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30th Anniversary * Special Edition * Volume 1

Earth First!

The Radical Environmental Journal

\$6.50

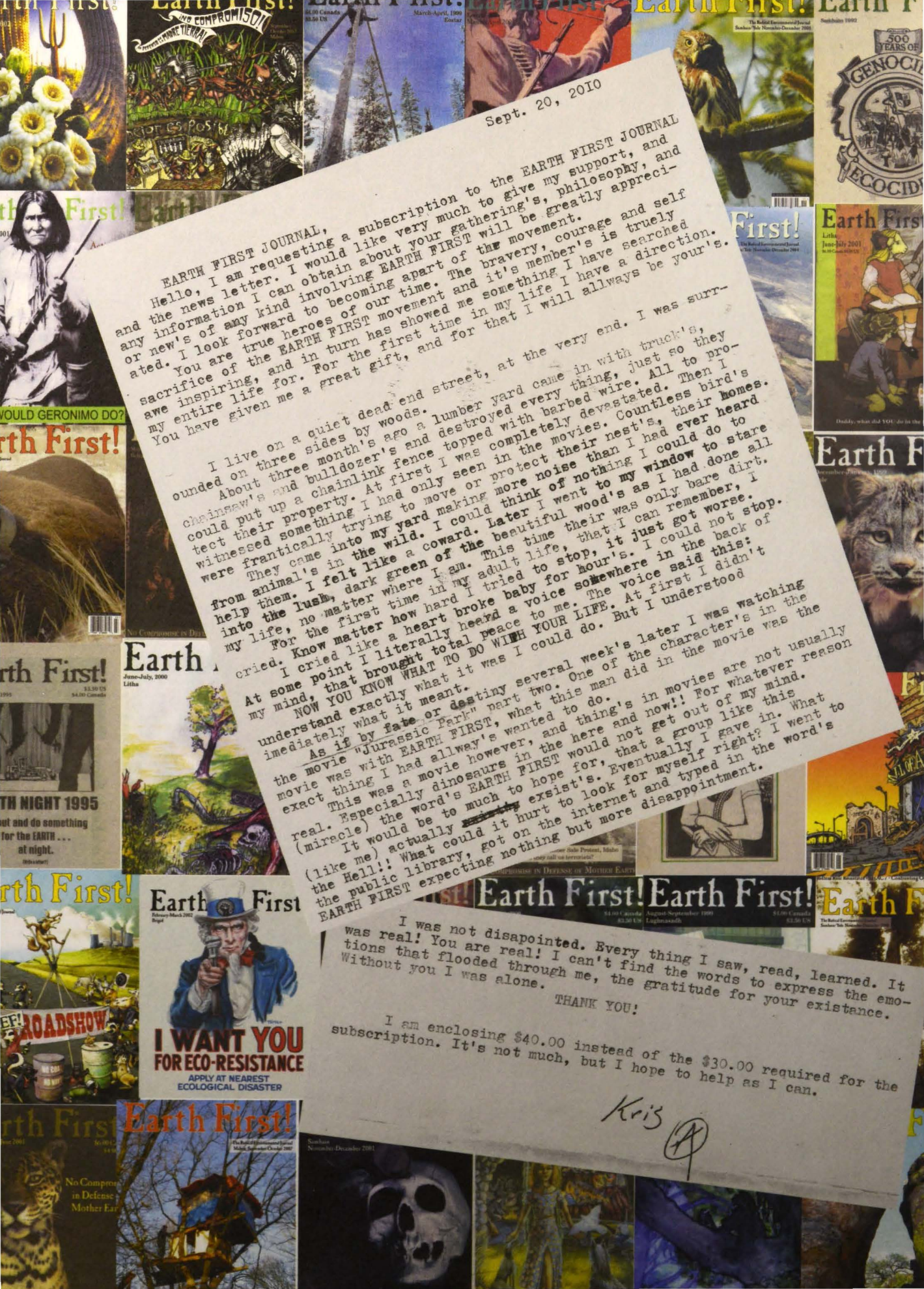


\$6.50 EF/J 30th Anniversary Vol 1

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Sept. 20, 2010

EARTH FIRST JOURNAL,
Hello, I am requesting a subscription to the EARTH FIRST JOURNAL and the news letter. I would like very much to give my support, and any information I can obtain about your gathering's, philosophy, and or new's of any kind involving EARTH FIRST will be greatly appreciated. I look forward to becoming apart of the movement. You are true heroes of our time. The bravery, courage and self sacrifice of the EARTH FIRST movement and it's member's is truly awe inspiring, and in turn has showed me something I have searched my entire life for. For the first time in my life I have a direction. You have given me a great gift, and for that I will always be your's.

I live on a quiet dead end street, at the very end. I was surrounded on three sides by woods. About three month's ago a lumber yard came in with truck's, chainsaw's and bulldozer's and destroyed every thing, just so they could put up a chainlink fence topped with barbed wire. All to protect their property. At first I was completely devastated. Then I witnessed something I had only seen in the movies. Countless bird's were frantically trying to move or protect their nest's, their homes. They came into my yard making more noise than I had ever heard from animal's in the wild. I could think of nothing I could do to help them. I felt like a coward. Later I went to my window to stare into the lush, dark green I am. This time their was only bare dirt. For the first time in my adult life, that I can remember, I cried. Know matter how hard I tried to stop, it just got worse. I cried like a heart broke baby for hour's. I could not stop. At some point I literally heard a voice somewhere in the back of my mind, that brought total peace to me. The voice said this: NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE. At first I didn't understand exactly what it meant.

As if by fate or destiny several week's later I was watching the movie "Jurassic Park" part two. One of the character's in the movie was with EARTH FIRST, what this man did in the movie was the exact thing I had allway's wanted to do. This was a movie however, and thing's in movies are not usually real. Especially dinosaurs in the here and now!! For whatever reason (miracle) the word's EARTH FIRST would not get out of my mind. It would be to much to hope for, that a group like this (like me) actually ~~would~~ exist's. Eventually I gave in. What the Hell!! What could it hurt to look for myself right? I went to the public library, got on the internet and typed in the word's EARTH FIRST expecting nothing but more disappointment.

I was not disappointed. Every thing I saw, read, learned. It was real! You are real! I can't find the words to express the emotions that flooded through me, the gratitude for your existance. Without you I was alone.

THANK YOU!

I am enclosing \$40.00 instead of the \$30.00 required for the subscription. It's not much, but I hope to help as I can.

Kris (A)

I WANT YOU FOR ECO-RESISTANCE
APPLY AT NEAREST ECOLOGICAL DISASTER

Earth First!

Samhain/Yule 2010

30th Anniversary Edition, Volume 1

\$6.50 US & Canada

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Welcome to Volume I of the 30th Anniversary of the *Earth First! Journal*. We received an abundance of great content in celebration of this historic milestone that we are presenting two volumes. Each volume stands alone as well as compliments each other. Volume II will be released in March, on pace with the new quarterly format of the *Journal*. Here's to 30 years in action and in print!
—THE EARTH FIRST! JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

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Cover Art:
The Beehive
Design Collective
from "The
True Cost of
Coal" poster

Saturn Returns

a Journal Looks at 30

Saturn castrated his father, ate his children and then went underground. Whether there's a parable in there, I'm not sure. Regardless, now seems like a good time to assess the generation gap that has so distinctly defined the past decade of Earth First!.

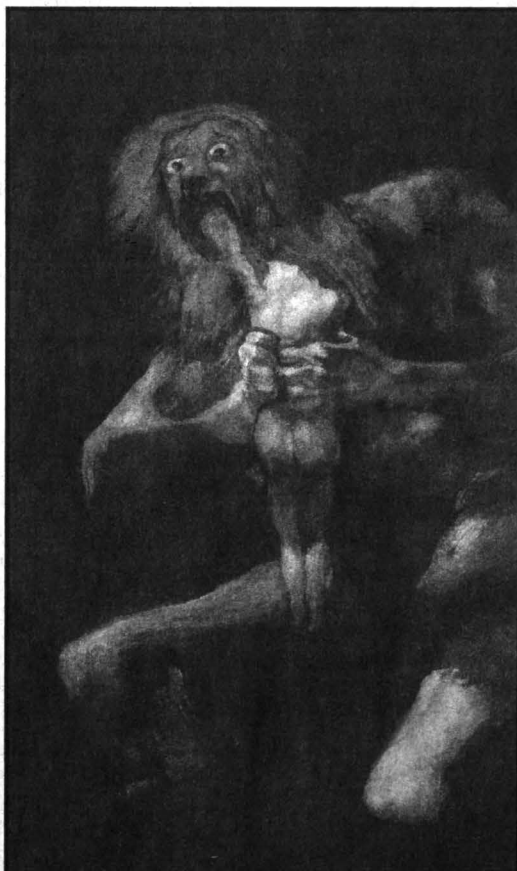
Those of us who've been active on the ground with Earth First! know that a youth contingent of the movement has largely been running the show for most of this decade. This is not a judgment as much as an observation and a call to reflect on the value of cross-generational movements.

For those in disbelief at the above statement, consider this: there is only one long-term *Journal* editor in the current collective who is over 30 today. This is his first issue with the publication; he is the second in the last five years. I could provide statistics and anecdotes like this, but if you've been to gatherings or if you read the *Journal*, you probably don't need much more convincing.

The question is: *can we bridge the generation chasm?*

Over the past decade, I've watched this phenomena unfold before my eyes. I didn't know enough to understand it early on, but I can see some of the dynamics much more clearly in hindsight. I came into EF! circles in the mid-to-late nineties. At the time, I didn't notice how rich it was to have a range of age and generations, nor did I really give a damn about it. I was 17, I wanted to hang out with other high school dropouts and share stories about getting kicked out of our parents houses; nothing to apologize about there. Going to roadblockade free states instead of college was the best decision I ever made, and I wouldn't have been able to do it without the youthful affinity I felt in Cascadia in '98.

It wasn't until a few years later that I realized what was happening. Initially I thought it was an unintended success of the anti-adulthood sentiment that I myself had embraced so tightly. For several years, I felt nervous. Did we chase them off? We trashed their music for being



Cronus was the ruling Titan who came to power by castrating his Father Uranus. His wife was Rhea. Their offspring were the first of the Olympians. To insure his safety, Cronus ate each of the children as they were born. This worked until Rhea, unhappy at the loss of her children, tricked Cronus into swallowing a rock, instead of Zeus. When he grew up, Zeus would revolt against Cronus and the other Titans, defeat them, and banish them to Tartarus in the underworld. But Cronus managed to escape to Italy, where he ruled as Saturn.

Painting: "Saturno devorando a su hijo" by Francisco Goya Y Lucientes

too slow, their employment that kept them from living free, their antiquated understanding of oppression. But did we really *drive them off*? By the time I realized how deep the gap had gotten, there weren't many old-timers left to plead to. And the youth culture identity had become such a force that I sure as hell didn't want to be on the receiving end of it.

But did my generation really create an orphanage out of the movement, or was there something else going on?

Few would deny that the '90s were a tumultuous time for this movement. The Arizona 5 had gotten infiltrated in '89, Judi and Darryl bombed a year later in California. This was the real birth of the Green Scare. And it's likely that some people wanted out. As ambitious as the founding pseudo-rednecks and environmentalist dropouts were, they were not so accustomed to state repression. Conveniently, ideological rifts were developing, offering some of the earliest EF!ers what they may have wanted anyway.

Were "the anarchists" to blame? Doubtful. It was a movement of anarchists masquerading as rednecks from the get-go. The evidence is all over the place, from Dave Foreman co-editing *EcoDefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching* with the ghost of famed IWW fellow worker Big Bill Haywood

(who ended up joining the commies in Bolshevik Russia! What would your Republican friends say, Dave?) to the frequent and prominent use of the penname "Leon Czolgosz" in the *Journal* throughout the '80s. Czolgosz, of course, was the anarchist who assassinated President McKinley in 1901, and not in defense of biodiversity.

Were there other factors? Well, it got a bit confusing when the divide between monkeywrenching patriotic rednecks and social, lefty, nonviolent anarchists got turned on its head with the arrival of *Live Wild or Die*, *Green Anarchy* and a whole slew of eco-arsons across the US. Some made shirts proclaiming "I torched Vail, ask me why;" others turned tail. It was amidst these debates that

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We welcome submissions of articles, letters, poetry and art that put the Earth first, aid in healthy debate shaping the growth of the movement, and advance the creation of a world free of speciesism, classism, ageism, ableism, racism, sexism, violence, exploitation and oppression. Submission articles should be typed or clearly printed. We encourage submissions via email. Art or photographs are desirable to illustrate articles and essays. Send a SASE if you would like submissions returned. If you want confirmation of receipt of a submission, please request it.

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

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pped seeing many of the faces that I was just coming to know, namely v of our movement's most active musicians. Of course, the Green Scare ctments of 2005 struck the generational divide even deeper.

ke any good twenty-something year old, I started spiraling into der, feeling abandoned in the movement I loved, realizing that a culture sistance without enough music and plenty of elders is in damn rough e. I spent the last few years lamenting, writing for the *Journal* and ping desperately for answers to my burning questions about the future arth First!

astrology circles, aging between 27 and 30 years has often been seen

Few would deny that the '90s were a tumultuous time for this movement.... And it's likely that some people wanted out.

make-it-or-break-it time—yes, I'm talking about the Saturn Return. Just n I thought I was on to something, a friend who is into all that hippy -woo bullshit told me that the principles apply to living beings, not re social movements or inanimate magazines. A good point, I thought. maybe it is those of us whose birth years share close proximity to that of h First!; maybe we have been dragging our beloved movement through turmoil.

Whatever it is, I do think there's more to it than some abstract horo-e reading. I'll try to explain. Being young, I felt like we were the only eration that could stop the destruction of the Earth, whereas getting r I observe my elders seeming resigned to the fact that there's more to sistance effort than one lifetime. But being somewhere in between the spectrum is a place I've begun to feel grounded, acknowledging both mediate urgency and ongoing endurance—bonded with those to both s of me.

he bridge between generations is not something built of concrete and l. It is lived by we who are close enough to reach either side. It means ping into the continuum and making a commitment to stick around g enough to outlast the state repression and feuding over reconcilable erences. We may also need to accept that some awesome folks plain ve on with life and to know that, if we keep this movement in good pe and deal respectfully with each other, they might just come back and when they're ready.

1 the meantime, three of us on the current *Journal* Collective will be ing 30 by this Winter. And we've decided to dedicate this 30-year anni-ary project to re-establishing lines of communication between genera-s of the Earth First! movement. So keep reading, buckaroo....

—PANAGIOTIS EVANGELOS NASIOS TSOLKAS

Earth First! Journal Horoscope:

hold on to your seat, friends. If the past decade is any indicator, he next 30 years could be a rocky road... But other sources sug-gest clear sailing ahead. Turning 30 also means you are a move-ment making your way round the backside of Saturn. For any who think the movement's growing soft, remember, this journal s a Scorpio—those who talk trash will get the living shit stung out of them and may experience a grudge that will follow them o the grave. In the Chinese zodiac, the *Journal* is a Monkey, char-acterized by the element metal. So hold your monkeywrenches igh, for they are needed now more than ever.

Wilding the Revolution



BY STRIDER LONGSHANKS

Seems they're everywhere these days: young, rebellious, black-clad urban anarchists facing the capitalist beast head-on. They are feeding the hungry in local parks, establishing communal squats in abandoned buildings, turning vacant lots into gardens, sending books to prisoners, organizing critical masses, participating in mass demonstrations and coming to their first EF! Round River Rendezvous. These kids show fervor and determination. And a depressingly large number of long-time EF!ers (quite privileged, most of them) are audibly moaning and fretting about them and the "changes" they represent.

And how about all those workers we've been meeting? Those who've made the connection and recognize the inter-relatedness of social and ecological problems. The workers who see the common denominator—corporate capitalist exploitation—in all these struggles. Some of us denounce them: "If they really cared, they'd quit their jobs and stop breeding!" It's that easy, is it? Maybe when you're highly educated, hold access to mobility and affordable health care and have a trust fund set up for you.

Then there are the poverty-stricken people of color around the world, who have battled environmental racism for generations while many of us are only just coming around to understanding that concept. "How can we get them to our forest campaigns?" Tricky deal: Between chronic malnourishment, toxic waste, no gear or infrastructural support and routine police brutality, the New Black Panther Vanguard just has no time to treesit in Cascadia or lockdown in the Wild Rockies.

And the growing number of cleanly dressed, progressive-thinking, faith-based mainstream folks—many of them of a Christian bent—who are fed up with what is happening to the Earth and all Her progeny (often under the auspices of "Jesus" and "God"). And folks in our circles whine: "Oh no, we can't work with Christians! They don't do body shots!"

And how about those commies! Socialist and communist sects the world over are now rigorously adopting and incorporating the concepts of ecosystem integrity, sustainable development and biodiversity as readily as they did “worker-controlled capital” and “classless society” in the 19th and 20th centuries. The truth is plain to see that industrialism is itself a major part of the problem and more and more “Reds” are facing this truth down. Long-time EF!ers gripe about them too—instantly seeking division while others seek alliance and dialogue.

And let's not forget those people—EF! activists or otherwise—who find themselves pregnant and don't want to deal with the abortion nightmare. The people who decide that they want to work to raise a “radikal child.” Who is anyone to say they shouldn't? The burden of proof rests upon them to accomplish this. You can help them, or you can leave them be. It seems there is no shortage of “Earth First!” egos around ready and willing to mistreat these people (who are primarily, but not exclusively, women) at a moment's notice.

And the waves of queer and transgender Earth defenders—each wave bigger than the last—that have been joining forest campaigns, mass protests and other resistance efforts. They are laying their bodies on the line right next to yours and mine. There is always some asshole around who manages to corner them when they are alone with the express purpose of making them feel unwanted. No, homophobe: It is you who does not belong on our side of the barricades with that attitude.

We in EF! need to ask ourselves: Are we a movement or just another “subculture and scene”? Do we have a monopoly on what it is to be “green” and “radikal”? Are we going to drift out of EF! now—back to our suburban landscapes, rural strawbale houses and plush log homes at the edge of the national forest? Are we going to bolster our income by going to environmental law school or by writing books and music about the “good old days” when there was virtually *no* diversity in EF!? A tremendous responsibility lies before us. Whether or not we in EF! are able to measure up to it will determine whether actions in response to the wholesale ecological and social devastation taking place will really constitute true Revolution... Eco-Revolution!

It is no secret to us in Earth First! that wilderness and biocentrism are key—the principles of rights, freedom and dignity extend to all life for its own sake. While biocentrism is an ancient concept to the world's indigenous people, as well as to many agrarian and other non-indigenous subsistence cultures, it is a new and very radical concept for our society (and consequently an extremely difficult one for many to grasp). Without biocentrism, it isn't Revolution. We may just succeed in overthrowing the current, corporate, capitalist patriarchy—but without spirituality, wilderness, biocentrism and anarchistic community building as the underpinnings of our mass movement, we are surely doomed to make similar mistakes in the future. History is rife with examples of this vicious cycle.

Many of our existing and potential allies have not yet had the opportunity to encounter the concepts of biocentrism, deep ecology and green anarchy for themselves. They struggle their entire lives, much more so than we do, with much less, for much less. If it wasn't for their spirituality and sense of faith, community and solidarity, they would probably have given up long ago. We have much to learn from them.

If we do not ally ourselves with those in the global struggle against the corporate, military-industrial monster and teach each other through cross-cultural interaction, then our failure to stop the Earth's destruction will be certain. Through our diversity, we are all one People: two-legged, four-legged, six- or eight-legged, feathered, scaled and spineless.

We must reach out first—supporting others in their struggles against certain slavery or annihilation. They will inevitably ask us why we care—and that may or may not prove to be the first time they hear of revolutionary

ecology, biocentrism and the notion that the root of all injustice is disharmony with Nature. Later on, some of them just may bring themselves into our realms of activism—a treesit or rendezvous—if only briefly. We import others' experience and perspective; we export our understanding of biocentrism and revolutionary ecological perspectives.

As others involved in the global struggle find their way to our circles, will they receive the education they need to complete their understanding of what is at stake and what is needed? Will they feel inclined to share with us the education we need to complete our understanding of what is at stake and what is needed? Or will they only find a clique of white, middle-class, beer-soaked, wilderness-recreation brats who reek attitude. Intellectual and ideological elitism will completely derail us if we continue to indulge in it; maybe it already has.

Resistance can mean death, like it did for Anna Mae Aquash and David “Gypsy” Chain, and while this is no secret to most of us involved in the struggle for Earth and Life, it emphasizes the reality that we need each other. We must have each other's backs. The same mentality that framed Leonard Peltier put Mumia Abu-Jamal on death row. It laid waste to Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan. It killed Chico Mendez and Petra Kelly, poisoned the people and ecosystems around Bhopal, India, and beat Matthew Shepherd to death in Wyoming. This same mentality continually sends disrupters and troublemakers into our midst to create division and mistrust whenever, wherever and however the opportunity presents itself.

As long as we indulge in our personal prejudices and tear each other down, we do the Man's work for him. As Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. said, “We can either live together as brethren, or we can die together as fools.” Let us now extend that axiom to include all life. Our work as EF!ers has barely begun. We have a choice and the provision to choose, but very little time.

This article originally appeared in the EF! Journal, Mabon, September-October 2003.

Without biocentrism, wilderness, balanced anarchy and spirituality—it isn't Revolution. It is doomed to a failure that the entire biotic community cannot afford.

EF! at 30



BY BRON TAYLOR

Like many who were drawn to Earth First! during the 1980s, I had been an activist fighting US interventionism in Latin America and involved in anti-Nuclear campaigns. Hoping to be more effective, I went to graduate school to better understand the ways religious and ethical beliefs and practices both block and sometimes promote grassroots political mobilization and rebellion. Although I was committed to such movements, deep down I knew something was missing.

In the Autumn of 1987, I noticed newspaper accounts about activists who had blockaded the "Barstow to Las Vegas" motorcycle race. They were hoping to thwart the destruction of the Mojave's fragile desert ecosystem. They called themselves "Earth First!"

I soon learned that the same group was sabotaging the hunting of endangered bighorn sheep, and that others were being arrested resisting deforestation and nuclear power.

These activists knew what was missing—aggressive defense of the Earth's living systems.

A decade earlier I read Edward Abbey's *The Monkeywrench Gang*, the ribald tale of outraged greens engaged in sabotage to thwart the destruction of the places they knew and loved. At the time I did not know that it was based on forms of resistance emerging at least as early as the 1950s. Although it struck a chord, I thought it was just fiction.

Earth First! demonstrated that it was not.

I was thrilled to learn a movement was emerging that rejected anthropocentrism (the notion that only human beings had moral value). I resonated with its ecocentric and biocentric values, that natural systems and all life forms have intrinsic value apart from their usefulness to human beings. But I was unsure about claims that our species was precipitating a massive extinction event or assertions that illegal tactics were warranted and effective. So, I left for the woods to find these activists, to learn from them and scrutinize their claims. Through this encounter, I sought to sharpen my own understandings and reflect these back to the movement in the

hope of contributing, in my own way, to its effectiveness.

For more than two decades, Earth First! has been my muse. Many of its activists have become both heroes and fast friends to me.

Although I suspect that I have learned more from movement activists than any have from me, I have written widely on the movement and expressed views about it that some movement people have told me they value. I cannot repeat this body of work in these pages, but I can review some of what I have found, and point those interested towards deeper reading.

The first article I published was "The Religion and Politics of Earth First!" (1990). It identified three pillars undergirding Earth First! activism: first, a deeply spiritual biocentrism including variously understood beliefs that the natural world is sacred; next, a belief that human beings were precipitating a catastrophic extinction event; and finally, a conviction that most religious, cultural and political systems fuel destructive anthropocentric attitudes and practices. The article also explained the diversity of the movement and some of the factions within it, while also explicating how these premises were used to justify lawbreaking.

The first pillar is not something that can be rationally justified—it must be experienced and felt. This perception, this feeling, I easily

shared with movement people. But it took years of careful study and deliberation to conclude that movement activists were also correct, in the main, about the anthropogenic (human-caused) extinction crisis and its cultural roots.

Meanwhile, the movement was facing many lines of criticism from outsiders, while internal critiques were often no less harsh. Like activists in the movement, I tried my best to sort out the competing views. Some critics, for example, charged that elite, misanthropic, and misogynist white men in affluent, advanced capitalist countries constituted radical environmentalism. They claimed that movement activists were unconcerned with the plight of disadvantaged people around the world. Although my own experiences belied this portrait, the criticisms nevertheless raised for me important questions: To what extent, if any, is radical environmentalism merely a phenomenon of relatively affluent Northern countries? If there are social movements that can be considered radical environmentalist around the world, to what extent and in what ways do they resemble, or differ, from ones in the capitalist North?

Such questions led to *Ecological Resistance Movements: the Global Emergence of Radical and Popular Environmentalism* (1995), a collection of articles reflecting original research that I had commissioned and edited. Among other things, we found that around the world there are increasing numbers and diverse expressions of social movements that are engaged in direct action resistance to environmental degradation. This on-the-ground research contradicted those who charged that radical environmentalism is a bastion of white male privilege. We also found, contrary to the views of some radical environmentalists, that radical action in defense of

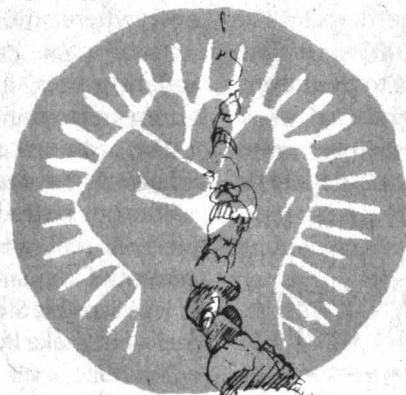
nature can be independent of the radical worldview and consciousness alteration, that many of those who had been deeply influenced by deep ecology philosophy thought was a prerequisite to environmental resistance. One implication of this finding was, and is, that coalitions between radical environmentalists and deep ecologists are possible with those whose worldviews are shaped by the world's predominant religions and cultures. The key, we found, is to begin by focusing on the ways in which outsiders are usurping the land, threatening lives and livelihoods, while also eroding the future prospects of their children. To promote such coalitions of resistance most effectively, of course, activists must also continually teach that human wellbeing is mutually dependent upon the flourishing of all other living things, and upon the health of environmental systems themselves.

I followed up this work during the following decade with a series of articles seeking to illuminate the critical aspects of the movement, especially in North America. [Editors' note: see side bar on Taylor's writings on page 92.]

Ten years ago I contributed an essay entitled "Forward!" to the 20th

anniversary issue of the *Journal*, spotlighting some of the most significant victories that movement activists had achieved during the first two decades. Since then, I have traveled far more widely around the world. Through these experiences and further historical and cultural research, I have become convinced that the radical environmental movement has both been reflecting important, growing trends and effectively promoting them. In short, although it may be difficult for activists in the trenches to see, because more obvious are the immediate losses and the wrenching challenges, they are participating in and precipitating some profound and positive cultural transformations.

These trends I analyze in my latest book, *Dark Green Religion: Nature, Spirituality and the Planetary Future* (2010). In the parts of the book that may be of greatest interest to radical environmentalists, I provide my most detailed analysis yet of the tributaries to the movement, while noting its most common features. With this laid out in an early chapter, I then show that the spiritualities of belonging and connection to the Earth, that are common within the movement, are finding increasingly diverse expressions outside of it. I demonstrate, moreover, that these developments are not only occurring in relatively affluent countries, but around the world. A key part of my argument is that if we think very long term—since these are sensory and thus sensible spiritualities—we can surmise that these are the worldviews and spiritualities that are most likely to flourish. This is because it is those who adopt such spiritualities and practices who are the most likely to move rapidly toward lifeways and livelihoods that are themselves able to survive and flourish long term.



An Excerpt from *Deep Green Resistance*

By DERRICK JENSEN, ARIC MCBAY AND LIERRE KEITH

Deep Green Resistance is currently being co-written by Derrick Jensen, Aric McBay and Lierre Keith. It is about strategy for the environmental movement.

A black tern weighs barely two ounces. On bodily reserves less than a bag of M&Ms and wings that stretch to cover 12 inches, she'll fly thousands of miles, searching for the wetlands that will harbor her young. And every year the journey gets longer as the wetlands are desiccated for human demands. Every year the tern, desperate and hungry, loses, while civilization, endless and sanguineous, wins.

A polar bear should weigh 650 pounds. Her biological reserves may have to see her through nine long months of dark, denned gestation and then lactation, giving up her dwindling stores to the needy mouths of her species' future. In some areas, the females' weight has dropped from 650 to 507 pounds. Meanwhile, the ice has evaporated like the wetlands. When she wakes, the waters will stretch impassably open, and there is no Abrahamic god of bears to part them for her.

The Aldabra snail should weigh something, but all that's left to weigh are their skeletons, bits of orange and indigo shells. The snail has been declared not just extinct, but the first casualty of global warming. In dry periods, the snail hibernated. The young of any species are always more vulnerable. In this case, the adults' "reproductive success" was a complete failure. In plain terms, the babies died and kept dying, and a species millions of years old is now a pile of shell fragments.

We are living in a period of mass extinction. What is your personal carrying capacity for grief, rage, despair? The numbers stand at 120 species a day. That's 50,000 a year. This culture is oblivious to their passing, entitled to their every last niche, and there is no roll call on the nightly news.



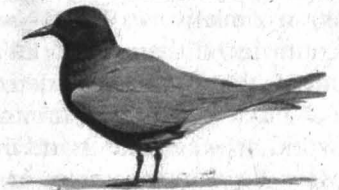
The Costa Rican golden toad existed until the 1990s, when pollution and global warming caused its demise.

We already have a name for the tsunami wave of extermination: the Holocene extinction event. There's no asteroid this time, only human behavior, behavior that we could choose to stop. Adolph Eichman's excuse was that no one told him that the concentration camps were wrong. We've all seen the pictures of the drowning polar bears. Are we so ethically numb that we need to be told this is wrong?

There are voices raised in concern, even anguish, at the plight of the earth, the rending of its species. "Only zero emissions can prevent a warmer planet," one pair of climatologists declared. Or James Lovelock, originator of the Gaia hypothesis, who states bluntly that global warming has passed the tipping point, carbon offsetting is a joke, and that "individual lifestyle adjustments" are "a deluded fantasy." It's all true. And self-evident. "Simple living" should start with simple observation: if burning fossil fuels will kill the planet, then stop burning them.

But that conclusion, in all its stark clarity, is not the one anyone's drawing, from the policy makers to the environmental groups. When they start offering solutions is the exact moment when they stop telling the truth, inconvenient or otherwise. Google "global warming solutions." The first paid sponsor, WWW.CAMPAIGNEARTH.ORG, urges "No doom and gloom!! When was the last time depression got you really motivated? We're here to inspire realistic action steps and stories of success." By "realistic" they don't mean solutions that actually match the scale of the problem. They mean the usual consumer choices—cloth shopping bags, travel mugs and misguided dietary advice—which will do exactly nothing to disrupt the troika of industrialization, capitalism and patriarchy that is skinning the planet alive. But since these actions also won't disrupt anyone's life, they're declared both realistic and a success.

The black tern is fighting extinction caused by human development.



The next site offers the ever-crucial Global Warming Bracelets and, more importantly, Flip Flops. Polar bears everywhere are weeping with relief. The site's "Take Action" page includes the usual: buying light bulbs, inflating tires, filling dishwashers, shortening showers and rearranging the deck chairs.

The first non-commercial site is the Union of Concerned Scientists. As one might expect, there's no explanation points but instead a statement that "[t]he burning of fossil fuel (oil, coal, and natural gas) alone counts for about 75 percent of annual CO2 emissions." This is followed by a list of Five Sensible Steps. Step #1 is—no, not stop burning fossil fuel—but make Better Cars and SUVs." Never mind that the automobile itself is the pollution, with its demands—for space, for speed, for fuel—in complete opposition to the needs of both a viable human community and a living planet. Like all the others, the scientists refuse to call industrial civilization into question. We can have a living planet and the consumption that's killing the planet, can't we?

The principle here is very simple. As Derrick has written, "[A]ny social system based on the use of nonrenewable resources is by definition unsustainable." By definition,

nonrenewable means it will eventually run out. Once you've grasped that intellectual complexity, you can move on to the next level. "Any culture based on the nonrenewable use of renewable resources is just as unsustainable." Trees are renewable. But if we use them faster than they can grow, the forest will turn to desert. Which is precisely what civilization has been doing for its 10,000 year campaign, running through soil, rivers and forests as well as metal, coal and oil. The oceans are almost dead, 90 percent of the large fish devoured, and the plankton populations are collapsing, populations which both feed the life of the oceans and create oxygen for the planet. What will we fill our lungs with when they are gone? The plastics with which that industrial civilization is replacing them? Because in parts of the Pacific, plastic outweighs plankton 48 to one. Imagine your blood, your heart, crammed with toxic materials—not just chemicals but physical gunk—until there was ten times more of it than you. What metaphor would be adequate to the dying oceans? Cancer? Suffocation? Crucifixion?

Meanwhile, the oceans don't need our metaphors. They



Quagga, of the Karoo Plains, was hunted to extinction in the mid-nineteenth century.

need action. They need industrial civilization to stop destroying and devouring; failing that, they need us to make it stop. Which is why we are writing this book.

The truth is that this culture is insane. When we ask our audiences, "Does anyone here believe that our culture will undergo a voluntary transformation to a sane and sustainable way of living?"—and we've asked it for years, all around the country—no one says yes. That means that most people, or at least most people with a beating heart, have already done the math, added up the arrogance, sadism, stupidity and denial, and reached the bottom line: a dead planet. Some of us carry that final sum like the weight of a corpse. For others, that conclusion turns the heart to a smoldering coal. But despair and rage have been declared unevolved and unclean, beneath the "spiritual warriors" who insist they will save the planet by "healing" themselves. How this activity will stop the release of carbon and the felling of forests is never actually explained. The answer lies vaguely between being the change we wish to see and a hundredth monkey of hope, a monkey that is frankly more Christmas pony than actual possibility.

Given that the culture of America is founded on individualism and awash in privilege, it's no surprise that narcissism is the end result. The social upheavals of the '60s split along fault lines of responsibility and hedonism, of justice and selfishness, of sacrifice and entitlement. What we are left with is an alternative culture that offers workshops on our "scarcity consciousness," as if poverty

were a state of mind and not a structural support of capitalism. This culture leaves us ill-prepared to face the crisis of planetary biocide that greets us daily with its own grim dawn. The facts are not conducive to an open-hearted state of wonder. To confront the truth as adults, not as faux-children, requires an adult fortitude and courage grounded in our adult responsibilities to the world. It requires those things because the situation is horrific and living with that knowledge will hurt. Meanwhile, we have been to workshops where global warming is treated as an opportunity for personal growth, and no one sees a problem with that.

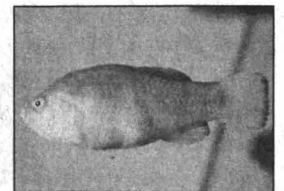
The alternative culture has encouraged a continuum that runs from the narcissistic to the sociopathic. Narcissists don't change. As one set of experts puts it, "Typically, as narcissism is an ingrained personality trait, rather than a chemical imbalance, medication and therapy are not very effective in treating the disorder." Somewhere unarticulated, we all know that. And sociopaths can't change. We know that, too. Which is why no one raises a hand when we ask whether the culture will voluntarily transition to a sustainable way of life.

The word sustainable serves as an example of the worst tendencies of the alternative culture. The word has been reduced to the "Praise, Jesus!" of the eco-earnest. It's a word where the corporate marketers, with their mediated upswell of green sentiment, meshes perfectly with the relentless denial of the privileged. It's a word I can barely stand to use, because it's been so exsanguinated by the cheerleaders for the technotopic, consumer kingdom come. To doubt the vague promise now firmly embedded in the word—that we can have our cars, our corporations, our consumption and our planet, too—is both treason and heresy to the emotional well-being of most progressives. But here's the question: Do we want to feel better or do we want to be effective? Are we sentimentalists or warriors?

Because this way of life—devouring, degrading and insane—cannot continue. For "sustainable" to mean anything, we must embrace and then defend the bare truth: the planet is primary. The life-producing work of a million species are literally the earth, air and water that we depend on. No human activity—not the vacuous, not the sublime—is worth more than that matrix. Neither, in the end, is any human life. If we use the word "sustainable" and don't mean that, then we are liars of the worst sort: the kind who let atrocities happen while we stand by and do nothing.

Even if it was theoretically possible to reach an individual or collective narcissist, it would take time. And

The Tecopa pupfish was the first officially declared extinct species under the ESA of 1973.



time is precisely what the planet has run out of. Admitting that might be the exact moment that we step out of the cloying childishness and optimistic white-lite denial of so much of the Left, and into our adult knowledge. And with all apologies to Yeats, in knowledge begins responsibilities. It's to you grown-ups, the grieving and the raging, that we address this book.

Ninety-eight percent of the population will do nothing unless they are led, cajoled, or forced. If the structural determinants are in place for them to live their lives without doing damage—like if they're hunter-gatherers with respected elders—then that's what happens. If, on the other hand, the built environment has been arranged for cars, while industrial schooling is mandatory, resisting war taxes will land you in jail, food is only available through giant corporate enterprises selling giant corporate degradation, and misogynist pornography is only a click away 24/7, well, welcome to the nightmare. This culture is basically conducting



Sailors ate the Steller's sea cow into extinction by the early 1800s.

a huge Milgram experiment with us, only the electric shocks aren't fake—they're killing off the planet, species by species.

But wherever there is oppression there is resistance; that is true everywhere, forever. The resistance is built body by body from the other two percent, from the stalwart, the brave, the determined, who are willing to stand against both power and social censure. It is our thesis that there will be no mass movement, not in time to save this planet our home. That two percent in other times has been able to shift both the cultural consciousness and the power structures toward justice: Margaret Mead's small group of thoughtful, committed citizens. It's valid to long for a movement, no matter how much we rationally know that we're wishing on a star. Theoretically, the human race as a whole could face our situation and make some decisions—tough decisions, but fair ones, that include an equitable distribution of both resources and justice, that respect and embrace the limits of our planet. But none of the institutions that govern our lives, from the economic to the religious, are on the side of justice or sustainability. Most of them, in fact, are violently on the side of capital-“E” Evil. And like with the individually destructive, these institutions could be forced to change. The history of every human rights struggle bears witness to how courage and sacrifice can dismantle power and injustice. It takes bravery and persistence, political intelligence and spiritual strength. And it also takes time. If we had a thousand years, even a hundred years, building a movement to transform the dominant institutions around the globe

would be the task before us. But the Earth is running out of time. The western black rhinoceros is definitely out of time. So is the golden toad, the pygmy rabbit. No one is going to save this planet except us.

So what are our options? The usual approach of long, slow institutional change has been foreclosed, and many of us know that. The default setting for environmentalists has become personal lifestyle “choices.” This should have been predictable, as it merges perfectly into the demands of capitalism, especially the condensed corporate version mediating our every impulse into their profit. But we can't consume our way out of environmental collapse: Consumption is the problem. We might be forgiven for initially accepting an exhortation to “simple living” as a solution to that consumption, especially as the major environmental organizations and the media have declared lifestyle change our First Commandment. Have you accepted compact fluorescents as your personal savior? But lifestyle change is not a solution as it doesn't address the root of the problem. Even if every American took every single action suggested by Al Gore it would only reduce greenhouse gas emissions by 21 percent. Aric tells a stark truth: even if, through simple living and rigorous recycling, you stopped your own average American's annual one ton of garbage production, “your per capita share of the industrial waste produced in the U.S. is still almost 26 tons. That's 37 times as much waste as you were able to save by eliminating a full one hundred percent of your personal waste.” Industrialism itself is what has to stop. There is no kinder, greener version that will do the trick of leaving us a living planet.

In blunt terms, industrialization is a process of taking entire communities of living beings and turning them into commodities and dead zones. Could it be done more “efficiently?” Sure; we could use a little less fossil fuel, but it still ends in the same wastelands of land, water and sky. We could stretch this endgame out another 20 years but the planet still dies. Trace every industrial artifact back to its source—which isn't hard as they all leave trails of blood—and you find the same devastation: mining, clear cuts, dams, agriculture. And

The Caspian tiger was hunted to extinction by the 1950s.



now tar sands, mountaintop removal, wind farms. No amount of renewables are going to make up for the fossil fuel or change the nature of the extraction, both of which are prerequisites for this way of life. Neither fossil fuel nor extracted substances will ever be sustainable: by definition they will run out. And both getting them and using them are literally the destruction

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THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT

The BP Oil Spill, Nigerian Rebels and The Future of Louisiana's Gulf Coast

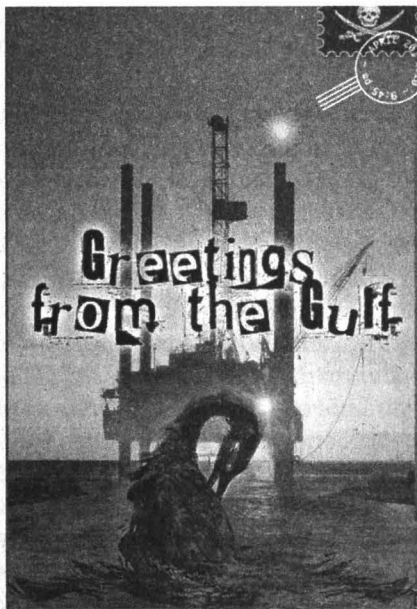
By RAY BOUDREAU

Calculated Risks

When black plumes of oil began gushing forth from the silent bottom deep in the Gulf of Mexico on April 20, everyone in South Louisiana reverted to the crisis mode we have all lived in for periods of time since Hurricanes Katrina and Rita. Our first question became "What can we do to help save our wetlands?" Thousands of willing Louisianians signed up to volunteer in the protection and cleanup efforts, and people began planning to carpool down the road to the coast to help out.

Like a mine explosion, an outbreak of smallpox, or a chestnut blight, BP's oil spill looked like just another disaster, a tragic mistake made by benevolent capitalists. But like those past tragedies, this oil spill is a predictable consequence of an industrial civilization where risks are not calculated by those who will face the consequences should something go wrong. There was no doubt that a deepwater oil spill could rob people of their landbase and their ability to feed themselves, but that consequence was considered an acceptable risk by those who do not live in South Louisiana: Those affected by a spill could just move to the city and work for money to buy their food if something did happen, right?. As is always the case, the people weighing these risks were not those who would be denied the ability to feed themselves; they were lawyers, CEOs and businessmen in corporate offices—where shrimp cocktail plates and grilled fish greet their conference room meetings exactly at 12:30 p.m., every day.

Are the benefits worth the risks? Ask the fishermen and shrimpers and bayou people who live off the bounty of South Louisiana: is oil drilling worth the risk of destroying the ability of Louisianians to eat seafood and live on the coast? They were never consulted. These decisions were made in business offices, and after the proper campaign contributions, they were dutifully echoed in



the halls of Congress. They can still be heard to this day in those halls, far from the shattered ecosystems of South Louisiana. They call for an end to the moratorium on new drilling, and use the fear of poverty by those who want jobs to amplify their charade. Even though their fishermen neighbors have been devastated by the spill, politicians scare oil workers that have no other employment options into echoing their big oil agenda. In spite of miles of toxic, oiled marshes, 5,000 dead pelicans and other birds, more than 500 dead sea turtles,

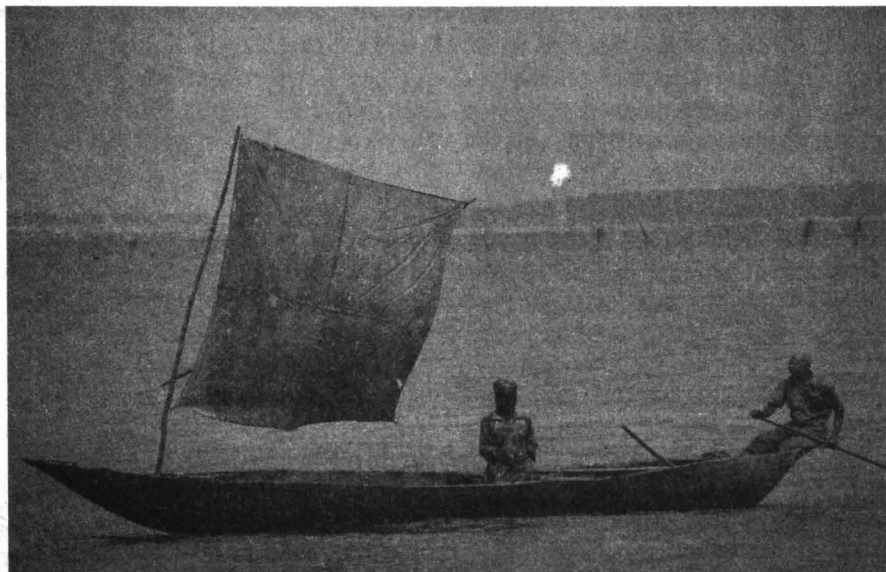
and ten times the oil of the Exxon Valdez spill contaminating our homeland, the oil-funded fear-mongers in DC can only bring themselves to ask for more of the same and threaten us with poverty if we don't give in.

Mirrored Histories

Our story is not a new one. There are others who have lived this same story already, halfway around the world, in a country called Nigeria.

Their story begins much the same way as it does in South Louisiana: Europeans arrived in Nigeria, calculated the worth of human beings' labor and the land they called home, and bought and sold them both as private property. They never gave a thought to Nigerian ways of life, or to how their actions would impact the systems for living sustainably on the landbase that had been honed to perfection from knowledge handed down through generations.

Slavery is a peculiar institution of capitalism. It is only useful to slave-owners when there is plenty of land, but few willing laborers. This is often the case at capitalism's frontiers, where people do not have to succumb to wage labor because they still live in intact communities that can feed themselves. Such were the circumstances in the Southern US that gave rise to the plantation



Fisherfolk in the Niger Delta, Gas Flair From Oil Extraction in Background

economy, one of the many points at which Nigerian and Louisianian genealogy intertwine.

When Europeans arrived, the Native Americans who called South Louisiana home refused to willingly become wage laborers. Knowing the land as they did, they preferred to continue living from it rather than to work for colonizers. The Native Americans took in many African runaway slaves who felt the same way.

The memory of this generosity between peoples resisting capitalist expansion is alive today in the celebrations of the Mardi Gras Indians in New Orleans, and in native communities such as the Houma Nation in South Louisiana. The Houma continue to fight against the oil companies whose pipeline canals have carved up the wetlands and allowed salt water intrusion to erode them. Spread throughout six parishes of Southeastern Louisiana, Houma history, culture, and livelihoods are deeply tied to water. They are commercial and subsistence fishermen, and still largely rely on the wetlands for survival. Surviving on marginal land until now, nothing in centuries of hardship has put them more in danger of displacement than this BP spill.

Halfway around the world in Nigeria, the residents* of the Niger Delta, a vast river delta and marshland ecosystem similar to our own, also live in close relationship to a landbase that sits on vast oil reserves. Many Niger Delta residents

are fishermen, shrimpers, and bayou dwellers. As it did here, oil exploration came to the Niger Delta area decades ago, brought by the same corporations we see every day in Louisiana: Shell, BP, Chevron, Texaco and Exxon-Mobil.

Oil companies promised tax revenues and campaign contributions to the Nigerian government in exchange for the "right" to drill for oil in the Delta—a right which, as in South Louisiana, the politicians had no real authority to give away.

Since drilling began in 1958, and after more than 7,000 spills and 13 million barrels of oil have fouled the Niger Delta, it is one of the most polluted places on Earth. Despite their oil surplus, the people of the Niger Delta are still among the poorest Nigerians; revenues flow to the national government and are never returned to the communities who take the risks (and bear the costs) of the oil drilling. Sound familiar?

James Carville recently said of South Louisiana, "We have not seen a single penny of royalties for oil produced more than six miles off our coast. We assume all of the risk, produce seafood and oil and gas, with none of the reward. Yes, \$165 billion of royalties have gone to the federal treasury that could go to help repair this pressing issue."

The situations in the two Deltas bear striking parallels. Oil companies have been able to buy themselves even greater exemption from regulation in

Nigeria than here, and the people are even poorer and have a more polluted Delta as a result.

There is one difference, however, between Southern Nigeria and Southern Louisiana: In the Niger Delta, they have the MEND.

MEND: The Movement for Emancipation of the Niger Delta

Residents of the Niger Delta have fought the oil companies for decades. They've fought for better protections and regulations to stop the oil spills that were destroying their ability to fish, farm and survive with dignity on unpolluted land. They fought for more oil revenue in a cruel exchange for losing their way of life. They fought dictatorships and elected politicians, both of whom favored oil drilling in the Delta while taking all the royalties from it, as our two national parties do here in the States.

The Nigerians fought peacefully for decades. They organized, they protested, and they created large united movements fighting for justice. They became effective, and so their leaders were murdered and arrested by government and private oil company hit squads. In 1995, after leading a protest movement against Shell, activist Ken Saro-Wiwa was infamously executed at Shell's behest.

After decades of frustratingly unsuccessful peaceful struggle, a few years ago some smaller Niger Delta outlaw groups united to fight together by any means necessary, to force the oil companies to change their practices. The need for change was urgent: It was fight, face toxic death, or become new slum dwellers in cities, working for peanuts at jobs they hated, if they could even find jobs. This is how MEND was born.

MEND, has engaged in everything from destroying oil pipelines and giving away free oil to occupying oil platforms with guns mounted on their fishing boats. They've kidnapped foreign employees for ransom and bombed oil company offices. They've declared war against big oil in the Delta.

Recent Oil Spills

Talmadge Creek Oil Spill	Kalamazoo River, MI	Jul 26, 2010
Xingang Port Oil Spill	Yellow Sea, China	Jul 16-21, 2010
BP Deepwater Horizon Oil Spill	Gulf of Mexico	Apr 20-Jul 15, 2010
Taylor Energy Oil Spill (26 wells)	Gulf of Mexico	Sep 6, 2004-Present
2010 ExxonMobile Oil Spill	Niger Delta	May 1, 2010
2010 Great Barrier Reef Oil Spill	Keppel Island, Australia	Apr 3, 2010
2010 Port Arthur Oil Spill	Port Arthur, TX	Jan 23, 2010
Montara Oil Spill	Timor Sea, Australia	Aug 21, 2009
2008 New Orleans Oil Spill	Mississippi River	Jan 28, 2008
2007 Korea Oil Spill	Yellow Sea, South Korea	Dec 7, 2007
COSCO Busan Oil Spill	San Francisco Bay, CA	Nov 7, 2007
Kab 101 Oil Spill	Bay of Campeche, Mexico	Oct 23-Dec 17, 2007
FPL Manatee Bay Pipeline Spill	Port Manatee, FL	Sep 19, 2006
Citgo Refinery Spill	Lake Charles, LA	Jun 19, 2006
Prudhoe Bay Oil Spill	Alaska North Slope	Mar 2, 2006
Bass Enterprises Oil Spill	Cox Bay, LA	Aug 30, 2005
2005 Shell Oil Spill	Pilottown, LA	Aug 30, 2005
2005 Chevron Oil Spill	Empire, LA	Aug 30, 2005
Murphey Oil Refinery Spill	Chalmette, LA	Aug 30, 2005
MV Selendang Ayu Oil Spill	Unalaska Island, AK	Dec 8, 2004
Athos 1	Delaware River	Nov 26, 2004

They've declared war against big oil in the Delta.

Can you blame them? What threat is more fundamental, more existential than taking away a community's ability to feed itself? Native Americans fought back as their buffalo were slaughtered. Native Mapuche warriors in Chile fight logging companies fouling their rivers and destroying their hunting habitat. Tribes in West Papua, Indonesia, fight against mining by capitalists. Freeport-McMoRan, who, in its insatiable quest for gold and copper, is polluting rivers and killing fish the tribes rely on. MEND is fighting back, just like countless people who've relied on the land have, against corporations who decide that someone else's land, food and way of life can be sacrificed for the benefit of civilization, profits and investor dividends.

Our Future, Our Decision

The BP oil spill is an accident the same way that fouling the rivers with silt by clearcutting is an accident. It is an accident the same way the oil company canals destroying our wetlands are an accident. When you hear "accident" from a corporation, it can be translated as "an acceptable risk that was taken with your lives and lands."

Only the people who live on the land can weigh the risks and benefits of an action that could destroy the entire basis for the community's survival. They reliably—and intelligently—decide that those kind of risks are not risks worth taking.

For decades in Louisiana, it has been "one damned thing after another," in the words of James Carville, a political consultant and media personality. Caller after caller on WWL radio has said if the Gulf Coast was its own nation, we'd be as rich as Saudi Arabia with all the oil revenues we'd have. Instead, we are part of the perpetually poor Deep South. When will we be the ones to decide which risks are acceptable?

