

RADICAL TO BURN HIGHWAYS WITH FRESNEL LENSES!!!

THE WILD ROCKIES

REVIEW

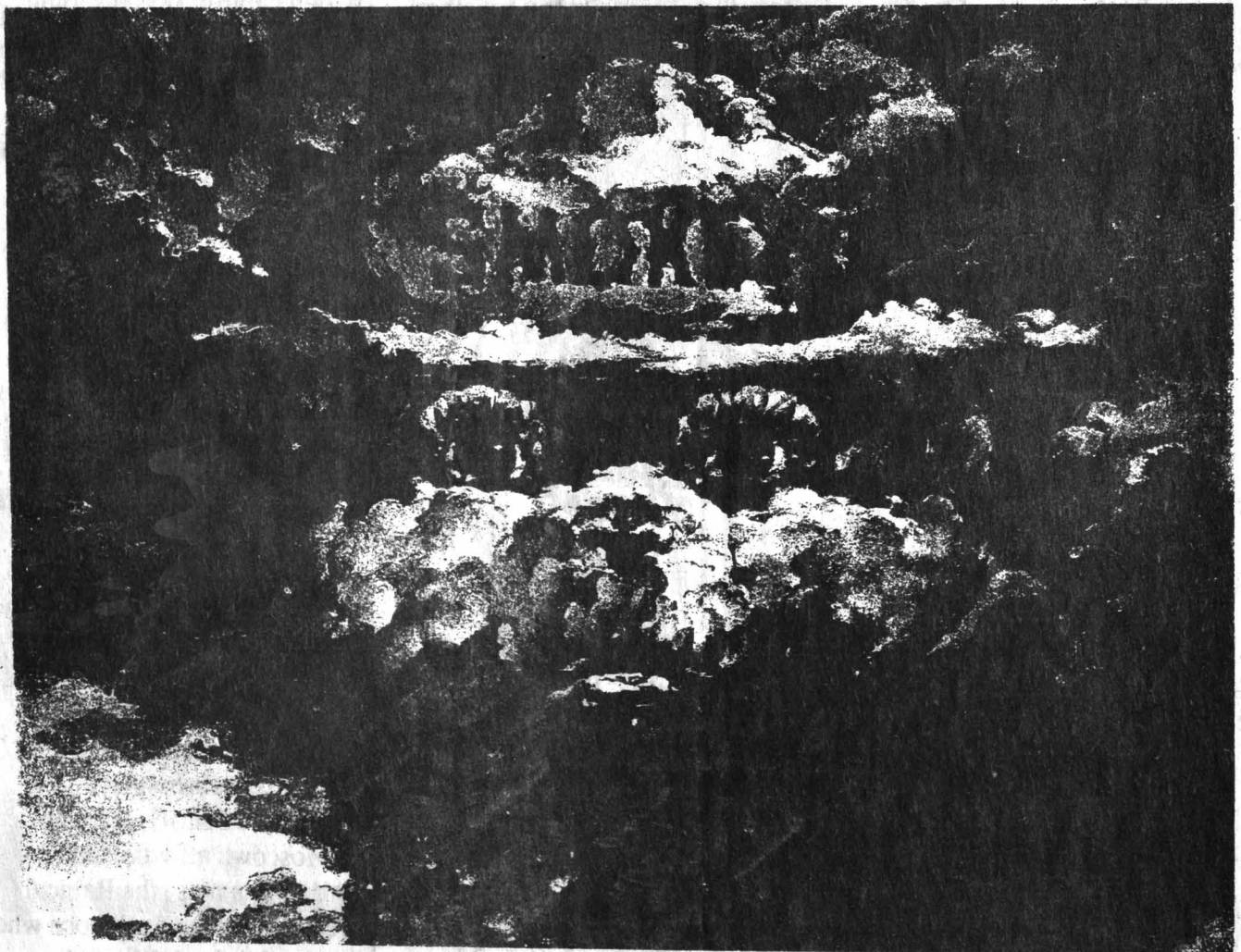
"...A Classic Case of Delivery Style
Obliterating the Intended Message."

—Moscow-Pullman Daily News Editorial, July 4, 1994.

Earth First!ers
Adopt Highway:
"We love 'em!"
says Ramon.



SATANIC FACE OF SMOKEY IN FIRE CLOUD!



Letter from the Editor

(just a little guy with some delusions of grandeur)

So I'm sitting around Latah County Jail in Moscow, Idaho. I'm doing time for blocking roadbuilding in Cove/Mallard. I got off easy- just two days.

The record for this year is twenty.

If you hadn't noticed, the Wild Rockies are under siege. From wolf hunters to timber pimps, gold mines to spent nuclear fuel, we've got a hell of a fight ahead of us. The Contract on America is stripping environmental law left and right, so we can't have any more delusions of relying on the government to save us. That which is gained by legislation can be taken away by legislation.

So whatcha gonna do, treehugger? Gonna sit on your ass and complain? Gonna go get drunk? Do a few more bong hits? Well, if that's your only response, then fuck off. Go join the Wilderness Society or something. But if, whenever you sober up, you're ready to act, then listen up.

The time for lawyers is past. This is the time for warriors. This is the time to fight for our land. Nonviolent direct action is all that stands between the Wild Rockies and ecological devastation. Throw your body in the gears, or if not your body, then some

sand, a beer can, a wooden shoe, or whatever comes to hand. The machine must be stopped now, while we have something left to defend.

Winter solstice is a time for rebirth, a time for beginnings. So what are you doing this winter? Start shedding those things you don't need- a job, a house, a social life, etc. Get your affinity group together. Get your gear together. Get your shit together and go.

Capt. Jean-Luc Picard



The Wild Rockies Review

The *Wild Rockies Review* is a freely distributed, nonprofit newsletter newsletter written and produced by underfed and deranged guinea pigs. It is supported by reader contributions and what ever other funds we manage to lowbag. The *Review* cheerfully accepts any and all contributions that further biocentric philosophy and direct action in Defense of Mother Earth. If you submit under a *nom de guerre*, we'd much rather not know who you really are. It makes things easier when being *questioned*. All material in this newsletter may be freely copied.

Our address is:

The Wild Rockies EF! Review
PO Box 9286
Missoula, MT 59807

The editors of this edition are Yeti, Keke Gina, and J.L.P. We would like to humbly say thanks to those who helped to make this happen including the Northern Rockies Lowbagger Association, Keke and Catina, Marigold and O.J., Kristin, James, Albert Hoffman, Tim, all the bands who played the benefit, the Frito-Lay dumpster in Moscow, all who contributed to this mag, the Radical Weatherman, and all those who love and defend the Wild.

Seasons greetings from Wild Rockies Earth First!



Fuck you! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Log haulers take up the monkeywrench

In the last week of October, night work aficionados got to take a well deserved break when log haulers turned on each other. During a recent labor dispute, several parked logging trucks in Missoula had their oil pan nuts loosed and road spikes took out a half dozen sets of tires. Keep up the good work guys!

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Dynamite, Dams, and Orange Jumpsuits

- Thoughts from the Latah County Jail

He proclaims his love for salmon, for life, and paces--engulfed in gray monotony, talking of death. I see a manic carrot, ranting, functionally bent. A good person to know, under the circumstances. A good person to know anytime--especially if you want to soar.

Soaring's illegal, but that's not why were here anyway.

River loves salmon. I love forests. Dams destroy salmon. Machines build roads that destroy forests. Dynamite removes dams. Bodies secured with kryptonite locks block machines. At least that's one version. There are other versions. I'm not overly fond of that version. Then again, I'm in orange, another manic carrot.

Nope, I'm not objective. Objectivity stinks - like a pulp mill. So do people in orange, but for different reasons.

Dead salmon stink. So do dead forests. The former has the odor of a process 10,000 years old. The latter's stench is like Lewiston, a pulp mill town. A voice on the other side of the vertical door slot, the good side, shouts my last name. Oh joy, maybe it's time for Stu, my conspiratorial comrade, and me to visit the combination library/gym. Such efficiency, packing different functions into one cheery room. We could choose to read toxic, ink-splattered books, thumbing through pages manufactured at dioxin-producing pulp mills. Uplifting titles like Courageous Prisoners of the Bible, Tempestuous Passion, and the classic from Dostoyevsky, Crime and Punishment, grace the shelves. Or we could decide to pump iron smelted in some pleasant place like Pittsburgh or Osaka, probably Osaka.

But first must come ritual--the warm magic of human touch--where the good blue/gray-suited

people stroke the bad orange-suited people all over their bodies, soothing the savage beast. As in all rituals, there is a moral lesson to be imparted. Repetition is the key, for those in orange are ethically bankrupt and need constant reminding.

I'm anxious anticipation, I don my mismatched slippers. They're comfortable despite the wear--undoubtedly manufactured by slave labor in some

Third-World sweat shop like Shanghai slum, a Guatemala village, or an Arkansas penal institution.

Stu doesn't accompany me because I'm not going to visit the multipurpose room.

Rather, two friendly people--dressed in uniforms of the good--want to talk with me. I don't feel like chatting. In so stating, I say too much.

