

Wild Rockies Review
Box 9286
Missoula, MT 59807

The Wild Rockies Review

"Tell the Truth and Skedaddle"



**Preparing for the Saws on the Nez Perce National
Forest**

THROUGH ME YOU PASS INTO THE WOEFUL CITY:
THROUGH ME YOU PASS INTO ETERNAL PAIN:
THROUGH ME YOU PASS AMONG A PEOPLE LOST.
LEAVE ALL HOPE BEHIND, YOU WHO ENTER HERE.

Welcome to this lo-o-ong overdue issue of the *WRR*. Though it's true we've been busy, this rag is overdue beyond all apology. In fact, this thing is so damn late most of you have probably forgotten what it is, sobriety being such a rare thing here in the Wild Rockies.

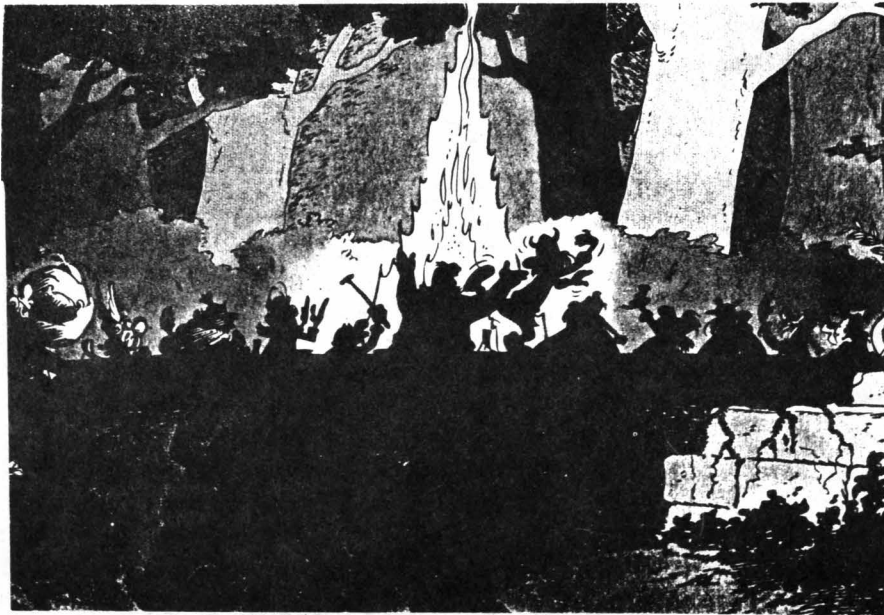
So, I'll remind you.

This here *Wild Rockies Review* is a newsletter published from time to time by the radical environmental community of the Wild Rockies bioregion, which often operates under the name Earth First!.

Editorship of the *WRR* is not fixed. (It's more like assigned.) The *WRR* is intended to be a voice of the radical environmental community, a forum for ideas, and a source of news. Please read it with a sense of humor.

This is a special rant issue, as you'll discover before long. Some of us were beginning to froth and slobber more than usual, so we spelled out our fantasies and printed them. The *WRR* welcomes articles, artwork, photos, hate-mail, gifts of value to the average pawn-shop, money, book reviews, good poetry, and proven home-brew recipes. So get on it and send 'em along, will ya? Passages from Dante in this issue are taken from the Biancolli translation, Washington Square Press, New York: 1966.

—SPITS ON KNOWLEDGE



The *Wild Rockies Review* is a freely distributed non-profit newsletter written and produced by volunteers. It is supported by reader contributions. The Review cheerfully accepts any and all contributions that further biocentric philosophy and direct action in defense of wilderness and biodiversity. All material in this newsletter may be freely copied. Our address is

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The Editor this issue is Spits on Knowledge, with help from Sleeps with Thunder and Lost the Ranch.

'93 Wild Rockies
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IN THE SWEET AIR
THAT IS MADE HAPPY BY THE SUN, WE WERE
CORRUPT, AND HARBORED SLOTHFUL FUMES;
AND NOW WE SORROW IN THIS BLACK MORASS.

growls and grumblings

BY MAD BEAR

These are evil times. That they are is no news, certainly, but this isn't a newspaper after all, this is a review, and in review it is clear that the evil that has long been with us has anything but lessened since our last publication. Let us not be deluded by the continuing great popular awakening to the concept of "environment," simply of surroundings; of the dreck in the river and the permanence of diapers. Rich people would like their lives to smell a little sweeter. But things for the rest of us are not looking up.

The hideous thing is not simply that the evil continues to ravage the planet, but that despite the hue and cry for environmental responsibility from all the new cheerleaders for the earth, the evildoers who are handling the machinery of ecocide are not showing the slightest remorse or reluctance. They are enjoying their work!!!

Well to hell with them! Auggh! Blast them, rot them, choke them in chemical radioactive swill. There are not words evil enough to match their deeds; the language is still too organic and has not caught up with the progress of petropestilence. I cannot curse them with anything near the effectiveness with which they poison the soil and level the land. I can only growl in frustrated anguish, and hope somehow that this reaches into the deepest of their dreams (they must dream sometimes of the real, through some food they eat or birds they notice) and troubles them and awakes them with sweat and fear and the suggestion of coming retribution.

Because these people are doing their evil work cheerfully. Chris Servheen, who somehow is still overseeing their recovery, said the other day that "We will not tolerate bears in the valley." Certainly not. Oh, the reader of these pages needs no introduction to the absolute repugnance of this sleazy bureaucrat — may his line and his kind live not long and die out soon.

I see the man everywhere; he shops at the same store I do (buying organic veggies; you see, he cares about his *environment*), he walks along the river. And I must tell you, friends, he looks nervous. He's not so sure of himself out there (and would never tolerate bears in either place). Perhaps he wonders who I am; he can't quite place me. So do I let him know, do I puke on his shoes, do I attempt to embarrass him in public? No, not quite, because I know that is what he is trained for. I merely begin to say things to other people like "Did you see that grisly accident?" or "Our apple tree isn't bearing." And I start to growl. Low background growls. He's getting nervous. I bet he hears these growls a lot, all over town, in the background, half-heard, and perhaps in his dreams.

And what do I hope to gain by this? (What do we hope to gain by any of the work we do, temporary and improbable?) Perhaps I hope the bureaucrat will go mad, be taken over by bearmind, start growling and mauling other bureaucrats and stamping HALT IMMEDIATELY over all the papers that cross his desk for rubber-stamping: halt the Hi-

continued next page

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Wild Rockies EF!

T-Shirts

100% Cotton shirts. Tell us what colors you like (give us a few choices). Long Sleeve, \$14. Short Sleeve, \$10

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O YOU WHO COME TO THIS HOSTEL OF PAIN,
WATCH HOW YOU ENTER HERE AND WHOM YOU TRUST.

growls continued from page 3

Line, halt the logging, halt the traffic into Yellowstone, halt the goddamn wheels of progress that are running over bears and ferrets and every single holy wild thing. I hope the man will break.

Because these people will not tolerate the wild. They are killing things off. Hell, bears only kill things. Let them eat sheep. Let the wolves take a poodle or two. Give the lions a couple kids every now and then; it's not a lot. The wild critters will more or less tolerate the rest of us. But the biocidal bureaucrats do not tolerate the slightest affront to human imperviousness to the environment. The environment is supposed to be a safe place. That's what this whole movement is about, didn't you realize?

When a bear cannot tolerate something, such as a man, or many men, it leaves. But when a man, or at least a bureaucrat, cannot tolerate a thing, a wild thing, such as a bear, he kills it. A fundamentally different kind of intolerance. Now if those who said they could not tolerate bears in the Bitterroot Valley meant that they would have to leave if bears showed up, I would think of them differently. I would pity them certainly, and I might even commiserate with them a little. But I know they mean no such thing. I know they mean they will kill (or drug, move and *then* kill, or sell into bondage) any bear that has the effrontery to wander into the valley, to even think of looking at their sheep or children or dude horses, to make them at all uncomfortable. Because there's that environmental problem again; the surroundings could become uncomfortable, if the hole in the ozone gets too big, if the babyshit gets too deep, if bears are *tolerated* in the valley.

And so I think we must become an environmental menace, an irritant, a pollution. We must make them uncomfortable. We must become intolerable, because then if they are unable to overcome their belief in the absolute sanctity and superiority of human life, then they will have to leave. Or, if they can overcome it, they will kill us. Well. That is what we face. It could get very bad for us, but it is nothing compared not only to the anguish of the bears who are drugged and killed, but beyond that to the anguish of places, like the Bitterroot, in which bears *fit*, and which are not complete without them.

I will live with my intolerance. I am sick, deeply, sick with the evil. I want to raise a great paw and wipe all the servile servants of the pavement from the wild earth. But they are many and legion, and I struggle in what small Iways I can, and nurse my bile, and growl.

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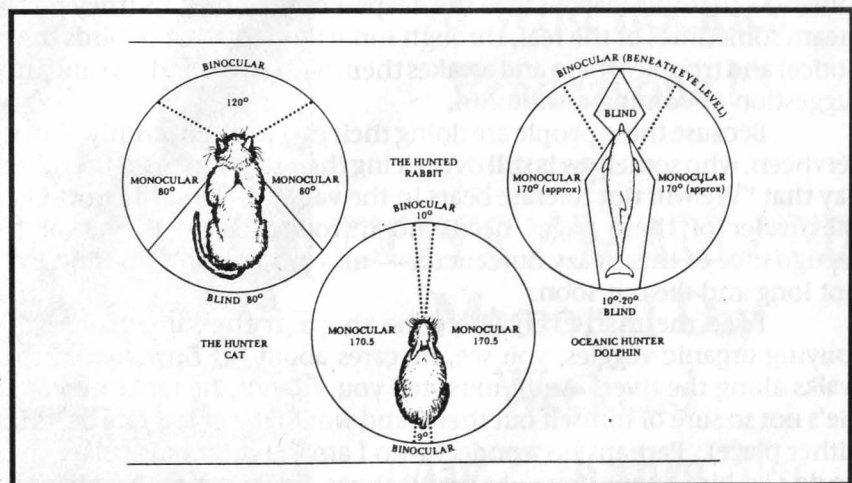
Yellowstone Bison In Peril Again

Texas A&M to Kidnap Female Bison

—BY PHIL KNIGHT, YELLOWSTONE EF!

Up until now things have been pretty quiet this winter on the Yellowstone Bison front. "Only" three have been killed this winter, as a result of property damage they supposedly caused near West Yellowstone, Montana. So far none have been killed on the northern border, where all the slaughter occurred last winter, as none have been leaving the park on that side.

However, things are about to go haywire again. On the last weekend of January, Alaina and I took a little trip to West Yellowstone, at the request of the Fund for Animals. The snow there was about four feet deep, too deep for any heavy critter to travel in very far. So bison were out on the banks of the Madison and Gallatin rivers. It looked like they had been there a few weeks. They travel the edge of the river and move snow off the steep banks with their big shaggy heads to uncover edibles underneath. Looked like a pretty harsh existence, but that is the way of the bison.



Most of them looked pretty healthy. They are patient survivors. That is one reason they deserve our respect and reverence. Surely creatures who so effectively, determinedly and patiently go about the task of living ought to be left alone, to do as they choose and need to do. But No.

Dr. Don Davis, from Texas A&M in College Station, Texas, wants female Yellowstone Bison to play with. He is the same goon who killed the bison last winter to take tissue samples. Well, he isn't satisfied. Now he wants to take anywhere from 15 to 60 sero-negative (non brucellosis) continued on next page

THIS LITANY THEY GURGLE IN THEIR THROATS
BECAUSE THEY CANNOT SPEAK WITH COMPLETE WORDS.

pregnant female bison and ship'em live to Texas, where he can perform experiments on them. Supposedly they are going to prove once and for all that brucellosis causes bison to abort. So the plan is to take as many female pregnant bison as possible and infect them with brucella bacterium, then see what happens. Of course these bison will never be returned to the wild. And somehow this research sounds mighty fishy. What of all the stress factors involved, such as a long cold journey by truck, removal from familiar surroundings, captivity, handling...seems to me these might negate the results of the experiment. Not to mention stressed caused by the way in which they will be captured.