Let's hope it doesn't take a fight like the one MEND is waging in Nigeria, but if history is any guide, it just might. We have few other decisions left.

Will the future see the emergence of MELD, the Movement for the Emancipation of the Louisiana Delta? Lord knows

we have all the guns we need. Now we must decide what our way of life and our ecosystem is worth to us, to our kids and to our grandkids. Will we fight for our ability to live off the land? Will we fight, or will we surrender to the monstrous pressures of corporations, protected by the police, military and court system? Will we fight, or will we accept the decisions the politicians make for us, even when those decisions destroy our lives?

The only true decision we have left is about which path to take: resistance or capitulation. It's the only decision not taken out of our hands by powerful interests backed by government-caliber guns, and it's the same decision that has been faced by every people deemed expendable by the insatiable appetite for growth of "Western civilization." It's a decision that has been nagging in the back of our minds for decades: as Army Corps projects deprived the wetlands of sediment, as US agribusiness and industry were allowed to use the Mississippi River as a giant industrial sewer creating Gulf dead zones, as oil pipelines spilled and eroded our wetlands, and as chemicals rained from the skies and poured as poison into the water from the oil and chemical refineries of Cancer Alley between New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

If such a decision is made, and resistance to this destruction comes to exist, the MELD will always find a welcome place in my home, and I know many people of the Gulf Coast who feel exactly the same way. For a resistance worthy of the love we feel for this place we call home. For the future.

For Those Who Choose Resistance

It is up to us: do we fight, or do we die as broken people, uprooted and exploited, without a place to call home?

We can begin by *NOT* volunteering in the cleanup efforts. Make BP pay us to clean up their mess; don't do it for free!

We can begin by blocking roads like LA 1, which is a critical link in the offshore oil industry, until the federal government gives us a larger share of royalties and allows our community to make decisions about what are acceptable risks for oil drilling.

We can begin by showing the documentary *Sweet Crude* about MEND in every town in South Louisiana, and discussing the parallels of the two situations with our friends and neighbors.

We can begin by occupying the offices of oil companies and related businesses (such as Dubai-based Halliburton) until they stop buying and corrupting our political system and more fairly compensate the people harmed by decades of drilling and the current BP disaster.

We can begin by occupying the offices of agribusinesses whose pollutants have ruined our river and whose lobbying has resulted in policies upriver that harm our communities, and who have never paid a dime in compensation for the risks they thought were acceptable for us.

We can begin by blockading or occupying refineries, where cancerous flares of chemicals and toxic sludge poison our communities on a daily basis.

We can begin by blocking shipping lanes with our boats, including the Mississippi River, one of the most important locations for raw materials imports in the US (raw materials no doubt obtained at the cost of people somewhere else continuing to live on their land). The brave people of Bayou La Batre, Alabama have already blocked shipping lanes there twice in protest.

We can begin by organizing ourselves and protesting, like the 500 people who gathered in New Orleans to demand that BP and the government stop destroying our coast, or the protestors in New York who blockaded a BP gas station to speak to the corporation in the only language they understand: money.

We can begin by organizing our communities into popular assemblies where *WE* make the decisions about things that affect our lives, and where we take care of our community as a whole to ensure it survives to see tomorrow.

Ray B. is an anarchist who dropped out of high school to summit hop after the Seattle WTO riots and organize against corporate scum from home in New Orleans. He has participated in various environmental and animal rights campaigns, been a FNBER, a squatter and organizer of solidarity events for West Papuan tribal guerillas. He enjoys traipsing around the marshes when he's not in school working on his degree.

The following timeline is only an indication of the number of actions and campaigns that took place under the EF! banner

1980-1984

Turning Point: June 21, *Kalmiopsis Wilderness Blockade Assaulted by Bulldozer, Foreman Run Down by Truck* Leads to the halting of Bald Mt. Road

700 Arrested in Australia, including member of Parliament, protecting Tasmania Rainforest

March 20: Cracking of the Glen Canyon Dam

EF!J Conceived

Earth First! Roadshow: 40 venues in 3 months

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

Blockade Saves Sally Bell Grove in Sinkyone (Humboldt/Medocino)

July 4th w/ EF!: "Wilderness is America. What can be more patriotic than the love of the land?" -Dave Foreman

July 10-12: EF!ers occupy Montana Senator Melcher's office to protest Wilderness Act of 1984

In background: EF!ers lock down to gates of Mount Graham

During the first period of Earth First!'s existence, it was a loosely bound gaggle of self-styled troublemakers, disenchanted environmentalists calling themselves radicals who would put the earth first. They were conservationists, anarchists, eco-feminists, deep ecologists, artists, pagans, misanthropes and white collar businessmen. Well, maybe not white collar businessmen, but there were some pretty high class herbatologists skulking around the periphery of the camp fire. The first known action occurred in the Gila National Forest, with bandana-clad ruffians erecting a monument to the Apache chief, Victorio, who raided a nearby mining camp in 1880. The monument read:

Victorio

Outstanding Preservationist and Great American

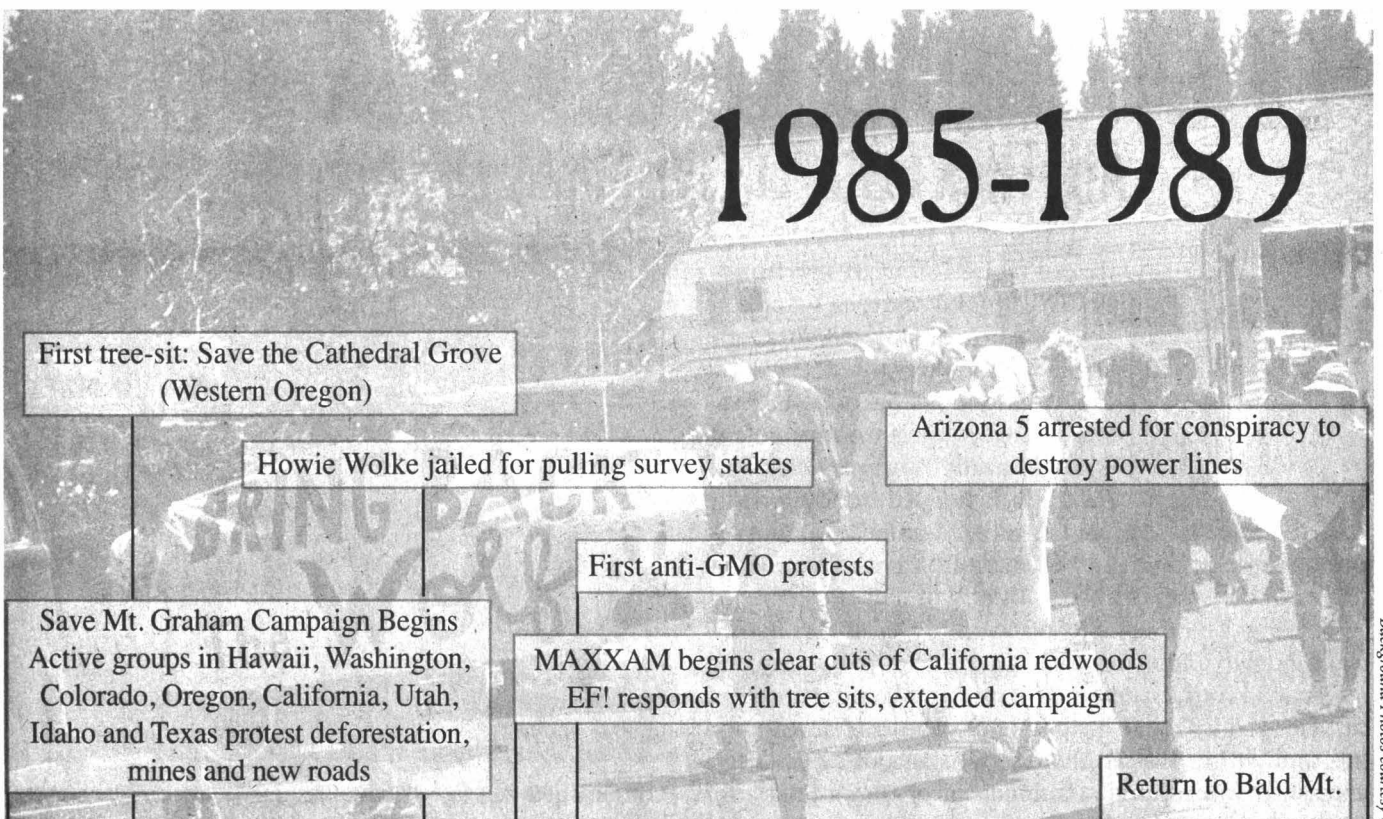
This monument celebrates the 100th anniversary of the great Apache chief Victorio's raid on the Cooney mining camp near Mogollon, New Mexico, on April 12, 1880. Victorio strove to protect these mountains from mining and other destructive activities of the white race. The present Gila Wilderness is partly a fruit of his efforts. — By The New Mexico Patriotic Heratige [sic] Society

Actions to follow would build on this brazen critique of industrial civilization. A roadshow starring EF! co-founders, Dave Foreman, Bart Koeler and Howie Wolke, criss-crossed the US in three months, spreading fire and brimstone (and environmental awareness, too!). In 1981, the Dam Crackers unfurled a long, black-plastic sliver down the front of the Glen Canyon Dam resembling a huge crack as eager on-lookers listened to Ed Abbey give a stirring convocation on protecting wilderness.

Symbolic actions soon moved to direct interventions. The EF! Australia campaign to save the Tasmanian rainforest became international news, while impassioned campaigns commenced in Oregon's Kalmiopsis Wilderness and the Sinkyone of Northern California. EF!ers blockaded roads successfully in both places, halting deforestation in roadless areas identified by the Roadless Area Review and Evaluation (RARE II). It wasn't long before occupations would enter the mix.

EF!ers had a sound knowledge of environmental policy, and in 1984, they took their No Compromise! critique to the office of Montana Senator Melcher. Having pressed for the Wilderness Act of 1984, which threatened to condemn acres of roadless areas to deforestation, Melcher found activists occupying his office, sitting in his chair, and refusing to leave.

1985-1989



Background Photos courtesy of E! Journal Archives

1985	1986	1987	1988	1989
	<p>First tree-sit: Save the Cathedral Grove (Western Oregon)</p> <p>Howie Wolke jailed for pulling survey stakes</p> <p>Save Mt. Graham Campaign Begins Active groups in Hawaii, Washington, Colorado, Oregon, California, Utah, Idaho and Texas protest deforestation, mines and new roads</p>	<p>Arizona 5 arrested for conspiracy to destroy power lines</p> <p>First anti-GMO protests</p> <p>MAXXAM begins clear cuts of California redwoods EF! responds with tree sits, extended campaign</p>	<p>Return to Bald Mt.</p>	
	<p>Campaign to Save Grizzlies in Yellowstone generates widespread support</p>	<p>New coalition, Rainforest Action Network and EF! protests World Bank</p> <p>Activists scuttle Icelandic whaling fleet in one day</p>	<p>Colorado EF! fights welfare ranching, LA EF! wins struggle for wilderness, EF! locks down to protect Jemez in NM</p>	

In background: E!ers march for the wolves in Montana

The second half of the 1980s saw the vast expansion of James Watts' slash and burn forestry policies, and Earth First!'s swash-buckling actions along with it. As rapacious timber companies were allowed by the Federal Government to pillage every roadless area available—even designated wilderness areas in some cases—EF! came out of the woodwork to Sab the bastards.

While EF! prospered, the culture and ideas of the founders flourished, and in some cases floundered. Articles by Dave Foreman, including *Rehabitation*, *Biocentricism and Self Defense* set an encouraging tone for the movement, brought to an extreme by the polarizing article, *Earth First! No Wimps. Love Your Mother, Don't Become One*, by Dana Lyons, was also met with controversy.

In the meantime, the movement was starting to grow beyond wilderness defense. Anti-GMO protests, species protection and hunt sabs started to pull EF! in many directions. Offshoots like the Rainforest Action Network (RAN) sprung forth.

As EF! began spreading out, its founders became targets of increasing government investigation. Howie Wolke was arrested for pulling up survey stakes, and two years later, as he felt the reigns of the movement sliding from his hands, Dave Foreman was arrested for alleged involvement in a plot to destroy power lines.



Action Close-up
Photo courtesy of Karen Pickert

"We protested tests of 'ice-minus' sprayed on strawberry crops to make them resistant to freezing. Our guerrilla theater included a big fat strawberry, a mad scientist and others. Meanwhile, under cover of darkness, the strawberry plants were pulled." — KP

EVAN MECHAM ECO TEA-SIPPERS

ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE FROM THE ARIZONA BUST

BY ILSE ASPLUND



WHEN THE FBI roared through the forest to my home, I was gathering clothes to take to the laundromat. My daughter was six and my son was three. The doors and windows of our forest home were thrown open to the golden light of early Summer. A clan of Stellaris jays hopped from branch to branch in the Gambels oak outside the open door, and the butterscotch scent of Ponderosa drifted in on warm dry air.

Wearing a cotton nightshirt and a pair of flip flops, I walked down a footpath through the trees to the unpaved forest road and loaded duffel sacks of laundry into the car. I looked up to see a cloud of dust bearing down upon me, and within the whirlwind a phalanx of vehicles five abreast. It was unusual, damned out of the ordinary, for there to be this kind of traffic on our little road.

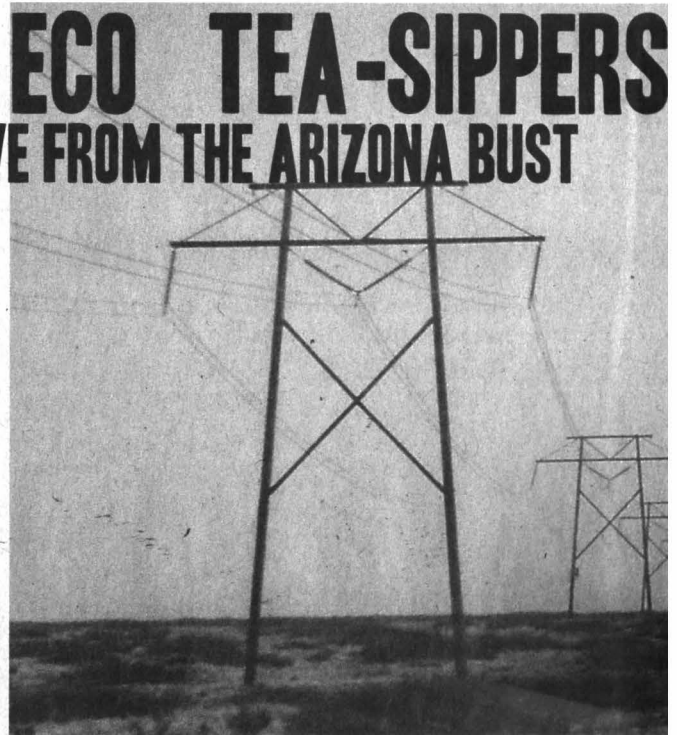
I stood in the morning air, with the children eating breakfast and looking for lost shoes and the FBI Special Forces leaping out of white cars and vans and into the torrent of dust. It was 7:30 a.m. on May 31, 1989.

Mark Davis, Marc Baker and Peg Millet had been arrested attempting to cut through power lines near the Harcurvar substation of the Central Arizona Project in the desert outside Wendon, Arizona—less than 12 hours earlier. Of course, I didn't know this just yet. Mark and I couldn't find a babysitter for his two daughters or my kids, so at the last minute I stayed behind with the children. When Mark didn't come back I thought they'd decided to sleep somewhere in town—maybe at Mike Fain's place. It was a long drive from Wendon to all of our forest-scattered homes. In this moment I began to understand what was happening, but it would take years to understand the full extent of the infiltration.

Alone in the forest with the kids alone in the house, I was both completely terrified and serenely calm—probably in shock. Armed men raced up the hill toward the house. A woman in a blue skirt approached me. I thought, *they have sent, to interrogate me, a woman of similar build, appearance and age.* We were both athletic, on the tall side and blonde, both in our early thirties. She sidled up to me, showed her FBI identification, and produced a search warrant for the house. *She is assigned to me.*

"I am the lead agent in this case. We have arrested Mark, Marc, Peggy and Mike. We know about everything. I can help you." *Mike! You have definitely not arrested Mike. Mike was the outsider, he was an agent all along...*

Mark told Peg, he told me, "Mike is a deep plant. There's a part of him that's holding something back." He repeatedly



admonished Peg to tell Mike absolutely nothing about our activities. But each time, the warning passed directly from Mark's mouth to Mike's ear, through Peg, and gradually a connection between the two men was negotiated. Marc Baker had never actually met Agent Fain until he climbed into the man's blue Ford pickup to head for the power lines.

Inside the house the children were crying; cereal, socks, lunch boxes scattered about the kitchen; all the color drained from their faces. Adam's hair matted from sleep, Alexis Davis asked where her father was. I gathered them up in my arms and put each of them on the couch. "Stay here. Just sit here for a little while. It'll be OK." There is too much chaos. I can't watch it all, and I don't know what is going to happen. I expect to be arrested, and I don't know where they'll take me. I don't know what they've done with Mark and Marc and Peg.

With the kids all in one place, I ran back up stairs where the men from the cars were rapidly disassembling the furnishings. They took books from the bookshelves, bedding off the mattresses, mattresses off the frames, shoes from the closets, clothes from the drawers, doors off the hinges, faces off the speakers, papers from files. They wore gloves, they put things in ziplock bags and in boxes. It would be five years before I got back the match to my hiking boot bearing an "FBI evidence" imprint.

The "Lead Agent," Lori E. Bailey, sat across from me at the old, oval kitchen table, beneath a wicker hanging lamp. She knows many things. "Your ex-husband won't take the children. You'll have to find someone to come get them if we arrest you today. You'll have to call Jane." Jane is a person I have never laid eyes on before. "I know this is difficult, and I can help you." It feels very close to real.

You would have to endure this experience to know how calming, how persuasive, it is to be sitting with someone

INTERNATIONAL CONSPIRACY

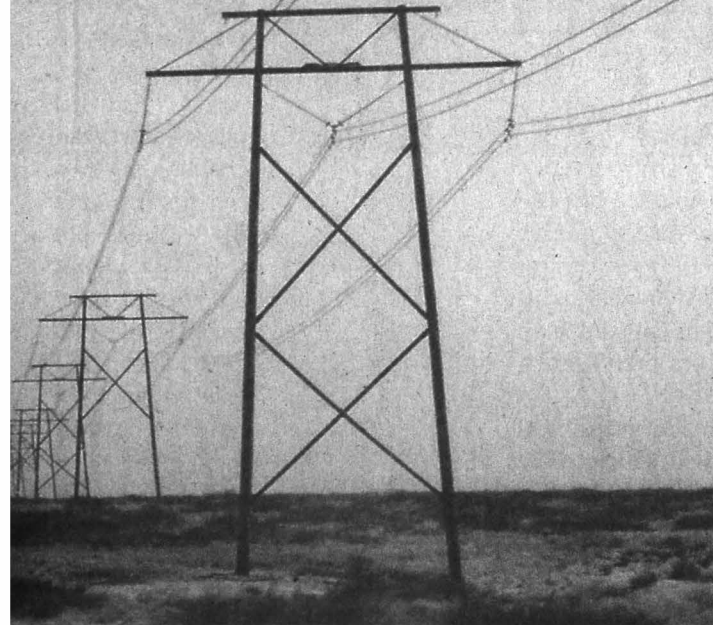


Photo by D.T. Mills

who can end the free fall, who can bring to a stop the ever-worsening hemorrhage.

"I'm going to go. I have to get my children to school."

"The best thing you can do for your children right now is to sit here for just a few minutes and talk to me." She says it without menace, in a calm, steady voice. I take a breath. I will give it a try. "What is your full name?" "What is your date of birth?" "How long have you lived at this address?" *See, easy questions. The kind you'd ask someone in the midst of a trauma to help pull them back together.* "How long have you known Peggy?" "Have you ever met Dave Foreman?" "Where was Mark going last night?"

Don't lie. What ever you do, don't lie. She is laying a trap; if you lie it will get very nasty. This is the trail of breadcrumbs leading to the trap, and I am nibbling my way infinitesimally into danger. She hasn't asked me anything I shouldn't answer. How will I know where to stop? She will begin to circle around on me before I even know it. There won't be any way out. I am on very shaky ground, getting confused inside. I've got to get out.

"I've got to go." I stand up. "You are an intelligent woman, Ilse. I know that you and Mark are breaking up. You know what's right for your children," cluing me in to the next rung on the ladder out of here. I don't know what to say, I can't tell if I'm being arrested. "Do I have to talk to you? I don't want to talk to you without a lawyer." "No, you don't have to talk to me now, Ilse. But if you don't cooperate now you won't have time to make arrangements for your children when you're arrested. You don't want the state to take them, do you?" I hardly know how to think about all of these things, and stand up to leave. She closes in swiftly then, one more question before I can get away. "What do you want us to do with your children?" The brutality of the question stuns and clarifies my senses; something icy and fierce floods my veins. "I'm not going to answer that question."

Just then the phone began to ring. I moved toward it, hoping someone was calling to tell me what had happened. The special agent gripped both my arms, pulling me away. I have to ask, "Where are Mark and Peggy and Marc?" She is not happy with the way this interview is going. She tried to be reasonable, offering a nice carrot before sneaking up behind to beat the crap out of me with her questions. "You won't answer my questions; I don't have to answer yours." No more Ms. Nice Guy. She shoves me to the stairs with her police force trained body.

The kids were on the couch, trying to be brave. "We're all OK. The police are going to look around the house, and we're going to get dressed and go to school." This seemed crazy, but we had to get out of the house. I was afraid if we stayed I might say something or be taken away from them.

We traveled the three miles of dirt road, and when we reached pavement I stopped at the first pay phone and called Marc's wife. "Nicole, its Ilse." "They're already here." "Nicole, *don't talk.*" "They already know everything." Her husband was in jail or prison or somewhere, and these people had put him there. "They *don't* know everything. Tell them you don't want to talk."

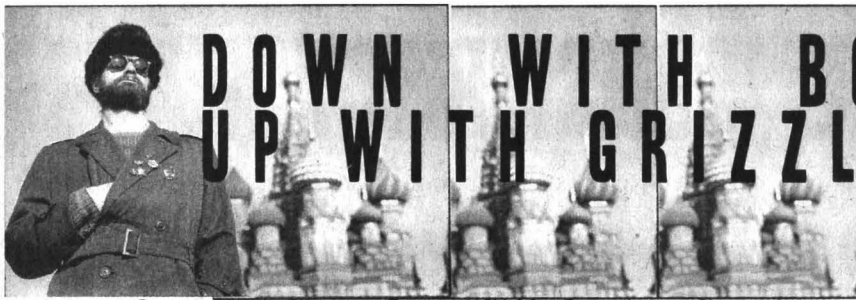
I took all the kids to school and day care, and then called several lawyers. They wanted to schedule appointments and charge money, which I didn't have. They wanted to know the nature of my legal problem which I couldn't explain. I called friends in Tucson; Dave had been arrested at gunpoint at the same time the dust cloud rolled up my driveway. I was freefalling. How long are they going to be at the house? Why didn't they arrest me? What are they waiting for? Where are Mark and Peg and Marc? What does Dave have to do with this? Who else is being interrogated? Arrested? Am I just paranoid, or am I seeing an unusual number of white Crown Victoria's with large radio antennas tearing urgently around town? Is this really happening? I nurtured an insane hope that I had imagined the whole terrible scenario, a random incident that literally vanished in my rear view mirror. But I wasn't going to drive back out there and find out.

My relationship with Earth First! is kind of like a shot-gun marriage. We were just "going out," getting to know each other when the Feds came in. I was coming out of an anti-nuclear background and with a deep commitment to issues affecting the four corners area. It is ironic and bizarre that the anti-nuclear issue was used as leverage for an incursion into what was essentially a wilderness conservation based movement.

However, the mistake, or misperception, was there from the very early days of Earth First!. It predated and, I think, shaped the way the FBI chose to develop its counter-intelligence operation against the movement.

According to FBI internal memoranda acquired through FOIA, a case was opened on May 16, 1986 to investigate the destruction of power lines at the Palo Verde Nuclear

Continued on page 100



COMRADE MIKHAIL SONOVAVICH ROSELSKI (AKA MIKE ROSELLE) AT THE KREMLIN (ЧТО ДЕЛАТЬ?)

BY CHRISTOPHER MANES

Yellowstone National Park had built a restaurant on prime grizzly habitat, and in '86 it was generally succumbing to the gentrification of wilderness tourism at the expense of grizzlies. The plan was for Mike Roselle to dress in a grizzly bear outfit and lope into the restaurant begging for salmon dinners from the tourists who had usurped his meal. Meanwhile, Marcy Willow and I had made a reservation at the eatery and were the official "shills," mostly because we were among the few middle-class-looking people in Earth First!. Our role was to pipe up and indicate to the tourists the reasonableness of

the bear's demands. Finally, Mike Davis, also dressed as a (smaller) grizzly, would chain himself to the restaurant door, with the result of a Brechtian disruption of the bourgeois consumption of wilderness. It all went pretty much as planned.

Roselle sauntered in, growling and begging for scraps of food, much to the delight of the patrons, who thought it was some kind of park sanctioned event for "Grizzly Days" or something. Marcy and I started to make loud sympathetic comments like, "The bear has a point—maybe we shouldn't be destroying grizzly habitat just to have splendid cuisine like this!" Or, "I think we should reevaluate our culinary habits in light of habitat



Photo courtesy of tps.gov

An unknown grizzly

loss." I think at this juncture, the Earth First! protesters gathered outside and began chanting pro-grizzly slogans, and the clientele got nervous. Davis got arrested and I think Roselle did too. Marcy and I enjoyed our salmon entree (which was a bit dry) and joined the protest later...

Manes, now an attorney in California, was a regular contributor to the EF! Journal throughout the '80s. He is also the author of *Green Rage and Other Creations*. Look for more from him in the "Where are they now?" section of the 30th Anniversary, Vol. 2.

The FBI Stole My Fiddle

BY JUDI BARI AND DARYL CHERNEY

[played in the style of a walking blues song]

D

I was drivin' out of Oakland
On a tour for Redwood Summer
When a bomb went off inside my car
It was a major bummer G F

D

Then they blamed me for the bomb

D G F

That almost took my life

D

But there's one more thing that they did
One last twist of the knife

Chorus:

G

The FBI stole my fiddle

D

The FBI stole my fiddle

A

G

The FBI stole my fiddle

(2nd time: Edgar Hoover's stole my fiddle

(3rd time: William Session's stole my fiddle

(4rd time: Richard Held's stole my fiddle

(5th time: Now Louis Fries got my fiddle

D

G Gm D A

And I want my fiddle back

G F

The next day in the papers

Although it made no sense

Was a photo of my fiddle

And they called it evidence

They went and took my Birkenstocks

They went and took my car

But when they took my fiddle

Well you know they went too far

(repeat chorus)

Well they said the string's was fuses

And my bow it was the light

And inside of my fiddle hole

I stashed my dynamite

So when I stroke my fuse strings

With my fiddle bow

You'd better run for cover

'Cause this fiddle might just blow

(repeat chorus)

Now Special Agent Richard Held

Is the man behind the show

He helped frame Leonard Peltier

And he jailed Geronimo

He took more than their fiddles

Life sentences no bail

It's time to free them all and

Let's put Richard Held in jail



Photos courtesy of EF! Journal Archive

© 1991 by Darryl Cherney and Judi Bari. All rights reserved.

Timber Wars in Southern Illinois



Earth First!ers successfully chase the Forest Service out of Fairview timber sale area during Timber Wars blockade.

PHOTOS & ACTION STORY
BY ORIN LANGELE

A timber sale was announced by the US Forest Service that was to take place in the Shawnee National Forest of southern Illinois, 1990. The Fairview area, slated to be cut, was rich in biodiversity, a haven for songbirds and loved by the locals.

A southern Illinois regional environmental group invited Earth First! to come in and defend the area. Tents were set up in the logging road, and an encampment spread throughout the timber sale area. Tree sitting platforms were made. One of our road blockades consisted of

an old beat up sedan that we dubbed "The Biscuit." Outreach went to the local surrounding communities. We declared that our actions were in solidarity with Redwood Summer as well as the Mohawk uprising in Kaneshatake (Kanienkhehaka), Canada. A local Shawnee EF! was formed.

For almost three months (80 days) we held the area (at that time, the longest EF! blockade in history). The local postmaster even gave us a postbox so we could receive mail. At one time we had to put up a sign declaring, "Please no more food donations today—we have enough organic food

already donated."

The major daily newspaper in Springfield, IL, went so far as to say that what was going on in the Shawnee National Forest, "was a popular uprising." Almost every night the occupation was the lead story on TV across a four state region (at least until George the first started bombing Baghdad). Eventually Forest Service special agents arrived from across the US and the invasion of law enforcement and bulldozers began. The day they moved in, my friend John, who turned thirty years old that day and was wanted by the Forest Service for entering a closure area illegally, turned himself in by using a kryptonite bicycle lock to lock his neck to a logging skidder. The Forest Service responded by putting an aluminum shield around his head and cutting off the lock with an acetylene torch while John sang, "God Bless America."

The cutting never began that year as a Federal Court granted

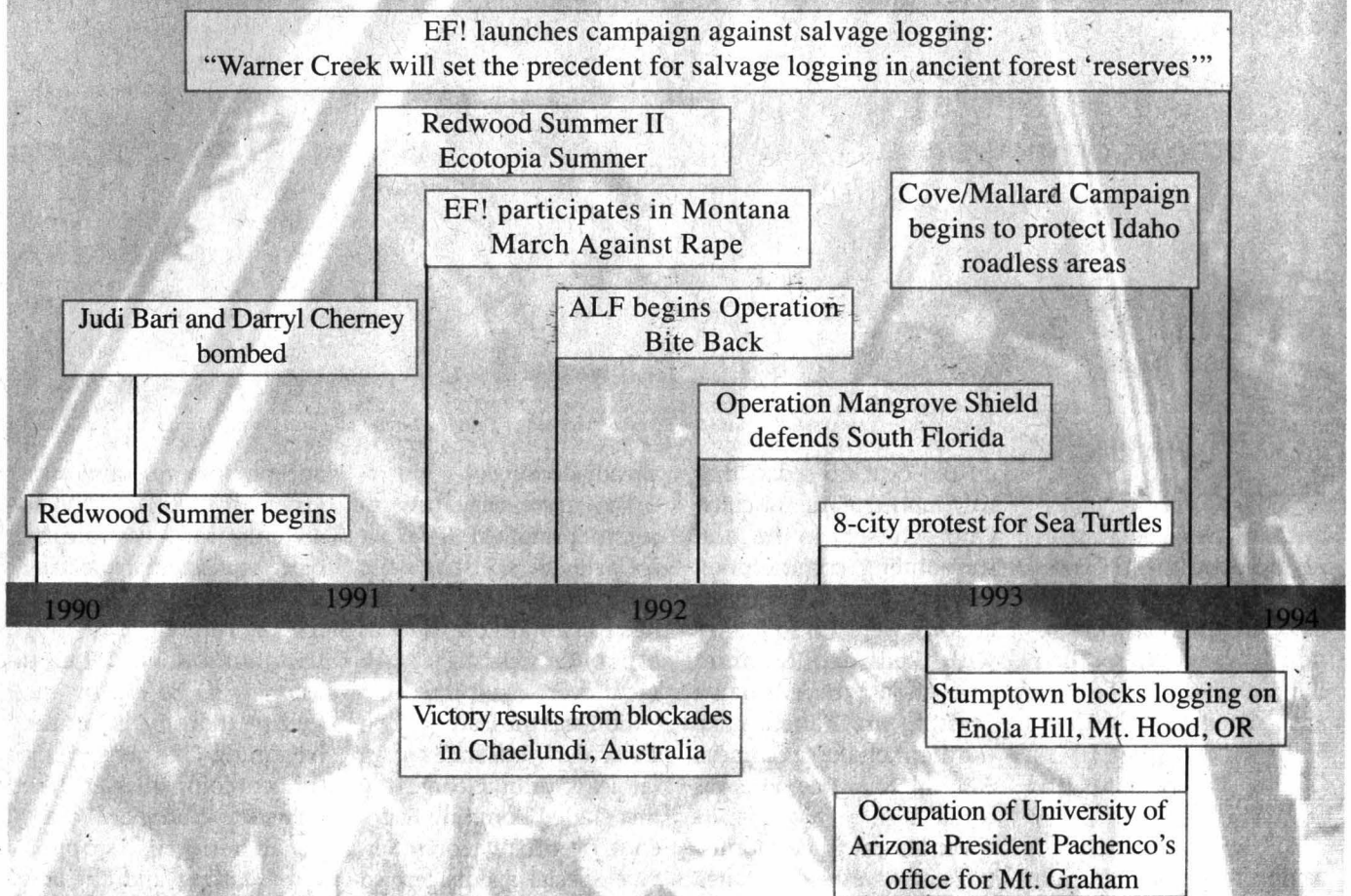
attorneys representing the environmental activists a temporary restraining order forbidding the cutting of Fairview until further review. Although in 1991 the authorities allowed Fairview to be cut by the logging industry, it was the beginning of the end for timber companies in the Shawnee National Forest. Local residents stopped most cutting and the last tree that fell to chainsaws was in 1998. The Forest Service may have won the battle of Fairview, but they lost the timber wars in the Shawnee.



EF!ER UNDER ALUMINUM SHIELD GETTING LOCK REMOVED WITH ACETYLENE TORCH



1990-1994



Never before had the environmental movement suffered such an onslaught of bad news: By 1989, people were fighting tooth and nail over control of the *Journal*, an FBI infiltrator had implicated five EF!ers (see page 16), and then Ed Abbey died. The movement was expanding to include more social change issues, and greater diversity of activists. The nationwide call for people to come to California and participate in a mass civil disobedience campaign called Redwood Summer took EF! organizing to a new level and visibility, but heated things up in the redwoods, and raised controversy over the campaign’s stance opposing property damage during the civil disobedience campaign. The organizer many looked to for leadership, Judi Bari, was building alliances with loggers and mill workers, mounting a sophisticated class analysis heretofore not present in Earth First!

Bari, stood up for the loggers against the timber companies, mounting an unusually sophisticated class analysis, while also drawing ecofeminist anti-racist connections. Bari called for a massive campaign to defend California’s Redwoods called Redwood Summer, drawing on the strategy of civil disobedience used during the civil rights movement’s Mississippi

Summer and mobilizing over three thousand activists.

In 1990, Judi Bari’s car was bombed, nearly killing her. The bombing, and the subsequent FBI efforts to discredit Bari and her partner Darryl Cherney in the media, sent shockwaves through the movement. It was the latest in the FBI and Department of Justice’s efforts to link EF! with explosives and violence and portray the movement as terrorist, thus disempowering it. EF! mourned collectively, and then fought back harder than ever. By 1995, three free states had set up barricades, Redwood Summers continued and EF!’s numbers grew.

On a wing and a prayer (and an old schoolbus belonging to a former life insurance agent inspired by Redwood Summer), the Cove/Mallard campaign blocked the deforestation of pristine wilderness in Idaho, sticking a wedge in the Forest Service’s campaign to destroy roadless areas.

In 1995, the Salvage Rider was passed by Clinton, allowing wilderness areas to be cut “for their own good.” When authorities claimed that an arson set in a beautiful area of the Willamette Forest called Warner Creek provided just cause to protect the forest from further fires through “salvage logging,” Earth First! stopped them.

In background: Judi Bari’s car after a bomb injured her and passenger, Darryl Cherney

1995-1999



Woody Harrelson climbs Golden Gate Bridge for Redwoods

Rally for Headwaters Forest brings 8,000 people to the redwoods, including Mickey Hart and Bonnie Raitt

WTO meeting shut down in Seattle

ELF torches Vail Ski Resort

“Sugarloaf falls to the saws,” Warner Creek Digs in, Ward Valley begins

First Minnesota blockade by Big Woods EF!

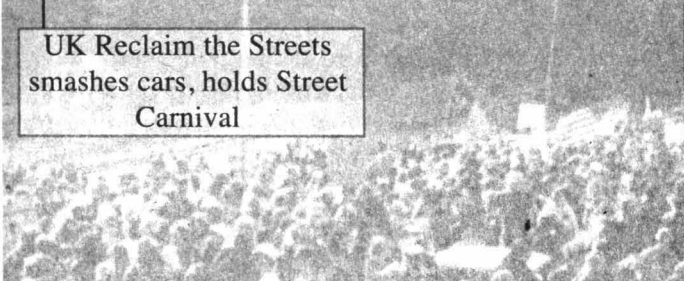
Minehaha Free State begins

First ELF action: Oregon McDonald’s locks glued, walls spraypainted, “ELF”

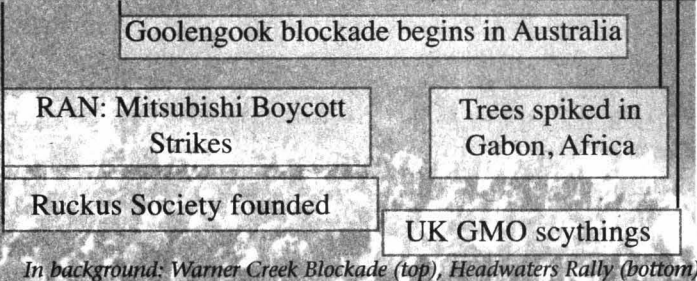
Wild Rockies EF! lockdown protects Montana wilderness

I-69 Resistance Begins

1995 1996 1997 1998 1999



UK Reclaim the Streets smashes cars, holds Street Carnival



Goolengook blockade begins in Australia

RAN: Mitsubishi Boycott Strikes

Trees spiked in Gabon, Africa

Ruckus Society founded

UK GMO scythings

In background: Warner Creek Blockade (top), Headwaters Rally (bottom)

The repression did not die down as the millennium ticked away, nor did it stop Earth First! EF! simply would not back down—lock downs and free states sprang up while “treesit” became a household word.

The Warner Creek Free State stood successfully blocking logging for years until authorities backed off. Cove/Mallard had also declared victory by the end of the '90s, and a new campaign began to protect the wild against a nuclear dump in Ward Valley, Southern California. An anti-roads free state opened in Minnesota, resistance to I-69 started in the Mid-West, and militant direct action by the new Earth Liberation Front (ELF) cost industry millions.

Projects like the Buffalo Field Campaign, which came out of Earth First! campaigns and groups, helped build the movement, but the ideological split around using property destruction along with civil disobedience reached a new height of intensity with the dramatic actions of the ELF. Caught in the maelstrom was the Earth First! Journal, trying to moderate the debate. Caught in the maelstrom was the *Earth First! Journal*, which many felt had begun to accept property destruction as an acceptable Earth First! tactic.

Still, the momentum from the 90s carried over into the millennium with many EFLers taking part in the Battle in Seattle.



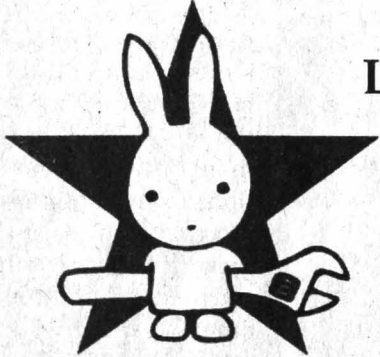
Action Close-up
Photo courtesy of Karen Pickett

Demo at DuPont plant in Antioch, CA, 1992: “People painted their faces so they were melanoma-stricken, we wore hazard suits, brought 55 gallon drums of toxics that doubled as drums to beat on, and staged a die-in. All those people out in the streets with skin cancer yielded a lot of press coverage.” — KP

Background Photos courtesy of EFL Journal Archives

Earth First! in Britain

Twenty Years of Protest & Resistance



Looking Forward to More Digger-Diving, Machine-Sabbing, Locking-on Radical Ecological Direct Action

BY SOME BRITISH EF!ERS

The first British Earth First! Gathering was on a beautiful squatted site near Brighton in February 1992. People had previously tried to start EF! rabble-rousing over here, inspired by vibrant and radical EF! groups in the US, Australia, India and other countries, and the first attempt at a gathering in 1991 had been stopped by the police. To the present day, EF! gatherings have continued to be a place where most of the major British ecological direct-action campaigns or one-offs have been dreamt up or developed.

Already by 1991, EF!ers in Britain had been active setting up the first anti-road protest camp at Twyford Down. Peat-stripping machinery in Yorkshire had been "decommissioned," and there had been shutdowns of timber yards and ports in support of indigenous resistance against wilderness destruction. Carmageddon road blockades had reclaimed space from the onslaught of the roads program and car culture, and there'd been countless smaller

actions by day and night—from anti-nuke actions, to climate protest and ecological defence. There was a strong sense of urgency due to the ecological crisis we're still comfortably creating. Also, the interconnectedness of social and environmental issues was a natural development, resulting from a wide awareness that what we're struggling against are the underlying forces behind the trashing of the world we live in. Later, in the Spring of 1992, US and British EF!ers went on a roadshow 'round the country to stir things up. It became clear that EF! would develop its own priorities and ways of campaigning in Britain. Indeed, the national structure is very anarchistic, as exemplified in the complete autonomy of a few people to start up a group and choose what they do, how, and on what issues.

Though the timber actions were the first really big ones, with hundreds of people invading Liverpool docks against imports (that campaign continued in many forms, including "ethical shoplifting" of stolen hardwoods), the huge campaign that EF! instigated was

against the mega-road-building program.

At the M3 motorway through Twyford Down, EF! set up camp (along with some traveller folk) on the Dongas—ancient and beautiful trackways cut deep into the Earth, home to many protected plants, very rare chalk-blue butterflies and orchids. EF! groups kept the camp stocked with people and *tat* (British slang for stuff) ferrying groups of people there week-in and week-out, keeping it alive through the Winter of '91, and organizing the first direct actions to prevent work starting—locking-on to cranes, night-time flooding of the work site, and, later, regular disruption of construction.

The first-ever protest tripod in the UK (a technique borrowed from the Antipodean Intercontinental Deluxe Guide to Blockading), later in '92, was made from sycamore trees and got a round of applause from the bemused workers once we'd got it up... before they started desperately building new access roads 'round us to try to save the concrete bridge they were half-way through building before it set! The first

treesits in Britain took place in 1993, organised by Jesmond Dene EF! and the Flowerpot Tribe.

The EF! Action Update first came out in 1991 to help autonomous ecological direct-action groups stay connected and get new people involved. It was published by a different group each year, but, as the number of groups has dwindled, new people now get involved at the gatherings, and it comes out quarterly instead of monthly. It is pretty much what it says on the tin, so it was joined a year later by the magazine *Do or Die*, providing a space for radical analysis, reflection and in-depth features, as well as encouraging ecological sabotage. Distribution was global, if a bit lackadaisical; nonetheless, parts of *Do or Die* have been translated into a variety of languages.

Though EF! started the Reclaim the Streets (RTS) network in the Autumn of '91 and organized Carmageddon actions (precursor blockades to the later RTS street parties that more audaciously transformed space), it wasn't until after the major "No M11 Link Road" campaign in 1995 that RTS was reborn as a vibrant London-based group, which came to organize amazing street parties with thousands of people planting trees in drilled holes in the middle of urban motorways! These benefited from the counter-cultural alliances that were made in opposition to the 1994 Criminal Justice Act. Most RTS parties in other parts of the country were organized by local EF! groups, with the help of local alternative scenes.

Against this backdrop, people came up with a definition for EF! in Britain and agreed on guidelines. Violence was defined as only against living beings, sabotage

was to be "neither condemned nor condoned," and EF! groups were to be up for receiving anonymous ecotage communiqués and doing press work on behalf of the night-time elves (also called the Earth Liberation Front, or ELF).

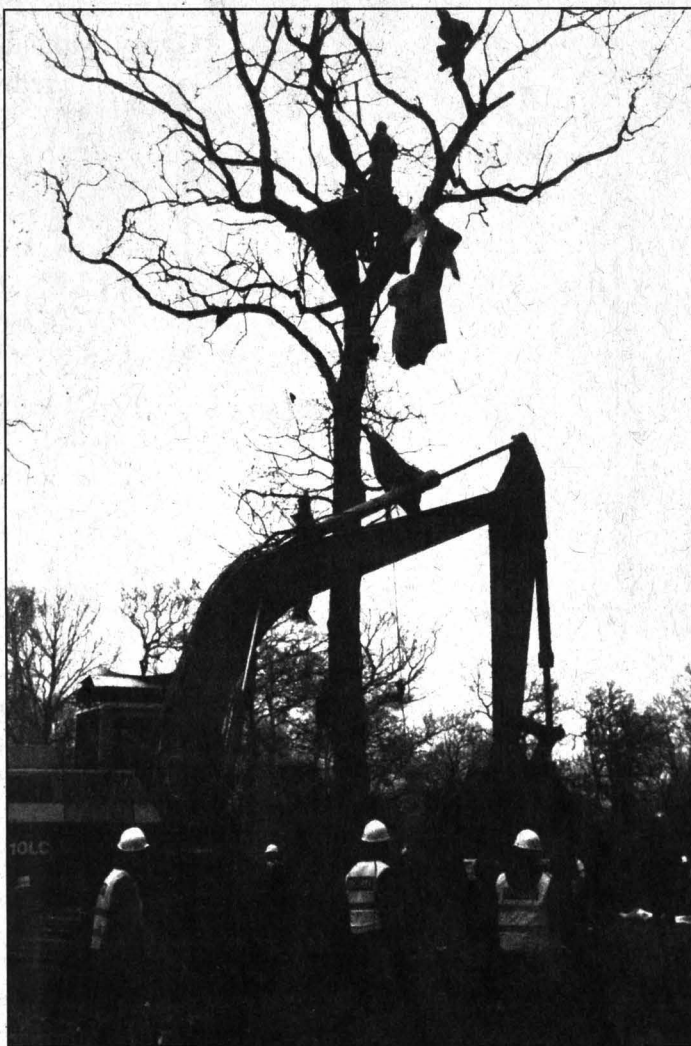


Photo by Jo Hammond

A treesit blocking the path of the Newbury bypass in the mid '90s

Throughout '92 and beyond, a series of Earth Nights were called, using the phrase, "Go out and do something for the Earth ... at night!" ELF took the label "Terra 1st" long before the state dubbed them domestic terrorists, although no violence against human beings or other animals was committed. Their other name, "Earth Liberation Fairies," was an attempt to avoid macho stereotypes. Similarly, minor sabotage became known as "pixieing." Valuable resources were published, like *Road Raging*, a direct-action campaign manual,

and The Ozymandia Collective's *Sabotage & Direct Action Handbook*, both still available on the internet.

The question of what EF! is remains open today. It is partly this openness that makes EF! continue to be a relevant, rare and radical concept, but people haven't really been into empire-building, and more often than not use different names for different campaigns or actions. Some have attempted to define EF! as a network or movement, but, however you see it, the groups are autonomous. There is no national decision-making process. It is what you make it. As long as you try to work non-hierarchically and use direct action to stop the trashing of the Earth and its inhabitants, as long as you're not a discriminatory fuckwit, you can call yourself an EF!er and your actions Earth First!.

Kick-started by EF!, the anti-roads movement of the 1990s stopped at least six projects that had already been initiated. Whilst many other sites were "lost," the movement as a whole resulted in more than 300 road schemes being axed—the unsung "Quiet Victories." The personal bonds made, and the alternative ways of living and organizing that the many protest camps fostered, became immensely important for what was then made possible. Camps sprung up against quarries, airports and other major infrastructure projects. The Newbury Bypass campaign was the biggest protest, successfully stopping work starting anywhere on the route for three days. With more than 30 camps, a huge eco-

Continued on page 62

2000-2004

The Fall Creek Treesit starts in 1998, continues for 6 years, ends in victory

Gypsy Mountain Treesit defends Humboldt redwoods for two years

Eagle Creek Treesit raided, Tre Arrow begins 11 day occupation on ledge of Forest Service building

Santa Cruz EF! defends ancient redwoods

Chuk'shon EF! mountain lion hunt sabotage

Wild Rockies EF! blocks Boise-Cascade in Idaho

WREF! defends Bitterroot Wilderness in Montana

Hock-Hocking EF! stages first Ohio treesit

Katuah EF! Protests KKK in South Carolina

Katuah EF! confronts MTR

2000

2001

2002

2003

2004

Jeff "Free" Luers sentenced to 23 years for burning SUVs

EF! wins historic legal victory: Bari, Cherney vs. FBI

Congressional Hearing on Ecoterrorism

The beginning of the new millennium heralded an era of challenges and great expectations for Earth First!. A young, dynamic movement with vast public support, EF! engaged in campaigns with community support from Minnesota to Arizona, Cascadia to Appalachia. After the victory in Cove/Mallard, Wild Rockies wilderness became a stronghold of radical environmentalism, while EF! tactics and veterans were credited with much of the success of the WTO shutdown in Seattle, 1999.

Campaigns in Cascadia broke through the frontlines of environmental struggle with the new Fall Creek Treesit. Started by two individuals, Fall Creek evolved into a six-year-long test of EF!'s will, tactics of nonviolence and strategy of free states. Meanwhile, the Minnehaha Free State in Minneapolis forced a highway rerouting project to spare threatened headwaters through nonviolent lockdowns and solidarity with indigenous peoples.

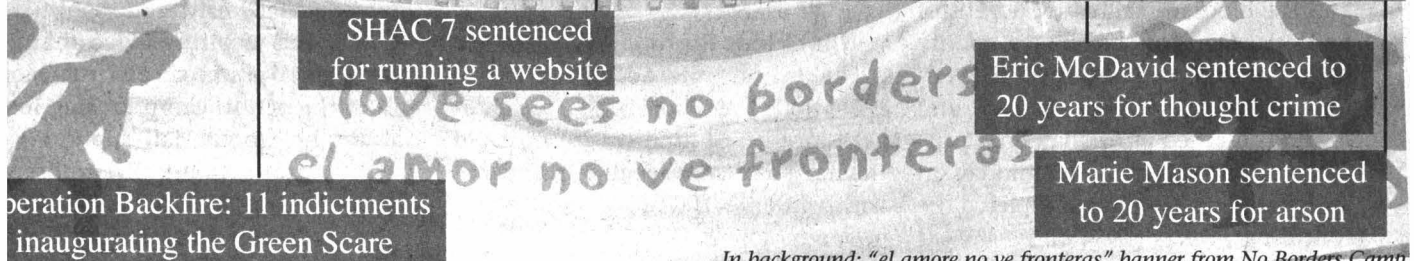
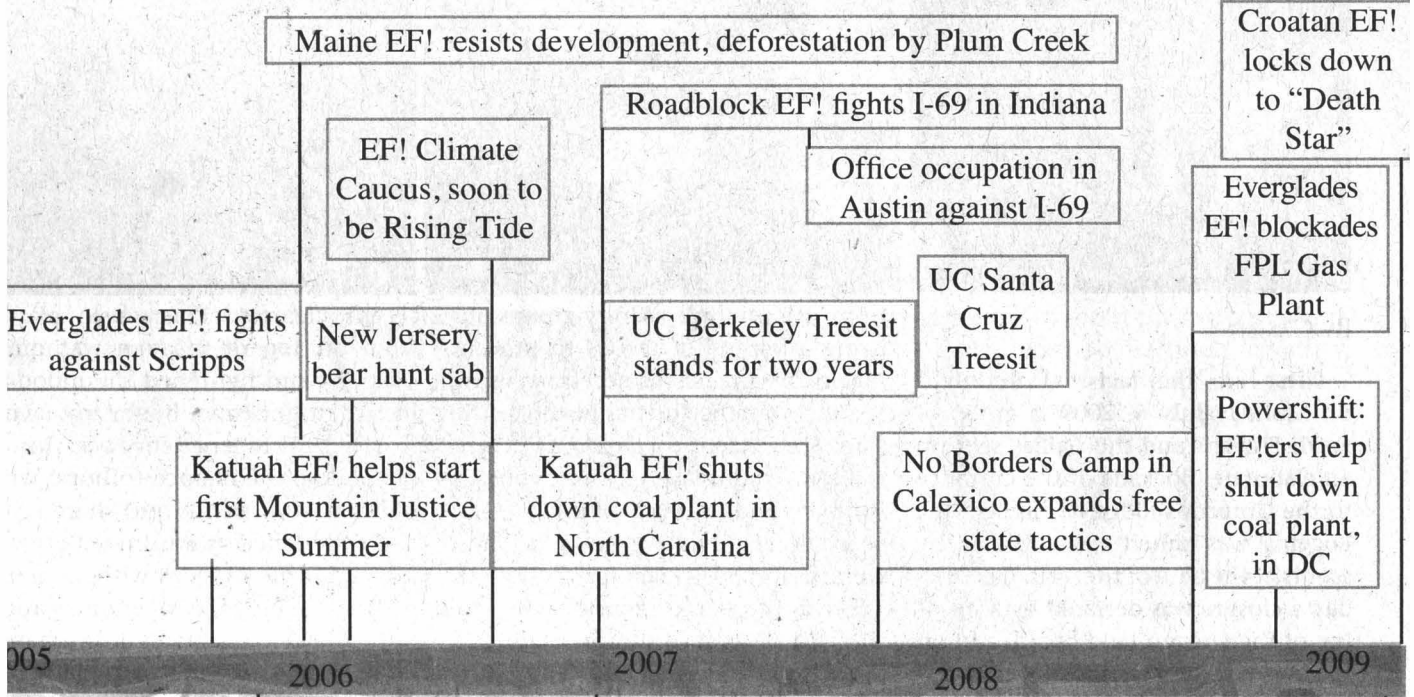
As Earth First! continued to struggle against deforestation and environmental destruction everywhere through treesits, lockdowns and road blockades, activists began gathering support for lawsuits that flipped attention to the police tactics of pepper spray and pain compliance holds. The state fought back harder than ever.

