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Earth First!

November-December 2000
Samhain

\$7.95 Canada
\$6.95 US



NO COMPROMISE IN DEFENSE OF MOTHER EARTH

KEEPING IT WILD FOR 20 YRS.



SLUTHANG



EARTH FIRST

Samhain Nov 1, 1980 Vol 1 Number 1

Many workmen
Built a huge ball of masonry
Upon a mountaintop
Then they went to the valley below,
And turned to behold their work.
"It is grand," they said;
They loved the thing.

Of a sudden, it moved;
It came upon them swiftly;
It crushed them all to blood.
But some had opportunity to squeal.

- Stephen Crane

Like Pallas Athena springing fully armed from the brow of Zeus, EARTH FIRST enters the wilderness fray ...

"What!?" you say. "Another wilderness group? There are more wilderness groups than plague fleas on a New Mexico prairie dog! I already belong to nine of the damn things. Why another one? Why EARTH FIRST?"

Because we're different.

EARTH FIRST is unique. As a national wilderness preservation organization, we are the only one to say:

- * Protection of some of our remaining wilderness is not enough. Protection of all of it is not enough. Not only does EARTH FIRST support wilderness designation for all Forest Service RARE II areas and BLM roadless areas, we also believe that in order to preserve the ecological integrity of our country, it is time to recreate wilderness: identify key areas, close roads, remove developments, and reintroduce extirpated wildlife.
- * No more dams! And while we're at it, let's tear a few down (like Glen Canyon and Hetch Hetchy for openers).
- * We will not make political compromises. Let the other outfits do that. EARTH FIRST will set forth the pure, hard-line, radical position of those who believe in the Earth first. We are not in competition with more moderate conservation groups nor do we wish to criticize them.
- * Lobbying, lawsuits, magazines, press releases, outings, and research papers are fine. But they are not enough. EARTH FIRST will use them, but we will also use demonstrations, confrontations, and more creative tactics and rhetoric. It's time to be passionate. It's time to be tough. It's time to have the courage of the civil rights workers who went to jail. It's time to fight for the Earth first.
- * But don't think that we're just a bunch of humorless fanatics who have found a new true-believing cause. We laugh a lot, too. We agree with Waylon Jennings who sings, "I've always been crazy, but it's kept me from going insane." And our founders are some of the most experienced wilderness activists in the country.

Read on, buckaroo.

How it all began—

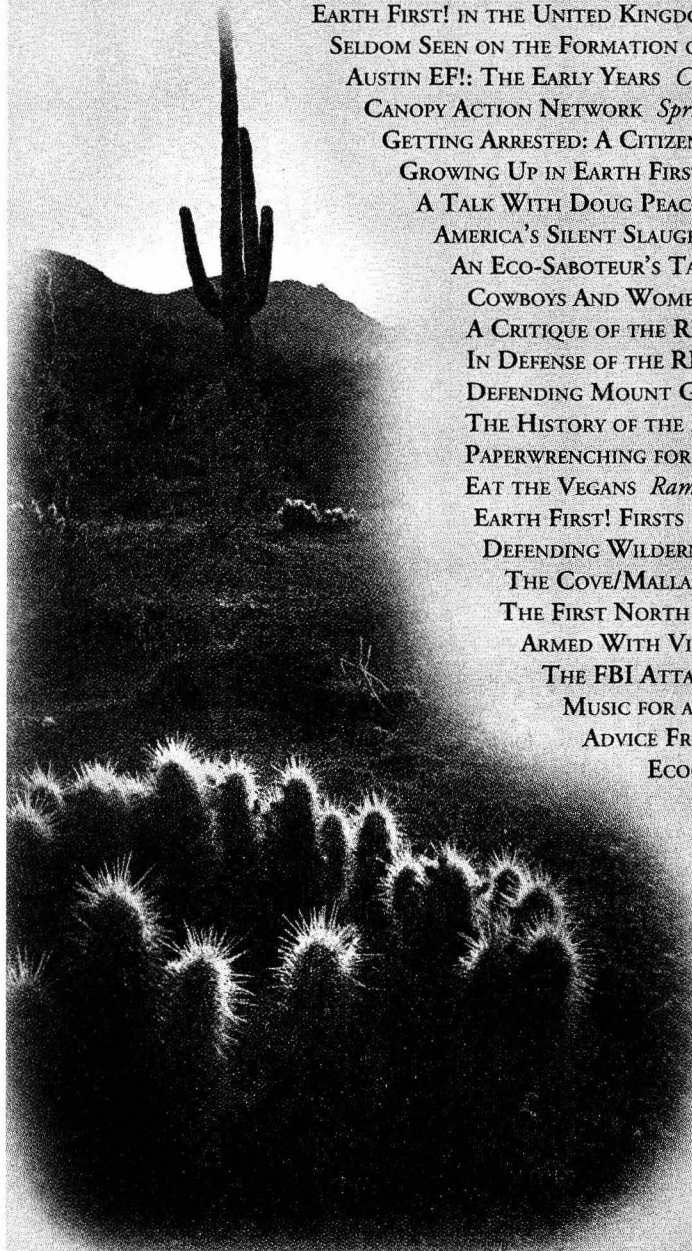
The first page of the premier edition of Earth First


Earth First!

20th Anniversary Edition



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A large, detailed illustration of a natural scene. In the upper center, a bear stands on a rocky outcrop. To its left, a bison is partially visible. In the lower center, a goat with large, curved horns is shown. To the left of the goat, a bird is in flight. In the bottom left corner, a skull is visible. The background shows a forest and a body of water.

Earth First! Journal Samhain

November 1, 2000

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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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Earth First!: An Introduction

The Problem

Today is the most critical moment in the three-and-a-half-billion-year history of life on Earth. Never before—not even during the mass extinctions of the dinosaurs at the end of the Cretaceous period, 65 million years ago—has there been such an intense period of extinction as we are now witnessing, such a drastic reduction in the biological diversity of this planet.

Over the last several hundred years, human civilization has declared war on large mammals, leading some ecologists to assert that the only large mammals to survive the near future will be those we humans choose to allow to live.

Other prominent biologists, looking aghast on the wholesale devastation of tropical rainforests and temperate old-growth forests, rapidly accelerating desertification, and destruction of “charismatic megafauna” due to habitat destruction and poaching, say that Earth could lose one quarter to one third of *all* species within a few years.

Not only is the blitzkrieg against the natural world destroying ecosystems and their associated species, but our activities are now beginning to have fundamental, systemic effects upon the entire life-support system of the planet—destroying the ozone layer which protects us from excessive ultraviolet radiation, changing the carbon dioxide ratio in the atmosphere, poisoning the oceans, and spreading acid rain, radioactive fallout, pesticides and industrial contamination throughout the biosphere.

Indeed, biologists have warned that all vertebrate evolution is coming to an end due solely to the activities of humans.

Clearly, the conservation battle is not one of merely protecting outdoor recreation opportunities, neither is it a matter of elitist aesthetics, nor “wise management and use” of natural resources. It is a battle for life itself, for the continuous flow of evolution.

We—this generation of humans—are at our most important juncture since we came out of the trees six million years ago. It is our decision—ours today—whether Earth continues to be a marvelous, living, diverse oasis in the vastness of space, or whether the charismatic megafauna and flora of the future will consist of Norway rats, cockroaches and kudzu.

How Deep is Your Ecology?

A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise.

—ALDO LEOPOLD

The central insight of the science of ecology is the realization that all things are connected, that human beings are merely one of the millions of species that have been shaped by the process of evolution for billions of years.

That understanding enables us to answer the question, “Why protect wilderness?” Is it because wilderness makes pretty picture postcards? Because it protects watersheds for downstream use by agriculture, industry and homes? Because it cleans the cobwebs out of our heads after a long week in the auto factory or at the computer? Because it preserves resource-extraction opportunities for future generations? Because some unknown plant living in the wilds may hold a cure for cancer?

No. It is because wilderness *is*. Because it is the real world, the flow of life, the process of evolution, the repository of those billions of years of shared travel.

All natural things have intrinsic value, inherent worth. Their value is not determined by what they will ring up on the cash register of GNP, nor by whether or not they are good. They are. They exist. For their own sake. Without consideration for any real or imagined value to human civilization.

Even more important than individual species is the wild interconnected community—the wilderness, co-evolution, the stream of life unimpeded by industrial interference or human manipulation. These twin themes of interconnectedness and intrinsic value form the core of the ideas of such pioneer ecological thinkers as John Muir, Aldo Leopold and Rachel Carson, and are the basis for action by Earth First!ers. This biocentric world view is opposed to the anthropocentric paradigm of civilization and the reformist position of mainstream environmental groups.

Earth First! does not operate from a basis of political pragmatism or what is perceived to be “possible.” Wilderness, natural diversity, is not something that can be compromised in the political arena. We are unapologetic advocates for the natural world, for Earth.

Why Earth First!?

Are you tired of namby-pamby environmental groups? Are you tired of overpaid corporate environmentalists who suck up to bureaucrats and industry? Have you become disempowered by the reductionist approach of environmental professionals and scientists?

If you answered yes to any of these questions, then Earth First! is for you. Earth First! is effective. Our frontline, direct-action approach to protecting wilderness gets results. We have succeeded in cases where other environmental groups had given up, and have drawn public attention to the crises facing the natural world.

Earth First! was founded in 1979 in response to a lethargic, compromising and increasingly corporate environmental community. Earth First! took a decidedly different tack towards environmental issues. We believe in using all the tools in the tool box—ranging from grassroots organizing and involvement in the legal process to civil disobedience and monkeywrenching.

Earth First! is not an organization, but a movement. There are no “members” of Earth First!, only Earth First!ers. It is a belief in biocentrism, or Deep Ecology, and a practice of putting our beliefs into action.

While there is broad diversity within Earth First!—from animal rights vegetarians to wilderness hunting guides, from monkeywrenchers to careful followers of Gandhi, from rowdy backwoods buckaroos to thoughtful philosophers, from misanthropes to humanists—there is agreement on one thing, the need for action!

Forward!

Once and Future Earth First!

BY BRON TAYLOR

Radical Environmentalism. Deep Ecology. Ecocentrism. Biodiversity. Ecofeminism. Bioregionalism. Ecotage. When I first went to the woods to meet Earth First! activists more than a decade ago, I knew little about such things. What I did know was that there was a group of rowdy activists risking arrest and repression in defense of nature. I knew also about the escalating rate of environmental deterioration—so something in the emerging portrait struck an internal chord.

I previously had concluded, as a student of social movements, that whenever people clamor outside the gates of power, risking their freedom doing so, all people of good will should carefully consider their claims and grievances. It is often from the margins that the greatest truths are told. Based on what I could read about the movement in the mainstream press, however, I was ambivalent. So I went to the woods to see for myself.

When asked to briefly explain radical environmentalism, I sometimes speak about three pillars of Earth First!'s activism:

First is a belief that the world's living systems are valuable apart from their usefulness to humans and a conviction that all forms of life should flourish. (This is the essence of Deep Ecology.) There is great diversity in the experiences that evoke such feelings, and in the philosophical or religious streams with which movement activists feel affinity. To convey their sense of the value of life on Earth, however, movement activists of all sorts tend to refer to nature as sacred. No other word seems adequate.

Second is a fact-claim, that humans are precipitating a massive extinction episode.

Third is a fervent conviction that resisting this assault on the Earth's living systems is a sacred duty, and that the finality of extinction can justify extra-legal tactics.

Of course there is far more to it than this. But this bare-bones outline can provide a framework for briefly reflecting on two decades—and the future—of Earth First! activism.

The sacred ground that animates Earth First! activism and the related belief in the intrinsic value of nature cannot be arrived at by reason. They must be felt. This explains why activists often urge one another to get out to the remaining wild places, to "feel the magic" or "hear the Earth's sacred voices."



continued on page 102

photo by Ian McAllister/www.raincoast.org



Wilderness:

BY HOWIE WOLKE

Wilderness is the matrix that supports all life on Earth, all known life in the universe. Wilderness is the unique seething cauldron of evolution—a dynamic mix of physical and biotic processes that continues to create, destroy and hone life. In other words, wilderness is the real world, not a theoretical construct of civilized people, even though the *concept* not the *reality*, required civilization as its antithesis.

If you think all this to be hyperbole, consider: All crops, fibers and domesticated animals are but a tiny step removed from wilderness-derived biota. Even our human-created cauldrons of people, pavement and pollution—places like New York City, Calcutta and Houston—are made of materials and supported by processes that are of the wilds. Our dumbest and most absurd domesticates like sheep and miniature poodles are genetically 99.9 percent of their wild ancestors. And, for better or worse, the human brain evolved in and has been shaped by the wilderness and all of its challenges and opportunities.

The America first experienced by Europeans was largely a teeming wilderness with an unbelievable profusion of life. Over 60 million bison... a couple hundred thousand griz... giant elk herds across the plains and from coast to coast...

The Matrix of Life

"We are not fighting a rearguard action, we are facing a frontier. We are not slowing down a force that inevitably will destroy all the wilderness there is. We are generating another force, never to be wholly spent, that renewed generation after generation, will be always effective in preserving wilderness... We are working for a wilderness forever."

—HOWARD ZAHNISER

billions of passenger pigeons blackening the eastern sky... billions of anadromous spawning salmon... unbroken virgin forests and unplowed prairies... living floodplains and deltas nourished by rich silt-laden floodwaters...

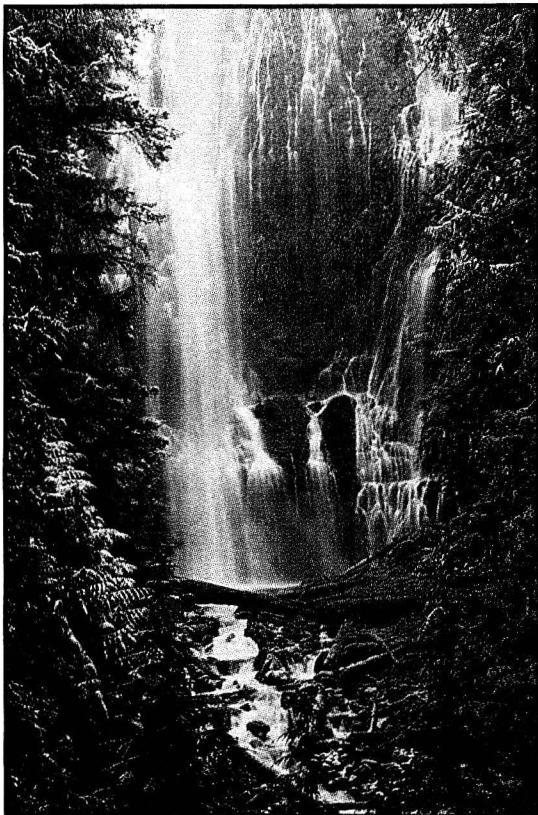
So great was the pre-Columbian American wilderness that folks today, afflicted by collective landscape amnesia (the inability to recall healthy landscapes that have disappeared; people can't recall what they've never seen), can't even imagine the magic squandered in just a few generations. And this isn't just a sad American tale, it's the story of most of the world.

Why wilderness? For the many thousands of species that otherwise succumb to habitat fragmentation, pollution, competition with exotics and other human-induced stresses that characterize urban, suburban and rural environments. It is the loss of wilderness and related wild habitats that is most (but not entirely) responsible for today's unprecedented biological meltdown in which many thousands of species bite the proverbial dust each year.

Why wilderness? Because leading conservation biologists assert that the demise of big wilderness has effectively halted terrestrial evolution for large vertebrates over most of the Earth.

Why wilderness? Because, to paraphrase Aldo Leopold, there are those who can live without wild nature and those who cannot. I believe that lack of wildness is a disease that's responsible for much of our destructive behavior, both toward each other and toward the rest of the biotic community.

In other words, wilderness is *the* most fundamental issue for conservation and environmentalism.



Lower Proxy Falls, in the Three Sisters Wilderness, Oregon
Facing page: Horsepasture Mountain looking at Three Sisters



photo courtesy of the USFS

Elk and wildfire in Montana, summer 2000

Speaking of fundamental issues, humans and their support structures now usurp about 40 percent of the Earth's terrestrial net primary production. We are literally gobbling up wild nature. As our population continues to explode, that figure will grow. In addition, if we don't soon reduce our consumption of fossil fuels and other greenhouse gas-emitting substances, many wildlands will likely become impoverished remnants of their pasts, unable to adapt to the resulting rapid climate change. So the twin terrors of global warming and human overpopulation can no longer be ignored by wildland advocates. Nor, for that matter, by anyone else. When I quit Earth First! in 1990, ten years after co-founding it with Dave Foreman and Mike Roselle, it was to maintain my focus on wilderness, wildland habitat and related biodiversity issues without some of the baggage that came with being an Earth First!er back then. I am, after all, not a social activist but a wildland conservationist (though I also like Ed Abbey's self label of "wild preservative"), inspired by the likes of Muir, Marshall, Leopold, Abbey and dangerous carnivores. Although I don't generally work on other environmental issues such as urban decay, toxics, sprawl and atom-splitting, I care deeply about these things and support the efforts of those who do.

Yet for me, it all comes back to the wilds. I hate sprawl not for its intrinsic unpleasantness for humans, but because it engulfs wild nature. Urban decay encourages sprawl and rural migration, thus creating additional impacts on nearby wildlands. Toxics poison the entire planet, not just those who produce and disseminate them. And grasslands, grizzlies and Gila monsters will also fare poorly in the wake of future Hiroshimas and Chernobyls. Really, my primary concern is wild nature, not humans, one species out of an estimated 10 to 100 million.

According to some, such thinking is misanthropic. So be it. Still, only a fool would fail to acknowledge that we're all in this boat—this sweet, sensuous, living Earth—together, adrift in the endless celestial sea, distinct from one another yet connected to all.

Wilderness. Roadless areas. Wildlands. Unspoiled nature. Wild country. Lots of names for the Earth's basic living fabric. Too many names perhaps, for something seemingly valued by so few. Nonetheless, undeveloped wilderness is, above all, the essential habitat for life's evolutionary drama. The great challenge facing modern conservation is to reach out *beyond the choir*, beyond our movement, to convince the thinking members of this society that saving and restoring the Earth's wildness is crucial. For as we lose wildness, we lose not just grizzlies, salmon, bull trout, lynx, goshawks, murrelets, owls, songbirds, amphibians and so much more definable life, but we also lose the undefinable vitality of a living planet, a vestige of our wild selves, the wisdom of the ages and the answers to questions we've not yet developed the wisdom to ask.

Howie Wolke is a wilderness guide, long-time conservationist and writer who lives in the Bitterroot Mountains near Conner, Montana. Despite global warming, he still dreams of the day when Pleistocene glaciers will return to scrape away much of humanity's mess.



A cholla, near the Colorado River Delta, keeps watch over the desert in Piñacate International Park in Mexico.

An Earth First! Alphabet

A is for Abbey, that curmudgeonly fellow.

B is for beer, sometimes colored yellow.

C is for caltrops, to flatten a tire.

D is for dams, that will one day expire.

E is for Earth First!, that stout-hearted crew.

F is for fence-cutters (you know what to do).

G is for Green Fire, of Leopold fame.

H is for Hayduke, that fabulous name.

I is incendiary, like burning 'dozers.

J is for jail time, and other enclosures.

K is for kill, what they'll do if they catch you.

L is for lover of nature, you wretch, you.

M is for monkey wrench, made in America.

N is for nightwork, with your girlfriend, Erika.

O is for oil, in wilderness drilled.

P is for Prince William Sound, where it's spilled.

Q is for quest for the wild and free.

R is for river, a great place to be.

S is for spike, you do when you must.

T is three people, the most you can trust.

U is unseen, as you slip thru the woods.

V is for victory—getting the goods.

W is for wilderness, also for wild.

X is the mark you put down, and just smiled.

Y is for you, the puzzle's missing piece.

Z is for zeal, that can only increase.

—DENNIS FRITZINGER

Bumpy Roads, Cold Beer and the Formation of Earth First!

BY RIK SCARCE

(The following article is excerpted from *Eco-Warriors: Understanding the Radical Environmental Movement*.)

Myths and wilderness

Some say Earth First! was Abbey's brainchild, and, in truth, there can be no doubt that its fun-loving, monkeywrench-wielding spirit draws much inspiration from the writings of "Cactus Ed," as Abbey was called. But it was indeed the failure of the political system that gave rise to Earth First!. Dave Foreman, who had left his job as the Wilderness Society's Southwest regional representative nine months before, said at the rally following the "cracking," "The main reason for Earth First! is to create a broader spectrum within the environmental community... The people who started Earth First! felt there was a need for a radical wing to the environmental movement. Somebody has to say what needs to be said."

The particular political defeat which spurred Foreman and four other activists to break away from the muddle-through crowd and form Earth First! was RARE II, the Forest Service's Roadless Area Review and Evaluation project that had seen the old-line environmental groups compromise so much internally that less than one-fourth of the 80-million acres under study was designated as wilderness. It was time for the creation of a new niche within the environmental community...

But nothing came of the talk until Foreman, ex-Yippie Mike Roselle, Wyoming Wilderness Society representative Bart Koehler, his sidekick Howie Wolke and former Park Service seasonal ranger Ron Kezar took a trip to the Piñacate Desert in northern Mexico. "If Earth First! hadn't come along, somebody else would have come along with something like it," says Kezar. "It was an idea whose time had come."

When he and the others stumbled out of Foreman's Volkswagen van into the warm Mexican sun in April 1980, their primary intention was to have a good time, not to carve a new niche for themselves in the environmental movement. They wanted to drink cases of beer at a sitting, eat fulsome quantities of shrimp, and forget about what was happening in DC. As they sat around the campfire, however, their love for wild places took over...

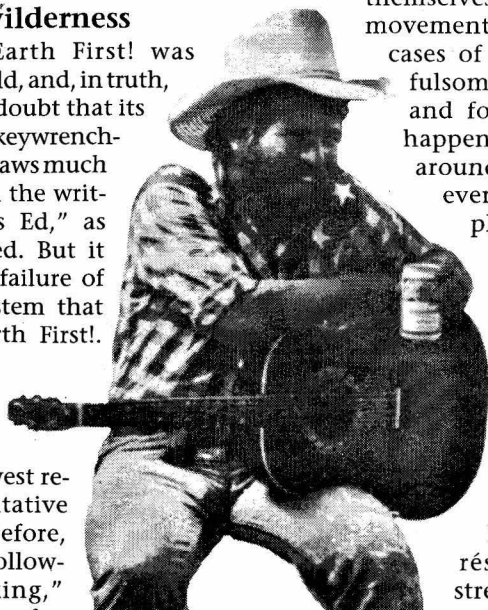
Earth First! mythology has it that Kezar and the others created Earth First! while in the desert or while reveling in a whorehouse. That mythology is vitally important, as essential to Earth First!ers as founders' résumés are to mainstream environmental organizations. Cynics might say that myths

cover up lies or unpleasantness. But for Earth First!ers they are concentrated truths, mixtures of reality, fantasy and wisdom. The Earth First! creation myths are flavorful, rich and evocative of the sort of image that the macho cowboys wanted to propagate.

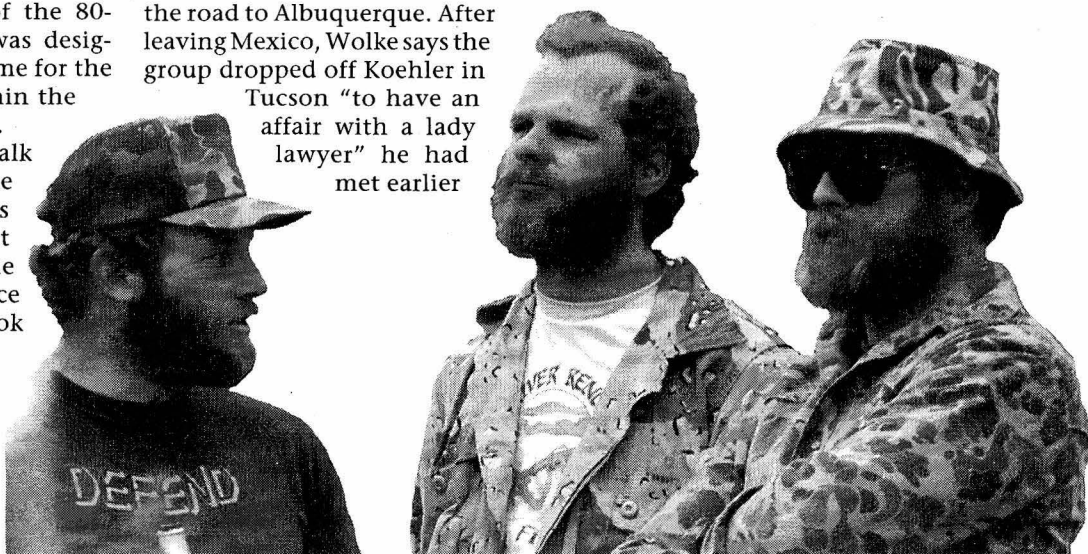
Although portions of the "real" story behind the founding have been lost, enough remain to clarify that the true genesis of Earth First! did not come in a wild, romantic desert or a cheap, bawdy brothel. Quite simply, Earth First! got started in Foreman's VW bus on the road to Albuquerque. After leaving Mexico, Wolke says the group dropped off Koehler in Tucson "to have an affair with a lady lawyer" he had met earlier

in the trip, then they deposited Kezar at his place in New Mexico. Emulating *The Monkey Wrench Gang's* wild-eyed leader, Wolke and Foreman were in the front seats polishing off a case of Budweiser, Roselle sprawled out in the rear, as they drove toward Albuquerque and Foreman's mother's famous chicken-fried steak. There was more ranting and raving about the emasculated mainstream and fantastic talk of a group that would fight to set aside multi-million acre ecological preserves in Ohio, South Texas and other forsaken places across the nation. "We were closing roads in Yellowstone and re-uniting the Absaroka wildernesses in Idaho, Wyoming and Montana," says Wolke. "The next thing you know, we were setting up a massive system of ecological land preserves in every bioregion of the United States."

Suddenly, Foreman called out "Earth first!" "The next thing you know," Wolke says, "Roselle drew a clenched-fist logo, passed it up to the front of the van, and there was Earth First." The exclamation mark was added later that year. With a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and no money, the Founding Fathers began plotting. "We identified all the ecosystems in the US," Roselle recalls. "Then we identified areas within each of those that would have to be protected in order to maintain biological diversity so that no matter what happened outside of those, there would still be genetic material to reconstruct biota." They put together a mailing list of seventy-five influential contacts, sent the biodiversity listing, and wondered what to do next.



Bart Koehler as Johnny Sagebrush



Howie Wolke, Mike Roselle and Dave Foreman in a quiet moment during the 1987 Grand Canyon RRR.



photo by Christopher Manes

November 8, 1986: A daring commando raid leaves half of Iceland's whaling fleet lying on the bottom of the harbor.

RAID ON REYKJAVIK

Saboteurs Sink Icelandic Pirate Whaling Ships

BY CAPTAIN PAUL WATSON

(This article is reprinted from The Earth First! Reader: Ten Years of Radical Environmentalism.)

Hold it right there. Before you begin to read the narrative that follows, let's get something straight. If you are a self-righteous tight-ass who gets morally indignant about correct tactics, then do yourself and us a favour and read *Time* or the *Greenpeace Examiner* instead. This article does not contain scenes of excessive violence, nor does it contain sexually explicit material (unfortunately). It does, however, advocate the destruction of property because I believe that respect for life takes precedence over respect for property which is used to take lives.

Let's get something else straight. The killing of whales in 1986 is a crime. It is a violation of international law, but more importantly it is a crime against

nature and against future generations of humanity. So, I don't want any crappy letters about tradition, livelihood or Icelandic rights.

With that said, we can begin the story.

August 1985: The *Sea Shepherd* stops in Reykjavik while on route to the Faroe Islands. We berth directly behind the Greenpeace ship *Sirius*. Across the harbour, we see the Icelandic whaling fleet tied together. Our plan is to take on provisions before heading to the Faroes. While there, pictures are taken, port facilities surveyed, security measures observed, and a few crew tour the site of a whale processing plant 50 miles from the city.

Our arrival did not go unnoticed. The Icelandic police post a 24-hour guard at our gangway and police divers investigate the hulls of the whalers every few hours. Some of this activity is the fault of our reputation and some of it results from a Greenpeace conference where we

were accused of being terrorists. Greenpeace made it clear that they were not associated with us in any way. We hold our own press conference to say that we are not associated with the wimps on the *Sirius* in any way. A bunch like that can give us a bad name. At the same time, we deliver a warning to Iceland through the media: We have not come to interfere with Icelandic whaling at the moment; but if Iceland intends to violate the moratorium on commercial whaling set to begin in 1986, then Iceland can expect to see the enforcement of International Whaling Commission (IWC) regulations.

We then left Iceland and Greenpeace. Greenpeace workers were relieved to see us leave. They were "networking" with the whalers—giving tours of their ship and sharing beer with whale-killers.

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Resistance Gets Hairy at Bald Mountain



The Kalmiopsis Wilderness as seen from the top of Bald Mountain

(This article first appeared in the Litha 1983 edition of the Earth First! Journal.)

"If you don't get out of the way, I'm going to kill you!" screamed Plumley Company bulldozer operator Fred Brown to five Earth First!ers blocking his path at the end of the remote road in the Siskiyou National Forest near Grants Pass, Oregon. But the five stood firm even as Brown charged them time and again with his machine. Finally, he buried them with dirt from the blade. The fight for the North Kalmiopsis was, in Mike Roselle's words, "getting gnarly."

The fight to save 160,000 acres of primeval forest had begun two weeks earlier on April 25, when Mike Roselle, Steve Marsden, Pedro Tama and Kevin Everhart shut down operations on the Bald Mountain Road for over three hours until Josephine County sheriff's deputies arrived to arrest them. They were charged with disorderly conduct and spent the night in jail.

Nine days later, seven Oregonians blockaded construction at the same site—but with a twist. They handcuffed and chained themselves to the bulldozer when the police arrived. They thus shut down operations for four hours. They were released from jail that day on their own recognizance.

Then on May 12, Dave Willis and Dave Foreman set up a road block on the access road 10 miles from the construction area to stop Plumley workers on their way to work. With their support team, they pulled a downed tree into the road in front of themselves because, as Foreman said, "I don't want to be a hood ornament on a Plumley truck."

At 6 a.m., a sheriff's deputy arrived and asked them to move. They refused. The deputy then winched the log out of the way and parked 50 feet in front of them. Willis, missing both hands and feet from frostbite, was in his wheelchair. At 6:15,

the Plumley six pack pickup carrying five workers arrived and drove around the deputy's vehicle. The workers tried to pass Willis on the inside of the road cut, but Foreman stepped over and blocked their path. They then drove to the outside of the road bend. Foreman stepped back in place.

For a moment the blockaders faced off the truck. Then it shot forward, hitting Foreman in the chest and knocking him back five feet. Again truck and man faced off. The truck pushed against Foreman. He pushed back. Les Moore, the driver, accelerated. Foreman had to backpedal to keep from being run over. He finally lost his balance and went down. He held on to the bumper for a few seconds, and the truck finally stopped... after having pushed him a distance later measured at 103 yards.

The five construction workers piled out of the truck and surrounded Foreman, who was lying half under it. "You dirty communist bastard," yelled Les Moore. "Why don't you go back to Russia

where you came from?"

"But, Les," Foreman replied, "I'm a registered Republican."

The deputy then dashed up, handcuffed Foreman and dragged him away, under arrest for disorderly conduct. The construction workers heaped abuse on the media people present, warning them not to take further photographs "or else."

Foreman was bailed out of jail that afternoon. The sheriff's department told the media that there had been no assault, that Foreman had stepped in front of a moving vehicle and had been knocked down and that the truck had immediately stopped. However, a UPI reporter had witnessed the entire incident, and two TV stations had filmed it. The Forest Service and Sheriff's Department were caught in their cover-up when the TV news aired that evening. The question remaining was: Had the authorities encouraged the construction workers to intimidate the blockaders?



photo by David J. Cross

Early blockade technology: EFlers occupy the Bald Mountain Road in Oregon's Siskiyou National Forest, May 1983.



The Life and Times of Our Beloved

BY KRIS MAENZ

The first time I ever saw an *Earth First! Journal* was the spring of 1989. I had just discovered EF!, and almost every aspect of it enthralled me. I took the newspaper in my hands, examining the black and white pictures and bold headlines proclaiming defiance. At that moment my life and the *Journal's* began the bizarre dance that led to my picking up the pen to write this history of *Earth First!: The Radical Environmental Journal*.

A Bit of History

Although rumors exist that the movement was founded in a brothel somewhere in Mexico, I like to believe it started atop the beautiful little volcano, Mount Piñacate. I went there once and was amazed that from its crest you could see the Pacific Ocean beyond Baja California Norte. The California Peninsula tears itself away from the North American continent as waves crest and break on sand blown from nearby volcanic peaks. The strength and magnitude of the planet was evident before my eyes. I could feel the planet moving under my feet.

It is not difficult to believe that a place like that could motivate five guys to want to put the Earth first. How easy it would be to climb down the mountain feeling strong and proud and angry and right. Driving home, basking in the afterglow of a nature experience that would boggle even the staunchest of bitter activists, they decided to establish an uncompromising wing of the wilderness-preservation movement.

It was March 1980 when that fateful hike took place. That July, soon after the first Round River Rendezvous (RRR) at Wyoming's T-Cross Ranch, two of the hikers, Dave Foreman and Howie Wolke, decided to mail out a short photocopied newsletter poetically named *Nature More* (from Byron's "I love not man the less, but nature more"). On November 1, 1980, the *Earth First! Newsletter* appeared. It was originally eight pages photocopied and produced out of Susan Morgan's home in Breckenridge, Colorado. When Susan, a crossover from The Wilderness Society, moved to Seattle, so did the newsletter.

Late in 1981, Pete Dustrud, a journalist and photographer, changed the newsletter to a newspaper after getting a job as a shipping clerk at a Salt Lake City press, making it affordable to have headlines, photographs and all the trimmings of a big-league publication. Readership of the simple *Earth First! Newsletter* (now with an exclamation point!) climbed, and a T-shirt and bumpersticker business was started to support it.

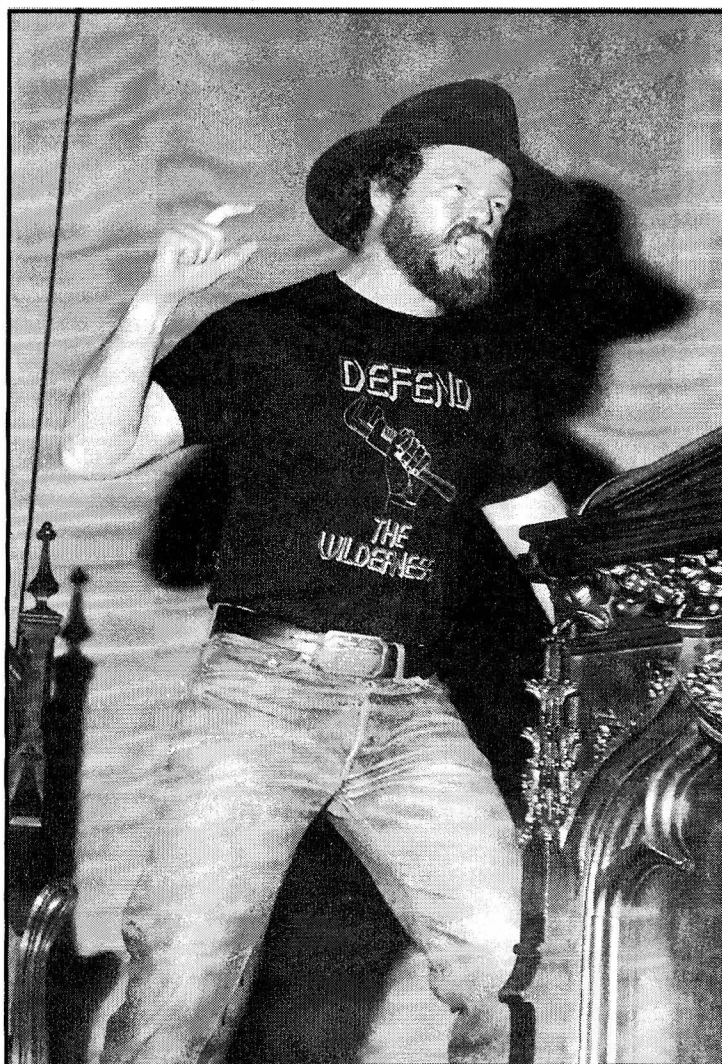
By now, the desert crossing's drunkenly concocted ideas had blossomed into a full-blown movement, and although the basis was anarchistic in nature, a formal structure was needed in order to cash checks and pay bills at the paper. The newsletter was set up to have a single proprietor making it a separate entity within the *Earth First!* movement.

Monkeywrenching was a frequent topic in the pages of the paper over the next few issues, and in 1983, at the third RRR at Little Granite Creek, Wyoming, Pete resigned as editor. He was afraid of the possible repercussions of publishing a "Dear Ned Ludd" column about spiking roads. A few others left the movement at the same time, foreshadowing arguments to come. What had started as a little newslet-

ter changed into *Earth First!: The Radical Environmental Journal*, and Bart Koehler and Dave Foreman stepped forward as co-editors. Dave also became the sole proprietor.

For the next few years, a changing group of close friends put out "the voice of the movement." It was published first in Ely, Nevada, and moved to Tucson, Arizona, late in 1984, where it briefly sported the "No Compromise Environmental Journal" masthead before changing back to "The Radical Environmental Journal." Eventually, John Davis, a young, outspoken college student from the Midwest, was hired as a full-time managing editor. The *Journal* developed a niche of its own in the world of environmental literature. It covered radical environmental activism on its front pages and was based on Dave Foreman's earlier proclamation that it would provide:

- A forum for internal discussion within the conservation movement about strategy, organization and the like, and to critique of environmental groups than compromise and co-opt
- A forum for discussion of biocentric philosophy, "Deep Ecology," in a non-technical way for grassroots wilderness activists
- Ambitious, ecological wilderness proposals and discussion of conservation issues from an uncompromising standpoint.



Dave Foreman spreads the wilderness-defense message at a Unitarian church, April 1984.

photo by David Cross

Journal—A Not-So-Brief History



Because the editors relocated so did the paper, to Lewiston, Maine, for two issues in '88 and then to Canton, New York. In January 1989, because of legal concerns, the ownership was transferred out of Foreman's name, and the publication was turned into a non-profit corporation, Earth First! Journal Inc., owned by four people: John Davis, Kris Sommerville, Nancy Zierenberg and Dale Turner. It had turned into a nearly \$200,000-a-year business.

The Shit Hits the Fan

During the summer of 1989, the cops came down hard on Earth First!. Police, believing the hype about Foreman being the guru and chief of Earth First!, staged a three-pronged attack, attempting to decapitate the movement by removing its leaders, tying up group energy in defensive activities and discrediting the movement in the eyes of the public.

On May 30, FBI agents busted EF!ers destroying a powerline tower in the middle of the Arizona desert (see interview on page 18). By the next day, officials had arrested Peg Millett, Mark Davis, Ilse Asplund and Marc Baker for the crime. They also arrested Dave Foreman, charging him with conspiracy to destroy an energy facility. All four pleaded guilty. Mark Davis got six years; Marc Baker was sentenced to four; and Peg got three. Dave Foreman received probation and fines.

The movement was no longer dependent on its beer-swilling, rednecked founding fathers. Dave's inspirational speeches and the simple idea of putting the Earth first had drawn expanding crowds of hippies, anarchists, animal rights activists and all sorts of riffraff bent on putting the Earth first.

The tight affinity group publishing the *Journal* was unwilling to accept the new, richly diverse movement it had created, and dissent began to appear in the pages of the *Journal*. John Davis lamented that the "No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth" footer should be replaced with "All Aboard the Woo Woo Choo Choo" in the Samhain 1989, edition because too much ink was being wasted on "sacred sites, ritual and matters of personal growth." Noting that the staff had received very few articles about conservation biology, he complained, "it would be tragic if, as EF!ers grew more ritualistic, the *EF! Journal* drifted away from its focus on wilderness and biodiversity for want of articles on this subject."

The Beginning of the Beginning

By the spring of 1990, Earth First! was in a state of turmoil and many activists felt that the issues worthy of discussion in the pages of the movement's paper were being censored by the editors. Missoula was swarming with police, Redwood Summer was starting and anarchists, hunt sabbers and feminists were joining the movement when the Beltane 1990 edition hit the newsstands. The masthead had changed from "The Radical Environmental Journal" to "In Defense of Wilderness and Biodiversity" because, as Dale Turner said, "calling ourselves radical somehow served to bring out everyone who wanted to disrupt the system, for whatever reason and by whatever means... This paper has always been focused generally on biodiversity and wilderness issues; now we'll say it plain on the front page."

But what really got the rapidly growing movement ticked was an editorial titled "On the True Nature of Earth First!" where John Davis said, "The young tribe of a few hundred wilderness zealots has been joined by thousands of planet proponents of all persuasions. Inevitably, this has led to tension over style, tactics, the content of the *EF! Journal* and questions about where to defecate at our annual gatherings.

"We've not been a single tribe since we hit the national media. The media have enabled us to disseminate our message but have also cost us our unity..."

"Though it is not now essential that we delineate or choose names for our tribes, it is safe to say that we who work for the *EF! Journal* identify closely with the original tribe. We are called the reluctant radicals... and are from the conservation movement. *Earth First! Journal* can no longer even pretend to be a voice for the movement or a forum for all views in the movement. So we ain't gonna try.

"We will continue to cover news from throughout the EF! movement, but we will focus almost exclusively on wilderness and wildlife matters and actions. Further issues will stress wilderness and biodiversity almost to the exclusion of the debates over style, emphasis and politics that have arisen lately. Of course, *EF! Journal* will continue to welcome diversity of EF! voices, but we wish to avoid filling pages with irresolvable debates over anarchy, flags, immigration, diet or belly dancing."

As you might expect, belly dancers, *et al.*, were not the quietest bunch. Upon

discovering they had been excluded from the pages of the movements' paper, they started a battle that would drastically change the look and feel of Earth First!.

Autonomous and Proud

The 1990 RRR in Montana's Madison Range was tumultuous at best. The *Journal* editorial staff arrived feeling defensive, and the *Journal* meeting was contentious and long, lasting over seven hours. Dana Lyons, movement musician and philosopher, opened the meeting by reading excerpts from a letter written by EF! co-founder Mike Roselle. Basically, the letter said that the single purpose of the *Journal* was to build the EF! movement, that the staff was in a phase of denial if it thought the *Journal* didn't represent the movement and that the *Journal* had been hijacked by a small group of people. Many attending felt the *Journal's* biocentrism-only policy limited movement expansion. The meeting discussed the role of the *Journal* and its ownership. Several concrete suggestions emerged, including rotating the editorship, printing virtually all letters the paper received and broadening the board of directors on a bioregional basis. The overlapping board and staff struck many as a serious conflict of interest.

The group established a Journal Advisory Committee (JAC), and most people left the gathering feeling positive about the new, more open attitude of the paper. Immediately following the RRR, the Lughnasadh 1990 edition contained the first indication that the staff had become truly disillusioned: "It may be that *Earth First! Journal* will evolve into two *Journals*, or perhaps one plus some unemployed erstwhile staff members celebrating their newfound freedom... Time will tell."

A Bitter Goodbye

Mabon 1990 was the edition of resignation. John Davis started the editorial firmly: "At the end of this year I will resign my position as editor to pursue a life of indolence, sloth and debauchery. I also may start a new group, to link conservation activists with conservation biologists and promote Big Wilderness.

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CASCADIA

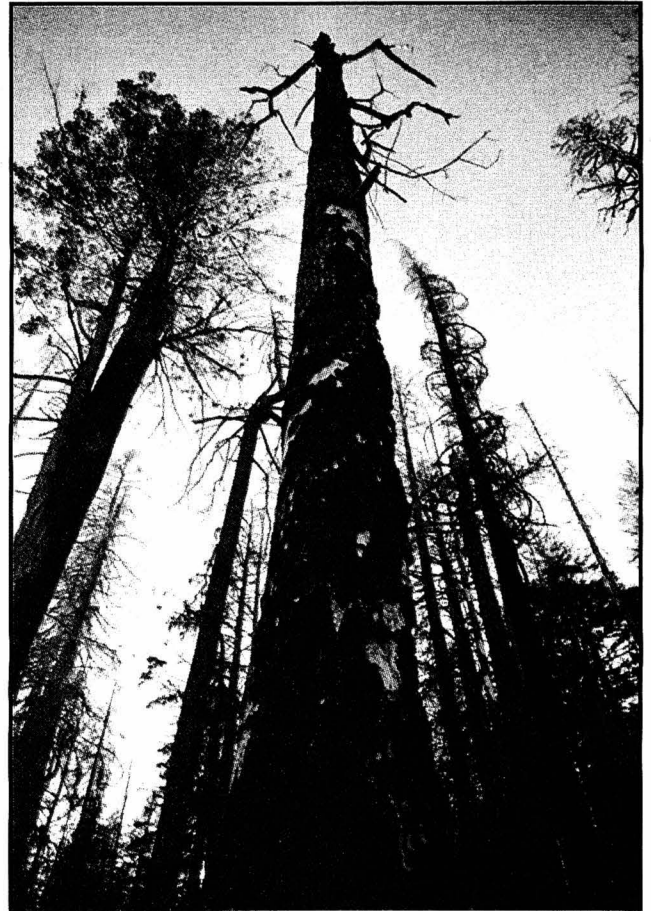
The Warner Creek Victory

BY TAHOMA

In the annals of Earth First! activism, the struggle to save Warner Creek will go down as one of the most significant forest defense campaigns of the 1990s and one of the most sweeping victories in the history of the movement. Over the six years of struggle it took to stop the Warner salvage sale, EF!ers used the full spectrum of tactics from paper wrenching to civil disobedience combined with mass monkeywrenching.

The story begins in 1991 when arsonists torched the Cornpatch Roadless Area in Oregon's Willamette National Forest. The Cornpatch was part of a large habitat conservation area (HCA) where commercial logging was prohibited in order to protect the endangered northern spotted owl. With the help of an army of 2,500 firefighters bulldozing, bombing and backburning their way through Warner Creek's ancient forest, the fire grew to 9,000 acres, becoming the second largest wildfire in the history of the Willamette NF.

The smoke had barely cleared from the wildfire when the Forest Service began planning a "fire recovery" project that would salvage log 40 million board feet of trees across 1,200 acres of the roadless area. Needless to say, this sparked a firestorm of public controversy over the real danger that all HCAs and other protected stands could face similar "light it, fight it and log it" arson-for-salvage logging scams. However, back in 1991 most of the focus of the mainstream environmental movement was on opposing green old-growth



New homes for snag-dwelling critters in Warner Creek.

timber sales. Mainstream enviros rarely gave a hoot back then about salvage logging dead burnt trees. Local EF!ers took up the ecodefense torch and adopted a no-compromise, zero-cut stance that vowed "Not One Black Stick!" would be removed as salvage timber.

Activists created their own affinity group they called Cascadia EF! and cajoled the Forest Service into letting them join the agency's showcase Public Participation Group (PPG), in which timber industry reps and mainstream enviros regularly met to discuss the agency's fire recovery project. While the Forest Service and all other members of the PPG fully expected the EF!ers to dress up like animals and disrupt the meetings, the EF!ers were instead some of the hardest working (and most punctual) members of that group. From their official position on the PPG, EF!ers gained early access to internal drafts of the EIS, maps of planned logging units and other vitally important information that was useful in organizing resistance to the timber sale.

Cascadia EF!ers organized many wild, humorous guerrilla theater demos that generated lots of me-



Warner Creek Blockade 1996

RISING!

dia attention, and gave many slideshow presentations to school and community groups. Additionally, EFlers organized fire ecology hikes and field conferences that brought hundreds of people to discover the incredible beauty and vitality of Warner Creek's awesome burned forest. These were no mere nature hikes, for the effort it took to get people into this forest, physically experience and emotionally connect with this place, later proved critical when it came to the direct action ecodefense of Warner Creek.

Cascadia EF's most exciting accomplishment during the legal administrative phase of the campaign was writing their own alternative recovery plan they named "Alternative EF: Ecology of Fire." In their plan, activists proposed permanent protection of Warner Creek as a Fire Ecology Research Natural Area. Activists wrote Alternative EF primarily as an educational-agitational tool, but it was quickly adopted by the local community as the only authentic alternative to the agency's run-of-the-mill plan to slice and dice Warner Creek's forest with salvage clearcuts to make "fuel breaks" for fire fighters.

Cascadia EFlers distributed copies of their plan seeking endorsements from academic scientists and mainstream environmental organizations. At that time, many scientists were leery of engaging in overt political advocacy, but the loathsome nature of the Warner arson-salvage sale and the visionary appeal of Alternative EF compelled many to put their names on the line for Warner's ecodefense. EFlers were also able to unite nearly every other local, regional and national environmental organization into common, vocal opposition of the Warner salvage sale—a major accomplishment given the inter-organizational rivalries that existed then (and now). Presented with the swelling number of prestigious endorsements from the research and conservation communities for Alternative EF, the Freddie's had no choice but to publish it verbatim in their final EIS and compare all other alternatives with EF. Cascadians took great pleasure in seeing the letters "EF" appear hundreds of times in the official document, symbolically subverting the Freddie's million-dollar EIS.

The local kick-ass chapter of the Sierra Club took the Freddie's fire recovery plan to court, and the timber sale was declared illegal—the first time a fire salvage sale was canned by the courts. However, shortly after Congress and Clinton passed the infamous Salvage Rider in 1995, the case was thrown out of



photo by Cindy Noblitt

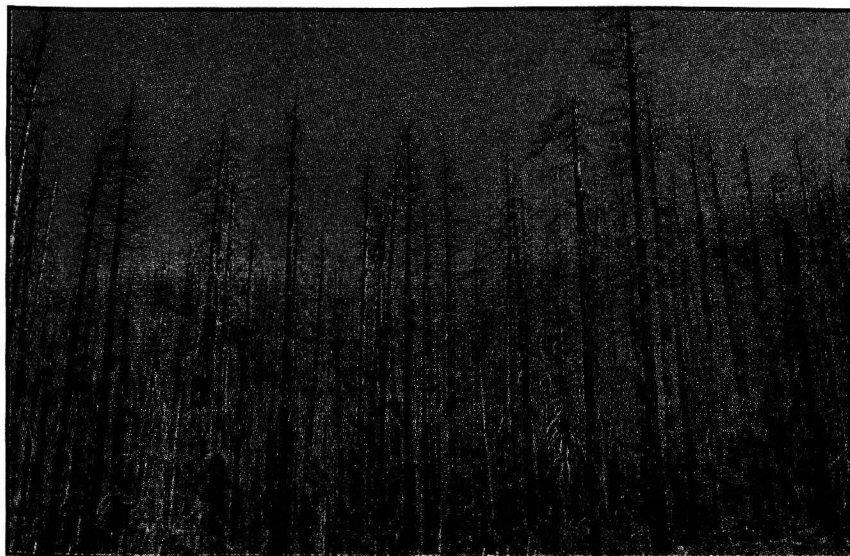
Mick, a local curiosity with his arm locked into the road

court and Warner Creek was put back on the chopping block. Minutes after the judge made his final ruling (the first of several rulings that greatly widened the destructive scope of the Salvage Rider), EFlers headed up to Warner Creek to put their bodies on the line in defense of the burned forest.

Thus began a remarkable 11-month blockade of the logging road leading up to the timber sale units. In the beginning, the blockade was a humble collection of tarps and lock-down devices. But as activists realized that they had to settle in for the long haul with the Cascadian winter snows looming, the blockade grew into a phenomena far beyond anyone's wildest imagination. An elaborate structure was constructed out of downed limbs and rope that the media dubbed "Fort Warner." Like something out of a Monty Python movie, the structure featured a watchtower, a draw-bridge and a moat. Across the 10-foot-high wall was draped a huge banner proclaiming "EARTH FIRST!" The timber industry claimed it was a "bunker" harboring "ecoterrorists," but it quickly became one of Oregon's hottest tourist attractions, with activists and curiosity seekers visiting from all over the country.

The ecodefenders christened the blockade "Cascadia Free State," and stepping through the gate and into the wild Warner burn, one indeed

photos by Tahoma



A healthy post-fire ecosystem in the Warner wilderness.

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Big Trees, Big Battles: A People's

BY DANA STOLZMAN

The towering ancient redwood trees of Headwaters Forest form the backdrop of the dramatic timber wars raging in Northern California. In 1985, Maxxam Corporation of Texas orchestrated a hostile takeover of Pacific Lumber (PL) and began liquidating old-growth groves and endangered species habitat. In 1986, Earth First! activists including Greg King, Larry Evans and Kurt Newman hiked into what they would later name Headwaters and were amazed to discover how wild and pristine these groves were compared to the redwood parks.

1990s, direct action and media campaigns brought national attention to the issue. Lawsuits halted logging in some ancient redwood groves. Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney initiated Redwood Summer in 1990 to help mobilize environmentalists around the Headwaters issue and publicize the plight of the last unprotected ancient redwoods. On a tour promoting Redwood Summer, Bari and Cherney miraculously survived a car bomb attack on their lives (see page 62).

During the summer of 1990, the Forests Forever initiative also gathered steam. The measure would have funded the acquisition of vital areas and

as scattered islands of habitat. EPIC stepped up its litigation campaign against Maxxam/PL with a victorious endangered species lawsuit filed in federal court. The lawsuit revealed that Maxxam was altering survey data.

Public rallies, protests and basecamps grew larger and more numerous in the wake of the failure of Hamburg's bill, culminating in giant rallies marking the end of marbled murrelet breeding season and the beginning of PL's yearly assault on the old-growth redwood groves. The September 1996 rally drew close to 8,000 people to a roadside across from PL's Carlotta mill, where 1,033 people, including singer Bonnie Raitt, crossed the property line and were arrested in an act of civil disobedience. Headwaters organizers called for a 60,000-acre acquisition and funding to restore watersheds devastated by Maxxam's logging. Another 300 activists were arrested in two months of direct action that followed the rally.

Instead, we got the Headwaters Forest Agreement, or as it became better known, "The Deal." The state and federal governments agreed to purchase 7,500 acres, less than half of it old growth, for \$380 million. They also handed PL permits to kill endangered species and destroy habitat across the rest of the landscape, in exchange for a list of mitigation measures misleadingly called a "Habitat Conservation Plan" (HCP). Headwaters activists, fearing that the HCP would clear the way for liquidation of the groves not purchased by the public, geared up to fight this inadequate and dangerous deal.

Earth First! staged lockdowns, built elaborate treesits, and blockaded roads and work crews in an effort to halt logging in old-growth groves that were not protected under the deal. Forest activists created the Love Pod, a circular platform that could house a dozen treesitters in a 1,000-year-old redwood, pushing the art and sophistication of treesitting to a new level.

Despite the practice of love and other recreational sports in the redwood canopy, the Headwaters campaign had its share of tragedy and sacrifice.

Young women were brutally sprayed in the eyes with pepper spray for sitting in Pacific Lumber's office in Scotia, California and Congressman Frank Riggs' office. On September 17, 1998, David "Gypsy" Chain was killed defending Grizzly Creek when an angry logger felled an ancient

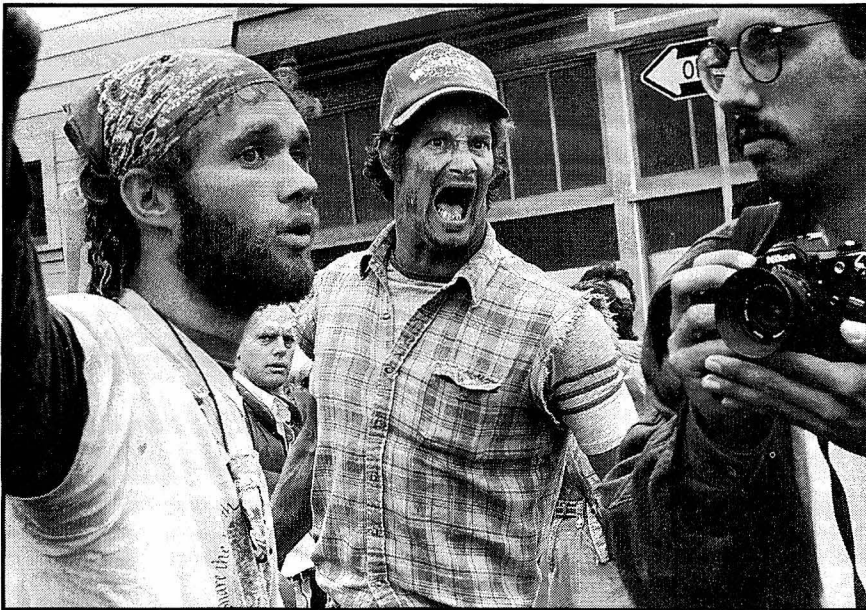


Photo by David Cross

Angry logger threatens a journalist during a Redwood Summer rally in July, 1990 (2,000 protesters, 1,500 counter-demonstrators).

In 1986 on Tuesday when Earth First! organized its first Headwaters actions and in 1987 when the Environmental Protection Information Center (EPIC) filed its first lawsuits against Maxxam, the six ancient groves of Headwaters Forest were almost completely linked together by a vast residual forest where the old Pacific Lumber Company had selectively logged, leaving many of the ancient giants standing. From the beginning, Earth First! and other organizations advocated a large acquisition area in order to link the biological cores together and allow for recovery across the landscape. (The first EF! proposal was for 98,000 acres, extending from Owl Creek Grove to Humboldt Bay.)

Throughout the late 1980s and early

strengthened forestry regulations. California's voters succumbed to a massive industry counter-campaign and rejected the initiative by only one and one-half percentage points.

Years later, progressive North Coast Representative Dan Hamburg authored federal legislation aimed at preserving more than 44,000 acres and a 13,000-acre study area around the Headwaters groves. The bill had bipartisan support and became the only piece of forest-related legislation to pass the House of Representatives, yet died in the Senate in the last days of the contentious 104th Congress.

In the meantime, Maxxam/PL continued to hack through the residual forest and smaller remaining old-growth stands, leaving the Headwaters groves

History of Headwaters

redwood toward activists who were trying to halt the logging (see obit, page 87). Gypsy's death and the pepper spray torture of peaceful protesters exposed the violence perpetrated against activists by Maxxam and law enforcement.

Courageous activists continued to defend the groves not protected under the bogus Headwaters deal. Earth First! activists started the Luna treesit above the town of Stafford which had been destroyed by a mudslide that originated in a PL clear-cut. Julia Butterfly Hill lived in Luna for over two years to protect this magnificent elder and help make the world aware of the destruction of ancient redwoods. Nate Madsen continues his marathon treesit in yet another ancient redwood grove that was not protected by the Headwaters Deal.

Activists were unified in their message that all old growth needs to be protected to ensure biological viability of threatened species. Concerned community members and grassroots organizations submitted volumes of scientific and legal information to state and federal agencies arguing that inadequate protection measures and numerous loopholes in the plans could push endangered fish and wildlife like the coho salmon and marbled murrelet over the brink of extinction. Yet, hardball negotiations between legislators and Maxxam CEO Charles Hurwitz continued behind closed doors without representation from the environ-

mental community.

In 1999, the 12-year effort to save Headwaters Forest reached an important milestone when two ancient groves were transferred into public ownership and five other ancient groves and some residual forest were set aside for 50 years. Hurwitz received over \$400 million in cash, land and tax breaks in the deal.

Earth First! won't let Hurwitz off easy and continues to maintain a Debt for Nature, Jail for Hurwitz campaign focusing on Maxxam's role in the \$1.6 billion, taxpayer-subsidized collapse of a Texas savings and loan. Regulators filed two lawsuits seeking over \$1 billion to be reimbursed to the taxpayers from Maxxam's coffers, possibly to be paid in redwoods. One of these banking trials will reach a verdict before 2000 is over and could result in the bankruptcy of Maxxam.

Following the theme of the entire campaign, Earth First! built many bridges between both loggers and Maxxam employees, including striking United Steelworkers, employed by Maxxam subsidiary Kaiser Aluminum.

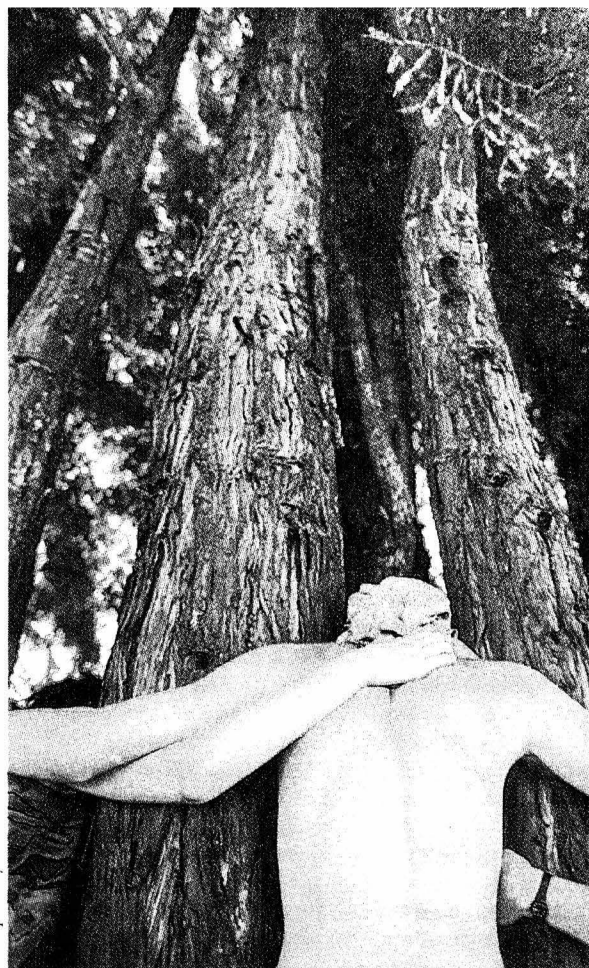


photo by Michael Schumann

The arms of tree huggers, Redwood Summer, 1990

Since 1998, Headwaters activists have enjoyed the campaign support of 3,000 steelworkers. This labor/green alliance led to combining forces at the WTO and to the permanent formation of the Alliance for Sustainable Jobs and the Environment.

Judi Bari's dream of unifying workers and environmentalists against the common enemy of Maxxam may be realized. The heart of Headwaters Forest may be saved, but activists are mobilizing right now to defend the Hole in Headwaters and other sacrifice zones like Rainbow Ridge and 4,000 acres of ancient Douglas fir in the Mattole and Bear River watersheds from the insatiable appetite of Maxxam. A ceaseless campaign of direct action and cutting-edge litigation brought Headwaters Forest national attention, and it will be this kind of on-the-ground activism that protects the last three percent of the ancient redwood forests.

Dana Stolzman was abducted during Redwood Summer and has never been able to fully escape the Emerald Triangle. She was locked down to a desk at EPIC for years and is now a lepidopterist.



photo by ©Doug Riley-Thron

In Owl Creek Grove, it is common to find the spotted owl, a protected species native to Headwaters.

Let It Stay Forever Wild:

BY KIMBERLY DAWN

(This interview originally appeared in the August-September 1996 issue of the *Earth First! Journal*.)

Peg Millett has been an Earth First! activist since the mid-1980s. In the late '80s she and four others were caught in the middle of an FBI sting operation. The Arizona Five, as they have become known, were arrested for conspiring to cut down a power line in 1989. After spending two and a half years in jail, Peg continues to be a powerful voice for the Earth First! movement through her singing and ongoing activism.

EF!J: Let's talk about Peg Millett, the early years.

PM: I was born in Flagstaff, Arizona, and raised in the suburbs of Scottsdale. I had a lot of turmoil in my home when I was young, and so I escaped into the desert and started relating to animals and plants. I liked to observe and study the natural world and went to the wild for solace, solitude and safety.

