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Just for
Helen L
ANTI
P.

Earth First!

Eostar 1993

Vol. XIII, No. IV

THE RADICAL ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL

March 21

THREE DOLLARS

Wolf Spirit Monkeywrenches Helicopter in Yukon

BY BILL HIPWELL, Friends of the Wolf

A grey-brown Timber Wolf, her ears flattened against her head, races across a remote, frozen lake, zig-zagging in a desperate attempt to evade her airborne pursuers. She is trying to lead the attackers away from the rest of her pack, which includes her eight-month old offspring. A bullet kicks up snow behind her as a Yukon government Wolf biologist fires his rifle from a Bell "Jet Ranger" helicopter. Just as the professional killer is sighting for a second, fatal shot, the helicopter shudders and drops several feet through space. The pilot wrestles with the controls, his face pale, as the machine begins a sickly vibration. The helicopter banks and heads back toward the government base camp for repairs. The Wolf pauses to look back over her shoulder as her would-be pursuers disappear over a rise.

Friends of the Wolf just returned from the Yukon Territory of northern Canada, where we harassed government Wolf-killers bent on exterminating 80 percent of one of the last viable Wolf populations on Earth. The Aishihik region of the southern Yukon, a vast, rugged, mountainous wilderness, is home to nearly two hundred Timber Wolves, in twenty tribes. While there, we were aided in our battle by the Spirit of the Wolf. No, this is not some human's *nom de guerre*, but the actual Wolf Spirit that watches over all places Wild and Free.

The government's scientist lap-dogs, such as Bob Hayes, claim that declining populations of caribou and moose in the region are the fault of the Wolves. The government says that hunting has been halted for the past two years, but that the herd has not stopped declining. In fact, the cause for the decline in the Aishihik herds is, according to Yukon government documents, "unjustified" and "not sustainable" levels of human hunting during the 1980s. This over-hunting was done by outfitters (who brought in trophy hunters), non-Native residents (reporting the number of caribou killed is not mandatory), and Natives of the Champagne and Aishihik bands. The Champagne and Aishihik Native bands have been lobbying the government to kill the Wolves. They say that Wolves are competitors for game upon which they depend for food. Chief Paul Birkell of the Champagne-Aishihik admitted during a two-and-a-half hour meeting with Friends of the Wolf that he had "no control" over hunters from his band, who use snowmobiles and all-terrain vehicles for hunting (there are

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United Kingdom Hunt Saboteurs Disrupt Fox Kill

A national gathering was coordinated to disrupt the Essex fox hunt on Saturday 22 January. The purpose was to challenge the assumed authority of the notorious Estate Management Services, whose rent-a-mob personnel "protect" the local fox hunts from any threat to their privileged "sport."

Estate Management Services (EMS) agents have a legal right to remove trespassers on hunt property, using minimal force, by directing them towards the nearest public access area. However, in their element, the EMS have taken it upon themselves to also remove any hunt opponents from public footpaths, common land and neighboring farms using brutality not conducive with "minimum force."

The disruption of the Essex fox hunt was in fact a response to the hospitalising with head injuries of a young huntsaboteur by EMS personnel. Around midday of the Saturday, the EMS thugs became involved in a fracas with a group of huntsaboteurs at Stagden Cross, near Felstead, disputing the public access way to a farm. In the ensuing violence a Portsmouth huntsaboteur was set upon, his head split open, requiring immediate ambulance transport to hospital. An EMS employee was also airlifted to hospital in a loitering Police helicopter after he was allegedly sprayed in the eyes with a substance used to dampen down fox scents. The hunter later claimed that this liquid substance was ammonia. If indeed this was the case, then huntsabs are going to have to seriously consider the implications and consequences of someone in their midst carrying such a noxious and potentially blinding substance. However, considering the allegations were printed in the hunters' propagandist weekly "Horse & Hound" alongside a paragraph suggesting a huntsab had "declared he would drive through the Police line and at hunt supporters and hounds" one would have to take it with several grains of salt as spurious misinformation.

The hunters themselves became entrapped in a small barnyard on the property they were hunting. Over 150 demonstrators assembled at the entrance gate and sat down on the road to deny the hunt an exist. With police reinforcements drafted in from metropolitan London, a stalemate then ensued lasting three hours in the drizzling rain.

By 3 pm, with the demonstrators thinning in numbers and Police numbers approaching 70, the road-sitters were herded back to allow the hunt an escape route from the farm. Police then formed a human chain by each gripping the belt of the officer in front with their left hand, as witnessed during their assault on poll-tax marchers in March 1990, leaving their right hands free to grab and arrest those demonstrators still in the vicinity. Brighton hunt saboteurs then started the engine of their Landrover. This, they stated, was in order to turn on the heater. Considering they were completely surrounded by a cordon of linked police officers (with myself and two others standing on the roof) it seems highly unlikely that they intended to drive off. However, Police

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EARTH FIRST!

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Consensensing to Censor

At the Shawnee Activist Conference (93 SHAC), certain decisions concerning the *Earth First! Journal* previously made at the 92 Round River Rendezvous (RRR) were reaffirmed, namely to vest substantial authority with a designated editor; to exclude racist, sexist, or bigoted material from print; to exclude materials "that could reasonably be interpreted to advocate violence or physical harm to human beings;" and to reassert that the *Earth First! Journal* is a reflection of and responsible to the *Earth First!* Movement (see Jagoff and Fangorn, p.16).

These decisions reflect a legitimate and understandable desire on the part of many *Earth First!* activists to prevent material from being printed that could: 1) undermine their abilities to expand and broaden the radical environmental movement; 2) threaten their own safety in communities where they organize publicly (and are often in the minority).

While we share many of their concerns, we are also concerned that the new editorial guidelines could limit the utility of the *Journal* as a tool for expanding the movement and promoting needed strategic debate. Extensive content control dictates that many interesting and potentially

controversial submissions cannot even be considered for print. We find this unfortunate, for controversial submissions can facilitate strategic debates concerning critical questions facing the movement.

Of course, we are not blind to the fact that controversial submissions frequently contain highly objectionable material—material that invariably could be considered racist, sexist, bigoted, or "violent." However, such submissions also frequently contain provocative, sometimes interesting world views and arguments that we might occasionally want to engage. By presenting, revealing, critiquing, and lampooning such arguments, we just might be able to turn such submissions to our advantage. By "contextualizing" (that is, surround with sustained, diverse critique and/or informed ridicule) such submissions, we may be able to educate ourselves further about our enemies (or erstwhile allies), draw new readership, and facilitate relevant, strategic debate.

Obviously, such a journalistic strategy requires vigorous effort from *Journalists*, and many future staffers will often decide to discard a submission rather than try to "contextualize the

piece." However, occasional controversial pieces may have value to the movement, and we believe that the *Journal* staff should be granted the *autonomy to consider* whether such pieces could be printed and contextualized in such a manner that the submission becomes useful to the movement. Unfortunately, the 93 SHAC guidelines could be interpreted to prohibit short and long-term staffers from considering submissions that may violate the letter of SHAC guidelines. This is particularly troubling since the terms racism, sexism and violence have not been defined. All of these can be interpreted subjectively, especially the term violence. To avoid instigating another "crisis," the *Journal* will be forced to adopt over-broad definitions for all the terms, thus excluding more and more voices from the paper.

Our argument is not a purely theoretical one. Two recent submissions have become central to the debate about the *Earth First! Journal*. At the activist conference, a *Journal* staffer was severely reprimanded for even *considering* an edited version of one of those pieces. Yet we believe that such submissions might allow us to address some important strategic questions and issues that we believe the movement *needs* to address.

[The rest of this editorial has been deleted in order to bring it into conformity with the 1993 Shawnee Activist Conference Guidelines.]

"No racist, sexist or otherwise bigoted material will be printed in the *Earth First! Journal*—nor will materials that could reasonably be interpreted to advocate violence or physical harm to human beings." (Not deemed applicable to ecological struggles outside of North America)

"The North American *Earth First!* Activist Conference in the Shawnee National Forest re-affirms the decision made at the San Juan Mountain (1992) Rendezvous, that the *Earth First!* *Journal* is a reflection of and is responsible to the *Earth First!* Movement."

A Short Treatise on LETTER WRITING

By Gary Balóy

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 comes time to write letters I will be able to access those pieces of anger that I have stored and be a very good letter writer, perhaps better than the other letter writers.

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 write the letters.

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 write letters?

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

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 write letters?

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 write letters?

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 write letters?

Or will it be too late?

Earth First!

Eostar

March 21, 1993

Vol. XIII, No. IV

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Earth First! Journal is a forum for the no-compromise environmental movement. Responsibility rests with the individual authors and correspondents.

Submissions are welcomed and should be typed or clearly printed. Send a SASE if you would like them returned. We encourage submissions on Macintosh disks or via EcoNet (send to "earthfirst"). We appreciate a cover letter with any pertinent information, including a telephone number where we may contact you if we have questions. Art or photographs (negatives are best, prints are good, slides are fair) are desirable to illustrate articles and essays. They will be returned if requested. Please include explicit permission to reprint slides.

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

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The Great American (Festive) Cowboy

BY YELLOW GRASS DOG

George Wuerthner says, "Ranchers are not evil people."

Dave Foreman says, "My heroes used to be cowboys."

The Hachita, New Mexico snarling bag of bones postal lady/ranchwife says, "Environmentalists make me angry. They've gone too far!"

The Kansas rancher who shot the black boy in the back of the head claimed self-defense; he said he thought the black boy—this "negro"—was "wearing his baseball cap backwards and coming to attack me." The local Kansas jury—made up of mostly ranchers themselves—of course agreed with the defendant; the rancher/murderer was acquitted.

Against effort to protect and maybe even heal a shred of Kansas prairie, another rancher wailed, "We are today's Indians!" (This one really made me quiver.)

The rancher who drove up behind me while I was riding my mountain bike on the side of the paved two-lane and knocked me down with his pickup truck, fracturing my arm and taking a chunk the size of my fist out of my shoulder, yelled (as he drove off), "Thought you were a wetback!"

The sheriff's deputy who—also a fat, part-time welfare rancher—drove up behind me one night last spring while I was walking along a deserted road coming back from a longer-than-planned day-trek, my mind alive with the ghosts of Apache and Jaguar, my night-vision screaming out into the stars—passed me in his unmarked car, got one look at my long black hair and baseball cap and slammed on the brakes, spun around, flicked on his high-beams and floored his car across the meridian dividing line directly at me, burning rubber to a stop two feet from my knees, and as I automatically reached for the buck knife hanging off my belt loop (disoriented, suddenly blinded and unable to think what else to do) he struggled his bulk out of his car and almost shot me, and blamed me all for it later, saying I had better watch what I'm doing next time, like I had no right to be out there walking along that state road which bisected more than half a million public BLM—I mean rancher owned acres.

Rancher/former Montana state senator Pete Story, after a Yellowstone wolf-reintroduction hearing, screeched, "Those of us (ranchers) who are affected, we feel like the Jews would, listening to an affable Nazi talk about Auschwitz."

Earlier this century, after the few remaining Indians who had somehow survived the slaughter and starvation campaigns were safely locked up on "reservations," the ranchers then looked around, their eyes widening and squealed, "WOLF!" In Montana alone, in less than 20 years, over 100,000 wolves were poisoned, trapped and shot during the government's next systematic campaign of extermination. *Canis lupus nubilus*, the Buffalo Wolf of the Great Plains, became extinct. Another Heaven and another Earth must pass before her own throat may again keen the Stories across the Grassland. Did

somebody say *Auschwitz*!?

General Phillip Sheridan, that Great American Hero said, "Buffalo hunters have done in the past two years and will do more in the next year to settle the vexed Indian question than the entire regular army has done in the past 30 years. They are destroying the Indian's commissary, and it is a well-known fact that an army losing its base of supplies is placed at a great disadvantage. Send them powder and lead, if you will; for the sake of a lasting peace, let them kill, skin and sell until the buffaloes are exterminated. Then your prairies can be covered with speckled cattle and the festive cowboy, who follows the hunter as a second forerunner of an advanced civilization."

And so:

Starving Blackfeet beg for entrails and guts through the slats of a "speckled cattle" slaughterhouse. Overweight ranchers demand more land; the Allotment Act is passed. Indians lose more than half of what little land they have left.

The great Yellow Bear, *Ursus horribilis*, originally a Plains animal, knows the sun-drenched grasses no more; at the sight of the cowboy hat she has shrunk in uncomplaining horror, run wild-eyed for the hills.

Today, the prairie dog remnant-towns of Buffalo Gap National Grassland, just outside Badlands National Park, like all the others are laced with rodenticides and barbed wire. The BLM (Bureau of Livestock and Mining) office in Wall declares emphatically, "These lands are *multiple use*. The prairie dogs pose a threat to the ranchers!"

Black-footed Ferret, just the faintest breath of a whisper now, just barely...*(still here)* twitches through the long winding burrows and tunnels, hunting, comes across the still-warm (but candy inside) body—easy food in the moonless night.

January 1993, so late in the Millenium, and yet still...*still...* ranchers demand a \$20 bounty be placed in South Dakota over each dead (sacred brother to me) coyote's scalp, to be added to all the millions of public dollars already laid at Rancher's feet. The measure is narrowly defeated in the State legislature. Which only means Rancher won't be paid this extra money; the brothers will still die.

On the sparsest, most arid, fragile deserts, the cattle graze.

On all the public rangelands, the cattle graze.

On the wildlife refuges, the cattle graze.

On the National Forests, the cattle graze.

In many National Parks, the cattle graze.

Has anybody ever seen a wild valley?

Can anyone even imagine a Great Plains Wilderness?

Everywhere, everywhere, mile upon mile upon mile of the Bristling Wires, the once virgin prairie stabbed through and ripped open and strung up. Freedom is a bloody, strangled piece of agonized and torn flesh.

The land is sore, nubbed raw, trampled, pock-marked with shit and clouds of flies.

Every creek, stream, river, pothole, pond, lake is shrunken and infected with disease. Boil or beware.

The ancient, unrenewable aquifer drops. And drops. Drought returns.

Surrounded by grassland and winter forage, the great black Buffalo Bull, breath billowing in the cold air, snorts and shakes his massive, woolly head. His herd is close behind. An age-old instinct wells up inside, throbs like drumbeats in his soul. It says, "Move. Fan out. Shake the ground! Roam..."

The great Bull, followed by his herd, steps across the imaginary line—a political square in which it has been decided by the Powers That Be he must remain. The Festive Cowboy throws his pink-swollen hands up into the air and SHRIEKS! Government, rancher and private bullets burn through living flesh. "Like shooting parked cars," they would say later. Hundreds of massive, snorting hulks crumple to the ground; life leaks out into the snow.

Wolf is again sneaking across the imaginary line that lies to the north. Rancher hefts up his gut over his belt buckle and snivels to the good old boys, "Shoot, shovel and shut up."

Across the entire West, spring-loaded cyanide guns sprout like flowers.

Carcasses are laced with black-market strychnine, cyanide, thallium sulfate and compound 1080.

Steel-jawed traps are set.

The good old boys grab automatic rifles and unplugged shotguns, got for a helicopter joyride.

Newborn, nursing pups are fish-hooked or dug out of the mother's den; fresh soft skulls are smashed with a shovel or the heel of a cowboy boot. The mother is shot.

Eagles, hawks, vultures, ravens, crows, magpies drop from the sky, poisoned or spattered with lead shot.

And standing dead center in the killing fields of America, Rancher slowly turns around, tips his 10-gallon hat, and smiles.

And Breeder America settles back into big, soft easy chairs, pushes the button that reclines the chair's back. Eyes are closed, feelings are warm inside, dreams are sighed...*(My heroes used to be Cowboys...)* The Great American (festive) Cowboy.

Late at night, pushed and cornered and stressed and harassed and alone, too, survivor-coyote crawls exhausted to the hilltop. There seems no hope, or end in sight. With a sudden burst of the last of his energy, fueled by a life's work—and half a millenia's worth of rage and Anger and bottomless Sorrow, he throws his head back; he cries and cries and cries. His voice spills up out of him. It rings off the hills.

Earth Firsters shuffle their sneakers in the dirt, hands in pockets, and decide to decide to be non-violent. Hello, I'm Non Violent. Would you like to buy a flower?

Who is it that's got blood on their hands?

And "Animal Damage Control" gets another year's budget of \$30 million.

Sincerely,

—Disgruntled Former FS Employee
P.S. As much as I would like to sign the above letter, I am prevented from doing so from fear of reprisals against friends and loved ones still working for the FS.

Dear EFi,

Again the thrust of the environmental movement has been thwarted, ostensibly by the casting out of the Bush administration. The thinking is that there is no longer a need for passionate citizen participation in ecodefense; the government will do it now.

And to a small degree that is true. But the greatest change is that the juggernaut of industry is even more streamlined. The dragon we face is even more professional with refined expertise in dodging through our defensive line. We face a formidable, indeed Herculean task. A small but essential part of that task is to keep the Green Fire alive.

We need a slogan, an aphorism, an apothegm, to summarize our criticism. Something to spray paint on the sides of railway freight cars, to write on bathroom walls, to stuff into newspapers at the coin box, to shout out as we march, to whisper into answering machines.

May I suggest the Hopi word for "life out of balance":

Koyaanisqatsi!

Sincerely yours,

—Boatswain Sam

Dear SFB,

Ugh...Fuck...Blech!

—WraithWalker

Editors to the Letter

Dear SFB,

FYI concerning the 1991 Warner Creek fire in Oregon: During the summer of 1991 I worked as a "Hotshot" firefighter for the USFS. Fall '91 found our crew in Oregon fighting two separate arson fires in the Columbia River Gorge. After ten days or so we were then dispatched to the Warner Creek fire on the Willamette NF.

At first it seemed like the 'basic' timber fire. Hot and Wild, it chased us around for a couple of days while we tried to contain it. Then something strange happened. Instead of attacking the fire directly ('Hotline'), we were pulled back to a secondary line miles from the fire's edge. Then we heard through the rumor mill at camp that the fire was lit by a 'disgruntled' Forest Service worker (who isn't?). We sat on our asses for four or five days waiting for the fire to come to us, watching it burn through virgin stands of timber. It was too much! "Let's put the F—king thing out" was the consensus of the crew and others. No way. They (Fire Ops?) held us back. Finally, by the good grace of mother nature herself, it rained, then snowed, putting out the fire and preventing even more of the Willamette from being 'salvage' logged.

What a coincidence! First, a 'disgruntled' FS employee lights a large fire. Second, the Forest Service makes a show of trying to stop the fire but in reality firefighters are prevented from actually attacking the fire. Third, the Forest Service and Timberscum rape and 'salvage' log the burnt forest.

During the three years that I fought fire for the FS, nine out of ten fires that I was dispatched to were arson fires. Of course what was left of these burned forests was 'salvage' logged.

Perhaps the best way to stop salvage logging is to 'Help Prevent Forest Fires!' To accomplish this, all we need to do is take the matches away from Smokey and friends.



Continued on page 24

Ghost Dancers

A Badger-Two Medicine Perspective

BY MICK WOMERSLEY

Twenty-seventh of February, 1993. Two moons after the 29th of December, 1992. The first is the twentieth anniversary of Wounded Knee II, when the US Army faced off against the free Oglala Sioux for seventy-one days. The second is the 102nd anniversary of Wounded Knee I, where the Seventh Cavalry slaughtered, in cold blood, more than two hundred men, women and children of the free Minnecojou Sioux. The month of February, 1993 will be remembered for the Bureau of Land Management's attempt to force oil-drilling in the Badger-Two Medicine, sacred wildland of the traditional Blackfeet. Anniversaries are important things. There is power in remembering and relearning our stories. I'm not an Indian traditionalist, but in these times of lukewarm mediocrity, we who have passion to learn stories also have a responsibility to tell stories, over and over. These three stories are connected spiritually and politically by the concept of health. This is how:

The Minnecojou were punished in 1890 for daring to participate in a ceremony. The Ghost Dance was a part of the tribal grief at the loss of the buffalo; a last hope for the desperate people of the Plains. By dancing, they hoped the Earth's end would come, at which time the wasicu (whites) would simply disappear. The buffalo and the wild red people would inhabit the Plains as before, never to be torn apart again. In this new-born world, health would return to the red nation. Such a ceremony was innately threatening to the whites. They opposed the Ghost Dancers with cavalry, repeating rifles, machine guns. The Indians fought with a dance, the whites fought with bullets. The white soldiers received twenty congressional medals of honor for the "honorable" massacre at Wounded Knee. That must have been a real scary dance.

The Oglala Sioux Civil Rights Movement in 1973 was attempting to wrest control of the tribal government from gangster Dick Wilson, who was actively supported by the FBI in crimes ranging from selling parts of the reservation to running his own private army of bandits and rapists. Many people died in the seventies on Pine Ridge. AIM (American Indian Movement) activists from the cities sided with the Oglala, occupying the old church at Wounded Knee in symbolic siege. The feds called in the tanks and helicopters. The Indians, with a few white activists, sat tight. In a desperation reminiscent of the Ghost Dancers, native activists faced down the powers of tyrannical government embodied in Dick Wilson and the FBI. At Wounded Knee, the health of the red nation was restored, to begin to grow again.

In February 1993, white eco-radicals are in sympathy with traditional Indians opposing the BLM and Forest Service plans to drill for oil in the Badger-Two Medicine. The plans threaten the health of one of the last wild tribal areas. New Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt is sitting on the fence, trying to figure which way to fall. He needs a good push. Babbitt is an environmental moderate, willing perhaps to allow development "for the public good" in places like the Badger. Willing perhaps? We don't know yet.

"For the public good." Whose good? Certainly not mine. Just as the traditional Indians find their religion to be necessary to health and survival, I find that wild country is the only saving sanity in a pathetically addicted world. Their religion is my religion, and the Badger's Feather Woman mountain is as sacred to me as Sheihallion, the sacred mountain of the ancient Celtic people. It and the other wild places are necessary to the health of the planet, necessary even to the health of the corporate fools who would destroy them.

I will never climb Feather Woman. I take groups of young people through the Badger every year. In respect to the traditional Indians, we stay on the trail, avoiding the places that aren't ours to go. The young people I take mostly refugees from upper and middle class America, find health and sanity in the Badger. Their parents are often in business; bank managers, corporate executives. In places like Badger Canyon they learn to avoid the desperate illness of the industrial world. They begin to heal the wounds of their youth: drugs, alcohol, split families, parents too addicted to materialism to notice their kids, the silent but twisting pains that occur when you don't receive a culture from

your elders, the loneliness of our plastic world. All these hurts and fears are resolved in the magical healing world of places like the Badger-Two Medicine. Traditionalists cure young Indians of alcoholism and suicide here, using the free medicine of the earth.

Last year, high on a wind-blown ridge, the medicine breeze rippled the coat of a big boar grizzly, his nose in a fifty-acre patch of kinnickinick and juniper, a field of bear food so productive that the smell of berries and resin was almost overpowering. We lay with our noses close to the smell, hiding behind ridiculously small bushes. If he'd been looking, he would have seen us easily, ten white kids in bright outdoor gear. The trail led over the hills close to where he lay. Respectfully we waited for him to move on, one hour, maybe two. In the company of a five or six-hundred pound bear, time is irrelevant. He grazed on, over the trail, occasionally lounging on his side or back, enjoying the last warmth of the year before denning.

When he was gone, we moved nervously along the trail. The bushes became bigger, finally too big, obscuring the view. Not wanting to blunder into him without warning I sing. "Hey bear! We're here! Hey bear!" Coming out of the woods, I turn, and spot him. Too close! Ai yi-yi! The bear grazes on, only fifty yards away now. Time to go! I gather up

my amazed group and bundle them away to the safety of an upwind ridge. They have never seen a wild animal like this one, and neither have I. This is the realest thing I have ever seen. So real he could kill me. Mighty and splendid, this is his patch, his turf, and we don't outstay our welcome.

For the Ghost Dancers and the AIMers and the bears and the environmentalists, it's a question of realities. For the people in industry and government, there's no question, it seems, that their world is the most real. They think reality is in barrels of crude pumped, miles of dirt-road drilled, public opposition scared away. For such wounded people, is spirituality found in bullying tribal councils and buying off federal officials? The worship of money has become the state religion of America. For the wild people, the real people, red and white, health is a spiritual concept found in living lives closer to the land.

We'll go on like this for a few years yet. The powerful of the corporate world will send their goons out to threaten and cajole government, state and tribal officials into giving up on the last sacred wild country. I and my friends will continue to find employment in aiding the recovery of their children. Meanwhile, the powerful in the corporate world will get sicker and sicker each year, as will their children. Job creation for outdoor educators and substance-abuse counsellors.

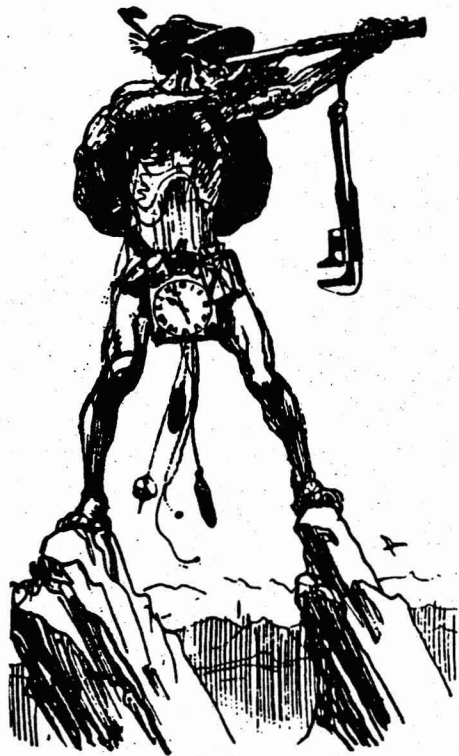
It's the last great secret that almost died with the Ghost Dancers: Worship things instead of life and health, and you will die unhappy, your children drugged, dead or long gone. Oppose the powers of the great mystery, Wakan Tanka, the Great Earth Mother, Danu, and you will be cursed with the death of a thousand wants. It isn't even religion, it's so real. Why is it so hard to understand? The Badger is real, healthy, necessary. Chevron and Fina are false, unhealthy, unnecessary. The Ghost Dancers needed the health of their sacred relationship with the Buffalo, the Oglala Sioux Civil Rights Movement and AIM needed a healthy government of respected elders. The Blackfeet traditionalists need to continue their healthy relationship with the land. White environmentalists need to repair their relationship to the land to a healthy one. The bear needs his berry patch. There are too few to feed him already, by the agency's own standards. No other patch will do.

The oil companies and the faceless consumers merely want the oil and gas, if there is any. They will have to do without. It is an insane world where need loses out to want. The Ghost Dancer's desperate faith returns to haunt us; the last sane act of a desperate, torn people. The Ghost Dancers were right all along. They sang:

"The whites are crazy. The whites are crazy."

We will return this world to sanity. There is a final twist to the story of the Ghost Dancers: When you send in the bulldozers to attack the sacred land, your children will be there waiting, arm in arm with the red people.





Last spring, Big Creek Lumber Company started logging old growth redwoods in the Santa Cruz Mountains south of San Francisco. By early June, a rapidly and loosely assembled coalition of Earth First!ers, Greenpeace, Sierra Clubbers, and Bay Area Actionists were improvising means to contest, slow, and hopefully stop the destruction of the residual old growth redwood forest at the headwaters of Butano Creek. For nearly two months, the Butano Defense League fashioned a strategy of resistance that incorporated a moderately broad range of legal and illegal tactical approaches. Nonetheless, as the end of summer approached, the BDL campaign dissipated: a last woods action was organized and further BDL resistance actions in the fall would come to reflect the more traditional demonstration and banner hanging tactical approaches.

While this campaign was empowering for its participants and sometimes costly (as well as annoying) to the loggers, it ultimately proved to be unsuccessful. Big Creek has successfully fought off every legal challenge to its logging in the Butano, and the BDL was never able to sustain a level of direct action sufficient to seriously slow down or stop the cutting. As a result, a wounded old growth redwood forest has become substantially more degraded over the last year.

As a participant in the activities of the BDF, I often ask myself if things could have been different. What mistakes did we make? Were our options limited by our initial choices? Attempting to answer these questions has led me to believe that we made a serious mistake in mounting a highly visible direct action campaign in the first place.

April, 1992

For many of us, early spring of 1992 was a very busy time. Many who ultimately participated in the BDL were involved in a wide variety of different environmental activities, though none of these activities had a direct relationship to the impending Butano logging. In late April, many of us traveled to Northern California to support and participate in the Albion Nation/Ecotopia Earth First! uprising against illegal logging in the Albion watershed. For many of us, this uprising was our first taste of a forest campaign, and this experience would influence our own campaign.

The Albion uprising (see *Earth First! Litha 1992*) was a very visible campaign that drew upon a range of non-violent tactics stretching from legal, daily rallies to tree sits, road blockades, and gate closures via glued locks. "Higher level" invisible sabotage (such as road spiking or dozer decommissioning) was discouraged, and in the Albion context, probably not desirable or needed. The Albion strategy focused on generating overwhelming political pressure on the state and the courts through intensive, sustained, community-based, direct action. In this case, resistance efforts were aided and abetted by: 1) Louisiana Pacific and the State of California's obvious non-compliance with existing state forestry law concerning assessment of cumulative impacts; 2) six previous years of extensive regional organizing by North Coast Earth First!ers and Wobblies; 3) extensive support and self-organization from within

Strategy at Butano

BY GULO gulo

the Albion community itself; 4) a sometimes substantial inflow of activist supporters from outside of the North Coast areas. All these conditions facilitated an extensive and lengthy insurrection that ultimately forced the California courts to uphold some clearly defined law. The Albion campaign was impressive, and it forcefully influenced the development of the Butano resistance strategy, for better or worse.

May, 1992

When we returned from Albion, we discovered that Big Creek had started logging in Butano, and many of us started planning actions to challenge the logging in our own bioregion. Santa Cruz Greenpeace started planning a very visible lockdown action at the local Big Creek mill while many Santa Cruz and Bay Area Earth First!ers conducted numerous reconnaissance missions and planned a lockdown/cat & mouse woods action to take place concurrently with the mill action.

While conducting some "recon" missions, we noticed that Big Creek was very lax in its security. One time we found five unattended bulldozers. On the night of our first action, we found an unattended log loader and a cat skidder. (Obviously, Big Creek was not seriously anticipating Earth First! activity in their neck of the woods.) While gathering this information, we could not help but contemplate decommissioning some of this equipment. However, we decided not to do so because we had already committed ourselves to participating in the already planned actions and to tarnishing Big Creek's then favorable public image. In effect, we had already committed ourselves to conducting a "visible" resistance campaign à la Albion, and this commitment was preventing us from considering

I often ask myself if things could have been different...[I] believe we made a serious mistake in mounting a highly visible direct action campaign in the first place.

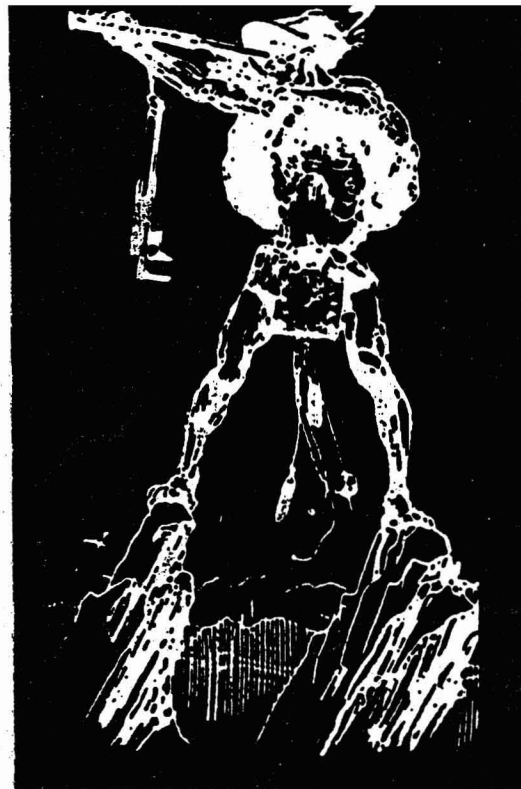
taking alternative "invisible" actions that might have cost Big Creek large sums of money early in the campaign before Big Creek had established proper security measures to protect its equipment.

As both public and woods actions continued through the early to mid-summer, a number of Butano activists started withdrawing from the campaign. After a late July action, many people (myself included) withdrew altogether to spend their remaining summer days in a less stressful fashion.

Meanwhile, Big Creek continued to eliminate the old growth and gained a favorable court ruling that ensured the legality of its ongoing logging. By late summer, when some of us regrouped, we discovered that our options were limited. Without a court remedy, our CD approach could only stop Big Creek's logging if we were able to mount an action or two on a weekly basis. However, we were really too few in number to be able to shut down Big Creek by way of this approach, and many of us were too hesitant to engage in serious monkeywrenching because many of us were already so visibly and publicly identified with whatever remained of the Butano campaign. As a result, neither successful nonviolent CD nor significant wrenching was attempted after late summer, and Big Creek was left uncontested.

January, 1993

What did we do wrong? Basically, I feel that we made a mistake in attempting to emulate the approach used in Albion. Albion-style resistance, as noted earlier, requires certain preconditions and commitments. These preconditions did not exist for us, and we all were unwilling from the start to make the long-term commitments needed to conduct a successful, nonviolent CD campaign. Had we looked hard, we could have recognized that all four preconditions that facilitated Albion's resistance would not be present for us in the Butano.



First, our legal case was weak. Big Creek had prepared itself for a major legal challenge by contracting with the most reputable marbled murrelet biologists in the region. Even though murrelet biology is in its infancy and the area to be cut obviously qualified as both "occupied" and recovery habitat, Big Creek owned the authorities, and the authorities said over and over again that the area was useless to, and not used (in any meaningful way) by the murrelet. Even though this area may be critical to the murrelet's survival in the southern region, we should have known that our chances of winning in court were marginal.

Second, regional Earth First! organizing for a substantial direct action forest campaign was inadequate. Most of us organized around other issues and participated in campaigns elsewhere. Many of us were relatively inexperienced and new to the movement, and the base of people upon whom we could draw for such a CD campaign was relatively small. This problem was magnified by logistical problems. The area being logged was rather far and equally difficult to reach from both Santa Cruz and the Bay Area. To make matters worse, support for direct action resistance in the small communities near the logging area was virtually nil. In fact, most in the communities were so frightened of the possibility of Maxxam logging the area that they were grateful that Big Creek would be doing the logging instead.

Finally, we were never able to draw significant support from outside of the region (except for a mighty crew of Albionites who stayed for over a week). Insufficient inflows of outside activists conspired with inadequate organizing from within our region to limit our nonviolent CD capacity to disrupt logging operations. We would have needed a healthy contingent of 20-50 people to disrupt Big Creek twice a week, and we rarely could get more than 15 people to conduct a woods action every two weeks.

Again, the actions and outreach that we conducted were valuable and may have some long-term effect in affecting logging in the Santa Cruz Mountains. However, we may have sabotaged our own efforts to create massive costs for Big Creek (and hence, induce the company to stop logging the old growth). By choosing a strategy of open, visible, CD (i.e. lockdowns, confrontational cat & mouse, tree sits) when conditions were more propitious for a less visible ecotage campaign (ideally inaugurated with a major monkeywrenching strike when Big Creek security was minimal), we may have deprived ourselves of our best opportunity to shut down the Big Creek logging operation.

After we conducted our first woods action, Big Creek organized a centralized security system, and access to heavy logging machinery became much more difficult. Our ability to rapidly decommission machinery dissolved, leaving us with the more difficult options of conducting more dangerous and risky ecotage or conducting a more extensive nonviolent CD. We chose the latter option, and our inability to sustain this approach has cost us dearly. The Butano is dying. Long live the Butano!

Salmon People

Time immemorial on the northwest coast:

Early morning summer mists rise from a smooth sparkling sea. A silver streak flashes.

"Haya! Haya! Welcome friend, Swimmer, welcome Supernatural One, Long Life Giver."

The fish is speared and clubbed once but not twice. The body is killed but the soul is left to return to the rich country of the Salmon People at the other side of the world.

The fisherman's canoe glides into the beach where a village of cedar plank houses and totem poles line the shore. Four elder shaman men are called down the beach to greet First Salmon. Their faces are painted with red ocher. Eagle down floats from their hair, a sign of welcome and peace.

The head shaman, rattle in his right hand and the tail feather of an eagle in his left hand, leads the procession bringing the First Salmon, the honored guest, to the house of the chief.

Children line the procession, faces painted with red ocher, eagle down soft and white in their shining black hair. The old people lead, followed by the entire village all dressed in ceremonial splendor. The village sings welcoming songs for the returning salmon.

Silence falls as First Salmon is brought into the chief's house and laid before the old shaman woman. Her abalone jewelry glistens in the sparkling fire light. The spicy smell of burning cedar fills the hall. She holds First Salmon in her left hand and, taking a mussel shell knife in her right hand, she cuts open the fish. While she cleans the fish, preparing it to be cooked, she chants the honored names. "Beautiful Swimmer... Quartz Nose... Two Gills on Back... Three Jumps... Lightning Follows One After Another... Supernatural One..." The fish is cooked and the sacred food is shared among the people of the village.

The parts of the fish that are not eaten are returned to the sea so that all of First Salmon's relatives will know that First Salmon was treated with honor and respect. The season of fishing begins.

Anchorage, Alaska, 1979

I stood in the same place every day, between the belly slitter and the slime line. I was the gutter, the egg girl; with a quick movement of my knife I slit the membranes at the top of the throat and removed the guts. If the fish was male, I threw the guts over my left into the gut bin. If the fish was female, I separated the eggs from the guts and put the eggs into a basket at my right. Seven days a week, twelve hours a day, for seven dollars an hour, I worked the night shift.

To the loud accompaniment of rhythmically clanging machinery, I sang. I sang the soundtracks of *West Side Story* and *Paint Your Wagon*. I sang Judy Garland and Patsy Cline.

I sang anything I could think of. I made up songs. When my egg basket was full, I made the most of my break from the tedium of the line. I would sling my basket over my hip and saunter across the plant to where men from Japan were processing the eggs. We did not share a common language. Our rapport developed into an exchange of silly antics. When the season was over, they gave me a bottle of perfume that they had picked up in the duty free shop at the airport when they came into the country. I will never know what they said.

I will never know who ate all of the salmon that I cleaned. People who could afford it I guess. Fishermen were making money. Business people were getting rich. I traveled in Europe twice with my salmon money. Sometimes when we had huge king salmon we would cut the cheeks out and take them home to eat. The cheeks are very rich, the best part of the fish. Usually they were just thrown out with the heads.

One morning, after working through the night, we were taking a break outside of the building. I was standing with a group of women from the line. We were leaning against the cement wall. Bits of gut and slime clung to our rubber aprons and boots. Our clothing was saturated with blood. Our arms were caked with blood and fish scales. We were drinking rot gut coffee with fake cream and white sugar out of styrofoam cups. Two businessmen in suits and ties carrying briefcases came walking up to the plant. As they walked by us, we let out a long wolf whistle in unison and slid to the ground in a heap of hysterical laughter. I cleaned millions of fish.

Decatur Island, Washington, 1990:

I had a caretaking job for the month of December. In December in the northwest, it gets dark at 4:30 in the afternoon. Some days it never quite gets light. I was looking forward to spending three weeks in a house with electric lights and a hot bath. Decatur is a remote island, yet these are amenities that I do not have at home. I planned to draw, paint, bathe, watch movies on the VCR and entertain my friends. That was not to be my experience.

The day I arrived, everyone else left. That night an Arctic storm ripped through the northwest. Temperatures plunged below zero. Hundred mile-an-hour winds tore out half of the dock and smashed it onto the beach. Huge trees were ripped up by their roots or snapped off like twigs. I had no power, no phone and no boats or planes could come on or off the island.

I kept a fire going in the small woodstove, a stove that's primary function was its quaint appearance. I kept the animals alive and did what I could to keep the water systems from being completely destroyed.

I lost all inhibitions about talking right out loud to trees, animals, the Earth, the Sky and Sea.

The severity of the conditions fluctuated some. There was a second storm more fierce than the first. I spent most of this time by myself but did manage to spend Christmas with a good friend and a bottle of brandy.

Towards the end of my stay, I took a salmon out of the freezer. The power had been off, but it was so cold in the house that nothing had thawed out. I prepared the salmon in the old way, with reverence. I cooked it on the fire and took the head and heart back to the sea.

Standing on the icy, broken dock with the wind blowing salt spray into my face and hair, I held out my offering and spoke my prayer out loud.

BY PEGGY SUE MCRAE Reprinted from *Sage Woman Magazine*

"Salmon Spirit, Beautiful Swimmer.

Thank you for giving me your body to eat.

I ask to be blessed by your spirit.

Help me be as generous as you are

and give myself to nourish this world.

Help me face my dangers.

My people have made your life so difficult and dangerous.

How can I atone for this?

Beautiful Swimmer, I ask for your blessing.