Using the escalation of tactics by the ELF to attack Earth First!, the US government launched a full-scale campaign of surveillance and repression against "domestic terrorism" after September 11, 2001. Increasing the sentencing for sabotage done in defense of the Earth and the harassing of activists, the US started using Grand Juries regularly for the first time in its attempts to repress the radical environmental movement. Using the heightened pressure to coerce testimonies from activists, the government zeroed in on individuals who had been turned in by their peers, sentencing them to extreme prison sentences for minor acts of arson.

In spite of EF!'s constant pressure to defend itself against allegations of terrorism, energetic campaigns to defend wilderness maintained steam in Montana and Idaho, while EF! groups in Appalachia began to establish an anti-oppression critique in the midst of the inception of mountaintop removal (MTR)—arguably the most environmentally destructive practice taking place in the US today. In a highlight, Judi Bari finally won a lawsuit against the FBI, albeit posthumously, showing how the FBI had indeed violated the First and Fourth Amendment Rights of Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney by blaming the activists for the car-bombing that almost took their lives in attempts to discredit EF!.

We apologize if you have any complaints that your group wasn't accurately or fully represented in this timeline.

2005-2009



In background: "el amore no ve fronteras" banner from No Borders Camp

With the arrival of MTR came the dawning of a new era of resistance. Mountain Justice Summer was formed by members of Katuah EF!, and the Earth First! Climate Caucus evolved into Rising Tide North America, marking new reference points for climate change activists, environmental justice activists and conservationists.

FTA and other Free Trade Agreements had generated an era of open borders that allowed economic exploitation to flourish at the expense of human rights and environmental protection, bringing activists to defy new infrastructure plans and programs that increase manufacturing and industry.

Groups in Florida, Indiana, Texas and North Carolina began to emerge onto the new tableau of anti-infrastructure, anti-industry actions with daring imagination and power. Ideas, the FBI initiated the Green Scare, a sweeping operation of indictments, surveillance and repression which resulted in lengthy sentences for important activists implicated in ELF actions by informants.

In spite of intense oppression, campaigns to protect old-growth forests on the college campuses of Berkeley and Santa Cruz emerged that treesits still gathered broad-based public support while daring blockades against Florida Power and Light and the coal company AEP showed that EF!'s younger generation was carrying the torch with pride and bravery.

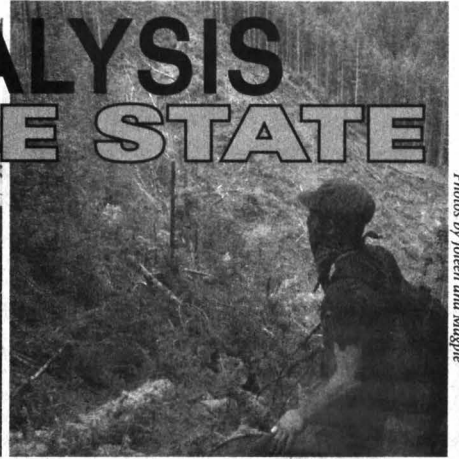
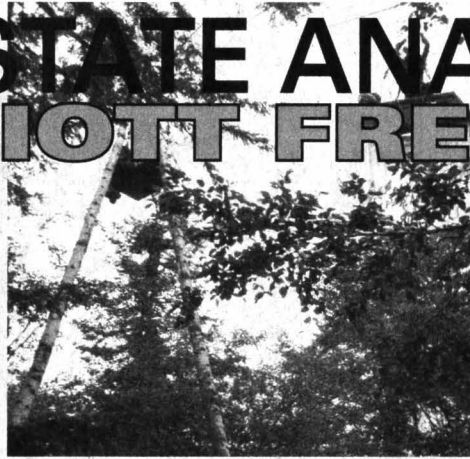


Action Close-up
Photo courtesy of Karen Hecker

"Grand Dammed Treesit": three women over 80 at UC Berkeley Treesit, 2007: "The Save the Oaks campaign was an urban tree sit that lasted two years, activated the student population of UC Berkeley and involved everyone from University faculty to city council people to elementary school classes to many Native Americans to People's Park residents but was branded as an Earth First! campaign." — KP

FREE STATE ANALYSIS

THE ELLIOTT FREE STATE



Photos by Joleen and Maggie

BY GAMBIT

These are the facts: at midnight on Monday July 6, 2009, a group of Earth Firsters and their allies sent up an elaborate blockade of the entrance to the Umpcoos Ridge #2 timber sale. Logging was halted at 11:00 a.m. by scouts at the base of the unit. On Tuesday a closure was declared by a meeting of the Oregon land board, and on Wednesday the closure was enforced and the blockade raided by dozens of militarized Oregon state police, county cops and support personnel. They arrested 28 people in over 24 hours, and logging resumed at midday on Thursday. All were out of jail by midday on Friday, and logging was completed the following week.

On July 31, an article was written for the September-October 2009 edition of the *Earth First! Journal*, in which these events were romanticized and presented as a catalyst for a reinvigorated Cascadia forest defense movement. The article was filled with fiery rhetoric, to try and infuse readers with energy and get people psyched for "Cascadia Summer 2009." That would-be Summer of direct action never panned out. With Summer behind us and a lineup of old-growth timber sales potentially needing defense in the future, a better analysis is needed. As a co-author of the original Elliott article, with input from other participants, I have decided to set the record straight.

The Elliott was at its core a failed action, yet one from which we can learn a lot for the future. The objective was to set up a long-term forest occupa-

tion with multiple affinity groups utilizing a variety of tactics to prevent logging by any means necessary, using resources as efficiently as possible. The "Free State" tactic (of creating a decentralized, multi-layered autonomous zone behind a road blockade) has been successful in Oregon before, and seemed a good choice for the Elliott. The reality on the ground, however, was that of total confusion leading to the action's very premature end.

What Went Right

The action was actually planned quite well. The Elliott was an ideal target, since it was (and still is) home to the most atrocious logging in Oregon, with multiple 100-plus-acre clearcuts of virgin forests—with trees measuring around 140 years old and older—happening every year. The timing (right after the EF! Rendezvous, also in southern Oregon) was also ideal, since a whole lot of resources, enthusiasm and skilled people were already in the area, ready for action. Key spokespeople were well informed to report back to affinity groups. Plenty of climbing and other gear was made available, and the blockaders were generally very well supplied with everything needed.

The setup crew was efficient and worked very well together to build the blockade, which included a skypod, bipod, tripod, tree-sit, lock-downs to cement barrels, an overturned van and a huge slash pile in front of it all. Most of it went up in less than six hours. The scouting crew on Monday morning was vital for actually stopping the logging, and snapped shocking photos of the

recent clearcut. The music played from on top of the van was quite pleasant and lightened the mood at just the right time. By far my favorite part of this experience was the camaraderie, the chance to bond with old and new friends and share skills and experience. It was incredibly uplifting for me to work with so many truly awesome folks all at once, and I hope that I'll be able to do so again.

Media was excellent, especially our very educated, articulate spokesperson and the inspiring video that appeared on Youtube during the Monday of the action camp, calling folks out to the woods. Jail support was another strong point: Even though everyone was only in jail for about 24 hours, they were all greeted by loving friends at the doors of the jail with hot food, cold beer and a huge party. Police liaisons did their job well, informing everyone accurately about the cops' intentions and minimizing police presence at the blockade site before it was raided.

And of course, everyone had the best lawyer imaginable. She was there with everyone for the year-plus after the action, until the charges finally ended in fines for some and community service for others. Hours of grueling office work by Lauren and her team lowered the restitution amount for the case from over \$130,000 collectively owed, to under \$1,300. Overworked, underpaid and under-appreciated, our lawyers are the real heroes in the Elliott saga.

What Went Wrong

At a campwide meeting on Tuesday night, the closure was announced. A

raid was expected the next morning. Several locked-owners spoke anxiously of extraction techniques, and there was much talk of "direct support." It was decided that more folks should lock down to the van and the base of the tripod. A few voices even said, "Anyone not wanting to get arrested should leave tonight." No one pointed at the hundreds of pounds of food and gear scattered around them and suggested that those should be hidden. No one wondered aloud about goals and motivations or what our next move was. Even worse, out of all in that circle, not a single person said, "Hey everyone, the fuzz arrives in the morning. Let's get deep into the woods!"

The Umcoos Ridge #2 was fully cut and hauled away by the end of July, but roughly two-thirds of it was cut before we arrived on the scene. Some logs had already been yarded. This was all prime habitat for the spotted owl, the subject of a lawsuit by several local wilderness groups that had been stayed by a judge in the last week of June—at least a week before the action. So we had no legal piece, or one that was suspended indefinitely.

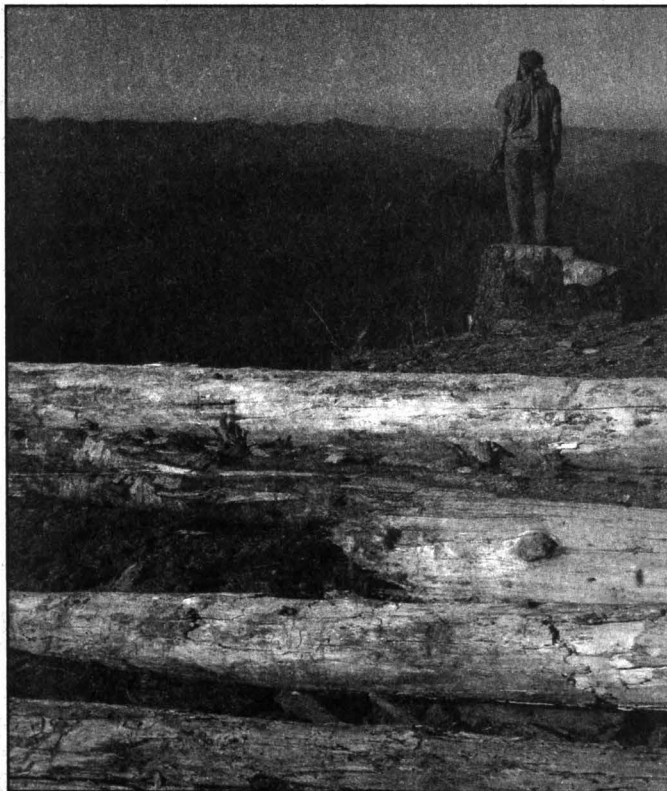
Many people have said there were just too many arrests, which is true and also a symptom of a larger problem: the blockade was too "hard" for its own good. Everyone stayed clustered around the road entrance, like spiders caught in their own web, right to the end. At least nine folks were locked down (which for the situation, was at least seven too many), and many others were caught simply for

being too close to the blockade. A lot of them were actively preparing to be arrested, instead of thinking about the sustained health of the occupation.

What Could Have Been

There was more than one disastrous clearcut planned for the Elliott that Summer, and a sustained presence out there could potentially have defended them all. If

way. Personally, I think less than ten people should have been at the blockade site, with only two, maybe three locked down. The treesitters, knowing that there were strong support crews in the woods, could have prepared to stay in trees long-term and even devised an escape scenario for the pod people in the event of extraction. More trees could have been tied in for that purpose.



Basically we could have had, to quote one Elliott defendant, "our own pirate country out in the woods."

multiple affinity groups had committed to at least a few weeks' presence out there and spent Monday and Tuesday relocating almost all of the food and gear to secret locations deep in the forest, then our presence would have been decentralized with most people out of harm's

Meanwhile another affinity group, now based in the forest, could have built another "soft" blockade farther down the road to give the main camp some warning, and still others could have been doing road and/or canopy work near other nearby timber sales.

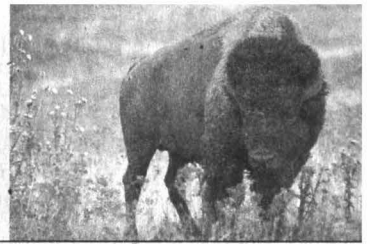
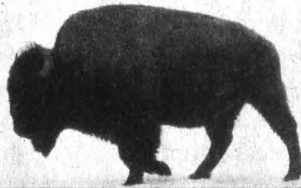
Basically we could have had, to quote one Elliott defendant, "our own pirate country out in the woods." This to me seems like the true nature of the free state tactic, as evidenced by all the answers given at the Rendezvous to the shouted question of "Who knows what a free state is?" Folks in the Elliott who had experience with forest occupations should have emphasized the importance of decentralization, diversity of tactics and not getting arrested. Everyone there should have been given a topographic map of the area and a compass, and been educated on how to use them. Everyone should have at least taken a walk through the forest they came to defend, but in reality some folks never even left the road.

Of course, not everyone is willing or able to run around the woods for weeks on end, so with that in mind there should have been many other ways to participate in an action of this scale. One example is outreach to Douglas County to explain to local residents what a bunch of strange-looking travelers were doing out in their woods. This could have included a friendly, accessible "solidarity camp" in the Elliott outside of the closure zone.

What We Learned

Old-growth timber sales are still taking place in Oregon and BC, perhaps in other places, and some might soon need defense by direct action. It's important for those interested in future forest defense campaigns to learn from the

Continued on page 66



Crack Cake and Mono-pods: The Story of the Horse Butte Capture Facility Blockade

BY GRUMBLESOX

In the spring of 2004, the last remaining remnants of Wild Rockies Earth First! (WREF!), who were also members of Seeds of Peace, traveled to West Yellowstone, Montana, to visit the Buffalo Field Campaign (BFC) base camp. It was a rough year, with the Montana Department of Livestock capturing and killing scores of buffalo at their capture facility on Horse Butte.

When we got to camp, we learned that the 24-hour security, which had once guarded the Horse Butte Capture Facility, was no longer present. Soon thereafter, an affinity group meeting was held and we hatched a scheme: we would set up a mono-pod blockade inside the capture facility in order to directly halt the slaughter for as long as possible.

We had learned from past experiences that not

practicing set-ups of complicated structures can often lead to unpleasant results, so we rehearsed the action repeatedly in the draw behind the camp's main cabin. Scouts were sent to watch the facility overnight and to pick a pole. The report-back indicated that the facility was a sitting duck waiting for us to go into action.

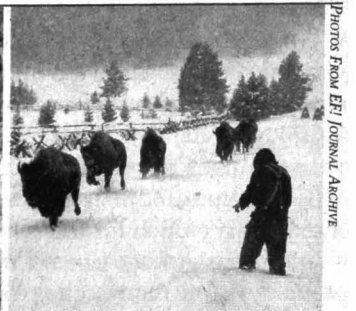
The next day, agents with the Department of Livestock arrived at their headquarters on Duck Creek. We knew we had to act that night, with buffalo now grazing on the spring grasses of Horse Butte. Plans were made, and a very special dessert fondly known as "crack cake" was prepared. Crack cake is only made for folks about to do an action. The ingredients include, but are not limited to, lots of chocolate, sugar, coffee grounds and mint. Crack cake is not to be eaten lightly or frivolously, as it has been known to cause people to,

for example, make barn yard animal sounds late into the night and stuff a person in a trashcan. Thus, it is only in the most dire of situations that this special dessert should be consumed.

After scarfing down the cake, the action team was dropped off at Horse Butte around 1 a.m. Several people headed to their positions to monitor the access points to the facility. The Forest Service gate received a new lock and a slash pile to boot. The rest of the group headed out to where we had stashed the pole. When we got to the stash site, we proceeded to rig the pole while the other team dug a hole for it in the center of the facility. Once they radioed in that the hole was done, we picked up the 500 lbs/35 foot pole and started lugging it the half mile back to the site. When we finally made it, we erected the mono-pod using a comealong,

Prusik hitches and people power, and anchored it to the capture facility. Our climber went up hauling a week's worth of supplies, and set up camp on a platform. The rest of us started a fire and drank hot coffee, waiting for the police.

When the cops finally showed up, they were, to say the least, displeased by the scene, and were further incensed when a herd of buffalo ran right past the facility. Several of us were well-known troublemakers with a history of arrests and agitation stretching back to the Cove/Mallard Campaign. A call was placed to the Nez Perce Forest Service Law Enforcement asking advice on how to deal with the mono-pod. The reply was a simple, "we don't know." The blockade stayed up for a whole week, with not a single buffalo captured or killed, and for the subsequent four years, Horse Butte remained a capture-free facility.



PHOTOS FROM EFF JOURNAL ARCHIVE

30 Pearls of Wisdom

Part I

BY MICK

Someday you may find yourself in a strange wild place far from your forest, and everyone in your camp is younger than your kids. If you're lucky, they won't roll you for your jar of moon. If you're really lucky, they'll put up with your unsought pearls of wisdom that dribble out around the fire between sips. And if the gods then laugh at you, your ego gets played by some nice young journalista, and now you have to actually produce something—like 30 or so bits of mollusk excreta that decades with the Earth First! mob has bestowed. I'm screwed. If you live long enough, this may happen to you.

For the Field

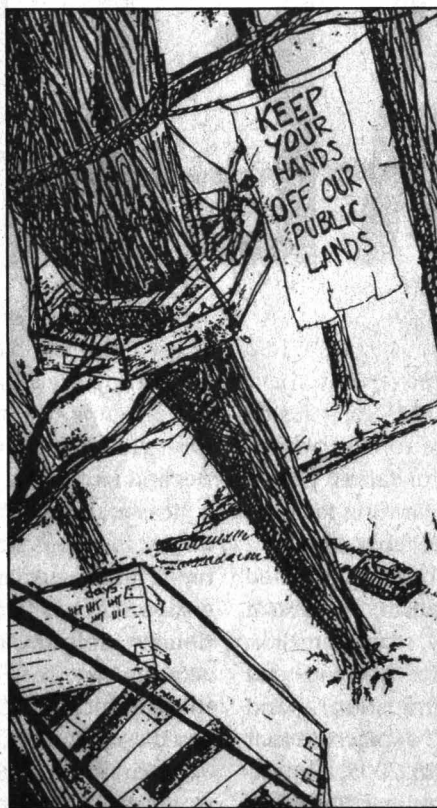
1) Cotton kills. I mean, if you have to deal with low temperatures, don't wear it. Especially if it is wet out or you're going to be sweating. Go to the Goodwill and find a bunch of wool (old guy) sweaters and wool trousers or get a job and buy polypropylene undies, by the way, goose down is only good when dry; if you are blocking a timber sale in Cascadia, wool or one of those nasty DuPont fibers like holofil [sic] are going to keep you healthy and your morale up.

2) Do not go backcountry in open-toed sandals! Really, it happens, and someone has to carry the idiot out. Except Hunter, who isn't really human anyway.

3) After a good night of digging, a flask of sour mash in someone's pocket is a welcome find.

4) Avoid the young logger who is tying up the laces on his Nikes after the crew has come upon your blockade. He's lettered in football and track.

5) After the plan has been blown to pieces, you've been chased about the timber harvest plan, and you are really dissatisfied about how decisions are being made (and who is



making them), do not insist on a process meeting while in the open, surrounded on three sides by roads. Or gimme a heads up and let me get a camera.

6) After humping nasty burdensome packs full of concrete miles across the back country of Idaho in the dead of night and digging big holes in the Noble Road to create a lockdown with a bunch of your friends and find your own sweet self up to yer nips in the roadbed, don't get a foot cramp and insist on being dug out.

7) If the temperature is nicely below freezing, pouring creek water across the giant wall of snow you put across the logging road will freeze it hard. If the temp is a bit above, you will have a half-ton slushie but the loggers will be unable to work because they are laughing so hard.

Social(ly Acceptable)Climbing

8) Yes, climbing is way cool, climbers are cool and the gear makes sexy clinks, but when you wear it away

from the climbing area and through the chow line, we think you're a dork (but still cute).

9) Don't leave your tree sit when you have something cooking on the stove! The Cascadians nearly burnt down the forest at Fall Creek when a propane stove and tank went up after one activist decided to traverse to a neighbor's tree while the tea water was on. Oh, the irony...

10) Always keep yer shit clipped in! Literally. At Winberry, a shit bucket came to earth hard as a reporter was being shown about; she was very impressed, commenting on the amount of fiber the activists were getting. And at one infamous sit the bucket emptied on an ascending activist. So climb with yer beak closed, too.

11) Never, ever unclip til yer tooties is in the duff! No matter how cool Julia B'Fly Hill made free climbing look bare-footin' in the arms of her granny-tree, this is how activists die! I've known a few and buried one. If you want to gut a campaign, fall out of a tree.

Camp Ettiket

12) Wash yer frickin' paws! We love the group kitchen, but in groups or as individuals, activists have been brought down by the itty-bitties by the hundreds. While a boring "Know Your Rights" workshop can be perked up by someone stepping away from the circle to puke, it disconcerts the civilians.

13) Make sure spike camp is at least as well fed as base camp or no one will go out there.

14) Maggots in your coral mushrooms are vegan. Trust me.

15) If you don't volunteer for the mess tent or late night security because you've been around so gosh-darn long, god will kill a kitten. You will be blamed.

You'll have to buy next issue to read the remaining 15 "Pearls of Wisdom," may they all aid to great actions!



AETA

The Animal
Enterprise
Terrorism
Act and the
Assault on
Academic
Freedom.

BY DAVID NAGUIB PELLOW

Radical Earth- and animal liberation movements have gained considerable visibility in recent years for causing significant property and economic damage to laboratories, slaughterhouses, power lines, ski resorts, fur farms, timber operations and industrial agricultural and farming facilities through arson, sabotage (ecotage), animal liberation and vandalism. More importantly, activists have questioned what they view as the violence of capitalism, speciesism and ecological destruction. Not surprisingly, state repression directed at these movements has intensified and included harassment, surveillance, infiltration, intimidation, grand jury subpoenas and imprisonment—a range of practices that have become known as the Green Scare. In 2005, government officials named radical Earth- and animal liberation movements as the number one domestic “terrorist” threat in the US.

Why would the nation state label animal- and Earth liberation activists “terrorists”? What does this have to do with academic freedom, and what is the broader social and political significance of the Green Scare for social movements and scholars who teach or do research on these issues or who work in solidarity with these groups?

Unlike other “terrorist” threats, the Earth- and animal liberation movements have thus far not killed a single person in the US. Rather, the focus is on property damage and producing economic losses in industries such as forestry and animal research. It is the emphasis on property damage that is perhaps the single most important factor driving state repression of these movements. In Congressional testimony, the Deputy Assistant Director of the FBI’s Counterterrorism Division explained, “From January 1990 to June 2004, animal and environmental rights extremists have claimed credit for more than 1,200 criminal incidents, resulting in millions of dollars in damage and monetary loss.... We are committed to working with our partners to disrupt and dismantle these movements and to bring to justice those who commit crime in the name of animal or environmental rights.”

Another response to the success of these movements was the 2006 Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act (AETA), which makes it not only unlawful, but a crime of “terrorism” to harm the profits of an industry whose products are primarily

based on the use of animals (extending the 1992 Animal Enterprise Protection Act). This “harm” to industry can include boycotting, picketing and any other form of constitutionally protected protest that leads to a drop in revenue for businesses like furriers, circuses, animal research testing laboratories and farms. The AETA also criminalizes actions that instill a “reasonable fear” in animal enterprise employees or their family members, thus further expanding an already overly broad and vague law. Thus, the AETA effectively brands civil disobedience as “terrorism” and does the same with constitutionally protected activities like free speech. Thus far, several activists have been indicted, charged and imprisoned under this law, including Scott DeMuth, a Twin Cities, Minnesota-based anarchist and sociology graduate student.

If part of what state repression is about is an effort to control the production and application of dissident knowledge and ideas, then it stands to reason that a central focus of that work will be on the university, where knowledge of social justice movements is often taught and researched, and where social movements frequently gain significant strength in membership and leadership from student and faculty bodies. This points to the critical need for the preservation and protection of academic freedom—which I define as the freedom for scholars to teach, research, write, think and act as political beings within the guidelines of relevant professional standards and ethics, and without intimidation or censorship (see Anthony Nocella, Steven Best and Peter McLaren’s book *Academic Repression* for more information on this). Unfortunately, academic repression has become commonplace in the US, as scholars are increasingly censored, disciplined, harassed, and sometimes fired and jailed for expressing critical, dissenting, or controversial views. Rik Scarce’s case is perhaps most immediately relevant. Scarce, a Professor of Sociology at Skidmore College in New York, spent five months in jail for contempt of court when he refused to testify to a grand jury in 1990 regarding an investigation of an unsolved break-in at an animal research and testing lab. He refused to testify on the grounds that his confidentiality agreements associated with academic research protected him and his research participants just as shield laws do for journalists.

In November 2009, Scott DeMuth was jailed for contempt

of court, since he refused to answer questions posed to him by a federal grand jury in Davenport, Iowa. They were interested in questioning him about his knowledge of an unsolved Animal Liberation Front (ALF) action in 2004 at the University of Iowa. DeMuth is a University of Minnesota graduate student, a Dakota language student, and a Twin Cities anarchist involved in eco-prisoner support and indigenous decolonization politics. He took a principled stand against the grand jury and paid for it with a contempt charge and, two days later, a charge of conspiracy under the AETA. He is believed to have information on who might have committed the University of Iowa raid, since he has been researching and interviewing social movement activists for years.

In 2010, the state issued another indictment against DeMuth, charging him with involvement in an ALF fur farm raid in Minnesota in 2006. In a motion to the judge seeking a revocation of DeMuth's release from jail, the Assistant US State's Attorney Clifford Cronk wrote, "Defendant's writings, literature, and conduct suggest that he is an anarchist and associated with the ALF movement. Therefore, he is a domestic terrorist." In other words, DeMuth's ideas, beliefs, his constitutionally protected political activities (such as volunteering with an eco-political prisoner support group), and his alleged affiliations were sufficient for the state to brand him a "terrorist."

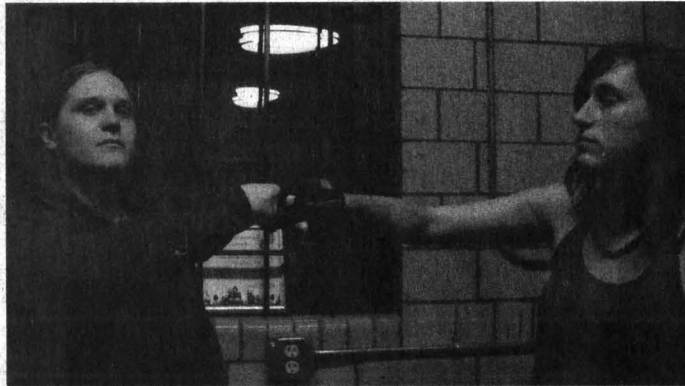
In September, DeMuth accepted a non-cooperating plea deal for misdemeanor conspiracy, which calls for up-to-six months imprisonment, to begin in January 2011 (he could have faced years in prison if convicted of the Iowa action).

Unfortunately, the federal government did not stop with him. They soon contacted me, his advisor, for information about DeMuth and about my own research on Earth- and animal liberation movements. The FBI and Department of Justice requested information about the identities of participants in my research study, but I refused to cooperate.

A number of concerned activist-scholars—including me—recently started a group called Scholars for Academic Justice, a support network for scholars facing threats to their academic and personal freedom. We initially organized around Scott DeMuth's case but have now grown to become a national network supporting threatened scholars around the US, which often involves professors whose work is viewed as a threat to state or corporate interests. One scholar we are currently supporting is Ricardo Dominguez. He is an artist and scholar at the University of California, San Diego whose tenure came under fire after he coordinated a virtual sit-in at the University of California Office of the President alongside student protests, concerning racially motivated hate crimes on and around the UCSD campus. Dominguez is co-founder of The Electronic Disturbance Theater (EDT), a group that developed Virtual Sit-In technologies in solidarity with the

Zapatista communities in Chiapas, Mexico. The EDT recently developed the Transborder Immigrant Tool—a GPS cell phone safety net tool for crossing the Mexico/US border—and has been denounced by politicians for this.

There is a long history of academic repression directed at renowned activist-scholars in the US. We need only remember



Scott DeMuth and co-defendant Carrie Feldman. Both were subpoenaed to a grand jury in November, 2009; both refused to testify.

Photo courtesy Scott and Carrie Support Committee

that WEB DuBois was essentially run out of the country for his political work years ago, and in the last few years Norman Finkelstein, Ward Churchill, Ignacio Chapela, Tariq Ramadan and many others have faced firings, threats to tenure, denials of work visas and countless other insults for teaching, writing, and speaking out about social injustices

here and globally.

The university is a key site for freedom of expression and political work. It is a cornerstone of a free society and an important site for social movement formation and critical education, which is precisely why we see student groups and faculty members under surveillance.

My conclusion is that the state views animal and Earth liberation activists as "terrorists" because 1) their *ideas* constitute a threat to the core cultural, political and economic values embodied in the concept of property; 2) they threaten the market imperative to colonize all forms of life; 3) their rejection of hierarchy represents a threat to the broader social order rooted in speciesism, white supremacy, classism and heteropatriarchy; and 4) because, to a large extent, this is not about these movements at all: imposing state repression on these activists sends a strong disciplinary message to the general public to remain complacent.

The general body of law used to label today's Earth and animal liberation activists as "terrorists" has also been used to do the same to or to oppress indigenous peoples, people of color, immigrants, LGBTQ folk, labor rights activists, anarchists, communists, feminists, journalists, peace activists, sex workers and anyone else who dared to think or act in ways that might pose a threat to the social order (see, for example the 1903, 1917, 1918 and 1952 federal immigration laws and the 1798 Enemy Alien Act, among others). And since state repression often involves knowledge production and suppression, university scholars studying or expressing solidarity with freedom movements logically become targets of punishment as well. This includes scholars studying environmental and animal rights movements, and scholars across a range of other fields. Therefore these movements and scholars have common cause with a large swath of humanity that has also been criminalized, oppressed and excluded. That's a lot of people and a lot of potential for building freedom movements.

David Naguib Pellow is professor of sociology at the University of Minnesota. Further information on Scholars for Academic Justice can be found at SCHOLARSFORACADEMICJUSTICE.ORG

Buck Wild and Buck Naked: Jail Solidarity Gets Interesting

By MAX

As we were taken away on the police bus, our heavy bladders finally gave way. Then we started to sing. My fellow arrestees and I had spent all day basking in the Florida sun, blocking the entrance to the Florida Power and Light construction site, cutting access to what was promised to be the largest fossil-fuel power plant in the US, right on the border of the Everglades and the Loxahatchee Wildlife Refuge.

Before the lockdown, we decided on a strategy of total non-cooperation upon arrest. We went limp for the most part, and withheld all our personal information. When nature called, many of the lockdown crew wet themselves. Once we arrived at



the stockade, the police refused clean clothes to the freezing arrestees. Most of the crew got naked in protest, chanting, "Some clothes or no clothes," in solidarity. At this point there were over two dozen "Jane and John Smiths" divided amongst four holding cells, jumping around naked and making tons of noise, carving "Circle-As" in their bologna sandwiches and sticking them to the cell windows in a hunger strike act of Hamarchy. The sheriff's deputies tried to keep track



of us by assigning each of us numbers written with permanent marker on our bodies. Fortunately, our comrades were there with a little sweat and spit to rub the marks off our necks, adding to the confusion.

After a couple hours of this, the guards started taking us in twos and threes to be questioned and photographed in the makeshift officers' lounge. Here I was, handcuffed and naked, standing alongside two other comrades in their birthday suits, while we laughed our asses off, with the dozen or so sheriff's deputies staring in dismay. Some of us were smacked around a bit, glasses were purposely smashed, and one arrestee was punched in the face, but we defiantly cracked jokes at all of their questions, unwilling to succumb to their brutality. At one point an officer broke down, and snorted out that "this [was] the most ridiculous thing [he'd] ever seen," and said "it must be very intimidating to be naked in a room full of officers." I told him, on the contrary, it was one of my biggest fantasies. The cops were freaked.

We were eventually transported to the county jail, where we kept up the antics for as long as we had the energy. When they tried to divide us

into separate cells, we dragged all our mattresses into the cafeteria and had a rebellious slumber party. We got cheers from the prisoners in surrounding cell blocks who had seen us on the evening news.

Max, one of the RNC 8, is in the middle of a lengthy court battle against state repression for his organizing efforts around the 2008 Republican National Convention in Minneapolis. He freezes his ass off six months out of the year in the cold North and he's proud of it. He is currently unionizing his co-workers at Jimmy Johns.





This article first appeared in the March 6, 2008 *Sun Sentinel*, one of the widest circulated newspapers in South Florida. It is a well articulated (if not just a bit hyperbolic) capitalist response to an Earth First! road blockade of a power plant construction site following the 2008 Organizers Conference in the Everglades. (see previous page) We thought you might appreciate his interpretation of who we are.

PROTESTING THE PROTESTERS

Show militant protesters who's the boss

By JOHN R. SMITH



SMITH

Like an alien force of lawless troglodytes bent on destruction, the "ecoterrorists" swept into our county again last week.

Yes, we saw a gathering of "CAVE" people, Citizens Against Virtually Everything, environmental anarchists who would like to be gravedancers on capitalism's tomb. They came to disrupt and kick out police car windows. Locking arms inside duct-taped tubes, chanting obscenities, snarling traffic, they came, in their words, to "bring down the Earth-brutalizing capitalism machine."

Just what we need in our county, a gaggle of in-your-face anarchists, infamous for strewing rotten garbage on carpets and urinating in front of children. The sheriff lugged 27 law-breakers off to jail. That's a place some of these radical greens are accustomed to, since some have past criminal histories.

These are not gentle environmentlists; they are hoodlums bent on destruction. This is not a band of noble crusaders; they are militants who pride themselves in smelling bad.

The authorities should demand restitution and fines from these intruders, for the stalled traffic that kept workers from earning

wages and for the \$100,000 in police costs to taxpayers. If they won't pay, then let their records going forward be stained with criminal convictions, a fair swap for these people's outrageous disruption of the lives and occupations of others.

But the real danger here is that we will simply dismiss these militants as deranged anarchists pushing a radical environmental agenda. There is something far more insidious and dark at stake. These people want to take a concern for planet Earth and turn it into fury and violence against corporate America and against man's means of survival.

Their bottom-line targets are much deeper—they don't want America to prosper. They don't want industrial civilization to succeed. They work against scientists and businesspeople who transform jungles and deserts and back country to support mankind's existence. These radical revolutionaries have no interest in human progress and healthier, happier, longer lives, because they believe that man is the enemy who "exploits" nature. Because technology and science improve life on Earth, they are evil and must be destroyed. Because man supports industrial progress and scientific achievement, man is fighting a return to nature. Therefore, man is the enemy, along with technological advancement.

That's what we're up against, folks: environmental militants who have zero interest in human progress and the improvement of industrialized civilization. If necessary, many of these hard-core saboteurs are prepared to reach their goals by force.

So, next time you see these militants locking arms, trespassing, blocking roads or chanting topless, don't think, "America is a wonderful country to allow that sort of freedom of expression." While that's true, the more accurate reaction is, "These people are at war with me, trying to dismantle my way of life and destroy my values. These worshippers of wilderness want to take me back to an agrarian society with no industry or electricity. They want an untouched world, undisturbed by human beings."

Our choice is to defend our way of life in Palm Beach County against attack, or let them turn the United States into a collapsed, non-industrialized civilization. The message that civilized people must send is that protesters who break the law, behave uncivilized, and disrupt the lives and values of others, are unwelcome here.

John R. Smith is chairman of Palm Beach County's BizPac and owner of a financial services company.



Razing Arizona: the ecological battle against borders

By EF! JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

"One of the key concepts of bioregionalism is that modern political boundaries have no relationship to natural ecological provinces. Bioregionalists argue that human society—and therefore, politics and economics—should be based on natural ecosystems. They find affinity with Indian tribes and with Basque, Welsh and Kurdish separatists, and have no sympathy with the modern nation-state, empire or multinational corporation."

—DAVE FOREMAN, *CONFESSIONS OF AN ECO-WARRIOR*

Foreman, who is now listed as a leader with the newly-formed anti-immigrant group Apply The Brakes (ATB), couldn't have strayed much farther from the position his 1991 autobiography took on borders. Meanwhile, the Earth First! movement that Foreman co-founded has deepened its anti-border stance.

In moving to Arizona at the turn of the century, the *Earth First! Journal* immediately began addressing borders as a simultaneous tragedy of ecological and social devastation and expressing solidarity with migrant people and indigenous borderlands communities—including Journalistas engaging in on-the-ground humanitarian aid work in the deserts, support for O'odham struggles and No Borders Camp organizing.

In the wake of new anti-immigrant, pro-border policies such as Homeland Security's "Secure Communities" Initiative nationwide and the passage of Arizona's SB 1070 (known as the "papers please" law), we at the *Journal* feel it's more important than ever to continue supporting resistance to the border and the ongoing Manifest Destiny mindset it represents.

The following are excerpts from past *Journal* articles covering border issues, spanning from 2001 to today.

Drawn in Blood

From the first EF! Journal produced in Tucson, Arizona, Beltane 2001, "Borders Drawn in Blood," by Juan Dolor



EF! Journal editor at blockade of Sheriff Arpaio's jail, July 2010

Historically, US policies have defined Latin America as its backyard for dumping wastes and for expropriating cultures, labor and environmental resources. Modern "free trade" policies equate to policies of death; deaths caused by the increased militarization of the US/Mexico border. "Free trade" means that the border becomes more open to the flow of merchandise, resources and money, and it becomes more closed to the people that are forced north because of these policies. The Border Patrol's current policies of forcing immigrants into remote and dangerous desert regions are directly responsible for the hundreds of immigrant deaths that occur every year. The death toll is expected to rise as US economic policies and international trade agreements such as NAFTA and the WTO increasingly destroy the lives and livelihoods of hundreds of millions of people in Mexico, Central America and South America. The "war on drugs" is a convenient excuse to further militarize the border and wage low-intensity war on immigrants, Mexican/Chicano border communities and the environment....

Among the wide variety of abuses heaped on our desert environments—rock mining, livestock grazing, off-road vehicle abuse and groundwater pumping—the militarization of the borderland may present the greatest threat facing the desert today.

The World Down Here

From Samhain/Yule 2005, 25th Anniversary edition, "The World Looks Different from Down Here," by Ben Pachano

Here in the Sonoran Desert, the Border cuts a physical and psychological scar across the landscape. It's obvious in some places—in the Berlin-Wall-style barrier that divides the sister cities of Nogales, Arizona, and Nogales, Sonora; in the Border Patrol SUVs that cruise the desert and man the checkpoints; in the piles of discarded water bottles and abandoned backpacks, dehydrated bodies and beaten dreams. In other places, you see its influence by looking just a little harder—it's in the dark-skinned laborers building luxury and tract homes; in the strident political rhetoric over border vigilantes and anti-immigrant ballot propositions; in the faces of saguaros and O'odham, who remind us that they were a part of this land long before an Atlantic crossing was even a gleam in the eye of that incompetent Italian.

In the Borderlands, there's always a war staring you in the face. On one side, the paramilitary force called the Border Patrol stands arrayed with its helicopters, Hummers and ATVs; on the other side, more than 3,000 desperately poor migrants dead since 1994; in the middle, the fragile landscape of the Sonoran Desert. [Editors' note: According to the Arizona Daily Star, near 1,300 people have died in Arizona alone, as of August 2010, since this article was originally published.]

So how is this different than the wars in inner cities, old-growth forests or Appalachian mountains? Because on the Border you can see with startling clarity that the divisions between ecological, social and indigenous struggles are an illusion, just one more tactic used by the powerful to divide our energy and split our focus. You see that EF!ers should not be "incorporating" social justice or "adding" anti-racism to our organizing; if those things are not al-

Photo by Anita Surkeskian, courtesy Puente Movement AZ

ready inextricably connected to our actions in defense of the Earth, then our ecology is too damn shallow....

Fortunately, EF! is not an environmental movement, but a deep ecology movement. And deep ecology is the truest of social movements, because it encompasses all of our social worlds—the worlds of families and lovers, plants and animals, predators and prey. Deep ecology demands love and respect in every relationship between every living being. So as true deep ecologists, we will inevitably find ourselves working on causes that some view as “social” or perhaps even “human triviality.”

In fact, we are just rediscovering what so many Americans before us have known—the secret of being fully human.

Up With Spring!

From Lughnasadh, 2006, “Down with Borders, Up with Spring,” by Panagiotti. This article also included “Digging the Dirt on Eco-Xenophobia,” a feature which highlighted several anti-immigrant environmentalists, including Garrett Hardin, John Tanton, Ben Zuckerman, Roy Beck and their affiliations

In response to the US House of Representatives passing bill HR4437—which would further criminalize undocumented immigrants and make solidarity work unlawful—an unprecedented wave of protests began in Los Angeles, California, in March. By April 10, nearly two million people took to the streets in more than 100 cities and towns around the country. On May Day—the international labor holiday and pagan cross-quarter day also known as Beltane—tens of millions of immigrants, activists and allies in over 200 cities turned out. Several states experienced multimillion-dollar losses, including an estimated \$200 million in Los Angeles alone....

Where does the radical ecology movement stand on immigration and border militarization issues today? What do the recent immigrant mobilizations mean for EF!?

We are not just looking for what preserves biodiversity, but also what brings down the empires that are suffocating the planet.... The US Empire isn't falling because of any “invasion along the border.” It's crumbling from being faced with its own greed, indifference and precariously unsustainable industrial foundation... and it's our work to ensure that its fall is as ecological, liberating and permanent as possible. Cross-border solidarity and anti-border struggle are a crucial part of that effort.

The Breaks

From September 2, 2010, “Greens, Wars and Migration,” published online in the Earth First! Newswire, by the EF! Journal Collective in a simultaneous response to the Discovery Channel hostage-taking by an anti-immigrant environmentalist and an earlier letter written by Captain Paul Watson, of Sea Shephaerd, defending Apply The Brakes (ATB)

Watson's letter states: “By the way I'm all for unrestricted immigration by wolves, bears, fish, birds and any other non-exotic formally native species wishing to return home.”

When's the last time Paul was in the borderlands? Does he know that they've been building and expanding massive walls across the desert for almost 20 years; that Audubon and Sierra Club lawsuits against construction of the wall in sensitive areas of Texas and Arizona were thrown

out of federal court for the same “national security” reasons hailed by ATB?

The last known jaguar in the southwestern US was killed last year. State biologists say it doesn't matter, because they'll never live here again anyway. They're right—militarization and border wall expansion will likely ensure that a Mexican jaguar never makes it to this end of their range again.

If you're not worried about jaguars, how about endangered pygmy owls and Sonoran Pronghorn antelope in Arizona, fat-tailed horned lizard and peninsular bighorn sheep in California, the gray wolf in New Mexico; Big Bend National Park, Cabeza Prieta National Refuge, Organ Pipe National Monument, the San Pedro River and the Rio Grande, all bisected by the border ATB praises?

Stephen Mumme, an expert on borderland ecology at Colorado State University says that current border policy presents an extremely high threat to biodiversity, “right up there with the most serious and long-term adverse consequences for the environment created by humankind—right up there with the worst instances of urbanization, the worst instances of damming up our rivers.”

Desert ecologist Daniel Patterson, of the Center for Biological Diversity, has said “the only living things the walls won't stop are people.”

Freedom of Movement for All

Today, we find much of the debate is over. There is no way to be a committed biocentrist in support of a colonial border regime, walls through bioregions and the fortification of a police state intended to keep the current system intact.

In our effort to form an appropriate response to end the war against the Earth, where will we search for allies—among right-wing elitist think tanks or among ground-level movements of people facing off with power?

It's been an easy choice for us.

In solidarity with the wild & for full freedom of movement to all species, the EF! Journal Collective commits to continue the work of immigrant solidarity from its new home in Florida.

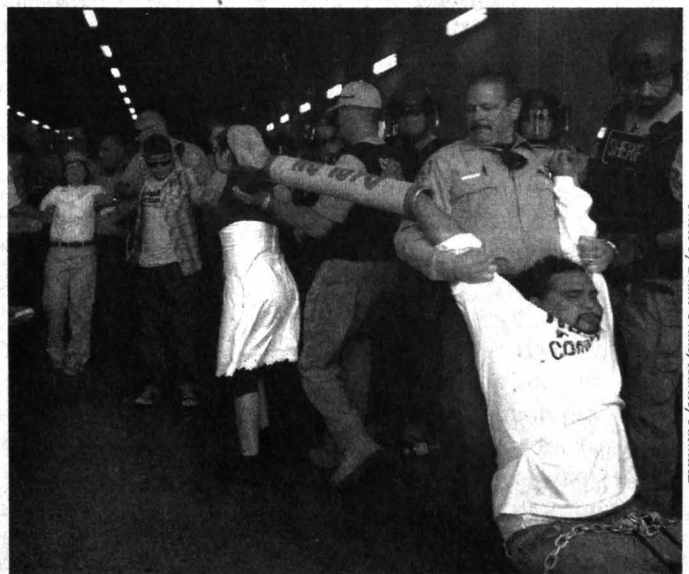


Photo by Diane O'Neill, courtesy PuertoAZ

“We will not comply.”

We Are Not Compliant People...

BY OFELIA RIVAS

Ofelia Rivas released a statement to the National Guard before they were deployed to the US/Mexico border in Arizona.

To the United States National Guard arriving in O'odham Lands,

We are not compliant people, we are people with great dignity and confidence. We are a people of endurance and have a long survival history. We are people that have lived here for thousands of years. We have our own language, we have our own culture and traditions.

You are coming to my land, you may find me walking on my land, sitting on my land and just going about my daily life. I might be sitting on the mountain top, do not disturb me, I am praying the way my ancestors did for thousands of years. I might be out collecting what may be strange to you, but it might be food to me or medicine for me.

Sometimes I am going to the city to get a burger or watch a movie or just to resupply my kitchen and refrigerator. Some of us may live very much like you do, and some of us live very simple lives. Some of us may not have computers or scanners or televisions or a vehicle, but some of us do.

The other thing is that some of us are light-skinned O'odham, and some of us are darker-skinned O'odham. Some of us spend a lot of time indoors or outdoors. Sometimes my mother might be of a different Nation or sometimes our father is Spanish or we may have some European grandmother or grandfather.

If you want to question who we are, we all have learned to carry our Tohono O'odham Nation Tribal ID Card. It is a federally issued card, which is recognized by the federal government, which is your boss. This card identifies us, and by law this is the only requirement needed to prove who we are. We do not have United States passports, because most of us were born at home and do not have documents, but that does not make us "undocumented people." Your boss,

the Department of Homeland Security, and the government of the Tohono O'odham Nation have negotiated an agreement which is, our tribal ID card is our identification card and no other document is required.

The O'odham, or the People as we call ourselves, have been here to witness the eruption of volcanoes that formed the lands we live on. We have special places that hold our great-great-great-great great grandparents' remains. Our lands are spe-

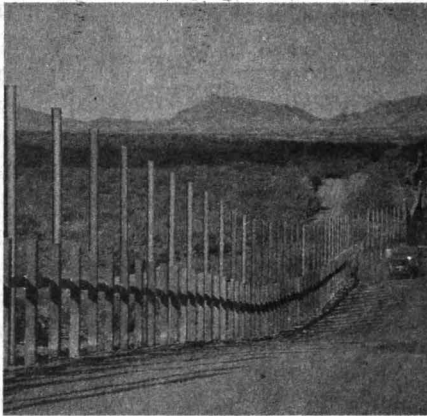


Photo courtesy: interculturalheritage.org

cial and holy places to us. Some of us still make journeys to these places to pray. Some of these places hold holy objects that maintain specific parts of our beliefs. When you see us out on the land do not assume we are in the drug business or human smuggling business. Sometimes we are out on the land hunting for rabbits or deer or javelina to feed our families. We may be carrying a hunting weapon; please do not harm me, my family loves me and depends on me.

When you are out on our land, be mindful that you are visitors on our lands, be respectful, be courteous and do not harm anything.

Sometimes you may see us gather all night long, dancing and sometimes we are crying loudly, do not approach us or disturb us in any way, we are honoring a dead relative and preparing them for burial. Sometimes we are conducting a healing ceremony out on the land, do not approach us or disturb us. Sometimes we may be singing and dancing all night long,

these are our ceremonies that we have conducted for thousands of years. We are not behaving in a suspicious nature, this is our way of life.

As original people of the lands, we honor everything on our lands, and we regard all as a part of our sacred lives. Do not kill any plants and animals or people on our lands. Do not litter our lands with your trash. When we visit other peoples' lands and cities and homes, we do not litter or leave behind trash.

If I seem like I do not understand what you are saying, please call the Tohono O'odham Police and ask for an O'odham-speaking officer to come and assist you. I might be laughing at you if you talk to me in English, I don't know what you are saying, and I am laughing out of nervousness and fear, because you are armed.

If you are afraid of us and draw your weapons on me, I am more afraid of you, because I am unarmed, and my family is in the vehicle with me, or they are in my house when you come into my house. Sometimes my house might be in poor condition, but it is my home, it is my sanctuary, be respectful. Sometime there are elders in my house that are already afraid of armed people in our communities such as the border patrol and other federal agents.

Do not treat us like criminals.

We might call you killers and murderers, as you just came from killing people. To the O'odham you are a dangerous person, to walk onto our lands bringing fresh death on your person is very destructive to us as a people. You may have diseases we do not know, illnesses of your mind that you might inflict on us. Please do not approach us if you are afflicted with fresh death.

Remember, we do not want you on our lands, we did not invite you to our lands.

Do remember that we have invited allies that will be witnessing your conduct on our lands and how you treat our people.

From the O'odham Lands,
— Ofelia Rivas

An Interview with Ofelia Rivas



Photo by R. Furtado

As a traditional O'odham, Ofelia speaks on behalf of the Traditional O'odham Leaders, the council of O'odham communities on the southern O'odham territories, and carries the words of the ceremonial leaders to unite our common efforts to stay strong. She has represented the O'odham as part of La Otra Campaña and the World People's Summit on Climate Change in Cochabamba, Bolivia. "These are the places that hold strength," she says. "[I] was very fortunate to be at these places." Campaigns such as VOICE Against the WALL and Stop the Dump have involved solidarity demonstrations across the state of Arizona including EF'ers, indigenous peoples and other activists. We were very fortunate to interview her for the 30th Anniversary.

Q: Would you please tell us about the O'odham VOICE Against the WALL and your role in the organization?

A: I am the founder of O'odham VOICE Against the WALL, which organized in 2003 to combat the crisis on the border on O'odham lands. O'odham territory extends across this international border with existing communities on both sides. With armed aggression and violence, the Border Patrol agents were holding elders and community leaders and ceremony leaders at gunpoint on our traditional routes which cross this international boundary. We formed a youth group, which became the O'odham Youth Movement, to support our documentation and to seek resources to document the harassment of the O'odham. This group, through Kevin Jose, actively supported the traditional O'odham Leaders, the community of Cu:Wi I-gersk and the indigenous school at Quitovac. The O'odham Youth Movement held the Punk Fest to raise funds. My role has been

to support the Traditional O'odham Leaders that uphold the *Him'dag*, our way of life. In organizing O'odham VOICE Against the WALL, my role became a voice and presence for the traditional people in local and national



Art by Penelope Rosenmont

and international forums on O'odham rights.

Q: Can you elaborate on the connection between indigenous heritage and the environment?