Upon my return, River stares knowingly and remarks how they're trying to frame me for something else. He expresses familiarity with the routine. I

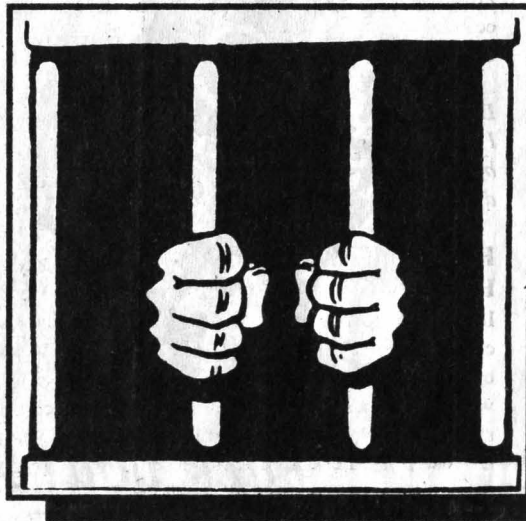
nod and commit another sin, verbalizing a noun, a proper one, no less, "i got Mirandaized." But it isn't my fault, that grammatical faux pas. I heard it from one of the good people in blue/gray. Maybe I am an asshole, an arrogant one.

During dreamtime nothing changes except the omniscient camera records all--my nightmare of lengthened tenure.

Yet, on the appointed day, I follow Stu out the gates. Maybe it's a dream. Maybe it's real. I suppose it doesn't matter.

Well, salmon need forests. Forests need salmon. Rivers are wild. I need wildness. And, wildness is life.

The sky is bleeding and I am wet. I think of River, his stories of crank suppositories and packed bowls. But mostly I think of next time. There's always a next time, a fucking next time. - Caninus Rudicus



Letters to the Editor:

The mad rantings and twisted opinions expressed in these letters do not necessarily represent the views of the Wild Rockies Review.

TO HOST OR NOT TO HOST?

While WREF! braves treacherous roads, subzero temperatures, and hostile "locals" to scout potential sites for this summer's RRR, the debate over where to hold the festivities continues. Some have suggested that the Comstock Mine (Ramon's personal playground for the best of the drunkest and crudest of the nation's finest politically incorrect activists) should play host to the rondy. They feel that by having the rondy on private land we will not have to worry about the new "Rainbow Law" requiring groups of over 70 people to obtain a permit from the local freddies in order to gather in National Forests. Having it on the land will also allow us to keep out pigs, wise use assholes, or anyone else who might try to screw with our good times. While these are valid arguments, there are a number of logistical problems that makes the land a poor site for the RRR.

1. The land's 20 acres is just too small to host the 200-400 people expected to attend. The most people on the land at one time was about 150 at the beginning of summer in 1993. Can we really stuff twice that many people there this summer?
2. Parking will be a nightmare. It's bad enough when there is only about a dozen cars up there. Its hard to imagine 75-100 vehicles parked cramming for space.
3. 222D is not the best maintained road in Idaho. Heavy rains the week before the rondy could make the road nearly impassible. The road would also make a great place for the freddies to set up an inspection checkpoint to harass folks on their way in and out.
4. The land is far to valuable to the campaign to risk. Most Cove/Mallard activists have been very conscious about the "no drugs rule." We can not, however, realistically expect a RRR to be chemical free. This puts the land at great risk of raid and even confiscation which would suck real bad.
5. The land has no water. Water runs down to the Red River Ranger Station consume time and gas money. What would happen if the brown truck couldn't make it up?
6. We would like to encourage more Native American activists to participate

and provide an enviroment comfortable to a diverse crowd. It would be hard for people who want to concentrate on matters other than beer to find space away from alcohol in such a packed environment.

The land would still play an important role for the rondy. It should be used a supply depot and place where serious action planning can take place away from the chaos and distractions of the party. There are plenty of great spaces in the National Forest to hold the RRR with adequate space, water and good roads. I say fuck the Rainbow Law and lets gather anyway. Lets see those sorry SOBs try to carry off hundreds of screaming drunk radicals, skilled in the art of locking down. It's do or die for Cove/Mallard this summer. The RRR off the land and in the woods is a great way to launch the kind of full scale ecological uprising that is needed to keep Cove/Mallard wild. -B.D.

Dear B.D.,

I think that more discussion is needed before we decide where to put hundreds of drunk radicals.

FUCKIN' TREEHUGGING HIPPIES

If all those guys up at the Cove/Mallard camp (and every other godamned campaign) took a shower every once in a while maybe the logging could get stopped. To stop the largest timber sale in the history of the Wild Rockies, the masses have to be shown the madness of this invasion of our public lands and that means taking a shower or bath included. The easiest way to make people turn their attention away from their T.V. and on to the crisis facing our national forests would be to not only take a shower but actually wear yuppie clothes too. I mean it! Dress up as your favorite Republican and get arrested. Bring out that old suit and tie boys and go to town with your mother's nice Sunday dresses gals. Just imagine the image of an all American suit and tie guy getting dragged off a fuckin' tree krypto necked to it. Now, just imagined if thousands of the business-minded looking bastards did it. What an image! The American public will probably take a look at what was happening if all of you stanky ass hippies actually looked decent instead of looking like you just swam in your own shit. The American public would then take action like they did in the wake of the Civil Rights Movement. I think everyone

from now on should either (politically correct) wear a suit or a dress in all of the actions in all of the campaigns in all of the bioregions in all of the continents from and forever now on!! Dig deep and find that biocentric element within yourself and really reflect on the reasons that you are an eco-warrior and then go and grab that shower and hop right into that suit or dress. If you love the Earth you will do it for Her, Now! Or the Earth will be "forever fucked". -K. Khaukula

Dear K. Khaukula,

You are "forever fucked". Not for your opinion, which does hold some weight, but for your commanding attitude. You act like you are diety or something. Besides those folks up on the land have no running water.

JAILED ACTIVIST

Good people of Cove/Mallard,
Greetings from California!

This letter reaches out to you from Pelican Bay State Prison. I am an animal rights activist imprisoned here since 1993. I am a long time supporter of E.F.! My name is Wayne Cody Lassell. I'm writing to ask your help. I am desperate for some quality contact with other animal/earth aware people. This place is bone-deep lonely. Maybe you could post this plea? Maybe pass it along? Maybe answer it yourself? Any help you might be able to give would be appreciated more than I can hope to explain. Thanks for listening, and thanks for your commitment to the planet we share. I hope to hear from you.

"Captively" yours,
Wayne Cody Lassell-D71733
Box 7500 B4-108
Crescent City, CA 95531-7500

The Wild Rockies Review wants to hear from you. If you or yo mama has anything rude, crude, insulting, or informative to tell us, please write us at:
Wild Rockies Review
PO Box 9286,
Missoula, MT 59807

Remembering the Wolverine

—by Conrad Mellish

Don't look now but a wolverine could be watching you. Wolverines could be virtually anywhere in the mountains of the western US, but even though they're the largest of the mustelids you're unlikely to see one of these elusive critters. Wolverines make a difficult study; they shun human activity, preferring to reside and hide in roadless and inaccessible reaches.

Biologists feel that wolverines are on the increase, yet lack hard numbers to validate that hunch. In fact, very little is known about wolverine population biology and its dynamics. Even under ideal conditions (lots of food) wolverine densities are extremely low, topping out at about one per 25 square miles (one per 40 sq. mi., more realistically), comparable to grizzly bear densities in occupied habitat. These low densities make wolverines vulnerable to local extinction.

Their habits and scarcity also make it hard to document their presence. Though employing diverse methods, biologists have not had great success in finding wolverines even where they are known to exist. Just one example: a winter survey on snowmobile in the Clearwater National Forest of Idaho only encountered one set of tracks in 628 miles of riding. Thus the conclusions of many Biological Evaluations, EAs and EISs, that wolverines are not an issue, seem capricious; rather, special measures seem warranted to document conclusively their presence or absence in a project area.

WOLVERINES' LEGAL STATUS AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

Only Colorado has declared the wolverine endangered under state law. California and Oregon list it as threatened, and Idaho and Washington as a protected non-game species. In Montana, the only state considered to have a widespread and viable population, wolverines are still classed as furbearers subject to commercial trapping.

Their federal status, listed as Category 2 (C2) by the US Fish and Wildlife Service, reflects the undeveloped state of Wolverine research. Category 2 species are considered possibly appropriate for listing under the Endangered Species Act, yet conclusive evidence of their vulnerability is lacking.

Forest Service Regions 1, 4 and 6 (and proposed in 5) list wolverines as Sensitive—a species whose viability is a concern because of likely downward trends in numbers and densities, or threats to habitat. There is, in fact, every reason to expect, and to be alarmed over threats and their consequences.

Sensitive and C2 status brings into play Forest Service

Manual regulations when the impacts of projects are being evaluated. These regulations, however, are routinely not applied to wolverines, and need to be raised in appeals on their behalf.

As stated, it is difficult to document the presence of wolverines. Without conclusive evidence otherwise, it may be fairly assumed that wolverines could be present. In that case the regulations alluded to above become pertinent.

Warning: I will now brief you on these regulations. If they are too dry for you, skip to the next section for a glimpse at the life of a *Gulo gulo*. Appeal freely! (Note: these regs can be applied to any sensitive species.)

Regarding biological analyses, FSM 2672.4 requires: Review all Forest Service planned, funded, executed, or permitted programs and activities for possible effects on endangered, threatened, proposed, or sensitive species...Document the findings of the biological evaluation in the decision notice.

Regarding protection of sensitive species FSM 2672.1 requires:

Sensitive species of native plant and animal species must receive special management emphasis to ensure their viability and to preclude trends toward endangerment that would result in the need for Federal listing.