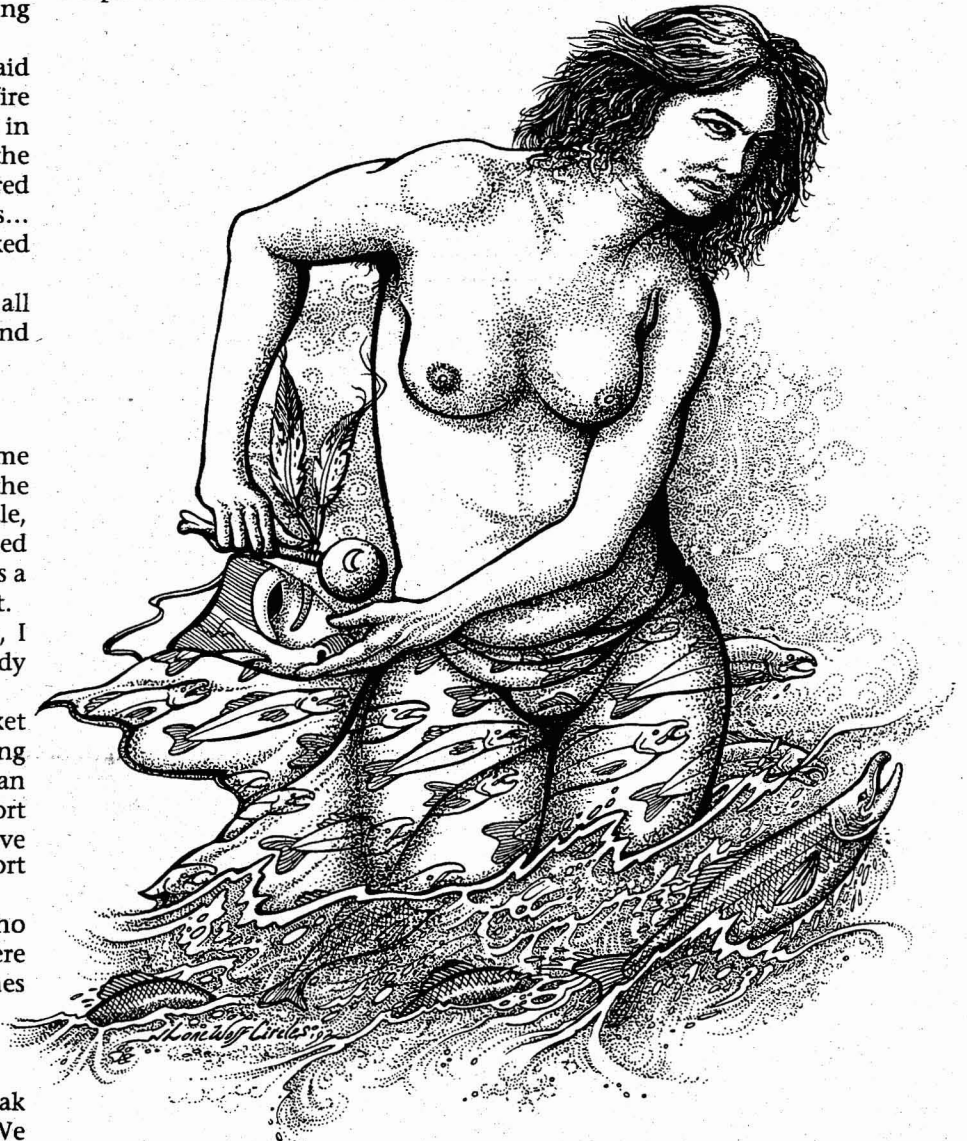
May I always be able to find my way home.

May I fulfill my destiny before I die.

When I eat your body, may I fill myself with your magic.

Thank you, Swimmer, Thank you."

I gave my offering to the sea so that my prayer would go back to the land of the Salmon People at the other side of the world.



Portrait of Peggy Sue McRae by Lone Wolf Circles

Salmon Meditations

BY CRYSTAL MCLAUGHLIN

He was carrying by the gills a shining two-and-a-half foot salmon. He explained that it had been trapped in one of the shallow pools on the edge of the river, and he had spent the past hour trying to help it swim. But its brain had been baked by yesterday's blinding sun. It couldn't keep itself upright. Now it was dead.

What should we do with it? Throw it back in the water, bury it, or eat it for breakfast? Though there are strict vegans reading this who would perhaps cringe at the thought of eating the salmon, that is exactly what we decided to do, although I think almost all of us there were vegetarians. It reminded me of an ancient custom of some of the First Peoples: eating the body of a deceased loved one in order that his or her qualities may live on. It was considered the highest insult among these peoples *not* to partake.

Someone went to get olive oil and garlic, another to get a frying pan. Someone was chopping onions. The smell of frying salmon was in the air. Vegetarians were coming at a trot. Thick pieces of fresh salmon were being served: guilt-free meat. We were ancient Celts dancing around the feast table, a herd of satyrs dancing to the pipes of Pan, kids with brand-new bicycles! We were happy veggie Earth Firsters with plates of salmon! The phrase "gift from the goddess" could be heard drifting reverently through the kitchen, and prayers of thanks were uttered aloud and unashamedly.

DEAR NED LUDD



BY GOLLY, HOW WOULD PEOPLE LIKE IT IF ANIMALS BULLDOZED A SUBURB AND PUT IN NEW TREES???



Dear Ned Ludd:

Have any of you ever been fishing and, you know, stopped at the store and gotten a box of worms, gone out and had a good time? What is this leading to? Well, just this: have you ever forgotten to take that box of worms out of the pocket of your fishing coat? If you haven't had this pleasure, well let me say that after a week or two those now-dead worms get to smelling *real* bad (an understatement). Now, if you were to take a couple of boxes (each) of worms to a building take-over and hide them in strategic spots around the building your presence (after a few weeks), ever how short it was, would be well remembered (to say the least) for a very long time! You might also want to use the "juice" off of shrimp (P-U!).

A note on tree spiking. An apple orchardist friend of mine used to "bolt" his trees so they would not split. Now you say, "Well, so what, we are not into saving apple trees." You see, if you are going to "spike" a tree, do it right, get a long drill bit (wood bit) and have your friendly neighborhood welder weld (or braze) an extension onto it. If you use a fairly large bit (one-half to three quarter inch), you should be able to extend it out to around three or four feet. Take this extended bit (along with a battery driven or hand driven drill), a ladder, and steel rod (sharpened at one end) about six inches longer than the bit and head for a forest of your choice. Drill a hole at an angle downward in the tree trunk. Be sure that you are not too high up on the trunk so that the steel rod that you drive in the hole (the last six inches) will not be across the "normal" cutting path of a logger. You can, with a tall ladder, "sink" rods in a "line" up a considerable height!

This, of course, is going to injure the tree, and for the tree it probably would be better to use a one-half inch bit and stainless steel rod (expensive) of a slightly smaller diameter. Also, if you do this, be sure that you countersink the rod so it will not be easily seen or pulled out. Use an acceptable material to patch the hole (found at a nursery supply) so that you do not leave an open wound. A warning should be placed on the tree to alert the logger, as this may stop him (especially after he tries to cut a few trees with no warning) from attempting to continue cutting. This all should be done well before the area is to be cut to give the tree time to heal around the "spike" and to make any removal of the spike next to impossible.

As far as hanging banners and other "peaceful" media type stuff, I am all for it. These actions do well to alert the general public, and "deep woods" and covert actions cannot do that. Our younger generation needs some "seable" actions to alert them to the problems. And we *are* trying to save these things for *them*, are we not?

P.S. When you extend a drill bit, there is no "twist" in the extension to carry off chips, so be sure to pull back the bit all the way out every six inches. If the chips aren't removed from the bit or the hole, your bit is likely to get stuck. Have fun.



Hey all you out there in EF! land! I've found some nifty little annoyance tactics that I'd like to let you in on.

This first one falls in the category of vandalism. You know those little glass bottles of model paint? Well, if you stick one of those in a field-model slingshot (the ones with arm braces) they do some colorful property damage.

This next one pretty much falls in the category of fucking shit up. I've seen instances where a killer stink bomb would be very useful; either in corporate tree-cutting business meetings or dumped in the ventilation shafts of polluting industries. Here's what you do. Take a peanut butter jar. Break an egg into it. Stir well, then add an equal amount of urine straight from the tap. Mix well and leave uncapped for 24 hours. Then, cap it tightly and set it aside for a month. After 30 days, hold your breath and use accordingly. Be careful, it's known to make strong men weep. One more quickie. Take some Kool-Aid and dump a hot coal into it. Wha-la, instant smoke, and lots of it. I'm sure you can come up with some creative eco-terraist uses for that.

Pick your targets, do it well. Rip 'em up!
—FILTHY MCNASTY, AGENT GREEN SPARROW

Ever thought of the exorbitant amount of resources many people use when they go to a public bathroom to urinate? The water flushed, the hot water for washing hands (where did the energy to heat the water come from?), the paper towels and/or the most outrageous use: the electric hand-dryer, which many people pop on and use for a second or two, after which (the older styles) continue to run on courtesy of a dammed river, a nuclear or coal power plant, etc. I'm sure you get the picture.

In the case of these electric hand-dryers I'm what you can call anti-choice. No one should be allowed to squander the earth for such a senseless (non)use. Therefore, I try to be productive in my travels by decommissioning as many of these suckers as possible. I do so by supergluing objects behind the pushbuttons so that they can't be turned on. I'd like to encourage you to join the purge, and would like to hear of other ideas for methods of decommissioning, as there are probably much better ways.

I feel I have to recount this dream I keep having over and over. In it I go for a walk and scatter bags of roofing nails all over the road. Not in great big bunches but one and two at a time. In my dream everyone I know in my small town keeps talking about their flat tires. And then as they talk they turn into cancer cells and my bag of nails are the antibodies. So I just keep spreading antibodies, antibodies everywhere, one or two at a time.

Sometimes I have another dream: in it I drive 3 inch spikes into the road at 60 degree angles with just about 1/2 an inch exposed. I'm always careful to drive them in at 2 or 3 am, while I'm asleep. In my dream dozens of commuters at a time are stuck at the side of the road in giant cancer cells, and my antibodies just manage to stick up a little, but they do their job.

It's a sick dream, really, stopping one or two cars at time will not save the earth, I know. But I was hoping someone may be able to provide some insight. Perhaps some of your readers have similar dreams. Maybe it would help if we had a national dream of roofing nails day. Say June 3.

—CANADIAN DREAMER

Impress your friends and save the planet at the same time with these:

Radical Vegan Recipes

Fluffy Carob Cake

(Set Oven to 350°)
3 cups flour
1 1/2 cups fructose, sucanat or sugar
1 cup margarine
1 cup carob powder
1 cup soy milk
2 tsp vanilla
1 Tbs lemon juice
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp baking soda
1/2 cup boiling water

Tender BBQ Tofu

2 lbs tofu
2 Tbs oil
5 cloves garlic
1/2 onion, minced
1/4 cup soy sauce
1 cup water
1/2 cup wine or sherry
carrots, cauliflower
mushrooms (opt)

Combine and mix all dry ingredients for the Fluffy Carob Cake, except for 1/4 cup of the carob. Melt the margarine with the 1/4 cup of carob, then add to the dry mixture. Add lemon juice and vanilla to soymilk and pour in mixture. Boil water and add in. Pour into a greased and floured 9x11 pan.

Now here's the tricky part. The cake will take 1/2 hour, and at about that same time you'll be wanting to light the charcoal for the tofu. Someone showed me an easy way around this: all you need is a kitchen timer, a 9 volt battery (with cap), an automobile backup lightbulb, some electrical wire, some matches and a soldering gun. First, break off the glass on the bulb so as to expose the filament, being careful not to break it. Attach some matches to the filament so that the heads touch the wire—with the right charge, this match bundle will light your BBQ while you're busy with the marinade sauce.

Now, with your soldering kit, attach one wire from the battery cap to the tip of the bulb, and solder a 6-8 inch length of wire to the metal side of the bulb's base. When the other tip of this wire is connected to the second wire from the battery cap/battery, the circuit will be complete and the matches will ignite...that's the general idea. Take the kitchen timer and glue a toothpick or matchstick to the rotating pointer, in effect extending the circumference of the rotation. Glue the two loose ends of wire to the non-moving section of the timer at the 12 o'clock position, so that the toothpick on the pointer will connect the two wires when it winds down to zero. (Make sure that you do not connect the battery until you are about to set the timer.) Now you can set the timer for 1/2 hour, put it next to your BBQ pit, and shove the lightbulb/igniter into either a pile of fire-starter gel or next to a plastic bag of starter fluid in the middle of a pile of charcoal. And presto—now you can start a fire in one place while you're busy doing other things in other places.

Tofu should be frozen then thawed—this process separates the water from the curd and adds texture. Marinate the tofu in slabs in a mixture of the oil, garlic, onion, tahini, soy sauce, water and sherry. You might want to marinate some carrots, cauliflower, onion or mushrooms and BBQ those as well. Also prepare a BBQ sauce, which can either be a can of tomato sauce with soy sauce, spices and sweetener, or your own personal favorite sauce.

At this point, you'll probably hear a bell ring and you'll see the BBQ starting up outside. Take the cake out of the oven and let it cool in the pan. Melt 1 cup of sweetener in 1/4 to 1/2 cup margarine and simmer until the sugar has browned. Pour over the cooling cake. Refrigerate.

Paper Mill Poisons Pigeon River

BY DANIELLE DROITSCH, CENTER FOR GLOBAL SUSTAINABILITY

For more than 80 years, Champion International's Canton, North Carolina paper mill has used the Pigeon River as a wastewater treatment plant. The river's pristine waters, turned foul-smelling and coffee-colored by the mill's discharge, continue that way for 30 miles through North Carolina and on into Tennessee. This misuse of the Pigeon River comes at the public's and the environment's expense.

Today, under a new national administration, there is a glimmer of hope that the Environmental Protection Agency will finally require Champion to adhere to the terms of the 1977 Clean Water Act.

In 1988, the North Carolina Division of Environmental Management granted the Canton mill a variance allowing Champion to bypass a state

—or even 70 percent—would still not come close to the state standard of 50 color units. The Canton mill is the only plant in the United States known to use 30 miles of a river as a diluting zone.

The original variance exempting Champion's discharge from the North Carolina color standard was granted because of the lack of effective, affordable technologies that could enable the plant to meet the standard. The NC Division of Environmental Management (DEM) issued the variance based on information submitted by the consulting firm SEC Donohue, which was retained by Champion to review seven possible color-removal technologies. SEC Donohue rejected all seven technologies because none of them, by themselves, could meet the 50 color-unit standard, or even an 80 color-unit standard. In the eyes of DEM, Champion had sufficiently demonstrated that all possible color-removal technologies had been investigated.

But using a combination of several technologies was never even considered. Furthermore, by reducing the amount of water used and discharged by the plant, the modernization program will significantly decrease the cost of using color-removal technologies. SEC Donohue's report was based on the former usage, which increased the estimated costs substantially.

Even more importantly, Champion has a local color-removal technology available to it at half the cost of other technologies. In 1988, UNCA Professor Richard Maas and retired engineer Philip Neal developed a color-removal method specifically for the Canton paper mill. The technology, whose development was actually funded by Champion through a grant, removes 90 to 95 percent of the color from the plant's effluent by itself.

The problem with Maas and Neal's technology, according to Champion, is the sludge it generates. If Champion

were required to use this technology, the company would finally be held financially accountable for the waste it produces. The cost of producing the company's bleached paper has always been artificially low because it does not reflect the true costs of discharging pollution into the river.

Another advantage of technologies like the one developed by Maas and Neal is that they eliminate the use of chlorine bleaching, which pollutes the Pigeon River with deadly chemicals such as dioxin. Using Maas and Neal's technology would cost Champion about \$40 million in capital investment and \$10 million per year in operating costs. But compared to the \$425 million the company already planned to spend on capital projects (according to its 1986 annual report), this is a small investment, and the benefits would be substantial.

On March 10, the Division of Environmental Management will be reviewing Champion's variance to discharge color into the Pigeon River. Their decision will subsequently be reviewed by the EPA Region Four Office in Atlanta.

The Headwaters Coalition—representing 13 organizations, including the Western North Carolina Alliance, the Clean Water Fund of North Carolina, the Blue Ridge Environmental Defense League, and Americans for a Clean Environment—is asking DEM and the EPA to deny Champion the color variance. Neither agency is accepting public comment on the issue, but concerned citizens are calling major users of Champion's products, asking them not to purchase cartons from the Canton mill. A demonstration at the river on March 27 will also focus national attention on the color variance.

The people of Western North Carolina need to recognize that Champion *can* meet the terms of the Clean Water Act. Champion has "cried wolf" many times before, arguing that the mill would close down if the government enforced its own laws. Yet the mill is still here, and the company is making a substantial investment in its future. For more than

80 years, Champion has destroyed the environment in and around the Pigeon River. The company has not been held accountable for the costs of polluting the Pigeon River. It is time for an educated public to demand that a reasonable environmental law be put into effect.

For more information, call (615) 524-4771.

Action Suggestions

Champion's mill in Canton, NC makes fiber board used in milk and juice cartons. You can see the Champion name under the carton lip opposite the side you open. Two major buyers of Champion cartons are: Minute Maid Juices, owned by Coca Cola, 1-800-888-6488 and Dole Juices 1-800-232-8888. Call these numbers often and tell them you will not buy their product because it is in a Champion carton and Champion is killing the Pigeon River. Call or write Champion directly to let them know that you are boycotting their paper and companies that use their cartons. Contact Champion International, One Champion Plaza, Stamford, Connecticut 06921 (203-358-7000). Lastly, put some pressure on Al Gore to force EPA to do the right thing and stop giving Champion special treatment. Contact Katie McGinty, Special Assistant to the President on Environmental Affairs, Old Executive Office Building, Room 274, Washington DC 20501 (202) 456-6231.

Owl to Stop Cutting in Southwest?

BY BIODIVERSITY LEGAL FOUNDATION

Faced with the threat of a law suit by the Biodiversity Legal Foundation and Phoenix physician Robin Silver, Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt announced on February 19th that the Mexican Spotted Owl (*Strix occidentalis lucida*) will be listed as threatened under the federal Endangered Species Act.

The ESA listing will provide about 2100 Mexican Spotted Owls remaining in the Southwest with badly needed increased protection, and is expected to significantly pare down commercial logging in remnant mature, densely canopied, mixed conifer forests—the habitat preferred by the owls.

About 91 percent of Mexican Spotted Owls presently known occur on US National Forests, 4 percent occur on Indian reservations, 4 percent occur in national parks, and 1 percent occurs on BLM lands. Timber production is the major threat to the owl, with about 65 percent of owl habitat in Arizona and New Mexico presently managed for timber production. Timber harvest is also a threat to the owl in at least two national forests in southwest Colorado.

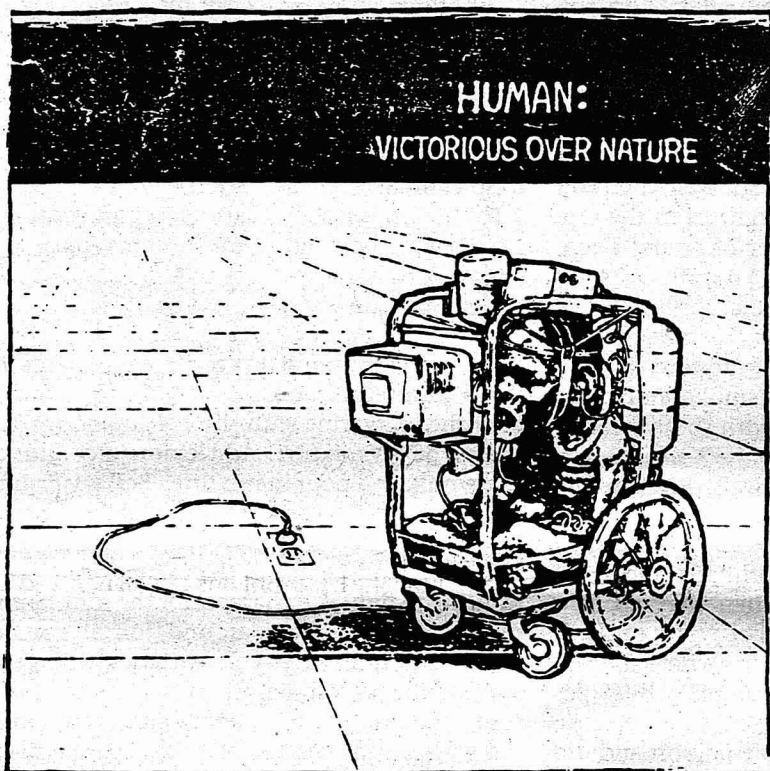
"This is the first clear-cut victory for the environment in Arizona in many years, and it's well overdue," said Robin Silver, a Phoenix doctor and wildlife photographer who first petitioned the government to list the owl in December 1989.

The Mexican Spotted Owl became an initial litmus test for Bruce Babbitt. The best scientific data available clearly showed the owl to be biologically endangered and yet the US Forest Service, hand-in-hand with the timber industry in the Southwest, pulled out all the stops in an effort to prevent the owl's listing and protection.

In November, the Colorado-based Biodiversity Legal Foundation and Dr. Silver filed a formal 60-day notice of intent to file suit and were on the verge of filing the case in US District Court when Babbitt made the decision to list the owl.

An even greater test for Babbitt will be whether he now takes the necessary preventive steps to ensure the long-term protection of old growth and mature mixed conifer forest ecosystems in the Southwest. The conservation of the Northern Goshawk, Flammulated Owl, Spotted and Occult Bats, and numerous migratory songbirds and endemic salamanders depend upon federal and state agencies taking an effective multiple-species/ecosystem approach to recovery efforts.

Litigation over the Mexican Spotted Owl, however, may not have been completely avoided by the recent positive decision, as the Fish and Wildlife Service (at press time) has yet to announce whether it intends to designate critical habitat for the owl and whether the ESA classification will be threatened or endangered.



standard of 50 color units (parts per million), which would have left the water as clear as ginger ale. Instead, Champion's effluent contains 400 to 800 color units, depending on the time of the year. This discharge stains the river a dark coffee-color.

Color greatly influences the optical properties of water, which ultimately affects the overall health of an aquatic community. A dark color deprives aquatic plant life of the solar energy it needs to sustain its primary productivity. Algae, the basis of aquatic ecosystems, has been reduced by as much as 96 percent below the Canton mill. The river's Index of Biotic Integrity (IBI)—a measure of its species richness and composition, trophic structure, fish abundance, and fish condition—is classified "poor." A study of Pigeon River fish found that 40 percent were diseased, deformed, or parasitized. Above the plant, the Pigeon's IBI is classified "excellent."

Western North Carolina has also lost other possible uses of the river because of Champion's polluted effluent. The river is now used for industrial cooling, wastewater discharge, and hydroelectric generation. But using the Pigeon for agriculture, recreational fishing, whitewater rafting/canoeing and maintaining aquatic biodiversity is virtually impossible. An economic analysis provided by two professors at Walters State University estimates that the annual value of recreational benefits from a restored Pigeon River would be \$7.3 million.

The Canton Modernization Program (CMP), Champion's three-year, \$300 million upgrading project which is only partly designed to improve the plant's discharge into the river, supposedly represents Champion's best attempt to reduce the color of its effluent. The company is justified in saying that the CMP is a step toward improving the Pigeon River environment. The CMP will improve the water color by about 50 percent and will reduce the amount of water used by the mill from 45 to 29 million gallons each day.

But lightening the water's color by 50 percent

Georgia Developers: Go Develop in Hell

BY LARRY WINSLETT

On December 12, 1992 the Stone Mountain Memorial Association (SMMA) presented to the public its \$110 million Master Plan for Stone Mountain "improvements." These projects are in addition to the planned development for 1996 Atlanta Olympic venues (see *Earth First!* Aug. 1, 1992). The Master Plan is scheduled to be implemented in two phases. The first is to coincide with the '96 Olympic Games, with the second phase to be completed by 2010.

SMMA claims this plan is a program of wildlife preservation and land conservation. They also professes it is a calculated course of managed growth, incorporating Olympic venues into the park's other recreational attractions. Personally, I find it hard to equate roughly \$300 million in construction over 18 years with anything resembling preservation and conservation.

The public hearing was held at 10:45 on December 12, forty-five minutes after the plan was presented. It lasted only until noon. It all took place so fast no one actually had time to study the plan before making their comments.

It should be noted that this plan is not binding. The SMMA can still add even more development in the future. As if to underscore this, at the December 21 board meeting the Park Director immediately asked for flexibility on the proposed Natural District borders. His reason: to build more parking lots. At this meeting, the SMMA voted unanimously to accept the Master Plan as proposed. While some projects will receive further study (exact locations, time tables, etc.), all were given the green light.

The Master Plan calls for dividing the park into four distinct areas. Three of these, the Historic District, the Events District, and the Recreational District are slated for nearly total development. For example, the Historic District calls for construction of a complete "working Southern town and farm." The fourth, the Natural District, claims to designate 65 percent of the park as a wilderness area. This is very misleading. A large portion of this section is surface area of four man-made lakes.

Wilderness area? Hardly; the Natural District will still have two paved roads, a railroad, new train station, picnic areas, fishing hut, three dams, and the Olympic Archery site. In addition, the most offensive new development planned would be entirely in this area. Passing through sensitive forest on the mountain would be a multi-million dollar Incline Railway. It would terminate near sensitive habitats for the federally listed plant species, the pool sprite (*Amphianthus pusillus-Threatened*) and the black-spored quillwort (*Isoetes melanospora-Endangered*). This completely discounts any claims by the SMMA that it will preserve the Mountain.

In the short-term, the establishment of the Natural District will provide some protection for most of the park's rare plants and significant habitats. Unfortunately, this is a People First plan. It is doubtful any long-term protection has been ensured. Habitat loss due to recreational over-use and development is the major threat to the park's flora. The Master Plan and Olympic development will only increase these threats.

No protection is provided for rare species that occur outside this so-called wilderness area. For example, all sites of the rock aster (*Aster avitus-C1 candidate*) are outside this area. Stone Mountain is the only public land site where this plant still can be found. It is very likely other rare plants exist outside the proposed Natural District. We may never know what will be destroyed. No plant inventories or environmental impact studies have been made. So far, the SMMA has shown no inclination to do any.



Protection of the individual rare plant species (at least 12) and their habitats is of course the highest priority. But of almost equal importance when discussing the biological significance of the park is the remaining hardwood forest. One area at the base of the Mountain contains large hardwoods of such a variety that the forest has been found representative of nearly original Piedmont Mesic Forest by scientists working on a Eastern North American Vegetation Survey. Only part of this area is in the proposed Natural District.

Under this plan, the SMMA only seeks to protect species so that it can exploit them for profit. Lookout points will be built so visitors can view areas that are home to rare and endangered species. No mention has been made of what is best for these species in their own right. For all its impressive talk about preservation and conservation, this plan is simply a People First! plan. It is about getting more people into the park, processing them more efficiently, building new amusements for them, thus generating higher profits (surely leading to even more managed growth). This plan contains no real consideration for the Mountain, the hardwood forest or its native residents' own right to exist. The only thing this plan successfully manages is the continuing destruction of Stone Mountain.

What can be done about it? Currently, we must keep public pressure on these short-sighted, bottom-feeding bureaucrats. The persistent pressure does seem to have caught the SMMA off-guard. Apparently they thought after the hearing, everyone would just accept their plans. So far, that hasn't happened. In particular, the Incline Railway has received almost total condemnation from the public.

There are still questions to be answered that could lead to some legal recourse. These include: What responsibility (if any) does the SMMA have under the Georgia Environmental Policy Act? Have wetlands been properly surveyed and protected? Will any federal funds be used in the Stone Mountain Olympic projects?

Pending the answers to these questions and others, I am still urging those interested in helping protect Stone Mountain to write the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, POB 778, Stone Mountain, GA 30086; Governor Zell Miller, 203 State Capital, Atlanta, GA 30334 and the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games POB 1996, Atlanta, GA 30301.

For a copy of the "Park Report" outlining the Master Plan for Stone Mountain and a complete list of SMMA board members, contact Larry Winslett Route #3, Box 3044, Hartwell, GA 30643.

I want to thank all those who have already written letters and offered support. I hope you will help keep public pressure on the SMMA. For the first time SMMA is at least mentioning the protection of endangered species and habitats. They must be forced to translate its rhetoric into lasting actions to protect the native species of Stone Mountain.

Defending Marine Mammals

BY BOB LEVANGIE, MARINE PROTECTION ALLIANCE

The oceans are the "Mother of Life," and we are killing her. Greed through destructive seafood "harvesting" has caused the ecosystem to become unbalanced, causing a bloom of one species and the disappearance of others. Here in Maine, it seems that lobstermen are switching to urchin fishing. After the urchins are gone, the fishermen will move on to gillnetting.

About five years ago a market for urchin roe was discovered in Japan. The reason for so many urchins is because the natural predators (otters) are gone and draggers (trawlers) have not been able to drag among the rocks. Scuba divers discovered this and have almost depleted this fishery in a short time, another case of the self-regulated fishing industry out of control.

The use of gillnets is a cruel and effective fishing technique, sure to catch all. A gillnet is monofilament net, stretched out for up to a mile and a half along the coast and is a light blue color, which is hard to detect. Porpoise, seals, and whales are the bycatch. They are considered nuisances since there is no market for them and they destroy fishing gear. It is common to shoot and kill these "menaces." The practice is to put out and anchor the net in the late afternoon. Overnight, fish will find their way into the net and get trapped there. Since they cannot move to get oxygen through their gills, they suffocate. Mammals cannot stay down for more than a few minutes, so they also die this way. If possible, the fishermen come back the next day, but if he has problems he will not, and his catch will rot. This attracts more prey, which includes sea birds (also considered bycatch), and they too suffocate and die in the web of death, along with other species.

The Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1982 was an attempt to save mammals, but it was amended later to accommodate fishermen and their nets. It is well understood that people in the business look at life in the waters as commodities, constantly putting a price tag on everything. The end result is an ecosystem out of balance, one that will not evenly sustain life, one that forces species into extinction with little regard to the future. If groups that were neutral and made up of citizens, conservationists, biologists and environmentalists were to expose these awful acts of violence to other species, legislation would follow and the future for our oceans would brighten.

For the last six years we have been urging and training people to get out on the water in boats, especially sea kayaks. We feel that much of the problem with the environment is due to the fact that people just are not there to witness the damage. Our recent purchase of the vessel "Windswift" is an attempt to get further off shore and expose illegal fish trading through photographic documentation of whales, porpoises, and sea birds caught in gillnets. If possible, we will attempt to release the trapped species from the nets before they die. The vessel is a thirty-three foot fiberglass sloop capable of sleeping six people. It has a center board and draws only four feet of water with the board up. This will enhance its capability of getting into shallow water.

We believe that during the summer, at any given moment (until gillnets are banned), there could be marine mammals dying off the coast of Maine and no one would know. We believe that fishermen and the Coast Guard would fail to expose these violations. If the real truth was out about these nets, they would be banned and sea life could start to balance naturally.

Until that time, we feel an obligation to do all that is possible to correct this raping of our oceans. Gillnetting is another holocaust. For more information write to: Marine Protection Alliance PO Box 724, Rockport ME 04856

On the Road With the Ancient Forest Bus Brigade Catfish's Road

BY RAMON

"Catfish, old pal," I oozed. "How'd you like to represent the Bus Brigade at the Activists' Conference in Illinois?"

"How'd you like one of my dirty sweat socks run once or twice around a pig's ass and shoved up your nose?"

(Hmmm, I thought; this is going to be tougher than I imagined.)

However, I eventually appealed to his altruistic side. I simply made him an offer he couldn't refuse. In cash. So off he went, head held high, a former washed-out Navy Seal on leave, sniffing the wind. I don't know how many sailor bars there are in Southern Illinois, but I hope they hid their silverware.

Two weeks later, and he's back. Deciding to conduct an interview in the highest tradition of professional journalism, I put on my *New York Times* face and began at the beginning:

"Catfish, would you please give us your full legal name?"

"How'd you like one of my dirty sweat socks run once or twice around a pig's ass and shoved up your nose?"

"I'll buy us a pitcher," I cajoled.

"OK, OK; just no names."

"So, how was the Conference?"

"Fuck the Conference. Let me tell you about the Kick-Ass-Raging-Naked-All-Girl-Blue-Grass-Band. They were rompin' and stompin' and everybody was gettin' real drunk and fallin' down. We started singin' 'What Do You Do With the Earth First! Journal'...and ripping the bloody rag to shreds. Then a few of our wonderful EF! women took off their shirts, but Jagoff wouldn't have any of that. Jagoff has certain standards, you understand. So pretty soon everybody was naked, even Darryl (who wears underwear, for gosh sake). Getting naked was a good thing for Darryl to do since he'd pretty much spent the past two days trying to strip the Collective of everything but their jockey shorts. So now we all were even."

"Uh; were there, dare I ask... meetings?"

"Sure. I mean I think so. You ever heard of short-term memory loss?"

"Another alcohol-related incident, eh?"

"Boy, you got it. And I needed it too. After all, I was heading home after the conference to re-acquaint myself with my parents and family after, lo, these 3 1/2 years. Hey, we're talking stress, man."

"So, how'd it go?"

"Look, this is off the record, right? It was great. My folks and I had some good heart-to-heart talks. Not just polite chit-chat. We got past that after a day or so, and then got down to brass tacks. Not that I'd want to live with them, or them with me, you understand."

"I understand. Contrary to popular belief, I have parents too."

"Are you sure, Ramon? Everybody thinks you're just a clone. Possibly of a Certified Public Accountant."

"Trust me."

"OK, but it ain't easy. You're too neat."

"About your family?" I segued.

"Oh yeah. Did I tell you that I have this terrific nephew. His name is Michael and he's 8 years old, and I'm, I'm, well...I'm his *uncle*, can you dig it? He comes way up to *here* on me. A future football player, I'll bet. Maybe a wide receiver,

like me."

"Uh, Cat, my man; you can't catch a football if it's handed to you."

"OK, OK, maybe a rugby player then. A Maggot. Yeah, a Missoula Maggot!"

"Speaking of the City of Fight, I'm glad you've made it back here safely."

"No thanks to Jake. Just because this semi went zooming by in a blinding snowstorm and we went into a white-out was no reason to ditch it. Jake's a good activist, but he can't drive worth a shit."

"He told me *you* were driving."

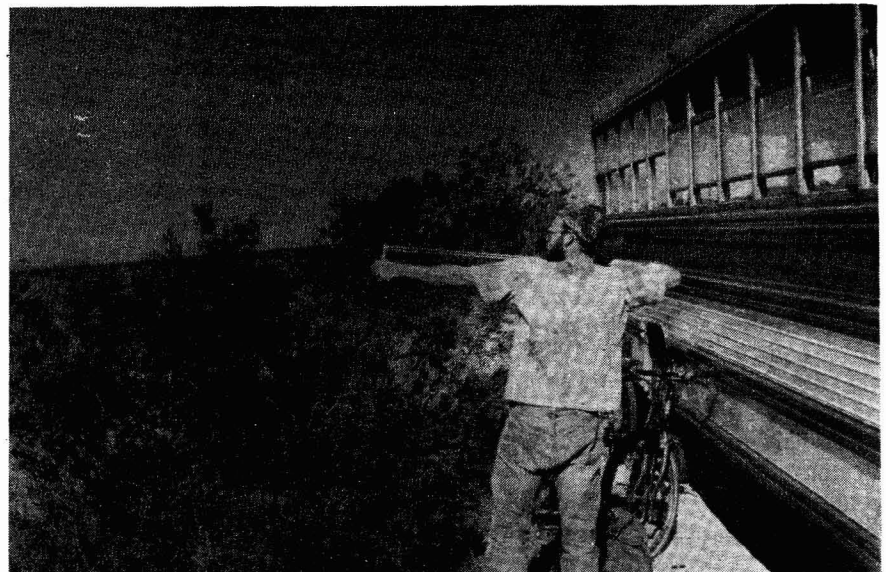
"So he's a *lying* sack of shit too."

"Enough. The Movement, I've been told, needs harmony, not divisiveness. Now that you're back in Missou, what are your plans?"

"I dunno. Is there a Betty Ford Clinic around here?"

"I think not. Let's go to the ice rink and play broom-ball instead. *That'll* sober you up. Or kill ya."

"OK. Before we go, I gotta say something to your thousands of loyal readers on the West Coast, OK?"



"Sure."

"Hey Ecotopia. How are ya? I love you. Save the Redwoods. Save the Headwaters. Save the whales. But if you want to party, come and take a ride with the Wild Rockies. Yahoo!"

"Thank you, Catfish, for that incisive and thoughtful conclusion to our interview. Now, I believe it's your turn to buy a pitcher."

"How'd you like one of my dirty sweat socks...."

Vigilantes Threaten Anti-Dam March

BY GERRY PASCAL

In solidarity with the United Nation's designation of 1993 as the "Year of the Indigenous," Buddhist nun Jun Yasuda initiated a prayer pilgrimage from her home at the Peace Pagoda in Grafton, New York to the Innu Reserve of Malietenam on the St. Lawrence Seaway in Quebec Province. This seven-week walk began December 10, 1992 in support of the Innu's struggle to stop the development of Hydro-Quebec on their lands and gain recognition as a sovereign nation. The Innu, a hunting and fishing culture, have never signed a treaty giving up any rights to these ancestral lands and overwhelmingly oppose Hydro-Quebec's development and exploitation of the land they consider sacred.

Our core group of twenty walkers was comprised of Japanese, US, and indigenous peoples. Although there were only two Buddhist monks on the walk, we were all depicted as either Japanese or American Buddhist monks and thus became estranged from the general population, which is predominately French Catholic.

Although most of the communities knew about James Bay, very few were aware of the St. Marguerite 3 (SM-3) hydro-project being planned on Innu land. This \$2.872 billion project includes diverting the Pekans and Carheil Rivers into the St. Marguerite. These two rivers are currently tributaries of the Moise River, which is famous for its giant salmon and is an important waterway into the interior for the Innu. Although the traditional Innu people have organized the "Coalition of Nitassinan" to counter the development of Hydro-Quebec and gain recognition as a sovereign nation that has its own language and culture, their efforts have gained little publicity. In order to gain international attention and support for their cause, they invited us to Malietenam and participated in the pilgrimage with us.

Although the Cree, Innu and Inuit people are all actively opposing development and exploitation of their lands by Hydro-Quebec, they are very isolated from each other. In addition to the great geographical distance, the Innu speak only Innu and French while the Cree's second language is English.

Hydro-Quebec must be seen in its entirety and not just as one particular dam or project. This separatist mentality has been fostered by the government, which has never studied the cumulative effects of the entire \$65 billion project planned by Hydro-Quebec. The total area that would be affected by Hydro-Quebec is three times the size of New York State.

We arrived at Malietenam on January 15. Many of the Innu were in court for defiance of an injunction that prohibited them from meeting in public

buildings on the reserve. It was decided that the walkers would fast on the reserve for three days and then participate in a joint march down Route 138 from the St. Marguerite River to Malietenam. However, on the first day of our fast, leaders of the trade unions took over a commercial radio station, calling people to gather to "do people's justice" and "expel the Buddhists" from the reserve.

We got word that the pro-government band council chief, Eli Jacques Jordain wanted to meet with us. We agreed to meet with the stipulation, requested of us by the Innu, that media and the human rights commissioner be present. When he disagreed with that condition, we refused to meet with him. After about twenty minutes he sent word that he agreed to those conditions and we re-entered the meeting room. He informed us that he was ordering us to leave the reserve by 4 pm and that if we didn't, we would be responsible for any violence that occurred. We said we were the invited guests of the Innu and would stay as long as they wanted us to.

At about 4 pm, the Innu hurriedly informed us that for our safety we would have to move into the church. The vigilantes, led by Chief Jourdain, had entered the reserve. The Innu had met among themselves and decided that they would put the women and children in the church with us and that the men would stay outside and lay down if the vigilantes tried to enter the church. When the vigilantes stopped in front of the church, the Innu asked them to select four leaders and join in a negotiation to peacefully resolve this conflict. They agreed to this request. It was decided that the Innu would cancel our joint two-day walk and the vigilantes would not forcibly expel us.

We completed our three-day fast and, after a final celebration and sweat lodge with our Innu friends, departed from the reserve on January 24.

Since that time, four Innu have received prison sentences for their violation of the injunction. About 70 Innu will be going through the courts for similar charges. They are representing themselves and speaking in the Innu language. They are committed to fasting in jail and continuing with their non-violent campaign for their autonomy and cultural survival.

To support the Innu's struggle, contact the Innu Support committee at (413) 367-9604. In Massachusetts, write to your senators and Governor Weld to oppose future Hydro-Quebec contracts and the passage of legislation demanding equitable environmental review processes for out-of-state energy.

Kamikaze Last!

BY WRAITHWALKER

Aye, folk, gather 'round. I'll spin a tale of hope and good cheer! Extinction is normal. The 1.5 million species now existing represent only 1 percent of all species ever present on Earth. One way or another we humans are bound to go by the wayside.

The more perspicacious among us have suggested controlling human folly and population growth by bowing to mini-altars while ululating praise to the AIDS virus, hunting slob hunters, and practicing culinary forms of birth control. These will do little to alleviate the impact of humans on fellow Earthlings. The real question is, "How can we facilitate the process of local and widespread extinction of humanity?"

The first step is outgrowing the romantic notion of at last lying body down on Dusty Crag to be consumed by Vulture or to be a Griz Bear twinkie, or other such nonsense. This method of connecting one's spirit with the Wild is for the time being inappropriate given the current state of the Earth. The second step is practicing a variation of a fundamental principle of evolutionary history. Natural selection results from individuals minimizing others' reproductive success (through death or outcompeting) while maximizing their own. (We'll

forgo the latter, or with roots buried deep confer our reproductive success to our Mother). Moral of story: *Smash human reproductive success.*

Feeling a bit tired? Body nearly dust? Liver pulling an Ed Abbey on ya? Throw your body at the machine's vitals, slip it in between the cogs! A well-planned death can work wonders, particularly with long-term preparation. Uh...what's that there snipping, panting sound? Oh, its the editorial staff. Well...er: options abound with CSE (creative slime eradication).