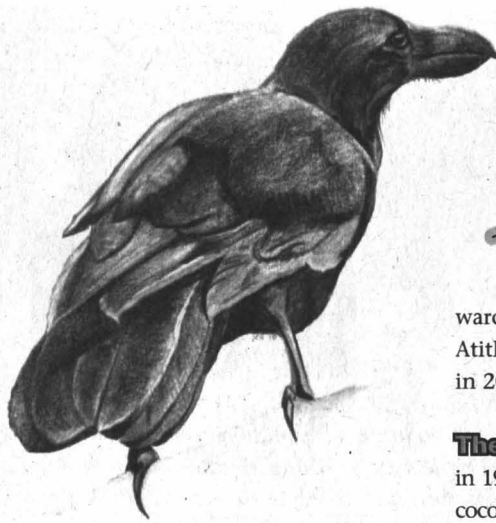
A: The O'odham oral history has been told and re-

told since the beginning of the world. The O'odham have maintained the universal balance through ceremonies and sacred offerings. The O'odham way of life is connected to everything in the universe, and is an essential part of everything in the universe. We have conducted ceremonies since time immemorial to the entire universe. We do not separate ourselves from our plant relatives, or our four-legged relatives, the stars and moons or the very Earth we walk on.

This way of life includes what is called the environment and what has been happening to Mother Earth, caused by hungry elites and governments controlled by the few elites as well as the people of the Earth that have fallen away from their human obligations of respect and honor.

This has caused such an imbalance which impacts everything in the universe. On O'odham Lands the water is contaminated by mining, the lands have been overrun by Border Patrol agents. This destruction has altered the way of life of the O'odham. The people are afraid to travel freely on the lands to harvest cactus fruits and annual plants which they have for thousands of years. The lands have become hungry and lonely for the O'odham footsteps and the O'odham language, songs of encouragement and appreciation.

As in many parts of the world, the displacement and relocation of original peoples who honored their obligations in ceremonies and language and songs has left a void of neglect and loneliness. Should things continue on this course of destruction, the silence will cause the O'odham lands to die away. Genocide is systematic and deliberate. The fear tactics used to close the eyes and ears of the people make it so that even when they are screaming, nothing is heard.



Species Obituary

BY AGUAMALA
ART BY K BUNNY

Of the millions of species that have perished over the years, the *Journal* dedicates these pages to name just a few that have left us in the last 30 years. Though much larger lists exist, none can ever be complete. The roll call of species sacrificed on the altar of industrial civilization grows by at least six organisms every hour.

The Pyrenean Ibex, a kind of wild goat, once ranged the Pyrenees mountains from France to Spain, spreading through the Basque region, Navarre, Aragon and Catalonia. The last of its kind, a female named Celia, died under a fallen tree in 2000. Her only companion for much of her life had died one year before from old age. In an odd bit of scientific madness, the Pyrenean Ibex is also the only species to have become momentarily "unextinct" in 2009 when a cloned female, extracted from the DNA of Celia, was born and lived for seven minutes before dying of breathing complications.

The Atitlan Grebe was a large, flight-impaired bird endemic to Lake Atitlan in Guatemala. Their diet consisted almost entirely of crab until the introduction of largemouth bass into the lake. The Grebes were well known locally for their very elaborate and dramatic mating rituals. Their extinction has been linked to reed cutting along breeding sites, loss of habitat through tourist development, falling lake levels, and the murder of the game

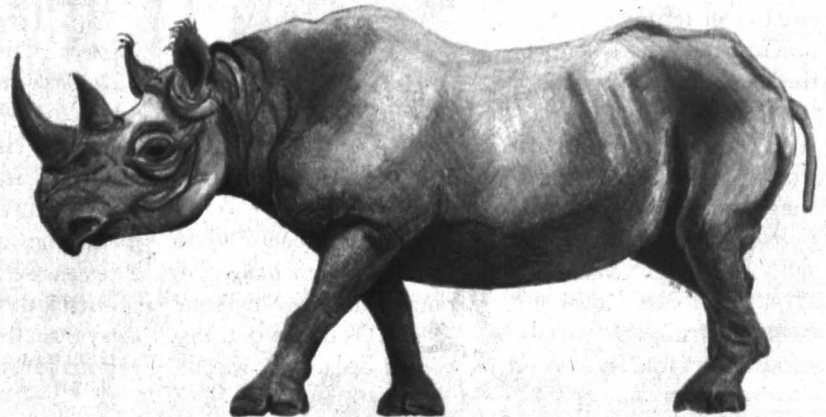
warden of the national park around Lake Atitlan. The species was declared extinct in 2008.

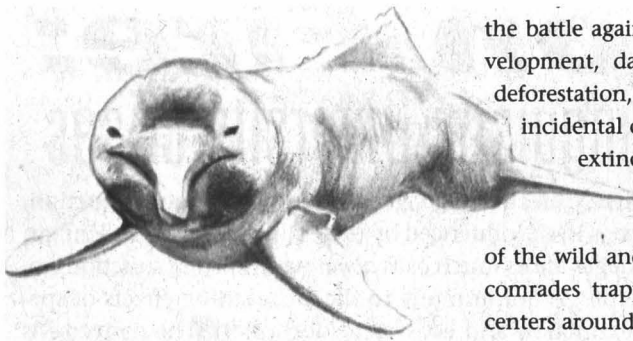
The Levuana Moth was declared extinct in 1996. It was considered by many a pest to coconut plantations in its home in Fiji and as stowaways of commercial traffic in other tropical islands. A biological control program, (aka, ecocidal psychopathology) helped strip the Earth of the beautiful blue moth.

The West African Black Rhino, sometimes nick-named "Hooked-lip rhino," was native to northern Cameroon, where they enjoyed their favorite habitats: bushy plains, rugged hills and scrub lands. They were declared extinct in 2006. We fondly remember these shy and solitary creatures with the prehensile lip. We'll forever miss the funny way in which they would attack trees, rocks and the tourist Jeeps of yuppy eco-adventurers by mistake due to their poor eyesight. They were inspiring and wonderful mothers, known for being very affectionate towards their young. The Earth will miss their characteristic way of feeding, which had an effect like pruning shears and served a very important role in their habitat (as heavy browsers), restricting woody plants from over-growing, and thus allowing for grasses to grow, providing food for many other animals of the plains. They were amazing and inspiring

creatures and a huge piece of our hearts and of the world is forever gone with them. Poachers hunted the animals for decades for their horns to supply markets in Yemen and Asia, where they are believed by some to possess aphrodisiacal and medicinal powers. Our eyes, hearts and actions now turn to the African Northern White Rhino, who are also looking extinction in the face. Ground and aerial surveys of their last known holdout, in Garamba National Park in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, identified just four Northern White Rhinos left.

The 'Alala, a large, dark and heavy-billed Hawaiian crow, last lived in harmony with their habitat in the Kona Forest of Hakalau National Wildlife Refuge, where they upheld their important role in the delicate balance of their biodiverse home (previously they were also found in wet 'ohi'a-koa forest, scrub, and rangelands). The planet will miss and mourn the omnivorous 'Alala who were especially fond of the fruit of native understory plants, but also greatly enjoyed invertebrates, eggs and nestlings of other forest birds, as well as nectar, flowers and carrion. These mysterious crows were rather secretive, often detected first by their strange-sounding calls, but sometimes seen flying high above the forest. Like other crows, the 'Alala were raucous, gregarious and





vocal. Individuals were known to form long-term pair bonds (but extra-pair copulations had also been observed), and both sexes participated in nest construction. The small, wild community decreased dramatically in past decades, declining from 11 or 12 birds in 1992 to just two individuals as of April 2002. They lost their battle against habitat destruction due to logging and agriculture, severe degradation of native plant life by introduced pigs, predation by introduced rats and mongoose, avian malaria and pox diseases transmitted by introduced mosquitoes, hunting, and susceptibility to *Toxoplasmosis* (carried by feral cats). The 'Alala were declared extinct in 2004. Historically, at least five crow species occurred in Hawaii and the 'Alala were the last surviving. A part of all living beauty and inspiration dies with them. They will be greatly missed.

The Baiji Dolphin was endemic to the fresh-waters of the Yangtze River in China. Nicknamed "Goddess of the Yangtze," the Baiji were included in Chinese records dating back 2,000 years. The Baiji is remembered as an easily frightened and shy creature and a devourer of long, eel-like catfish. Left behind to mourn are their close friends, the Finless Porpoise, with whom the Baiji shared a special bond. Before extinction the two species swam together and bonded in friendship. We will never forget their beautiful, thin, long nose—turned up at the end. Sadly, the Baiji lost



the battle against pollution, industrial development, dam construction, riverbank deforestation, overfishing, hunting and incidental capture—they were declared extinct in 2006. Their spirit lives on in our resistance as we attempt to save what's left of the wild and our dearly loved cetacean comrades trapped in aquatic amusement centers around the world.

The Holdridge's Toad was a peculiar little black toad once endemic to Heredia's Chompipe Mountain Range in Costa Rica. The universe will forever miss their rugged, bumpy skin and bright orange-and-black markings. They always did things their own way. Their extinction in 2007 leaves a hole of sorrow surrounded by mystery. They were deaf and mute, a very strange trait among frogs—unlike most species, they did not communicate through noise, which means that they emitted no call or song. According to experts, this only makes sense if the species developed in an area with so much noise that other forms of communication were necessary. Mysteriously, the Chompipe Mountain environment is not loud, and is the only area where these peculiar toads were ever found. The Earth will sadly

never again see another mating frenzy of raucous, passionate toad assemblies.

Aguamala is a radical criollita from Los Teques, Venezuela. She is an organizer with Everglades Earth First! and an editor on the Earth First! Journal Collective. In her spare time she speaks with crows, outrinks her redneck comrades and cries with the ferocity of a soul at odds with the Earth-brutalizing industrialism machine. She has also worked on campaigns against borders and racism, and stands up to patriarchy and speciesism all day long.

A Small Cross Section of Species Extinctions 1979-2010

- Alaotra grebe (2010) Madagascar
- Madeiran large white butterfly (2007) Portuguese Archipelago
- Po'ouli bird (2004) Hawaii
- Spix macaw (2004) Brazil
- Australian gastric-brooding frog (2002)
- Southern day frog (2002) Australia
- Zanzibar leopard (1996) Tanzania
- Saint Croix racer (1994) Virgin Islands
- Lake Tahoe benthic stonefly (1994) California, Nevada
- Ochlockonee moccasinshell (1993) Florida, Georgia
- White catspaw mollusk (1993) US Midwest
- Fresno kangaroo rat (1992) California
- Chiricahua mudwort (1992) Arizona, New Mexico
- Four-angled palea flower (1991) Hawaii
- Curtus's pearly mussel (1990) Alabamba, Mississippi
- Golden toad (1989) Costa Rica
- Little aguja pondweed (1989) Texas
- Amak Island song sparrow (1988) Alaska
- Cuyamaca raspberry (1988) California
- Dusky seaside sparrow (1987) Florida
- Eskimo curlew (1987) North America
- Large Kauai thrush (1987) Hawaii
- Valdina farms salamander (1987) Texas
- Bishops 'O'o bird (1986) Hawaii
- Narrow-leaved hoary pea (1985) Florida
- Oregon giant earthworm (1985)
- Rich Mountain cave beetle (1985) West Virginia
- San Gabriel Mountains blue butterfly (1985) California
- Guam white-throated ground dove (1984)
- Guam cardinal honey-eater (1984)
- Little Mariana fruit bat (1984) Guam
- Black spotted damselfish (1984) Galapagos
- 24-rayed sunstar (1984) Galapagos
- Hoffman jewelflower (1984) California
- Haha flower (1983) Hawaii
- Breckenridge Mountain slender salamander (1983) California
- Texas Henslow's sparrow (1983)
- Tecopa pupfish (1982) Mojave Desert
- Giffard's 'Ohe hedyleptan moth (1982) Hawaii
- Emerald seaslug (1981) Florida
- Virgin Islands screech owl (1980)
- Penasco least chipmunk (1980) New Mexico
- Dutch Alcon blue butterfly (1979) Netherlands
- Javan tiger (1979) Indonesia

A House on Fire: Connecting the Biological and Linguistic Diversity Crises

BY KIERAN SUCKLING

ARTWORK BY JESSE WOLF HARDIN

[Editors' Note: This article was originally published in the *Beltane*, May-June 2001 EF! Journal; versions of it were also published in *Animal Law*, *TerraLingua*, the UN Environment Program magazine and a Russian anthropology journal. The relationship between the loss of biological, cultural and linguistic diversity is much more studied now thanks to people like Louisa Maffi, David Harmon, Tove Skuntnabb-Kangas and organizations such as *Terralingua*.]

"When you lose a language, it's like dropping a bomb on a museum."

—KENNETH HALE, MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

"We are accelerating toward a calamity unparalleled in planetary history.... These are crucial years for us to act, as the library of life burns furiously around us, throughout the world." —GREGORY BENFORD, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, IRVINE

Though it is a truism among conservation biologists that humanity is in the midst of the Earth's sixth great extinction spasm, overt public awareness of the crisis is dim, and understanding of its implications even dimmer. The house is burning down around us, and even as the beams begin to cave in, we have but the vaguest intuition of the enormity of the danger. How is it possible to ignore the biosphere careening toward an extinction catastrophe unparalleled, not only in the brief span of human history, but in the last 65 million years of life on Earth? The question places us before the most profound and difficult task facing the environmental movement: How to reach through the maze of denial, information overload, biological disassociation, cynical politics and economic struggle to awaken our fellow humans to the fire that is rapidly consuming plants, animals and entire ecosystems.

Lack of information is not the central problem; it is the inability to grasp the scale, synergistic effects and ultimately, the meaning(s) of mass extinction in our time. Perhaps the

problem is in the language we use to talk about extinction, which is itself influenced by the extinction process. Human languages are as much *of* as *about* nature. Their functioning, therefore, is not immune to the far-reaching effects of species extinction and ecosystem disruption. The converse is also true: Biological diversity is being profoundly impacted by the rapid extinction of human languages. Indeed, the collapse of global linguistic diversity is proceeding faster than the collapse of biological diversity.

Biological Meltdown

It is impossible to directly determine the number of species that have been driven to extinction by humans in recent history. Even in our era of lightning-fast communication and global science, the majority of extinctions go undocumented because most species have not yet been discovered. Based on documented modern extinction rates, it is likely that the Pacific islands alone have lost 2,000 species of birds in the past 1,000 to 2,000 years, meaning that about 20 percent of all bird species on Earth have already gone extinct. A conservative estimate of the global extinction rate over the past 500 years is about 1,000 species per year.

Given the strict definition of a threatened species used by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (IUCN), a collaborative effort of over 7,000 scientists, more than 25 percent all species on Earth could become extinct within the next 100 years. While it is unlikely that every one of them will become extinct within a century, the extinction of species not currently listed as threatened will likely more than make up the difference.

Linguistic Extinction

The diversity of co-existing languages and cultures prior to the ongoing colonization of the globe by a small number of dominant nations was astounding. In what is now California, indigenous peoples once spoke more than 100 distinct languages. This small area supported more linguistic diversity than all of Europe. More than 300 native languages were spoken in what is now the United States. Mesoamerica had 80 distinct languages; South America more than 500. At least 250 distinct languages were spoken in aboriginal Australia.

The rate of eradication of these languages, and often the people who spoke them, is equally astounding. Sixty-five



percent of California's indigenous languages are extinct, with many of the remaining spoken by fewer than 10 people. Only two or three of California's indigenous languages are spoken by more than 150 people. None are spoken by children at home. The only remaining fluent speaker of Chumash, a family of six languages once spoken in Southern California, is a professional linguist. Overall, about 42 percent of the 300 languages indigenous to the United States are extinct. Eighty percent have become moribund since European colonization.

The Nature of Diversity

Anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss was among the first European intellectuals to see a deep connection between ecology and linguistics, and between the extinction of species and cultures. Levi-Strauss realized that the then developing science of ecology was discovering that nature itself is fundamentally differential. Like words and symbols, species do not exist autonomously. Each has evolved to be what it is in relation to a host of other species, processes and environments. Each fills a niche occupied by no other species. Strictly speaking, diversity is not so much a characteristic of ecosystems and species, it is the condition of their possibility of existence. In simpler terms, the diversity of life structures life.

If there is an ecology of language, it is because language and nature are of a single system of diversity. This unity is most apparent in the role of metaphor in human communication and understanding of the world. Metaphor is the principle means by which we communicate, and biological diversity is the foundation of an enormous portion of our metaphors. These metaphors are not simply poetic frills, they are indispensable to language and human thought. In his famous study of totemism, Levi-Strauss concluded that the diversity of totemic species found in indigenous cultures around the world are not simply cultural constructs, they are essential modes of thought. The language and thought of indigenous cultures is borne upon the living diversity with which they evolved. Totemic animals (less often plants or other natural objects) have long been the dominant metaphors for self-understanding. These metaphors are not "created" by cultures out of thin air, they arise out of a culture's evolving relationship with the species in its larger community. They will necessarily vary as do the bioregions in which cultures develop.

High degrees of species richness and species endemism may encourage high degrees of language richness by providing a greater diversity of metaphor possibilities. The

diversity of languages serves to situate indigenous cultures in relationship to other species and places, but also in relationship to other cultures. All cultures have a tendency to totalize (i.e., to view their metaphors, concepts, beliefs and languages as all-inclusive of reality). Indigenous people, however, lived in a highly diverse network of other cultures and their languages, other species and their cultures. They were constantly reminded of the limits of their cultural worlds. Natural metaphors (especially species metaphors) within language, and diversity between languages, are effective reminders that the domain we inhabit is limited and our right to exploit does not extend endlessly. As individual languages become increasingly homogenized, as the diversity between languages within a bioregion decrease and as the diversity of living beings decrease, we lose the boundaries that preserve community stability.

Just as "First World" societies replace diverse plant communities with monoculture crops, they are replacing a tremendous and ancient linguistic diversity with vast monolanguages. There are approximately 6,500 languages on

Earth today. About 50 percent of all humans, however, speak and think in one of 10 globally dominant languages. That means 0.2 percent of all existing languages hold sway over 50 percent of all humans and likely upwards of 85 percent of the land surface of the globe. Not surprisingly, these are the languages of the cultures primarily responsible for the global extinction crisis and the eradication/marginalizing of indigenous cultures. These cultures no longer recognize a limit to their beliefs or exploitation rights, because they no longer genuinely encounter a diversity of other languages, ideas, cultures and species.

The planetary extinction crisis is intimately tied to the global homogenizing of language and culture. If we allow diversity to decline within human cultures and between cultures, we throw away the necessary mental tools to reverse the decline in biological diversity.

Kieran Suckling is the executive director of the Center for Biological Diversity. He met Earth First! in Missoula, Montana, in the late 1980s and attended his first Round River Rendezvous at Jemez, New Mexico, 1989; his wildest memories of EF! were the protests following the '93 Mount Graham Rindy. He feels EF! has carved out an important place in environmental history and played a critical role in defining the creative front line of activism, by taking the Earth very seriously, but not taking itself too seriously. His advice: "Keep up that spirit and you will always be successful. People will always follow."



CULTURES OF RESISTANCE

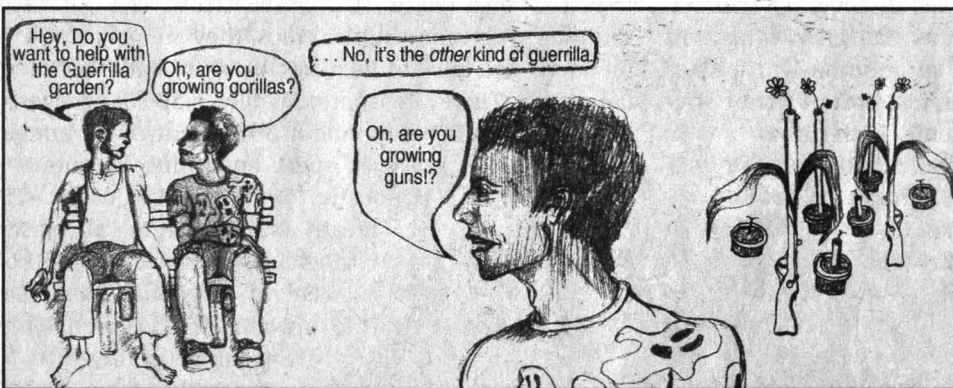
The monkeywrench is not the only tool for resisting the globalized mega-machine that is killing our wild, sacred Earth and our wild, sacred communities. Direct action culture is visible in every gardening project, 'zine library, squat, art collective, etc. Without the ability to provide food, shelter, education, health and entertainment for our communities, we are without the autonomy that unbinds capitalism and its

cohorts from our wrists. With these resources we are freeing ourselves from the prison they build around us—a prison that we simultaneously deconstruct everyday with our food redistribution, Free Schools, campfire singalongs and puppet-making workshops!

The average supermarket food item travels 1,494 miles to reach its destination. Much of it is contaminated, genetically modified, and harvested by poorly paid people uprooted from their communities to factory fields by First World greed. Likewise, billions of tons

of this food are thrown away, left rotting while many starve. The industrial infrastructure, roads, cars, waste and fat-cat CEOs behind this absurdity can be tackled head-on through direct action, clandestine ingenuity and kick-ass parties.

This section is dedicated to our "Cultures of Resistance" that have been growing strong in tandem with EF! for over 30 years. Take it as a resource map; here are some collectives and projects that should be active in every community!



Images from EF! Journal archive

THE REALLY REALLY FREE MARKET

On the first Saturday of every month, hundreds of people from all walks of life gather in the center of our town. They bring everything from jewelry to firewood to share. Booths offer bicycle repair, haircuts, even tarot readings. People leave with bookshelves, new shoes and old computers; if they don't have a vehicle to transport them, someone volunteers to help. No money changes hands, no one haggles over the comparative worth of items or services, nobody is ashamed about being in need. No fee is paid for the space, nor is anyone "in charge"—after years of trying and failing to shut down the event, our local government finally gave up and

changed its laws. Sometimes a marching band appears, a puppetry troupe performs, or children line up to take a swing at a piñata. Games and conversations take place in the periphery, and everyone gets a plate of warm food and a bag of groceries.

A banner proclaims "Carnival Against Capitalism," and a king-size blanket is spread with anarchist literature, but this is not a demonstration so much as a social institution. Thanks to our monthly Free Markets, everyone in town has a reference point for anarchist economics.

A Really Really Free Market is a form of direct action in which a community circulates resources outside the logic of capitalism. It provides for the needs of the participants—not just for material needs, but also the very real need to share with others. It's therapy for the ills of this

materialistic society: once you get used to the idea that there's an abundance of material goods, it gets easier not to hoard things or seek them as a badge of social status.

The Really Really Free Market model is only seven years old, although the free stores started by Yippies and Diggers in the 1960s prefigured it. The first one took place in Miami the day after the brutal police repression of protests against

the November 2003 Free Trade Area of the Americas ministerial. The following year, Really Really Free Markets cropped up elsewhere around the country, notably in North Carolina in opposition to the G8 summit and in Boston in response to the Democratic National Convention. By 2006, many cities were hosting them on a monthly basis; they have since spread as far as Bulgaria and Singapore.



FOOD NOT BOMBS

By KEITH MCHENRY

Food Not Bombs (FNB) started from the premise that with over a billion people going hungry each day, it is outrageous that the US government spends billions of dollars on war. FNB shares free vegan and vegetarian meals with the hungry in over 1,000 cities around the world to protest war, poverty and the destruction of the environment. Volunteers organize food relief efforts for the survivors of natural disasters and people displaced by economic and political crisis. Volunteers also provide food to the families of striking workers and people participating in occupations, marches and tent city protests.

The first group was formed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1980 by eight anti-nuclear activists. A friend of the group had been arrested at the May 24 occupation attempt to shut down the Seabrook nuclear power station in New Hampshire. His affinity group organized bake sales to raise money for his legal defense. After they found a poster proclaiming, "It will be a great day when our schools get the money they need and the Air Force has to hold a bake sale to buy a bomber," they bought military uniforms at an Army-Navy Surplus store and started selling their baked goods with the poster leaning against their table. This street theater attracted what had been a complacent public, suggesting the creation of FNB.

FNB is not a charity. It is an all volunteer global movement dedicated to nonviolent direct action. Each group recovers food that would otherwise be thrown out and makes fresh vegan meals that are shared on public streets to anyone without restriction. Volunteers with the San Francisco chapter were

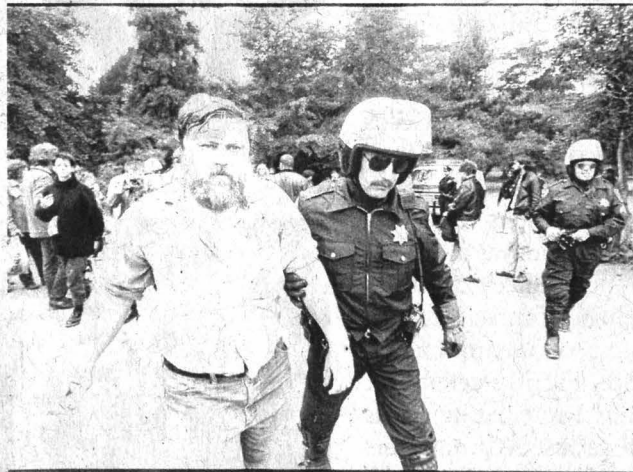


Photo courtesy of E! Journal Archive

Keith McHenry photographed during one of his hundreds of arrests. arrested over 1,000 times for what the police claimed was the crime of "making a political statement" by sharing meals with the hungry. The police have arrested volunteers in a number of other cities in the United States for feeding the hungry. Amnesty International states it will adopt those FNB volunteers that are imprisoned as "Prisoners of Conscience," and will work for their unconditional release. The US government claims that FNB is a "terrorist group," even though the movement is dedicated to nonviolent social change. Nearly 20 volunteers are serving time in US prisons framed for plotting acts of terrorism.

Volunteers fed the rescue workers in New York on 9/11. FNB started animal

rescue shelters in 24 cities in Slovakia, provided food for 100 days during the Orange Revolution in the Ukraine, fed striking auto workers in South Korea, shared food at anti-globalization protests and helped organized the food relief effort for the survivors of Hurricane Katrina. Volunteers

also provided food at the base camp during the 1989 Earth First! (EF!) Redwood Summer in Northern California and during Shoshone actions to stop resource extraction at the Dann Ranch in Nevada. FNB groups provided meals to EF! activists and Aboriginal people seeking to stop gold mines in the bush of Australia. Other volunteers fed protesters at actions against mines in Iceland and old-growth clearcutting in Tasmania. Many actions last months and even years as a result of Food Not Bomb's ability to provide long-term support.

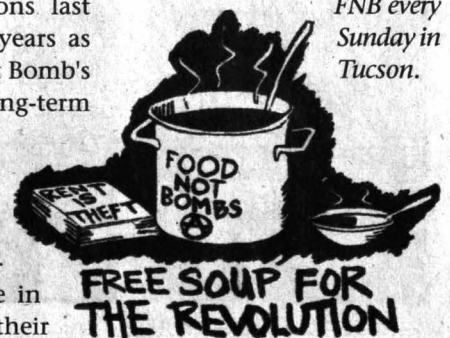
FNB has introduced many people to activism and is often the first project they participate in before dedicating their

lives to defending the Earth, working for peace or taking action for the liberation of animals and oppressed people. FNB has also introduced many to the use of consensus to make decisions and the philosophy of decentralized, non-hierarchical organization.

Along with EF!, FNB works in coalition with groups like The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee, Farm Animal Rights Movement, Anarchist Black Cross, the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) and Anti-Racist Action. FNB continues to take direct action toward creating a world free from domination, coercion and violence.

The FNB website provides information on how to find your local chapter or start a local group if there isn't one already in your community. For more information, visit WWW.FOODNOTBOMBS.NET

Keith McHenry helped start Food Not Bombs in Massachusetts in 1980. He was arrested "for making a political statement" in San Francisco, spent over 500 nights in jail and faced 25 years to life in prison. He co-wrote the book Food Not Bombs, and wrote Cooking for Peace. He continues to volunteer with Food Not Bombs around the world. Everyone on the current Earth First! Journal Collective has been a part of Food Not Bombs. One long-term editor bottomlines FNB every Sunday in Tucson.



Justseeds

Artists' Cooperative

BY JUSTSEEDS

Justseeds Artists' Cooperative is a decentralized network of 26 artists committed to making print and design work that reflects a radical social, environmental and political stance. With members working from the US, Canada and Mexico, Justseeds operates both as a unified collaboration of similarly minded print-makers and as a loose collection of creative individuals with unique viewpoints and working methods. We believe in the transformative power of personal expression in concert with collective action. To this end, we produce collective portfolios, contribute graphics to grassroots struggles for justice, work collaboratively both in and outside the co-op, build large sculptural installations in galleries, wheatpaste on the streets, have a blog providing information on radical politics and art, and sell our work—all while offering each other

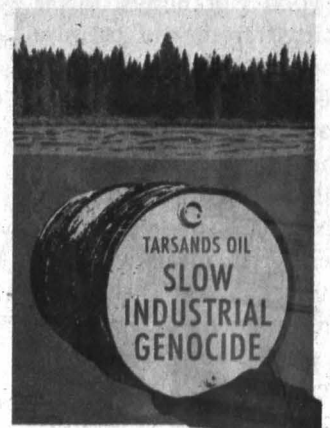
daily support as allies and friends.

Justseeds was founded in 1998. Over time, the building of collaborations and friendships allowed Justseeds to make the transformation into a worker-owned cooperative business in 2007.

As part of our ongoing effort to create reproducible graphics in support of grassroots movements, Justseeds has produced "RESOURCED," 125 portfolios of 26 hand-printed posters that explore the devastating effects of resource extraction, and what can be done in pursuit of environmental justice and the defense of all life. Participating artists include Justseeds members and others we invited from our international community. Artists were encouraged to collaborate with organizations to produce images around campaigns or gain insight about specific issues. The topics explored in these posters include environmental racism, food sovereignty, workers' rights, indigenous struggles, and mountain-



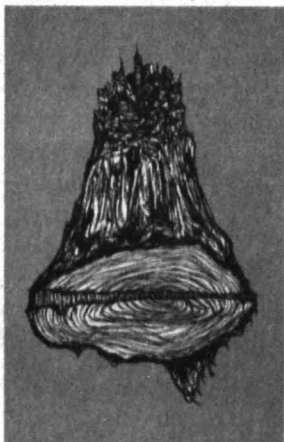
Amor Y Resistencia



Jesse Purcell



Alejandra Delfin



Pete Yahmke



Meredith Stern

top removal, oil extraction from tar sands, hydro-fracturing, mega-dam projects, mining, overfishing and more. In addition to being an "exhibition in a book", the images from RESOURCED are also available to download for free at WWW.JUSTSEEDS.ORG/RESOURCED.

We hope that both the physical portfolio and the web-based component will provide increased access in order to be an effective teaching tool, and a dialogue starter for community spac-

es, schools, conferences, and galleries.

Participating artists and organizations include members of Amor y Resistencia (NYC), Armsrock (Denmark), Tom Civil (Australia), Narita Keisuke (Japan), Asian Pacific Environmental Network (San Francisco, CA), Bark (Portland, OR), Centro Autonomo para la Creación Intercultural de Tecnologías Apropriadas (Oaxaca, Mexico), Indigenous Environmental Network and others.



Organized resistance may keep the polar bear off the extinction list.

is obvious, and in fact is not very different from the actions of partisan resisters across history.

So, will you think it—that one word: resistance? Will you notice that they’ve come for our kin of polar bears and black terns, who are right now being herded into the cattle cars of industrial civilization? Will you join the others who are yearning to action? The train can be derailed, the tracks ripped up, the bridge blown down. There is no metaphor here, as any General Officer could tell us. There is a planet being murdered, and there are also targets that, if taken out relentlessly, could stop it.

So think “resistance” with all your aching heart, a word that must become our promise to what is left of this planet. Gather the others: you already know them. The brave, smart, militant, and, most of all, serious, and together take aim. Do it carefully, but do it.

Then fire for all your worth.

Hailed as the philosopher poet of the environmental movement, Derrick Jensen is author of 15 books, including Endgame and A Language Older Than Words. He has packed university auditoriums, conferences and bookstores across the nation, stirring them with revolutionary spirit.

Aric McBay is a writer, activist and small-scale organic farmer. His first book was Peak Oil Survival: Preparation for Life After Gridcrash. His most recent book is What We Leave Behind, co-written with Derrick Jensen. His website is WWW.INTHEWAKE.ORG.

Lierre Keith is a writer, small farmer and radical feminist activist. She is the author of two novels, as well as a work of nonfiction, The Vegetarian Myth: Food, Justice, and Sustainability. You can read excerpts of her work at WWW.LIERREKEITH.COM.

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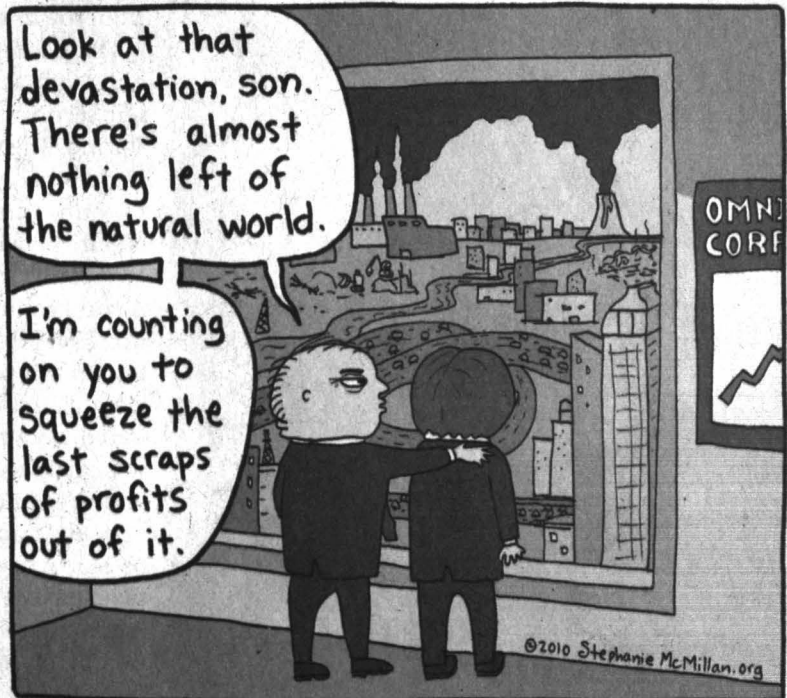
of the planet. Bringing a cloth shopping bag to the store, even if you walk there in your global warming flip flops, will not stop the tar sands.

We have believed such ridiculous solutions because our perception has been blunted by some portion of denial and despair. And those are legitimate reactions. I am not persuading anyone out of them. The question is, do we want to develop a strategy to manage our notional state or to save the planet?

And we’ve believed in these lifestyle solutions because everyone around us insists they’re workable, a collective repeating mantra of “renewables, recycling” that has lulled us into belief. Like Eichmann, no one has told us that it’s wrong.

Until now. So this is the moment when you will have to decide. Do you want to be part of a serious effort to save this planet? Not a serious effort at collective delusion, not a serious effort to feel better, not a serious effort to save you and yours. But an actual strategy to stop the destruction of everything worth loving. If your answer feels as imperative as instinct, then you already know it’s long past time to fight. After that, the only question left is: how? And despite everything you’ve been told by the Eichmanns of despair, that question has an answer. They have insisted that there is no answer, but that’s the lie of cowards. Every system of power can be fought—they’re only human in the end, not supernatural, not sent by god. Industrial civilization is in fact more vulnerable than past empires, dependent as it is on such a fragile infrastructure of pipelines and overhead wires, on binary bits of data encoding its lifeblood of capital. If we would at ourselves think it, a workable strategy

CODE GREEN



Comic by Stephanie McMillan

In Defense of Eagle Creek

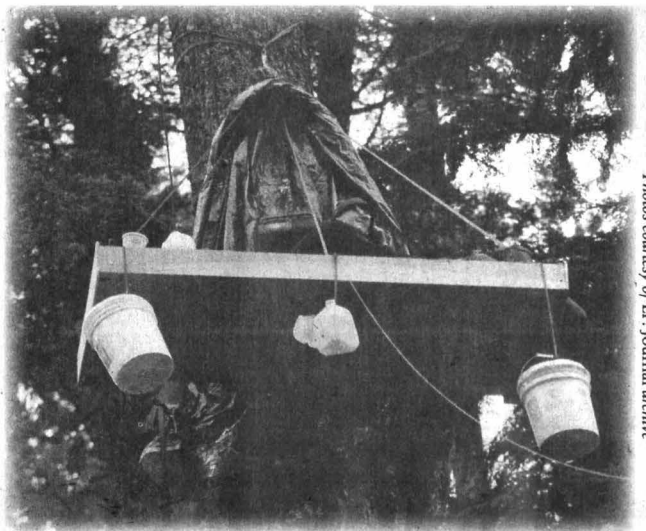
By PITCH

Road Ghost was tied like Low Rider, so if the lines were compromised or the gate opened, the pod would fall. Each one had a noose attached so that any alteration in the height would hang the person in the pod. A cherry picker at its full reach could make it up to the height of the pods, about 60 feet up. The police came into view with a cocky bravado, sauntering below us and bragging about how they had pulled the woman out of Road Ghost by her noose, making her fall head first into the cherry picker bucket. Road Ghost was gone.

These words hit me like fists. Police continued their verbal onslaught and shouted up at us, trying a myriad of

argumentative avenues; anything to get us to descend. After a few hours Artimus and I decided that she should accept one of their offers—she would descend and I would stay. The treesit, not actually blocking the road, was just there for support; we were assured that Artimus would be released without charges. She descended, and they quickly refused to keep their end of the bargain—she was forcibly carried away. She would later serve two months in a women's work-release facility for the stand she took that day.

Hours passed hazily, though I could still hardly believe they were actually here attempting eviction. Eventually they started their approach on Low Rider with the cherry picker. I was frantic. Panic flooded my every vein. I would not let them pass. I would hold fast, I told myself, and do everything in my power to ensure that. Living in the woods as we do, we all carry knives.



Balance Treesit near the Low Rider gate blockade

With a noose around my neck, I yelled down that as long as they advanced I would count down from ten and cut my support lines until there were none left. The machine maintained its steady approach. My voice shaking more than I care to admit—and hoping they would hear me above the engine—I began my first countdown, resulting in the cut of the first of my only five lines. It twanged away forcefully from me to the ground.

They continued forward and I did as well. Another ten seconds gone and the second line was cut, leaving me hanging 60 feet up by only three small cords about the width of a shoelace. Still they advanced. Again I counted down, and now I had only two lines left. At this point my hands were shaking something fierce, and my whole body was quaking. I was terrified and needed all the courage I could summon. It was debatable whether or not just two lines of this cord would hold under the strain of the weight of myself and the pod, my home for the last month. I counted down to zero again, stopped myself

from thinking about it, and cut away the second to last support line.

The noose weighed heavy and leaden around my neck, and I was scared out of my mind, more scared than I had ever been in my entire life. I tried to focus all of my mind on how one life is insignificant when protecting these precious and last native ecosystems. I closed my eyes and tried not to talk myself out of it.

I began my countdown for the last support line. Each second passed as a lifetime and each number a decade, I choked each number out slowly, terrified. When I reached six I could see flurries of movement. I reached five and people started yelling. I reached four and heard the most intense sound of relief: They had shut down the cherry picker and backed up the bucket containing the three men that stood in it, poised and strained. My eyes welled up with tears and there was, for the first time since the night before, silence.

This action story came from the Eagle Creek Treesit that successfully defended old-growth in Cascadia in the early 2000s



Road Ghost blockade high above the gate

Dear Ned Ludd

"Hey Ned, here's a little something I wrote for your files—consider this priceless tip a gift for the EF! movement's big birthday. Glad to see you've made it out of a heavy Saturn Return, Brother Bear. Here's to another 30 years, or total collapse, whichever comes first!"

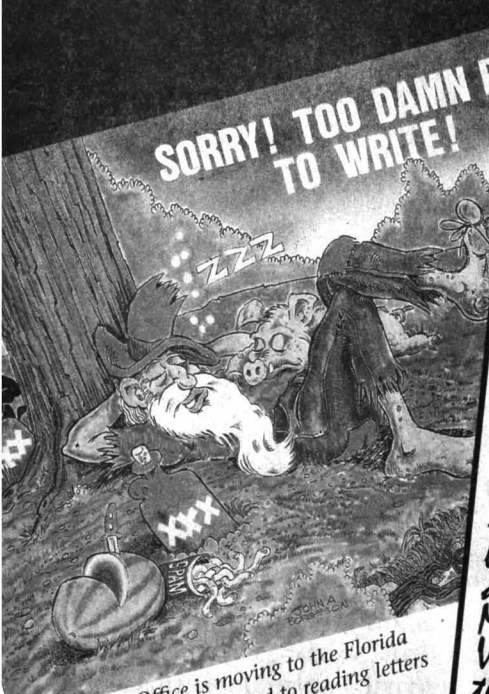
Peace, love, liberation,
—HAYDUKE



YEARS of WORK
THOUSANDS of LIVES
SHELTER FOR MANY
DESTROYED
IN A SINGLE WORKING
DAY

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote, "Love is the master key that opens the gates of happiness." The "operator key" is the master key that opens the gates to most heavy equipment. Komatsu, John Deere, Caterpillar, BobCat, Case, Volvo and many others use a master key for all their equipment, regardless of the year. The Operator Key will typically open all compartments,

caps and padlocks. Because the Caterpillar Operator Key is the most common, many companies use the Cat padlock for various compartments and caps on their equipment regardless of who made it. These keys are simple to obtain from the various equipment dealerships. Just go to your local part's counter, ask for a operator key or five, pay with cash, and have a simple cover story.



The Journal Office is moving to the Florida Everglades, we look forward to reading letters to the editors, like this great note...

SORRY! TOO DAMN BUSY TO WRITE!

Dear Shit Fer Brains,
You want to move to Flori-DUH?
Arizon-UH is where the action is!
Ground zero, the fall-out zone where
folks cross the border south-to-north
because of all the economic and
genetically engineered crap Capitalism
has sold the bastards running Mexico,
et al. Flori-DUH, or somewhere else
on the Gulf of Mexico, okay—oil,
hurricanes, loss of coastlines to come
in the next years, decades, century...
but still, Arizon-UH is the shit that
drives the stink. Better yet, why not
Mexican City? Go south, you say?
Why not all the way to the belly of
the captive beast? Gnow the chains,
brothahs and sistahs, gnaw the chains!
—Thornton Kimes



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VOICES FROM THE MARCELLUS

The following are excerpts from activists with Susquehanna Valley EF!, Marcellus EF! and Finger Lakes EF! in Northern Appalachian regions, including Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and West Virginia, who are facing an onslaught of natural gas drilling and toxic "hydrofracking."

*When you set out on your journey to Ithaca,
Pray that the road is long,
Full of adventure, full of knowledge...*

—C.P. Cavafy, "Ithaca"

When I settled on Ithaca as the place that would be Home for the rest of my life, I hadn't yet heard of hydrofracking. I was in Ukraine, surrounded by all kinds of books on "best places to retire." To get here and find out about the insanity of "we'll get the last drop of gas out of the Earth if we have to poison and ravage our last resources to do so" was a little bit like discovering Eden right before being kicked out. Even if it seems that the outcome is fixed, that all the money and power is aligned against us, I'm going to spend all my free time walking the gorges, trying out the many swim-holes, learning the names and smells and sounds and sights of Fingerlakes flora and fauna, and organizing with the many people I've made friends with, who howl at the moon and shout out, "No Compromise!" My hope is that people will begin to realize that deep down inside we all want the same things: food, shelter and clothing for our loved ones, and access to clean air, water and soil. Lest they steal and ravage the land right from under us, we need to eschew the labels, bridge the ideological gaps, and unite against those who enrich themselves at the expense of the planet and future generations. No compromise!

—LIZA

It was in the Spring of 2005 that I first encountered a gas drilling operation up close. My grandmother lived just one road east of the state line, so my aimless bike rides often took me to Ohio. The noisy, towering rigs were so out of place on those quiet back roads that I took pictures and wrote home about it, deeply unsettled. My grandmother passed away and I

spent a few years out West, briefly involved in the successful fight against the liquefied natural gas pipeline through Mt. Hood National Forest, before my sugar maple roots lured me back home. I quickly learned about the encroaching nightmare

of fracking, and gratefully started building relationships with the people battling it. Now I learn new things about this amazing land every day while community networks grow and spread information about fracking. I feel myself getting stronger, discovering

complex, eternal connections that nourish me and secure my place in this struggle for life.

—EMMA G



SHALE RESISTANCE

Flammable shower water... wastewater "brine pools" the size of football fields... deep well injection disposal... once-pure waterways now full of dead fish and foaming, stinking water... livestock and family pets dropping dead almost instantly... endocrine disrupters and cancer-causing chemicals... increased police presence.... This is an occupation through and through. We have been duped into signing these leases, and now we are working to fight our way out.... This is a fight for our lives and rural culture. Thanks to Bush-era policies, natural gas companies are exempt from legislation such as the Clean Air Act and the Safe Drinking Water Act. Pushing the government to regulate the industry is one way to stop the madness, but many people who live in the valleys and mountainsides directly affected by gas drilling and fracking are starting to realize that this must be stopped immediately by any means necessary.

—MEMBER OF
SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY EF!

I moved from the Barnett Shale to a place of surface water and clean air. I have seen the white stag and trees older than conquest. I have found the joy of midnight skinny dipping under waterfalls. I live in a place where it is possible, before lunch, to walk to my watershed and back in the 70-degree August heat. In times past, slaves ran past my cabin in the woods to freedom. I will not

forsake this dirt!
—HAYDUKE

The talk of gas drilling started. It started out a silent whisper in the community. Individuals did not truly understand what could happen to their land and drinking water, or they just simply ignored the dangers for their own personal reasons. Few people, if any, talked about these lease they signed, as not to alert anyone on how much they had been paid off

by the gas company.... I decided to become informed on the Marcellus Shale issues and make a difference. My advice to the gas man is very simple: The line has been drawn—cross it, I dare you!

—BRIAN, NORTHEAST
PENNSYLVANIA, MARELLUS EF!

Fossil fuels are unsustainable, and their capitalist stakeholders are no less perishable. The corporations involved (Haliburton, Fortuna, Chesapeake and Talisman, to name a few) are hoping to rake in profits by spreading the doctrine of energy independence and sustainability. We've seen what's happened in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The spills, the fragmented farmland, the explosions. We've seen the pictures and the stories of drilling in Colorado, Wyoming, Texas. We've heard the stories of cancer of sickness, of flammable ground water. Knowing this in-

formation has changed the way people feel around here. It's brought a stabbing despair into our lives, affecting everyone's long-term goals and sense of security.

We could leave. But we would be cowards to stand back as the land, the forests, the streams, the lakes, the critters, everyone and everything suffers. In the Marcellus Region, we need to form affinity groups that are capable of striking offensive actions against the perpetrators of gas development. The smallest actions can build group dynamics and courage. Now is the moment to get healthy and get our shit together. This is more than just about protecting the land and our lives. This is about living. There are no alternatives more attractive, none more honest, and none more exciting than total resistance."

—ANONYMOUS



Jesse Goldstein from Justseeds print for Resourced Portfolio

NO DRILLING! NO COMPROMISE!

Continued from page 23

tax was slapped on the project. The "No M11" campaign blended the defense of urban human communities into the equation, with squatted streets and innovative lock-on towers and washing machines taking weeks to evict. Later, a likely protest was officially factored in to the economic equation around whether to go ahead with road schemes. EF! individuals and groups played an important role as part of camps, providing support and going on the offensive. The huge range and ferocity of actions around the country—contractors, subsidiaries, small service providers and corporations intending to bid were occupied, sabotaged and generally hindered at every opportunity. This combined well with publicity-friendly roof-top squats by parliament members (as well as of Parliament itself) and the disruption of ceremonial events. The slashing of the road-building program three times was an unprecedented U-turn in national policy, which spawned a generation of radical ecological activists.

Towards the end of the '90s and into this century, EF! and other eco-activists took inspiration and, in turn, inspired others around the world on a different scale. Already protesting roads, EF! groups and RTS spread. The Global Street Party pushed the Group of Eight (G8) leaders to flee Birmingham for the day through an unprecedented summit mobilization, and, on June 18, 1999, it sealed off, took over and destroyed much of the city of London in a combination of coordinated autonomous actions and a masked Carnival Against Capital. Such audacious actions have only been possible through the existence of many EF! groups 'round the country that could take on specific roles. We took our experience to Prague to join others trying to close

down the World Bank and International Monetary Fund summits. The well-prepared, mainly British, mainly EF! bloc explored the tensions implicit in using affinity groups on a mass action and embraced a diversity of approaches, from tactical frivolity through samba bands to black bloc tactics in the same space.



Photos courtesy Plane Stupid

Stopping a third runway at Heathrow airport

At the same time, the local focus of EF! largely responded to the emerging threat of genetically modified (GM) food. A prolonged, militant and widely popular campaign—using many different tactics, including crop squats, office occupations, supermarket actions and field-trial decontaminations (crop-trashings)—successfully halted the growing of GM food in the UK, kicked many biotech companies back across the seas and limited the importation of GM food to animal-feed. This inspired others around the world to use similar tactics. For many, it was a fight against

corporate control and fundamentally fucking around with nature itself. With the threat back on the horizon, and looking very much to the rest of the world for sustained militancy and resistance, the campaign is once again gathering strength.

From the start, British EF! groups took inspiration, ideas and direct experiences from the UK anti-nuke, women's, hunt-sabbing and animal liberation movements, as well as other alternative cultures. As people got active, they became more aware of radical, militant and huge movements around the world, all engaged in life-affirming struggles. This has ensured strong overlaps with other networks and campaigns, recognizing the interconnectedness of the issues, and the benefits of sharing skills, tactics and resources. This includes anti-repression groups such as FIT-Watch, opposing the police forces' surveillance teams, and anti-militarist groups—notably grassroots campaign Smash EDO—who are fighting an ongoing war of attrition against arms manufacturers. Last year, some people smashed up a bomb-parts factory and were let off the hook in the courts on the basis of preventing a greater crime. Another active relationship include No Borders, fighting for the right of freedom of movement for all.

Wilderness protection and ecological defense, however limited on the set of small islands we live on, have remained "our bag," from local campaigns to the bigger and longer-running peat campaign, which combined autonomously organised sabotage with bigger days of action and camps. EF! activists have also been heavily involved with the Camp for Climate Action since its inception in 2006—building on our protest camps, the Scottish Anti-G8 eco-village and other organizing experiences. There are now active net-

works in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, as well as inspiring action camps around the world. Some of the successful aims were to inspire newer generations, re-engage some older generations, and, after a lull, kick-start new waves of radical ecological direct action in the UK.

EF! activists have been part of the anti-coal movement, which has successfully stalled a new generation of coal-fired power stations. Similarly, EF!ers have been involved in a chain of recent actions against the aviation industry, which has resulted in stopping the UK's three largest airports from being expanded. The spirit of the Manchester Airport protest camps lives on. "Leave it in the Ground," originally a specific EF! campaign against an open-cast coal mine in Derbyshire, has since become a rallying cry for those defending land at one-off actions and camps.

Protest camps have successfully fended off supermarket, leisure and housing developments, as well as nature reserves (which were indirectly shelving a range of destructive

plans). The Nine Ladies protest site, which, after nine years, successfully saved an area of ancient woods and heath from becoming a quarry, echoes early EF! campaigns against quar-

some woodland and an ancient burial ground from becoming a large highway.

International solidarity has included work with Sea Shepherd and Saving Iceland, with whom activists have been resisting the building of dams and aluminium smelters. We also have strong links with the Rosspoint Solidarity Camp, which has been successfully resisting a gas pipeline in Ireland for 10 years.

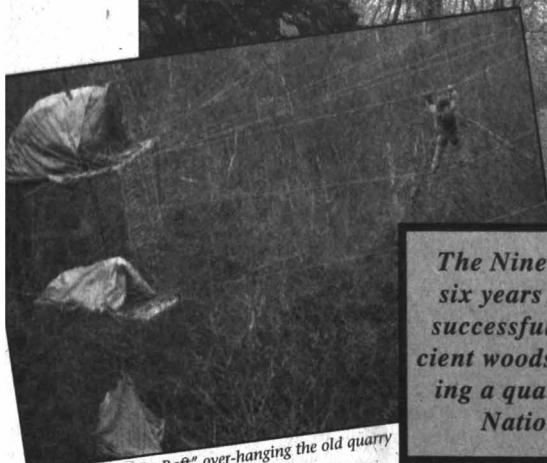
Ecological direct action is alive and well in Britain at the moment. Only this Summer, activists have organized human-wheel-clamping airplanes, locking on to coal-train railway lines, smashing machines at open-cast mines, playing nuked-dead in the street, kayaking against borehole drill rigs, burning mobile-phone masts, smashing bank windows, supergluing themselves to a whole range of buildings, catapulting molasses bombs at corporate headquarters and creating "oil spills" in a BP-sponsored national gallery. There has also been a new wave of urban eco-village land squats across southern England, as well as other places.