Which brings up a whole other ugly aspect of this. Latest rumor is that helicopters will be used to round up, drug, and transport bison to a holding facility—probably the West Yellowstone dump again. Then the “researchers” will test for brucellosis and pregnancy, take the bison they want, and kill the rest! Who knows how many they will have to take to get the number

of sero-negative, pregnant females they want? The capture is to take place outside Yellowstone Park, on the west side, most likely on private land. It does not look like the Forest Service will give Texas A&M (Assholes and Murderers) permission to capture bison on public land. So they'll have to get permission from a private landowner. As far as we can tell from what we saw there recently, the Duck Creek area is the only possible location for this to occur. Duck Creek subdivision had about 30 bison hanging around at the end of January. Duck Creek Ranch, on the west side of U.S. 191, had about 60-70 bison gathered where the rancher has been plowing snow away and feeding alfalfa to elk and bison. This is certainly the most likely location for the capture to occur. Whether the landowner will allow it is the big question, which remains to be answered.

Needless to say, we object to this blatant harrassment and killing of bison for some nebulous research. No doubt Davis would tout the research as “essential.” I expect the bison slated to die would also consider their lives essential. What is essential is that we give these creatures, direct descendents of the last 25 free roaming bison in the U.S., the room they require, and quit slaughtering because of some alleged threat they pose to kows.

This mess is to commence sometime in February or March—when is uncertain. But you can bet there will be

bison defenders there. Contact the *Review* if you can help!

Ed note—After approximately 75 Bison were hauled off to the Livingston slaughterhouse, the Fund for Animals sued the USDA over procedural improprieties (no NEPA documentation whatever) and received an injunction. Rumor is that the corrals have been dismantled. Please keep in touch.

ADC Now Has BO (Biological Opinion, that is)

Following up on a 60-day notice of intent to sue sent out in early February (see “Legal Action....,” Spring, '92 Newsletter), the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund (SCLDF) on May 7th filed suit in federal district court against the Animal Damage Control (ADC) program for violation of the Endangered Species Act (ESA). SCLDF filed the suit on behalf of the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, the Fund For Animals, Clarke Abbey, Marian Baker-Gierlach, Lisa Peacock, and Nancy Zierenberg

of Wildlife Damage Review, Tom Skeele of the Predator Project, Jasper Carlton of the Biodiversity Legal Foundation, and Steve Johnson of Native Ecosystems.

The suit was filed to challenge ADC's failure to comply with two sections of the ESA. Our three complaints were that ADC (and its parent agency USDA/APHIS) had failed to:

- 1) comply with Section 7 of the ESA, which requires all federal agencies to initiate consultation with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) before initiating actions that may worsen the plight of imperiled species (the result of which is a “biological opinion”);
- 2) ensure that their activities, particularly lethal wildlife control, are not jeopardizing the continued existence of dozens of federally listed threatened or endangered (T&E) species; and
- 3) comply with Section 9 of the ESA, which requires any person, including a federal agency, to obtain a permit before taking actions that may result in the accidental death or injury of a threatened or endangered animal.

Specifically, this suit was in response to the fact that ADC had not consulted with FWS since 1979. Nor did they have any incidental take statements to authorize the

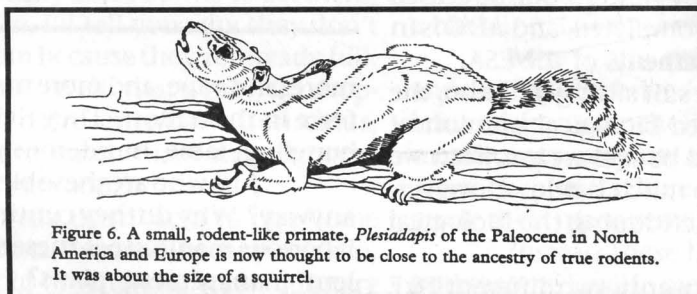


Figure 6. A small, rodent-like primate, *Plesiadapis* of the Paleocene in North America and Europe is now thought to be close to the ancestry of true rodents. It was about the size of a squirrel.

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THEIR FACES NOW WERE TURNED TO LOOK BEHIND,
AND WHEN THEY WALKED THEY HAD TO DO SO BACKWARDS,
FOR TO LOOK FORWARD HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM THEM

ADC continued from last page

injury or killing of any T&E species. During that same thirteen years, lots has happened to make the old biological opinion outdated and inadequate. Substantial new information about the effects ADC activities have on T&E species has been developed, ADC has been transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture, the ESA has been substantially amended, over 150 new species have been listed as threatened or endangered under the ESA, and ADC activities have, at the least, accidentally injured a bald eagle (1991), and killed an eastern timber wolf (1990), San Joaquin kit fox (1986), and one of the few remaining wild California Condors (1983).

The intent of the suit was to get ADC to complete the renewed consultation process they had begun with FWS in 1990, as well as to satisfy the other two complaints. We asked that ADC activities in known habitat of threatened and endangered species in the western U.S. be ceased until the consultation process is completed, and ADC is in compliance with all other requirements of the ESA.

After a few months of the suit sitting in limbo, the FWS released its newly completed biological opinion of the ADC program. Thus, it could be said we got what we were after, without having to do much battle. However, now we are left with the task of critiquing the biological opinion.

The document addresses twenty-two different T&E species, upon which the FWS determined ADC activities may have a negative effect. The biological opinion also contains an incidental take statement, "with its reasonable and prudent measures and implementing terms and conditions, as appropriate."

In our opinion, the document has some glaring biological problems. Take, for instance, the section on wolves. In that section it states that "An incidental take in excess of one wolf in any state (in a given calendar year) will result in cessation of the activity causing take and reinitiation of consultation between the Fish and Wildlife State Office, the ADC state Office, and the involved land manager." With this allowance in mind, let's consider the recovery of wolves in the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem (GYE). More specifically, let's consider the presence of ADC activities in potential wolf habitat on the eastern and southern sides of the Park itself.

In the past year or so, there have been a handful of potential or probably sightings of wolves on public land east of the Park. In addition to this, there was the filming of what might have been a wolf within the Park this past summer. And now, there exists a chance that one or more wolves may exist in or near the southern part of the Park (see "It Was Like Shooting A Dinosaur," page 9). So, let's

BLM—Exposed

—BY FLOTSAM

I have noticed that oftentimes when I visit family or certain friends and they ask me about my environmental activism they are unfamiliar with the BLM, or Bureau of Land Management. Unlike the Forest Service, which presents a very public image, the BLM is somewhat secretive.

But the BLM, which manages more public land than any other agency, is responsible for more butchery,

Why must we endure so much bullshit and lawless muck from these blithering, lazy mutants?

more land-rape, and more mangled habitat than any other force in the nation. They richly need to be exposed as the bungling, lame, murderous people they are.

Just who are these bleary-eyed, lumbering morons, anyway? Why do they continually propose, in their bulky, laborious manifestoes these sundry base, lost and malevolent management plans? What blank and ludicrous mumbo-jumbo do they put forth as land management, what botched and lackluster mitigation plan will they not try? How much more bilge, libel and moralizing must we endure from these balding, lethargic mealworms who dare call themselves public servants? Why must we endure so much bullshit and lawless muck from these blithering lazy mutants? What butt laxative mastications will they feed us next?

The BLM, run almost exclusively by boring little men with a big layer of machismo, has been from the start a bulging lavatory of misfits, an agency whose sole purpose is to cater to those blastomycetic leg-of-mutton monopolists, the welfare ranchers. These bucktoothed, lobotomized moralists, these billowing, lidless miscreants, these bicuspid, leguminous melonheads, these bloated lard maggots are responsible for more bubonic, lubricious mistakes than can ever be cataloged.

Through the bulbous, loopy manipulations of those bathmat lily-livered monotones, the BLM, the welfare rancher claims "his" land. This bung-hole licking mob, these butt-lusting molesters, these buggering, lecherous masturbators then carry on their business of lacerating and massacring the land and its rightful inhabitants. Like the buckbean lapdog muckrakers they are, the BLM and its battalion of limp minions, its bryophetic, laconic

LARGE HAILSTONES, SNOW, AND DIRTY WATER,
POURED DOWN THROUGH THE BLACKENED AIR, AND THE GROUND,
RECEIVING THEM, GAVE OFF A FETID SMELL.

Too Many Cats

—From the Australian *EF!* Journal

Last journal I put in a comment suggesting that people could do something for the Earth by KILLING THEIR NEIGHBOR'S CAT. Apparently this has caused concern in some quarters.

Anyway, I'd like to say "I MEANT IT! I AM SICK TO DEATH OF STUPID PEOPLE WITH FLUFFY LITTLE POOSIES FOR COMPANY." Their cat is the only animal they see because their bloody cat kills all the others.

Take a look at Melbourne from above some time, there's actually a fair number of trees, we could have lots of birds, but we don't because the bloody moggies kill them. They kill them but mostly don't bother to eat them, and why don't they eat them, I'll tell you why they don't eat them, They don't eat them because they're already full.

What are they full of? Well, that's easy, go shopping sometime with an Environmentally Conscious, Greeny, Vegan cat owner and watch them stagger home under the bags and bags of cat food.

They will happily break their backs to cart home can after can of drift netted tuna, dead roo, battery chicken, chopped up cow, minced pig or whatever new "culinary delight" some demented veterinarial chef has concocted to feed their disgusting, murderous little bundle of fur. I have never seen anything more disgusting in all my life.

Then after all that they'll mince around and tell you all about that bloody cats rights. Well sorry folks but the fish and sea mammals, the chickens, the pigs, the horses, the cows, the goats, the kangaroos minced up, and all the wild creatures poisoned or displaced by the farming of the above have more rights than your bloody cat.

The birds, the small mammals, the lizards and

larger insects who die so that your cat can exercise its perverted killer instinct, have more rights than your bloody cat.

If you have a cat and love the Earth, may I suggest that the Lort Smith Hospital will dispose of it for you free of charge. You never know, if we get rid of enough cats, you might be able to wake up one morning in this city and hear a bird sing.

BLM continued

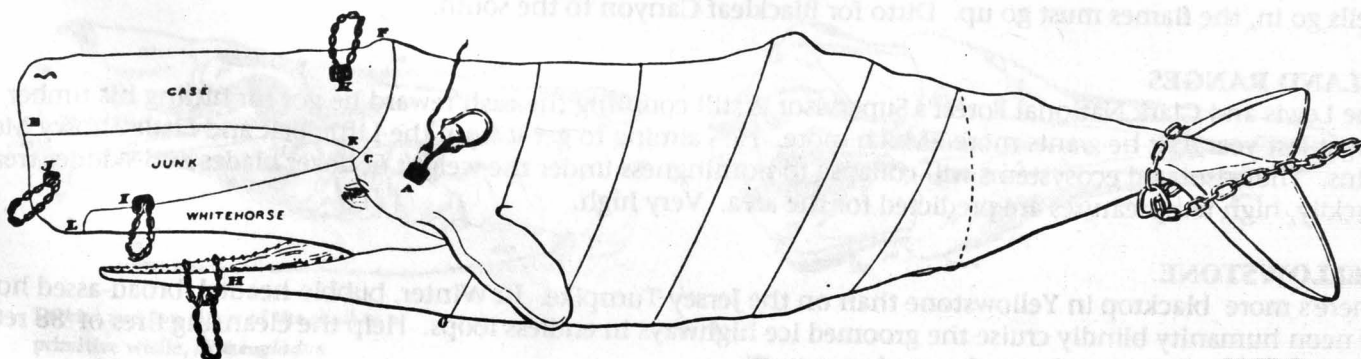
mycophagists, its bigamous, limnetic mental-deficients, its bums, liars and maladaptts approve and even pay for all the work those banausic laryngitic monomaniacs want done. Streams dammed, wells drilled, springs dug and plundered all for cattle. Then these bovines, these lathrytic metamorphs, proceed to run amok across the land. All for a babbling, left-over minority.