Before I went to college the second time I traveled around for about six years doing different jobs. I trained horses, worked in bars, as a fisherman, an apple picker. On my travels I always asked people, "What kind of tree is this and how much rainfall do you get here?" Nobody could tell me, and it frustrated me. So I went to Prescott College to learn about natural history. I wanted to become an educator of children so that kids would know how much rainfall there is and what kind of trees are around them and what kinds of animals live with those trees, etc. I was dumbfounded at how little respect we have for the natural world. Watching all this destruction was killing me. So I moved out to the woods with a fellow I hooked up with.

EF!J: When and how did you first get involved with Earth First!?

PM: I read an interview with Dave Foreman in *Mother Earth News* in 1984. I thought, "Holy shit! This guy is talking my language. How come I don't know about any of these people?" There was an address at the bottom that said you can find out more if you read the *Earth First! Journal*. So I wrote to the *Journal* and said please send me a copy. I immediately subscribed and read the whole thing from cover to cover. In that copy they announced the Round

River Rendezvous in Colorado in 1985. I thought, "I have to meet these people, I have to find out if this is real." From what I read, these people had a redneck mentality. They had this really caustic sense of humor. And I loved it, I totally related to it. I'm a redneck, and I have a wild, caustic sense of humor. Plus they were passionately committed to changing the way the world is going. So I felt an affinity. I felt really jacked up about that.



Peg Millett and friend

It just so happened that in 1979 I had gone to a Rainbow gathering. I had a good time. I met a lot of people. But I did not connect with anyone because we didn't have a common goal; everybody just went their own way. They were all doing love and peace, and I could walk around naked. It was wonderful to be able to do that.

I went to the Rendezvous with the idea that it might be like the Rainbow gathering in that I'd have a good time but I'd never really connect and I'd never want to be involved again. When I got there I camped way at the edge of camp. I didn't know anybody, but there was a bunch of people and they were all hob-nobbing and pallin' around. It was wonderful!

Then I started to get acquainted with people and went to the workshops. I went

to Howie Wolke's workshop on the Forest Service—I had been working as a Forest Service firefighter. I didn't agree with fire suppression, but I didn't know about the politics—I was very naive, in other words. I sat there in the workshop and asked, "What is with this BLM land swap?" Howie said, "It's a smokescreen and here's why," and he educated me.

EF!J: Did you stay involved after your first RRR?

PM: Yeah, partly because I really loved the action after the Rendezvous. When I discovered guerrilla theater, I discovered my calling. I volunteered to make signs for some stuff that we were doing in Arizona about uranium mining. It was just the beginning of the campaign for Mt. Graham.

I lived out in the woods without a phone, but I listed myself in the *Journal* as a contact. I wasn't well versed in researching or paper monkeywrenching or anything like that. I just got out there in front of the media, acting like a silly goose having a good time and doing banners and all that sort of thing.

EF!J: How did you first meet the players involved in the power lines action—Mike Fain, Ilse Asplund, Ron Fraser, Mark Davis and Mark Baker?

PM: I had met Mark Davis through the town grapevine. Ron Fraser, a paid FBI informant, moved into the trailer court that my friend, Ilse, was managing with her husband. I believe that was the spring of 1987. He began to become friends with her.

Fraser wanted me to drive with him to the Rendezvous in 1988, but I didn't want to because I wasn't comfortable around him at that time. I did end up taking a ride back from the Rendezvous with Mike Fain [an FBI agent] and Ron Fraser. In the meantime Mark Davis broached the subject of the ski lift action to me in 1987 after the RRR. I had never really focused like Mark wanted me to with him. I decided to do it because I wanted to see if it worked. I was experimenting.

EF!J: Could you please go into the plans of the ski lift actions?

PM: Yeah, it's over now. There's a ski lift on these peaks in northern Arizona that are seen as sacred land according to Hopi, Navajo and several other tribes around there. The people had been protesting, quietly and politely, to all the powers that

An Interview With Peg Millett

be about this ski lift for the past 50 years. Mark wanted to target it at the time because Congress was going to pay for a new paved road. It was a really nasty and stupid situation, and he wanted to bring attention to it.

We planned to cut the bolts on the pylons to the ski lift with a portable acetylene torch. The ski lift was under repair because it was between seasons—we had deliberately chosen that time of the year. We wrote hundreds of letters under the name of EMETIC, and sent them to media outlets the night of the action and afterwards. Then we went on top of the mountain and started cutting bolts. I don't know if the feds knew about it or not. They claimed they didn't. They allowed us to do several acts of vandalism in order to snag Dave Foreman 'cause they were really after him. They didn't give a dang about us. They wanted to associate him with us.

EFIJ: Tell us about how the FBI infiltrated your little group.

PM: Mark Davis was mainly involved with anti-nuke stuff. I was involved with that and Earth First! which is why I think they decided to use me as a point of entry—which worked. They did psychological profiles on many of us and sent me my very own FBI agent, Mike Fain. I met him at the Rendezvous in 1988 after I heard about him from Ron Fraser. After the Rendezvous my husband went off for a month fire fighting. I was alone in my house in the woods and Fain drives up and wants to know if I know anything about oil pumps or something ridiculous like that—then we went dancing. He was very clever. He did a very good job at getting my trust.

EFIJ: Did Fain or Fraser ever do anything to raise your suspicion?

PM: When Fain first showed up at my house after the Rendezvous, my husband was gone. We were having a nice visit, and by-golly for some reason we started talking about dancing. The country-western place is about 16 miles away, but it takes an hour to drive because it's on a really gnarly road. We were going to drive in his truck, and I notice it wasn't for the kind of terrain that we were living in. I thought it was very funny that this macho cowboy guy doesn't have a macho truck.

Later, after it's dark, we're walking back, and I'm wearing my little dancing shoes and my dancing dress. I always have a flashlight on me, but I didn't use it and at first he was a little disoriented. We're

walking along and all of a sudden I jumped—and I grabbed my flashlight and looked down to see what it was that had stung me. I noticed it was this big, long centipede, and I thought, "Wow, cool." I'm bending over to look at it when I noticed Fain was about to smash it. I pushed him over before he had a chance to do it. Then I looked at him and I thought it was so *weird*. I didn't understand why he would smash a centipede. That was a very major discrepancy in the way he portrayed himself to me and the way he was really acting. That was a *reaction* on his part. My reaction was to keep him off the centipede. It was very interesting, but I didn't pay attention to it. Those two things, the truck being very unsuitable and the centipede incident, were signs for me. They were red flags—red flags I ignored because I didn't want to deal with it. I wanted to believe what he wanted me to believe.

EFIJ: How did Mike Fain get involved with planning the downing of the power lines?

PM: It was getting to the point where we were about to do something, and Mike Fain was involved. It took a long time for people to develop a trust in him—but they

did it through me because *I* trusted him...

We chose the power lines going to a pump station, which were not nuclear power lines, but just a pump station on the Central Arizona Project (CAP) [which diverts water from the Colorado River to serve Tucson]. Fain was working real hard to get us to do something to the nuclear power plant. Mark didn't want to mess with that in the direction they were pushing it.

EFIJ: Why did you choose the power lines?

PM: We chose the power lines going to the CAP project because we knew that they would not be connected to any city. [We knew] that the power lines were connected to the pump station, and it would stop water from going uphill—and that would be all. We didn't like the CAP project—it's a dastardly defiance of nature. It was also in a remote area. We also just wanted a practice run to see if we could get away with it.

EFIJ: I understand that later you weren't as motivated to cut down the power lines.

PM: I began to lose interest because I was more interested in preserving sacred

continued on page 60



Peg (upper left) with not-so-inconspicuous looking FBI infiltrator Mike Fain (Tait) at the 1989 RRR.

photo by David Cross

EF! Gets Down (Under)

BY JOHN SEED

It might be that Earth First! became an global movement in 1981 when the *Journal*, then being edited by Dave Foreman, started to run my articles on the Nightcap campaign to save the rainforests on New South Wales (NSW). As luck would have it, my first article was all about the trials and tribulations of our blockade, the arrests and so on. By the time the next issue came out, we had won, and there was this great editorial about "our Aussie sisters and brothers leading the way." Foreman later told me that it was the story of the Nightcap success that inspired some EF! blockades in the US.

But maybe it all *really* started in 1983 when I commissioned Australian artist Benny Zable to paint an EF! banner for our Nightcap crew to bring down to Tasmania for the Franklin River campaign.

A different blockade, at Mt. Nardi, resulted not only in the creation of the Nightcap National Park, but also the simultaneous protection of most of NSW's rainforests. This led the Tasmanian Wilderness Society to invite us Nightcap blockers down to help them prepare their blockade to prevent the damming of the Franklin River, a dam which would have flooded the heart of the temperate rainforest wilderness in the southwest of that state. As it turned out, more than 3,000 folks showed up from all over the country for that gig. More than 1,500 were arrested, achieving front-page coverage in the days leading up to the Aussie federal elections of March 1983. Seeing the writing on the wall less than two weeks before the election date, the opposition Labour Party promised to stop the

dam if elected. At that point, most of us left Tasmania and fanned out to 11 marginal electorates around the country, where less than two percentage points separated the two major parties in opinion polls. Hundreds of people went from door to door in each of these electorates, every one of which swung to Labour. Bob Hawke's first grateful words when elected were, "The dam will not be built," and indeed it was not.

But where was I...? Oh yes, Benny's fateful banner was of a blue and white Earth on a black background, with Australia smack in the middle painted in aboriginal land rights colors of red, yellow and black with a rainbow-coloured "EARTH FIRST!" wrapped around the globe. (Yes, we were right from the start the hippie wing of the movement. When Foreman and Roselle invited me over in 1984 for a roadshow to launch the first US rainforest campaign, Foreman was real disappointed that I turned out to be a goddamn hippie. As we bumped around the US in his old VW bus, Roselle and me bouncing around in the back on all the garbage bags full of T-shirts, smoking reefers, Foreman, sitting up front with Cecelia Ostrow, would curse his luck that there were no cowboy rednecks like himself that wanted to save the planet, only damn hippies. His temper was not improved by an ulcer that meant he couldn't drink beer and had no choice but had to smoke dope like the rest of us. But I digress...)

Oh yes, I was talking about Benny's great Earth First! banner and the day I was arrested at the Franklin blockade in a mass arrest which included Bob Brown, the hero of the Franklin and the greenest,



Getting closer to the Earth—Aussie style

greatest Aussie federal senator. Anyway, when the arrest photo opportunity reared its ugly head, I whipped out the Earth First! banner and held it up. No one in Australia had heard of Earth First! yet, and everyone thought it was just a slogan. But I sent a copy to the *Journal* where it appeared on the front page along with news of our victory.

Anyway, like I said, this all led to me being invited over to do this first US rainforest roadshow in '84, and surely *this* was when Earth First! became an international movement. The boys picked me up off the plane in San Francisco, eyed me up and down and drove us straight over to a Goodwill store in Berkeley. I was supposed to be their rainforest expert, fer crysake, and didn't even have a pair of shoes!

It was the roadshow from hell, I remember so well—a jolly, saucy crew. Every night after the gig we'd drive to some sleazy motel. Roselle and I would hide in the back of the bus so Foreman could get a single room, and we'd all take turns sleeping on the floor. Then we'd be up at the crack of dawn with 600 miles to drive to our gig that night for 37 people in Salt Lake City or wherever.

Anyway, our last gig was in San Francisco and was a beauty. The event was organised by some joker named Randy Hayes, who was working out of a fledgling Earth Island Institute at the time on an indigenous directory or something. He had persuaded Gary Snyder and other poets, lunatics and luminaries to grace our show. Hippies came out from everywhere for the grandest finale we could possibly have hoped for, hundreds of folks. Gary read this great unfinished poem he wrote about Terania Creek, the little valley in the Nightcap Range where the first rainforest blockade in the universe roared forth in 1979. At the end of the evening Randy announced that he was going to start a Rainforest Action Network, as indeed he did.

Australian John Seed has been a staunch rainforest preservationist since before most people even heard of rainforests. He is the co-author of *Think Like a Mountain: Toward a Council of All Beings*, available from the Earth First! Journal.



The first Earth First! Navy, blockading the Franklin River in 1983

photos from the Earth First! Journal archive

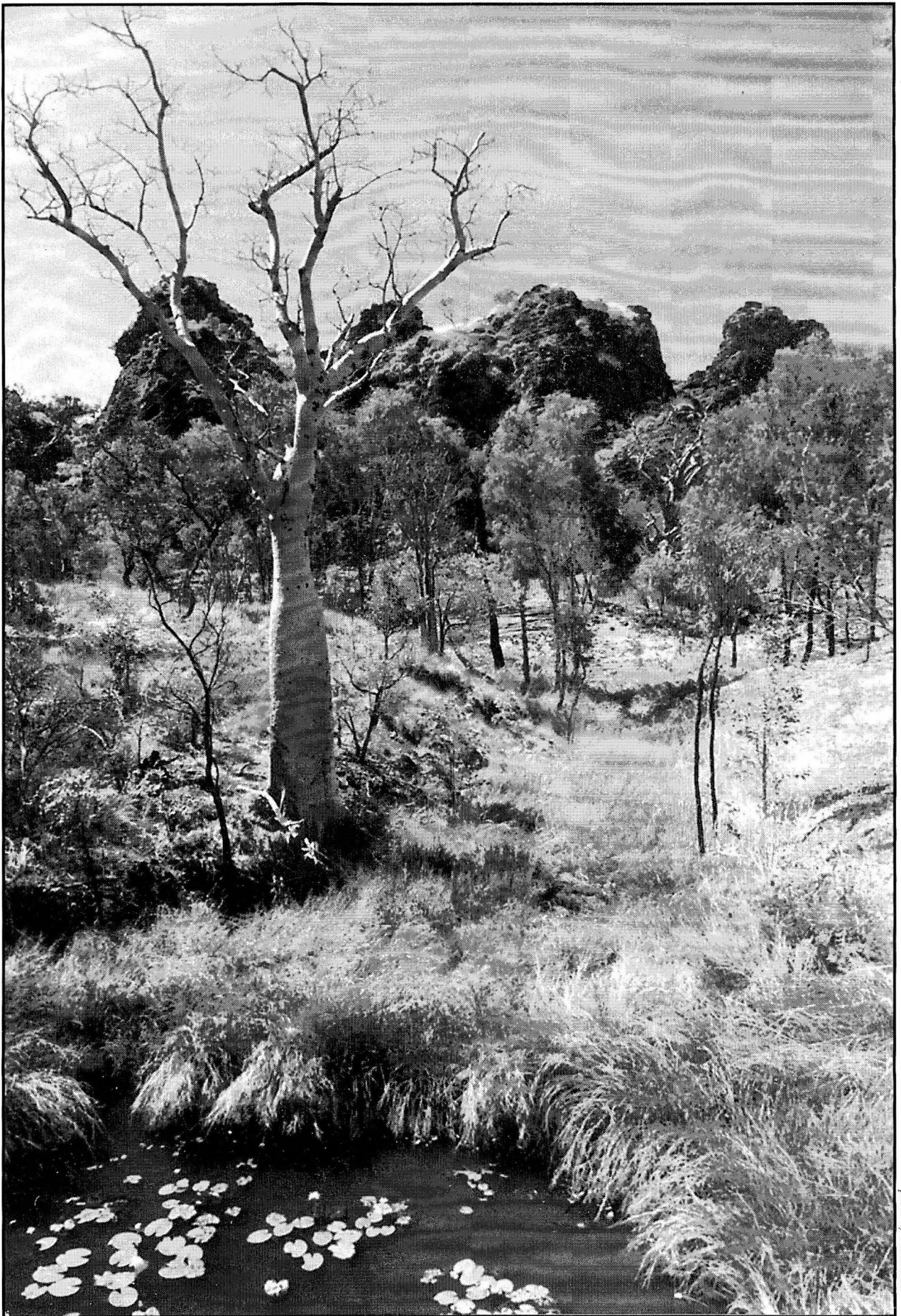


photo by Whitwind

Near Kununurra, Western Australia

Earth First! UK Style

BY DEREK WALL

Activists tried to close down work on Shawford and Oliver's Battery sites. Met with considerable violence: punches, kicks, groping of some women, use of industrial hose... By 11:30, numbers boosted to 400, activists outnumbered workers and security guards, work ceased at Oliver's battery. No work done for the rest of day. At 3:30 [...] 500 people marched into Winchester centre shouting and singing 'Earth First! Profits last!—No more roads.' Assembled in front of four Guardians of Winchester in turn—M.P.'s office, town hall, Cathedral and College. Bags of Twyford chalk dumped on doorsteps, letters delivered. Thirty-four Winchester College boys shouted 'you let Twyford Down!' at College Head.

—(DO OR DIE! 1993 2:10-11)

Earth First! was founded in the UK in 1991 by two disillusioned college students. Jason Torrance and Jake Burbridge had bought a book on Deep Ecology at a country fair, found the Earth First! address in the US and the rest as they say is history. For those of us who were part of the so-called radical green movement in Britain in the late 1980s and early 1990s, Earth First! turned everything upside down and inside out. It was a bolt from the blue. Within months we were D-locking ourselves to gates, sitting up trees, jumping in front of bulldozers and blocking rainforest timber ships. Burbridge and Torrance, like many of us, had been through the Green Party, Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth, getting progressively more depressed by the lack of action. A friend noted:

"I remember sitting in the refectory with Jake and Jason and they got this, this Earth First! newspaper from America and they were looking through it going, 'cor, this is great... have you seen this?' And there are all these nutty people on tripods trying to stop rainforest destruction and general forest destruction. What they were doing was really powerful just getting out there and physically stopping it from happening, um, and then telling people to wake up."

Burbridge and Torrance worked hard to make links with existing UK green networks, sending out letters to people in the peace movement, Green Student Network, the CND student network and the Green Party to see if anybody was interested in starting an Earth First! group.

The seeds of Earth First! UK can be traced back to a number of small groups and publications committed to no compromise defence of the planet. *Green Anarchist*, always a highly provocative and entertaining publication, emerged in the 1980s. Way back in 1970 Greenpeace London (GL), a group inspired by Greenpeace's early actions but quite separate from that emerging environmental multinational, started to mobilise. GL is of course best known for the McLibel case, in which two of its activists refused to be silenced by the burger baron. In the late 1980s, Chris Laughton, a physics graduate, who was later involved with *Green Anarchist*, traveled to the US and worked for Greenpeace International. Feeling that



photo by Nick Cobbing

Post-road Newbury without trees

Greenpeace was too hierarchical and moderate he got in touch with the *Earth First! Journal*. Laughton imported 50 copies of *Ecodefense* into the UK which were sold in radical bookshops. The manual soon sold out and was put to much good use.

Although a small EF! group was active in Edinburgh and cells of ecosaboteurs emerged in a number of localities, it was only with Burbridge and Torrance that a sustained network emerged. Their very first action involved a 50-person-strong blockade of Dungeness B, a vast and ugly nuclear power station. This area is one of the few really wild parts of southern England. The area contains the best example of a cusped foreland in the world, with over 600 species of flora and fauna.

Soon EF! groups were springing up all over the UK and taking action in defence of the world's forests. EF! UK activists joined up with EF!ers from the US and other radicals, traveling to Sarawak in Malaysia to prevent rainforest logging. Back in the UK during 1991 and 1992, EF! occupied ports and timber yards importing dead rainforest. The Timbmet occupation in

Oxford was particularly memorable. Approximately 400 of us got in before 6 a.m., halting work and taking complete control. Vehicle keys accidentally fell into drains, and a certain amount of sabotage was thought to have taken place. Activists played football with the workers, and a day of paid leave was negotiated for them. In fact, strong links between working class movements and EF! UK have been one of the strengths of the movement ever since.

EF!, though, was to make its biggest impact as part of the emerging anti-car movement. Reclaim the Streets events grew from little actions in Brighton and a blockade of London's Waterloo Bridge to huge street parties. Street parties are now held worldwide and people in cities all across the world are learning to take space back from the machine. One of the best street parties occurred in 1996 when 7,000 of us occupied several miles of motorway in central London.

This fucked off the police in a fairly major way, but there was nothing they could do. EF! has been most successful when it has been able to mobilise very large numbers of people and/or use innovative tactics that take the authorities by surprise.

Kicking off at Twyford Down in Hampshire in 1992, where the M3 motorway now sadly scars the hill, EF! became part of a mass movement against road building. Camps were set up at dozens of different planned motorways and trunk roads. Alas, with the exception of one at Guildford, they were all built, but the road-building policy was so bitterly opposed and became so unpopular that the John Major government was forced to cancel dozens of other schemes. Again, thousands of activists were involved. For example, at Newbury during the mid-1990s, up to 30 camps packed with protesters existed at any one time.

EF! has been involved with dozens of other campaign issues including animal liberation, international solidarity, peace, quarries and building on greenfield sites. In 1995 EF!ers campaigned for Mumia Abu-Jamal, occupying the Disney store in London's Regent Street with Anarchist Black Cross and targetted the American Express offices in Brighton. In 1996 MOVE's Ramona Africa took part in a UK road show supported by EF!, amongst other networks.

Genetic actions have been important at the turn of the millennium with numerous crop sites being trashed either publicly during mass rallies or secretly by unknown individuals undertaking night work. For example, in July 1999 the media reported how 150 genetically modified trees had been destroyed by anonymous saboteurs at the Zeneca agricultural research centre near Bracknell, Berkshire.

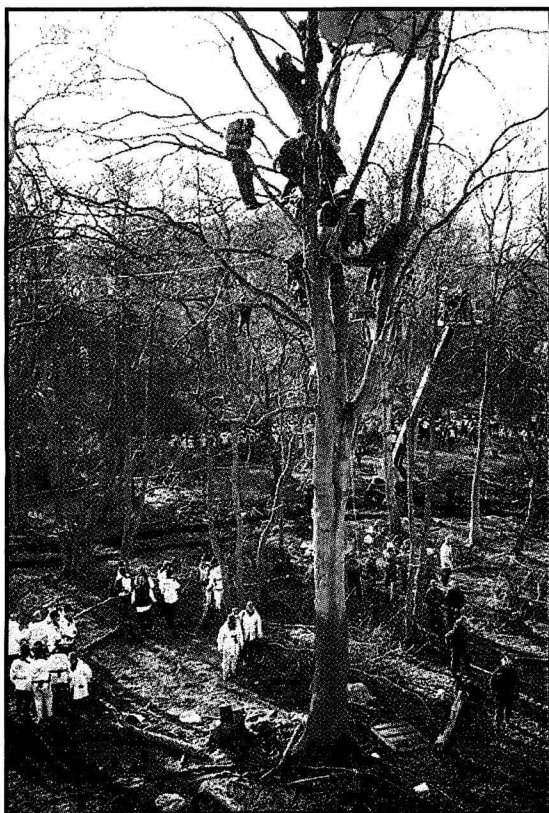
EF! has increasingly come to emphasize the importance of anti-capitalism. EF!ers understand that our economic system is a giant machine adept at turning living nature into dust. The

central metaphor of Kurt Vonnegut's novel *Cat's Cradle* is often used by EF!ers to explain the dangers of capitalism. In Vonnegut's satirical tale, the US Marines make use of "ice nine" a special form of ice that turns the water it comes into contact with into more ice. The authorities aim to use it to bridge difficult river crossings during foreign military adventures. Eventually the whole planet freezes. Ice nine is a potent symbol for capital that turns everything it touches into more dead capital. Poetic protest against capital is now global. The UK anti-capitalist street parties in the financial heart of London on June 18, 1999, caused considerable disquiet to city institutions. November 30 saw solidarity actions with those of us who mobilised in Seattle against the WTO.

EF! here, like EF! in other parts of the world, does not have offices, membership cards or hierarchy. It is a loose network and part of a wide anarchistic, dynamic movement for do-it-yourself direct action in Britain. At times it seems almost invisible. Yet EF! has been able to kick off what has seemed like a tidal wave of action. The annual EF! gathering attracts hundreds of key activists, and the *EF! Action Update* is a monthly digest of planned action. *Do or Die!*, an annual booksize review produced by EF!ers, is also widely read.

EF! UK is very definitely part of a global movement, so why not get over here and help resist the UK government's latest plans for motorway building or help us give UK genetic planters a shake.

Derek Wall is a green activist and author of Earth First! and the Anti-roads Movement (1999). He doesn't like capitalism or McDonald's. He does like Mumia, MOVE and mayhem. He has both a mortgage and a criminal record.



Pre-road Newbury with trees





artwork by R. Crumb

BY KEN SLEIGHT

This article originally appeared in the August-September 2000 edition of The Canyon Country Zephyr.

From its inception, Earth First! has been a unique, direct action, monkeywrenching and joyously odd group. Its journal has become a forum for the no compromise environmental movement. But increasingly some of its members feel that it and the movement may not be radical enough.

But like most environmental groups, Earth First! is in the process of re-evaluating itself.

And in pondering the ways and means, I remember well the formative years of Earth First!.

Edward Abbey had already published his *Desert Solitaire: A Season in the Wilderness* in 1968, and the book was a huge success. Then in 1975, he wrote and published *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. On reading his manuscript, I knew he had another winner.

This perhaps set the stage for future activism as many persons became admirers and devotees of Abbey because of his writings. And many took their own course and created a movement that included monkeywrenching and direct action activities. This is not new; the Luddites showed them how.

Earth First! (at first there was no exclamation point attached to the name) came out with its first newsletter on November 1, 1980. Dave Foreman sent me a copy and outlined the vision of the new group:

"No more dams! And while were at it, let's tear a few down (like Glen Canyon and Hetch Hetchy for openers).

"We will not make political compromises. Let the other outfits do that. EARTH FIRST will set forth the pure, hard-line, radical position of those who believe in the Earth first."

"Lobbying, lawsuits, magazines, press releases, outings and research papers are fine. But they are not enough. EARTH FIRST will use them, but we will also use

Harkening Back to the

demonstrations, confrontations, and more creative tactics and rhetoric. It's time to be passionate. It's time to be tough.

"The core of the EF Platform is a national system of ecological preserves... Within each preserve the developments of man will be obliterated and the area will be returned to nature. Each preserve will be large enough to function as a complete ecosystem with all known components reintroduced where applicable (bison, wolf, grizzly, etc.)."

The platform listed some 39 preserves. One of those selected was a 10-million-acre Escalante Preserve, which would include parks, monuments, national forests and BLM lands around the Colorado River in southeast Utah. "Lake Powell will have to go but a portion of the dam should remain standing as a monument to man's stupidity."

It further called for no nukes, dismantling all existing nukes, no uranium mining, no strip mining, no more power plants (fossil fuel, nuke, hydroelectric), no more dams, no more roads on public lands and a complete ban on recreational use of off-road vehicles (ORVs).

Earth First! started with a "select list of eco-radicals" who ran the outfit, chartered local affiliates, approved membership applications and set policy. The initial "circle" included my good friends, Dave Foreman, Bart Koehler, Susan Morgan, Mike Roselle and Howie Wolke.

The group had no officers or other hierarchical structure. It was not incorporated; it did not have special mailing privileges, did not have tax-exemption for contributions and did not have a constitution or bylaws. The group did "encourage individual or ad hoc group creative action by our members and sympathizers."

Regarding dams, the initial circle proposed dismantling many of them. "Like pimples on a chocolate-eating teenagers face, dams and other destructive water projects keep popping up across the landscape... It's time to start tearing down a few!... We will zero in on the most awful of them all: Glen Canyon Dam and Lake Foul."

During this period, the Sagebrush Rebellion was proceeding at a fast clip. James Watt, the great nemesis, had been chosen as Secretary of the Interior. The circle believed that "the actual

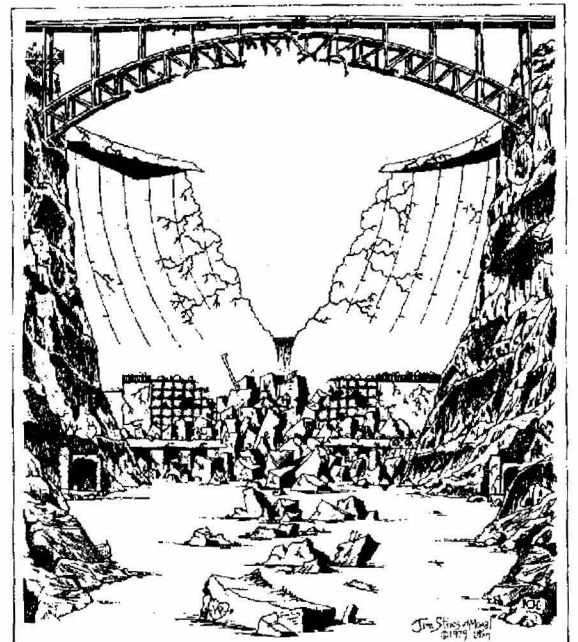
purpose of the Sagebrush Rebellion was to emasculate the Bureau of Land Management and return to the old "Bureau of Livestock and Mining days."

EF! demanded that "the Grand County [Utah] Commissioners who sent the flag-flying bulldozer into a BLM wilderness study area on July 4 be personally prosecuted under all applicable laws. These yahoos belong in jail. BLM, with its tail tucked between its legs (it doesn't even have a tail in Utah), did essentially nothing to prevent the incursion and now is doing little to redress the crime. As long as these demagogues [sic] remain unpunished, every cretin in the West who fancies him or herself a politician will consider similar action." The circle suggested "that lovers of the West consider individual action in response to the Sagebrush Ripoff. If you need inspiration, read *The Monkey Wrench Gang*."

Action was swift. A spring equinox celebration was held at the Glen Canyon Dam on March 20-22. Ed Abbey was the featured speaker and Johnny Sagebrush the featured musician.

On March 21, six Earth First!ers drove to a locked gate on an access road to Glen Canyon Dam. They hefted a 100-pound bundle over the fence, and four men and a woman carried it 400 yards to the center of the dam while some 75 Earth First!ers watched from the Colorado River Bridge.

Throwing the bundle over the edge of the dam, 300 feet of black plastic—taper-



GLEN CANYON DAM
by Jim Stiles

Formative Years

ing from 12 to two feet in width and held together by 700 feet of rope and 1,000 feet of duct tape—cascaded down the face of the dam. It created the wonderful impression of a crack growing in the concrete dam.

On the bridge the protesters held signs that read, "Damn Watt, Not Rivers" and "Let it Flow." At the parking lot Abbey spoke about the rape of the West, the cleansing of the Earth and the freeing of the rivers.

"And they took it away from us," Abbey said. "The politicians of Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and Colorado—in cahoots with the land developers, city developers, industrial developers of the Southwest—stole this treasure from us in order to pursue and promote their crackpot ideology of growth, profit and power. Growth for the sake of power, power for the sake of growth... Oppose. Oppose the destruction of our homeland by these alien forces from Houston, Tokyo, Manhattan, Washington DC and the Pentagon. And if opposition is not enough, we must resist. And if resistance is not enough, then subvert."

The Park Service Police and county officers then arrived to hustle Dave Foreman and Howie Wolke away for questioning while Johnny Sagebrush continued leading the group in singing: "Watt Went A Courtin'," "Were You There When They Built Glen Canyon Damn?" and "This Land is Your Land."

Interest in EF! continued. On July 3-5, 1981, the first Round River Rendezvous took place at the BLM river put-in campsite on the Colorado River, 22 miles upstream from Moab. Offered was a camp out, river running, swimming, cookouts and lots of booze. Pets were to remain at home. The leaders cautioned against bringing Coors beer and buying Texaco products. Musical instruments and American flags were encouraged.

A flyer touted a Sagebrush Patriot Rally at Panorama Point in Arches National Park on July 4:

Join Earth First! and Ed Abbey in celebrating the American wilderness. Featuring Ed Abbey, Ken Sleight, Johnny Sagebrush, Dave Foreman, Artful Goodtimes and a host of other unsavory characters!

And the circle organized the "Great Earth First! Road Show" featuring songs by Johnny Sagebrush (Bart Koehler), speeches by Dave Foreman, all coordinated by Karen Tanner. The show came to Moab in November, 1981, and was performed on the upstairs floor of the Poplar Place.

Following this up, Foreman compiled a

book of essays, *Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*. "For entertainment only," the book details how to put earth-moving equipment out of commission and how to devise other procedures to safeguard the Earth.

In April 1983, Earth First! joined in the fight against the construction of a nuclear waste dump next to Canyonlands National Park, threatening a human blockade if the Department of Energy ever began work on an exploratory shaft.

And a short time later, on May 18-19, 1983, Earth First! protested the observance of the 20th anniversary of Lake Powell, leading to a showdown with Interior Secretary James Watt, the keynote speaker at a Page, Arizona, luncheon.

While Earth Firsters protested, a press conference was held in the afternoon by the National Park Service, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Dell E. Webb Recreational Properties and other dignitaries aboard a tour boat. Special invitations had been given to the press and to numerous travel editors—a stacked deck. Then the activists did their thing.

This increased radical environmentalism hasn't always set right with mainstream environmental groups who merely lean on conventional forms of negotiation and persuasion. Earth First! oversteps the boundary of legal means, they say. Earth First! counters that the opposition, most often the government backed by corporate interests, are themselves out to destroy the very environment to which some mainstream groups only pay lip service. When all attempts at negotiation and persuasion fail, when the Earth, God's creation, is being raped and destroyed as was

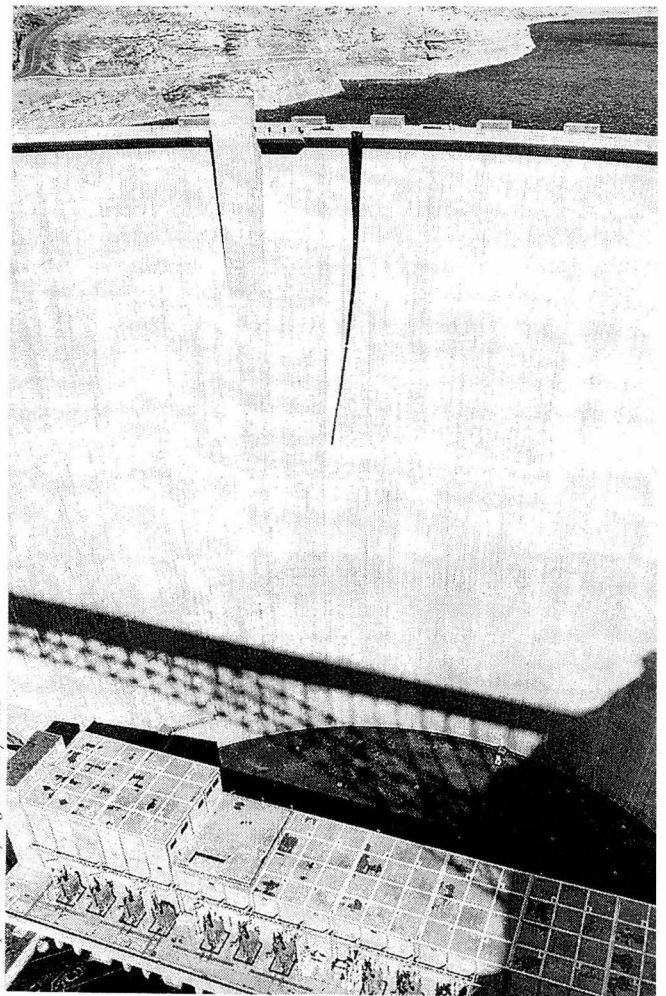


photo courtesy High Country News

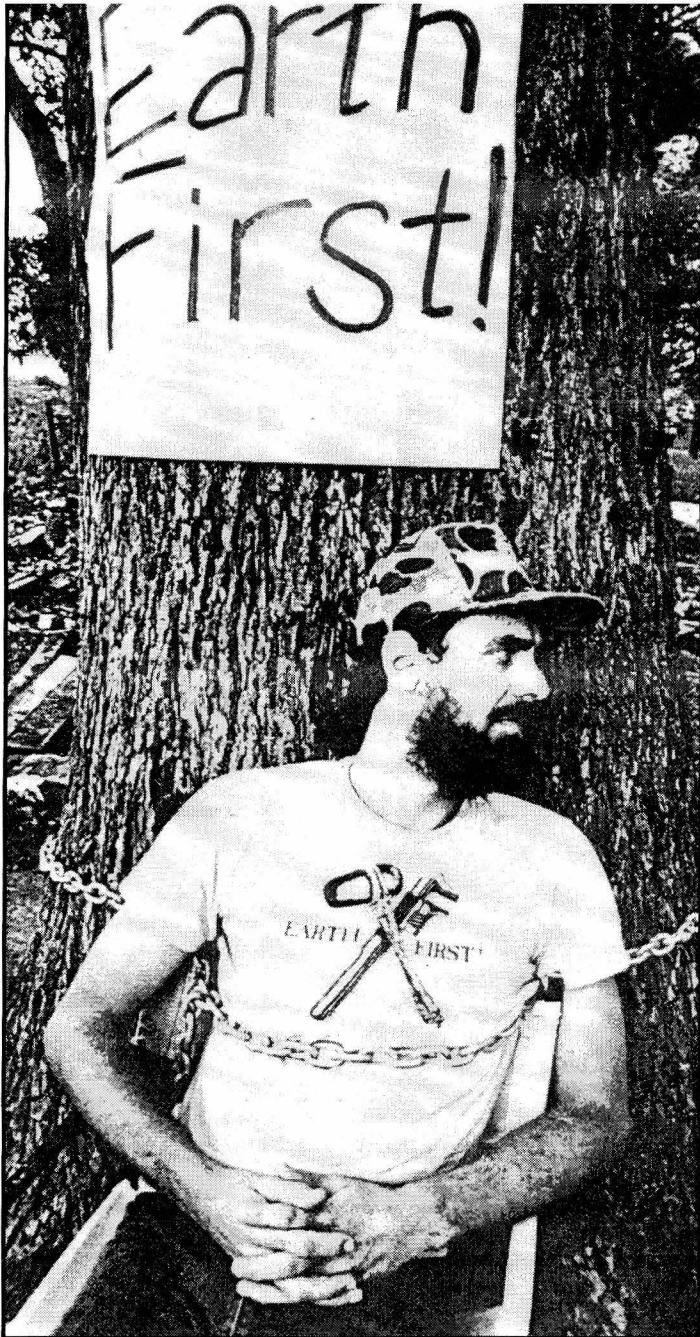
Earth First! "cracked" the Glen Canyon Dam in 1981.

done in Glen Canyon, what alternatives are left? War?

Hail to Earth First! in its first 20 years. May it do well in its next hundred.

Ken Sleight has been an environmental activist in southeastern Utah for over 40 years. His good friend, the late Edward Abbey, based the character Seldom Seen Smith in The Monkey Wrench Gang on Ken.





Residents of East Austin's Boggy Creek watershed called Austin EF! on October 10, 1985, when bulldozers started clearing huge pecan trees for a Corps of Engineers "flood control" project. Although the activists' efforts only saved a small fraction of the trees in the area, the action helped put EF! on the local political map as a force to be reckoned with.

BY COYOTE

Austin, Texas, 1984. It was the beginning of the end of a once-beautiful oasis of liberal thought and scenic beauty in polluted right-wing Texas. But trouble was brewing. Developers were revving up to double the size of the capital city in short order. Plans for new highways, subdivisions, bridges and skyscraper office towers were in the works. The corrupt city council dutifully approved most anything that came before it. It was not the 1984 envisioned by George Orwell, but with Ronald Reagan as president and Bill Clements as governor, things felt pretty bad.

The local Sierra Club was increasingly compromised. A citizen ballot initiative in 1982 that sought to stop the extension of a major freeway was led by a grassroots group,

Earth First!

the Zilker Park Posse. The club stood by and watched the spunky posse get whipped.

The golden-cheeked warbler and black-capped vireo, birds that nest in the juniper woodlands west of town, had been added to the endangered species list because their habitat was rapidly being destroyed for subdivisions. The "Houstonization of Austin" became an anti-sprawl rallying cry for the few who showed up to rally.

A few bright spots offered hope. The talented eco-folk musician Bill Oliver popularized concern for habitat protection and disdain for the dreaded condominium. Dallas lawyer and forest warrior Ned Fritz railed against clearcutting in the East Texas piney woods. The body had a pulse, but it was weak. Something needed to be done. But what?

Meanwhile, in a rundown neighborhood near the University of Texas, a couple sat one day in a porch swing gazing out at the parking lots and traffic jams, feeling frustrated. One student, a bearded redneck from Arkansas, had been thinking about his exasperating experience trying to motivate the Sierra Club. Next to him sat a bright-eyed, pixieish blonde woman from Galveston with an infectious laugh.

While wracking their brains, the redneck reminisced about the good old days back in 1981 when he had been a member of an activist Sierra Club group back in Arkansas' Ozark Mountains. Once, a pair of bearded rednecks had come through town pushing a message that environmentalists had to stand up for what they believed in and not compromise their principles. These two scruffy militants went by the names Digger and Johnny Sagebrush. They had been a bit over the top, but their group had the kind of message that seemed to be just what was needed to shake up Austin's political scene.

There had been some occasional, tantalizing news reports from distant, exotic-sounding places like Glen Canyon Dam, Salt Creek Wilderness, the Bisti Badlands and the Wind River Mountains. These militants had made a name for themselves protesting and demonstrating for the Earth. Now that was something the Sierra Club would never do! But would they want anything to do with Texas college students? Concluding that there was nothing to be lost by trying, our intrepid young activist wannabes set about tracking down the self-styled "rednecks for wilderness" who called their group Earth First!

It took a few days, but the Austinites finally succeeded in obtaining a telephone number in Chico, California. Not knowing what they were getting into, the pair dialed. A gruff, cracking voice answered. It was Digger Dave. "Well, sure, I think you should start your own group," he drawled.

"But does it cost anything? Do we have to have bylaws and seek permission from the national office to do things?" they asked.

"Oh hell no, we don't have any rules; you guys just go out and do whatever you think needs to be done to save the planet," was the reply.

Stunned, the pair looked at each other. "No rules?" They grinned. They'd found what they'd been looking for.

Within days an activist team had been recruited. Actions were planned. Things were happening! Protests against the \$4-billion Texas Water Plan made statewide news. Regional organizing work to fight logging in designated and proposed wilderness areas in the national forests in East Texas grew into a sustained campaign that made headlines for years. Battling the cancerous spread of housing tracts across warbler habitat and sensitive underground cave recharge zones, EF! made the

Makes its Mark in Texas

pollution of Austin's world-famous Barton Springs equivalent in the eyes of many in Central Texas to calling the heroes of the Alamo wimps. When yahoos came to town to conduct their hideous "rattlesnake roundups"—where unmentionable things are done to innocent snakes—EF! was there blocking their paths with the increasingly ubiquitous bicycle lock and a smile.

One of the defining moments of Austin's recent political history was largely the result of EF! organizing: the "Save Our Springs" campaign. A marathon, all-night city council meeting in which hundreds of people testified for protection of the watershed led to a resounding "Yes!" by the normally pro-development council.

And when EF! Austin wasn't out on the frontlines taking on the challenges that all other environmentalists said were lost causes—and winning, in many instances—it knew how to get out and enjoy the planet it lived to save. There were the infamous hot tub parties held in the courtyard of Texas' only clothing-optional apartment complex, and the occasionally excessive consumption of pre-yuppie-era Shiner Bock beer. Entropy House became a local legend, with the local Sierra Club leader as landlord and the native plants in the frontyard infuriating the city lawn cops.

Over the course of the next two years, EF! Austin grew from an idea into one of the best-known and most-hated environmental groups in the great state of Texas. Strong, uncompromising advocacy, coupled with creativity, humor and utter disrespect for the forces of darkness bent on destroying the Earth, set the group apart from their more staid colleagues in the Travis Audubon Society and the Sierra Club Lone Star Chapter. And the general public knew who to call when they needed something done.

The role of EF! Austin in shaping the recent environmental history of central Texas cannot be understated. It put Austin on the map as a center of grassroots environmental activism, and put developers on notice that they were not going to find the going easy, as they did in Dallas and San Antonio. It's safe to say that an entire generation of activists in Texas—and certainly an entire generation of developers—has had some opportunity to work with EF! Austin. And an entire generation of Barton Springs lovers, consumers of Austin's drinking water and bird watchers all owe EF! Austin their gratitude.

What happened to the early Austin EF!ers, and where are they now? Here's a brief sampling of the whereabouts of just a few of the gang: A curly-haired guy founded an advocacy group for wolf reintroduction in the Rockies. A high-profile EF! woman got her PhD and went to work for a science-oriented wilderness advocacy group founded by Digger Dave himself. Another woman who founded the memorable "bellydancers for biodiversity" went on to fame and

fortune as a board member of the *EF! Journal* (imagine that). A bearded redneck from East Texas (not the bearded redneck from Arkansas) became a legend in his own time when the Forest Service cut down a tree with him still in it. He's immortalized in a classic Bill Oliver campfire song. One troglodytically inclined EF!er went to work as a biologist studying and defending the oft-maligned yet inconspicuous cave fauna. A clean-shaven redneck became a historian. And then there were those who passed on to another corner of paradise, beloved members of the clan sadly taken from us by accidents and untimely illnesses. They will be missed for many years to come.

And what about that couple in the porch swing? The woman is now proud owner of an herbal magic store, and the redneck is rumored to be off somewhere in the canyon country trying to take down a dam, *the Dam...* Glen Canyon Dam.

As for me, well I'm Coyote. I've been around but kept pretty quiet all these years. Y'all may hear some more from me in the future. But for now, well, I'll just wander off, back into the oak woods of the Texas Hill Country. The development machine has geared up again to a high-pitched whine. It's getting so's a self-respectin' coyote can't even find a place to howl anymore. Think I'll try to round up a few of my friends, get a group together and go fight the bastards... before it's all gone.

Coyote is a native of the East Texas Piney Woods region. He has expanded his range far and wide to the west, and was last seen along Devils River near Loma Alta, Texas, making plans to drain Amistad Reservoir.



photo by Barbara Dugally

On October 21, 1986, Texas Earth First! went toe-to-toe with the Forest Service in the Four Notch area of East Texas' Sam Houston National Forest. Using the excuse of "Southern pine beetle infestation," the Freddie's were in the process of pulverizing 2,600 acres of pine forest using a giant, 52-ton tree crusher, "Godzilla," to be followed by burning with napalm, and replanting as a pine plantation. Austin EF!er Bugis Cargis jumped on top of Godzilla, and in the first-ever lockdown of this sort, secured his neck to the machine with a U-lock, stopping it for more than 24 hours. This move, as well as the Freddie's cutting down trees with EF!ers in them, brought a huge amount of media attention to Forest Service practices, and precipitated a stop order from the state attorney general. Tragically, on January 1, 1987, Bugis lost his life in a car accident. His action at Four Notch was immortalized in Bill Oliver's song, "Bugis and the Beast."



photo by Kurt Jensen

Tree-to-tree travel at the Watch Mountain land swap in Washington's Gifford Pinchot NF. We won this one!

BY SPRIG

This article first appeared in the April-May 2000 edition of the EFJ.

One night in 1985, Ron Huber and Mike Jakubal were sitting around a campfire disconcerted that the traditional, short-lived blockade was the only action in the works to stop the logging of 700-1000-year-old trees by Willamette Industries. Jakubal was a rock climber, and somewhere in that late night conversation he and Huber dreamt up a way to sustain a perch 80 feet up in a Douglas fir. Within days an affinity group from Cathedral Forest Action made it a reality. Loggers came to work one morning to find Jakubal on his platform, prepared for a week-long standoff in the unit. The unit was part of an area locally known as Millennium Grove in Oregon's Willamette National Forest, east of Sweet Home.

Surprisingly, the debut of this innovative tactic didn't hold the

Forest Service and Willamette Industries off long. After lunch they started felling trees as close as 20 feet from his platform. At the end of the workday, they had cut every tree except for the one he was sitting in. The loggers did their dirty deed and then went home, or so Jakubal thought. Probably the first person to witness the massacre of a forest 80 feet up, Jakubal "quietly climbs down to inspect the shattered remains of the once mighty trees. He sits on a fresh stump. A Freddy lunges out from behind a bush, tells him to stop, falls flat on his face, gets up and arrests [Jakubal]," recounts an old, yellowed edition of the EFJ.

Treesitting as a tactic has evolved tremendously since the first treesit in North America. They set the first sit by spurring up the tree. Today, sitters girth trees or free climb to set the first line. Later that summer of 1985, sitters started to tie in to other trees in the Millenium Grove, creating the first small village of about five to six activists.



photo by Kurt Jensen

The crazy view down, down, down at Fall Creek in Oregon's Willamette NF.

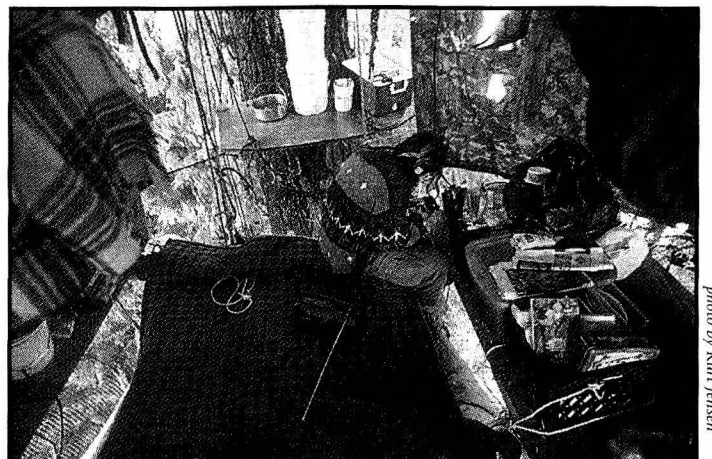


photo by Kurt Jensen

A day in the life at Fall Creek, up where the murrelets nest.

to save forests from our kind



photo by Kurt Jensen

Treesitters investigate a curious photographer at Fall Creek in Oregon.

The evolution of the tree villages of today came out of the road wars in England beginning in 1994. The Whitecroft Woods in Lancashire hosted the first modern-day tree village in beech trees 60 feet up.

In 1996, using the arboreal technology developed in the road wars in England, the Owl Creek tree village at Headwaters in Northern California was the first US manifestation of the long-term upper canopy encampments that we see today. In 1997, the Love Pod was another highlight in treesitters' history. It was the first wrap-around treesit, roomy enough for six, or perhaps more. These tactics continued to thrive throughout the late '90s and into 2000.



photo by Kurt Jensen

When you face down fear (don't look down!) the campfire songs make more sense.

In a show of solidarity, a coalition of treesit/direct action forest campaigns has formed under the name Canopy Action Network. Sharing our collective knowledge and energy, like branches reaching out, we will fill in those holes that have been cut into the forest canopy and make our green corridors stronger. Treesitters and forest activists around the world send us your information and link up to the universal carabiner. Sometimes the web of life needs to be tied up with truck rope.

For more information, contact (888) pickaxe; pickaxeprod@igc.org; www.pickaxe.org/links.html.



photo by Brett Cole

This is Bunchgrass Ridge in Oregon's Willamette NF. This is why we move to the forest and sit in trees. No deals and no compromise!

Getting Arrested: A Citizen's Guide

BY RAMON

The Citizen's Guides sprinkled throughout this magazine are offered on the assumption that more so-called "everyday people" will become treehuggers in the future. Here's the logic:

A) When the natural order of things is The Natural Order of Things, treehugging is unnecessary.

B) The value of any resource increases as it disappears.

C) When the natural order of things threatens to become the Unnatural Order of Things, treehugging becomes very necessary indeed.

The "resource" in this case is wilderness. Pristine forest. Backcountry. The Big Outdoors. You know: the place where the hand of man never sets foot. And the "value" isn't economic. It isn't social. It isn't political. You know what it is.

So, get on the bandwagon early; adopt a favorite forest that's being, or is about to be, nuked by logging and go hug a tree or two. But first...

A) Quit your lame job.

B) Divest yourself of all your possessions. This will insure that any lawsuits brought against you by timber companies result in hollow victories. If you don't have it, they can't get it. Giving all your stuff away is simple once you put your mind to it, and your friends will enjoy the windfall, at least until it becomes their turn to do the same. The most difficult items to give away will be your TV sets: every family already has four.

C) Choose your law-enforcement jurisdiction carefully unless you plan a hunger strike while in jail. A few California counties offer fairly tasty vegetarian fare as an option to their regular menu, and some Idaho lock-ups serve fresh game that actually might not be roadkill. Other jails will give you nothing but baloney and

mayo on white, but usually will hold the baloney if you swear you're a Hindu.

D) Trim your nails the day before the planned bust; jailers (sorry: "correctional officers") won't allow you to do it while under their care. Suicide watch, presumably, although it's hard to visualize how you could kill yourself with a set of nail clippers. Very slowly, one assumes.

E) Dress warmly. You might be chained to that tree for hours while the authorities figure out what to do with you. If you plan to get busted with a buddy (and you should), choose one with considerable body mass and stay to leeward if it gets windy.

F) It sometimes improves relations with the arresting officers if your support team brings coffee to the site of your treehug. But don't *you* drink any because...

G) ...you'll have to pee and your arms are going to be chained around that tree, remember? Best bet: go beforehand, forget the coffee, and wear Depends just in case.

H) Treehugging should be done early in the week. If you go to jail on a Friday you'll look at bars all weekend as well as have to share your cozy cell (designed for six) with a dozen or more belligerent drunks. Worse, weekend press releases tend to disappear into a media black hole even if you're the CEO of IBM.

I) Speaking of media coverage (known as "ink"), it's best to prepare your own press releases in advance. Don't trust them to that nice young man who just graduated from college. He can't spell.

J) While being handcuffed, hold your hands loosely behind your back. If the arresting officer says he's going to double-lock them, don't panic; he's doing you a favor. Double-locking

prevents them from tightening around your wrists as you squirm around in the police van trying to scratch your nose.

K) Resist that temptation to go on a hunger strike. Nobody cares. This is America, the Land of Plenty, and people will think you're nuts for not eating free food even if it is those baloney sandwiches.

L) Tell your loved ones in advance that the only phone calls allowed in most jails are *outgoing* calls, and they must be made collect. What they will hear when they answer the phone will be a series of mysterious clicks followed by a recorded, very stern, male voice: "You have a collect call from a correctional facility. If you accept the call, press one." If not alerted to this, your 10-year-old might just hang up and forget about it. And no, you can't phone for a pizza.

M) Finally, never, *never* call cops "Fuzz." Trust me on this one.

Note: As you repeat this procedure down through the years, keep one thing in mind: going to jail for trees is like sex... if you can remember the number of times you've done it, you haven't done it enough times.



Protecting the natural Order of Things. It's bison rather than trees in this case, but you get the point.

Photo by Matt McGovern-Rowan

I Turned
into a

TEENAGE EARTH FIRST!ER

Growing up in the Movement

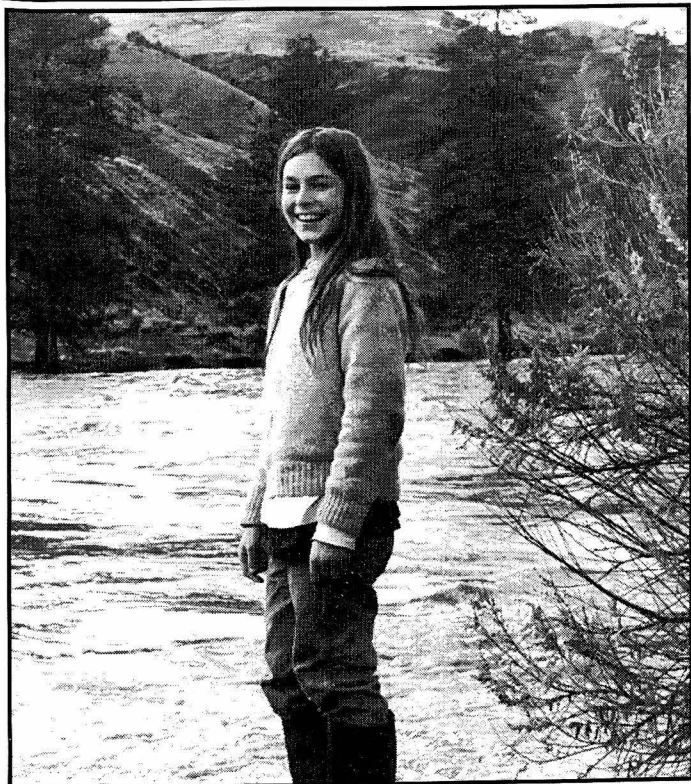


photo by Karen Coulter

The author at the John Day River at flood stage in 1996

BY SASHA COULTER CALLIES

I attended my first Round River Rendezvous in 1988 at age three. This one stands out in my memory over the other seven that I have attended because of the post-Rondy action at the Okanogan Ranger Station. My memory of this event is very hazy, but I remember that my mom and dad were brutally arrested and that I was really scared. I am told that the reason I was scared was that I saw police dogs being used to arrest my mom, and that my dad handed me to a friend moments before he too was hauled away. I am upset that I can't really remember this because he died shortly thereafter. I also remember that I had to stay with friends while my parents were in jail, and that someone talked to me about my fear of the police. This probably helped me a lot, as my fear of the police is no more intense than anyone else's in the movement. I consider the Okanogan action to be my first demonstration although I am told I was at three Greenpeace actions before I was a year old.

Since 1988, I have been to seven more Rendezvous, Cove/Mallard, Warner Creek, Watch Mountain, Fall Creek and multiple actions. Throughout this time it could be said that I was "growing up in the movement," as the first house I can remember was a Seattle crash house and the next two places where I have lived have been EF! landtrusters. My mom, Karen Coulter, has also been very involved and overworked as an EF! activist for as long as I can remember.

Throughout the time I have been involved with the movement, I have seen more than the rowdiness and drunkenness that might be considered a problem for a kid growing up in EF!. There are problems with being raised in this type of environment. Everyone is often stressed out and depressed, for while we do have our victories, we are

fighting an uphill battle and have more losses than wins. Another major problem is the absence of kids my age. I personally consider this to be the worst problem as I have lived most of my life homeschooled in an isolated part of Eastern Oregon. While growing up around weird EF!ers could be said to make you grow up faster, it also makes you cynical and hard to relate to for people your own age.

Of course there are benefits to growing up in Earth First!, such as the sense of community it provides. The reason that people form such things as bridge clubs or comics conventions is, I believe, to be a part of a greater community—something our movement does much better. It's nice to know our form of community's purpose is to do something more important than learning a new form of macramé! Other pro's of growing up with our happy riffraff is the added knowledge of all things nature-wise, as well as diverse social interactions. Many city kids I know are unlikely to have a lot of conversations with grownups that are more than social niceties, while I consider a conversation on forest ecology or the physics of a tripod to be meaningful. Another plus to growing up in EF! is that kids who have not grown up in the movement are likely to be taken aback by our wonderful chaos, since city life is based on privacy and cleanliness, both of which our movement throws into happy reckless abandon.

You might be wondering why growing up in the movement is such an important issue to warrant this article. Besides being asked to write on this subject, I consider this to be important because of the high rate of burnout in older activists. While I can't guarantee that your kids will grow up to be just like me when they're fifteen (that's a good thing), I do imagine that they will be more receptive to EF! issues if they are brought up in our culture. All in all, I think that growing up in the movement is a good thing as it gives kids cool people to be around, important issues to work on, and, in the long run, could make them into better people. Have fun and keep up the fight!

Sasha Coulter Callies is an EF! magician based in Eastern Oregon.

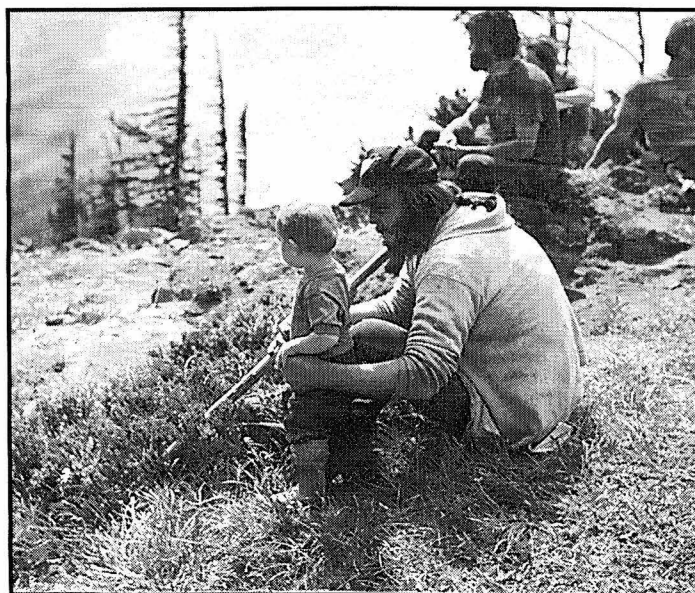


photo by Karen Coulter

Sasha with his father, activist George Callies, at a 1987 regional EF! rendezvous in Washington's Olympic Mountains

Livin' Like a Griz: An Interview

BY JOSH LAUGHLIN

My co-worker here, Frog, got the ball rolling on this one. She knew this guy with some grizzly bear history, Doug Peacock, from a brief run-in at an environmental conference in Boise, Idaho, and figured he'd make a solid contribution to the 20th anniversary issue. About the time she initiated an interview, I randomly got my hands on his book *Grizzly Years*, that one I've always glossed over in our merchandise section and the book that had been collecting dust on our office library shelf.

In between issues here at the *Journal* this summer, ready to float the Hells Canyon stretch of the Snake River, I needed some pages to turn. So there I was, deep down in the canyon, flipping page after page of this gripping, nail-biting book. Who knows, maybe the griz did or didn't once live in this remote drainage that straddles the Oregon/Idaho border. Nothin' like a good read in the right place.

Sensibly, the ball kinda fell in my lap. I probed around for some history and loaded some fresh batteries into my dictaphone. I'm sure glad I got the chance to shoot the shit with Doug. He's got something to tell. I hope he does to you what he did to me.

EFJ: You've got a history with Abbey. Was it a rabble-rousing kind of relationship, or what?

DP: Well, it was. It was a lot more than that. Ed Abbey was the most difficult, close friendship of my entire life. I met Ed about a year after I got back from Vietnam. We ran into each other one night at Bill Eastlake's house and talked about mountain lions. A week later I went to knock on his Quonset hut where he was the park ranger at Organ Pipe. In those days you usually knocked on the door with a bottle of whiskey or gin. Those were good manners at the time. From there the one common bond we had was wilderness.

And I went to Hawaii because I had a graduate fellowship in intensive Vietnamese, a language which I already knew. And while I was over in Hawaii, I heard Ed's wife died of leukemia, Judy. And I wrote him a little note. He wrote a little note back, and he said come on up to Kanab. We took hundreds of trips after that. Many of them to Cabeza Prieta, Canyonlands, different parts of Arizona and Mexico. But that was how it started. It was a friendship that was based on the one common bond: the importance of wilderness, both as a place for some of us to use in terms of our personal lives and the incredible importance of fighting to preserve it.

EFJ: Do any classic stories stick in your mind that the two of you shared?

DP: Um, well, here... I'm not quite sure. I don't have an anecdote right at hand. We started doing casual monkeywrenching in the early '70s. It was more talk than anything else. It was more recreational than methodical. We knocked down billboards, etc., etc. But I didn't know anything about

The Monkey Wrench Gang until we were... Ed and I, we were bachelors and alone at the time, so we spent this kind of weepy, whiskey-drinking Christmas eve in a topless bar. How did we improve on that one? We got up and jumped in my '66 Ford pickup and drove all night long, drinking beer, going over into the Cabeza Prieta over Charlie Bell Pass, getting that old pickup stuck in the middle of the night a half dozen times. It only had two wheel drive. When we finally finished all the beer, we got out in the playa and got the pickup stuck and passed out for the night.

The next day we drove onto an incredible place called Eagle Tank in the Sierra Pinta. It is a wild, wonderful desert place. And we had an unusual New Years. It actually sleeted on us, unheard of down in the Cabeza Prieta, where it doesn't rain much, let alone snow.

Ed was quizzing me. I had been cross-trained in demolitions when I was a Green Beret medic in Vietnam and knew a little of this and that. He was asking me all these technical questions about ecotage. Actually, I had a bunch of old special warfare books that were classified at the time that I stole them. They certainly aren't any more. I provided him a stack of literature. Finally over the campfire, the day after New Years, he said that he had been working on this book. And I had no idea what the hell it was about. He said the hero

of the book was going to be a guy named Hayduke. That was the first I had heard of Hayduke. It came out about a year later. I will say that the publication of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* placed a little bit of stress on our friendship (laugh). Hayduke was a dolt. Even a famous dolt is, you know... I prefer to think that I'm not totally a dolt. Fortunately, by that time I had started my own work with grizzly bears. The only thing worse than being your own caricature is being someone else's fiction.