Next year, we will be celebrating the 20-year anniversary of EF! in Britain. Plans so far include tours, a puppet show and a few new publications to inform, inspire and incite. With it also being the 200th anniversary of the Luddites, there's a chance some pixies might come out to play.



"These were once our streets. This was once our world. Lets take them back."

rying. Perhaps, the most infamous of these was Whatley Quarry, one of Europe's biggest, which saw a long-term sustained campaign, as well as a national day of action during which three control rooms were dismantled, 20 yards of railway track disappeared and huge machinery fell apart, costing nearly \$400,000—not to mention the costs of not being able to re-open for some time! As ever, road-building rears up, and protest camps rise to meet the threat, including the recently successful Camp Bling, which saved



"The Sky Raft" over-hanging the old quarry

The Nine Ladies protest site, after six years of protecting 36 acres, successfully saved an area of ancient woods and heath from becoming a quarry in the Peak District National Park, England.



Photos of Nine Ladies by Nettle

Wild & Queer Ecologies

BY ETIENNE DOYLE

Wilderness, the biodiversity of life that exists where sexual creativity flourishes, is pansexual, polygendered, orgiastic and playful. The sun engages the soil with titillating light, radiation, chemical explosion and the magnetism of its flaring body in a queer ecology that spreads across the Earth. Flora cast their seed through the embracing bodies of wind and water. Bees enter their petals. Male hummingbirds, moist from floral nectar, thrust frantically to forest canopies to copulate together—not for reproduction, but joy. Groups of female bottlenose dolphins use tails and fins to massage each other's genitals, entering the folds of their sexual openings. Female hedgehogs perform cunnilingus. Male African elephants, female grizzly bears, white-tailed deer and flamingos form homosexual bonding trios. Canadian geese and black swans form bisexual trios. West Indian manatees cavort in polyamorous bisexual orgies. Lesbian bird pairs, which engage with males for reproduction only,

often exhibit larger nests with more eggs than heterosexual pairings. Transgendered animals thrive. Bighorn sheep, which live in sex-segregated herds for most of the year, nevertheless exhibit male-sexed individuals that adopt female behavior patterns and remain year-round in the female-sexed herds. Numerous species of fish and bear undergo the transition of their sexual and reproductive system to other sexualities. Testes transition to ovaries. Ovaries transition to include testes. Gender playfulness and genderlessness teem.

To date scientists have recorded the queer lives of gray wolves, red fox, elk, bison, kestrels, barn owls, ravens, monarch butterflies, walrus, bats, giraffes, lions, penguins, hyenas, dragonflies, humans and so on, to a total of 1,500 species and counting.

Reading list:

Biological Exuberance: Animal Homosexuality and Natural Diversity
Evolution's Rainbow: Diversity, Gender, and Sexuality in Nature and People
Bonobo: The Forgotten Ape

Fauna Cabala

BY FAITH WALKER

Fauna. n. animal life.

Cabala. n. an esoteric, secret matter or mysterious art.

In a finale of fervent foreplay, brown garden snails (*Helix aspersa*) impale each other with love darts. Being hermaphrodites, these animals sport both male and female tackle and swap sperm in both directions during eight hours of slippery sex. Most sperm are immediately digested by a specialized sperm-destroying gland, although a few sneak past to a storage organ, where they dwell for up to four years. The point of the sharp, calcareous, centimeter-long snail nails is to short-circuit the gland. A swooning snail will aim for the

genitals, located to the right of the head, and push the dart out of its body and into its partner. Darts are coated with a slimy cocktail that causes contractions in the female reproductive tract, closing the entrance to the devouring gland and allowing sperm to pass freely into storage. If a snail is a poor aim or is caught empty-handed, which is quite possible, since darts take 10 days to produce, it compensates by delivering extra sperm to its prickly partner. This species exemplifies a rarity: an intersexual arms race in which individuals are both genders. The male portion has evolved to impart increasingly more sperm while the female portion has evolved to digest it.

Originally appeared in the Earth First! Journal, Eostar, February-March 2002. ©

Getting It Right for Wolves, for the Earth

BY ROBERT GOLDMAN

Mysterious and magical things started happening in Yellowstone National Park in the mid-'90s. Streamside cottonwood and willow trees and shrubs were suddenly growing again after 70 years of slumber. New aspen trees in the park's northern valleys were also sprouting after a similarly long sleep. With streamside trees and vegetation growing again, badly eroded stream banks were soon stabilized, returning shade cooled the waters, and natural water flow was restored. These changes allowed for the return of beavers and beaver ponds, fish, birds of prey and songbirds, insects and amphibians. What triggered this flourishing rebirth? What was missing from Yellowstone for 70 years? And what had finally returned? Wolves!

It turns out that the wolf, this amazing apex predator, is a true guardian of the forest and a vital protector of ecological integrity, of biodiversity. Without wolves, elk—the dominant herbivore in Yellowstone and the Rockies—overpopulated and ran amok. Too many elk voraciously devoured every bit of accessible vegetation, decade after decade. Newly emerging green shoots were never spared and allowed to grow into new trees and shrubs. With the wolves' return, a healthy "ecology of fear" returned to Yellowstone. The traction alongside a stream or river is much trickier than on smooth, grassy terrain. Elk were no longer on permanent vacation when it came to casual dining by the water's edge. They quickly learned to avoid these areas, where they were once again vulnerable to hungry wolves and more likely to end up as meals themselves. The wolves' return triggered what is referred to as a "trophic cascade" of positive ecological change, in which a vital element appears or returns and sets off a cascade of changes that builds on itself, restores needed balance and brings forth new life and diversity. (See "Wolf Wars," *National Geographic*, March 2010.)

How did it come to be that North America's native wolves were missing from Yellowstone and almost every place else in the United States prior to the mid-nineties?

It's estimated that prior to the arrival of European colonizers, two million wolves were living and roaming free throughout most of North America, along with up to 75 million bison and countless numbers of bears, mountain lions, elk and deer, beaver and many, many others. Millions of birds of all kinds filled the sky, a seemingly endless continent full of lush vegetation and teeming with life from sea to sea. Amidst these infinite wonders of creation, lived millions of Native Americans. And these natives, from the ice of the Arctic North to the deserts of the south, lived harmoniously and respectfully with numerous wolves.

Native Americans patiently and objectively studied

the wolves who lived on the edges of their villages and beyond for thousands of years. These natives did not fear, demonize or persecute wolves; they admired and learned from them. They observed the wolves' keen intelligence, their very social nature, their complex and devoted family structure. As hunters themselves, these humans were particularly intrigued to observe how wolves hunt together, strategically and cooperatively. Wolves helped them learn how to take better care of their own families and tribe members. The natives saw wolves as they truly are: vital, intelligent and complex social beings, devoted to their family packs, so much like humans.

And then the European colonizers started to arrive from across the sea. Sadly and so tragically for the wolves, for the land and its natives and for a gentler history that might have been, these Europeans did not arrive with a reverence and respect for the purity and innocence of wilderness. Instead they brought to this land a strange and perverse notion of wilderness, the very essence of creation, as ungodly. This perspective included many centuries of Church-inspired, false and demonic wolf fables. As early as 1630, this profound ignorance resulted in the Massachusetts Bay Colony enacting a bounty on wolves. And so began a savage and heart-breaking war against America's natives, wilderness and wildlife, including the very embodiment of wilderness, the wolf.

It took 300 years of unspeakable human cruelty to eliminate wolves from every corner of the US. During those 300 years, bounties and mass killing followed the wolves from Maine to California and everywhere in between. State and local governments joined in, as did the federal government. Millions of wolves were shot, poisoned, burned alive and died horribly in steel leg-hold traps. Wolf pups were often dynamited in their dens. Only in northern Minnesota and a tiny area of nearby Wisconsin did a small number of wolves survive the carnage. For the wolves, it was 300 years of Nazi rule and they were the Jews. And everyone is painfully aware of what happened to the Native Americans during this time, victimized by the same tyranny, ignorance and greed.

So where are we now? The country has caught its breath somewhat. There is certainly far more enlightenment and wisdom among people across the land when it comes to nature, ecology and wildlife. In the early '70s, the federal government enacted the Endangered Species Act and shortly thereafter, wolves were added to the list. In the mid '80s and without waiting for permission, a small group of pioneer wolves wandered south from the Canadian Rockies and into the graveyard West of their ancestors. They began to quietly spread

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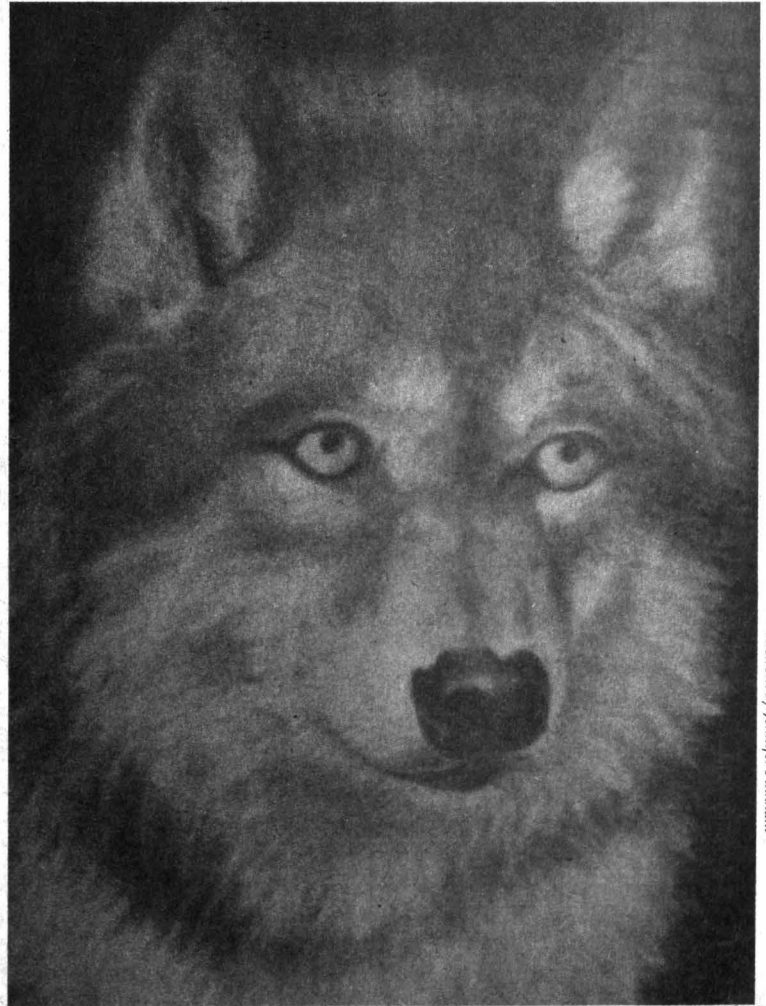
themselves around a bit. Ten years later, in the mid '90s, a more enlightened US Department of the Interior, the very killers of Yellowstone's last wolves in the 1920s, released a small group of Canadian gray wolves back into Yellowstone where they should have found safe haven all along. By 2008, these wolves had found each other and grew to approximately 2,000 throughout Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and some nearby states. Not very many over such a huge area, but a nice start. Along with about 3,500 wolves in northern Minnesota and nearby Wisconsin, things were looking up for wolves in America.

And then along came President Obama and his choice for Interior Secretary, Ken Salazar, a rancher and US Senator from Colorado. Within months of Obama taking office, a quarter of the wolves in the Rockies were dead, "legally" killed by "sport hunters" and federal agents in Idaho and Montana. A heading-out-the-door George W. Bush plan to de-list and downgrade the protective status of Rocky Mountain wolves from endangered to threatened was adopted and implemented by Obama. This opened the door to wolf killing, planned and supported by the stuck-in-the-19th-century, wolf-hating state governments of the Rockies. Obama, the democrat who promised science-based environmental decision making when he was campaigning for office, neglected to tell those of us who took him at his word that his word did not apply to America's wolves and the vicious interest groups still aligned against them. For Obama, dirty politics still applies to America's wolves and wilderness, not science.

Still, even with this latest outrage and heartbreak, it may finally be the beginning of a new day for America's wolves and other wildlife. The wolves now have huge numbers of devoted friends and admiring supporters spread across the entire country, young and old, including dedicated friends throughout the Rockies. A more enlightened American people are no longer willing to accept such heartless demonization and mistreatment of America's wildlife. Thanks to the work of groups such as Defenders of Wildlife, Natural Resources Defense Council, EarthJustice and others, a federal court in the Rockies recently reversed Obama's de-listing of wolves and restored them to endangered status. The presiding judge castigated Obama and his administration for basing the flawed de-listing on politics and not science. But that is surely not the end of the story for wolves in America. The wolves need our friendship and advocacy, right now, more than ever.

Wolf demonizers and haters are still a very powerful and stubborn group. They control state houses and legislatures throughout the West (including Alaska)

and most unfortunately, have a strong hold on federal wildlife agencies that are still doing their brutal, unethical bidding—and at American taxpayer expense. Incredibly, our US Department of Agriculture has an insane "Wildlife Services" division, which regularly sends wildlife killers into the field at the insistence of ranchers and farmers in the West. Wildlife Services agents are heavily armed with rifles and extremely toxic poisons. Thousands of America's wildlife, including wolves, coyotes, cougars, bears, eagles and more are regularly killed by these US agents, without any concern for ecological integrity, justice or federal protections. Rosalie Edge, a remarkable conservation crusader from the late 1920s through the early 1960s, bravely fought the forerunner to this



Artwork by Jennifer Pinkham

perverted federal agency, referring to it as the United States Bureau of Destruction and Extermination. The killers at the Wildlife Services division even have a current plan to gas wolf pups in their dens and surgically sterilize alpha wolf pairs. Most Americans have surely been unaware of the ongoing horror that they have been funding for decades. Now that we know, it is up to each of us to demand that all federal wildlife agencies permanently stop this obscene war on wolves and America's wildlife. Until enough of us speak up against this killing, it will continue.

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**TROPICAL ANDES HOTSPOT:
"GLOBAL EPICENTER
OF BIODIVERSITY"**



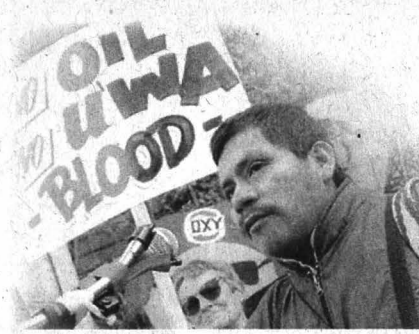
The Tropical Andes region is biologically the richest and most diverse of Earth's hotspots. This location holds about 45,000 plant species, of which 20,000 are endemic. There are over 3,000 vertebrate species, with about 1,500 endemic. Besides plants and mammals, 1,666 bird species, 479 reptile species, and 830 amphibian species reside in the Tropical Andes.

A hotspot is a highly threatened area of high biodiversity of vital importance to the condition of the climate. The Tropical Andes Hotspot spans much of South America, from western Venezuela to northern Chile and Argentina, and includes large portions of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia.

Although a quarter of its original vegetation still remains, the region faces massive threats: Petroleum, mining, hydroelectric, military and other infrastructure projects are all significantly expanding their operations. Indigenous and land-based people are on the frontlines of defending this region. Our solidarity with the wild means understanding and supporting the ongoing resistance of these communities. During these two volumes of the 30th anniversary issue, the *EF! Journal* attempts



to highlight several struggles in the area, such as those of the Wayuu, Afro-Colombian and U'wa communities.



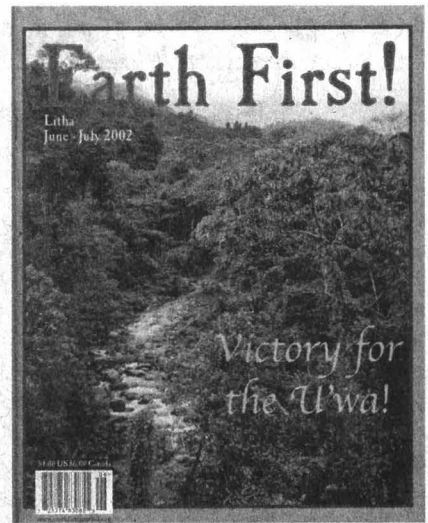
**U'WA MONEY KING
COMMUNIQUE**

Excerpts: U'wa communiqué on the withdrawal of Occidental Petroleum from U'wa sacred territory (See EF! Journal, Litha, June-July 2002).

Today we invite all of our brother and sister children of the Earth to tell the world that Mother Earth is alive, that the U'wa are alive, that the coming together of many voices, hands, cries, writings, meditation, feet, thoughts, etc. make people free from aggressors and destroyers.

We all belong to the divine creation Sira, the god of the U'wa, the creator of all life, and as such we deserve respect. Mother Earth, despite being violated, silently continues feeding us, sustaining us. She doesn't feel envy. She talks, but very few listen to her voice. She insists through cries, but everything continues the same. This worries us, but we the U'wa and friends of the U'wa of Colombia and the world will continue to defend her with our voice, our sacred fasts, our songs, our faith.

Our brothers and sisters—the air, water, sun, moon—are contami-

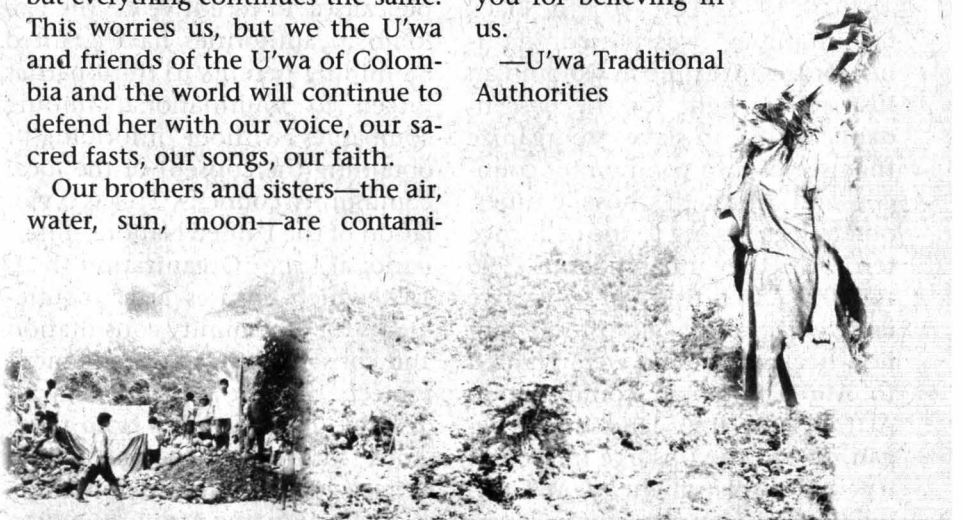


nated and they are being destroyed. This too worries us because if humanity wants to continue to live, we should start to make decisions to prevent our self-destruction. No one destroys man. Man destroys himself. We want to continue reflecting to avoid the destruction of the world, because the U'wa want to continue to live.

The money king is only an illusion. Capitalism is blind and barbaric. It buys consciences, governments, peoples and nations. It poisons the water and the air. It destroys everything. And to the U'wa, it says that we are crazy, but we want to continue being crazy if it means we can continue to exist on our dear Mother Earth.

Brothers and sisters of the world, the U'wa will continue defending Mother Earth. We invite you to continue accompanying us. Thank you for believing in us.

—U'wa Traditional Authorities



AFRO-COLOMBIANS' DISPLACEMENT CRISIS:



Mural by Joel Bergner

"Currulao y Desplazamiento," Washington DC, on Afro-Colombian Culture, Displacement & human rights issues. The artist traveled to Colombia to do research for this project and involved many of his friends in the local Afro-Colombian community in the design of the mural.

BY GIMENA SANCHEZ-GARZOLIA

Descendents of African peoples have resided in Colombia since 1636. In 1993, "Law 70 of the Black Communities" was passed, granting for the first time in Colombian history the right for the descendants of African slaves to organize themselves into community councils and, through those entities, obtain legal titling to the collective territories they inhabit. From 1996 to 2007, 149 titles of collective land constituting almost six million hectares of land were granted to Afro-Colombian communities. At the same time land titling began, so did the upsurge in violent internal displacement of Afro-Colombians. Today more than 60 per-

cent of the Afro-Colombians who possess legal titles to their lands are internally displaced.

Internal displacement has multiple causes. In recent years, the Colombian authorities have granted 35 mining permits to third parties linked to multinational mining companies without informing or obtaining the consent of the local community councils. This is a violation of the United Nations' International Labor Organization (ILO) 169, which ensures legal requirements for community consultation and consent prior to development projects. Efforts are underway to dislodge 1,052 families from these lands for foreign companies to extract gold. Resistance and advocacy efforts by the Afro-Colombian

community councils affected have led to waves of death threats and intimidation from paramilitaries. Already in 2010, paramilitaries have committed two massacres of miners and murdered another 13 persons.

Once displaced, Afro-Colombians no longer are able to live off of their lands, and their children grow up without learning the ways of their traditional lifestyles. In addition to facing the obstacles that come with losing all of one's belongings and livelihood, Afro-Colombian Internally Displaced Peoples (IDPs) confront serious complications in terms of their physical security, inability to cover their basic needs, and vulnerability to exploitation and harm by illegal armed groups. Further, Afro-Colombians displaced to the cities confront culture shock, racial discrimination, extreme poverty, lack of access to their traditional foods and medicines, and ruptured social networks.

Similar to their Indigenous counterparts, who maintain a collective identity and special relationship with their territories, Afro-Colombian communities are devastated by displacement. Afro-Colombian communities are characterized by living sustainable lifestyles where food harvests, fishing and natural resource extraction go hand in hand with preserving biodiversity and the environment for future generations.

Another case of concern is that of Afro-Colombians residing in the Bajamar low-tide zones near the Port of Buenaventura. Most Afro-Colombian residents of Bajamar are already IDPs who fled combat and anti-narcotics operations in the surrounding river areas. The reason for the displacement was to construct a seawall and expansion of the port to facilitate increased international commercial activity, including that which will

be generated by the pending free trade agreement with the US. After managing to survive massacres, selective killings, combat operations and aerial bombardments within their territories, these families are now facing another displacement.

In the past five years, on average of 500 violent deaths per year were registered in Buenaventura. According to the municipal human rights office, 357 forced disappearances have also taken place in the past three years.

Aerial fumigation efforts, financed by the US, also lead to displacement. The spray not only kills coca but many rural farmers' food crops and livelihoods, thus forcing people to move. The fumigation efforts have also led to the dispersal of coca into Afro-Colombian areas, since illegal armed groups are forced to seek out new and more remote areas to plant coca. Their presence comes with combat, abuses and violent pressures imposed onto the local population.

The fumigation antinarcotics strategy creates environmental damage to unique bio-diverse areas that Afro-Colombians have preserved for centuries.

The human rights situation faced by most rural Afro-Colombians residing in their traditional territories and those who are displaced to Colombia's cities remains dramatic. This critical situation prompted Colombia's Constitutional Court to issue Order 005 in 2009, directing the state to take bold steps to prevent further displacement of Afro-Colombians and protect the rights of those already displaced. As of August 2010, the Colombian authorities have not implemented this order.

Two recent murders of activists include those of Alexander Quintero, a human rights defender working with Afro-Colombian communities and Jair Murillo, an

Afro-Colombian IDP activist. Organizations such as the National Organization for Afro-Colombian Internally Displaced Persons (AFRODES), which groups over 60 IDP organizations, and smaller IDP regional groups, continuously receive threats from armed groups. According to the Consultancy for Human Rights and Displacement (CODHES) at least 37 IDP leaders have been assassinated since 2002.

While more needs to be done to address the basic needs and re-establishment of Afro-Colombian IDPs, it is also important that action is



Displaced Family From Plan Colombia Poster

taken to prevent new displacements from occurring.

For example, the scenario facing the IDPs situated in El Futuro neighborhood in Quibdó, Chocó: they fled combat operations and violence from armed groups, and are now living in this neighborhood, most of which they've constructed with their bare hands for the past nine years. The land they live on is private property and the owner is willing to sell the land to the local municipality so that the displaced can continue to live there, legalize their stay and begin to receive services from the city. Yet the city refuses to negotiate with the owner on the land and as such approximately 700 or more persons are at risk of becoming displaced once again.

During former President Alvaro Uribe Velez's tenure, the imple-

mentation of democratic security policies did not stem displacement. Rather since 2002, CODHES recorded 2.4 million newly displaced persons (the government's official statistics recorded 2.2 million). These numbers translate to about one out of every 20 Colombians being newly displaced. Also during President Uribe's tenure, many areas of Colombia were militarized and a record number of extrajudicial executions were committed by members of the armed forces. In these cases, civilians were tortured and killed and then presented as "guerilla killed in combat" in order to show an increased "body counts."

In many cases, Afro-Colombians point out that the armed groups use them as human shields, thus endangering their lives and leading to stigmatization of entire communities by the enemy group. Cases such as that which took place in the community of "Bolita" in El Charco (Nariño), where two Afro-Colombian children aged seven and 10 were wounded in a firefight between armed groups, are commonplace.

In August, Colombia inaugurated President Juan Manuel Santos, who served as Minister of Defense during Uribe's administration. A new president is an opportunity for change in favor of Afro-Colombian and indigenous human and territorial rights. Yet many ethnic minorities are not very optimistic, since Santos served under Uribe. During a period when the military abuses were high, economic projects were implemented in ethnic territories without previous consultation and a large number of politicians' links to right-wing paramilitaries came to light. Community leaders think he is likely to continue many of the same harmful policies as his predecessor.



The Religion of Economics



BY JOHN SEED

Four decades ago, Hazel Henderson wrote that she became an economist to find out "where the bodies were buried."

In researching this article, I discovered that the cemetery she was seeking has been well dug over. Though the stink of decay is all pervasive, the facts remain largely hidden from the general public, so I will here attempt to marshal the evidence revealed by a multitude of grave robbing thinkers, and sound the alarm.

The fact that economics, the most pious religion the world has ever known, has managed to audaciously disguise itself as "secular" is the real key to its unprecedented success. Not only secular, but a science. Not just a science but the only one of the social sciences "hard" enough to have its own Nobel prize.

I propose that the first step to killing this false god and freeing the Earth from its thrall is to unmask it.

So here I will tell the story of this strange religion, one whose Sabbath lasts five days out of seven, while for the truly devout, maybe 6 or even 7 days are spent worshipping in huge complexes of temples that scrape the sky, foul the waters and scorch the Earth. When not in their office temples, the pious congregate in "malls" to shop unto exhaustion of the spirit and of the Earth itself.

I have spent 30 years working on the conservation of nature and have long been troubled by the irrationality, indeed insanity, that destroys the biological fabric from which our own lives are woven. Although our actions to protect the Australian rainforests led to a stream of national parks, for every forest protected in those years, worldwide 1000 were lost. It quickly became clear that there was no way to save the planet one forest at a time. Unless we could address the underlying psychological or spiritual disease that allows humankind to imagine that we can profit from the destruction of our own life support systems, tiny piecemeal gains could never amount to a long-lasting solution.

James Lovelock said that it is as if the brain were to decide that it was the most important organ in the body and started mining the liver.

Paul Ehrlich pointed out, "we are sawing off the branch

that we are sitting on."

These clearly point to a psychological problem.

I believe that the best understanding of the psycho-spiritual dimension of the environmental crisis is in the philosophy of Deep Ecology—the fundamental problem within the illusion of separation between humans and the natural world.

This illusion is coupled with anthropocentrism, the idea that human beings are the centre of everything. The strongest root of this anthropocentrism is the Judeo-Christian tradition where only "man" was created in God's image; only humans have a soul, and we are enjoined to subdue and dominate nature.

If we dig at the foundations of classical economics we discover its Judeo-Christian roots: Nothing has any value till humans add labor and intelligence. The Earth itself is just "dirt" till we dig it up and turn it into our toys.

Just as Christianity and Islam usurped the sacred sites and holy days of the pagan religions, now Christianity has been usurped. A case in point is the transformation of Saint Nicholas, a fourth-century Christian saint, into Santa Claus, a modern and postmodern god of consumerism. What used to be the solstice was subsumed by Christmas, and this in turn has been swallowed by shopping.

What used to be the solstice was subsumed by Christmas and this in turn has been swallowed by shopping.

Harvey Cox, professor of divinity at Harvard University, writes that "Disagreements among the traditional religions become picayune in comparison with the fundamental differences they all have with the religion of the Market. Will this lead to a new jihad or crusade? I doubt it. It seems unlikely that traditional religions will rise to the occasion and challenge the doctrines of the new dispensation. Most of them seem content to become its acolytes or to be absorbed into its pantheon, much as the old Nordic deities, after putting up a game fight, eventually settled for a diminished but secure status as Christian saints."

How is it that proposals to protect nature are inevitably "uneconomic"?

The economic cost-benefit analysis invariably decrees that the benefits of laying Nature to waste trump the costs because, in an extraordinary feat of transubstantiation the only things of real value are deemed to be worthless while social fictions such as money are pronounced to be real. This is a religious miracle of breathtaking power!

Cox points out that the market religion has maintained the sacrament while reversing it: sacred things (like land, water, air and even the human body) are transformed into profane ones so that they can be commodified and put up for sale (i.e. transubstantiation). Land is transformed from the sacred into mere real estate.

Most students of the religious phenomenon of economics see neo-classical economics as a false theology, but there is also the curious case of economist Robert Nelson of the University of Maryland, who celebrates the religious aspect

of his discipline: "Economic efficiency has been the greatest source of social legitimacy in the United States for the past century, and economists have been the priesthood defending this core social value of our era."

David R. Loy, gives us the most compelling of the many critiques of economic religion in his "Religion of the Market," warning us that "Nelson... could be said to have overlooked the market religion's sacrificial aspects of worsening global poverty and environmental degradation," and pointing out that, "In 1960 countries of the North were about twenty times richer than those of the South. In 1990—after vast amounts of aid, trade, loans, and catch-up industrialization by the South—North countries had become fifty times richer. The richest twenty percent of the world's population now have an income about 150 times that of the poorest twenty percent, a gap that continues to grow. According to the UN Development Report for 1996, the world's then 358 billionaires were wealthier than the combined annual income of countries with 45 percent of the world's people. As a result, a quarter million children die of malnutrition or infection every week, while hundreds of millions more survive in a limbo of hunger and deteriorating health." The god of the market's hunger for sacrifice would put the gods of the Aztecs to shame.

The contamination of soul, society and soil by the corruption that is economic thinking is so pernicious, possibly terminal. What are

we to do? Yes, some have their hands on bigger triggers, but we are all in this psychotic trance together.

Bringing all the force of metaphor and poetry to this struggle, we will throw the money lenders out of the Temple of the Immaculate Biosphere. We must defrock economics, rescind its Nobel Prize and provoke laughter at the posturings of both the naked emperor and his servile, obsequious courtiers. When we see economics as a religion, then advertising becomes religious education, and I believe that a critique of advertising is a strategic place to begin a campaign to undermine the religion.

In her essay "Small Wonder," Barbara Kingsolver informs us that "puppeteers of globalized commerce... fund their advertising each year with more than 100 dollars spent for this planet's every man, woman and child." No wonder a child in the developed countries has an environmental impact as much as thirty times that of a child in the third world.

The work of exposing and deconstructing the calamitous role of advertising is well underway—*Adbusters* magazine has been doing a great job of stripping the

We must defrock economics, rescind its Nobel Prize and provoke laughter at the posturings of both the naked emperor and his servile, obsequious courtiers.

emperor of the veils of illusion behind which he hides; the *Story of Stuff* by Annie Leonard provides a very popular online analysis while Reverend Billy of

the "Church of Life After Shopping" wittily thumbs his nose at the false god.

But... these are tiny beginnings and the hour is getting late. We need to build these beginnings into a movement that redefines what it means to be abundant.

Fueled by advertising, we dig the Earth up and chop it down to make the "goods" which we can stuff into that great big hole where our soul used to be, each time promising that this time its going to work, "buy me and you'll finally feel alright." The more that you feed this addiction, the more addicted you become. We need a kind of social therapy, and a change in the programming. It has long been recognized that that Gross National Product (GNP) is a distorted measure of value—the more motor accidents we have, the more GNP goes up, the more anti-pollution equipment we are forced to manufacture, the stronger the economy, etc.

The New Economics Foundation has come up with a "Happy Planet Index," which shows the relative efficiency with which nations convert natural resources

into long and happy lives for their citizens. The nations at the top of the index are those achieving long, happy lives without over-stretching the planet's resources. Costa

Rica comes first, nine of the top 10 nations are in Latin America. China is 20th, India 35th. I'm proud to announce that Australia (102) beat the USA (114).

Its no use sacrificing our desire for ever more material

junk, we have to stop wanting these things. Like with any addiction we must ask: "What is the real underlying problem? What is it we're ignoring and avoiding by our consumption habits?" And for this we need a spiritual movement which replaces the false promises of the church of greed with something which really does feed us. A return to a mystique of the Earth is a primary requirement for establishing a viable rapport between humans and the Earth. Only in this context will we overcome the arrogance that sets us apart from all other components of the planet.

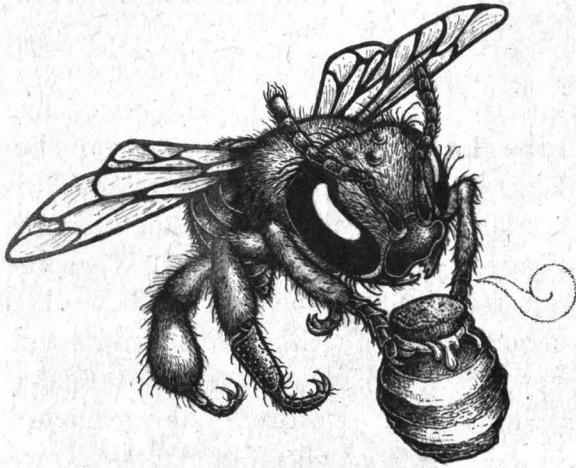
"*The Religion of Economics*" is based on a chapter from *A Handbook of Social Ecology*, soon to be published by the University of Western Sydney. A longer version of this essay replete with references and citations may be found at WWW.RAINFORESTINFO.ORG.AU/DEEP-ECO/ECORELIG.DOC. The author adds, "I am deeply indebted to the work of Richard Foltz. It was discussions with Richard starting in 2003 which sparked my research into this topic."



Art by Penelope Rosemont

Cross-Pollinating the Grassroots

TEN YEARS OF DISMANTLING MONOCULTURE
with the **Beehive Design Collective**



Dedicated to “cross-pollinating the grassroots,” the Bees work collaboratively with communities impacted by environmental injustice to create anti-copyright images for use as educational and organizing tools. They work anonymously as word-to-image translators of complex global stories, using engaging illustrations of plants and animals to document connections between environmental and social justice movements.

This year, the Beehive Collective turns ten years old, and is celebrating a decade of hard work and growth for their multi-dimensional organism! From the Hive’s inception and birth out of the post-Seattle anti-globalization movement, “the Beehive Collective” has become a welcoming place, a committed group of people, and an inspiring model for living, working, and creating together.

Graphics Campaigns

In 2000, the larval Beehive Collective was taking shape amidst the crackling, contagious energy of the anti-globalization movement, and was one of many projects inspired by the wave of new, multi-issue, grassroots energy revitalizing social movements in the US. At a time when “teamsters and turtles” had come together with “one no, many yeses” on the streets of Seattle, the Bees were searching for a holistic and productive way to understand and deconstruct the complex issues unfolding around them that were transforming the social and ecological fabric of our world. Originally, this desire to channel activist energy into a tangible, creative format manifested as an all-women’s stone mosaic co-operative dedicated to documenting and teaching about biodiversity.

This fall, a swarm is sweeping the U

But this isn’t a swarm of your typical honey bees... These are the busy worker Bees of the Beehive Design Collective, wildly motivated, all-volunteer, art-activist Collective based in Eastern Maine. The Bees have left their Hive for the upcoming release tour of their latest graphics campaign, ***The True Cost of Coal***, an illustrated chronicle of Mountaintop Removal Coal mining and the fight for survival in the Appalachian Mountain

However, their coinciding graphic design work soon superseded the mosaics, as paper and fabric banners are easier to carry in a basket than murals made of stone! Starting with basic promotional fliers for anti-biotech protests and food sovereignty movements, the early graphics conveyed simple visual lessons about complex issues using black and white cartoons. Based on poster sales and audience enthusiasm, it became clear that there was a dire need for visual tools to break down the heady and overwhelming issues folks were organizing around into accessible, bite-sized chunks. The Bees started telling their stories with metaphors drawn from the natural world, hoping to encourage folks who typically focus on either the economic or ecological side of an issue to see their stories and concerns as connected—literally, drawn on the same page.

Central to the genesis of the Beehive’s image-making methods was taking “art” into the streets, the classrooms, and the everyday fabric of our lives. The Bees have always encouraged allies to take and reproduce the images they create, in the hopes that the viral spread of pictures will in fact be worth many thousands of words to educators and activists.



The graphic campaigns steadily evolved to become the products of interviews and story-sharings focused on the globally pertinent issues of our time: from struggles for sovereignty and widespread assistance to the devastating impacts of ecosystem-ruining industrial development. Extensive travel and dialogue with communities directly affected by the myriad faces of corporate globalization and empire provides stories, history, and inspiration that comprise the imagery. Even the specific species of animals and plants depicted in the graphic are extensively researched. This gathered information is then woven together and converted to drawings to create intricate quilts—visual narratives that immerse the viewer in the myths that illuminate our times.

Over the past 10 years the Bees have distributed more than 70,000 posters throughout the Americas. The overwhelming success of the graphics campaigns testifies to the strength of visual storytelling tools.

The True Cost of Coal

This year marked the completion of the Bee's latest graphic, *The True Cost of Coal*, an elaborate narrative illustration that explores the complex story of mountaintop removal coal (MTR) mining and the broader impacts of coal in Appalachia and beyond. The image is the culmination of two-and-a-half years of interviews, discussions, feedback sessions, and story-sharing with hundreds of people throughout the Appalachian region whose lives and livelihoods have been impacted by coal.

Appalachian coalfield organizers have worked tirelessly for decades to bring MTR to national consciousness, and the Beehive has been honored to add their unique skills to these efforts by providing a visual strategy for depicting both the big picture of climate change, overconsumption, and globalization while simultaneously honoring the small human- and critter-scale stories of loss and survival that are invisible in the dramatic, overwhelming aerial photographs of open pit mines.

The globally-focused work of the Beehive addresses similar themes around resource extraction and industrial power; however, this is their first graphic deconstructing these issues within the United States. Even though the Bees were applying the same systems-based analysis to this domestic story, they did not realize how similar the global and regional stories would be.

Appalachia is a modern day energy colony. This ancient mountain range is home to the most bio-diverse temperate forest on the planet, as well as to some of the last land-based cultures within the US. Yet it is being transformed into a sacrifice zone in the name of cheap electricity for consumers and consolidated power and wealth for corporations and governments.

In their efforts to teach about ecology as well

as politics and economics, *The True Cost of Coal* features over 100 distinct plant and animal species endemic to the Appalachian region. From the Virginia Big Eared Bat and the Flat-spined Three-toothed Land Snail to ramps and bloodroot, the Bees strive to honor the irreplaceable diversity and biological wealth of the most ancient mountains on earth. Geek-ing out on the plants just a bit, the graphic also contains a mini herbalist course!

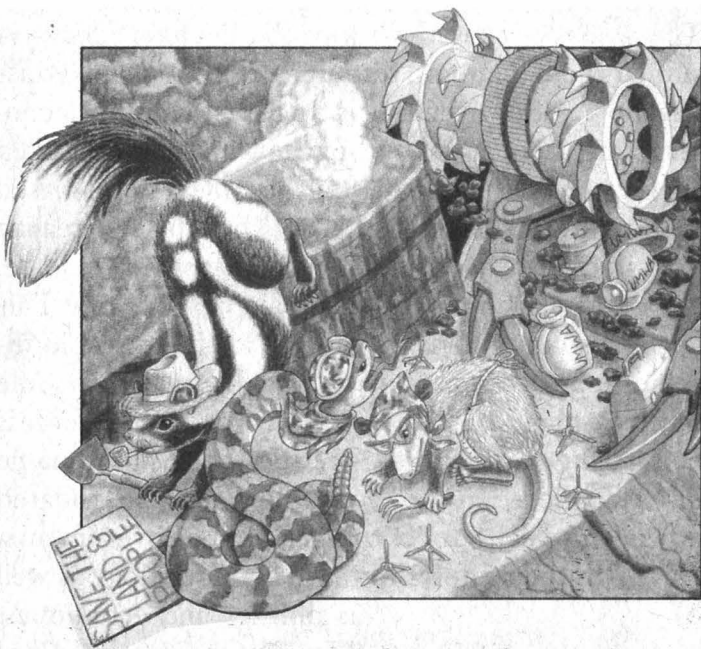
The completion of this project could not have been more apt, coming to

life in a moment of great move-

ment. Literally straight off the presses,

The True Cost of Coal made its debut at the United States Social Forum in Detroit. In an historic moment of cross-pollination, the Bees distributed over 1,500 posters to folks from all over the world! "It was a truly humbling moment to share our work with the movers and shakers of so many diverse movements," one bee remembers. In Detroit, the Bees also teamed up with the organizers of Appalachia Rising!, the first mass-mobilization to demand an end to MTR. In September, the graphic made it to the streets of DC where over 100 people got arrested demanding an end to the destruction and a sustainable future for Appalachia. That was only





Animals with famous defense mechanisms fight back against the mechanization of coal mining in the Beehive's latest graphic work

the beginning, however. As the movement to end MTR continues, the Beehive will be spreading the word far and wide. They have already sold out of the first print run (5,000 posters!) and this fall, four swarms of bees are traveling the country, keeping the momentum going for the largest tour in Beehive history!

Finding the Global in the Local: The Machias Valley Grange Hall

Although the work of Beehive is focused on the global systems that connect the world, much of their work has also been spent building their Hive in the "downeast" town of Machias, ME. In 2000, the Bees made a mutualistic graft with the dwindling, money-poor, yet vibrant local chapter of the Grange, a farm-workers union founded as part of the late 19th Century Populist Movement. They realized that their radical organizing experience and connections to

social movements could be used to revive Grangers' dilapidated building before it was lost to "development." With all-volunteer labor and materials purchased with funds raised at major mobilizations, not to mention lots of trial-and-error and good old-fashioned tenacity, Grange Hall was slowly and steadily restored.

As Beehive graphics seek to build bridges between ecological and social issues, at home the Bees strive to build bridges in their local community. They will be the first to confess that it has been long and slow work, but also that it has resulted in an incredible relationship that unfolds more every year. From town clerks to nanas at knitting circles to blueberry harvesters, the Bees have found allies and support from a diverse range of folks in their little hometown. As one church lady put it, "The Bees may dress a little funny, but they are good people at heart."

The Grange Hall was re-opened to the public in 2005, just in time for its 100th birthday. It was a powerful moment that brought the original Grangers home to their longtime meeting hall and paid homage to the history of the building as an important meeting center for folks in town. Even after receiving the Maine Historical Society's Restoration Award in 2007, caring for the building has continued each year, with now traditional August work parties culminating in the Blackfly Ball, an indescribable

Friends and neighbors celebrate the 2010 Blackfly Ball with a multigenerational Square Dance





ven generations of threatened salamander women honor
 tory & nurture the future in **The True Cost of Coal**

d magical event that unites folks from all walks
 life. The Ball this year attracted over 700 visi-
 rs and had three stages of romping and rollick-
 g music that had even the church ladies shak-
 g their tail feathers and busting out the sequins!

en Years!

The Bees intend to make the most of 2011, cel-
 ebrating their 10th birthday with even greater vivac-
 y and ferocity. This year will see the completion of
Mesoamerica Resite!, their most elaborate work to
 date. With over 500 distinct plant and animal species,
 and stories of struggle and resistance as far ranging
 as gigantean electrification projects, super highways,
 climate change refugees, and economic displacement,
 it promises to be the Collective's magnum opus. "It's
 my doctoral thesis on globalization in the Ameri-
 cas!" jokes one of the Bees. Over the winter, the Bees
 will also be sharpening their stingers, preparing for a
 summer of anniversary celebration, and inviting folks
 and future wannabees to come join in the festivities!

After that, it's hard to say what's next in the
 Beehive's future. One thing that they know for sure
 is that the work keeps on going, and they rise to greet
 it. The worker bees will keep pursuing a world where
 cultural work and popular education are no longer
 outside the box of how movements for social change
 speak to issues, but is rather woven in to the very
 fabric of our activism; the Bees will continue working
 to create holistic, accessible, and educational images
 and spaces that inspire critical reflection and action.

Dispelling traditions based on books, ex-
 perts, speeches, and "hoarding knowledge," the Bees
 share communication methods that inspire and
 empower. They buzz and bustle, organically adapt-
 ing to the changing environment and needs of the
 movement, and work tirelessly to draw more groups
 and people together. They craft and disseminate
 visual tools and innovative methods with the hope
 that they will self-replicate, and that each of these
 seeds will then sprout into stories of their own.

To cross-pollinate with the Bees, contact them at 1 Elm St,
 Machias, Maine, 04654; 207-669-4117;
pollinators@beehivecollective.org;
www.beehivecollective.org.

Appalachian Destruction—The Fight Ahead

excerpted from the book *Tree Spiker*

By MIKE ROSELLE

Mountaintop removal is an especially destructive form of mining, where the top half of a mountain is literally blasted and chopped off, creating a plateau. The “fill” is pushed into the accompanying hollow by bulldozers, destroying an entire valley and stream. This exposes the coal seam, making tunneling a thing of the past. Mountaintop removal supporters like to point out the benefit of an increase in flat ground in the particularly rugged region.

Local Ed Wiley has seen the bulldozers at work on a Spring day. As the dozers moved into a section of black bear dens, Ed saw two young black bears dart out of their homes, only to be crushed and buried alive by debris falling from the bulldozers above. “I wonder how many other bears didn't even make it out of their den,” Ed said. You only have to see something like that once to realize that mountaintop removal is one of the most loathsome environmental plagues of our day. All this to mine an archaic fuel source whose very implementation is killing us.

The bears aren't the only creatures on the front line. At Marsh Fork Elementary School, where Ed and Debbie Wiley's granddaughter goes to school, the kids are becoming casualties in a facility where the water sometimes runs black like the coal sludge stored directly behind the playground. In this case, a gigantic mountaintop removal coal mine surrounds the school area. The building sits 225 feet away from a Massey Energy coal-loading silo that releases high levels of coal dust that saturates the air in the school. A leaking earthen dam holds back 2.8 billion gallons of toxic coal sludge. And Massey wants to build another silo.

Not that Ed and Debbie, or anyone else who sends their child to Marsh Fork Elementary, are going to stand for this. In 2006, Ed, a former coal miner, walked 455 miles to Washington, DC, to talk to legislators about why they are letting Massey poison his granddaughter.

Despite Al Gore's call to action, few environmental organizations currently support mass civil disobedience, undoubtedly because of the risks involved. Jail, fines, lawsuits and the unavoidable charges that they are unreasonable—an accusation that obviously strikes more fear into their hearts than do rising sea levels and mass extinction—have paralyzed environmentalists. Environmental organizations have become too comfortable and professional;

they're afraid of risks and are hesitant to make any great sacrifice. For us to win this, we will have to change, and change quickly.

Fortunately, some organizations are not afraid. And we should not be too surprised that Earth First! is once again leading the way. On June 30, 2008, 13 members of Blue Ridge EF! became the first group to answer Gore's call.

The EF! Blockade of Dominion Resources and Tredegar Street, a main Richmond thoroughfare, lasted for more than two hours. The blockade was centered around four college students forming a human chain, their hands encased in containers of hardened cement, the old sleeping dragon trick. Dominion's new plant is projected to release 5.4 million tons of carbon dioxide annually, as well as 49 pounds of mercury, and other hazardous chemicals. The plant's demand

for coal would also accelerate the rate of mountaintop removal mining, which has already destroyed 25 percent of the mountains in Wise County, Virginia.

“We've been through the regulatory process, it's time now to take action on our own,” declared Hannah Morgan, a 19 year-old Earth First!er from Appalachia, a small town in Wise County. On September 15, 11 more protesters were arrested. This time they were joined by the Rainforest Action Network (RAN) and Asheville Rising Tide, a new international action group committed to fighting climate change.

Local resistance here has been fierce, yet aside from the EF!, RAN and Mountain Justice activists, the only other support from outside has been merely vocal. Many representatives of the big envi-

ronmental groups, including Robert F. Kennedy Jr. of the Natural Resource Defense Council, have made the trek to Larry Gibson's house on Kayford Mountain. Here mountaintop removal coal mining surrounds Larry's property, though it's only just begun. Big-name enviros have been to Ed Wiley's house below Coal River Mountain, where Massey wants to mine. So far, none of these leaders have attended any of the demonstrations. In order for the local activists to succeed in their struggle to preserve their mountains, the movement's most visible generals will need to come down to the front line.

...The road from my home in Missoula, Montana, to the hills in West Virginia covers more than 2,000 miles, but on arrival here it feels like a different country in a different century. At about 4:30 p.m. the blasting begins. Hundreds of bore holes are drilled into the bedrock, filled with dynamite, and detonated, causing the ground to

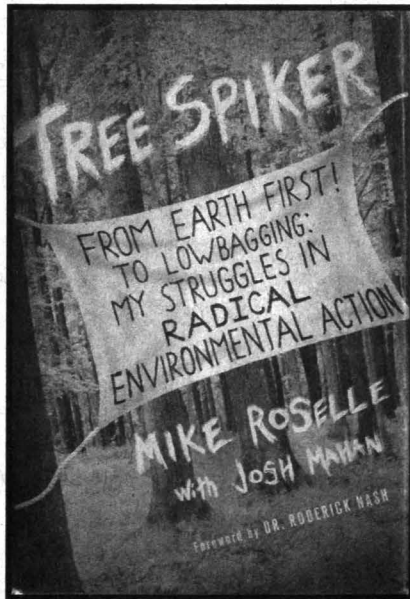


Photo by Young Jim Linn

Tree Spiker was released in 2009

tremor and explode, sending a thunderous noise down the valley. Afterward, dust clouds billow high above the truncated mountain. When a new work shift begins, a large dragline methodically removes gravel from the blast area and loads it into a truck bed. The line of trucks is long. They take the material to the valley and dump it, where bulldozers push it over the side of the mountain and into the creek below. Without pause, the trucks return, beeping and growling, to be loaded again, in endless repetition, shaving off one layer of the mountain after another, until the thin seam of coal is exposed. The dragline will then load its coal into the trucks, and the material will be taken to a processing plant, washed in chemical detergents, and loaded on trains that will take it to virtually every corner of the Earth.

I sat there and watched until after midnight. What I was witnessing has to be among the greatest crimes against nature ever committed. A mountain that has been here for millions of years, indeed one of the oldest mountains on Earth, was disappearing before my eyes. Also disappearing was one of the oldest and most biologically diverse forests ever to exist and, along with it, a people and a way of life, people whose families fought in the American Revolution. People who fought for workers' rights against the coal companies, sparking a labor movement here that changed working conditions not only in the coal mines, but also in factories, mills, and smelters across the country.

Already, as many as a fourth of the mountains in this part

of West Virginia have been destroyed by mountaintop removal. The large machines now in use have displaced the coal miner. One dragline, operated by a small crew, can do the work of 600 underground coal miners. The displaced miners often have no other choice but to head out of state to find jobs in the factories of the big industrial cities.

There have been a slew of environmental laws passed in order to prevent such a catastrophe, but just like the mine-safety laws designed to protect the workers, they are rarely obeyed, and paying fines is viewed as cheaper than complying. When confronted with a coal company's malfeasance, sympathetic judges and politicians simply look the other way. That is the way it has always been in West Virginia.

...Changes are on the horizon. They will have a profound effect on West Virginia. The reduction of carbon dioxide emissions to address climate change will put climate change and coal mining on a collision course. If we continue to burn coal at the rate we do today, what remains of the Appalachians will be destroyed, as well as the air we breathe. There are no easy answers to climate change, but if there is an answer, it must be found here in places like West Virginia, where a standing forest can store over 40 tons of carbon per acre per year. It is insanity to think that these mountains have less value than the seam of coal that underlies them.

In 1979 Mike Roselle, along with five other environmentalists, founded the Earth First! movement. He has since engaged in hundreds of campaigns and actions, training thousands of youth activists through EF!, the Ruckus Society, the Rain Forest Action Network and Climate Ground Zero.

Kicking the KKK out of Katúah

BY CHRIS IRWIN

John Stokes, a disc jockey in Kalispell, Montana, is drawing parallels between the rise of Hitler's Third Reich and what he calls the environmental "Fourth Reich."

