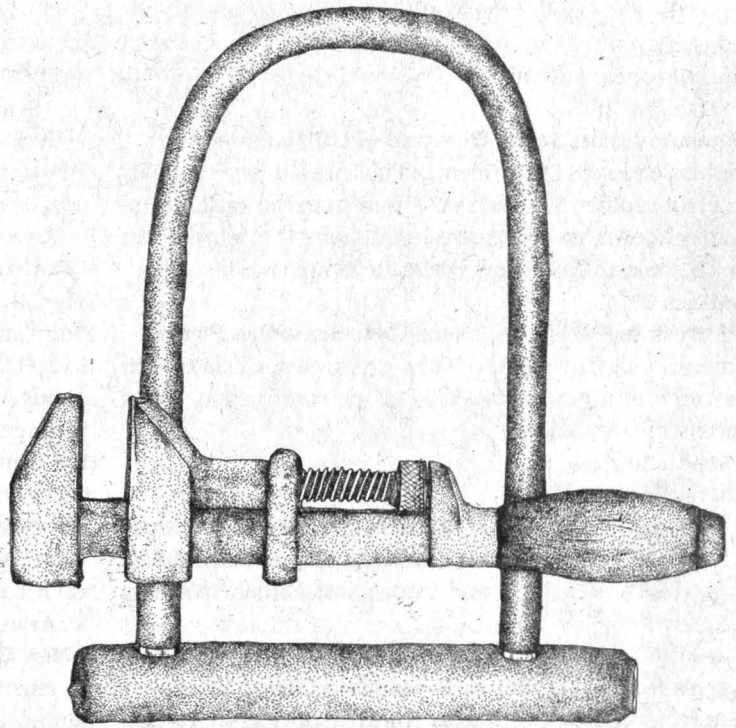
**-Allied Media Conference, Detroit, June
23-26,** ALLIEDMEDIA.ORG

**-Barcelona Anarchist Bookfair, June 27-
July 3,** LLIBREANARQUISTA.NET

**-Earth First! Round River Rendezvous
in the Northern Rockies, July 5-12**
NREF.WORDPRESS.COM

**-Third Annual TWAC (Trans and
Womyn's Action Camp), July 27-Aug 1,**
TWAC.WORDPRESS.COM

-Witch Camp, June 26-July 23
CALIFORNIAWITCHCAMP.ORG/INFO.HTML



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Earth First! ToolBox: Vehiculartage

For all motorvehicles and heavy equipment.

1. Pour sand in the crankcase. Sugar and syrup are ineffective in gasoline or diesel fuel tanks and oil reservoirs. At best, they will merely clog the filter. A handful or more of sand in the fuel tank or oil is much more effective and much easier. Also, with sand you need not carry incriminating items like sugar or a bottle of Karo syrup.

2. Jam door and ignition locks with slivers of wood, a hard tough cement like "super glue," or silicone rubber sealant.

3. Pour a gallon or more of water or brine into the fuel tank.

4. Pour dirt, sand, salt, or a grinding compound (like Carborundum) into the oil filler hole. If there is a filter (often present on heavy equipment), pour the sand etc. down the dipstick tube and use the dipstick to ram it down. If possible, remove the outside oil filter and add the grit. (Very fine grit may go through an oil filter, though.)

5. Pour water into the oil filler hole. Amount needed depends on engine size—at least 2 quarts for a V-8. Use enough so that the oil pump will draw only water. The water should maintain "oil" pressure without lubricating at all.

6. Pour a box of quick rice in the radiator.

7. Put Carborundum or other small abrasive particles in the gearbox.

from *Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkey-wrenching*

Earth First! Directory

**For a more complete listing of EF! contacts, venues and affiliated groups, contact the Journal or check our online directory at: EARTHFIRST-JOURNAL.ORG*

US Groups:

California

Diablo EF! (Bay Area)

diabloearthfirst@gmail.com

EF! Humboldt

contactefhum@gmail.com

Santa Barbara EF!

efinsb@gmail.com

Sierra Nevada EF!

sierranevadaearthfirst@gmail.com

Colorado

High Country EF!

highcountryearthfirst@riseup.net

Florida

Everglades EF!

EVERGLADESEARTHFIRST.ORG

Idaho

Northern Rockies EF!

HTTP://NREF.WORDPRESS.COM

Kansas

Great Planes EF!

dannyheim@hotmail.com

Maine

Maine EF!

MAINE.EARTH-FIRST.NET/

North Carolina

Croatian Earth First!

CROATIANEARTHFIRST.WORDPRESS.COM

New York

Fingerlakes EF!

FINGERLAKESEARTHFIRST.ORG

Hudson Valley EF!

hudsonvalleyearthfirst@gmail.com

Ohio

Oberlin EF!

oberlinearthfirst@gmail.com

Oregon

Blue Mountain Biodiversity

Project, 27803 Williams Ln, Fossil,
OR 97830

Cascadia EF! - Eugene

cascadiaef@gmail.com

Cascadia EF! - Portland

cascadia_ef@riseup.net

Tennessee

Three Rivers EF!

annebonnylives@yahoo.com

Virginia

RVA EF!

rvaearthfirst@yahoo.com

International Groups:

Australia

efoz@earthfirst.org.au

Canada

Elaho EF!: earth_first@resist.ca

UK Earth First! Action Update

EARTHFIRST.ORG.UK/ACTIONREPORTS/

Germany

efgermanycontact@googlemail.com

Italy

earthfirstpadova@ymail.com



Photo by Perry Finkelstein

Hawk elder, Edna Gordon

Grandma Edna Gordon, Seneca Wisdomkeeper, protests the pending desecration of Indian lands at Glen Cove

"I got my dander up, I'm 90 years old, why don't the people call the President of the United States since it is an emergency. The emergency is them digging up the graves like at Glen Cove in Vallejo, California.