All of that went away in the last couple of weeks of Ed's life. I spent the last few nights with him when it was clear he was dying. We took him out and buried him in a beautiful, legal grave. He was 15 years older than me. Our friendship had a paternalistic edge to it. That paternalism just disappeared that last week, you know. He died a really good death.

EFJ: Can you talk a little bit about how griz country helped you cope after coming back from the war?

DP: Well, I discovered grizzlies sort of accidentally. I came back like a lot of other vets, really out of sorts, couldn't talk to anybody. Never had many social skills. The only place I've ever been comfortable in is the wilderness. And so I kind of crawled back into the bushes like a wounded animal, and I went into the Wind Rivers and got snowed and rained on there. Went to Yellowstone and ran into grizzly bears. The one thing I needed was something powerful enough to get me out of myself. Grizzly bears provided the perfect solution. You don't think about yourself. It is an absolute lesson in humility because there is something out there that can kill and eat your ass anytime it wants to. I spent the next couple of years just kind of watching

grizzlies. You learn a lot by watching yourself. They teach you a lot about yourself. They teach great lessons in restraint and in humility. It is such a wonderful, powerful awe for that kind of wild nature.

Slowly I was able to recover the elements of my own humanity through those experiences. And then by the early '70s it was really clear that the grizzlies were having a hell of a lot of trouble. They were going away in Yellowstone. And it was payback time. They had saved my life in a really quite literal way. It was time for me to do what I could to help save them. Back in



artwork by R. Crumb

With Doug Peacock

those days there were three or four grizzly bear advocates in the entire world. You've got hundreds today. Back then there was nobody. I set out with a movie camera to sort of document the last of the grizzlies and use the film to advertise the plight of grizzlies. That lasted another 10-15 years.

EF!J: How did that film turn out? Was there a lot of publicity, and did it open a lot of eyes?

DP: Actually, I did a lot of film. I did a lot of TV. I was on the "Today's Show" twice and "Good Morning America." One of the (laugh) funniest things I did is one of those old "American Sportsmans." It predates you a little bit, but it was the longest running sports program on TV. You know, I call it the "American Shithead." Curt Gowdy goes out with some TV actor, you've never heard of him before, and they blow away grouse and they yuck it up. They go blam, blam, yuck.

Me and Arnold Schwarzenegger went out to face the griz. We did a 20-minute segment here in Yellowstone. And then finally there was a feature film made. I didn't make it. I'd never make a film about myself. But it was called *Peacock's War*. It is an hour documentary, and it was the pre-

mier slot of PBS' nature program when it came out, about 1988. It was on Nature for three or four years, and it is still on the Discovery Channel. And, you know, it won grand prizes at Telluride and Snowbird. That is a document I left behind...

I considered it my duty to keep my thumb in the grizzly bear field no matter what. You can't trust all the government biologists that are out there saying our bears are doing just fine. That's not good enough. I keep myself in the field and informed enough, so I've got a little bit of independent expertise just to be able to say, "It ain't necessarily so."

EF!J: What are the implications for the griz with the ongoing bison slaughter in Yellowstone?

DP: First of all, the slaughter of the bison in Yellowstone is just unspeakable. No species on Earth ever slaughtered another species on Earth the way we European-American, white European immigrants, slaughtered the American bison. In 1800 there were 70-million bison. By 1881 there was a few hundred left. By 1902 there were 23 wild bison. That was no hunt. That was the greatest slaughter on Earth. And that attitude toward wild-



life I think just affects our mainstream culture. And we extend that toward grizzlies. The grizzly bear is not a docile animal. It lives beyond our control, beyond our management. That is what I love about grizzlies. They are not shy. They do not do what we want to do. They are quite cantankerous and quite independent.

The more mundane link between bison and grizzlies is simply that the fucking Department of Livestock kills all those bison, even on a hard winter, and the grizzlies of course feed on the bison carcasses in the spring, which is a natural organic process.

continued on page 100



*Momma griz and kids up in British Columbia's Great Bear Rainforest
20th Anniversary Earth First! Page 33*



photo by Meghan Fay/CMCR

Sent off to slaughter and decapitated—1997 was a devastating year for the bison.

BY DAN BRISTER

The *EF! Journal* has been covering the growing resistance to the buffalo slaughter for more than 10 years, from the hunt sab campaigns of the late 1980s to the present day Buffalo Field Campaign (BFC). Many of the volunteers who have come to the Yellowstone/Montana border in defense of the buffalo originally learned of the slaughter through stories in the *Journal*.

It is difficult to talk about the current slaughter of America's bison without reflecting on the carnage that took place in the 19th century. Many of the forces that conspired to eradicate buffalo from the plains and mountains of the West remain alive and strong today. Under pressure from the livestock industry, Montana officials made the 1990s the bloodiest decade for buffalo in more than 120 years, killing nearly 2,500 animals.

People have been working to protect the buffalo for at least 130 years. Although there are no records of anyone standing between the buffalo runners' guns and the great herds of the 1870s, there was a strong movement to stop the senseless bloodshed. Below I explore some of the forces behind the ongoing slaughter and celebrate the efforts of those working for a future of free-roaming buffalo.

With the eradication of the great herds came the eradication of peoples. For those wishing to reduce the Indian to a life on the reservation, bison extirpation was a major strategy. Capitalizing on the peoples' interdependence with the animals, 19th century leaders launched a campaign to wipe out the buffalo and force Indians into a settled lifestyle more compatible with European ideals of private property and "civilization." Interior Secretary Columbus Delano made this clear in 1873: "The civilization of the Indian is impossible while the buffalo remains upon the plains. I would not seriously regret the total disappearance of the buffalo from our western prairies, in its effect upon the Indians, regarding it as a means of hastening their sense of dependence upon the products of the soil and their own labors."

In addition to providing the Indians with sustenance, buffalo stood firmly in the way of the settlers' dreams of a coast to coast cattle culture. Free roaming buffalo paid no heed to the newly erected fences and competed with cattle on the open range. Wild buffalo were living reminders of the "uncivilized" nature of the pre-conquest West. By the last decades of the 19th century it had become clear that buffalo would not be tolerated in the United States.

Alarmed at the rate at which buffalo were disappearing, a movement to protect the buffalo emerged. Representative Greenburg Fort introduced legislation in 1874 to make it illegal for anyone but an Indian to kill cow buffalo. Although HR 921 eventually passed both houses of Congress, it encountered strong opposition and incited a revealing debate: "There is no law that Congress can pass that will prevent the buffalo from disappearing before the march of civilization. They eat the grass. They trample upon the plains upon which our settlers desire to herd their cattle. They destroy the pasture. They are as uncivilized as the Indian."

"The solution of the Indian problem is to confine these Indians upon as small a tract of land as possible, and make it a necessity for them to learn to labor and to get a sustenance from the soil as the white man does."

"It would be a great step forward in the civilization of the Indians if there was not a buffalo in existence."

Other members of Congress, objecting to such nefarious logic, argued strongly in favor of the resolution, and ultimately prevailed: "We may as well not only destroy the buffalo, but the fish in the rivers, the birds in the air; we may as well destroy the squirrels, lizards, prairie-dogs, and take away from the Indian the means of living, and in that way you will, perhaps, be able to board them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and civilize them to your satisfaction. I object to the inhumanity of gentlemen who wish to wipe out the buffalo in order to get the Indians upon reservations."

Passed to the White House for the president's signature, HR 921 died a silent death on the desk of Ulysses S. Grant. Victim of a pocket-veto, it never became a law.

Unregulated, the slaughter continued, abated by only the dwindling number of buffalo. By 1902 the Yellowstone herd, composed of just 23 wild buffalo, was all that remained. Seeking to avoid extinction, the Park Service purchased 21 bison from private herds in Montana and Texas and released them into the park. Today's Yellowstone herd of roughly 2,500 traces its ancestry to these 44 buffalo.

Since 1990, Montana has shot 2,418 members of the Yellowstone herd as they crossed the invisible park boundary in search of winter forage. Spinning a controversy out of unfounded fears, threats and intimidation, the state has created hysteria out of brucellosis, a disease the buffalo are said to carry. Despite the lack of a single documented case of transmission from wild bison to cattle, Montana's powerful livestock industry stubbornly insists on maintaining a zero tolerance policy for buffalo in the state.

What's really at stake is the grass on the public lands adjacent to the park, and Montana's ranchers are unwilling to share it with bison. Echoing his 19th century forebears, Lee Alley, US Animal Health Association Chairman, has said if it were up to him, "the Yellowstone herd would be depopulated, the animals destroyed. All of them."

Prior to 1994, the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks (FWP), under mandate from the legislature, was responsible for bison management. Attempting to sidestep controversy without abating the killing, FWP oversaw a so-called public hunt of the Yellowstone herd between 1985 and 1991. Charging \$1,000 for nonresidents and \$200 for residents, agency personnel served as guides to "hunters," leading them on snowmobiles to well within firing range of the docile animals. Because many of the hunters were inexperienced and there were no required marksmanship or safety courses, it often took hunters three or four shots to kill a buffalo.

An adolescent boy who participated in the 1990 hunt described his experience of shooting a bull: "I missed and I got his arm. Then I went for it again and I got him down around his shoulder and then he staggered and walked a little ways and then I shot him in the neck and that killed him off."

Five hundred and sixty-nine buffalo were killed in this manner during the winter of 1988-'89. Called to action by such carnage, a group of activists assembled outside the park and developed strategies to sabotage the hunt and in so doing, catalyze opposition to the slaughter. Bill Haskins, who was involved at the time, explains: "In those days, there was no permanent occupation of the area by hunt sabs. D.J. Schubert holed up in a motel room in West Yellowstone several times to monitor the bison and FWP guys. The hunters were chosen by a lottery, so it usually took a day or two for FWP to put a hunt together. D.J. would try to get people from Missoula and Bozeman down to West in time to sab and/or monitor the hunt."

The activists, on cross-country skis, would haze buffalo into Yellowstone or other areas where the hunters couldn't reach them. Other times they would

disrupt the hunt by placing themselves between the buffalo and the guns. Such tactics were extremely effective and helped generate public opposition which ultimately forced the state to change its plans.

In 1990, while watching a buffalo struggle after being shot but not killed, Lee Dessaux shouted at the hunter and prodded him with a ski pole, urging him to end the animal's suffering. Although the hunter wasn't injured, Lee was charged with assault. He managed to escape, but a warrant was issued for his arrest. Infiltrator Barry Clausen snatched on him following the EF! Round River Rendezvous in Montana, and Lee eventually served a month in the Gallatin County Jail.

The hunt sab was instrumental in not only stopping the hunt but also in laying the groundwork for and developing many of the tactics used in subsequent campaigns. Although the hunt was abandoned in 1991, the

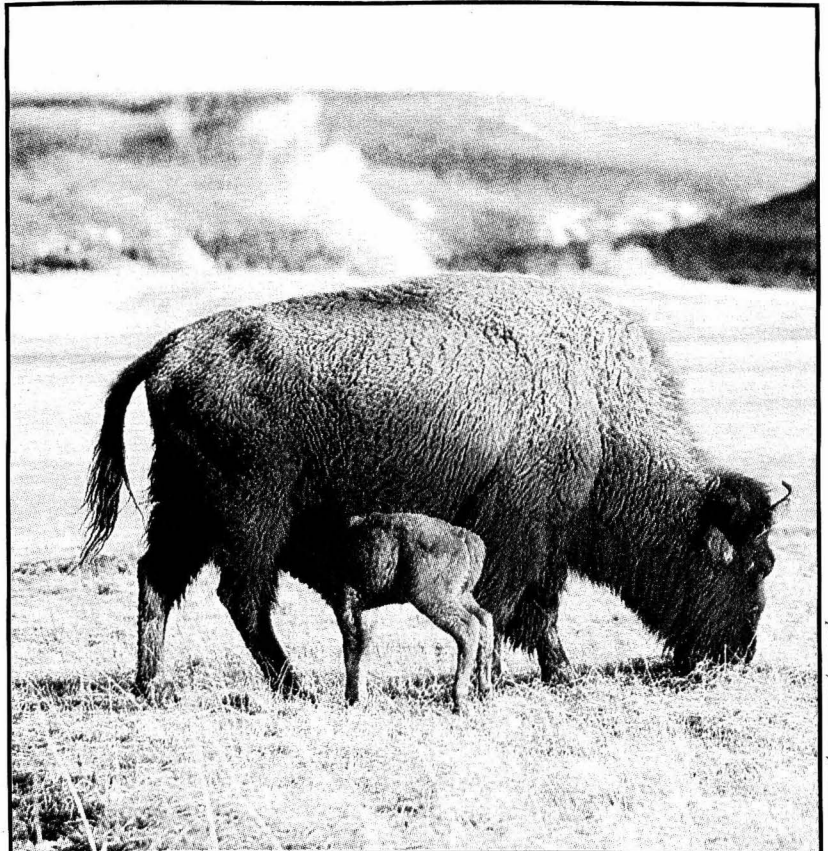
killing continued unabated. Instead of relying on hunters, Montana turned to its wildlife agents to do the killing and erected a capture facility near West Yellowstone. Opposition remained strong. A Bozeman affinity group formed, and people drove down to West Yellowstone throughout the winter to free buffalo from the traps, which were baited with alfalfa.

In 1995, the Montana legislature transferred bison management responsibilities from FWP to Montana's Department of Livestock (DOL). DOL agents—livestock inspectors with no training in wildlife management—have been slaughtering the Yellowstone herd ever since. The agency, mandated to protect the state's livestock industry, has a glaring conflict of interest.

Showing no concern for public sentiment, the DOL made the

"IT WOULD BE A GREAT STEP FORWARD IN THE CIVILIZATION OF THE INDIANS IF THERE WAS NOT A BUFFALO IN EXISTENCE."

—19TH CENTURY POLITICIAN



Thermals erupt in background as a calf nurses in the heart of Yellowstone.



photo courtesy Buffalo Field Campaign files

In 1800, 70-million bison roamed the wilds; by 1881 only a few hundred remained.

winter of 1996-'97 the most deadly year of the century, killing 1,084 buffalo. After butchering the animals, agents left hundreds of gut piles behind, infuriating residents who had to suffer the stench and begging the question as to why entrails of animals "infected" with brucellosis were left on fields where cattle would soon be grazing.

During a public meeting in Gardiner, Montana, that winter, Delyla Wilson delivered one of the piles to some of the politicians responsible for the slaughter. After spilling the guts on Montana Governor Marc Racicot, Senators Conrad Burns and Max Baucus, and Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman, news of Wilson's action was broadcast across the country and helped bring the killing of more than 1,000 buffalo to the attention of millions of Americans.

Alarmed at the extent to which the slaughter had progressed, tribal leaders from around the country gathered later that winter near Gardiner to hold a day of prayer. The ceremony was disrupted by gunshots. When Lakota elder Rosalie Little Thunder left the circle to investigate, she found that the DOL had shot 14 buffalo less than two miles away. Walking across a field to pray over her slain relatives, she was arrested and charged with criminal trespass. To Little Thunder and other tribal members present, there was no question of coincidence. "They shot the buffalo because we were at that place on that day at that time," she says.

Building on the work and tactics of the activists who defended the buffalo throughout the '90s, the Buffalo Field Campaign formed after the dark winter of '97, intent on preventing another such slaughter. The group maintains a cabin near West Yellowstone

and runs daily patrols during the winter months, when buffalo are outside the park. In the past three winters, more than 750 volunteers have given their time and energy to monitor buffalo migrations, perform nonviolent civil disobedience, document DOL transgressions against the buffalo and educate the public.

Last winter, efforts to protect the buffalo were extremely successful. The vigilance of BFC's daily patrols and the barrage of public outcry generated by local and national media have made it increasingly difficult for the state to kill. Various national news shows, including "Nightline" and A&E's "Investigative Reports," devoted entire episodes to the buffalo issue, drawing extensively upon footage shot by BFC. For the first winter in 16 years, no buffalo were killed in Montana.

The fate of the Yellowstone herd remains uncertain. The Park Service recently released an EIS which could make things much worse. Under the park's plan, members of America's last wild herd will continue to be unnecessarily shot, captured and sent to slaughter. In addition, bison will be subject to confinement and quarantine for up to four years. The plan also calls for the construction of new capture facilities and the implementation of such horrific measures as vaccinating the entire herd and implanting "vaginal telemetry devices" in all female buffalo.

If you'd like to help and have some free time this winter, please get in touch with the Buffalo Field Campaign, POB 957, West Yellowstone, MT 59758; (406) 646-0070; buffalo@wildrockies.org; www.wildrockies.org/buffalo. Patrols normally run from December through May.

Dan Brister has been working with the Buffalo Field Campaign since 1997. He lives on the outskirts of Missoula, Montana.

DZIL NCHAA SI AN

In The Altar Of Our Warrior Ancestors

photo courtesy Jim Leonard

Dzil Nchaa si an—Mt. Graham, southeastern Arizona (see page 44)

BY ROD CORONADO

In this sacred place that we fight to protect, long before Earth First! warriors occupied the frontlines here, we came to pray. Here where the Earth spirits are strong, warriors of the Apache and Yaqui Nations came. This is where I choose to tell a story of underground resistance to defend the Earth, not the whole story, only what I remember and can now safely tell. It is one small part, maybe only a chapter in what must be a continuing resistance.

It is a long road that brought us to where we are today; like the sun that rises, our resistance follows darkness. We have been here before, and we will be here again. I remember standing on the Dakota prairie, where the blood and bones of many Earth warriors lay, when She first spoke to me. The Awakening. My first realization that this struggle is much bigger than any of us. When I became painfully aware of what it meant to put the Earth first. To not only eschew the anti-nature laws of the Invader, but to aggressively break them in defense of all that we love. The Earth mother cared not who we were, only that we were willing to defend her.

Monkeywrenching is more than a tactic or strategy, it's the way of warriors. A way of life. The way of the wild and the free. A refusal to allow our spirits to be broken. It is our spiritual duty for that most ancient power in our world, the life giver, our one Mother Earth.

In the autumn of 1986, after fighting Nordic whalers in the fjords of Iceland and the Faroe Islands, I came home not to something new but something very old: human children putting their lives on the line for Earth once more. We were no longer asleep.

Awakened in the night, we attacked the machines destroying Earth. As we liberated ourselves from societal control, we began to become more than a movement. With strong hearts tempered in the dark, with sweat and oil, we became a tribe again. Across North America, monkeywrenching became the answer for those frustrated with the ineffectiveness of working within the system.

Cutting fences, pulling sur-

vey stakes, removing orange flagging and sabotaging heavy machinery became the natural reaction when these things were discovered in the wild forests, deserts and prairies we loved. Fanning the flames were allies in the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) who paralleled Earth First!'s guerrilla resistance with arson attacks and animal rescues on the torture chambers holding hostage our animal relations.

The Earth First! Rendezvous became our time to share skills, stories and music. Like any tribe, our songs told the story of warrior deeds. Darryl Cherney, Dana Lyons, Joanne Rand and others sang of the love and humor our actions reflected. Together we laughed, loved and strengthened our bond to each other and the Earth.

At the 1988 Rendezvous, EF! co-founder Dave Foreman hoisted Icelandic saboteur David Howitt and myself up on stage to salute our raid on pirate whalers, welcoming the new generation of eco-warrior, the young anarchistic animal liberationists who also embraced Deep Ecology. Earth First! was changing. It wasn't just beer-swilling rednecks for wilderness anymore. The call for Earth defenders made by Abbey, Watson and Foreman was heard by many primed and ready for action outside the traditional ranks.

continued on page 88



artwork by Brush Wolf

WHAT WOULD THE COWBOYS HAVE DONE WITHOUT THE WOMEN?

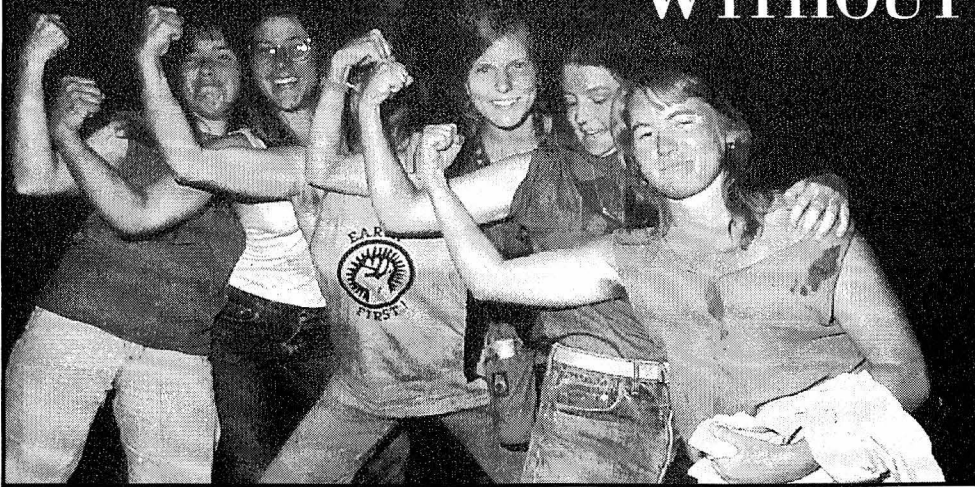


photo by David Cross

Amazing chicks display the muscle it takes to save the Earth—You go, girls!

BY KAREN PICKETT

When Dave Foreman had long hair and was called Digger and Mike Roselle was a young yippie whippersnapper known as Nagasaki Johnson, the image of Earth First! that prevailed, thanks to a media thirsting for stories based on personalities rather than on issues, was an organization populated solely by men—big men in cowboy hats. Big, beer-swilling, out-of-the-Rockies and the deserts men in cowboy hats howling like wolves. It was an image that, years later, was an uncomfortable cloak feminist Earth First! women felt they had to shake off and leave behind, like a long-haired dog shaking off a soaking rain. But the image belied the reality of those early Earth First! days because there were women shaping that new horizon as well. Fact is, when I slid onto the Earth First! scene in early 1983, there were a number of women in that nascent organization, and damn good role models at that. True, men outnumbered women fairly significantly, but often times the telling of the “founding” story ignores the strong, passionate women, some of them swilling beer and wearing cowgirl hats, who were also howling like wolves and daring to come forth promoting biocentrism. I want to remember some of them as we take a retrospective, and perhaps untwist some of the assumptions that our roots were Y-chromosome only and bereft of earth spirituality.

Susan Morgan was editor when the *Earth First Newsletter* (no exclamation point yet) was coming out of Colorado, just before moving to Salt Lake City. She was a Forest Service employee who used a Freddie copy machine for Earth First production equipment, producing the most radical environmental publication in existence at a US government office! Susan was part of the “cracking crew” at the Glen Canyon Dam action, as was Louisa Wilcox, a prominent wilderness activist who could, in those early buckaroo days of Earth

First!, out-hike, out-climb and out-drink the other cowboys.

The first direct action campaign that thrust Earth First! into the national media spotlight—the Bald Mountain Road campaign in southern Oregon—included women like Claudia Beausolieu, Marcy Willow and Gloria. In the fore of the organizing was Mary Beth (MB) Nearing, who taught those Wyoming EF! cowboys how to do nonviolent action preps. Diana Warren was buried up to her neck in dirt by a bulldozer there, just prior to our Berkeley-based affinity group’s blockade. Our group was gender split—Becky Blythe, Sally Miller and I joined three guys, all first-time arrestees. We were the last of seven lines of arm-locked blockades on the road that day.

Shortly thereafter, onto the scene in the Pacific Northwest came kick-ass women like Karen Wood, Karen Coulter and Val Wade. Val was one of two people (Mike Jakubal was the other) who premiered EF!’s arboreal defense—the tree platform, or treesit. Another little-known fact is that the first EF! redwood action (long before Headwaters) included eight women from a lesbian community in Whale Gulch calling themselves “The Sally Bell Eight.”

Marcy Willow, a paradox of lace, impudence and down-to-Earth smarts, camped out for a week in front of the federal building in Oregon to draw attention to the liquidation of old growth on public land before old-growth forests had made it to the nation’s front pages. Marcy, who declared “buckaroo” (as the founders were dubbed) a “non-gender-specific term,” took on much of the organizing for the ’84 and ’85 EF! RRR’s, engineering the change from a long weekend to a week-long event. MB organized the rendezvous in both ’83 and ’86, and the committee for the ’87 Grand Canyon RRR included Peg Millett, Barbara Dugelby, Nancy Morton and Nancy Zierenberg (Z).

In a very early *EF! Journal* (Yule ’81), there’s a photo of a rally in defense of the Gros



photo courtesy Karen Pickett

Happy women in the movement tickling the sky.

Ventre Wilderness in Wyoming that shows four women punctuating the air with their fists, picket signs and, presumably, their howls.

The 1983 EF! roadshow we hosted in California found Dave Foreman urging the audience to find the "female side of oneself." Roselle preached feminism and deliberately sought out some of the strong females to work with, like MB (and me). That '83 roadshow included singer Cecelia Ostrow. At early EF! gatherings, Katie Lee, buddy to Ed Abbey and defender of wild rivers, wowed 'em with her music. Cecelia took time from her singing and songwriting to become a mainstay in the Middle Santiam campaign in Oregon in 1984, doing jail time for blockading a road at Pyramid Creek. (Ever give a listen to her "Warrior of the Earth" song? It'll send chills down your vertebrae! see page 42.)

I'm not suggesting everything was hunky-dory and non-sexist and women had an easy time being recognized... C'mon, this was the early '80s; sexism was rampant in the culture which birthed Earth First!. But the greater problem than sexism in our movement was the media's resistance to accepting female spokespeople. They would stroll quickly past a female spokesperson to poke a microphone into the face of man.

In response to some of the sexism in the movement, the Redneck Women's Caucus was formed around '86 so that women like Peg, Sally, Val, Sequoia,

Barb and myself could chomp on cigars and breed the sisterhood. That sisterhood spawned a number of women's rendezvous which exist to this day in various incarnations, but that first one in the Granite Mountains in the California desert was seminal. Around the campfire, MB sang the campaign stories, and Peg found a couple confidants with whom to share her untold stories of wrenching. There are women who were part of nudging along the evolution of this young movement who I haven't seen in EF! circles for quite a while but are still out there fighting for the Earth under their own banners: Barb Steele, an intense, tough defender of grizzlies and wild places who brain-tanned her own elk and deer hides; her running buddy at the time, Mavis Mueller, who moved from Montana campaigns to defending Alaskan wilds; and Z, a kick-ass organizer who has never gotten sufficient credit for her major role in being the glue holding Earth First! together in those days and who went on to be a principle organizer against the trapping and killing of predators by agencies in the service of ranchers. Mary Sojourner, an activist the FBI tried to snare in its conspiracy net with the Arizona Five (see page 58), is still fighting developers and destroyers in northern Arizona.

Part of what was seen as the male image as well was bumpersticker slogans like "Rednecks for Wilderness."

Heck, it was a different era, and that ended up being a powerful slogan, because it busted through paradigms. Yeah, yeah, they had arm-wrestling matches but you know what? It was a damn sight lower key than the "Fight Club!"

And there was my own experience: I was emerging as an activist but still pretty darn shy and certainly not clamoring to be a media spokesperson. And it was that quintessential macho guy Dave Foreman who kept referring media to me before I thought I was ready, and that's how I became capable of speaking to a microphone.

Much later, Judi Bari was at the fore carrying the feminist torch of strong activist women, including writing "The Feminization of Earth First!" for *MS Magazine*. She had some mighty strong points to make and certainly inspired and empowered a lot of women.

You still can't believe what you hear in the media. It was they who saddled us with the burden of a male-dominated image. Forget the cowboy hats; let's honor the activists of all genders and species divergence that plunked down the foundation stones of the kick ass movement we now have.

Karen Pickett is a beer-swilling hippie from Northern California. She is a tough chick dedicated to Earth First!. When she is not busy fixing the water supply to her cabin, she is involved in nearly every single progressive campaign in the Bay Area.

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

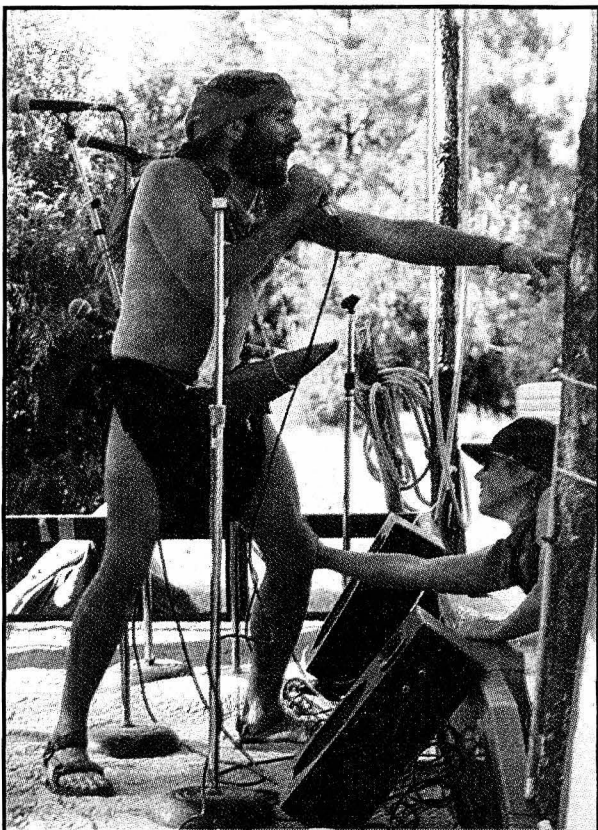


20th Anniversary Definitive Millennium

BY FAITH WALKER AND ROXANE GEORGE

Sure, lots of you have been to Round River Rendezvous (RRR). May even think you could have written this article. Unlike you, however, we are uniquely qualified to write the *Earth First! Journal's* 20th Anniversary Issue Definitive Millennium Round River Rendezvous Article because: One, Faith has been to every single goddamn motherfucking Rendezvous since the creation of humans out of mud by some Great Whatever that had obviously taken temporary leave of its senses. And two, Roxane had more fun at the lone, single, solitary RRR she attended than anyone ever had, anywhere, let alone at a "movement gathering."

The first thing you should know is that the purpose of the RRR is not learning something—certainly not for your goddamn "personal growth," although there may be some at the Rendezvous who are skilled in wart removal and will help you out. Should you mistakenly attend an RRR with growth, learning and spiritual-type expectations you will surely suffer heartbreaking disappointment as soon as you have your first encounter with a "fire circle."



Bikini as Mudhead Kachina at New Mexico RRR, 1989

photo by David Cross



Howling around a campfire—This could be you.

There you will be, sitting at the feet of Men With Guitars, some of whom may only have been seen by you before in the pages of *People Magazine* or on the cover of that CD you bought from the back of the *EF! Journal*, whose heartfelt warrior lyrics for the Earth you have painstakingly memorized, when lo and behold, some disrespectful, loud luggernauts in the shadows spoil your mind-melding moment with the heroes that inspire your activism!

Imagine! These buffoons actually think that their crude, ridiculous antics, such as flinging their bodies about in a so-called "amoeba," playing a game called "body-shots*," and singing the inane lyrics to songs by something called the Austin Lounge Lizards, for Goddess' sake! are somehow community-building exercises as valid and important as the ones you and your Brothers-Mothers-Sisters-But-Not-Fathers-That-Is-Patriarchalhood are involved in. And you can shout shaming messages, like "Rowdiness is no substitute for talent!" all you want, but no matter how long you spend thinking up these clever rebuttals, or how right you are, it will not stop these *insensitive, politically incorrect* People-Who-Probably-Don't-Even-Have-A-Very-Long-Arrest-Record from carrying right on with their behavior and possibly even targeting you for

photo by Karen Pickett

inclusion the next time the accursed amoeba forms. They are obviously infiltrators sent to break up the movement, and you must just ignore them and give them all the beer.

But never fear, there is a time and a place for everything, and your time will come all too soon, at the 6:00 a.m. *mourning circle*. It begins with a howl, even though we certainly ain't no goddamn predator, don't sound like one, don't have the teeth, and no self-respecting predator who howls would be doing so at that hour for Great Spirits' sakes. Why not *ccklark* like a three-whittled bellbug or some other uncharismatic microfauna, we ask, alarmed. "Morning" circles generally last until noon and include workshop announcements, proclamations regarding dogs and shit, endless stacks and airing of controversies. This is the time when those who were unable to make themselves heard the night before or have carried into the Rendezvous unresolved issues about not having been heard about something, sometime, will engage in therapy. No criticism is too petty, no philosophy too stale or shallow, no suggestion too obvious or ridiculous, no repetition too repetitive to be spoken here. And, should you be one of those who came to the RRR with appropriate expectations and goals, we hope you do not make the tragic mistake of stumbling, still drunk, hungover, unaware and without the day's first cup of coffee collectively shade-grown for fair living wages, into this gnashing of teeth and vaunting of "sincere concerns." We have, for reasons unclear to us, made this mistake and have yet to recover.

Just as a particular year may be forever remembered for the fine wine it produced, Rendezvous are often remembered for their controversies. For in-

Round River Rendezvous Article

stance, the hubbub over red squirrels and dogs. And who can forget the debates over whether flag-burning sent the right message for the movement! Of course, the sub-debates were equally heated, and a rift over whether to use kerosene or rub sticks together nearly split the movement. Then there was the year of the great joining forces with Hermaphroditic Loggers for Zero Population Growth. And let us not forget Patterns of Pedestrian Traffic; should we fan out, walk single file or take turns carrying one another under the theory that sensitive prairie lands actually evolved with high-intensity, short duration compaction pressures and would therefore benefit ecologically from the presence of 500 of us in one place at one time because, hey, we're part of the ecosystem too? Just like African ungulates, hey?

But we digress. We really just wanted to write about Rendezvous issues of hygiene and etiquette; most of these, especially hygiene-related issues, revolve around poop. We have only one thing to say about this: Remember to reduce, reuse and recycle. Other important etiquette issues concern sex, flashlights and vasectomies. Like, it's cool to be bisexual, especially if you're Womin. If you're Man, it's cool, but you tried it, and it's just not for you. But you'd be happy to engage sexually with two bisexual womyn, 'cause that's the kind of cool, open-minded guy you are.

For flashlight etiquette what you need to know is this: It is lame, ecologically shallow and disconnected to use a flashlight to find the trail back to your tent or that of your bisexual experimental partners for the evening. What you should do instead is stumble blindly through the bush, trampling the plant life, terrifying small animals, ripping large holes in the cherished tents and sleeping bags of your fellow activists and making a great deal of cursing, grunting and other noises of frustration until you pass out. In this way, you free yourself from the artificial dependencies that living in modern, technologi-

cal civilization has cultivated in you and you renew yourself as a wild, sensitive creature of the wilderness. Finally, vasectomies. We all believe in them; hardly anyone has actually had one. This sort of gap between ideology and reality is one key reason why we need workshops.

At every R-cubed, you will find a dizzying plethora of workshops avail-

logical Clock workshop.

Workshops to avoid at all costs: The Real Men and Real Womn Come Together as the God and Goddess at Beltane and Make a Sacred Baby workshop; The *Journal* Meeting: endless hours of discussion that never result in sexual satisfaction or free dental work for anyone, so why bother; Regional Workshops—you can talk about all this when you get home, meanwhile, the R³ is your chance to mingle and anything to do with gender, unless it's the Daughters of Dolly Parton workshop, which is not really gender exclusive.

No matter what you do though, gender always rears its ugly head, so we can't call this article complete unless we deal with it. Here's what we have to say about gender issues: Fuck Aldo Leopold. Has anyone in the movement actually read *Sand County Almanac*? 'Cause, while we know A.L.'s supposed to be the originator of the so-called environmental ethic (not to mention the "round river" rhetoric), the way we see it, that's just a fancy way of saying he makes it seem cool to kill as many beautiful, wild free critters as you want as long as there's more where that came from. Plus, it's boring. And what's all this talk of ducks?

In closing, we would like to propose that the Round River Rendezvous be renamed. Henceforth and forever more, it shall be referred to, without exception, as "The really cool

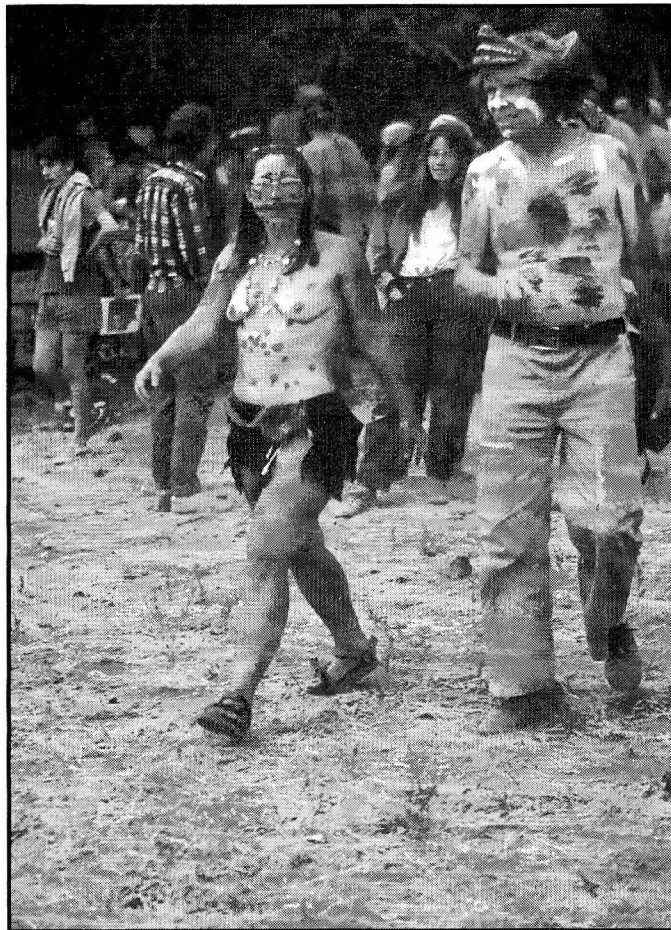
party for lots of humans who are trying not to act like they're the center of the universe," abbreviated as R.C.P. or simply, the Lek.** The most important thing we can tell you about the Lek is that it is a way-fun, outdoor tribal event and the one place outside Seattle that we all get to see each other. And we don't have to explain to enlightened humans such as yourselves that the movement that licks salt off each other stays together.

*A game involving salt.

** A joke for biologists.

Tried and true party gals, Faith and Roxane have participated in many a kissy, squishy, fireside blob.

MMMM!!! pucker up!



Mudhead struts her stuff at New Mexico RRR, 1989.

able for your growth and learning opportunities. Since you could never attend them all, it is important to choose wisely. Here is our guide to workshops we recommend: Kissing, Oral Sex, Foreplay, Safe Sex, Sex, Sex, Sex; Puppet-making; Climbing and Peeing Standing Up (for womun).

Workshops we would like to see: One on the aforementioned vasectomies with hands-on, how-to demonstrations; The Daughters of Dolly Parton Femme is fun, and It's Okay to Paint Yourself up like a French Whore Even if you Are an Earth First!er Too workshop; Teaching Cows to Treesit (aka Cows with Carabiners) and The Population Bomb is Ticking even Louder than your Bio-

photo by Olin Langelle

Getting Together at the Round River Rendezvous

We come together to create something bigger than ourselves.

Ashley: It was my first Round River Rendezvous, 1992, in Sheep River Gorge, Colorado. Walking down the rugged path, I knew I was moving into an autonomous zone. I could feel it with each step. My first vision was of a group of people standing together in a large circle; a circle puts everyone on the same level—we were all equals. I knew I belonged.

Patrick: When I first struggled down into the gorge with my huge pack, hoping I wouldn't have to leave for a week, and knowing I was supposed to pack in everything I would need including food and drink, I saw two large circles—one of men and one of women. By the time I reached the meadow they broke apart, mingled and reformed a much larger circle which I joined—a gender discussion. My earlier perceptions of Earth First! started to fade. I wasn't seeing a group of people wearing flannel shirts, tight blue jeans, wide leather belts and cowboy hats. They were just like everyone else I knew in the movement—struggling with their sexuality. The amazing thing was, progress was being made in this extremely difficult area to navigate.

Ashley: After a few days of workshops and rowdy campfires, I joined the folks who were going to spend the day working toward a Council of All Beings. We walked in silence about a mile out into the forest to the sound of a heartbeat drum. I had done some work like this before, so I fell right into the exercises we did, deepening our connection within this small group of people and with the Earth itself. Later in the day, we separated and spent an hour or so alone, with the intention of coming back into the circle representing another being in council. I was a butterfly. In council, I spoke of metamorphosis. I spoke about how I could be seen as a teacher to humans if they would only listen. Change is inevitable and needs to be a focus if all beings on Earth are going to survive.

Patrick: I decided to do the Council of All Beings because it sounded mysterious. Having been raised atheist and go-

ing through an "anarcho-punk" period, I was quite a skeptic about anything involving spirituality. But if there were ever a time to give Earth spirituality a chance... Well, I was intrigued and willing to give it a try. The series of techniques and exercises were well facilitated; they provided me with the most power-

the mile walk back to the chaos of music, feasting and playing in the water. I put my foot down on the same rocks he did. As he lifted his foot, mine was there to fill the space. I was at peace with the world and all beings in it.

Patrick: During the post-Rondy action against Amoco's drilling, 14 other people and I spontaneously decided to stay with the four lockdowns. For me, this was a spiritual, not a practical, decision. The rendezvous had changed me in a sacred and profound way. We were all roughly dragged off and arrested—my first intentional arrest. We chose to do jail solidarity; my alias was Dr. Suess. I spent three nights in jail. It was the biggest juxtaposition in my entire life. What the RRR created, the freedom to be natural and uninhibited, was void in jail. I felt insecurity, total aloneness, fear and confusion—the opposite of being genuine. I did feel the presence of the people I believed were doing jail support—and I could feel the pulse of the Earth's energy through the cement floors.

Ashley: The next year's rendezvous was in Arizona at Mount Graham, a place of incredible biodiversity and sacred to the Apache, where the University of Arizona, the Vatican and other multinational corporations were planning to build a series of telescopes (see page 44). Early on in the week, I offered to facilitate a morning circle. At the end of the agenda "group masturbation" was listed. I was impressed at the

thought of over 100 people masturbating together, but I wasn't sure how I was going to facilitate it. When we got to that agenda item, I was both disappointed and relieved that we weren't going to masturbate together. We were going to talk about alcohol use on native sacred sites. Oh dear, I thought, maybe we should masturbate instead?

Patrick: I was impressed with the way we dealt with complex issues as a group. The morning circles were well attended and long, but people were patient. Folks acknowledged that the issues were important and that we should try as hard as



Did you hear that hairy white guy on the stage? He was great!

ful and sacred experience yet in my adult life. I had never felt so close to a group of people, and I had just met them. I had never felt so close to the Earth and to the cosmos. I became the spirit of Time. I felt anger from the universe at humans for making such a mess of our time here, especially when we could have had it so good.

Ashley: At the close of the council, we walked back together in single-file, to the sound of the heartbeat drum. I walked behind Time. I didn't know his name. He was barefoot. I remember being impressed by this wood-elf, and I followed him for

photo by Karen Pickett

possible to work things out. Through this process, we learn a lot about our social needs and our evolving Earth First! culture.

Ashley: People genuinely wanted to listen and be heard. I was amazed at how easy it was to facilitate—the start of one of my favorite roles as an Earth First!er. We spent many hours expressing our needs and convictions. We all wondered if it was possible to make any group decisions or reach consensus. It was a challenge—anarchy in its truest sense. Nobody was going to make a decision for us. Knowing the feelings of all those we were living with in temporary community, we had to take personal responsibility for our own actions.

Patrick: Before the demonstration, about 60 of us separated into small groups, using maps of the mountain tops around the telescope sites, to play a whole new type of cat and mouse... finding native altars, expecting there were agents hiding behind every tree, hearing captured comrades screaming. After being chased down a hill by a black helicopter, we followed the watershed down until we found a group of naked Earth First!ers, practicing some kind of pagan ritual. Earth First! is fun.

Ashley: While our friends were playing with the Arizona rent-a-cops, we were at the base of one of the completed telescopes, singing, dancing and eventually praying. We cried for the Earth's mistreat-

ment. We spoke thoughtfully about the suffering of all living things. Together, we created something that became more than what each of us could have brought to it alone. The respect we felt was shattered when we returned to our car to find that the cops had broken into it and were looking through all of our things. What an incredible contradiction to our ritual! Or was it simply another example of what we are trying to change?

People come to the rendezvous from all over the country, bringing their particular stories with them. We are treesitters, lawyers, directors of non-profit groups, urban organizers of community

gardens, etc. We come from different backgrounds, but we all hold in common our deep connection with the Earth and our commitment to living lightly on it, protecting it in any way we can.

At the next year's RRR, Patrick and I kissed for the first time. We kissed a lot of people for the first time at that RRR. By the next Organizers Conference, we were an official Earth First! couple. We've only missed one RRR since our first; it's one of the highlights of our year. It's our chance to celebrate our love for the Earth and each other. It's our opportunity to be inspired by our friends' ideals and actions—a place where we can come together to show each other that we're not alone out there. And when we do come together, our whole is greater than the sum of its parts. We have a power that's remarkably clear to me. This year I felt it when I sat in circle, discussing the changes my friends and I have made in our daily lives. I felt it when I harmonized with my favorite women performers late in the night. We honored our pain and came together prancing naked in the creek, thinking about where it came from and where it was going... an important thought for us all.

Ashley Ironwood is a sensitive vegan and lover of all life, able to gently wield the sword of consensus and miraculously move meetings forward.

Patrick Ironwood has considered himself an Earth First!er since at least the beginning of the 20th century.

They live in a Tennessee mountain paradise, teaching folks how to use the word "sustainable" and mean it.

20th Anniversary Earth First! Page 43



Getting in touch with one's inner rainbow—the tribal dance at the '89 RRR in Jemez Mountains



Bald Mountain Road blockaders at the '83 RRR in the Siskiyou Mountains

Red Squirrels

Earth First! and

BY JEAN EISENHOWER

"Put the grader in park! An activist is locking on!" I shouted to the man at the controls of a paused-but-still-chugging yellow road grader clearing the way for construction equipment to ascend to the High Peak of Mount Graham.

I glanced to where Dwight Metzger had disappeared beneath the front end and hoped the construction worker wasn't considering anything heroic like putting the machine in reverse, which could break my new acquaintance's neck. The driver's hands danced on the controls. What was dancing in his mind, I couldn't know. He was half-risen from his vibrating metal seat shaped like a pair of hands, each cupped for one buttock. I cupped my hands and repeated my directions.

"Put the grader in park! An activist is locking on!" I shouted again.

After a pause, he cut the engine, and the hellish sound gave over to birdsong and the bubbling of the mountain creek. The worker stood for one last strange look at me before leaping from his platform and loping down the highway to tell his boss.

I ran to the front of the grader, breathless at what I'd done without any planning. Dwight had shown me his lock only seconds before racing down the hill toward the grader, leaving me to follow, wondering what would transpire. This wasn't the affinity group planning I'd trained for, but I was willing to be a support person anyway.

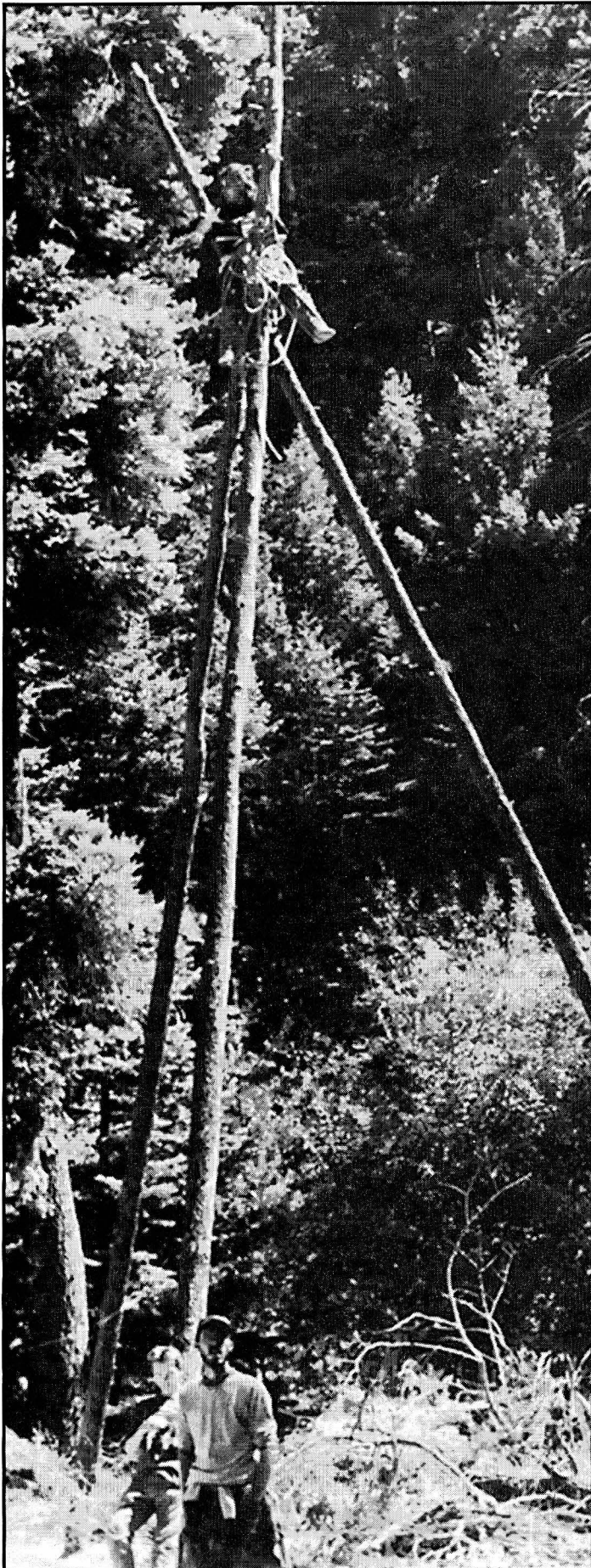
Dwight had fixed a motorcycle U-lock around his neck and the grader's front axle. He held up a bike U-lock toward me. "Wanna lock on?"

Unprepared, but also impulsive, I paused only a moment before deciding that this was one of those life opportunities not to be missed. Thirty seconds later, I was committed for the rest of the day. There were others who would, fortunately, support us until we were arrested and jailed.

The "sky island" of Mount Graham has been called an "evolutionary museum" because at 10,720 feet—a vertical mile and a half above the surrounding desert floor—it has been isolated from similar forests since the end of the last ice age, 11,000 years ago. A very wet range with 14 perennial streams in the middle of the desert, it hosts a high number of endemic species, few of which are officially protected. It also supports the largest black bear and mountain lion populations south of the Mogollon Rim in Arizona, as well as the endangered Mount Graham red squirrel, an indicator species for the whole ecosystem.

Dzil Nchaa si an is the Apache name for the mountain, central to the San Carlos tribe's sacred lands. Congress removed this vitally important site from the reservation in 1873. Although the mountain has remained a place to gather sacred water and herbs, today the Apache are legally prohibited from doing so.

The fight to save Mt. Graham began in 1984 as a one-man show: Wayne Woods against the University of Arizona (UA). The UA planned a \$200-million astrophysical project with 14 telescopes. Over the years, the fight has united thousands of activists around the world to lobby their governments to pull out of the project. Every major conservation group in the US



Apache activist D'Ana Valenzuela atop tripod, September 18, 1993

photo courtesy Sky Jacobs

and Sacred Runners: the Fight to Save Mount Graham

has taken a stand against it. But it was the local EF! groups in the US and Canada that created actions and campaigns to convince the universities of Texas, Ohio, Toronto, Chicago and Notre Dame to back out. EF!ers in DC hit the project hard when they dressed as catering staff and placed faux-official brochures on every plate at a dinner of lawyers attending a Smithsonian-sponsored conference on environmental ethics. The materials prompted pointed questions, unanswerable by the Smithsonian speaker who stammered and stalled. Within weeks, the venerable institution announced it too was pulling out. (Unfortunately, the universities of Ohio and Notre Dame were convinced to rejoin.)

The Vatican has also been a major player. Its PR man once explained its interests as involving the conversion of extraterrestrials to Christ. Honest. We protested in front of Catholic churches and gave enough information to a nationally syndicated cartoonist to inspire a cartoon depicting the Pope dressed in all his finery with hat, robes, swinging incense ball, altar full of candles, etc., addressing an Apache man with a picture of Mount Graham. The church has been unrepentant.

The project would have died an early and appropriate death but for the valiant work of Arizona Senator Dennis DeConcini. After midnight at the end of the 1988 Congressional session, he attached a totally unrelated rider to a bill, allowing the project to move forward without the impediment of environmental law or the Native American Religious Freedom Act. Apache activists have sued repeatedly over this circumvention, but their lawsuits have been thrown out repeatedly over technicalities and have never been heard. Environmentalists' lawsuits sat for years on the desk of a UA-booster judge before he finally announced in 1995, after critical work had been completed, that the UA needed to revisit their Environmental Impact Study.

Over the decades we've seen treesits, protests on the mountain and in the city, letter campaigns, sabotage and road blockades. Our presence on the mountain included a helicopter owned by a wealthy supporter who landed it in the meadow in front of Forest Service employees and sheriff's deputies who stood gape-mouthed in shock at what this ragtag group of activists could muster.

Ola Cassadore, traditional woman of the San Carlos Apache, and her husband, Mike Davis, have worked tirelessly, speaking, lobbying Congress, visiting European environmental groups and

hosting blessing ceremonies for activists. They've caused this fight to be recognized internationally as representative of all struggles of indigenous peoples for religious freedom.

Today there are three telescopes on the mountain and the UA has plans for four more. They also plan to run a power line through the forest, and pave the road to the very top, encouraging more traffic.

Last August I returned to Mount Graham for the eighth Annual Mount Graham Sacred Run. The first one was held in conjunction with our Rendezvous in 1993. Relay runners began on the reservation at 3 a.m. and by afternoon were climbing the mountain. I passed them in my vehicle and stopped at Sycamore Canyon where 12 years earlier Dwight and I had passed the day under the road grader's frame.

An eight-year-old Apache boy waited in the dappled shade for the runner below to bring up the sacred baton, which he would relay to the next runner. He seemed willing to chat.

"I fought for this mountain, too," I offered—unnecessarily, slightly embarrassed of myself.

"Yeah?" he asked politely.

"Right here," I said, "I was arrested for locking my neck to the front axle of a road grader."

His eyebrows raised. "When?" he asked.

"Twelve years ago," I answered, and realized then that he had not yet been born.

But he was here now, ready to carry the sacred baton, ready to carry on the fight.

Jean Eisenhower is a writer and consultant in southeastern Arizona.

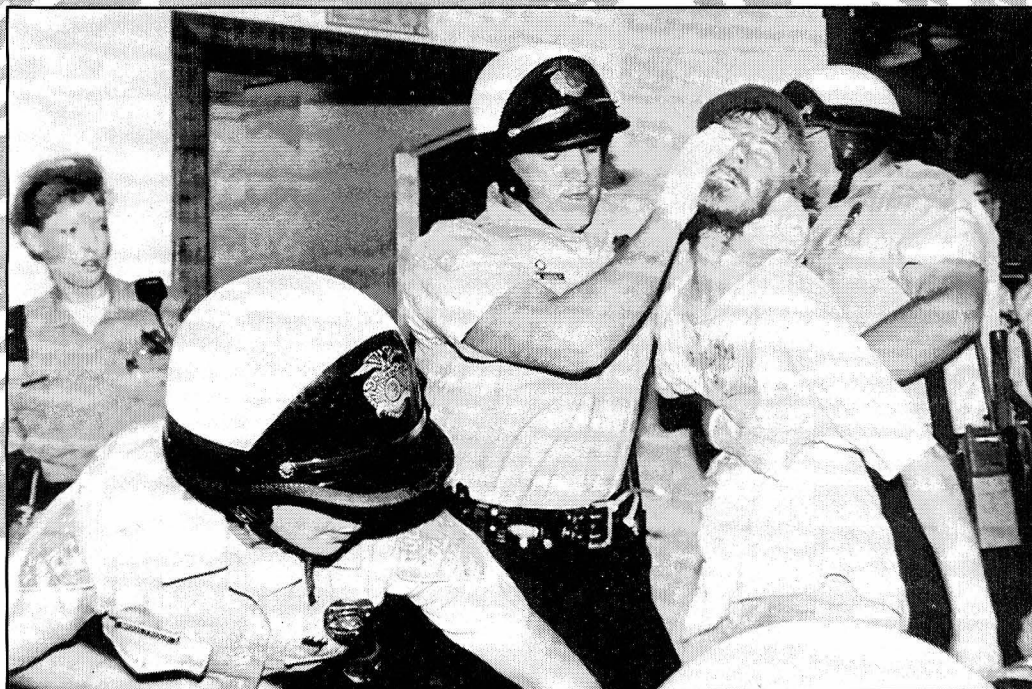


photo by Hope Kinchen

At an action following the 1993 Round River Rendezvous, campus cops violently removed activists occupying the president's office at the University of Arizona.

The History of the Earth Liberation Front

BY TARA (THE SEA ELF)

This article originally appeared in the September-October 1996 issue of the Earth First! Journal.

Many people are aware of the Earth Liberation Front (ELF), mainly through the alternative press. Its actions have been largely censored by the mainstream press because they may encourage others to take action. But how did the ELF start and what makes it different from other environmental movements or organizations?

ELF solidified in 1992 at the first UK Earth First! gathering in Brighton, England. Earth First! had begun to impact the environmental movement in Britain through actions at Twyford Down and tropical hardwood blockades in Liverpool. Earth First! originated in the US and is associated with monkeywrenching. Earth First! in Britain had threatened sabotage when necessary, but up until April '92, very few acts had been publicised. Around the same time as the gathering, a major attack on a Peat Moor in Yorkshire, causing nearly £500,000 of damage, brought Earth First! and environmental direct action to greater public attention. But the British EF! movement was not ready. Many condemned the sabotage, frightened that it might destroy their image or links with other groups. Some activists were also worried about government harassment of activists, similar to what had happened in the US where Earth First!ers were set up by the FBI and imprisoned for sabotage.

ELF dumped the American baggage that had followed Earth First! to Britain, especially the macho male-oriented "eco-warrior image," which was set in American pioneering culture. ELF also disavowed the reactionary, apolitical rantings about population controls and immigration that some EF!ers in the US were voicing. Instead, ELF looked towards Europe for its history of radical change such as Autonomie, the squatting movement, the Luddites, Levellers, Diggers, etc., giving a social as well as an ecological flavor to how people pursued their lives and actions.

ELF also made the connection between legends of the "Little People," which in most European countries have a history of causing trouble, being mischievously always heard, but never seen. Also, these mythical creatures lived close to the Earth in most legends. Some ELF activists assumed elf names when writing articles, sending in press statements, etc. It was a humorous thing with a serious nature to it that just took off. ELF had no command structure or solid network, each group being independent. There was no press officer or

office, so the authorities had nowhere to focus their eyes and ears. ELF units would attack, cause damage and then let either the company or press know that it was ELF who did it. As with the European legends, the elves were rarely seen, but no one doubted their existence.

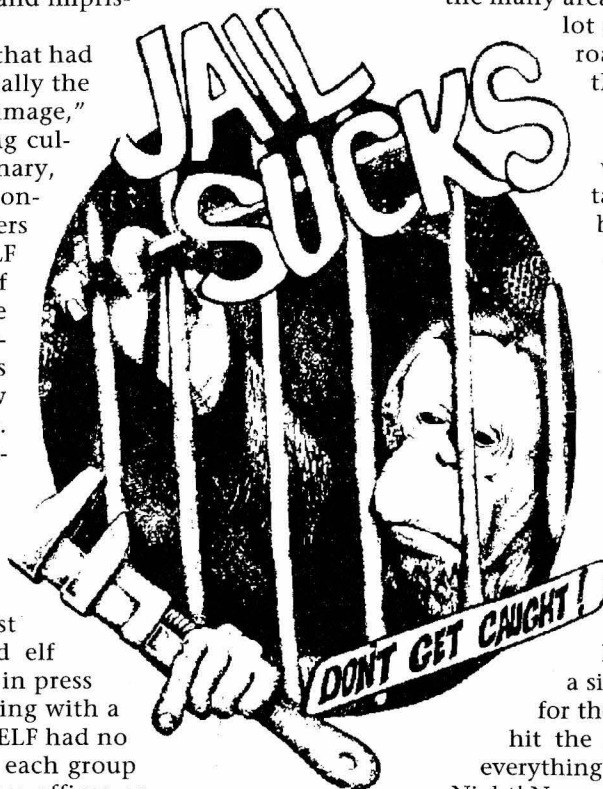
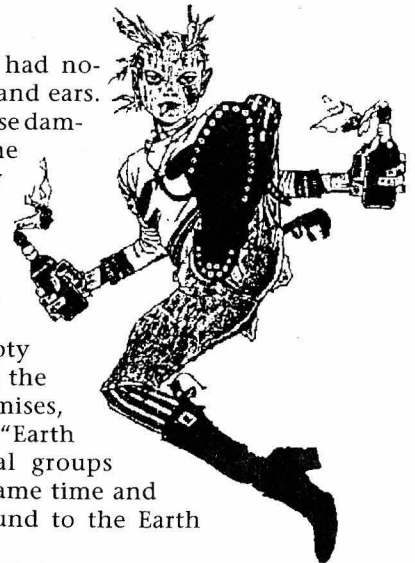
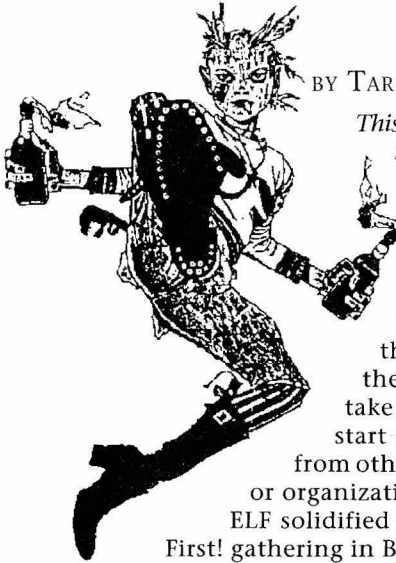
Many elves, sick of empty promises of action that in the end only came to compromises, declared a series of annual "Earth Nights" where all radical groups could take action at the same time and would give common ground to the Earth and animal liberationist.