He has held green-swastika burning parties in the parking lot of his radio station and has publicized the names of local businesses that have contributed to an environmental group. Several of these businesses have found green swastikas painted on their walls. Meanwhile a skinhead organizer, Tom Metzger, claims to have watched the environmental and skinhead movements come together.

Katúah Earth First! has been active in anti-racist activities since our inception. We marched with Black Panther Lorenzo Irving at one of the first marches against the more than 200 African-American church and home burnings several years ago. Katúah EF! has deep links to Newport and Cocke County.

More than 800 people braved a cold

and steady downpour to jeer at and confront the KKK.

Nearly 200 law enforcement officers were stationed around the courthouse. Police snipers peered down on the crowd from rooftops, and skirmish lines of state troopers in full riot gear surrounded both KKK members and their opponents.

Facing the rear of the courthouse, we stood on the street facing the KKK and used bullhorns and cheerleader-style megaphones in a successful effort to drown out their speakers. Overlooking the rally site, draped across a building adjacent to the west side of the courthouse, was a large banner, about four by 12 feet in size, with a large image of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and a quote that read, "Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that."

The long-awaited and much publicized event began when an unidentified Klansman addressed the crowd with a Nazi salute and the slogan, "White power!" We, along with the majority of the crowd, shouted back, "White trash!" Speakers alternated between attacks on King's



Photo by S. Tzouanaki

Katúah Earth First! faces cops and the KKK legacy and exhortations for "those of you of European ancestry" to "stand up for your rights." In response, Earth First! at one point in the two-hour-long melee, began singing "Happy Birthday" to King.

My favorite image of the entire rally was when one of the Nazis on the courthouse steps did the Nazi salute to those of us in the crowd. I was in the back and suddenly all the black and white hands in the crowd went up together, turned and extended their middle fingers. At the end of the rally, one Earth First!er commented, "Today the KKK didn't get a single word out. We shouted them down, and it was completely nonviolent."

This article is an excerpt from the original, which appeared in the Earth First! Journal, Mabon, September-October 2003.

Continued from page 27

Elliott, because it was the largest, most recent forest action in North America in recent years. Most of the revelations that I've had about the Elliott have been tactical ones.

For example: At a site deep in the woods where media isn't allowed and police can thus act with impunity, most blockaders should

be "soft," meaning ready to run away at any minute, as opposed to "hard," meaning locked down or otherwise immobilized with their bodies on the line. The lockdowners at the Elliott were prepared for intentional arrest, a controversial tactic which, I believe, is often overused, and especially was in this case. The Climate Ground Zero group in Appalachia has used this tactic effectively in recent months by minimizing arrests while maximizing their actions, and having the vast majority of participants in non-arrestable roles. In our case, the lockdowns would've been a great distraction to allow others the freedom to roam around, rather than being the central focus of everyone's energies.

Logistically, more could have been done at the Rendezvous to prepare folks for forest action. Specifically more backwoods survival training, repeated map and compass trainings including games and/or a scavenger hunt, forest evasion training including games, and discussion of hard versus soft blockades and other free

state-related tactics. Also logistically, a safe house in the area could have been established for those navigating out of the woods, and phone numbers for that house and for a pickup team driving along the highway could have been given to everyone.

The free state tactic, when it is used again in the future, should take a broad view of the area it is defending, and should embrace a diversity of tactics.

Free States Past, Present and Future

The July-August 1996 issue of the *EF! Journal* profiles three free states (Warner Creek, Sucker Creek, and Cove/Mallard) that were maintained primarily through hard blockades and overwhelming numbers of EF!ers willing to put their bodies on the line. In 2003-2004 an all-womyn's free state arose in unit six of the Straw Devil timber sale near Eugene, and worked in conjunction with the mixed-gender free state nearby in unit seven to protect a large part of the sale. The spirit of this action led to the creation of the Trans and Womyn's Action Camp (TWAC), which is on the cutting edge of the movement and considered by many to be the best action camp in Cascadia.

Another successful action was the long struggle of the Mattolè free state, defending thousands of acres of native forest in Humboldt for several years using guerrilla tactics. People roamed around the woods for months

at a time, avoiding professional trackers and popping up all over the area with a variety of hard and soft blockades and temporary tree-sits. This could have been a great model for the Elliott. While the incredibly militarized police overreaction

couldn't have been expected, it could have been resisted much more effectively by roaming bands of improvisational guerrillas than by an overabundance of immobilized forest defenders.

The free state tactic, when it is used again in the future, should take a broad view of the area it is defending, and should embrace a diversity of tactics. Preparations should be made for a massive police response, and arrests and confiscation of food and gear should all be kept to a minimum. Education about and familiarity with the area should be maximized for all those involved, and participants should ideally all be able to find their way in and out of the woods. Finally, if a free state is to be set up, there should be a legal path to victory, and those involved should be committed to maintaining some form of defense as long as possible until the area is protected.

Gambit is a forest defender based in Cascadia, who spends their free time climbing trees and reading the EF!J. If you'd like to climb trees too, drop them a line at gambitmckay@riseup.net.



Lock Down at the Cascadia Free State



Roadshow Crew on the Blockade

Warnerizing your Uprising

Lessons from Warner Creek

Photo Courtesy of E! Journal Archives

By TAFLUFFMA

The blockade at Warner Creek was an evolutionary progression of tactics that has been unfolding in the movement for nearly 15 years.

First, Earth!ers—a quick history lesson in the rich tradition of E!ers' road blockading. E!ers began blockading logging roads in the early 1980s during the simultaneous Bald Mountain and G-O Road actions. These early blockades were simple and often spontaneous, and usually involved merely sitting or standing in front of bulldozers... The Gandhian nature of these blockades, however, did not mean that they were entirely peaceful affairs; indeed, they were often marred by violence against activists. On one action, a 'dozer operator went berserk and tried to run over a group of activists blockading the Bald Mountain Road. They stood their ground and were partially buried before the 'dozer operator came to his senses.

A real turning point in the development of militant blockades was the Cahto Peak campaign in 1988. After hours of consensus circles failed to come up with a viable plan to blockade the logging road leading to the timber sale, a small affinity group took it upon themselves to build barricades. Boulders and logs were rolled into the roadway, and deep trenches were dug in the road. Dubbed "tank traps," these trenches successfully prevented sheriffs and loggers from reaching the sale units. The blockade worked in conjunction with political actions by the local Native American community (Cahto Peak is sacred ground to the Klamath Nation), and with legal actions to gain an injunction. This legal/extra-legal strategy was brilliantly successful, and the ancient forest atop

Cahto Peak is now part of a designated wilderness area.

The Breitenbush actions of 1989 expanded upon the tactics of the Cahto Peak campaign and brought together an even larger number of activists. Night after night, dozens of people came from the city to build rock-and-log barricades and dig shallow trenches into the logging road right under the (snoring) noses of security guards, sometimes for the benefit of media cameras. Some of the innovative barricades employed included a huge bonfire barricade placed on a bridge and a "traffic jam." The most famous barricade involved an activist who buried himself up to his neck in a wall of boulders. A photo of his scowling No Compromise face jutting out from the rocks was printed in newspapers all over the world.... Many activists point to the Breitenbush blockade as the turning point in the debate over logging of ancient forests.

The Shawnee Summer Campaign of 1990 was another turning point in the evolution of "free states." It was the first time a basecamp was placed in the middle of an active logging road.... An elaborate community kitchen was the initial blockade, and this was later reinforced with a barricade made out of an upturned schoolbus. The Freddie's kept their distance for over a month, allowing the community to build its support network. Later, Freddie's tried unsuccessfully to break the blockade with numerous assaults and psychological warfare techniques, but the Shawnee encampment held out and successfully prevented logging for the duration of the season.

Each of the past direct actions described above

required struggle on many fronts—in administrative, legal, political and extra-legal arenas—to make those actions successful. E!ers had to struggle with themselves and each other in order to philosophically integrate barricade blockade into the movement's repertoire of nonviolent direct action techniques.

The Warner Blockade—the "Cascadia Free State" as we took to calling it—was a smashing success. Against seemingly insurmountable odds we held the road for 11 months, made the infamous Salvage Rider a household word, and saved some of the most beautiful old-growth forest in the world....

The most crucial element of the Warner campaign was massive support from, well, the masses. Hundreds of people attended rallies for Warner, thousands gave food, money and gear, and tens of thousands sent letters to government officials expressing their outrage at plans to salvage-log the Cornpatch Roadless Area.

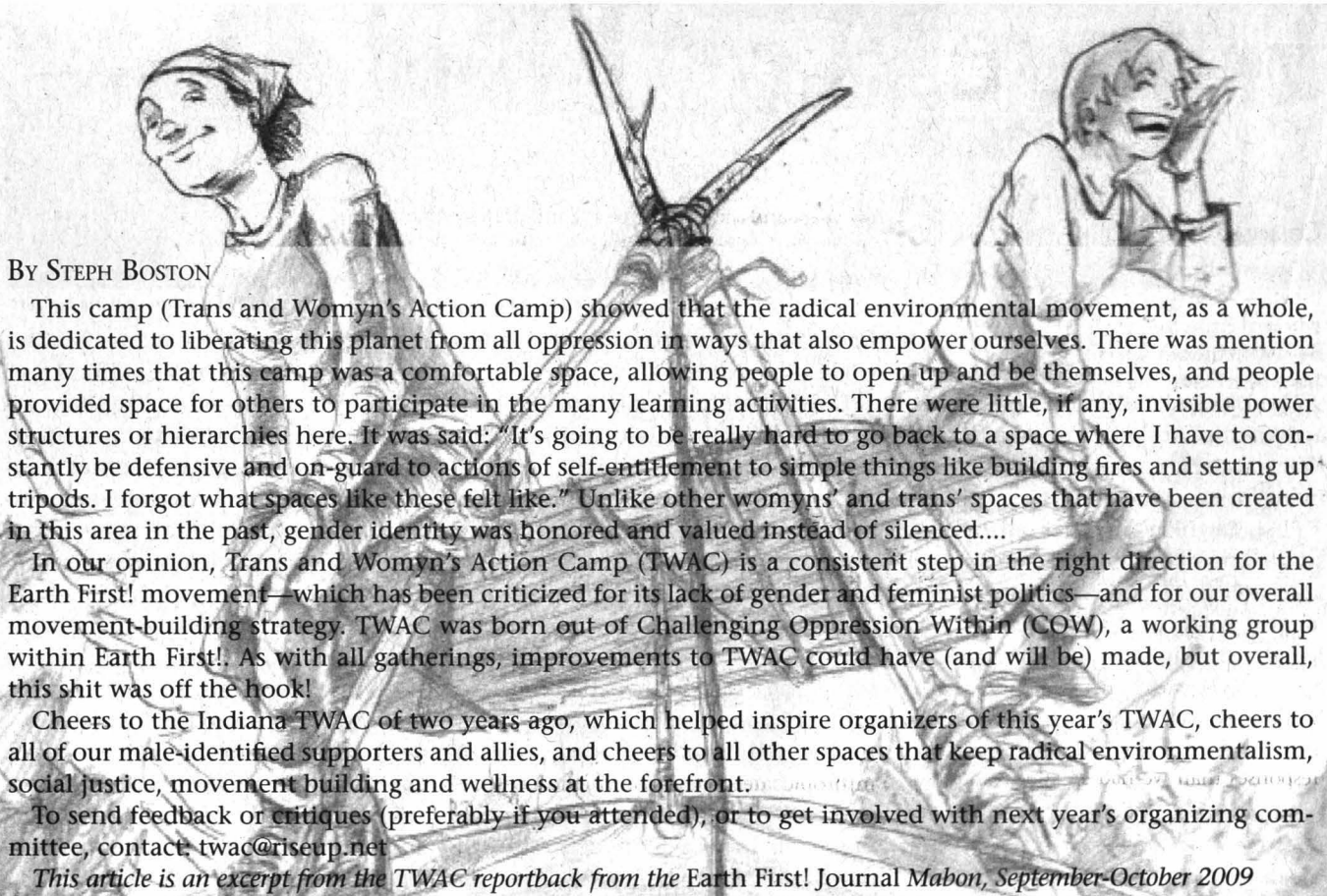
When we start with the basics, when we start with organizing and agitating, then we are reaching people. When their Congressperson ignores their well-worded and cogently argued letter, then a person is radicalized. Let's get busy, because time is running out.

Originally appeared in the E! Journal, Lughmasadh, August-September 1997.



Photo by Sky Shiva

The Warner Creek Blockade



BY STEPH BOSTON

This camp (Trans and Womyn's Action Camp) showed that the radical environmental movement, as a whole, is dedicated to liberating this planet from all oppression in ways that also empower ourselves. There was mention many times that this camp was a comfortable space, allowing people to open up and be themselves, and people provided space for others to participate in the many learning activities. There were little, if any, invisible power structures or hierarchies here. It was said: "It's going to be really hard to go back to a space where I have to constantly be defensive and on-guard to actions of self-entitlement to simple things like building fires and setting up tripods. I forgot what spaces like these felt like." Unlike other womyns' and trans' spaces that have been created in this area in the past, gender identity was honored and valued instead of silenced....

In our opinion, Trans and Womyn's Action Camp (TWAC) is a consistent step in the right direction for the Earth First! movement—which has been criticized for its lack of gender and feminist politics—and for our overall movement-building strategy. TWAC was born out of Challenging Oppression Within (COW), a working group within Earth First!. As with all gatherings, improvements to TWAC could have (and will be) made, but overall, this shit was off the hook!

Cheers to the Indiana TWAC of two years ago, which helped inspire organizers of this year's TWAC, cheers to all of our male-identified supporters and allies, and cheers to all other spaces that keep radical environmentalism, social justice, movement building and wellness at the forefront.

To send feedback or critiques (preferably if you attended), or to get involved with next year's organizing committee, contact: twac@riseup.net

This article is an excerpt from the TWAC reportback from the Earth First! Journal Mabon, September-October 2009



Where Are They Now?

Earth First! Old Guard

COMPILED BY EF! JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

Below is a glimpse into the lives of active longtime EF!ers and instrumental people who have moved on. Some names might be new to the whippersnappers, some may have been heard before (some you might wish you never had!)—what we lovingly refer to as the old guard of our movement, with some mid-guard in the mix.

We asked the following questions: name, age, residency; first and last EF! Rendezvous; what you're most known for; your wildest memory; what you've been doing lately; message to younger generations; if you'll be coming to another Rondy; and any pseudonyms you wanna divulge.

The following are excerpts from some of the answers we received. There were more responses than we had space for and they kept coming in past our deadline, so we chose a sampling. We will continue this feature into future issues throughout the year.

Randall Restless

Bozeman, Greater Yellowstone. First Rondy: 1986. Last: 1996. Helped to start the Cove/Mallard campaign, in opposition to a massive roadless area timber sale on the Nez Perce National Forest. "We mostly won that one." Wildest memories? "Dang, where to begin? Maybe body-shots at the RRR in the San Juan Mountains. Or naked amoebas at the 1990 RRR in Montana. Or locking my neck with a U-lock to the axle of a loading machine in Murrelet Grove during Redwood Bummer... Or erecting North America's first-ever tripod road blockade at Cove/Mallard, only to have the loggers light it on fire." Lately: "Guiding *touristas* in Yellowstone. On the eco-front, working to stop the invasion of public lands by motorized morons, by documenting and exposing the damage these losers do to our public heritage." Coming to another Rondy? "Probably not, but you never know where I might appear." Message to the youth: "Fuck shit up."

Peggy Sue McRae

Friday Harbor, Washington. First Rondy?, "mmm where was that?" Last: '96. "I was proud of the Ecofeminist insert I put together and the Mona the Monkey-wrencher cover I designed for that issue. I wrote a "pagan blurb" for the *Journal* for a

few years and did a lot of pen & ink drawings but I also held the record for jail time served on the Cove/Mallard Front..." Wildest memory? "After the initial 28 days the Noble Road Seven spent in jail, we arrived back at the Cove/Mallard basecamp to a full blown riot." Lately, "blogging, painting, working at The Whale Museum in Friday Harbor and looking after my Mom." To the youth: "Keep it nonviolent." Coming to another Rondy? "Not sure, but it could happen."

Gnome Wolf Spirals

Aka "Nome Ansland," 39, living in Austin, Texas. First Rondy: 1995. Last: 2002. "Poet and orator, and perhaps the 'missing link' between the old and young guards. I am from an anarcho-punk background in my youth but have the values of a 'mis-anthropic' deep ecologist in many ways." Lately? "Working as a youth counselor. I was always an avid social worker/crisis counselor through the '90s... perhaps a closeted Humanist with a misanthropic image. Environmental work has been sporadic, but I am still there in my heart." Wildest memory? "Sequoia lifting her shirt and cackling 'I've killed men with these!' in 1995."

Mike Mease

Montana. On Rondies: "Never Summers are my vacation, last thing I want to do is hang out with a bunch of hippies!" Known for: "Depends on how old you are"; founded Cold Mountain, Cold Rivers, guerilla media; occupied Paul Watson's ship, in "revenge of the lily-livered banner hangers" action. Co-founded Buffalo Field Campaign ... has spent last 13 years "living on the frontlines with the buffalo." Wildest memory: "Police brutality in Cove/Mallard, security guards playing Russian roulette with detained activists." To the youth: "I'm not into breeding, but we need to be more tribal in how we relate to parents and families... [also] we gotta remember, government did this [Green Scare] to make us paranoid and to close us off to each other." Last comment "Thanks for your work. The *Journal* is a real important piece of this movement."

Greta Grizz

California, 41, Aka "Fire Grizz." First Rondy: 1990, last: 2002. Known for: "Prob-

ably for my medical and organizational committee support at EF! actions.... Also helping start Greater Gila Biodiversity Project and what is now the Center for Biological Diversity." Wildest memory: "You can't put that shit in print! It's either illegal or something you don't want your children reading about! Find me around a campfire, put a bottle in my hand and maybe I'll spin a wild yarn or two about the roaring '90s and the benefits of being able to run fast." Lately: "Health care: working as massage therapist and clinical herbalist with focus of work on activist health, teaching and running low-income herbal wellness clinics, raising two children, milking goats, homesteading." To the youth: "Hike and run a lot.... Learn GIS mapping. Get out in the woods monitoring timber sales, learn to write really well so you can help with appeals, grants and endangered species listing petitions. Get focused defending and creating wilderness, or start your own campaigns in your watershed. Animal rights is another movement, not EF!. Ditch the grunge cliques that proliferated with the anti-globalization marches.... You can be a wild forest critter and still take baths, dress in the costumes of modern day Amerika, and slip into boardrooms easier. Washing your hands is cool, taking care of your body is cool, eating protein is cool. Eating soybeans as your main protein source will get you in trouble with your thyroid.... You are Gaia's antibody, the warrior T-cells, and you need to be as effective as possible right now...." Coming to a Rondy again? "Probably not... the last one I went to was decidedly not focused on defending biodiversity, the only reason I became involved with EF!—in 1980 when I was 10 years old defending Jack Creek Road near Big Sky, Montana."

Gigi

Tucson, Arizona, 48. First Rondy: Oregon Regional around '92, last: 2001. "What am I known for, I don't know... I was booted from a lot of fires for causing chaos. I'm not the queen of chaos, I mean I wouldn't take on that title, but I've been called that... without drinking! But it always turned into fun." Memories: "So many totally fucked up actions that we had to laugh about later... I was a main jail support person in Colorado (after the Rondy), people were getting arrested, and Agent Apple took my car to pie Barry

Earth First! Old Guard: Where Are They Now?

Clausen, leaving me with no fucking car for jail support, But people thought it was great cause he got pied right in front of the Jail." Lately, "I've been finding myself, redefining my self... I think its called midlife crisis. I had to take a few years off 'cause I crashed... Can you make up something more glorious?!" Next Rondy: "I made a commitment to help Crusty with the rendezvous next year. I'm bringing my cats."

Mitch Friedman

Bellingham, Washington, 47. First Rondy: '85, last: '89. One of the first treesitters, organized the first spotted owl protests, Ancient Forest Rescue Expedition, creative director for the Mudhead Kachinas. Wildest memories: "Some heavy Stumps Suck protest moments at the Gifford Pinchot and Okanogan National Forest headquarters." Lately: "I've directed Conservation Northwest (originally Greater Ecosystem Alliance) since '89." He's received conservation awards from Society for Conservation Biology, The Wilderness Society, Washington Environmental Council, and Northwest Jewish Environmental Project. Named by Washington Law and Politics Magazine as one of the "25 smartest people in Washington" in 2003. To the youth: "Eschew dogma." Will you be coming to a Rondy: "Hard to say." Mysterious. Our sources tell us that Mitch has "gone conservative," but maybe we'll get to see for ourselves.

Gary Lawless

Nobleboro, Maine, 59, "Only Rondy was a million years ago in southern Colorado... Art Goodtimes got the poets together to read, before the Warrior Poets had a name.... Later I was poetry editor of *Wild Earth* magazine, also Jasper Carlton and I created the National Grizzly Growers Organization." Today: "I co-own a bookstore, write poems for the lynx, the loon, the herring—try to speak for the critters. The poet Gary Snyder sent me a postcard, here in Maine, saying there's this new bunch of folks you ought to know about—I wrote to Dave Foreman and got a stapled, mimeographed newsletter in return—the early beginnings of the *EF! Journal*. Because of that postcard I met Dave

and Nancy, Jamie Sayen, Jasper Carlton, Walkin' Jim Stoltz and John Davis... I'm getting older, but still trying to give voice to those critters through poems, through the books we make available at our bookstore, and through the way I live my life. To the youth: "Thank you for your hearts, your spirit, for what you do. Stay strong, and don't compromise in your defense of Mother Earth."

Jean Crawford

Albuquerque, New Mexico, 48. First Rondy: 1987, attended straight through 1997, last: 2005. Aka "Loose Hip Circles, my nom-de-plume for the *Journal*, lived several road crossings from the nearest convenience store." Known for: "Most of the things I did were in the background. I might be remembered as a mouthy, feisty, funny woman who could keep a rowdy meeting flowing, and was the harmless looking one sent to deal with the unsuspecting public. Some of what seems significant to me: I kept the Aryans off the stage at the 1989 Jemez RRR (Ha to you, Lone Wolf Circles); signing the tax forms for the *Journal* because I was the only board member with an address." Wildest memory: "Being a part of the Wild Women's Circle that evicted the guy from the 1990 RRR in Montana for sexual harassment. That was the most empowering thing I've ever been part of." Lately: "I used to run with the wolves, then I napped with the cats, now I'm dancing with trees...." To the youth: "Take all rumors, attitudes and stories with a big grain of salt. We may never know how much damage the FBI really did. But I suspect it was considerable... I have always believed that the work of protecting the Wild is more important than what name the work is done under... Evolution is healthy and inevitable; rigidity is dangerous." Coming to a Rondy again? "Probably not, I have to camp with a 30lb battery, and that's a lot of extra weight for me to carry. But I'd love to have an Old Guard Rendezvous some day for the sheer pleasure of seeing old friends. But give me lots of early warning, money is hard to come by. I miss EF!'s place in my life."

Paloma Galindo

Just moved from Knoxville, Tennessee to Boise, Idaho. First Rondy: '95, but before that had participated in smaller regional gatherings; most recent Rondy, 2005. Co-founder of United Mountain Defense, a nonprofit dedicated to halting mountaintop removal coal mining in TN. Wild memories: "shutting down logging roads on Olympic peninsula, all night in

the rain and cold; living in a tipi on Karen and Asante's land; u-locked to truck attached to a tripod in Cove/Mallard; run-in with angry logger with gun while I was lost in Warner Creek and convinced him a whole group with cameras were surrounding us; going to Yukon, in 40-degrees-below weather to stop the wolf kill in '96; falling in love with mountains, campfires and guitars; Casey Neill singing "Dancing on the Ruins"; the kind of moments where you said "yes, I am alive!" "Yeah, she'll be at the next RRR."

Rain Sanchez

Tucson, Arizona, 41. First Rondy: '95, last: "regional in AZ a few years ago." Known as "Always gung-ho, I'm gonna be there in the front, like 'to the barricade!'" Craziest memory: "Bullets flying by my head, hearing them fly by my ears in Headwaters. I got dropped off at the wrong spot apparently." Lately: "For five years I've been teaching a free self-defense class at Dry River anarchist community center," often attended by us *Journal* folks. "Also working on the Border Opposition Action Fund and Autonomous Sustainability Project." To younger generations: "Study the path, not only of direct action, but of revolutionary insurgents around the world. Learn from the past, try not to reinvent the wheel, don't make the same mistakes, listen to your heart, listen to the Earth, and take care of each other." You'll see him around.

Editor's Note: In Volume II of the 30th Anniversary edition of the Earth First! Journal: John Davis, Karen Coulter, Mike Petersen, Dennis Fritzinger, Laura B, Art Goodtimes, Garlic, Peg Millett, Dirt, Daniel Barron, Slugthang, Dave Foreman and Christopher Manes.

Some other folks we've contacted: Mike Jakubal, Mike Howell, Jeanette Russel, Neal Tuttrup, Dana Stoltzman, Sasha Coulter, Michael Donnelly, Kelpie Wilson, Karen Wood, Kimberly Dawn, John Green, Jagoff Kreilik, Tracy Bartlett, Faith Walker, Dana Lyons, Michael Robinson, John Johnson, Dave Parks, Dennis Davey, David Cross, George Wuertner, Mark Williams, Phil Knight, Danny Dolinger, Roger Featherstone, Bob Kaspar, Andy Cafrey, Bill Oliver, Marc Baker, Alicia Littletree, Ron Kezar, Bart Koeler, Gary MacFarlane, Ivan Maluski, Doug, Frog, Theresa Kintz, Jesse White, Kris Maenz, Kim Marks, Laren Linder, Tracy Catelman...

If you know any of them, or others, please encourage them to take part in this effort to reconnect the Earth First! generation gaps.

Waving the Earth First! Fist

Around the



World

Internationally, Earth First!, or Groen Front!, as they say in the Netherlands and Belgium, can also mean "Green Front!," "Nature First!," or "Green Earth!". 27 years ago the Earth First! banner was adopted by environmental activists in Australia, since then countries around the world have also discovered what this unique banner stands for and have chosen to use it to further communicate their actions and the ideologies behind them.

From Iceland to Italy to the British Isles, the Netherlands, Prague, Poland, Russia, New Zealand, Belgium and Canada—the world has seen the Earth First! fist waving at tree-sits and road blockades, just the same as you can see it in the States where it all started. Over the last three decades there have also been Earth First! actions in China, Japan, Nigeria and South Africa.

Individuals and communities have used direct action, all over the world, for hundreds of years, to show defiance wherever voices or protests have gone ignored. It is always a goal of the *Earth First! Journal* to include the struggles of international and indigenous communities around the world that have used direct action, with or without any banner. The following is a spotlight on two groups that are active today.

Earth First! Italia

Earth First! Italia has been steadily active since 2008, where EF! groups exist in Rome, Padova, Prado and in the Torino-ValdiSusa area

in the northwest. The major campaign work of Earth First! Italia includes fighting against expansion of cities and urbanization, the mass production of waste and nuclear energy. EF! Roma has also been working in defense of the regional park of the "Pineta." Earth First!ers in Italy have been traveling to the UK over the last few years for the annual Earth First! Summer Gathering to connect with the movement, share skills and news. In 2009, EF! Italia organized the first Earth First! gathering in Italy. You can see photos from the direct action camp and more at: WWW.EARTHFIRSTITALIA.BLOGSPOT.COM.

Nessun Compromesso in Difesa di Madre Terra!

Born to be wild!
Earth First! night

dalle 18.00
Tavola rotonda:
"Quale futuro oltre l'antropocentrismo?"
+ aperitivo vegano/vegetariano

dalle 21.00
Beat 4 Wilderness! Expo:
Dj Fabio Pascucci

INGRESSO A SOTTOSCRIZIONE LIBERA
Sabato 12 giugno 2010
Spazio Sociale EX51, via Boccaioni 24
(Viale Aurelia)

Saving Iceland

For six years, Saving Iceland (SI) has introduced anarchist militancy into Icelandic politics. The group was originally founded in the autumn of 2004 as "Killing Iceland," following meetings attended by a great bunch of people that were at the Earth First! gathering in the UK in August of that year. We have always been in close collaboration with Earth First!,

particularly people in the UK, Holland and Belgium. We have also contributed several articles about our struggle to the *EF! Journal*.

We have hosted five major international protest camps, most in the Icelandic highlands, between 2005-2009. Most of the camps lasted for over a month, usually under constant siege or under heavy surveillance and harassment from the so-called Icelandic police, also known as the "Viking Squad."

We have done numerous large-scale direct actions, often entirely closing down building work on aluminum smelters, mega dams and geothermal plants. We have organized countless actions against the aluminum-industry nature killers in Reykjavik-Iceland, England, Scotland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and even the US.

We have also been at the forefront in developing a detailed critique of corporate greenwashing—in particular, of the "sustainable green energy" scam behind hydro and geothermal energy.

Our website has, for a number of years, served as a unifying force for people who are fighting the alu-

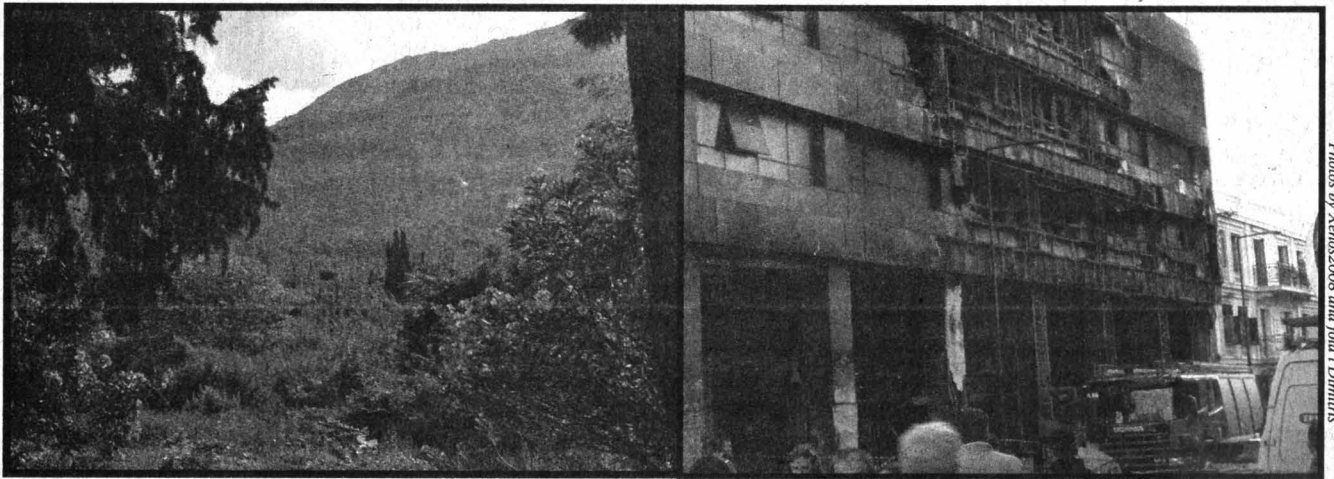
minum corporations all over the world. Although, we have not managed to stop apocalyptic projects such as the Karahnjukar dams, our struggle has done much to raise the stakes of environmental defense in Iceland. We maintain a constant pressure to save areas such as the Ramsar wetlands of Thjorsarver, the pristine lake of Langisjor, and numerous geothermal fields currently under threat.

Our constant barrage of direct actions through the years has actually reinvigorated the dying embers of Icelandic grassroots struggle to such an extent that it can be safely said that, without us, the corrupt government that was deposed by direct action in January 2009 would never have fallen.



Saving Iceland locking-down in opposition to the Karahnjukar Dam, 2006.

AN IMAGE FROM THE FUTURE OF REVOLUTIONARY ECOLOGY



Photos by Xenos2008 and Iola I Dimitris

Slopes of Parnitha Mountain; Burned building in Athens, 2008

greek insurrection and the eco-war to come

BY ANDI STASIS AGRIA

Throughout the history of Western culture, people have heralded Greece as a cradle of modern civilization. Today it is more like a deathbed—a turn of events much more worthy of heralding. Greece has not been a global power for millennia, but it is now a global symbol for what's to come in the society it's credited for birthing.

Larry Elliott, the economics editor for the UK's *Guardian*, recently called Greece “the first domino” of a crumbling European economy. Even right-wing Fox News commentator Glenn Beck took notice in his hilarious May 3, 2010 show, while waving around a copy of *We Are an Image from the Future*, a recent book from AK Press on the growing trend of insurrection in Greece.

The book highlights the events of December 2008, where what began as actions to avenge the police murder of Alexis Grigoropoulos, a 14-year-old in the Exarchia neighborhood of Athens, quickly grew into a rebellion with, arguably, all of modern society in its crosshairs. Actions primarily included attacks on police stations, banks and luxury shops, which is standard procedure for riots around the world. But several elements broke from the standard fare riot: the duration of the rebellion—nearly an entire month of consistent actions in cities across the country; the

level of coordination and organization through explicitly anarchistic assemblies; and the articulated rhetoric published in posters, blogs and graffiti.

The situation in Greece is relevant to radical ecologists and critics of civilization beyond the gut-level appreciation of burning cities. It's long past time to move from a fetishizing of Greek insurrection into the expression of practical solidarity. Below is a collection of writings, predominantly in the words of Greeks, which should be of interest to Earth First!

Biodiversity Under Fire

The Greek landscape is also in the heart of the Mediterranean Basin Biodiversity Hotspot. Of the 22,500 species of vascular plants in this hotspot, approximately 52 percent are found nowhere else in the world. The endemics are mainly concentrated on islands, peninsulas, rocky cliffs and mountain peaks. The Mediterranean region has 290 indigenous tree species (201 endemics) including the rare Cretan date palm (*Phoenix theophrasti*), which is only found in a tiny part of Crete and Turkey's Datca Peninsula; both areas are experiencing impacts from tourism development.

Killing Achelous River

Achelous, one of the biggest rivers in Greece and most important wilderness areas on the mainland, is facing ecologi-

cal disaster due to industrial cotton cultivation in Tessalia. The EU is funding the project to deviate the river, which would also completely destroy the mountain village of Mesochora. The local administration is promising money to the people to leave their houses, but there is a growing resistance to the plan. The river is also impacted by the Stratos and Katsiki hydroelectric dams. Anti-authoritarians have started a recent tradition of making summer action camps to build momentum in the region.

Pillage of Parnitha Mountain

Parnitha is a densely forested mountain range north of Athens, the highest on the peninsula of Attica. There are 46 springs, which flow continuously and form several streams and small ponds; there are also several caves and precipices, the most famous of which is *Panas*, named after the cloven-footed god Pan, and the nymphaeum there. About 1,000 species of plants can be found on the mountain, including crocus and tulips, and the mountain also provides a native habitat to its red deer, which were known in ancient times. Much of the mountain is designated as a national park and protected habitat for wildfowl.

Parnitha suffered extensive damage from a wildfire in June 2007, which burned 56 kilometers squared (21 miles squared) of land; the magnitude of the devastation was unforeseen. The fire

claimed 80 percent of the mountain's rare Greek fir and Aleppo pine forest and 150 endangered red deer, as well as birds and other rare animals. While investigations are still underway as to the fire's cause, one scenario suggests a transformer belonging to a major power line explosion some days prior to the fire. Another holds that this was one of the many arsons carried out by real estate developers that have claimed forested land all over Greece in recent years. In weeks following the fire, thousands protested in the city center over the state's response.

The following text is from a poster seen all over Exarchia in the Summer 2010; the poster also announced activist camps on the mountain:

"The holocaust of June 27, 2007, was nothing but a moment of the continuous destruction and pillage of Parnitha by an amplitude of criminal activities and plannings of political and economical authority on the mountain. Three years later, the casino is extending in the heart of the forest, the military camp and the antenna park occupy the tallest peaks of Parnitha, and buildings are rising among the remaining forests. Three years later, public forest areas are disposed at the old king palace and the installation of the industrial zone (*Technopolis Acropolis*) is moving forward, as well as the installation of wind generators in the heart of the forest. Three years later, innervations at the streams and the paths of the mountain alienate the natural place even more; plans of building refreshment shops at Agia Triada, the limitation of free access in the forest, more carfare to the visitors and a total transformation of the mountain to a suburban commercial park. Three years later the fight against the pillage of the mountain continues."



"**Green Development is BULLSHIT! What are you talking about?!**" ...Whether it's green or gray, capitalism steals our lives! seen on the streets of Mitilini, Lesbos, Summer 2010. produced by a collective of Fabrica Yfanet, an abandoned factory squatted by anarchists in Thessaloniki

Greek RAGE

Resistance against genetic engineering (GE) in Greece is getting well-organized. An anti-GE network was established during a nationwide meeting held in Chania, Greece, in June 2008, adopting the full name *Kinos Topos: Libertarian Network in Resistance to Biotech and Technologies of Control*.

From their website: "The system is trying to impose an absolute world of industrial uniformity, sterile and without a trace of free life. The bilateral European Union (EU) agreements with African or Asian countries, TRIPS-type agreements, or the proposed new patent legislation in the EU,

only ensure that all of life will belong as a product for sale somewhere. Companies in the biotech lobby only want to ensure profits from sterile seeds, mutant varieties, and any form of animal species. Those who find a species of plant or animal can belong entirely to a company, will also find it reasonable and proper, in the not too distant future, for the human body—or at least certain parts and functions—to also belong to a company's laboratory or government agency. It is the same process which colonized the planet. But life has been here billions of years and will not be owned by anyone, not 'invented,' regardless of any predatory patenting that is legislated—wild and uncontrollable, 'dirty' and unpredictable, it will germinate even in their concentration camps."

A poster for a community event at Prapopoulou squat on the outskirts of Athens states: "Having biotechnology as a tool, as a spearhead of techno-science, capitalism sells solutions as a new commodity for the destruction that it causes on its own. We don't buy the fairy tale of green development."

Anti-Speciesist Action

Antispe's presence can be felt in Athens through the posters and stickers (again, particularly in Exarchia). The assembly that organizes under that banner has also organized public forums and has been represented at international animal rights conferences. But the existence of action speaks volumes beyond what any poster, sticker or forum could.

In the past two years alone, over 62,000 mink were released from captivity in Greece: About 10,000 mink were released from two farms

in Askio, claimed by Corvus Revengis, which also carried out a similar raid in neighboring areas in December 2008 and February 2009. Another 50,000 mink in Heliodendro, Kastoria on August 26, 2010 and the next day, 2,000 from a farm in Kaloneri, both claimed by Animal Liberation Front (ALF). Owners estimated the damage at a million euros (\$1.3 million).

From the August 2010 communiqué: "Liberating animals from cages is a way to put our ideas into practice. We oppose the oppression, exploitation and imprisonment that this civilization has created for any living being, regardless of species, race, gender or sexual preferences. In these desperate days we

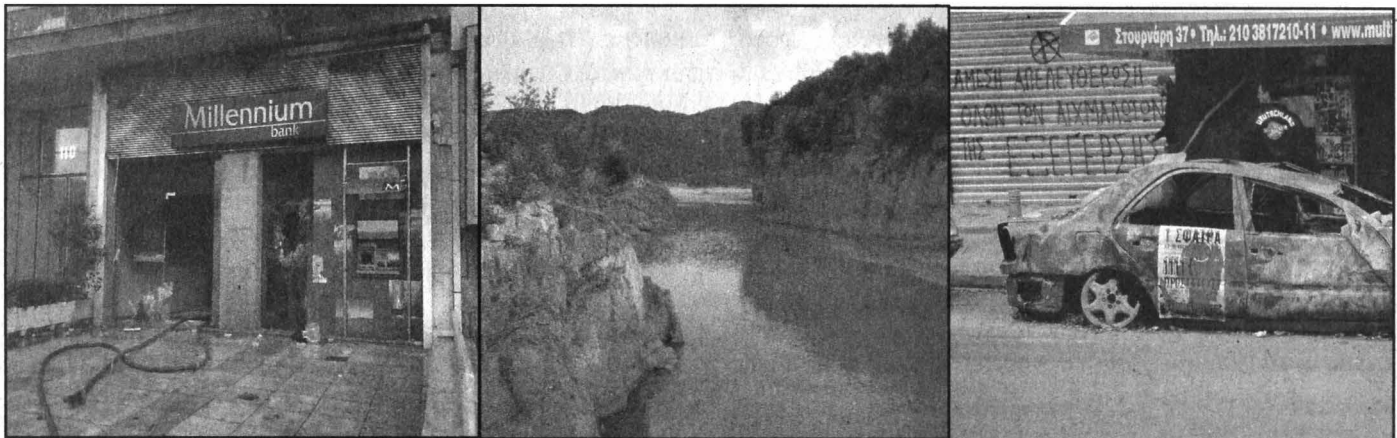


Photo courtesy, from left to right: arpakola, Georgios Pazaris, Mendiak

Left: Banks burned prolifically in Athens, Dec 2008; Center: Threatened Acheloos river ; Right: Graffiti demands "immediate release of all prisoners in the uprising"

still strive for freedom. Eat vegan on the barricades!
—ALF"

Reclaim the Commons

In March 2009, thousands of protestors rip down the wall around a vacant lot destined to become a parking garage, tear up the asphalt with jackhammers, plant trees and create a free park 50 meters away from the spot where Alexis was killed by the police. The park continues today as a liberated gathering place, with gardens, a playground and theater.

For 15 years the city had promised to make the lot a park, yet did nothing. In the meantime, the property owner retracted their offer to allow a park and began planning for construction valued at nine million euros (\$11.4 million). "You know what the best part is," exclaims a visitor, "It's seeing all the old people look at the park and how happy they are."

"No," interrupted a Greek anarchist, "The best thing is that we fucked the city out of nine million euros."

Gold Mining and Guerilla War

Gold mining in Greece has seen large-scale ecosystem destruction and has caused ongoing health problems and deaths of local people and wildlife as a result of cyanide use, which has been outlawed in other European countries. Currently, Eldorado, a US-based parent company of Thracean Gold Mining, is planning to extract almost 30 tons of gold from Perama Hill. The project's Environmental Impact Assessment is in process; by the end of 2011 gold extraction could start.

Gold mining in Greece has had a history of environmental objections, most notably against a Canada-based TVX Gold mine expansion proposal in the northern peninsula of Halkidiki. The project finally went bankrupt in the late '90s upon losing EU funding after legal battles and direct action—including the now-famous bombing attempt by Nikos Maziotis.

Maziotis was convicted of placing a bomb in the Ministry of Industry and Development in '97, in solidarity with the revolting villages around Strymonikos. The following is an excerpted translation of what Maziotis said to the court during trial in July 1999:

"The comrades up there in the villages ... had surpassed every limit. They had conflicts with the police three times.... They had set fire to police cars and riot-police vans, they had burnt machinery belonging to TVX, they had invaded the

mines of Olympiada and destroyed part of the installations.... In the nights, they were going out with guns, shooting in the air to frighten the policemen... then repression followed, especially in '97 when martial law was imposed in the area. The Chief of Police in Halkidiki gave an order according to which all gatherings and demonstrations were forbidden. They also sent special police units and police tanks, which came in the streets for the first time since 1980.... So, I thought, we must do something here, in Athens. It is not possible that the others are under repression and we here stay passive.

"THERE IS NO RELATION BETWEEN THIS 'DEVELOPMENT' AND 'MODERNIZATION' THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT AND THE COVERING OF POPULAR NEEDS. NO RELATION AT ALL. SO, I PLACED A BOMB." —NIKOS MAZIOTIS

"The Ministry of Industry and Development ... was one of the centers of this case. The struggle in Strymonikos was a struggle against 'development,' against 'modernization' and all this crap they keep saying. What is hidden behind all these expressions is the profits of multinationals, the profits of 'our own' Greek capitalists, the profits of states' officials, of the Greek state, of the bureaucrats, of all those who take the money, of technical companies.... There is no relation between this 'development' and 'modernization' they are talking about and the covering of popular needs. No relation at all. So, I placed a bomb."

Maziotis was arrested again in April this year along with five others in Athens, accused of further attacks on state and industry targets. In a related statement by the Revolutionary Struggle Three (which included Maziotis), the group took political responsibility for the alleged actions and refuted accusations of terrorism: "Anyone who looked closely at the trajectory of Revolutionary Struggle would understand the obsolescence of the assertions by the political establishment and its henchmen in the media about how our actions 'constitute a threat to all of society.' Which of our actions terrorized society or were directed against it? ... Did the attack against the multinational Shell—which for decades has plundered the natural resources of many countries, exploited entire peoples, and contributed to the destruction of the planet—terrorize the population?"

“This is the Spirit of Revolt”

Greek universities gained asylum status following the student revolts in '73 against the CIA-imposed dictatorship. In December '08 this site once again became a stronghold of resistance in the center of town. Two anarchists who were in the Polytechnic occupation, Pavlos and Irina, tell part of the story:

“The cops were defeated in the street, and the shops were destroyed—all the big shops and some smaller ones, but most of the little shops were not touched. The biggest computer shop in this street and one of the biggest in all of Greece was smashed open and burned completely. Many floors, a tall building, all burned. And it was burning slowly, so the arson was well done. I think it is not usable now, I think they will have to demolish it. This particular building was burned on purpose because this company was part of a consortium that wanted to build a technological park, like Silicon Valley, on a mountain near Athens, in a place where there is forest now...

“And every day we had food for everybody. Not only people living in the occupation. Poor people were coming there only to eat. To keep the restaurant stocked, groups of about thirty people formed up every day to go to supermarkets, fill-up shopping carts and take the food.... It was important because having this tool, this ability to feed ourselves, affected our living condition ... it was also like a womb of the world that we want to create inside the insurrection. But ... out of all these people who came together there were many who carried within them the culture of the enemy. So there were people who came to steal mobile phones and computers to sell for money.... That's why we put an end to this phenomenon after the second or third day, because some people were coming only to steal things. After that, anytime somebody wanted to enter the gates of the campus with looted items—there were people carrying boxes of stolen goods, computers and other things—we didn't allow them in unless they gave us the objects to throw in the fire. We told them *you have to choose: you or your computer.*”

Civilization is a Landfill

Statements by Transgressio Legis, an insurrectionary anarchist group in Athens, give further insight on actions in December: “We can't forget the attack on the Ministry of Environment and Urban Planning. The entire building burned to cinders. This was in solidarity with the people of Lefkimi, a town in Corfu, who for the last year have been fighting hard against the police and government to keep a new garbage dump from being built in their area. In the riots [there] the cops had killed a woman, one of the protesters. So they burned this ministry building com-

pletely. After this action, which became very public because of all the announcements that appeared in the blogs, and Indymedia and other internet sites of the movement, the people of the town sent a letter of thanks for the solidarity actions, an official announcement of thanks....

“The war is continuing. Our generation has the opportunity to see incredible things happen to the societies of this planet. And it is up to us to see if the fascists and the leftists will capture the hopes of the people or if the anarchists—through our struggle—will offer society an escape route through the fires and cataclysm of liberation.”

All Dogs to the Barricades: A Tribute to Kanellos

A blogger, “recheloni on reddit,” posted this comment in response to a series of riot dog photos: “I live in Athens, in Exarchia and this dog is very famous and everybody feeds and loves this animal. But his name is Louk, from *Loukanikos*, a word that means sausage, because he used to eat sausages all the time. He lives on the street, he has no master, and he, along with 4-5 other dogs, comes to every demonstration here in Athens. You will find him every day in Mesollogiou Street, where Alexandros Grigoropoulos was shot by the police.

Kanellos was another dog that used to act the same, but he died two years ago and now he is buried by comrades inside the Polytechnic University in Athens, where the uprising against dictatorship took place in 1973. The members of Indymedia Athens used to feed him. Also when Kanellos was caught by the dog-catcher four years ago, a demo of 400 people took place and we released him from the dog catcher! You can find his grave inside the university. Kanello RIP!

These dogs live in Exarchia and they don't belong to nobody. We call them ‘the dogs of the movement’ and there are many of them, such as Roza, Dick, Ribo, Petros, Loucy.... It's funny, but they are our comrades, we protect and feed them and they protect us as well.”

Excerpts not otherwise noted were taken from We Are an Image from the Future, AK Press 2010. Posters were collected by the author during a recent trip to Greece. Andi Stasis Agria is a Free Radio DJ, contributing editor of the Earth First! Journal and a Greco-gringo who dreams of escaping to the hills of Perivolkia and bathing in Kalamata olive oil. A translation of the EF! Primer was also produced and is available on Athens Indymedia and the EF! Newswire for all the Greco-phones out there.



Riot dog photos by Aris Messinis, Louisa Gouliamaki, Nikolas Giakoumidis, Yiorgos Karahalts

Legal Lessons from the Green Scare

BY BEN ROSENFELD AND LAUREN REGAN

"Anna" the 19-year-old FBI informant bought the materials and worked to keep the group focused on targets and timeframes. When 28-year-old Eric McDavid and his two younger friends failed to muster sufficient enthusiasm for Anna's sabotage schemes, she would pout and cry and excoriate them for "dilly-dallying." Then they would pretend to re-dedicate themselves to her cause—especially McDavid, who had a crush on her, which she fed.

Two years earlier, the FBI had begun dressing Anna up as a medic and inserting her into activist gatherings to look for people to bust. It didn't matter that McDavid and company had no real interest in Anna's conspiracy, or that she had reported to her handlers that he was gentle and non-threatening. If you're an "environmental or animal rights extremist" in post-9/11 USA, there are two ways to get on the government's bad side: (1) break the law, or (2) follow it. The FBI simply has no use for law-abiding activists when it's out to crucify people as examples of a movement it wants to destroy.

Following McDavid's 20-year sentence for conspiracy to commit arson (where the trial showed the group did not actually agree on, let alone do anything), his attorney Mark Reichel lamented, "We're at the point where the government can do whatever the fuck they want." (See "The Believers," *Elle Magazine*, May 2008.) Punishment and deterrence aside, "Green Scare" prosecutors and their coordinators in Washington are willing to destroy individual lives to score political points, and to trample their own rules in the process.

That's not to say eco-arson isn't a serious crime. The people who set fires in the names of ELF and ALF must have known they were facing serious time if they got caught. But surely not more time than rapists and some murderers, especially where the evidence shows they went out of their way to prevent injury. The reality, though, is they do get sentenced more harshly. Jeff "Free" Luers received 22 years (before reduction to 10), Eric McDavid got 20 years, and Marie Mason got 22. That's to say nothing of heavy sentences for actions like animal releases, or those which aren't crimes at all but veiled assaults by the government itself on

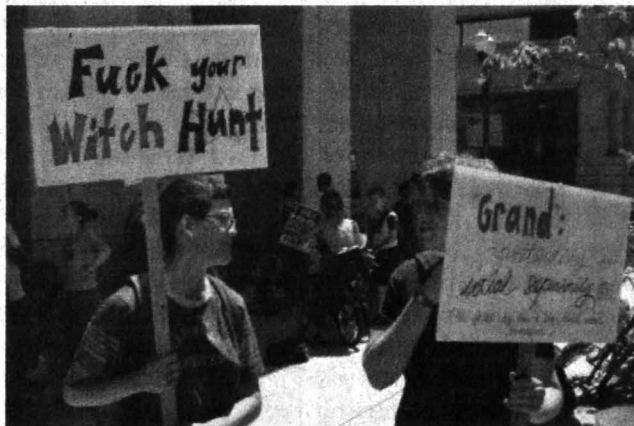
the First Amendment, as in the SHAC 7 prosecution (up to six years for operating a website and a fax machine), or the prosecutions of Sherman Austin and Rod Coronado for casually explaining how to start a time-delayed fire (in Austin's case, by linking to someone else's website, and in Coronado's case, by answering a question put to him after a talk). Burn down a building for insurance fraud and you're looking at about five years; do it with passion and you face 10 to 35.

In the years since 9/11 and the FBI's declaration in 2005 that ELF and ALF represent the top domestic security threat (a claim which the Department of Homeland Security disavowed in its May 2008 "Ecoterrorism Threat Assessment" report), the rhetoric has been ratcheted up to a degree that it creates a distinctly hostile work environment for the Constitution. Freeing tortured animals is terrorism. Jugs filled with gasoline are incendiary devices, the mere possession of which nets you a mandatory 30-year sentence. Explaining your actions in a communiqué subjects you to a terrorism sentencing enhancement and imprisonment in the darkest US dungeons, like the exquisitely barbaric Communications Management Unit at Marion, Illinois—a sensory deprivation chamber that would make Dostoyevsky blush—where Daniel McGowan resided. (See his excellent piece, "Tales from Inside the US Gitmo," *Huffington Post*, June 8, 2009.) Earth First! is

branded a violent group, lumped in with ELF and ALF, simply because some judge with a loose pen says so in drafting a defendant's terms of probation. Never mind that we spent 12 years in the Judi Bari case successfully debunking the lie that Earth First! is violent.