Hurt yer bleeding romantic heart? Think it's unnatural to harm yer own species? Take a gander at the aggressive and deadly tactics of most birds and mammals. Think it's uncouth to prevent, limit, or tamper with human reproduction? Take a look at the many mammalian species that practice breeding suppression, such as dominant female Yellow-Bellied Marmots who suppress ovulation of neighbors, alpha female and male Wolves that suppress breeding among the rest of the pack, or some queen Ants that produce males only when about to mate (hmmm, good idea).

Give extinction a hand, fuck that ugly haunting spectre in your life. Your final monkeywrench can be most effective.

Letter From a Friend in Jail



Friends & supporters—

Another semi-personal letter from me to keep you all informed of my situation. My preliminary trial took place Jan 11-14; four days of court involving 28 plus witnesses that testified. The investigation, which was coordinated between the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), National Security Investigative Service's unit (NSIS) (Canada's anti-terrorist unit) and the Integrated Intelligence Unit (IIU) a RCMP-Edmonton city police joint unit, conducted hundreds of hours of surveillance on me, my co-accused, other suspects, our residences, and possible ALF targets. This included phone wiretaps at both of our residences and a room probe/bug in my residence. Even with all this "over the top" intensive police surveillance, nothing significant enough to bring up in court was learned.

The majority of law enforcement officers who were cross-examined were very reluctant to answer questions about surveillance and involvement of US law enforcement agents. They couldn't be sure of their answers, or could not remember, and one IIU officer even had his ALF investigation notebook "stolen" along with a jacket from his vehicle (!?) and so could not remember much at all. We eventually found out that three US law enforcement agents (FBI-Michigan, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms-Michigan, Michigan State University Police) travelled to Edmonton in early July. Here they were given photocopies of every file in the filing cabinet seized at my residence, which contained my personal files and the ALF Support Group's files (correspondence/ mailing lists/newsclipping/etc.) They also accompanied IIU officers on a second search of my residence where they attempted to question my wife. (This second search resulted in my 13th charge—Possession of a device to obtain telecommunication, when a telephone test set was seized. This charge is being tried separately). They also attempted to question at least two other activists about the location of suspected US and Canadian ALF and EF! activists. The secret task force of law enforcement agencies is truly North America wide. They are trying to share as much information as possible with each other in their attempt to crush the Animal Liberation Front.

My co-accused (who Nov. 12/92 had his three charges stayed due to lack of evidence) was subpoenaed to testify. When called to swear oath he refused. His attorney, who was present, made a statement for him stating that, "It did not matter to him if the judge locked him up for 8 days and another 8 days and another, he would not take the stand and testify." The judge, who had the option of jailing him for 8 days or until the pre-trial is adjourned, whichever is less, decided after deliberation to not jail him but issued an order for him to appear at my trial (refusal at trial means he could be charged with contempt which can carry a maximum two-year sentence).

Overall, my pre-trial was very informative, the charge of attempted arson regarding an ALF action at Ovellette Packers was dropped, and the 3 charges/counts of mischief related to damaged Fur Council of Canada billboards were changed to one charge/count of mischief to three billboards. So three less

charges overall. All the charges related to the University of Alberta ALF liberation of 29 cats are held up by very weak "circumstantial" evidence. In the end i was ordered to stand trial on all charges except the attempted arson and 2 charges of mischief previously mentioned.

On Jan 25 during a cell search, guards seized a watch found in my cell, and then searched me, seizing another watch. Both were not listed as inmate property when I arrived and were considered contraband. One watch i had traded a prisoner for and the other i found in the laundry where i worked. Charged with "Possession of an unauthorized article," i was strip searched and taken to unit 6-D Administrative Segregation (more commonly known as the Hole). The next day i went to warden's court where i was found guilty and given 10 days punishment. I was taken back to the hole, stripsearched, given a padded "security" dress/jacket, a half size blanket and put in a cell. Locked up 23 hours a day with 1 hour exercise a day (if you're well behaved). My cell is searched daily for contraband. There are bright lights on in the cell 16-plus hours a day, and the ventilation system blasts cold air in 24 hours a day, making it feel like a fridge. No phone calls (except to my lawyer), no reading, cold food. Blah! Lots of shivering, not much sleep, some meditating, much thought. On Friday Jan 29 i was supposed to attend my Queen's Bench bail application, when i asked about it i was told i was not on the court list and so i did not have court, end of story (i later learned i was on the court list). Sadly, my bail was narrowly denied for the sixth time. On my fifth or sixth day of "punishment" someone slipped a smuggled book under my door. It was a children's book with a story about space cats who came back to earth to rescue cats and a couple people because everyone on the earth was poisoning and killing their planet. I read it in about four hours that night, hiding it while their guards did their hourly checks, anything to relieve the boredom. The next morning i slipped it away for someone else to read. On Feb 4 i was released to a new unit, happy just to be out of the "hole" even though i was still in jail.

Since then i have been busy answering letters, reading, and writing some articles. My trial date is to be set sometime this week. It's sounding like the Prosecutor "won't have time" in his schedule till October. If my trial is set for that late my attorney will be filing for a court order to get me released on bail because of undue/unecessary delay of trial. So i'm hoping things go good either way.

To those of you that could donate \$ and did, thank you, the SG has raised enough money to pay for my legal fees. Thank you. Any additional money raised will be used by the SG to cover their expenses (postage/printing etc.) and also go into an Activist Defense Fund to help other arrested activists with legal fees. The Support Group is still accepting any donations; make payable to "ALFSG-Canada-SG, PO Box 75029, Ritchie PO, Edmonton AB, T6E 6K1, Canada.

Thank you all again for you letters, cards and support, it has helped keep me going. A final note to all other activists who are "underground" and those that are imprisoned. I hope you are well and keeping your spirits up. Don't ever

feel beaten or alone, there are many people with you always. Keep up the pressure and stay strong.

Fighting the good fight,
—DARREN THURSTON

Update: At Darren's arraignment on February 10/93, his trial date was set for November 22/93 to December 03/93. A new bail application and court order for release, due to unnecessary delay of trial, were scheduled for early March.



Grand Jury May Jail Author

An Interview with Rik Scarce

Rik Scarce, author of the book, *Eco-Warriors*, was served a subpoena last May to testify at the grand jury in Spokane, Washington. Rik is a teaching assistant at the University of Washington, where last year the Animal Liberation Front raided fur research facilities and labs. Rik has publicly stated that he will not testify before the grand jury, on the basis of academic and journalistic freedom. Activist Jonathan Paul has spent almost five months in jail for refusing to testify before the same grand jury. Journalista Steve Maher interviewed Rik at his home in Pullman, Washington.

Journal: Why are you willing to not testify?

Rik: Well, it's never been put to me that way; why am I willing to not testify? Usually people say, why is it that you're not going to testify? That's nice; I like it.

I'm willing to not testify, really fundamentally, because of my belief that academicians such as myself should have the same sorts of protections that journalists have. I think the fact that the *National Enquirer* has a better standing in the courts, in terms of resisting subpoenas to provide information from its reporters, than I do; I think that's stunning. I think that's sickening. I think its preposterous. As a bona fide academic researcher, everything I do is about presenting information to the public to further the flow of information and the debate on important social issues. If I'm not doing that, then I'm not worth very much as a research sociologist.

The US Attorney is arguing that a 1972 Supreme Court case called *Branzburg v Hayes* is really what forces me to testify. If you take a look at the judges' order on the top of the CD player (oh, don't put that in the *Journal!* Alex, keep pedalling the gramophone!) *Branzburg v Hayes* was a combined instance of three different cases. In each of those three cases the journalist involved actually witnessed a crime, and I think for people it's far, far harder to say, OK, if you witness a crime, then you don't have to say anything about it than it is to say, if somebody tells you about a crime you don't have to say anything about it.

I have not admitted to whether or not I was told anything about this crime by anyone who perpetrated it; the break-in here at WSU. I have not admitted that, nor have I denied that. And, that is really beyond my concern right now. My immediate concern is the fact that they're trying to haul me before a grand jury and the profound negative effect that that will have. I don't believe that Earth First!ers who have spoken to me on the record, allowed me to use their names, I don't believe that those people, in the future, will allow me to talk with them. I have asked some of them already. They said, "Hell no, I'm not gonna talk."

Journal: In that way do you think the grand jury process is fairly effective?

Rik: No, it's not going to be effective in this instance because I'm not going to talk.... I see the grand jury as attempting to get at a social movement through me, in this instance, and I think that's what it's being used for. I know from people who have had a lot of interactions with prosecutors, FBI agents and others that my book is very popular among them... Again, that's an irony in a lot of ways. But that's one fundamental facet of what it's all about—putting information out there to the larger society. I don't choose to whom it goes.

Journal: How's the University dealing with this?

Rik: The University has taken a hands-off approach so far. I have not contacted them to ask for any assistance nor have they come to me and offered any assistance, so I don't know where they're going to be going on that.

I also am concerned about my funding....They could potentially attempt to take away my funding because I'm not there to teach, and of course that would have a political motivation. It's not just, "Oh, he's not here," its, "We think you ought to talk to the grand jury."

Journal: Do you think the grand jury is questioning you more as an influential sociologist than as someone who has any possible connection with this?

Rik: Well, I wouldn't say that I'm an influential sociologist but the... US Attorney who is handling this is insisting that my "friendship," as he puts it, with Rod Coronado is what's really going on, this is not an academic freedom question in his mind, that I'm somehow hiding my friendship with him or something....We're very clear that, I've got to be treated as an academic and we've tried—my attorney and I—to meet with the judge in his chamber alone, so that I could fill out the record fully, so that I could get all facts on the table. The judge refused to allow us to do that.

Journal: What was his reason?

Rik: He gave no reason that I can recall. I guess his reason was, we could take care of everything in creating hypotheticals. Well, let's just say—and this is exactly what happened—let's just say, assume, that Mr. Scarce did in fact talk, person-to-person with the people who had something to do with this raid and that he promised confidentiality and let's proceed from there. Well, that leaves out a lot of details.

Journal: Yeah, it seems like it does.

Rik: Yeah, and the assumptions are things that we would very much like to address. I think we will be able to, on appeal. We're going to appeal this to the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals. ... The only things like it, really, the only case much like it at all is one that came up in 1984 involving a sociologist...where this five-point test [for academic standing] was developed. The 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals heard that. The 2nd Circuit and the 9th Circuit, as my attorney explained, are like Java and Brazil in terms of legal questions. What one has done simply doesn't matter. When you're in federal court all that matters is the Constitution, federal law as its been written, and precedents that the Supreme Court has handed down. So I'm in this gray area.

Journal: Do you think that the nebulous nature of Earth First! and the tribal organization, or lack of organization, will help keep the harassment down, especially, or specifically with ALF? It seems like that group is not as ordered a group as EF!

Rik: Yeah, I think that it's going to be extremely difficult for the government agencies to go after movements that are so decentralized; that have that tribal structure. But the tools that are available to the authorities are really quite amazing....You look at them; the availability of high technology that they have at their disposal, now is increasing. All of those things, I think, point to the increased ability of the government to pursue individuals and/or entire movements they have characterized as being problematic, as being trouble.

The FBI made it widely known (it was published in the Spokane paper, I think it was sometime last year) that with the end of the Cold War, 50 agents would be moved over to deal with white collar crime....If by white collar crime they really do mean embezzlement,...the savings and loan scandal, or the banking scandal, if that's where those agents are being put, where are the

indictments?...Why aren't FBI agents going and knocking on their doors? And kicking people out of their homes and taking those homes over and selling them and giving that money to the American people and letting the bankers hang out at street level and see what it's like to be turned out of your home or be unable to make a mortgage payment or pay the rent or whatever? That's been the bottom line to what they did. But you don't see that happening.

Journal: Now, your case reminds me of a couple years back when the FBI raided a Missoula house. They ended up subpoenaing a professor, another person that's kind of on the periphery of this. Why do you think that is an effective tactic for the FBI?

Rik: It goes back to academic freedom, for me. It's very easy to claim, as I do, that the free flow of information is important in this society; that we need to know data from the Forest Service and we need to know that we can believe it. We need to



BY ERIK

know what thoughtful analysts have to say about social movements and about banking scandals.... I think that the authorities certainly can come up with various justifications for [sending] various people like me and the professor from Missoula before grand juries, but until the courts come down very firmly, people like me, people like that professor will not have a right to pursue our research unfettered by fear that someone's going to walk in and take our data or demand to tap our lines.

Journal: It almost seems that they're taking a short cut to the real work, if they want to question Rod Coronado, then maybe they should do the legwork and try to find him.

Rik: I think that, again, it appears that the grand jury is being used as an investigative tool. If the evidence isn't there that you brought the grand jury to consider and indict from that, then why have a grand jury looking at the matter at all? Historians of the grand jury process; and again, I want to kind of be careful the way I word this because I don't want to piss these people off too much, but *historians* have argued this is what the grand jury process is all about.

Montanans Protest Badger-Two Drilling

BY GREG BECHLE

Monday February 22nd marked a significant day in the drawn-out battle for the future of the Badger-Two Medicine area of Montana's Rocky Mountain Front. Simultaneous demonstrations in both Great Falls and in Missoula made it clear that the battle for this area just south of Glacier National Park will not end quickly or easily. Marches and protests in defense of the Badger-Two Medicine are nothing new. Missoula has seen them for over ten years, and it is safe to say the Badger is the most heated and potentially most volatile environmental issue in the state. The government hoped to end the decade-long debate with a January 1993 Record of Decision by Richard Hopkins, Great Falls Resource Area Manager of the BLM, allowing Fina Oil and Chemical Company to drill an exploratory well in the Hall Creek area of the Badger-Two Medicine and ending the right to appeal the decision (see *Earth First! Journal* Brigid 1993).

The march in Missoula was a predictable affair, with about one hundred people first gathering at the University of Montana and then marching to the Federal Building downtown. There were speeches in defense of "The Badger," and Bob Yetter, of the Badger-Two Medicine Alliance, stated that the organization wanted to get people to send 1,000 bears (stuffed, toy bears, that is) to President Clinton to express support for the integrity of the area and for the survival of the endangered species, such as the grizzly, that live there.

The atmosphere in Great Falls was quite a bit more tense. About thirty

people gathered in a small conference room at BLM headquarters at 1 pm along with three BLMers, including Dick Hopkins. Those present included Earth First! activists (heavily funded by the EF! Direct Action Fund), unaffiliated citizens (people), Ric Valois (Environmental Rangers Biodiversity Defense), and Robert Gopher of the Great Falls-based Native American organization, "Loud Thunder International, Inc." Tiny Man



Robert Gopher of Loud Thunder International

Heavy Runner, Chief of the Brave Dog Society of the Blackfeet Nation and international representative for the Blackfeet Nation, arrived a little later, accompanied by two Blackfeet.

There was a pent-up feeling of outrage that Hopkins had decided there would be no way to appeal the BLM's decision. In Hopkins' opinion, it was unlikely that any new arguments against the drilling would emerge. Now that jurisdiction has been turned over to the BLM (which makes decisions on sub-surface claims), Hopkins claimed all objections have already been stated. This decision was upheld by Robert Lawton, Montana State Director, BLM, and David C. O'Neal, Assistant Secretary, Land and Minerals Management. At the present time, the Badger Chapter and the Alliance for the Wild Rockies are challenging the legality of this decision.

As an example of his decision, Hopkins stated, "We have met the requirements of the law on the native rights issue. There may be a small minority of Blackfeet that is opposed to it."

When Tiny Man Heavy Runner arrived, he handed out a resolution from the Blackfeet Tribal Business Council stating that it is the "duly constituted governing body within the exterior boundaries of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation."

The resolution states that the "Blackfeet Tribe has hunting, fishing and timbering rights, and the right of access" to the area that is threatened by the well, and that Blackfeet people continue to practice "their religious, cultural and traditional rights" in this area.

The resolution further notes that the Forest Service and the BLM have been attempting for many years to develop oil and gas reserves in this area. This attempt has been resisted by the Blackfeet Nation.

The battle for the Badger-Two Medicine is now shifting into a more dangerous, confrontational mode. With the appeals process blocked, the hope for preservation lies with Clinton, Babbitt, and members of Congress. It looks like there will be a lengthy court battle ahead, and if drilling is attempted, direct action by members of the Blackfeet Nation, Earth First!, and a host of other organizations will occur. If the struggle reaches this stage, it will be unpleasant indeed.

Robert Gopher, of Loud Thunder, stated, "We, sitting here, are citizens of this country. Federal land is our property as well. I myself have studied Indian culture all of my life. This land is our life. It is no game this time." He then invited Richard Hopkins to go on a four day fast or vision quest, so that Hopkins could better appreciate Robert's point of view. An aura of deep mistrust and confrontation is swirling around this issue, like a gathering storm. Perhaps Robert Gopher's sincere offer is a step in the right direction. Maybe there are ways to let the wind die down a bit.



Tiny Man Heavy Runner, Chief of the Brave Dog Society

Greg Bechle is a founding member of the Missoula-based non-profit organization Cold Mountain, Cold Rivers (CMCR). This organization investigates and exposes human rights and ecological abuses in the Northern Rockies, and internationally. You can contact CMCR at (406) 542-1187 or write POB 7941, Missoula, MT 59807. We really need a computer. Even a clunker.

In the spirit of the American frontier,

wild bison continue to be killed by white men who wish to protect their domestic cattle. Millions of bison were slaughtered by 19th century ranchers and cowboys. By the turn of the century, less than 50 bison remained in the Yellowstone National Park area. Although the herds are almost gone, each year bison continue to fall. Since 1984, well over 1000 bison have been killed for trying to return to their natural winter range. This winter the toll of wild bison killed to safeguard Montana's burger business has risen by another seventy-five.

For the past several years, wild bison wandering beyond the boundaries of Yellowstone National Park have met the bullets of either private hunters or Fish, Wildlife and Parks agents. Each year, activists sabotaged the hunts or otherwise tried to protect the animals, and each year, the government agencies involved have tried different approaches to try to fend off the inevitable confrontations. This year, the Montana Department of Livestock's program of annually culling the herds was hidden from the public behind a research smokescreen. In essence, the federal government was funding a program of killing bison to protect private ranchers in Montana.

Three years ago, private hunters bid for the privilege of shooting bison that crossed the border into Montana. Hunt saboteurs skied out to meet the hunters and stood between the guns and the animals. The next two winters, Fish, Wildlife and Parks agents shot over 250 bison that came onto private land, making access to the hunts much more difficult. Only one hunt, which took

Court Suspends Bison Slaughter

BY ALLISON SLATER

place on public land, was protested. The bison shot on public land last year were killed for a Texas Agriculture & Mining University research project. The Texas A&M reserach team was studying the bovine virus brucellosis (*brucella abortus*.)

This year, an even cleaner and more airtight approach was used. Animal and Plant Health Inspection Services, a branch of the US Department of Agriculture, gave a grant to Texas A&M to study the effects of the virus on pregnant wild bison. The research called for 60 pregnant, non-infected bison to be shipped to Texas and infected with brucellosis to see whether they would abort their fetuses. Rather than releasing the bison not needed for the study, they were sent to a slaughterhouse in Livingston. About 75 male bison were killed, even though males are unnecessary for the study and don't transmit the disease.

The test-and-slaughter program was suspended on February 22 when a US District Court judge issued a preliminary injunction terminating the experiment. The case was brought to court by the Fund for Animals, a DC group that has long been involved with the Yellowstone bison issue.

While the research was still going on, Wild Rockies Earth First! activists approached the corrals where bison were being baited on private land. Alfalfa and hay provided by the US Department of Agriculture were being set out on Duck Creek Ranch outside of West Yellowstone, Montana. One night, a large container of cayenne pepper was sprinkled around the corrals in an attempt to keep the bison away, but the hungry bison didn't seem to mind the Mexican-flavored feed. Phil Knight of Bozeman was arrested for trespassing the night of Thursday the 18th as he was scaring bison away from the area. On the morning of Saturday the 20th, activists again tried to approach the pens while others locked the gate on the road leaving the ranch. There were no arrests that day, as guards prevented people from getting close enough to open the pen gate.

USDA spokesperson Kendra Pratt said that the agency is not appealing the decision and that it is no longer involved with the project. State Veterinarian for the Montana Department of Livestock, Dr. Ferlicka, said there are no plans to solicit more money from the federal government to continue baiting the bison and killing them. He said his Department will, however, kill bison at the request of private landowners, even if the landowners are putting out feed.

"I don't think it's fair to say we baited them," Ferlicka said. "We don't know how much influence our feeding had on bison coming out of the park." Activists who tried to scare the bison away from the corrals know how much of an incentive fresh hay and alfalfa is to any grazer in Montana in February.

The groomed snowmobile trails, which allow tourists to view wild bison, also create artificial highways which encourage the bison to wander out of the Park onto private land, especially when food has been set out to lure them.

Continue to boycott Montana's tourism industry. If you go to Yellowstone, travel through Wyoming and let Montana's tourism department know why. Boycott Montana beef (actually, you should boycott all beef). That "free-range beef" your local co-op sells is free-ranging on bison range.

For those of you who are interested, C&P Packing, the slaughterhouse which butchered the bison, is located on Frontage Road just east of Livingston, Montana. Their phone number is (406) 222-1592.



Bison trapped but not needed for Texas A&M University's research were slaughtered and the meat was auctioned off.

Biodiversity and Snails

BY GEORGE WUERTHNER

Greg Mladenka, an Idaho State University biologist, and I are standing next to Indian Bathtub, a well-known landmark on Hot Creek, where it flows into the Bruneau River in southern Idaho's Owyhee desert country. The tiny stream that runs from the Bathtub down to the Bruneau is home to a rare mollusk, the Bruneau Hot Springs snail. Greg is studying this animal as part of a research project to determine the snail's basic biology as well as population trends and distribution.

I've been to this place before. In the early 1980's, while working as a botanist for the BLM in Idaho, I had occasion to search the area around Indian Bathtub for a rare orchid, the Giant Helleborine. I never found the plant, and it is apparently extinct in this location. But the lack of success in finding the plant was soon forgotten after I eased into the heated water of the "bathtub" for a well-deserved soak.

In my memory, Indian Bathtub was one of those "must visit again" kind of places. The hot spring, which was the source of warm water for the bathtub, flowed down a rocky canyon, then plunged over a basalt ledge, slid down a smooth rock wall and into a deep, round-rock basin—the tub. Pictographs drawn centuries ago by Native Americans lined the canyon walls beside the tub, a reminder of how the place came to be named Indian Bathtub.

Back to the Bathtub again after ten years, the visit had a bitter twist to it. The springs no longer flowed. Gone was the silvery, thin thread of water that once washed the rocky wall, and the tub's rock basin was filled with sand.

As we look at the dry basin, Greg tells me that in 1981 when I took my soak in Indian Bathtub, an estimated 75,000 snails, the largest known concentration for the species in the world, also shared the bath water with me. Today, of course, there are none in the tub, and their numbers have declined so precipitously, that the US Fish and Wildlife Service began the formal listing process for the snail as an Endangered Species in 1985. Greg's research suggests that the snail's population continues to decline, and if not arrested, within five years the Bruneau Hot Springs snail may join the growing list of species that have gone extinct during the last half of the 20th century. And overall loss of biodiversity, according to many scientists, is among the most serious threats to global environmental stability today.

The potential extinction of the Bruneau Hot Springs snail, while perhaps not as "sexy" as the plight of wolves and grizzlies, points to the difficulties faced in preservation of biological diversity. As eminent biologists like Paul Erhlich, E.O. Wilson and others have argued, it is the extinction of invertebrates like snails and insects that is posing a global biodiversity crisis.

Many of the species headed for extinction are barely known by science—the Bruneau Hot Springs snail was only officially described as a new species in 1990. There are literally thousands of little known species like the Bruneau Hot Springs snail that are facing extinction in the United States alone, while the number world-wide numbers in the millions.

The Bruneau Hot Springs snail is representative of yet another problem facing species heading for extinction—political interference in recovery efforts. The US Fish and Wildlife Service was petitioned in 1985 to list the Bruneau Hot Springs snail under the Endangered Species Act. As with many proposed listings under the Act, politics reared its powerful head. Fearing that protecting the snail would curtail irrigation practices, the local agricultural community mounted a campaign to preclude listing. Because of the controversy, the USFWS was thought to be "dragging its feet" over the listing process, according to a BLM staffer.

After publishing their intention to list the snail in 1985, the Fish and Wildlife Service had a year-long comment period, followed by a six month extension. Delay followed delay. In 1988, then Senator James McClure and Steve Symms of Idaho wrote a letter requesting that listing be delayed even longer while more research was conducted. Frank Dunkle, former US

Fish and Wildlife Director under the Reagan administration, responded to McClure, assuring the Senator that the snail would not be listed.

A deal was worked out with the US FWS to study the snail as an alternative to immediate listing. A rider was attached to an appropriation bill that called for \$850,000 to be spent on studies related to the animal. It was a small portion of this appropriation that was paying for Mladenka's research. But most of the money went for a water study by the US Geological Survey to determine underground aquifer flows as well as fencing of snail habitat to protect it from livestock.

One Fish and Wildlife employee among the many I contacted told me that the snail had been "recommended for listing as Endangered 2-3 years ago but political interference at the highest levels of government had stalled the process."

According to the law, a final decision about species listing must be made within a year of publishing the intention to list in the Federal Register. When I asked a US Fish and Wildlife Service representative at the Pacific Northwest Regional Office why the Bruneau Hot Springs snail had not been listed after seven years, there were a few hems and haws, and then I was told to call the Washington office. I called the Washington office and was referred back to the Pacific Northwest Office. I called another Washington US Fish and Wildlife official and got basically the same answer, although this individual confided that they could give me the "official line, but not the truth." I called the Idaho Field Office where the original recommendations were generated. I asked them to explain the current status of the snail and was told I should ask someone in Oregon or Washington. (One casualty of the snail conspiracy, according to Jasper Carlton of the Biodiversity Legal Foundation in Denver, was Jay Gore, who quit his Idaho USFWS director job because of the Bruneau Hot Springs listing controversy.)

Washington politics seemed a long ways off as Greg and I walk down to the canyon below the bathtub where a trickle of water still flows in Hot Creek. A thin, green riparian area marks the water course, and we gingerly part the ubiquitous poison ivy that lines the stream and step into the water. Foraging like a raccoon, Greg searches the algae-covered stones for snails and holds up a few for me to see. They are tiny. No more than black specks, the size of a mosquito. "These are mature adults", Greg says. "They're tiny creatures compared to other snails found in the area. The reason they can survive here is related to their ability to tolerate warm water. Other snails die at such high temperatures, so the Bruneau Hot Springs snail can exploit a niche unavailable to other mollusks."

Once more widely distributed than today, the Bruneau Hot Springs snail is one of 70 species that lived in a massive, ancient glacial lake which stretched from Weiser, Idaho to Fort Hall, Idaho, a distance of more than 300 miles. The lake drained about 600,000 years ago when a natural dam was breached. Now only 30 snail species remain scattered in pockets of suitable habitat across southern Idaho. Today, the Bruneau Hot Springs snail is restricted to a few hot water seeps and springs along the Bruneau Canyon.

I asked Greg what was causing the extinction of the snail. Lack of water was his laconic reply. Ultimately, the water losses are a symptom of cattle production.

Mladenka explained. "First, the aquifer that feeds the springs and seeps needed by the snail is being depleted by ground water pumping. The water is used to irrigate approximately 18,000 acres of alfalfa which is ultimately fed to domestic livestock, primarily cattle."

Bill Young, with the US Geological Survey in Boise, Idaho agrees with Mladenka. Young just completed the mandated three year study of the groundwater aquifer in the Bruneau River area. When I called him to ask about his study, he told me that, "groundwater withdrawal exceeds water recharge throughout the area and is the reason for the observed decline in flows at Indian Bathtub." Young noted that "when the first measurement of water flow at Indian

Bathtub was conducted, 2,200 gallons per minute poured from the spring. In the late 1960's groundwater pumping was initiated in the Bruneau River area, and by 1972 the flow had been reduced to 450-500 gallons per minute. In 1978, it was down to a meager flow of 120-125 gallons per minute. By 1985, it no longer flowed between July and October."

According to Young, the water being pumped from beneath the Bruneau River area is fossil hot water. Hot water, he says, has a long resident time, which means it remains in the aquifer for centuries before it is finally discharged. Most of the water being sucked from the Bruneau aquifer is thousands of years old. These findings, Young explained, mean that the recent drought in southern Idaho could have no effect on water flows of these particular springs, thus negating an argument put forth frequently by local ranchers who insist the decline in spring flows is merely the result of below normal precipitation. According to Young, the problem is not drought, but a "long-term depletion" in the groundwater supply.

Ironically, it is public lands policy which created the initial demand for these withdrawals. Under the Desert Land Entry Act, any individual who brings BLM lands into production by irrigation can obtain title to those acres under the law. Thus, local ranchers and corporations began tapping into the underground aquifer to flood BLM lands as a means of privatizing public lands.

While such activities are permitted by federal law, it is illegal to withdraw more water from underground aquifers than is returned by recharge, and this is what is apparently happening in the Bruneau River area. However, the state seldom enforces this regulation, according to one BLM staffer who wished to remain anonymous.

The State of Idaho is not the only government body which is not enforcing its own regulations. Although the Indian Bathtub site and adjacent Hot Creek canyon are off limits to livestock grazing (as part of an agreement worked out between the US Fish and Wildlife Service and both public and private land owners), Mladenka says that severe overgrazing of adjacent BLM uplands has denuded soils so badly that periodic flash floods dump tons of sediment into Hot Creek basin. This sedimentation covers up some of the habitat used by snails and is one factor which has led to the filling of the Bathtub.

When queried, Pat Omstead, a fishery biologist with the BLM formerly in Boise, now in Oregon, diplomatically conceded Mladenka's point when he told me that "livestock grazing, compounded by drought on the upper watershed has basically eliminated all ground cover." According to Omstead, the "entire upper watershed, except for a few seedings (areas the agency has replanted), should probably not be grazed."

The declining flow from the springs, coupled with the increased sedimentation, has a synergistic effect according to Mladenka. The reduced flows mean that the creek can no longer flush itself clean, shrinking available snail habitat further.

But Mladenka says there is yet a third way that cows impact the snails. Just about every time he has visited the site during the past three years, illegal trespass livestock have been grazing the riparian area along Hot Creek. Once he counted more than three hundred trespass cattle in the small area occupied by the snail and springs. Their trampling and browsing reduced streamside vegetation which otherwise would shade the creek, allowing temperatures to reach levels which are lethal to the snail. In addition, Greg has seen where cattle using canyon walls as rubbing posts have crushed and scraped away snails.

Even if the temperatures are not lethal, they may still hurt snail populations. Mladenka's research has shown that snail recruitment (the number of juvenile snails brought into the population) drops precipitously in Hot Creek during the warmer months from March through September and picks up again in the winter months when water temperatures drop somewhat.

Those opposed to listing of the Bruneau Hot Springs snail claim the animal

is not endangered, in part because a survey by Mladenka has found more than 100 site locations for the snail with the largest populations exceeding 5,000 individuals. "It sounds like the snails are doing alright when you tell people there are more than a hundred sites, but it does not mean they are safe", says Mladenka. Nearly all these populations exist within a few hundred yards of Hot Creek and in tiny seeps of warm water scattered here and there along the river canyon. "Even if there are ten billion snails out there, they are all tied to the same water source, which ultimately means the entire population is threatened," explains Mladenka.

But there are not ten billion snails, and their habitat is shrinking. Mladenka theorizes that at one time all the hundred or more isolated seeps and springs with snails were once connected, but the declines in water flows have now fragmented the snail's habitat just as logging fragments old growth forest habitat. But these changes are subtle and more difficult to see than a clearcut forest. "These smaller, increasingly isolated populations are more susceptible to random fluctuations and may eventually die out," he says.

Pat Omstead of the BLM basically agreed with Mladenka's assessment. "At the rate of habitat loss we have seen in the last five years, I would give the snail only five to ten more years before it is extinct."

However, now that the results of the water and snail biology studies suggest that the Bruneau Hot Springs snail is indeed imperiled as a consequence of water drawdowns, several environmental groups, including the Idaho Conservation League, are suing the US Fish and Wildlife Service to force the agency to complete the listing process.

The Bruneau Hot Springs snail is not the only mollusk under siege or embroiled in controversy. The Bruneau River drains into the Middle Snake River, which is home to a number of candidate species including the Idaho springsnail, Utah valvata snail, Snake River Physa snail, Bliss Rapids snail, and the Banbury Springs limpet. These mollusks, like the Bruneau Hot Springs snail, are suffering from habitat fragmentation and loss. Most remaining populations are restricted to the few remaining sites with high water quality like the Thousands Springs area near Hagerman, Idaho. And like the Bruneau snail, political foot-dragging seems to be the order of the day.

A petition to list the Bliss Rapids snail was filed as early as 1980, and the USFWS was petitioned to list the Idaho springsnail in 1987. Petitions on behalf of the other mollusks were filed in 1989, yet it was only in 1990 that the US Fish and Wildlife Service published its intent to protect the snails in the Federal Register.

As with the Bruneau Hot Springs snail, habitat fragmentation and loss is the major threat to the five Snake River species, according to Dr. Charles Lobdell of the USFWS Boise Field Office. As with the Bruneau Hot Springs snail, it is related to irrigation needs and livestock feed production. Dams, established to provide water storage for irrigation as well as hydroelectric power, have largely replaced the free-flowing, well-oxygenated water of the unshackled river.

Loss of free-flowing water is compounded by changes in water quality as a consequence of dewatering. The stretch of the Snake River between Shoshone Dam and Milner Dam near Twin Falls typically has almost no water during peak irrigation season. The remaining pools and limited flows concentrate pollutants, including runoff from irrigated fields, grazing, and feedlots, thus choking the Middle Snake River. Recent algae blooms and fish kills resulting from poor water quality also indicate that the Snake River aquatic ecosystem is in steep decline.

More recently, competition from an exotic snail more tolerant of the poor water quality has also contributed to the decline of the native species.

Opposition to listing comes from various industries such as agriculture, which is concerned that the present practice of spraying herbicides and pesticides on nearby farmlands would be curtailed. Ten mollusk species recorded in the Grandview area of

Region 2...

Get Sensitive

Biodiversity Legal Foundation

Set to Sue Forest Service

By JASPER CARLTON

To the Rocky Mountain Region (Region 2) of the US Forest Service, ecosystem management apparently is a way to avoid the need for special management emphasis for individual species in trouble as a result of habitat destruction. Approaching "biodiversity" and "ecosystems" as little more than popular buzzwords, the Forest Service acts as if it can undertake the protection of whole natural ecosystems without concern for how the components of these ecosystems relate and function.

In dispute is the failure of the Rocky Mountain Regional Office of the US Forest Service to promulgate a sensitive species program list for the 16 National Forests in four states that are under its management. The Rocky Mountain Region of the Forest Service is the only region in the country without a sensitive species program. The Region includes all the National Forests and National Grasslands in Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota, and Nebraska.

The failure of the US Forest Service to implement a sensitive species program, or comparable species protective program in the Rocky Mountain Region (Region 2), violates the Forest Service's own policies regarding threatened, endangered, and sensitive species and is contrary to the policies established by the Endangered Species Act and the viability requirements of the National Forest Management Act (NFMA).

An effective sensitive species program is a way for the Forest Service to take steps in advance to prevent species from becoming threatened or endangered in the first place. The Forest Service's own manual requires it to "develop and implement management practices to ensure that species do not become threatened or endangered because of Forest Service actions."

The Forest Service Manual (Regulations) explicitly requires regional foresters to identify sensitive plant and animal species within their regions. The identification and classification of sensitive species and a determination of their habitat requirements is a critical part of the process to protect all native natural diversity and ecosystem functioning.

Following an exhaustive, unsuccessful, two-year effort to find a solution to this critical problem through the administrative process, on February 3, 1993 the Biodiversity Legal Foundation (BLF) of Boulder, Colorado, filed a formal notice of intent to file suit against Secretary of Agriculture Mike Espy and Forest Service Chief F. Dale Robertson regarding the failure of the Forest Service to implement a sensitive species program in the Rocky Mountain Region. Joining the BLF in this legal effort are the Native Ecosystems Council, Friends of the Bow, Ancient Forest Rescue, and eleven grassroots activists from Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota and Nebraska.

In their notice, prospective co-plaintiffs argued that the Forest Service has violated the National Forest Management Act, Forest Service regulations, including those contained in the Forest Service Manual, the policies of the Endangered Species Act, and the Administrative Procedures Act.

At stake is the viability of over 200 native species that the BLF has identified as in need of special management emphasis under a Forest Service classification of "sensitive" in Region 2. While the US Forest Service boasts that it is developing regulations and guidelines that preserve the biological diversity of natural ecosystems, Region 2 does not even have a sensitive species list. Agency guidelines that do not ensure the viability of native species violate NFMA, and all guidelines must serve to adequately protect native species classified as "sensitive." As a result of this deficiency, species such as the Western boreal toad, the Rocky Mountain capshell snail, and Penland alpine fen mustard have been sliding inexorably toward extinction.

A "sensitive" species is one for which population viability is a concern, as evidenced by a significant current or predicted downward trend in population numbers or density; or significant current or predicted downward trends in habitat capability that would reduce a species' existing distribution. The viability of native species cannot be assured if the US Forest Service does not first identify and classify species as being sensitive and then take the necessary steps to give these species special management emphasis in on-going forest planning.

Individual forest plans must contain standards and guidelines for protection of sensitive species. This is required not only because protection is a management concern, but also because of the specific minimum management requirements for all native fish and wildlife and for the preservation of biological diversity. New standards and guidelines mandated by any Forest Service Region must therefore be incorporated into forest plans through amendment or revision. Although these standards should be an important and integral part of the Forest Service's new ecosystem management strategies, Region 2 has chosen to ignore their implementation and presently has no program for the conservation of sensitive species.

In blatant contradiction of recommendations from the scientific community and a clear mandate from Congress, the Rocky Mountain Region has failed to develop and implement effective management practices to ensure that species do not become threatened or endangered because of Forest Service actions. The Rocky Mountain Region has long favored resource exploitation over natural diversity concerns and evidently intends to continue this destructive policy. A central goal of any biologically sound plan for the protection of threatened and endangered species must be to prevent species from becoming threatened or endangered and to protect the ecosystems upon which their existence depends. This was the intent of Congress in passing the Endangered Species Act.

The case is of considerable interest to activists defending biological diversity, since the issue of whether it is tenable to legally force the hand of the Forest Service to initiate a sensitive or comparable species protection program for regional and national forests is affected by the lack of legal case precedents.

If the Forest Service does not take the necessary steps within sixty days from the date of notice filing, prospective co-plaintiffs will bring the appropriate legal action in the United States District Court.

What you can do: Write to F. Dale Robertson, Chief, US Forest Service, PO Box 96090, Washington, DC 20090-6090, insisting that the Rocky Mountain Region implement an effective sensitive species program immediately.

Send a tax-deductible contribution to the Biodiversity Legal Foundation, PO Box 18327, Boulder, CO 80308-1327, in support of this legal action.

the Snake River by Dr. D.W. Taylor in the 1950's were all gone by 1982. Taylor speculated that pesticide poisoning was the cause.

In addition, there are fears that tougher regulations on non-point pollution from agricultural fields would be implemented. According to the Environmental Protection Agency, agricultural fields are the number one source of sedimentation and non-point water pollution in the country.

Finally, irrigators are worried that future water diversions would be restricted to preserve minimum instream flows. At present, more than 90 percent of the water removed from the Snake River goes for irrigation, mostly to grow hay feed for cows, leaving the main river nearly dry during peak irrigation seasons.

In addition, hydro-electric interests are worried that the proposed A.J. Wiley Dam, which would flood this last "free-flowing" stretch of the Middle Snake, would remain "proposed" instead of becoming a reality if the mollusks are

up to study the Snake River mollusks. Lobdell said the report was supposed to be completed in September of 1991 but had been delayed for a variety of reasons; however, he "expected it any day."

The plight of each of these animals is an indication that all is not well with our use of water or the implementation of the Endangered Species Act mandate. Political subterfuge appears to have stalled the listing of numerous species that deserve protection under the law. Meanwhile, water resources upon which many species depend continue to decline in quality and quantity.

While protection of wolves and grizzlies is justified and certainly warranted, we must not lose sight of the fact that loss of thousands of "lesser" species like the Bruneau Hot Springs snail signals the collapse of the Earth's biological diversity. If we cannot preserve habitat for these species, the world will not be fit for wolves, grizzlies, or, for that matter, humans either.

In effect, protecting these snails will go a long ways towards ensuring the preservation of a viable aquatic ecosystem...just as protecting the wide-ranging grizzly bear helps to protect the habitat for a host of other terrestrial species.

Update

list. Besides the Wiley Dam, permits have been filed for seven other dams on the Upper Snake River, which could adversely impact the snail populations.

Agricultural interests (and especially the Idaho Farm Bureau) charge that the proposed listing is premature. To make their point, they hired an outside consultant who found 33 additional populations of several rare snail species during an expanded survey of the river.

But Dr. Peter Boller, a biologist from the University of California, Irvine who has studied all the southern Idaho snails, charged in a recent letter to the US Fish and Wildlife Service that "there is no question that these species are endangered or that their listing is biologically warranted." These mollusks, he wrote, are "more limited in their current ranges, and more restricted in terms of potential for transferring genetic diversity" than many fish species which are already listed by the US Fish and Wildlife Service. As with the Bruneau Hot Springs snail, all populations are imperiled because the problem is system-wide. As Mladenka has noted, it does not matter if you have ten billion of the animals if their entire habitat is threatened.