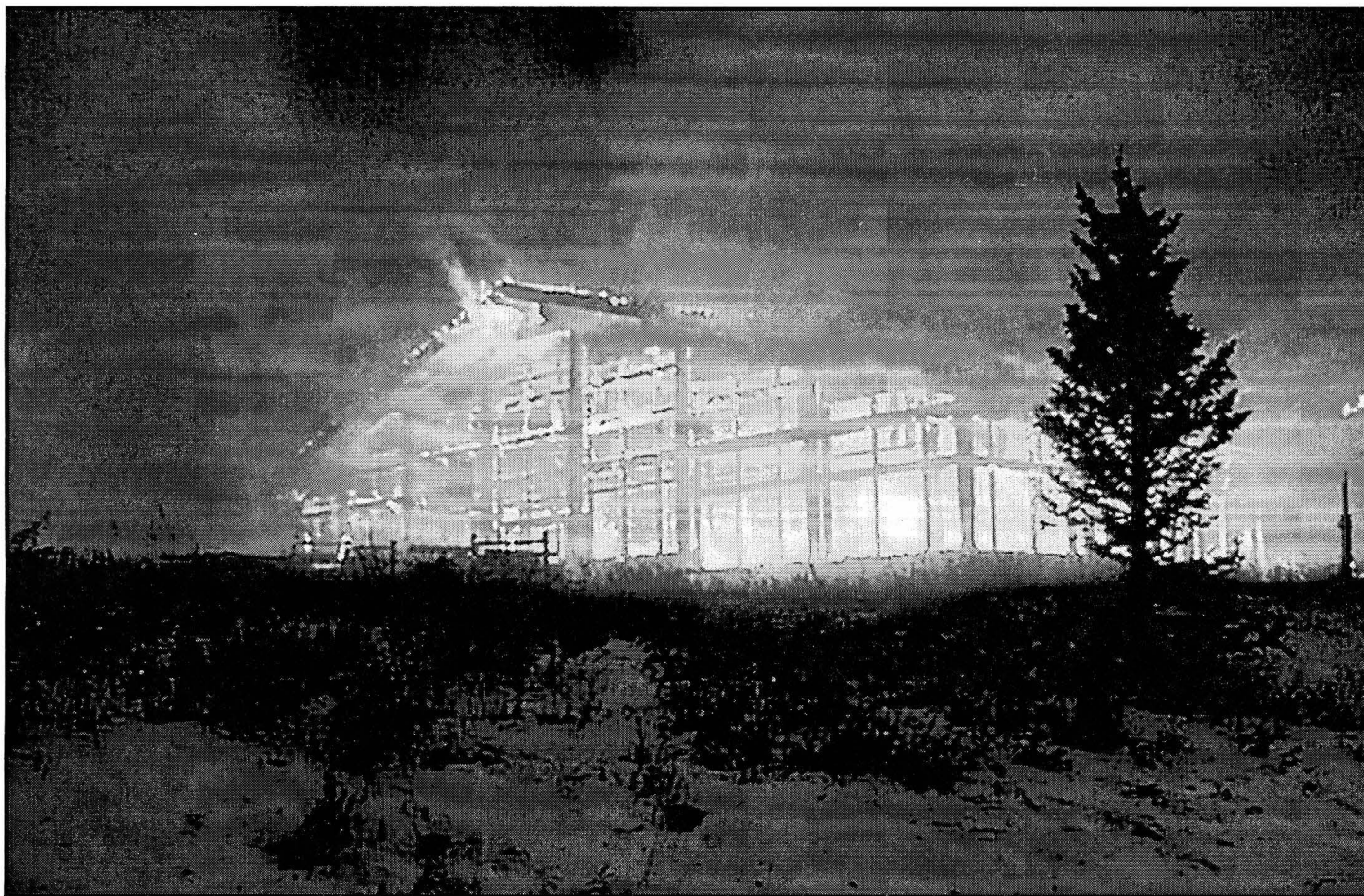
The first Earth Night, on Halloween '92, proved a quiet, but initial success, with machines at Twyford and a few other frontline sites being destroyed. At the same time elves were producing various pamphlets on how to destroy machinery and buildings, plus lists of addresses of companies and their directors. This proved very successful and put road companies such as Tarmac on the alert, wasting thousands of pounds on security. One ELF clan produced a magazine entitled *Partizan*, which changed the direction of ecological actions in Britain, because it openly declared all out war on the road companies, giving tips on destroying machines and printing director's addresses. But more importantly, *Partizan* made the link between animal and Earth liberation, listing ALF along with ELF raids.

We must see our fight as a holistic one that covers all the many areas of oppression and tutelage. A lot of emphasis has been put upon roads, rainforests and mining, but there are other targets even more sinister and closer to home, such as our own bodies and the way that they are being mutated and tampered with through biotechnology and genetic engineering. This not only affects us but the millions of animals who are being used by companies to test their products. The same companies are tampering with crops so that third world countries can become more reliant upon mono-crops and Western aid.

Elves send their solidarity and greetings to the ELF/Earth Liberation Army/Environmental Rangers in the US, and we hope actions multiply tenfold.

ELF is growing, and its message is a simple one: We are fighting a war for the survival of our planet, and let's hit the scum who are causing it with everything that we can muster. Roll on Earth Night! No compromise!





From the communiqué released after the Vail arson: "On behalf of the lynx, five buildings and four ski lifts at Vail were reduced to ashes on the night of Sunday, October, 18, 1998. Vail, Inc. is already the largest ski operation in North America and now wants to expand even further. The 12 miles of roads and the 885 acres of clearcuts will ruin the last, best lynx habitat in the state. Putting profits before Colorado's wildlife will not be tolerated. This action is just a warning. We will be back if this greedy corporation continues to trespass into wild and unroaded areas. For your safety and convenience, we strongly advise skiers to choose other destinations until Vail cancels its inexcusable plans for expansion." —ELF

THE ELF MAKES ITS APPEARANCE IN THE US

•8/29/97; Syracuse, NY—Several billboards altered near Carousel Mall.

•11/29/97; Burns, OR—600 wild horses and burros set free from the BLM corral. An adjoining building was then set on fire and destroyed, causing \$75,000 damage.

•6/28/98; Boston, MA—The words "Viva EZLN" and blood-red handprints painted on the Mexican Embassy.

•7/03/98; Middleton, WI—United Vaccines experimental research fur farm was raided, perimeter fences cut and torn down. (ALF and ELF)

•9/98; Rock Springs, WY—A BLM wild-horse corral was raided. An attempt to burn down the office had to be aborted, but up to 100 wild horses were freed. (ALF and ELF)

•9/20/98; Davis, CA—Seven pieces of construction equipment destroyed.

•10/18/98; Vail, CO—"On behalf of the lynx" incendiary devices were placed at five buildings and four ski

lifts which all ignited reducing them to ashes. 26 million dollars in damage.

•10/26/98; Hermansville, MI—Pipkorn Inc. Mink Ranch was raided. Seven large holes were cut in a fence and approximately 5,000 mink were released.

•9/27/99; Minneapolis, MN—Construction firm C.S. McCrossan's Equipment was damaged at the Hwy. 55 construction site. Conveyor belts were slashed and machinery was damaged at the firm's Maple Grove equipment yard.

•12/25/99; Monmouth, OR—Boise Cascade's regional headquarters was burned down.

•12/31/99; Lansing, MI—Michigan State University raided. Documents and equipment used in the research of genetic engineering were destroyed.

•1/23/00; Bloomington, IN—One house that was under construction was torched. "No Sprawl, ELF" was painted on the developer's sign.

•2/9/00; St. Paul, MN—A transgenic oat

research project was targeted at the University of Minnesota. All the oats found in the greenhouse were destroyed.

•4/26/00; Minneapolis, MN—Four construction machines were attacked.

•4/30/00; Bloomington, IN—Fourteen pieces of construction equipment were attacked, and a trailer full of wood chips was torched.

•6/00; Bloomington, IN—Trees were spiked in the Morgan-Monroe State Forest.

•7/13/00; Cold Spring Harbor, NY—Two acres of GE corn and several greenhouses worth of seedlings were destroyed. They also monkeywrenched several trucks and spray painted anti-genetic messages everywhere.

•7/18/00; Rhinelander, WI—The US Forest Service's North Central Research Station Forest Biotechnology Laboratory was attacked. Over 500 research pine and broadleaf trees and saplings were cut down, ring-barked and trampled.



Abacadabra!

Defending the Wild with Magic

(and lots of ink)

BY BUCK YOUNG

Tom Robbins once wrote that in times of an overabundance of chaos and strife, it is the job of the artist, the poet and the writer to create order; and that in times of too much order (and strife) it is the job of the artist, poet and writer to create a little chaos.

In the orderly procession of the modern world's toward the complete transformation of nature to artifact, toward the destruction of living things, of life itself and perhaps most importantly, the soul of the world, one figure stands tall as the exemplar of Mr. Robbin's call: the Paperwrencher—the literary sower of Earth's exuberant chaos, the derailer of the procession of death, the proclaimer of life, the soliloquizer of the soul of the world.

Thank you for your concerns; you've raised some very important points, and we'll be sure to take it into consideration when we make our final decisions.

Mystical essayists like Dillard and Berry, critical political prosodists like St. Clair and Tokar, historians like Shabecoff or McFee or Zakin, novelists like Abbey and Matthiessen, and even poets proper like Snyder and Berry, cannot hold a candle to the Paperwrencher. For while their words may paint pictures of the wild, diagnose societal ills, and even prescribe cures... though they may sing elegies and elucidate, enrage and illuminate, educate and edify, plead and praise, inspire and conspire, damn and demand, enlighten and entreat, neither the essayist nor the prosaist, nor the historian, nor the novelist, nor even the poet has the power to actually stop chainsaws and bulldozers—actual real life chainsaws and bulldozers—in their actual tracks with only their words.

Paperwrenchers are the literary giants of our movement and the unsung heroes of both the literary and the environmental worlds. They are the purveyors of the citizen lawsuit and appeal—true American forms. They are the true, American authors—not the blustery Melville nor the simplistic Steinbeck, nor even our great bard Whitman, but the soft-spoken Voss, whose lawsuits ended timber sales throughout the Southeast; the tenacious Talberth whose words and numbers threaten to shut down the entire timber sale program; the Arkansas druid Kiriakakis who ties knots in deforesters with a computer made of wood and powered by squirrels; the vilified, fear-inspiring Bensman who, unaided in the courtroom, brought down nearly all of the Eastern Region;

the mythical and obtuse Mr. Suckling, whose pen has slashed through agency after agency in the Southwest, banishing cattle and chainsaw, freeing rivers and streams; and lest we forget the great progenitor of the cannon, the grand master and patriarch of the craft, the mad Dr. D.C., Jasper Carlton, the Godfather of them all.

These great writers walk in our midst and remain largely unknown and unread. Their works are not available at Borders or your local independently owned, politically correct book dealer, nor at any dotcom. They are cramped in windowless offices, or in their parents' basements; in their dorm rooms, surrounded by crushed soda and beer cans, blaring music, smoking themselves daft; or out in the woods fighting off-the-grid brown-outs on their word processors, ceaselessly, invisibly, pumping out ream after ream of their craft.

These are the great Paperwrenchers, the authors of appeals and appeals of appeals, agency petitions, litigation and rulemaking, scoping comments—the great, unglamorous and invisible sorcerers whose great mystical musings have made mighty agencies tremble and great machines fall silent.

Sorcerer is a far more accurate word than Paperwrencher.

Paperwrencher, in fact, is a term that Paperwrenchers abhor (eschew?). The term connotes inelegance, as if the paper itself were used physically as an

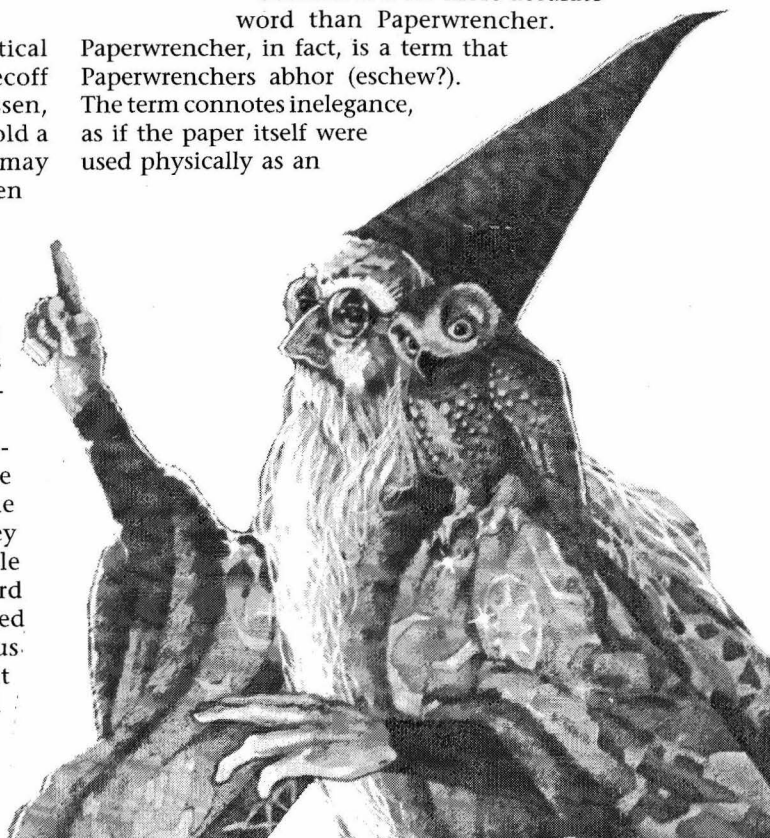




photo by Brett Cole

View of Broken Top from Green Lakes, Cascade Mountains, Oregon

object, to gum up the works. It is something Paperwrenchers are accused of all the time—of filing frivolous legalistic administrative gobbledygook just to cause trouble, and as only the Paperwrenchers and the most intimate of their adversaries truly know, absolutely nothing could be further from the truth. For in fact, Paperwrenching is a synaptically searing, fastidious craft... unless all the I's are dotted and all the t's crossed, all the Certified Federal Registers cited and all citations submitted, and most importantly, unless this intricately woven and carefully crafted text holds within it a kernel of overwhelming, unmistakable, unavoidable and undeniable truth, it will be dismissed with the simplest of "thank you for your concerns; you've raised some very important points, and we'll be sure to take it into consideration when we make our final decisions."

Sorcerers, then, because their words form more than simple text, instead becoming great and powerful incantations of "freeze!" and "hold!!" Incantations that stop agency's nefarious contrivances, contracts and Caterpillars, and even occasionally wrest the bodies of bureaucracies from the control of demons and into the temporary service of the good.

Sorcerers, because while new-agers sit in crystal-filled condos chanting to save Great Gaia, Bensmans' sit in basements, fingers nudging bits in silicon chips, putting together chants that actually will.

Sorcerers, because they have penetrated deeply into a world that runs on paper magic—papers that say this prop-

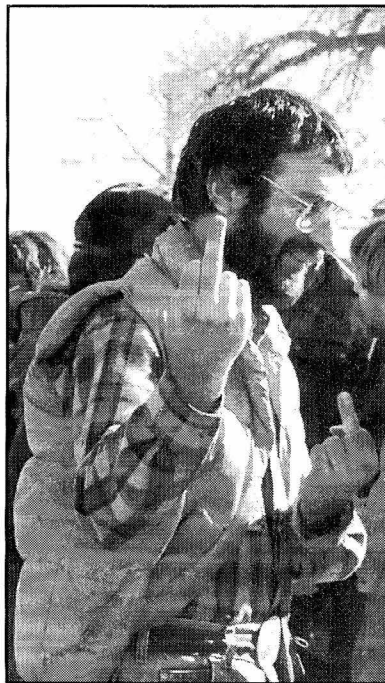


photo by Karen Pickett

Jasper Carlton, 1988

erty belongs to this man, paper that says that this property begins here and ends there, paper that says that this man will be placed in this cell should those papers be transgressed. The power of paper magic is the basis of The System itself, the evolutionary device of the brainy to wrest power from the brawny, and for the greedy to spin straw into gold by imprinting it with Masonic imagery and controlling the presses. And in this sense, paperwrenching is the ultimate use of the tools of the devil against the devil, for these are the tools The System cannot fight without.

Sorcerers, then, and poets. Poets because prose creates what the world does not offer and poetry celebrates what it does. And what better way to celebrate the existence of the land, our flowers and ferns, the four legged and the finned, the furred and the flamulated, the winged and the wild, the high and the dry, the dark and the damp, than in words that do not try to replace the world, but instead conjure it back into existence.

Poet, yes. For is the form of the lawsuit, the appeal or the petition any more or less arbitrary and restrictive than that of the sonnet? Is not the beauty found in the transcendence of these forms? To appeal to a woman's heart in ten lines of iambic pentameter and perhaps be granted a kiss, is no great achievement, methinks, compared with carefully weaving the beauty of the Earth into a recounting of federal regulations to win the heart of a judge and be granted an injunction.

Should've Shot 'Em

by Mr. Outlaw Jones

January 1, 1999 (on the San Pedro, just north of Fairbank, Arizona)

I saw some cows in Arizona's "protected" San Pedro River.
I should've shot 'em, should've shot 'em.
If I'd had my rifle...
I would've got 'em, would've got 'em!

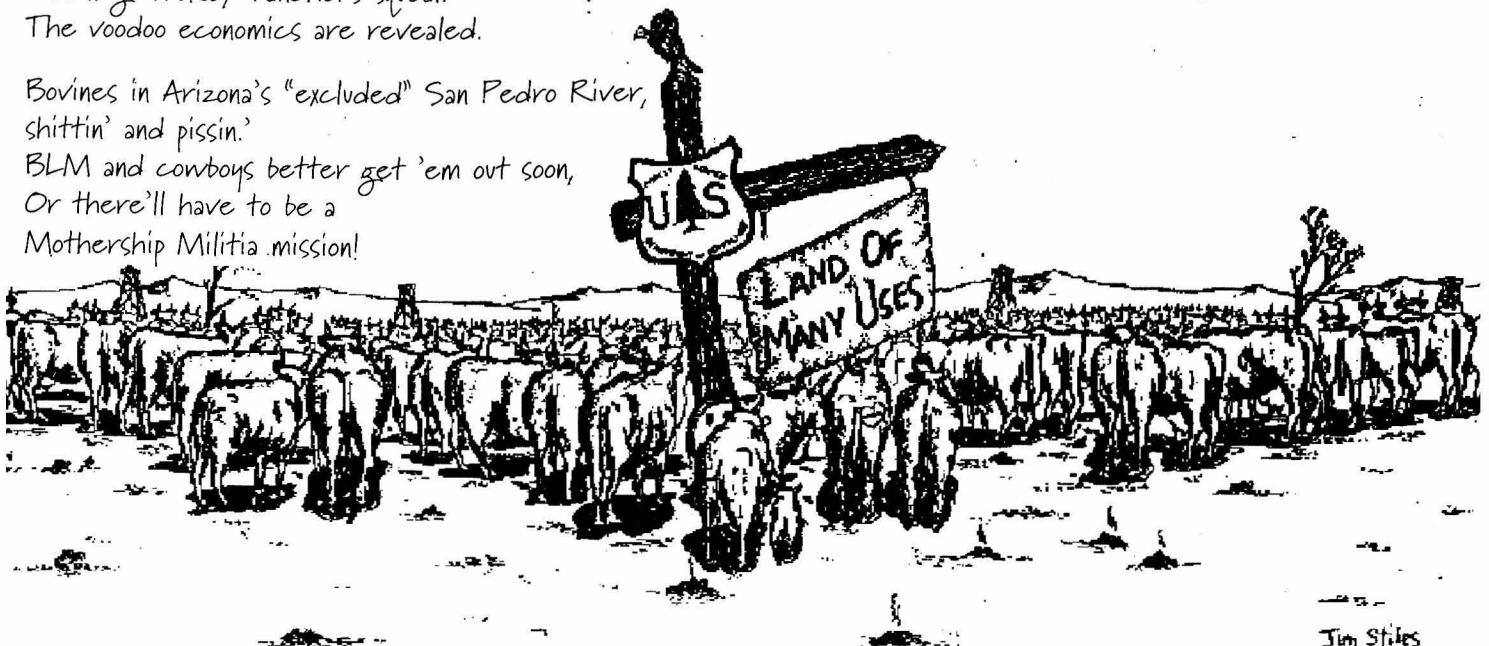
The riparian fence, it must have holes—
and I'll bet'cha BLM knows,
but BLM's an agency that promotes
public lands cattle grazing.
And when they talk it's so amazing,
to watch their nose as it grows.
Bureau of Livestock Mismanagement hype
from their heads to their toes.

Cattle in the "closed" National Riparian Conservation Area.
I should've shot 'em, should've shot 'em.
If I'd had my pistol...
I would've got 'em, would've got 'em!

Let the native critters have some beef,
and save those cows the grief—and suffering—
of the roundup, the feedlot, truck, slaughter
burger fast food,
for the consumers at the drive-thru, so fat and rude.

All this death and destruction for a 39-cent meal.
Welfare ranchers cut the fences on the San Pedro River,
it's our natural heritage they steal.
Assholes, no deal!
"We'll go broke," ranchers squeal.
The voodoo economics are revealed.

Bovines in Arizona's "excluded" San Pedro River,
shittin' and pissin'.
BLM and cowboys better get 'em out soon,
Or there'll have to be a
Mothership Militia mission!



...Do You Eat 'Em?

BY RAMON

Like people in organizations everywhere, treehuggers quickly reach agreement on 98 percent of the issues that bring them together, then argue endlessly over the remaining 2 percent. Meetings go on for hours as otherwise sensible people stake out their positions and seem prepared to defend them to the death.

One of the most fractious issues is food. While almost all agree that some food consumption is necessary, it is *what* one eats that causes the arguments. Here are the principal combatants...

The Saints in Ascending Order of Virtue:

A) Vegetarians. Simple; they don't eat animals.

AA) Vegans. Pronounced vee-guns by some and vay-guns by others. They don't eat animals, and they don't eat things that come from animals. No eggs, butter, milk or caviar. The philosophical issue here is human dominance over otherwise wild and free chickens, cows and sturgeon. No anchovies on the pizza. No honey on the pancakes.

AAA) Fruitarian. They eat only fruit, preferably if it's just about to drop from the tree or vine so as not to cause unnecessary pain to said tree or vine.

AAAA) Breatharians. They claim they eat air. No animals, no vegetables, no fruit. Imitation juices and vitamins are OK. They have a national organization and a quarterly newsletter. No, I'm serious.

The Sinners, in Descending Order of Depravity:

Z) The No-Mammals-Crowd. They eat everything that's dead except "any of a class of higher vertebrates comprising man and all other animals that nourish their young with milk secreted by mammary glands and have the skin usually more or less covered with hair" (*Webster's* ninth.) No steaks, pork chops or roast lamb. Chicken is Okay, as is fish, but no whale meat. Cannibalism is out. The philosophical underpinnings of this practice are unanimously supported by the seven people who understand them.

ZZ) The No-Red-Meat-Crowd. No steaks or roast beef. They eat everything *else* that's dead including pork, chicken and fish. Veal, however, is avoided due to those magazine pictures of cute baby cows imprisoned in small crates. Although philosophically indefensible, the No-Red-Meat-Crowd manages to feel superior to the

ZZZ) Omnivores. They eat everything. Animals. Vegetables. Minerals. When pressed, they'll usually shrug their shoulders and say: "Hey; that's how we evolved, hey."

ZZZZ) Carnivores. The lowest of the low. They try to eat nothing but meat. There is no philosophical basis for being a carnivore other than to piss off the Saints. They sneer and say things like: "Those animals were already dead, weren't they? No sense wasting food."

"If God hadn't wanted us to eat animals he wouldn't have made them out of meat."

And "If a vegetarian eats a vegan, wouldn't that make her an omnivore?" (Yes, carnivores usually are Male Chauvinist Pigs.)

A ninth category came into being during the summer of '94. The treehuggers who weren't in jail organized a protest march from the base camp to the US Forest Service Headquarters in Grangeville, Idaho. They were joined, for a few days, by a Native American family from the nearby Nez Perce Reservation who brought a huge amount of food for a feast along the trail.



There were deer and elk steaks; bear and moose sausage. There was salmon to be grilled and trout to be pan-fried. There was salad and fry-bread and huckleberry pie. Since the dozen-or-so omnivores were outnumbered two-to-one by the vegetarians, the former looked forward to an evening of serious grub. They piled their plates with meat and fish and retired to a nearby grove.

Returning later for second helpings, however, they found empty pots and barren skewers. Next morning the subject was raised at the breakfast circle...

"What happened to all that food last night? Who ate all the meat?"

Never disposed to concede a point or avoid an argument, the Saints responded with a bold new hypothesis, to wit:

A) Dogma can be set aside to accommodate the customs of Native Americans.

B) All the food had been obtained by traditional methods of hunting and gathering.

C) Those animals were already dead, weren't they? No sense wasting food.

Phooey, thought the Sinners; we could have eaten the entire meal ourselves. Nothing would have gone to waste and no principles would have been compromised.

"You guys just eat what's available, that's all," accused one of the larger meat-eaters. "Whatever's at hand at the time. You're nothing but a bunch of... a bunch of... of opportunivores!"

Nobody argued with him. A few smiles appeared. Opportunivores. Not bad. Some already were envisioning a new national organization with a quarterly newsletter.

REINVENTING ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVISM

Issues You Might not Know About if it Weren't for Earth First!

BY JUSTIN TIME

I'd go so far as to say that in the two dreadful decades of the Reagan legacy, almost every current national environmental issue was originally brought to public attention through the efforts of Earth First!. And in almost every case, once Earth First! activists creatively focused the public spotlight on an issue, the Big Greens—the big national environmental groups—jumped in, raised tons of funds off the issue, and then compromised it away in the name of *realpolitik*.

Here's a quick synopsis of the issues and tactics first brought to the fore by Earth First!, including current hot spots and where EF!, the Big Greens, and industry (and its captive political hacks) stand.

Dams

From the very beginning, dams have topped the list of overperversions Earth First! set out to bring down. The cracking of Glen Canyon Dam in 1981—EF!'s first major action—was the stunt seen round the world. It drove home not only the fact that not everyone favored the damming of the West, but that there was a new force to be reckoned with—Earth First!.

Since then, much attention has focused on the detrimental effects of dams. Calls for dismantling or breaching dams for the benefit of species dependent on free-flowing rivers are increasing all the time, and the efforts of anti-dam crusaders are beginning to pay off. In Maine, decades of local activism resulted in the 1999 removal of a private dam blocking anadromous fish passage. Some 20 small dams in Michigan have been torn down and dozens more are slated for removal. Some Western dams are now scheduled to be removed, and others are slowly being added to the list.

Endangered Species and Wilderness

The interconnectedness of huge wildlands and the survival of many endangered species was the basis of early EF! activism—these were the grizzly and wolf days. Earth First! introduced the public to bioregional thinking, Deep Ecology and ecocentrism, converting them from obscure academic pursuits into the widely accepted philosophical bases for more protection of the wild. Big "W" Wilderness designation was demanded for many areas, and even in the Reagan years, large areas were designated off-limits to all mechanization and extraction. Contrast this with the fact that what little "wilderness" has been designated in the Clinton era is blighted in places by the presence of cows, mines and off-road vehicles.

Roads

"It's not the beer cans, it's the roads."

—ED ABBEY

Remember the Carter administration? They brought us the second Roadless Area Review and Evaluation, or RARE II, an effort to permanently demarcate wild (*read*: unroaded) lands from lands to be managed (*read*: roaded and exploited). Since then, virtually all the Western struggles over public lands have been

centered on those areas left without protection as a result of RARE II.

So, Earth First! set out to draw attention to roads and the fact that all desecration of wildlands begins with roads. The fights over the Gasquet-Orleans (G-O) and Bald Mountain roads in the Klamath-Siskiyou bioregion in the early '80s first bulldozed the roads issue onto the national agenda. When the Big Greens wouldn't support the opponents of the Bald Mountain Road, EF! joined a lawsuit with the Oregon Natural Resources Council, a regional grassroots group, and roads and roadless areas became a national issue.

The US Forest Service is the largest road-owning and building entity in the world, controlling a road network of some 430,000 miles. Roads have become such an issue that Al Gore plans to ride into the White House on the Clinton administration's promise that it will consider protecting roadless areas, and only those larger than 5,000 acres.

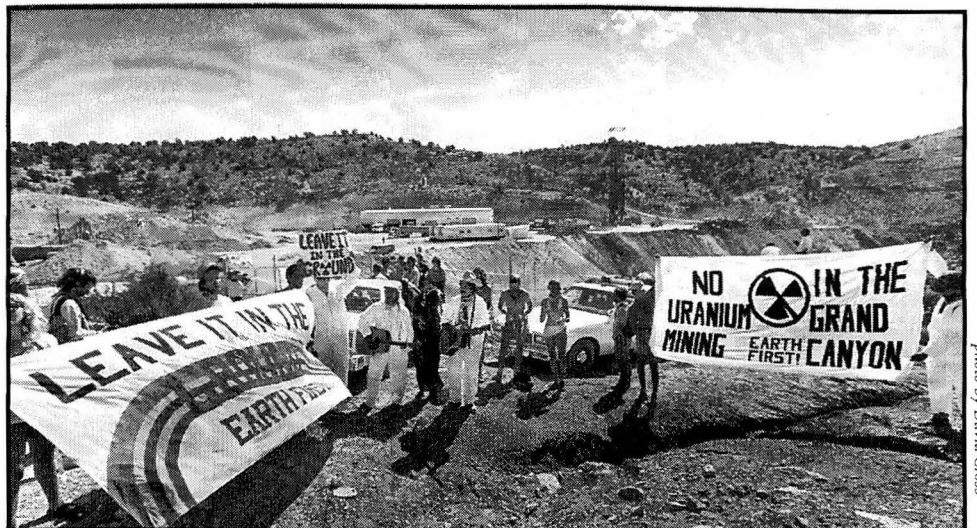
Ancient Forests

"A couple thousand years from now, nobody will be able to tell the difference."

—MIKE ROSELLE, MILLENNIUM GROVE MASSACRE, 1985

The rapid increase in clearcutting under the Reagan administration in the early 1980s caused the nascent Earth First! movement to focus its attention on protecting the last of our publicly owned ancient forests. The largest timber cuts in history were under way, and forest activists frustrated with Big Green "pragmatism" were drawn to EF!'s no-compromise stance. Some felt forced to take more drastic action, so they resurrected the old Wobbly tactic of tree spiking in hopes that lumber mills would forego cutting trees filled with saw-damaging metal.

By the mid '80s, ancient forests were a top priority. The Middle Santiam blockade in Oregon in 1985 was the first to attract attention outside the Northwest. That year also saw the invention of treesitting by Earth First! activists, and in 1986 the North Roaring Devil blockade and treesit in Oregon's South Breitenbush River basin became a story on the evening news nationwide. To this day, Earth First! is probably the group most closely associated with the issue of ancient forest protection.



EF! anti-mining actions, such as this 1987 post-Rendezvous demonstration at the Grand Canyon, helped bring mining issues to the fore.

photo by David Cross

Blockades

It was the aforementioned G-O and Bald Mountain roads campaigns that saw EF! pioneer the use of road blockades as a tactic to defend wildlands in the US in the 1980s. But North American activists were late getting into the game. The first blockades in defense of forests occurred in Australia in 1980. The earliest blockades were efforts to delay the bulldozers by simply standing in the way. The tactic evolved into makeshift barriers of rocks, dead vehicles, fallen trees, people buried to their necks and then to various types of lockdowns. These ranged from the ever-popular bike lock, first used in Texas in 1986 (see photo on page 19), to the ever-more elaborate methods now in use. In 1989, a road blockade featuring veteran EF!er Leo Hund buried up to his neck in rocks got front-page news coverage around the world.

Fire Ecology

The most successful US blockade to date was the Warner Creek/Cascadia Free State. Hundreds of hardy heroes blocked the road to proposed arson-salvage timber sales for 11 months, ultimately forcing the Forest Service to buy back the timber (see page 14). This effort brought fire ecology to the forefront.

In the 1980s, EF! co-founder Howie Wolke worked to bring attention to the beneficial effects of periodic fires in Western forests, leading tours into burned and unsalvaged natural areas in Montana. He, George Wuerthner and Tahoma have written extensively in the *EF!J* on the role of fire in forest ecology.

Cows

"My heroes have always killed cowboys."

—A POPULAR SLOGAN

Welfare ranching policies have destroyed more wildlands than even clearcut logging, and were first opposed by EF! activists throughout the arid West. The romantic figure of the American cowboy has now come to symbolize the terribly destructive effects of grazing.

Cattle grazing has been the primary factor in the decline of native predators—wolf, mountain lion, eagle, etc. Dozens of native plants have been driven out by cow-friendly grasses and forbs. The entire riparian ecosystem of the West has been altered by the invasion of the bovine aliens with their perennial clearcutting of grasses. Pre-cattle descriptions of Western riparian areas tell of thickets of brush and trees teeming with wildlife—a distinct contrast to the romantic Western landscape paintings and photos of isolated stands of tall cottonwoods with no brush, no small trees, collapsed stream banks and shallow, gravel river beds.

Grazing permits on public lands continue to be one of the most egregious subsidies around. While a private ranch would charge more than \$15 per month for a cow and calf—called an animal unit month (AUM)—the government regularly charges less than \$3.

Lynn Jacobs' 1991 book on the destructiveness of grazing, *Waste of the West: Public Lands Ranching*, helped propel this important issue. Activists in New Mexico, Arizona and elsewhere have had great success in getting cows off sensitive lands, but they have been subject to an increasingly violent backlash from the cattle industry.



photos by Mark Ottenud

Leo Hund buried in rocks, North Roaring Devil Timber Sale blockade, Oregon 1989

Mining

Cyanide heap-leach gold mining, uranium mining, coal mining... the list goes on and on. Mining quickly joined the EF! list of federally subsidized eco-crimes as local activists worked to bring national attention to the industry's incredibly toxic impacts.

Mining for uranium and coal on Native lands and the relocation of indigenous people at Big Mountain became a focus in the mid '80s. EF! joined with Native activists to oppose racist mining practices on indigenous lands across the West.

Chipmills

As logging of the Northwest's ancient forests lessened in the 1990s, the timber industry moved back to the deep South, and chipmills sprang up like Starbucks throughout the region. Subsidized shipping down channelized rivers instantly made Mobile, Alabama, the largest wood-products export dock in the world. Chipmills and dioxin go hand-in-hand. Some rivers near these mills are so toxic that any disturbance to the bottom sediments releases a deadly brew of chemicals known to cause genetic damage to fish and other aquatic creatures.

Huge swaths of the South have been decimated and converted from diverse hardwood ecosystems to pine monocultures. Once again, local activists cried out to the Big Greens for help, but incredibly were told, "We'd like to help, but right now we're focusing our efforts on the Northwest's ancient forests." So EF!ers and others formed the Dogwood Alliance, and the *EF!J* featured the story as the battle against chipmills went national.

What Next?

This list is by no means complete; bison, marine animals, toxic waste incinerators, genetically modified foods and animal testing are among other issues that deserve note. Earth First! will continue to bring attention where needed, and EF! activists will remain on the frontlines. "No Compromise!" Earth First!'s finest ethic/tactic, is as needed today as it was two decades ago.

THE STORY OF THEM DAMN IDAHO TREE HUGGERS

"Muh cuzin sez it all started when a elk got lost up inna primateeve area. Another feller inna bar sez it was them Godless French commies. Hell, I dunno, but them damn tree huggers caused quite a stir inna second heart o Dixie."

—IMPROBABLE RUMOR DERIVED FROM AN UNSUBSTANTIATED TALE SUPPOSEDLY ATTRIBUTED, VIA FOURTH-HAND ACCOUNT, TO SOME WANNABE LOCAL EITHER IN GRANGEVILLE, ELK CITY, KOOSKIA OR DIXIE. THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.

BY GARY MACFARLANE

The origins of the Cove/Mallard campaign involve a person with the moniker of Lost Elk, Wild Rockies Earth Firsters, a restless randy individual, a derelict, a troubadour or two, a profound poet, a prophet or preacher, a biker cum organic gardener, Mr. Prozac, addled attorneys, Maineiacs, a sultry celibate, a weatherman, a grumbling genius, a real ranger, Natscat, those with good AIM, the big boys from over the hill, the premier priestess (real Celtic, no less), nonviolent embryonic plants, various shrubs, trees, twigs, branches, berries, invertebrates, refined foods, trekkies, wanderers, maggoty mushrooms, vagrants, gene-spliced primates, giant pink bunnies and an uncle called Ramon.



photo courtesy Cove/Mallard Coalition

A sign of the times—blockade in background

Yep, there are too many good people involved to name them all (as in succinctly) without unintentional omission. Besides, many prefer the realms of anonymity knowing full well that the Freddie cops, FBI and other agents of oppression read this rag like church-going folk read the Bible. Hallelujah!

The Cove/Mallard campaign has gone on for nearly a decade with the primary goal temporarily achieved due to Clinton's roadless moratorium. Yes, what remains roadless of the Cove/Mallard area is temporarily spared from the dozer and the chainsaw in spite of the efforts of the US Forest Service (USFS), Shearer Lumber (a wholly-owned subsidiary of Bennett Lumber) and roadbuilding Highland Enterprises to destroy it. Now that doesn't mean Cove/Mallard is protected. But, building roads in this area is costly. The trees are not worth a whole lot so there is little incentive for expensive helicopter logging. It seems that farce of a roadless policy, if implemented, would provide some protection for Cove/Mallard even though it would allow the plunder of other places. Under the circumstances, what remains wild in Cove/Mallard is about as protected as a chunk of public land can be, short of wilderness designation. And wilderness designation ain't all that it's cut out to be, given the proclivity of the USFS to push for wreckreation and commercialization of wilderness.

Any good story has to have the bad guys (see a couple of paragraphs up). They were big and plentiful. They had a lot of money and had all of the guns.

Fortunately, the good Gaias (guys?, guise?) came through. In a big way. To counter ignorant EF!-centrism, it is instructive to realize that many different people under various banners have, for many years, been concerned about protecting the Cove/Mallard area. Conservationists included Cove/Mallard in the proposed River of No Return Wilderness Act in the 1970's, which did not pass. In 1980, the Central Idaho Wilderness Act did not include the Jersey/Jack Roadless Areas (now known as Cove/Mallard) in the newly designated River of No Return Wilderness. It was the major omission from the wilderness.

In 1981 the Nez Perce National Forest Service issued a decision as part of the quick and dirty Jersey Mountain Road Environmental Assessment. Mr. DJ Grim appealed the forest supervisor's decision, and eventually he and other plaintiffs went all the way to the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals where the decision was overturned in 1985. The court ordered the preparation of a more extensive environmental impact statement (EIS). The Forest Service, in its uncontrollable desire to destroy Cove/Mallard at all costs, completed this EIS process in late 1990. Early the next year, the Idaho Sporting Congress (ISC) and others filed appeals on the Cove and Mallard Environmental Impact Statements, and eventually ISC went to court. The first injunctions were denied. Direct action began in 1992 with Wild Rockies Earth Firsters, Ancient Forest Bus Brigadiers, and others. The rest, as they say, is history and has been written about extensively in the *Earth First! Journal*.

Suffice it to say, the concern by conservationists in the 1970s and 1980s was essential in keeping the area undeveloped. Now comes the fun part—discussing how this glorious campaign was won, well, sort of won for the time being... nobody really knows (ha, ha) but there are a few theories that deserve consideration. First, let's be honest about what didn't work.

Strategy. There really wasn't a coherent one, especially a consensed upon one. Some people felt that direct action could create down time; others believed it was just for the media grist. Some believed that the direct action had to be coordinated with other aspects of the campaign like media, suing the Forest Service over the sales or calling attention to the violations in conducting the sales themselves. That proved difficult since the various groups and entities involved in different aspects of the campaign didn't always agree. Furthermore, these groups were not in constant communication as distances between Missoula, Montana, Moscow and Boise, Idaho—the places where significant campaign activity occurred—made this type of coordination difficult.

Tactics. Locking oneself to the bumper of a law enforcement vehicle while in



photo courtesy Cove/Mallard Coalition

Log cabin style blockade on upper Noble Road

advanced stages of hypothermia may have seemed like a good idea at the time, especially since the equipment to cut locks was not on-site. The Forest Service law enforcement rig turned out to be a county rig, and all it garnered the poor bloke was extra heavy neck jewelry in the county slammer.

Coordination. There were the perennial arguments over violence vs. nonviolence vs. whateverthehell. Nobody could agree at what point something went from the traditional-American-family-values kind of civil disobedience, which the American public ostensibly loves, to vandalistic-destructive-monkeywrenching kind of behavior which the American public ostensibly hates. With examples like the Boston Tea Party playing prominent roles in American history no wonder everybody was completely confused.

Money. Well, we can dislodge that one in hurry. The French Communist Party never came through with the big bucks or even one red cent though every rumor mill and a printing press or two said that is who funded the campaign. Damn commies anyway...

Brains. There was a lot of talk about how stupid the Freddie's were, but that was just the blathering of people who underestimated the opposition. Er, well, the Freddie's were stupid, but we activists were just as stupid, if not more so. It must have been the food we ate...

Luck. This one is a bit more fickle, but having your boots disintegrate out in the

woods isn't very lucky, especially if you are miles from food, water and only planned on a day hike. Good gear in the backcountry is essential as is a clear ability to read maps, navigate in the woods where geologic strata sometimes confuse compasses. Not all activists are proficient in backcountry skills, and almost nobody had the cash to purchase good gear. In spite of these limitations, the federals candidly admitted that the citizen activists were better in the woods than anyone on industry's side...

What did work then? Well, the only things that seemed to make any sense were persistence and diversity of approaches.

Persistence. Every summer, for six years (and one winter too) field activists would greet the Forest Service in the woods. Every couple of years ISC would file a new lawsuit against the Cove/Mallard sales. Every few months, the Forest Service would receive detailed reports and letters from a plethora of environmental groups documenting the illegalities in implementing the Cove/Mallard sales. After the Forest Service broke a 74-day blockade on the Jack Road in 1997, two more blockades went up. The resilience must have demoralized some in the agency. Even though

the Jack Timber Sale was cut, it was the last of the destruction in Cove/Mallard.

Perhaps the most amazing story of persistence, of derring do in the woods, involves the winter campaign of 1994/1995 (doesn't that sound like a pulp novel describing some grim and embellished battle between Soviet and German troops in February 1943?). Natscat, that persistent and brilliant trooper, averted disaster when she discovered that the proper equipment (a can opener) was not available and all the coffee, on that minus 20 degree morning, was secure in a sealed can. There she was, decked out in military surplus woolen gear from some nation from a northern latitude (good gear, in other words), warm yet in desperate need of caffeine. Her mind was clear yet frenzied. She seized the moment, in a fit of brilliant and impromptu rage, by wielding a Pulaski to open up the can in a swift and decisive move. The slack-jawed onlookers were filled with both awe and amazement. Coffee, the staff of life, was served that very cold morning.

Diversity. Different groups and people took on different roles in the campaign. There were those who focused on blockades. Others searched the woods for goshawks and candysticks, and carefully monitored each cutting unit for environmental violations. The lawyers did their thing. Folks across the country did benefits, roadshows and alerted the public about this place. In spite of the fact coordination was far from perfect (maybe, even in part because of it), these diverse avenues helped build the case for protecting Cove/Mallard.

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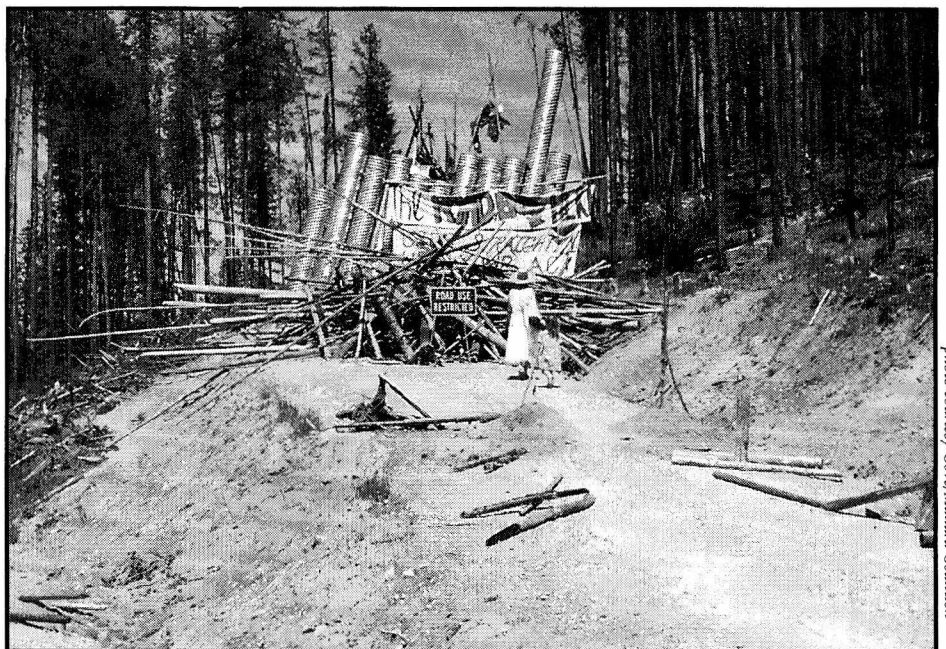


photo courtesy Cove/Mallard Coalition

The big blockade and tripod sit on Noble Road.

continued from page 55

While not every group agreed with or even supported all that went on in behalf of Cove/Mallard, every group was committed to its protection. Reportedly, there were mysterious souls—who obviously had nothing to do with the campaign, if they did exist—who dug up roads and did light-weight mechanics and culvert adjustment in the dead of night. The veracity of said reports and their effectiveness may be in question, but they provided the grist for legends, myths and even a couple of nasty newspaper stories. It took a long time, but committed people temporarily staved off the forces of greed and plunder. At least, it sounds rather noble putting it that way. Everybody else says it was the roadless policy and the FS adopting common sense that axed the remaining Cove/Mallard sales. But Cove/Mallard played a big role in setting up a roadless policy in the first place (for what it's worth). However, we must never forget that activists don't have the monopoly on either persistence or a diversity of approaches.

As rare westslope cutthroat trout cling to survival in the South Fork of Mallard Creek, temporarily safe from the saw and dozer, the Cove/Mallard Coalition changes faces, people and focus. New threatened areas in Idaho's big wild like Otter-Wing are defended on the ground by new folks. It's like that old adage, the more things change the more they stay the same.

For more information, contact Cove/Mallard Coalition, POB 8968, Moscow, ID 83843; (208) 882-9755; 883-0720 (fax).

Gary Macfarlane is an Idaho wildernut and activist who was born and raised in the intermountain West. He is happiest when groaning under a load crammed in his ancient backpack in some remote, large-carnivore infested region of the Wild Rockies.

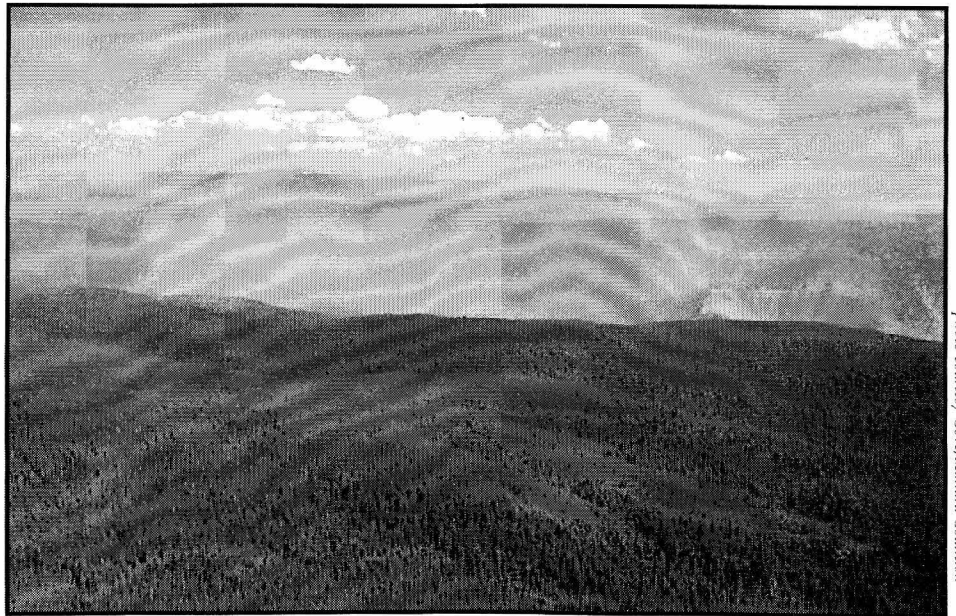


photo courtesy Cove/Mallard Coalition

Ain't no roads out there—Cove/Mallard wilderness.

Hunkerin' Down on Grouse Road

First American Tripod is Constructed in Cove/Mallard

BY RANDALL RESTLESS

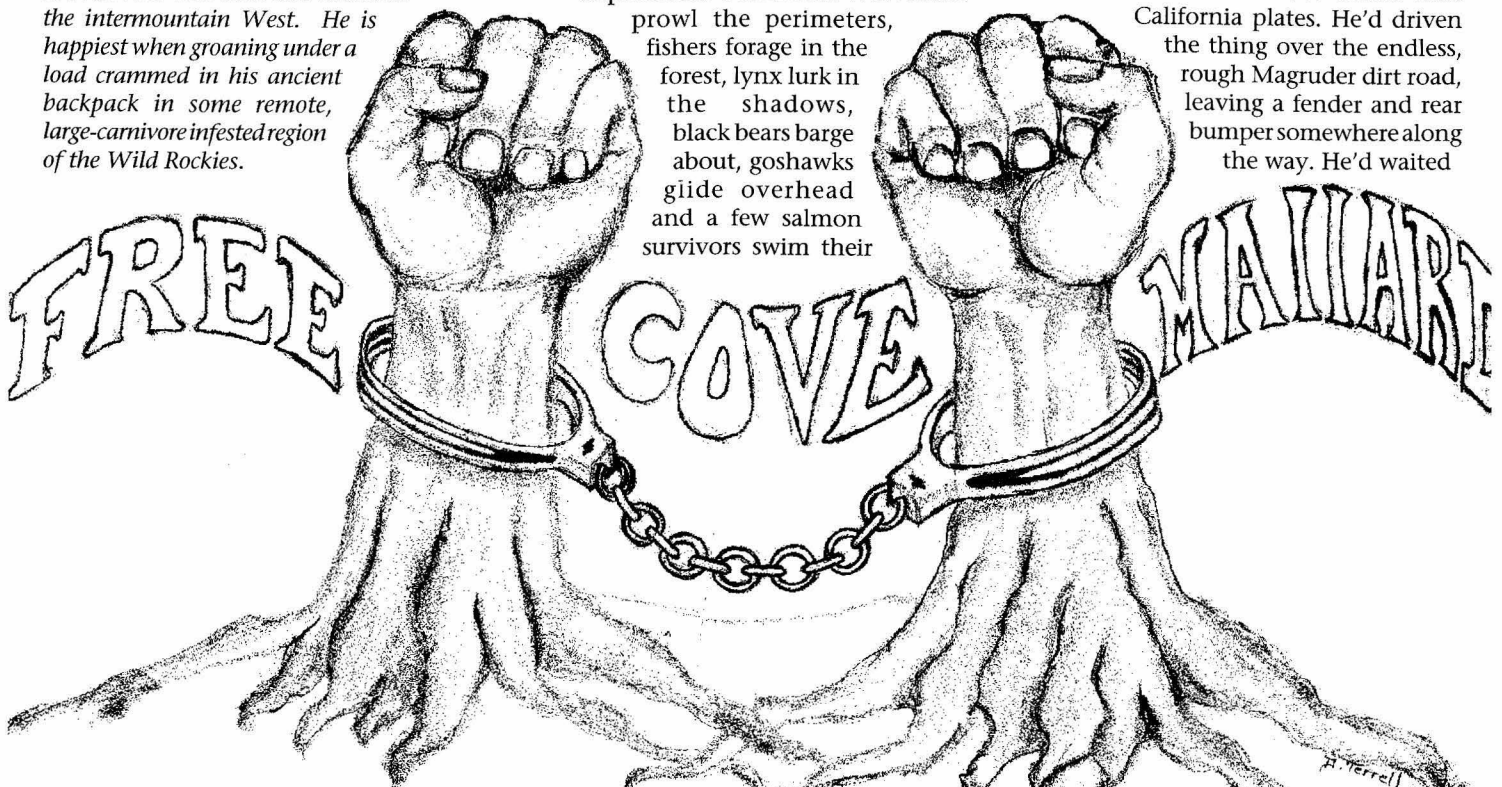
It's summer 1992. Cove/Mallard country, before the Noble Road, before the Jack Road, before the locals got nasty, before the SLAPP suits, mass arrests, beatings, even before Ramon got famous.

This country is still wild and unfragmented. Outlaw wolves lurk here, vagabonds who have somehow survived or found their own way to this remote but unprotected wilderness. Wolverines prowl the perimeters, fishers forage in the forest, lynx lurk in the shadows, black bears barge about, goshawks glide overhead and a few salmon survivors swim their

namesake river. Rumors persist of grizzlies, giant gray and brown ghosts found only in far-flung hideaways.

And now, the first of a wave of scraggly but determined forest freaks has begun to make its presence known.

First basecamp: We're huddled in a leaky cabin near Red River Hot Springs, squatters squatting by the fireplace, trying to keep warm in the wet, cold spring weather. The first guy to arrive was a tall, skinny, shaggy fellow in an old VW Beetle with California plates. He'd driven the thing over the endless, rough Magruder dirt road, leaving a fender and rear bumper somewhere along the way. He'd waited



three days with no food at the cabin for us to arrive. Finally we hear the roar of a big engine outside, and who should arrive but the Ancient Forest Bus Brigade! Now we can get down to business.

A few weeks later, things have gotten serious. The first road to go into the Cove roadless area, called Grouse Road, is under construction. Lots of survey stakes have disappeared from other road corridors, and a brief treesit had ensued in the Noble corridor. But now we have to face the music and launch a real direct action. No more moping around base camp, drinking warm cheap beer and going for recon hikes.

We leave base camp, which we moved to near Dixie, Idaho, on a road to a mining claim, and hike eight miles or so through the endless green maze of the Cove/Mallard woodlands to the Grouse Road corridor. On the way we have to cross the Noble Road corridor, which is obvious as there is still flagging and some trees have been cut. There's a closure order on it, so we wait till evening to cross. Arriving near the Grouse Road, we hunker down in the woods for a cold, sleepless vigil, waiting till 3:00 a.m. or so to start erecting our blockade at the end of the road construction. It's a tense night, with worries and discussion about what sort of security we will find and how the people who lock down will be treated. We know there are camo Freddie's lurking in the woods; we have spied them spying on us near basecamp. They are very creepy, only revealing themselves to female activists, mainly when the women are bathing in the creek.

Our sketchy plan is to erect a tripod barricade. This had never been done before in the US, nor probably in North America. We have no real idea what we are doing. As first light starts to ooze like honey through the deep forest, we can be seen rummaging through the piles of lodgepole pine conveniently yarded alongside the road. We select three and tie their ends together, but how to get the damned thing up? There are only five or six of us to erect it. It weighs a ton at least. Two tries result in getting it partway up and dropping it, making an awful racket and nearly squashing the slower of us.

Third try is a charm. Up it goes and we secure the legs in the dirt of the road. Where is the roadbuilders' security? Turns out he is asleep in his truck, 100 yards up the road! That's one job we cost the bastards.

Meghan and James have locked onto the skidder and the excavator, respectively, with kryptonites. Jeff starts trying to climb the tripod and can't get up the last bit to the apex. We hear motors, trucks coming. Shit! Get up there! We stick a log under his foot and boost him up, and he's there, and the trucks arrive, workers pile out and we

hustle into the woods. I realize that we have left Jeff's rope hanging down from the tripod, and I run out and throw him my Swiss army knife. He cuts the rope and throws it back to me, and I bolt, as workers swagger up, cussing and shouting.

The roadbuilding crew is not pleased. They holler at Meghan, Jeff and James, trying to bully them into backing off. James sings songs from his perch on the arm of the excavator. We watch from the woods and yell out, letting the workers know we are watching.

Jeff has a banner hanging from his tripod, saying "Leave These Trees in Peace, not in Pieces." Bad idea. One of the workers pulls out a lighter, reaches up and sets it on fire! Jeff hops around, swatting at the flames, trying to avoid getting burned or falling out. I pray his rope does not burn through. He sticks it out. A hero!

The tree fellers have disappeared down the road with their giant saws to continue their nasty work. But the road builders can't fire up their toys. A couple of the bigger goons start thrashing about in the woods, looking for us. There are other people in the woods by now, camo Freddie's, and we begin to get paranoid. Jeff is hanging tight on his tripod, but the workers drive a backhoe up to it, and attach the bucket to one of the tripod legs and start wiggling it, trying to scare him down. Still he hangs on. Finally the Freddie cops show up, a few hours after the action commenced. The backhoe is brought in under the tripod, and Jeff decides to climb down. The Freddie's start cutting Meghan and James off. We in the woods have so far eluded capture, but it's getting mighty tight. Time to split. We haul ass off into the lodgepole thickets just as we hear pursuit closing in. A mile of running over blowdowns, sweating bullets, lungs screaming, gets us out of range.

Bedraggled but psyched, we lope through the great green forest. We pulled it off! The first tripod blockade on the continent, and we held 'em up for

a few hours. This is just the opening salvo in a long, committed campaign.

Our adventure isn't over. We still have to cross the Noble Road corridor. We're exhausted by the time we get there and get careless. As we cross through the closure, we suddenly hear, close behind us, "Federal agents! Hold it right there!" Damn! The bastards were hiding. But they ain't got us yet! I look at Jagoff, he looks at me, and we both start running. So does everyone else. We immediately come to a steep downhill and launch down it with huge strides, Jagoff doing a flying roll with a bowsaw in his hand and coming up unscathed, still running. He hurls the saw away.

We all get away but are scattered. I end up with Dan and another fellow. We decide to approach basecamp very cautiously, fearing the feds will have descended on it and be waiting for us. Hours later we are in sight of basecamp but can't make out what is going on. After an hour of agonizing, Dan volunteers to go in and waves the white flag for us. Home free!

Long live Cove/Mallard!



photo courtesy Wild Rockies Earth First!

Tripod in downtown Missoula, Montana, against logging Cove/Mallard.

Armed with Visions

As an enviro-poet activist who hooked up with Earth First! after reading about its Gila exploits in Gordon Solberg's *Dry Country News*, I was delighted the inner circle was open to radical poetry as part of their nascent newsletter, which quickly evolved into the *Journal*. I submitted a poem about Mount St. Helens and was offered a job as poetry editor. So, from 1981 to 1991 I supplied a camera-ready page of poems I laid it out and called it *Armed with Visions*. Our motto: clear as cut glass & just as dangerous. Poets from all over the country responded. I'm proud of the variety, the power and the wisdom of the poems over those 10 years. May Earth First! remain armed with visions.

—ART GOODTIMES

CLEAR AS CUT GLASS

Commemoration Grove

The mist clung to your green
Small animals flirted in your branches
You sang to me for seven lifetimes
Music of the autumn wind
Now I count the bright ring of years
Tears flow
Stick like resin in my heart

—SPARKLE PLENTY

Outhouse Vision #58

Mountains without trucks
Rivers without dams
Foothills without livestock
Valleys without poisons

That's the way it was
in my great-grandfather's time
That's the way it'll be
in my great-grandson's time
or nothing'll be.

—J.P. BERNARD

A Charm to Explode Popcorn

O Terrorist of the vegetable world
burst your golden prison!
O Second Cousin of the Mexican Jumping-Bean
the summer sun's booming energy
compacted within your shell release!
O Nova-Nut, microbang image of
our macrobang cosmos—
hear my conjuring voice and expand!
Let popping kernel comets careen
about the kitchen.
O Molotov Cocktail of the Peaceful
Maize Family—even after
your cataclysmic birth
you remain volatile—
leaping out of hands

bags &
boxes

levitous to the last

O Noble Dynamite Corn—
pop!

—JAMES BOGAN

Radical

i'm told to be reasonable
"think of the economy"
when entire forests are fragmented
to give a temporary job
for a feller-buncher

we're told that we're radicals
for opposing multinational
thieves of the tattered remains
of the Creator

while the forest DIS-service
sells off the land to the highest bidder
to be raped, pillaged and shorn
they call us "radicals!"

but radical is from the roots
where Wolverine meets riffraff
Goshawk swoops to protect her home
we can do no less

crooked politicians try to steal our voice
invalidating pen and ink
that shouts
"PROTECT THE LAND!"

laws are nothing but paper
changed upon a whim
controlled by corporate dollars
extracting, poisoning and murdering
until there's nothing left

but radical is from the roots
where Wolverine meets riffraff
Goshawk swoops to protect her home
we can do no less.

—PALOMA

Roadkill, US 40

Raptor.
Sky lord.
Thunderbolt wings.
Lightning claws.

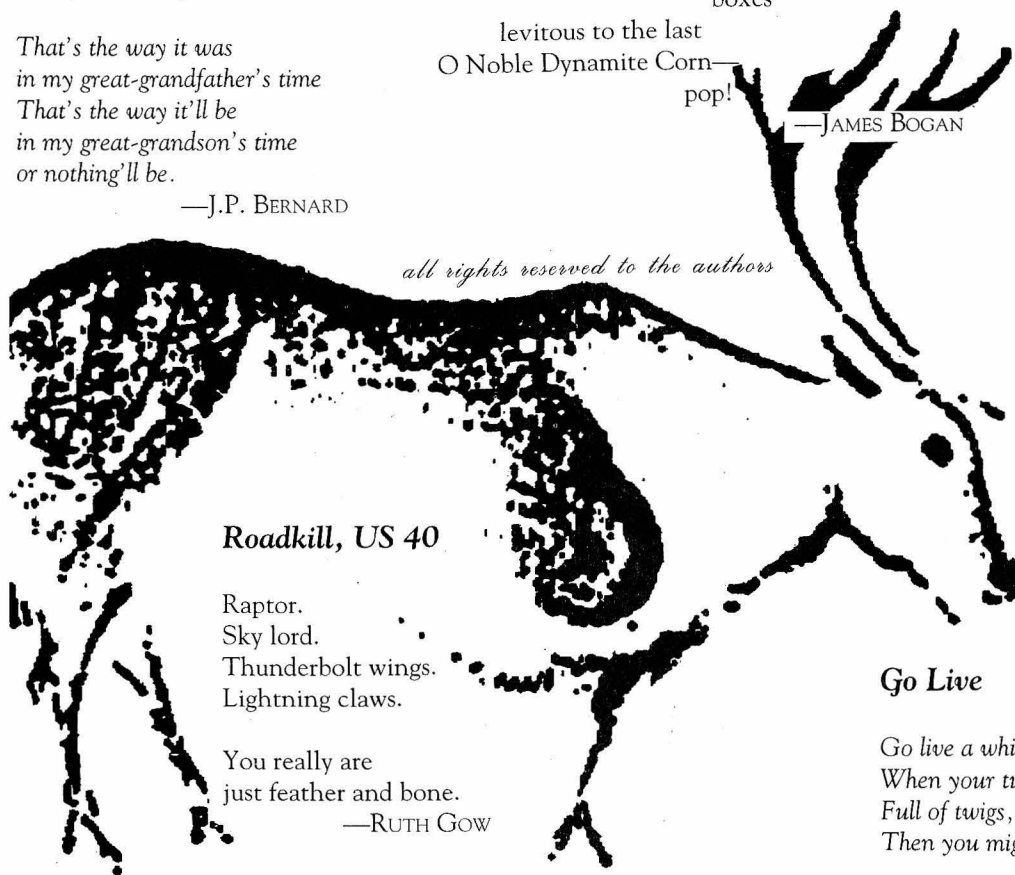
You really are
just feather and bone.

—RUTH GOW

Go Live

Go live a while in the desert...
When your turds look like Coyote's,
Full of twigs, hair, bits of bone,
Then you might know something.

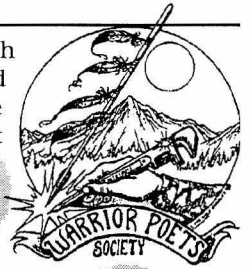
—ERIC HOLLE



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The Warrior Poets Society was founded in 1991 in the Green Mountains of Vermont by a bunch of Earth First! poets who were concerned that poetry was disappearing from the *Journal*. The new collective had switched from a full page format to an open format, and it seemed there were fewer poems each issue. We worried that this meant poetry would disappear from Earth First!. It seemed logical to organize and attempt to prevent this from happening.