Furthermore, if arson equals terrorism, it leaves us all lexically challenged to think of alternative

terms for both. How else are the victims of real terror, like Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney (whose car bombing the FBI never labeled terrorism, except while trying to frame them for it), or people who survive planes flown into skyscrapers, supposed to make sense of the horrors they endured? The naming of things matters. When the government names things, it shifts entire budgets and priorities and realigns the thinking of judges and juries who fail to exercise an independent conscience as a result.



Grand Juries are also called Witch Hunts or Fishing Expeditions

Many law enforcement officials earnestly believe it is just a matter of time before environmental activists begin carrying out assassinations and bombings. And exaggerated utterances by some activists have stoked those fears. But a lot of the same officials direct none of their opprobrium at right-wing zealots who actually murder and maim people. Whether police and policymakers sincerely believe the environmental movement is turning violent, it serves their institutional objectives (and budgets and staffing) to pretend so. They troll for confirming evidence in print and online writings, and exploit it endlessly when they feel they've found it. The FBI also relies on biased consultants and phony think tanks—like the industry-sponsored Center for Consumer Freedom, which assigns literal significance to every satirical statement and then ascribes it to the whole radical environmental movement. In so doing, the FBI gives its witch hunt pseudo-academic cover.

According to a cynical 1972 Supreme Court decision, *Laird v. Tatum*, police do not violate the Constitution simply by creating dossiers on people; their surveillance has to produce some actual harm before it ripens into a rights violation. Even then, the law insulates police if they can articulate any pretext for an investigation beyond pure political harassment. Supporters of Eric McDavid recently obtained documents under a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request showing that the feds are logging the names of people who write to eco-prisoners. There is no question that such Stasi-like behavior by our national police chills free expression and civic participation. But the Constitution is no obstacle to the FBI when it is ideologically bent on “disrupt[ing] and dismantl[ing]” social movements, as Director Robert Mueller admitted in a press release announcing the 2006 Oregon arrests. Arguably, such government intrusiveness is itself hardening the movement, terrifying some people into inaction, but driving others to organize underground.

Know-your-rights trainings, at least, are getting easier. “Thanks for coming. You have none. Good night.” In just a few years, Fourth Amendment protections have further unraveled to the point that in most jurisdictions, if police want to rummage the contents of your cell phone (presuming it is not password protected),

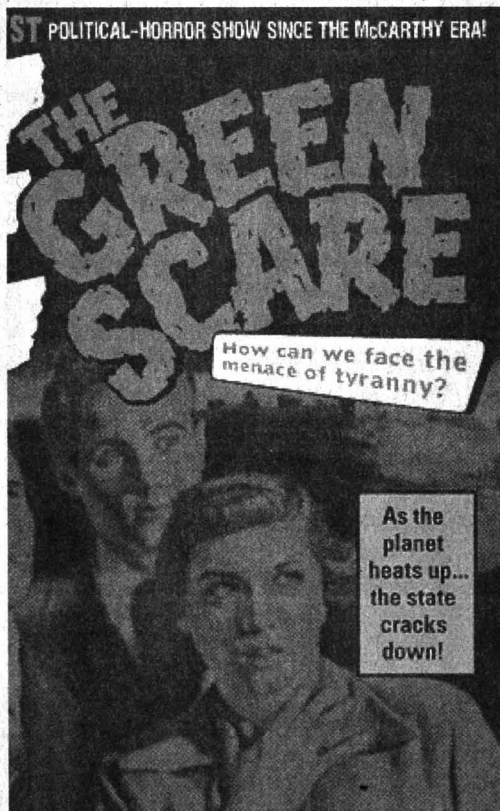
they need only follow you until you commit a petty offense, like jaywalking, then arrest you and seize your phone. The simple fact is, it's getting hard not to get caught. The original Oregon and Washington (“Operation Backfire”) defendants encrypted their computers, but entrusted their private keys to a person who ultimately traded them to the government for leniency.

It behooves the modern activist to ask: What does it even mean to get away? Friends and family are left holding the bag and to deal with the visits, the raids and the grand jury summons. As lawyers, our job includes comforting devastated parents who hope paradoxically that their hunted children both will and won't get caught, so they can see them again, but not behind bars.

It is true that only a fraction of eco-saboteurs have been caught for crimes that have in some instances devastated entire industries, like fur farming and vivisection labs. The Department of Homeland Security catalogs numerous unsolved incidents—from fires which leveled multi-million dollar housing projects to a “stole[n] six rabbits and seven birds.” In a sense, authorities are like lions preying on a herd: some zebras are going to go down. But the environmental and animal rights communities do not give up loved ones lightly. They have spent incredible emotional, temporal, financial and legal resources on prisoner support.

Far be it from a couple of lawyers to tell people what to think and do. But it is worth considering what an even more positive impact this creative and empathic community could have if it weren't so drained trying to free loved ones from legal snares, let alone outfox the state on its own high tech turf. Global awareness about climate change and the excesses of capitalism are gaining momentum, and we could use more people to connect the two. In that sense, the competition for hearts and minds is still where some of the best direct action is. Subtract fire and the rhetoric of violence, and strip the FBI of its biggest excuse for harassing environmentalists.

Ben Rosenfeld and Lauren Regan are attorneys specializing in civil rights and criminal defense. Lauren is the former executive director of the nonprofit Civil Liberties Defense Center based in Eugene, Oregon (WWW.CLDC.ORG), and Ben, based in San Francisco, is a board member.



Rabia y Acción

Rabia y Acción (Rage and Action) is a publication that serves as a medium of information about the radical actions for animals and the Earth in Mexico, in all America and around the world. The first publication was released in October 2008 when a flurry of actions from distinct eco-anarchist cells struck the properties of exploiters. From there, the collective began to see these actions multiply. There was discussion of releasing a publication that gives support and advice for the national expansion of the utilization of direct action. So far, we have published six issues that are available for free as downloads through *Liberación Total* and *Acción Vegana*. Within our pages, we report a listing of actions for animal and Earth liberation, both national and international communiqués, texts on activist security, the situation of vegan prisoners

in Mexico, reflections and analysis on the movement, translated texts from periodicals like *Bite Back*, *No Compromise* and *Resistance*, interviews with veterans of the ALF as well as interviews with individuals from Chile, Uruguay and Argentina about their struggles.

From what we have read in different communiqués, the ALF in Mexico has the same structural form as other direct action groups: that of informality and affinity between a group of no more than 10 people together with the same end in mind: to achieve the liberation of the individual, animals and the Earth through sabotage against the corporations that attack the Earth and governmental institutions and their so-called environmentally "friendly" laws.

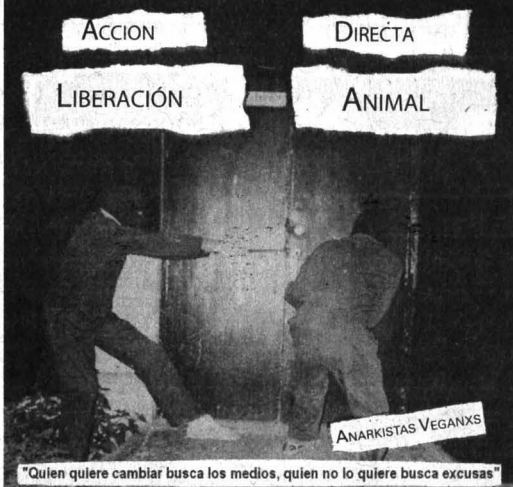
In Mexico, the strategy most used is that of ongoing conflict, always being on the offensive, using strategic as a strategy to shut down the centers of extermination. We have seen that some cells are active with small sabotage, meanwhile other cells plan much more risky actions. We see continuity as of vital importance, always demonstrating to our *compañeros* in the jails that we will never be defeated.

From the beginning, ALF cells began attacking restaurants and butchers.

ABRE LAS PUERTAS A LA LIBERACIÓN ANIMAL

Esa opresión, ese poder, esas jerarquías... que tanto odias no las ejerzas sobre seres que sienten y sufren igual que tu.

BY RABIA Y ACCION
TRANSLATION BY ¡PRIMERO LA TIERRA!



Paint bombings, which caused tremendous damage due to the large amount of sabotage committed on a nightly basis. We highlight these acts, because even though they are small, they have a lasting impact in terms of property damage. Overnight, Mexico became one of the most active countries, being compared to the activists of England and Sweden because of this spate of small actions. In December 2008, a poultry shop was forced to close; in May 2009, it was a butcher shop that closed after an arson attack by an ALF cell in Guadalajara; in the same month a cockfighting business also went bankrupt after several threats by the ALF in the State of Mexico; in August 2009, it was a Burger King that closed with these acts of sabotage.

At a very early stage, abolitionists began to use incendiary devices, which has had great economic repercussions for animal exploiters. One example was the arson attack with one of these devices against the "Guanajuato Lion Expo Fair of Leather and Footwear" in the State of Mexico, which almost completely burned down the entire expo, dealing a tough blow economically to several fur franchises. Along with prop-

erty damage, we consider animal liberations effective, no matter how and where animals were released. What matters is that one has broken completely with the passivity of reformist groups and moved into action, rescuing and releasing dozens of animals directly from captivity.

Mexico has seen different coordinations of actions, some to destroy Earth-destroying Telmex, the largest phone company, some to destroy Banamex bank ATMs and others to liberate animals. In September, an international campaign was launched against MaxMara Mexico which had a huge impact, not because of protests and demonstrations, but because the day that this international campaign began, a butane gas bomb detonated in one of the stores that sells fashionable torture as clothing to one of the more affluent areas in

the heart of the Mexican capital.

We have never been coordinated between countries. Each group acts according to its imagination and seeks to destroy the established order. There have been actions, for example in Mexico and in Chile, where they have attacked many McDonald's in the same month, but we know that there is only a tacit coordination among these countries.

Indigenous peoples are also an important part of the struggle against anthropocentrism, as they have a deep-rooted culture of care for the environment. Many indigenous communities protect forests. Some are radical and destroy machines that destroy the Earth, such as excavators, trucks, offices and so forth. The 2010 People's World Conference on Climate Change and the Rights of Mother Earth in Bolivia was important in favoring indigenous and environmental rights, but if they truly want to save the world, not only do they need to take into account traditional themes, but they must appreciate all revolutionary positions. If struggles against anthropocentrism were more comprehensive and less centralized, they would become a real headache for all governments.

Prisoners Among Us: Support & Solidarity

BY TRE ARROW

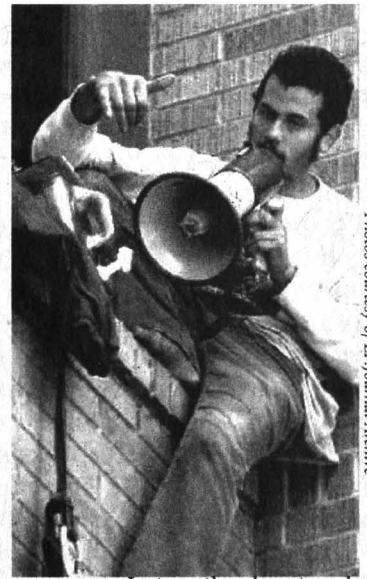
On March 13, 2004, I was arrested in Victoria, British Columbia, ending a 19-month run from the FBI. For more than four years, I was locked up with no idea of when (or if) I'd get out. Unlike others who are sentenced and can focus on a release date for some sort of comfort, I had nothing to count on regarding my release. I had a life sentence hanging over my head for my involvement in a pair of arsons in which no living being was hurt. My legal matters were complicated by the fact that I was in a foreign country and was appealing for political asylum. Almost four years after I was arrested, I was extradited back to Stumptown (Portland), where I spent the next six months incarcerated at Multnomah County Detention Center (MCDC), Oregon. By August '08, after entering into a non-cooperation plea agreement, I finally had a release date!

Those many years of anxiety and uncertainty regarding my fate were certainly mitigated by the abundant support I received in the form of letters, visits and fundraising for my legal defense. I would not have endured had it not been for the love from so many concerned people. The way I see it, we need to focus on three crucial elements regarding prisoner support: first of all, what can we all do, both individually and collectively, to support

port. While it's important to take every measure possible to avoid being arrested in the first place, preparing for potential long-term incarceration is prudent and practical.

Some people may feel awkward or fearful when it comes to knowing what to do or say to someone living in prison. Even if folk haven't been imprisoned and have difficulty relating to the mental and emotional turmoil a prisoner may be experiencing, the most important thing to remember is that no action is too small or insignificant. Making oneself available to a prisoner can offer a kind of refuge unavailable inside prison walls. For me, making phone calls to friends and allies helped me get through the omnipresent monotony and hostility of prison life. We were not allowed to receive phone calls or have access to the Internet. So I'd call people, and they'd read me emails folks had sent me. I would then dictate my words back to them, and they'd type them in and send them off. I'd also call folks and have them be my personal DJ. I'd request songs I loved to hear. The music fed my soul and transported me out of the prison walls (if only for a little while) to past memories and experiences. Knowing that people were sending me love, support, prayers and positive, protective energy literally saved my life and kept me strong during the most challenging times. By all accounts, things could've been far worse for me. It may be easy to feel helpless, disempowered and frustrated when thinking of the folks we love who are imprisoned, but never doubt that a simple word and act of love and support can make the difference between surviving and thriving.

I think post-prison support is an integral element of prisoner support. The transition can be excruciatingly riveting. I was caged for more than five years. I was shackled at hands, feet and waist whenever I was transported from one facility to another. In the early morning hours of June 8, 2009, I packed up my things, took off the prison uniform and changed into some street clothes my parents had sent me. I walked to a small window like I was going to a bank teller. A woman handed me the \$160 that was in my account (the only money I had to my name). Then I stepped through the prison doors into a bright, hot, sunny, summer day... no escort, no guards, no chains



Photos courtesy of EPI/Journal Archive

Just another day at work



Tre descending from the ledge where he spent 11 days

prisoners while they are incarcerated (pre- and post-sentencing); secondly, how can we best support the folks going through the transition from prisoner to humyn in a not-so-functional culture; and lastly, what procedures and precautions are incumbent upon us to take to prevent more of our friends and loved ones from being locked in cages? A component to strong and effective environmental, humyn and animal rights campaigns is prisoner sup-

or shackles. I was driven to the Reno airport. I showed my prison ID at the check-in counter and was handed the airplane ticket purchased by the Bureau of Prisons (BOP). The man at the counter asked me if I was a frequent flier member.

I landed in Stumptown at 4:20 p.m. My friends greeted me at the waiting area with spring water and some of my favorite raw, vegan food! Then we all biked to the halfway house where I checked in... and became a prisoner once again. I think some may have the impression that once we're released from prison all is well, and we don't need anymore support. In my opinion, that's a terrible assumption. The transition from prison to the halfway house, then to home confinement was very challenging for me. I was trying to recapture parts of my life that were on hold or lost or stolen from me for many years. I was allowed some freedoms, yet was still treated like a prisoner by the halfway-house staff (I was still considered a prisoner by the BOP until December 4, 2009). Lining up some cash, a comfortable place to live and a decent job that meets the needs of the person getting out of prison is extremely important to help ease the blow of next-to-no preparation for life outside of prison. Having someone to talk to, someone to process with and confide in, can be very helpful. I encourage supporters to help post-prisoners' access mental and emotional healing modalities to help release the trauma and dysfunction of living in an intensely inhumane setting for long periods of time.

While we are supporting prisoners to the best of our abilities, it's imperative that we simultaneously focus on preventing any other activists from being nabbed by the state. Activists need to be very clear about the consequences and persecution that is a potential result from engaging in direct action. The agents of repression are as fierce as ever. One night's action can result in a quarter of a century of incarceration. We need to be very careful who we trust and associate with. If you choose to act, do not brag about or discuss any details of past or potential future actions. If at all possible, conduct actions on your own or with one other person you trust with your life. The fewer people involved, the fewer potential snitches. One final point of support is to remember to acknowledge to those living behind bars that their passion, efforts and actions have not been in vain. They need to know they haven't been forgotten, that there are others on the outside continuing to defend our precious Earth mother and innocent animal friends. Until all is protected, until all is kept wild and until all are free ... we will persevere!

While on the run, Tre topped the FBI's most-wanted list. He has been involved in a wide-range of activism, including his famous 11-day Forest Service office ledge occupation and even a run for Congress. He is a musician and public speaker who can be contacted through the Earth First! Speakers Bureau, WWW.SPEAKERS.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG.

BEHIND BARS WITH THE EARTH FIRST! JOURNAL

"At the dawn of industrialism, factories were modeled after prisons; in its twilight, prisons are now modeled after factories."

—OS CANGACEIROS, RESISTANCE MOVEMENT IN EUROPE, ALSO KNOWN AS "LES FOSSOYEURS DU VIEUX MONDE" (GRAVEDIGGERS OF THE OLD WORLD)



Since its early days, the *Earth First! Journal* has been a voice for supporting imprisoned eco-warriors. Going on ten years now, we've been running a prisoner page with regular updates, making us the most consistent and widely available resource on ecological prisoner support in print.

An important lesson that we've learned through this decade's Green Scare is that real solidarity with eco-prisoners means also expressing solidarity with the prison abolitionist movement. We've seen that isolation is a strong tool in the arsenal of repression, and we must search for allies and mutual relationships with others experiencing that reality.

For that reason, while the focus of the *Journal's* prisoner page is on eco-defenders, caged animal liberationists and prisoners of indigenous land struggles, we also include prisoners who are incarcerated for their beliefs and actions aimed towards liberation from the current system and organizations that oppose the Prison-Industrial Complex (PIC) in its entirety.

A disconcerting detail that our long-time readers may have noticed in the past five years is that our prisoner-listing pages have come to occupy more space in our publication than the EF! activist directory. The other side of this is that we also have a substantial base of subscribers and correspondents behind bars. In a country that is increasingly incarcerating its marginal and rebellious communities, we feel prison is an important place for the *Journal* to be in wide circulation.

We know from feedback that these *Journals* circulate exponentially; for every subscriber behind bars, countless prisoners have it pass through their hands. Today we have volunteers who learned of us in prison and, upon release, have been able to help us at the *Journal* office.

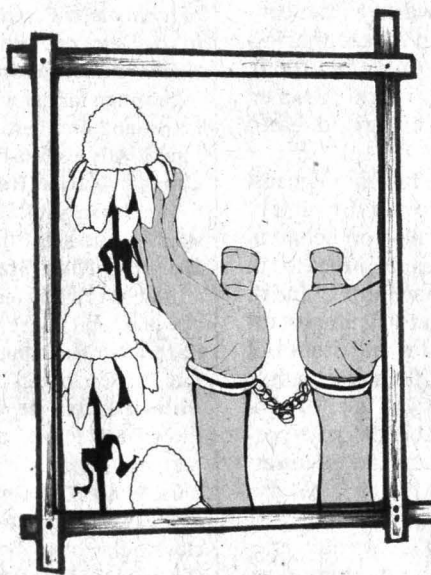
We are proud to reach thousands of readers and organizers on the inside. Continuing this requires consistent support from people on the outside, as most prisoner subscriptions come from donations.

Because this 30th anniversary issue of the *Journal* is intended to be a timeless piece, we have not included the usual prisoner listings, as addresses change frequently. We will continue this feature in expanded form with our future publications. In the meantime, for those with Internet access, please note that our website has been updated with many ecological and political prisoners from around the world, as well as extensive links to international prisoner solidarity projects (WWW.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG). Below we have included a list of longstanding groups, along with their physical contact information, for those who have no Internet access or are just keeping it real in the unplugged world.

Lastly, we feel it's important to note that we do not make any assumptions about the truth of the state's allegations unless individual prisoners have fully and voluntarily declared responsibility outside of their court proceedings. Nor do we pass judgment on the chosen tactics of the prisoners we list. If they are listed, it is because we also feel the urgency reflected in their actions; they reflect a courage and commitment that many of us dream of and long for in our hearts.

Prisoner Solidarity Groups and Resources:

- American Civil Liberties Union National Prison Project (ACLU-NPP), 125 Broad St., 18th Floor, New York, NY 10004; (212) 549-2500; WWW.ACLU.ORG/PRISONERS-RIGHTS. Dedicated to ensuring US prisons, jails, juvenile facilities and immigration detention centers comply with the Constitution, federal law, and international human rights principles, and to addressing the crisis of over-incarceration.
- Anarchist Black Cross Federation. Two active groups in the US are: New York City ABCF, POB 110034, Brooklyn, NY 11211; Los Angeles ABCF, POB 11223, Whittier, CA, 90603; WWW.ABCF.NET. Focuses on the overall support and defense of political prisoners and prisoners of war.
- Books To Prisoners c/o Left Bank Books 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101; WWW.BOOKSTOOREGONPRISONERS.ORG. One of the largest organizations sending books to prisoners across the US; there are others, many of whom focus on one state. Books To Prisoners also works in conjunction with other agencies that support prisoner literacy.
- Earth Liberation Prisoners (ELP) Support Network, BM Box 2407, London, WC1N 3XX, England; Produces the international ELP newsletter. WWW.SPIRITOFFREEDOM.ORG.UK



- Civil Liberties Defense Center, 259 E. 5th Ave.; Suite 300A, Eugene, OR 97401; (541) 687-9180; WWW.CLDC.ORG. Research and development of strategic litigation to assist political prisoners in maintaining access to mail and adequate health care, and to prevent harassment and punishment by prison officials based upon inmates' personal ethics. They also visit, educate, and provide legal materials, referrals and representation to political prisoners.
- Critical Resistance, National Office, 1904 Franklin St., Ste. 504, Oakland, CA 94612; (510) 444-0484; WWW.CRITICALRESISTANCE.ORG. Prison abolition group which "seeks to build an international movement to end the Prison Industrial Complex by challenging the belief that caging and controlling people makes us safe."
- National Jericho Movement, POB 1272, New York, NY 10013; WWW.THEJERICHO-MOVEMENT.COM. Maintains extensive, updated information on political prisoners and prisoners of war in the US. While focused on national liberation struggles, they also encourage support for eco-prisoners.
- National Lawyers Guild, 132 Nassau St., RM 922, New York, NY 10038; WWW.NLG.ORG. Produces the "Jailhouse Lawyers Handbook" on how to bring a federal lawsuit to challenge violations of your rights in prison, for \$2 in stamps, check or money order to "NLG."
- Prison Activist Resource Center, POB 70447 Oakland, CA 94612; (510) 893-4648; WWW.PRISONACTIVIST.ORG. "First point of contact for people to connect with prisoners' rights organizations, community organizations, prison literature and arts projects, family and visiting resources, health care and legal resources, parole and pre-release resources, and the prison abolition movement."
- Prison Legal News, POB 2420, West Brattleboro, VT 05303; (802) 257-1342; WWW.PRISONLEGALNEWS.ORG. Publication which highlights mail censorship, sexual abuse by prison guards and prison overcrowding; often takes on the role of prisoner advocate, going to court against states and private prison operators
- Transgender, Gender Variant and Intersex Justice Project, 342 9th St., Suite 202B, San Francisco, CA 94103; (415) 252-1444; WWW.TGIJP.ORG. Dedicated to challenging and ending human rights abuses—including rape, discrimination and medical neglect—against transgender, gender-variant, genderqueer and intersex people in prison.

"Certain human cultures have been waging war against the Earth for millennia. I chose to fight on the side of bears, mountain lions, skunks, bats, saguaros, cliffrose and all things wild. I am just the most recent casualty in that war. But tonight I have made a jail break—I am returning home, to the Earth, to the place of my origins."

—BILL RODGERS, "AVALON," DECEMBER 21, 2005, FROM A NOTE FOUND IN HIS JAIL CELL AFTER BEING INDICTED ON CHARGES RELATED TO THE VAIL ARSON.

Fallen Warriors

Many friends and fellow activists have fallen in the struggle for the Earth, for their land-base and for the liberation of animals. In the last three decades we've seen casualties throughout the world.

Last year was a sad milestone for Earth First!, as it saw the passing of both Arne Naess (January 12, 2009), the Norwegian philosopher activist who introduced the world to the concept of deep ecology in his seminal lecture, and Bill Devall (June 26, 2009), environmental activist and teacher, who brought deep ecology to Earth First!.

The following list is far from exhaustive—for example, we only list nine of the 50,000 Nigerians killed on behalf of Shell and other industrial interests in the country; we list none from China or India. Still, we feel that it is important to remember the names and stories of some who have lost their lives while reaching for the common goal of ecological justice and wild liberty, recognizing that they represent the countless unnamed victims and martyrs. We also honor the people who have influenced and inspired our movement who've returned to the Earth through various circumstances.

Some that we have lost to the struggle or that have returned to the Earth include: David "Gypsy" Chain, Vikki Moore, Barry Horne, Jo, Beth "Horehound" O'Brien, Raven, Robert "Naya" Bryan, Standing Deer Wilson, Craig "Thunder" Beneville, John Zaelit, Bill Turk, Tom Worby, Karl Von Notten, Carol Kratz, Tim Lengerich, Mark Blecher, "Walkin' Jim" Stoltz, Matthew Haun, Bugis, Sequoia, Greg Shin Do Bechle, Tony Merten, Carlo Giuliani, Isa Bryant, Mike Hill, Jill Phipps, Jessiah, Seth, Huang Hai Lee, Rachel Corrie, MaVynnee Betsch, Kirsten Brydum, Sali Eiler, Tom Hurdall, Andy Harrop, Sicknote, Sera, Fester, Poet, Captain, Lil' Mikey... May all your spirits live on, forever wild.

The next issue of the *Journal* will feature stories of several individuals listed above.

Murdered in Defense of Mother Earth

Francisco "Chico" Mendes, 1988

Brazilian ecologist and environmental activist who worked in defense of the Amazon rain forests, shot to death near his home in Xapuri.

Leroy Jackson, October 1993

Diné (Navajo) activist engaged in campaigns to end logging in the ponderosa pine forests of the Chuska Mountains, found murdered by poison atop the Brazos Cliffs near Chama, New Mexico.

The Ogoni Nine, November 1995

Ken Saro-Wiwa, Saturday Dobee, Nordu Eawo, Daniel Gbooko, Paul Levera, Felix Nuate, Baribor Bera, Barinem Kiobel and John Kpuine; hanged by the military dictatorship of Nigeria for struggling against the destruction of Ogoni land by the Shell oil company.

Carlos Roberto Flores, June 2001

Honduran environmental activist, shot to death by guards of hydroelectric company Energisa, which was building a dam in the Sierra de Agalta National Park.

Bartolomeu Morais da Silva, July 2002

Brazilian farmer who led the struggle against illegal logging, land fraud and destructive large-scale infrastructure projects; found with his legs broken, shot to death.

Carlos Arturo Reyes, July 2003

Honduran anti-logging activist shot after Amnesty International found a death list with his name on it.

Dorothy Mae Stang, February 2005

US-born activist, environmentalist and nun, murdered in the city of Anapu in the Amazon Basin of Brazil. She had a 30-year history of organizing in the region, receiving numerous death threats from loggers and large landowners.

Valmir Mota de Oliveira, October 2007

Shot and killed during a protest at a Syngenta farm in the southern Brazilian state of Parana. According to the Landless Rural Workers' Movement (MST), the farm illegally produced genetically modified crops within a protected environmental zone close to the internationally acclaimed Iguacu water falls.

Stanislav Markelov, Anastasia Baburova

January 2009

Markelov was a lawyer for environmental, anti-fascist, labor and Chechen activists. He and Baburova, an activist and journalist, were assassinated in Moscow by a neo-Nazi affiliate.

Eliezer "Boy" Billanes, March 2009

Filipino anti-mining environmentalist in the Mindanao region shot dead confronting the multinational mining corporation Xstrata. Others who were killed recently for the anti-mining cause in the Philippines include Fernando Sarmiento, Armin Marin, Ricardo Ganad, Gensun Agustin and Samson Rivera.

Ramiro Rivera, Dora Alicia Recinos Sorto, December 2009

Members of the Cabanas Environment Committee, organizing against mining by Pacific Rim corporation in El Salvador. Rivera was shot dead while under 24-hour police surveillance. Prior to his murder he survived being shot eight times in the month of August. Recinos Sorto was pregnant at the time of her murder.

Desidario Camangyan, June 2010

Anti-logging activist, journalist and radio host in the Philippine province of Davao Oriental, gunned down while hosting an amateur singing contest. His wife and child were in the audience.

A Terrible Beauty

BY STARHAWK

The following is an excerpt from an article written by Starhawk following the killing of Earth First! activist Brad Will.

This year I'm calling the Dead. So I've been thinking a lot about death, and singing the song we will use to sing the Dead over into a place of renewal. Just before bed, I check my email, and I learn that a young man has died, shot to death in Oaxaca where he has gone to cover the teachers' strike and the people's insurrection for Indymedia. His name is Brad Will. I stare at his picture, trying to remember if I know him from all the demonstrations and mobilizations and meetings we have undoubtedly been at together.

In Miami, my friend Andy reminds me: After a wild ritual collaboration between the Pagan cluster and the black bloc, a young man stepped forward with a guitar and began singing Desert Rat's song about Seattle, "When the Tear Gas Fills the Sky." That was Brad—alive, singing, defiant. "I will wash the pepper from your face, and go with you to jail, And if you don't make it through this fight, I swear I'll tell your tale..."

I didn't know him well, but I know so many like him.... Filing stories at midnight on electronic networks set up by young geniuses with duct tape and component parts in dusty, Third World towns, eating cold pasta out of old yogurt tops and sleeping on floors. Hitching rides into war zones and crossing borders.

And now another one of the tribe is dead, shot down in Oaxaca where a five-month teachers' strike became a full-blown insurrection, the kind that radicals dream of,

with streets full of barricades and ordinary people rising up against a rigged election and a corrupt, dictatorial governor.... Brad Will was there, with camera and computer, to be a set of eyes.

We Pagans have no dogma, no official Book of the Dead to outline the soul's journey. If we share any belief in common, it is simply this: that death is part of a cycle that includes regeneration and renewal. That just as the falling leaves decay to fertilize the roots of trees, each death feeds some rebirth.

Death transforms us. The tribe of world-changers has its list of martyrs and the much longer list of names in some other language—Spanish, indigenous, Arabic and so many others—who die every day.

We Pagans don't like to glorify martyrs, but we know that "sacrifice" means "to make sacred." In an instant, that ordinary comrade you remember singing at the fire or arguing at the meeting, someone you might have been charmed or irritated by or attracted to, or not, someone who showed no mark of doom or prescience of what was to come, becomes uplifted into another realm, part symbol, part victim, locus of our deepest love and rage.

Yet we, the living, have some choice in how we respond to death, and what transformation we undergo.... Grief can open the heart to courage and compassion; rage can move us to action. Out of loss comes regeneration: a terrible beauty is born.

A death like Brad's calls us all to deeper levels of courage, to be eyes that refuse to shut in the face of oppression, voices that sing out for justice, hands that build a transformed world.

"Tell Them To Come With Fire in Their Bellies"

"One day the fire grew in my belly. The fire is the work we came to do in this life. When we are domesticated, the fire is diminished and sometimes put out. We forget our soul urge." —JOAN NORMAN

The following is from an interview with Joan Norman printed in Z Magazine, June 2005; reprinted in the Earth First! Journal, Beltane, May-June 2005. Norman was killed shortly after, on July 23, in a head-on car crash on Highway 99 near Cave Junction. She had spent her last months defending the Siskiyou National Forest from the Biscuit logging operations. She was arrested more than 100 times in her life for standing up against injustice. She protested for equal rights in the South in the 1960s and joined the Vietnam War protests. She stood up against nuclear testing in Nevada, the School of the Americas in Georgia and the World Trade Organization in 1999.

I am not afraid. I am 75 years old. Do you know what this culture has in store for me, an old woman? They will wait for me to be sick at the end of my life and then strap me to feeding tubes, pump deadly drugs into me, put me on a machine to make my lungs go up and down and wait for me to die. I am not bound to go out that way. No, I would rather go out in a blaze, defending the world I love. I will be on the frontlines someday, and my soul will know the time to go, and I will just leave. I will make that decision. Knowing this, I am not afraid. I am more afraid that my grandchildren will think I did not try hard enough to leave them a legacy of peace and a world worth living in.

Last Monday, they came and removed me from the bridge I was blocking by carrying me in my chair to the edge of the sheriff's vehicle. They put me down there and

thought I would stay put. Then the officers went off to arrest someone else. I got up and moved my chair back to my space, my sovereign space. An officer yelled, "Hey, you are not supposed to do that! Get back over where I put you." I just laughed. People have been trying to get me to be where they put me all my life. I have a right to stand up against evil, and I will.

This fight to save the forests came to me through my grandson. I was not much of an outdoors person. I had never had a chance to live near and explore a truly wild place. My grandson lived on the edge of a forest. He spent from early in the morning to nightfall exploring it.

He said "Grandma, it's so beautiful and amazing in the forest, you have to come with me so I can show you." So I went with him. It was hard for my old bones and joints. I had to try to go up these steep paths and over logs on the trail, but I did. And what he showed me was just so amazing. We should all go into the forest with young children. They see it as it is meant to be seen, with the innocence of a being still connected to the Earth. They see it the way humans lived it for thousands of years. I can only say that you cannot read about nature and wild places, you have to go there. And once you do, no threat of jail will keep you from preserving them. We need to stand up and protect these places. This is why, at this time of my life, after all I have tried to defend, I am a forest defender.

It Takes a Village to Ride a Bike

~ In Living Memory of Calico Future ~

BY THISTLE

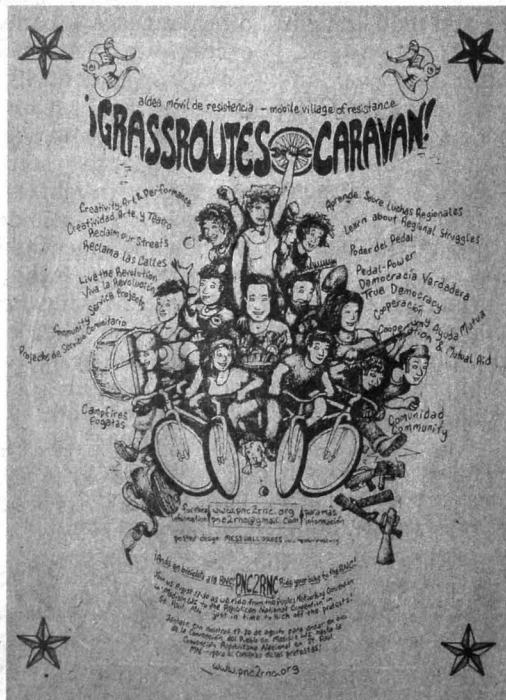
For the past seven years, I have been using the bicycle as a tool for community building to enhance the quality of my life and the possibility of people rising up against capitalist economics and working together to bring about a shift in culture to one that is based directly on respect for the Earth.

The Beginning of Mobile Village Life

The first mobile village I participated in was the DNC2RNC (Democratic National Convention to Republican National Convention) march in 2004—after it was over, my whole life and perspective had changed. It became my purpose to help organize large groups of people to ride bikes in mobile villages to exciting destinations. I had learned the transformational power of village life through this 28-day social experiment that organizers from Olympia, Washington, had cooked up to protest the DNC and RNC. Over 50 people walked from Boston to New York that Summer in a demonstration of direct democracy and a live practice of mutual aid, cooperation and consensus decision-making. We weren't just reading about social change theories and then going back to the hum-drum and horror of capitalist economics. We were agents and co-creators of social change together in a mobile village.

I had made friends with this beautiful artist, free-spirit lady by the name of Lou Lou in Austin. She wanted me to be her companion on a bike tour down the East Coast, that included going on the Democracy Uprising march. Once in New York, we made our way up the coast by bus and started by biking to the Earth First! Rendezvous in Maine.

There were others who had ridden their bikes long distances to reach the Rondo, furthering our solidarity and resolve to use the bicycle as an alternative, long-distance form of transportation.



Poster Art by Taylor Bee of the Beehive Collective

Then it was down to Boston for the DNC protests and then to New York for the RNC with the Democracy Uprising march. The march consisted mostly of people on foot, but our bikes came in handy for emergencies and for toting water in our trailers for the marchers.

It was on the Democracy Uprising march that I met Jen Futrell, who upon completing the march, became Calico Future and spearheaded the creation of the Down Home Hospitality Café based out of her hometown of Louisville, Kentucky. I contacted Calico in the Summer of 2007 with the idea of doing another mobile village, this time on bikes, to the 2008 RNC in St. Paul from the PNC (People's Networking Convention) in Madison. The PNC was a national counter-convention to the DNC and RNC in 2008 that activists organized

to help teach and learn about direct forms of democracy via workshops, skillshares and panel discussions.

We would call our mobile village the PNC2RNC Bike Ride of Resistance, harkening back to 2004 and forging a new path together on bikes. Calico had joined the Seeds of Peace crew, which provided food support to the marchers as they walked from Boston to New York for 28 days in 2004. Calico was so inspired by this work, she created her own mobile kitchen designed to support hungry activists and friends around Louisville. In 2008, she was finally ready to go on the road with her veggie oil powered truck, Black Betty, and a small crew to support the PNC2RNC Bike Ride of Resistance on our way to St. Paul-Minneapolis. The Down Home Hospitality Café, along with some help from Seeds of Peace, supported our caravan with three meals a day on a shoestring budget for the 12 days we traveled as a village from Madison to the RNC protests.

The Evolution of Bike Villages

Village life had much improved on the PNC2RNC Bike Ride of Resistance compared to the Democracy Uprising march of four years earlier. In 2004, consensus decision-making had been compromised by large-group consensus meetings being called almost twice a day. Often these meetings ended poorly, with feelings hurt and decisions unclear. In contrast, in 2008 we were like a well-oiled bike chain, clicking and swooshing over the chain rings of our merriment as we ate together, did community service in the towns we passed through, performed a puppet show and dreamed of dragons while sleeping in our village circle.

This change in atmosphere and

village culture can be traced to several factors. Our passion and intentions helped spin a web that co-created an atmosphere of mutual aid, respect, trust and community-rooted imagination that influenced the overall feeling of the ride. Secondly, Neverwood Collective—the organizers of the ride—reached out to community members in Madison to talk openly about group power dynamics and strategies for alleviating stress that may get put on the group due to lack of structure, miscommunications and different ways of approaching sensitive issues.

Thankfully, in 2008, the "Ride Guide" was introduced by Tops of the Neverwood Collective, outlining our whole route and itinerary. It was also loaded with helpful hints and tips for village bike-riding, including a set of guidelines and a sexual assault policy discussed with all participants before the ride. The Ride Guide definitely made a huge difference in the comfort-level of our riders—who always knew where they were, where

each applicant to provide us with two people to vouch for their responsibility and respectability. We generally employed the principle that if people are asked to invest in the village, then they will be better villagers.

The Madtown 2 Motown Bike Ride of Resilience

After the ride of 2008, organizers in Madison began looking for another exciting destination to design yet another Grassroutes Caravan (GRC) bike ride. My friend Seth proposed that we ride in a mobile village to Detroit for the US Social Forum. So we did! The forum was a worthy destination because it drew thousands of activists together from all walks of life to engage in community work projects, discussions of movement building and opportunities for strengthening our radical networks.

We decided to contact the Skills for a New Millennium Tour, a mobile collective of folks who travel the country and provide workshops to individuals, groups and youth from their school bus transformed into the "per-mibus." We asked them if they would provide food and medical support to the Grassroutes Caravan riding bikes to Detroit and they agreed to join us. Delyla, Stan, Lorca and Megan added comfort, care and a medic team to our bicycle village. Upon arriving to Detroit for the Social Forum, they initiated a food co-op group that would provide us with two meals a day while we participated in the forum. "Think of us as your village heart/hearth space" Delyla told a member of the Elements Collective, the organizing group for the 2010 ride.

The Madtown 2 Motown ride mobilized 23 adults and three children to face the additional challenges of geography, weather and longer riding days. In 2008, we never had a day of more than 55 miles, but in 2010, we rode over 60 miles together on three days of the trip. This added



Calico Future

physical challenge, along with the presence of children, created a group dynamic of empowerment.

People Power in the GRC

There are more GRCs to be had! Currently, we are working on a mini-adventure to an emerging eco-community just outside of Edgerton, Wisconsin, to give folks a taste of mobile village life. Recently, GRC organizers identified three key aspects to the philosophy of what we are doing to put humans back in touch with our tribal roots and right relationship to nature.

On a Grassroutes Caravan ride, the bicycle is used as a tool of long-distance transportation, but also as a tool for our social and economic liberation from capitalist ways of relating to each other and the Earth.

GRC riders volunteer their "people power" to the local communities we pass through and stay with as we ride to our destination. We give back as much or more to grassroots efforts for societal improvement and enjoyment as we go. GRC riders work in community gardens, help paint fences, clear brush and pick up trash, and generally help out with whatever work projects our hosts present to us.

With oil spills abounding and militarism protecting Capitalist interests and climate change-related catastrophes, it seems more and more important to get on a bike and pedal into another world beyond exploitation.

For more information, visit www.GRASSROUTESCARAVAN.ORG. Look out for *Thistles' music on the fourthcoming 30th Anniversary EF! Compilation CD*.



Photo courtesy: Thomas Butler

Riding into Detroit after 800 miles from Madison

their food was coming from and where there was shelter and water.

As organizers of the 2008 village, the Neverwood Collective designed a decision-making process that limited the necessity for large group discussions. This step, taken before the whole village got together, empowered the collective to make decisions about logistics, community service projects and the riders that formed the village. We decided to create an application that included questions about personality, strengths, weaknesses and philosophies of organizing. We asked

A Voice From Black Mesa



IMAGES FROM BLACK MESA INDIGENOUS SUPPORT (BIMS)

A Translated Speech by Pauline Whitesinger at a Public Speak Out on Issues Confronting the Indigenous Lifeways of the Diné People of Black Mesa in Transcripts from a forum on Black Mesa 2005.

She's talking about the Black Mesa coal mining by Peabody Western Coal Company. She lives about 15 miles south of there as the crow flies. "It's very noticeable because every time they blast you see the clouds of dust and smoke coming up on the horizon. In the morning you have the petrol exhaust and the dust from the blast settling down in the canyon, Blue Canyon, in that area where she lives. So she says that the land that she is living on is also affected by the coal mining. To her people there the land is called Dzijf Ijiiñ Asdz, the dark mountain woman. This is how they know this land. She is a great spirit, this is what she was told. Today she is also being disrespected with the coal mining operations. Again they are taking a precious and sacred thing from her body. It is a similar thing to the forest service saying that we want to

use your urine up on top of the mountain [to make snow for the Arizona Snow Bowl ski resort on the sacred San Francisco Peaks]. The coal mine is carving out this Great Spirit that is a physical being alive; that breathes and thinks. Our mother is being carved up there.

They have dug into her body and extracted chunks of her liver, and they are carrying them off.

"Bits of her lungs, taking that all out. We know that, once her internal organs have been extracted, humanity is going to start experiencing all kinds of diseases from this thing that they did, from butchering the mother alive. If the mine is further permitted or expanded, the coal company will eventually kill her. Once she dies, there will be nothing left inside of her, and her body will collapse. We will go with this collapse, and we will be buried in all this rubble at the bottom of this sunken area. This is what can be expected if we allow the mining to continue. Eventually they will pull her heart out and that will of course kill her.

"We understand, as indigenous people, that all the things that are taken out are precious. But it doesn't mean that we should exploit it. They are precious. They are sacred. They all have to interact amongst themselves in order to provide us life. The Navajo Nation government is supporting expansion of the mine. We heard that they are in agreement with the coal company. This collusion will continue to affect the water. For many years I have lived next to the big canyon, in the bottom of the canyon there was a little stream that flowed year round. Now I take the sheep down there and there's nothing flowing anymore. It's been like this for several years now. The seeps on the side of the cliffs have dried up. A lot of the natural springs



too. There were places where you could go and just dig a few inches with your hands, and water would start coming out. Now you go and there's nothing, just a basin with dry clay. Where several years ago there was a clear blue pond, now there is cracked, dry dirt. This is how we are witnessing the effects of what the coal company is doing. The mine has to be closed. The mining has to be stopped. Yes, there is employment. Yes, there is wealth in terms of money. There are jobs that will be lost. We understand that. If our communities could be more innovative and creative, we could create other jobs that would fill this need rather than just go butchering the mother. With the mine we continue to allow Washington to rule us, and let ourselves think that that is the only brain that we can live under. This is not so. They are robbing us of our children as we go along blindly with their plan about the coal. Sending them off to fight that war. This is what they have done to us, and what they continue to do to us. So we should put an end to this mine, I think."

That is what Pauline Whitesinger wanted to say here today. Thank you.

The recently approved carbon capture storage project will capture the coal firing plant emissions and use clean water to pump the carbon an estimated 9,000 feet into the ground to be stored near their major aquifer. False solutions to climate change and large scale coal extraction must be stopped! For more information visit: BLACKMESAIS.ORG



BLACK MESA DRAWING FROM EPI JOURNAL ARCHIVE

IRATI WANTI: THE POISON—LEAVE IT!



Photo courtesy of Irati Wanti Campaign

Goldman Environmental Prize-winning activist Eileen Kampakuta Brown

BY THE SENIOR ABORIGINAL
WOMEN'S COUNCIL

The Aboriginal women of South Australia have survived 50 years of government-sanctioned nuclear contamination of their traditional desert lands—from nuclear weapons tests to one of the world's largest uranium mines. So when the federal government announced plans to bury nuclear waste from Sydney in their backyard, they said, "Irati Wanti"—the poison, leave it.

We know the country. The poison the government is talking about will poison the land. We say "No radioactive dump in our Ngura—in our country." It's strictly poison and we don't want it.

We were born on the Earth, not in the hospital. We were born in the sand. Mother never put us in the water and washed us when we were born. They dried us with the sand. Then they put us fireside with no blankets. In the warm sand. And after that, when the cord came off, they put us through the smoke. We know the land. From babies, we grew up on the land. Never mind that our country is the desert. That's where we belong. We love where we belong, the whole land. We know the stories for the land. The Seven Sisters traveled right across, in the begin-

ning. They formed the land. It's very important that *Tjukur*—the Law, the Dreaming—must not be disturbed. The Seven Sisters are everywhere. We can show you the dance of the Seven Sisters.

Listen to us! The desert lands are not as dry as you think! Can't the government plainly see that there is water here? Nothing can live without water. There's a big river underneath. We know the poison from the radioactive dump will go down under the ground and leak into the water. We drink from this water. Only the government and people like that have water tanks. The animals drink from this water—malu kangaroo, kalaya emu, porcupine, ngintaka perentie, goanna and all of the others. We eat these animals. That's our meat. We're worried that if any of these animals become poisoned, we'll become poisoned in turn. The poison the government is talking about is from Sydney. We say send it back to Sydney. We don't want it! Are they trying to kill us? We're human beings. We're not animals. We're not dogs. In the old days, the white man used to put poison in the meat and throw it to feed the dogs—they got poisoned, and

then they died. Now they want to put the poison in the ground. We want our life.

All of us were living when the government used the country for the bomb. Some were living at Twelve Mile, just out of Coober Pedy. The smoke was funny, and everything looked hazy. Everybody got sick. Many people at Mabel Creek got sick. Some people were living at Wallatina. Whitefellas and all got sick. When we were young, no woman got breast cancer or any other kind of cancer. Cancer was also unheard of with men. And no asthma, we were people without sickness.

The government thought that they knew what they were doing then. Now, again they are coming along and telling us poor blackfellas, "Oh, there's nothing that's going to happen, nothing is going to kill you."

We're worried for our kids. We've got a lot of kids growing up and still coming are more grandchildren and great grandchildren. They deserve to have their lives.

We've been fighting this radioactive waste, this poison, for many years. Arguing about it, talking to people, asking people to help us. They might help us, but they'll really be helping themselves. Whitefellas have got kids too. We all have to live here.

And then, we really couldn't believe it when we heard the government talking about sending the rubbish from all the other countries as well! They must really want to kill us! We can't believe it! How can you live like that? They're really aiming to wipe the country out, not just us, but all living things on the whole Earth!

It's from our grandmothers and our grandfathers that we've learned about the land. This learning isn't written on paper as whitefellas' knowledge is. We carry it instead in our heads, and we're talking from our hearts, for the land. You fellas, whitefellas, put us in the back all the time, like we've got no language for the land. But we've got the story for the land. Listen to us!

Originally printed in the EF! Journal, Mabon, September-October 2003.

My Life as a Warrior Poet

BY DENNIS FRITZINGER

"One thing poetry has going for it is it has no market value."

"*Turtle Island*, by Gary Snyder, has sold 125,000 copies."

Having a group like Earth First! spring up practically under my nose was an amazing coincidence. I had long been in love with poetry and was honing my skills as a beginning poet, but lacked a muse. I was looking for a Laura to my Petrarch, a Virgil to my Dante.

The first Rendezvous I went to I felt more like a guest than a participant, though I did help break down the stage on the last day and load the hay bales on Mitch's truck.

The next year was different. I decided to lead a workshop on the theme of poetry and deep ecology. I managed to attract Bill Devall and Bill Oliver—the two Bills. I remember Bill Oliver played some songs, but otherwise I don't remember what was said. I was new, I was green, and too immersed in what was going on to take good notes. I think I might've read a poem or two by Gary Snyder. It may be that the discussion was profound—ahead of its time. At this point I don't know. But the very fact that it took place suggests the attractiveness of the idea: Poetry is Powerful.

Following that introduction I became a regular at campfires and rallies. I was no longer on the outside looking in, but on the inside looking out. It helped that both Art Goodtimes and Wobbly Bob encouraged me. When I said to Wobbly Bob I wished I could sing but didn't have a voice, he said don't worry about that, just sing. A truly democratic approach.

I was also worried that my poems weren't "Earth First! enough" to read at a rally, but Art encouraged me to go ahead and read anyway.

So I grew into the role, first by doing, then by writing. The more I read, and thought about what I read, the more I went back and wrote some more. Sure, I was play-

on the premise that art was important to the Movement—poetry especially so. He named the poetry page "Armed With Visions" and gave it its motto—"Clear as cut glass, and just as dangerous." And, by happenstance, Art was born in San Francisco, just as Robert Frost and Gary Snyder had been before him.

I had been reading *Armed With Visions* faithfully since I first subscribed to the *Journal*—usually it was the first section I turned to. I think it was because I was excited that poetry was actively taking part in the Earth First! dialogue, via the poetry page. There was a letters column, "Dear Shit For Brains," where readers were allowed to sound off, but none more eloquently than on the *Armed With Visions* page. (Truthfully, I read both.) One advantage a poem has over a letter—it's more likely to be recited, memorized, or read again and again. Score one for poets.

I remember Art reading at a Rally wearing a gnome-like hat of felt, leather & leaves. He looked a bit like a Hobbit,

if I might say. He also "read" (performed) very well—I don't remember the poems, but remember the performance was first rate. By then I had started to amass a list of favorites—poems based on campaigns, issues, philosophy, and stories within the Movement. I discovered I had a gift for writing songs on occasion, though I don't consider myself primarily a songwriter. But songs mixed in with poems helped my performance exceed the routine. And as time went on and I had new experiences, new poems came of it.



ing to the audience—but the audience was leading me, inspiring me; the audience was, in effect, my muse.

Yet my muse was still Earth First! and Earth First!ers—like twin suns tied to each other by gravity, whirling around in their own little portion of space. Everything from campaigns to philosophy became food for poems. I reveled in my good fortune. I was home.

Art Goodtimes was the poetry editor for the *Earth First! Journal*. He had been given a page to fill with poetry,



Armed with Visions

Clear as cut glass & just as dangerous

For The Warriors

You've got to want to fight,
 the odds are so overwhelming:
 they always have more money, more force,
 (Remember, it's force and not power they have more of)
 more weapons and the means to use them,
 more offices, typewriters, telephones, xerox machines,
 secretaries to diligently type and mail memos,
 men to deliver the charges,
 all the many ways of keeping us busy,
 distracting us from the work.
 The work, the work...

You've got to want to fight,
 want to do it from some place deep, deep, within,
 deeper than the need to take vacations,
 grow gardens, play with the children,
 deeper than anything else,
 from someplace deep enough
 where truth is what matters,
 where the truth of justice and freedom
 is the only, natural truth,
 as essential and unquestionable
 as breath, or seasons,
 or the rock at the center of Earth.
 And this truth, and its sister the love of it,
 makes you want to fight.