They've taken enough land away from the Indians. Now they've got a lot of land on the White side that they took away from the Indians. So why don't they go to those cemeteries and dig up the graves?

As Indians we don't go looking around for White man's bones and what they had. When they rest we let them rest. And whatever they take with them that's theirs, that belongs to them. If they wanted you to have it, they would have given it to you.

If the United States cannot go by the law, then why should we abide by it?

Now the World has gone down because of these corporations, and when are you going to stop.

When you don't do right in this world, then the Creator will see that you do."

Message from Grandma Edna, Hawk Clan, Seneca Nation Cattaraugus Rez, near Buffalo, New York, April 7, 2011.

Since 1988, the Greater Vallejo Recreation District (GVRD) and the City of Vallejo have been pursuing the development of the Glen Cove site into a "fully featured" park. GVRD's current Master Plan calls for the installation of a parking lot, restroom facility, and construction of a paved trail. It also calls for re-grading of large areas of the site, that will further disturb burials and sacred objects.

Want to help? Come out to visit the spiritual encampment at Glen Cove. A constant presence on the land keeps protects the site. Help spread the word. Talk to friends about Glen Cove, and the ongoing desecration of Native American burial grounds and sacred sites. Contact relevant officials to ask that the wishes of the native community be respected in regards to the Glen Cove area.

For more information about Glen Cove, visit PROTECTGLEN-COVE.ORG. For video-clips of—and more about—Grandma Edna, visit WORLDHARMONYUNLIMITED.COM

News Flash from the Frontlines

NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

Bidayuh villagers set fire to logging camps, 13 heavy machines

May, 2011—Residents from 10 Bidayuh villages set fire to five logging camps and thirteen heavy machines in a stark protest against logging activities on their land, in the Malaysian state of Sarawak.

As reported by Free Malaysia Today, the Bidayuh villagers took matters into their own hands because of the governments refusal to address their complaints about logging activities within their Native Customary Rights (NCR) land.

One village leader, who did not wish to be identified, explained to reporters that, "We have made several reports to the authorities and yet the logging activities still continue[d]," adding that

crops, fruit trees and land had already been destroyed by the activities.

He also said that they warned the workers to stop what they were doing, but the workers ignored them, much like the government. "We gave them ample time, and when they failed to adhere to our warning, we have to take action," he said.

Shortly after the fire, an unnamed villager was quoted as saying, "They have tested our patience and we just cannot take it anymore. We have lodged several reports and complaints to the authorities, but the logging activities continued. We are fed up. Our rights have been encroached, our crops destroyed."

Agitations such as these are few and far in between, but have occurred in other parts of the world. In 2009, for instance, the Maya reportedly burned equipment at a gold mine in Guatemala, and the Lepcha took similar action against the Panan hydel power project in Sikkim, India. In 2008, the Enawene Nawe completely levelled a hydro dam construction site in Brazil.

Governments and Industry spokespersons tried to dismiss these actions as mere vandalism, as if Indigenous Peoples have nothing better to do than trash private property. But the fact is, with more than 5,000 industrial projects taking place on Indigenous lands around the world, it's a wonder it doesn't happen more often.

Armed with Visions

ERLES

BY DICK BARNES

Half crushed at the edge of a dirt track
amidst coarse crumbs of decomposed granite
lies a scorpion.
Her little ones have got down off her back.

The sun declines: shade
saves her, the lacy shadow
of a creosote bush reaches over.
She'll have to move in the morning or die.

Night and the cold: ants go back in. And then
the chitinous plates that cover her back
wither, shrink, and come apart
light passes through them

down inside her there is a vast pool of light
her flesh cracks open
the new flesh underneath feels its own coolness
it is so new, and it shines

Planets and constellations seem to wheel overhead
as the earth turning turns her face everywhere
in the heavens: Azrael, Uriel, Zadkiel wheel
in the distance: Gabriel close by:
late rising Annael, Michael hidden in the bosom
of Raphael

appear in the east: the night has passed
and no beast has discovered this crippled scorpion
no coyote coati or fierce grasshopper mouse

morning is near and kestrels

she is still there
she is living

INSTRUCTIONS TO MY POEM

Can poetry save the earth?

BY JOHN FELSTINER

Go, little poem, remove excess carbon dioxide
and methane from the atmosphere,
deactivate the chlorofluorocarbons,
close the ozone hole, restore
the old growth redwood forests
on the coast of Northern California
and the mahogany trees and cathedral figs
cleared from rainforests to make
pastureland for cattle in Brazil, stop
clear-cutting in the Tillamook Forest
in Oregon and mountaintop removal
in Kentucky and West Virginia,
save the ice floes for the polar bears,
hatch the blotchy, olive-colored eggs
of the whooping crane in Canada, help
the sperm whale, gray bat and ocelot
find mates, remove all the mercury
from the oceans, get rid of every last scrap
of plastic in the Great Pacific Garbage Patch,
destroy all the nuclear weapons in silos
in Russia, China and America, and don't
forget the ones on submarines and planes.
Go, little poem. The problems breed
like flies and expand like bread rising.
If they totally stump you, just appear
on recycled paper in a very small magazine.
The world needs help, so do what you can.

First published in Atlanta Review

2011

*Just another Eco-Anarchist*Summer Solstice
Litha

Horoscope

in cahoots with the movement of the celestial bodies against the logic of Empire.

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19)
The old expression "Destroy what destroys you" will be particularly relevant to you this Summer Solstice. The chronic diseases of the 21st Century (I-phones, cheez in a can, diabetes, apletinis) have spread through your circles, but you can set an example by breaking free. Toss the phone, kick the sugar, and take one last shot of that cheez. It's time to make for the woods. Set up camp deep in the wilderness and learn its contours paying special attention to your increased awareness of bird language.