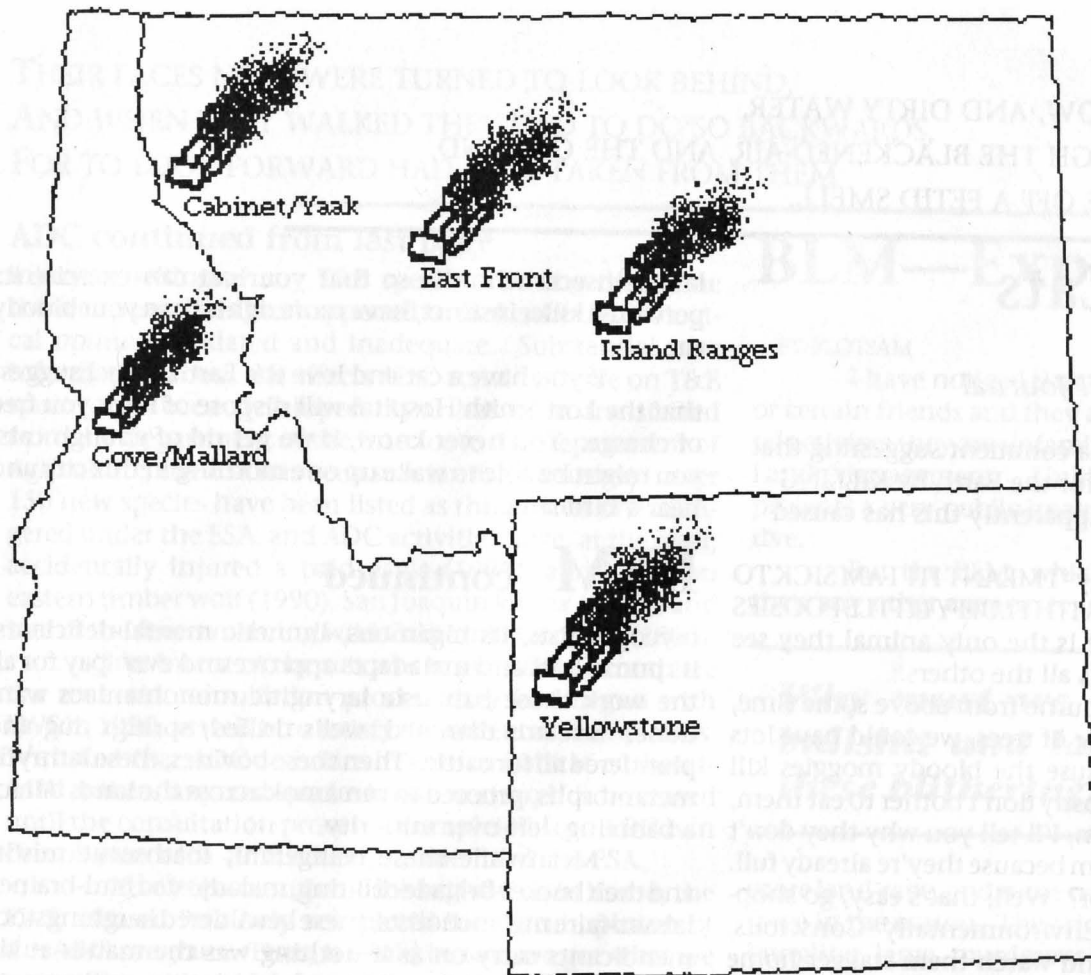
Meanwhile these belligerent, loathsome misfits and their bucket-brigade of liltling, maladjusted bird-brained laissez-faire melancholists, these bewildered laughingstock mendicants carry on as if nothing was the matter at all. They even elect blue-ribboned legislating militants to guide their management, but for naught.

Instead these barely living milquetoasts and the bothersome lowlife monarchists who run the agency continue on their idiotic course. They are a bruise, a liability, a miscarriage; they are brainless, life-soaking and malodorous. Brucellosis, leprosy, mange would be too good for these brown-nosing lackey malcontents and the inept brigade of listing managers that leads them.

These bungling, ludicrous morons clearly need to be stopped before their blathering, lolloping myopia botches the land mercilessly and permanently. To end this blatant scourge of largesse and mischief, the public must be made aware, as I have endeavored here to do.

HUNTING THE GREAT SPERM WHALE





Burn That Dozer

IMMEDIATE THREATS TO THE WILD ROCKIES DEMAND ACTION!

COVE/MALLARD

This Massive timber sale will heat up again this summer as dozens of Earth First!ers travel to Dixie, Idaho to protect the flank of the largest undeveloped chunk of forest in the lower 48. Remember that fire is a natural part of this ecosystem. Watch out though, there will be lots of SWAT Freddiecrawling in the woods and lots of innocent protesters who will get blamed for unusual conflagrations.

CABINET/YAAK

Freddie is busy, busy, busy chewing away at grizzly bear and caribou habitat in these perilously diminished ecosystems. That's rednecks in these hills, but if you act slow and stupid and pretend that your carelessness with matches is the result of many generations of careful inbreeding, you will fail to arouse significant suspicion amongst the locals.

EAST FRONT

Fina Oil just received permission from the BLM to doze roads and drill wells in the Badger-Two Medicine. If the wells go in, the flames must go up. Ditto for Blackleaf Canyon to the south.

ISLAND RANGES

The Lewis and Clark National Forest's Supervisor is still counting the cash reward he got for hitting his timber target last year, but he wants more. Much more. He's aiming to get it from the Little Belt and Little Snowy Mountains. These isolated ecosystems will collapse to nothingness under the weight of dozer blades and skidder treads. Luckily, high temperatures are predicted for the area. Very high.

YELLOWSTONE

There's more blacktop in Yellowstone than on the Jersey Turnpike. In Winter, bubble-headed, broad-assed hordes of neon humanity blindly cruise the groomed ice highways in endless loops. Help the cleansing fires of '88 return to dance with glee upon the graders and groomers.

Bombthrowing: A Brief Treatise

—BY PAJAMA

I have a theory. My theory is that if, every time the Forest Service or some other entity commits an act of destruction of the wild, if every time they plow under another roadless area, or murder a wolf, or mangle and plunder and sack a wild place, if every time they do this I take my anger and I place it in a certain compartment inside my brain, then when it becomes time to throw bombs I will be able to access those pieces of anger that I have stored and be a very good bombthrower, perhaps better than the other bombthrowers.

So, I spend my days patiently contriving means to stop the madness which drives the Forest Service and other renegades, and each day I read the mail, perhaps I file another appeal, and then at the end of the day I open up this special compartment inside my brain and I put the anger of some new atrocity in it, in anticipation of the day when I shall need this anger in order to throw bombs.

But a new fear has overcome me. I perceive my anger calling me from inside its compartment, I hear the door unlatching from inside, and this new terrible question approaches me:

How shall I know when it is time to throw bombs?

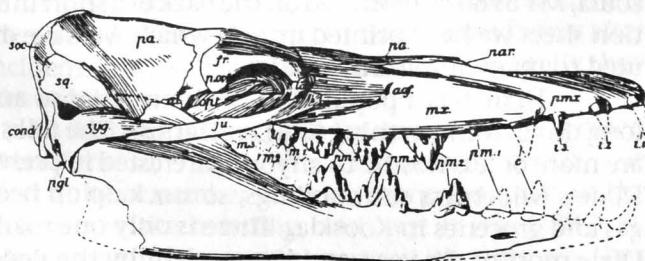
If the Forest Service decides to cut occupied owl habitat in Oregon, is it time to throw bombs?

Or if the Fish and Wildlife Service decides to trap and kill wolves, or to shoot them from the sky, is it then time to throw bombs?

What if the Park Service decides to imprison Grizzly bears in a zoo for the benefit of tourists, if the Forest Service ignores the appeal process, or if the largest intact grove of Redwoods is only 500 acres in size, if the Endangered Species Act is abolished or sidestepped by people with enough money, if corporations continue to wreak havoc upon the ozone layer, if reason is blindly cast aside in favor of profit, if the last remaining herd of wild Bison is slaughtered for following their migratory instincts, if my generation watches the very last Chinook salmon perish in a home choked with silt, if certain nameable parties proceed in a manner which is clearly imperilling the lives of the multitude of glorious and beautiful critters and plants on our fine planet, our only planet, what then? Is it then time to throw bombs?

Think: when the very last wolves on this continent are trapped and caged for captive breeding (as the remaining Condors were, not so long ago), will it finally be time to throw bombs?

Or will it be too late?



Lateral and top views of the skull of a primitive whale, *Prozeuglodon*.

A Meditation On Industrial Collapse

—BY RHUBARB

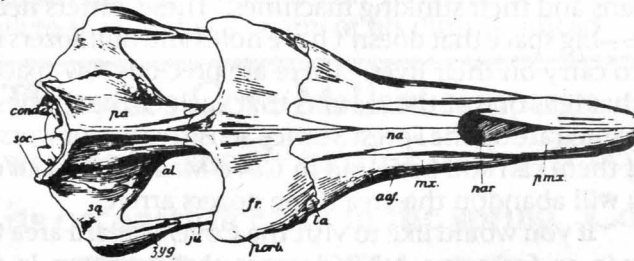
Well, I started a while ago to write an article on the ethics of industrial collapse, that is, wanting it and helping it to happen. Trouble is, I kinda think that the whole idea is a millenarian fantasy which has more to do with the Judeo-Christian baggage of Western civilization we carry around than a reasoned projection of the future course of events. Frankly, I think we underestimate the ability of the global corporate-governmental power structure to deal with, adapt to, and even consciously direct in a coordinated fashion the transformation of the non-human biosphere into a resource base and waste receptacle for industrial social processes.

I think what we forget is that while the ongoing rapine may well (like it's a question) wreck the biological integrity of all the world's ecosystems to the point of the kinds of ecosystem collapses such as the extinctions in the Permian or the end of the Mesozoic, that process is likely rather long in terms of a human timescale. In other words, an anthropogenic ecological collapse may take place in the blink of a geological eye, but may take longer than, say, all of recorded human history to date. Of course, it may not, and there'd be no one happier than I if I were proven wrong. I'd be willing to bet, though, that most of us will grow old and die with the industrial system more or less intact and in similar form. I do think complete collapse will come, but I think it may also be coterminous with an extinction of 90% of all animal species including *H. sapiens*.

Fine, so in a million years whole new orders, maybe even classes of life will evolve and radiate into a rich and complex world ecosystem. But what do we do now? One avenue of potential mischief-making may be in focusing on the local and limited rollbacks of state power and its protection and promotion of industrial/agricultural resource extraction. Such rollbacks are absolutely inevitable and, as a little historical search will indicate, have happened frequently to now-extinct Earth-raping civilizations. Examples: Ur, Babylon, Maya, Anasazi, the cultures of the Sahara/Sahel, Phoenicia, any number of Hellenic city-states, I have no idea about Asian examples, and let's not forget the classic story, worthy of operatic tragedy, the Decline and Fall of Rapa Nui (Easter Island).

A little recap of this tale is instructive for those who would view a total ecological/cultural collapse as merely theoretical. Because Easter Island is extremely isolated, its Polynesian settlers were able to develop their culture

continued on page 17



THEN, TURNING TO THAT BLOATED FACE, HE SAID:
"BE SILENT, ACCURSED DOG;
CONSUME YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN RABID GREED."

COVE/MALLARD

The "Idaho Actions" sure took up a lot of energy, time, money, and may still lead to some jail time for a few special folks. Maybe you received one of the calls to action, updates, beggings for money or read in the press of the tree huggin', butt-waving, machinery lockin'-to, trespassin', cop yellin'-at, eco-freakin' people that were making the town of Dixie boom, the freddies apoplectic, the media half-interested, and the phone companies rich. Well, this portion of the Review is dedicated to the story of Cove/Mallard, the fledgling attempts to defend this beautiful place in peril, and the grand plans for next year.

Where It's At, What to See, & How to Get There

See the map? See the little notch that separates the Gospel Hump Wilderness from the River of No Return Wilderness? That notch is known to the freddies as the Mallard and Cove roadless areas, soon to be the Mallard and Cove recovery areas if they get their way.

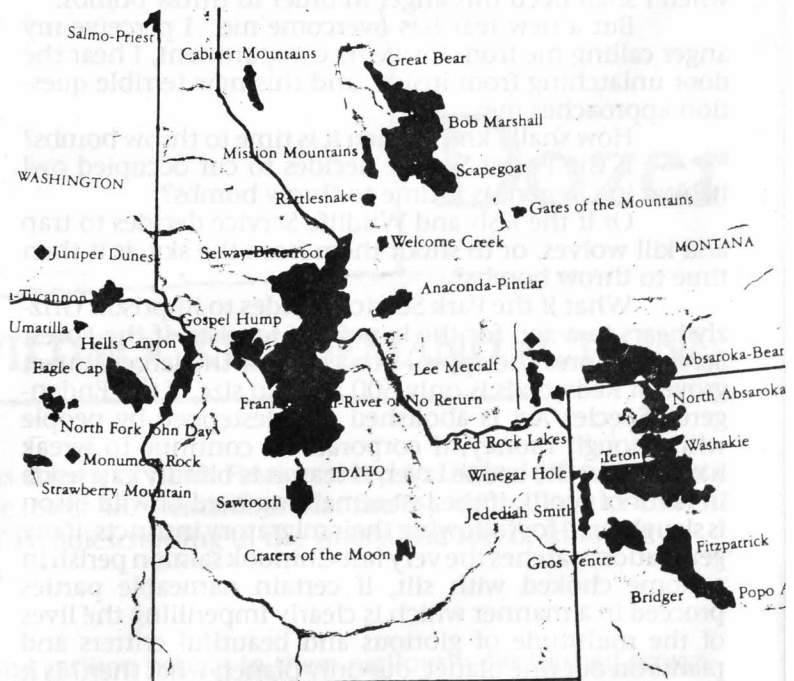
The freddies intend to build 145 miles of roads in that notch and cut down all the trees in 200 different "harvest" units scattered across the area, for a grand total of 82 million board feet.