Like the proverbial canary in the coal mine, species like the Bruneau Hot Springs snail and the various endangered Snake River mollusks are a warning that habitat quality is declining. The snails are not the only species imperiled in this region of Idaho. Other candidates for listing under the Endangered Species Act include the Shoshone sculpin, the white sturgeon, and many other species whose status is uncertain.

In effect, protecting these snails will go a long ways towards ensuring the preservation of a viable aquatic ecosystem in the Middle Snake River system, just as protecting the wide-ranging grizzly bear helps to protect the habitat for a host of other terrestrial species.

I asked Lobdell why the agency was overdue in making a decision regarding the Snake River snails and limpet. Lobdell says the Fish and Wildlife Service is awaiting the final report from a technical committee set

up to study the Snake River mollusks. Lobdell said the report was supposed to be completed in September of 1991 but had been delayed for a variety of reasons; however, he "expected it any day."

The Bruneau Hot Springs snail was listed as Endangered by the US Fish and Wildlife Service on January 15, 1993. The Idaho Farm Bureau is thinking of challenging the listing. In addition, a 60 day notice to list the five Snake River snails was given in January. The notice proposes that four species be listed as Endangered and one as Threatened. This will probably stop future impoundments on the free-flowing stretches of the Snake.

What You Can Do: The Biodiversity Legal Fund is planning to act as an intervenor on behalf of the Fish and Wildlife Service if the Idaho Farm Bureau seeks to challenge the listing decision. Contributions to the BLF (POB 3132, Boulder, Colorado 80307-3132) would be appreciated. Letters in support of listing of all species should be sent to Director John Turner, US Fish and Wildlife Service, Department of the Interior, 1849 "C" St. NW, Washington DC 20240 phone (202) 208-4717



Shawnee Activist Conference Report

BY JAKE JAGOFF AND FANGORN

About 35 activists from Maine, Vermont, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Idaho, Nebraska, Texas, Montana, Arizona, Oregon, California, and Victoria BC, descended on the Shawnee National Forest for the semi-annual Earth First! activist conference. Held on an unseasonably warm and sunny weekend at the end of January, our motley crew was admirably hosted by our Shawnee Earth First! mates who found the perfect venue—the Black Diamond Ranch. Most folks arrived on Thursday night to discover a warm lodge, cozy cabins, and (need we say) cold beer and hot vegan chow. The following morning an agenda was established, which led to the following nefarious activities, discussions and decisions.

This article recaps the notes taken by Fangorn and what Jagoff remembers (limited due to evening raging and accompanying estivation), and it attempts to blend some narrative to alleviate boredom. It was the consensus of the group before the conference that in the interest of encouraging frank, uninhibited discussion, anyone writing about the activist conference not directly attribute quotes made by conference attendees. Names are used only in instances that lend clarity to the discussion.

REGIONAL ROUNDUP

We began with a regional roundup go-a-round that revealed an excitingly wide variety of activities. The good news is that there is too much going on to list here, but some of what was brought up will be mentioned in Campaigns. Without question, important ecological work is happening in every bioregion where Earth First! is active, though the level of energy is of course contingent on size and experience. We ended this session with a howl, acknowledging the kick-ass actions and behind-the-scenes grunt-work that characterizes the way and dedication with which our movement operates. Local groups are encouraged to keep the Journal informed of their campaigns.

BACK TO THE WILD

That afternoon, we got to explore the mini Grand Canyon of the Shawnee, humbling some of the western big wilderness bigots who were surprised by a wide panorama of unbroken hardwood forest (most of it second-growth) nestled below the jagged bluffs. It was obvious that this Shawnee country still contains some significantly large, wild areas. As we walked under the leafless hardwood canopy beside the Big Muddy River, we felt the passions that inspired the Fairview freedom fighters.

That evening Jan Wilder-Thomas showed a terrific slide show on the Shawnee ecosystem, moving from flora and fauna to the industrial megalith attacking the Shawnee to the wild human resistance defending it. Jan's daughter, 15-year-old Sage, accompanied the slides with some beautiful forest melodies, sung a capella.

RRR UPDATE

Saturday morning began with a discussion about the upcoming Rendezvous, to be held June 27-July 4 on Mt. Graham in southeast Arizona. Dwight Metzger from Arizona gave a rap on the situation to date, and briefed all about the RRR Committee's needs and concerns. Attendees should expect to hike in two miles, and water will be ferried to or near the site. Given the ecological sensitivity of the

site, it was consensed that we'd try to keep the numbers of people down. However, since the Mt. Graham campaign is not limited to Earth First!, we want to invite other activists to attend the July 4th rally and participate in subsequent actions. Therefore, while we wish to see non-Earth First! folk join in the summer campaign on Mt. Graham (and especially the July 4th rally), the RRR itself remains an Earth First! event in order to reduce the impact of Homo Shitticus on the Rendezvous site. To protect the meadows, **BOOTS ARE DISCOURAGED AND MAY BE FORBIDDEN**, in and around the site. There may be a different site and opportunity to invite members of other groups to meet in solidarity with the Apache on Mt. Graham toward the end of the Rendezvous. Concern was expressed about the number of deadbeats (not to be confused with other deadthings) present at last year's RRR. Attendees must get more involved with the RRR Committee to help with such tasks as security, clean-up, parking, rally, shitters, etc. and other daily chores and logistics inherent in bringing 500 people together. Like the 90 RRR in Montana, a strict pack-it-in-pack-it-out policy will be adhered to, with violators subject to a breathing workshop conducted inside Jagoff's sleeping bag. Concern was also expressed about our relations with the Apache, and we want everyone to be sensitive about how we relate to the Native American community. The RRR committee is currently negotiating with the Apache tribe about our presence on their sacred mountain, and so far we have a verbal agreement with the Apache to be there, which we need to be careful to honor and respect. Please listen to the committee-members regarding their do's and don'ts during this summer's RRR. While no alcohol policy has been as yet established, its use may be restricted to certain times and places in respect to the Apache. Finally, because the predatory instincts of dogs have not been bred out of them, and **BECAUSE OF THE ENDANGERED MT. GRAHAM RED SQUIRREL, DOGS WILL NOT BE ALLOWED**. A Rendezvous fee will be charged (probably about \$25), not including your food, beer and other addictions.

People are encouraged to come early to help out with site prep, action recon, and other prep work. Plan to stay for awhile afterwards for the rousing start of the summer campaign.

FUNDRAISING DISCUSSION

Dave Parks, president of the Fund for Wild Nature Foundation, gave an overview of the Fund, a non-profit, deep ecology research and educational fund. The Fund is attempting to rebuild fund coffers and establish fundraising momentum so that it can help many more projects around North America. The Fund invites grant proposals. Several new people on the board promise to energize this important effort. Concern has been expressed that this self-perpetuating board (the board chooses its own members according to its by-laws) had lost connection and responsibility to the Earth First! movement. This concern is now being addressed by the influx of new board members, mostly active EFlers. More discussion of this evolving body is expected at the upcoming RRR.

The Direct Action Fund (DAF) is a non-tax exempt political action group formed to fund direct action campaigns. Unlike the Fund for Wild Nature, the DAF only funds activities under the Earth First! banner. The DAF does not cover legal expenses, but it does supplement local group funds to help cover most other costs associated with organizing direct actions. The DAF continues to be a key tool for activists within the movement, as evidenced by the many actions and campaigns it has helped out over the years. Examples this year include the tropical timber ship action in Los Angeles, the Cove/Mallard campaign in the Greater Salmon Selway Ecosystem, and the Albion Uprising in the Redwood Ecosystem, to name but a few. Local groups are encouraged to submit proposals to Karen Pickett for consideration.

HARASSMENT OF THE MOVEMENT

It's official! Earth First! continues to piss off some powerful people. Congratulations to those of you unfortunate enough to be harassed for that, but as we say on the rugby pitch, no pain—no gain. Activists reported a wide variety of harassment, ranging from three house burnings (although we were happy to hear the report that the latest victims, Michael Vernon and his family from Maine, are now settled in a new place), to death threats and fake documents attributed to Earth First! by Wise Use groups. Federal investigations of Animal Liberation Front activities and SLAPP suits from our good corporate neighbors at

Louisiana Pacific continue. It seems as if every EFl activist has experienced some form of harassment, although obviously some incidents cross the line into personal vendettas. Darryl Cherney is compiling a data base on harassment and attacks against EFl activists, and he encourages folks to get in touch with him and recount your stories and experiences.

Folks were very concerned about the status of Jonathan Paul and Darren Thurston, who are in prison due to the ongoing Grand Jury investigations of the ALF. Throughout 1992, both the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms have harassed numerous ALF and EFl activists (including Deb Stout and Rik Scarce) and their families. Yet Darryl also pointed out (with specific reference to the recent CIR story) that we have to be on guard against elements on both sides of the political spectrum who have different agendas but the same anthropocentric approach to environmental issues.

Discussion naturally turned to jail support for incarcerated comrades—keep the cards and letters flowing to Mark Davis and Peg Millett as well as Jonathan and Darren. We also talked about the fire at last year's rendezvous site.

JOURNAL MEETING

As we have come to expect, some of the movement's most difficult issues manifest themselves at Journal discussions. Indeed, several of the issues that we thought were resolved through last year's activist conference in Portland and the 92 RRR's meeting reemerged. It seems that the 92 RRR consensus concerning "continuity and accountability" [i.e. we would have an editor for the Journal] did not sit well with some people, including many in the Missoula community (which acts as an important support group for the Journal). Some of these folk felt that the rotating collective idea, originally agreed to at the emergency meeting in Boulder, provided a needed check to prevent any consolidation of power in the movement and ensure the widest possible discussion of ideas. Nevertheless, these folks stood back and did not block the creation of an editor spot for Mike Roselle, in the interest of unity, at the last RRR. But with Roselle relocating to the Bay Area, some of these folks thought it would be best to go back to the collective. Some even saw the decision this summer as illegitimate in some way.

On the other hand, those who wanted to have an editor argued that a quality journal, which could be used as both an outreach and activist tool, required an editor to provide continuity for contributors, and accountability with regard to any editorial policies the movement deemed appropriate. They cited several things printed or nearly printed that could, they argued, reasonably have been interpreted to be advocating violence against earth-destroying humans, as well as expressing racist, sexist or otherwise bigoted sentiments. They also argued strongly that the publishing of such materials not only thwarts their organizing efforts, but threatens their lives, potentially inflaming passions "for no good reason!" in the communities where most of the struggles are the fiercest. And they complain that accountability is critical for the Journal, given the demonstrated harassment and infiltration of the movement by government agents or their proxies.

Unfortunately, personalities, egos, differing perceptions, and so on, often get dragged into what otherwise could be seen as sincere disagreements. It's time for people to "chill out" a bit, work toward resolving the remaining issues, and get on with the important work at hand. Toward this end, we should mention the consensus points that were reaffirmed at the Shawnee Conference, after at least seven hours of deliberations (stressful but not comparable to the Portland debacle). Those points are as follows:

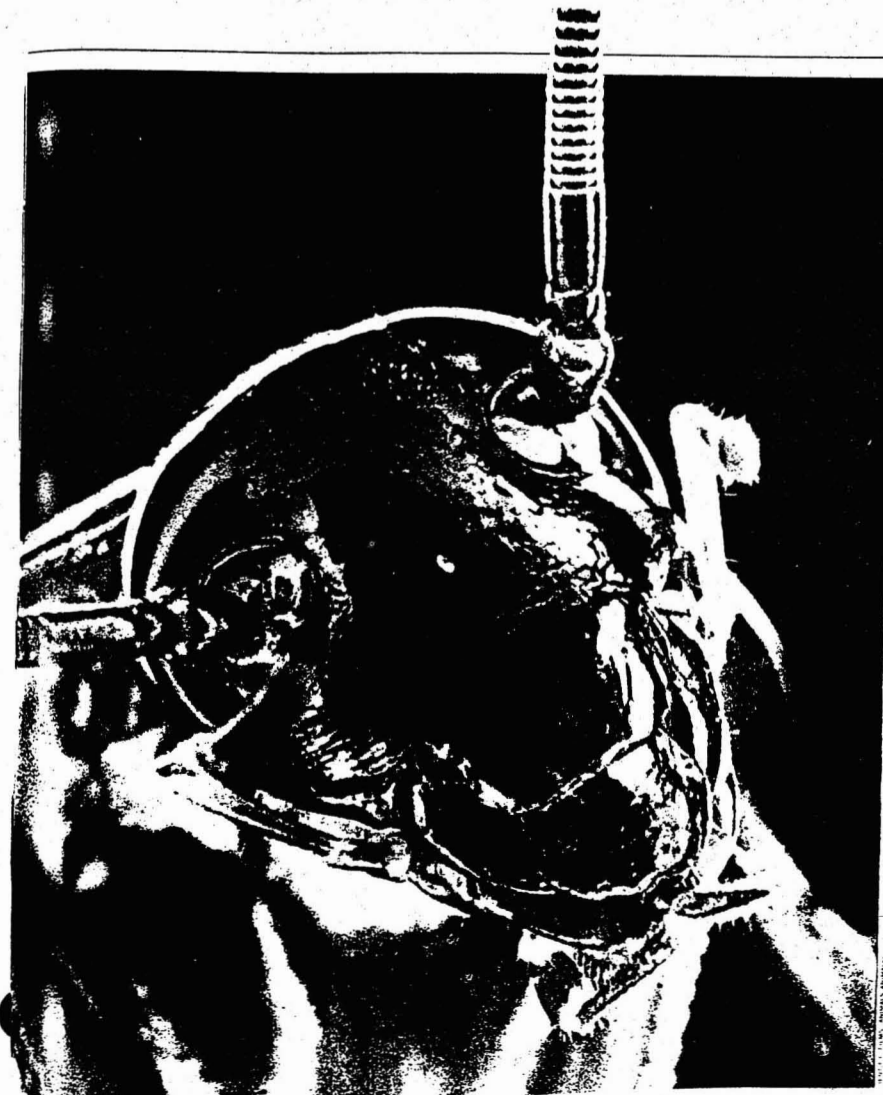
It was resolved that the sentiments agreed to at the Colorado RRR with regard to editorial policy would be printed with Journal contributor information, would guide editorial policy, and that the editor would be accountable to insure its implementation. That policy is:

"No racist, sexist or otherwise bigoted material will be printed in the Earth First! Journal—nor will materials that could reasonably be interpreted to advocate violence or physical harm to human beings."

Some activists expressed that they do not assume that this statement would necessarily be appropriate for all times, or should be deemed applicable to the ecological struggles outside of North America, for example in Burma, Irian Jaya, Amazonia, etc. Nor was there any discussion suggesting that the statement in any way implies that the movement foresees self-defense. As social circumstances arise, this policy may be revised, but only by the movement as a whole, not the arbitrary whim of any one editor or collective.

This gets back to the issue of accountability. The majority have decided that it is better to have accountability on this and other questions, and most at the conference agreed that the Journal is seen by the public as the major mouthpiece of the movement, and that we, realistically, need to recognize this. Moreover, it was emphasized by Roselle, and reinforced by others, that the Journal has the responsibility to produce the news for the movement, and that we should all be able to expect a certain minimum of professionalism in its production. Of course, there are still those who would prefer to see the Journal as only one independent voice of the movement, or as an anarchist experiment in eco-journalism. Many with these sentiments

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Uprising Closes Bougainville Mine Since 1988

Since 1972, a copper mine has been operating in Bougainville, a small island on the northern tip of the Solomon Islands, considered part of Papua New Guinea (PNG) since Australia granted PNG independence in 1975. Since 1988, the mine that was making one million dollars per day has been shut down by members of the indigenous population using the best monkeywrenching campaign ever. In late November, the Bougainville Revolutionary Army, using explosives and walkie talkies stolen from the company (and led by Francis Ona, a former employee of the mine), burned buildings and a helicopter owned by Bougainville Copper Limited, thus destroying vital communications and electrical installations. The Papua New Guinea army, trained and equipped by the Australian government, moved 200 troops in to protect the mine and to seek out members of the Bougainville Revolutionary Army. The army not only failed to apprehend the BRA but also failed to protect the mine when the electricity supply was again destroyed, (even though six PNG troops were stationed underneath each electricity pole!).

When Papua New Guinea gained independence from Australia in 1975 under the Torres Strait Treaty, outrage was expressed against Conzinc Rio Tinto

Two hundred twenty hectares of forest were cleared with herbicides, then chopped and burned. This did not happen without a fight. Mothers put babies on survey pegs to stop the pegs from being hammered in.

Australia (CRA), which operates the mine. CRA is the largest subsidiary of Rio Tinto Zinc, a company that operates in 40 countries specializing in holes in the ground, slave labour, genocide, and environmental carnage. Bougainville called for secession and raised a flag of independence on September 1, 1975. Government offices were attacked, the airstrip torn up and the mine site was invaded. Papua New Guinea was opposed to the independence of Bougainville for a number of reasons. The royalties received from the mine represented a large part of the government's budget. Bougainville again proclaimed again on the 17th of May, 1990.

Moses Havini, the international representative of the Bougainville Interim Government states, "Never before has the people's solidarity been so firm as in the last three years, to gain independence, a cry heard all over the world as big powers can no longer withhold the legitimate rights of individual nation states and peoples....Our people have always held that they have never formally ceded

their sovereignty to anyone, including to the government of Papua New Guinea." Together with Indonesia, PNG is acting as a modern day imperialist nation, claiming territories that clearly do not belong to it geographically, socially or politically.

Production at the mine has halted. A war has begun, a war funded and carried out with Australian equipment, a blockade patrolled with Australian boats. Mortar and phosphorous bombs made in Australia are dropping on a matrilineal, peace-loving society. Five thousand have died from easily preventable diseases due to the blockade that is stopping medicine and doctors from getting into Bougainville. Since 1990 more than 6,000 homes have been destroyed, with about 24,000 people displaced throughout Bougainville. The Papua New Guinea Defense Force and Australia are responsible for these and other atrocities, including the massacre of the entire population (100) of the village of Aita in May 1992. In 1989, Australia made four Iroquois helicopters available to the PNG military for "non-military purposes." The attached machine guns have certainly come in handy for the Vietnam-like sorties.

Rosemary Gillespie, a Melbourne-based human rights lawyer, has made three trips across the blockade with medicines, and she broadcasts information on Radio Free Bougainville to people across the South Pacific attempting to get rarely reported information out of the war zone. She reported the bombing of the hospital at Arawa, the detonation of phosphorous bombs that made children sick, and the machine-gun fire that forced mothers to run while holding babies.

She has taken many statements and has presented them to the Australian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Garth Evans, who conveniently declares that Bougainville is an internal Papua New Guinea problem. Evans was previously quoted as saying the official Indonesian statement of three dead after the massacre of East Timorese people at Dili was a "fair estimate." He won't support a fact-finding mission to Bougainville. He is scared to see the blood on his own hands. Statements by Australian government officials, which would be laughable if they didn't hide such evil, are epitomized by the following: "While providing continuing support for the Papua New Guinea government under our aid and defense cooperation arrangements, we have made clear that we would not intervene directly."

A History of Resistance

The history of the mine in Bougainville is a long and bloody one, clearly illustrating the lengths to which governments and corporations are prepared to go in order to desecrate the earth and her peoples in the name of the holy dollar. By 1993, the parent company Rio Tinto Zinc (RTZ) will assume a quite astonishing degree of importance, owning copper operations in all the world's major areas of production. By 1993 RTZ will supply 44.5 percent of the world supply of custom copper concentrate.

In 1528, the Spanish navigator de Alvaro Soavedara called Bougainville the Island of Gold. Australian prospectors were busy with pick and shovel from the 1880s until 1914. In the early 1960s, the land was searched and tested under

the 1928 Mining Law, which enabled prospecting without permission. In the late 1960s the Bank of America, heading two syndicates of 27 European and Canadian banks, underwrote the development of the Bougainville copper/gold mine in PNG. The land seizures and clearance of the land were psychologically and physically devastating to the Nasioi people of Panguna, the mine site. Two hundred twenty hectares of forest were cleared with herbicides, then chopped and burned. This did not happen without a fight. Mothers put babies on survey pegs to stop the pegs from being hammered in. A village leader publically threatened to cut his throat in protest, and workers were occasionally assaulted and thrown in the river. Panguna is now a hole in the ground, four square kilometres and 300 metres deep.

The Rorouana people rejected the poor offers made by the company. On August 1, 1969, 75 riot police and three helicopters helped Conzinc Rio Tinto take possession of the land. Women led the resistance of 600 villagers, many of whom had come from distant jungle villages and joined the resistance when requests for talks were rejected. As soon as the first marker was put in the ground, ten women pulled it out. Tear gas was used after 65 villagers lined up in front of bulldozers. After a few days, hundreds of villagers, many from other communities, converged on the site, some carrying fishing spears, tomahawks, bows and arrows. Work was suspended.

At this time, various white supporters in Australia were making some noise about Bougainville. In four ports, the Seamens Union carried resolutions condemning the "planned seizure of the indigenous peoples land." An Australian federal election was imminent, so the government and the company got together and hammered out a new offer to silence the Australian criticism of what was to become a gross violation of human rights (basically a policy of genocide) and one of the worst human-made environmental catastrophes in modern times.

By 1983, the Panguna mine was the world's largest copper concentrator and is contributing 23 percent of RTZ's pre-tax profits, even though it is only 9.4 percent of its assets and 8 percent of its total sales.

Environmental Carnage

In 1988, Perpetua Sereno, leader of the island's matrilineal land owners said, "We don't grow healthy crops any more, our traditional customs and values have been disrupted, and we have become mere spectators as our earth is being dug up, taken away and sold for millions. Our land was taken away from us by force; we were blind then, but we have finally grown to understand what's going on."

From 1973-1983, 786 million tons of ore and waste were processed. Just under 7 million tons were exported. The remainder of the tailings were just dumped. This has polluted the Kawerjong-Jaba river system, leaving it 60 metres deep and 1 km wide in sediment. Of the 76,000 tons of tailings produced per day, 60 percent were going to the sea and 40 percent were deposited on land. The tailings are contaminated with heavy metals such as copper, zinc, cadmium, mercury, sulphur and arsenic. In 1974, 800 people lost land in the tailings area; furthermore, 1,400 people's fishing rights were rendered useless by the massive sedimentation and pollution. The substitution of imported goods for local produce led to the weakening of the indigenous economy, as the villagers could not compete with imports. The Rourouna now lack an economic incentive to develop their resources. There is a poverty of options left to Pacific Islanders after mining has dominated the economy and profoundly affected the water, land and air.

Political Carnage

Moses Havini's insistent call has been for all parties to go to the negotiating table so that a genuine resolution of the conflict can be found. Neither Francis Ona nor Sam Kauona (a BRA leader who is a Papua New Guinea Defense Force deserter trained in Australia) has ever refused to negotiate, and the BRA have never been first to violate an agreement, of which there have been two. Havini says, "Bougainville has been one big graveyard since 1989, deaths from fighting, mothers dying in childbirth, men and women dying from preventable diseases, and people 'disappearing' while in the hands of the Defense Force...PNG's preference to mount a blockade rather than pursue a consultative process has resulted in a slow form of genocide."

This genocide can only be waged with Australian money, equipment and training. This is clearly a war fought on behalf of the Australian shareholders of CRA (a 49 percent Australian-owned company). It is likely that Australia's political, defense, and intelligence forces are training to be the Big Brother of the Pacific region—an international Little Brother of the larger military powers with their more sophisticated, efficient killing machines. Before the year 2000, Australia will receive \$200 billion worth of support for aerospace technology, weapons research, development and infrastructure. In political terms, this means Australia will exercise its control in surrounding countries by protecting its power and secure resources (like copper) that have economic and military value.

In the Asia Pacific region, Papua New Guinea is the biggest recipient of military aid from Australia, receiving \$122 million worth of aid for the 1990-91 financial year. PNG's armed forces represent 0.3 percent of the population. The percentage of physicians in PNG is also 0.3, or one doctor for every 11,040 people. The percentage of the population with safe water is 16 percent. Perhaps some of the aid coming from Australia could be put to better use, but as Rosemary Gillespie said "It's become a people's war now. It's like Vietnam. The only way they [Papua New Guinea] can reconquer Bougainville is to eradicate the people."

The Bougainville Interim Government desperately needs money for medicines and your help in putting pressure on the Australian and PNG governments by any means possible (for instance, embassies and companies). Rio Tinto Zinc is a major environmental criminal and needs to be visited by large groups of people in any office space they inhabit. Write letters to Garth Evans (Foreign Minister) and Paul Keating (Prime Minister) c/o Parliament House, Canberra 2600 AUST.

Poems should be sent to:
Warrior Poets Society
Bancroft & Telegraph
ASUC Box 361
Berkeley, CA 94720-1111

Armed With Visions

Clear as cut glass
& just as dangerous

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TODAY, IN LEAVES

Today, I heard a pileated woodpecker call
as we entered the deep canyon,
frightened trout into pool recesses
as we clambered up the great creek boulders,
pointed out bright green dogwood with red stems,
the young white aspen,
leaves laughing in the breeze,
watched a long brown bullsnake wending its way
up the elk trail ahead of us,
discovered a bowl of grasses with two young birds
nestled under the leaves
as the mother startled out, calling anxiously.
We paused to examine the leaves and flowers
of two species of dock plants
where the sun sparkled the marshy rivulets,
admired the pink-tinged white petals
of a pyrola behind a fallen tree.
I tasted black hairy swamp gooseberries,
imagining a fine dark wine,
spit out a few Oregon grapes,
gradually adjusting to sour,
savoring wild raspberries
enfolded in leaves and shadow,
sampled squaw currants for soapiness.
I looked for grouse huckleberries
under light green leaves reaching up
beneath the lodgepole pines,
each tiny berry sending me swooning
as it burst on my tongue.
I fell onto a sharp-edged rock,
saw my white bone exposed,
jutting out like basalt columns on the ridge,
thought about kinship as I pressed
chewed yarrow leaves into the wound.
Will all this last
long enough for you to live
if you don't join your body with ours
to block the death machine?
You've seen it—
endless humans snapping up sky, earth, waters—
steel steam shovel jaws,
teeth glinting silver dollar signs,
hard and cold—
who are you?
Decide.

Karen Coulter
N. Mallory Creek,
Blue Mountains, Oregon

C.A.R.P.*

pile of carp
3 lbs. bistort
2 lbs. spring beauty roots
10 lbs. white bark pine nuts
1 elk carcass, well aged
1 backpack of peanut butter, marshmallows, sardines, etc.
shred, burn, or file carp. blend all other ingredients, placing carp on top. bake 1 hour. throw
away carp, serve remainder in Grant Village, Yellowstone Nat. Park.
*Cumulative Avoidance of Response Process, i.e., unreadable bureaucratic gibberish, lies, and
doublespeak regarding grizzly bear recovery

from the kitchen of Eric Holle



Ceremonial Basket

First the gathering: she digs
sedge and bulrush roots
where the river overflowed.
Cuts willow shoots and redbud
when her fingers tell her to.
She cleans, splits, coils,
finds quail topknot feathers,
abalone shell.

She waits for the dream.
Suddenly one day
her hands begin to move.
Do the wild roots
remember where they grew?
Design comes forth,
part butterfly, part snake.
It takes a long time,
from leafing out
to acorn gathering.

What will it hold?
Seeds, she says.
Clamshell beads.
An offering to God.
That is all.

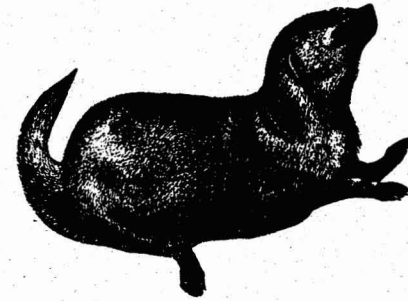
Barbara Meyn
The Abalone Heart
Ahsahta Press,
Boise State University, Boise, ID



BEAVER AND SABLE

Beaver led Lewis and Clark types west
Across the continent
To be followed by settlers
And all the roads new age communities grow.
Sables shape the same support in Russia,
Forcing eastward.
Strange to think of expansion
Patterned after
Lack of fur.

Jenny McBride



Crow Crow Against the Dying

cold March afternoon
overcast pearly sky
large broken mirror
shard flat in mud
speckled old silver side up
being crossed a few times
by jaunty-walking big
old barrister crow
valiant flock leader
leaving his prints
while the murder of crows
stands by at watch
sentries posted high and wise
on bare shadowless limbs
concentric circles of crows
in their customary suits
more vigilant than ever
with this mirror of man
the only natural hazard

Peter Cummings



5,500,000,000 And Counting...

A Resource Guide to Population Awareness and Action

Editors note: Writer/environmentalist Stephanie Mills created a national media stir when at her June 1969 Mills College commencement address she announced that "the most humane thing for me to do is have no children at all."

Saving The Earth Through Childlessness

Lots of sixties youths horrified their parents with the idea of a baby strike—on account of the world's being too wrecked and crazy to bring kids into. I seem to be one of the few who launched a career from that position, the ecofeminist version of burning a draft card. If the starkness of my pessimism was noteworthy, so was the fact that I was a pretty middle-class white girl, exactly the type who ought to be a mother.

I upset people who didn't want to think about the limits to growth, people who didn't want their lifestyle to change or have their children's lives taking unorthodox turns. I upset people who didn't want papal, capitalist, statist, or industrial dogma challenged. Leftist war protestors whose analysis didn't include ecology resented being upstaged and grumped that environmentalism was a counterrevolutionary ploy. Bureaucrats and fat cats were offended by the accusation that their agencies, their companies, bore responsibility for environmental problems.

Never to give birth was not and is not a casual decision, but it went with my grain. I have not changed my mind about having children, and although the reasons for my 1969 "decision" have reasserted themselves many times, none of my questioning of that 20-year-old self's intuition has persuaded me that I should have children after all.

I did not marry until quite recently. My husband shares my sentiments about not having children. We both feel that five billion humans is more than plenty, that we want to be free to pursue our environmental work and to be "poor" (a choice that having children in the yuppie era seems to make quite different.)

What's more, as I come to know myself better, I become ever more convinced that life without the opportunity for solitude and reflection would not be worth much, and I've never heard a young mother complain of having too much time to think. I doubt that I will ever be 100 percent resolved, but I'm at least 97 percent certain that, at least in this incarnation, I'm forgoing parenthood.

There are times when that sits as uneasily in the redoubt of intellect as it does in the rebellious, yearning heart. Is a heart's desire being thwarted by intellectual pride? Or is the desire so ambivalent that it rightly should be quelled by doubt? Well, if you have to ask, you probably can't afford it.

If population and sexism weren't such great problems, it might make sense to fall on the kid-making side of the fence. But living consciously entails choice, and all manner of foregone possibility.

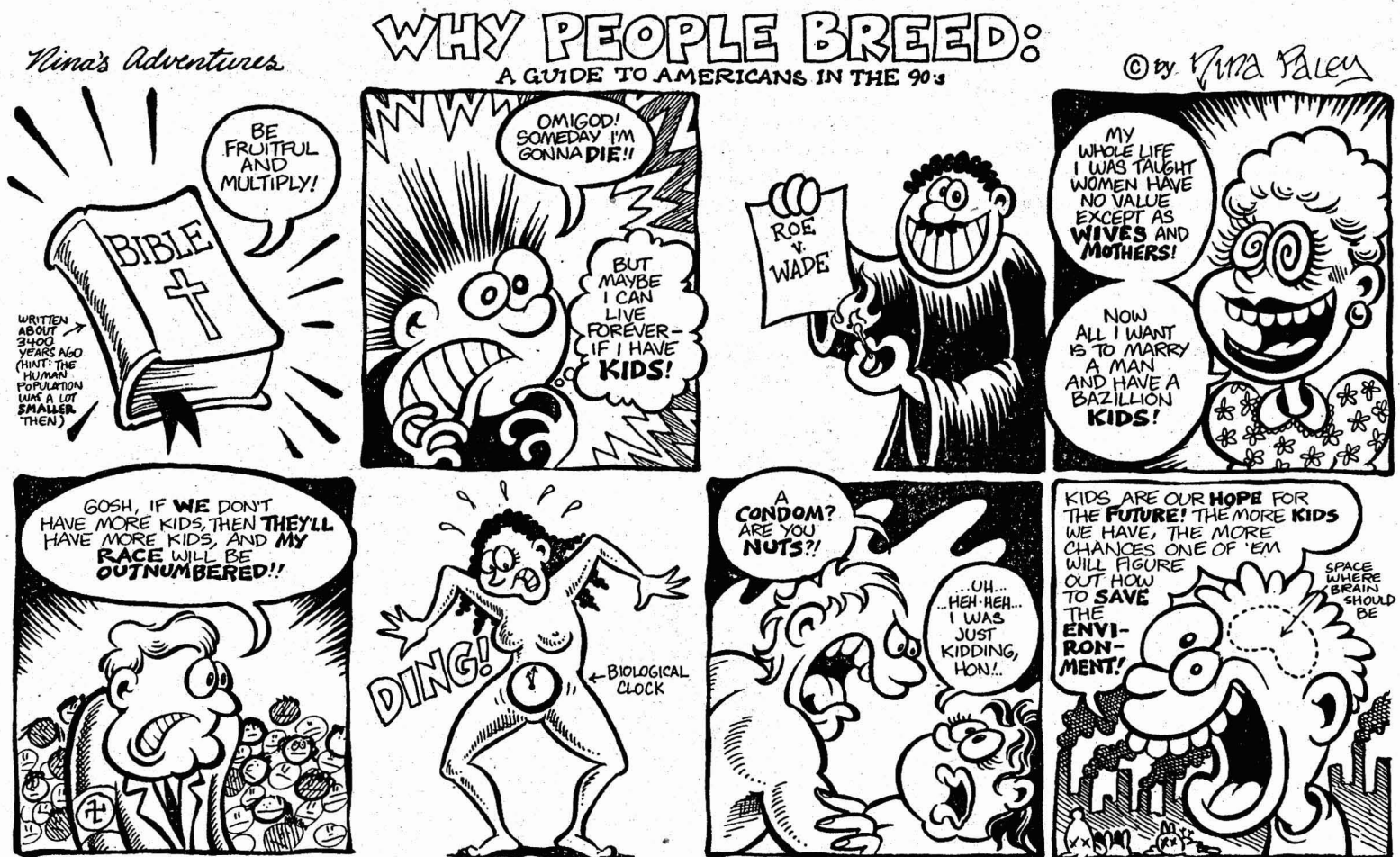
Publicly opting out of motherhood, I played a curious anti-hero role and liberated a few other women to try it themselves. It takes courage, and, more important, company to live with unresolved questions. Although civilization affords little support, even less spiritual direction, and virtually no role models for women who choose not to be mothers, there does seem to be an ecological demand for them.

Whence comes this demand for children, anyway? Not from the planet surely. I don't think ol' Gaia can handle too many more North American babies, even if they do wind up being vegetarians who join NOW and the Sierra Club. Motherhood should be an inalienable, but not unquestioned, right. Other than refraining from producing one's own children or from having more than one, there aren't many actions to take in the individual realm to deal with overpopulation.

Unless I assume the power and responsibility to do things in my own life according to ecological values, I can hardly expect the world around me to change.

—Stephanie Mills

Excerpted from *Whatever Happened to Ecology*, by Stephanie Mills, 1989.



**LOVE YOUR MOTHER
DON'T BECOME ONE.**



EARTH FIRST!  P.O. BOX 5176 • MISSOULA, MT 59806

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"Every problem we have is exacerbated by growing human populations. Overpopulation causes poverty. Poverty encourages overpopulation. There is a synergistic thing going on. We can see both factors happening.
 The worse overpopulation gets, the more likely it is that we are going to see authoritarian types, racist types trying to take over and instituting draconian solutions. That would be a nightmare!
 The only solution I can come up with is empowering every woman in the world to be able to control her own reproduction. That kind of empowerment is what will do it. One of the best things that can be done for overpopulation is to help every woman in the world achieve literacy and provide every woman in the world with a lifetime supply of RU486 so she never has to ask any man about how many kids she should have. If we can get women all over the world the right to determine how many children we want to have, we are going to deal with this problem."
 —Dave Foreman, February 4, 1993

Men who know
 Say it's really a breeze
 Once the decision's been made
 It happens with ease

Women who know
 Get smiles on their faces
 For with one gentle whisper
 Her worry he erases

Our planet is crowded
 Our problems are great
 And an activist's shoulders
 Don't need extra weight

Well one problem at least
 Has an answer you'll find
 That's ever so easy
 For the males of our kind

It has nothing to do
 With losing virility
 For it's oh-so-seductive
 To be full-of-sterility

Now this dilemma belongs
 To both genders the same
 And I don't mean to imply
 That anyone's to blame

But stop to consider
 That throughout the years
 The woman's the one
 Who's lived with the fears...

The month-to-month worry
 And to do wrong or right
 When her chosen control
 Doesn't do what it might

And let it be known
 To all who will listen
 If they cut out her tubes
 It won't be all that she's missin'

There's weeks of her life
 And lot's of dough too
 And trauma unequalled
 To what men have to do

I don't mean to imply
 That it's a bad option
 It's a helluva lot better
 Than abortion or adoption

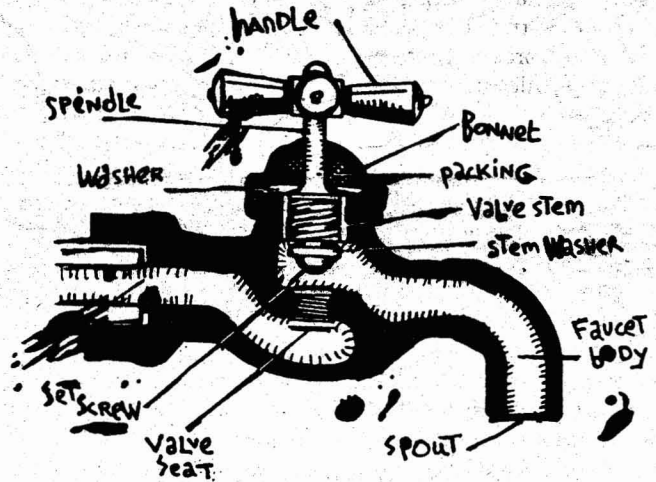
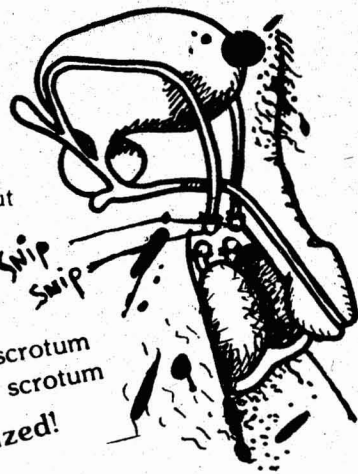
But the bottom line boys
 Is whatever else be
 A man who's been cut
 Is a hero to me

And to more and more women
 with Earth's health on her mind
 A man that's considerate
 Is an incredible find

Romantic endeavors
 I could pursue all night
 With a man who's shown me
 he's full of insight...

And concern for his sisters
 And love for the Earth
 May the Goddess always grant him
 All that he's worth

Here's how
 15 to 20 minutes
 anesthetic
 1 or 2 very
 small cuts
 two tubes
 tied off and cut
 A couple of stitches
 go home
 ejaculate
 semen
 soreness of the scrotum
 swelling of the scrotum
 sterilized!



Alternative Contraception For Men

Can you think of a male contraceptive other than the condom and vasectomy? Probably not, and for good reason: though more than eight new methods exist, none have been publicized. The methods range from the simpler, less surgical vasectomy to ancient "folk" methods which have performed well under scientific scrutiny. Some of these are:

#1 *No-Scalpel Vasectomy*. This method, which has been performed for 4-8 million men in China and more than 1500 men in the rest of the world, involves gently poking and stretching a small opening in the scrotal skin rather than cutting the skin. Each vas deferens (sperm duct) is then blocked just as in a standard vasectomy. No-scalpel vasectomies bleed less and heal faster than standard vasectomies; they also eliminate the need for stitches.

According to Dr. Douglas Huber, recent medical director of the Association for Voluntary Surgical Contraception, "The no-scalpel vasectomy technique is the way all vasectomies should be done. If a vasectomy can be accomplished with this minimal surgery, then any surgeon doing more surgery should justify why more is necessary."

To get a list of physicians who perform no-scalpel vasectomies, call the Association for Voluntary Surgical Contraception's general number at (212) 561-8000. No-scalpel vasectomy is even safer and less invasive than the already safe standard vasectomy procedure.

#2 *Wet Heat Method*. In this method, the testes are bathed in hot water every night for three weeks. Effectiveness goes up with increased temperature (hot tub temperature is not enough). At the recommended temperature, 116 degrees Fahrenheit, forty-five minutes per day provides contraceptive effect for six months. Although 116 degrees may sound very hot, one man has reported that this temperature is actually more comfortable on the testes than on any other part of the body.

#3 *Artificial Cryptorchidism ("Jockey Method")*. Special jockey shorts are worn during the day to hold the testes inside the inguinal canal (the same tube to which the testes retract naturally during cold or dangerous conditions). This raises the testes to body temperature, thereby achieving the heat effect.

Both of the heat methods discussed above should be used in conjunction with sperm count checks (unless, for example, the heat method is just being used to enhance another method such as condoms or diaphragms). Sperm count can be checked easily at a doctor's or urologist's office.