—DENNIS FRITZINGER



In Summer

As a shy and lonely little girl, I sought refuge
In dreams of the few treasured days each summer
Spent in a verdant, isolated mountain valley

Awakening to misty, gray-green mornings
Puffs of my breath (in August!)
Drawing the curtains to greet the day
Watching glowing bands of sunlight
Slowly illuminating my meadow
Warming glossy backs of grazing horses

Dressing quickly, dashing outside
Is it the crisp mountain air
Heady with the perfume of towering pines
Or the splendor around me
That damps my eyes with salty moisture
Softly sighing wind gently lifts my hair
Whispering in my ears
I feel so pleased with my—self!
Bold, vital and radiant
Drawing strength and beauty into my little life

The long days between those visits
Were filled with wistful memories
Anticipation of a new summer
Looking at clouds on the horizon
Blurring my vision to see my mountains there

As I grew older
My love for the wilderness never dimmed
Never once did I take it for granted

But it never dawned on me
That the mighty snow-capped peaks
The wandering creek and gleaming trout
Rainbow wildflowers, glorious aspen with shimmering leaves
The chattering marmot and graceful deer
Tiny hummingbirds and bugling elk
From which I drew such courage, strength and hope
Might need me as much as I needed them

The child I was could not interpret the quiet cry of the wind
But the adult I've become understands
And I must defend that which redeemed me
It's who I am and why I'm here

—KATHY VAN EVERY

The Earth's Wild Places

*Your eyes, your mouth and hands—
The public highways. Hands,
Like truck stops,
Semis resting in the corners.
Eyes like the bank clerk's window
Foreign exchange.
I love all the parts of your body
Friends hub your suburbs
Farmlands are given a nod
But I know the path
To your wilderness.
It's not that I like it best,
But we're almost always
Alone, there,
And it's scary, but also calm.*

—GARY SNYDER

send poems to:
Warrior Poets Society
PMB 361
108 MLK Jr. Student Union #4510
Berkeley, CA 94720-4510



Cactus Ed Lives!

Yes, I remember Cactus Ed,
the anarchist who went with his boots on.
Ol' Freddie thinks he's dead,
lying somewhere outside of Tucson.

But what a shock for Uncle Sam,
when the monkey wrench gang does howl
and dynamite blows Glen Canyon Dam
freeing the river beneath Lake Powell.

And just as the light in Phoenix dies,
when they think they've seen the worst,
a clenched fist from the sand will rise
as the desert winds cry "Earth First!"

—PHILIP WRIGHT

Substitute

In the classroom
I am a substitute
in a school
which is a substitute
for experience, passion
community, wildness

Well, wildness and passion are still there
in some of them
badly translated

into nicotine french fries
carburetor song
and wallpaper television

and hardly spoken at all
by the
administrators & parents
on the peripheries

of lives

which are quickly becoming substitutes
for the people they might've been

in a time of less rage
in a place with more bears

—MARK LONDON WILLIAMS

AND JUST AS DANGEROUS



Peg and Darryl yuckin' it up

continued from page 19

lands. I was still going along on the momentum that we had started and the excitement of it all. I didn't try to direct anything. I did talk about sacred lands—that was what I was most interested in. Mark was going in another direction, and we were being influenced as well by people who were working for the feds.

EFIJ: Set up for us the whys, whos, etc. of the power line action. Was there any significance in the day you picked for the action—May 31, 1989?

PM: We picked it because of the moon which was waning—it was new and dark.

EFIJ: How did Fain's pressuring affect how far you all went and how fast things came together?

PM: Fain and Fraser definitely influenced us and pressured us. I sure was influenced by Fain—I can't speak for Mark Davis. I definitely went much further than I would have had it not been for both Mark and Mike.

EFIJ: I've heard you tell the story about the ride out to the power lines. Fain was secretly recording your conversation, and later you all heard the tape with your lawyers. Exactly what happened?

PM: To start out with, I didn't really want to go out. I was so scared, really stressed out and crying. Mark told me right before we went, "Look, you don't have to do this—at all." He gave me the escape. But of course I wasn't going to back out at that point. I felt responsible for Mike Fain being there for one thing.

I wanted to ride in the back of the car 'cause I was so freaked out. And Fain said, "Oh no, no—there's plenty of room in the front." Of course Fain wanted me up front so he could have my voice on

tape as part of the trio.

As we were driving, everybody was jacked up. We were getting ready to do something pretty scary. Meanwhile this is the last night for Fain, and he's preparing to lead us right into the mouth of the feds. We were being very punchy and really silly. We were talking about things like shooting cows on public land with arrows dipped in cyanide extracted from the seeds of apples—we were just talking shit. We were just howling—I was laughing so hard I could hardly see straight—it was ridiculous. When I listened to this on tape in the lawyer's office I laughed again. I thought if they put this on in the court-

room they're going to throw us out for being a bunch of idiots. It was too funny... So we were driving out there and it felt very surreal, and I began to feel resigned. It was like I was on top of this wave, and there was nothing to do now to change things. I was in the truck and we were going to cut down a power line. I felt powerless in a way.

EFIJ: Aside from having a FBI agent along for the ride, what kind of security measures did you all take?

PM: [Laughs] Well, I got this really

one of them to get a look around.

I thought it was a very stupid place to cut down a power line because it was in a little basin. There was no way to see beyond the wash. Of course it was where Fain lead us to and there were Feds hiding in bushes all around us. It was also a place where Mark wanted to cut this power line because he figured that the wire would pull the tower over a certain way.

EFIJ: Did Mark Davis and Fain choose the place together?

PM: I'm pretty sure it was Davis and Fain.

EFIJ: Okay, so there you were with funny shoes unknowingly surrounded by the FBI—what happened next?

PM: I was out there with this wand of brush, and I was wiping out our tracks, which was futile. I thought what am I doing this for—it's ridiculous—but I did it anyway. So there I was wiping out our tracks, and Mark Baker was up on this tower looking around. I was thinking this is a really weird place and why am I here. Fain was using a blanket to shield the light of the acetylene torch from the road.

EFIJ: And Mark Davis was using the acetylene torch?

PM: Right. Then I ran around beating out little fires that started from the sparks of the acetylene torch. Mark got in a couple of inches on an I-beam; then all of a sudden a flare went up. I heard this phsooooooooo—I looked up and

I heard a little movement next to me and looked down to see a rabbit. The rabbit was very still. But as I was sitting there, I started to talk to the rabbit in a low whisper, and the rabbit decided it was okay and began to eat. I thought, "Wow, this is cool. I'm among my kin." I really felt what the deer feels when it's being hunted, and I felt that the animals felt it too and that there was a camaraderie between us.

strange, eerie feeling when we were driving down the road. I saw lights way, way ahead of us—this was at dusk—and I saw the lights turn off the road when we turned off the road. And way, way behind us I could see other lights, and they turned off the road the same time we did as well. It was very strange—I didn't understand it. We parked in a wash and we all decided to disguise our footprints. I wrapped my feet with duct tape. Mike Fain did the same thing with his shoes. Mark Davis put socks over his shoes. Mark Baker put plywood planks under his shoes and we called him Daffy Duck. There were two towers standing side by side and he climbed up

everything's lit up. It was like the movies—slow motion and everything was shining. I could see all around—really weird. Some part of me knew—it had been waiting for this moment so it could say to the rest of me, "I told you so, I told you so."

Mark Davis was working—paying no attention to the flare. Mark Baker was looking at the flare with the same dumb-founded look that I had, and Fain was just waiting for them to get us. I heard some rustling and some metallic sounds, and I just thought, "Oh shit, this is a setup. We're sitting ducks." So I ran past Mark Davis and Mike Fain and tapped them both on the shoulder and said, "I'm outta

here." And I ran. I heard metallic clicks of guns behind me and someone yelling, "Halt, this is the FBI!" I was sure they were going to shoot me in the back because they weren't going to shoot me in the front, and I wasn't going to halt, and I wasn't going to turn around. They didn't shoot me in the back, though. I ran off at top speed.

EF!J: At this point you were on the run and would spend that night escaping through the desert. Can you go into exactly what happened?

PM: I hit the wash and brushed past some paloverde and got a thorn in my thigh. I was in a panic before that, but then I got real calm. I began to travel towards Wenden (a nearby town). I followed a turn in the wash and all of a sudden lights came on and this humongous helicopter rose out of the desert in front of me. Then I heard people behind me and in front of me. They were on foot and all had flashlights and were in the direction I wanted to go. The helicopter started to hover pretty close to me so I got under a paloverde tree and didn't move. I thought about infrared lenses and all that, so I didn't move a muscle and buried my face in the dirt. The helicopters hovered over me for a while and eventually moved on. I waited until I was far enough away and got up from under the tree. That dang helicopter came back and

hovered over me at least three times that night, and each time I hid under a paloverde.

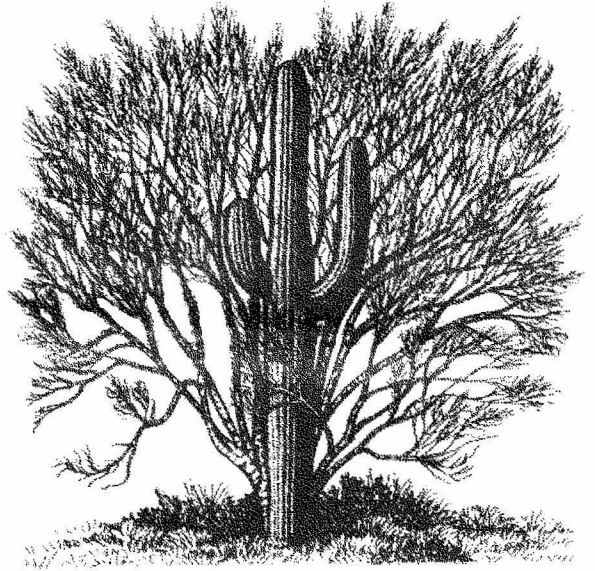
I began to walk closer to the road. I noticed some airplanes flying over, really low and slow so again I stopped and got really still. When the planes were gone I started walking again. The people on foot were walking in a line towards me and flashing lights around so I stopped again. I decided it was time to be a saguaro cactus. So while these guys were shining their lights over my face and over my body, I *was* a cactus. I tried my hardest to think like a cactus and to be invisible, and they didn't see me.

EF!J: So you shape-shifted.

PM: I shape-shifted. Every time they moved forward they would shine the lights forward, but when they stopped they would shine them all around. When they stopped I would be a cactus. Then they would move again, and I would move and eventually I was on the other side of them. It was pretty amazing.

There was still some cover between me and the road. I heard someone yell, "Come on Peg. We're going to be out here all night. Let's go, come on in." I swore it was Mark Davis' voice, but later Mark said it wasn't. They just threw him in the paddy wagon and took him away. So there was someone imitating his voice. I'm pretty sure of it. When I heard him say, "We're going to be out here all night," I was thinking, "That's the idea, pal." I could see Wenden and could also look down into the basin the way I had just come.

There were cars everywhere down there; people with megaphones were calling out. The helicopter was hovering and doing these big sweeping circles. Surveillance planes were above the helicopter flying circles above the whole mess. I'm standing there looking down on this, thinking, "Jesus Christ, is this all because of us?" I was blown away. They must've spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for all that. It just seemed all this mad, ridiculous running around



Paloverde with Saguaro

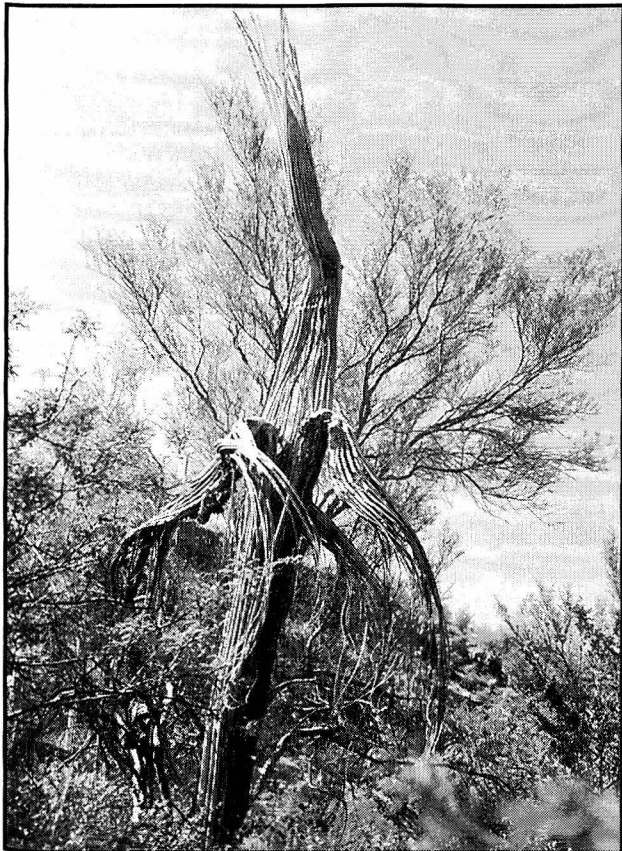
was so absurd.

So I decided to leave them to their own devices down there and make my way to Wenden, which was about seven or eight miles. I figure I walked about 16 miles altogether that night.

I walked down the center of this great big open space which had been cleared so they could put the power lines in it. I was going parallel to the road to Wenden. These two trucks came barreling over the hill from the basin towards me and I thought, "Oh shit." I heard over the megaphone: "Peggy Millett, we have your identity. Give yourself up." They repeated it over and over again. Then a little tape of the patriarchal cultural bullshit that I've been running all my life started going through my head, telling me that I was a bad girl—that I was making the authorities angry and I had no business doing that. That made me really despondent, and I thought, "I should just turn myself in—I'll never be able to get away with this." But by the time I decided to turn myself in, the trucks were gone.

I decided there was no way I was going to backtrack for those bozos. I got to the road and knelt down on the pavement and put my hands out in front of me. I was wearing black—in fact, a long sleeve Defend the Wilderness t-shirt. A car drove by, but it didn't stop. I waited. About five or six more cars went by, but not a one saw me. I finally broke off the bad girl tape in my head, got up and thought, "This is ridiculous! I'm getting the hell out of here. I'll get a lawyer and turn myself in later if I decide I want to do that."

I walked into the nearest wash by the road. I really began to revel in the desert, to feel the brush of the plants as I was



Saguaro skeleton in the Sonoran Desert

photo courtesy Tucson EF!

continued on page 112

EF! SURVIVES AGENTS OF

BY ALICIA LITTLETREE

In liberation struggles all over the world, from Africa to East LA, you can trace the roots of conflict right back to the control of resources. The muted backdrop for every war, genocide and rights abuse is a living ecosystem that represents power and profits for a well-armed few and survival for the rest.

As the uncompromising ideals of ecosystem defense caught on and evolved, Earth First! became a truly revolutionary movement that fiercely contradicts the cornerstones of industrialism. If the land has as much right to exist as people, then capitalism, which is based on the ownership of resources and exploitation of people and the Earth, just can't function.

While it took Earth First!ers a few years to really put all of this together, the corporations and the secret police figured it out right away. The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) has been keeping tabs on us since at least 1982, and the Forest Service has acres of files tracking EF!ers and their activities dating back even before that.

Moreover, the last two decades have seen the wise use movement, with groups like People for the USA, crop up with the backing of their corporate sponsors, determined to "eradicate the environmental movement." As with any effective grassroots effort, local law enforcement officers all over the country have turned themselves into a bunch of corporate thugs and FBI lackeys, jumping into the fray to beat, pepper spray and prosecute Earth First!ers from Tucson to Burlington. Their combined mission is to stop anyone who challenges the ability of corporations, the real ruling force in the US, to rape and plunder the last scraps of living Earth.

The Feds

From almost day one, the feds were determined to undermine the Earth First! movement, illegally targeting activists for their free speech activities. The earliest FBI file on EF! that we know of, dated December 1982, is a report of a letter sent to then Interior Secretary James Watt vowing "civil disobedience" to stop mining, road building and oil exploration, signed by Earth

First! It triggered an "extortion investigation" by the FBI, an early example of what was to become a multi-million dollar FBI counter-intelligence operation to stop Earth First! across the country. Another early FBI file notes that "as a matter of background, in 1967 an individual named Edward Abbey wrote a book called *The Monkeywrench Gang*... Since that time the Earth First! organization has rallied around Edward Abbey and he is now associated with that organization."

The FBI is not actually allowed to investigate political groups in the US, just crimes. If someone in a group commits a

came on the heels of the FBI's "Operation Thermcon" in Arizona, which targeted Earth First! co-founder Dave Foreman. Thermcon was an acronym short for "Thermite Conspiracy," which the FBI set about not to uncover but to *create*. Despite the use of an undercover agent and many informants, the FBI failed in its goal to get Arizona EF!ers to use the explosive Thermite to destroy a powerline.

This FBI effort to falsely associate Earth First!ers with bombs continued through the '90s. The most bizarre case was its feeble attempt to draw connections between Earth First! and the Unabomber.

These stories turned out to be fabricated by the wise use movement, which tried to tie the anti-technology sentiments of the Unabomber Manifesto to the Earth First! movement. While there was never any relationship between EF! and the Unabomber, and Earth First! has never advocated bombs or bombings, the movement once again was branded as "terrorist" in the media and subjected to a whole new round of FBI investigation and harassment.

In 1998, the feds were at it again in Oberlin, Ohio, where they showed up to investigate the fire-bombing of an

EF! activist's car. Even though Josh Raisler-Cohn had received many death threats aimed at his environmental organizing, the FBI tried to blame him for torching his car when he was asked to "answer a few more questions" a few days after the fire.

"The FBI agents sat me down at a table and said, 'You're on that side of the table, and I'm on this side,' Josh remembers, 'and we're also kind of on opposite sides in this situation.'"

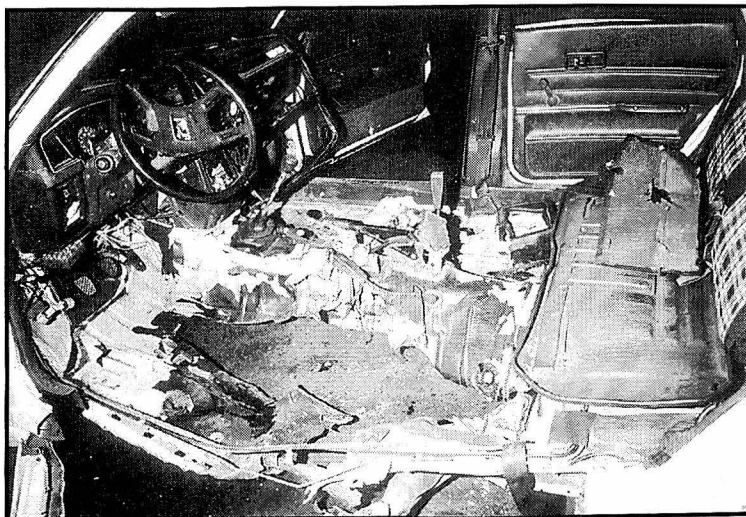
"I said, 'What do you mean?'"

"He said, 'Well, I'm a conservative, law abiding citizen, and you're on the opposite end of that political spectrum.'"

"I realized at that point this guy wasn't interested in investigating the crime."

Wise Use Movement

Pro-industry groups and corporations have tried to stop Earth First! as well. They have built a national pseudo-grassroots movement—often called in the public relations world, "astroturf," because it mimics the behavior of an actual community



The remains of the car Judi and Darryl were travelling in after it blew up

crime, the group's other members are shielded by freedom of association. This is according to the Attorney General Guidelines (AG), the rules that are supposed to protect the rights of citizens. With Earth First!, as with many other political movements, the FBI simply ignored the limitations of the AG rules and went straight for the throat, trying to prevent the free speech activities of EF!ers.

The well-documented FBI assault on EF! includes surveillance, information gathering, infiltration, targeting of leaders and conspiracy to falsely arrest activists. But the most consistent tactic used is the false association of Earth First! activists with violence and terrorism, specifically bombs. Probably the most well-known example of this is the car bombing of Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney in Oakland, California, in 1990. The FBI showed up at the scene and had the victims arrested for bombing themselves. A federal civil rights lawsuit against the feds is scheduled for trial on October 1, 2001. The false arrest of Judi and Darryl

Photo courtesy GPO

REPRESSION

movement. In the summer/fall 1992 Mendocino Environmental Center newsletter, Gary Ball writes in "Meet the Wise Use Movement":

"Environmentalism bashing and the rhetoric of war have been wise use movement (WUM) trademarks from the very beginning. Ron Arnold, one of the WUM's founders and most prominent spokespersons, says, 'Our goal is to destroy, to eradicate the environmental movement...' Arnold and his partner, Alan Gottlieb, are CEOs of the Center for the Defense of Free Enterprise (CDFE) in Bellevue, Washington. CDFE is granted credit for launching the wise use movement... Arnold is one of the most popular speakers on the wise use circuit, and his words often seem to be fueled with religious zeal. And perhaps they are, if money worship counts as a religion."

Classic wise use movement tactics include setting up local pro-business, anti-environmental groups, harassing environmentalists, and advocating the use of threats and dirty tricks against us. This was rampant during the Redwood Summer days in Northern California in 1990 and can also be seen in the Cove/Mallard campaign in Idaho. The wise use movement whips up fear and hatred against Earth First!ers, which often erupts in violence against us. Its corporate sponsors include Pacific Lumber, Louisiana Pacific, Georgia Pacific, Weyerhaeuser, Macmillan-Bloedel, DuPont, Burger King, Coca-Cola and a host of other mining, oil and logging companies around the world.

A couple of years ago, one of the most active wise use groups, People for the

West, changed their name to People for the USA. They remain among the most hateful and effective anti-environmental groups, and are currently waging campaigns against activists in Utah and Southern Oregon, as well as many others.

Local Cops

The wise use movement and FBI couldn't be nearly as effective without the help of local police, who have played an important part in the repression of Earth First! activists. Local cops are often the first line of defense. They are the law enforcement agencies who know the players in community political struggles, so the FBI goes to them for information. They are also the ones that activists turn to when they are being harassed and often do nothing to help stop it. In rural areas, local police agencies are usually tied to the dominant industry or corporation in the region, like Humboldt County's Sheriff Dennis Lewis, who testified during the notorious pepper spray trial that he has family members who work for Pacific Lumber Company and he once worked there himself.

Local cops play a key role in stirring up violence against Earth First!ers. When they ignore threats and violence against activists, it sends the message that corporate thugs can do whatever they want to eco-defenders and face no penalty. During the summer of 1998, incidents of violence against EF!ers in the redwood region were on the rise, and we were reporting them to the local sheriffs, who offered no help. The death of David "Gypsy" Chain is a result of this kind of negligence by local law enforcement. Even after Gypsy was killed on September 17 of that year by a logger who felled a tree in his direction during a nonviolent blockade, the district attorney of



photo by David Cross

The room occupied by Darryl Cherney was ransacked by the FBI shortly after the bombing.

Humboldt County refused to prosecute, offering the observation in his report, "Sometimes people die."

What's even worse is when the local cops jump into the fray, as the Minnehaha Free State learned in December of 1998. Over 800 local police dressed in riot gear and wielding automatic and chemical weapons descended on the peaceful encampment to stop a road project in Minneapolis, Minnesota. You can hardly expect protection from the same agency that would direct its deputies to smear pepper spray directly into the eyes of nonviolent protesters, as we have seen all over the country in ever-increasing numbers. The real question is, who is going to protect Earth First!ers from the police?

If we take all this attention from the government as a sign of our effectiveness, then we are in good shape. There are a million and one more stories of police harassment and government repression aimed at Earth First!, far too many to relate here. There is an effort to compile a national clearinghouse of anti-environmental activities based in Boulder, Colorado. You can contact Betty at the Rocky Mountain Peace and Justice Center for more information at (303) 444-6981.

Alicia Littletree is an organizer with Mendocino Earth First!. She is currently working on Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney's federal civil rights lawsuit against the FBI and Oakland Police which will go to trial in October 2001.



photo by David Cross

Judi Bari (in wheelchair) and supporters outside FBI headquarters, August 1990

SONGS OF OUR PAST AND PRESENT

No revolutionary movement is complete without its poetic expression. If such a movement has caught hold of the imagination of the masses, they will seek a vent in song for the aspirations, fears and hopes; the loves and hatreds engendered by the struggle. Until the movement is marked by the joyous, defiant singing of revolutionary songs, it lacks one of the most distinctive marks of a popular revolutionary movement; it is the dogma of the few and not the faith of the multitude.

—JAMES CONNOLLY, 1907

BY SPRING

Having a listen and a boogie-down to two favorite Earth First! songs, one from the first decade of our movement and one from the second, not only gets your booty shakin' and your heart-thumping with burning vision, it also shows reflects who the movement is, where we've been and where we are now—even where we're headed.

"Warrior of the Earth," an oldie-but-goodie by Cecelia Ostrow, and Casey Neill's "Flaming Arrows" paint the picture of who we are and why we struggle. They (along with all our wonderful EF! songs) hold together our past, present and future. The message of both songs is one of deep respect for the land alongside anger and sadness at its destruction. In their similarities, they show the binding, enduring thread of our philosophy over the past 20 years. Yet the two songs also are very different, illustrating the evolution of our tribe and our actions, culture and strategy. "Warrior" has a mellow, ballad-like drama to it, while "Flaming Arrows" churns up electric power-chord rhythms. "Warrior" is focused on Earth and her places that touch us deeply, our connection to the soil and all that springs from it. "Flaming Arrows" covers several political social and ecological issues (Native rights and struggle, the evils of the prison industry, defense of the wild ones), while telling a specific story of resistance.

In our political efforts, just as in our personal relationships (as if there is a difference), we must engage in serious, honest, vulnerable self-reflection. If we wish to win liberation for the land, waters and all plants and animals (even the evolutionary mistake of humans), we've got to admit the painful, enjoy the bittersweet, and fight like hell. Music has always been the most powerful conduit for this. The EF! movement's music has been our lifeblood, our pulse, our tool of evolution. Twenty years full of songs, and the patterns and changes we see in them, should provide us the backbone for the challenges ahead.

A Song from Our Past

"Warrior of the Earth" was a powerful, much-loved anthem in the early years of Earth First!, singing out our movement's biocentric love of the wild. Though Cecelia isn't on the frontlines with us anymore, her rockin' tune has lived on through EF! song-swappin' culture, being sung around many a modern-day campfire and blockade. After over 10 years of the good ol' "folk process," some versions sung today have slightly different words, harmony and arrangement, but the passion and vision remain. Printed here are Cecelia's original lyrics and guitar chords. The chords are placed directly in front of the word or syllable of emphasis (meaning: where you should down-strum on your guitar).

"Warrior of the Earth" by Cecelia Ostrow, from *Warrior of the Earth*, 1989

(G)I came a(C)live in the (D)Cascade (C)Mountains
(G)They taught me (C)how to (D)sing my (C)song
(G)I know the (C)sound of the (D)rippling (C)forest
(G)I know the (C)feel of (D)live (C)ground
And when they come to cut the forest
They cut my heart, they cut my flesh
I don't know how to hold my sorrow
I hold the memory...

chorus:

(G)I know the forest in the (D)dawn, I know the silver river's (G)song
(G)Though they cut the forest (D)down, and I may have to walk a(G)lone



(G)Still the Earth will be my (D)power, for I know where I be(G)long
(G)I am a warrior of the (D)Earth, I have the mountains in my (G)heart
(G)I am a warrior of the (D)Earth, I have the mountains in my
(G-C-D)Heearrrt...

I have become a warrior of the Earth
My heart is pledged to heal her
I walk the mountains and the cities
Teaching people to hear her...
chorus (repeat last line several times)



A Song from Our Present

With "Flaming Arrows," Casey Neill puts to melody a patch in the quilt of our movement's more recent herstory, singing the tale of imprisoned (now free) Earth/animal liberation activist Rod Coronado. "Flaming Arrows" grinds out the raw rage and resistance of our struggle, depicting, as "Warrior of the Earth" does, our love of the wild, but also adds a more contemporary urban edge. Placed directly before the down-strum spot, the guitar chords shown here are a simplified, folkified version of those Casey composed for the song. It may sound a wee bit funky, but play around and you'll get it. You can try for that sweet punk-style dissonance by playing inversions of these chords with a drop D tuning.

"Flaming Arrows" by Casey Neill, from *Riffraff*, 1995

The (G#)coyote lifts her head and the (Em)deer's ears prick up
Over (G#)canyon and city and (Em)plain
(G#)Our brother is caught in the (Em)trap they set
(G#)Do you know his name(Em)?

(D)Defender of the leviathan from the (G)sting of the harpoon
(D)Friend of the fox hunted (G)by the redcoat goons
To the (D)children of Earth they (G)strike their blows
But they (D)won't stop these wild seeds that grow...

(A)Oh...

chorus (mostly D w/ walkdown to C and B on 5th string as bass line):

(D w/walkdown) We are howling out of the cages
In the arms of eternity, my soul it rages
My heart is crying, my spirit is on fire
I've unleashed my demons and armed my desire
(G)Aim high, aim true

I (D w/ walkdown) shoot these flaming arrows for you
I shoot these flaming arrows for you

With the bullet and the bible they came for the tribes
Fighting to keep the tradition alive

Helping the young ones stay away from gangs and alcohol

The disenfranchised children backed up against the wall, backed up against the wall

Cry freedom for the lynx, cry freedom for the mink

Cry freedom for the wild ones driven to the brink

For this we will fight until they cease

Til all the animals and political prisoners have been released...

Oh...

chorus

A hawk caught wounded, that's what they said

He was driven off the rez and then arrested by the feds

Another liberator in need of liberation

Another beautiful soul shackled by our genocidal nation, genocidal nation

We are knocking the arrow, pulling hard upon the bow

Setting it on fire and then letting it go

May it burn forever, an end to the desecration

May it burn for Rod Coronado and our enchanted relations, enchanted relations...

Oh...

chorus (repeat last line several times)



A Spiritual Outlaw's Advice to Firebrands of the Future

BY LONE WOLF CIRCLES

For your sake and for the planet's sake, try not to indulge. Fulfill your highest purpose! Savor your youth, and invest in reality—you'll have time enough for illusions once you get older. If you're already older, it's high time you started acting young! You have dreams you hardly share with anyone. Live those dreams!

Remember that nobody, and nothing, is worth a shit if it ain't authentic. Watch out for any solutions that can either be sold or bottled, authorities and gurus who drive new cars, any intermediary standing between you and God or you and your own experiences.

Remember to give equal time to both mourning and celebrating. If there is any sin, it's failing to feel and failing to act on one's genuine feelings. Expect a miracle. That miracle is you.

Remember that life is a mixture of art and ritual, fueled by passion. Open up to the immediate pleadings of Spirit in order to create new rituals of your own. Recreate culture while you're at it. Re-establish primal tribe and a clan's codes of honor. Find a wild place you can love, and promise it a lifetime of protection.

Always keep your promises.

The world is a paradigm of giftings, and like the rest of creation, we live in order to give! All events, good and bad, are lessons. Remember to be grateful for them, but you can avoid stubbing your toe on the same rock twice. And never fritter away too much precious time explaining away your mistakes... just learn and go on!



Take time to "be little" even if you think you're at an age where you need to be "wise" or "cool." Crawl around on the ground after interesting bugs. Look for animal shapes in the clouds, and don't worry if you get grass stains on your clothes. Better yet, go naked anytime it's not cold or you won't end up in jail over it.

Stick to sports where you get to play. Remember that having toys is not the same as having fun. Swim in chemical-free water and in places where you're not supposed to be. Walk barefoot through clover.

Find divine Creation and your place in it—in every blade of grass, in every home's backyard. But don't forget to make pilgrimages to truly wild places. Open up to the information and inspiration they provide, and subject yourself to the solitude that teaches you're never truly alone.

Sweat your brains out, in sweat lodges with hissing rocks. Sweat building shrines out of striped granite. Sweat making love to your sweetheart. Focus solely on your lover when you are with him or her, and on no other food than that food which you're eating. Savor the nuances of life, being sure to spit out those parts that taste bad.

Do beware of anything that plugs in, requires fossil fuels, brags about being "disposable," admits to being artificially colored or flavored or pretends to be some-

thing it's not. Beware of jobs requiring uniforms, or oaths of alle-

giance to ideas you don't believe in or people you haven't met.

Whatever is real and good, protect and nourish with all your might. It's always wise to avoid smoking, eating, snorting or watching on the boob-tube anything that deadens your awareness of the pain and bliss of life, or impairs your honorable responses.

On the other hand, bravely explore anything and everything that increases the depth of sensation and the totality of Spirit, leading you through empathy into true connection and power. You are a part of the living Earth as much as your hand is a part of your arm. This Earth is sacred, and thus so are you.

You were meant to be Medicine Women and Medicine Men! You have a destiny requiring your creative, voluntary participation. And believe me, it's never too late to start... so long as you start right now!

Lone Wolf Circles contributed well over 100 pieces to the Journal between 1983 and 1992, including his columns "The Poetics of Deep Ecology," "The Deep Ecology Soundtrack" and "The ReWilding." Dave Foreman originally groomed Wolf as a central EF! spokesperson before criticizing him for attracting "hippies, gays and anarchists" to the movement through his Deep Ecology Medicine Show tours and broad outreach.

ECOCENTRIC ANARCHY

BY DAKTARI

Twenty years ago, the *EF! Journal* and the movement it inspired burst upon the North American political scene like a whoopie cushion in a crowded cathedral. In the face of a rising right-wing reaction that ushered in Ronald Ray-gun's presidency in 1981, causing Lefties and liberals alike to retreat from progressive political involvement, EF!ers took up the torch of radical activism, becoming the preeminent direct action movement of that decade. EF!ers were bold, brash, and deliberately *not* "politically correct," but then as now, that was the source of much of the movement's appeal to radicals. The EF! movement defied all predictions and explanations to account for its phenomenal growth and development, and the very fact that it has survived and thrived for the last 20 years of world events is truly a miracle.

Over the last 20 years, there have been at least three generations of EF! activists exhibited by the growth surges in the movement in the early 1980s, mid-late 1980s and mid-1990s. Each successive new wave of activists has been challenged by its predecessors for being anarchists and for being more anthropocentric than ecocentric. Indeed, the most recent generation of activists appears to identify more with anarchism than with ecocentrism. However, from the very beginning EF!ers have attempted to fuse anarchist politics with ecocentric philosophy in a decentralized, anti-hierarchical, anti-authoritarian social movement.

Eco-Anarchist Foundations of EF!

The EF! movement was born with an avowed purpose of subverting the dominant anthropocentric paradigm, and promoting a new ecocentric worldview. Anarchy was a vital but subconscious force in the beginning. Several of the so-called "founding fathers" of the Earth First! movement had strong inklings for anarchy; for example, Edward Abbey wrote his

Master's thesis on "Anarchy and Non-Violence." Also, Bill

Devall wrote some early influential essays in the *Journal* arguing for a natural affinity between Deep Ecology and anarchy, and even introduced EF!ers to Bookchin's social ecology—before Bookchin launched his reactionary attack against EF! and Deep Ecology.

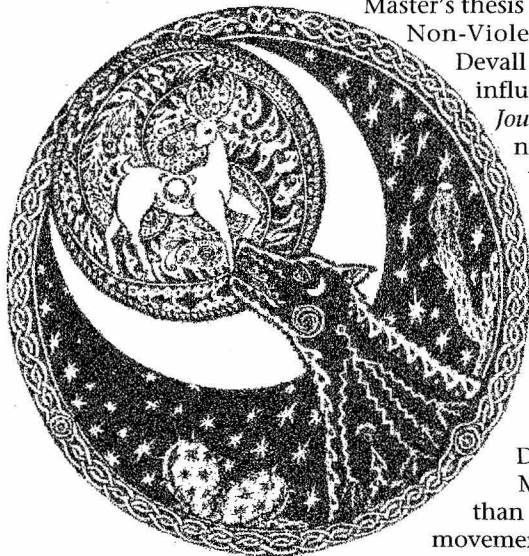
More important than the beliefs of the movement's founders were the attitudes of the first generation of

EF! activists and organizers. From the very beginning, activists exhibited many anarchist ideals and natural impulses against authoritarian elites, formal organizations and bureaucratic institutions. This political orientation dovetailed well with an ecocentric philosophical orientation that opposed corporate capitalism, urban-industrialism, the bureaucratic state and consumerist culture for their roles in the oppression and exploitation of wild nature. This implicitly anarchist orientation of the movement's first generation greatly affected the initial rapid growth, early development and later splits of the movement.



Dave Foreman originally intended the *Journal* to be available for dues-paying members only, but EF!ers scoffed at the thought of EF!'s requiring monetary dues or formal membership like mainstream environmental organizations. In a decisive meeting held in Eugene, Oregon, in 1981—the first national gathering of EF! activists—the assembled group declared that, "There are no members of EF!, there are only EF!ers. EF! is a movement, not an organization!" Both the *Journal* and the movement were open to all who believed in putting the Earth first and were willing to take direct action in defense of Mother Earth. The slogan, "EF! is a movement, not an organization!", expressed EF!ers' anarchist antipathy toward static, bureaucratic models of organization and their desire for dynamic, activist modes of organizing.

Much like the New Left movement of the 1960s and the radical feminist movement of the 1970s, EF! rapidly grew in the 1980s without a formal organizational structure, institutionalized leadership or central office. The movement mobilized a diverse and widely dispersed network of autonomous activists and affinity



groups whose anarchistic organizations were temporary, informal, egalitarian and leaderless. In this decentralized network of grassroots activists, the *Journal* served as a vital communications medium fostering internal exchanges of ideas on ecocentric philosophy, activist strategy and tactics, and provided each EF!er with a sense of solidarity in belonging to a greater activist collective or social movement.

Foremanista Reactions to Anarchy

During 1986 the *Journal* enthusiastically featured a special debate over anarchy and its ecological implications, but the founders' early flirtation with anarchy abruptly ended following three events the next year. First, a small group of urban anarchists calling itself "Alien Nation" caused a major disruption at the 1987 Grand Canyon Round River Rendezvous by heckling Ed Abbey. The group criticized the "fascist tendencies" within the EF! movement, and argued that "a central power structure" was controlling the *Journal* and perpetrating "racist, sexist, fascist ideologies." Simultaneously, Murray Bookchin launched a vitriolic polemical attack against Deep Ecology and the EF! movement at the national Greens conference. Calling Deep Ecology a "black hole of half-digested, ill-informed and half-baked ideas filled with utterly vicious notions," Bookchin particularly railed against the founding fathers, calling them "misanthropic, macho Daniel Boone types," among other nasty names. Finally, the anarchist newspaper, *Fifth Estate*, published George Bradford's long essay, "How Deep is Deep Ecology? A Challenge to Radical Environmentalism," in which he echoed Bookchin's charges that EF! was "reactionary, misanthropic and eco-fascist."

These philosophical and political attacks by self-identified anarchists unfortunately caused an immediate reaction against anarchy by some first generation EF!ers. An outraged Foreman began warning about "too much diversity" in the movement and proposed a series of "litmus tests" to "define the parameters" of EF!. In his classic essay, "Whither Earth First!," he ranted against the "leftist, anarchist, humanist, class struggle types" who he claimed were diverting the movement from its ecocentric focus and detracting from its hard-core pro-wilderness image. However, instead of deepening the dialogue or sharpening the debate over anarchy and ecocentrism and EF!, Foreman used the *Journal* to denounce the "anarchist-leftist-Marxists" that he claimed were infiltrating the EF! movement!

In hindsight, several of Alien Nation's critiques of Foreman's *Journal* were later proven correct. While the EF! movement was radically decentralized, egalitarian and controlled by no single person or group, anarchists exposed the glaring contradiction that the internal operations and editorial content of the *Journal* were dominated by a centralized, hierarchical power founded on Dave Foreman's position as owner-publisher. When EF!ers started rightfully complaining about censorship of direct action stories and squelching the debate over anarchy, Foreman reacted defensively, proclaiming the *Journal* to be "an independently-owned newspaper within the broad EF! movement."

This elitist power grab shocked EF! activists, particularly second-generation EF!ers who had joined the movement in the mid-

to-late 1980s. This new generation depended on the *Journal* as their vital link with the rest of the movement, providing inspiration and cross-fertilization of ideas for direct actions. Indeed, the *Journal's* readership rapidly grew in the 1980s not so much due to Foreman's eloquent editorials, but rather because of the heroic, thrilling action photos and stories that filled the pages of the paper. Repulsed by Foreman's infatuation with macho redneck cowboys, flag-waving patriotism and conservative conservationism, activists demanded accountability of the paper with the movement's radical activist base. EF!ers insisted that the

Journal practice eco-anarchy in both the production and content of the paper.

Journalista Eco-Anarchy

In the face of a rebellion from within, and following his arrest and conviction in an FBI sting operation, Foreman suddenly relinquished control of the paper. Foreman, his *Journal* staff and several other first generation EF!ers resigned from the movement. Thus, the EF! *Journal* marked its 10th anniversary by reporting on the "Great EF! Split." An EF! Activist Conference was convened in 1990 in Boulder, Colorado, primarily as a crisis-response meeting to determine how to carry on publication of the EF! *Journal*, but also as a soul-searching forum to determine "What is EF!?" Ironically, the

Foremanista split served to greatly renew the sense of unity among the activists

re-remaining involved with EF!. The group decided to move the *Journal* to Missoula, Montana, where it was to be produced by rotating collectives of EF!ers recruited from all over the country.

The new collectivist *Journal* structure was a clear move to resist any tendencies of ownership or control over the paper from developing with a new group. Also, the people working as *Journalistas* had to be EF! activists, and few had any formal training or experience in journalism. This was in order to maintain direct accountability with the needs of frontline activists and grassroots organizers. But it was also a clear reflection of EF!ers' anarchist, anti-elitist beliefs. It is very significant that for all the occasional misspelled words or outrageous articles that have been mistakenly (or stupidly) published over the years, for the last decade the *Journal* has been the publication of, for, and by EF! activists.

Unfortunately, in trying to be inclusive and represent the extreme diversity of EF!ers, and in a backlash against the kind of censorship that occurred during Foreman's reign, various collectives of *Journalistas* allowed some rather stupid, violent, misanthropic and misogynist diatribes to be published in the paper. Some of these letters were suspected of being written by agents provocateurs, using the kinds of dirty-tricks developed in the FBI's COINTELPRO operations against radical organizations in the late 1960s and early 1970s. These provocative letters and articles caused another upheaval among activists who demanded greater political accountability of the *Journal* to the movement.



In 1992, when the conflict over the *Journal* was at crisis-level intensity, some EF!ers in desperation and confusion, began to demand that the paper return to a structure based on a permanent, professional staff overseen by a single editor. The movement agreed to a special arrangement in which Mike Roselle would join the *Journal* and participate as an equal member of the rotating collectives, but had the special ability to break through consensus blocks in order to make decisions on the style and content of the paper. However, when Roselle moved on to other activist projects, some of the *Journal*'s critics began advertising for a new editor, one who would assume an explicit commanding role over the paper.

This was totally unacceptable to the anarchist majority of EF!ers. Opponents were philosophically opposed to hierarchy, and derided the notion of a single managing editor by referring to the job as an "Edictator" (editor-dictator). Fortunately, after three grueling days of meetings at the Mt. Graham RRR, the movement came to consensus that the *Journal* would move to Eugene, Oregon, where it would continue to be published with an anarchist, egalitarian staff structure.

In Eugene, the staff structure and production process would use the same model EF!ers used in their direct actions and meetings: affinity groups and consensus process. The collective editorial staff would be comprised of EF! activists who came from all over the US and abroad. And there would be no authoritarian editor and no hierarchy of power. At its heart, the Eugene activists' proposal represented a reaffirmation of the Missoula community's initial vision for the *Journal*, and clearly displayed the movement's eco-anarchist organizational ideals. Given the paper's reliance on temporary, volunteer and rotating staffs, it is fairly remarkable—and probably unique among internationally-distributed alternative publications—that the *Journal* has never missed a publication date in the last 10 years. Hey, who says anarchy can't work!?

Libertarian and Communitarian Anarchy

The *Journal* represents both the movement's highest level of unity and its greatest amount of diversity in matters of philosophy and practice. At its root, the "Great EF! Split" and various other conflicts within the movement and over the *Journal* represented philosophical differences over competing kinds of eco-anarchy. One view reflects an anarchist sensibility that is

individualistic or libertarian; the other view reflects an anarchist vision that is collectivist or communitarian.

On the one hand, the EF! movement is essentially an alliance among autonomous individuals and groups. Libertarian anarchy is displayed by activists taking direct action based on their own situations, issues, interests and desires without authorization (or even approval) by other EF!ers. On the other hand, EF! is more than a random collage of individuals or actions—it is a collective movement emphasizing egalitarian, direct, democratic decision-making and unity in its internal organization. Communitarian anarchy is dis-



played in the mutual aid and voluntary cooperation exhibited by affinity groups using consensus process. Libertarian and communitarian anarchy are complexly interwoven in EF!, accounting for much of the movement's creativity, diversity and dynamism.

Conclusion

The paradox of eco-anarchy in EF! is that it is responsible for some of the recurring internal conflicts and splits, but also accounts for much of the unity and solidarity of the movement. Unlike the industrial mode of mass organization which grows by individuals conforming to charismatic leaders, grand strategies and correct party lines, eco-anarchist movements like EF! grow by the proliferation of activism carried out by autonomous individuals and groups. Earth First! maintains its internal unity among activists through the ability to decentralize, diversify and fill niches. So-called splits can thus sometimes be functional to the movement by enabling activists to work with people and issues they share affinity with, and avoid those that they do not.

It is fairly obvious that the latest generation of EF!ers strongly identifies with anarchism. The newcomers are more likely to wear black crusty cotton than green ecowarrior wool, and are pushing the concept of ecocentrism to include more struggles for social justice. Although some of the second generation activists privately express misgivings about the third generation's perceived anthropocentric anarchism, they should remember that they, too, had to endure this accusation from first generation EF!ers. Rather than dredge up the old Foremanista paranoia that the movement is getting infiltrated by anarchists, all generations of EF!ers should recall their own anarchist desires and rebellious experiences, and welcome the energy, courage and commitment that the new generation brings to the movement. For all the internal stress it can bring, eco-anarchy is EF!'s greatest strength and the best hope for a future ecotopian society.

Daktari actually got an advanced degree from a major American university for studying the theory and practice of EF! activism.

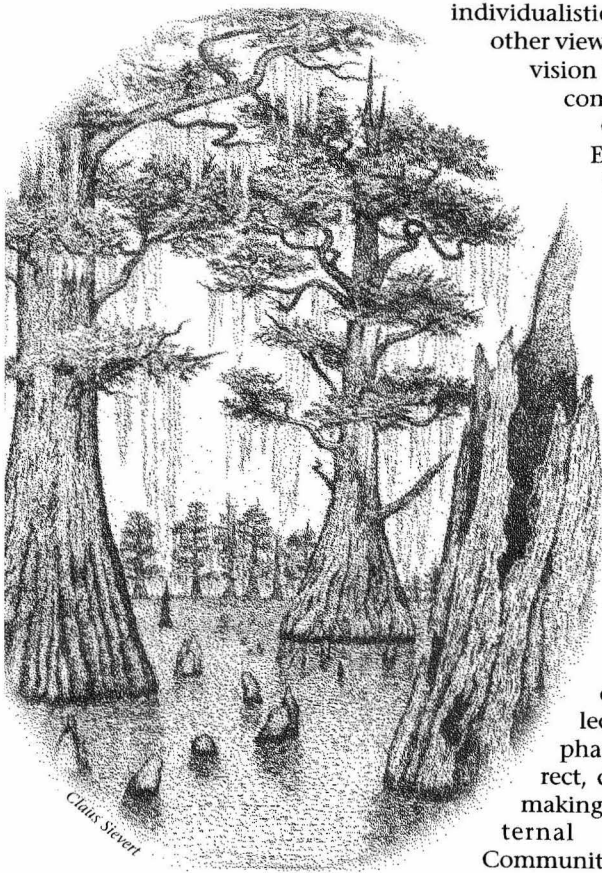




photo by David J. Cross

Bald Mountain Road blockade, 1983 (see page 11)

SO YOU'VE GOTTEN YOURSELF ARRESTED... NOW YOU HAVE TO FACE THE JUDGE

BY RAMON

Time for a brief review:

- A) You broke the law.
- B) You did it on purpose.
- C) You will be punished.
- D) You don't care.

None of this means that you have to roll over like a dead sea lion. You've put yourself through all this to make a point and, unless the entire exercise was something personal between you and your God, your trial is a good time to make that point loud and clear.

Not that anyone will attend, you understand. Your family will think you're a lunatic and won't want to be seen in the same zip code as you. Your friends will be far too busy. And the media, the Big-Time Media at least, will show up only if somebody gets killed or if you get arrested with someone famous. Here are some famous people you might consider asking:

- A) The president of the United States.
- B) The vice-president of the United States.
- C) The secretary of state.

Whether you get Big-Time Media or not, a clever press release should enable you to reach an audience larger than the few retirees in the spectator section of the court. This is The Information Age, after all, and it's just possible that your story might be heard by more people than ever heard the stories of Pliny the Elder (AD 23-79).

You also must speak out in court. You should waive your Fifth Amendment right to remain silent and go head-to-head with the prosecuting attorney. Be brilliant. Whatever the prosecuting attorney asks, you can answer with a stirring plea for the preservation of the Natural Order of Things. If the judge intervenes and asks, "Can't you please just answer the question?" you answer him with a stirring plea for the preservation of the Natural Order of Things. In order to do this it will be necessary to pay no attention whatsoever to the advice of your lawyer.

This might be difficult to do, especially when your lawyer often appears quite impressive in court. At times, for example, you might notice your lawyer standing up and pronouncing brilliant phrases of his/her own such as:

- A) "I object," and,
- B) "I object, your honor," and, when peeved,
- C) "*Your honor, I must object!*"

Unfortunately, these outbursts usually are due to some procedural error by the prosecuting attorney, not because your constitutional rights, like your national forests, are being chopped to pieces. A typical procedural error is the use of the so-called "leading question" which your lawyer learned all about in law school during the required course, Objections 101. What happens is something like this:

Prosecuting attorney (to the cop who arrested you): "At that time were you then able to observe (your name) in the act of swallowing the key to the aforementioned lock securing the chain that tightly affixed (your name) and Secretary of State Madeleine Albright to the tree already identified as the 98 tree in question in the stipulation admitted as evidence as part of exhibit number 378?"

Your lawyer: "I object."

Judge (without looking up from reading his mail): "Objection sustained. Rephrase the question."

Prosecuting attorney: "OK. What did you see?"

The cop who arrested you: "At that time I was then able to observe (your name) in the act of swallowing the key to the aforementioned lock securing the chain that tightly affixed (your name) and Secretary of State Madeleine Albright to the tree already identified as the tree in question in the stipulation admitted as evidence as part of exhibit number 378."

Prosecuting attorney: "Thank you. No further questions."

Assuming the tree you hug is in a US national forest, your trial will prob-

ably be held in a federal court. If so, you will first be handed an official list of the charges against you. The cover sheet will look something like this:

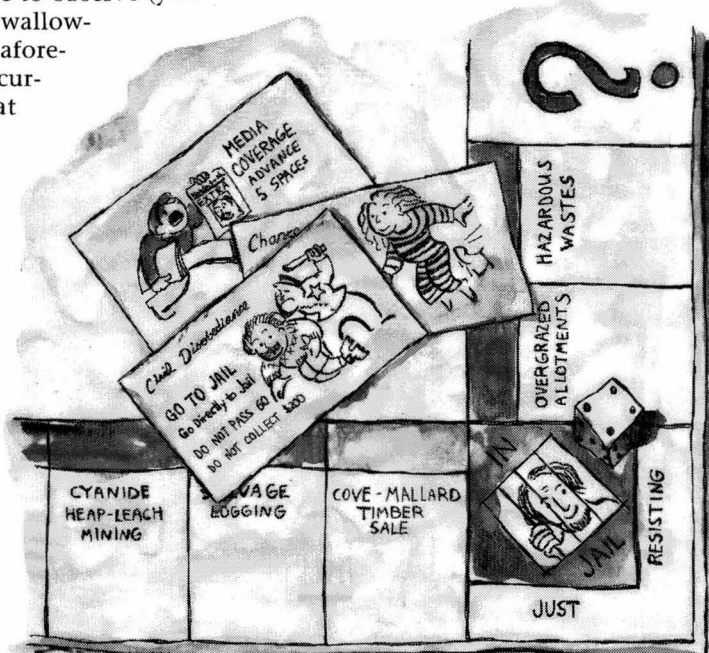
The United States of America
vs. (your name)
and
Madeline Albright

Be proud. The entire country against just you and Mother Earth. Who would have thought?

With this there will be a lengthy document with a red cover titled "report of investigation—for official use only." It will reveal the witnesses who will testify against you and the evidence that will be used. None of this is important.

What is important is this: It also may reveal your FBI number, something you didn't even know you had and something you're going to want to show to your grandchildren someday.

Back to the trial. The first thing the United States district court judge (USDCJ) or the United States magistrate (USM) will ask you will be to choose to be tried before a USDCJ or a USM. Since your lawyer never mentioned anything about this, you should ask the USDCJ or the USM to explain the difference. If you're prepared, now is the



artwork by Diane Spivak

time to have some fun. It may also help you get over any nervousness about speaking in a courtroom...

You: "What's the difference?"

USDCJ or USM: "There is no difference."

You: "Then why do I have to choose?"

USDCJ or USM: "You have to choose."

You: "Would the trial be in the same courtroom?"

USDCJ or USM: "The trial would be in the same courtroom"

You: "Do the same laws apply?"

USDCJ or USM: "The same laws apply."

You: "Are courtroom procedures the same?"

USDCJ or USM: "Same procedures."

You: "Are the sentences for conviction the same?"

USDCJ or USM: "The same."

You: "Then what's the difference?"

USDCJ or USM: "There is no difference."

You: "Then why do I have to choose?"

USDCJ or USM: "You have to choose."

You: "OK, Which are you?"

USDCJ or USM: "I'm a (fill in the blank)."

You: "OK, what the heck; I choose you."

By the way, you will *not* be tried by a jury of your peers. No, you will not. You will be tried by that USDCJ or USM unless you have committed what they call a "major crime." Killing someone, for example, generally is considered a major crime but even though it surely will attract Big-Time Media, the practice should be avoided. Believe me, you're in enough trouble already. The lack of a jury shouldn't upset you. Your federal district court judge, for example, is probably a perfectly competent presidential appointee. You remember Ronald Reagan, don't you. The president whose wife consulted astrology charts and then told him what to do and whom to appoint?

During your trial, if you insist on answering every one of the prosecuting attorney's questions with that stirring plea for the preservation of the Natural Order of Things, the judge may threaten to hold you in contempt of court. Resist the temptation to announce that you have nothing but contempt for his/her court. It's been done.

Finally, when all is done, when you've been convicted and sentenced, do not, I repeat, *do not* leap over the bar and try to shake the judge's (or magistrate's) hand with a "well done, old chap." This isn't tennis and the United States federal marshalls in the courtroom will shoot you down like the dog you are.

THE DILLIGAF BAIL BONDS COMPANY

BY RAMON

In the most central part of central Idaho is a small town named Grangeville. It is not a particularly pretty town, although the inhabitants seem to like it. Perhaps that's because there are no strip malls (yet), a mere two traffic lights and the teenagers only use drugs on weekends. The crime rate is low, unless you include domestic abuse, and the dogs don't bark all night. The people are all the same color, and that color is not black or brown. There are a couple of people considered to be yellow who run the only Chinese restaurant.

The people who are considered to be red live on the reservation nearby and pretty much keep to themselves. That's the one thing about Grangeville that stands out: everybody pretty much keeps to themselves.

Taken in small doses—one-on-one—say, the residents are kind and generous, and they get annoyed when they suspect that outsiders think of them as a bunch of inbred rednecks.

Odd, then, that even the locals laughingly refer to their town as "Strangeville."

The jail is a busy place (see "domestic abuse" above), and the bail bondsman is a busy man. He also is somewhat of a cynic, having cut his legal teeth as a United States immigration officer on the Texas/Mexico border. He retired with a small pension, wandered into Grangeville, took one look around and set up shop as the DILLIGAF Bail Bonds Company. The owner of the other bonding company had recently retired so he was the only game in town. He prospered.

When he heard that treehuggers were setting up camp in the forest nearby, he figured to prosper even more. After all, these people who advocated going to jail for trees must have significant financial backing, mustn't they? One of their organizers, a retired life insurance salesman,

was even rumored to be paying them \$200 per week in addition to providing all their food and supplies.

Unfortunately, he soon found out that they were penniless, and that this was some kind of "idealism thing." Two more things were certain:

A) They were clogging up the jail and
B) Some of them wouldn't mind getting out.

So he reached back to his memories of the '60s, back to peace and love and all those things he'd believed, back to a time that seemed never to have come to Grangeville at all, and decided to release them

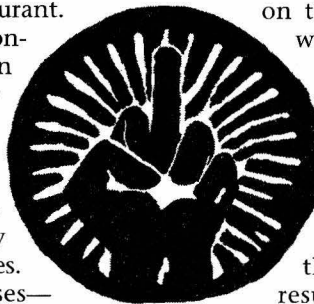
on their signature, on their word that they would show up for their court appearances. He was right every time; they always did. After all, wasn't going on trial the whole idea of getting busted in the first place? Wasn't the courtroom, with the resultant media coverage,

the place to expose the practices of the United States Forest Service? One day, one of Grangeville's two judges stopped him in the corridor outside his courtroom. He'd been meaning to talk to him, said the judge, sternly. Wasn't setting all these people free bad for business? And just what the dickens did DILLIGAF stand for anyway?

A bail bondsman, in case you don't know, is an Officer of The Court. He doesn't exactly work for a judge, like a bailiff or a court clerk, but there is a pecking order and the bondsman isn't at the top of it. One has to watch one's P's and Q's.

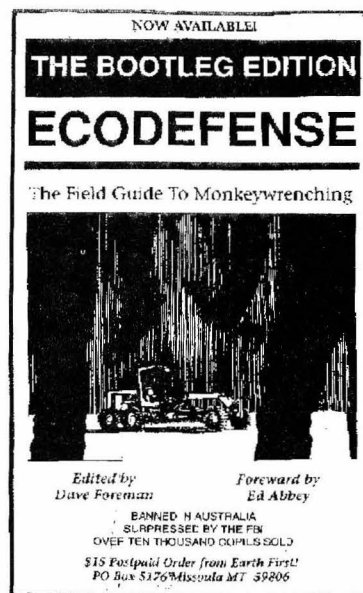
Then again, the two questions went to the very heart of why he named his company what he did. And he still had his US immigration service pension, didn't he? Weren't those treehuggers standing up for what they believed in? Whatever the consequences?

He stood up straighter and looked the judge in the eye. Business is just fine, your honor; thanks for caring. And DILLIGAF is an acronym. It stands for "Do I Look Like I Give A Fuck?"



A Few Controversial Graphics from Over the Years

Editor's note: Every issue since the *Journal's* inception some readers somewhere wet their pants over something. Whether it is a controversial article, a spicy debate, a twisted graphic or even a manipulated photo, we hear about it over the phone or get nasty hate mail. It's part of work. But there are a few graphics that really stand out—a few that created a shitstorm no one could see through for weeks. Here's a handful of them. You be the judge.



Note the bootleg edition; Dave and lawyer made some legal threats over the pirated version



NOT ONE BLACK STICK!

continued from page 15

entered a liberated territory. Several deep trenches were painstakingly hacked out of the gravel road with pickaxes and shovels, and the road was strewn with dozens of barricades made out of piled rocks and logs. Monkeywrenching the road became a chief pastime, and nearly every visitor participated, creating many artistic barricades.

The weeks dragged into months for the blockaders. All winter long heroic efforts were made to supply the camp by walking eight miles through deep snow on snowshoes and skis. But over that time Warner Creek became the gathering place for activists to join up and plan direct actions to defend other wild forests threatened by the Salvage Rider. Given that the nation's environmental laws were suspended by the rider, timber sale appeals and lawsuits were literally outlawed. Consequently, mainstream environmental organizations were rendered powerless and were almost useless in defending places like Warner Creek. But when environmental laws are outlawed, it takes environmental outlaws to uphold the law! EF! activists who had taken on the new name of "Cascadia Forest Defenders" provided the necessary organizing skills, tactical repertoire and audacious anarchist spirit that enabled hundreds (perhaps thousands) of ordinary citizens to cross the line of legality and participate in nonviolent, direct action resistance at Warner Creek and throughout Cascadia.

Inspired by the example of Cascadia Free State, numerous other free states were established on logging roads throughout the Northwest. However, none of these other actions had gone through the years of foundation work doing legal challenges and community organizing that enabled EF!ers to create a sustainable community of resistance with widespread public support. Alas, one by one the other free states were raided and trashed by Freddie paramilitary troops. EF!ers discovered that the Freddies were planning to raid Warner Creek during the Idaho Round River Rendezvous (RRR). Selflessly, EF!ers headed back to Warner Creek (in some cases leaving the RRR just a few hours after arriving), and this so intimidated the Freddies that they aborted the raid.

In 1996 Warner Creek had become the nation's poster child against the Salvage Rider, garnering front-page articles and photos in national newspapers. The Warner salvage sale had become a major butt-ache for the Clinton administration during the re-election campaign. Consequently, without much fanfare, the Warner salvage sale was ordered to be completely withdrawn by presidential decree. Warner Creek was saved with not one black stick removed. This campaign was and is the only known example in which a fire salvage timber sale was completely withdrawn due to direct action that combined civil disobedience with monkeywrenching.

To this day, Cascadia EF!ers are trying to permanently protect Warner Creek by carrying forth the vision of Alternative EF to establish a 30,000-acre Fire Ecology RNA in the Warner burn. This work is devoid of the drama, adventure and glory of direct

action, but it is vital that Warner Creek's thriving natural regeneration be protected from future Freddie mismanagement.

Part of being EF! often means being first among others to lead on a controversial issue and framing the issue in an ecocentric paradigm. EF!ers did precisely that: They agitated for Warner Creek's protection not just for the right of charismatic megafauna like the Northern spotted owl or charismatic megaflore like old-growth Douglas fir, but also for the sake of so-called "low-lives" like bark beetles and dead-and-dying trees to exist. Even more radical, EF!ers advocated for the right of wildfires to exist, since they are a vital natural process in most forest ecosystems.

Another important lesson in this campaign relates to Che Guevara's advice for revolutionaries: You must exhaust every legal, administrative, reformist avenue for making social change in order to gain public legitimacy for the necessity of using more radical and extra-legal strategies and tactics. Never underestimate the importance of the power of the pen to prepare the ground for the pounding of a pickaxe!

Finally, although many unique direct action techniques were invented during the Warner Creek campaign, seeds of this struggle could be gleaned from prior years of EF! activism. For example, the No G-O Road actions and the effort to stop the North Fork Roaring Devil Timber Sale near Breitenbush Hotsprings witnessed mass monkeywrenching of logging roads with people spontaneously building trench barricades out of rocks and logs. Shawnee Summer used a junked car as the main structure for establishing a long-term occupation of a logging road. Several unique designs for bipods and tripods and lock-down devices were invented at Warner Creek, but the inspiration for those techniques came from earlier EF! actions. In short, the Warner Creek campaign represented both a unique phenomena that was also part of a continuum of EF! activism going back nearly 20 years. Although the magic of the Warner Creek campaign cannot be replicated, its example continues to inspire direct action campaigns throughout the Northwest. Long Live Warner Creek! Long Live Cascadia EF!.

Tahoma is a long-time EF! activist who has been defending Warner Creek for the last nine years, and had a cameo appearance in the film pickAxe, which highlights the direct actions at Warner Creek.



The Pagan Spirit in the Earth First! Movement

BY PEGGY SUE MCRAE

The spirit of Earth First! rises out of the soil like the plaintive howl of a wolf. It dances in firelight adorned with feathers and mud to a heartbeat-drumbeat rhythm, pulsating and spinning like an expanding universe, like revolving coils of DNA, like a coiled rattlesnake preparing to strike.

Earth First! is infused with an irreverent spirituality. The movement's spirituality is as diverse as its people but there are common bonds that unite us.

There is recognition among us that nature is sacred and that we are part of it. We see the destruction of natural systems caused by our own kind, and we take responsibility for defending the biotic community. We look beyond shortsighted self-interest to experience both the suffering and the joy of being part of a larger whole. This understanding of our place in the world puts us in accord with other nature-based spiritual systems around the world and throughout history.

Mike Roselle told me that the *Earth First! Journal* was originally published eight times a year on Europe's Pagan nature holidays because Dave Foreman read Wiccan author Starhawk's book, *The Spiral Dance*, and thought it was kind of a cool idea. When I asked Foreman about that decision, he said, "It was silly and I've regretted it ever since." Pressed further, he went on to say the idea came out of wanting to reconnect with pre-Christian European indigenous roots. That does not seem silly to me, but I think my conversation with Foreman belies the discomfort that often accompanies an association with Paganism. But silly or not, Paganism has remained a strain within Earth First! ever since.