This place, which is just about as remote as a forest can be in our poor, hacked up nation, is vital habitat for a whole bunch of critters that don't have anywhere else to go now that the Forest Service has gone off and mangled most other places. Cove and Mallard are directly adjacent to the largest unroaded area in the lower 48 states, and these timber sales would all but sever that area in two.

Critters like the lynx and the wolverine, the wolf, the fisher and boreal owl and pine marten and bull trout and flammulated owl and harlequin duck are hard pressed these days for a home that isn't inundated with slob humans and their stinking machines. These critters need space—big space that doesn't have holes and bulldozers in it—to carry on their lives. There are precious few spaces like that left, one of the reasons that each of the species I just named are on the Forest Service Sensitive list, or worse. All of them can still be found in Cove/Mallard, and all of them will abandon the area if the dozers arrive.

If you would like to visit the Cove/Mallard area to sightsee or for some other reason, the first step is to

purchase a Nez Perce Forest map at any Region One freddie office and many outdoor stores. Find Dixie, which is sort of south of Elk City. Road 222, which goes through Dixie, forms the northwestern border of the Cove and Mallard Sales. The river and wilderness boundary form the south-eastern border. The "Noble" road, built last year, intersects with road 222 just the Dixie side of Dixie summit, and has a gate on it. It will access clearcuts all the way down to the



"breaks," the steep section before the river.

A map detailing the cutting units themselves is available from Wild Rockies Earth First! (POB 9286, Missoula, MT 59807), reprinted on the back of a short information sheet we have printed up and which we have distributed to many inquiring minds.

Dixie has a population of about 20 or so and is a long drive from anything like civilization. The folks there are more or less hostile to anyone interested in preserving Dixie's wilderness surroundings, so stock up on beer and gas and groceries in Kooskia. There is only one road in to Dixie most of the year, and it goes right by the Red River Ranger District, so don't forget to stop by and say hello, or something.

THEY ALL STUCK OUT THEIR TONGUES BETWEEN THEIR TEETH
BY WAY OF SIGNAL TO THEIR LEADER;
AND THAT ONE MADE A TRUMPET OF HIS ASS

Merkely Botches Another One

In a fiery display of stubborn, brutish incompetence, Mike Merkely, Special Agent for the Nez Perce National Forest, soundly botched yet another attempt to jail Missoula Earth First! activists.

Poor Mike. He surely knows how apt his resemblance is to Elmer Fudd, chasing "those pesky wabbits." This latest attempt was to jail three Missoula EFlers for "creating a safety hazard" when they mooned him on the Cove Timber Sale site last September. His only problem was that (A) there wasn't any safety hazard, (B) mooning is a constitutionally protected act, and, most importantly, (C) both he and all his officers are just too damn dumb to keep their story straight on the stand.

His first officer testified that "traffic was very heavy" on the road that the EFlers stood on at the incident. But that officer, John Walker of the Gallatin NF, couldn't remember if there were four cars per hour, or ten. Anyway, traffic was heavy, see.

Then his second officer, beleaguered Jackie Fisher of the Lolo, said that, recognizing the terrible hazard the mooners posed, officers issued citations immediately after the incident. But, well, actually, okay, um, no, really they were issued the next day.

So the third officer, John Preston of the Clearwater, stumbles forward. Poor John. His suit didn't fit. He couldn't quite remember what his story was, because the briefing was in the morning, and here it was 2:00 P.M. already. He got the important part out, though: see, they made this video, a re-enactment of the scene, and there was John, bending over, playing the role of the mooner.

How did he know where to stand, three hours after the event took place? Well, he saw these footprints in the road, pointing toward the side, and so he stood there.

He's a clever one.

But Allison Slater, acting as her own defense, had the gall to ask him how those footprints were preserved for three hours, on the travelled part of the roadway, in heavy traffic. He didn't know, or couldn't recall, or (is this a trick question?) wasn't sure.

Suddenly a photograph surfaced, one taken during the incident, depicting four mooners (one got away) standing at the side of the road, six white cheeks and two tanned ones. And it didn't jive with the video, which had Preston out there in the middle of the road, bending over.

The judge looked at the photo. The judge looked at the video. The judge looked back at the photo.

The judge frowned. Merkely gave one of those vacant, stupid smiles of his. John admired his performance on screen. Jackie was pale, and her hair was beginning to melt. The Earth First!ers shrugged.

And were released, innocent. The judge chastized the prosecution and sent poor Merkely home, to try again.

It is quite likely that Merkely will only be more pissed off. He doesn't want to fabricate entirely some evidence against EFlers, but it's starting to look like he'll have to. Merkely is of the Ed Meese school of law enforcement: If a person is a suspect, he must be guilty - otherwise he wouldn't be suspected of anything. Merkely is not at all above making up evidence and already has lied repeatedly to EFlers. Best bet: don't talk to the lunkhead or any of his dimwit officers.

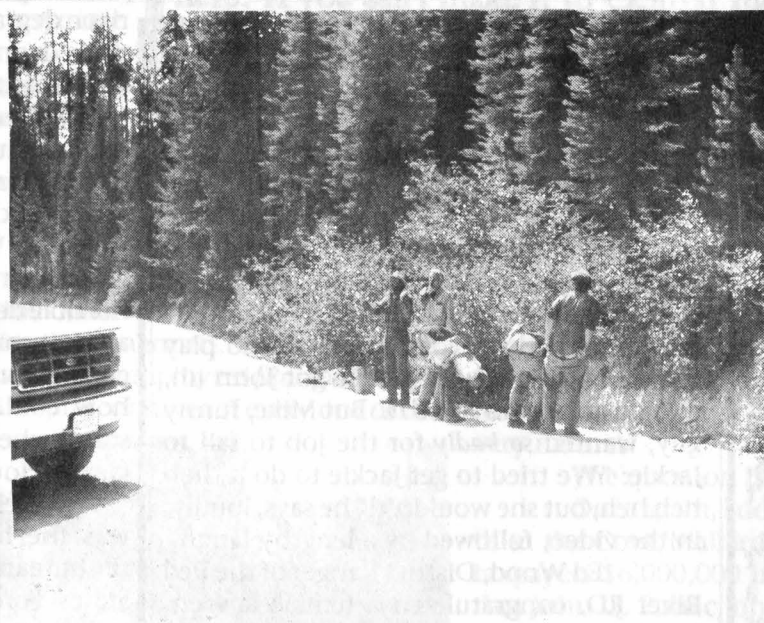


Photo by Binky

Earth First!ers engaged in typical, albeit thoroughly distasteful exploits in Dixie, to wit: "they bared their buttocks and genitalia upon the Dixie Road, and through the visual seeing and experience of aforementioned buttocks and genitalia, caused an extreme state of shock, dismay, and chagrin to all available US Forest Service Officers, staff, and employees regardless of race, creed, color, gender, or sexual orientation and/or preference, and to citizens of Dixie engaged in their peaceable daily pursuits, and otherwise hindered their normal, legal commerce and passage upon said Dixie Road." For shame!

**This year's Cove Mallard campaign
will begin soon! Earth First! will begin
its occupation early in the spring. Con-
tact Wild Rockies EF! for information.**

WHILE HE WAS SPEAKING, A DEMON STRUCK HIM WITH HIS SCOURGE AND SAID: "GO AWAY YOU PIMP!" THERE ARE NO WOMEN HERE FOR YOU TO TURN TO CASH."

"Well," You Ask, "Just What *Did* Happen in Idaho Last Summer?"

—BY RAMON, with editorial comments by ERIK

Don't look at me: I don't know. Sure, I was there, but it was kind of a blur. I do know that people kept getting themselves arrested for doing absurd things like exercising their civil liberties. Silly stuff like that, y'know. Mostly I remember playing the guitar and hanging out and driving umpteen hours to get somebody who had just gotten sprung from jail. I remember Freddie's acting like the Gestapo, harassing us about this and harrassing us about that. They wore tight uniforms, I remember that. Probably due to the bullet proof vests they had on underneath their starched camo shirts. They had guns, too, 9 millimeters I think, I remember that alright! They didn't shoot us though; not yet anyway.

So, as I said, I really don't know what happened, but here's a sample of the newspaper headlines from my scrapbook:

EARTH FIRST! MOVES TO BLOCK IDAHO TIMBER SALE..... ECOLOGICAL ACTIVISTS VOW TO USE CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE..... ECO-FIGHT RAGES IN THE FOREST..... ACTIVIST ACCUSED OF THREATENING FOREST OFFICERS..... EARTH FIRST! LOBS ANOTHER ALLEGATION: CLAIMS FEDS ARE "PEEPING ON THEM"..... EARTH FIRST! ERS LOCKED UP..... FOREST SERVICE CLOSES OFF MORE OF NEZ PERCE FOREST..... 3 JAILED PROTESTERS IN 9TH DAY OF HUNGER STRIKE..... PROTESTERS FIND SYMPATHY, ANTAGONISM IN COMMUNITIES..... PROTESTERS PACK UP, BUT SAY: "WE'LL BE BACK"..... EARTH FIRSTIERS APPEAR IN FEDERAL COURT—CLOTHED..... "MOONING" PROTESTERS WIN ACQUITTAL IN BOISE..... FOREST SERVICE SPENDS \$260,000 CONTAINING EARTH FIRST! GROUP.....

And that's just a sample. But let me tell you what I think *really* happened.

I think the Freddie's, that's the Forest Dis-

Sexual Harrassment on the Nez

Jackie Fisher, Earth First! Perjury of the Year Award Winner, is the subject of a joke, which is beautifully preserved on Mike Merkely's "reenactment" video, produced after the infamous "mooning" incident at the Cove timber sale in Idaho.

Merkely needed somebody to play the role of the mooners. He got John uh, um, duh, Preston to do it. But Mike, funny guy, wanted *so badly* for the job to fall to Jackie: "We tried to get Jackie to do it, heh heh heh, but she wouldn't!" he says, loudly, in the video, followed by a lengthy laugh.

Ed Wood, District Ranger of the Red River RD, congratulated a female law enforcement officer on her arrest of two dangerous activists who were documenting road construction on sites of *Allotropa virgata*, a sensitive plant species, with a hug and the words: "Way to go, Blondie!"

Service to the uninitiated, finally, totally, thoroughly screwed up [*No, they've done that before —ed*]. Up until last summer a lot of us were just nice "environmentalists." We read about and thought about and talked about things like biodiversity. Deep Ecology. Extinction of species. Trees being felled for toilet paper and pizza boxes. Stream and river degradation. Fish populations dwindling. Creatures large and small, including human beings, suffering and dying because of what human greed was doing to the planet.

And we were angry, really we were. We thought it was just ignorance that was causing this horrible de-creation, and that our anger would be the medium to convey our message. I mean, how could anyone not understand when the evidence was so clear? How could they NOT?

Well, what we overlooked was the intransigent nature of the bureaucracy called the United States Forest Service. That, in spite of the scientific evidence of their own field biologists, and despite the revolution in their ranks known as AFSEEE (Association of Forest Service Employees for Environmental Ethics), and despite monumental public opin-

ion against them conducting "business as usual," THEIR ONLY CONCERN WAS TO GET THE CUT OUT!



Photo by Custard

LEAVING THE WALL, WE WENT TOWARD THE CENTER
ALONG A PATH THAT STOPPED AT AN ABYSS,
FROM WHICH A DISGUSTING ODOR REACHED US.

Now, in Central Idaho, getting the cut out means about 82,000,000 board feet. It means 145 miles of new logging roads where no roads have ever existed. And that means destruction of the watershed. And the creatures, those who swim, those who run, or creep, and those who fly. Not to mention the two-leggeds in the vicinity, the *real* two leggeds, not the greed-heads.

So, you see the problem. We're not just angry anymore. We're *pissed*.