The wet heat method and artificial cryptorchidism ("jockey method") are in some sense ready to use—if you are willing to be your own researcher, method user, doctor, and critical thinker all rolled into one. Men and women who use these methods must take full responsibility for reading up, knowing what they are doing, and making a fully informed choice.

If you are interested, start by reading the original paper, *Frontiers in Non-hormonal Male Contraceptive Research*. Then go to a medical library and photocopy all the references in that citation on heat methods in general and the specific method you are interested in. Be certain to read the Kandeel and Swerdloff paper, even though it is very technical. *Contact the Male Contraception Information Project to get a copy of the original paper as well as more information.*

If you decide to use the wet heat method, you will have to experiment a bit to find a way to keep the water hot. Be creative. For example, modified old-style baby bottle warmers might work. If you come up with a good idea, let us know so we can pass it on. Regarding the use of hot tubs, you should know that it would take hours of hot-tubbing every day to produce contraceptive effect. That is why the wet heat method involves testes-only bathing at higher temperatures.

Elaine Lissner has been studying nonhormonal male contraception for the past several years. She recently established the Male Contraception Information Project, a national effort to publicize the methods. This article is based on her work, "Frontiers in Nonhormonal Male Contraception," which can be obtained (along with more information) by writing to Elaine Lissner, Director, Male Contraception Information Project, P.O. Box 8483, Santa Cruz CA 95061. Please include 87 cents in postage stamps.

Live Long and Die Out!

Voluntary Human Extinction Movement (VHEMT)

As volunteers, we are often bombarded with questions about The Movement. You might recognize a few of the questions listed here. These are some of my typical answers...take whatever you like.

Each question we are asked is a personal invitation to help others understand the concept of voluntary human extinction, so we should be respectful towards them. There's no question so stupid that a good answer can't fix it.

Above all, remain positive. Often people don't understand the first time, so be patient.

Q: What is VHEMT?

A: *Who* is VHEMT might be more accurate. VHEMT is people. Caring people, who believe that life on Earth should be preserved. Ethical people, who have accepted the evidence, judged the situation, and made the logical decision to live long and die out. Optimistic people, who foresee a future world where Nature is allowed to live freely and abundantly.

Q: Are you really serious?

A: We're really vehement. Many people find humor in The Movement and think we can't be serious about voluntary human extinction. In spite of the seriousness of both the situation and The Movement, there is still room for humor. In fact, without humor the situation can become depressing and unbearable. True, the tragic condition of the planet's biosphere and continued human desecration are not laughing matters. But, neither laughing nor crying will change what's happening. We may as well have some fun while we work toward a better world.

Q: Does VHEMT favor abortion?

A: Only when someone is pregnant. Pregnancy, of course, should be prevented whenever possible. Unwanted pregnancy is the cause of almost all abortions, and VHEMT certainly doesn't favor unwanted pregnancy. The Movement doesn't even favor *wanted* pregnancies. If there were no need for abortions, there would be no abortions.

Q: What's wrong with having babies? Don't you like babies?

A: VHEMT Volunteers love babies as much as anyone else. "Having babies" is not so much the problem; having adults is what's causing the problems. The environmental impact of disposable diapers is heavy, but we are adults longer than we are children. People who envision having a baby often forget that they are

creating an entirely new human being who will leave in a few years as an adult. Youth is a wonderful phase of life, whether it's people, panda, or panther. It's sad to imagine there being no more of any of them. A baby condor may not be as cute as a baby human, but we must choose to forego one if the others are to survive. Children's welfare will improve as there are fewer of them to care for. By choosing to refrain from producing another person, Volunteers are showing profound love for all life.

Q: Aren't humans more important than the lesser forms of life?

A: Maybe. We certainly have the most power. We have the power to destroy the planet or to help it

and the planet most by making the moral choice to live long and die out.

Q: So, why don't you just commit suicide?

A: Death comes soon enough. More good can be done by living than by dying.

Q: Will AIDS help the cause of human extinction?

A: No. Epidemics actually strengthen a species if enough of them are living to have a good survival rate. With over five billion of us, there is no known disease that could get us all. For any disease to simply hold the human population where it is, more than 260,000 of us have to succumb to it each day. Suffering and death cannot help but hurt.

Q: What about war, then?

A: Millions have died in wars and yet the human family continues to increase. Most of the time, wars encourage both the winners and losers to repopulate. The net result is an increase rather than a decrease in the size of the population. Resource shortages are still dealt with by resorting to mass murder and calling it war, but the results are only temporary. Besides being impractical, killing people is immoral. It should never be considered as a way to improve life on Earth.

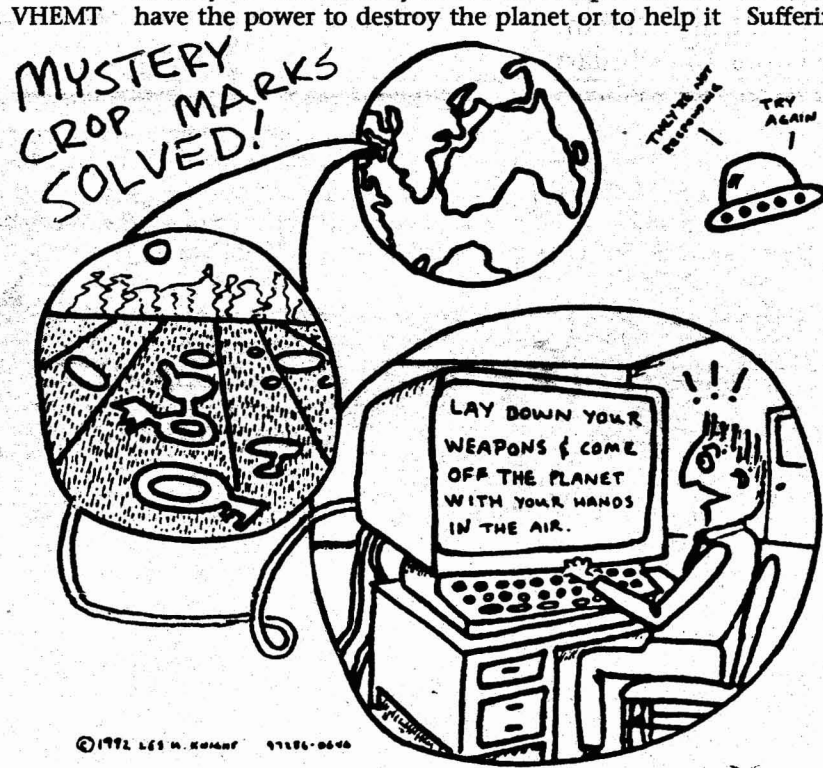
Q: What if all the people who don't want to reproduce die off? Won't everyone be making babies then?

A: Ideas are not easily inherited. The balanced vehemence of The Movement is one that people arrive at individually, regardless of their ancestors' beliefs.

Q: My husband and I have six children. Even though we love them all and are glad we have them, we realize now what this means ecologically. Can we still join VHEMT?

A: Naturally. When people gain the VHEMT perspective, they decide to add no more to the existing problem. They don't pressure their children to give them grandchildren and might encourage them to make the moral choice. Being VHEMT has nothing to do with the past. It's the *future* of life on Earth that The Movement wants to preserve. There is no reason to feel guilty about the past. Guilt doesn't lead to positive solutions. People who are VHEMT are motivated by the promise of a better world. A world where animals can live freely without the threat of extinction. Where the air and water are

clean, the plants are flourishing and civilization is silent.



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return to a natural paradise. Our choices have more impact than the choices of other animals. So, in some ways humans are the most important species. Another test of our importance is to ask how well the Earth would get along without us.

Q: Aren't you painting all people with the same brush?

A: Certainly. Compare someone living in the industrial world with a primitive grazing a goat at the edge of a desert. Can we say which person has the greater environmental impact? Neither has much choice in their lifestyles and both can help themselves

We spend billions to create engines and strategies for war, but we spend only paltry sums for population planning, even though [the] spontaneous growth [of human population] is an urgent threat to life on our planet.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

The Vision Thing

We advocate rapidly and compassionately reducing human population size to a level that allows all species to flourish. Debating whether overpopulation is a cause or a symptom of other problems has been pointless—it is both. Meanwhile, as decades have passed, other problems have received a thousand times more attention and, with few exceptions, gotten much worse.

It's time to take a more holistic approach. We clearly must minimize per-capita impact and promote social justice. We also must:

- 1) Take individual initiative to promote responsible population planning.
- 2) Form and support voluntary local, regional, and global population policies, with explicit goals for fertility rates and population size. Determining these goals will require insight into various aspects of carrying capacity: ecological, physical, cultural, and social. Even then, consensus will be elusive. Life on earth is at stake. Let's err, if we must, on the side of safety.
- 3) Educate and empower children, women, and men worldwide.
- 4) Lead by example. Let's get our own act together. Balance immigration with emigration, giving priority to immigrants who demonstrate ecological responsibility. An alternative: Reduce domestic birthrates enough to compensate for excess immigration.
- 5) Support viable alternatives to pronatalism.
- 6) Be kind. What's done is done. Let's begin the healing.

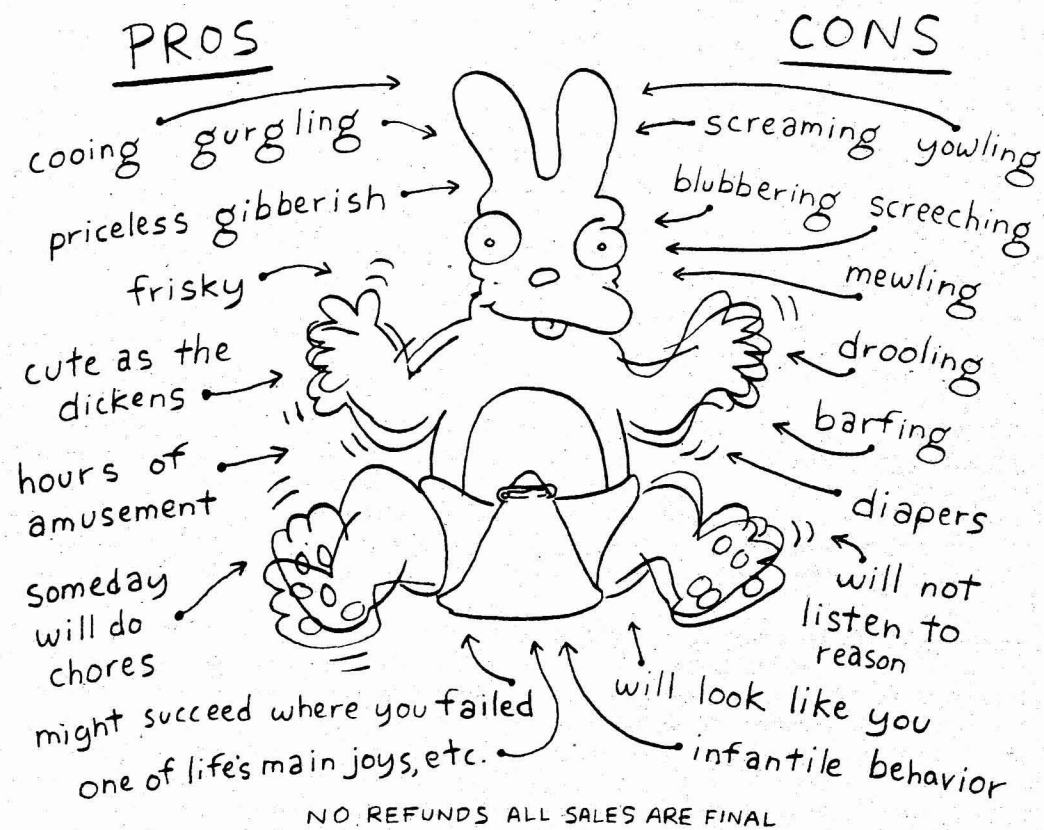
Questions? Please contact us.

PO Box 8205, Santa Cruz, CA 95061 (408) 454-9205 or 459-0429

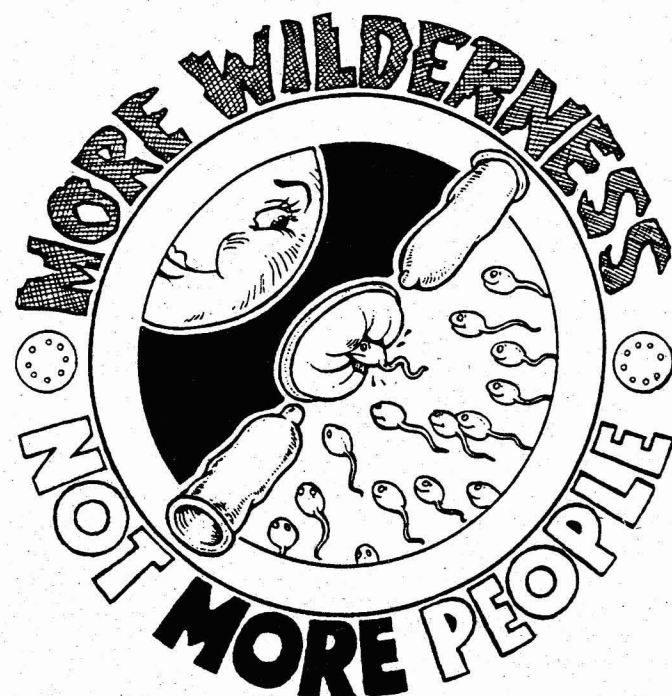
Life in Hell

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SHOULD YOU HAVE A BABY?



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Use these primers to spread the word about over-population and voluntary solutions. To order more for conferences, concerts, tables, co-ops etc. write to:

Earth First! Journal
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The primers are free, but donations to cover postage would be greatly appreciated.

Enough Already!

ENOUGH ALREADY! Roadshow
With Kelpie Wilson, Kevin Browning and Debbie Lukas

The *Enough Already! Roadshow* is an opportunity to educate yourself and others about the most sensitive and most neglected environmental problem—human overpopulation. Find out why all causes are lost if we don't deal with this critical challenge, and learn fun and innovative ways to educate people about the population issue.

The *Roadshow* includes street theatre, a slide show presentation, and an open group discussion. *Enough Already!* also provides trinkets, information, and additional resources.

The *Roadshow* can be presented at colleges, high schools, churches, and clubs. If you would like to sponsor our show, you will need to make room reservations, provide a projector and screen, and do advance publicity. We will send you a poster from which you can copy.

We will also need a place to stay for the night. Since we'll be traveling on a shoestring, any meals you can provide will be appreciated. Although we have no set fee, we would like your club or group to contribute \$50 or more to help us get down the road to the next show!

To schedule, contact Kevin Browning, PO Box 8205, Santa Cruz, CA 95061 (408) 454-9205, or contact Kelpie Wilson, PO Box 144, Cave Junction, OR 97523

VHEMT Volunteers' Supply Catalog

These EXIT Times
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Portland OR 97286-0646

Code	Item description	Retail	V-Vol	Add'l	Qty	Total
B-Mot	Bumpersticker: "May we live long and die out."	2.00	1.00	.50		
B-TNB	Bumpersticker: "Thank you for not breeding."	2.00	1.00	.50		
V-btn	Volunteer's button (1.75" diameter)	2.00	1.00	1.00		
V-cd	Volunteer's card (Wallet size)	N/A	1.00	.50		
MSA	Meritorious Service Award (Fancy 5.5" x 8.5")	2.00	1.00	.50		
RO	Reaching Out Guide to helping others progress	N/A	SASE	----		
TET-1	These EXIT Times Issue Number One	SASE	5/1.00	5/1.00		
TET-2	These EXIT Times Issue Number Two	4.99	1.00	.50		
Please write before sending checks or money orders. T.E.T. doesn't bank.		Donation to T.E.T.				
		Total, in cash or stamps.				

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Before TET-3 comes out, other items might be available, including: iron-on transfers for T-shirts, non-birth announcements, and congratulations for getting fixed cards. If you're interested, let us know and we'll keep you posted. Tell us what would you like to see offered in V-Vols' Supply Catalog

Dear Miss Banners

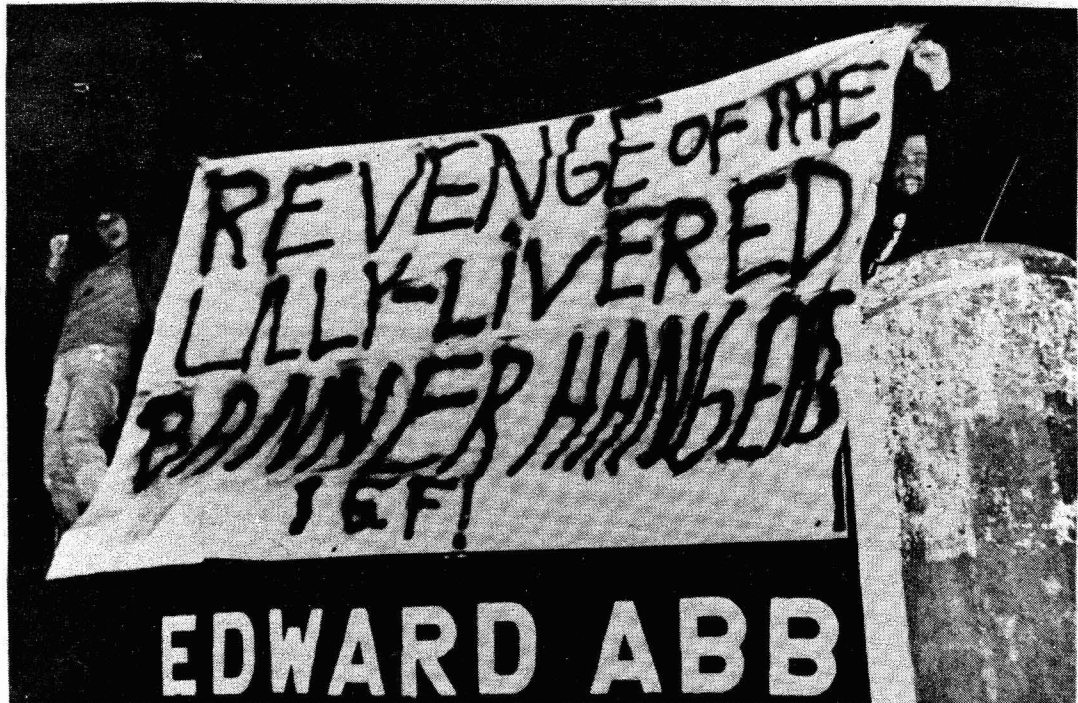


photo: Mike Meese

Two wimpy activists on the stern of the Sea Shepherd's boat, the Edward Abbey.

Dear My own shit for brain,

I'm writing in response to my response to Paul Watson's anti-banner hanging article. I was being a little blunt and was responding to the emotional chaos I felt about the banner-hanging bunch who left the sab at a critical point to do what they felt was their duty. Though I am not a banner hanger and a letter-to-your-congressmyn type person, I do want to clarify a couple points.

I do agree that Paul has some good points and I still agree with where he is coming from. But at the same time I don't see why he thinks Earth First! is a completely banneristic group. Though banners are common in many political actions, I'm sure many of us would like to see more monkey-wrenching happening. I guess what I'm trying to convey is that I do not want to isolate myself in Earth First! Street theatre and banners are good for public awareness and that's about it. I have done a couple of demos where I participated in street theatre but to me it was frustrating because after it's over we all go home and the corporation is back to rape as usual. I guess my real concern about banners (and I feel Paul was trying to convey this) is that a banner hanging is considered "direct action" and will become the dominant role in Earth First! as it has become in Greenpeace. Greenpeace did some good work when it started, for example, getting between the harpoon and the whale. Now when Greenpeace does an "action," it chugs one of its nine boats to a site, flies a banner, and that's it. Great for media and donations, for it brings about the illusion that they are stopping something when they are not. There are a lot of committed activists in Earth First! that I have much respect for. I know of no other group that is as unselfish and works so hard for the liberation of deep ecology. That is why in the past couple of years I've moved myself toward Earth First!, because I feel Earth First! represents all issues of oppression, except many of you are still stuck in that meat eating role which is either caused by your non-awareness of the meat/environmental issue or you are just a slave to your taste buds! This is an issue I will go into another time.

Back to banners. Though I have never unfurled a banner, I won't balk if one does a tree sit with a banner hung beneath them. If you climb a crane and unfurl a banner, that is your choice to do so. But if Earth First! begins to shoot banners up their veins I will throw a fit. I'm sorry, that's just where I stand. Banners will not stop the violence alone. We must mix strategies, from blockades to monkeywrenching. Banners should never be a priority. Let's not become a Greenpeace. Let's not compromise, OK? Let's kick their scrawny little butts because they are killing our planet faster than we can unfurl a banner.

For a mostly debannerized nation,
—Jonathan Paul, Political Prisoner

P.S. Hooray for the ecofeminism section! The womyn in Earth First! deserve to have themselves heard! You are true warriors!

Dear Shit for Brains,

It seems that I stirred up a bit of shit. Hit some sensitive nerves, me thinks. To Erik Ryberg, you know where it's at man. We need more people who have touched the Earth. You've seen it Erik, felt it.

Similar sentiments to Jonathan Paul. No games with you either.

To Anonymous in Salt Lake City. Your comments are both intelligent, insightful and positive, a rare combination for a citizen of Mormonville.

To Shaggy Dog. I appreciate that your experience of Greenpeace is not mine. Your points are well taken.

Jake, my but you seem to have taken things a little personal. Correct me if I am wrong but I can't seem to find anything in the historical record to indicate that pagans resolved disputes by dancing on people's faces with rugby boots.

Jagoff, I'm not going to nit-pick with you about the errors of fact and misconceptions that riddled your long epistle. However, I would like to address one misconception.

You accused me of thinking that the Sea Shepherd's thing is my thing. Hello. Where's the surprise in that. I founded the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society some seventeen years ago. I've directed the Society for seventeen years. I command the ships and I give the orders. As a result, we have nine whaling ships sunk, three drift netters rammed, one tuna boat rammed and two others boarded, a sealing fleet blockaded and three seal hunts ended, a Japanese dolphin slaughter shut down, illegal whaling activities exposed, drift nets confiscated, wolf hunts disrupted and ended and on and on.

And why is this Mr. Jagoff? Perhaps it's my lack of

leadership skills as you point out or maybe it's got something to do with direction, discipline, organization and guts.

Yes, there are complaints and most of them come from the politically correct consensus crowd. Sea Shepherd is NOT politically correct nor do we operate by consensus. To quote Captain James T. Kirk, "When this ship becomes a democracy, you'll be the first to know."

Jagoff's criticisms are based on hearsay. He says that I am difficult to work with yet he has never worked with me. He accuses me of discouraging my crew from participation in Earth First! actions yet the reality is that I cannot discourage my crew from anything. They are all free agents when they are not at sea under my direct command. At sea, they are mine. On land, they belong to themselves.

Finally, I must defend Dave Foreman and the Wild Earth gang from attack by Mr. Jagoff. Yes Jake, they are radical because they are biocentric deep ecologists and in a world of anthropocentrics, such people are both rare and dangerous to the establishment. Ideas are in fact more powerful than words. I'll take a biocentric warrior philosopher like Foreman anyday over some humanist who monkey-wrenches because of some half-baked perception of class or gender struggle. It is the species *homo sapien* that is at fault and not various parts thereof. Humanist Earth Firstlers are not much different than run of the mill, dime a dozen Marxists, anarchists, social cause liberals.

Anyhow, I think I got my point across. Banner hanging has receded in intensity, at least in the last two issues. As to what anybody thinks about me, my actions or my ideas, frankly I don't give a damn.

—Captain Paul Watson

Dear Clinks for Thinks; No Thanks,

My name has now been taken back and forth between Watson and Jagoff. One thing is for sure: when Captain Paul Watson wrote my name in his Yule letter to the *EF! Journal*, he checked with me. In no conversation that I ever had with Jake could I have claimed that I pulled out of the LA ship action because of another EFler, as Jake claims in Brigid. I pulled out of the action in stages. Watson was correct. Jake was incorrect. I *did* pull out of the ship action because Greenpeace employees said things making me feel unwelcome. Then I pulled out further not because I had a personal conflict with another EFler as Jake says. I never got to know the other EFler well enough for it to become personal. On that one Jagoff is mostly wrong. Then I pulled out further because after I was asked by Jagoff to coordinate the civil disobedience, I got caught between his and Greenpeace's initial refusal to exchange necessary information, and some flak from Greenpeace because I worked in the Sea Shepherd office part time. Then I kept pulling out further until the night before the action where I had been working elsewhere for some long time, a RAN activist at the Greenpeace office held me responsible for the usual disarray there, and while listening to them gripe on the phone I was still trying to finish a last-minute large, drop banner. This phone call was the last straw. Since I went back to work at the Sea Shepherd office the day I boycotted the action, I will not any longer organize for Earth First! Frankly I haven't much for a while because there seems to be too much government and not enough strategy in the face of Earth First! Inspiration can create better order than political science, and boldly admitting the intensity of the war for the destiny of Life on Earth can sometimes actually sharpen art into a weapon that serves the creative nonviolence of an ecotage of discriminating propaganda. This theatre of enervatingly interiorized boring violence is partly an infection of those who cannot get their shit together by dumping on people working with them is a low grade level of trivial violence.

I suspect you expect a parting shot. Let me keep it simple. If even the worst technology is some kind of supercyberpunk anti-wilderness art event, and even if bad then at least art, then ecological sabotage is a counter-act that removes the supercyberpunk anti-wilderness art event's ability to cover up the landscape. Only the landscape isn't only a painting but one's own life-jacket body. Like war. Defend!

The place of art in war is, at any rate, not on greeting cards. Really ugly people love to be shocking and turn greeting card prettiness into cannon fodder. Others of us practice the art of war as critics and render judgment benign. There is no beauty without some ugliness, no true shit that will not illuminate for a brief moment its brief and arty moment.

Picasso said that if you start a painting, you destroy a blank canvas, and a painting is a sum of destructions. Insofar as art means arty, artificial, and not natural; art is an enemy. Sun Tzu

NO! Sea Shepherd wants quality Sun Tzu

says in *The Art of War* that something like artificiality or technological artifice is a poor concealment. A display of sentiment is something like a display of dirty laundry—or even toilet paper—leaving behind impressions of intimacy that are a weakness and a vulnerability to us in the hands of our enemies. And its a complement to art to say that it wipes the shit off our minds.

If you believe as I might; that a just statement about how bad the war over whether or not there will be a destiny of the planet at all, far exceeds the alarmism of which say, Churchill lent to the Second World War, by an intensity which may not be calculated, and yet wish to adhere to creative nonviolence in the acceptance of biological struggles, then keep things pared down to Lao Tzu's simple: take away the art and fill the bellies. Then fight so life can have a Tomorrow.

After having made hundreds of banners in the past few years, I felt compelled to share my humor in Watson's zenlike remark that banners are toilet paper. I got enough shit from RAN, Earth First!, and Greenpeace over the LA ship action to make me feel that a lot of Earth First! outside of LA didn't care if I stayed or left. No hard feelings, I'm gone. Please don't misquote me, and nothing too personal.

Sincerely,
—Peter J. Bralver, Sea Shepherd volunteer

Dear EFlj,

I just wanted to write and commend Jake Jagoff for his letter that responded to Captain Watson's letter to Earth First!

I won't repeat everything Jagoff said, but you are right about one thing...who's the wimpier? The one that publishes a magazine on compromise and conservation biology or the no-compromise, no-bullshit Earth First! Journal!

Earth First! is stronger and mightier than ever! Nobody dare question our dedication without looking at themselves first! We have had to put up with FBI infiltration, increased violence, and put-downs...and we are still alive.

I was wondering...how many estimated EFlers are there? It's really something I've been wondering for a long time.

Stay wild,
—Mike Saltz, The Western Wolves Communication Network

Dear EFl Journal:

Paul Watson's "Letter From a Friend (?!)" in the Yule 92 issue was both uninformed and undeserved. He has had some kind of a chip on his shoulder about EFl for some time now. I know this from personal experience as I had the misfortune of volunteering on one of his ships for a brief time. His first mistake is in making two wrong (and often made) assumptions about EFl: (1) that the Journal is an official voice of EFl, and representative of the entirety of EFlers, and (2) that he knows everything EFlers are doing from reading the Journal. This is neither practical (given the number and diversity of things EFlers are doing) nor is it advisable from a legal standpoint. What does he expect the Journal to do? Print photos of people waving while spiking a tree or monkeywrenching heavy equipment?

His second big mistake is favorably comparing his own organization with EFl. EFl is not an organization with official leaders, representatives, or agendas—it is a tribe. It is difficult to criticize an entire tribe, many of whom have never been to a rendezvous, subscribed to the Journal, or heard of Paul Watson. If the Sea Shepherds screw up, since Paul Watson is their self-proclaimed founder and dictator, it is his fault—he can be held accountable, and one can assume that his views are also the views of his volunteers (in fact, they'd better be—no dissension allowed there). Not so with EFl! So, in effect, his criticisms of EFl as an organization are meaningless. He is of course free to criticize the Journal, but in my opinion that too was unfounded.

Watson also accuses EFl of being high-and-mighty prima donnas who accomplish nothing, and holds up the Sea Shepherds as an example—"passionate ass-kicking buccaneers who ain't afraid to ram and sink ocean-rafting pirates." I don't deny that the Sea Shepherds have accomplished some important things, but most of the "eco-warriors" that were on the ship when I was were misplaced war-mongers looking for a free ride (with apologies to those few dedicated and hard-working ones—you know who you are).

Most of Watson's time is spent making long-distance phone calls from Los Angeles, jetting from coast to coast at a moment's notice (I hear that gets pretty expensive), and running his ship aground when he is on watch. Let the peons do the dirty work like cleaning out the bilge tanks—Watson would not want to get his fingernails dirty. Talk about "lilly livered wimps!" And if he wants to talk about hypocrisy, here's some—his smallest ship, the Edward Abbey, burns 500 gallons of diesel fuel per day, and throwing trash overboard is the norm. When I questioned this, I was told to mind my own business—"everybody else does it." Talk about compromise! I also know that someone, either Watson himself or someone who reports to him directly, makes a habit of searching any newcomer's cabin. As an EFler, I was immediately distrusted—in fact, Watson accused me being an "eco-feminist sent by Judi Bari." I have never even met Judi Bari! But I did get a kick out of his many and varied paranoid delusions! Just for the record, this is not a personal vendetta—this is coming from someone who held a very high opinion of Watson and what he claimed to do, before I met him.

The truth is, Watson's criticisms cannot be taken seriously. He is so caught up in his own image of himself and his organization, he cannot see the reality of it. It saddens me to say that the Sea Shepherds is a good idea gone bad. Perhaps it's time for Paul Watson to step aside and let some new blood into the ranks, as he himself infused new blood after Greenpeace kicked him out. And for someone who cannot keep his own ass clean, he certainly has no business telling us how to wipe ours.

—Crystal McLaughlin
Note from Journalista/Sea Shepherd bos'n: We also happen to know he has kept banners in the fo'c's'le. But the trash we throw overboard is organic and if we could catch a whaler using sails, we would.

Affirmative
Jagoff
Accuse
Foreman

001

Tro
MB

More Letters to the Editor

continued from page 3

Dear Shit fer Brains,
Yes, You!

I really resent your Earth First! bumperstickers, "Pregnancy: Another Deadly Sexually Transmitted Disease" and "Love Your Mother, Don't Become One."

I am an Earth Firster Eco-Bitch (Bitch: as in Mother—Protector!)

Pregnancy is *not* a disease! It may be a dis-ease to you but a *huge joy* to me, other women and other beings.

I have four children (I know you think that this is not Politically Correct). Well, I've also done home-herbal abortions and have gone to two clinics.

We live in a world where death and birth are feared! You give women no respect when you give them the blame for everything.

Having babies is not the problem with the devastation of the Earth. Being *forced* to have them and an un-natural lifestyle causes much pain to Gaia.

Lifestyles are the biggest problem with humans. Most of us Earth Firsters! help everyday to kill our *Mother*.

Eco-warriors should not have electricity, (TVs, video games, microwave ovens, etc., etc., and other assorted bullshit items.)

How can you fight for the forest, wild animals, clean land, water, air and spirit when everyday you murder in small ways?

Everyone of you unplug! Let us not have our feet in two worlds; one of Freedom for all beings and one of Hungry Greed. Earth First! should be raging about more. I think our focus should expand. I'm all for smashing-the-state but what about looking at ourselves? What about changing things right in our own homes and workspaces?

This woman *will not* take the blame for hundreds of years of Earth Killers! *No one* will ever tell me what to do with my body! I'll do what I see fit. I'll give birth, give suck, suckle other's babes, help women abort, sleep with both men and women. Also abort myself if need be.

It is sad that most men are jealous that women create life! Is it disempowering to men that we only need your seed?

If it wasn't for women/womb and Tits you wouldn't all be here. Here to enjoy this grand adventure called *LIFE!*

Is it a deadly disease when animals have babies? "Getting Laid" is a wondrous, delicious, delightful human

(all species) celebration.

A calling forth the "Cosmic Intercourse." The calling of the Lifeforce whether or not you are making a child. Let us expand our sacredness as Earth Firsters!

P.S. I am not a man hater! I have a male mate, 3 wonderful sons, one little girl, too. There is no room in this heart to hate anything!

In the name of the mother,
Mother•of•Four/Witch-Pagan

—Micheala De Luda, Fairfield, VT



EF!

If I'm not a warrior, am I not an Earth Firster? We didn't destroy chainsaws in the Owl Creek Thanksgiving massacre. We did not cut the cords that would have disabled the saws that killed the ancient trees. We talked with loggers. We got personal. We asked them Why?! They know they're at the end of logging the old growth, and they know they're pawns in the Maxxam/Palco deal, and they're scared. They're not generally too scared of EFlers in the forest (I like to think because we don't break their saws). They're losing their jobs and they know it. I am not at war. If I were not peaceful I could not expect to have any effect at all on the old growth loggers. The revolution is an evolution in *consciousness* and I'm trying to affect those destroying the Ancient Forests in a positive way. We talked to them about sustainability and restoration and working together in communities. Humboldt County is so beautiful and I want to be at peace with all the creatures that live here, including the loggers.

I refuse to go to War.

Violence begets violence but a little communication can bridge huge gaps. We need to come together. We need to talk. We need to reweave our society.

I'm dedicated to preserving the Headwaters Wilderness in Humboldt County, Ecotopia, but I refuse to believe I'm at war. Headwaters is an amazing, magical, mystical, ancient wild redwood forest and unprotected from Pacific Lumber/Maxxam who owns property title to it. We need help up here. Maxxam just illegally cut lots of ancient trees in nearby Owl Creek. (Well, they had a timber harvest plan...) We can't think Headwaters is safe. But it is peaceful, soothing and magical. With the peace of the ancient redwoods deep in my soul, I confront loggers and talk with ranchers. It is not a war. It is our life.

—Theresa Forest, Ecotopia

SFB,

My letter is in response to "Letter from a friend" in the Yule/Dec 21 issue. I have the utmost respect for the author, Capt. Paul Watson of the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society. I have to say I agree with him on one main point. The direction of our movement. I feel that most people are too concerned with PR or how much media hoopla a particular "action" will draw. Or how can we raise enough money to do what we need to do. Is it ever enough? You could spend every waking moment doing that and still come up very short. Protests are necessary (I guess), I still won't engage my merry band of eco-warriors to any public action with our name on it. We are a group of 4-10 people (pending on the time of year) who do not want anybody knowing what we do. We also have an unwritten rule that whenever we do take action, we never do it in groups of more than two people. Here's why. I have a wife and 4-year old angel I have to defend as if they were the earth. They are my world and I must protect them. I don't want anybody worrying about me rolling over on them because of what I have to lose. I have had best of friends turn on each other when it comes down to it. You know—don't do the crime if you can't do the crime—If you trust the other person enough then that's cool and fight on, but otherwise you can protect yourself and those you love the easiest by working alone. A driver here or there is cool as long as you work on a need-to-know basis. Don't try to be an Eco-hero and brag about anything you do. One of your so-called buddies could get busted and give you up. Happens every day. Take it or leave it.

I personally do not think non-violent actions can accomplish much. The gov't loves it when you want to sit down and talk or wave your banners. You expose yourself to the enemy when you do this. They build dossiers on you with film and pictures of your face and car (tags). Do you think they won't harass you? If you don't, WAKE THE FUCK UP! Once they see your face and photo then they can show it to potential witnesses (real or not) to identify you. You may find yourself in jail for up to 6 months waiting to prove you're innocent. Look around you, there are plenty of battles out there waiting to be fought instead of hanging banners and protesting. Just remember, when the fish have no place to swim, what do you think you'll drink?

For the Earth,
—Steve Ames/Westminster EF!

Dear Scatological Phrenologists,

The Yule 1992 Earth First! is the best I've seen since I began reading it in 1988. The "Earth First! and Social Justice," "Subpoena: What Everyone Should Know About Grand Juries," "Turning Swords into Plowshares" "Direct Action, Social Movements and Deep Ecology," and "If It's So Bad, Why Isn't Everybody Worried?" articles are outstanding! I like a balance between analytical/philosophical articles, direct action reports, and conservation biology information. Keep up the good work!

As inconvenient as it may sometime seem, the interconnections between peace, social justice and ecology actually provide hope in the coalitions and alliances these interconnections make possible and necessary.

—Bob Brister, St. Petersburg, FL

Dear SFB and all hairy wildpeople,

I'd just like to make some brief comments in response to Ethan-Davidson-of-Frisco's letter in the Samhain 1992 issue.

Ethan is correct in saying that marijuana is both an herb and a drug. While I certainly concede that drugs can be abused by EFlers as well as other types of people, the normal use of intoxicants by free-thinking individuals should not divide them from other free-thinking individuals who choose not to imbibe/inhale/ingest. If I see you at some gathering, I may happen to have a joint in my hand. If you smoke, I'm happy to share, but if not, that should not impede our communication or prejudice either of us against the other.

Ethan says it is inconsistent to protest toxic dumping in the environment "and then pollute the air we breathe ourselves." First of all, there is a clear qualitative difference between the two in that the planetary poisoners are contaminating and killing everyone and everything they touch, whereas an individual who chooses to use a drug harms, at most, her/himself (second-hand tobacco smoke excepted; nobody should smoke tobacco in enclosed areas with non-tobacco-smokers present). Secondly, in the case of my aforementioned spliff, marijuana is actually one of the few substances with no "toxic amount." In over 4000 years of documented marijuana use by cultures the world over, nobody has ever died as a result.

The fact that most of those who advocate the use of hemp for paper, cloth, biomass fuel, etc., are marijuana smokers (with some notable exceptions, such as BACH, the Business Alliance for the Cultivation of Hemp) serves only to illustrate how effective the opposition (the established paper and oil industries, as well as "moral" authoritarians) have been in stoking the fires of drug-war hysteria, thereby suppressing the truth about hemp's environmental superiority for these purposes. Maybe if more people like you, Ethan, who are not herb-smokers, showed up at legalization demos and made your voice heard in other ways, then that could change.

Finally, Ethan remarks that "It is only our adversaries who benefit when we monkeywrench our brains." While I recognize that this is not necessarily true of all who experiment with altered states of consciousness, my own experiences with marijuana and other drugs have been of great benefit in opening my perception to the wonder and sanctity of the natural world. A significant part of my own spirituality, like that of many indigenous peoples with whom EFlers express solidarity, has been reinforced by what Aldous Huxley called "four hundred milligrams of revelation." You may or may not understand this phenomenon and may or may not believe that it is "real." I do believe in it. In any case, there is no denying that drug experiences have helped many to perceive the importance of defending Mother Earth and to bond with others of like mind. (ed. note: Lord-knows we would never get a Journal done without them. No question.)

All of that having been said, I agree that gatherings ought to keep in mind those persons who have had problems with chemical dependence. I would suggest that a voluntary, autonomous support meeting could take place among people who want to stay drug-free, along the lines of the Wharf Rat at a Dead show, where the temptation to indulge is perhaps overwhelming to those with past problems, it can certainly work at any gathering of EFlers.

Incidentally, I like "Shit fer Brains" as the name of the

letters section. I think anyone who can't handle the word "shit" (e.g. the "liberal environmentalist or corporate eco-fucker" cited by Emmett Muir) is probably not ready for the ideas put forth in the Journal anyway.

Thanks for listening, and don't forget to SMASH the military-industrial State today for a better tomorrow!

Sincerely,
—Erik Rensberger

Dear Shit Fer Brains,

Congratulations on reviving the "Armed With Visions" poetry page. It is no accident that autocratic empires of the world fear and oppress poets. Those who never lived under a totalitarian regime may not realize the primal power poetry has in societies where truth is illegal and art serves the whim of the state. Or the sponsoring corporation. Or George Bushless. Oh, what am I saying! This is America, land of the tree, er, chop that, land of the free. We don't censor the arts. No? Did you hear that the National Endowment for the Arts was withdrawing funding from various artists and writers because their work failed to meet generally accepted standards of "decency" (as defined by the Republican Party and Jesus Helms)?

In our soft-bellied democracy, poets writing "poetry without purpose" tend to become providers of emotional toilet paper for rectally-inhibited members of the literary establishment. Yet in support of a just cause, the poet's pen is indeed mightier than the sword. Or, of course, the axe.

Write On!
—Poetus Nonconstipatus (yet another endangered species?)