There must be no impacts to sensitive species without an analysis of the significance of adverse effects on the population, its habitat, and on the viability of the species as a whole. It is essential to establish population viability objectives when making decisions that would significantly reduce sensitive species numbers.

And in FSM 2670.32 we find:

Avoid or minimize impacts to species whose viability has been identified as a concern....If impacts cannot be avoided, analyze the significance of potential adverse effects on the population or its habitat within the area of concern and on the species as a whole...the decision must not result in loss of species viability or create significant trends toward Federal listing...Establish management objectives...when projects on National Forest System lands may have a significant effect on sensitive species population numbers or distributions.

Further, FSM 2621.1 requires that the Forest Service: [C]onsider for selection [as Management Indicator Species] all sensitive species in the plan or project area.

On the proactive side, FSM 2621.2 requires: [U]nits must develop conservation strategies for those sensitive species whose continued existence may be negatively affected by the forest plan or a proposed

project...Base the assessment on the current geographic range of the species and the area affected by the plan or project...Identify and consider...distribution of habitats, genetics, demographics, habitat fragmentation, and risk associated with catastrophic events...Display findings under the various management alternatives considered in the plan or project (including the no-action alternative).

While you're at it, throw in a few regulations based on NFMA. Here are some favorites: 36 CFR 219.19:

...a viable population shall be regarded as one which has the estimated numbers and distribution of reproductive individuals to insure its continued existence is well distributed in the planning area. In order to insure that viable populations will be maintained, habitat must be provided to support, at least, a minimum number of reproductive individuals and that habitat must be well distributed so that those individuals can interact with others in the planning area.

(3) Biologists from State fish and wildlife agencies and other Federal agencies shall be consulted in order to coordinate planning for fish and wildlife, including opportunities for the reintroduction of extirpated species.

36 CFR 219.27(a)(b):

(6) Provide for adequate fish and wildlife habitat to maintain viable populations of existing native vertebrate species and provide that habitat for species chosen under § 219.19 is maintained and improved to the degree consistent with multiple-use objectives established in the plan;

(8) Include measures for preventing the destruction or adverse modification of critical habitat for threatened and endangered species;

LIFESTYLES OF THE OBSCURE AND FURRED

Is it any surprise that the legend of the vicious and aggressive wolverine is no more than the usual negative rap bestowed on predators? Actually, while wolverines will on occasion go after large game, especially if it is bogged down in snow, wolverines are primarily scavengers that subsist on carrion. Rather than hunting, they are described as 'looking for something to eat.' Or, more accurately, *sniffing* for something. Ungulate carrion is the bulk of the wolverine diet, and the population may cycle with its availability. They may also be somewhat dependent on other predators (such as wolves) to provide carcasses for scavenging. Wolverines have a high

metabolism and death from starvation is not unusual. Their activity is ongoing, in perhaps three to four hour cycles of foraging and resting. They will eat anything they can find, even sniffing out rodents and carrion under deep snow and digging them out. They search brush piles, heavy cover, snow-free areas under trees, and log jams; this curiosity makes them extremely vulnerable to trapping.

Though wolverines are noted for their ability to escape from traps, humans are the single biggest cause of death for them. They are also vulnerable to predation from mountain lions, bears both grizzly and black, and possibly from wolves. Should humans, starvation, or predators not get them wolverines appear to live about eight years.

Wolverines prefer roadless, inaccessible areas. While they have been observed crossing clearcuts, they do so running in a straight line with head erect, a sharp contrast to their usual meandering style through the forest. In remote areas they utilize a variety of habitat types, their concern seeming to be a large, diverse prey base rather than any particular vegetation or topography. Still, they are found most often in fir/spruce forest riparian areas. Wolverines occupy higher habitats in summer

than in winter. In Montana they range from about 5760 ft (1920 m) down to at least 3500 ft. (1167 m).

Wolverines routinely travel long distances daily in their search for food. Thirty kilometers would not be excessive. They have large home ranges (about 422 km² for males and 388 km² for females) and use the same areas year after year. The male's home range typically encompasses the ranges of two or three females. Territories are marked with musk, urine and feces and by chewing or scratching trees. Though loyal to the home range they wander far out of it and are not limited in movements by mountains, water or highways. Wolverines of different territories have been observed congregating around abundant food.

Three-year-old wolverines can breed. Most mate in early summer, though the season runs from late spring through early fall. Two or three kits are born between February and April; they are weaned at about 7-8 weeks and leave the den at 12-14 weeks. By early winter they have reached adult size. Not all females breed each year (perhaps only 50%). This also contributes to low population densities.

No specific habitat is associated with wolverine dens but the presence of snow seems to be important. They often choose a narrow defile and excavate a den—sometimes with two entrances—up to 60 meters long, with one or two main



Continued On Pg. 23.....

Hippie Christmas

Early on a springtime dawn,
as the robins chirp and bubble,
the dumpster-diver plies his trade
a-sifting through the rubble.
The college students have departed
and in their frenzied haste,
they leave the dumpsters overfull
with treasures not with waste!
There's nothing wrong with living off
what other folks discard.
The dirty looks of passers-by
the diver'll disregard.
The dumpster-diver knows his route,
he needn't search too far;
just pick out all the good stuff
and toss it in his car.
Hop onto the loading dock,
peer into the pile,
then jump down in and paw about,
whistling all the while.
A desk perhaps, an armchair,
some notebooks, pens and tools:
he can't believe the stuff
they throw away, the silly fools!
His spring wardrobe waits
in the bottom of the bin,
lots of broke-in wearables
to cover up his skin.
Heaps of packaged goodies,
edibles galore,
no need for dumpster-diver
to waste time in a store!
If they lock up all the dumpsters,
the diver is no chump,
for he knows the next horizon
is the county dump!

For those that don't mind diggin'
through piles of muck and funk,
there's a world of treasure
just lurking in the junk.
Be sure to wear some gloves and duds
that you don't care about,
and be sure what you get into
you can still get out!

—Restless

Here We Come!

'96 Round River Rendezvous to be held at Cove/Mallard in Idaho

Yes, the rumors are true. The 1996 National EF! Rony will be held in the area of the contentious Cove/Mallard timber sales. In July, central Idaho will play host to 300-400 of the best-behaved people on the planet. Organizers and committee members aim to make this one of the most memorable reunions ever, so make your vacation plans now (those of you who "work" at "jobs" and need to ask "superiors" for "vacation time".)

As a kick-off to this event, another Cove/Mallard "walk for the Wilderness" will occur during the latter part of June. Details are still being worked out, but we can tell you this much:

A) It will involve outreach with local communities, including logging and mill towns,

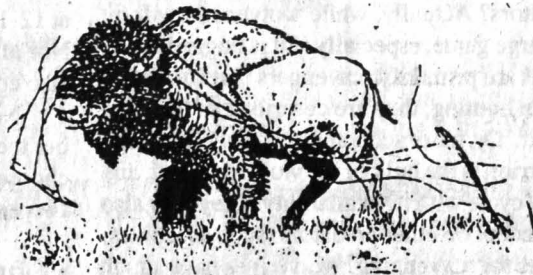
B) Native Americans from the Nez Perce tribe are part of the organizing effort and will join us on our trek, and

C) It will be alcohol-free. If you can't hack a week or more without your daily ration of beer, then skip the walk and go directly to the Rony!

Watch the EF! journal for details as they develop. We expect there will be a "Blank Wall" in May with dates, maps, and everything you need to know to make this one of the most blah-de-blah and blah-de-blah Rondys since the last most blah-de-blah and blah-de-blah Rony!

See you there.

Anonymous



Blasting the Machine

Dear EF!

Here is an ad for some basic equipment for the manufacture of Roadless Areas. I have not yet tried it out myself but at least it looks promising enough that I thought someone might think it worth the investment to test it. Some experimenting would no doubt be needed to discover the most effective way to employ it.

Note: Iron melts at 2700°F."

Within the above text we discover the evidence of a mounting plot to destroy our society and way of life! It has been disclosed (from sources I can not reveal at this time) that there are individuals and groups (possibly whole organizations) who are planning to employ this fiendish device—the Fresnel lens—to destroy highways, jets, nuclear power plants, hydroelectric dams, bridges, skyscrapers, aircraft carriers, railroads, high-tension power lines, supermarkets, bulldozers, household appliances and small pieces of paper.

Be aware! Look out for fresnel lenses in such places as the rear windows of vans and on the light-table surface of overhead projectors.

If you see a fresnel lens, alert the FBI immediately! Remember: Your neighbor could be an environmentalist.

Open Letter to the People of Idaho -

Don't give in to the corporate machine

The following letter was sent to the editor of every major newspaper covering Idaho. Needless to say, it didn't get printed anywhere. Fortunately, we here at the Review aren't proud. We'll print anything.

So here goes.

Dear Idaho;
Welcome to the 21st Century. Mad Max and fictional world are frighteningly close to reality and there's no time to waste whining or pontificating about it.

All over the globe ecosystems are laid to waste, and as a result vast numbers of many species, including humans, die agonizing deaths. Armageddon, Apocalypse—whatever you call it—is right here in our faces; we have met the enemy, and he is us.

Problem is, we don't know this yet. Uncle Sam and his corporate sponsors see to it that the grocery stores are packed full of mass-produced junk-food and the continuous stream of video trash flows unimpeded—for those with the money to buy such "delights," that is. We're led to believe that luxury and convenience should be lifelong pursuits, so we take "jobs" to earn a monthly allotment of money we can hand it over to Uncle Sam and Wall Street, in exchange for Big Macs, Baywatch, and Nintendo. American mass media gives us O.J. Simpson while people starve, wars are waged, and entire forests are obliterated—all part of the corporate agenda.