And we know the enemy this time. It's not the loggers [*yes it is -ed*]. They know that the forest can't sustain this kind of overcutting. It's not the locals [*yes it is -ed*]. They like the forest just the way it is, thank you [*no they don't -ed*]. It's not the outfit-

ters or the hunters. Nor the fishermen. And it's not the young, dedicated Forest Service employees [*Ramon, you are so naive sometimes. -ed*]. Representatives of every one of the above groups came to us, voluntarily, to ask us to help them stop the rape [*and arrest us -ed*]. To tell us they're with us, all the way.

The question is, how to stop rape? Many of my friends, of both genders, object to the use of the word "rape" to describe the plunder of our National Forests. Our collectively-owned piece of Mother Earth, as it were. Well, I don't like the word, either. But my Webster's 9th New Collegiate says this: "to seize and take away by force." Then, "a sexual intercourse with a woman by a man without her consent and chiefly by force or deception." Then, "an outrageous violation."

So, 2 out of 3; or 3 for 3 if you conclude Mother Earth is a female. But I'll settle for "outrageous violation."

I want to confess something right now. I'm an old

guy, a retiree, a geezer. I remember when we made jokes about rape, the most common being the "when it's inevitable, lie back and enjoy it" variety. We really did joke that way. And we really did think we were joking.

Not anymore. It isn't pleasant typing these thoughts, pig-isms that go back 40 years and more. And yet the image persists, one of Ma Earth being a passive collaborator in her own ravishment. How could she?

Well, she can't. Homo sapiens are as much a part of Mother Earth as any tree, river, or rock. And Homo sapiens everywhere are

coming to the rescue, not as an alien expeditionary attack force, but as a part of the natural order of things. It is not just our duty to try and stop the "rape," it is a part of our very natures.

The question is "How?"

Once again, I don't have the answer. But I *do* know this: the Cove/Mallard timber sales are going to cost the taxpayers \$6,000,000 in unrecovered costs. And I know that John Q. Public, once he learns of this, doesn't like it one bit. Well, we are going to cost the Forest Service another 6 Mil. You can bet that the public and the US Congress (which sets their budget) will like that even less.

So, come to Cove/Mallard this summer. Talk it up with each other in the beautiful Idaho wilderness. Collectively, we'll think of something, won't we?

But first . . . get pissed!

Jeff aloft, defending the northern flank of the Cove Roadless Area.

The Cove/Mallard Campaign needs your help! If you can't make it to Central Idaho this year, you can still help! We need climbing gear, cooking and communications equipment, computer equipment, and money. Send this stuff along to : Wild Rockies EF! POB 9286, Missoula, MT 59807



Photo by Mustard

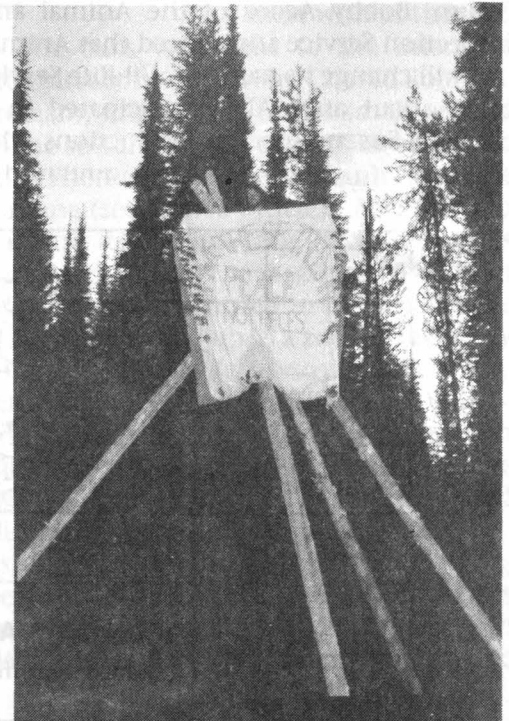


Photo by Bustard

THERE ON THE MUDDIED WAVES
YOU MAY ALREADY SEE WHAT IS TO COME
UNLESS THE FUMES OF THE MORASS CONCEAL IT.

ADC - A Rose By Any Other Name

Can Sheep Threaten Grizzly Bears?

—BY JERRY GRUBBS

There is a rumor going around that the Animal Damage Control (ADC) program is changing its name to "Wildlife Services." To try and substantiate this, we (along with many other groups and individuals) have asked ADC officials for verification. So far, we have received no final word. If such a name change does come to pass, it will not be without much previous thought on the part of ADC personnel. Here's what verification we do have.

For over a year now, ADC has been working on a "Futuring Document" for the program. According to an August 5, 1992 memo we recently received, the purpose of this "futuring" process is to "help determine the program's needs for the next 10 to 15 years and make recommendations for improvement where needed. The recommendations resulting from this process are comprehensive and reflect a great deal of thought and insight." Of the 58 final recommendations, the very first one is "Select a name and logo for the program that better reflects its mission."

To support this, Wildlife Damage Review (out of Tucson, AZ) sent us a copy of a clipping from *Sheep Magazine*. And we quote:

A Name Change - During the Predatory Management Forum, Bobby Acord of the Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service announced that Animal Damage Control will change its name to Wildlife Services. The change came about after ADC participated in media training through Susan Peterson Productions who advised ADC

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Livestock grazing in one of the last strongholds of the Grizzly Bear and the Gray Wolf is embroiling the livestock industry, wildlife advocates and public land managers in yet another controversy.

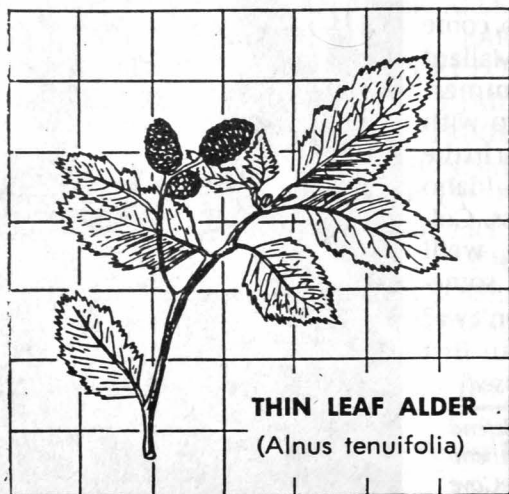
As the Forest Service prepares to release for public comment a draft review of sheep grazing in the Badger-Two Medicine area—a spectacular land of alpine peaks and limestone buttes lying along the Rocky Mountain Front between the continental Divide and the High Plains—pressure builds to close the allotment.

The Forest Service is revising the Allotment Management Plan for the Little Badger Sheep Allotment and is deciding whether to continue to let sheep graze the area. The terms of the sheep allotment have allowed grazing on over a thousand acres since 1917. Since then, both grizzly bears and gray wolves have been driven near extinction throughout the lower 48 states. The sheep allotment straddles Situation I Grizzly Bear habitat, areas designated critical for the bear's survival. In the last few years, gray wolves have begun edging their way from Canada across Glacier Park and down along the Rocky Mountain Front. Scattered reports place wolves near the sheep allotment. Not since the 1920s have wolves ventured east of the Divide and survived. A pending predator control plan authorized placing leg-hold traps on the allotment to protect sheep from coyotes.

Wildlife biologist have long considered the Rocky Mountain Front critical to wildlife—bald and golden eagles, fishers, wolverines, big-horn Sheep, peregrine falcons together with bears and wolves depend on the area. A complex landscape of unprotected wilderness which lies between Glacier NP, the Bob Marshall Wilderness and the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, the Badger-Two Medicine area has been the subject of a contentious fight over a Forest Service plan to permit exploratory oil and gas wells. After reviewing almost a thousand written comments opposing development and dozens of appeals, the Forest Service put this political headache off on their brother agency, the BLM, who recently issued a permit to develop one site.

Sheep in the Badger Two-Medicine guarantee conflict between livestock, bears, wolves, and ranchers. Although the present provisions of the plan give wolves and

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WE MUST DESCEND SLOWLY HERE, SO THAT
WE MAY ACCUSTOM OUR SENSE BY DEGREES
TO THIS FOUL ODOR, AND THEN WE SHALL NOT MIND.

Bear Cubs Jailed for Human Crimes

Two grizzly bear cubs are in jail and one breeding-age female grizzly is dead following a series of bear-human encounters in the North Fork Sun River area of Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness. In mid-July this year a sow grizzly with two yearling female cubs began "raiding" (more like policing) camps in the area, seeking human food, thrills, trouble, boy scout trail snacks.. The cubs rarely participated in the raids, mostly watching while Mom did the dirty work. Backpackers, boy scouts and a wilderness lodge camp all had food taken. At least one person was charged (but not injured) by the sow. She was just sayin' howdy! At a camp run by the Sun River Lodge, the bears tore up a cook tent and obtained food which had been hung only five feet high. All the incidents herein described took place in Situation 1 (critical) grizzly habitat near the Rocky Mountain Front where, according to the Inter-agency Grizzly Bear Guidelines, "if there is a conflict, the conflict should be resolved in favor of the bear."

After a week of such incidents a portion of the Bob Marshall Wilderness was finally closed by the Forest Service (FS). How pro-active! Less than week later the closure was mysteriously lifted (or perhaps not so mysteriously, as this area is heavily used by outfitters), allowing backpackers and boy scouts to return to the area. Not surprisingly, the three bears again began raiding camps. In no case did they obtain food which had been properly hung and stored. There's a lesson for you here, campers! On August 8 the grizzlies entered the cook tent of a boy scout troop and got flour, potatoes, carrots and oranges. Two scouts which had been separated from this party spent part of the night with food tucked into their sleeping bags! Fortunately they were not visited by the bears. But what fine midnight snacks the little fellows would have made! There were several other raids during the time up to August 9 in which it was often unclear which bears were responsible.

No citations were issued by the FS for improper food storage, despite several clear incidents of illegal storage. On August 7 the FS had promised to begin issuing citations, but it was almost too late for these bears. Interestingly, an effort to trap the bears also began this day, exactly when a new closure order was issued. Could it be that freddie didn't want the public to see what they were up to?

On August 10 the three bears were kidnapped by the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks (MDFWP)

after being caught in snares set near Cabin Creek, just north of the Gibson Reservoir on the Rocky Mountain Front. Photos taken by campers the day before identified the bears as the "culprits." The sow was immediately taken to the MDFWP lab in Bozeman and killed by lethal injection. Just like that. Death sentence for Mama Bear. Who the hell do these bastards think they are? Are these their bears to kill or mess with as they see

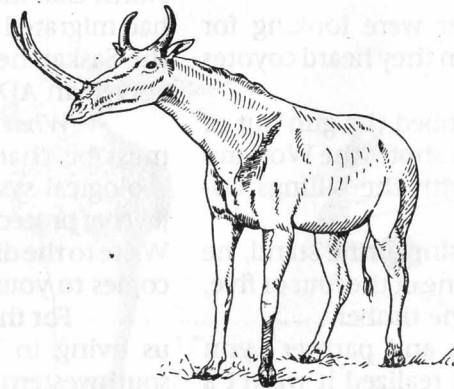


Figure 33. Most grotesque of the North American protoceratid ruminants was *Synthetoceras* of the Miocene and Pliocene with its remarkable head adornment. These animals probably played the same ecological role as the giraffids in the Old World.

fit? Hell NO! The cubs were sent to the infamous Washington State University lab, run by Charlie Robbins. There the cubs remain, imprisoned in the small pens at WSU. Robbins is the so-called bear "expert" hired for the planned "Grizzly Theme Park" being built at West Yellowstone, Montana (see related article). According to Robbins, the bears are dangerous—big, snarly creatures that could "take your head off." What a tolerant fellow. So far these cubs have not been returned to the wild where they belong, but are likely to end up in a zoo. In fact, they could end up in the zoo at West Yellowstone, which may open this winter! All the other bears kept at WSU—including Bear 134, illegally removed from Yellowstone in 1991—have been declawed, sealing their fate as captive bears. Might as well kill them. The cubs MUST be released back into the wild before they suffer the same fate!

Mr. Rick Valois, an environmental ranger from Vaughn, Montana, has been investigating this series of incidents and sent us a pile of info. According to Rick's letters, both the US Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS) and FS refused to

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ON EVERY SIDE I SAW A GREAT TERRAIN
CROWDED WITH SUFFERING AND TORMENTED GUILT.

“It Was Like Shooting A Dinosaur”

So stated the man who earlier this month shot what he thought was a coyote while hunting moose on the Bridger-Teton National Forest, less than three miles south of the border of Yellowstone National Park. What follows is part of an Associated Press story printed in the October 7th edition of the *Bozeman Daily Chronicle* (MT).

Kysar and a hunting partner were looking for moose south of the park last week when they heard coyotes howling and yapping.