Dear EF

I would like to congratulate and praise the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) for their courageous direct action campaigns against the Animal Damage Control Murderers and torturers in Utah. Also for all the other ALF actions in other states where the sadistic vivisectors (pseudo-scientists) perform their so-called "research." Thanks also to Earth First! for covering the ALF raids in your excellent paper. People need to know about the ALF and the important work these dedicated earth warriors perform in the face of serious opposition from the US Government. When I think about the cruelty and insanity of vivisection and all the billions of our tax dollars being used to fund these sick bastards, I am filled with anger and sadness. It is always so *uplifting* to hear about the ALF risking their lives to liberate these unfortunate animals and destroying the vivisectors' torture labs. I thank the creator for the ALF.

In solidarity,
—Another Animal Lover

P.S. For more information about the crimes of vivisection, call 1-800-545-5848 (SUPRES).

Dear Gonads for Brains

Re: Eco Feminism et. al.

I wonder about the necessity of a separate section of the Journal devoted to ecofeminism. Do wild women really want separate columns, sections, chapters, books? And for that matter, do kids for the wild want to be relegated to a separate time or space to publish their work? By creating these separate entities and bestowing the energy of belief on them do we reinforce as a reality the belief that women and children do not currently enjoy equal status in EF? I think we lose freedom by concentrating on constraints. What we resist persists. Patriarchy happens to us only so long as we are afraid, with the limits of the oppressor set by the oppressed. My feminist analysis of EF! has its origins in direct experience. Wild women I am acquainted with are not afraid of losing credibility, respect, or social standing within our tribe. And none of us have encountered misogyny that we could not handle ourselves, including an alleged rapist at a Rendezvous who was surrounded exclusively by wild women and escorted out of the Rendezvous by them. So, I think this separateness is not relevant and seems rather limiting and indulgent, neither of which is desirable. By our very definition of putting the Earth First we are ordinary women who are doing extraordinary things, and it took *our* breaking through the barriers of our own conditioning to a new way of looking at the world to bring this about. We liberate ourselves.

In regards to the goddess, the transcendent experiences I have in the wilderness are not male, they are not female, they are human. The experiences are intrinsic, not independent of me. I view the goddess as a metaphor for women's creative, healing, and transformative powers, but I think she must remain consciously metaphorical or we risk externalizing and losing our power and relinquish responsibility for our wild lives.

As for the article by Ms. Bari, does she realize that by scrambling to claim the responsibility for the feminization of Earth First! she trampled right over the top of thousands of female ecowarriors who along with men and children, had sparked a mass movement of wilderness defenders long before Judi Bari came along? Earth First! was founded by two males, this is a fact. Two males, Howie and Dave, very emotional about their love for the planet, founded a non-hierarchical group dedicated to No Compromise in the Defense of Mother Earth. Non-hierarchy is the very essence of feminism. From my perspective, anyone, female or male, could be a spokesperson for the group. That is grassroots. No one is a leader. We are all leaders. We all have local issues and interests in our respective bioregions, and we do what has to be done regardless of age, race, gender, class, religion, or species. "The real work behind the scenes" was and is done by women, men, and children. No one is invisible unless they want to be. Some women and children I know prefer anonymity because of the very nature of their work, if you get my drift. They choose to remain silent to protect their crucial work. That does not mean that they are not important. It simply means that they subscribe to the old saying that "the deed is in the doing, not in the telling." I think it is sexist to suggest that "by and large most of the people who had the freedom for direct action risk taking were men." Freedom for risk taking is not a predominately male characteristic or situation. For *anyone* to gain anything, they must be willing to take risks. If we risk nothing, *then* we risk everything. "Drawing on the civil rights movement" as you did, Judi, you must know that justice is never *bestowed* and power is not finite, as though it can be gotten only at the expense of someone else to be guarded and protected. There is plenty of power. All the power any of us needs or can possibly use. We

Lore Metters

generate power from within, and the more of us who behave powerfully, the greater the community reservoir of power. I recognized this years ago during my first EF! civil disobedience prep facilitated by a woman named Mary Beth. I used it just recently in an encounter with a local district ranger intent on destroying my neighborhood. Her name is Nora. Being a victim, blaming others, or even the "White male system" is very fashionable. Who and what we blame plays a key role in our ability to handle adversity and take action for our lives. Fixing blame provides a defeatist atmosphere that allows others to jump on the bandwagon. I want more than this for the women, children, and men of our tribe. Let's not rob each other of our value.

—Marilyn Olsen, Bitterroot Mountains

Shit 4 Branz,

I don't know what's going on. Did someone forget to tell the honorable Capt. Paul Watson that we were going to try to stop mindless character assassinations on each other and even try to work towards a little unity for a change? Someone should really tell him because he's being a little ugly about the whole thing. Not that he doesn't have some good points, but the bottom line is it's not completely true.

However, it isn't really his fault—totally—that he doesn't know how untrue it is.

Let's take the last issue as an example: on one side of our friend's letter we have the front page. On it we have two prominent stories, one, a northern California EF! style woods action; and two, a non-action update about the terrorism being planned against the Alaskan wolves.

Nothing against either of those stories, but on the other side of our friend's letter (that's page five) was a pretty short article about some pretty serious direct action taken against the enemy we all love to hate, the ADC.

You remember direct action, don't you? That's the stuff that at every Journal meeting everyone always says they want to see more of. It's the same stuff that the Captain is complaining about not seeing enough of.

Well, hear hear to all of that, there's never enough direct action, but anyone who thinks serious direct action is non-existent in our movement is simply hung up on brand names.

Come on people, get the TV out of your brains. Forget the labels, they don't matter. Action is what matters. If someone goes out and does some serious damage to the Earth-torturing enemy, crippling or killing them, then it doesn't matter if they sign their name AFL, EF!, AIM, EMETIC, PLO or U2, their actions should still be covered in the Journal of the Movement that believes in and supports direct action against the nature fuckers, whoever they are.

At first I was going to suggest that those AFL people start their own newsletter, but then I was thinking that they're probably too busy doing actions, so that's when I figured out that we should just give them better coverage in our Journal...As long as we're a movement of thinking beings, we should be thinking about how bad it is to have all those labels in our brains and our paper. It's unfair to the brave souls who are out there risking their lives for the wild ones, it's unfair to the up and coming brave souls who read our paper and could be easily inspired by such ideas, it's unfair to all the people who we should be drawing coalitions with thereby making all of us stronger, and well, you get the idea...

All I'm trying to say is that our movement is much bigger than just the young white people who do actions with Earth First! banners and it's time we start reporting on anybody who's doing actions that we believe in.

This is a movement, not a club, and it's time the paper starts showing that as much as possible. Like the Columbus Day issue with all those articles about Native struggles, and the statement of solidarity extended from Ward Churchill from AIM to us. That issue and that letter made my day, and every time I read about successful direct action—so does that. To everyone who's fighting with all they got for the wild ones—Thanks. To everyone everywhere—take heart and courage. We're not alone. Learn to recognize each other—past any labels and take strength from that connection. Then pick up that monkeywrench and follow your heart. To the Journal staff—Please learn to see beyond labels (and thanks for putting out a really good, but not perfect, Journal for the Movement)

Sign me,
—Lilly Liver (AKA Donna Prima)

Dear Shit fer Brains,

You poor dear, you might think about getting your name legally changed, it's not very flattering.

Well, my children are almost grown and I plan to get into environmental activism in a big way. I was wondering where all the old hippies were and it looks as though they are alive and well and living in Montana.

I followed the hashish enlightenment trail from Berkeley in 1967 through Mexico and all the way overland to Bombay and Goa. I am just beginning to see what the 60s were a prelude for. I think we were getting ready to help save the earth, if it's not too late already.

I live in Florida, and the sun never shines here anymore, not really, not like it did in the 50s. There is a haze and dark clouds sitting on the horizon all the time.

What I really want to say is We are the enemy as well as them. To quote your papers we must "decommission the machinery of the destroyers." I couldn't agree more, but anyone marching off with a monkeywrench had better make sure they are walking or riding a cycle. I gave up a car two years ago.

I am sure gasoline powered automobiles are the single greatest impact on the quality of the environment and our lives. I am suggesting a Nationwide Campaign to boycott gasoline powered vehicles of any kind and to demand research and only buy alternatively powered vehicles from now on.

I don't know how much longer the atmosphere will tolerate the crap we are putting into it. Everytime you take off in an airplane think of the tons of jet fuel being rained down on our heads. We can't control Mt. Pinatubo but we can control our individual actions.

—Jean Welch, New Smyrna Beach, FL

Journal:

Note to Rod Coronado:

Homeboy you a fool if you give yourself up! You ain't alone. You think the shit's hit the fan? That's what the Big Man thinks. Tell ya what—it's hit the fan, alright. But one thing—they don't really know how to plug it in, turn it on.

We're just getting our feet under us—all of us—and starting this summer we're gonna turn that fan around and turn it on for them, facing them. Shit's just getting started! And each time we go, we'll turn it up another notch. So we stumbled the last few years—happens. It's not like there haven't been any bombs (so to speak) in the road. But that's over with now—not to say we ain't gonna get slapped (or worse again) but we're all stronger for it. It's time to put that shit past and get on—together strong—and move on. And that includes you. I tell you—you give your fool self up and you can go play cards with Peltier, who's busy working on a second decade even though his innocence is proven.

Let's of shit to do. I say cool out for awhile. Get your thinking head on. Get a new name if you have to—it ain't that difficult. In New York it's almost easy, if you know the right people. Whatever. Just cool out for a bit. There are some specific things that need to be done. I got a lot of ideas and want to hook up with you. Just got to figure a way how—by next issue may have somebody get me a PO Box in some city somewhere (but that still ain't proof against infiltration)...don't know. Thinking on it.

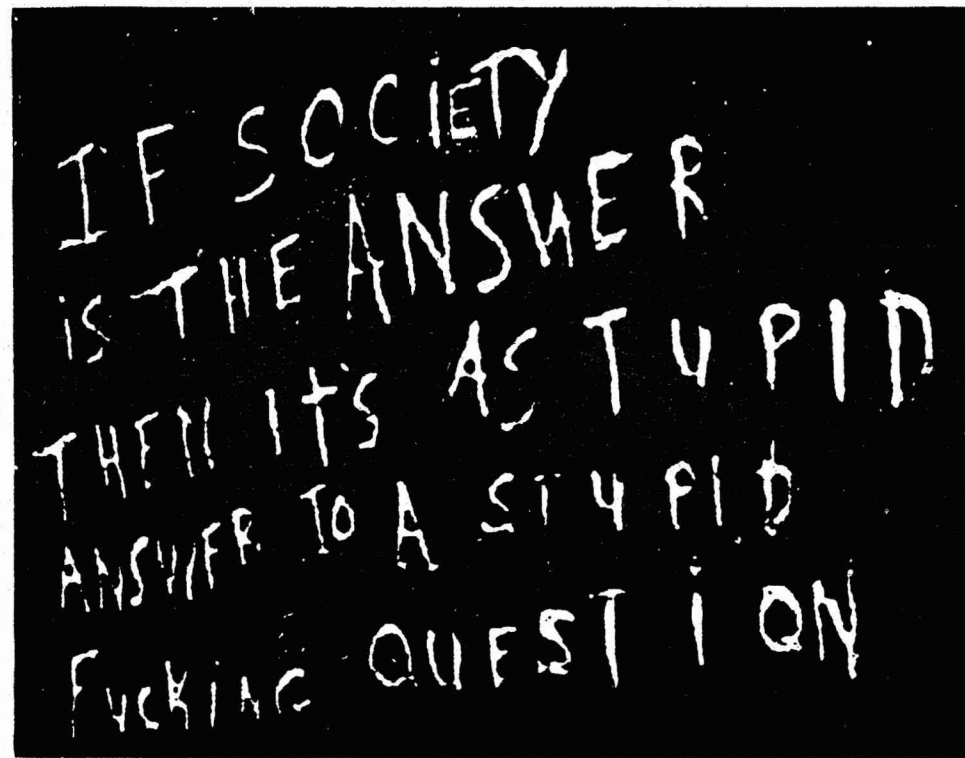
By the way funny (not really, but...) that you mentioned Anna Mae Aquash. Day before I got the last issue (got it late, just recently) was running on this dirt road that goes along the U-P tracks (another diesel-belching, ear-splitting Industrial Beast who's time is past due) and I was thinking of her, especially I was thinking about how the FBI cut off her hands. Then I started thinking about the last time I was up around Wounded Knee, how that one night the air suddenly seemed to get so heavy I couldn't hold my head up, and I sank to the ground though there really was no wind and the ground was so warm, even though it was October, and the last thing I remembered before morning was hearing Coyote yelping seemingly from as far away as the stars...

The other day while I was running and thinking of these things, a huge Raven flew a few feet over my head and circled around me, looking down with his head tilted and his big black eye shining, then landed on the next telephone pole ahead of me, until I caught up. And then he circled me again. He did this four consecutive times. On the fourth time, I suddenly got the feeling that this huge black bird was very old...

To all Earth Firsters:

Big man might not be kidding around, but neither are we. His paradigm *does not* apply! This time the game is for keeps. It is 1993. These are millenium times! Every day, many times a day and night I dig my face into the clean, pungent dirt of our Mother's Breast. There are no words to describe what I hear and feel. There is a strength that is—*Something*. It is a Something that is more than anything we have ever known, or can or will ever be able to comprehend. It makes me smaller than the particles of dust that cling to my pores. And Her heart is beating harder now, each pulse faster...*She is getting restless...*

If we—as warriors—can learn from the mistakes of the past battles of all those who have fought but ultimately lost over the last few hundred years, it will do us unbelievable good. The key component: Non-centralized (but underneath total cohesive Unity, Good of the Purpose above the good of the Individual) direct applied continuous action. Hit, then run, then somebody else hit them somewhere else, and again, and again. Always keep moving. Poke the Big Man until he's bleeding from a thousand different places—until he finally bleeds to death and/or topples of his own weight. If we keep our heart, mind and fingers focused on the pure Purpose, then we will have something that the Big Man doesn't, and that is the Strength. And I personally believe we must defend "by any means necessary." Spread the word, the commitment, and the Real Action, and Life wins. We give up, or become timid, everything is given up.



Don't forget—we are working towards an actual goal. Don't just say "Industrial Collapse." Live it. Challenge yourself. Kick your own ass. What things are you doing that are actually helping the other side? Can you face the truth of that? It's time to get busy! The future might really happen. And trust, the grass is greener on the other side.

And very important. Keep yourselves healthy. You can't be strong if you're not strong! Aside from the obvious benefits, you may need to run your ass or fight like hell one of these days. And the even greater benefit is that when the Future finally does arrive, a healthy, strong, fit body and soul increases your odds of hanging around to be a part of it. 50-60 years old

should be middle age—unless you get killed in battle or the ozone hole gets you first, which I guess is the same thing. Before Industrial Man conquered us, we used to live well into our 140s-150s and beyond, quite regularly.

Remember: Health and Strength—mind, body and spirit.

All three!

Oh. And when you're out there, don't forget to wear your smooth-soled moccasins...

P.S. After the Rendezvous, Badger-Two Medicine! Big Man Fina just don't get it. Badger-Two Medicine is much the same as it was 500 years ago and it has no plans on changing. It is ancient and sacred, and vital with life. It will remain inviolate.

That's all for now. Peace out, y'all.

—Yellow Grass Dog

To those who think they have better things to do than go to meetings,

The Shawnee conference was a good time. Thanks to the local folk who hospitably us. The howdown will be remembered.

Despite the fun, I thought that the meeting times were too short and not as much was discussed as we could have. I also feel that a few of us came with one consensus in mind and fuck-all-else. Now, not to be too hard on us; we traveled a long way and we made some good decisions. Next year, however, I would like to see everyone who comes to the conference: 1) want to be there. 2) Get up early (and work late). 3) Be ready to meet. We spend a lot of our time and money to do it, so let's get down to business when we're there.

With all that said, I would again like to thank the conference organizers and all the ranchhands who made our trip to Illinois exciting.

I would also like to thank the Schlarfly Brewery and all the folks at the St. Louis tap room.

And lastly, thanks to everyone who stayed home.

—Jim Flynn Moonlight Banner Hanger

Dear SFB,

Enough of espousing "vegan" food. I can't believe most EFers are so naive as to not realize that Mother Earth must be torn up annually to produce nearly all small grains, and vegetables. Sodbusters destroyed the prairies, plains, riverbottoms, and intermountain valleys to raise these foodstuffs and many of our worst environmental problems are associated with the continued production of these genetically altered monstrosities. If you must stay vegetarian, eat native perennials. If they are not available, eat domestic fruits and nuts that are mostly perennials. But note that reductions in global biodiversity caused by grazers are minor compared to those attributable to the steel tools of the agriculturalists. Many plants can withstand grazing, but none survive when turned upside down. Not being vegetarian, I substitute fish, venison, waterfowl, and grouse for domestic birds and mammals as often as possible.

—Prairie Dog

Dearests,

Thanks for printing the piece on Utah's first Hunt Sab and thanks to the folks who have written to the four women, supporting the action. We hope that it will inspire other hunt sabs across the country in the future.

However...the original manuscript submitted to the Journal contained a brief discussion of how "predator control" is employed to increase the "production" of "game" animals to be killed by human hunters. The example given was the pre-1988 British Columbia wolf kill—a Province-sponsored aerial assault on wild canids. The clients of the BC-based trophy-hunting outfitters pay \$5000 to \$25,000 to kill an ungulate, and so, when a wolf kills one, s/he is perceived as a thief, stealing merchandise (moose, caribou, bighorn, etc.) without paying.

When one of the editors called to inform me that this section would be omitted because the front-page article on the Alaska wolf-slaughter would treat this discussion, I said ok and asked only that a reference to that discussion be made. To me, and to others involved in hunt-sab and predator "control" issues, it is important that this connection is presented.

Unfortunately, the editor(s) did not include such a reference.

Once again: "big game hunting" in 20th century techno-industrial America (including Canada) is no longer just an issue of obtaining flesh to eat.

"Big game hunting" involves habitat manipulation, political principles of supply and demand, general irreverence toward the hunted species, gene-pool alteration (as an unforeseen by-product of the "big rack" mentality of the hunters) AND the elimination of the wild predators—including the once-again hot situation involving government-sponsored aerial gunning of wolves, this time, in Alaska.

—Sue Ring

Brown Pelicans Still Struggling to Recover

BY DAVE COLLINS

Every summer, beginning in late June or early July, the San Francisco Bay Area hosts its summer population of California brown pelicans. Thousands of these birds arrive from Southern California and Mexico, where they complete their annual nesting season. Foraging in the Bay and along the North Coast, they roost on the offshore rocks and islands, gliding in perfect formation over the ocean, sometimes only inches above the incoming swells.

Scenes like these make it hard to remember that only twenty years ago scientists feared for the pelicans' very survival. In the late 60s, the California brown pelican population almost disappeared entirely. In 1969, only four pelican chicks were produced on Anacapa Island, their primary nesting area in California. In 1970, only one chick survived of 750 nests in the Channel Islands or northern Baja California. Instead of healthy young, thousands of broken, thin-shelled eggs littered breeding colonies. For a time, it appeared as if the California brown pelican was teetering on the brink of extinction.

One of the main culprits in this outrage was the widespread use of DDT, the most infamous of a class of biological toxins called organochlorides. DDT was first developed in 1874 but wasn't widely used until 1944, when Allied armies in Naples, Italy sprayed it to kill fleas suspected of carrying typhus. It was amazingly effective, and for many years afterward was hailed as the best answer to numerous pest problems. And it seemed to be...for a time.

In the early 1950s certain species of houseflies and cabbage root flies were found to be resistant to DDT. Mosquitos and other pests had also evolved into resistant forms; therefore, more DDT was "needed" to be effective in killing them. This DDT was also killing the natural predators which fed on flies, mosquitos, etc, so still more DDT was used to control the increasing numbers of these "pests."

It seemed as if the supply of DDT was inexhaustible. During the 1950s over one hundred thousand tons of DDT was manufactured each year, much of it by a company in the Los Angeles area. For more than 25 years, thousands of pounds of DDT residue entered the sewage system and flowed out to sea into the Southern California Bight. At one time the southern California coast was contaminated with more DDT than any other offshore area in the world. The result was a disastrous decline for the California brown pelican. When eggs were laid, the shells were so thin that they broke under the weight of the nesting parents.

A similar, disastrous collapse in Eastern brown pelicans was caused by other kinds of pollutants in the Gulf of Mexico and along the Carolina coasts during the same time period. For instance, along the entire Gulf coast, a total of four young were observed in 1967, four in 1968 and seven in 1969. A nesting population of Eastern brown pelicans in South Carolina numbering 10,000 in 1961 had dropped to 2000 birds by 1969.

Although DDT is no longer legally manufactured or used in California, it is extremely long-lived, and many of the residual components are still around. In marine environments, sediments comprise a large reservoir for DDT residues. Over time, these slowly leach out and continuously enter marine food chains. The result? Brown pelicans are still showing long term, chronic effects. Thinner egg shells are among the indicators showing that DDT residue levels are still high.

In February, 1969, the blow-out in the Union Oil Company offshore well resulted in the Santa Barbara oil spill, affecting seabirds and other marine life in the Santa Barbara Channel. Two hundred thousand gallons leaked, creating a slick that covered 800 square miles. The spill was only a harbinger of things to come, however. The Channel was the site of another spill in 1990. On February 7, four hundred thousand gallons of crude were spilled from the American Trader tanker. Following the spill, 141 brown pelicans were rescued and treated; of those, 50 died.

Tankers carrying Alaskan oil to refineries in Los Angeles routinely ply the waters past the Channel Islands. As has been pointed out, an oil spill would be disastrous, particularly for the California brown pelican. Other blow-outs from offshore wells are just as potentially deadly; good ol' Chevron operated Platform Gail just six miles north of West Anacapa island, close to the breeding colony and within foraging range of nesting pelicans.

Of the pelicans rescued in February 1990, one out of five had been damaged by fish hooks. On the east coast, 71 percent of brown pelicans treated by a Florida hospital had injuries due to fishing lines and hooks. On the California coast, pelicans are crippled and injured by monofilament line and hooks. As a result, these birds are unable to feed in the wild, and become dependent upon handouts in coastal communities. In 1987, 500 pelicans in Monterey Harbor died of a bacterial infection which they probably caught while crowding around Fishermen's Wharf, begging for handouts. Tourists need to be made aware that feeding pelicans causes unnatural stresses when the pelicans aggressively compete for food. While feeding the pelicans may be fun for tourists, it is hell for the birds, which suffer injuries to the pouch and the alimentary canal caused by fishing tackle, as well as abrasions to their feet and legs from walking on pavement, machinery, and buildings.

In October, 1970, the brown pelican was declared an endangered species, and biologists began working in earnest to look at the reasons for its decline, and what steps needed to be taken to ensure its survival. In 1983, a plan for the recovery of the California brown pelican was drawn up.

This recovery project has three objectives: 1) Existing populations of the brown pelican must be maintained; 2) Long term protection of adequate food supplies and essential nesting, roosting and foraging habitats must be assured; 3) Population size and productivity on Anacapa and other nesting islands in the Southern California Bight must be maintained at self-sustaining levels.

Recovery standards in the plan are based on reproductive performance. Twenty-seven hundred fledgelings must be produced annually from at least 3000 nests over a continuous five-year period before being considered recovered and removed from the Endangered Species List. Close study of brown pelicans breeding biology has revealed that the adults closely attend to the young up to about four weeks of age. Under normal conditions the chicks are not vulnerable to predators; however, if the adults are driven away by human disturbances, western gulls and ravens can prey on the very young and any eggs left unattended in the nest.

Nowhere has this been more true than along the Baja California coast, where protection for pelican breeding colonies is less stringent. There has been a resident fishing camp on the Mexican island of Coronado Norte in most years since the early 80s, and due to human disturbances there, pelicans are no longer able to breed successfully. On Coronado Sur, there is a lighthouse and a Mexican navy contingent with domestic animals. As a result, the pelicans will probably never nest there again. However, on Anacapa Island, which is north of the border, conditions are better. The island is protected as part of Channel Islands National Park, and human visitors are not allowed on West Anacapa Island.

Although the size of the Southern California Bight breeding population has increased significantly, productivity has remained consistently below the number necessary to remove the pelican from the Endangered Species List. This is the fourth straight

Fishermen Mutilate Pelicans

Early one morning last March, the director of the Pacific Wildlife Center in California received a phone call that filled her with revulsion. The caller was reporting the crucifixion of a young pelican to a light pole in Newport Beach.

In the past years, there have been approximately 30 reports of atrocities committed against the Endangered California brown pelican along the southern California coast. The mutilations have resumed in Dana Point Harbor, ten years after twenty-four pelicans were found with their beaks hacked off.

A half dozen pelicans have been discovered with their beaks sawed off in Ventura, Redondo Beach, Marina Del Rey, and Dana Point this summer. Others, similarly mutilated, have been seen floating beyond reach in the ocean. In Newport Beach, a pelican was found hanging from a light pole, its wings and gullet impaled on the metal pins used for climbing. Two pelicans were attacked and one killed by a fisherman in Dana Point Harbor. This was reported to authorities by witnesses, and is one of the rare cases in which the criminal was arrested and convicted of cruelty to animals. There are two other cases currently being brought by the US Fish and Wildlife Service. In one, a deck hand on a commercial fishing boat grabbed a pelican by its beak, and with both hands, swung it like a baseball bat, smashed it against a wall, then threw the bird into the ocean.

The violence seems to coincide with patterns in El Nino. El Nino drives away the anchovy and herring populations, which are the mainstay of the pelicans' diet. As a result, the pelicans head for coastal communities in search of food. It is in these communities that conflicts arise.

Unable to differentiate between the fish they normally eat and fresh-cut bait, the pelicans swoop onto the lines of anglers, inevitably snaring themselves on the barbed hooks in the process.

Many injuries are attributed to thoughtless, and in some cases, malicious fishermen. Instead of slowly reeling in a snared pelican and gently removing the hooks, fishermen often just cut the lines. The remaining lengths of line usually become tangled in the rocks and around pilings, ensnaring the pelicans' wings and immobilizing them. The birds end up starving to death. In other instances, fishermen will simply yank on the line, ripping the hooks from the soft gullet and leaving gaping holes in the flesh. The pelican then starves because the fish it normally catches end up slipping through the holes in its gullet.

—DAVE COLLINS

year of low productivity. Researchers blame this on a lack of food, caused by unusual weather conditions.

Many pelicans have been leaving their nesting colonies early because of the lack of food. Due to oceanographic conditions, anchovy stocks are not available, and even though there is a recent resurgence of Pacific sardines and mackerel, it hasn't been close enough to the breeding areas to support the pelicans' breeding effort.

Every few years, El Nino occurs, with devastating effects for northern anchovy and other species. Consequently, seabirds and marine mammals have also suffered declining populations.

Although this is probably a temporary problem caused mainly by natural factors, the real concern lies in the consequences a human-caused disaster would have on the already low brown pelican population. Needless to say, the long term effects from such a disaster would be catastrophic.

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Activist Conference Report

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have decided to stand back from blocking the currently-agreed-upon structure. Perhaps they have heard Roselle's plea when he points out that this is a difficult group to be accountable to with so many different visions and a revolving cast of characters. In any case, at the meeting, it was decided to reaffirm and specifically articulate the consensus first reached at the last Rendezvous with regard to the role of the Earth First! Journal.

The big debate could be summarized as a debate between pragmatists who think some hierarchy is needed to efficiently get out a quality rag, and others who fear that if you cave in too much to efficiency, the rag may cease to be a movement journal altogether. No easy answers are possible here. But for now, several consensus points were reached with regard to the delegated role for the Journal, and the staff structure for it. First, it was resolved that:

"The North American Earth First! Activist Conference in the Shawnee National Forest re-affirms the decision made at the San Juan Mountain (1992) Rendezvous, that the Earth First! Journal is a reflection of and is responsible to the Earth First! Movement."

The Journal structure (an editor operating with a collective staff) was also reaffirmed, after much discussion (some of which expressed skepticism as to whether Roselle could do his job from California). Roselle was asked to continue on as editor until the Mt. Graham RRR. Additionally, Karen Pickett was drafted to join as a long-term staff person, and Don Smith was asked to stay on. Mike Roselle's proposal to appoint Don Smith as interim editor until the 93 RRR was forcefully presented and then blocked by several activists from around the country who distrusted Don's judgement and his relative newcomer status within The Movement. A proposal for Karen Pickett to be appointed interim editor was blocked by Mike Roselle, who expressed his concern about a potential consolidation of power, given that Karen also administers the Direct Action Fund. Finally, it was agreed that a careful search should be immediately undertaken to decide, hopefully at the upcoming Rendezvous, on an Editor to replace Roselle, who does not want to continue in this role beyond the Rendezvous. (For more information on the editor search, see page 36). Since no one representing the pure "collective" ideal was physically present at the meeting, it may be that staff changes may result if some current Journal workers decide they cannot live with the current situation.

Stepping outside the journalistic genre for a moment, it seems to us that we should all try to give this structure a try—and of course, the movement can always pull the plug on any one editor who becomes an authoritarian Nazi or betrays the movement's agenda. The Journal still has room for roving activists to serve on the Journal; the Journal wants to convey the widest possible discussion relevant to movement concerns, and the staff will continue to operate on a consensus basis as much as is practical. If you still don't buy the direction these decisions have taken, resolve to change them, but try not to demonize

those with whom you disagree. We don't need panic merchants, from either camp, exacerbating the natural disagreements that occur in social movements, our own included.

OTHER JOURNAL SPECIFICS

On a more upbeat side, Mary Lou Fox, our managing editor, gave a quick report on the Journal's financial situation which indicated that we are not losing money but neither are we making heaps. We currently are holding even and have enough to pay the bills and the staff. However, subscription rates don't seem to be increasing at the moment but holding steady. (Ed. note: What this means is that *whatever* the structure, if we want the paper to work, we *all* have to be out there promoting it in our own communities, and soliciting subscriptions!) Mary Lou did mention that we are doing more business with wholesalers and book distributors, which means more Journals are appearing in co-ops, bookshops and newsstands. On the equipment front, the Journal office recently got a new laser printer that will help with layout.

Everyone agreed that the Journal should remain in Missoula, at least until the RRR. Despite the contentious issues described above, everyone seemed comfortable with the nuts and bolts operation and overall management of the newspaper. In addition, virtually everyone gave a thumbs up in terms of how the Journal looks, and felt that the paper has significantly improved since the summer. In short, despite the ongoing tensions, things could be worse!

SPRING AND SUMMER CAMPAIGNS

The two campaigns already shaping up as major affairs are Mount Graham resistance in defense of the creatures and against the telescope there, and the effort to defend Cove/Mallard in Idaho, part of the largest roadless wildland in the lower 48. Activists from both regions invite widespread participation, and base camps will be operating throughout the summer in both locations. The Cove/Mallard campaign will begin in the early spring, and this would be a good place to begin an extended stint of kick-ass, on-the-job ecosystem defense in the Wild Rockies. There will be a Northwest Regional Rendezvous in the spring which will serve as a gathering place and kickoff date. The Ancient Forest Bus Brigade will be coordinating support at our privately-owned, relatively secure, 20-acre base camp. Last year the freddies admitted spending \$265,000 on their harassment in Idaho—we hope to make their efforts to turn the Spud state into french fried forests even more expensive this season.

Ecotopia is also gearing up for more actions on behalf of the Redwood ecosystem, and many other regions are gearing up as well, including SouthPAW's campaign against Champion and its defilement of the Pigeon River, the Fairview Freedom Fighters promise to rise again, prairie and buffalo restoration efforts in the Midwest, and songbird habitat protection on the Edward's Plateau in and around Austin. British Columbia activists expressed that they are feeling pretty damn isolated right now, and would greatly appreciate some solidarity workers venturing up into their

rapidly eroding ancient forests and big wilderness. Another important campaign centers on ozone depletion (and specifically, DuPont's role in CFC production, which emerged as an Earth First! priority in 1992.)

INTERNATIONAL CAMPAIGNS

On the international front, there will be worldwide Carmageddon actions on May 15th of this year. Contact Jason Torrance at UK Earth First! for specific details...It's about time we in North America started challenging the notions of the Car Culture so start figuring out what your local group can do in May to be part of this campaign. In Australia, forest activists are bracing themselves for a long, hot summer of direct action in Tasmania and East Gippsland (Victoria). On the Siberian forest front, Jagoff and Restless will be organizing upcoming actions against Hyundai and Weyerhaeuser, which are both investing big bucks in logging the taiga.

Also encouraging to note is the increasing success in building non-industrial bridges with Native groups throughout North America. Potential coalitions exist, if we pursue them with sensitivity.

SHAWNEE HOSPITALITY

It was great being in the Shawnee, and striking to see the character of the resistance there. We saw young faces from nearby colleges, numerous old-timers from the area, all working with the 60s back-to-the-landers in common purpose (often under the umbrella of RACE: Regional Association of Concerned Environmentalists). It was obvious that mutual respect between the different groups was well established. We had a blue-grass rage with a local eco-revolutionary band, dancing to Gil Scott Heron's "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised." In the wee hours, stomping the floor in our birthday suits, we shredded journals into confetti in cathartic ecstasy to the sound of Darryl Cherney's "What Will We Do With the Earth First! Journal?" But what we will all remember most, in the long run, is the hospitality of Shawnee Earth First! and those in solidarity with it, the rustic but plush accommodations, healthy food (to the extent that several less than normally healthy EF'ers had to go to the local medicine people after overdosing on assorted varieties of sprouts). Much gratitude amigos.

Drift

*Dwarfed and gnarled cottonwoods
stand as thirsty sentinels
along a dried-up, seasonal crick
branches naked, brittle
home to desert squirrels*

*Coyote stalks the drifted banks
winding her way through dreamtime
There are so many tricksters again
the irony makes her laugh
she pauses, pounces on a squirrel, and
moves on*

*Bald, satiated eagles
lift-off from a roadkill deer
back lit by Sunrise
they appear, for a moment
as vultures*

*As seeds of weeds
we travel beyond control
with purpose of design
then sink ourselves and flourish
Rooted, we become of the place*

*Two gray wolves
ululate their intentions
across frozen Idaho desert
Coyote pauses, eyeing the heartbeat
of dying squirrel
and then moves on*

By Snare

UK Hunt Sab

continued from page 1

Sergeant 098 of the Essex constabulary reacted angrily, demanding the engine be turned off (which it was). Sergeant 089 then began frantically clubbing a group of huntsabs trapped within the police cordon enclave. In a rash move, he smashed the Brighton huntsabs' Landrover driver-side window and snatched the ignition keys from the driver's hand. The driver's eyebrow was gashed by flying glass, requiring stitches. Later, as we attempted to turn off the road to go to the hospital, police created a roadblock and forced us back.

Not surprisingly, police then demanded all documentary evidence of the 26 arrests compiled by the demonstrators. The police went so far as to mount roadblocks in order to confiscate (via vehicle searches) film and videos from potential witnesses. Laurie Payne, of The League Against Cruel Sports, had his video film confiscated, along with the footage compiled by a reporter from Anglia Television.

For more information contact Huntsaboteurs' Association PO Box 1, Carlton, Nottingham, NG4 2JY, United Kingdom

—SOURCE: BLACK & WHITE AND GREEN



photo: Alec Smart



And the Survey Says: Forest Service Can't Keep Roads Closed

BY TOM PLATT

As most people concerned with wildlife and wild land protection already know, the Forest Service is the world's largest road building agency. Its road network supports extensive resource extraction on the public lands, but the roads remain in place once the trees are gone. This spaghetti-like apparatus reaches into virtually all areas of the federal lands, and it has proven to be deadly to most species of wildlife that come in close contact with it. Roads provide access to hunters and poachers, disturb and displace animals from critical food sources, and result in uncountable road-kill deaths each year.

The government response to public criticism about these problems has been to place obstructions across roads to prevent motor vehicle access. This response is based on biological studies which have demonstrated that habitat use declines as road density increases (measured in miles of road per square mile.) The Forest Service "closes" roads to reduce road density and reach standards deemed minimally acceptable for effective habitat use by wildlife. The roads remain in place, but a gate or other structure attempts to halt vehicle traffic.

The government is required by law to protect certain species, especially wolves and grizzly bears here in Montana, that are threatened or endangered and acutely susceptible to road influences. Little is really known about animal tolerance to open or closed roads, but researchers think 0.60 miles per square mile is too much for wolves, and the Fish and Wildlife Service has set 0.75 miles per square mile as the standard in grizzly bear recovery areas on the National Forests. From these general guidelines, the Forest Service sets standards for each forest, which are then implemented in yearly road closure programs.

In spite of this acknowledgment of responsibility, the Forest Service has proven unable to protect sensitive wildlife habitat. This time its failure is keeping "closed roads" closed on the Kootenai National Forest in northwestern Montana.

During a disturbing logging road and clearcut tour in late October 1992, I and several intrepid assistants checked 281 forest road closure structures in the Three Rivers, Rexford, Libby, and Cabinet Ranger Districts of the Kootenai. We were investigating allegations (made by concerned agency biologists) that many forest roads officially listed as closed for wildlife protection were open for motor vehicle use. We visited each closure device (which ranged from steel gates across roads to earth berm/road pit-type closures) and recorded whether the structure was in place, if it was closed, whether there was evidence of off road vehicle (ORV) detours around or over the structure, or (in the case of locked gates) whether there were fresh tire tracks behind the structure to indicate the presence of forest elves.

Our results are not encouraging. Of the 281 structures, 21.4 percent (60) were simply open or not restricting motor vehicle traffic of any type. Another 25.3 percent (71) were not stopping ORV detours. And 7.8 percent (22) showed recent use through the gate (through use of keys). Now, that comes to 54.5 percent (153) of those 281 structures that were not working out management-wise for the freddies. Which means they do not work for grizzlies, or wolves, or wolverines, or any of the human-shy forest dwellers the Forest Service gets *paid* to protect. 540 of the 842.5 road miles behind those structures were effectively open to people on machines. Not good.

These data provide new road density figures for the Cabinet-Yaak grizzly bear ecosystem of the Kootenai National Forest. The forest plan maximum allowable road density standard is 0.75 miles of open road per square mile of (badly hammered) public land. Combining the unprotected "closed" road miles (from the structures we checked and found open) with the existing open road miles increases the road density to 1.2 miles per square mile for the 1,027 square mile area surveyed. This figure is an average for only the specific bear management units inventoried. Since we only sampled a portion of the Kootenai National Forest, it can be assumed that if all structures on the forest were checked, the density figure would be higher still.

To make matters worse, it happens that most of the gates checked were on the (notorious) Three Rivers Ranger District, which is the focus of the 1990 Upper Yaak Special Environmental Impact Statement.

This EIS, which follows the failure of the Forest Plan to meet legal mandates under the National Forest Management Act, addresses exceptionally high levels of road building and logging in Situation 1 grizzly bear habitat (that is agency-speak for land where bears are supposed to get preferential consideration over humans.) In the Upper Yaak Decision Area, ineffective road closures on 78 of the 145 structures checked (53.8 percent) resulted in 293.8 unprotected road miles. This brought the total road density in the three bear management units evaluated (numbers 15, 16, and 17) to 1.6, 2.0 and 1.7 miles per square mile, respectively. Again, not good stewardship performance.

Interestingly, of the structures checked, 52.3 percent (148) were steel gates. Since a gate is designed to allow motor vehicle passage, it will not be surprising to note that 66.2 percent (98) of all gate closures were ineffective at stopping motorized travel in the closed habitat beyond. Ineffective gate closures thus constitute 34.9 percent of the total structures checked. A revelation for managers! *Of course*, more people will drive through devices designed to be driven through. All it takes is an easy-to-obtain key (or a high-powered rifle for the less subtle.)

On the flip side, 25.3 percent (71) of all structures checked were earth berm/road pits effectively halting vehicle travel. The most prevalent violations associated with them were detours by ORV users (which can only be stopped by more love during the developmental childhood years.)

One conclusion is if the Forest Service wants to curtail use in areas closed to motor vehicles (notion open to question), it should stop using so many gates and close the roads in a more permanent fashion. Road removal is the only truly effective means of curtailing access to damaged or sensitive areas.

The study avoided mention of the problem presented to sensitive species by closed roads. More and more research is showing that closed roads still create unacceptable disturbance for forest denizens (through easy mountain bike and horse access for hunters, improved vantage points to shoot critters from, etc.) The Upper Yaak, especially, has a heaping portion of roads. The question of effective enforcement of road closures is undercut by the generally harmful character of road networks, both open and closed.

In general, studies like this one (and its predecessor by Keith Hammer on the Flathead National Forest) help keep the Forest Service in line. This report has been cited in a lawsuit filed by environmentalists to halt logging and roading in grizzly habitat in the upper Yaak. It has also hit the desks of Forest Service and Fish and Wildlife bureaucrats in Montana, where it will be a nuisance to business as usual. The Forest Service is questioning the findings and claiming there is not a problem, choosing to critique the road density calculations in the report while avoiding discussion of why so much habitat is unprotected. The FWS has taken a cautious approach and suggested more evaluation, and has yet to make comments. Overall, in light of the public attention, it is likely that better enforcement of road closures will occur next season.

Ultimately, all further road building on roadless lands must be halted. The existing road networks must be removed piece by piece, so access can be truly limited to acceptable methods (foot, paw, etc.). Write your representatives and local forest supervisor, insisting on road removal from the public lands. Learn more about how you can implement your own wild land recovery efforts with friends and family (see the Road Rippers Guide). Check on forest road closures in your area and embarrass your own petty officials. If you would like more information on how to do your own inventory, contact me through the Alliance for the Wild Rockies, PO Box 8731, Missoula, MT 59807. (To get a copy of the Road Ripper's Guide, write Keith Hammer, POB 2072, Kalispell, MT 59903 or contact the Journal to get the *Killing Roads* primer.) They're our public lands: grab a shovel or a clipboard and enjoy!