Taurus (Apr 20-May 20)
Stubborn but patient Taurus is always willing to weather the storm. But Summer storms should not only be weathered, they are best embraced and entertained. Hell, you should get down and dirty with the tempest. Spend time in the rain and wind. Curl your body into the gusts. Travel wildly this season. But be aware of civilization's ideological retrograde pulling away your wiser self. What the idiots of our day call progress is spiritual collapse.

Gemini (May 21-Jun 20)
Known for an ever changing and adventurous mind, Gemini should take care this solstice. Counterfeit sensations from narcotic poisons, pop culture and the illusions of the leisure class will attempt to woo your passions. Look to the ocean. The melodic crash of water on Earth calls you back from the airy reaches to the rhythms of erosion, immensity, and harmonious instability. Use your two-faces to fool the system with inside jobs and counter-counter-insurgency tricksterisms.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)
Threats to the living earth are coming from all sides. The mysteries of resistance await the sensitive nature of Cancer. Consider your relationships as cornerstones to revolt. Relationships you have been struggling to repair or rejuvenate can easily blow up, all based on careless words. During this time period, realize that your actions can make a major difference. Be thoughtful with your words and exercise patience. If this doesn't work, try a brief hiatus from romance and seek the lust of a long river trek.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22)
What is the point of being the center of attention in a society of spectacles, genocide, and pre-fab entertainment culture? The answer: the love of all life expressed and shared. This summer avoid imitation of the dominant system's mold of entertainer. Start a revolutionary break-dance troupe armed with DIY jug band beats. Involve kids from your neighborhood, village or town.

Virgo (Aug 23- Sep 22)
Hardworking but judgemental, Virgo will have time to unwind this Summer. Keep projects to a minimum and lovers in abundance. Travel to remote wild lands to garner new energy to

bring home for the fight ahead. Likewise, this little fact will help you somehow: while computerized-surveillance has increased ten fold in public and private settings, especially the work place, the number of murdered bosses has doubled in the past decade. [source, Bureau of Justice statistics]

Libra (Sep 23-Oct 22)
In a world out of balance, what is a Libra to do? A summer romance with anti-depressants? Become a hipster and embrace the brutal ironies of industrial civilization? Instead take your ability to improve group dynamics to new levels. Organize with otters, buffalo, lynx, mosquitoes or gators in a true inter-species insurrection. Make love to a forest. You'll know how once you start the foreplay.

Scorpio (Oct 23- Nov 21)
Some have pointed out that fantasy is the only real opposition to reality. Take this into consideration when plotting your next action, sexual rendezvous, or house project. Don't let obsession and the needs of a private and self-destructive nature complicate your dreams. Should you sting yourself, consider it an expression of true autonomy. Just remember, wilderness, like fantasy, reminds you how sensual existence can be. Without it, life, and the Scorpio in particular, is fraudulent.

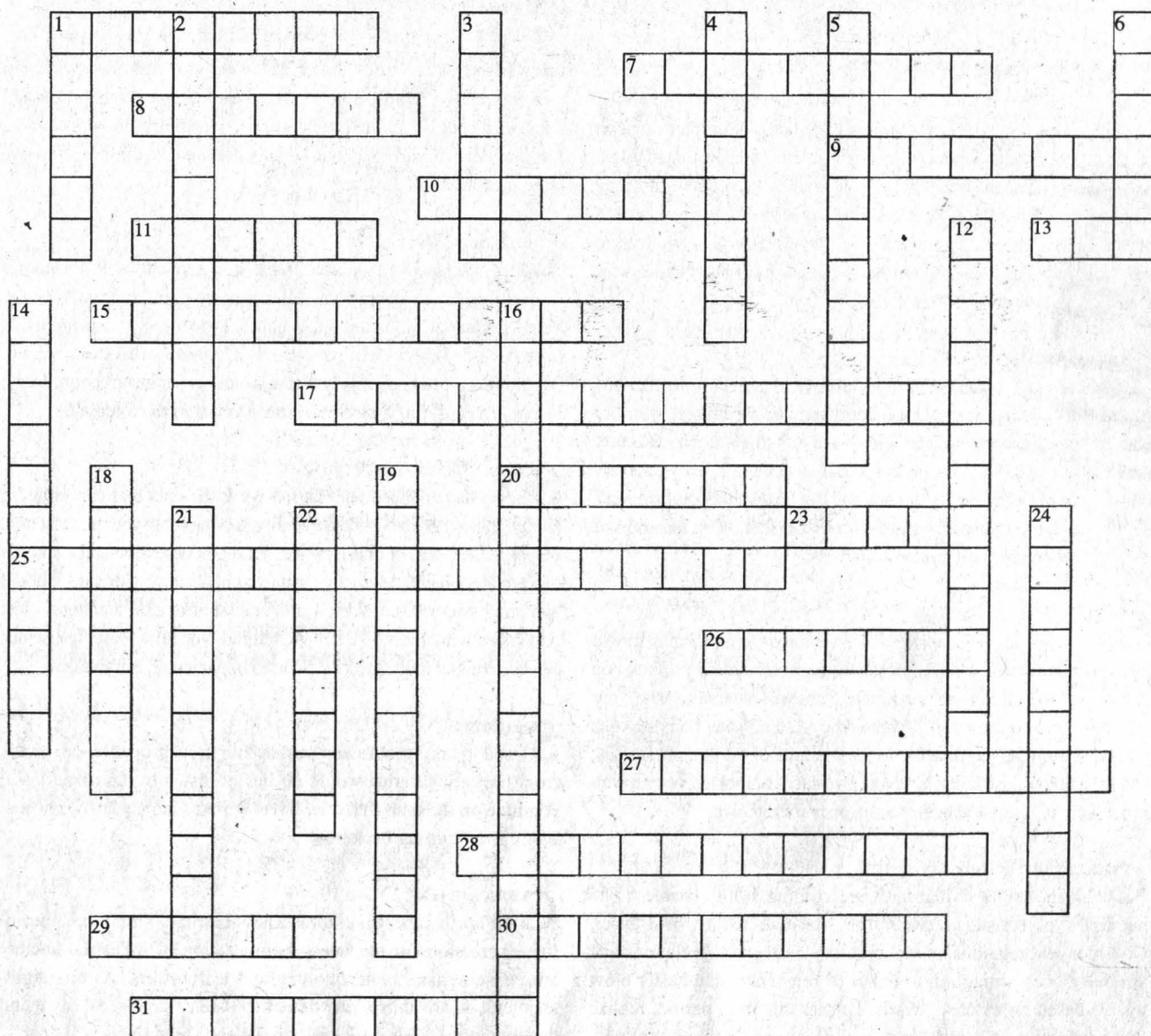
Sagittarius (Nov 22- Dec 21)
Used to taking risks and putting fun in its proper place, on the front lines, Sagittarius would do best to listen to their hearts and continue on the path that they have, perhaps haphazardly, chosen. There is no turning back now!