“I jumped off the saddle, grabbed the gun out of the scabbard, chambered a round and shot,” the Worland man said in an interview Tuesday with the *Billings Gazette*.

At about 150 to 170 yards, using a rifle stand, he aimed at the lead animal, the biggest one of the four or five, and fired as it ran through a gap in the timber.

After the creature fell, Kysar and partner Lynn Robirds of Powell looked it over and realized it wasn't a coyote.

“It was like shooting a dinosaur,” said Kysar, 34, a Wyoming native who has hunted all his life. Experts said the animal weighed 92 pounds. It had eyes that were “the kind of piercing yellow you read about in the books,” Kysar said, and large pads on its feet.

“The darn thing was beautiful, full and sleek, like a show dog. Looking back on it, it was neat to see it running through the timber.”

Kysar reported the killing to officials in Yellowstone National Park. The dead animal has since been retrieved and sent to a federal laboratory in Oregon, where its DNA will be analyzed to tell whether the animal is - was - a true wolf, or a hybrid of some sort. Meanwhile, a group of federal land and wildlife agency people have gone into the area to investigate the remaining animals in the group Kysar originally saw. To date, we've heard no word on the

findings of either the laboratory or the backwoods investigations. (*All inconclusive—ed*)

In almost every state in the country coyotes are officially considered varmints and can be shot without restrictions (see “Varmints For Too Long,” Spring, '92 Newsletter). Regardless of whether or not the animal killed on the Bridger-Teton NF turns out to be a true wolf, this incident highlights the potential negative impacts which open coyote hunting can have on the recovery of wolves in the northern Rockies and elsewhere. At least ten eastern timber wolves have been were “mistakenly” killed in North Dakota over the past ten years. All of these wolves had migrated into North Dakota from either Minnesota or the Saskatchewan province of Canada (one incident involved an ADC aerial gunning operation).

What You Can Do: Open-season coyote hunting must be changed. For the sake of the coyote and the ecological system it is a part of, we should all seek some level of protection in our respective states for *Canis latrans*. Write to the director of your state wildlife agency, and send copies to your state representatives.

For the sake of the endangered gray wolf, those of us living in Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, southwestern Oregon, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, and Michigan's Upper Peninsula need to include in our argument the potential impacts of unintentionally killing wolves. Letters from outside these states are also justified, as the recovery of an endangered species is a federally mandated program.



Figure 32. The chalicothere *Moropus* from the Miocene of North America and Asia, a large, claw-bearing perissodactyl. From a restoration by B. Newman.

Idaho Fish and Game Department; 600 S. Walnut; Boise 83707; **Michigan Department of Natural Resources;** Box 30028; Lansing 48909; **Minnesota Department of Natural Resources;** 500 Lafayette Rd.; St. Paul 55155; **Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks;** 1420 East Sixth; Helena 59620; **North Dakota Game and Fish Dept.;** 100 North Bismark Expsrwy; Bismark 58501; **Oregon Department of Fish and Game;** POB 59; Portland 97207; **Washington Department of Natural Resources;** Public Lands Bldg.; Olympia 98504; **Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources;** Box 7921; Madison 53707; **Wyoming Game And Fish Department;** 5400 Bishop Blvd.; Cheyenne 82002

OUT OF THE QUIET TO THE TREMBLING AIR;
I CAME TO A PLACE WHERE NOTHING SHINES.

Industrial Collapse

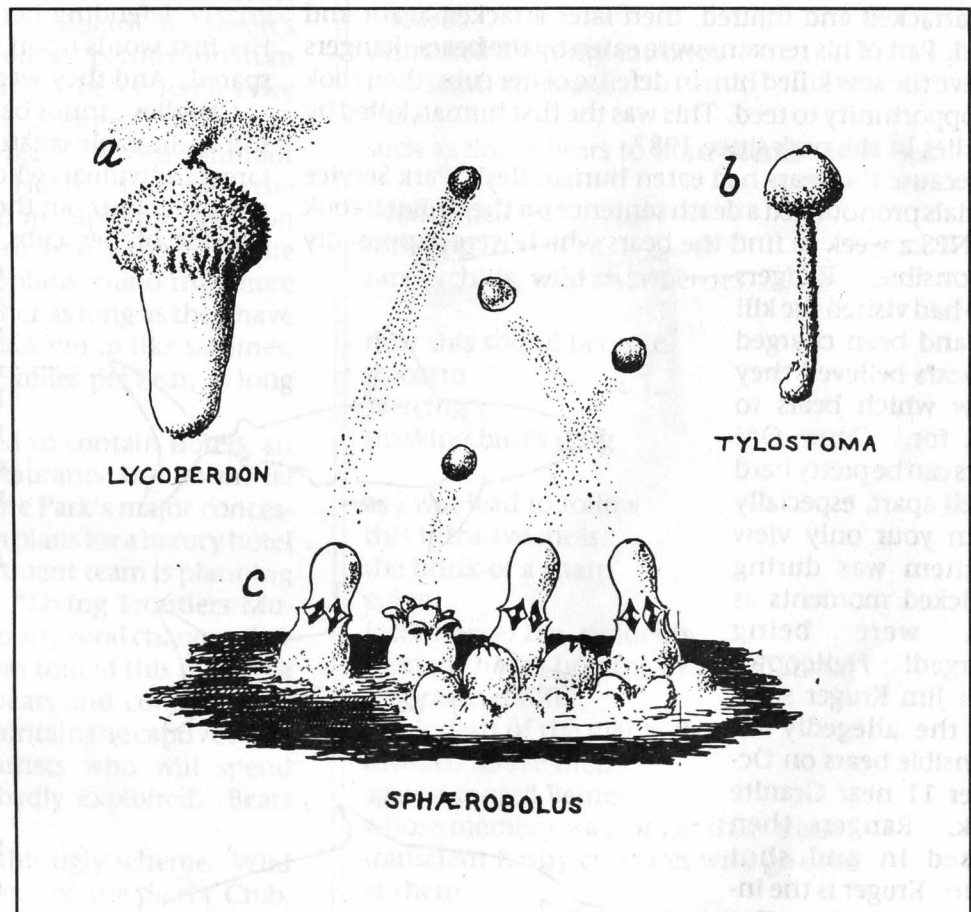
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undisturbed by outside human influences. There was only one limit they had to contend with, and that was the size of their island, the type of ecosystem on it (cool, somewhat dry forest), and its carrying capacity. Over the centuries, they developed a complex hierarchical ceremonial culture in which the great chiefs commanded the famous stone heads to be built. The population grew and the class distinctions became extreme, with a large number of impoverished commoners supporting a small elite which commanded the allocation of wealth. In addition to the stone heads, palaces and temples were built, great rituals took place regularly in the service of the state religion, and of course all the ordinary business of daily life in the villages, fields, quarries and manufacturing centers went on unabated. All this, naturally, required resources. Slowly, so that nobody took any notice, the forests fell to the needs of the great building projects, for the cooking fires, and simply to make way for the ever-increasing need to expand agriculture; and they did not grow back, nor have they since. With the trees gone, wood became scarce and expensive. Guess who got it. With the trees gone, the water in the soil dried up, agriculture declined and there was a lot less food to go around. Guess who got it.

Eventually, a new and subversive politico-religious movement began to gain influence amongst the populace: the Bird Man Cult. I'll spare you the details, mainly because I don't remember them, but the upshot is this: there was a revolution and great wars raged across the island. The workers dropped their tools in the quarries, leaving half-finished heads where they lay. Others were pulled down and defaced. The old order perished and with it the ceremonial culture. The establishment of the Bird-Man cult as the reigning authority presumably redressed some of the inequalities, but it was too late. After a while, archaeological evidence of its ceremonies ceases, and indications of desperate battles for food

and water sources appear. There are caverns near the sea in which hundreds of refugees huddled and died, their bones scattered within. When the first European explorers landed they found only a handful of wretched inhabitants, eking out a meager existence from a harsh, dry, cold, treeless and windswept island. To these unhappy descendants the great heads, temple platforms and the strange and terrible carvings of bird-like men meant nothing at all.

I think the part about the social revolution ought



to make our friends take notice who think that if we just changed everyone's mind about how mean the capitalist system is, everything would be just fine. Soon now, the great aquifers will peter out. Soon now, the oil will dry up. Soon now, the soil's fertility will be all mined out. At the moment, though, there's a whole delicate infrastructure (really a superstructure) in place, sucking and burrowing, piping and toting, felling and processing and harvesting and excreting. And all of it is dependent on every piece operating smoothly. They have armies to guard all this, but sometimes revolutions come. But the revolution

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THERE CAME A VIOLENT AND FRIGHTENING ROAR, AS A WIND THAT BATTERS THE FOREST WITH UNENDING BLOWS, SNAPS OFF BOUGHS, FLINGS THEM DOWN, SCATTERS THEM AND ONWARD GOES, SUPERB IN ALL ITS DUST FORCING THE WILD BEASTS INTO FLIGHT.

Three Grizzlies, One Human Dead in Glacier Park

—BY PHIL KNIGHT

On October 3 a lone hiker was killed by grizzly bears near Granite Park Chalet in Glacier National Park, Montana. John Petranyi of Madison, WI was found dead by another hiker on a trail between the Chalet and the Loop. It appears Petranyi encountered a sow with two cubs and was attacked and injured, then later attacked again and killed. Part of his remains were eaten by the bears. Rangers believe the sow killed him in defense of her cubs, then took the opportunity to feed. This was the first human killed by grizzlies in the park since 1987.

Because the bears had eaten human flesh, Park Service officials pronounced a death sentence on them. But it took the NPS a week to find the bears which were supposedly responsible. Rangers who had visited the kill site and been charged by bears believed they knew which bears to look for. Come On! Bears can be pretty hard to tell apart, especially when your only view of them was during panicked moments as you were being charged! Helicopter pilot Jim Kruger spotted the allegedly responsible bears on October 11 near Granite Park. Rangers then closed in and shot them. Kruger is the infamous tourist pilot who allegedly buzzes bears with his helicopter for the pleasure of clients as the bears gather to feed in the fall.

Several individuals and animal advocacy groups called and wrote the Park Service, asking them not to kill the grizzlies. But they did so anyways. This case brings up several important questions which you can bet are not going to be dealt with in the mainstream media.

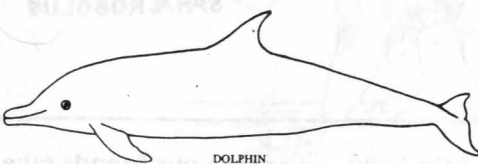
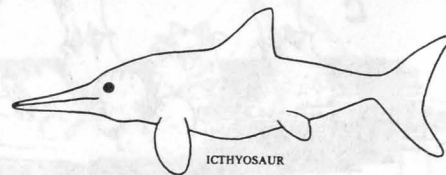
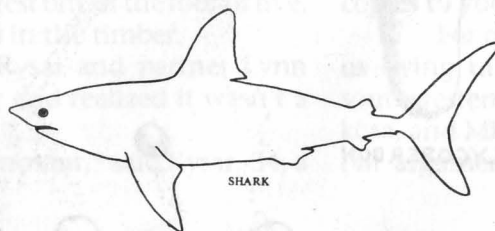
First and foremost is our relationship with bears and our place in the food chain. Are we not potential prey? Will we exterminate every animal which is a potential

threat to us? We'd better kill all large predators. Then all birds large enough to inflict injury. Let's not stop there. What about pets? Many of them are dangerous when threatened. When we are through there, let's flatten out the earth so we cannot fall off anything. Where will it end? When we all live in padded room, eating through tubes? We cannot eliminate all risks. By god, we *need* a few man-eating grizzlies out there, if not a whole shitload! John Petranyi might not agree, but we cannot ask him. Ask Sarah Muller of Bozeman who was attacked by a sow grizzly defending her cubs in Yellowstone Park this fall. Her first words upon rescue were to ask that the bears be spared. And they were. Thank you Sarah!

Grizzlies cannot be blamed for sometimes preying on a soft, vulnerable creature such as a human. But should we target individuals who actually eat humans? It seems that any other bear out there is just as likely to kill someone in defense of her cubs, and then decide to dine on the remains. This is one of the risks associated with travel in grizzly country, a risk that some people feel is needed, even welcome. As Doug Peacock says, if there is not something out there big enough and mean enough to eat you, it is not true wilderness!