The word *Pagan* originally comes from the classical Latin word *paganus* meaning simply, "relating to a village, rural. It meant a person in civil life, a civilian." In other words, a regular citizen of a village or a country person. The word was not used derisively until the

medieval age when the Christian Church expanded its power and control throughout Europe.

Initially, the church adapted to local nature-based religions. Many Christian holidays are based on earlier European Pagan celebrations. Yule at winter solstice became Christmas. Eostara, the spring equinox celebration of the Saxon fertility goddess Eostar, became Easter. But as the church gained authority, the wealthy came to see it as an institution they could use to consolidate their own

power. The ruling classes embraced the Christian Church. They occupied Europe's urban centers; they read and spoke Latin, the language of the Church, and they began to increasingly control rural communities. In the name of the Church, Europe's indigenous people were persecuted with increasing aggression.

They were forced to conform to the dictates of Christianity in a holocaust, the horrors of which continue to reverberate today. This is how the word Pagan came to mean "uncivilized, unsophisticated, irreligious and primitive." But it still does not reveal why grown men find the spirituality of their ancestors to be silly. The embarrassment that infuses explorations of indigenous European spirituality can be blamed on the evil twin of the Christian Church: Western science.

The Church separated spirit from matter. The real Earth was no longer sacred; an imaginary heaven was. After medieval Europeans purged their culture by burning millions of their own native people (mostly women) to death at the stake, European men discovered science. Thinking of themselves as objective and separate from the nature they observed, they measured, classified and dominated their world. A nature devoid of the sacred was easy to classify,

commodify, package and sell. It was the beginning of the industrial age as we know it. Philosophically, the rational mind was revered while the intuitive senses were disdained.

Only since the latter part of the 20th century have women and brown-skinned people been let into the science club. For



artwork by Peggy Sue McKrae

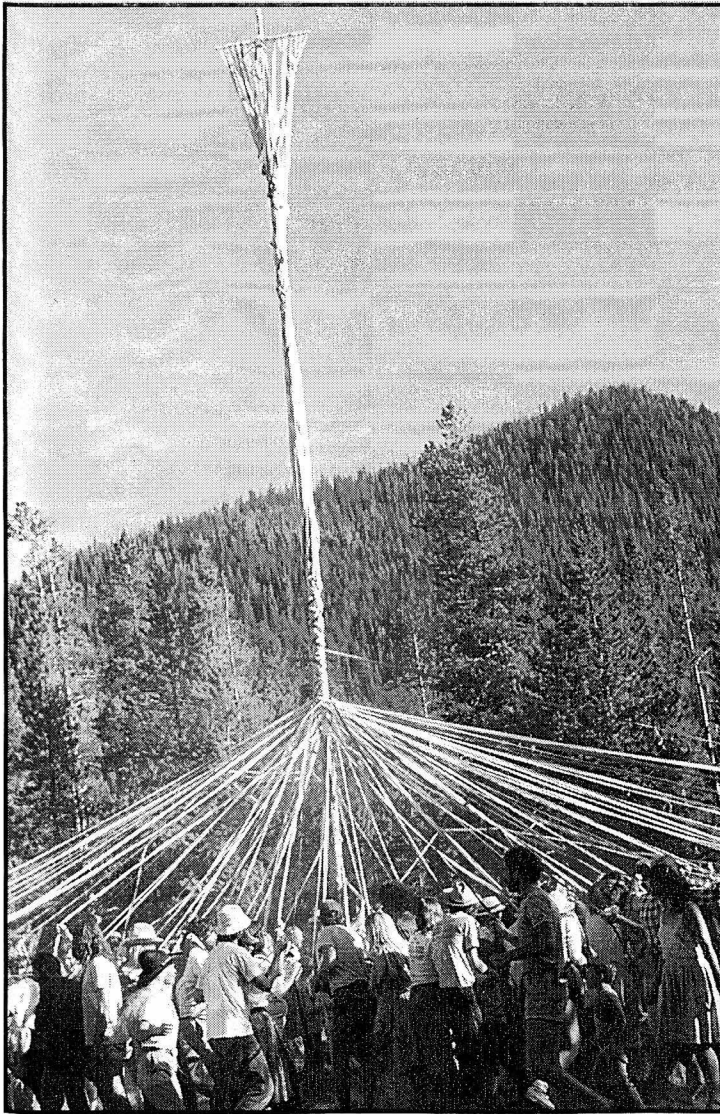


photo by Karen Pickett

Maypole at Round River Rendezvous near the Big Lost River, Idaho, 1986

centuries women and people with brown skin were thought by European men to be part of their objectified natural world. This explains why it is usually easier for women and people with brown skin to create nature rituals. We aren't supposed to be rational. But for a rational, scientific white man, it can be downright embarrassing to get caught talking to a tree. Giving white men some credit though, Earth First! would not have happened if four white guys hadn't gotten frustrated with the bureaucratic rationalizations of mainstream environmentalism and answered the call of the wild.

Ritual is the basis of Pagan spirituality. Ritual unlocks the rigidity of the rational observing mind and requires our physical participation. It is how we connect with and pay respect to our place in the world, and it connects us to the biotic community that sustains us. In the *Earth First! Journal*, Mabon 1989, Dolores LaChapelle wrote about the importance of ritual. "Most primal or indigenous societies around the world had three common characteristics: they had an intimate, conscious relationship with their place; they were stable "sustainable" cultures, often lasting for thousands of years; and they had a rich ceremonial and ritual life culminating in seasonal festivals. They saw these three as intimately connected." She goes on to critique Western European industrial culture. "We have idolized ideals, rationality and a limited kind of 'practicality,' and have regarded the rituals of these other cultures as, at best, frivolous curiosities. The results are all too evident. We've only been here a few hundred years and

already we have done irreparable damage to vast areas of what we call the United States. As Gregory Bateson notes, 'mere purposive rationality is necessarily pathogenic and destructive of life.'"

As children of the post-colonial-industrial age, Euro-American Earth Firsters come together as a displaced tribe. Violently separated from our own indigenous roots, we struggle to establish our sense of place. Because nature-based spirituality is specific to place, it is tempting for us to look to the rituals of Native Americans. Sometimes these traditions are generously offered, but unfortunately, due to the political fact of the bloody European conquest of this continent, our adoption of American tribal traditions is more often deeply resented.

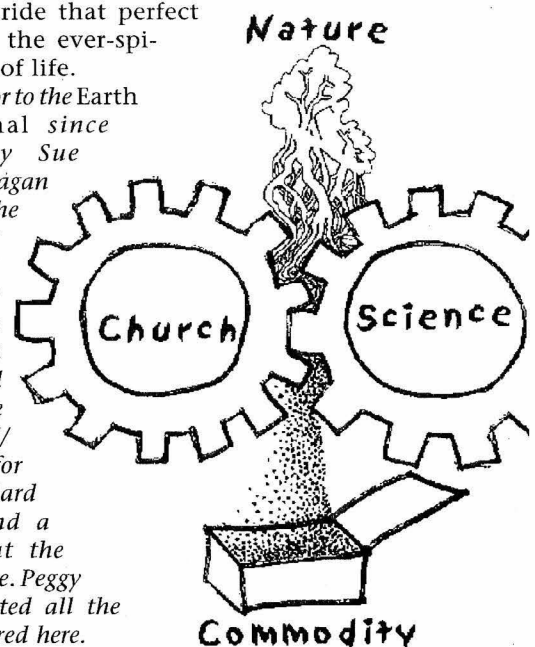
In the words of drummer and poet Lone Wolf Circles, "We're called to walk in the footsteps of our Earth-honoring ancestors, and not always by replicating their rituals, but by doing what they did: opening to personal revelation and direct experience of spirit as manifest through place. Creating rituals of connection and gratitude that reflect our contemporary condition, who and where we are right now." Of the importance of creative ritual to the movement he says, "One of my roles was to always remind folks of the emotional, spiritual reasons for spending 15-hour days on lawsuits or risking arrest on a barricade."

Choosing wild places that are threatened and devoting ourselves to defending them brings something back to us that our greater society has lost. Our campfires, our wild dances, our times alone in the forest and the desert feed our souls. Out of necessity we have created our own rituals and traditions. "Look out! Here comes a naked amoeba!"

Saving the planet is serious business, but it should be a joyful undertaking too. If we fight to save wild nature without recognizing the wild nature within ourselves we lose our birthright to participate in the dance. We may feel like dispossessed refugees of corporate capitalism, but we are still an indigenous people. Celebrating the feast days of our ancestors not only connects us to the ancient traditions of our indigenous heritage, these celebrations mark seasonal rotations in patterns over time. They connect us to our present environments by observing universal passages of fertility, life and death.

When we dance around our campfires, we are the Earth revolving around the Sun. Under the expansive curving arm of the Milky Way we sense our ancestors in the helix of our own genetic patterning. Through Pagan ritual we suspend self-conscious rationality in order to rely on the true reality of our senses, get in the groove, and ride that perfect wave that is the ever-spiraling dance of life.

A contributor to the *Earth First! Journal* since 1990, Peggy Sue authored the *Pagan Blurb*, edited the *Ecofeminist Blank Wall* and served as a short-term editor in both *Missoula* and *Eugene*. She was a jailbird/peace Nazi for the Cove/Mallard campaign and a Sea Turtle at the WTO in Seattle. Peggy Sue also created all the artwork featured here.





Twenty Years of The Radical Environmental Journal



continued from
page 13

"A few words
on this issue are due.

At the RRR this summer, some critics called for a more open policy towards letters and argumentative essays. In this issue we have incorporated that suggestion, and it has left very little space for wildlife and wilderness."

Kris Sommerville added, "I have not been convinced to stay. The basic philosophical disagreement within the EF! movement (biocentrism, i.e., wilderness vs. anthropocentrism, i.e., social issues) and the latest incendiary brawl over content and staff of the *Journal* have pushed me over the edge. I hereby renounce my position as business manager of *EF!J* and my standing as a member of the board of directors for Earth First! Journal Inc., effective no later than the end of the year."

Dale Turner weighed in with a simple goodbye. "With a mixture of regret and relief, I too offer my resignation, effective at the year's end."

Dave Foreman and Nancy Morton's infamous "Good Luck Darlin'. It's Been Great" piece ran, and merchandise manager Nancy Zierenberg's angry critique of the "split" finished off the goodbyes with flare. "I started this letter several weeks ago. I felt the need to just say 'no!' then, and fight to keep the *Journal* as I know it, alive and well. After giving it plenty of thought, thinking about the amount of time and effort it will take to reconstruct a new *Journal* team that I would want to work with, and the effort to set up a whole new corporation or working outline, I decided that I was not up for it."

The Boulder Activist Conference

I got a call in fall 1990 asking if I would be willing to travel to Boulder, Colorado, for an emergency meeting about the movement. Rumors ran wild that Earth First! was over.

By then, a new radical, eco-anarcho tabloid, and Dave was going to terminate the *Journal*. *Live Wild or Die* was thriving, publishing many of the articles, letters and snippets that the *Journal* refused. It was shocking proof that there was censorship taking place at the *Journal*.

Eighty of us gathered on the University of Colorado campus to discuss our goals and the continuation of the *Journal*. Dale

Turner was the only retiring staff member to join us at the meetings.

The gathering opened on a light note when an honorary member of the Revolutionary Ecoterrorist Pie Brigade filled two pie shells with whipping cream and placed them in the center of the circle as an inducement to keep people from talking too much.

Nowadays, almost every gathering has a get-together to mull over "what is Earth First!?" but this was my first. It was an awesome array of freaks and geeks arguing long and hard about beliefs and life and love. Homophobia, racism, sexism, classism and other "isms" were staunchly disavowed, as was the exclusion of anyone from the movement. The movement was moving, and we were there to discuss it. The long and honest talk led us to agree on a few basic principals: The Earth must be first; biocentrism, biodiversity and wildness are central themes; No compromise in defense of Earth; and action need be taken. We could not consensus on a fifth principle: nonviolence.

We loudly reminded ourselves that anyone who speaks in the name of EF! speaks only for themselves. The movement has no leaders or spokespeople. We decided we were still a strong movement, and we would carry on no compromise defense of Mother Earth without the beer-swilling rednecks. The *Earth First! Journal* would continue on our terms.

Three groups came forward with proposals to produce the *EF!J*: Wild Rockies EF!, Colorado EF! and the Big River Action Group. Each gave a presentation on format, structure and the purpose of the *Journal*, as well as their qualifications. Wild Rockies, using crowd pleasing charts and graphs and proposing a revolving editorial collective walked away with the overwhelming responsibility of producing the new *EF!J*.

Movin' to Missoula

The visionary and over-educated Wild Rockies crew stepped up to produce the paper with an inconsistent style that would drive the movement positively crazy over the next two and one-half years.

It was winter of 1991, and I was posing as a University of Montana student to please my parents, but was spending much more of my life on the road as an activist. I had cheered loudly at the Activist Conference when the movement chose us to host the paper, and I was

excited about volunteering. I remember feeling panicked but elated as the editorial staff arrived in Missoula with one little computer, some merchandise and a bunch of back issues reluctantly relinquished by the former staff. The ex-*Journalistas* had up-and-quit in one big tantrum, refusing to relinquish the subscription list.

Carla Neasel, Tim Bechtold, Bill Bob Haskins, Gaby Barrett and David Varmint immediately buckled down and produced one hoppin' paper out of the tiny living room of the Hickory House, the EF! crash pad in Missoula. The masthead returned to "The Radical Environmental Journal," and the front page was engulfed in stories about the Persian Gulf War. The pages were chock full of irreverent humor, unpatriotic graphics and hunt sabotage articles. I remember giggling about Dave and his hunting buddies reading some of the articles that issue.

The editors statement on page two defined the new status of the paper: "We cannot continue to claim that the paper is simply an independent voice within the Earth First! movement; if it were so, it would yet be a voice so loud that others could scarcely hear. We are committed to giving voice to all parts of radical environmentalism, as we affirm the value of all parts of the natural world. We will attempt to give a place for the whole movement to speak to and for itself. While the values of the wild are at the heart of our project, this paper will not be primarily about wilderness and biodiversity. It will be about *defending* wilderness and biodiversity. When the powerlines fail, we will stop printing the paper. It should no longer be necessary. Until then, we will do all we can to give this movement a way to make itself stronger and bring us towards rebalancing."

The paper could afford an office after a few months and moved downtown to a seedy little hole-in-the-wall above a fried-pork-belching Chinese restaurant on one of the few busy streets in Missoula. It was a rather hellish place to contain the entire *Earth First! Journal* operation. This included Bill's photo lab, merchandise, T-shirt printing tables and supplies, computers, back issues and all the lowbaggers who came with the paper. Some of them, usually short-term-

ers, lived there as well. When Allison Slater came onto the staff, she was smart enough to ride her bike to the woods to sleep.

Revolving Editors

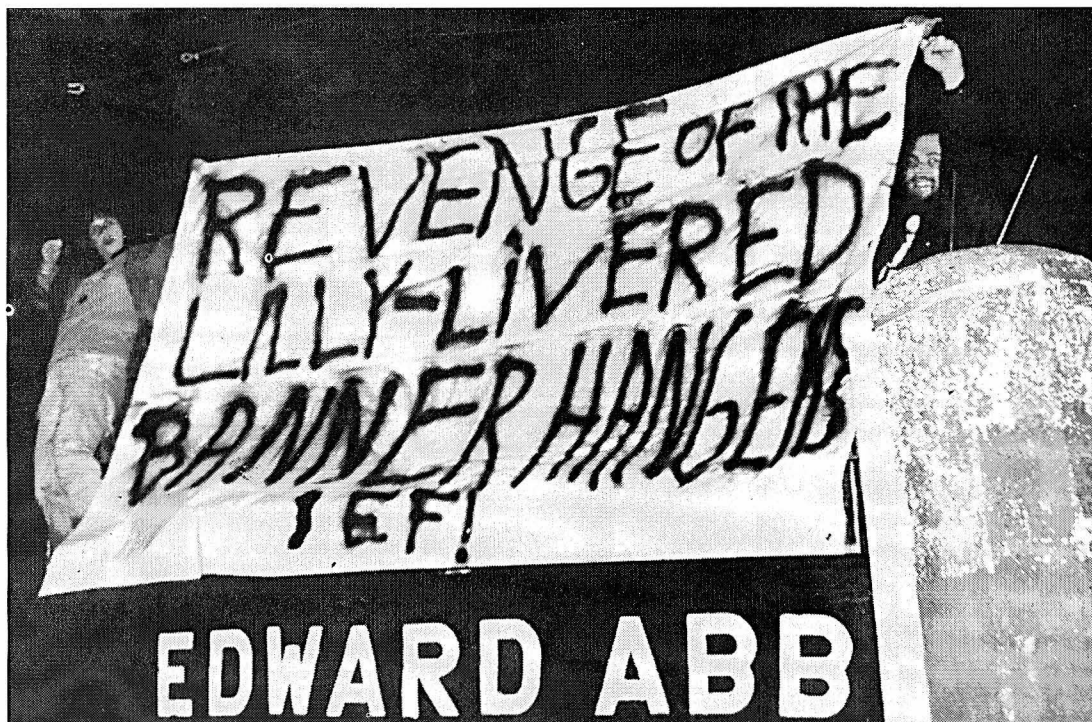
A few other individuals stepped in to oversee the paper: Bill, Tim, Carla and the steady Mary Lou. Soon came Erik, James and Allison. Each issue they ensured that the paper made it to the printer. Everyone involved had equal editorial input and received equal pay. The staff rotated. Often there was no one who had worked, (or even read) the previous issue.

According to the proposal for the paper from the 1990 RRR, anyone could come and be an editor on the paper. The only qualifications were that

you be an Earth First!er who was reasonably aware of the local and national controversies surrounding wilderness destruction, was aware of the role EF! plays in halting the destruction and in expanding the wilderness, demonstrably dedicated to direct action, and was basically literate.

The format, content, style and feel of the paper varied, a lot, as editors came and went. There was no continuity and no accountability, but there was bitter, creative beauty. Some editorial crews understood computers, others did not. It was difficult to tell who belonged in the office and who did not. I remember when Jake Jagoff and Mike Roselle returned from a hard night of drinking passed an unfamiliar young man in the hallway of the overcrowded office. They said howdy and went off to sleep, giggling about the new worthless hippie in the office. The next morning they discovered that the guy was robbing the office and had walked, full-pocketed, right past them.

More than most would like to admit, the *Journal* mirrored our movement at the time. Arguments raged in the paper. Tree spiking, animal rights, cow killing and banner hanging were chewed up and spit out, unfettered and unconstrained by "oldguard" baggage. It was a time of tremendous growth in which everyone in the movement was forced to participate. Northern California activists became angered over the brash, drunken monkeywrenching attitudes



While the *Journal* was located in Missoula, the pages often became a place for heated debate over issues such as the validity of banner hanging. Two Earth First!ers have their revenge on Sea Shepherd after Captain Paul Watson said Earth First!ers are nothing but a bunch of lily-livered banner hangers.

conveyed by the Wild Rockies camp, and in turn, by the paper. Ecotopia EF! made every effort to rescind all support for the paper.

In a 1992 article about the *Journal*, the staff conveyed the feeling of confusion: "Will the *Journal* survive? And in what form? Will the editorial collective structure be retained or will it be replaced by a permanent staff? Will a guiding philosophy (party line) be established for the movement and the *Journal*, and if so by whom? How will continuity of such philosophy be implemented and maintained without creating a Sierra Club bureaucratic rigidity?"

"Does the freedom thus gained give each editorial collective the untrammelled right to publish whatever it pleases? In short, there are obvious limitations to the topics that should appear in the *Journal*." They answered themselves: "While we do not need to become obsessed with the finer distinctions, we need to articulate a statement of mission. But this editorial collective decided that it was not up to us, or any collective, to articulate a statement of mission."

The 1992 RRR produced a solution, a compromise between the Wild Rockies and Northcoast EF!: Hire a single editor, someone accountable, who could be called on the phone and bitched at; a single person to stand at the head of the table and call the shots. The group chose a person on Northern California's team to moderate those radical Wild Rockies editors—Mike Roselle. He had been an

editor, writer and artist in the paper, as well as a movement co-founder, and thus made him just the activist the movement was looking for.

Mike Steps In It

This as it turned out simply was not a good idea. Soon after taking his place at the top of the heap, Mike began to rule. As one might expect, the masses responded poorly. No one listened to Roselle, who was more often than not referred to as the Editor in Absentia. At one point he asked Don Smith, a Colorado activist, to step in to fill his big shoes. The movement responded very negatively, and in May 1993 both Mike and Don resigned from the pages of the *Journal*: "As editor and long-term staffers for the *Earth First! Journal*, we have consistently supported an editorial policy that we believe would bring improvements to the paper, improvements we consider necessary if the *Journal* is to expand its readership and continue publication. These guidelines, however, have not had adequate support from many involved directly and indirectly with the *Journal*. Consequently we are not able to do our jobs and have chosen to resign."

Many branches of the movement agreed with Mike, believing that their guidelines were not being followed either, that the Wild Rockies had hijacked the movement's paper and that it was high time for another move.

continued on page 108

The Corporate Exploitation Paradigm

BY KAREN COULTER

Root of the Problem

"Radical" means "arising from or going to a root or source" and "favoring or effecting revolutionary change." A "no compromise" stance means getting to the roots of a problem to enact systemic (revolutionary) change and not twiddling around with a corrupt corporate dictatorship through "reforms" or regulation. However, most of the early actions I did with Earth First! were more about targeting the Freddies and getting between loggers and trees than about waging a campaign against the corporate exploitation paradigm.

I was exposed to a more comprehensive analysis of corporate control outside EF! in 1993 and started focusing on using corporate rule as a handle for trying to get a real grassroots nonviolent revolution going against neoliberalization, corporate globalization and the very ingrained system of corporate governance in the US.

My partner and I brought the slogan "End Corporate Dominance" to EF! and tried to get activists to focus on dismantling the mechanisms of corporate control rather than tackling each corporate abuse and each corporation separately. The EF! movement was fertile ground, but the effort to get activists to focus on corporate governance is still ongoing. Old activist habits die hard; the corporate media is always feeding people competing messages, and there's always an immediate crisis that gets in the way of work on the bigger picture. However, as evidenced by the WTO and IMF/World Bank protests, more people across the world are re-framing their activism to address the current reality in a more comprehensive way.

Anti-Imperialist Earth First!

We were on the right track when EF!ers rejected the use of the American flag as our symbol at the 1989 Round River Rendezvous (RRR), because it's such an obscene, blood-soaked tool of genocide and ecocide to the rest of the world. Judi Bari played taps on the fiddle while three EF! women respected the flag's owner by folding it up in the traditional way. Then we burned our own flag and hung it on a juniper tree with a big sign saying why we removed the original flag. We danced our flag into the ground in the first RRR tribal dance (picture naked, dusty bodies



Masked up and prepared for action, a demonstrator in Seattle

and kids wielding cardboard monkey wrenches). That helped ignite the big split in EF! when the majority wanted to address the root causes of the loss of wilderness *and* other serious ecological and social problems as a whole. The Foremanistas wanted to just save wilderness without those other complications.

Getting past the confines of the system has been a strong point for EF!. Direct action is an EF! niche that is valuable when too many other environmental groups are either too naive or too bought into the system to see that every movement that has achieved systemic change in his country has had to step outside the prevailing norms and laws. However EF! has been stuck in tactical ruts, confining creativity to a plethora of blockading techniques, rather than honestly assessing whether we're meeting our goals that way and developing long-term strategic campaigns.

Let's not wait until another WTO, IMF or World Bank comes to town—there are plenty of other examples of corporate governance quietly operating from its offices in the US every day without any visible opposition or exposure. These institutions include the Business Round Table, the Trilateral Commission, Export Credit Agencies,

the Federal Reserve Bank and many others. (A corporate governance primer will be released soon by End Corporate Dominance, HCR 82, Fossil, OR 97830.)

Earth First! has organically developed an alternative, revolutionary culture with its own identity, music, poetry and "ourstory." Creating alternative culture is an essential element to struggle for revolutionary change which is sadly



Cops in the streets during anti-World Trade Organization marches, Seattle 1999

Versus Anti-Imperialist Earth First!

lacking in most environmental and social change groups in the US. It is important not only to debunk mainstream consumptive, imperialistic, racist and anthropocentric values, but to live the difference, creating an alternative culture that others will want to join. Dave Foreman used to be supportive of EF! as an evolving complete culture, but then the Foremanistas balked when this counter-culture evolved beyond their original vision, adapting to the needs and expanding perception of changing times.

Most environmental groups are hopelessly anthropocentric, interested in the benefits ("resources") that nature provides to humans while not standing up for the intrinsic rights of other species and for ecological integrity. Instead, many organizations are content on saving a pretty place here and there and don't get around to the systemic ecological problems until they become so pervasive that they threaten the human species. This attitude and lack of deep understanding will carry over into the design of any new society built on the ashes of the corporate regime unless we play an active role in the process of growing a new equitable and biocentric society.

A Plan for the Future

Things that need to be done may not be typical EF! activism but need our support and encouragement. These include self-governance initiatives and providing alternatives to corporate dependency (e.g. community-sponsored agriculture and media, co-ops, worker collectives, barter fair networks, community currency, and clean, renewable energy and technology). We need to consider new tools that may be far more effective than battling regulatory agencies or fighting in the courts (shields for corporate power). These include state constitutional amendments, township/city/county ordinances and long-term, corporate charter-revocation campaigns and use of a variety of grassroots-organizing tactics against contemporary mechanisms of corporate governance and globalization (e.g. against multilateral development banks, industry-sector advisory committees, etc.).

The street protests, direct action, economic sabotage, anti-PR campaigns, boycotts etc., are needed too, but let's not forget to think creatively beyond these "boxes" we create for ourselves, including reactive direct action boxes.

While we are dismantling the system, we need to encourage liberation from the corporate colonialization of our minds for far greater numbers of people—social alternatives like unplugging from pacifying technology, workplace democracy, rebuilding union strength, community mutual aid networks, town meetings, community-based child care and elderly care, etc. There's a role for everyone in ending corporate rule because we *must* simultaneously create a new society as we dismantle the existing oppressive regime. If we don't do this, any revolutionary "victory" will only be a democratic moment lasting a week or a day until people go back to their jobs, paying their rent to this feudal system, giving up meaningful lives and cultural ideals for the illusion of security and stolen wealth.

There's a lot of brain-washing that needs to be stopped and basic values that need to be instilled. In a way this struggle is immense, and in another way it is very simple since it boils down to grassroots organizing. Our multi-issue struggle can be distilled to an overarching framework of thought and fairly unified goals and strategies to guide our actions. We still need to keep the trees standing, but what good is that if eventually we move away or die, and it's all destroyed anyway?

Or what if the community living near the trees decides to cut them down because their basic value system hasn't changed? We had to make old-growth forests and biodiversity household terms in the '80s as we fought to save them. We lost most of the forest we were defending then, but those efforts saved a lot of

the currently existing forest by changing the political climate.

A lot of people seem to be looking for a magic button to push to end corporate rule as if it's an unprecedented situation that calls for a novel response. Actually, it's a very old problem that has just gotten much worse because we haven't kept track of it and tackled it head on.

Karen Coulter is an untiring proponent of wilderness preservation as well as a staunch opponent of globalization. She has a wonderful view from her tipi in the Eastern Oregon mountains.



Taking Aim With the Bioti

BY AGENTS APPLE AND SHOO-FLY AND COCONUT CUSTARD

Little is known about the true origins of the Biotic Baking Brigade (BBB). Some say it grew out of the Whiskey Rebellion in the late 1700s in Pennsylvania; others say it began in a feud between two bakeries in Paris during the mid-1800s. However, after much painstaking research, our agents have uncovered the first known account of the pastry uprising.

Set in Habsburg Dynasty Spain in the early 1600s: Philip IV, who succeeded to the throne in 1621, preferred culture to politics, and allowed Gaspar de Guzmán conde de Olivares to run the government. Olivares' efforts to increase taxation and conscription led to revolt in 1640, first in Catalonia and then in Portugal.

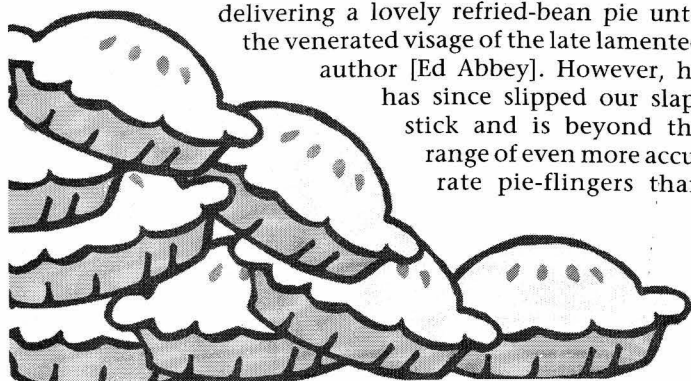
A small group of bakers were fed up with Olivares and formed an underground resistance group called *La Brigada Biotic de la Hornada*. They plotted an attack on Olivares, and in a show of solidarity with Portugal and Catalonia, they made their move late one evening when he was entertaining the Prince of Austria, another member of the Habsburg Dynasty. The bakers posed as royal chefs, and just as dinner was being served they delivered him his just desserts. The agent yelled "*¡Dé Portugal de nuevo a la gente!*" (Give Portugal back to the people!) as she hurled the pie directly into Olivares' face.

Since this action, numerous pies have been tossed in many deserving faces, all around the world. What follows below is an account of the BBB's origins within Earth First!.

The story begins with a mud-slinging contest in the hallowed pages of the *EF! Journal* after a few folks said they would have pied Ed Abbey had the chance arisen:

Dear Shit fer Brains... May 1, 1989
Dear Comrades,

Amidst the mourning and merry-waking [sic], we make this warning: The Biotic Baking Brigade of ¡Mirth First! first formed with the intention, among others, of delivering a lovely refried-bean pie unto the venerated visage of the late lamented author [Ed Abbey]. However, he has since slipped our slapstick and is beyond the range of even more accurate pie-flingers than



the Relentless Fanatic. Heaven and Hell alike may turn him back at the border but the Earth will digest him as it does all. The frijole torte remains. It waits for the face of bigotry and fascism to show itself again, or for the crassest eulogist to the "anarchist" who loved borders. Nopale Ed knows no limits now. Neither do we.

Simply,

—SIMON "CHICO" ZAPOTES AND BBB, ¡MIRTH FIRST!

Dear Shit fer Brains... June 21, 1989
Dear Cranial Feces,

To paraphrase Merle Haggard, "If you're runnin' down Ed Abbey, man, you're walkin' on the fightin' side of me." I direct this comment to "Simon 'Chico' Zapotes and BBB, ¡Mirth First!" your letter last *Journal* crossed the line. Ed Abbey was my friend, and a great man. I'm honored to have known him and am angered by those pretentious juvenile ideologues who insult his name. Come forth! Identify yourselves, you cowardly scum, and take responsibility for the slime which leaks from your ideologically enslaved brains to your slovenly pens.

I hope to meet you in some dark lonely place. Soon.

For the Earth First!,

—HOWIE WOLKE, DARBY, MT

Dear Shit fer Brains... September 22, 1989
Dear EF! & Howie,

In response to your letter in the last *Journal*, the Revolutionary Ecoterrorist Pie Brigade has this to say: To set the record straight, we are in no way affiliated with the Biocentric Baker's Brigade! (BBB) [sic]. We purged that faction for their deviationist ideology, revisionist interpretations of the Unassailable Doctrines and for their vanguardist tendencies. They engage in petty boulangerie hooliganism for the furtherance of their hidden agenda and are usurpers! They dared to mock Betty-Crocker-Thought with their infantile propaganda! We have nothing to do with such counterrevolutionary decadence. We, the REPB, are the leading proponents of culinary terrorism and have mastered the science of Pastry Revolution. We are preparing to lead the masses on to Global Ecological Paradise using their Historically Available Instrument of eco-meringue and pretentious ideology. We have the correct line on The-Way-It-Is, and anyone who is offended by this letter deserves to be!

—CHAIRMAN MIKAL, REPB

P.S. No, Howie, I didn't write either the BBB or ¡Mirth First! letters if you might possibly be thinking that. However, it was Simon "Chico" Z, myself and another who originated the idea of giving Abbey a frijole pie! And he would've loved it! Too bad we never got the chance. But, oh well, there are other deserving faces... (if you know what I mean).

Baking Brigade

Dear Shit fer Brains... September 22, 1989
O Brave Beloved Biotic Compadres,

Suffer me speech a short span whilst I return the glove which one of our fellow EF! followers has foolishly flung at my feet. Howie Wolke of Darby, MT, seems to have a beef about my last letter. Apparently the late Prosaic Laureate of ecocentrism is a sacred cow, and Howie has moved into the ring to defend him, while I remain in the shadows. I mistook him for a sacred clown. The value of sacred clowns, of mudhead kachinas in their mudpie kitchens, is that by ruthlessly criticizing everyone they allow us finally, after the mud has settled, to embrace each other honestly, knowing fully who we are. Especially because we are constantly challenging loggers and other industrial addicts to fundamentally change their lives, we should ourselves be willing to accept challenges to our fundamental behaviors, such as diet and relationships. Blind tolerance such as some have preached will only result in a false calm until our docility is disrupted by a panicked intolerance and we are stamped to slaughter. Sacred clowns try to wake the herd up before we get to the cliffs. Why, then, do I remain outside the firelight? Anonymity is essential to sacred clowns, so the laughing stock responds not to them but to the issues. (My beckoning boxer is far beefier than I, and I doubt I would find his fighting side much prettier than his wit.) Moreover I do not stalk prey in the open; I like to stay hidden on the edges. There are others here in the brush, and a good reason why many of us use different names is so They (the industrial steering committee) won't know quite who or how many we are. And when you've hunted yourself it makes sense to stay in the woods. Finally, I find the names I choose myself certainly as real as my legal, Christian name. I am an ambling mammal labeled numerous names. Amongst others,

I remain truly,

—SIMON "COYOTE" ZAPOTES

P.S. Howie: I'm not who you think, i.e. my initials have never been M.J., but I'll bet that when the pie hits, he and E.A. will be laughing together 'til the cows go home.

But no pies had yet been thrown under that name until Judi Bari took Pie-rect Action...

In the spring of 1994, the BBB embraced Judi Bari as its newest name agent. The pie-ee was attorney Mark Goldowitz of Oakland, who represented Nick Wilson, Beth Both and some other

homeowners from the Albion, California, area who were being sued by Louisiana Pacific (LP) over a 54 day, 15 treesit 1992 mega-action called the Albion Nation Uprising. Goldowitz claimed to be a SLAPP (Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation) suit specialist and was involved in the drafting of California's first anti-SLAPP law, which was sponsored by Bill Lockyer, our new attorney general, then a legislator. Goldowitz sucked about \$60,000 out of one activist's homeowners insurance policy for

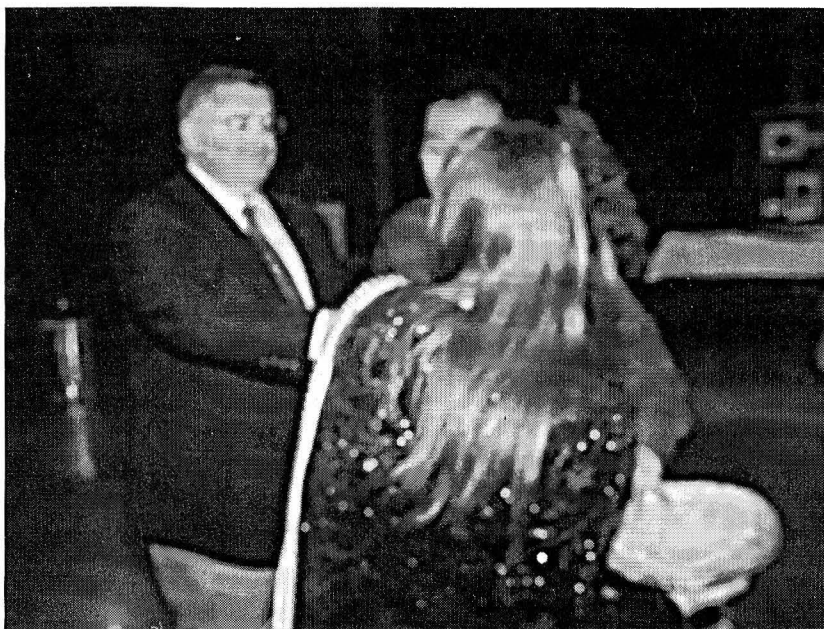
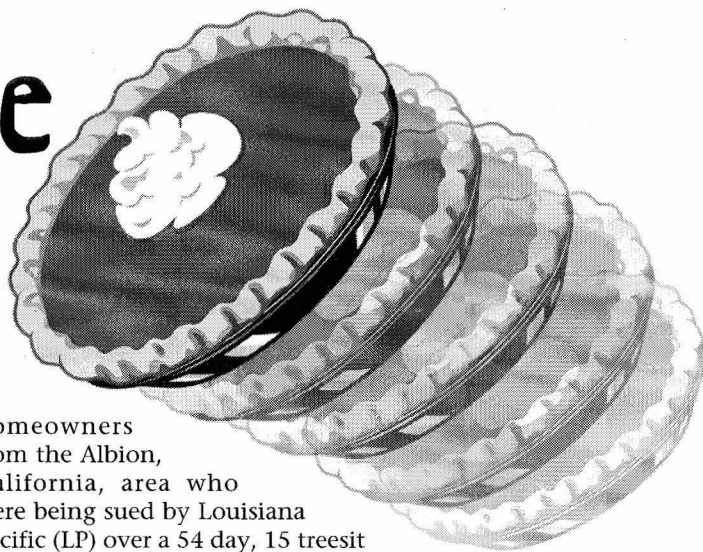
a few months work but was unsuccessful in getting anyone out of the LP SLAPP suit. Earth First!ers and Albion residents were pissed at him for being such a gold digger (we called him Mark Goldiggerwitz). If the other homeowners' insurance companies had all been paying at the same rate, Goldowitz would have taken in over \$500,000 for less than six months work.

Judi Bari had been long scheduled to do a panel on SLAPP suits at the Oregon conference. Goldowitz showed up and refused to take part in her panel, but took copious notes during her presentation, then

got himself scheduled at the last minute to do a separate presentation that afternoon at a time conflicting Judi's repeated panel. Her morning panel was lightly attended due to schedule conflicts with other popular activities and panels.

Judi decided, most likely before the conference, that Goldowitz needed pastry therapy, but his arrogant behavior sealed his fate. Unfortunately, having been a bomb victim, Judi was unable to physically throw a pie with any amount of force herself. (She was a brown belt and extremely agile before the bombing.) So Judi recruited on the spot an instant member of the BBB. Together they walked up to Goldiggerwitz in the hallway of the university and heaved a pie at him, gracing him with his just desserts.

For more information, contact Friends of the BBB, c/o POB 40130, San Francisco, CA 94111; bbb@asis.com; www.asis.com/~bbb/.



Agent Cherry Rhubarb Tart takes aim at Eugene, Oregon, Mayor Jim Torrey.

photo by Kurt Jensen

To Wrench or Not to Wrench?

(Editor's note: The following is an excerpt from *Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*. It starts with the book's foreword by Edward Abbey.)

I am happy to endorse the publication of Ecodefense. Never was such a book so needed, by so many, for such good reason as here and now. Tomorrow might well be too late. This is a book that will fit handily in any saddlebag, in any creel, in any backpack, in any river runner's ammo can—and in any picnicker's picnic basket. No good American should ever go into the woods again without this book and, for example, a hammer and a few pounds of 60-penny nails. Spike a few trees now and then whenever you enter an area condemned to chainsaw massacre by Louisiana Pacific and its affiliated subsidiary the US Forest Service. You won't hurt the trees; they'll be grateful for the protection; and you may save the forest. My Aunt Emma back in West Virginia has been enjoying this pleasant exercise for years. She swears by it. It's good for the trees, it's good for the woods, it's good for the earth, and it's good for the human soul. Spread the word and carry on!

—EDWARD ABBEY, JULY 1984, ORACLE, ARIZONA

It is time for women and men, individually and in small groups, to act heroically in defense of the wild, to put a monkeywrench in the gears of the machine that is destroying natural diversity. Though illegal, this strategic monkeywrenching can be safe, easy, fun and—most importantly—effective in stopping timber cutting, roadbuilding, overgrazing, oil and gas exploration, mining, dam building, powerline construction, off-road vehicle use, trapping, ski area development and other forms of destruction of the wilderness, as well as cancerous suburban sprawl.

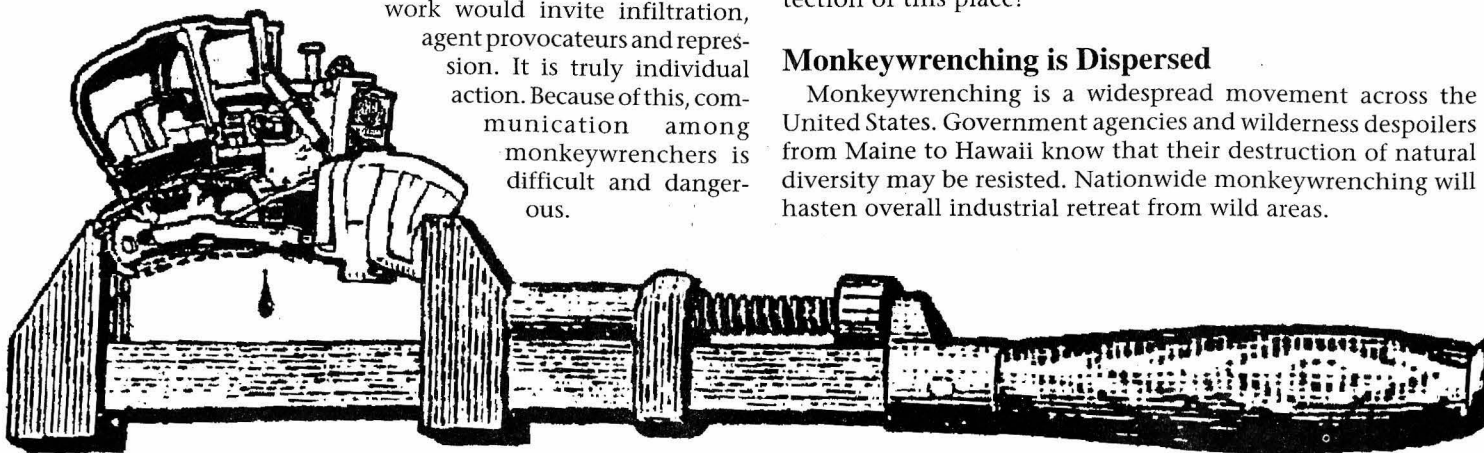
But it must be strategic, it must be thoughtful, it must be deliberate in order to succeed. Such a campaign of resistance would adhere to the following principles:

Monkeywrenching is Nonviolent

Monkeywrenching is nonviolent resistance to the destruction of natural diversity and wilderness. It is never directed against human beings or other forms of life. It is aimed at inanimate machines and tools that are destroying life. Care is always taken to minimize any possible threat to people, including the monkeywrenchers themselves.

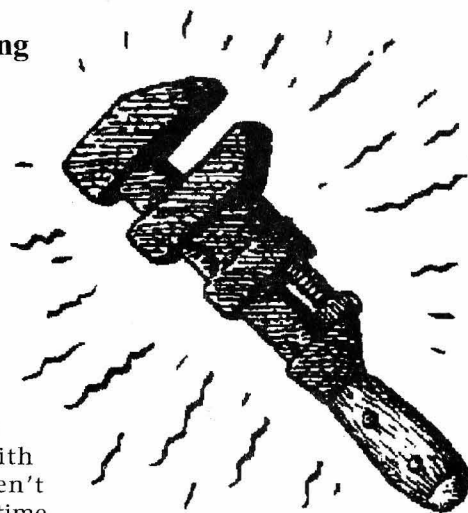
Monkeywrenching is *not* Organized

There should be no central direction or organization to monkeywrenching. Any type of network would invite infiltration, agent provocateurs and repression. It is truly individual action. Because of this, communication among monkeywrenchers is difficult and dangerous.



Monkeywrenching is Individual

Monkeywrenching is done by individuals or very small groups of people who have known each other for years. Trust and a good working relationship are essential in such groups... Monkeywrenchers avoid working with people they haven't known for a long time, those who can't keep their mouths closed, and those with grandiose or violent ideas (they may be police agents or dangerous crackpots).



Monkeywrenching is Targeted

Ecodefenders pick their targets. Mindless, erratic vandalism is counter-productive as well as unethical. Monkeywrenchers know that they do not stop a specific logging sale by destroying any piece of logging equipment they come across. They make sure it belongs to the real culprit. They ask themselves what is the most vulnerable point of a wilderness destroying project, and strike there. Senseless vandalism leads to loss of popular sympathy.

Monkeywrenching is Timely

There are proper times and places for monkeywrenching. There are also times when monkeywrenching may be counter-productive. Monkeywrenchers generally should not act when there is a nonviolent civil disobedience action—e.g., a blockade taking place against the opposed project. Monkeywrenching may cloud the issue of direct action, and the blockaders could be blamed for the ecotage and be put in danger from the work crew or police. Blockades and monkeywrenching usually do not mix. Monkeywrenching may also not be appropriate when delicate political negotiations are taking place for the protection of a certain area. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. The Earth warrior always asks: Will monkeywrenching help or hinder the protection of this place?

Monkeywrenching is Dispersed

Monkeywrenching is a widespread movement across the United States. Government agencies and wilderness despoilers from Maine to Hawaii know that their destruction of natural diversity may be resisted. Nationwide monkeywrenching will hasten overall industrial retreat from wild areas.

There is No Question

Monkeywrenching is Diverse

All kinds of people, in all kinds of situations, can be monkeywrenchers. Some pick a large area of wild country, declare it wilderness in their own minds, and resist any intrusion into it. Others specialize against logging or ORVs in a variety of areas. Certain monkeywrenchers may target a specific project such as a giant powerline, a road under construction, or an oil operation. Some operate in their backyards, while others lie low at home and plan their ecotage a thousand miles away. Some are loners, and others operate in small groups. Even Republicans monkeywrench.

Monkeywrenching is Fun

Although it is serious and potentially dangerous, monkeywrenching is also fun. There is a rush of excitement, a sense of accomplishment and unparalleled camaraderie from creeping about in the night resisting those "alien forces from Houston, Tokyo, Washington DC and the Pentagon." As Ed Abbey said, "Enjoy, shipmates, enjoy."

Monkeywrenching is not Revolutionary

Monkeywrenchers do not aim to overthrow any social, political or economic system. Monkeywrenching is merely nonviolent self-defense of the wild.

It is aimed at keeping industrial civilization out of natural areas and causing industry's retreat from areas

that should be wild. It is not major industrial sabotage. Explosives, firearms and other dangerous tools are usually avoided; they invite greater scrutiny from law enforcement agencies, repression and loss of public support.



Monkeywrenching is Simple

The simplest possible tool is used. The safest tactic is employed. Elaborate commando operations are generally avoided. The most effective means for stopping the destruction of the wild are often the simplest. There are times when more detailed and complicated operations are necessary. But the monkeywrencher asks: What is the most simple way to do this?

Monkeywrenching is Deliberate and Ethical

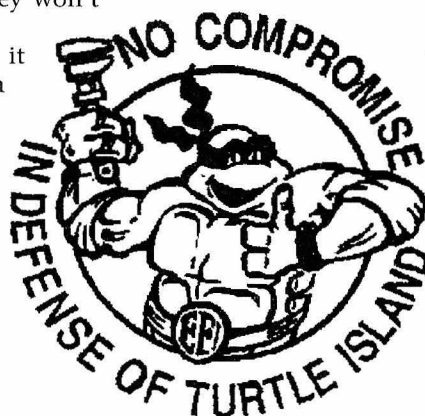
Monkeywrenchers are very conscious of the gravity of what they do. They are deliberate about taking such a serious step. They are thoughtful, not cavalier. Monkeywrenchers—although non-violent—are warriors. They are exposing themselves to possible arrest or injury. It is not a casual or flippant affair. They keep a pure heart and mind about it. They remember that they are engaged in the most moral of all actions: protecting life, defending Earth.

A movement based on the above principles could protect millions of acres of wilderness more stringently than could any congressional act, could insure the propagation of the grizzly and other threatened life forms better than could an army of game wardens, and could lead to the retreat of industrial civilization from large areas of forest, mountain, desert, prairie, seashore, swamp, tundra and woodland that are better suited to the maintenance of native diversity than to the production of raw materials for over-consumptive technological human society.

If logging firms know that a timber sale is spiked, they won't bid on the timber. If a forest supervisor knows that a road will be continually destroyed, he won't try to build it. If seismographers know that they will be constantly harassed in an area, they won't go there. If ORVers know that they'll get flat tires miles from nowhere, they won't drive in such areas.

John Muir said that if it ever came to a war between the races, he would side with the bears. That day has come.

Excerpted from Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching which can be purchased for \$18 from the Earth First! Journal, POB 1415, Eugene, OR 97440.



Monkeywrenching:

BY CM

(This article excerpted from The Earth First! Reader: Ten Years of Radical Environmentalism.)

Our duty is to destroy billboards.

—DOC SARVIS

Over the past year or so, a number of groups and individual activists associated with Earth First! have distanced themselves from the radical environmental banner, ostensibly over the issue of ecotage. They argue that they can more effectively inform and influence the public if they don't have to bear the spike-ridden cross of vindicating this controversial practice. There is no point in disputing this reasoning. The field of environmental activism is broad enough to let each plow his or her own plot (though some of us would rather put the farm out of business and encourage natural succession). No one is quarreling with the goal of informing the American public on the environmental cataclysm now taking place, and doing so without getting bogged down in arguments about property rights, law and order, and violence, if this is possible.

Nevertheless, the fact that monkeywrenching looms so large in these considerations calls for an appraisal of its effectiveness, a report card to compare with less direct methods of expressing environmental discontent.

The controversy over monkeywrenching is nothing new. In 1982 the editor of *Earth First!* (then the mildly named *Earth First! Newsletter*) resigned over EFi's sympathetic coverage of monkeywrenching. Gary Snyder, an early supporter of EFi, also criticized ecotage. Over the years disputes have flared up intermittently during particular campaigns between those committed to civil disobedience and those using ecotage. The controversy is likely to stay with us until industrial society crashes to the ground and happily makes the question moot.

Meanwhile, it's fair to ask: What has monkeywrenching accomplished? The answer is a great deal more than is obvious.

Bad accounting aside, reliable estimates do exist for the cost of ecotage to the industries and government agencies now in control of our public lands. A forest policy analyst for the Association of Oregon Loggers and its unintentionally self-defining alter ego Prevent Ecological Sabotage Today (PEST) estimates that the average monkeywrenching incident causes \$60,000 in damages, including equipment loss and downtime (but not law enforcement investigation and insurance). This accords with what most newspaper accounts, Forest Service special agents and ecoteurs say.

According to a timber industry

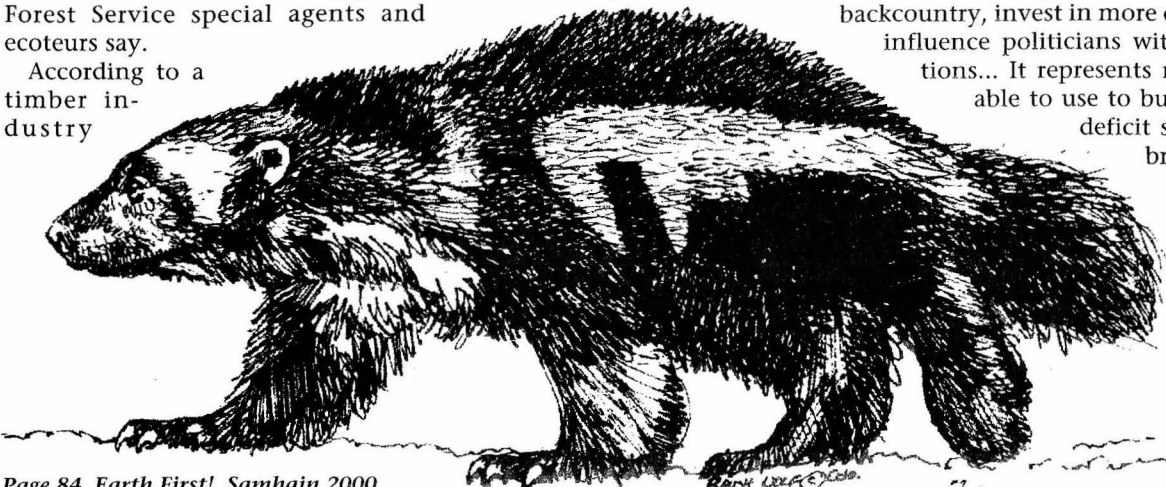
spokesman, an average tree-spiking incident costs about \$15,000 assuming the spikes are found and removed, or, more likely nowadays, marked with tape to allow loggers to cut around them (thus many small nails placed in a helix pattern around the tree are more effective than a few large ones). The above estimate also includes the value of the wood in the larger stumps the loggers have to leave to avoid the spikes. The cost goes up astronomically if a spike hits a bandsaw in the mill. The saws themselves typically cost \$1,500-5,000. A damaged saw can be changed in an hour or so (assuming a replacement is on hand). The big expense comes if the saw shatters and shrapnel flies into the head-rig. Head-rig repairs can cost \$20,000.

The actual cost of an average monkeywrenching incident climbs to well over \$100,000 when you figure in police investigation, private security, insurance hikes and the fatuous efforts of groups like the Mountain States Legal Foundation (whose lawyers, if they follow the usual practice of double billing, will run up an account of over half a million dollars on this public-spirited project, subsidized in part by taxpayers). When you consider that the typical monkeywrenching incident probably costs the ecoteur no more than \$100 and a night's sleep, this is a remarkably cost-effective way to register one's disapproval of present resource industry practices.

Timber industry spokesmen suggest that one out of every two monkeywrenching incidents goes unreported. These tend not to get into the papers since monkeywrenchers realized a while back that once the incident reaches the media the Forest Service will stop at nothing to go through with the sale in order to show that it is in control of the public lands. And, of course, this estimate doesn't include incidents on private and state lands.

Taking all this into consideration, ecotage in the United States today is probably costing government and industry \$20-25 million annually. This represents money industry was not able to use to deforest public lands, sink oil wells in the backcountry, invest in more destructive equipment, influence politicians with campaign contributions... It represents money the FS was not able to use to build new roads, or hide deficit sales or hire more sub-brutal special agents.

People argue that corporations can simply pass this cost on to their customers and continue their destructive practices. Since no market is completely elastic, this isn't entirely true. But even if it



An Appraisal

is substantially so, a higher cost for wood products will inevitably mean that fewer wood products are bought—according to the vast and sublime free-market paradigm we are all withering under—which is ultimately the point. Furthermore, sometimes monkeywrenching as an economic weapon is completely effective: When in 1985 ecoteurs firebombed the \$250,000 wood-chipper in Hawaii that was grinding rainforest into fuel for sugar mills (without a permit and in violation of a court order), the company went bankrupt.

Thus if the sole purpose of ecotage is to make an adverse financial impact on government agencies and their resource industry clientele, it must be judged a success. This is true even if it is looked at in isolation from a larger strategy involving civil disobedience, legal remedies and public outreach.

Now that the risk of ecotage is publicly known, we can also speculate that timber company CEOs are taking the cost of ecotage into consideration when a sale of old growth or other controversial ecological matter comes before the board. Failure to do so could get them in trouble with their stockholders. The ability of monkeywrenching to intimidate and unnerve the bureaucratic and the plutocratic mind cannot be measured but likely is significant.

Where ecotage isn't saving biological diversity directly, it is at least making biodiversity an issue. It can therefore be an important part of a larger campaign. The radical environmental message, whether concerning old growth or dolphins, would not be receiving the widespread coverage it is today were it not for the "publicity value" of monkeywrenching. Most of the coverage *EF!* has received over the years in *Esquire*, *The Amicus Journal*, *The Nation*, local newspapers, etc., has concentrated on ecotage, often favorably or at least without overt condemnation. Monkeywrenching seems to strike a cord with many modern Americans who, for different reasons probably, would also like to get back at the arbitrary powers that dominate their lives.

Regardless of sentiments pro and con, by its very controversial nature, ecotage makes biodiversity a matter of public interest and debate. It takes seemingly obscure environmental issues out of the dark of scientific calculations into the limelight of individual passion and commitment. Even when the media distorts ecotage by emphasizing its unlawfulness rather than its motives, it has been, like civil disobedience, an important element in the broader campaign to rally public opposition to wilderness destruction. For instance, in news coverage

of the old-growth controversy, the subject of ecotage inevitably comes up, along with civil disobedience, and this activism clearly attracted the coverage in the first place.

This is what monkeywrenching is doing right now. Whether it should be doing more or less or something different is another topic. Unquestionably it has over the past 10 years revolutionized the way public lands policy is made in this country. It has upset the unhealthy *modus vivendi* that had developed among industry, moderate environmental groups, and the government agencies in charge of our wildlands. No longer can the Forest Service or BLM act like a band of medieval forest meisters without fearing the bad publicity (a bureaucrat's one unforgivable sin) of a tree-spike or a de-flagging.

The timber industry is now criticizing the FS for not acting even more one-sidedly for the corporations' interest. The mainstream environmental organizations are beginning to be embarrassed into addressing issues their professional leaders would never have broached if left to their own devices (martini glass, three-piece suit, and half a loaf).

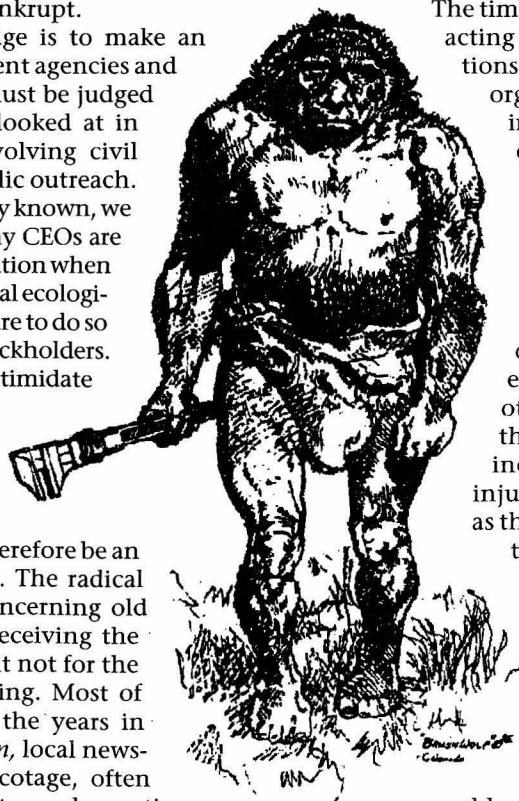
What monkeywrenching isn't doing is hurting people, despite its media image. Whether ecotage is "violent" in itself is an ethical question best left to an individual's own conscience. The ethical rationales for ecotage have been thoroughly discussed by others, so I won't repeat them. But it is a fact that there has not been one authenticated incident in which ecotage caused significant injury to a person. The case inevitably reported as the evil fruit of ecotage is the infamous spike

that seriously injured a Louisiana Pacific mill-worker in Northern California two years ago [1981]. There is, however, no evidence monkeywrenchers were involved. On the contrary, ecoteurs would have notified the company, and no notification was given. Possibly a disgruntled LP employee—and there are many of them—put the spike in; or possibly LP itself did to get publicity, which it

certainly got, often of the most exaggerated kind (I talked with a woman who said the spike killed five people). Or, ironically, as one newspaper suggested, a radical Republican, whose libertarianism was outraged by logging near his property line, may have done it. How many bad motives can dance on the head of this problematical spike? No one knows.

Jay Hair, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation, once said he couldn't tell the difference between destroying a river and destroying a bulldozer. Blessed with a more conventional sense of values, ecoteurs can, and as the record indicates, they have also fastidiously respected the difference between destroying property and hurting innocent people.

This isn't to say ecotage is a panacea, or that we don't need other people doing other things. No one knows for sure what it will take to save the natural world from the juggernaut of industrialism. But one thing is sure: If we fail and the fragile web of the biosphere unravels, it will not be because there were too many ecoteurs pounding spikes into trees, burning bulldozers and making the guilty squirm.





photos by Dave Parks

The Frog Does Not Drink Up the
Pond in Which It Lives
—American Indian Proverb



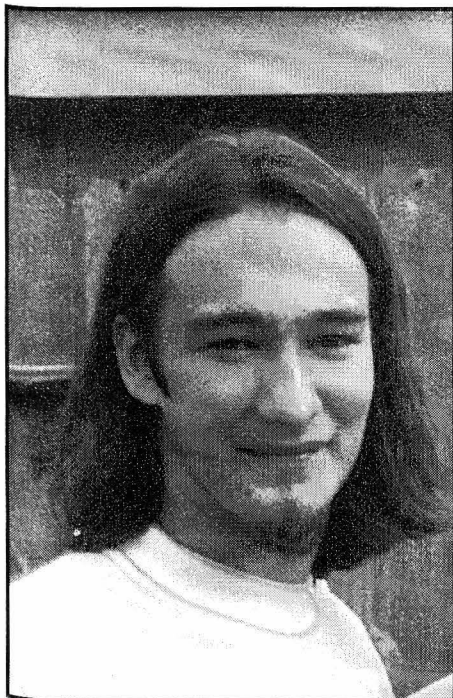


photo by Cindy Allsbrooks

David "Gypsy" Chain

When David Nathan "Gypsy" Chain was killed by an angry logger who felled a tree onto him on September 17, 1999, in a steep clearcut on Pacific Lumber land in Northern California, he became the first Earth First!er killed while defending the Earth.

"The past two years have been the hardest test of faith and endurance I have experienced. To say that I have learned so much would be an understatement. I have always said that our children will teach us about life more than anyone else and so it has been with the death of my child. Nathan continues to bless me and teach about life. His presence is constant, and I can hear him tell me to pull from my strength when I feel as if I have none. I think when we are able to give count to our many blessings as opposed to dwelling on the losses in our life, we are experiencing the healing. We will never stop celebrating Nathan's life."

—CINDY ALLSBROOKS (GYPSY'S MOTHER), OCTOBER 2000



photo by David Cross

Edward Abbey

Edward Abbey, author and possible creator of Earth First!, died in March 1989.

"Ed Abbey was the Mudhead Kachina of the conservation movement, perhaps of the whole goddamn social change movement in the country. He was the coyote. Farting in polite company. Enraging pompous twits, prudes and prigs. Goosing the true believers. Pissing on what was politically correct. And thereby doing sacred work. It is our joy that he lived and spoke so eloquently that which we feel so deeply. We cannot replace such a man. None of us can emulate him or fill his shoes. But we can continue the work we shared with him. His life, like each of his books, is a rock. A piece of sandstone that fits comfortably in the hand. You know what to do with it. He told you."

—DAVE FOREMAN, MARCH 1989



photo by David Cross

Judi Bari

On May 24, 1990 Judi Bari was nearly killed when a bomb exploded under her car seat. She survived, and continued to work tirelessly to unite union workers and Earth First!ers until she succumbed to breast cancer early in March 1997.

"Judi's small stature belied her powers of influence, a bear in the forest, confident and strong. Consistently an ardent defender of all remaining old-growth redwoods, Judi's mantra remains the heart of the current Headwaters debate. Life on Earth is a precious and tenuous experience and times like these remind us of the importance of remaining committed to that which is most meaningful in our lives. Judi always projected an unwavering commitment to her values and her continued urgings to affect apathy into action. We will miss her commitment and compassion, her strength, courage and conviction."

—DAVID BROWER, MARCH 1997

GOODBYE TO OUR FRIENDS

MANY OF OUR FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS HAVE DIED OVER THE LAST 20 YEARS. SO LONG AND FAREWELL TO THEM ALL.