Capricorn (Dec 22- Jan 19)
An Earth sign, Capricorns know intimately that the bottom-line expressions of the latest manifestation of industrial society are consumerism, biotechnology and leafblowers. As a straight-shooter, you are amazed at what others aren't saying. So say it and deal with the Cassandra Curse. In the end the animals will hear.

Aquarius (Jan 20- Feb 18)
The end of the old order will mean the end of the old opposition too! As an intellectual you might spend a great deal of time thinking about the future, about the post-this or post-that, but your ass is in the thick of the here-and-now. This summer, get lots of nude time, learn to fire a rifle, and enjoy a few misadventures with people who you aren't exactly "politically aligned" with.

Pisces (Feb 19- Mar 20)
As it turns out Pisces, you are awesome! Keep up the good work, but try expanding your ukulele repertoire to involve more than just "wagon wheel," which will not impress the friends you meet while sailing to Maine or Cuba this Summer hurricane season. And remember, all oppression is land based! Love, liberty, blue-anarchy!

The Radical Ecological Crossword Puzzle



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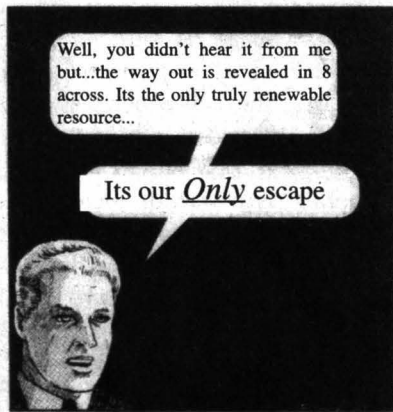
Across

1. Greek riot dog.
7. Location of 2012 DNC.
8. The 4 Rs of Nedd Ludd; reduce, reuse, recycle, _____
9. County of longest current tree-sit (and best safety breaks) in North America.
10. The bioregion of free-states, old growth and Starbucks.
11. 2009 "Free-State" in Oregon.
13. Blasting the shit out of mountains to extract coal.
15. Wellbores pumped with chemical solutions to extract gas pockets.
17. Poster making pollinators.
20. Tallest trees in the world.
23. State with the largest roadless area in the lower 48 states.
25. Scientific study of nature, biodiversity, species and habitat protection and extinction.
26. DIY fuel source used by Bougainville rebels while resisting mines and fighting for independence.
27. Has generally been replaced by the adjustable-end wrench by all but the deeply nostalgic.
28. The science and development of commercial products through genetic engineering. Ex. Scripps, Novartis.
29. Wild canine trickster that has begun re-colonizing cities like Los Angeles and New York, also known to train hop.
30. Former BP CEO who said: The oil spill is "relatively tiny" compared to the "very big ocean."
31. Climate huggers for direct action.

Down

1. Resistance is strong to save this Russian forest.
2. River of grass.
3. Sacred to the Apache, invaded by the Max Planck Institute and the University of Arizona, it is the only mountain with five species of trout living there. Mt. _____.
4. Location of the 2012 RNC.
5. No compromise in defense of...
6. Entertainment Weekly: "The film _____ is the perfect ecoterrorism recruiting tool." Director: "Good, good. I like that one. I consider that a positive review. I believe in ecoterrorism."
12. June 21, 2011.
14. Also known as the Allegheny Mountains.
16. Oops, we f-ed up. Just leave it blank or make your own word.
18. Leading producer of pesticides and genetically engineered seeds.
19. Recently extinct fresh water porpoise from the Yangtze river. (Hint: Check the *EF! Journal*, 30th Anniversary, Volume I)
21. "The well-being and flourishing of human and nonhuman life on Earth have value in themselves. These values are independent of the usefulness of the nonhuman world for human purposes."
22. Oil extraction site the size of the state of Florida.
24. McCarthy goes green.

Note: Many answers include two words, but omit the spaces. Email COLLECTIVE@EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG with your own clues and answers for future puzzles. Be sure to include "crossword puzzle" in the subject heading.



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Dear Shit for Brains

Please try to keep letters to 300 words or less



Saturn Returns

I've noticed from the time I hooked up with Earth First! in 1990 that the bulk of the participants maintain, over the years, an average age of around 23. The ranks of Earth First!ers don't really grow, as the older ones cycle out; few of them stay EF!ers but many remain activists. Wondering about the age gap today, or the aging of previously 20-something EF!ers, might best yield to a sociological and cultural analysis: people go for material security, have children, or find out what specialized career field they think they need (or what their calling is).