Uncle Sam is a ruthless hierarchy commanded by well-funded, corporate-approved career politicians. It decides what (if anything) we're to hear about war in the Balkans, revolution in Mexico, rampant melanoma outbreaks among people across the Southern Hemisphere, wholesale slaughter on Ruby Ridge and outside of Waco, and CIA manipulation

of business transactions involving drugs, money, weapons, and hostages across Latin America and the Middle East.

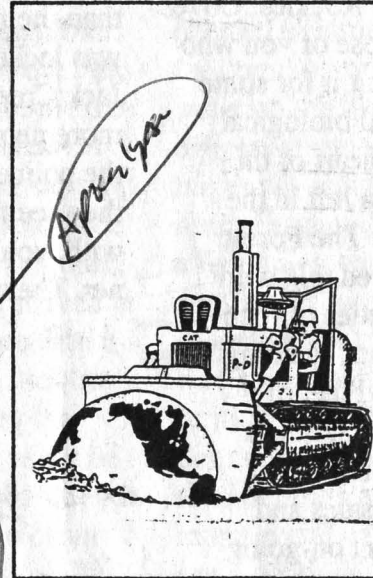
The Third World is huge. Around the planet it sprawls, from the dusty savanna villages of East Africa to the ghettos and industrial complexes of North America, from crumbling timber communities in Oregon to cancer-stricken farming communities around Chernobyl. The "Third World" really wasn't so until very recently. Then along came the World Bank, the United Nations, Wall Street, and Uncle Sam's mighty military machine to tell the natives in all these

places that they had a better plan for every one.

This plan, called neocolonialism, means unsustainable extractive practices regarding natural resources and blatantly exploitative policies imposed on all natives of the region—whether they be trees, fish, or human families. It's relatively easy to carry out—pay off the local power barons, move in the machines, promise the locals jobs and income, run them off their land, subvert the local economy, rape the entire ecosystem, cash in at the bank, and split, leaving nothing but debt and desert to the natives.

The American economy operates on the Lead Standard; anybody whose standards impede such "progress" gets pumped full of lead. Ask any tax resister, the peasant population of an Arab country nationalizing its oil reserves, or American Indian activists on the reservation or south of the U.S. border. This plan is often gift-wrapped and passed off under names like NAFTA and GATT. At other times it is imposed upon us all more forcefully—

Continued on Pg. 22



Cove/Mallard: *Strange Tales From* *Defending the Big Wild* - by Mike for Seeds of Peace

This summer continued with our support of activists opposing the largest timber sale in the history of the Northern Rockies. Cove/Mallard (for those of you who don't know about it for some reason) is a vital biological corridor in the heart of the largest wild area left in the lower 48 states. The Forest Service has slated this wild place for 145 miles of road and 200 clearcuts, yielding 80 million board feet of timber. Since 1993, Seeds has supported activists opposing these sales and has conducted an on-going educational campaign.

Unlike last years relaxing little vacation and research extravaganza, this summer had plenty of action, as Forest Service and their contractors tried to build the Jack Road. We, of course, did our best to stop construction by concocting some scheme every week. It was apparent from the very first that the government was going to ignore us and hope we would go away. During the third week in June, we moved out of base camp and set up vigils/actions at both the Jack and Noble timber sale project areas. At Noble, our friend, "Ramblin' Dan," wore a chain

necklace for the better part of five days. The freddies were more interested in our banner than the fact that "Ramblin'" was locked to the gate. Over at Jack Creek, we buried two more people in the road. When the police arrived on the scene they seemed more concerned with, you guessed it, the banner. The sheriff finally reacted

that would actually stop construction and make the freddies react.

The following week we were able to accomplish both goals when Ric blocked logging operations on Noble Road for a couple hours. Things were a bit diccy, as the cops took three hours to arrive leaving us to deal with some

very irate loggers. The said loggers had at one point dragged the gate open while Ric was attached to it. At around the same time the freddies slapped a closure order on both sale areas making it a federal misdemeanor to check up on whether they were following their own laws. (Nez Perce National Forest is notorious for blatantly ignoring laws that might cause them to reconsider even for a moment, not completing the Cove/Mallard death project) This measure did little to deter us from our desperate and determined efforts to save this Wild place.

In early July, with most of Seeds at this years Forest Action Camp, and others still returning from the RRR, we managed to get the freddies attention again. The five of us in camp worked it



when one Mr. Brown attached himself to his bumper. Thus we had our first arrest of the summer. Dispirited but not defeated we slunk back to base camp to hatch some schemes

out so two arrestees and two support headed to the Jack sale for an action, while the last person stayed home. The two managed to block construction of Jack road for four hours and cause Santa Claus (a civil freddie cop impersonator) to beg them to simply walk away and quit bugging him. The two did not comply and were subsequently arrested, then cited and released.

By the time mid July rolled around we again put our little heads together and came up with the idea of doing a tree sit as volunteers were available and we had the stuff we needed. This was to follow up on our tripod action on Noble Road. Not really a failure, but the anticipated guests, namely the loggers and Forest Service, failed to show up for our party. So we sent out a scouting team to find a place where we were certain our antic would stop the road and cause the cops to lose sleep figuring out how to get our people down. We found a magical grove of spruce located along the purposed Jack Road that seemed perfect. The area had huge trees that were between 300 and 500 years old. There is a beautiful little creek that runs nearby for water and it looked damn near impossible for the road builders to get around our two sitters. Considering how the cops were ignoring us it was relatively easy to spend a warm Sunday afternoon setting our birds into the higher reaches of two lovely

trees. Everyone was prepared for the next day and things went extremely well. We had finally stopped construction. The two sawyers who came were not too pleased, but no more hostile than usual. After cutting for an hour they left. No cops came, but we could hear the yarder coming even closer.

Just how much the Feds were losing sleep about the tree sit became apparent on a routine water run with the brown truck. Shortly after we began cleaning our water tank, four federal law boys arrived in two trucks. They immediately positioned their trucks so they blocked any escape for the Seeds vehicle, as if I might be able to escape them in a one ton truck. We continued to clean our water tank of dirt until it

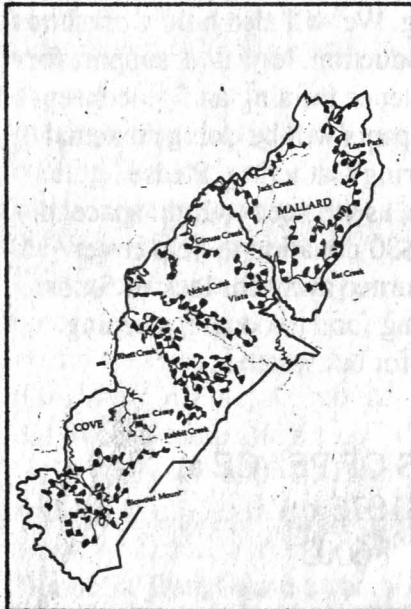
became obvious they were going to insist on talking to us. The long and short of this was that they were fishing for info on the afore mentioned tree-sit. Not finding me a very good informer on whether the sitters would come down when told they were arrested, the cops decided to issue us a warning for dumping two gallons of water on the black top. The officer informed me that it might put sediment into a nearby stream. This while only a few miles away forest service contractors were pouring sediment into Jack Creek which was going into Big Mallard (critical habitat for Chinook Salmon) due to this logging and road building activities. At any rate, several days later these same gentlemen arrived on

Seeds: activists gathering in Spring '96

This next year we will be holding another gathering in the spring. Plans include an experiential workshop on straw bale construction of a small dwelling. We will also hold workshops on feeding the masses, food production, logistical support for direct action, outreach, non-violence training and peacekeeping. The culmination for participants will be doing an actual action for the Big Mountain Spring Gathering. Please let us know if you plan to attend soon, as we need to limit space to 25 people. We are asking for a \$30 donation to help cover costs, although no one will be turned away for lack of funds. Dates are May 16-22, 1996, bring food to donate, sleeping bag, warm clothes, and clothes for hot weather.

Contact SEEDS OF PEACE at
PO Box 31076
Flagstaff, AZ 86003

We went home, mad and a bit distressed, but we're tenacious and just won't leave an impossible situation, not with so much at stake. Since the Forest Service was not interested in coming to us but more in destroying others homes, we figured we would disrupt them at their little headquarters in Red River and Grangeville. Two activists



In mid August we again pooled our knowledge, resources and bodies to come up with a stunning action for International Wild Rockies Day. At about midnight on august 17, in the mist of a rain storm we arrived at the entrance to the Jack Creek Road Building Project. It was chilly and pouring down rain, none the less we quickly went to work. Several hours latter the front of the road had changed substantially. If you had walked up that way, the first thing you would have encountered was Karen and Mike chained to a makeshift table, serving coffee and donuts. Near them doing support was Jill and Troy. Behind the table was the first tripod, with Otis perched in the

At about 6 am, Monty, a security guard volunteer pulled up from behind us. Monty was a bit upset and asked whether he should shoot us or not. He was not too impressed with Mark's answer which was to offer him coffee and donuts. Monty left the scene and was soon replaced by road builders who kept their distance. Some time later the Freddie's arrived and we had a lively debate about Cove/Mallard. None of the above loggers or feds wanted our donuts or coffee, so we ate and drank the stuff ourselves. It took the cops another six hours to arrive on the scene. During that time several shots were fired and we were offered quite a few unfriendly threats from the growing crowd of workers who could not get to the job site. Finally, around 1 pm, the Federal cops, assisted by Idaho County cops and loggers came to take us away. One of the loggers spotted Sarah in the bushes, caught her and then brought her up to our location. They were very rude, kicking Adams' tripod at one point. We were then driven to the pokey.