I hear the wind whispering, its voice upon the leaves
I listen close and carefully, it says these things to me.
Today the trees are crying, for a protector now gone.
Who will stand in her place to prevent man's wrongs?
We beg a moment's silence from the buzzing of your saws
to grieve our fallen friend and sing our mourning songs.

A twig crack 'neath my knee a right sound in this place
as I kneel and whisper prayer for the lost brave face.
But I'm lapsed from quiet memory by the chopping of an axe
And I rise again from the ground, my fists clenched tight in rage.
Will these men never give in 'til there's naught but scrub and sage?
Rape the Earth for a buck or two to feed the corporate slaves.
More must stand to stop them. She would want us to.

—SAMANTHA ANN PATTERSON

A Warrior's Story of Underground Resistance

continued from page 37

Like all struggles for freedom, our resistance to evil forces also awakened the attention of the Spirit Hunters. In the Arizona night of May 1989, flares lit the desert sky as federal agents with automatic weapons and infrared goggles surrounded four saboteurs cutting a transmission tower. Although all four were arrested, the main target of this FBI counter-intelligence campaign was Dave Foreman, who was indicted as a co-conspirator (see interview on page 18).

It wasn't long after this government attack on the radical environmental movement that warriors renewed their raids. In April 1990, inspired by a call for a direct action response to the corporate buyout of Earth Day, the Earth Night Action Group downed powerlines from a coal-fired generation station in California.

An FBI memo circulated during the investigation revealed the government's fear. "...various activists groups... ALF, Earth First!, Lockheed Coalition, Hunt Saboteurs and the Anti-Nuclear Alliance are no longer fighting amongst

themselves because of single issue orientation but have instead banded together, thereby providing a larger number of extremists to draw from in order to commit crimes..." My elder warrior-friend Paul Watson warned that when our struggle began targeting institutions within the United States, we would bring down upon us the full weight of the FBI and other federal law enforcement agencies fighting terrorism. Our struggle was awakening a giant.

The repression of 1989 and 1990 was a historic response to legitimate resistance. The feds began to harass family and friends of suspected eco-warriors, driving a wedge between the underground and above-ground support. Violent attacks against activists like Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney were ignored while the feds concentrated on the enemies of profit and property (see article on page 62). Some activists began to cower as grand juries subpoenaed many to testify against colleagues in the movement.

We began as a small group engaging in property destruction, but evolved to a larger network, carrying out large-scale raids on universities and corporate targets and costing them millions. Rather than rushing to the newsstands to read of our exploits, we began to cover our tracks. The FBI was constantly on the hunt, waiting for us to make that one fatal mistake that would lead to capture.

I moved to the Siskiyou Mountains and organized attacks, believing one should only be amongst the enemy to raid. Living with the source of my power, the animal people and the wild Earth, I began to renew a vital connection. Alongside the survivors and refugees of humans' war on nature, I saw that all living beings in Creation were nations unto themselves, struggling to raise their families and stay alive in a relentless war that wiped out entire races.

By 1992, the feds were hot on the trail of eco-warrior cells across the West. In April, federal agents kicked in the door of my Siskiyou stronghold just days after I had fled. It was time to go underground. I took refuge in the prairies that hid Lakota warriors after their victory over General

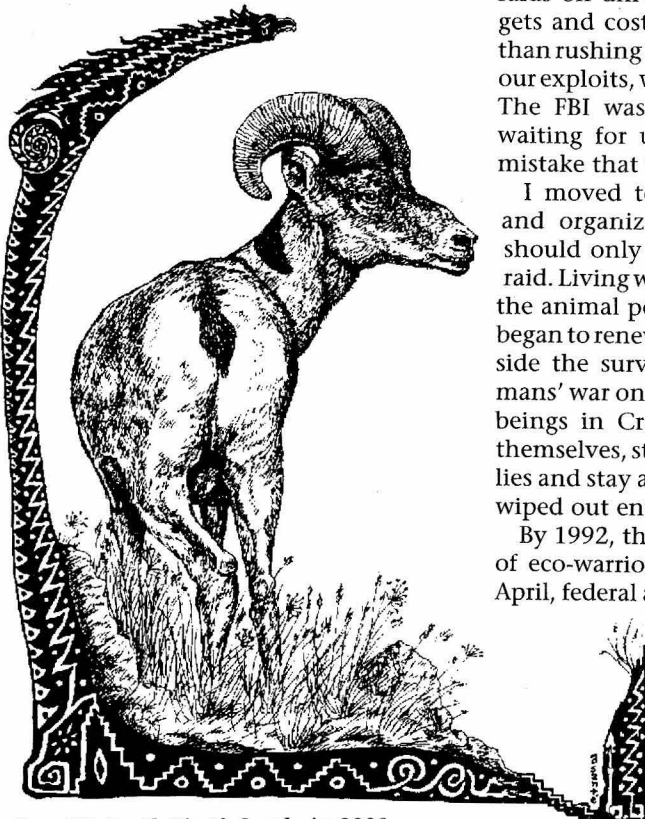
Custer. It was there that I realized what this struggle was all about. Sleeping with a loaded handgun under my pillow, waiting for the agents of repression to take me away, I gave them power in my fear. I still recognized the US government's ability to control my destiny.

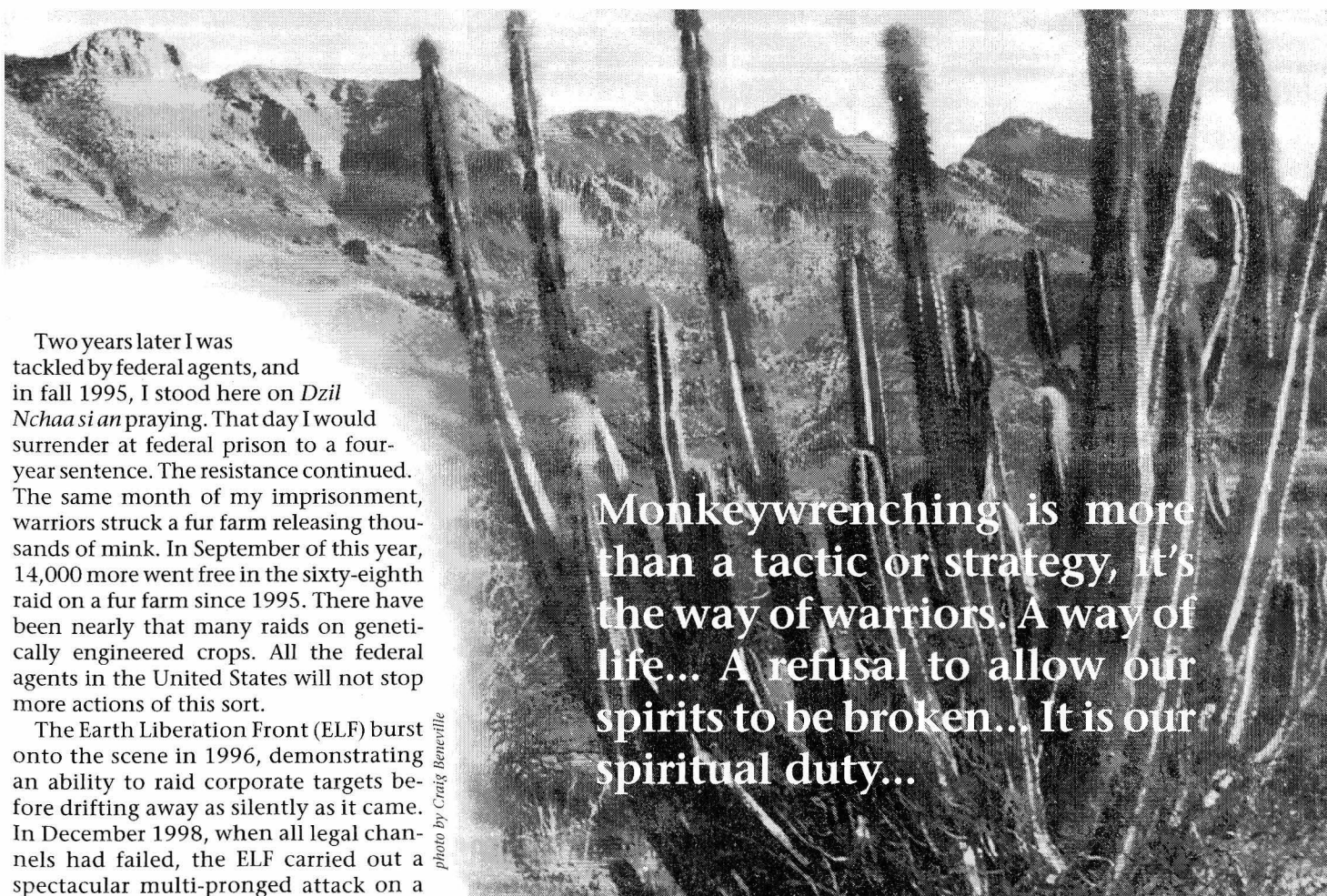
I reached the breaking point. On a long walk on the prairie I prayed and told Creator that even if death lay ahead, I stood with all Creation. On the side of the bobcat and the lynx, the coyote and the mink. It was them I fought for, and I wasn't ready to turn my back now. A gentle wind brought a hawk gliding over, and with his glance I knew I was not alone.

That's when She spoke. I cannot describe it as anything other than love. A flow of energy that reduced me to tears as I awakened to the Spirit around me. "We are here. We have always been here. We will always be here, but there is nothing we can do for you until you believe in us more than you believe in them." Suddenly the whole world was alive, and every being in it consciously aware of its connection to all others. A coyote stared. In its gaze I heard, "Now you are a hunted one. Now you are one of us." At that moment I became aware that all the legends, myths and stories about the Earth and her animal children were true.

A task force of federal, state, county and university police were after us. Grand juries in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Louisiana and Idaho were trying to intimidate us. It was time to show our power. I headed for the Rendezvous. Hiking in 13 miles, I arrived at night to the sounds of the campfire. Standing outside of its glow I waited until I could identify trusted warriors. Within days we were on another reconnaissance mission.

When the government's Animal Damage Control Predator Research Facility went up in flames, stories were told of how the coyotes who could not be rescued helped those who could. A chorus of howls covered the sounds of warriors entering the labs. When cages were being cut, coyotes dug frantically alongside warriors and ran toward the calls of their free cousins. Three warriors went to jail for six months instead of cooperating with the Spirit Hunters. At the height of repression meant to crush us, we demonstrated what it meant to be free.





Two years later I was tackled by federal agents, and in fall 1995, I stood here on *Dzil Nchaa si an* praying. That day I would surrender at federal prison to a four-year sentence. The resistance continued. The same month of my imprisonment, warriors struck a fur farm releasing thousands of mink. In September of this year, 14,000 more went free in the sixty-eighth raid on a fur farm since 1995. There have been nearly that many raids on genetically engineered crops. All the federal agents in the United States will not stop more actions of this sort.

The Earth Liberation Front (ELF) burst onto the scene in 1996, demonstrating an ability to raid corporate targets before drifting away as silently as it came. In December 1998, when all legal channels had failed, the ELF carried out a spectacular multi-pronged attack on a ski resort responsible for destroying habitat for the endangered Canada lynx in Colorado. The \$26-million act of sabotage harmed no one, and over 80 federal agents have been unable to capture a single warrior.

Daily I pray for our warriors. May they move as swiftly as the mountain lion in

photo by Craig Beneville

Monkeywrenching is more than a tactic or strategy, it's the way of warriors. A way of life... A refusal to allow our spirits to be broken... It is our spiritual duty...

Piñacate Mountains in Mexico's Sonoran Desert

the night and strike as rapidly as the owl. May their footsteps be silent like the lynx, their strikes like lightning. May the enemies of the Earth sleep uneasily, never knowing when or where we raid next.

As Earth warriors, we choose to be

participants in the ancient battle between good and evil. On our side stand the waters and wind, and all things wild and of the Earth. On the other side, consumed with greed and in pursuit of power, control and money, stand all the dark forces that lay waste to Her.

One day our animal relations will no longer run from us as if we were enemies. They will know us as friends. Until then, we must continue to demonstrate to them, ourselves and the whole world that we are willing to risk our freedom for them and their wilderness homes.

Some say it's a wild and impossible dream, but I don't want to live in a world without dreams. Dreams are what kept our warrior ancestors alive in their darkest hours, and they will keep us alive in ours. Warriors have to live and love life today if we want to be free tomorrow. The gift we are given is not just for us, it must be shared, as a key to free others. This is where our dreams begin and where generations of warrior dreams continue.

Rod Coronado has been a warrior with Earth First!, Sea Shepherd and the Animal Liberation Front since 1984. He spent four years in prison for ALF actions and currently works with indigenous youth and environmentalists in the Sonoran Desert.

photo by Cedar Stevens



At the 1988 Rendezvous, Dave Foreman salutes David Howitt and Rod for sinking two Icelandic whaling ships (see page 10).



Beltane 1981

Dear Earth First!

Wanted: Twelve horny young male zealots who like to drink till their eyes turn red. Send money right away. Wavy Gravy for president.

—TAOS, NEW MEXICO

Eostar 1982

Burp First! the new enviro group that doesn't excuse itself. NO MORE belching oneself into complacency...Don't join BF! and pat yourself on the back...Create chaos out of anarchy for a better tomorrow.

Litha 1983

Comrades

I want to join up. I heard about you from *Newsweek* and got your address from Ed Abbey. Please send me my membership card, bumpersticker, newsletter, secret decoder ring or whatever.

Viva la Terra!

—WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

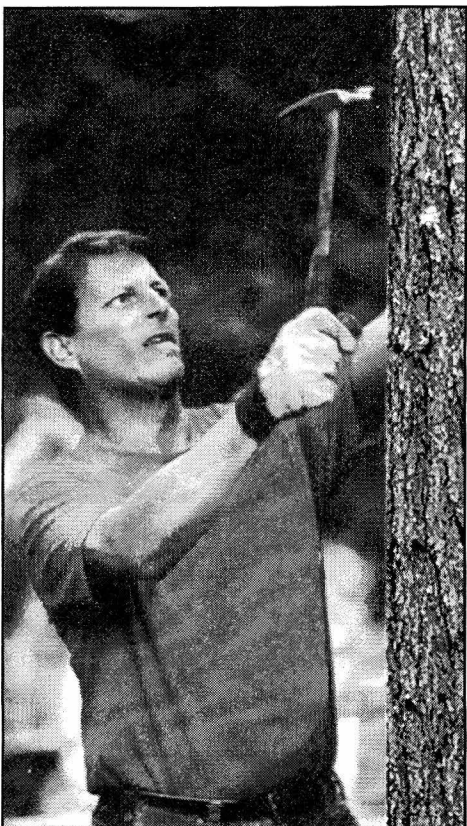


photo courtesy of Gore 2000

Litha 1983

Dear EF!

I heard that you are a bunch of radical, crazed environmental lunatics! That your methods are unorthodox, destructive, and extreme! That you take matters into your own hands with pragmatic—even vengeful—action! I've heard also that all the proper environmental organizations look down on you with disdain and often anger! That you are setting back years of proper environmental progress!! So how the hell can I join?! Where do I sign up?

—FLORIDA

Brigid 1984

Compañeros:

Notice the odor of burning wood? I've been thinking: Hey! Why not—recruit *James Watt* for Earth First!? Now, right now, might be the ideal time. Think how pissed, disconsolate, shaken and embittered he must be these days. (He's a great fund-raiser—and a wit!)

—ED ABBEY, WOLF HOLE, AZ

Eostar 1984

Dear EF!

Yesterday a guy came into my shop and asked if I could tune up his Land-Cruiser. I said sure, leave the keys and I'll get to it in an hour or so. When I went out to get the truck, there was the talon of a red-tailed hawk hanging from the rear-view mirror. Enclosed are 6 Toyota pistons, maybe you guys can hang them from your rear-view mirrors.

—MR.

GOODWRENCH

Beltane Edition 1984

Dear EF!

How about BLMishes as an epithet for the BLM?

—JOHNNY HORIZON

Lughnasadh 1987

Hello,

I read about you people in *Utne*. Although I would never condone tree spiking (with anything less than a 16p nail), I would like info about your organization. I'm just a simple carpenter, but I realize we are screwing up. I'm not a fanatic (although GOD told me I had to spike eight million trees by the end of the month, or he would bump me off), but I think the time for something besides lobbying is overdue.

—SOUTH CAROLINA

Beltane 1988

Not enough room for grizzly bear cubs...

No safe habitat for wolf cubs...

Condors gone from the skies...

Human primate population has increased beyond sane limits.

The time has come for drastic action...

No more mild tactics!

Its time for a grassroots movement to provide instant population control...

IT IS TIME FOR...

SLASH

Sisters League Against Sperm Habitation

Vasectomy squads covering the earth

A one-child limit for all.

If you try to seed more than your share,

We are ready and willing to pounce.

Your little wiggles will no longer make the gateway.

Tremble in fear...

If you are unwilling to take care of

the problem your self,

SLASH will take you on.

Choose the time and place for your own

voluntary treatment,

or SLASH will find you.

THIS WILL BE YOUR ONLY WARNING!!!

—SLASH CENTRAL, REDWOOD

VALLEY, CA

...FORMERLY CONCERNED PRIMATE

ALLIANCE

Lughnasadh 1988

Dear Earth First!

I am a 14-year-old girl living in Cleveland, Ohio. My sister and I receive your newsletter and believe in everything you stand for.

I raised \$71 by selling chocolates at my school, and decided to split it evenly between you and Sea Shepherd Society. If there is anything else I can do to help your glorious cause (such as petitions, protests in Ohio, and such), please let me know! My sister is also president of the Ecology Club at my school so we could manage a group project.

—IMOGEN TAYLOR

Beltane 1990

Dear Shit for Brains:

Nineteen shit-smearing cows shot dead. Outrage, Disgust, Bounties and condemnation. If I were a cow, I'd rather be gunned down in slickrock country than butchered in Greeley and have my remains sold off as a greasy Quarter-pounder.

If I were a bleeding heart, I'd be even more disgusted about the useless, legalized slaughter of bison that stray from Yellowstone Park. And I would be outraged at the wanton, wholesale extermination of natural predators perpetrated by the federal government to protect the rancher's products.

But I am neither cow nor bleeding heart. And while I regret the loss of any innocent life, even cow life, I salute the courage and the conviction of the masked marauders, if in fact it was a terroristic environmentalist and not another drunken slob-hunter who mistook the cows for some fat, out-of-season elk.

—NOTTA COW

Samhain 1990

Hi EF!

When I die, I would like to be fed to wolves, preferably not in a zoo. While I can stipulate such a condition in my will, the practicalities may be prohibitive, especially to a less environmentally conscious executor or medical practitioner. I'd like to solicit recom-

Classic Pseudonyms

LEO POLD
WOODHEAD
YELLOW GRASS DOG
TOO PISSED TO REPRODUCE
JUSTIN TIME
GUINEA WORM EMERGING
MOUSE THAT ROARS
RESTLESS PHLEGM
GIN PHLEGM
DEVILS AVOCADO
SCABIE & TERMITE
MY FRIENDS CALL ME FUCK YOU
ECOBOY
SLUGTHANG
LOOSE HIP CIRCLES
CORPUS DELICTI
TUBER Q. LOSIS
ARTHUR DOG MEAT
RANGER DANGER
FINELY SORTED AGGREGATE
NEW CAR SCENT

mendations from the readership concerning this dilemma. Humorous replies are, of course, welcome, but I would like some practical ones as well. And don't feel constrained by wolves, and carnivores (or omnivores) predator will do. Thanks.

—STEVEN SILBERBERG

MABON 1990
EF!

Don't let those roadkills go to waste! Throw them into the back of your truck, and deposit them in the bushes upwind from the home or office of some odious foe. Take care to not hang them off fences or drape them over machinery; your act will be written of as the work of pagans.

—LEO POLD, OAKLAND, CA

Eostar 1992

Dear Shit fer What

Why can't you get it together you inept buttheads?

I expect professional journalism, why do you insist on sabotaging and censoring me by editing my articles? I hate those long boring articles and I'll be REAL pissed off if you don't print mine!

Shit fer Brains is the best part of the paper, so quit printing it. You are supposed to represent the entire movement, stop being controversial.

You idiot dupes should be

worried about the FBI. We want a complete profile and your fingerprints.

Furthermore, quit printing personal attacks you stupid assholes!

Yours,

—FLEX BUTTOX

Lughnasadh 1992

Bush Defines Wetlands:

There once was a frog from Nantucket

Whom Bush forced to live in a bucket

He froggied all day, in the usual way,

Then said,

"Hell! There's no bugs in here, So fuck it!"

—DENNIS

Eostar 1993

Dear SFB,

Ugh...Fuck...Blech!

—WRAITH WALKER

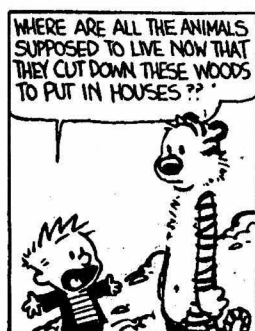
Brigid 1997

BNELF Communiqué

(Butt Naked Earth Liberation Front)

From the front lines of the Eco-Liberations here in Wisconsin came a communiqué from a vital faction of ELF. BNELF is the true naturalists amongst the radical elements in Wisconsin. Their motto—"No Compromise While Defending Mother Earth!" They see clothing and all "Human" technologies as compromising and restricting their goals, freedoms and anatomy. Two of their sayings are: "Go Natural while Fucking Shit Up!" and "Only the Tough Wrench in the Buff!" If you want camouflage or body covering, use mud or leaves—be creative while functional.

This is easily applied as a mode of action in the summer,



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



1984 photo of aboriginal EF!er in what is now called Australia

spring and fall, but the truly committed carry their dedication to the winter months, considering the intensities of -60° that Wisconsin experiences on those exceptional eves. "Warning: Just as a spongy tongue adheres to metal, so do other fleshy body parts!" Nothing is harder to explain to a security guard than your genitalia bonded to the innards of a dozer. Try the cult excuse, it sometimes works. This is a challenge to all warm-climate ELF cells to get naked or get out! One must make certain sacrifices, and comfort is the highest sacrifice a butt-naked Earth warrior can give. (Our hats, and everything else, are off to Loba!)

—FRIGID MEMBERS,
WISCONSIN CELL

Samhain 1999

Dear SFB,

As a member of the Sierra Club, I was overjoyed that Carl Pope was pied by the BBB. He really needs a kick in the ass. As an angry enviro, yours is the only publication I can stomach. Thanx for not making me vomit.

—INNOCENCIA

Samhain 2000

Hi Ho Journalistas!

20? The *Journal* is 20 years old? Hell, I've got underwear older than that! Call me when you hit 50; maybe I'll submit an article then. I'll be even crab-bier than I am now, though.

Meanwhile, keep it up (so to speak). We're starting to wear the bastards down.

—UNCLE RAMON

COVE/MALLARD CO-TREASURER

Advice From the Mainstream, or

BY DEAN KUIPERS

God Bless Ed Abbey. Somewhere along the miles of inspired desert prose he left as his footprints on Earth, he detoured into dirty civilization and wrote *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. Compared to his other work, it is lusty and bourgeois and just plain unserious. It's Ed doing *Esquire* instead of the *Paris Review* or even *Sierra*. It wasn't nearly as radical as the other stuff happening in the year it was published—1975—like the end of the Vietnam War. It was a book about people, not Deep Ecology or Anarchism. It was pop culture. Subsequently, it charmed the pants off readers and left them wide open to the book's characters' core beliefs, which—if you believe the romantic descriptions of guys like Mike Roselle and Dave Foreman anyway—gave birth to an environmental direct action movement.

That movement—your movement—exploded into the popular imagination. It was heroic and fun! It was a whole body of new pop mythology. We sure could use a dose of that right about now. Why? Because nobody's listening to you.

I was invited to write about the "mainstream press" for this edition of the *Journal*, and I'll put it this way: you need some! Saying, "It doesn't matter" just wastes a lot of potential support. The public is always ready to rally behind a popular cause, and a couple great stories can literally put words in their mouths. You need the press to put a face on what you do—in the same way George Washington Hayduke put a face on direct action. Why? 'Cause they're putting one on you anyway, and man is it ugly.

Look at the mainstream coverage of the ongoing WTO/anti-globalism protests. Reporting on the WTO meeting in Prague, the September 24, 2000, *New York Times* ran a fat piece about international protesters with seven big photos under the headline: "Growing Up and Getting Practical Since Seattle." "Practical" translates roughly here as "quaint" or "insignificant." That don't play! The other X-treme, which gets slightly less coverage, is descriptions of masked anarchists, nothing more. What should be a discussion of population growth, greed as God, and unfair and unsustainable global resource usage has become, instead, a catalog of lifestyle and fashion. Where are the deeds and the dialogue? Where are enviro issues on the

Albion Nation, 1993



world stage? Friendly reporters, well placed, can make a difference. Ignore this, and you may be missing out on the function of the Fourth Estate. Not to mention the fun.

What's the problem? Fewer reporters are hanging out with you. Without that personal contact, heroes—or at least good, memorable characters—don't emerge in the press. I didn't want to stop reporting on environmental stories around 1996. But magazines stopped buying them. The details of habitat mitigation are simply not sexy. I mean, are they? How about the manipulation of global markets? Yawn! Do us all a favor: turn the world's priorities away from the worship of wealth and back to humankind's worst problem—humankind. In order to do this, you're going to have to give us a Hayduke.

I wrote my first story about the FBI infiltration and bust of Dave Foreman and friends for a May 1989 issue of *Spin*. Even my shoddy reporting and downright fictionalizing couldn't really fuck it up too bad. What a story! There was criminal conspiracy, revolutionaries engaged in a popular cause, FBI spooks, corporate villains, secret texts, heroics, sex, beery campfires in the wilderness, a popular writer as guru... hell, saving trees sounded like a hoot! *Spin* fans loved it. They wanted to know how to plug in! The key word in this paragraph is "popular." TV "Movie-Of-The-Week" people had my phone ringing off the hook. Just like yours should be ringing now. That I suspect they are not is a problem. For everyone, human and otherwise.

Your black-clad messengers want to protect the moral high ground. Let the press build a low road right to it. Change minds on a massive scale. In late spring, 1992, I sat down in the only diner in Dixie, Idaho, with press photographer Michael Schumann. A former insurance agent calling himself Ramon had just bought 20 acres there and was moving in a horde of dirty hippies to stop the roading of the Cove/Mallard timber sales. Right in the middle of a plate of pancakes, an elderly lady next to me broke off her polite banter and asked me, "Did you see that terrible article about these radical environmentalists in the latest *Playboy*?" I scanned the room in dead silence. The dozen largish men in the room all worked in timber. I shook my head and said, "No ma'am." Little did she know she was talking to the author.

Schumann picked up the ball and said, "What was it about?"

Evidently they're big *Playboy* readers up there, because they proceeded to describe it in detail as eight pages of the most biased and unGodly pro-Bambi buttwipe they'd ever read. Which it was, and intentionally so. I had attempted in that piece to describe the philosophy behind the so-called "radical environmental movement" in the words and actions of its participants. The residents of Dixie were not amused. Worse than not having a voice in the piece, they said, they were deeply concerned that the four million printed copies of this story would convince people that "bio-die-versitee" was a real issue. That it should be taken up by Congress. That voting America could do what now—eight years later—seems a lot more like reality: close the national forests to roading and logging.

We Could Be Heroes... Someday

Playboy never assigned that story, or its angle. I pushed it. Print and radio news, in particular, are still built on reporters. Their high-minded editors and publishers can be swayed by dramatic stories from the field. Right now, for instance, you should be courting America's most important newspaper, the *Wall Street Journal*. It would print a detailed analysis of the issues behind the WTO protests, because these issues will affect markets. Their readers demand this. But it won't happen unless some reporter spends time behind the masks, behind the soundbites, behind the pie-throwing, to develop a sympathetic portrait.

Of course you're going to get burned some of the time. But to use the rhetoric of the day, this smells like an opportunity. You need to get a reporter from the *WSJ*—and other national press—into your camp. Literally. My regular contact and friendships with Earth First!ers from 1989 through 1995 yielded features in *Rolling Stone* (the Rod Coronado story), *Playboy*, *Spin*, *Interview* (Judi Bari and Paul Watson interviews) and weeklies in LA, San Francisco and Tucson, plus small pieces from *Omni* to *Outside*. Trees are falling in the forest, and someone besides you needs to be there to hear them. Think it would compromise your principles too much to present one of your own unmasked on the cover of *Interview*? Do it! You'd have so much juju on the popular imagination you'd make the Black Panthers look square. Radical chic indeed. Which brings me back to *The Monkey Wrench Gang*.

Sell out! The time is now. America is starved for a political hot potato; why not serve them yours? I know that dozens—hundreds!—of you have taken a beating in the courts in the latter half of the '90s, but it really seems you have two choices: get the Press, or get an army. I know which one's cheapest—in every sense of the term—and to that end, I'll take advantage of the opportunity and offer a few tips on Whoring For Press:

1. Go Large! Seattle was great. One person chained to a whale or a nuclear weapon is just as good. Big! No-Compromise campaigns have high entertainment value, and the more hardcore and outrageous you make them, the better.

2. Crack the dam again. Only a handful of people and some ground squirrels may have seen the Glen Canyon Dam action back in the day, but it sure was a good one. Unambiguous and unforgettable. Direct action with a sense of humor. It buys you a load of goodwill when it comes time to crack a dam for real.

3. Write the new mythology. Turn your Ph.D. mentors, adrenaline-addicted foot soldiers and Sergeant Sphincters into a cast of characters the whole culture can embrace. Start a new oral and written tradition—the rest of us know where to take it from there.

4. Get Indians! For any American harboring even a modicum of white guilt, they remain the ultimate authority. No politician, sheriff, Freddie or other public servant can go up against them without looking like an asshole. That's just the way it is.

I'm thinking a First People's Gang at the next WTO protest. Or an indigenous hunger strike to protest loss of tribal lands worldwide, live on TV. Oh, the guilt! Some consortium would buy the network time just to get it off the air, and that would still be a big win. Hell, I'd walk around in a tin foil hat if they told me it was the native way, and most people feel the same.

5. Make camps. In beautiful meadows, by a river, with owls and coyotes. God, action camps are great. Campfires may not be ecologically sound anymore, but then neither are conventions, or tear gas for that matter, and firelight is definitely the

best atmosphere for talking to a reporter. Stories! Stars! S'mores! Share a tent with a randy young activist far from home! Sometime around midnight of the second day, any desk-weary reporter in camp will be stoned out of their noodle on all of the above and decide that your cause is Just and Right and In Need of a Champion! The Redwood Summer camps were so fun that I was spreading the gospel to other reporters, even persuading an editor from *US News & World Report* to rough it. She slept in her rental car and still thought it reeked of adventure. How long do you think she would stay at your street rally before she'd be looking for a highball back at the hotel? Drinks and conversation back at the tent serve your purposes best.

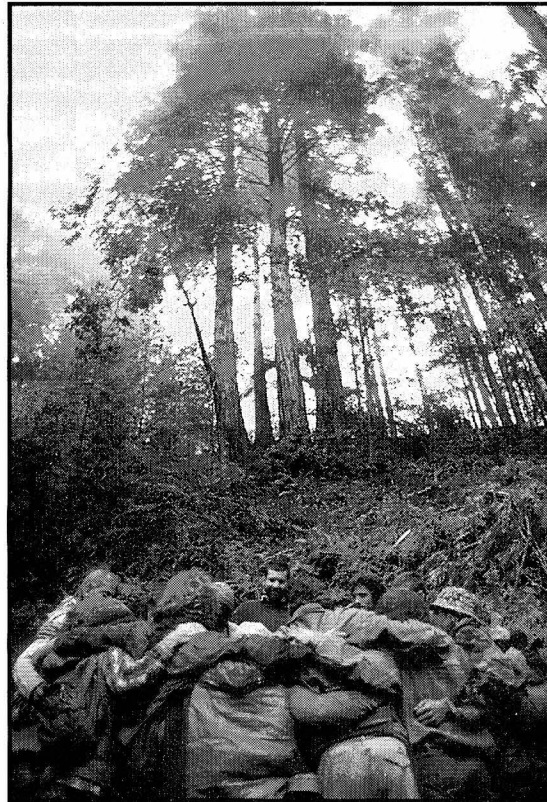
6. Invite infiltration. Nothing is hotter! Anywhere the FBI or BATF tread, the press is sure to follow. Just as long as your most hardcore actions are kept to a bulletproof affinity group, you can chat happily into anyone's lapel pin with the assurance that any strategic secrets are only being traded for sympathetic portrayal in feature articles, books and blockbuster movies. Probably starring

hot young actors eager to Stick It To The Man.

7. Get pretty. How many out-of-shape hacks shinnied up a rope just to get a good look at Julia "Butterfly" Hill? Sorry the world is so shallow, but sex goes right on selling. Shit, Gwyneth Paltrow doesn't have anything much going on right now, get her up a tree. Or Gisele Bundchen. In swimwear.

8. Get Gisele Bundchen in swimwear.

9. Have better parties. Get the pictures on the web and in the society rags. There's nothing that the young scions of entitlement respect more than debauchery and dangerous fun. Right now, they are all herded together in a New York City bar wearing Armani suits and their best game face, worrying behind the cocaine, "Somewhere, someone's having a better time than me." Be that someone, and they will find you and your message. They'll quit their soulless jobs on Wall Street and convince their moms to place whole forests in public trusts. Later, you'll find out that strangely good-smelling kid with the expensive sweaters is some kind of Kennedy, and his or her conversion to Anarcho-ecoism will get 11 pages in *Vanity Fair*.



Circle before the Navarro action, Redwood Summer, 1990

photos by Michael Schumann

continued on page 97

COMMANDOS SINK PIRATE WHALERS

continued from page 10

My crew was not allowed on their ship. When we left, Greenpeace warned us to stay out of Icelandic waters. Quaking in our deck-boots, we scurried away from Iceland in mortal fear and proceeded to the Faroe Islands to save a few whales.

June 1986; Malmo, Sweden: The *Sea Shepherd* sails from Plymouth, England, to Sweden. We berth a few blocks from where the meeting of the IWC is taking place. Ben White is our official observer at the meeting. He is not happy. "The whalers intend to keep whaling. They say that Icelandic and Norwegian whaling is not commercial and must continue for scientific purposes."

The objective for continuation of scientific whaling would be almost funny were it not so tragic. The Icelanders requested a scientific permit to kill whales so as to determine the reasons for a decline in fin and sei whale populations in the North Atlantic. The scientific committee rejected the proposal. One committee member stated, "Iceland is seeking to prostitute science in an attempt to mask a commercial venture."

Iceland left the meeting vowing to kill whales despite IWC disapproval. The established

waters and to lose the right to market fish in the US. Sounds too good to be true, and it was. President Reagan announced that the US would not impose sanctions on a NATO ally. By choosing to discriminate in the application of the Amendment, the president made a mockery of the law and sacrificed whales on the altar of NATO. To add insult to injury, the President then struck a deal with the Icelanders that would allow them to sell 49 percent of their whale meat to Japan without US interference. The price: permission to use Iceland as a staging platform for the Soviet-US summit.

July 1986; the North Atlantic: On route back to Britain after our second summer

in Reykjavik and book into the Salvation Army Youth hostel. Hey, our guys travel first class. They find jobs in the local fish processing plant. There are more jobs than citizens in Iceland, so securing employment as a non-citizen is relatively easy.

They spend three weeks scouting the sites and determining the schedule of the security watches. They wait for an opportunity.

November 8: A stormy day and night in Iceland. Rod and David drive the 50 miles to the whale processing plant. It is Saturday night and the watchman has gone home, leaving the station abandoned.

The two Sea Shepherd agents break into the plant. The tools are there—sledge hammers, acid and, ah yes, two monkey wrenches.

The objective is to inflict as much economic destruction as

of interfering with pilot whale killing in the Faroe Islands, the kid approaches me.

You might remember the kid from the last article I wrote for *Earth First!*. Rod Coronado is a young Californian, an articulate, dedicated whale warrior. He is not satisfied with being jailed and shot at in the Faroe Islands. He has a plan and a damn good one to boot—a commando raid of Reykjavik.

We don't discuss details or strategy. If the kid has an idea, that's all the detail I want to know. We do review, however, the Sea Shepherd Society guidelines for direct action in the field. We have five rules: 1) No explosives. 2) No utilization of weapons. 3) No action taken that has even a remote possibility of causing injury to a living thing. Respect for life must always be our primary consideration. 4) If apprehended, do not resist arrest in a violent manner. 5) Be prepared to accept full responsibility and suffer the possible consequences for your actions. Could he operate within the guidelines? Yes. End of discussion. He and David Howitt were now on their own as Sea Shepherd field operatives.

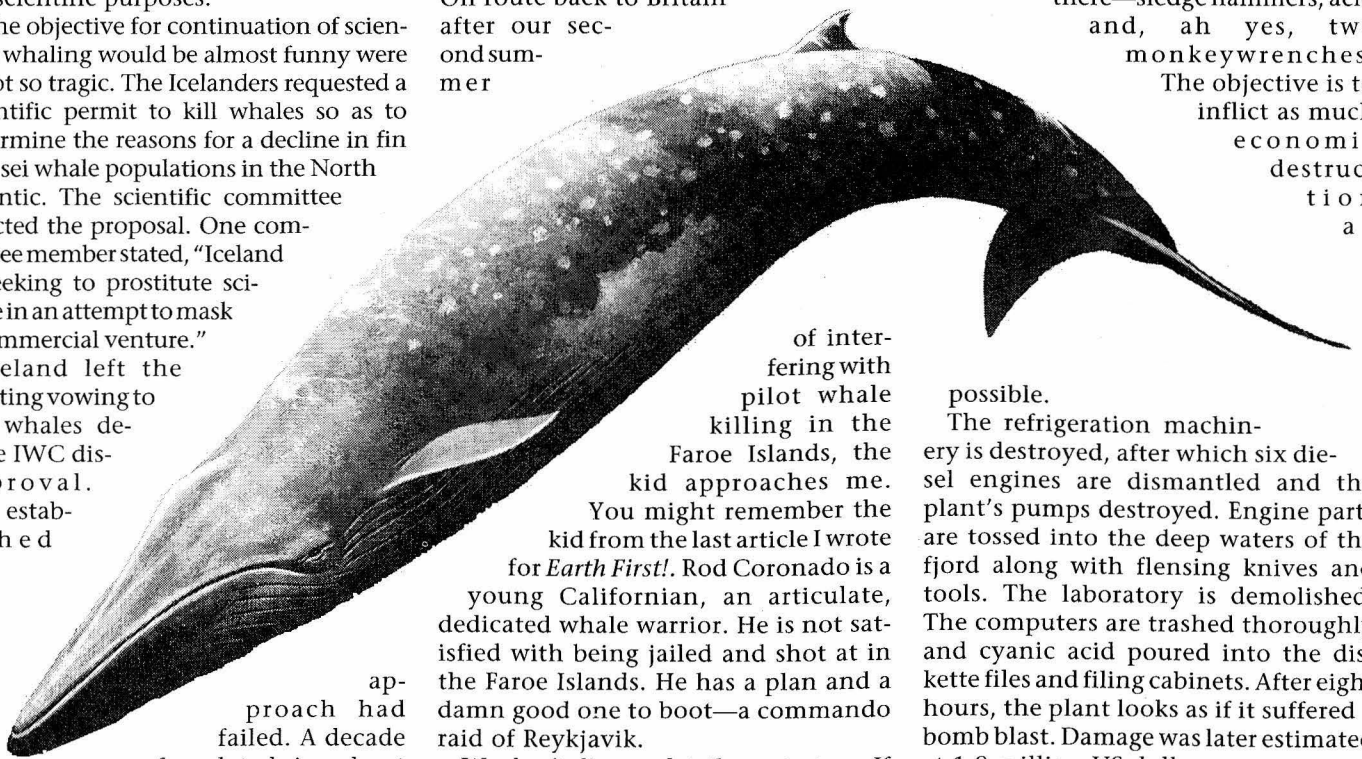
15 October 1986: Rod and David arrive

possible.

The refrigeration machinery is destroyed, after which six diesel engines are dismantled and the plant's pumps destroyed. Engine parts are tossed into the deep waters of the fjord along with flensing knives and tools. The laboratory is demolished. The computers are trashed thoroughly and cyanic acid poured into the diskette files and filing cabinets. After eight hours, the plant looks as if it suffered a bomb blast. Damage was later estimated at 1.8 million US dollars.

Our two merry eco-commandos then drive back to Reykjavik in the early morning. They go directly to the three whaling ships tied in the harbour. A fourth is in dry dock. Both men go through all the cabins on board the ships. On the third ship, they locate a sleeping watchman. They decide to spare the third ship so as to avoid possible injury to the watchman. The wind is howling and the water is choppy and the noise provided by nature covers the activities of the two men below decks. They spend nearly two hours in preparation. The removal of 14 bolts from the salt water sea valve flange results in a massive volume of water spewing into the engine compartment of the ship. The other ship is dealt with in a

painting by Richard Ellis



approach had failed. A decade of work to bring about a moratorium was all for nothing. With the moratorium in effect, whales continued to be slaughtered by the Soviet Union, Japan, Iceland, Norway, and South Korea. We were ready to act against these pirates; but still the forces of moderation screamed, "We still have an ace in the hole, the Packwood-Magnuson Amendment."

The Packwood-Magnuson Amendment is a wonderful piece of legislation designed to protect whales through economic sanctions against nations that do not comply with IWC regulations. This meant that Iceland, Norway, Japan and South Korea would have to stop whaling or face the ire of the US. To keep whaling would be to lose fishing rights in US

similar manner a few moments later. The third ship is cut adrift so as not to be dragged down with the two now mortally wounded killer boats.

The crew then calmly walks down the dock and drives to the airport at Kleflavik 30 miles away. The ships sink within 40 minutes. The police discover the results at 0600 hours.

At about the same time, our crew is stopped by a routine roadblock on route to the airport. Both men are questioned and given a breath analyzer test to determine if they have been drinking. They have not and are allowed to proceed. They board an Icelandic airlines flight to Luxembourg and leave at 0745 hours.

Back in Vancouver, early Sunday morning: My phone rings. It is Sarah Hambley, our director for the United Kingdom. Calmly she says, "Paul, we have two on the bottom."

The raid on Reykjavik had been a success. Rod and David had brought the Icelandic whaling industry to its knees and then kicked it in the teeth. The damage to the ships was later estimated at \$2.8 million, to add to the \$1.8 million of damage to the plant. The Hvalur of Hvalfjordur whaling company received a reprimand to their pirate whaling activities which has cost them \$4.6 million, in addition to canceling their insurance, and increasing their future security costs. The destruction of the refrigeration unit spoiled the stockpile of whale meat. The Japanese were not happy to discover that the Icelanders had re-frozen the thawed meat and were attempting to sell it.

The news of the raid on Reykjavik was greeted enthusiastically throughout most of the world. Of course, we had our critics. The ever dependable Greenpeace crowd condemned the act as terroristic, foolish, simplistic... *ad nauseum*. I understand their position. After all, there are more anti-whalers employed in the world than there are whalers; and shucks, actually ending whaling might lead to, *shudder*, no more work for anti-whalers. One has to feel sorry for all the Greenpeace Fuller Brush men who would suffer. They have a good thing going—hundreds of salesmen knocking on doors throughout North America, peddling eco-business for 35 percent of the take. I say, throw the bums out. A more realistic reaction came from Dr. Roger Payne, one of the world's leading whale researchers. Speaking a week after the incident, Dr. Payne said, "I have given up thinking it [whaling] can be handled through international agreements. These whaling nations are willing

to cheat, lie, use the name of science—whatever is necessary. They're completely unethical."

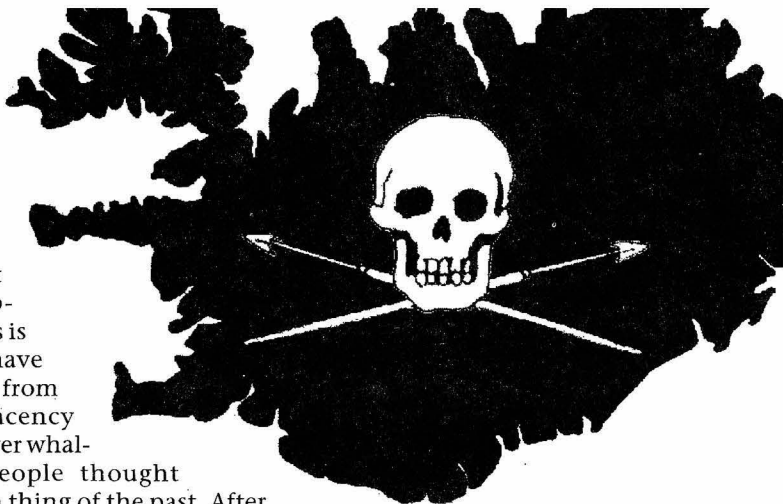
Another positive result of Sea Shepherd activities is that people have been aroused from their complacency and apathy over whaling. Most people thought whaling was a thing of the past. After all, we have a moratorium in effect. Our actions shook the world awake on this issue and delivered a message: Whaling continues despite international regulations. The whaling nations—Iceland, Norway, South Korea, Japan, and the Soviet Union—are in contempt of international regulations.

Norway responded to the raid in Iceland by throwing a fit of paranoia. Believing that Sea Shepherd hit squads were poised for attack, the country increased its security budget, thus increasing its costs and cutting into illegal whaling profits. The security won't help. When the first opportunity arises, the whaling ships of Norway will be converted to submersibles by Sea Shepherd agents.

Rod has returned to the US. David is back in merry old England. Iceland has issued warrants for their arrest through Interpol, but extradition is not possible due to the illegality of Iceland's whaling operation. I am being investigated by Canadian authorities for possible conspiracy charges, but I'm not losing any sleep over the noise from Ottawa. Our legal ass is covered.

We have important things to do, including further enforcement of international regulations against offending whaling nations. We are also preparing an expedition to the North Pacific in the summer of 1987 to confront the drift-net fishermen of Japan, Korea and Taiwan. Each summer, they send about 2,000 ships to the North Pacific to set monofilament nets that range from eight to 35 miles in length. The incidental kills in these nets include approximately 150,000 marine mammals and one to two million sea birds each year; plus they have a severe impact on populations of salmon, billfish, squid and other finny types.

Editor's note: The Hvalur 6 and Hvalur 7 were eventually refloated but never resumed



whaling operations.

Iceland left the IWC in 1992 and became a member of the North Atlantic Marine Mammal Commission, a group of pro-whaling states with ambitions of replacing the IWC as the recognized international legal authority on whaling.

In the years since 1986, Iceland has made periodic announcements that it will soon take up whale hunting again, world opinion be damned—most recently in March 1999, when the Icelandic Parliament passed a resolution to resume whaling "as soon as possible." Polite but firm diplomatic communiqués from the US State Department have usually followed such pronouncements, and no more is heard on the matter for awhile.

Resumption of whaling by Iceland represents a particularly dangerous case: The government has made it clear that its primary interest is in international trade in whale meat and blubber, not local consumption and sale. Iceland is not a member of the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species. Should it finally decide to return to the hunt, any trade sanctions or embargoes in response would be challenged under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (i.e. economic reprisals against Iceland for international trade in whale meat would likely be declared "WTO illegal.")

The International Whaling Commission has maintained its ongoing ban on Sea Shepherd attendance at its annual meetings as a result of the 1986 action. The Clinton-Gore backed Revised Management Scheme for "limited, controlled" whale hunting is now wending its way through committees at the IWC. Provisional approval is expected when the IWC meets in July 2001. Iceland is now petitioning to rejoin the IWC, sensing that the end of the global moratorium and the return of legalized commercial whaling is imminent.

AGAINST REDESIGNING NATURE

GLOBAL UPRISING TAKES ON THE GENE-SPlicing FRANKENSChIENTISTS!

BY BIOENGINEERING ACTION NETWORK

The brave new world of genetic engineering has recently come under scrutiny, and in some cases, full-on attack, by ecological radicals, green anarchists, anti-capitalists, cultural survivalists, native communities, farmers, animal liberationists, consumer advocates, feminists and various scientists and scholars. Finally, people are starting to understand the implications of this new era of science and realizing how the US-based corporations pioneering the "life sciences" are really the same old dudes.

These corporate *conquistadores* are the same ones who created and marketed—through the World Bank and multinational development banks—the "green revolution" in industrial, chemical-intensive agriculture, now posing as the saviors of the same "undeveloped" world. Biotechnology is neo-colonialism, dressed up with a shiny environmental image that is deceptive and opportunistic.

Most people forget that actions against genetically engineered (GE) crops actually began in the US. In 1987, Earth First! claimed three attacks on crops sprayed with a GE bacterium in California. The bacterium, *Pseudomonas syringae*, better known as FROSTBAN, was intended to help strawberries and other crops withstand colder climates. The spray's effects on microclimates was expected to be disruptive and unpredictable. The first action, claimed by EF! and the Strawberry Liberation Front, occurred after an above ground campaign failed despite numerous legal and public outreach efforts. The night before the bacterium was to be released, activists snuck onto the field and uprooted all the plants. Unfortunately, the plants were left behind; workers put all the plants back in their respective holes, and the company went ahead with the release.

In the mid '90s word trickled into activist circles of a full on revolt brewing in Europe over the issue of genetically engineered food. Unlike the US, where GE crops are in much of the food we eat, countries such as England, Germany and Italy have not commercialized many "products." Stories of crop trashings (what Brits called "decontaminations") began to get people in radical circles to question whether this was an ecological issue or not.

Around 1998 it became apparent that the Brits were not fooling around. Mass nighttime and daytime actions took the UK by storm and inspired many in the US. The Lincolnshire Loppers not only trashed GE wheat at the Cereals '98 trade show in the UK but also released photographs to the media that eventually made their way into US activist circles. GenetiX Snowball chose a more open route, actively pulling GE crops in

plain view of the police, wearing white, biohazard suits and then delivering those plants to companies like Aventis and Monsanto.

The Karnataka State Farmers Union in India initiated "Operation: Cremate Monsanto" by burning an illegal crop of the company's GE cotton in the middle of the day! Clearly this issue affected both the North and the South and compelled people to take action.

Inspired by the tenacity of the British and Southern anti-genetix movement, the American underground has grown exponentially in the last

two years. An underground direct action movement reappeared in the late 1990s, rocking North America with reports of trashed GE test sites and sabotaged experimental labs. Thirty-eight attacks on this continent since 1998 have propelled the issue into prominence in the direct action movement and, to some degree, in the mainstream.

Groups with names like the Anarchists Golfing Association, Reclaim the Seeds, GenetiX Goblins, the WTO Welcome Com-



Waa! Reclaim the Seeds cut up this GE corn in Berkeley and left organic seed instead.

mittee and even the Earth Liberation Front have conducted actions against the biotechnology industry. GE crops of all varieties and universities doing the bidding of corporate biotechnology companies have all been targeted by various groups in the US. Many actions have focused on non-GE targets attempting to show that it is not just about genetic engineering but the domination of agribusiness itself. Recent reports of attempted arsons, machinery sabotage in Italy and England, and occupations of boats transporting genetically modified organisms (GMOs) in Brazil by the Rural Landless Movement (MST) show that tactics are escalating.

But underground tactics are obviously limited. With the exception of mass demonstrations in Boston (March 2000) and Montreal (January 2000) during the BIO (industry) conference and Biosafety Protocol talks, respectively, above-ground campaigns have consisted of consumer boycotting and pressuring chain stores to label foods containing GMOs.

In Genova, Italy, in May 2000, roughly 10,000 people descended on an industry conference, demonstrating mass public opposition to GMOs. Simultaneously, hundreds broke police lines and caused a major disturbance to the conference. Eleven cash machines belonging to the bank financing the conference were sabotaged during the demonstration.

In Minneapolis in late July, hundreds marched in the streets around an animal genetics conference there, drawing the public spotlight toward a controversial but previously invisible issue—the genetic manipulation of livestock and laboratory

animals to increase profits for the agribusiness and pharmaceutical industries. Simultaneously, two underground actions happened in solidarity, one in Wisconsin at a Forest Service tree genetics research station and another in St. Paul, at an Aventis Bio-Sciences office.

As you read this, a private company in Massachusetts is seeking regulatory approval for the first commercially available genetically engineered livestock, Atlantic salmon. In a matter of months, millions of salmon engineered to grow faster could be bred in fish farms, undoubtedly escaping into the wild through holes in nets, as do conventionally bred fish already.

Similarly, Roundup-Ready poplar trees are in the market pipeline, waiting for approval. These trees will be able to withstand increased flooding of Monsanto's Roundup herbicide in tree farms around the world, which is expected to give rise to "superweeds" as plants adapt to the biocides by forming resistance to them. These mutants' counterpart, "superpests," in GE pesticide-laden crops, will surely pose a threat to the already screwed up and unbalanced web of life in most any domesticated ecosystem. In May, a respected German zoologist found evidence that genes used to modify crops can jump the species barrier and cause bacteria to mutate. Earlier that month, shop-bought honey in the UK was found to contain GM pollen. And in the most recent experiments from Iowa State University, it has been proven that monarch butterflies die disproportionately when exposed to Bt (bacteria engineered into corn) corn pollen. A spokesman for Novartis, the seed company that developed the Bt corn used in the experiments, discounted the study with a ridiculous claim: "Research conducted outdoors doesn't indicate what happens in a field environment."

The industry is expanding daily, overlapping with other industries from timber, to oil, nuclear and chemical to produce marketable, quick-fix "solutions" to problems caused by indus-

trial mishaps. For example, pulp and paper companies have joined with Monsanto to develop trees engineered to reduce lignin content, which makes the tree grow straight. These companies boast that less lignin means less dioxin is created in the papermaking process. This technology will help such companies maintain profit margins in the face of the impending death of their industry due to expensive EPA regulated production costs now that dioxins are outlawed.

The ecological threat of redesigning nature to fit capitalism is only one consequence of genetic engineering. The more fundamental danger of total control and commodification of something that can never be owned or manufactured—the life force itself—lies beneath the surface, and is rarely exposed, even by biocentric radicals. If not the radical environmental movement, then who will be left to take the actions necessary to illustrate just how clear and present this threat is?

For more information about genetic engineering or advice on starting your own direct action campaigns contact the Bioengineering Action Network, POB 11331 Eugene, OR 97440; ban@tao.ca; www.tao.ca/~ban.



photos by David Cross

Earth First!ers were there first! From the 1986 anti-GMO demos in California.

We Could Be Heroes

continued from page 93

10. Get off that shitty hippie music and listen to the hot wank of the young people. Music today—oh my God! It's terrible! So what! The fact is that it sells more than ever before. Get Christina Aguilera up a tree right now! I see Britney Spears' fake boobs stuffed into a dolphin suit! I see the Backstreet Boys dragging 150,000 screaming toddlers to a Congressional hearing on the effects of habitat mitigation on the snail darter! One teenybop album titled "Oops... Exxon Did It Again" or maybe "Kryptonite Lock of Love" could bring in millions of recruits. Get 'em while they're young. What's more, their fundamentalist parents love it! If only they knew! It's a fun-for-the-whole-family deal.

Not only are young musicians great for press, they're also good at raising money. Some of you may not believe your movement needs money to exist, but let's get past this naïve assumption and recognize that there is always a Cleveland Amory buying boats for Sea Shepherd or a mom paying bail. In short, there is always someone paying. Pay for it yourself, if you want, by throwing a rave. Fatboy Slim, Dieselboy and Underworld may sound like knock-off clothing brands at Walmart, but the kids know what's up. Full moon raves in LA draw up to 35,000 pairs of big pants with kids inside them, all ripped to the tits on E, mouths clamped on pacifiers, and minds wide open to the message of "Direct Action Now!" If they're willing to pay \$4 a bottle for plain ol' water, think how much they'll pay for an EF! sticker. Lift your head out of your dirt farm music for one second and embrace the future of completely synthetic thump!

11. Keep the old drunks around. Like Ramon and Roselle. A skilled practitioner can tell a damn good story behind a couple martinis. Remember those? Of course you don't.

12. Get naked. Nudism still sets the proper tone for any news feature.

13. Recruit fine artists. The anomy and emptiness that haunts most of today's design-school-driven fine art is begging for text and context. You can give it to them. Artists and their haunts generally don't mind if your a Trotskyist Green or even a nude one. Give away *EF! Journal* subscriptions to all incoming art students. Aesthetics count, and if you're shit looks better than the opposition then it might just be better.

14. If all else fails, there's always woo-woo. Even amongst American born-again, pagan rituals continue to command fascination and respect. People love *The Blair Witch Project*, because secretly they fear that it's true, all true.

15. Dig people. Overpopulation may be the source of all this mess, but even in his correctness, Malthus is a hummer. Hating has a habit of backfiring. "Pop is about liking things," Warhol said, and his career's going fine. Jesus loved everyone, and he gets pretty good press. Your movement is not comparable to collecting obscure CDs and feeling smug that no one else knows about them. The idea is to change the world, and in order to do that, a percentage of *the whole world* has to agree with you. Magazines and newspapers are mostly read by educated people who are fairly hip to your ideas. If you treat them like they are beneath contempt for their middle-class lives, then you deserve it when they run you over in their SUVs. It takes respect to entertain strangers with a great story. Won't you find the generosity of spirit to tell us yours? I suspect that, somewhere, Hayduke lives.

Dean Kuipers is a freelance writer who figured out that Earth First!ers tend to open up a bit if you buy the beer. He lives in LA with his partner and their newborn child.

The Urbanization of Earth First!

BY PRI MITIVIST

Where do you live?

Earth First! was born out of the "rednecks for wilderness" faction of the conservation biology movement. It was fresh and provocative, and it had a sense of humor not seen since the days of the Yippies. Folks who worked for, or worked in, the wilds took a no compromise stand to defend them.

Things have changed drastically in the last decade. Just 10 years ago most of the contacts listed in the back of the *Journal* were near the wildlands that we love so much, or out in the country. But look in the back of this issue or most any issue of the last decade, and this striking fact becomes apparent: We are also in the cities.

Some of the strongest and most active EF! groups are in urban areas. From Minneapolis to Austin, New York to Los Angeles, we are to Babylon what fleas are to the dog: a little itch that grows and breeds and can become fatal if not eradicated.

How did we get here and why?

Living in this minimum security prison known as the United States of America, most of us need to sell our labor at some point in our lives. When dumpster diving, bartering and shopping at Goodwill just don't make ends meet, we are forced to go to the city to look for work, prostituting ourselves to the man. Many of us, myself included, were born city folk and this was what we believed life was all about... until we got out into the wild.

Whether growing up in or moving to the city we awaken, realizing that Babylon is destroying all life, consuming it at an unsustainable rate. We see the machine world everyday. We feel empty and separated from the beauty and freedom of wildness and wilderness. Either we succumb to it, or we rebel.

The rebellion has taken many forms. Earth First!ers in cities all over the country have organized against sprawl, to save urban parks and to fight roads, and Critical Mass bike rides are a strictly urban phenomenon.

The so-called "Battle of Seattle" was won mostly due to the technology and resolve of Earth First!ers or people who gained experience through EF! style campaigns. Without both the "no compromise" ideals and the blockading technology, the delegates would have busted through the lines, and once again international capital would have won the day.

The black bloc, Earth First! malcontents,



Even Uncle Sam came out this year to say "no to GMO" at Biodevastation in Boston.

photo by Phoenix Photography

green anarchists and other anti-capitalists took the opportunity to say "fuck the civil, lets get disobedient" and raise the stakes in a way that could never happen in the forests with standard monkeywrenching. The black bloc is a result of the growing anarchistic and urban tendencies of our movement; its synthesis and alliance with other movements is a result of the urbanization of some of our warriors.

In Washington DC, at the A16 days of resistance to the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and World Bank, guerrilla gardeners worked in community gardens alongside children to help neighborhoods wean themselves away from industrial food production. Following these actions they spread organic food and flower seeds around the city in hopes of replacing toxic lawns with organic community gardens. Many of these same gardeners squatted homes in the poorest areas of the city, planting gardens in their yards with the hopes of turning these reclaimed dwellings over to poor and homeless families. This guerrilla gardening caught on and resulted in similar actions around the world on May Day.

In New York and many other cities around the nation we have seen community gardens take root and bring diverse communities together. These projects have been exercises in sustainability and community organizing. Gardens have become neighborhood centers and thus have been attacked by the state. Evidently they threaten the state's plans to develop real mutual aid out of existence and replace it with huge for-profit development. *El Jardin de la Esperanza* (The Garden of Hope) in New York City was recently evicted and bulldozed, but only after community members ranging from grandmothers to activists camped out, blockaded and were ultimately arrested defending this urban oasis.

Because forests are far removed from supply lines, recruits and media, we have relied on urban bases in our campaigns. By organizing in the city, we have come back much stronger each time they beat us down and built relationships critical to organizing a mass movement. We have many natural allies in the cities.

Residents of cities are often victims of police oppression and brutality. Many of us have been victims of brutality and oppression in the forests. From Idaho, where it is quite literally illegal to be an Earth First!er, to California's North Coast where nonviolent protesters in Congressman Frank Riggs' office had pepper spray applied directly to their eyes and New York City where tanks have assaulted squatters, we experience assault for taking a stand to

defend life and liberty.

In the city we have the chance to make links between these issues, to bring on a revolution that sets the people's will free and releases the grip of the state on everyday life. These links have resulted in new opportunities for building power across movements, class lines, color lines and the artificial international political boundaries that are forced upon us.

There are lessons to be learned from the close study of the history of other urban movements such as the Black Panthers, MOVE and the Africa family, the American Indian Movement (AIM) and even the Yippies. Although each of these movements is unique, the similarities and the differences can help us develop useful models for urban organizing campaigns and keep our EF! culture vibrant.

Like the Black Panthers, White Panther Party, MOVE, the Nation of Islam and the IWW, AIM helps people on the edge of society—murdered, missionaried and mislead into assimilation—to realize the power



EF!ers battled the WTO and cops in Seattle.

that we all wield when we join together with others. Each of these movements realized it was necessary to make sure people were fed, housed, spiritually inspired, educated, entertained and had their culture maintained.

These groups were not afraid to take on power in their struggles. And they often won. Because they won, they became victims of government repression. The lesson is that people will more likely be motivated to become active if their basic needs are met.

In Minnesota, for the first time in an urban area in the US, Earth First!ers created an ongoing major land occupation: the Minnehaha Free State. Formed as resistance to road expansion into undeveloped green space and Native sacred sites in Minneapolis, Minnehaha created a vision and daily enacted what a truly free, inspired and fair community could be. Minnehaha was a greater threat in the city than it could ever have been in the forests, and the

powers that be could not allow it to survive because of the rebellion, hope and imagination it inspired. This urban struggle exposed the face of fascism when 802 cops were sent in to tear it down, indicating that this type of environmental struggle is an area of potential vulnerability of power and needs to be exploited repeatedly throughout the country.

If we build geographically concentrated communities of people who share a common vision, we stand a greater chance of sustaining ourselves through inevitable state repression, potential starvation and violent chaos. If we are surrounded by people we love and trust, in land-based communities within the city, we will be much more able to respond to the changing conditions of the world. We will be more prepared, rather than left reeling and reacting to crisis.

It is important for our movement to be able to provide for our basic needs, including cultural maintenance and entertainment, if we want to build a brighter future. If we organize effectively and densely enough, we can incite cultural revolution and de-industrialization, and hopefully bring about peace.

We need to be in the forests *and* the cities if we are ever going to destroy the corporate-capitalist hold on power, and replace it with our vision of eco-anarchism, community-self determination, playfulness and industrial collapse. The triumph of the creative destruction of civilization over state-sponsored terrorism relies on freedom *from* choice. We need balance and we need to be part of the food chain again.

With an understanding of our roots in wilderness defense and the clear acknowledgment of the opportunities that our current urban makeup provides, we can step into the new millennium with more tools in our toolbox.

Urban organizing, in conjunction with our wilderness actions, may be the Earth's best bet for survival, our best bet for destroying the control that the white, capitalist, patriarchy has over the future of our planet, the web of life and the choices available to us and to future generations. Only with the nurturing and support that true communities have to offer will our movement thrive in an urban world as a source of inspiration and a wellspring of active resistance to the destruction of the wild.