A bigger question might be, "What will it take for people (of any age) to wake up and take action?" The challenge is exemplified by the Fukushima disaster that has begun to poison coastal California, where I happen to be. We had a protest rally in San Francisco at the Public Utilities Commission on April 14, 2011, but the size of the crowd was no larger than one I saw the next day lining up to get ice cream in a Yuppie, hip neighborhood in Berkeley. The day after that, the rally at Diablo Canyon nuke plant was very small, and like most attendees I was more concerned about my sunburn than whether I was ingesting any tritium on the loose.

I think the answer to these

dilemmas is the absence of truly motivating factors for sudden change, such as what petrocollapse will be. Too bad chaos will be magnified in relation to how long people put off radical lifestyle transformation and community organizing.

—JAN LUNDBERG

Jaguars Not Extinct in America

In Volume 2 of the EF! 30th Anniversary issue, in the article titled "Borders and Bodies," Russ McSpadden writes: "In 2009 the last jaguar in all of North America was euthanized by the US Fish and Wildlife Service."

Jaguars, while no longer common, still have a significant presence in much of Mexico, including an area within 120 miles of the U.S. Mexico border in the Mexican state of Sonora. While Macho B may have been the last known jaguar in the U.S., and while the border wall and increasing militarization of the border make it increasingly difficult for wildlife to freely migrate, as long as this breeding population of Jaguars in Northern Mexico continues to thrive, a long-term hope remains that Jaguars may again roam the mountains and arroyos of Arizona and New Mexico.

To learn more about conservation efforts to protect Jaguars in Northern Mexico, visit NORTHERNJAGUARPROJECT.ORG

—SPROCKET

Where Am I Now?

Having settled into raising a family in a remote region of southwestern Colorado, I've tried to manifest EF! values by getting involved in county politics, raising aware children and becoming a local community leader. At 65, I feel my usefulness to the movement is mainly in attempting to build bridges among diverse citizenry and putting into local practice the Green Party's ten key values.

I'm not sure what interview you found of mine where I pointed out that some direct actions in the past that had gone awry, like the powerline caper à la provocateur that sent some of our most dedicated activists to jail and the subsequent raids that scared off some of EF!'s early leaders. Yes, I believe EF! is a warrior society, and I want to commend all those folks committed to a warrior's level of activism. We need eco-warriors in what Kvaloy has called this "Industrial Growth Society" culture of ours, especially as antidote for some of the worst excesses of the military/industrial complex with its over 700 military bases worldwide (isn't that the very definition of empire?).

Nonviolent direct action has its place. It can be dangerous and scary. It can also be very effective at raising consciousness. It is a tool to be used wisely, and I see

that EF! Journal's pages are full of examples of such wisdom. I applaud that. At the same time, I believe we need people who build and maintain the cultural and social infrastructure of our watersheds and communities, as well as those who do public protest, who put their bodies on the line to alert and educate others, who speak truth to power.

Many of us elders, no longer are on the front lines, are continuing to work from inside the system to change things. We respect the warrior work you do. We hope you'll respect our work in building up grassroots community strengths through forming farmers' markets and cooperatives, raising organic food, using local regulations and incentives to protect endangered species, advocating for in-stream flows, pushing ceaselessly for new wilderness, immigrant rights, clean air, and a host of other politically charged issues—all within the system that exists, imperfect as it is. I see those efforts as complementary, not antagonistic.

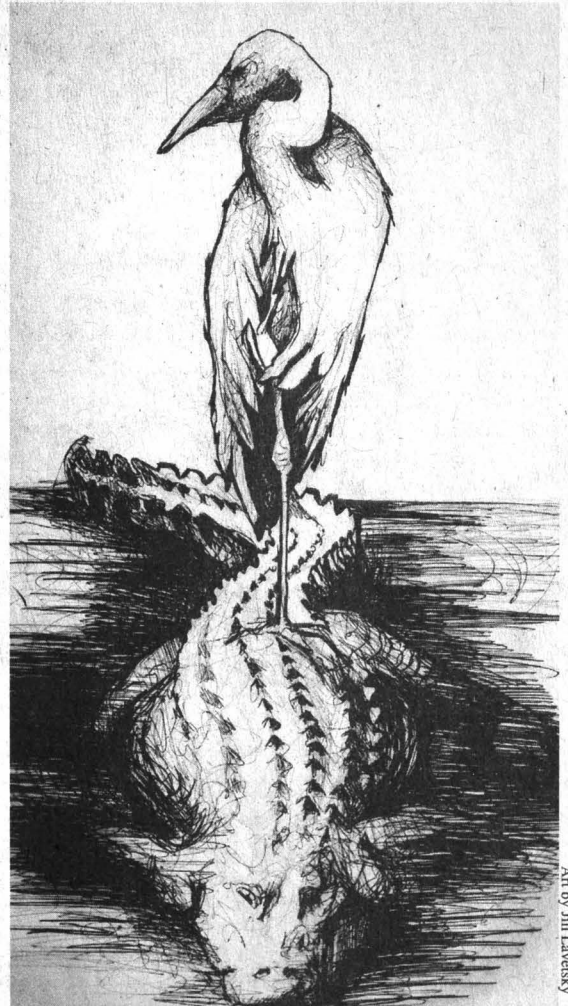
May EF! thrive for another 30 years, and may we all join hands in trying to change the terrible social injustices and the world-destruction mentality inherent in this growth-addicted American experiment—each of us in whatever manner we can, in whatever locale we find ourselves.

—ART GOODTIMES

News Flash from the Frontlines

Gator Liberation Front Frees Four in Florida

May 1—In honor of Beltane and the International Workers day, the Gator Liberation Front (GLF) freed a 14-foot alligator from his pit of despair where he was caged as a slave laborer at a tourist attraction. He was imprisoned in a shallow pool of stagnant green water, no pump and no food. However his swampy home was but a bolt cutter and a few dozen feet away. Three baby alligators used as photo props were also freed. All four made it to the river as night fell.