We spent the night there, then were driven six hours on a school bus to the

Federal Building. Then we were released pending our trial which was set for Oct. 18. The action and defendants soon became known as the "Dirty Dozen."

That same day in the later afternoon the rest of the folks from camp headed down to Nez Perce Forest Headquarters in Grangeville. Their mission was to talk to Hal Salwasswer, the new head of Region One for the Forest Service, about the Cove/Mallard timber sales. The Forest Service had billed Hal's visit as an open house for the public. Our crew soon discovered that the open part of it did not include them. Upon arrival Hal actually came out to have a meaningless conversation with Jake from NFN. We knew not much was going to happen when Hal's first comment to Jake was, "Man, you stink."

Shortly after Jake's talk with Hal, the rest of us arrived including the two large Salmon, wanting to know why they were chocking on seditment. Of course the cops (lots of them) showed up in a hurry. Ranger Ed Wood of Red River played guardian of the door refusing to let any of us in to the open house. Ranger Ed's response as to why was simply that he was not going to waste his breath on explaining. In the end two people were arrested for being on the roof and one woman for trying to observe the arrest.

The last major action of the summer occurred one early morning in late August. Captain Kirk and Picard cleverly attached themselves to three cement barrels, thus blocking Jack Creek Road for several hours. Unfortunately for the two captains, the cement was not quite set. This resulted in their quick removal by law officers, who simply shoveled out the cement until the captains were released. During a subsequent trial they each received two days in jail and a \$400 fine. September was a month marked by continued documentation of Forest Service violations of environmental laws. This info was given to the Idaho Sportsmen Congress, to aid them in their efforts to get a permanent injunction halting the Cove/Mallard timber sales. October became the scene of another crazed trial, this time for the "Dirty Dozen." The trial lasted a stultifying five days of legal theatrics. We had twelve lawyers, one for each defendant. The trial proceeded with the government's case. The usual cast of lying cops were rotated through the witness box. Our lawyers were very thorough in pointing out the inconsistencies in their various statements. Our defense was based on necessity, but our lawyers had added selective prosecution, outrageous government conduct, and violation of the 1st Amendment rights to the mix. Once the

government had rested their case it was our turn to present our case. We were hopeful we would be allowed to talk about the illegal actions of the Forest Service. Judge William quickly dispelled that hope by eliminating that defense during testimony by Mike Peterson of Inland Empire (a group dedicated to monitoring timber sales for environmental legislation.) We then had a string of forest officials, including the top three managers of Nez Perce National Forest - Ed Wood, Elaine Murphy and Ehor who all admitted we were denied permits to enter the closed area because we were environmentalists. Mike King admitted he had done nothing to investigate or follow up on a letter we had sent Jack Ward Thomas documenting numerous violations with the sales. The judge found us all guilty, which was not surprising. The most moving part of the trial was the only time the defendants spoke to the court. Twelve humans spoke out for the wildness of Cove/Mallard and why they had felt moved to come to its defense. We wish there was space to give you all twelve of those statements in this article. Ten of us were sentenced to five days in jail. We knew we had won a small victory when the judge agreed we had engaged in an act of civil disobedience.

Logging will continue

Cove/Mallard Cont....

in Cove/Mallard unless many more people dedicate themselves to its defense. This sale is the first in a series of road building projects planned for the unprotected wild lands of the Greater Salmon/Selway. If we can succeed in stopping the government here, we can do it in the rest of the ecosystem. To do that we need your help this winter and next summer.

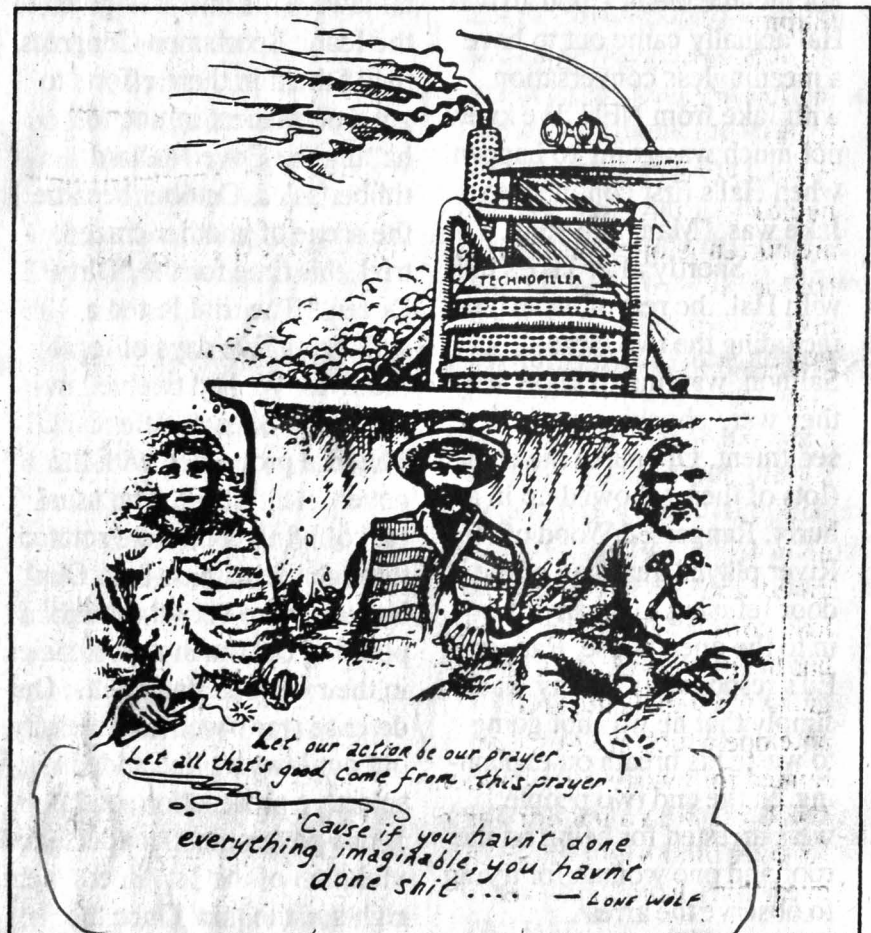
Bodies Are Objects

by Nat Scat

**Bodies are objects
The sheriff kicks our
tripod to see if it fall
Someone's neck about to
snap
But bodies are objects
and we are the peasants
the King has spoken
I own this public forest
You are trespassing on
my land
and you can't have public
documents
Cuz you might find...
Bodies are objects
A young woman faces off
Mr. Smug
played out on a video
tape
in the federal courtroom
"i wouldn't waste my
breath on
you ." he snarls**

**to the woman demanding
to know
why she won't be let in.
Bodies are objects
pieces of slash
The judge blinks when
told
he is a mere cog
The trees
The Goshawk
The Streams
Can't be in the court
room
We are speaking for
them
for no one else can
Silence = Death
Justice once more struck**

**down
For Bodies are Objects
Trees are board feet
critters are to be "Man-
aged"
wildness must be tamed
whether humans or na-
ture
justice struck down once
again
which excites us to speak
up more
louder To Scream
To stand our ground
cuz we know
silence = death
Dedicated to the Dirty Dozen**



INEL Threatens Wild Rockies with their Nuclear Sewage

Several years ago, Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus stood up to the US government in an act of civil disobedience. He stood on the railroad tracks, backed by state troopers, and blocked a shipment of spent nuclear fuel. Faced with powerful opposition, the US backed down and stopped the shipments. When the current governor, Phil Batt, took office, he vowed that the shipments would not resume. In an incredible show of political courage, he has since swallowed his pride and caved in to the US. Shipments resumed this fall. The Idaho National Engineering Laboratory (INEL) sits near Idaho Falls, atop the Snake River aquifer. It contains 52 nuclear reactors, of which 13 are currently operable. This is the largest concentration of nuclear reactors in the world. INEL has had 42 reactor meltdowns. It's hard enough to believe that 16 were accidental, but try this: 26 were on purpose. One reactor actually blew up in 1961. Three workers were killed, and had to be buried in lead coffins. The Snake River has been contaminated, as have grazing sheep, cattle and antelope which are raised or hunted for human consumption. INEL has been a nuclear dump for over forty years, accepting everything from low-level

radioactive waste to spent nuclear fuel, as well as creating its own nuclear waste. The current plan, supported by the Department of Energy (DOE) and the U.S. Navy, involves using INEL as one of three sites in the country which will store spent nuclear fuel for forty years, at which time the DOE claims it will know what to do with it. In the meantime, waste will be shipped from the Navy's nuclear fleet, domestic commercial reactors, DOE reactors and foreign research reactors. Trucks and trains will haul nuclear waste across the country to get here. DOE has been playing an elaborate shell game with spent nuclear fuel. The department doesn't know how to clean up the messes it's been making for half a century, so it shuffles waste from one place to another, hoping no one will notice. The fact is that this stuff is so lethal, forty years may not give them time to begin figuring out what to do with it. In addition to all this, Chuck Broschious of the Environmental Defense Institute has documented strong evidence that a five-year "cleanup" program currently underway is not what it seems. According to Chuck, "As other DOE sites are being shut down for safety and environmental violations, INEL

is building new production facilities to replace the other closures at Hanford, Rocky Flats, Pantex, Oak Ridge, and Fernald." In other words, INEL is gearing up for weapons production.