Can we afford to kill a breeding-age sow with cubs (the second such

To move easily in the sea involves reducing the turbulence and resistance of the water. The sea shaped the body for these fast, easy movers, no matter what the class of animals. The shark is a fish; the ichthyosaur is a reptile; the dolphin is a mammal.



family removed from the Glacier-area ecosystem this fall, see related article) from an imperilled population which has an extremely low reproductive rate? This was not con-

sidered in the revenge-like actions of the Park Service. I speculate that these bears were killed to prevent the Park Service from having to deal with potential legal and public backlash, rather than through any great desire to prevent risks.

Think about how a bear attack might affect you and the bears. Consider the risks, both to you and the bears, associated with travelling in grizzly country before you go. Consider carrying a note on your person which absolves the bears of any wrongdoing in the event of your death. And defend those who might eat you!

DOGS, RAVENOUS AND SWIFT
AS GREYHOUNDS THAT HAVE BROKEN FROM THEIR CHAINS,
THEY SANK THEIR TEETH INTO THE ONE WHO CROUCHED THERE;
THEY TORE HIM LIMB FROM LIMB, AND THEN
THEY CARRIED OFF HIS PITIFUL REMAINS.

Bear Prison Under Construction in West Yellowstone

—BY PHIL KNIGHT

According to Lewis Robinson, your favorite developer and mine, the “Grizzly Park” tourist trap and bear prison could open for “trial runs” as early as January or February of 1993. Construction of the \$47.2 million, 87 acre theme park began in early August, much to our disgust. Robinson’s only remaining major hurdle is to obtain permission from state and federal officials to keep captive bears. As far as we know he hasn’t gotten permits yet. Robinson’s plan is to display live captive grizzlies and black bears in outdoor “exhibits” (open air jail cells). He has increased the number of bears he plans to keep in captivity based on studies of bears done by so-called bear expert Charlie Robbins in Alaska. Supposedly Robbins found that more bears than expected can live together as long as they have plenty to eat. Great, Lew baby, pack’em in like sardines. They don’t *really* need 300 square miles per bear, as long as you keep’em fat and happy!

The huge development is slated to contain hotels, an IMAX theatre, gifte shoppes, restaurants and so on *ad nauseam*. TW Services, Yellowstone Park’s major concessionaire, has jumped on board with plans for a luxury hotel and RV Park, and a Japanese investment team is planning to build a \$20 million high-tech “Living Frontiers Museum.” What next? Say goodbye to any rural character left in West Yellowstone. Robinson has touted this mess as a means to educate people about bears and contribute to conservation of the species. We maintain the captive bears are nothing but a draw for tourists who will spend megabucks, and are thus being badly exploited. Bears belong in the wild, nowhere else!

We are not alone in opposing this ugly scheme. Wild Forever, a joint grizzly bear project of the Sierra Club, Wilderness Society and Greater Yellowstone Coalition, has formally objected to it due to fears that captive bears will attract wild bears. Wild Forever also believes, as we do, that the development may give incentive for taking bears from the wild by creating a “market” for them.

Robinson is building the bear pens and theatre first. Bears could be on display soon. It is essential we find ways to oppose this mess. Please offer any advice you may have, and write or call Robinson soon! ((509) 335-1119). Money for this project comes from Jonathan Stern, 770 Lexington, NY, 10021, (212) 355-4500; (212) 355-4598 fax. Take a little ski trip just south of town this winter and see what the bastards are up to. Pray for a heavy snow winter!

Pause For Ent

i in darkest depth
of alpine
through thickets of bear grass blossoms
i walked
inhaling tree-spirited air,
washing out my citified lungs

i paused
distracted from my musings
by a faint, constant
hum
such as draws bears to honeycomb sweetness

i continued on
drinking in visions
rare orchids, wild strawberries

now this sound became
staccato
piercing
masking bird's song

as i was lead to follow
this intrusive noise
the brink of a sharp
curve
forced upon me, suddenly,
human shapes holding awkward metal
objects that tore
pithy flesh of the giants that
towered above them,
ageless rooted Beings
whose memory was longer than these
transcient fleshy creatures who gnawed
at them

But as in Ent,
as the little ones and the old
ones will tell you (human disbelief
suspended)
these rooted Beings took life
as theirs was being taken
and upon the battlefield
lay pith and blood alike
and none to tell you save i

—K. PETERSSON

WE LOOKED INTO A PIT WHERE PEOPLE WERE IMMERSSED IN DUNG
THAT SEEMED TO COME FROM ALL THE WORLD'S LATRINES.

Cougar Management Plan Nears Completion

—BY JERRY GRUBBS

As Montana's valley towns spread to the foothills and fringes of wilder lands, conflicts with wildlife are becoming more common. When people's pet ducks begin to disappear or deer eat their gardens, they may be able to deal with it. But when cougars begin stealing their dogs and stalking their children, that's a different story. Humans don't like thinking they're just another link in the food chain. So they go to the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks and demand that something be done.

And now, FW&P has come up with a plan. The draft Mountain Lion Management Plan talks about the things that are easy to talk about—the preservation of large tracts of wild lands with travel corridors between them, protecting the breeding population of female cougars, and land-use planning to keep people out of cougar habitat. But what it does is what Montanans have always done with cougars—kill them.

The Management Plan carves Montana up into three zones. One will be managed to enhance cougar populations, one where they will be tolerated but not encouraged, and one where they won't be tolerated at all. The cougar-free zones will be kept safe for suburban development and livestock by ADC hitmen. In the other zones, cougars will be managed by the Department in the same way they tried to manage grizzly bears and bison, by using sport hunters to manipulate populations.

Cougar hunting has become big business in Montana. In the old days, cougars were shot on sight. You could even collect a bounty until 1962. But in 1971, the glow of easy money dawned over Helena, and the legislature declared cougars game animals. Since then, the State has sold almost 20,000 cougar hunting licenses. Cougar hunting has also been a boon to outfitters. One third of the 2500 cats actually killed by hunters were shot by outfitter's clients, almost to the man out-of-state hunters from areas where there aren't cougars anymore. Animals that were once an occasional nuisance to sheep ranchers turned into tidy profits all around.

But cougar hunting has serious problems the Department can no longer ignore. Cougars are solitary, secretive animals and it is very difficult to perform population studies. The department admits they know little about how many cougars are in Montana or what impact sport hunting is having on the population. Even more troubling is hunting's impact on breeding females. Because male and female cougars look identical, especially to

hunters who are following tracks with dogs, and because mother cougars rarely take their kittens along when hunting it's usually impossible for the hunters to tell if they're chasing a female cat until after its been treed and shot. Admitting this, the Department is proposing that hunters who inadvertently kill a lactating female backtrack to her kittens, take them captive, and turn them over to FW&P. How they expect to enforce this regulation or what they expect to do with the kittens once they have them are left open questions.

The pursuit-only phase of the cougar season raise still more questions. Cougars are hunted on a quota system, when the designated number are killed in a management unit, hunters are to continue pursuing cats but not to kill them. The Department—a fringe pro-hunting group—considers this recreation. They justify it as training for hounds and an opportunity to “collect information on cougar abundance and distribution from houndsmen.”

What they don't say is the pursuit-only season makes it easier to sell licenses to the rich out of state hunters who might otherwise worry that after coming all the way to Montana with their hounds, they might not get here when the last quota was filled and miss all the fun. The Department makes no claim to understand the impact pursuit by dog has on the cougars. They are willing to admit it isn't a good idea to repeatedly chase the same animal and propose a regulation to prevent it. Again, how this regulation will be enforced is left to the imagination.

So the draft Management Plan has some good and some bad. What's good is the Department's acknowledgement that wildland preservation is critical if cougars are to endure in Montana. They also are beginning to admit they have no idea what impact hunting and pursuit are having on Montana's cougars. What's bad is the wornout idea that wildlife highest purpose is to bring bucks into the State coffers, and that terrorizing and killing wildlife is just another way to have fun.

—ED Note: As we go to press, Jerry tells me that MDFW&P received several hundred comments to this plan, and has decided to postpone a decision until an EA has been completed.



Showdown in the Badger Two-Medicine?

—BY JEFF JUEL

Ten Years after Fina Oil and Chemical Co. first applied for a permit to do exploratory drilling in the Hall Creek area of the Badger-Two Medicine, the Bureau of Land Management has given its final approval to permit the drilling. Worse, the BLM has decreed that no appeals will be allowed on this latest decision. This sets the stage for another round of letter-writing, lawsuits, and ultimately civil disobedience in defense of this—the last area used for traditional religious practices of the Blackfeet Tribe of Montana. The Badger is also home to endangered species such as the grizzly bear, grey wolf, and bald eagle plus many other increasingly rare species such as the lynx, westslope cutthroat trout, and mountain goat.

Environmental activists see this approval as one last dastardly act by the oil slime Bush administration in pushing its profits-above-all-else agenda. It also flies contrary to the content of a 8/30/91 letter from the BLM to Bob

Yetter of the Badger Chapter, which said any subsequent BLM "record of decision would then be appealable for up to 20 business days to the State Director." So much for respect of public and legal process. So much for the concerns of literally thousands of citizens who have over the years voiced their disapproval of the drilling.

The oil and gas industry is especially eager to thrust into this wild area. If they are able to get into a world class unprotected wilderness—home to such a plethora of animal species, a vital wildlife corridor between Glacier National Park and the Bob Marshall Wilderness, the last pristine area in which ages—old sacred practices of a native tribe are carried out—they can get their way anywhere.

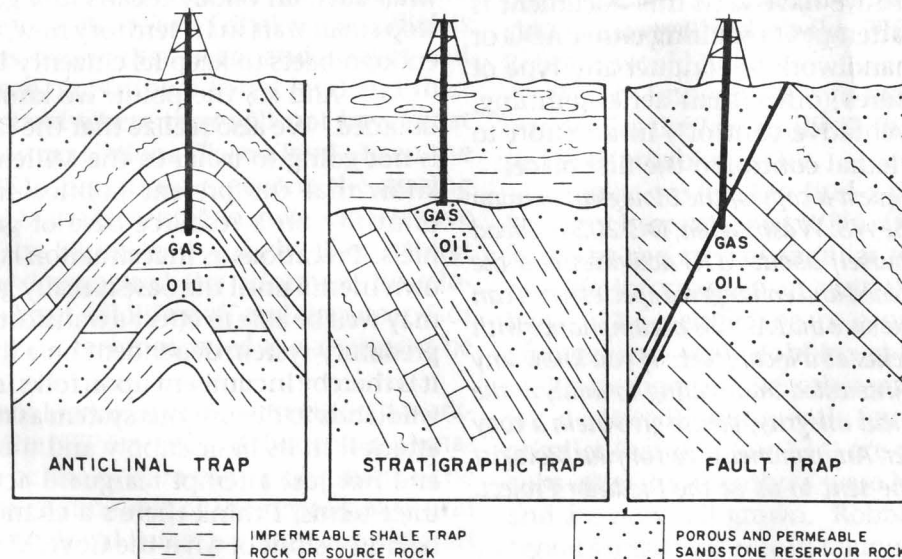
In many ways, the Badger Two-Medicine has become a center stage of the worldwide conflict in which we all find ourselves involved. On one side is the international military-industrial money worshipping culture of death and power. Life-sustaining ecosystems and native tribal cultures are the targets of this monstrous machine, which wants to stamp out any tangible example of sustainable lifestyles and the wild spirit in us all, making us lifeless, soulless consumers and producers.

WREF! says, "No fucking way!"

We will continue to resist, and will help coordinate actions to stop this latest assault on the Wild.

To save the Badger-Two Medicine:

First and foremost, form an affinity group which will be ready to act in June, 1993 if the final administrative steps fail to stop this atrocity. Before you arrive, coordinating with local activists is a *must*.



There is still a chance that the new administration will back out in the face of a public relations nightmare and impending lawsuit. Write a letter to the people listed below, stating your opposition. Sec. of Interior Babbitt has the authority to revoke the decision, and members of Congress need to hear support for legislation making the area Wilderness.

Send money. Wild Rockies Earth First! activists plan to do what is necessary in coordination with others to keep the Badger-Two Medicine wild. Money will be needed for phone bills, camping and other equipment, transportation, etc.

Write to: **(your U.S. Senators)** U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510; **(your Congressperson)** U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515; **Bruce Babbitt**, Secretary, Department of the Interior, 1849 C Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20240

AND SO WE CIRCLED ROUND THAT SQUALID BOG,
WITH OUR EYES FASTENED ON THOSE WHO SWALLOWED MUD.

ADC BO *continued from page 6*

for a moment make the presumption that wolves are returning to the GYE on their own (some people, including myself, would say that's there's more truth than presumption in that statement). What if ADC activities to the east or south of the Park (all within the state of Wyoming) resulted in the death of two breeding female wolves in a year's time - which could conceivably happen under the present biological opinion? Without question, that would have a *significant* effect on the ability of wolves to continue repopulating themselves in the GYE!