Art by Jill Lavensky

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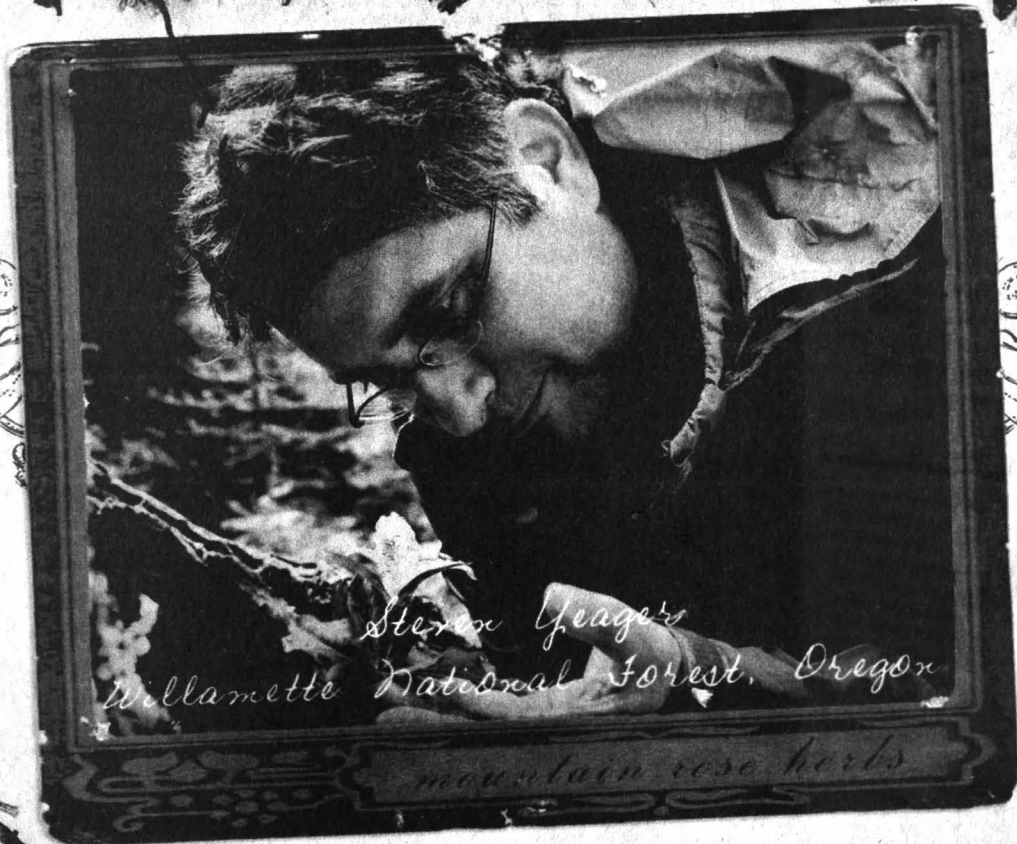
TWAC 2011: in Cascadia! July 27—August 1

The Trans & Womyn's Action Camp (TWAC) collective is excited to announce the third annual campout in Cascadia July 27 to August first!

Comprised of trans and womyn organizers from various chapters of Rising Tide North America, TWAC aims to take space and create a safe(r) six day action camp nestled deep within the beautiful forests of the Cascadia bioregion in the Pacific Northwest.

TWAC was formed out of a need to make space for marginalized identities that otherwise may not be represented within the broader environmental movement, which often occurs at the compromise of social justice.

In the past, TWAC has consisted of workshops on strategic campaigning, non-violent direct action, tree climbing, security culture, trans 101, botany, mental health and self-care, theatre of the oppressed and more! The days are also filled with swimming, hiking and communally prepared meals, while the nights sang with beautiful conversation and story telling around a campfire. For more information visit TWAC.WORDPRESS.COM



Steven Yeager's
Willamette National Forest, Oregon

mountain rose herbs

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.

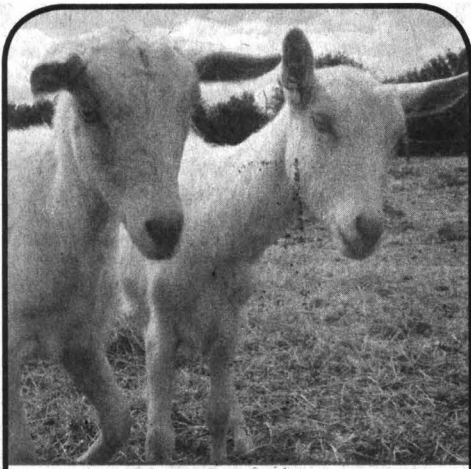
Today, I teach my students that ethical wildharvesting requires a relationship not only with the plants we use, but with the complex ecosystems where the plants grow. With that relationship comes the immense responsibility of stewardship.

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.

Steven Yeager
Lab & Quality Control Manager

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"I spent a year in the Northwoods of Wisconsin at an outdoor school. It was not a survival school, because I died. I died to my old way of thinking. I died to being egocentric. I died to the pursuit of the civilized lifeway. I became alive to many other things—became alive to the Circle. I became alive to the native lifeway. I became alive to the connectedness of all things. I became alive to trusting, being and the now. My heart is full. I have much to share, more than words can say."

—Coyote Three Feathers aka John Herron
(Wilderness Guide Program 2004-2005)

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From the Gulf Oil Blowout to

On April 12, 2011, the Center for Biological Diversity released a new report, *A Deadly Toll: The Gulf Oil Spill and the Unfolding Wildlife Disaster*, tallying the full impacts of BP's blowout in the Gulf of Mexico. Their study compiles federal data, scientific papers and media accounts to estimate the number of animals hurt by the spill so far. Using multipliers to calculate the true cost of the damage to wildlife species, the Center estimates approximately 6,000 sea turtles, 26,000 dolphins and whales, 82,000 birds, and countless fish and invertebrates may have been harmed by the disaster. Based on the documented, ongoing effects of previous oil spills, pollution from the 2010 BP spill will continue to affect Gulf wildlife for decades.