We're stuck with nuclear waste. There's no way out of the fact some of it will still be around and deadly in another few billion years. Until then, we need to figure out how we're going to deal with it. It seems like two places to start would be to stop producing it, and to leave what we have where it is. The more we move it around, the more messes we're going to make. And besides, like the billboards say, "Idaho is too great to litter." If we're going to move the stuff around, let's send it to the Pentagon.

Johnny Brainwash.



So who wants to stop these fuckers? We're just starting to organize in Moscow, Idaho. If you want to get in on it, or if you've already got something going on, write to Johnny Brainwash, c/o the Review.

ENVIRONMENTAL RANGERS BIODIVERSITY DEFENSE

—by Avalon

"If a stranger batters down your door with an ax, threatens your family and yourself with deadly weapons, and proceeds to loot your home of whatever he wants, he is committing what is universally recognized—by law and morality—as a crime. In such a situation the householder has both the right and the obligation to defend himself, his family, and his property by whatever means are necessary. This right and this obligation is universally recognized, justified and even praised by all civilized human communities. Self defense against attack is one of the basic laws not only of human society but of life itself. The American wilderness, what little remains, is now undergoing exactly such an assault."—Edward Abbey

World War III is happening right now. It is humanity's war against the planet and the casualties are ever increasing. Fewer and fewer species each year have stable, genetically viable populations, and new threats to population health spring up in today's techno-industrial world as fast as MTV videos. Whole ecosystems seem to be balanced on the edge of what Christopher Manes has called "ecological meltdown."

As the core continues to heat almost unchecked, a growing number of activists are becoming disillusioned with the 'too little, too late' reform efforts of mainstream environmental groups. In response, the radical environmental movement, popularized by Earth First! and the Animal Liberation Front, grows and expands each year. The Environmental Rangers are the latest embodiment of no-compromise activism.

The Environmental Rangers (E Rangers) are an avant-garde group that will redefine the parameters of the radical movement. The E Rangers, a paramilitary organization founded by Ric Valois, are extensively trained, fit, and possess strict standing orders and state-of-the-art firearms.

I met with Ric at an activist strategy conference for the Cove-Mallard campaign. I was at first intimidated by the uniform, his perfect posture and several high-caliber stories

I'd heard last summer which made the E Rangers a favorite topic of conversation. Ric turned out to be a friendly, almost endearing individual. He is an articulate spokesperson for a doctrine of activism born out of the disparity of ecological meltdown. The E Rangers go a step beyond the nonviolence codes held almost religiously by all other groups engaged in direct action or civil disobedience: E Rangers will not be coerced by the heavy-handed methods of armed Forest Service officers.

The paramilitary operations of Forest Service law enforcement have made it possible for timber barons to raze systematically old growth forests in spite of nonviolent activists' diligence and creative protests. The paramilitary operations of the E Rangers, on the other hand, are intended to balance the playing field in this critical game of planetary survival. In addition, E Rangers have provided physical support for campaigns seeking to protect biodiversity. I have heard eyewitness testimony that a single E Ranger is more helpful around base camp than a half-dozen tie-dyed hipsters.

The formation of the E Rangers comes at a time of increasing death threats against environmental activists from coast to coast. Activists have had their wells salted, their barns and houses burned and their families harassed. I don't have to tell you about Judi Bari and the car bomb that has maimed her for life. Diné activist Leroy Jackson is dead under suspicious circumstances, probably murdered. Ric Valois hopes that the presence of his group will act as a deterrent to the violence that has been inflicted upon activists.

Mainstream groups, such as Audubon and the Sierra Club,

admit that the no-compromise stance of Earth First! makes their groups appear more moderate and helps them gain more political clout. It has long been the hope of many Earth First!ers that other groups will push the fringes of the environmental debate further, so that Earth First! will look moderate by comparison. After all, hanging banners, performing guerrilla theater and incapacitating big, yellow machines is hardly an extreme reaction to worldwide ecological meltdown. In contrast, the mere presence of armed Environmental Rangers calls attention to both the seriousness of the environmental crisis and the seriousness of their resolve to halt the today's blatant attack on biodiversity.

"[The Environmental Rangers] practice and espouse non-violence but with one minor variation. We will go fully armed on all of our missions. Weapons will be carried as a symbol of our commitment and willingness to put our lives on the line and of course will be used if necessary. Observation of nature teaches that violence (change) is omnipresent



ONE LESS CAR

but never malicious. So while it is true that any fool can pull a trigger, many find the courage within themselves to refrain from doing so until all else fails.

"The Environmental Rangers are an equal opportunity organization. Anyone with the heart and the soul for it is welcome. You must be self supporting and in good mental, physical and spiritual condition and capable of sustained hardship and risk in the outdoors. A sense of humor will come in real handy too."

Onan On Guns and Stuff...

-by Onan the (Reconstructed) Barbarian

War, Guns blazing, corpses lying in blasted streets surrounded by pools of congealing blood, the scream of heavy artillery raining constant, faceless death from afar, the innocents hiding in burned out buildings waiting for a break in the action to go scrounge food or water before it starts all over again. This is the story most of us know of domestic wars raging in Chechnya, the former Yugoslavia, and Somalia.

It is with these various examples of world conflict that I consider the intention of some regional "eco-warriors," the E-Rangers (dun-da-da-DUM!), to wage their own war against the forces of ecological destruction. Take on the Freddies, put the logging, mining, drilling and road building companies on notice, show that the land, the animals, Gaia herself, is worth the shedding of blood and the taking of life. The idea, I suppose, is to take the notion of "No Compromise in the Defense of Mother Earth" to its logical extreme, although I question the logic in reaching that extreme.

One dictionary definition of compromise is "a settlement in which both sides make concessions," not a terrible premise from which to pursue an objective, indeed, it is the very nearly the premise that underlies our beloved consensus circle. But the politics of compromise—the current political paradigm—is the referent for the "No Compromise" slogan, not Webster's. In the politics of compromise, those with power make very small concessions and those without power give up everything but a hollow shell of their principles. In this arena, the reality of compromising means we lose. So compromise has become a dirty word, a slur when used in reference to one's character, and rightly so. In contrast, "No Compromise" has taken on the connotations of strength, but unfortunately, for some, its connotations are rife with sexist imagery of what is strength, and what is compromise. "No compromise," for some, is the new code phrase for "let's get drunk and kick some ass!" But no matter how these types of attitudes are couched, they are still bullshit. "No Compromise" is not about tactics, it's about heart and steadfastness, and how wilderness can and will be saved.

With a No Compromise approach, we're trying to

affect change by standing up for what is right, by refusing to accept powerlessness and its concomitant loss of biological diversity. The big question is how do we transcend our inherent powerlessness and gain the ability to save ecosystems? One way is to change the arena we have to work in ("Subvert the Dominant Paradigm") and foster a worldview that holds wilderness as fundamentally important. In lieu of this, the goal is to affect the current political system in order to achieve our objectives. If this is not, or does not seem possible, at least make a personal stand for one's beliefs, and for the wildness at stake. The benefits and rewards of making such a stance are often surprising and greater than anticipated (although usually not without some associated judicial ramifications) because even the most rabid of foes can appreciate the courage needed to stand in opposition armed only with the righteousness of one's ethics, and strength of conviction.

This courage, the act of taking a non-violent stance, is power. And this non-violence is the heart and soul of EF! and one of the main reasons for its success. Without it, we would be nothing more than a bunch of armed goons destined for failure. Why? Because we can't compete in their game of violence, intimidation and 'might is right' for very long, for they, the government/corporate alliance of eco-fuckers, have %99.99999 of the chips, and all the aces. More importantly, we cannot win because the taking up of arms negates the intellectual, moral and spiritual power that we possess. Non-violence confers far more power than we can ever achieve using force. And finally, we can have all the facts in the world on our side, but the truth of ecosystem collapse and environmental calamity are quite hard to convey as one's skull is exploding from the force of lead entering at high speed.

I am no hippie geek who thinks we just have to think pretty thoughts and eat tofu and then the earth will be saved; just the opposite, I think everything is fucked and we are probably doomed. It comes down to this: if we take up arms we have no chance, but if we avoid ego-maniacal, macho, martyr gun trips there is still some chance that maybe everything isn't doomed. Maybe. As for those testosterone poisoned E-Ranger boys with the lead shootin' pecker poles, I suggest they consider the option of self-immolation, now that is suicide with Style!

For more information contact:

Ric Valois (founder)
ENVIRONMENTAL RANGERS
 Biodiversity Defense
 103 Dracut Hill Road
 Vaughn, Montana 59487
 (406) 264-5465

HEY! Let's T.I.E. ONE ON!!!

- Vez Velour

Big Brother with the ugly green underwear and the Smokey the Bear badge is working on his eyesight, and maybe he's looking for YOU.