Runnin' With the Pekinese

Ohhhhhhh, so you go out in the woods for a weekend,
to beat your drums and your chest

To cry for what you gave up so easily,
after you sold your soul for a desk

And then you speed back from the seminar,
in your brand-new racy car-toy.

You say it was a most useful experience,
for now you feel better about how you destroy

But you're back only to return to your office,
a bold primal guy closing deals.

Hey, deep down inside do you think—do you fear—
That you're just runnin' with the Pekinese?

Brave new sister executive accountant/attorney,
in your ten-story glass concrete tomb,

acting just like guys and thinkin' that's progress,
eco-death gushing from your womb

But you still have some more plastic,
so that you can consume and consume and consume

Charge it—remodel it—wear it—talk it,
display it so that everyone sees,

The magazine covers tell you this is romantic,
but are you just runnin' with the Pekinese?

All your boutiques, your policies, your smooth talk,
I just can't suffer it from you no more.

Just get away from me this moment,
you new species, homo-economicus whores

I may be at my personal deadend
I can't take no more of your lies,

but I can scream at your life and deathstyles,
I can still rave at the void in your eyes

So please please please, oh please,
Take your petty tales of sales and successes,
take your margins and net present values and graphs,
and shove them straight up your fat ass

But please please oh please—oh please,
don't talk to me none about urban cement warrior,
fighting battles against other beasts like yourself in the pit.
Don't talk to me none about challenges and creations,
when everything you touch turns to shit

All I demand of you this moment,
this very instant when I can't take no more of your
discease,
is just GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY FACE!
cause you're just runnin' with the Pekinese

—Dwight Worker written 2/9/93

BOOK REVIEW

Green Man Through the Ages



Green Man: The Archetype of our Oneness with the Earth
by William Anderson, Harper Collins pub. 1990
REVIEWED BY WILDEHARTE

In a decade within which we are only beginning to be doused with "Green" products, lifestyles, political consciousness, not to mention books, Anderson's *Green Man* is a refreshing look at an ancient archetype of living Nature that has somehow weathered the ages and changes from Copper Age Europe to present day consciousness. Anderson's book, appropriately filed under 'Mythology/Ecology,' is a must for ecomythophiles. Since Joseph Brown breached the Western trope of antiquities and myth, making myth more palatable to the pablum-soaked mind of Cultural America, some earthlings are looking deeper into their spiritual roots for answers to the present day Industrial revolution-caused horrors.

This is a different sort of deep ecology. This book examines the human mythical past for knowledge to use in solving modern day problems. Anderson traces this archetype—the Green Man—through Hellenistic Greece, Arthur's Age, Gothic, Renaissance, and Puritanical England. This creature shows up in carvings (usually on churches) from Toulouse to Denmark, but it is most prolific in England. Everywhere one turns one is confronted by this face of a man (there are a few, rare accounts of green womyn) disgorging elaborately carved stone vegetation—Nature coming out of the depths of his (archetypal) soul into the world. The Green Man represents participatory metamorphosis: "The leaves that issue from the Green Man's mouth are an answering song or incantation in

which the spirits of the trees speak to man. There are many myths and stories of trees that sing and speak (p.31)." This archetype embodies verdant irrepressible Life. Amazingly enough, Christianity adopted this creature, and he has virtually stayed the same through centuries and centuries of religious change—this creature is on the title page of Martin Luther's Appeal to the General Council, Wittenberg 1520. No one knows why the Christians did not banish him to the dust of memory's frailty.

In this age when machines have virtually replaced deities, an archetype like the Green Man could be a subtle catalyst for change we so desperately need. The Green Man plays a role that "sentient" life recognizes: that we are animals, part of Nature—a vast and complicated ecosystem that goes beyond the confines of the third dimension. The Green Man is Nature inate within Human Being, a green utopia struggling to keep its head above the cold waters of science and greed. We must heed what Anderson asks: "Can human beings be considered viable without leaf or grass or tree, the providers of our food, our air, and our most delightful impressions?(p.160)." I had to special order my copy—pick it up, it is worth the \$14.95.

Wolf Spirit

continued from page 1

persistent rumors of a black-market in caribou meat). He also said that his people have "cut back," but not halted, caribou hunting over the last two years. Poachers have also been taking an unknown number of animals, as the area is inadequately policed by Conservation Officers. Wolves are being used as a scapegoat for more than a decade of mismanagement.

On our fourth day in the Yukon we were contacted by Koshon, a Tahltan Indian of the Wolf Clan whose name means "Old Wolf." Koshon is a spiritualist and artist, specializing in carvings using horn, bone, and hide from animals killed by cars. Koshon even looks like a Wolf, with long black hair framing a narrow, angular face. He sat with us, his black eyes deep pools, and told us stories of the "Grandfathers," the animals out in the Aishihik.

"When will they understand?" he asks of the government wildlife managers. "The Wolf Spirit is very powerful. It could destroy all of humankind if it wanted, but it has too much love in its heart. The Wolf Spirit knows you are here. It is glad to have allies." This last statement made us feel a little better; we had been wondering whether there was any point in being there, frustrated by our inability to charter a fixed-wing aircraft. The Yukon is a "small" place; everyone knew who we were and were afraid to help us and risk future government contracts—the government is the biggest employer.

Koshon continued, "The Wolf Spirit will help you. Keep the pressure on. What you are doing, calling for a boycott of Yukon tourism, keeping this in the headlines, this is very important. The Wolf Spirit will look after its own in the Aishihik. It will cause big mechanical problems in the government machines." His voice was low, calm, deadly serious. "They don't understand what they're messin' with out there."

He reached into a leather bag he had with him and withdrew a large, triangular black stone. Attached to its face was a stunningly beautiful carving of a howling Wolf. Where the Wolf's heart should have been was a deeper engraving of a medicine man offering a peace pipe to the Wolf spirit. "This is a gift to Friends of the Wolf from the Wolf Spirit and me. I want you to take it down south where there's lots of money and auction it to get money to protect the Wolves....It is made from prehistoric Mastodon ivory. It is very rare." I ran my fingers along the ancient, yellowed material, then looked up at Koshon and nodded.

Within twelve hours of that meeting the rumors started coming in through the Yukon grapevine: something was going wrong in the Aishihik. The government helicopter had broken down—apparently for the third time in four days. We chartered a helicopter (they couldn't refuse \$725/hour!) and flew in

with a CBC camera person to investigate. We located the government's "secret" base camp almost eighty miles from the nearest highway. The dirt access road to the lake where they were set up had been ploughed, but then blocked by a series of twenty-foot piles of snow on uphill curves. The government vehicles used a private road, heavily gated, to get around their own road-blocks. We recorded this information for local activists. We skirted the camp by ten miles and landed on a mountain-top. With binoculars and a telescope I observed the camp for two-and-a-half hours. They weren't flying. I could see their helicopter sitting idle beside one of the buildings.

Subsequent to our departure from the Yukon we learned that a series of further break-downs had kept the government helicopter grounded. They eventually brought in another helicopter, but then an unseasonable lack of snow had made it impossible to track the wolves. Bob Hayes came out of the bush last week perplexed and frustrated: he hadn't found the wolves he knew were out there.

The final count was fifty dead Wolves—an outrage, but far short of the target of one hundred and fifty wolves this year. According to the government plan, Wolves will be killed every year until the local caribou population reaches 2500, and the moose population reaches 4000. These figures are ridiculously high and represent the creation of an artificial surplus of "game" animals. The highest recorded census of caribou in the Aishihik region is 1500 animals, and moose have never numbered 4000. Furthermore, government documents indicate that if "successful," it would take ten years of Wolf "control" for caribou numbers to reach even 2000 animals. The Wolf-kill program, therefore, could last at least thirteen years, if not indefinitely.

While friends of the Wolf is aware of the cultural damage suffered by Yukon natives at white hands, and is sympathetic to the struggle for self-determination being fought by all First Nations peoples, we do not feel that these are primary issues in the Yukon Wolf-kill program. As we said numerous times to the media, Friends of the Wolf went to the Yukon to save Timber Wolves, not human beings.

Friends of the Wolf, in addition to calling for a boycott of Yukon tourism, invites Earth First!ers everywhere to disrupt or other wise harass Yukon Tourism displays at any Tourism trade shows across the United States. We also propose a "Wolf Enhancement Program" and "Yukon Politician Management Plan," in which some politicians would be fitted with radio collars and tracked, "With a view to eventually culling the herd of bureaucratic Wolf-haters and allow for the renewal of the Wolf tribes."

Wanted: Your original songs and artwork for a new

Earth First! Songbook

We hope to have the songbook ready by the Round River Rendezvous, but this is only possible if we hear from you before **April 15th**. Please send songs (with chords and notation if possible) and artwork to:
Earth First! Songbook POB 3412 Tucson, AZ 85722 or call (602) 622-0477.

(If you have already sent material to EF! Publishing Collective, chances are good that we still have it and will be contacting you. Please drop us a line if you don't hear from us or feel free to send new material.)



On Sunday, April 11th, people around the world will take action to stop the Vatican's desecration of Apache sacred geography and an irreplaceable ancient forest ecosystem on Mount Graham.

In collusion with the University of Arizona, the Vatican is building a telescope on the central sacred mountain (Dzi nchaa si an or "big seated mountain") of the San Carlos Apache people. Construction of this project will fragment the unique spruce-fir forest (home to the Endangered Mount Graham Red Squirrel) on Mount Graham's summit and will interfere with the ability of the Apache to continue their traditional religious practices. In the face of years of resistance to the development by environmentalists and Apache spiritual traditionalists, the Vatican has continued its course of ecological destruction and cultural genocide for Mt. Graham. The head of the Vatican Observatory, Father George Coyne, Society of Jesus, recently wrote, "...[environmentalists and native people opposing the telescopes] has (sic) created a kind of religiosity to which I cannot subscribe and which must be suppressed with all the force that we can muster."

It is time to put an end to this insensitive development. On April 11th we will picket Catholic churches to educate church-goers and officials about the Vatican's involvement in the Mount Graham project. If you can't or don't want to organize a demo, take some creative action of your own to express your rage at the Vatican's destruction of Mount Graham. Call or write us TODAY for an action packet.

Arizona Earth First! POB 3412 Tucson AZ 85722 (602)622-0477 or (602)882-5487

**National Day of RAGE
Against the Vatican
No 'Pope Scope' on Mount Graham
Sunday, April 11, 1993**

Pagan Gatherings

BY LONE WOLF CIRCLES

The trail winds sharply down the mountain in a series of footworn switchbacks and terraced stairsteps formed by the exposed roots of oak and juniper. Below lie the black coils of the canyon's carver, Colorado's Piedras River. Each step quickens ahead of the last as we are pulled by more than simple gravity towards the beating heart of the Earth Mother. We sense the bottom long before we see it, perceived as some kind of energetic density, as if the molecules making up these mountains were bound more closely in their depths, the atoms dancing in tighter circles in the pressure of Her bowels. We were not walking so much as falling—plummeting towards some wild, shared fate.

Halfway down the path we stop to watch the full moon slip above the treeline. She is met by a chorus of panpipes and drums, raven calls and wolf howls, echoing up the rockslides and cliff faces.

"Ron-dee-vo!" The tribe is gathering, clustered around a handful of campfires. They hold walking sticks and guitars, sage smudgesticks and each other, further proof the Druids are not gone, but still serve the Earth Spirit, gathered now to talk sedition and honor silence.

We are entering an outlaw camp where displaced Picts and Norse, Celts and Visigoths, regroup for the next assault on Greek logic and the oppressive military machine of the New Roman Empire. Escapees from a toxic Disneyland, a designer gulag, a concrete mirage where the majority of their own species rush around like Ken and Barbie dolls, happily participating in a paradigm of destruction. Loin-clothed berserkers stand knee to knee with Wiccan priestesses and Zen cowboys, ex-professors, ex-students, ex-leftists, ex-hippies, finding common ground in devotion to a priority: the sacred Earth-body, of which we are an intergral part, shall come first—ahead of the desires of our more narrowly-defined selves. They are here to practice their ghost dance, plan campaigns to protect the genetic material upon which future evolution will depend, and participate in rituals to resanctify the bloodied Earth.

Here is a group as diverse as the biological community they seek to defend, driving/hitchhiking/jumping freight-trains from all over the continent to mourn and to celebrate. Perceived as a threat to corporate and national interests who profit from the destruction of the natural world, they are the only pantheist association to earn a full-fledged FBI campaign of eradication. What the government, media hacks and casual observers fail to realize is that Earth First! is first and foremost a *Pagan tribe*.

Every year these new barbarians of the forests come together for the International Round River Rendezvous. Last summer's gathering of the tribe was the first post-dissension gathering, a healing of the wounds and strengthening of commitment.

"Hoka hey! It's a good day to die!"

And a good day to live life to its fullest, joining in Nature's ecstatic revelry and forcefully carrying out the will of Spirit.

A few years ago, when the revolt against media-appointed leadership surfaced, a certain wild woman named Gena proposed a tribal war dance to unify everyone against a common enemy. Laid up with a broken leg, she sent me to instigate what has become a dear tradition in the Earth First! movement, a chance to get non-verbal for awhile, to drop the cloths and pretensions of the civilized world, to get down to the grunts and sighs of pleasure.

The beat begins slowly, inexorably, as the heartbeat of Gaia Herself. Here are the rhythms we first heard while floating sensuously in amniotic fluids of our mother's womb. A witch narrates the story of our estrangement from the Earth-Body, the embrace of technological dominion and rape of the planet. Dancers become rigid, mimicking the way humanity internalized the robotic behavior of the machines they manufacture,

knocking down other dancers representing trees and animals, water and air. The sun has set, and the rhythms develop into a complex, pounding imperative. Suddenly, bursting out from the bushes, a band of wild children attack. Swinging monkeywrenches and crying out for all they are worth, the triumphant youth bring down the agents of destruction and return to prominence the displaced lifeforms. One by one, the audience is pulled into fray until two hundred naked neo-Neanderthals are writhing in a single ecstatic mass, amoebic, flexible, unified. The dust rises, moon-bound, like spectres from the primeval past.

We are the Earth in defense of Herself

Increased consciousness and vision demands our most vigorous response. Pagan visionaries and clan shamans have always been called upon to interpret and sing the tribe through the ordeals that both threaten and strengthen them. Burjas and warriors have always had to deal with the continued survival of their culture and the existential reality of their own mortal death. Yet never before have they needed to deal with the human-caused extinction of thousands of other species, the toxification of the entire environment, the potential disappearance of humanity itself, and the almost universal abandonment of Earth spirituality and personal honor.

Dreamwork is in progress. Indigenous prophets have come out of seclusion. The Tarot is ill-worn, the runes cast upon sometimes barren ground. Even the most pragmatic of wilderness defenders have come to recognize the elements of fate and magic in their Work. They proceed, humbly yet insistently, with little time for prediction. John Seed points out that whether we are truly saving the life of the planet or merely validating our own existence, either way our choice of how to act would be the same. In our efforts to preserve a wild tribe, we are a tribe now reaching out to the wider Pagan and activist communities.

Pagan Moran recently returned from a mission into the beleaguered jungles of Ecuador. She asked a native activist what the chances were of saving the remaining tropical rainforests. He smiled and replied, in what has become a motto of our tribe,

"Milagros o nada!"

Miracles or nothing!

Portrait of Lone Wolf Circles
by Peggy Sue McRae

Return to the Passion of Life

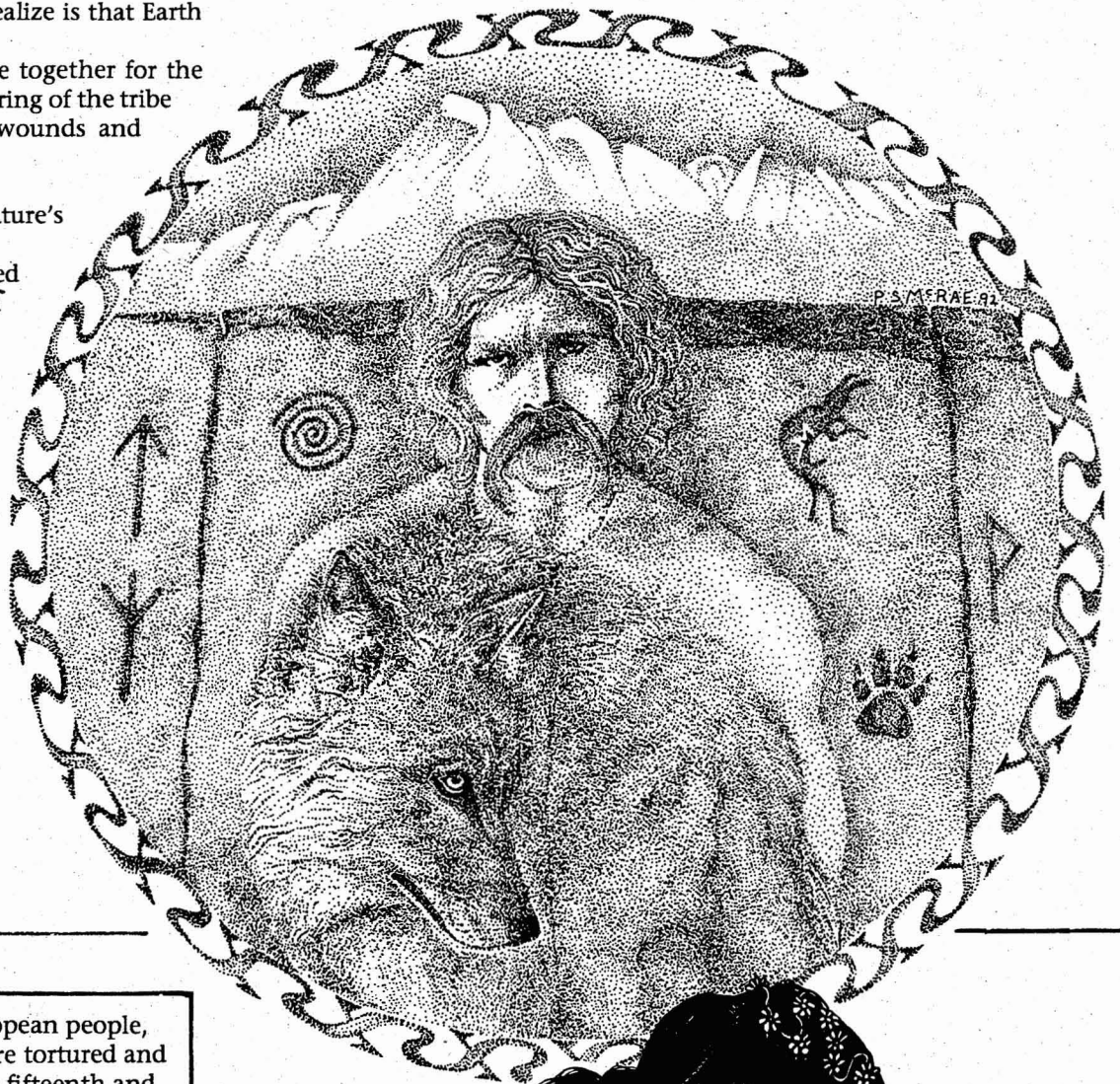
Written by Lone Wolf Circles, *Full Circle: A Song of Ecology and Earthen Spirituality* is a return not only to our pristine beginnings, but also to our true and wild selves. It is the ultimate return to the passion of life. A delicious blend of lyric essay, poetry and visionary art, this book is a personal invitation for all to take part in global and ecological change.

If you are concerned about the direction human-kind is taking the Earth, then this book is for you!

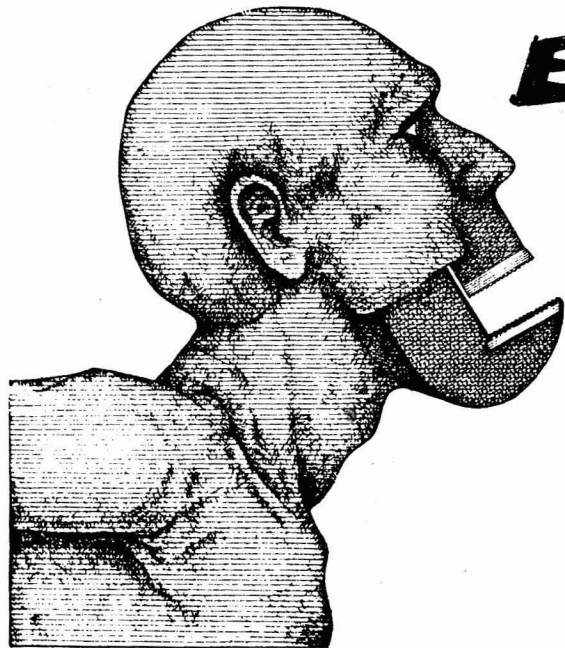
You can now order *Full Circle* through the *Earth First! Journal*. It costs \$12.95. You can use the order form on page 27.

Earth First! Journal,
POB 5176 Missoula, MT 59806.

Nine million European people, mostly women, were tortured and killed between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries for holding the sacred world view that Lone Wolf writes of. This is our heritage; the fear and silencing power of that holocaust live on in our culture like an invisible hand over our mouths, like flames licking our feet and the smell of burning flesh. We hide our passion and our magic behind a facade of rationalism and have become so adapted to a mechanistic world view that passion and magic seem foreign to us. We must reclaim these qualities if we are to overcome a political and economic system that destroys all that is magical, alive, and beautiful.
—Peggy Sue McRae



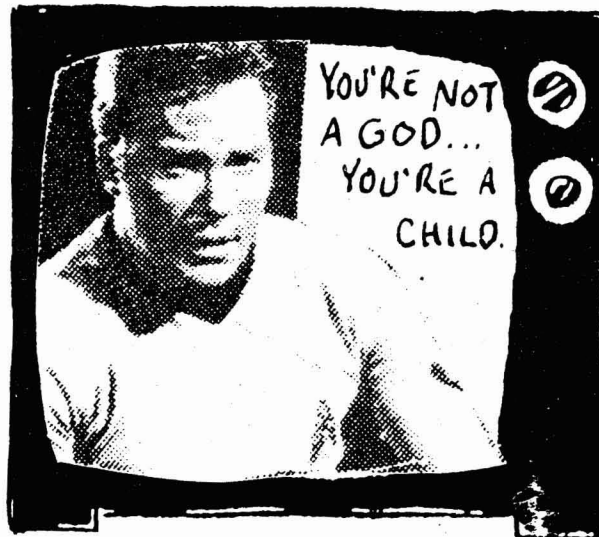
ECO SCI-FI



Science Fiction & Environmentalism? "What's that all about?" you say. "Science is one thing, but Sci-Fi?" Yes, everyone likes a good book, but you and I, we wanna change things, change the world, protect biodiversity and all that stuff. Action! Action is what we want and need! Remember Peter Lumsdaine and Keith Kjoller and their recent action (they snuck into a Rockwell International "clean room" last spring and took an axe to a Navstar satellite, an evil little piece of expensive hardware that's part of a global military positioning and targeting system. See *EF! Journal*, Samhain, 1992). Did you ever catch Peter's rap about the movie *Terminator 2*? Check this out: "*Terminator 2* is a movie which...I never intended to see. I found it quite extraordinary...Sarah Conner [the heroine] found herself in a desperate position where she saw

a global holocaust coming...Through the process of the movie, her son convinces her that killing people is not the way to go about stopping even this overwhelming holocaust, and he commands the robot they've allied with to not kill anybody. But they do thoroughly demolish the demonic technology of Cyberdyne Corporation. It is a mythic story of the kind Joseph Campbell talks about—a modern, mass media myth which, within a science fiction framework, contains some very critical truths people need to see. I think it was a very powerful and important film, a kind of cultural time bomb in the subconscious of this country. And I think it will have positive consequences in terms of people's awareness about what is happening and needs to happen on this planet." Ahhh, so you're convinced...and now you'll rush out to the local video store, pick up *Terminator 2* and some popcorn and go bum off your one friend in town who's got a VCR. Cool!

Here's just a partial list of some of the enlightening, visionary "Eco"-oriented themes one can encounter in Sci-Fi: Inter-species interaction and communication (or lack thereof); Ecodefense and sabotage; Techno answers and failures; Nuclear War, Eco-Collapse, and Post-Apocalyptic scenarios; Alien species, cybernetic beings, and monsters (Hey who's the monster here, Bud?); Utopias, dystopias, and "ecotopias"; and on and on...you name it. It's not all space ships and time traveling. Lately, I've been stumbling on a lot of sophisticated Sci-Fi that deals with global and galactic ecologies, evolution, scientific and spiritual "Gaianism", species extinction, manipulation, restoration, as well as a lot of caricature, commentary, and critique of modern, futuristic societies. Have Fun!



Just A Few Suggested Films

- Blade Runner*
- Terminator 1 & 2*
- Alien, Aliens, Alien³*
- 2001 & 2010*
- Predator* (last 2/3 is classic!)
- Star Trek* (the movies) #2 & #4
- Star Trek* (both the new and old teevee series)
- The original pilot of *Max Headroom* (a must see!)



Aliens

- Speaker for the Dead*, by Orson Scott Card
- Xenocide*, by Orson Scott Card

Cyberpunk

- Neuromancer*, by William Gibson

Utopias/Dystopias

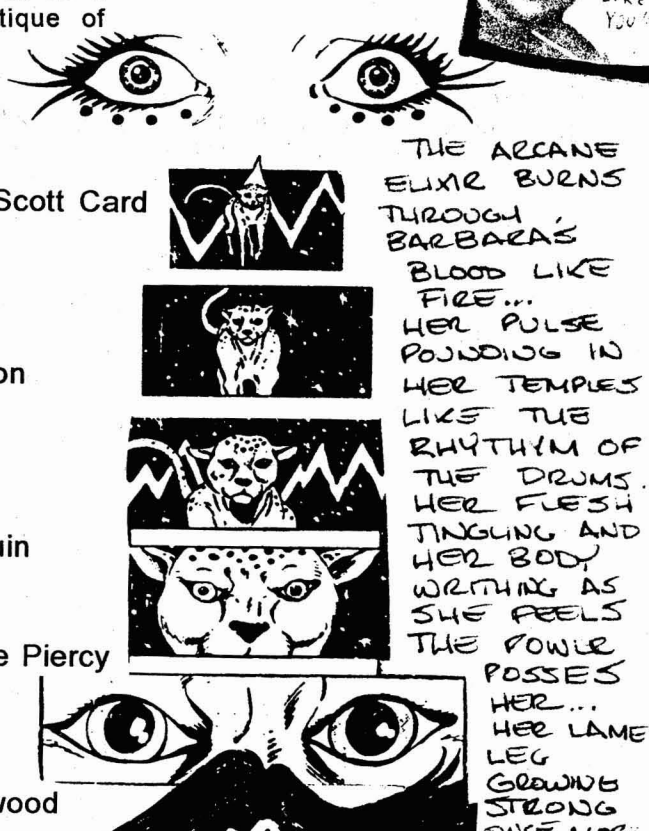
- 1984*, by George Orwell
- Left Hand of Darkness*, by Ursula LeGuin
- The Dispossessed*, by Ursula LeGuin
- Body of Glass*, by Marge Piercy
- Woman on the Edge of Time*, by Marge Piercy
- Ecotopia*, by Ernest Callenbach
- The Sheep Look Up*, by John Brunner
- Walden II*, by B.F. Skinner
- The Handmaid's Tale*, by Margaret Atwood

Gaiaism

- Demon*, by John Varley
- Wizard*, by John Varley
(My two favorite Sci-Fi books)
- Earth*, by David Brin

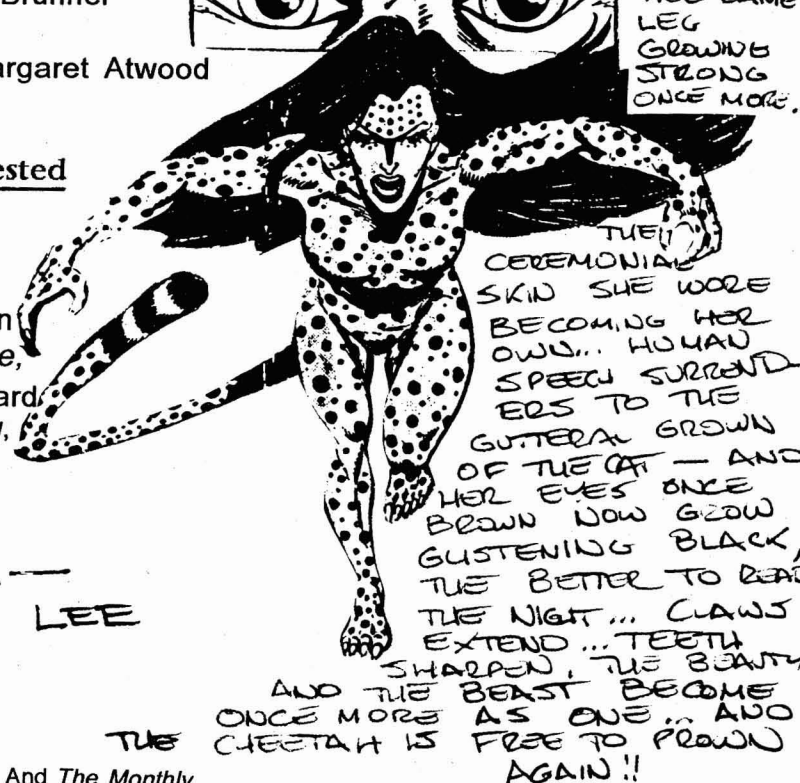
Additional Suggested Reading

- Buffalo Gals*, by Ursula Le Guin
- Folk on the Fringe*, by Orson Scott Card
- Rumors of Spring*, by Richard Grant



THE ARCAN
ELIXIR BURNS
THROUGH
BARBARAS
BLOOD LIKE
FIRE...
HER PULSE
POUNING IN
HER TEMPLES
LIKE THE
RHYTHM OF
THE DRUMS.
HER FLESH
TINGLING AND
HER BODY
WRITHING AS
SHE FEELS
THE POWER
POSSES
HER...
HER LAME
LEG
GROWING
STRONG
ONCE MORE.

SEE YA —
LEE



THEY
CEREMONIAL
SKIN SHE WORE
BECOMING HER
OWN... HUMAN
SPEED SURR
EDS TO THE
GUTTERAL GROWL
OF THE CAT — AND
HER EYES ONCE
BROWN NOW GROW
GUSTENING BLACK,
THE BETTER TO BEAD
THE NIGHT... CLAWS
EXTEND... TEETH
SHARPEN, THE BEAST
AND THE BEAST BECOME
ONCE MORE AS ONE... AND
THE CHEETAH IS FREE TO PRAWN
AGAIN!!

Special Thanx To John And *The Monthly Planet* For The Peter Lumsdaine Quote

British Columbian Government Poisons Wolves

BY BRONWEN BOULTON

The Fish and Wildlife Branch of British Columbia's Ministry of Environment, Lands and Parks has applied to continue its Pesticide Use Permit to use sodium monofluoroacetate, or Compound 1080, to poison wolves and coyotes believed to be harassing livestock.

The Thompson Watershed Coalition, based in the Kamloops region of BC, Canada, is appealing this permit application. The appeal will be heard by the BC Environmental Appeal Board in Kamloops on March 16th at the Stockmen's Hotel. A new group, K-9, was formed to help with both the appeal and with creating public awareness about this issue.

Compound 1080, banned by the US Environmental Protection Agency in 1989, is extremely toxic to all life, but especially to canines. There is no known antidote. Compound 1080 is taken up by plants and by animals eating poisoned carcasses. In addition to wolves and coyotes, wolverines and bears often take up the poisoned bait. Because Compound 1080 has the capacity to be taken up, even third hand, by "non-target" plants and animals, it readily invades the food chain.

Many supporters of the wolf poisoning program state that the BC government is justified in the use of the controversial, extremely toxic Compound 1080 to poison wolves and coyotes because wolves are cruel animals. This argument doesn't wash, even less so when argued by trappers, trophy hunters and stockmen, like those quoted in both *BC Report* and the letters section of a recent issue of *The Province*. Who can gauge the trauma of a steer pushed wild-eyed into a killing chute, the pain of the wounded game animal that gets away, or the agony of a leg-hold trap? How dare these people justify the destruction of wolves on grounds of cruelty!

Another argument, one shared by almost everyone supporting the use of Compound 1080, is that if the government doesn't bait with the restricted 1080, then some ranchers and guide-outfitters will lay out poison baits anyway, using more accessible poisons like strychnine and cyanide, which, they say, will cause secondary poisonings in other animals and birds. On the contrary, Fred Harper, regional biologist in charge of predator control at the Kamloops Ministry of Environment, states that *Compound 1080 causes both primary and secondary poisonings in "non-target animals."* Besides, this same argument could be used for marijuana use, speeding and prostitution.

After the international furor caused in 1984 by the BC government's program involving shooting wolves from helicopters, the provincial government set up a 'wolf working group' to determine the validity of wolf-control programs. This is not the case, however. When I spoke to Vivian Banci, chair of that group, she said that the wolves that I was concerned about were *problem wolves*. "Those aren't our wolves," she declared. When I asked how she

differentiated, she tried to explain the complicated structure of carnivore management within the BC government, a tangle of red tape that allows wolves to be officially trapped, shot, and poisoned in the interests of ranching and big-game hunting, with no input from the wolf working group.

While scientist Dr. Paul Paquet (featured in the Nov./Dec. issue of *Canadian Geographic*) and his team of researchers study wolves in order to bring them back on one side of Banff National Park, the BC government is laying poison baits in order to kill wolves on the other! How can we hope to build up wolf packs which need between 1500 and 3000 square kilometers of range, when we are putting poison baits in their territory? Dr. Paquet will be a witness for the Thompson Watershed Coalition in the March 18th appeal, and states that he doesn't know of any wildlife biologists who support wolf-kill programs.

When will the war on wolves end? When the only wolves alive are in zoos? When wilderness is all golf courses and sheep pasture? When Canada stands, not for wilderness, but for ecological destruction? When the last wolf is gone?

An information package is available. Please write with your request and a donation to help with photocopying, mailing and appeal costs to: K-9, Box 43, Kamloops, BC V2C 5K3.

Write with your concerns to: Deputy Director, Wildlife Branch, Ministry of Environment, Lands and Parks, 780 Blanshard Street, Victoria, BC V8V 1X5 or Stuart Craig, Regional Manager, Pesticide Control Branch, 3547 Skaha Lake Road, Penticton, BC V2A 7K2.

Parliament Blockaded to Protest Old Growth Imports



Brighton Sea Action photo: Alec Smart

Those Damn Cars Again: Scotland Greenbelt to be Paved

BY COLIN MACLEOD

The last significant greenbelt in Glasgow, Scotland is under the blade, being leveled so that a new highway can be built. No one, apart from the roadbuilders and investors of the proposed toxic chemical waste dump, wants this road, but protest and arrests have been ignored, and the destructive process has begun. In this area of woodlands, farmland, fairy hills, leisure and recreational fields, dating back some two to three hundred years, is one of the last significant Wild places in Glasgow area. Glasgow is the main population center of Scotland, and we need a space to breathe. The greenbelt is not a luxury, it's a necessity!

The National Trust For Scotland (NTS) has proved incapable of protecting our park; instead of fighting the proposal, they headed right into a big compromise. The Director of the NTS, Hugh Runciman, is also a chairman for a waste disposal company, Shanks and McEwen. It's interesting to note that the proposed motorway leads to Shank's proposed toxic waste site. Also, Runciman is a director of British Steel, which has yet to clean up the poisonous mess left behind at the closed Ravenscraig plant.

We harbor the hope that it is not too late—we can still save this irreplaceable, natural area for future generations, but we need your help. By writing a short protest letter to the address below, you can supply a vital part of that help:

The Evening Times Office and Herald, 195 Albion Street, Glasgow, G1 1QP Scotland or fax *Evening Times*: 041 553 1355 or *Herald*: 041 552 2288.

A demonstration was coordinated in Westminster, London, in an attempt to blockade the Houses of Parliament. The issue was the continued logging and destruction of the world's old growth forests, as well as the planting of monocultural forests for consumer wood products.

Particularly cited were ships bringing mahogany from Brazil, hardwood from Canada and all Sarawak timber. An immediate moratorium, and trade restrictions upon these imports were proposed.

On the morning of Thursday 28 January, outside the Parliament House gates, a crowd of activists from Earth First! and their companions began chaining themselves to the main gate. One man scaled a tall, black metal statue of Winston Churchill and locked himself to the old bulldog's head. All were removed by police.

A truck laden with sand and sawdust attempted to deposit its load at the St. Stephen's Gate entrance to the House of Commons. Its progress was impeded by police, and as it mounted the pavement of Parliament Square, a metropolitan Police officer smashed the cab window, confiscating keys and arresting the driver.

Meanwhile, three rubber dinghies from the Brighton and Anglia groups of Sea Action chugged up and down the icy sewer conduit known as the Thames, unfurling large banners proclaiming the day's logo: "Wake Up: The World Is Dying!"

During the Prime Minister's question time, demonstrators in the public gallery hurled information pamphlets onto the unsuspecting ministers below, before being unceremoniously bundled off by police.

The issues at hand involve not just the destruction of these non-renewable sources of timber, but the displacement and "modernisation" of the indigenous native tribes dwelling within the forests. Land rights would establish these tribes' ownership of their habitat and management of any commercialisation of non-timber forestry products.

—SOURCE: BLACK & WHITE AND GREEN

Siberian Forests Fall to the Saw: Hyundai and Weyerhaeuser Primary Culprits

By PHIL KNIGHT
The Great Forest

The immense forests of Siberia, known as the *taiga*, are in fact the largest contiguous forest in the world, covering 2.3 million square miles of Russia and containing one-quarter of the world's standing trees. Over half of these forests, comprised mainly of spruce, fir and larch, have never been cut! However, as a result of declining timber reserves worldwide and a highly depressed Russian economy, the Khabarovsk region in particular (see map) is under intense pressure from multinational logging companies. Both Hyundai and Weyerhaeuser are currently involved in logging schemes in the Primorsky Krai (Russian Far East).

Hyundai

This South Korean multinational, known mainly for its automobiles, is also the second-largest shipper of tropical timber on the high seas. It has been illegally logging the taiga on the east side of the

toll, as tiger skins are very valuable on the international black market; poachers may have killed up to 50 tigers in 1992. Recent relaxation of international borders following the collapse of the Soviet Union (which also resulted in understaffing of poaching patrols) has made poaching and transport of skins across international borders much easier. Most of the remaining tigers live in the Bikin Basin. Roadbuilding and logging by Hyundai would have obvious and irreversible impacts on these cats. The tiger lives in a unique region of coniferous and deciduous forests where taiga and temperate ecosystems mix—an area richer in flora and fauna than anywhere else in Russia.

Help Put Pressure on Hyundai!

The most accessible Hyundai outlets are car dealerships. We encourage people angry about Hyundai's dirty dealings in Siberia to take action at Hyundai dealers. Just look up the local outlet in the phone book and stage the protest of your choice. It

is imperative we let potential customers know what Hyundai is up to in Siberia. Convincing one person to buy another brand of car (or none at all!) could cost Hyundai several thousand dollars in lost sales. We will soon have available protest flyers and cards which can be 1) attached to Hyundai autos anywhere or 2) passed out during protests/actions at Hyundai dealerships. Call or write if you want cards/flyers.

Meanwhile write, fax or call Hyundai:

Hyundai USA, 10550
Talbert Ave., Fountain
Valley, CA 92728 1-800 633-5151 fax 714-965-3816.

Hyundai Group, CPO Box 8943, 140-2, Kye-Dong, Chonggro-Ku, Seoul, South Korea tel: 011-82-2-746-1114 fax: 011-82-2-741-2341.

Hyundai USA, One Bridge Plaza North, Suite 600, Fort Lee, NJ 07024 201-346-2020 fax 201-346-2089
Hyundai Automobile Corp., 1100 Cranbury S. River Rd., Jamesburg, NJ 08831 (609) 395-7000.

Weyerhaeuser

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, of Seattle, is nearing a joint venture agreement with Lesoidom, the Russian Far East Timber Company, to log 360,000 hectares (890,000 acres) of the Botcha River Basin area of the Primorsky Krai. Weyerhaeuser has already built a large loading dock near the city of Khabarovsk in anticipation of the agreement, which would yield 415,000 cubic meters annually. Weyerhaeuser is trying to get a 90-year concession, and it has estimated a profit margin of \$25 to 36 million annually for 10 years.

According to David Gordon and Antony Scott in *The Amicus Journal*, "The Botcha region marks the transition from northern boreal to temperate forest, and thus is one of the few places in the world where one can find reindeer, brown bear, tiger, sable and salmon all in the same ecosystem; many of the region's species, like the Siberian tiger, are rare and endangered. Last year alone (1991), eight Siberian tigers were spotted there."

Until Weyerhaeuser turned its evil eye that way, the Botcha region was slated for permanent protection as a nature reserve. Eager for quick cash, regional officials in Khabarovsk withdrew support for the nature reserve. Weyerhaeuser has been pulling some dirty tricks to win local support for its destructive plans, which will result in clearcut logging (with clearcuts up to 250 acres!) for raw-log export to Japan (it is illegal to import Russian timber into the US).

Most logging in Siberia is done by clearcutting. Due to the harsh growing conditions, regeneration is very difficult. In areas with permafrost, clearcutting causes the underground ice to melt, increasing erosion and often resulting in permanent swamps and bogs.

Weyerhaeuser Wants to Hear From You!