The government has reported the number of dead animals collected up to mid-February, but is not adding animals that are washing ashore this spring to the official tally because of the ongoing criminal and civil investigation of the spill's effects. Data from previous spills, however, reveals that official mortal-

ity counts vastly underestimate true wildlife impacts, and that disasters like the BP blowout continue to harm wildlife for many years following the spill. To obtain an estimate of the true effects of the oil spill on wildlife, the Center added the number of animals that the media reported washed ashore this spring to the official federal tallies, then multiplied that number by accepted scientific multiplication factors of true mortality counts.

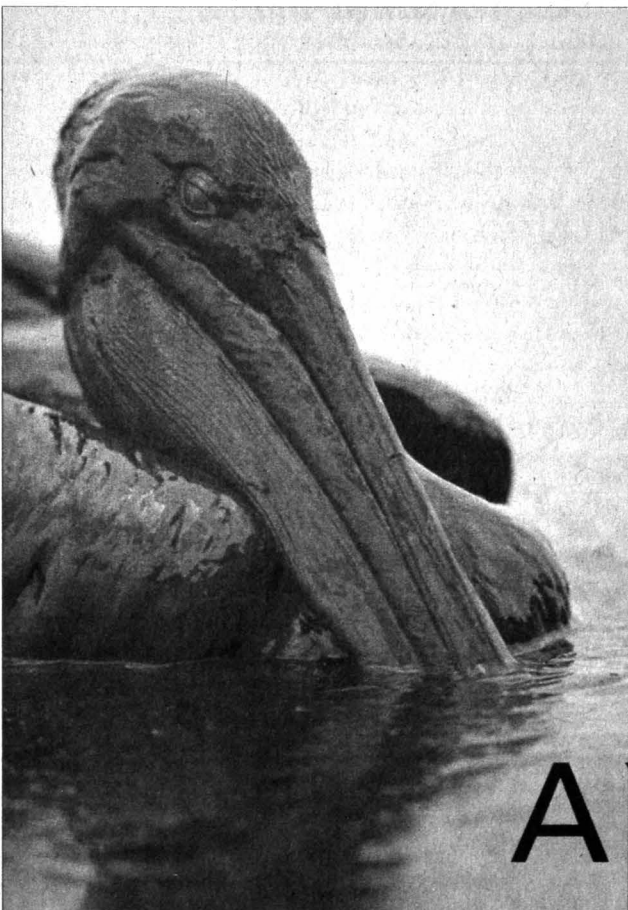
From the report: "A year after April 20, 2010... one thing is clear: The number of birds, sea turtles, dolphins and other animals sickened or killed and tallied as part of the government's official count represents a small fraction of the total animals harmed by this disastrous spill."

Although oiled birds continue to be found, the government has stopped reporting numbers. According to Tierra Curry, a biologist at the Center, "No amount of mitigation money from BP could ever truly compensate for these horrendous losses."

Scientists estimate that at least five times as many turtles die as wash up on shore, indicating that between 5,730 and 6,165 sea turtles have likely been harmed by the spill to date. All the sea turtles in the Gulf of Mexico—green, Kemp's ridley, hawksbill, leatherback and loggerhead—are listed as federally threatened or endangered.

For marine mammals, scientists estimate that up to 50 times as many are killed as wash ashore, indicating that up to 26,000 marine mammals may have been harmed by the oil spill to date. Finally, scientists estimate that from four to eleven times more birds perish than are collected, with 10 times the number collected being a common rule of thumb to estimate true bird mortality. The BP disaster thus likely harmed more than 82,000 birds. Of particular concern are brown pelicans, which were removed from the endangered species list just five months before the BP spill. The government has collected 932 brown pelicans that were injured by the spill, indicating that more than 9,300 brown pelicans may actually have been harmed.

The oil spill also killed countless numbers of fish and invertebrates and pushed already-imperiled species



AP Photo/Charlie Riedel

A Brown Pelican sits covered in oil on the beach at East Grand Terre Island along the Louisiana coast on Thursday, June 3, 2010

A Year in the

Nuclear Apocalypse in Japan...

closer to extinction. The spill occurred during peak spawning season for the severely overfished Atlantic bluefin tuna, which is currently being considered for Endangered Species Act protection. The spill and the toxic dispersants used to break it up contaminated much of the total habitat for a dwarf seahorse, leading the Center to also seek Endangered Species Act protection for it as well.

Scientific studies show that oil spills affect wildlife for decades following the spill. Fiddler crabs in Massachusetts are still affected by a 1969 oil spill; oysters and mangroves in the Gulf are still damaged by a 1979 spill; and the 1989 Exxon Valdez spill is still harming fish, birds and whales.

Read the full report at: BIOLOGICALDIVERSITY.ORG



Credit: iStockphoto.com

Checking children for radiation near Fukushima Nuclear Plant after Japan earthquake

As the sun set over quake-stricken Japan on March 17, 2011, we learned that four of six Fukushima nuclear reactor sites were irradiating the earth, that the fire was burning out of control at Reactor Number Four's pool of spent nuclear fuel, that there were seven spent fuel pools at risk, and that the sites were too hot to deal with. On March 16, plumes of "white vapor" began pouring from crippled Reactor Number Three. Over the previous days we were told: *nothing to worry about...*

As of May 3, The Fukushima disaster continued unabated—melted reactors continue to spew immeasurable quantities of radiation into air, sea and soil—though stories have disappeared from the media headlines. Deadly plutonium was scattered by the explosions, and more than one-third of northern Japan—beautiful coastline, rural countryside, big cities—is now declared uninhabitable. Scores of millions of gallons of highly contaminated water are being flushed into the Pacific Ocean, and more millions will be flushed for months and years to come. Crops and seafood are contaminated, and drinking water hundreds of miles away from Fukushima has spiked in radiation levels.