Have you ever seen a James Bond movie? Do you remember the scenes at the beginning of each flick where he goes into same lab and gets a load of gee-gaw gadgets that he later uses to great effect in the course of thwarting the evil villains? Well, the Freddies have seen all these movies at least a dozen times and they thought that neat-o stuff was really cool, and, well, neat-o. So deep in the bowels of Fort Missoula, the Freddies operate their very own secret agent gizmo development lab, the Technical Investigative Equipment (TIE) program. The effort has its roots in a 1982-1983 pilot program which used remote sensing equipment to protect archeological sites. In 1984, the Freddies initiated a national anti-intrusion devices program which now operates as the TIE program.

In the Fred-monsters own words, the TIE program's mission is to develop "...sophisticated surveillance equipment...tailored to specific criminal investigations and monitoring industry for equipment {to fulfil this mission}." Specifically, the program utilizes "...radio sensors and night vision equipment..." and is seeking to develop "...more sensors and a variety of other electronic aids" as well as "encrypting radio communications and satellite navigation and communication experiments."

The Freddies wish to increase their police presence in "remote areas...where witnesses are few, outdoor crime scenes deteriorate rapidly and where terrain offers few good surveillance sites."

There are several categories of crime that are most frequent on Freddy administered lands, common

theft of goods from enormous piles of shit the Freds have laying around, poaching, timber theft, road closure violations, dickheads riding their ATVs through the middle of bull trout spawning beds, and finally, (the not frequent enough) "crimes of protest," be it a simple road blockade with tie-dyed hippies offering the cops donuts and micro-dots, or secretive acts of eco-tage.

I know I'm just a whiskey soaked Wild Rockies cynic, and a whiskey soaked paranoid with delusions of self importance to boot, but I also know the freddies don't really get too excited about stopping timber theft, or giving their brother-in-law a ticket for squishing bull trout bedds. They only get excited about nabbing them uppity little Earth First!ers with smart mouths that are always disrespecting authority. Shit, I think the thought of peeping on peeing activists or the thought of beating on a 16-year-old protestor is the only thing that can drag them away from their donuts and Andy Griffith re-runs.

The TIE program is well tailored to thwarting acts of ecological resistance to the Freddies ruinous land policies. If you were a Freddy in Missoula working on the TIE program

where would you want to field test your new gizmos? Well I think I would go over the hill and tap into one of the most extensive freddy law enforcement efforts ever, where all them little earth muffins are trying to save Cove/Mallard. The TIE program has engineers and techno-techs on its staff, but it also employs Brian Castaldi. Before this position, Castaldi was the number two pig-slobber in USFS Region 1, (his departure from that slot allowed our little bald friend Mike Merkley to be kicked upstairs). Castaldi was often seen at Cove/Mallard inciting violence against protesters and generally lookin' mean. Castaldi was also the lead cop in the prosecution of the Post Office Timber sale spiking debacle. Its interesting to note that their prosecution failed because the area was remote, witnesses few, and the crime scene had deteriorated. Kind of sounds like the type of problems the TIE mission is trying to address. Okay so now what? Is anybody out there that knows about this type of technology and would care to share that information with our readers - purely for their education and enjoyment, of course. Send all submissions, here, or I guess the Journal; are they still publishing...?



New Book Brings On the Gory Details of One Dykes War on the Machine

- Double Diarrhea on Ice
Hothead Palson is the urban
dyke's dream for taking care of
those fuckers who like to rape
us, sneer at us, beat us.
Hothead's solution to such men
is simple. No sophisticated
dialogue is needed. No planned
rhetoric. No non-violence
training required. She just
blows them away or cuts them
up! Uh - she's a cartoon charac-
ter unfortunately.

"The Revenge of Hot-
head Palson" is the 2nd book by
Diane DiMassa (cleiss Press.)
Along with her gnarly cat
Chicken and peaceful, non-
violent friend Roz, Hothead
tries to purge the world of
fuckers, empowers women, gets
laid, and struggles with her
depression over living in this
fucked-up world.

The scene in which
three rapists are confronted by
the woman they raped, and their
final sentence, is stunning (and
a bit nauseous, too!) "I'm just
gonna shove this foreign object
into this hole where it's not
wanted..." chuckles our hero as
she shoves a stick of dynamite
in the mouth of the prosecutor
who helped the rapists.

"Hey Todd! Didn't you
once say something about it's
better when it hurts?" just
before she...we'll you'll just
have to find out!



TEMPEST and the MOUNTAIN

The wind blows warm
Tempest longs to Rage
Stormy Wind blows strong
Sensual
Chilling our Body
Warming our Soul
Swirling black sky
Casting
Darkness
On the forested floor
Of HER, the mountain
Clouds hover above
Covering HER every sacred curve
HE, the Clouds, waits
Wanting
Yearning
To engulf the mountain, HER
Slowly
Deeply

With HIS Mystic Being
The Mountain, a Woman
Deep and Earthly
Waits longingly
For the Clouds to
Drop
HIS warmth
Witness
On HER,
Tempest
the Mountain glistens with Magical Dew
Replenishing
HER green, Organicness
Of
Life
The Circle Of Life Is United
EARTH
WATER
TEMPEST
MOUNTAIN

Yarrow

FIRST NATIONS- EF! JOIN IN FIGHT TO SAVE B.C.

There is a vast region on the remote Mainland Coast of what is called British Columbia that is the largest bioregionally intact temperate rainforest in North America, perhaps the world. Here's an immense "big wild" where pristine watersheds drain snowmelt and rain to trout laden upland lakes and tidewater estuaries calling home the wild salmon.

Very little temperate rainforests are left unlogged in the world - only 10%. A quarter of this lies in British Columbia and much of that on the mid and north coast where the sea meets the mountains. Here the great temperate rainforest rises with the rain clouds of the ocean shore to the granite faces of the coastal mountains.

In this remote region, accessible only by boat or float plane, the rugged coast is carved by deep fjords into a maze of channels and islands. The towering 200 foot canopies of cedar, sitka spruce, and hemlock shade a lush understory of deep rich moss and fern that soak up the drenching rains that give this bioregion its name-rainforest.

Except for this "huge chunk" most of B.C.'s rain forests have been destroyed by industrial clearcut logging. As the screams of chainsaws, thunder of dynamite, and roar of heavy machinery echo through valley after clearcut valley, corporate scum threaten this sanctuary for a rich diversity of wildlife including the rare white phase of black bear, unique to this region. Other animals such as grizzly bear, wolf, eagle, goshawk, and marbled murrelet, who are endangered or extirpated elsewhere, all thrive here.

Six bands of First Nations peoples live in this region and after decades of oppression are clinging on to a 10,000 year heritage of forest and sea, cedar and salmon. Traditional salmon fisheries are declin-

ing due to the clearcut valleys. Recently, native peoples have been reawaking to claim and protect their traditional values and lands that have never been sold or ceded.

The Native Forest Network's British Columbia Northcoast Rainforest Project was organized in early 1995 to develop a slide presentation about this area and tour throughout the U.S. (the biggest consumer of Canadian wood products) to generate support to save this last big temperate rainforest.

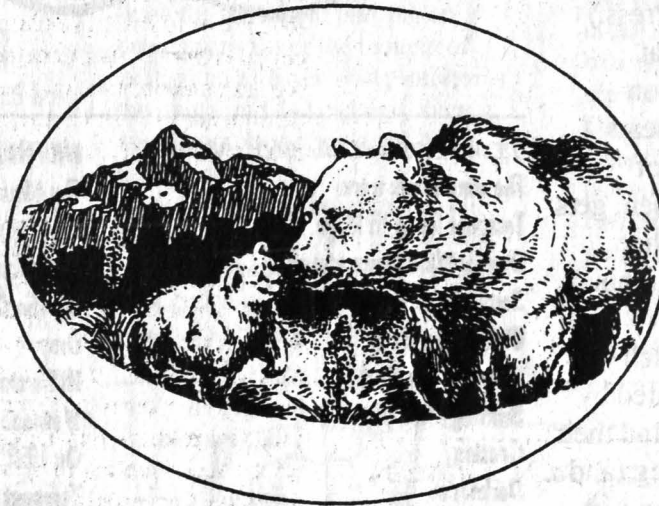
Project members Dan Johnson, Kirsten Atkins, and I traveled by sea kayak through some of this area learning about and photographing the wounded land and its people. We paddled, portaged and bushwhacked through pristine rainforest valleys and also saw the graphic horror of whole valleys that once teemed with life being clearcut into waste lands of stumps and broken slash.

We met with the Heiltsuk people of Waglisla (Bella Bella) and learned that while these nations struggle to reclaim their culture and land, the elected band council participates in the B.C. government's Treaty Commission. This commission entered into

contract with the Western Forest Product who are poised to gut the heart of this biological treasure when its logging plan is finalized in three years.

In September, Dan and Kristen returned to the states for other commitments while I paddled to Fog Creek to join the Nuxalk Nation Sovereignists, Forest Action Net-

work, and activists from around the world to block logging operations by International Forest Products (InterFor). This powerful Nuxalk/FAN alliance is striking the most fundamental challenge to a system that has raped and plundered the rainforest at will. InterFor was stopped for nearly four weeks at Itsa (Nuxalkme name for Fog Creek.) The occupation ended on September 26 when a 31 member Royal Canadian Mounted Police assault force invaded our camp. 21 people were arrested for disobeying an injunction brought by InterFor.



The Nuxalkme hereditary chiefs stood in the front line carrying out their traditional duties to protect the forest. Meanwhile, activists and Nuxalk women blocked the ramp of the InterFor equipment barge. Tree sitters hung on the rest of the day as the RCMP had loggers cut trees down around them. By nightfall all the arrests had been made and many prisoners were flown to Vancouver. The few remaining activists and sovereignists loaded a Nuxalk fishing boat with gear and supplies for a late night trip back to Bella Coola.