Pri Mitivist has been a multi-issue organizer for more than a decade, believing that in today's society there is no way to escape being a racist, sexist hypocrite and that we should all own up to it.

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For a person like me, I'd love to see grizzlies linked up from Colorado to Canada. We need to restore so many wildlands, let alone saving all we got left. If you can't let the only forever, free-roaming bison in the world who happen to be in Yellowstone Park, if we can't allow those native animals to recolonize their own habitat on public lands around Yellowstone, what the fuck are we talking about wolves from Maine to Mexico? It is really just crazy if we're getting our ass kicked on this one here. You feel hypocritical when you talk about bringing grizzlies and wolves back to Nebraska.

EFJ: Do you see it as a reality that the Yellowstone grizzly populations will eventually spill into Glacier's, or vice versa?

DP: I think that is the way we have to think, and we've got to do everything in our power to make that happen, which is a real challenge to our mainstream culture because it reverses the destructive notion of progress, the growth that we have—tearing up golf courses, getting under or over freeways, restoring habitat. As impossible as it sounds, I see that as the only hope, not just for the wild Earth but basically the only hope for our species. The world is burning. It is really hard to know what priorities to set. My priorities have always been the most important thing—to preserve wild habitat, wilderness or whatever you want to call it. That is the source of all our power. I don't think that human beings can survive without it. In my mind the odds of the grizzly making it and us making it are exactly the same...

The core issue is the preservation of wilderness and the restoration of wilderness. After all, that is where we ourselves sprang. A lot of people think that the human species is so... (a beautiful goddamn hawk just flew over my shoulder here). Um, hell, where was I. Anyway, that habitat that I'm talking about is where we ourselves evolved. We evolved from habitat whose remnants today we call wilderness. That which evolves does not survive without the continuance of the conditions of its genesis.

I do a lot of work with our old friends at Round River Conservation Studies up in BC. As much as possible our conservation, especially saving those last temperate rainforests, depends on joining the causes of Native peoples. Which is not to say Native Americans always walk on water. That is not true. Insofar as traditional people and these last wildlands, I support their primary rights to the land. Yet I'm a person that doesn't believe anyone owns

the land. No one ever did. We just got it from people who stole it from others who didn't own it to begin with. And everybody on this continent is an immigrant—Native Americans, Europeans. But the mainstream European culture never learned a fucking thing. We didn't deal with these animals, we just blew them away. There is great traditional wisdom that still resides in the Earth in the form of traditional culture. Insofar as possible, my conservation work means joining causes with Native peoples whenever possible, unless they want to build a golf course or clearcut a forest, of course.

EFJ: You've had a lot of interaction and communication with the griz. Can you share a moment that moved you like no other?



DP: It was those great occasions of the grizzly really granting me quarter. God, that teaches you a lot, an act of restraint. I'm going back to the Grizzly Hilton by myself in about two weeks here, and I haven't done that in a couple years. But the Grizzly Hilton is just a magic, very tiny, very fragile, vulnerable place that just happens to have a shit load of bears. I was up there by myself some time ago, and I was on a knife-edge ridge. There was a storm coming in, and I had to camp on top of this ridge, right on the summit of this little mountain range.

I was looking down in this valley, watching a sow grizzly and her yearling cub feed on huckleberries. It was getting dark, and I just figured I'd let this bear come up and go over the ridge in front of me so I didn't disturb her. I don't like to disturb grizzlies. A great day for me is when the bears never

know I'm around.

When grizzlies pack themselves in for concentrated food, whether it is salmon or human garbage or insects or even huckleberries, they form a hierarchy. There were a couple dozen grizzlies up in this little area all interacting every day. And at the top of this hierarchy was this big black grizzly. He was the biggest, meanest son of a bitch on the mountain, the alpha male.

EFJ: This is "the Black Grizzly"?

DP: Yes, "the Black Grizzly." My favorite Moby Dick griz. Here I am watching this sow, and all of a sudden I see movement down below. It is Black Grizzly grazing up this steep slope, browsing, eating huckleberries, coming up, and it dawns on me that he is going to look up and see the mother grizzly and her yearling. On certain years he charges and tries to kill everything. It is really something else.

Meanwhile, I'm there, and the mother grizzly is only a couple hundred feet away by now, maybe less. All of a sudden I hear a whoosh and a great... like a whale sounding. All of a sudden this grizzly is running full tilt up the hill, and the mother grizzly races right across the ridge right in front of me with the yearling on her heels. And this big, huge black grizzly is right at her hind quarters, you know. They cross ridge and contour around a little cirque, and the black grizzly is closing within five feet, three feet, and I really think he's going to nail at least the yearling and maybe kill the mother. At the last minute the mother grizzly spins on her heels, and she just meets the black grizzly, jaw to jaw, and they rise up, both on their hind legs. Grizzlies don't fight with claws. They fight with their jaws. I've heard grizzlies fight before, but I've never heard sounds like that in nature—the bel-

lowing, the roaring. And this goes on probably for no more than a minute and one-half. But at one time it looks like he is going to pin this sow and kill her, and at the last minute this black grizzly just turns away, turns his whole side away from this female grizzly and her cub just above her at about 50 feet watching. He slowly backs away, and she goes up and joins her cub and they disappear.

Meanwhile, I'm on this knife-edge ridge, and between me and my camp, there was a winter storm coming in. And there is this big black grizzly that just finished this big inconclusive fight, and I gotta go through it. There's no place; there's no way to get out of there.

EFJ: Oh shit!

DP: So I just sort of let my instincts go, and I drew on whatever powers I had. I started talking to this grizzly. He's 50 feet

in front of me and doesn't know I'm there. I mumbled idiot things like, "Hey Black Grizzly this is me, D. Arapaho. Y'know, give me a break."

Anyway he sees me, and he's on the same ridge that I'm on, and all of a sudden his ears go back, his ruff goes up and he looks right at me. If grizzlies stare at you, that's confrontation. Don't ever look a grizzly in the eye. And all of a sudden he does a charge. It's more like a hop charge; he sprints two thirds of the distance to me in one big bounce, and now he's 15 feet away. I just go on. I take a little step off to the side. I look away from the bear, and I just talk to him. I think what you say is *not* important, but the way you say it. Just when I think I'm really gonna' get it, at the last minute he flicks his ears and his eyes sort of go warm. Just before a grizzly's going to charge, the sclera turns. That's what you see—the eyes turn cold and yellow. He looked off to the side, and he looked almost sad. He just disappeared into the brush for a second. Wham! I'm right by him, and I'm just racing fast as I can go up to my camp where I build a little fire. I almost never build fires up there because I don't want to bother them. I don't want to drive the griz away with the smoke. That night I built a fire, and within 45 minutes there comes this "crunch, crunch, crunch."

EFJ: Shit

DP: The bear is coming up, and there's no trees to climb up in there. It's subalpine, you know. I stoke up the fire. I get some bear grass plumes that don't burn for shit, lace them with toilet paper, get them burning, walk off to the side, and I can see the red eyes off on the side of the hill. He's only 20 feet away. I talked to him, and he goes back down. But in 45 minutes he comes up another side of the hill. He does the same thing. He did that half a dozen times, till two in the morning. Finally, he went away, and I collapsed next to the fire.

EFJ: You crapped your pants, or what?

DP: No, y'know that granting of quarter—that's such a huge lesson. He had all the power, all the reason in the world to do me in, and he chose not to. A real muscular act of restraint.

EFJ: In the context of what's gonna' keep the griz from going extinct, what needs to happen? Is it going to be through politics, direct action, hunt sabs? What's it going to take?

DP: What was the third thing?

EFJ: Hunt sabs, you know—direct action, getting between the gun and the...

DP: Oh yeah, it's going to take all of the above. But above all, what it's gonna' take is... well, grizzlies only live today where people don't, right? Well in the history of the grizzly on this continent nothing could

be further from the truth. Human beings and grizzlies lived everywhere together. They eat the same foods. They occupy the same habitat. Archeologists are finding, for instance, in the state of California, the densest populations of Indians coincided with the best grizzly country. These people had a lore and they didn't have the option of shooting away grizzlies. So they learned a little bit about them. Our white mainstream culture never learned that. We just blow them away.

What we need to do besides saving every bear we got left, every inch of wild habitat, restoring corridors and lots of other things—it's going to take human tolerance because grizzlies can live with low densities of human beings. We have

warming. There's no question of that. Global warming by itself would push grizzly bear habitats northward. Yellowstone would become marginal. What I want to see... now there's a whole bunch of "ifs" here. There's too many people everywhere using too much, accumulating too many commodities. We all know stuff like that. But in terms of grizzlies, I'd love to see the tiny remnant population in southwestern Colorado really augmented, perhaps with orphan bears from zoos, but with some kind of halfway house, and eventually try to link Yellowstone with Colorado. It takes a hell of a lot of doing. We have the science, we have the culture, we could do that if we wanted to. Same with Yellowstone to Glacier. Until we've got



Yellowstone Park ranger meets grizzly bear in 1985. This bear was read its Miranda rights after protesting a concessionaire's expansion into its homeland.

photo by David Cross

got to learn to deal with our own fear. Out of that fear will be born a tolerance for other things. We have a bottomless fear of the unknown, cause we don't know anything wild anymore. To know the grizzly is to fear the cougar or the lion less, and ultimately it gives a face to fear. I don't think we have this today. We're going to fear slow peas and cabbage heads by the time we're done because we don't have anything real anymore. Above all, for the grizzly to survive we're going to need all those elements plus human beings are going to have to learn to share the habitat they've invaded.

EFJ: What are your thoughts on down the road, 20 or 50 years? Where do you see the bear populations?

DP: It's going to depend on us humans because we are doing so many things right now. I'm looking at this summer—just the tip of a terrifying series of global

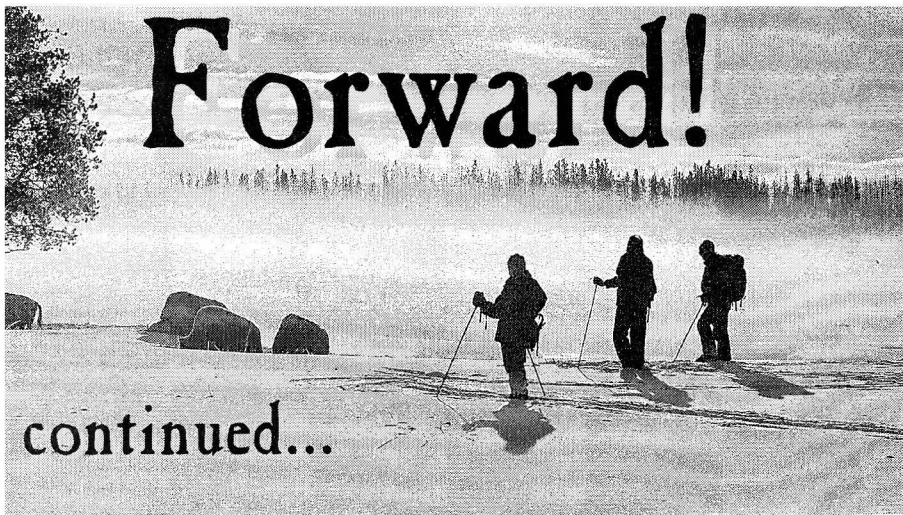
grizzlies really connected all in a single population, these little island things are gonna' wink out.

To me, there's certain days when I just think "God, you've lived too long you dumb son of a bitch." But, you know, life on Earth without a grizzly would not be livable for me. So I will spend the rest of my life fighting to keep enough wild habitat around to support one last grizzly, and I hope we can do a lot better than that.

EFJ: Yeah, I'm with you on that one... So, Earth First!'s 20th birthday, what are your thoughts?

DP: Carry on! Don't forget your heart, and your heart lives in the wilderness.

Josh Laughlin has picked up too many bad habits while working at the Journal. When the paper heads south, he looks forward to creating more worm beds in his garden and getting lost in the backcountry.



examples, are inconceivable in the absence of two decades of Earth First! activism. And who would have imagined 20 years ago that in the late 1990s the Secretary of the Interior would enact on a small scale the vision of *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, dismantling an environmentally destructive dam? Who then would have expected today's serious debate over breaching the dam at Glen Canyon or those blocking the Columbia River Basin?

Also little recognized is that Earth First! activism has played a significant role in a seismic shift in human attitudes toward nature. Survey data collected in North America reveal that clear majorities agree with propositions asserting the intrinsic value of nature and even its spiritual importance, and few Americans currently express

continued from page 5

This is also why the arts and ritual became important aspects in the movement, for they can evoke what activists believe is a proper spiritual perception. Indeed, from the movement's outset Dave Foreman insisted that to arrest environmental decline we must "resacralize" our perception of nature. Such a point of view is not subject to rational defense. But it is a premise you can test for yourself, outside, somewhere.

The fundamental fact-claim of the movement is subject to rational scrutiny: Humans are precipitating massive extinctions. After intensively studying contemporary environmental science, I have concluded that the extinction crisis is real and among the gravest threats to the Earth's living systems.

The third central conviction, the one that makes Earth First! the radical vanguard of the international Deep Ecology movement, is that extralegal tactics are justifiable means to resist environmental degradation. This belief depends on a continuum of political analyses. On the more reformist side is a belief that "politics as usual" cannot or will not respond quickly enough to prevent extinctions. On the revolutionary side is the conviction that modern political systems have no legitimacy and must be overturned. Activists who view the system as destructive and corrupt, but believe it is nevertheless amenable to popular pressure, deploy a diverse range of resistance tactics in an effort to wrest concessions from it. More pessimistic activists conclude that nothing short of the abolition of nation states and a return to foraging societies can reharmonize life on Earth. Such activists insist that this will occur through revolution or will eventually transpire as modern society collapses of its own suicidal inertia.

Perhaps because of such general and understandable pessimism, few activists fully recognize the extent to which Earth First! has had profound, positive impacts. When it was founded, few in America had even heard of the term "biological diversity" or knew about the dramatic decline of the Earth's species and ecosystem variety. Similarly, few knew about the devastating environmental impacts of dam building, ranching, road building and industrial logging. Earth First! forced these issues onto the public agenda. Through harsh criticism and even ridicule, movement activists shamed mainstream environmental organizations for ignoring such issues, and put the commercial interests and government officials responsible for the devastation on the defensive.

Remarkably, Earth First!'s campaign goals (with the exception of its recent focus on resisting globalization) have been largely adopted, although not always championed, by the green mainstream. Meanwhile, Earth First! critiques, along with a growing chorus of mainstream greens parroting them, have even begun to transform the practices of federal and state agencies. Moreover, concessions on road building and ranching on public lands, to name just two

indifference or hostility toward endangered species. Meanwhile, large predators are now celebrated. School children and clear majorities of grownups support the reintroduction of formerly extirpated species, even those formerly called varmints, such as prairie dogs and ferrets. These changes have occurred in a blink of evolutionary time; we can take heart from them.

At its best, the radical environmental movement confronts the world with a salutary and unusual humility, claiming that humans are not superior to other life forms. This humility is also expressed in the understanding that because ecosystems are complex we will never fully understand them. Consequently, we should refuse to assume and act as though we can. At its best, radical environmentalism fosters critical thinking about the roots of environmental degradation and intelligent and effective resistance in response.

It is appropriate and even empowering to note the movement's accomplishments, especially on the occasion of Earth First!'s 20th anniversary. But the global environment continues to worsen rapidly. One recent study estimated that 30 percent of the natural world was destroyed between 1970 and 1995. Although radical environmentalists have pioneered many ways to slow the destruction, obviously there is no time to waste on self-congratulation.

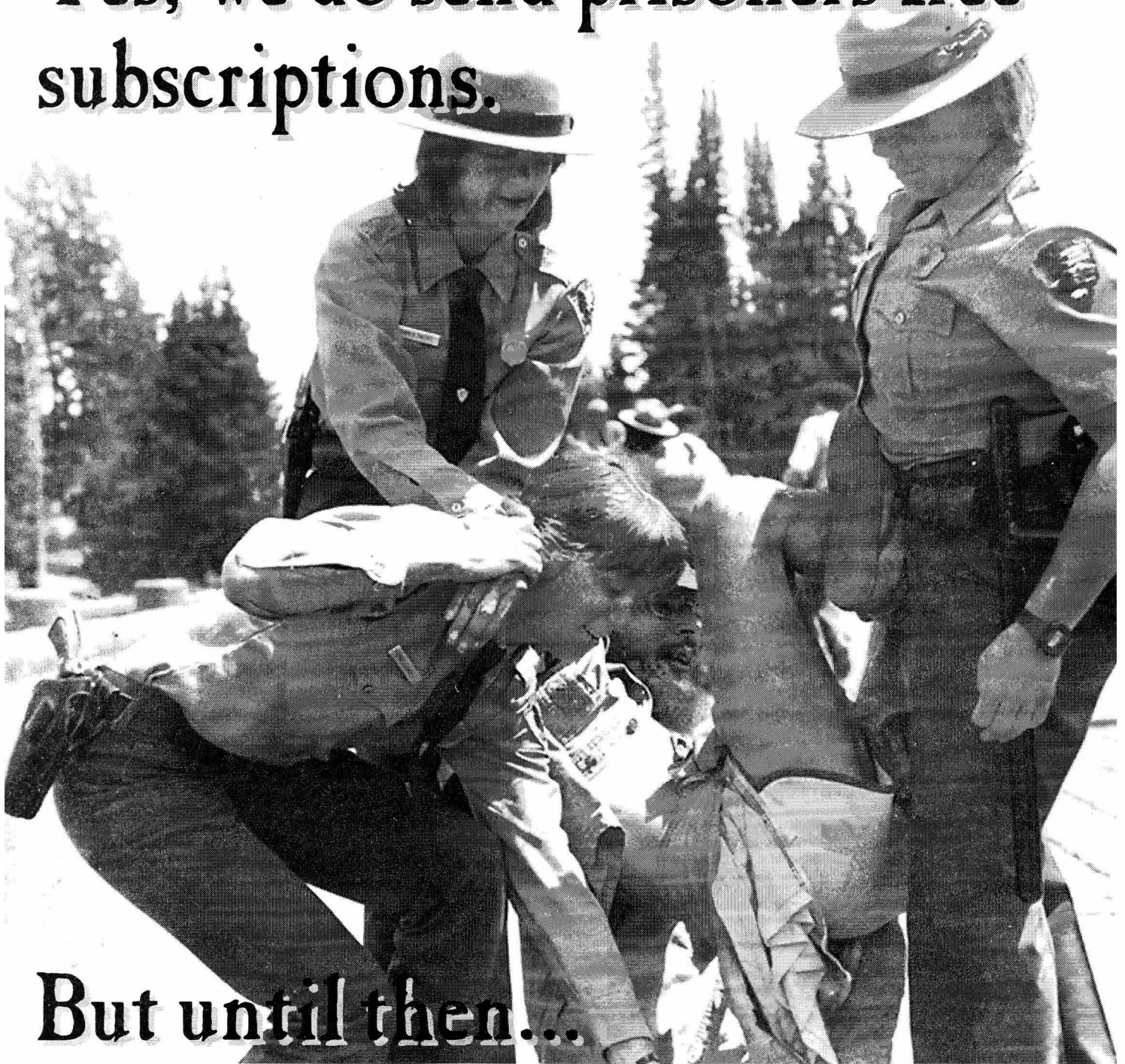
Instead, here at the cusp of the movement's third decade, it is time to think even more radically. We might begin with questions like: What have we learned in the past two decades? What has worked, what still works, and what never did? We should not leave it at that, but push the questioning deeper: What sorts of assumptions about political systems, and about the effectiveness of certain strategies and tactics, make the most sense, especially in the light of environmental history and global environmental politics?

This 20th anniversary issue provides a good trailhead for such questioning, yet reading it should only begin a longer path. To maximize effectiveness we must continually re-evaluate our premises, strategies, tactics and ethics. Such ongoing re-appraisal also requires humility, one that refuses to assume we have perfectly perceived the causes of and remedies to environmental decline. Such humility may also reduce the intensity of internal disagreements that sometimes distract activists from what Gary Snyder has called "the real work."

Whatever grief, anger or frustration we feel as we work to arrest further environmental destruction, the most effective resistance will make clear to adversaries and bystanders alike the true ground of our passions—namely our irrepressible love for life on Earth.

Bron Taylor teaches ethics and is the founding director of the environmental studies program at the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh. His books include Ecological Resistance Movements: the Global Emergence of Radical and Popular Environmentalism, and his other projects and publications can be reviewed at www.religionandnature.com.

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photo by David J. Cross

Bugis Cargas getting a free ride at Fishing Bridge blockade, Yellowstone National Park, 1986

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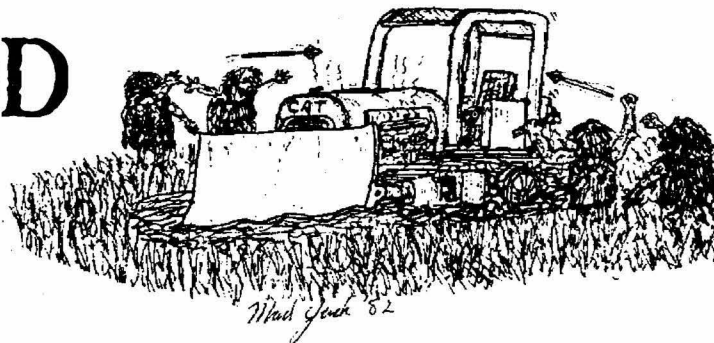
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DEAR NED LUDD

DEAR NED LUDD is currently an irregular column in the *Earth First! Journal*, although, it used to be a regular feature. It was created for discussion of creative means of effective defense against the forces of industrial totalitarianism. Neither the Earth First! movement nor the staff of the *Journal* necessarily encourages anyone to do anything discussed in DEAR NED LUDD.



(The following letter was originally printed in December-January 1981, prior to Dear Ned Ludd's creation. We still felt it deserved reprinting.)

Spikin'

I just returned from the Pacific Northwest, where I discovered the best method of discargin' timber cuttin' since Reaganomics. That is what they call "spikin'" up there.

Spikin' is walking through the woods to be cut with a few pounds of 20-penny spikes and a nice two-pound hand sledge and drivin' the spikes into the choicest lookin' trees. It seems to me that the spikes should be countersunk with another spike and then covered up with some bark or something.

Spikin' won't keep those trees from getting cut, but when they get run through the mill spiked trees pretty well shut down operations. This does have the effect of discouraging any more cutting from a particular area. And anyway, revenge can be sweet.

In fact, this technique has been so effective that loggers have been beating up (if they can) hippie-looking types they find in timber sales. I know that when I used to cut pulp logs in the piney woods, I'd hit a fence staple with my chainsaw every once in a while, and let me tell you it would sure rattle my molars, not to mention that chainsaw! Just think what would happen inside that sawmill!

Pretty soon the timber beasts will probably X-ray logs or use a metal detector, but then you could escalate to ceramic spikes, etc.

This seems like pretty extreme action, but then Crowell's plan to at least double timber harvests (i.e. liquidate) on the national forests deserves some response in kind. Besides, this kind of direct action is much

more in keeping with current political philosophies. It is certainly more cost effective than organizing and making telephone calls and letter writing, etc.

Also, it is a hell of a lot more fun. You can work on your tan and maybe catch a few brim while you are spiking cypress. Or do a ski-spike where appropriate. And if your time is limited, by all means spike along stream side and steep slopes where they have no business cuttin' in the first place. Keep on spikin'.

—LEROY WATSON

(The following Dear Ned Ludd was originally printed in May-June 1984.)

Correcting USFS Signs

This is for all of you frustrated artists who drive by the big "Land of Many Uses" and get pissed off because you know what the Forest Circus really means by that. Here is a way of making the signs more accurate.

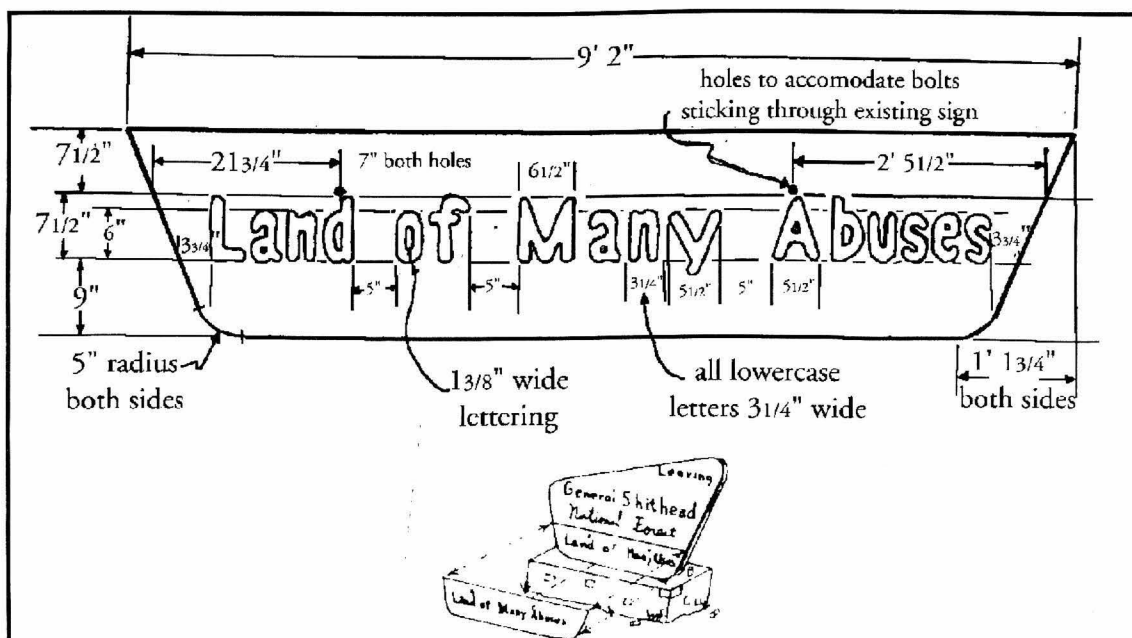
You will need a sheet of 1/4" plywood (other thicknesses will do, but they're heavier), some yellow paint (oil based), nails and glue. You will also need a router to engrave the lettering, and a saber saw to cut out the curves.

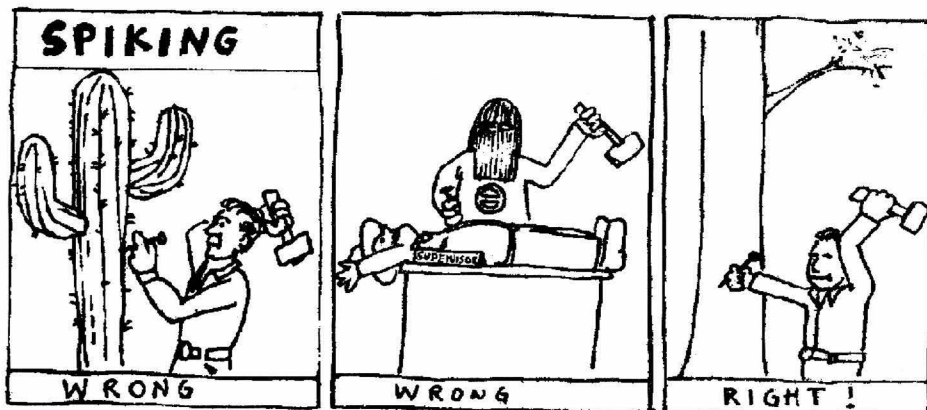
I assume that all the signs have stan-

dard dimensions, but you should measure the sign you wish to modify as some dimensions, especially those for bolt holes, may be different.

Using the plan, lay out and cut the (replacement) bottom of the sign. It will be in two pieces since most plywood is only eight feet long. Paint it with a yellow paint as close to the Forest Service color as possible. Then, lay out the lettering from the plan, then use the router to engrave it into the wood. Make the letters in the same style as the Forest Service lettering so it will look as much like the original as possible. Use a drill or a hole saw to put two 1 1/2" holes in the board. These will accommodate the bolts which stick out of the existing sign. As soon as the sign is finished, transport it as inconspicuously as possible to your target sign. Coat the back with glue. To hold it in place while the glue dries, use nails, preferably finishing nails. The corrected sign may not fit perfectly, but driving by at 60 mph, who will notice? Most people probably won't even notice your correction. (Except you and me of course.) Have fun with this, and I hope to see many corrected and accurate Forest Service signs as I travel next summer!

—THE MAD ENGINEER





(The following Dear Ned Ludd was originally printed in June-July 1987.)

Caccolube

Dear Ned,

I noticed in a recent Jack Anderson column something that sounded like it has potential for monkeywrenchers. He was quoting from *OSS Weapons*, a classified manual published in 1944 during the Second World War. The item that caught my eye was something called the "Caccolube." It was designed to disable vehicles, and it consisted of a condom filled with abrasive powders and crushed walnuts. The device was dropped into an engine crankcase. "After the engine heats up," the OSS manual explained, "the hot oil will deteriorate the rubber sac, and free the compound into the lubricating system. When circulated through the system, the compound fuses and welds the moving metal parts of the machinery. Slipped into a truck, the Caccolube takes effect after the truck has been driven 30 to 50 miles. It reacts so thoroughly on pistons, cylinder walls and bearing journals that the vehicle is not only thrown out of service but the engine is destroyed beyond repair."

—DOC WHOOPIE

Dear Doc,

Does the Surgeon General know anything about this?

—NED LUDD

(The following Dear Ned Ludd was originally printed February-March 1993.)

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 soda
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 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 (optional)

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 soy milk 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 to do this: All you need is a kitchen timer, a nine volt battery (with cap), an automobile backup lightbulb, some electric wire, some matches and a soldering gun. First, break off the glass on the bulb 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 completed and the matches will ignite... that's the general idea. Take the kitchen timer and glue a toothpick or match stick 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 curds 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 outside. Take the cake out of the oven and let it cool in the pan. Melt 1 cup sweetener in 1/4 to 1/2 cup margarine and simmer until sugar has browned. Pour over the cooling cake. Refrigerate.



MICK'S PICKS OF

BY MICK

So it's another evening in Cascadia and for some worthy reason you're not out burning skidders, communing with the forest spirits, sewing another "A" on your greasy, blackish Carhardts, or even plotting litigation against some regional Earth-rapin' scum over yuppiebrew at the local watering hole.

No, you're camped out in Fort Living Room, thinking about renting a few videos and putting the brain in gel mode when, all of a sudden, a bunch of your "greener than thou" friends from the Southwest Center for Middle-Aged Radicals call from the highway to announce their impending descent upon your sofa and refrigerator. Well, you realize that folks from Tucson will be happy with just about any malt beverage from the Northwest, however the artistic works of Woo or Tarantino may have to be reconsidered. What will keep you from a case of the guilty cringes as your taste in film meets eco-peer review, and at the same time satisfy that discriminating coyote of a "dumb pleasure" center nestled 'twixt your ears? Here's 20 or so vids to stroke the spongy gray of any biocentric misanthrope willing to park it in front of a cathode-ray tube for a 100 minutes of their poor, short lives.

Cheap, Sick Thrills

Frogs—Early '70s, cheesy sci-fi/horror flick about a decadent southern family (are there any other kind?) reunion in your basic plantation bordering a swamp. The kicker is that the Forces of Nature (brilliantly led by a handsome bullfrog) do in the nasty, two-leggeds one by one, with appropriate flair and imagination (a large monitor lizard gasses one in a greenhouse by knocking over bottles of pesticides). Not bright but fun.

Planet of the Apes—all five! You'll know who your friends are after these large, blunt allegories. Charlton Heston adds some serious cult camp to the first one. Who's 40 and can't quote at least two of his lines? The last couple films are very blatant parables about racism, but the first three reflect the destructiveness of 20th century *Homo sapien* culture juxtaposed with that of the more civilized apes.

On Deadly Ground/Fire Down Below—Steven Segal learns a few things from his stand against Big Corporations and Big Oil in the Arctic, like, "If you're going to make a mess kicking toxic butt, hide it." After blowing up the refinery in *On Deadly Ground*, he coyly buries the thousands of barrels of toxic effluent he discovers the crooks are hiding in *Fire Down Below*. Steven plays Supersteve, a quiet guy with questionable belief in

clothes, smoothly wiping the ground with the unjust, delivering long sermons on corporate power, greed



"WE CAN GO NOW... WE'RE NOT THE DRUIDS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!"

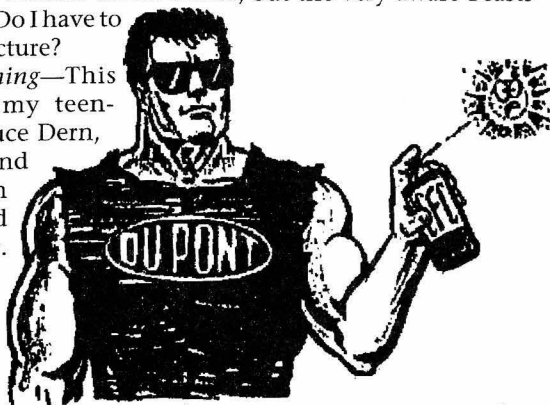
and the poor little people (one of whom he dates). How can you not love this guy?

They Live!—John Carpenter's intriguing theory about where yuppies come from, with the thespian talents of wrestling great "Rowdy" Roddie Piper. Set in a future linked to the recession-'80s of Springsteen's *Nebraska* or *The River*, humans are being brainwashed by subliminal messages from the pirate-capitalists from Yavin-7. We see a billboard or the cover of *Time*, but what our subconscious mind reads are directions: "Sleep," "Breed," "Work..." Fun movie about what we've always suspected, and the writer gives Piper plenty of snappy one-liners and excuses to throw some cool wrestling moves on friends and foes alike. He coulda been a contenda!

For the More Sophisticated (pretentious) Sci-fi Palate

Island of Dr. Moreau—The black-and-white original, of course. (I suppose you'd drink wine from a mylar bag, too.) This classic foreshadowed everything wrong with gene-splicing, recombinant DNA, and all that bioengineering stuff that has made H. G. Wells' story more and more plausible, even likely. Moreau experiments with animals, raising their intellects and using them as slave-workers on his island, but the very aware beasts aren't happy. Do I have to draw you a picture?

Silent Running—This one warped my teen-aged soul. Bruce Dern, always neck and neck with Nicholson and Woods for Mr. Instability, plays a crewman on a space-going ark carrying three enclosed



ecosystems, the **THE OZONE TERMINATOR** last left of Earth, along with a small crew and a complement of robots. When they get word to terminate the "cargo" and head home, Bruce acts out his own "Heeere's Johnny!" Taking control of the ship, he and the 'droids drift about, learning silviculture and waiting for the home office to catch up with their little gardens. Cute Adam and Eve closing.

12 Monkeys—Terry Gilliam coaxes fine performances from not only Bruce Willis, but Brad Pitt as well, in a twisty time-travel piece. Humans have unleashed a plague on themselves, causing the few survivors to flee underground. Prisoner of the future, Willis is conscripted to travel into the past to unravel the mystery of the lethal pandemic. Pitt is the twitchy antagonist with a soft spot for the rest of God's critters in one of the best from Gilliam since *Brazil*. Nice last kink leaves an uncertain end.

Animal Lib 101

The Misfits—Marilyn Monroe as the proto-animal libber? This classic has about everything: big cast; script by Monroe's ex-husband, Arthur Miller; and direction by John Huston. Her last and probably best film, notwithstanding the fact that she's stoned out of her gourd through most of it. Clark Gable (his last flick as well), Eli Wallach and Monty Clift are a bunch of (sometimes very) simple cowboys whose main aim is to rodeo, chase mustangs, drink heavily, and above all, avoid "workin'

FLICKS

for wages." They take Marilyn along for the ride, and lives are changed. Fascinating on many levels, Miller wrote this for her, and his observations on men, women, early '60s gender stuff, and "workin' for wages" are great.

Bless the Beasts and the Children—A bunch of misfits at summer camp run off to free a bunch of bison from one of those "pay-to-shoot-it-in-the-corral" tourist attractions in the Rockies that makes Montana Governor Racicot's and the livestock industry's current extermination program seem humane and thoughtful. A forgotten gem from the era of *Billy Jack*. And if you're over 35, you'll instantly recognize the theme song from diet-queen Karen Carpenter.

Lost World—OK, the book sucked, and so does the movie in many ways, but Spielberg changed a basic "Put Humans in with the Raptors" story and gives it an animal-rights spin. The T. Rex on meth in San Diego has some good moments, the raid on the cages only needed balaclavas, and Van Owen is the one and only Earth First! / animal lib action figure I never thought I'd see. Do I sound defensive?

Kid Stuff

Watership Down—Rabbits against the Road. Richard Adams' book becomes a beautiful bit of animation. Children are a great excuse to watch it.

My Side of the Mountain—This film (and *1 Million, BC* with Raquel Welch) heavily influenced my youth. A young teen, disaffected from his family, takes off to the wilds of the Northeast. He sets up house in a burned out tree and learns to live off the land. Very nicely done.

Fumbles in the Jungle

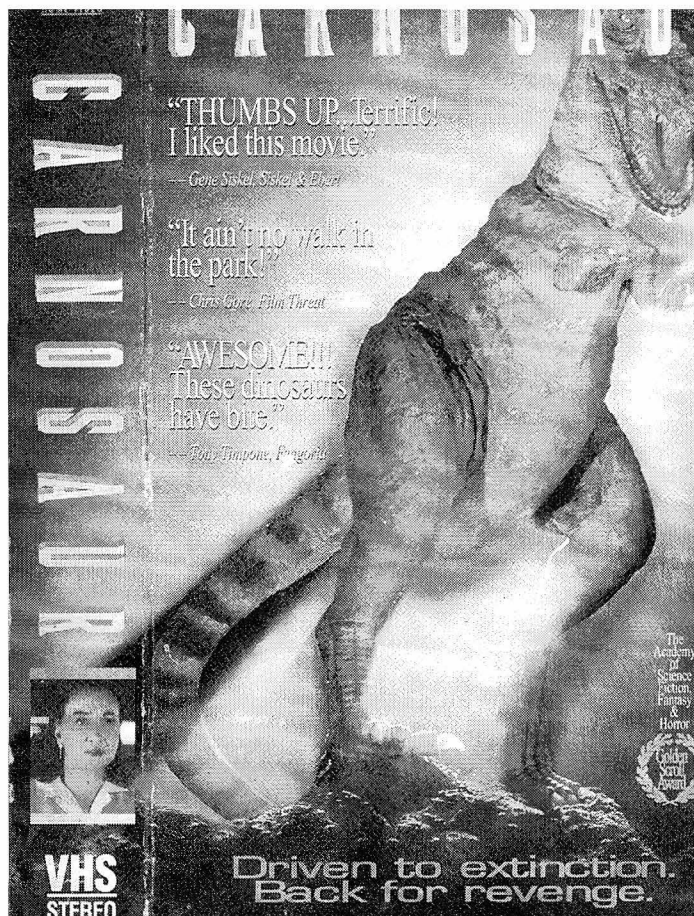
The Mission—What can you say about a film that opens with a 17th century Catholic missionary getting launched back to the Head Office strapped onto a cross over a spectacular South American waterfall? The next priest, Jeremy Irons, is joined by professional soldier R. DeNiro to defend the locals against the tides of Catholic conquest during the Age of Discovery. Predictable outcome.

Mosquito Coast—Yankee ingenuity and technology carried into the jungle on the surprisingly strong shoulders of Harrison Ford. Helen Mirren and kids go along for the shocking ride.

From the (Movie) House of the Rising Sun

Panpoco (The Tanuki Video)—A beautiful piece of anime; I'm not really even sure about the name. My copy's in Japanese, but this is what I understood: Tanuki are a kind of raccoon/bear critter indigenous to Japan, having some of the joker/trickster aspects of Coyote of the Southwest, and this is their fight against the developers tearing apart their forest home. Their powers include shape-shifting into large pots, ghosts, bridges and humans, and the ability to enlarge their testicles to phenomenal proportions (crushing opponents and obscuring windshields at key moments). I'm not even sure how it really ends. (I have a suspicion that the Tanuki assimilate.) Challenge your favorite video store film geek to find it.

Princess Mononoke—A wonderful, dark story about the human-created destruction of Nature set in a medieval Japan of warrior princesses, lethal con-men, cursed heroes, wolves and forest *kami*. The attitude of awareness, and fatalistic acceptance, of the destruction brought on by humankind is strong in this film. As in the Tanuki video, we see the same vision of the spirit of Nature not utterly destroyed, enduring.



We Force All Initiates To Watch These

Carnosaur—This one has everything from ecoteurs against a sand-and-gravel company (turn up the volume at one point and hear fleeing perps holler "Hayduke lives!" at the drunken guard), to Dianne Ladd's hilariously misanthropic geneticist intent on eliminating "just one unruly species," to tips on properly greeting large reptiles that show up at your action. An example of what a support team should do in such situations is given as well. Gratuitous, gleeful gore with some nice potshots at genetic engineering, poultry farming and lock-downs. Ignore the sequels; five wrenches to this film!

Clearcut—Whoo, baby, pick o' the litter! Beautifully filmed, well acted, great script. Foreign, too, yet still in English! A Canadian film from Richard Bugajski, starring Ron Lea as a somewhat wimpy public lawyer who has just lost a case for a tribe against a logging corporation. In a guilty, self-righteous snit, he makes a remark about what justice would be if he had his way, and Trickster Graham Greene carries him off on a wild journey to face his music. First stop: grabbing the timber boss, just to teach him a few things, too. White liberals up North criticized the violence of the Trickster's character, the First Nation folks didn't seem to have the same problem. Five wrenches!

pickAxe—Okay... I had to put this in here. My friends are in it, they made it, and it kinda happened that way. The story of Warner Creek, the Salvage Rider, and the defense of the Northwestern forests in 1995-96. Sure to become the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* of Cascadia, you order a copy through the *Journal*. Learn the words and the dance steps at home.

So, put some popcorn in the (solar-powered) microwave, break out some of the region's best, sit back, and fearlessly invite your greenest mates for an evening of video sin.

When Mick is not in front of the tube, he blows the tops off trees to support his wife and her livestock at their ranch in Cascadia.

The Voice of the Movement Drones on

continued from page 77

As word spread that the paper was on a crash course, long-time *Earth First!*ers responded, calling an impromptu meeting at Karen Wood's wedding. People agreed to go to Missoula to figure out a solution to the single-editor snafu. The next meeting was convened in Missoula, and everyone on staff, as well as others interested in the paper, were invited. It was at this little get-together that it became clear the rift in the paper could very well turn into a rift in the movement once again.

The Guided Circles

Tahoma and Wild Cat were hoping for a solution when they decided to attend the meeting in Missoula. They listened attentively and took copious notes, wracking their brains for a solution that would satisfy the individual attitudes of the movement. But not until the long drive back West did some answers finally materialize. Responding to criticism about unfair hierarchies and manipulative individuals, the two created a set of "guided circles" that would eventually satisfy the movement's concerns. They began by calling them guided circles rather than guidelines because they felt the movement should "oppose the metaphor

of lines, that in our opinion reflect narrow, linear thinking and serve to divide us; we endorse the metaphor circles which are inclusive, embracing entities that serve to unite us. Instead of a negative statement about what the *Journal* will not print, we favor a positive vision statement of what the *Journal* will publish."

The discussion section of the guided circles starts with: "Many people, ourselves included, feel a singular 'editor' position on the *Journal*, a person working above or beyond the consensus of the other members of the staff, is contrary to the egalitarian ideals we hold dear. For most of us, this idea is not even a matter of debate: opposing elitism and hierarchy in all forms is a matter of moral principle."

The guided circles proposed, for the first time, the affinity-group editorship model. "We propose that the *Earth First! Journal* be published by an affinity group of *EF!* activists who will work collectively using the consensus process as the *Journal* editorial staff. Each and every staff person will be responsible for making editorial decisions concerning the *EF!*, and each staff person will be accountable for the quality of their editorial work. All editors will review all submissions."

The structure contained both the con-

tinuity of the old days and the fluidity of the Wild Rockies years. "We propose that the *Journal* affinity group be comprised of four long-term editors who will commit themselves to work on the *Journal* for a full year, a pool of short-term editors who will work for one or two issues only, and two non-editorial members of the affinity group who will work on office management and fundraising for a full year."

Confident that the guided circles would provide a working solution to the woes of the movement, Tahoma and Wild Cat began the thankless job of convincing all involved of the validity of the proposal. Visits to California and Montana strengthened the proposal, while the Missoula crowd continued to grow bitter over the movement's lack of understanding.

Burnout Blows Up

The Missoula collective withered under the enormous responsibility of being accountable and yet somehow wild. Authority did not sit well. The nearby Cove/Mallard campaign was sapping energy and activists away from Missoula, and most everyone in the Wild Rockies was tired of being told what to do. So it was decided to politely relinquish the paper. Well, not really.

Actually, Wild Rockies *EF!* went crazy. Anger seethed and it was decided, over more than one bottle of whiskey, that the paper was evil and must be banished from the bioregion. Plans to rent a Ryder truck, drive to the rendezvous, and give the damn paper back to the bossy movement that deserved it began in earnest. Loyal *Journal* staff began to fear they would need to lock down to the office computers just to keep the insanely brash from stepping off the deep end. Luckily calm heads prevailed and the publication safely stayed behind in the office while we all went to the RRR.

We Shall Gather on the Mountain

I don't think anyone knew what to expect when we all got together for the



Some editorial collectives would go to protests together; some would go as far as getting arrested together. Pictured here is a collective from Eugene after they were arrested for protesting the cutting of 48 historic trees in the downtown area.



Earth First! Journal meeting at that fateful RRR. Montana folk were afraid that California's woo-woo faction would seize control of the movement paper. I imagine

the Ecotopians were worried that the paper would continue being Wild Rockie's vomitous gift to the movement.

It was a lovely day, high up the side of Mount Graham. We gathered in the meadow and began the heated discussion about the paper. People cried; I don't remember anyone laughing. The guidecircles were presented and everyone agreed that maybe we, the movement, could work things out. Most everyone had already seen copies of the proposal, so little work was needed to cinch up the deal. It was understood that the guidecircles would work in any community, but with the proposal came a suggestion by the authors to move the paper to Eugene, Oregon, a sort of middle ground. Not only is Eugene geographically located near both Northern California and Montana, but Eugene was also a town of activists dedicated to direct action. Austin, Texas, presented a less-lobbied counterproposal, and the debates about a move continued.

Two people had already expressed interest in becoming long-term editors in Eugene: John Green, a long-time EF! activist, and Jim Flynn, an editor during the Missoula years and a hater of computers. It was agreed that they would make fine editors, but, what about the other two individuals needed to create a solid staff? We decided to wait till the next day to make any final decisions so people could contemplate their commitments and time constraints. We went to bed hopeful that good editors would step forward and that we could move on to the other issues at hand.

The next day a few brave souls stepped forward. I was awed by the guts it took for them to stand in front of that huge group and explain why we should choose them to represent the movement's wishes, dreams and beliefs. Two were chosen, Kimberly Dawn and Craig Beneville, both from California, changed their futures, and ours, by agreeing to become long-termers on the soon-to-become-stable *Earth First! Journal*.

On the Long and Happy Trail

I bet you already figured out that the paper moved to Eugene. It's been here for over seven years. Jim Flynn worked five of those years as an editor, having overcome his dislike of technology, and has returned to work here as a gofer, a position original Missoula editor Tim Bechtold deemed unnecessary.

Many amazing editors have brought vitality and variety to the pages of the *Journal* throughout the Eugene years. People with different philosophies and understandings of the movement, bringing in energy and thoughts that need pondering. Every six weeks a new activist or two joins us long-termers to produce another *Journal*. Every six weeks new ideas and focuses are infused into the pages of the paper, helping to maintain it as the voice of the movement rather than the voice of the long-termers. Some collectives battle constantly and never seem to bond into a strong group while others become very close. In 1997, the entire editorial collective was arrested together trying to stop the cutting of 48 beautiful and historic, downtown trees.

Of course, there have been controversies: Ted Kaczynski, Vail, David Chain, the media, etc., but these days they merely help to define our movement rather than restrict its growth. We have turned into a hugely diverse group made up of individuals ranging from extreme to mainstream. We are completely undefinable, but the *Earth First! Journal* helps us understand ourselves. Over time the guidecircles have needed only minor changes. They continue to steer the editorial process, creating solutions to the challenges of communication, continuity, accountability and security without compromising key values that define us individually and collectively as activists in the *Earth First!* movement.

In March, 2001, the production of the paper will be passed back to Tucson, Arizona. The new collective will continue to use the guidecircles while adding a more Southwest flair and sensitivity indigenous cultures' to the paper.

I wait to see what the paper will become, trusting the movement and the paper that rises from it, knowing that it will always reflect who we are—our beliefs, loves and differences and that it will continue to be *Earth First!: The Radical Environmental Journal*.

Kris Maenz is a long-term editor on the Journal who spends her time in Eugene pinning to return to the snow and bad air of Missoula. She is not looking forward to getting a real job when the paper leaves town.



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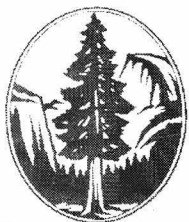
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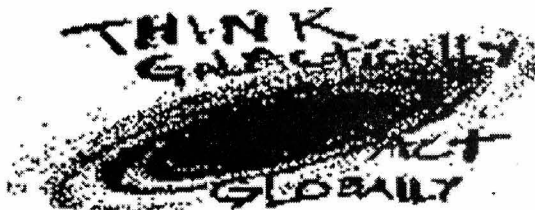


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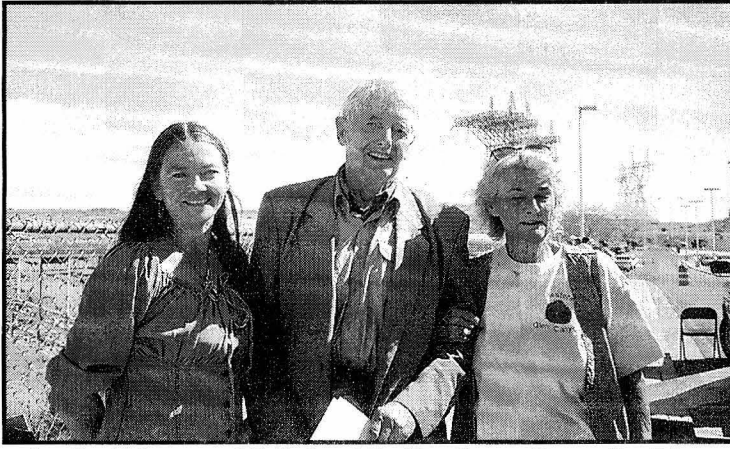
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Peg, David Brower and Katie Lee at the Glen Canyon Dam action this year.
"Just drain it!"

continued from page 61

walking by and notice the color of the night and the stars and the silhouettes and feeling the presence of other animals. I knew I was in my element—I was feeling really, really safe and really good. I also knew that I wasn't going to be there for long, and I wanted to remember every detail of the night.

It was kind of chilly. I was very tired even though my adrenaline was pumping. I went quite a ways, then decided to sit down to rest. I heard a little movement next to me and looked down to see a rabbit. The rabbit was very still. But as I was sitting there, I started to talk to the rabbit in a low whisper, and the rabbit decided it was okay and began to eat. I thought, "Wow, this is cool. I'm among my kin." I really felt what the deer feels when it's being hunted, and I felt that the animals felt it too and that there was a camaraderie between us. At some point when I got up from my rest I walked through a group of javelina. They stopped and snorted at me, so I slowed down and they went about their business.

I heard coyotes call, and I called back and they called back to me. I felt so much a part of the desert—it was wonderful. I remember watching the stars turn in the sky, knowing that I wanted to cherish that night forever. I wanted to remember every aspect because I knew I was probably going to jail. I was thinking about where I could go and who would harbor me if I went underground. But I had a husband and horses and land and a commitment to the Earth. So I decided to take responsibility for being an idiot and for letting Fain into my life.

EF!J: How did you get back to Prescott?

PM: I saw the sunrise in the desert, then hitchhiked to Prescott and went to a friend who harbored me—gave me a shower and some clean clothes. I called my mother and told her I was in big trouble. I got names and numbers of lawyers in Phoe-

nix. By that time the story had broken in the papers, so the lawyers I talked to were excited that I was calling them. It was hilarious.

Of course it didn't occur to me how serious it was until I realized how much effort they spent on me, on us, that

night. They were treating us like we were dangerous—which we weren't. That's a twist the feds put on it that I didn't understand for a long time.

EF!J: At your sentencing you sang the Walkin' Jim Stoltz song, "Forever Wild." That seems like an important moment for you.

PM: Ya, I love that song! We all got to say something to the judge before sentencing. We were expected to say that we were really sorry and all that, but I wasn't sorry at all—well, I was sorry I got caught. So I got up there, and I talked about the discrepancy between our reality and what the feds and the defense were portraying. The feds portrayed us as egomaniac, grandiose, frothing at the mouth terrorists—that were very dangerous—which we weren't. Maybe we were grandiose, but we weren't dangerous. And the defense was portraying us as the gang that couldn't shoot straight, a bunch of bumbling idiots. We certainly looked like it at times.

Nonetheless, we were there for the Earth and for the desperate situation that we're all in. We were experimenting with actions that would be very costly and garner a lot of attention. We wanted attention brought to these issues. So I sang the song as my statement. It was a very powerful experience for me—really powerful. I know it was powerful for all the people that were there. We forget a lot of times when we're fighting, especially in a courtroom, that the status quo is devoid of all logic and reality—the reality we know—the Earth. All that stuff gets lost in the courtroom, so I brought it back with a song. I think that was a really important thing.

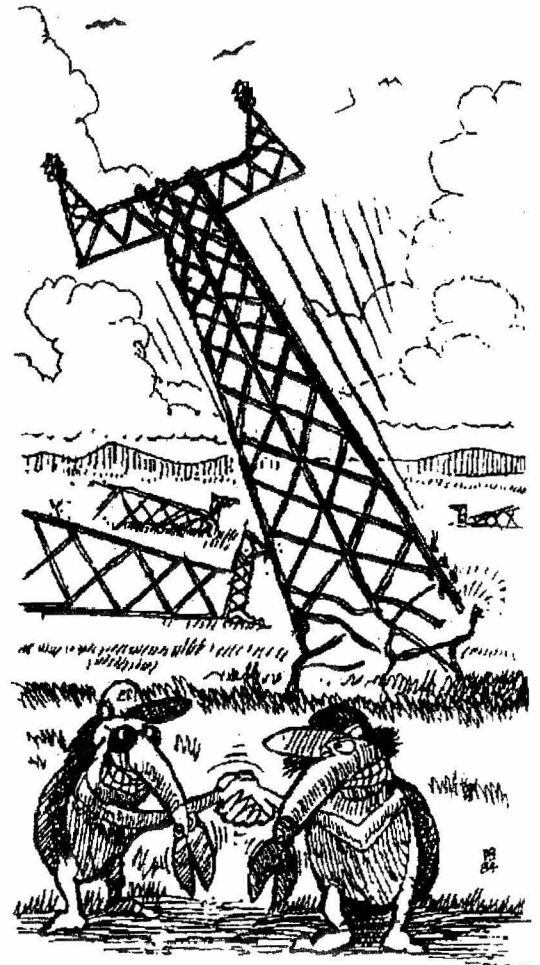
EF!J: Do you think the FBI was successful? They didn't break EF!, but did they change Dave Foreman?

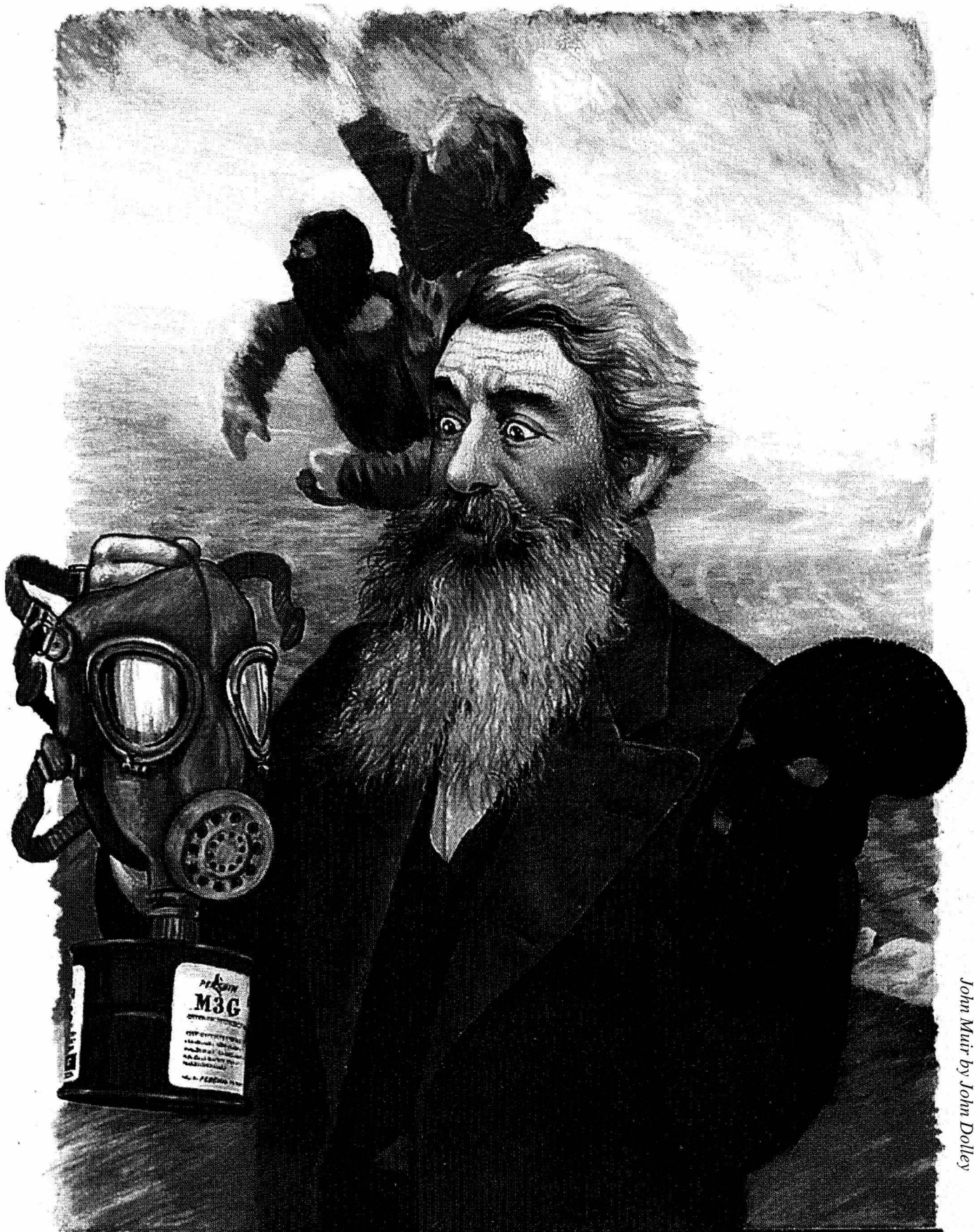
PM: Dave Foreman was headed in that direction already, and they just hastened it. That's all.

But EF! is still here. We're growing in knowledge and experience. We're moving away from being all white, middle class people and we're becoming more involved in coalition building, which I think is extremely important.

I think it [the bust] was very good for us—it was a reality check. We all needed to learn to hone our skills and clean up our closets and to become better equipped as warriors so that we don't miss the mark. For me it was very important to go through—it was a major educational experience that I could not have gotten any other way! I call it the ballpene hammer method of enlightenment. It sure isn't a very pleasant method, but it was a good educational experience for me...

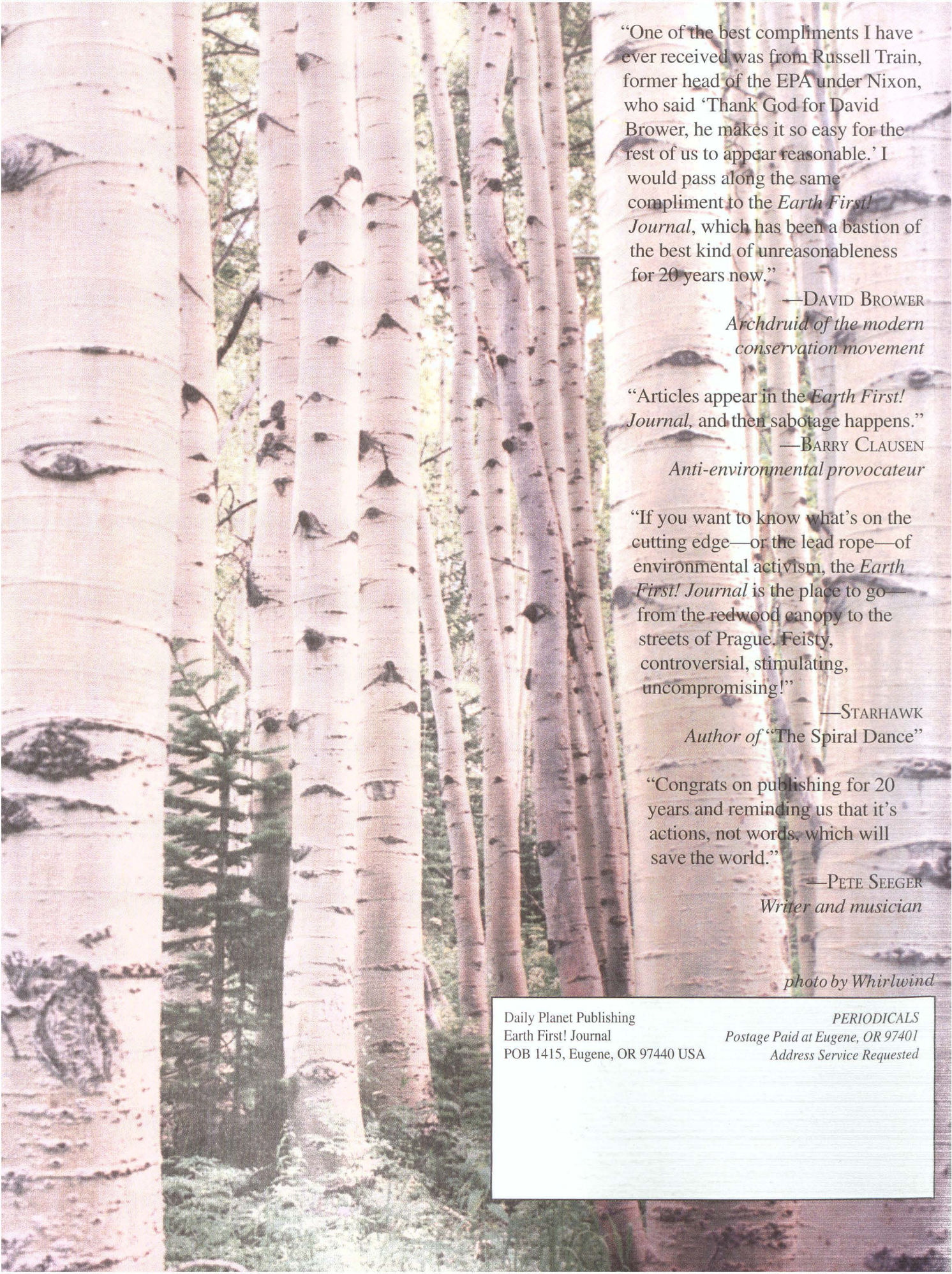
From 1993-1996 Kimberly Dawn proudly worked on the best dang editorial collective the Journal has ever seen. She also has the distinction of stealing some of Foreman's beer at the 1987 RRR. She currently lives in Eugene with her husband, James Barnes, and their son, True.





John Muir by John Dolley

**No John, Uncle Sam won't
save the Forests!!**



"One of the best compliments I have ever received was from Russell Train, former head of the EPA under Nixon, who said 'Thank God for David Brower, he makes it so easy for the rest of us to appear reasonable.' I would pass along the same compliment to the *Earth First! Journal*, which has been a bastion of the best kind of unreasonableness for 20 years now."

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"Articles appear in the *Earth First! Journal*, and then sabotage happens."

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