In light of this not-too-hypothetical scenario, it seems very questionable as to whether the present biological opinion ensures that ADC activities will not jeopardize the continued existence of wolves in one of the three recovery areas designated by the FWS as essential to recovering northern Rocky Mountain wolves in the wild.

Another concern we have with this document is that the FWS made no attempt at requiring either ADC or the recipient of their handiwork to conduct any type of real preventative measures (other than aerial gunning, which ADC calls "preventative control") in an effort to minimize the need for lethal control in the first place.

What You Can Do: *Request a copy of the biological opinion (John Turner, Director; USFWS: Washington, DC 20240), read it and further educate yourself about ADC activities and the threats they pose to threatened and endangered species. You can use this knowledge to make sure that ADC is in compliance with the document's requirements at a local level. If you know any biologists who might be interested and willing to analyze the document as to its biological integrity, please give them a copy and ask them to look it over. Any comments you or your biologist friends might have can be sent to us at the Predator Project. Thanks! - TS*

Industrial Collapse

continued from page 17

won't try to take the infrastructure apart, just redirect it. And what can a revolution do anyway against lack of water, trees, oil, topsoil etc? Nothing, that's what.

So two things must happen to end the current rape of our chunk of the planet. First, the fall of the current political-industrial order. That much is inevitable. Second and more long term, the land and its resources, both biotic and inanimate, must not be allowed to be incorporated into another political-industrial order. A place which is on the margins, which is inaccessible, beyond the pale, or just not worth the time and trouble, is about as safe as any habitat can get. A possible example (how things turn out

remains to be seen) may be found in Siberia. Here we have a place more or less protected by the indifference of the Soviet state which, following the latter's demise, is now available to the hungry maw of international timber and mining corporations. Yet as we have seen in the West, companies depend on governments to provide both infrastructure and subsidy, as well as police, military and quasi-military protection against an unhappy populace that sees its land going down the toilet. But the successor state to the U.S.S.R., the Russian Republic, is much weaker. The advantage to the timber companies is obvious: Russia's in no position to resist their demands. The advantage to Earth defenders is more subtle: Russia can't guarantee them protection from suitably enraged people. After all, Eastern Siberia is a long way from Moscow, transportation is sketchy, and if the Nez Perce N.F. spent (so far) over a quarter of a million dollars to babysit and occasionally arrest a few non-violent Wild Rockies wussies, think of what such an outlay means to a government helpless to stop small wars in its territory now, and unable to produce enough beets to keep its citizenry in borscht.

And so, the point: we know the current order is doomed. We also realize that the fall of the United States is not going to usher in the Millennium. In addition, we know that the present political-industrial system rests primarily on a resource base of groundwater and fossil fuels. Precarious as that situation is, it can continue on its own inertia until the base is really gone. If undisturbed, it may well be able to effect a transformation into an equally predatory system dependent on a different energy source. It is thereby incumbent upon folks interested in preserving wildlands to disturb this system as much as possible. If we attack it in its basic supply and transportation networks, and not just attempt rearguard actions on the front on their terms, I think there's a chance. I guess I just kept having visions of what the Cove/Mallard campaign might look like if the Freddies and the timber beasts couldn't drive all their shiny trucks and Earth-chewing equipment up and down all those roads and highways. Cut the supply lines! Cut the supply lines! Cut the supply lines! The Forces o' Destruction depend on their machine and weapons technology. Without it they won't know what to do. If we're smart, we will.

ADC *Continued from page 14*

their current moniker contained three negative words which the media could turn to ADC's disadvantage. The new name, Wildlife Services, is much less inflammatory, said Acord. *

Ain't public relations great stuff!?! Thus far, we've most appreciated Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance's interpretation of this sly euphemism - "Serving death

THIS SWAMP WHICH EXHALES SUCH A STENCH ENTIRELY SURROUNDS THE DOLEFUL CITY.

sentences to our nation's wildlife and implementing these sentences."

This is not the only attempt at obscuring the reality of ADC's work by means of a thesaurus. A series of joint ADC/USFS meeting held in October, 1989 resulted in the changing of a term used in describing predator control activities on public lands. Again, we quote, this time from the summary report for that series of meetings. "Start using the term Animal Damage Management (ADM) instead of Animal Damage Control (ADC), unless it is in reference to an Act or agency name."

** We find it humorous that the word "animal" is considered by either the media consultant, Bobby Acord, or the author of the article as being negative. - TS*

Sheep and Grizz

continued from page 14

grizzlies preference in management of the allotment—in the event of conflicts, the sheep, not the predators, are to be removed—concerned Blackfeet Tribal game officials and conservationists worry that bears and wolves will learn to prey on sheep on National Forest land and then range on to private land where they will not have what protection they enjoy on National Forest land. Even the USFWS, in their 1986 opinion on renewing the grazing permit under the old Management Plan, noted sheep have never been grazed in Situation I Grizzly Bear habitat without conflicts and suggested the allotment be relocated. Both the Blackfeet wildlife staff and the supervisor of Glacier National Park recommended the allotment be closed.

The Allotment Management Plan revision is working its way through the NEPA process. Among the alternatives discussed will be the closure of the allotment. The scoping process is over and draft of the revised AMP and the Lewis and Clark National Forest predator control plan are both overdue. Those interested can get a copy by writing: John Dombroske, District Ranger, Rocky Mountain Ranger District, Box 340, Choteau, MT 59422

Bear Cubs *continued from page 15*

allow these bears to be returned to the wild anywhere in Montana! Thus three female bears—one of breeding age, and two of which had (hopefully have) a long life in the wild ahead—have been taken from the gene pool of an imperilled population of a species protected by the Endangered Species Act. The bears were treated as "nuisance" animals and were removed from the ecosystem. This goes against the Interagency Guidelines (quoted above) and the guidelines in the USFWS Plan for Determining Grizzly Bear Nuisance Status and for Controlling Nuisance Grizzly Bears. The plan specifically states that if sight or smell of

edibles or garbage is dominant and made available, the bears are not nuisance bears. This certainly seems to apply to these three bears!

According to Rick, Glenn Erickson, MDFWP Bureau Chief in Helena, told him that the initial closure order was lifted because "pressure from outfitters made it impossible to close the area off indefinitely." It is clear that human use of the area has once again taken precedence over the needs of the bears. The three responsible agencies (MDFWP, USFWS, FS) probably violated Section 9 of the ESA which prohibits the "taking" of a member of an endangered species. They may also have violated Sections 2 and 7, and the Administrative Procedures Act, Rule 5-vsc, Section 55-3 (e), which prohibits arbitrary and capricious incidental taking.

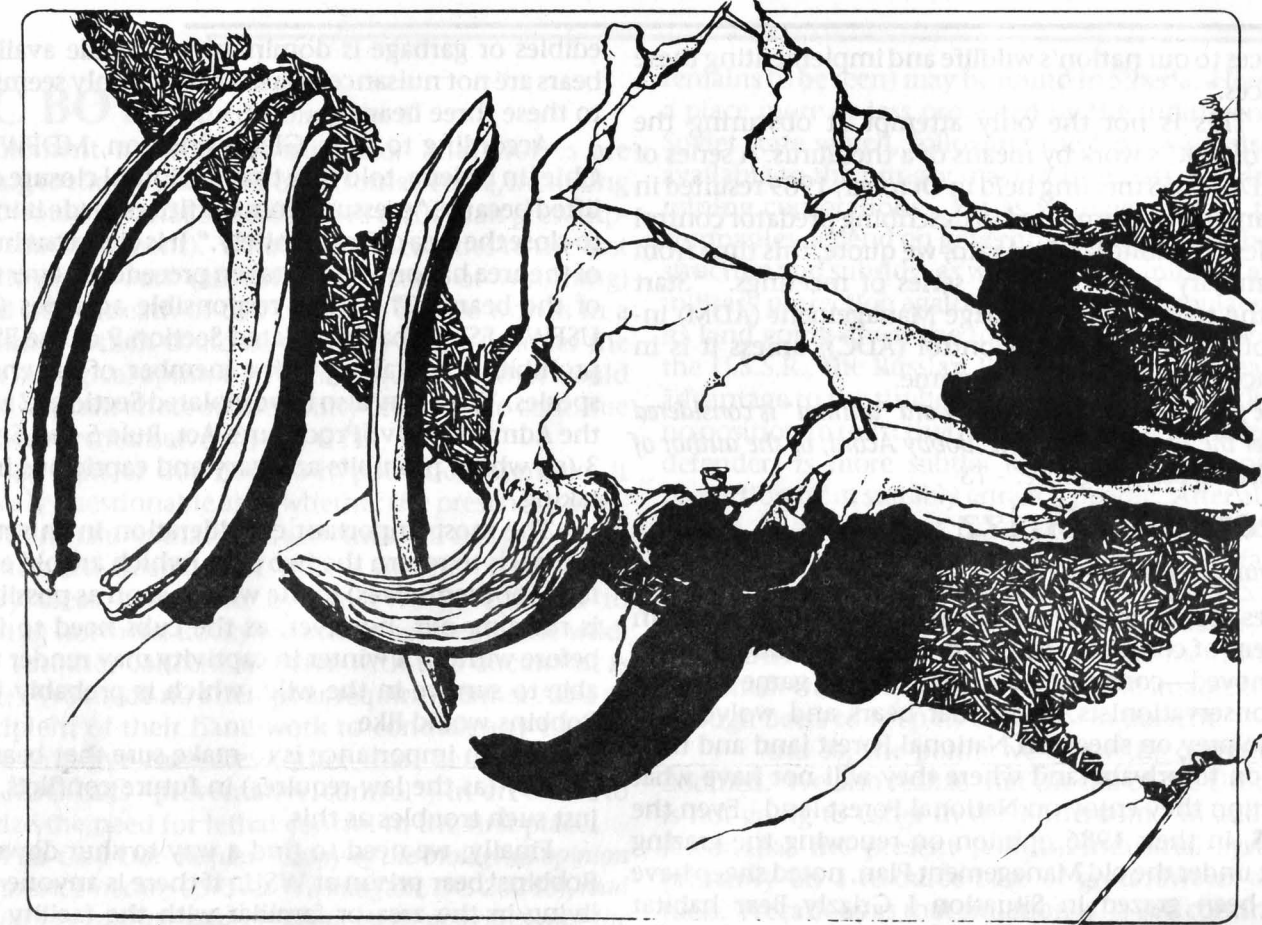
The most important consideration in this matter, of course, is to return the two cubs (which are old enough to fend for themselves) to the wild as soon as possible. Time is running out, however, as the cubs need to find dens before winter. A winter in captivity may render them less able to survive in the wild, which is probably just what Robbins would like.

Next in importance is to make sure that bears receive priority (as the law requires) in future conflicts, to avoid just such troubles as this.

Finally, we need to find a way to shut down Charlie Robbins' bear prison at WSU. If there is anyone out there living in the area or familiar with the facility who can provide information or visit the facility, we need your help. The penned bears can be "viewed" with prior arrangement—**call Robbins at (509) 335-1119**. As far as we know there are five other grizzlies in captivity at WSU (all declawed), along with four black bears. The other grizzlies (besides Bear 134) are pairs which came there as cubs after their mothers were killed in British Columbia and are now full grown. Robbins claims to be playing a "good samaritan" role in taking bears which would otherwise be destroyed. We are not so sure. According to one friend who visited the facility last year, they have never released an animal and never will. If we have anything to say about it, however, WSU is going to release these cubs! They have done no wrong and belong in the wild, contributing to a bear population which can ill afford the loss of two young females! **FREE THESE GRIZZLY BEARS! DOWN WITH BEAR PRISONS!**

Rick Valois needs your support in his battle for the freedom of the bear cubs. Please write in support of his allegations: **Chris Servheen** N.S. 312, U of M, Missoula, MT 59812 **Charlie Robbins**, WSU, Department of Natural Resource Sciences, Pullman, WA 99164-6410 **Dave Jolly**, Regional Supervisor, USFS, POB 7669, Missoula, MT 59807 **Glenn Erickson**, Bureau Chief, MDFWP, 1420 East Sixth Ave. Helena, MT 59620

I MADE A GALLOWS FOR ME OF MY HOUSE.



Notice: Since the *Review* has been so lame for a while, all bets are off. So if you want to help us out and keep getting this rag, fill out an address card, grab some cashola and mail it to us!!!

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