The earlier victories were sweet while the "defeat" was bitter. This is just the start of a long campaign by a people, who with their wisdom, courage, and spirited dedication to non-violent direct action, are here to stay and will save this bit of precious Earth. - by Sky.
You can help by contacting:

FAN, Bella Coola Chapter
Box 625
Bella Coola, B.C. Canada
VOT ICO
(PHONE) 604-799-5800
(FAX) 604-799-5830

House of Smagusta
Box 8
Bella Coola, B.C. Canada
VOTICO
(PHONE) 604-799-5376
(FAX) 604-799-5830

"The white man's court system can not define our people. Our law allows us to protect our land; their law allows destruction. When we go out to protect our land and forests, we go with the law given by the Creator." - Hereditary Chief Qwatsinas

B.C. NORTHCOAST RAINFOREST PROJECT UPDATE

On December 5, 1995, the 22 arrestees at Ista (Fog Creek) appeared before the provincial court in Vancouver. What was to take place in the courtroom this day was one of the most powerful stands in defense of the land and of sovereignty that has ever taken place in B.C. the chiefs, dressed in their ceremonial clothes, and some speaking their native tongue, gave heart felt thanks to the Creator and asked the Judge to recognize them as a sovereign nation for they have never signed any treaties or relinquished title to the land to the government of B.C. It was their duty and commitment to the Creator they explained, to protect the land from which they came.

After listening to the chiefs and the lawyers case for sovereignty, the Judge ruled against a sovereignty defense because, he stated, that would exempt the Nuxalk and their supporters from the laws of B.C. and because past cases have set a precedent for not allowing the sovereignty defense.

As the prosecution began to present its case against the Nuxalk, the chiefs stood up and walked out of the courtroom with their people and supporters following. Outside they gave impassioned speeches about their rights to sovereignty and how the imperialist court of B.C. does not represent them and has never justly represented any of the natives of B.C. The Nuxalk do not recognize the courts authority over them because the court fails to recognize them as human beings with a right to self-determination. At this time, the Nuxalk are not returning to court although the court hearings have been set back to January 15, 1996.

In 1996, the B.C. Northcoast Rainforest Project will once again be returning to the rainforest coast of B.C. to continue our campaign to spotlight the ever increasing rate of clearcut logging, and to support native claims of sovereignty. Plans are establish a basecamp in the Ingram/Mooto watershed (slated to be logged in 1997) in Heiltsuk territory in order to publicize Western Forest Product's plans for massive roadbuilding and clearcut logging. This, of course, is contingent upon Heiltsuk support and approval. Committed activists, photographers, videographers, and writers are encouraged to contact us if they are interested in joining this campaign to save what may very well be one of the largest temperate rainforests remaining on Earth. Remember, this place is very remote so plan to spend at least a month. If you are wondering where the next Clayoquot Sound will be, you've found it.

The Nuxalk need your support.
B.C. Northcoast Rainforest Project
POB 8251
Missoula, MT 59807
(PHONE) 406-542-7343
(FAX) 406-542-7347

WREF! WINTER SOLSTICE WISH LIST

We need all kinds of stuff to keep the Cove/Mallard campaign going strong. If you have any of the following items hanging around the house, or if you feel like buying any of these items for us, let us know!

- * A working snowmobile for this winter.
- * Cold weather clothing or rain gear.
- * Climbing equipment.
- * Night vision stuff (keep dreaming).
- * Communications equipment - we badly need!
- * Skis and snowshoes.
- * Computer graphics scanner (Mac)
- * Compasses and maps.
- * Yo mama's credit cards.
- * Tire chains of all sizes.!
- * Backcountry food.
- * An AAA membership to cover towing.
- * Pots and pans.
- * First aid equipment.
- * Solar powered battery charger.
- * A good 35mm camera and lenses.
- * Water purifier and other camping gear.
- * Your body and soul.

If you have any of these call us in Idaho at 208-882-9755 or in Montana at 406-549-3978.

People Of Idaho Continued....

allegedly in the interests of "national security." All to keep politicians, military leaders, and corporate CEOs in hot-tubs, BMWs, Prozac, and summer homes in the Rocky Mountains. And for us working-class types? Smile! We get Big Macs, Baywatch, Nintendo, and ATVs-all for the price of a life of wage-slavery and stacks of bills.

leering lustfully at beautiful Idaho and her abundant natural resources. Healthy ancient forests, clean water, prime hunting and fishing grounds, and a healthy population of relatively independent, reasonably self-sufficient humans ripe for corporate enslavement. Wall Street says to Uncle Sam: "Hell! There's money to be made in them there hills!" The Beast is getting desperate. It's already chewed up and spat out most of the rest of the world, and a lot of what is left resides here in the Rocky Mountains.

Uncle Sam and Wall Street are great story-tellers. Together they form one of the most frighteningly effective propaganda machines in recorded history-telling everybody just enough of what they think they want to hear in order to manipulate them into thinking and doing exactly what the Beast wants. Remember this when some spineless Forest Service bureaucrat or unscrupulous FBI spokesperson is telling you (or the corporate-controlled news you watch) that Earth First! is out here to steal your jobs and property, injure workers, molest your children, push dope in your schools, etc. There are no jobs in dead ecosystems-and I dare say our cities represent living proof. I've spoken to many long-term residents of Idaho who plead-some with tears in their eyes-"but I don't want to have to move to the city!" I don't want you to, either; I escaped the city myself, and wouldn't wish that on anyone.

But please mark my words; if we let Uncle Sam and Wall Street build their damn roads, take the forests, run their cattle herds, mine and drill the mountains, and build yuppie condos for California gentry, the city will come to you in no time flat. Every ghetto was wilderness once, and the Rockies are not immune to the same fate. Join us, that we may endure the 21st Century without sick, emaciated children singing, "Welcome to the Third World, Idaho; what took you so long?"

Storm Walters
Earth First!
activist

INDULGENCES NOW ON SALE!

For those of you who have been committing the vial sin of smoking corporate tobacco, fear not, for your soul may not be damned yet! Rev. Stanton is now selling indulgences to help you start a fresh life in the eyes of the Almighty. The price is your Camel Bucks which WREF! will use to get a free camcorder from the company. If you smoke and don't smoke Camels then switch now to the spiritually smooth, more-environmentally sound cotton-filled filters that Camel has to offer you. Send your Camel Bucks and prayers begging forgiveness to:

The Holy Church of the Everlasting Blight
PO Box 9286
Missoula, MT 59807

Yet Another Disgusting Plea for Cash

This "publication" needs your money to keep itself alive and keep nipping at Freddy's heels. Please support it by sending whatever you think this rag is worth - no, on second thought, just send your signed, blank checks or \$10 to get a years worth of this magazine and we will be happy.

Wolverines Continued.....

tunnels. The entrance is large, about 30-40 cm in diameter, and can be underneath roots or protruding rocks, in a cave, a burrow in an bank, or even a snow cave. The female raises the kits alone and will often drag a carcass from up to twenty kilometers away and cache it near the den. Females have been known to move litters to a second, less developed den after human disturbance.

CONSERVATION STRATEGIES

It hardly needs restating that species are served best through preservation of their habitat. This is powerfully true for the solitary wolverine. Researchers continually harp on the importance of large areas of undisturbed wilderness to wolverines. An abundance and variety of ungulates in these areas are essential as well, as successful breeding has been linked to availability of food. Wolverines have been known to recolonize areas by dispersal from secure wilderness refuges, so travel corridors are needed to facilitate this process.

Recently the Forest Service has been promoting a new kind of timber sale touted to promote forest health by removing deadfall from the sale area. This scheme seems particularly hazardous to wolverines as it would remove hiding places for small game and could disturb dens. Cover is especially important to females and all wolverines are sensitive to human-caused disturbance. Clearcuts and open roads should not be allowed to occur in occupied areas.

In Montana, where wolverines are still legally trapped, a total trapping ban should be sought and the wolverine should receive at least Sensitive listing under state regs. Failing that, the season on wolverines should end in January, and regional (rather than individual) bag limits with prompt reporting should be set. Trappers should be barred from newly roaded areas. Wolverines also seem to get caught in traps intended for other species due to their curious scavenging. To alleviate this problem, a ban on baited sets has been suggested.

Wolverines need to be given a higher profile. They should be brought up in comments and appeals and more studies should be done to establish their presence and determine their local habitats. Perhaps den sites could be located for special management areas, as with grizzly bears and spotted owl nests. Existing protective regulations for species on the brink need to be applied to wolverines.

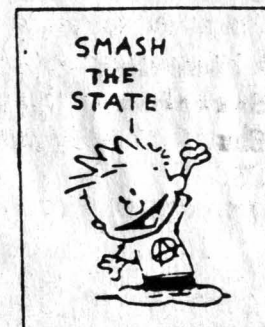
You may never see one, but there are still a few out there. Don't forget the wolverine



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

POB 9286, Missoula MT 59802





At some point we must draw a line across the ground of our home and our being, drive a spear into the land, and say to the bulldozers, earthmovers, government and corporations, "thus far and no farther." If we do not, we shall later feel, instead of pride, the regret of Thoreau, that good but overly-bookish man, who wrote, near the end of his life, "If I repent of anything it is likely to be my good behavior."

-- Ed Abbey

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