While the Native Forest Network has yet to develop a campaign strategy for Weyerhaeuser's

Siberian venture, we are wide open to ideas. Weyerhaeuser is more accessible than Hyundai, being a US company. It needs to be embarrassed at home and forced to withdraw from the Botcha Basin. A consumer-based campaign is what we have in mind. Protest to *Weyerhaeuser*: Scott Marshall, vice president for timberlands, Weyerhaeuser Way, Federal Way, Seattle, WA 98477 1-800-525-5440

Your Big Chance to Write the Russian Government!

Please also write Vladimir Desyatov, President Yeltsin's representative in Khabarovsk Krai, asking for protection of the Botcha Basin: Russia, 68100, Komsomulsk-on-Amur, Prospect Mira 38 Block 2 Apartment 20, Desyatov, Vladimir Mikhailovich. General support for protection of the taiga from destructive logging can go to Alexei Yablokov, Russian State Councilor on Ecology and Public Health Russia, 117296, Moscow, Kremlin, President of the Russian Federation, Russian State Councilor for Ecology and Health, Alexei V. Yablokov.

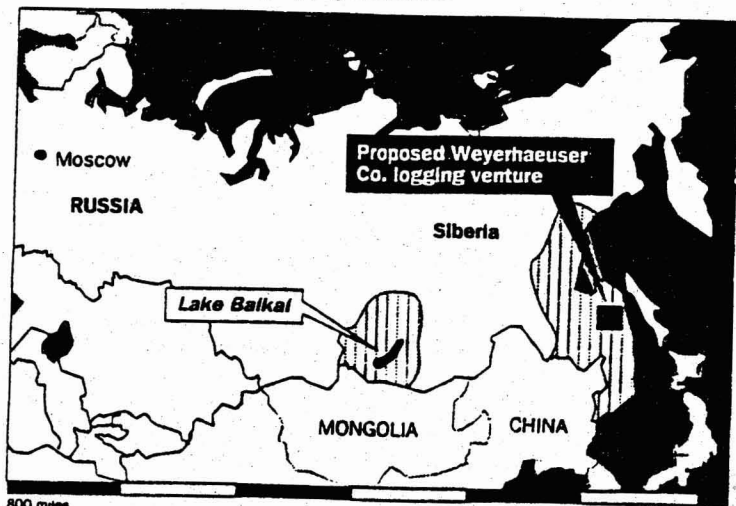
Northern Hemisphere Contact: Phil Knight (Randall Restless), PO Box 6151, Bozeman, MT 59715 USA Phone: (406) 585-9211 or 587-3389 e-mail: en:earthfirst

Southern Hemisphere Contact (and newsletter, soon to be published): Native Forest Network, Tim Cadman/Beth Gibbings, C-112 Emu Bay Rd., Deloraine, Tasmania 7304 Australia Phone: 011-03-62-2713 e-mail: peg.cadwood

Eastern North America Contact: Orin Langel, Native Forest Network, PO Box 57, Burlington, VT 05402 USA Phone: (802) 658-2403

Western North America Contact: Suzanne Pardee, PO Box 60164, Seattle, WA 98160 Phone: (206) 542-1356 fax: (206) 632-6122.

Parts of Siberian forest where foreign corporations have shown greatest interest in establishing logging operations



Sikhote Alin Mountains (on the coast of the Sea of Japan) for two years, at 300,000 cubic meters annually. The local *Goskomprroda* (State Committee of Nature, equivalent to the EPA) has given Hyundai two negative environmental impacts assessments but has failed to legally enjoin the logging because Hyundai is supported by the Primorsky regional administration.

Svetlaya

Hyundai is involved in a joint logging venture known as *Svetlaya*, which would boost its Siberian cuts to a million board feet annually for the next thirty years. Hyundai has already built a log export facility at the village of Svetlaya on the Primorsky Krai's coast. It wants to log in the vast *Bikin River Basin*, home to the *Udege* people who live a traditional hunting/fisher existence in the forest and number 2-3,000. The *Udege* have been resisting Hyundai's expansion into their homeland on the west side of the Sikhote Alin. The *Goskomprroda* has explicitly forbidden cutting in the Bikin, but the province's "Forest Service" has given Hyundai permission to log, and trees have been marked. Legal permission would entail a positive environmental assessment and permission from the *Udege*, neither of which are forthcoming. Yet Hyundai is proceeding, as far as we can tell.

Some sources say that Hyundai's Chairman Chung ordered Hyundai to abandon Svetlaya as long ago as October 16, 1992, but so far Hyundai has not offered any proof that it is withdrawing. (Chung was recently indicted in South Korea on a number of fraud charges relating to his recent unsuccessful bid for the presidency.) On November 30, The Russian Supreme Court in Moscow ruled against Hyundai's Svetlaya operation, overruling the Primorsky Regional Court. We hope this has been the death knell for Hyundai in Siberia, and that it has sent a message to other multinationals hoping to dodge Russian environmental laws. But Hyundai has threatened to sue for the \$60 million it has invested in Svetlaya if it is not allowed to log. So far it is unclear what Hyundai plans to do, so until we get proof that Hyundai is out of Siberia, we must assume the worst.

The Ussuri Tiger

The largest cat on Earth, the Siberian, or Ussuri, tiger, survives in the remote Russian Far East (Primorsky Krai). There are only 2-300 of these magnificent cats left. Poachers are taking a nasty

Buy Back The Dacks

Wild Earth magazine announces the creation of a people's fund for the Adirondacks. Only 42% of the six million acre Adirondack State Park is protected by public ownership—and of this amount, less than half is designated Wilderness. Recent legislative initiatives have failed and much of the privately owned land for sale within the park is threatened by development. Here's your opportunity to help keep the Northeast's crown jewel Forever Wild.

Buy Back The Dacks, a cooperative effort of *Wild Earth* and the Adirondack Conservancy will identify and purchase imperiled lands with a particular focus on sensitive habitats and private lands contiguous to existing Wilderness. Your contributions to **Buy Back The Dacks** go directly toward land acquisition/preservation—not to support the other important work of either organization. **Buy Back The Dacks**...working to protect wild habitat for all Adirondack natives.

Send contributions to:
Buy Back The Dacks Fund
Wild Earth
P.O. Box 492
Canton, NY 13617



Keep it Wild. Buy it.

Gore-Tex: The CFC Connection

BY MARK ROBINOWITZ

My Gore-Tex raincoat has kept me comfortably dry during countless rainy bike rides and hikes in the woods. I recently learned, to my horror, that *Gore-Tex is manufactured from CFCs!* It is especially ironic that I have used my Gore-Tex coat to protect my arms from harsh sunlight pouring through the thinning ozone layer!

While wearing existing Gore Tex fabric does not threaten the ozone layer (since it does not emit anything), the production process does damage since it uses Freon-22 as a "feedstock." This substance is converted at high temperatures to tetrafluoroethylene, the raw material for Teflon (a trademark of our friends at DuPont). Teflon in turn is made into Gore-Tex fabric, chemically called "expanded polytetrafluoroethylene" (ePTFE), a virtually impervious material.

I called the manufacturer, W.L. Gore & Associates (no relation to Al Gore) at 1-800-431-GORE and was told that "Gore-Tex does not use CFCs." However, this is misleading linguistic detoxification. The substance in question is H-CFC-22 or *chlorodifluoromethane*, which DuPont renamed (but did not reformulate) in 1988, having previously called it CFC-22 for decades. In contrast, CFC-12, the Freon widely used in refrigerators and air conditioners, is *dichlorodifluoromethane*. A company technician later confirmed that this is correct. According to the Institute for Energy and Environmental Research in Takoma Park, Maryland (301-270-5500), H-CFC-22 is three to five times more ozone destructive than DuPont and EPA claim, since official calculations average and dilute its impact over 200 years, whereas they should study its shorter term implications.

Company officials are reluctant to acknowledge their complicity in ozone destruction. They stress that their factory does not process any CFCs, but merely buys teflon resins from a "supplier." They will not publicly state which company they buy from, since it is "proprietary information." While several companies produce teflon, it is notable that DuPont's Wilmington, Delaware headquarters is about 20 miles east of W.I. Gore's Elkton, Maryland main factory.

But there is one positive lesson. If we are going to protect the ozone layer from further perforation, one action that must be taken is solidifying existing stockpiles of CFC-22. Perhaps we will have a small mountain of teflon (or perhaps Gore-Tex resin) that will serve as a monument to the failed technology of the twentieth century.

Gore-Tex is a microcosm of our complicity in environmental destruction. Our toxic society is everywhere around us. We have the technology to substitute renewable biomass for poisonous fossil fuels for electricity, transportation, materials, pharmaceuticals, foods, fibers, inks, pigments, dyes, soaps, adhesives, plastics, etc. but we lack the political will—habits and vested interests must both change. Half a century ago, Henry Ford knew about plastics made from soybeans but chose not to market them. The 1990s must be the time to stop the petrochemical industry, stop irreversible pollution, and protect the environment and all life on Earth.

iLobos en Arizona!

Three Mexican Gray Wolves were sighted eight miles south of Patagonia this fall. According to a Forest Service Range Conservationist, the wolves were traveling as a family unit with father, mother and a four to five month old pup. The sighting is the first in Arizona in decades and should play a significant role in the implementation of a wolf reintroduction and recovery plan for Arizona's captive Mexican Gray Wolf population. Regardless of how this sighting affects the program, it is imperative that these critters receive immediate recognition and protection by the government. To date, both the Forest Service and Arizona Game and Fish have refused to acknowledge the sighting publicly and are turning deaf ears to the idea of protecting them. Calls are needed to Terry Johnson and John Millican of Arizona Game and Fish Dept., Larry Allen and Tom Deeken of USFS and Dave Parsons of USFWS urging them to recognize and protect wolf populations in Arizona.

Great Old Broads for Wilderness

"It's not something you become, or join. Either you are one, or you aren't," said Susan Tixier, founder of the loosely organized, nationwide group of 1,500 kindred spirits. The essence of great old broad-ness, she said, is a love of hiking, a nurturing attitude toward protecting wild lands and a bona fide sense of humor. The group was founded in 1989 by Tixier, a Salt Lake City lawyer, along with a few other women, on the 20th anniversary of the Wilderness Act. While debate remained hot on the issue in Congress, in Utah Sen. Orrin Hatch and others were arguing we need roads into wilderness because the elderly can't get there. "So here we were in Idaho," said Tixier, "A bunch of older women coming in off the trail. Our legs are tanned and dirty, we look scruffy but very healthy. We decided we've got to dispel that notion. We decided these people really need to talk to the great old broads. The time was right, they printed some t-shirts, drew up some bylaws and the group was born."

Says Tixier, "Some women will never have it, some men do. Other men we know, who might come to our meetings but don't really understand this, are in the men's auxiliary. They decorate the gym, clean up afterward, and bring the jell-o molds. We organize trips for them to the hardware store." Moreover, Tixier says, "We're much less rational than other environmental organizations. We don't have to be politically palatable. We're old."

The group supports bringing wolves back to Yellowstone and has come out in favor of white wilderness, places on the map with no trails, no contour lines, a place where you walk in at your own risk. They publish a newsletter and have GOB t-shirts for sale. You can reach them at: Great Old Broads for Wilderness, P.O. Box 520307, Salt Lake City, Utah 81452.

—SOURCE: ASPEN DAILY

Alaska Wildlife Threatened They're Choosy About Their Neighborhood, Forest Service Says

Eleven species, including the southeast brown bear, Queen Charlotte goshawk, martens, boreal owl, Price of Wales Island river otter and the very rare Alexander archipelago wolf face drastic reduction in populations and possible extinction under current logging plans for the Tongass National Forest. According to a report recently leaked by a resigned government biologist, several species could face imminent extinction unless more old growth timber is protected. The head of a team assembled by the Forest Service in 1990 to study effects of logging on wildlife in the Tongass was directed by his supervisor not to release the report or present his findings at professional meetings. Forest Service officials have dismissed the report as inexact and unworkable since it would require a 25 percent reduction in timber harvest in the Tongass over the next ten years. Steve Brink, USFS official in charge of revising the Tongass Land Management Plan, said, "I think they went a little farther than I asked." "Humans will live in northeast Washington, there behind the Capitol, and survive and even reproduce, but that isn't their preferred habitat," Brink said. "They'd much rather live in George town. Wildlife are much the same way." Of course, humans have vastly greater choice than old growth dependent species, and we should be so lucky that humans unhappy in their neighborhoods didn't reproduce.

The Tongass ecosystem consists of isolated islands, rocky mountain outcrops, barren glaciers and scattered stands of old growth forests. At least 52 species of mammals and plants are found nowhere else in the world, and their fragile ecosystem is exceptionally vulnerable to natural or human caused disasters. Logging patterns further isolate the small ecosystems, making them even more susceptible to disruption.

For more information contact Alaska Earth First!, Michael Lewis, POB 670647, Chugiak, AK 99567.

— SOURCE: MICHAEL LEWIS

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EARTH FIRST!



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Sharks Threatend in Gulf of Maine

Sharks, probably our least protected big predator, are in danger of being wiped out from the Gulf of Maine and other coastal waters around the world. Slow to mature, giving birth to only two or four pups a year, these important creatures, whose lineage predates bony fishes, are being slaughtered by the tens of thousands to supply a booming Chinese market for their fins.

Commercial and 'sport' fishers slice off their fins, then dump the mutilated, often still living sharks overboard. With fins fetching from \$30 to \$70 per pound (while shark meat goes for only \$3 to \$4 per pound) fishermen have little incentive to keep the rest of the shark, preferring to fill their nets with fins only. The fins are then shipped via UPS to wholesalers in New York City. "Easy as mailing a letter!" one advertisement boasts. Meanwhile the great sharks are vanishing from our waters.

Until the Secretary of Commerce releases new regulations, there is no limit or restriction of any kind on shark killing. Write to Secretary of Commerce Barbara Franklin, Secretary of Commerce, Department of Commerce, Washington, DC 20230 and urge her to implement the Shark Management Plan. Ask her to ban any catches of basking, white, and whale sharks and place a hold on new entries into the shark fishery.

Monongahela Highway

PAW and Alliance for a Paving Moratorium Fight "Corridor H"

A monstrous destructive force is being unleashed on the Central Appalachians: the insane Corridor H proposal, a plan to build a multi-lane interstate across the Allegheny and Valley and Ridge Mountains of northern West Virginia and Virginia. The Draft EIS for this project was released a few months ago, proposing a series of 15 complete and partial alternative routes, all of which begin at Elkins, West Virginia and end at I-81 in Virginia. Besides costing billions of dollars, these routes would pass directly through or near such world class biodiversity centers as the Canaan Valley (under study as a national wildlife refuge), the Dolly Sods and Otter Creek Wilderness areas of the Monongahela National Forest and the Seneca Rocks National Recreation Area. They would debase forever this region of disjunct northern biological communities, many of which harbor plants and animals at the extreme southern limits of their ranges and which are here interdigitated with a rich Southern Appalachian flora and fauna. The plan would also render moot a proposal now rapidly gaining support to designate much of the Monongahela as an ecological, or perhaps biospheric, preserve.

Naturally, the Corridor H proposal has the support of West Virginia commercial interests who can't wait to get their hands on the neck of the golden goose of tourism promised by the highway. Unfortunately, some West Virginia environmentalists have accepted the road as inevitable and have formed an alliance to simply divert it northward, presumably to diminish its impact on the Monongahela. Virginians for Wilderness, as part of Preserve Appalachian Wilderness (PAW) and the Alliance for a Paving Moratorium, rejects this NIMBY policy and is determined to stop this monster before it strikes anywhere.

To get more involved in the fight to save the Central Appalachians, contact Virginians for Wilderness, Route 1, Box 250, Staunton, VA 24401. (703) 885-6983.

SOURCE: BOB MUELLER

Road (Self)Restoration in Appalachia

Thanks to Mother Nature, there is some new roadless country in the southern Appalachians this season. In September, a flash flood ripped out several sections of road and retaining wall along the Heintooga-Round Bottom Road in the Great Smokies National Park. Estimating the cost of rebuilding the road to be \$550,000, the park was forced to temporarily close the one-way gravel road that passes near the edge of the Cherokee Indian Reservation. Without the road, the 163,000-acre wilderness on the eastern side of the Smokies is somewhat larger. There are only two roadless areas larger than 100,000 acres in the entire southern Appalachians. Although the Park Service estimates that only 6,000 vehicles use the Heintooga-Round bottom Road yearly and it has not received complaints about the road closing, Park Service officials are nonetheless requesting financial assistance from the National Park Service's main office. SouthPAW is urging people to write several people urging permanent closure of the Heintooga-Round Bottom Road: Randall Pope; Park Superintendent; Great Smoky Mountains National Park, 107 Park Headquarters Rd, Gatlinburg, TN 37738; Sec. of Interior Bruce Babbitt, Office of Public Affairs, Interior Building, C St., Washington DC 20240, and your legislators.



MALKA RANCH
MR. EF! ☠️ 1988-1993



Mitsubishi Strikes Again

Opposition to Gabriel Mountains Strip Mine Builds

Enviro types in Southern California are rallying in opposition to a strip mining operation in the San Gabriel Mountains, near Azusa, California. The culprit tearing down the mountain at the entrance to Fish Canyon bordering the Angeles National Forest is Azusa Rock Company, which is owned by Mitsubishi, one of the worst destroyers of rainforests. The operation is silting Fish Creek and destroying endangered habitat, the alluvial fans. Azusa Rock is violating its conditional use permit, polluting the San Gabriel River and causing record breaking air pollution as it plows ahead with its 45-year mining plan.

Tree Climbers Needed on Vancouver Island

Vancouver Island—Tree climbers are needed to defend Old Growth Rainforest from chainsaws, explosives and nasty patriarchal corporations! We have not yet decided on an exact location (we are waiting for permission from First Nations to be on their land, and we want to be at the most strategic spot). We plan to hold them off starting in July, with 1-2 affinity groups going up every two weeks. Be prepared to spend up to 2-3 weeks in the trees.

We have a training camp and will provide food and equipment, as funds allow (bring a tent and sleeping bag). As well, we will provide a base camp, transport, press work etc.

We prefer already-formed affinity groups of 3-5 climbers, 2-4 support, but you can form a group here. Experienced climbers welcome (bring your ideas and techniques), but we will train new climbers (also bring your ideas). We are an anti-sexist, anti-racist, anti-homophobic, anti-lesbophobic, etc. group and strongly in support of First Nation sovereignty. We hope climbers will support this! Write to: Terra Prima! A-5 1720 Douglas St., Victoria, BC V8W 2G7.

Wild Utah Spring Rendezvous

The Wild Utah Earth First! (WOOF!) Spring Rendezvous will be held April 17th and 18th at Little Wild Horse Canyon in the San Rafael Reef near Goblin Valley State Park. Come join us in our primal dance and song.

To get to Little Wild Horse, take the Hanksville turn off on I-70 onto Highway 24 and drive south. Travel 34 km to the Goblin Valley turn-off and travel another 8 km along a well-graded dirt road to the Goblin Valley sign. Turn left and travel 11 km or about 1 km before arriving at Goblin Valley Park. Turn right or Southwest, drive another good dirt road down through the bottom of Wild Horse Creek. After Wild Horse Creek continue west over a low divide for about 5 km till you drop into Wild Horse Canyon. Drive up the creek bed to the shade trees. Bring your own food, water and supplies. Join us in our celebration of wild earth. For more information contact (801) 621-6509.

THE MALKA RANCH HAS PASSED INTO LEGEND AFTER 5 yrs. OF SERVING THE STUMPTOWN EF! Community. We CAN NO LONGER OFFER FUNGS, CHOMPS, SAUNA AND PERKS TO RAVING ACTIVISTS ON THE I-5 WILDLIFE CORRIDOR. When Visiting PORTLAND CALL OUR NEW EF! # 238-6091 for accommodations et. al.

REGIONAL ROUNDUP

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Dana Lyons, Lone Wolf Circles and The Howling Gonzo Orchestra

Turn Of The Wrench Album Release Tour
Western Us Schedule:

Tour Coordinator: Karen Lohr 919-877-4109
Po Box 8 Todd, Nc 28684

Mar 19 Fri: Topanga Canyon
Mitch Brown's House 8pm
21279 Entrada Rd
Contact Lorin For Directions 310-477-3116

Mar 20 Sat: Pasadena, Whole Life Expo
Pasadena Convention Center, 8pm

Mar 21 Sun: Julian
Town Hall, 7pm

Mar 29 Mon: Tucson
8pm Downtown Performance Ctr

Mar 30 Tue: Prescott
Prescott College

Mar 31 Wed: Santa Fe

Apr 1 Thu: Durango

Apr 2 Fri: Crested Butte
8pm Center For The Arts

Apr 3 Sat: Boulder

Apr 4 Sun: Salt Lake City

Apr 6 Tue: Bozeman

Apr 7 Wed: Missoula

Apr 8 Thu: Pullman

Wa State University
Junior Ballroom, Compton Union Bldg

Apr 9 Fri: Republic
The San Poil Grange
7:30 Pm

Apr 10 Sat: Oroville
The Depot 6pm Dinner, 7:30 Show

Apr 13 Tue: Omak
7:30 The Breadline

Apr 15 Thu:

Apr 16 Fri: Portland
Reed College

EF! Info Hotline For All Puget
Sound Shows:
206-542-1356

Apr 17 Sat: Olympia
8pm The Corner, Evergreen

Apr 18 Sun: Lopez Island
7:30 The Legion Hall

Apr 20 Tue: Bellingham
8pm Viking Union Bldg
Western Wa Univ.

Apr 21 Wed: Tacoma
8pm The Rotunda, Ups

Apr 22 Thu: Tacoma —Tentative
Pacific Lutheran University

Apr 23-25:
Gifford Pinchot Nat Forest
Ozone Action Rendezvous
Save HS Environmental Conference
Cispes Environmental Learning Ctr
Randle, Wa

Apr 26 Mon: Ozone Action

Apr 28 Wed: Orcas Island—Tentative

Apr 29 Thu: Seattle —Tentative
Uw Hub Ballroom
Also Performing: Katya Chorover & Shanawa

Apr 30 Fri: Walla Walla
Whitman

May 1 Sat: Spokane —Tentative

May 5 Wed: Nevada City/North San Juan —Tentative

May 6 Thu: Chico —Tentative
May 7 & 8: Davis Whole Earth Festival—Tentative

May 6-9: Beltane Ritual

September & October: Midwest & Northeast

November: Southeast

PAWPrints Roadshow

The Pawprints Roadshow features the music of Washington activist/singer Casey Neill and is celebrating his new tape of eco-tunes, "Pawprints." From March through April 17th, Katya Chorover brings her blend of country, folk and Earthen spirituality on the tour. After the 17th, Buck Young of Preserve Appalachian Wilderness will be speaking on Eastern forest issues. The roadshow includes a slideshow by "Save America's Forests" narrated with discussion of native issues, Deep Ecology and direct action. See you on the backwash.

For Bookings (we have open dates) call (206) 866-9551

We need slides of direct action!

March

26- House Concert, Seattle, WA (206) 783-9608

27-Dreamz Gallery, Olympia, WA (206) 786-8953

29-Whitworth College, Spokane, WA (509) 467-2109

30-University of Montana, Missoula, MT (406) 728-5733

April

1-Emma Center, Misseapolis, MN (612) 729-5498

7-Dennison College, Granville, OH (614) 587-1812

8-Ohio State University, Columbus, OH (tentative)

9-Antioch College Yellow Springs, OH (tentative)

16-University of New Hampshire, Burham, NH (603) 868-3228

17-Puppet Theatre, Stony Creek, CT (203) 488-3424

20-Wetlands, New York, NY (212) 966-5244

21-Day of Outrage, Somewhere in New England

22-University of Vermont, Burlington, VT (802) 656-4484

23-27-Upstate NY? Southern ME?

29-ABC Cafe, Ithaca, NY

May

13-Wild Hog in the Woods, Madison, WI

15-Back to the Northwest

June

4-Bellingham, WA Mama Sunday's

Wild Ranch Retreats

Tim Haugen, publisher of *The Wild Ranch Review*, is planning to host student eco-activists at Wild Ranch in Gulnare, CO for week-long seminars during the summer months. Seminar participants would provide their own food and camping gear. For students the cost would be \$75/person or \$50/person for organized groups of 4-10 people. For non-students the cost would be \$100/person or \$75/person for organized groups of 4-10 people. Participants would also assist in the garden and/or in the alternative home construction.

I'd also like to hear from people involved in the various EF! projects or who have some other demonstrated expertise in eco-issues who might be interested in being a guest participant or discussion leader for one the weeks.

Contact: Tim Haugen, Wild Ranch POB 81 Gulnare, CO 81042.

Fund For Wild Nature Reorganizing and Seeking New Grant Ideas and Proposals

The Fund for Wild Nature exists to support no-compromise defense of wilderness, biodiversity, and the integrity of natural ecosystems, with a focus on grassroots activism and making the insights of Deep Ecology more widely accessible. Our interest is in projects that activate people to become directly involved in defending the Earth.

We are in the process of reorganizing the Fund to strengthen our ties with the movement and to become more effective in generating funding and otherwise supporting radical environmental projects. We have written a draft statement of Mission, History, and Guidelines for the Fund, and we are seeking criticism and suggestions for a revised version. The Board has been restructured to bring in people who can put more time and energy into working for the Fund without losing the experience and guidance of other long-time Board members. In particular, Karen Coulter (Eastern OR), Lorin Lindner (Los Angeles, CA - Secretary) and Bill Waid (Oakland, CA) have joined continuing Board members Bill Devall (Trinidad, CA), Dave Parks (San Francisco, CA - President) and Linda Wells (Tucson, AZ - Treasurer). Dan Conner, Richard Grossman, Ed Grumbine, and Randy Hayes have moved from the Board to become Watchdog Advisors. Linda Wells has taken over Staff duties from Myra Noss, who is now also a Watchdog Advisor. We thank Myra and the retiring Board members for their years of dedicated effort and look forward to continuing to work with them as advisors.

We are exploring several approaches to increasing our effectiveness in fundraising, including seeking general support grants that we can parcel out into specific projects. We expect to begin directly funding projects again in the late spring. In the meantime, we want to receive proposals that do not require instant funding, and we want to work with activists to develop project ideas and plans into well-formulated proposals that we can help to circulate and obtain funding for.

If you have a proposal, project idea, or suggestions for Board or Watchdog Advisory Group members, please get in touch with us (The Fund For Wild Nature, PO Box 42496, Tucson, AZ 85733, or call Dave Parks [415] 586-6831).

In other Fund for Wild Nature news, the 1992 Edward Abbey Deep Ecology Award was presented jointly to John Seed for his work in saving the forests of the Earth and transforming human consciousness and to Jan Wilder-Thomas for her spirited defense of the hardwood forests in the Shawnee region of southern Illinois. On December 3, an enthusiastic crowd literally overflowed the Unitarian Fellowship Hall in Berkeley where Bill Deval presented the Award as part of a John Seed / Dana Lyons program emceed by Darryl Cherney (recipient of the 1989 Deep Ecology Award). Jan gave a brief and moving speech about the struggle to save hardwood forests. John and Dana were wonderful and inspiring as usual.

Does Anyone Want to Edit this Rag?

BY DARRYL CHERNEY

Editors come and editors go, and Mike Roselle, the old warhorse, is saying Sayanora as of this coming July, so we will be in need of an editor of the EF! Journal once again. At the Shawnee EF! Activist Conference we consensed to continue having an editor for the *Journal* and to form an editor search committee. Roselle, Karen Pickett, and Darryl Cherney agreed to help put this group together.

So here we are folks, putting out the call! If you want to be on the committee, or better yet, if you want to be editor, get in touch with us. We would like to be able to put forth a proposal at the Rendezvous, so we need to get moving on this now.

We have not yet established the parameters for this employment opportunity of a lifetime, so let's get those cards and phone calls coming. If you want to be on committee or be considered for the editorship of this world-renowned publication, write to Karen Pickett at PO Box 83, Canyon, CA 94516, or call Darryl at 707-943-3788.

A slide show and musical program on the Greater San Juan Ecosystem—intended to educate and inspire people to take action in defense of Wilderness and Ancient Forests.

Salvaje Par Siempre, which in English means "Wild Forever," is a slide show put to the rhythms of drums, guitars and percussion instruments that is intended to educate the audience on the ecologically priceless Greater San Juan Ecosystem. It is a program that takes scientific understandings of Biodiversity and show it relates to the San Juans, and weaves it with the stories of local grassroots activists and the efforts to preserve this bioregion. Furthermore, it is a program about diversity both in the environment and in the people who live here.

Our goal is not to just educate people, but to inspire them to take action in defense of the San Juans, or their own bioregion for that matter, through public involvement, letter writing and direct action. For more information call Dan Johnson (303) 385-4452.

April

13-Colorado State University, Fort Collins, CO

15-Red Rocks Community College, Lakewood, CO

16-Colorado University, Boulder, CO

17-Colorado Springs, CO

18-Gunnison, CO

22-Durango, CO

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 Eschew Surplusage
 Fight The Power!
 Hayduke Lives!
 Hunt Cows, Not Bears
 Hunters: Did a Cow Get Your Elk?
 I'd Rather Be Monkeywrenching
 If Your Pecker Was as Small as Mine,

You'd need a Muscle Wagon, Too
 (on cheap paper, .50 ea)
 I'll Take My Beef Poached, Thanks
 Love Your Mother, Don't Become One
 Muir Power To You (.50 ea)
 Native
 Nature Bats Last
 Not Politically Correct
 Oil and Bears Don't Mix
 Pay Your Rent, Work For The Earth
 Pregnancy: Just Another Deadly
 Sexually Transmitted Disease
 Rescue the Rainforest
 Resist Much, Obey Little
 Save the Yellowstone Grizzly (.50 ea)
 Save the Wild
 Stop the Forest Service,
 Save our Wild Country
 Stop Clearcutting
 Stop Clearcutting (on cheap paper .50)
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 Visualize Industrial Collapse
 Wolves, Not Cows



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 Short slv, green on unbleached organic, L&XL \$12

Defend the Wilderness
 Short slv, black, all sizes \$11
 Long slv, black, all sizes \$13

Free the Earth
 Short slv, turquoise, all sizes \$12
 Short slv, lavender, small \$6
 Short slv, fuschia, small \$6


No Fucking Compromise
 Short slv, white on blk, M,L&XL \$11
 Long slv, white on blk, L&XL \$13

Don't Tread on Me
 Short slv, unbleac organic, L&XL \$14
 Short slv, watermelon, small \$6
 Short slv, black, L&XL \$12

Ef! Tools
 Short slv, unbleached organic, M,L&XL \$12
 Short slv, blue or tan, small \$6


Griz and Cubs
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 Long slv, light blue, small \$6

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Austin Lounge Lizards *Creatures from the Black Saloon* \$9; *Highway Cafe of the Damned* \$9.
 Lone Wolf Circles *Full Circle* \$10;
Tierra Primera! \$10.
 Lone Wolf Circles & Friends *Oikos* \$10.
 Darryl Cherney *Timber!* \$10; *They Sure Don't Make Hippies Like They Used To* \$10.
 Citizen's Band *Pocket Full of Rocks* \$10; *Smash the State (and Have a Nice Day)* \$10
 Clan Dyken *Clan Dyken* \$10; *Family Values* \$10, *Shundahai* \$10, *Song Catcher* \$10
 Alice DiMichele *Searching* \$10; *Make a Change* \$10; *Too Controversial* \$10; *It's a Miracle* \$10.
 Robert Hoyt *As American as You* \$10
 Scotty Johnson *Century of Fools* \$10
 Greg Keeler *Songs of Fishing, Sheep & Guns in MT* \$9; *Talking Sweet Bye & Bye* \$9; *Bad Science Fiction* \$9; *Post-Modern Blues* \$9; *Enquiring Minds* \$9.
 Katie Lee *Fenced* \$10; *Colorado River Songs* \$10; *Katie Lee Sings Love's Little Sisters* \$10.
 Dana Lyons *Our State is a Dumpsite* \$6; *Animal* \$10.
 Dana Lyons & John Seed *At Night They Howl at the Moon* \$11.

Beth McIntosh *Fire & Sage* \$10; *Grizzlies Walking Upright* \$10.
 Peg Millet *Gentle Warrior* \$10.
 Bill Oliver *Texas Oasis* \$10.
 Bill Oliver & Friends *Better Things to Do* \$10.
 Cecelia Ostrow *All Life is Equal* \$8.
 Rainforest Information Centre *Nightcap* \$10.
 Joanne Rand *Home* \$10; *Choosing Sides* \$10; *Joanne Rand Live* \$10.
 John Seed, Bahloo & Friends *Earth First!* \$9.
 John Seed *Deep Ecology* \$10.
 John Sirkis *The Wild West* \$9.
 Gary Snyder & Paul Winter *Turtle Island* \$12.
 Voices of the New Ecology *Only One Earth* \$12.
 Walkin' Jim Stoltz *Forever Wild* \$10; *Spirit is Still on the Run* \$10; *Listen to the Earth* \$10; *A Kid for the Wild* \$10.
 Glen Waldeck *Wreckin' Ball* \$10.
 The Wallys *Rainforest Roadshow* \$10.

Books

The Earth First! Reader: Ten Years of Radical Environmentalism, edited by John Davis, 272 pages (\$14.95).
Waste of the West: Public Lands Ranching, by Lynn Jacobs, 602 huge pages (\$28).
Wilderness on the Rocks, by Howie Wolke, 240 pages (\$15)

Sorry, *Ecodefense* is temporarily out of print, and we're not allowed to bootleg it anymore, nor can we officially suggest that you do it yourselves.

Primers

Earth First! Primer, 8 p. (free).
Managing for Extinction: A Guide to the Forest Service, 8 p. (free).
Killing Roads: A Primer on the Effects & Removal of Roads, 8 p. (free).
Citizen Action Guide by Save America's Forests, 50 p. (\$2).
Earth First! Journal back issues—specify dates (\$1.50 each).

Calling all Hawaii Activists...

If you can help coordinate a tour for Joanne Rand and Doug Ferguson in your area in May, contact: Bruce Harlow, Box 1175, Pahoa, HI 96778

HELP! The Journal Needs Info To Make More Money

The *EF! Journal* needs your help to survive financially in the near future. We need to expand sales and increase subscriptions to the *Journal*. One way to do this is to expose the *Journal* to more people, and a good way to achieve this end is to get more bookstores to carry the *Journal*.

Here is where you can help us. We need names, addresses, and phone numbers (if possible) of wholesale distributors of periodicals (and books) in your bioregion or urban wasteland. If you can get us this information, we will do the rest (that is, send them a letter and sample issue.)

Since many bookstores receive all their periodicals through a wholesale distributor, you can frequently find the wholesale distributors for your area by simply calling or approaching your local bookstores and enquiring if they would like to carry the *Journal*. If they say they want to carry it, send us a note. If they say they only carry periodicals provided by a distributor, please find out who that distributor is, where s/he is located, and then send us the information. This simple and quick approach can help us increase our readership, consolidate the *Journal* financially, and expand the radical environmental movement.

So don't delay. Do it today! Please send all information to Mary Lou at the *Journal* office in Missoula.

Subscribe To The Journal!

Dear Readers with Brains:

I started reading the Brigid issue of the *Journal* today and considering the various points of view about the content of the paper. This triggered a thought I've had since I worked on the *Journal* collective last summer. Finally I'm putting on paper what's been bumbling around my head.

I'm wondering how many of you folks reading this letter right now actually paid for your copy of the paper. I suspect not too many. Since the *Journal* is financed almost exclusively by subscriptions (with a small amount coming from book store sales of individual copies, a few ads, and an occasional other source), everytime you read a copy you didn't pay for, you are asking the budget of the paper to subsidize you.

Now, were the *Journal* published by some wealthy institution, that would be just fine. For those of you who have never visited the journal office, it's definitely a shoestring operation. Mailing out each issue is such a huge effort that it takes many volunteers all day to do it, and the postage this requires is one of the biggest expenses the paper has.

To confirm my suspicion that many *EF!*ers who read the paper don't pay for it, I asked my local contact person for her expert opinion. Indeed, she told me, when her package of papers arrives, local activists routinely ask her for a free copy. She said she has had to become "iron-fisted" about saying no and telling folks to subscribe, and we both wondered how other contact people handle this issue.

At the Rendezvous and elsewhere, folks have told me how they've wanted to go to Missoula to work on the *Journal*, but couldn't afford to. I could work for a measly \$300 for six weeks' work on the paper because I knew I would return in the fall to my well-paying job. (I'm a naturalist in the redwoods working with sixth-graders; I'm lucky to earn my income from work that helps Mother Earth and allows me to live in the forest rent-free, but that's another story. We need more *Earth First!*ers taking city kids out into the woods and to the ocean; ask me about how to get into this field some time.)

The paper pays so lousy because it just doesn't have the cash to offer its staff a livable income. The way to change that is for more people to subscribe.

So how about you? Are you reading a copy that someone gave you for nothing? Do you do that every issue? Most of us can cough up \$25 a year to subscribe. For folks who really are too poor to afford it, I'd be surprised if you can't round up a friend or two to subsidize your subscription.

Sometimes I think the paper is great, sometimes I think it's pretty lame, and sometimes I feel both ways about a single edition. But either way, I always read it. Love it or hate it, if we read it, we need to pay for it.

Compulsively searching for typos,
 —Beverly Cherner

CLAN DYKEN



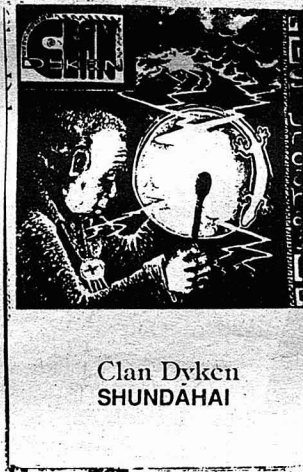
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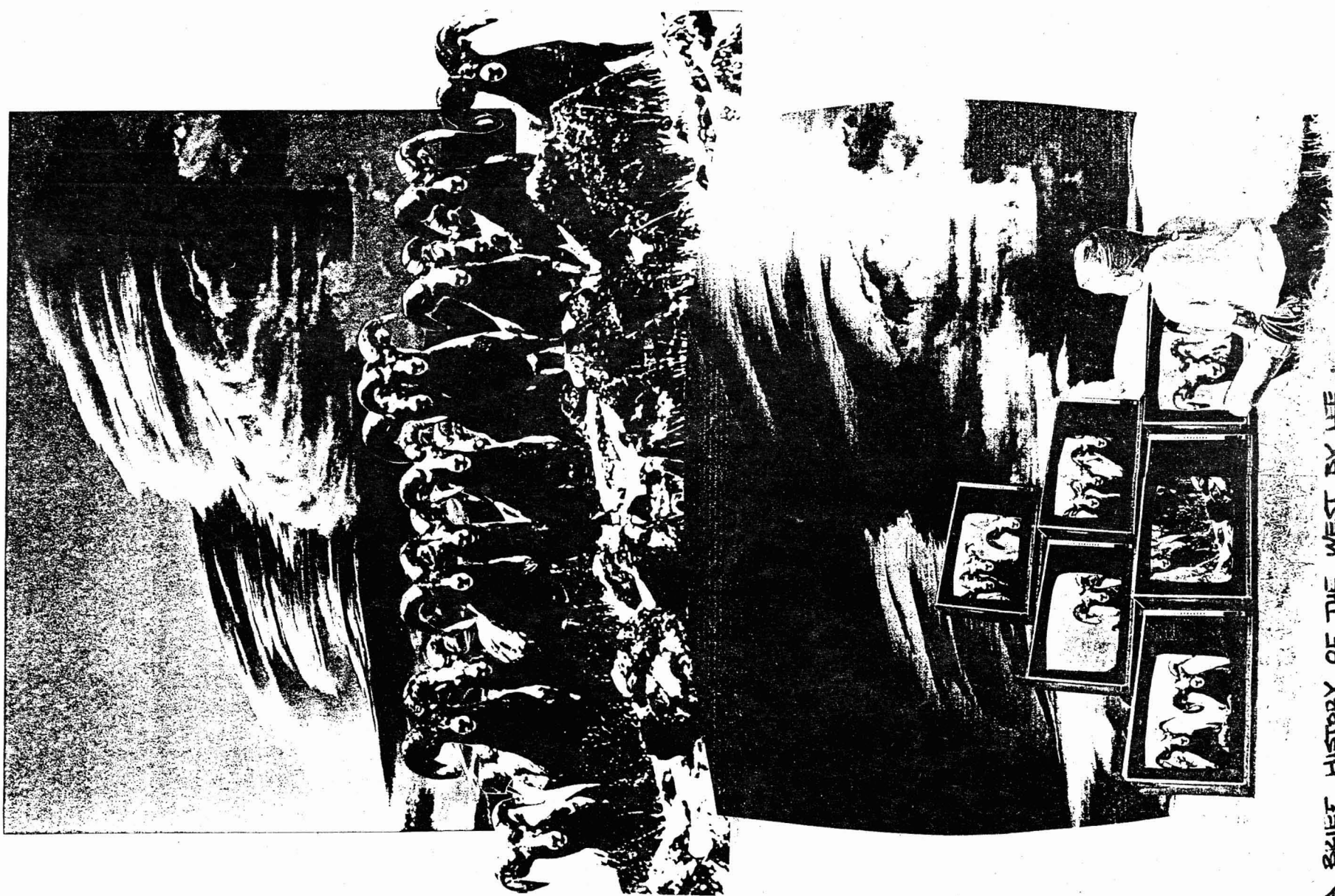
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