The government's answer is to upwardly revise radiation standards. On May 2, one Japanese government

official resigned in tears after refusing to revise radiation standards to enable children to attend schools under deadly levels. Its not getting better. But Fukushima's nuclear disaster—and the starvation, unemployment, homelessness, despair, anger, and rising incidence of diseases amongst millions of people—are hidden by the mass media. The colorless, tasteless, odorless radioactive isotopes will poison Japanese people for the rest of their lives.

Intentional efforts to downplay this catastrophe reveal the immaturity of western civilization and some of our most acute human pathologies, including our worship of technology and our psychopathology of denial. The widespread distortion and cover-ups to protect private profits and national interests, are unacceptable. Its time to put politics aside, to take personal action to halt nuclear expansion and defend ourselves from this industrial juggernaut...

The text above is an excerpt from Nuclear Apocalypse in Japan, by Keith Harmon Snow, a war correspondent, photographer and independent investigator. From 1985 to 1989, he worked as Engineer, and then Manager, at GE Aerospace Electronics Laboratories, Syracuse, NY. The Earth First! Journal plans to cover the reality of the nuclear disaster more thoroughly in the following issue.

Industrial Nightmare



How *the "ef"* did the Everglades get stuck with the *Journal*?

AN EDITORIAL BY RUSS McSPADEN

When I arrived in Tucson in late July of 2010 I was ready to learn the hell out of the publication and business ends of the *Journal*—and real quick at that. Along with two other long time friends (and one post-long time estranged lover “YIKES!”) a group of semi-feral swamp anarchists with a good history of Earth First! boondoggles were prepping to create the 30th Anniversary edition while simultaneously uprooting the whole damned project from its cozy—albeit rat infested—nook in the Sonoran desert. None of us had a damn clue what we were doing. *What is a dangling participle and what do you mean we gotta pay taxes? I'm not giving those dirty sos-and-sos any money just so they can monitor our stupid Facebook, you might of heard me say.*

And if it weren't for Nettle (one of the previous long terms that taught us everything she could about *OPTICaslon-Antique* and *Univers T1 45 Light* fonts, donation letters, workaholicism, sunday morning bloody mary's and backing up hard drives) the whole thing would be dead today. We learned a good bit—mostly everything but cleanliness and time-management—to keeping the business afloat. We put out the first perfect bound edition—a big change from the flimsy one time use newspaper of recent years—and then got to packing the whole thing up. We shuffled, burned and boxed 30 years of letters, random publication exchanges, bumper stickers, half-working computers and other gadgetry, and two million copies of old *Journals*, for a new stint of publishing on the east coast. I personally drove the thing near 2,000 miles and put it smack in the middle of the dystopic tourist/end-of-life-industrial complex of South Florida, which itself is smack dab in the middle of a big skeeter swamp.

“Little did I know,” says every idiot after jumping head first into a shit storm without an umbrella. Little did I know that the *Journal*—besides its position at the gleaming pinnacle of radical eco-pagan-feminist-redneck-anarchist think tanks—was so near to death that I would hear the beast flat-line a time or two. How the holy monkey-wrench did I get myself into this? I mean, I may have been a little hung-over at the organizers' conference (OC) in Santa Barbara when, after hearing that the Asheville move was dead, we whispered that we'd take the damn rag (and the

same can be said when, a bit later at the Summer Rony in Maine we took on the next OC). When the weight of the responsibility hit me [this happened on the day that we went to pick up 5,000 copies of the *Journal* in Phoenix and found ourselves embroiled in a full on sticks'n'stones street riot against Nazis and riot cops] I almost had a panic attack. This 30 year publication was now our baby, our grumpy, always hungry, and still not potty trained 30 year old geriatric baby. As the sun set gold and caliche yellow, we drove that borrowed pick-up back to Tucson carrying our first collective publication with tear gas still burning in our eyes

“But I'd like you all to know,” starts every idiot feigning optimism, that things are kickin. We've gotten out two issues, beautiful ones I might add, and some subscribers are coming back. The *Journal* isn't dying anymore. I mean sure, it fights for breath from time to time, is fed via a tube, and hasn't had a bowel movement in three months, but its on the trail to recovery. We are committed to promoting a biocentrism that encompasses a demand for justice for all life and we are reinvigorating EF's place on the front-lines of the war for the wild.

So now because of the *Journal's* arrival in our bioregion, me and my collective buddies are not only eco-agitators when we wear our Everglades Earth First! hats, but also radical office slaves, computer nerds, and late-night over-the-phone eco-therapists (“What the hell is the *Journal* doing about the wolves!?”) Because of the *Journal* we are now an underground cell of printer-repair technicians, website updaters, credit card processors, and spell-check applicators. We are truly the rulers of our own destinies (outside of our regular *Journal* office hours of course!)

I love this work, seriously. Getting letters from bad ass radicals from around the world, from our friends behind bars, telling us how important the publication is, and from people who have just read their first *Journal* and have been reborn with radical inspiration makes everything worth it. And editing stories about blocking the machines of wilderness destruction just gets me in a good mood every time—kinda makes me want to smash our own computers here. Besides, I have no boss except for when Panagioti blasts Bruce Springsteen, and I have no money! Look mom, I really am an anarchist.



Because if you can change the way you see things, you can change anything.

If you can change the way you see things, you won't just help us to survive. You could help stop species extinction and many other urgent environmental problems the world faces today.



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What Journal Readers Are Saying:

"It's because of this damned journal that my fleet of bulldozers got sabotaged and my investment portfolio has tanked."

"Sure am glad the *Journal* ain't quarantined to the internet. Now I'll have something to read when the system collapses and the power goes out."

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