You've got to want to fight,
 facing the terrible truths of oppression,
 the deadly and violent acts
 can grind you down, bleed you slowly,
 if you're not careful.
 The knowing can be a butcher knife in the guts
 that slashes and twists,
 or it can be a bitter poison dripping in the blood
 like rust,
 or, if you're lucky,
 maybe it will only be
 tired lines around the eyes and an occasional
 tightening in the chest—maybe only that.
 But whatever else, the knowing has got to make
 you want to fight,
 it's got to make
 you want to fight enough
 to know more:

 to know that what is worth fighting for is
 what lasts—grass, wind, flowing water, mountains;
 to know that it will endure longer than
 our own lives, to know that it is for what is
 all around and through us, through our hands



Artwork by Assane Riverwind

and the work of our hands,
 through our bodies, greater than any one of us.
 Knowing that,
 knowing that makes you not fear
 their threats, their violence, their fear,
 it makes you want to fight,
 truthfully, honestly,
 as hard as you've ever done anything,
 because you want to,
 you need to.
 Like wanting to sink into the sweet earth
 after a long day,
 like wanting to linger in the blessedness of dreams,
 like wanting to wake to clear dawn,
 like wanting to rise and work through the sun until the
 evening star
 and maybe past,
 first you've got to want to,
 you've got to want to fight.

—Ellen Klaver

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 Warrior Poets Society
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THE EIGHT POINTS OF DEEP ECOLOGY

by Arne Næss

1. The well-being and flourishing of human and nonhuman life on Earth have value in themselves. These values are independent of the usefulness of the nonhuman world for human purposes.

2. Richness and diversity of lifeforms contribute to the realization of these values and are also values in themselves.

3. Humans have no right to reduce this richness and diversity except to satisfy vital human needs.

4. The flourishing of human life and cultures is compatible with a substantial decrease of the human population. The flourishing of nonhuman life requires such a decrease.

5. Present human interference with the nonhuman world is excessive, and the situation is rapidly worsening.

6. Policies must therefore be changed. These policies affect basic economic, technological, and ideological structures. The resulting state of affairs will be deeply different from the present.

7. The ideological change is mainly that of appreciating life quality (dwelling in situations of inherent value) rather than adhering to an increasingly higher standard of living. There will be a profound awareness of the difference between big and great.

8. Those who subscribe to the foregoing points have an obligation directly or indirectly to try to implement the necessary changes.

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It's time for the West's cattle ranchers and farmers to stop their long and brutal war against America's wolves and other natural predators. Ranchers have long stacked the deck against ecological integrity and against America's native wildlife. More enlightened voices are being heard in the West. George Wuerthner, is an independent ecologist and writer, a former federal biologist and a devoted hunter with Montana roots. He recently authored an article about "problem ranchers" throughout the West who use the federal government and American taxpayers to pay for their irresponsible

the good folks of Minnesota; and those of us who love America's wolves and wildlife can make sure that they do by boycotting any hate-tainted beef, insisting, as wildlife defenders and as consumers, on "wolf and predator friendly" beef—just as we now have "dolphin safe" tuna.

To those sport hunters who intentionally or through ignorance continue to misinform the public and each other about the "damage" wolves are doing to "their" elk or deer, it's time to acknowledge some simple truths. Wildlife belongs to the Earth from which they come and which nourishes them. They are not the



photo courtesy Oregon Fish and Wildlife

The four pups of the Imnaha pack in Oregon captured on film in July 2010

and poor animal husbandry. They are operating more like welfare ranchers, living off of cheap federally funded grazing lands, while demanding what they have come to believe is their God-given right to an unnatural, predator-free environment. Mr. Wuerthner and so many of us across the land have learned that wolves and other natural predators belong here and are entitled to live on this Earth just like us. It's time to stop making wolves pay with their lives for unchanging, ecologically unsound ranching practices that harm the land and other wildlife, too.

Ecologist and teacher Aldo Leopold stopped killing wolves and began defending their vital place in nature when he himself learned, through patience and study, about nature and ecology. We can all do that today, the information is there and very accessible. Listen to the wolf-wise ranchers, farmers and hunters of Minnesota. They have learned to live in harmony and respectfully with the 3,500 wolves roaming free, in their wonderful state. The people of northern Minnesota live with many more wolves in a much smaller area than the vast northern Rocky Mountain states that have only half the number of wolves. Yet Minnesota ranchers and farmers do not whine about wolves, nor do they engage in anti-wolf hysterics. With help from their state's wildlife agency and from wildlife advocates, they have willingly adopted non-lethal wolf and predator friendly control techniques that very effectively protect their cattle and sheep. Western cattle ranchers and farmers can learn from

personal property of any human being. The simple truth is what we all learned in grade school, that predators and prey live together as nature intended. They depend on each other, in a magical way that creates vitality and renewal for each of them and a healthier ecosystem for all life. Wolves strengthen their prey species, by culling the weak and the sick. Wolves and other natural predators do not "damage" the species upon which they prey, it is humans who have displayed a consistent knack for doing exactly that, over and over again.

As we have now witnessed with the wolves' return to Yellowstone, they are literally guardians of the forest and protectors of the diversity of life. At long last, let's listen to the Native Americans who, long ago, tried to enlighten those who could not see the true nature of wolves and the innocence of their vital place on the land. Let's start now by protecting the wolves that thankfully still live on this Earth we love and cherish. Finally getting it right for the wolves will go a long way towards getting things right for the Earth.

Robert Goldman is a devoted wolf advocate and currently resides in Maine. Bob has lived and worked in Yellowstone, the Sierras, Alaska and other special places, and lives for the day when more wilderness and all wildlife is respected and protected. He urges all those interested in learning more about wolves to read Barry Lopez's, Of Wolves and Men and to watch the DVD, "Lords of Nature" by Green Fire Productions. Visit Bob's new website this coming Winter for more info, WWW.FRIENDSOFTHEWOLVES.ORG.

The Real Threat

BY RON SAKOLSKY

From *Swift Winds*

If you meet a developer: Never approach a developer. Although developers will normally avoid a confrontation, all developers are unpredictable. Developers feeding on a kill may be dangerous. Talk to the developer in a confident voice. Pick all children up off the ground immediately, their rapid movements may provoke an attack.

Do not run: Try to back away slowly. Sudden movement or flight may trigger an instinctive attack.

Do not turn your back: Face the developer and remain upright. Do all you can to enlarge your image. Pick up sticks or branches and wave them about.

If a developer behaves aggressively: Arm yourself with a large stick, throw rocks, speak loudly and firmly. Convince the developer that you are a threat not prey. If attacked, fight back.



CAMPBOUN

Continued from page 7

Like most movement people, I have a very difficult time finding hope. Indeed, this is the case for anyone observing the voracious appetite that human beings have for nature. Hope seems especially hard to come by for those who note the impact of increasing human numbers, almost all of whom want more than food, security and shelter—all of which come at a price to nature. By looking at the global spread of Earth First! and a variety of synergistic, nature-based spiritualities and movements around the world, however, and by thinking beyond the dramatic plunge in human numbers that is likely in the next century or so, it becomes possible to muster hope. Hope enough to keep striving, as hard as it may be, to put the Earth, the source of our being and all we cherish, First!

Bron Taylor is Professor of Religion, Nature, and Environmental Ethics at the University of Florida. He plans to soon return to his book about Earth First! and hopes his many friends and contacts in the movement will be in touch. WWW.BRONTAYLOR.COM.

Further Readings on Earth First! and Radical Ecology By Bron Taylor

"Earth First! and the Earth Liberation Front," "Radical Environmentalism," and "Deep Ecology" (2005). These primers appeared in *The Encyclopedia of Religion and Nature*, available at: WWW.RELIGIONANDNATURE.COM.

"Resacralizing Earth: Environmental Paganism and the Restoration of Turtle Island" (1995), "Bioregionalism: An Ethics of Loyalty to Place" (2000), and a two part analysis of "Earth and Nature-Based Spirituality: From Earth First! and Bioregionalism to Scientific Paganism and the New Age" (2001), explored the diverse tributaries to and the diverse impacts of radical environmental movements.

"Earthen Spirituality or Cultural Genocide?: Radical Environmentalism's Appropriation of Native American Spirituality" (1997) argued that while relationships between activists and Native Americans have often been difficult (in part because many activists are drawn to indigenous spiritualities and insensitive in the

ways they express their interest), mutually respectful relationships can be developed that enhance campaigns for environmental and social justice.

"Earth First! Fights Back" (1997) argued, based on case studies in California (Headwaters Forests) and Idaho (Cove/Mallard), that extra-legal resistance is sometimes ethically permissible.

"Religion, Violence, and Radical Environmentalism" (1998) was the first of several articles that challenged charges that the movement was "terrorist."

"Deep Ecology and its Social Philosophy" (2000) examined decentralist and anarchist ideals that provide the most common ideological underpinning of bioregionalism and radical environmentalism, contending that such ideology is anthropocentric, unduly optimistic about human beings, without a realistic means of constraining corporate power or protecting the commons and therefore, such ideology cannot provide an adequate ethical and political basis for ecological resistance movements.

DEAD RECKONING:

A MEXICAN WRITER COMES TO TERMS WITH THE GHOST OF EDWARD ABBEY

BY LUIS ALBERTO URREA

I'm driving Ed Abbey's Cadillac to Denver. It has moldered away in a dirt alley off Tucson's venerable main drag, and now it's going to reside in a pricey Republican enclave on the compromised high plains outside the mile-high city. Of course, if I told you which 'burb it was, I'd have to kill you.

A fire-engine red '75 El Dorado, it's been parked for a year behind Ed's pal Buffalo Medicine's house, accumulating a thick coat of dust and a calligraphy of cat and raccoon tracks across its massive hood. The cables have fallen loose in the engine compartment, the generator's shot, weeds have choked the wheels, and the ragtop's in sad shape. Local writers cruise by occasionally, tip their gimme caps, raise a can of Coors, and drive away. Their wheels churn up the alley dirt, adding another layer of dust to the Caddie. Just like Ed's memory.

Buffalo Medicine has possibly rooked El Piloto, a devotee of the Abbeyite Order, by selling him the car for money which might or might not be too much. Opinions vary. It all depends on where you're positioned in the continuing Ed debate. In Tucson, the debate is quite personal, since locals trade Ed sightings like baseball cards.

Ed Abbey—Sasquatch.

It is a telling measure of the man that so many are willing to define themselves by proximity—real or imagined—to his being.

How much would you pay for a piece of Ed Abbey? We are in a dicey period here, where shitheads Ed wouldn't have spit on are burning to buy his books and seven Earth First! T-shirts and claim to be his soulmates. But El Piloto, possibly as thorny and ultimately as sentimental a man as Ed, has bought the car for Love. I wonder what he'll do when the Dead-Ed industry washes a bibliophile to his door with a limp check for \$28,000, dying to drive a piece of the myth.

What can I say? I stole Ed's pencil out of the car and am hiding it in my office. That's a writer for you: happy hypocrite.

One thing's for sure: Rudolfo A. Anaya won't be offering anybody money for Ed's chariot. When he heard El Piloto and I were motoring cross-country with it, he put a curse on us. My cherished friend, Mr. *Bless Me, Ultima*, said: "I hope you have four flat tires in the desert. I hope the car catches fire. I hope it burns to the ground."

Way to go, Ed! Making friends.

But I, too, am mad at Ed. I don't know why anybody else is mad at him, and plenty of people are—which, of course, in the post-Abbeyan universe, is all the more reason to love Ed. That's part of the seductiveness of Edward Abbey, isn't it? The world's full of bastards, and Ed will cuss them out for us, tilt at them with his sharpened war lance, be inspected by the FBI, and occasionally blow up a bridge or sodomize a tractor into submission, all the while throwing cleverly hidden poems into his paragraphs and, for no extra charge, making us laugh.

We, in turn, get to feel like we've done battle with wicked forces while hiding behind a dead man. We feel like Ed's pals. Ed speaks for us, we compliment ourselves by thinking. We say Ed is our voice, expressing our deep feelings, after Ed himself often set the agenda we now claim for our own in one of his books that we bought out of a "used" box for \$1.45.

Chicano readers, too, could be seduced. Like many people with a cause, we can be essentially pathetic, eager to side with anybody who sounds halfway sympathetic. Our weariness with the struggle,



our exhaustion, is what makes us vulnerable. Our exhaustion makes us latch on to a strong voice for justice. And Ed, with his championing of lizards and watersheds, seemed to be championing us, too. Ed made some of us hope. And we fell over like puppies, wagging and peeing at his feet.

This is proof enough for me that Ed was a great writer. He angers the effete, and he utterly seduces his readers into absorbing his pith as if we were amoebas. And, sometimes, he hurts us.

Edward Abbey once stuck a knife in my heart.

I didn't know him outside of his books, and although I ponder swiping the car now and then, I'm not going to claim any special connection to the man. Or the ghost. Connecting with the books was quite enough. *Desert Solitaire*, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, *Black Sun*, *The Journey Home* all had a massive, perhaps catastrophic, effect on me. I went mad for Ed, but more important, and a major reason others fell in love with him too, was the aching love he ignited in me for the land. The world. The tierra.

Ed Abbey—Shaman

Imagine my shock, and the shock of all of Ed's other Chicano, Mexican, Hispanic readers when we picked up *One Life at a Time, Please* and read the now infamous screed about ourselves, "Immigration and Liberal Taboos." In it, Ed sets down his official policies regarding Mexicans: "They come to stay and they stay to multiply." Or how about this *bon mot* from "egalitarian" Ed: "...it might be wise for us as American citizens to consider calling a halt to the mass influx of even more millions of hungry, ignorant, unskilled and culturally-morally-generically impoverished people." Morally, Ed? Culturally? Generically? This from a redneck hillbilly from Home, Pennsylvania. About people who had culture when his ancestors were dog-styling sheep and digging turnips and cow turds out of the sad mud in their serf villages. Of course, Ed also informed his readers that Latin American societies were societies of "squalor, cruelty, and corruption," while the American vista was one that was "open, spacious, uncrowded, and beautiful—yes, beautiful!"

Ed Abbey—Aryan

Oh my, Ed, you lying bastard. After writing countless books in which you decry America as just the opposite of free and open—after doing that very thing in the same book—after seducing us with battle cries based on the very spoiling of this land by over-crowded gringo swine, you fall for Pete Wilsonesque scapegoating. The very prospect of teeming brown cockroach-people (to swipe the Brown Buffalo's term) drives you into a hideous U-turn. The thought, apparently, of my people. The thought of me.

Did I remember to mention that writers are hypocrites?

Sitting in Ed's boat, Safeway parking lot, Broadway and Campbell—Tucson. The journey's about to begin. Two blueberry muffins and some

styrofoam coffee for breakfast. My candidate for Miss Universe loads groceries into her whining little Coke-can imported car. Ed's Eldorado says: "Amurca Furst, Buddeh!" However, Ed's Eldorado does not say, "Earth First." If anything, it probably says, "Ed First." Hell yes. Ed's Eldorado remembers Pearl Harbor. The plates say: HAYDUKE.

Ed's ghost sits in the back seat. He holds up his letter to the editor of *The Arizona Daily Star*, dated January 7, 1982: "...I was not talking about 'cultural influences' but about the social and economic effects of unchecked mass immigration from the impoverished nations to our south, particularly Mexico. Certainly Mexico has contributed much to the Southwestern heritage; I like tacos, tequila, and ranchero music about as much as anybody else does." Tacos? Tequila? The thing about ghosts is, they don't have to stop at putting their feet in their mouths. They can go ahead and gobble the whole leg, jam it in there all the way down till they've maneuvered their heads up their own asses.

By the way, Ed says in the introduction to *One Life at a Time, Please* that "Immigration and Liberal Taboos" is his favorite essay in the book.

Did Ed Abbey hate Mexicans? Or was he really setting out to tweak liberals? I'm trying hard not to do backflips here just to defend my favorite writer. Consider: where many writers have a pitiable need to be loved, Ed seemed to have a puzzling need to be reviled. Puzzling, that is, if one considers Ed Abbey to be merely a writer. We all know he was an anarchist, a trickster, an agitator and an "eco-warrior," whatever that means. In his "A Writer's

Credo" (same book), the very first sentence says: "It is my belief that the writer...should be and must be a critic of the society in which he lives." Not a word about fame, love, beauty or literary awards.

Ed Abbey, by his own words, saw himself as a critic, a gadfly. In McGuane's words, "The original fly in the ointment." And nobody was spared. After all, *One Life at a Time, Please* contains his even more infamous assault on "The Cowboy and his Cow."

Perhaps it should not surprise me, then, when in the middle of my outrage over this awful essay, I stumble on a sentiment that I absolutely agree with. Ed suddenly says: "The conservatives love their cheap labor; the liberals love their cheap cause. (Neither group, you will notice, ever invites the immigrants to

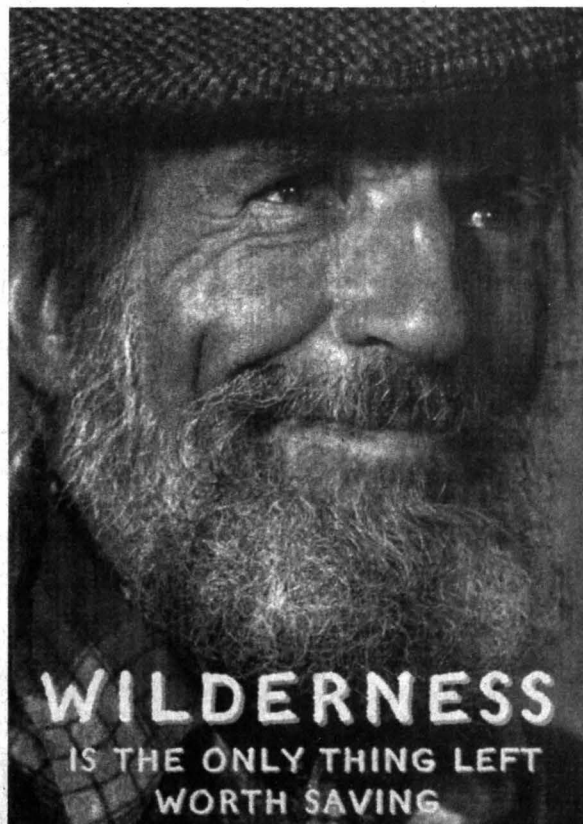


PHOTO COURTESY OF EPI JOURNAL ARCHIVES

move into their homes. Not into their homes!)”

Right on, homey! *El Vato Loco* Cactus Eddie Y Que Abbey, Barrio *Desierto Rifa Con Safos Cabrones*, lays down some righteous *chingazos* for la *causa*, *Ese!*

Oh, well. Some of us are social misfits; we spend vast periods of time locked in rooms banging at typewriters and computers. Those of us who like to write “outdoors” stuff spend even more hours stumbling over rocks and backing into cacti. Alone. Of all the things one could say about Ed, I suspect nobody would accuse him of being a schmooze-meister. Worse if a writer has a cause. We will burrow through bystanders as if they were dirt clods and we were rabid moles.

Indelicacy follows us through our tunnels. Chicanos, we must admit, have said scabrous and wounding things about *gabachos* in publication after publication. Mexicans say foul things about both gringos and Chicanos. The whole lot of us cast a suspicious eye toward Central America and points south.

And, of course, writers carry the baggage of their times, their origins, and their own spiritual and intellectual laziness.

I admire Edward Abbey. I enjoy his books. And I love his bad taste car—all the way down to the honky-tonk red carpet on the dash. This car is 20 steel feet of Ed’s laughter.

I also decry his ignorance and his duplicity.

Guess what: Ed Abbey had feet of clay. Just like me.

Still, he managed to throw in a closing that resonated with me all down the years. I knew, in a terribly clear way, that he was right: “Stop every *campesino* at our southern border, give him a handgun, a good rifle, and a case of ammunition, and send him home. He will know what to do with our gifts and good wishes. The people know who their enemies are.”

Ed’s ghost lights a cigar and puts its feet up on the seat back. I ponder this last paragraph as we cross the Luna County Line. A million acres of open desert accrues paper cups and Payday wrappers around us. Flat as a griddle for a few miles, then truculent upheavals of bare naked mountains. To the north, grape-juice rain clouds color the horizon.

Indians and Chicanos who know a good thing when they see it catch up to the car and give us the big thumbs-up.

Ed Abbey—Lowrider

[Editors’ note: Luis Alberto Urrea’s story appeared originally in the Tucson Weekly, November 30, 1995. Upon his go-ahead for reprint, he also gave approval to correct his typo from ‘genetically’ back to ‘generically’ and sent this afterword to the EF! Journal.]

Ed Abbey—The Dead Ed Industry

I not only drove Ed’s Eldorado Cadillac to Denver from Tucson, but I slept on his friends’ floors, and I crept in a closet where I found an unpublished Ed novel typescript that’s probably still there. On a motoring day up Pike’s Peak, the car’s owner, Tony, dropped the top and regaled

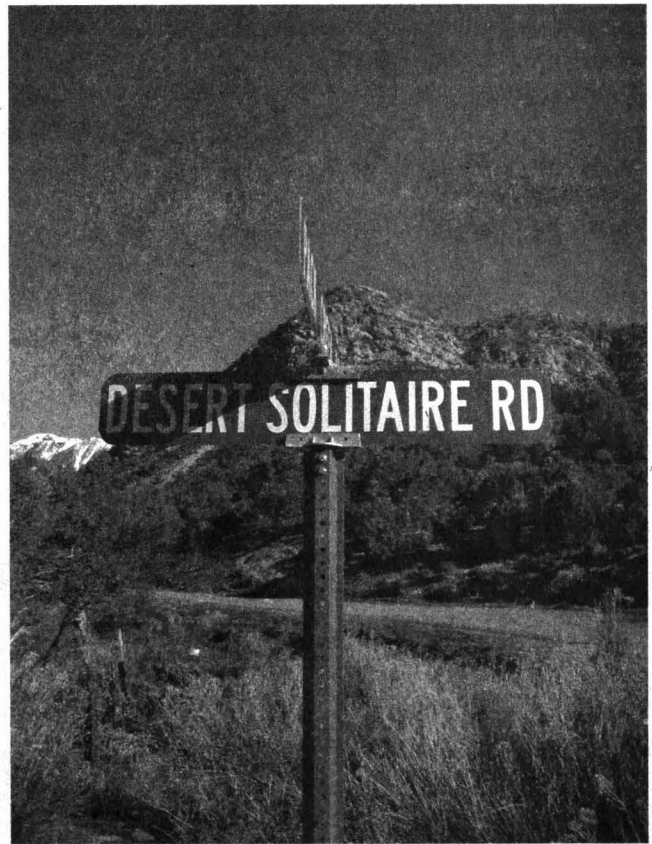


Photo courtesy of Traci Macaninara

Road sign for street named after Abbey’s Book

my kids with stories about the dying West—global warming and beetles killing off the lodgepoles; savannas creeping north to royally fuck the alpine glories they were enjoying.

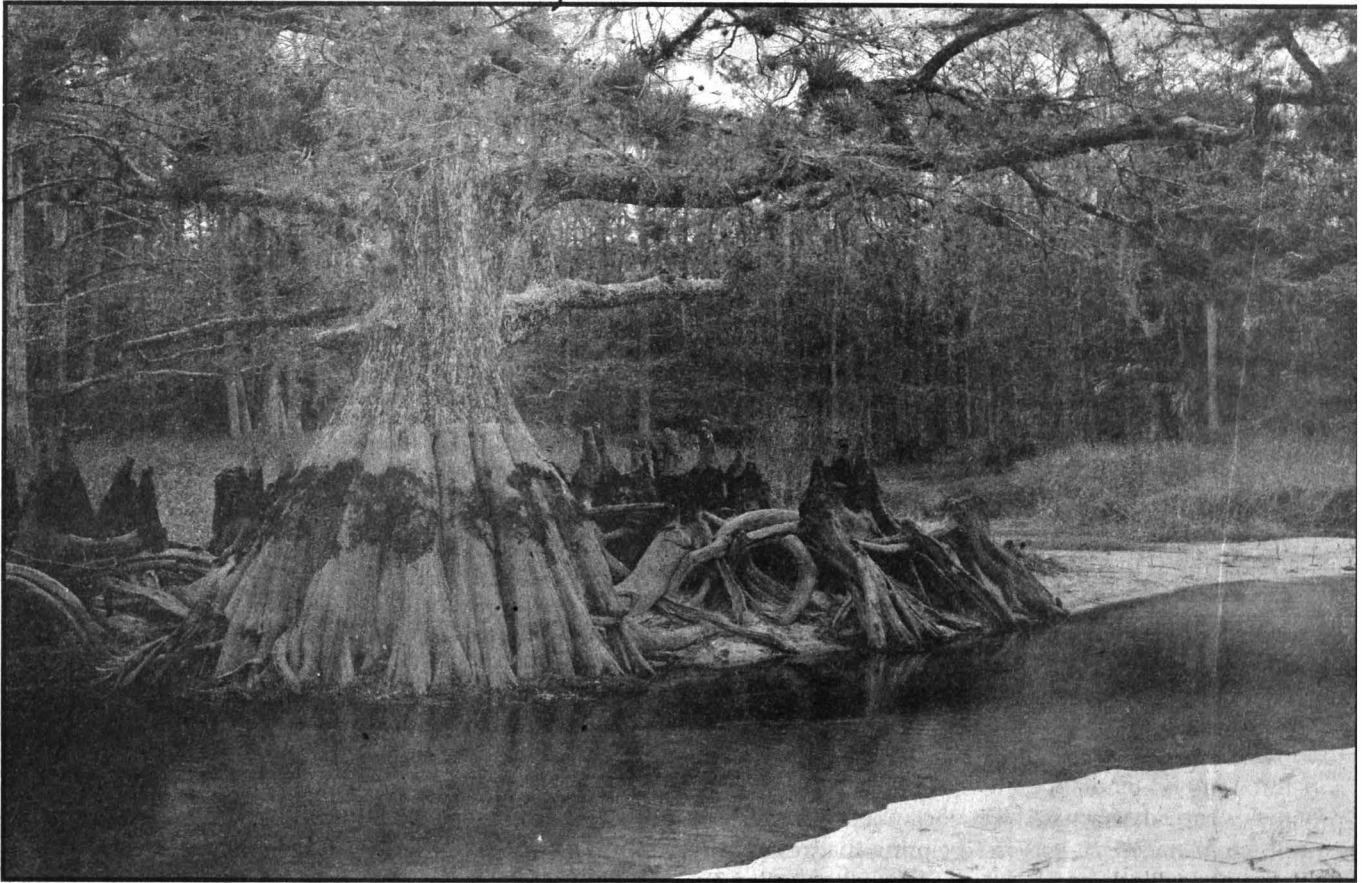
I dropped the whole Abbey thing after I wrote this piece because I could not, and still cannot, abide the Dead Ed Industry. At that time, if you were in Tucson, you knew ten or twelve “best friends” of Ed Abbey, each of whom had eaten his “last cheeseburger” with him the day before he died. Three different guys told me they could show me Ed’s secret gravesite—all in different places....

And then, of course, this Mexican problem of mine. Goddamnit, Ed—cut us “Beaners” a break. But he was cutting us a break. He was extending the strange respect to us that he extended to everyone else: no respect. I think, if Ed—dead or alive—spared you, he was not respecting you. If you could take it, and he thought you could, he’d kick your ass.

Wish that hidden book would come out—I feel lonesome now that the car has been sold and that voice has gone still.

Urrea is a 2005 Pulitzer Prize finalist for nonfiction and member of the Latino Literature Hall of Fame, as well as a best-selling author of 13 books, including *Into the Beautiful North*, *The Devil’s Highway* and *The Hummingbird’s Daughter*. He has won numerous awards for his poetry, fiction and essays and currently lives with his family in Naperville, IL, where he is a professor of creative writing at the University of Illinois-Chicago.

Florida: *Dirty South, Global South*



The Memorial Tree, also known as Roy's Tree

BY RUSS MCSPADDEN

PHOTOS BY PETER NOLAN AND CLYDE BUTCHER

Paramilitaries and Gators

"This is beautiful country here, real rugged. See that tree, that's Roy's tree, that's where a guy hung himself. Some people come out here to get married," Grey says, pointing out an old-growth mother cypress with a sprawling canopy and a fortress of cypress knees circumnavigating the trunk. Its eerie, almost erotic form speaks of another world, far from the manicured and sanitized coastal Florida sprawl just 100 miles east or west of here. Grey points out everything on our walk through Fisheating Creek, a riverine swamp of live oak and bald cypress forest that feeds Lake Okeechobee. Pre-Columbian peoples created mound villages in the area, piling Earth above the mosquito line, at about oak canopy height. My friend talks fast, excited. It takes a minute to catch up with the pace.

Grey lives in a small, hand-built shack on the edge of the Wildlife Management Area with only a car battery for electricity and water from a nearby artesian well pumped into glass jars stacked on the kitchen table to let the sulphur smell evaporate. This is "Real Florida," as Grey says a 100 times, pointing out bear tracks and wild hog droppings as he guides me across swamp, chin deep at times, with alligators all around us. He clamors about someone's recent panther spotting. "They don't often attack, never bothered

me." I wonder if he means the gators or the panther.

Grey and I have met—a rough-and-tumble rural redneck and an urban eco-anarchist with redneck lineage—because construction of a private paramilitary base threatens the watershed of this primordial swamp. Grey raves a bit about Earth First!, knowing only that they are "pretty wild I heard, especially with bulldozers."

We hike to a popular fishing spot where the swamp deepens and channels to a real lazy river. Cypress trees lean over, dangling with Spanish moss. Boards nailed to one old cypress lead to a rope swing hanging over gators. It's here that Grey's two friends from Chiapas, Francisco and Dionisio, are fishing.

Grey is a Florida Cracker, a term given (mostly with love and nostalgia) to white Floridians with generational history in the region, an anomaly in a mosquito-infested tourist-colony of the empire. Grey goes back six or seven generations. Historically, Florida Crackers drove small, lean, feral Spanish livestock, Cracker Cattle, down from North Florida in the mid 1800s, settling on lands stolen from Seminoles, letting their stock roam wild, foraging on wild foods, to round up from the prairies and swamps later. They are still an unruly bunch. Some are large land owners that hate development with a passion, just not enough at times to pass up the millions offered by developers to convert their land to subdivisions or military bases. Before Fisheating Creek was taken by the state from a big cattle outfit—the Lykes

Brothers, which used the land for wild grazing—Grey rode horses through the huge live oak pastures surrounding the swamp, a cowboy for the company.

But Grey is not a land owner. He is, akin to the region and the times, poor and white. His current seasonal employment is as a team leader in the orange orchards and tomato fields of South Florida. "*Son mis amigos de Immokalee.*" Grey introduces me after we all shake hands. On our hike we talked a bit about the Coalition of Immokalee Workers (CIW), a group fighting to get fair wages and humane conditions for migrant workers. "I make sure my people get paid," he assures. Headlines from Immokalee and other towns in the area continue to report cases of modern-day slavery, workers held at gunpoint for years without pay.

"*¿Como está la pescando?*" I ask Francisco and Dionisio. They interpret my poor and nervous Spanish and point to a bucket of seven or so small bluegills churning around. The two men are quiet but smiling. Their thin frames stand stoic at the water's edge. Grey calls the two "good people, you know, from the land. These Chiapas boys love the swamp. You see that?" He points to a few swallow-tailed kites hovering, guiding wind up through their giant wings with shifts of their tail feathers. Half the hemisphere's population come to Fisheating Creek to nest.

The moment is telling. For me it's the blending of Florida's worlds. The peninsula sits as epicenter of several spheres in a global struggle between freedom and ecocidal profit. I'm here surveying a bit of the land, some of the wildest, most dreamy land I've seen, in the buildup for a fight against a Blackwater-esque development, called Eagle Training, that would damage this wilderness. The two *compañeros* from Chiapas—pushed by neoliberal policies encased in the North American Free Trade Agreement—which turn land-based communities into war zones and resource graveyards—have made the long trek from southern Mexico across the militarized border in Arizona or Texas to the *maquiladora* fields of South Florida. These are the fields drained from the Everglades by a century and a half of theft and geo-engineering—the madness of industrial and white culture. The very same forces of racism, greed and profit that uproot wildlands into extinction uproot communities into diaspora.

I've marched with the CIW in Miami and worked on boycott campaigns in my hometown. I try to speak with Francisco, but Grey, who speaks Spanish fluently, albeit with the most beautifully awkward Cracker drawl, has to translate. Francisco doesn't belong to CIW but he supports them. He is paid nearly 70 dollars a day, a 10-hour day, six days a week, and says he is happy. He has worked with other outfits that have taken advantage of his documentation status and refused to pay him at the end of the month. In fact, he allows Grey to crash on his couch through the work week, since the fields are 40 miles from here and Grey's truck has been repossessed. "It took them years to find that truck out here," Grey says. I ask Francisco about the proposed development of a for-profit mercenary training camp nearby. He doesn't respond. Dionisio looks toward me for the first time in a while but then goes back to attending the lazy mo-

tion of the fishing pole over the swamp. I wonder about the paramilitaries that harass the communities at the edges of the Lacandon jungle to open up industrial logging and farming in Chiapas, but I don't ask.

"*¿Es bonito no, este rio?*" Grey asks. We all agree. Grey notes nonchalantly to me, almost a whisper, that we must stop the military base if it's to remain so. "Some folks moved out here near Venus a couple years past and they put up a street light. Someone shot that light out the first night it was turned on," Grey says. "People like to see the stars."

A few months later the paramilitary project is dead in the swamp from public pressure.

What is Now Called the State of Florida

"No, you live in what is illegally called Lake Worth," a stout man in a wheelchair wearing a cowboy hat says firmly but with a bit of a grin. Oannes, a Wabanaki-Penobscot from what is illegally referred to as Maine, spends a good portion of his life working with white allies in academia, cultural centers, children's camps and activist circles. It's a responsibility, he says, handed him by his foremothers. He is a professor at a Florida University—"a token Indian, so I can say anything I want," in his words—and the director of the Yat Kitischee Native Center. He speaks to me with a great deal of intimidating humor in his eyes. "But yes, I know the town. I have friends there."

Lake Worth, named after General William Worth, is land originally settled by Jeaga Indians, then Seminoles and self-emancipated Africans, then swindled away by white developers and turned into a white-only Southern town with black and immigrant communities situated as labor satellites. In his genocidal military career, Worth served as the commander of US forces in Florida to fight the Seminole and Maroon African alliance. He is noted for ending the conflict by focusing the offensive onto villages and supply lines, destroying the land- and community base of the resistance, and isolating the Seminole warriors deeper into the swamps. Worth was then commissioned to join the invasion of Mexico in 1848. He engaged in every battle from Veracruz to the Mexican heartland, personally placing the US flag atop the Chapultepec Castle in Ciudad Mexico.

Oannes and I are at an anarchist conference in South Florida where he has been invited to speak about what he calls "Earth justice." I listen to his talk—slow and deliberate in his approach—with great interest, especially noting his critiques of white social and environmental movements. During my presentation on grassroots resistance in the Everglades he falls asleep, but wakes up toward the end to interrupt and remind me that "it is land that is now called the state of Florida. It is illegally referred to as Florida, and the Everglades is also not the honest name." I had once again fallen back on the imperialist languages of English and Spanish geography in this hemisphere.

Oannes, a true warrior and participant at several Earth First! gatherings, died in April at his home amidst the slash pine of the southwest coast of what still remains a colonially named and colonially exploited peninsula.

Miss Iris and Ni'lin

I'm driving north on 710 toward a place called Indian-town with a borrowed truck. Panagiotti insists we listen to "the Boss, the only Boss worth listening to." There's a roadkill armadillo, a roadkill otter, a roadkill gator. We think about picking up the otter for a weird snack but at 60 mph and the radio loud, we can't think of changing the pace. We are going to visit Miss Iris Wall, the 80-year old cowgirl matriarch of the little town. She's a rascally anti-development cattle rancher, an old Cracker that made her start in the 1950s, right after school, camping for years in Big Cypress with her new husband, cutting cypress into fencepost to sell. She has a special liking for Panagiotti. She calls him, "my little hippy" and scolds the local sheriffs when they call her new friends—the ones she invites into her home, the ones she's opened her land to for a regional gathering—eco-terrorists.

Miss Iris tells us she has a dozen cowboys working for her. She's got a wild grin, and I picture each one of them with her brand on their ass. Its real odd and powerful to be in her presence. When I walk into her house to her back patio I notice she has, on the table before her, a hunting magazine and a bible splayed open. She's hard to pin down. Though part of an old order, she is iconoclast. Her family worked with a Nicaraguan village of Sandinistas in the '80s. Challenging the law and the embargo, and just to spite it I imagine, Miss Iris worked with other ranchers who ship cattle and bull

semen to Cuba. She is devious, saintly, terrifying. "We'll clean up after ourselves," we tell her. "We'll get the swamp re-opened and we'll stop the LNG [liquid natural gas] proposal," Panagiotti says.

A week later, about 50 of us are in a five-day stand-off with local sheriffs, Joint Terrorism Task Force and Homeland Security at the edge of—and strategically interspersed throughout—a magical old-growth swamp of thousand-year-old cypress trees surrounded by the nation's largest fossil fuel power plant and its 17-mile cooling pond. Florida Power and Light claims it as private property and has walled it off to die—we believe otherwise. This is also the last state side-action of an activist named

Tristan, who a few weeks later is severely injured during a protest against the apartheid wall being built through the Palestinian town Ni'lin when an Israeli soldier fires a tear gas canister into his head.

Miss Iris didn't mind about the Sheriff; she seemed to trust us more than them and in the end we helped stop the LNG project and put Barley Barber Swamp back on the map. We still work with Miss Iris and, on occasion, Panagiotti drives out to take her tomatoes and honey from the backyard of our collective house.

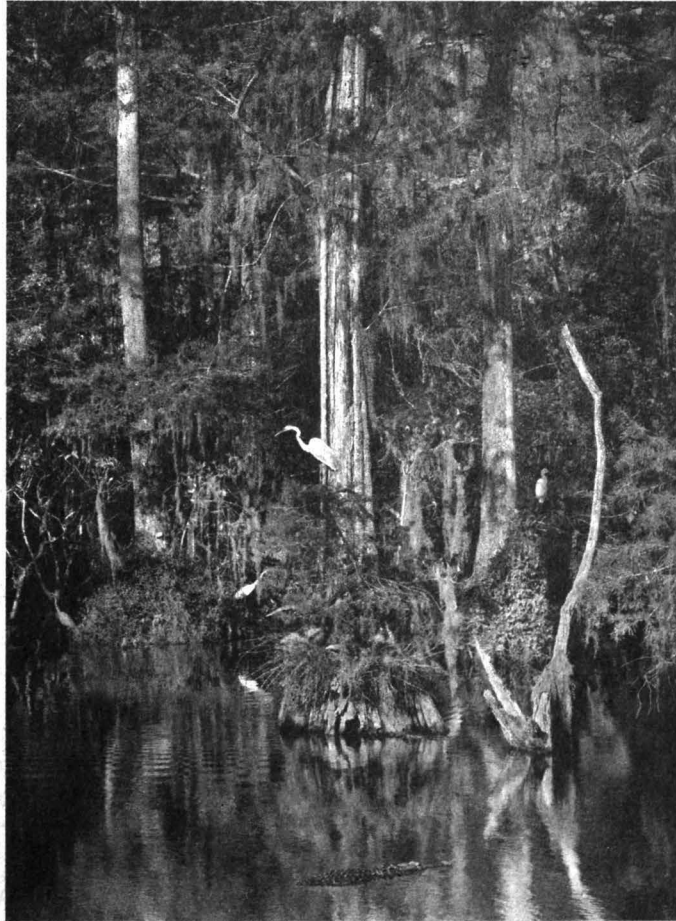
Getting Dirty in Big Cypress

Big Cypress is named so, not because the cypress trees are big, but because it stretches over 1,000 square miles, an actual forest at the southwestern edge of the nearly 20 million acres of sawgrass marshes and sloughs known as the "river of grass." Big Cypress drains southward through Florida Bay and the Ten Thousand Islands, its waters laying the foundation of renegade drug runners and wily environmentalists, at times one and the same. While native sovereignty was stripped to the East by the development of Everglades National Park, Seminoles and Miccosukee peoples still hold land rights here.

Shiny neon spandex-clad cyclists from Miami cruise thousand-dollar bikes across Tamiami trail, which stretches nearly 100 miles through the vast swamp linking the urban coasts. But just inches from the highway, one realizes that Big Cypress is foreboding and wild country.

Buzzards pick at the carcasses of 400-pound wild hogs, and mosquitoes swarm like dust clouds and suckle the flesh with a searing ferocity that sounds like a million shrunk helicopters.

The Seminoles, in a fight against a genocidal US government, harassed well-funded armies here with great success. During prohibition, Al Capone had a hunting camp and speakeasy in this swamp. In later years, saloons reachable only by airboat played host to outlaw drunks and gator poachers. Thousands of exotic pythons slink through cypress domes, occasionally eating deer and alligator. Some are so large that thermal imaging systems on helicopters pick up their slithering bod-



An alligator rests after eating a developer in Big Cypress

Big Cypress Gallery 14 by Clyde Butcher

ies through dense canopies. It's spooky—like a landscape out of a bad dinosaur documentary—but with ATV rednecks and yuppies, birdwatchers and developers, often one and the same.

Big Cypress, like the Everglades in general, has everything to lose by what happens further north where I live. Rock mines, development, industrial agriculture (big sugar, sod, citrus) and the two largest fossil-fuel power plants in the US, surround its watershed. The big environmental groups are quick to fight off any interior encroachment and are greatly successful, but they fail to challenge the walls of industry that are lining it like a toxic moat. They often underwrite these projects through compromises. It seems to be a strategy of industry to propose an obviously heinous project—say a coal plant in the Everglades—in order to, through strategic defeat, gather support for a more inconspicuously heinous project, say an even bigger natural gas power plant in the Everglades.

Changes in the hydrologic regime (the naturally schizophrenic drought and flood periods of the bioregion) by industrial water use threaten the natural systems and the people that depend on them. Mercury levels in fish and their predators make it ill-advised to eat from the land. The interior of the Everglades may look wild and untouched, but the quiet spoils of civilization are stealing the swamps and self-sufficient life-ways through attrition.

It's a dying wetland of mystery and brutal absurdity. Take this for example: One particularly egregious rock mine company at the northern headwaters of the Everglades, Palm Beach Aggregates, funnels money to stop rain forest destruction and mountaintop removal mining in Appalachia while they mine the land that separates the 'Glades from its water source, Lake Okeechobee. One of the company's board members, Michael Klein, also sits on the board of the Rainforest Action Network. He gets millions from the company, which mines road-grade aggregate, stripping the land and aiding the expansion of infrastructure to an already sprawled-out tourist dystopia. At a county hearing about the site's expansion into 2000

more acres of adjacent land, four of the commissioners admitted to having been personally visited or contacted by Klein, stating that he helped them make up their minds to approve the project.

Since the Apocalypse

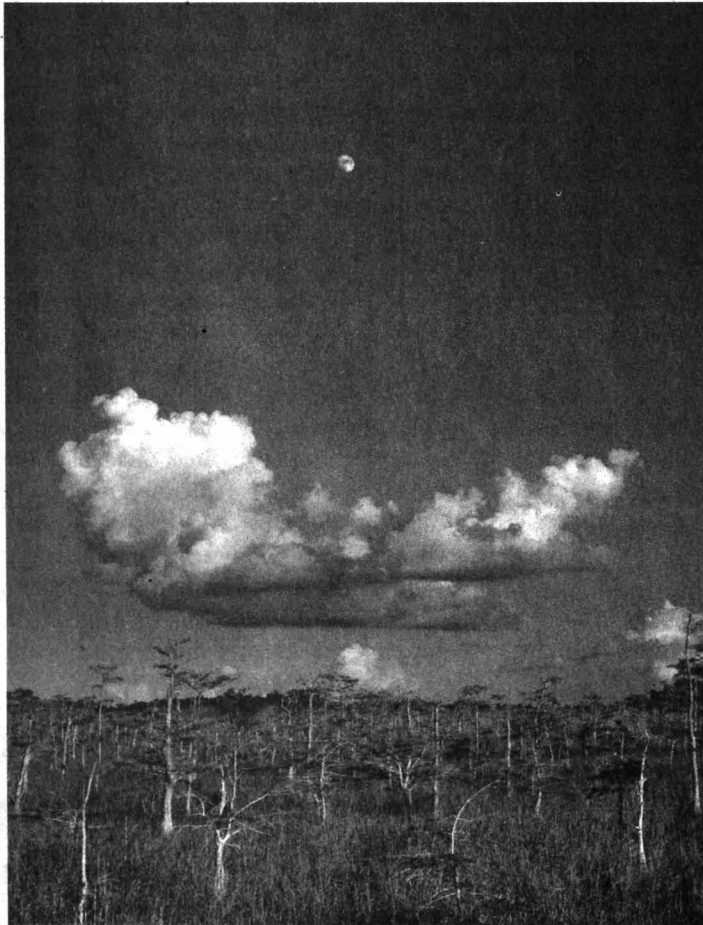
Florida is the apocalypse. It started here shortly after 1492. Over the next 500 years, slavery, genocide, and ecocide played out under the guise of market freedom, progress and Western civilization. Through private, state, and corporate drainage, canalization, and (sub)urban development, the Everglades has been reduced to one-third its original size. It has been fractured and left to die. The

migratory bird population has been decimated by 90 percent. Apex predators like the Florida black bear and Florida panther are nearly extinct. Florida bison and wolves are only now being reintroduced. Florida's coral reef system, the only one in North America, is on its last breath.

At the same time, Earth First! has grown strong in South Florida. It is one of the only mental spaces in the environmental movement here which is action-based, holistic, biocentric and anti-racist. Road blockades, forest defense, swamp occupations, solidarity campaigns with farm workers and communities of color, rural organizing, lawsuits and an unrelenting love for the wild fill our toolbox. Our focus is on stopping the empire, not reforming it or ignoring it. The battery packs of white industrial

supremacy and devastation of the wild—coal, natural gas, and nuclear power plants—pock the land and can be shut down. Not so long ago the empire nearly drowned in these swamps, and once again the waters are rising. Lots of folks in Florida know this. They feel it deeply.

Russ is an agitator with Everglades Earth First! and an editor with the EF! Journal Collective. He has worked on campaigns against mining, biotechnology, vivisection, industrial infrastructure, deforestation, environmental racism, bad jokes and boredom. He has also spent a great deal of time swimming with alligators and collecting coconuts. Every night he dreams of cuddling with manatees, spinner sharks and other lovers in the warm Atlantic waters near his home in South Florida.



Dwarf cypress savanna in Big Cypress

Moontise by Clyde Butcher

Continued from page 17

Generating Station (PVNGS), the largest nuclear generating station in the United States, 42 miles west of Phoenix, Arizona. According to the memo, on May 14, 1986 PVNGS "suffered simultaneous destruction of three incoming power lines at three different locations, approximately 10-15 miles apart. All of the incidents happened only minutes apart and the modus operandi was the same." Furthermore, in the view of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, "the incident was... the most serious act ever perpetrated against a nuclear generating plant in the United States." The Phoenix field office acknowledges, "the investigation to date (February 23, 1988), conducted by the Phoenix division, has developed no subjects, although investigation has focused on Earth First [sic] since its inception."

The FBI speculates that, "members of Earth First [sic] are to be considered primary subjects in not only the sabotage of the PVNGS, but the sabotage of other properties and/or equipment considered to be damaging to the (environment)."

The PVNGS, incidentally, has one of the worst safety records in the nuclear industry. According to public and leaked documents, the facility has chronic performance problems due to habitual mismanagement, deteriorating equipment and poorly trained employees.

I knew nothing about this brief outage of power at PVNG until after the arrests. It does help to explain the elaborate and convoluted workings of the Feds to ensnare Foreman in an already existing scenario of "catastrophic acts being planned" in 1986.

As noted by David Cunningham in his important book, *There's Something Happening Here*, "There is a danger in arresting politically selected targets without sufficient precipitating events that mobilize people's fears." The fear of a nuclear meltdown pretty much rings all the bells for a terror-inducing event. This entirely manufactured scenario was used in internal memoranda, in the media and in open court to strike fear in the heart of reasonable citizens, to fatally marginalize the newly energized environmental movement. Having deviated from the moderate norm, Earth First! had to be discredited. Apparently it was not sufficiently alarming to arrest four random bio-philiacs for criminal damage to a ski lift and a uranium mine. To police-thinking, according to Cunningham, a lack of evidence of conspiracy "merely suggests a deeper conspiracy that can be exposed only through still more intensive

investigation." Although the Prescott group was completely penetrated by an informant, an FBI agent and a listening device on my phone, the investigation still had nothing on Dave.

Another informant, a woman who traveled to the 1988 Rendezvous with Nancy Morton and then haunted Earth First!ers in Tucson, met with little success. Pleading with an old time EFler that she wanted to "do something, anything," she was told, "People just do things by themselves."

In reality, there were two investigations under the banner of Earth First!/EMETIC/Therm-Con (the FBI operation's code name): the one against Mark and Marc and Peg and I, and the one against Dave Foreman, using Dave as proxy for Earth First!. In Prescott we had been working mostly—but not exclusively—above ground, in solidarity with

existing groups fighting uranium and ski development at sacred sites on the Colorado Plateau. Somehow, by early 1989, the conversations had shifted to interrupting electrical transmission lines at nuclear power plants. Peg and I did not care for this turn in direction at all; it was abrupt and inconsistent with our original interests and intentions.

As a precipitating event, then a plausible justification, the through-line of disabling electrical transmission to nuclear power plants had a kind of inexorable teleology that was coddled and nurtured with tedious persistence. Half the time our vehicles were too decrepit to get where the Feds wanted



The Prescott 4, April 1990: from left: Peg Millett, Marc Baker, Mark Davis and Ilse Asplund

Photo courtesy of Ilse Asplund

This entirely manufactured scenario was used in internal memoranda, in the media and in open court to strike fear in the heart of reasonable citizens

us to be, other times there was just no money to buy gas. Agent Fain repeatedly drove to Tucson to talk to people at the Earth First! office and ferried Mark in hopes of listening in on conversations with Dave. The FBI made sure that surveillance helicopters were aloft during those meetings when Fain was left cooling his heels at his truck, hoping for something tangible to connect Dave to the Prescott group....

The rest of the story will be continued in the next issue of the Earth First! Journal, accompanied with original transcripts featuring an EMETIC communique. Order your subscription to read the rest.



*Shawn Donville & Maggie
Willamette River, Oregon*

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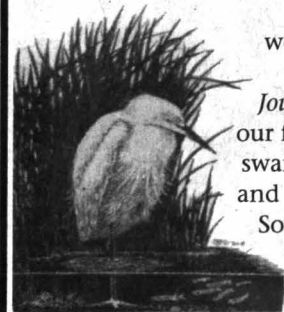
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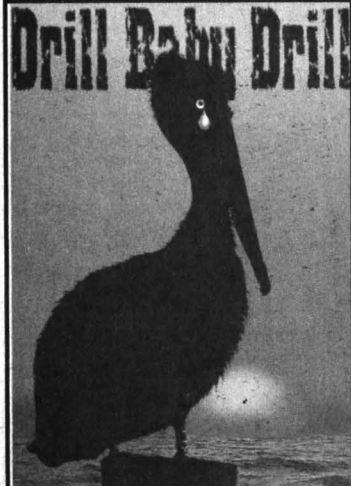
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Thank you to all those who donated their resources to make this project happen! Stay tuned for the Second Volume of the 30th Anniversary Issue, due out next March. Don't forget to look for the Earth First! compilation album, featuring Tre Arrow, Long Neck Lula, Rye n' Clover, Marie Mason, Blackbird Raum, David Rovics, Peg Millet, Son del Centro, Las Crudas, Brad Will, Casey Neil, Autumn Barksdale and many more.

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No Compromise In Defense of the Dark Side of the Moon

A NEW COLLABORATIVE STATEMENT DRAWN UP BY THE CHICAGO SURREALISTS AND THE MOON FIRST! JOURNAL COLLECTIVE IN RESPONSE TO AN EARLIER SURREALIST DECLARATION ON THE LCROSS PROJECT ORIGINALLY DATED AND CIRCULATED INTERNATIONALLY IN OCTOBER 2009.

Twenty years before a powerful syndicate of military-industrial criminals conspired to plant a US flag on the Moon, a similar clique of fiends plotted to fire a nuclear warhead-tipped intercontinental ballistic missile at the lunar face. Code-named "Project A119," this plan—devised by Cold War-era Air Force and weapons manufacturers—called for a massive nuclear explosion that would be clearly visible from anywhere on Earth. Researchers struggled in vain to find any pretext, any shred of legitimate scientific value, to glean from this sickening display of militarist impunity. But the sole objective of Project A119 was to terrorize every human on the planet with a demonstration of how the US ruling class was technologically adept and morally bankrupt enough to commit such an unimaginable poetic atrocity.

And now the attack has begun! On October 9, 2009 (the same day Barack Obama was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize) the unilateral strike was delivered by the LCROSS (Lunar Crater Observation and Sensing Sat-

ellite) spacecraft. Ground zero was the perpetually dark and very cold (-400 Fahrenheit) crater about 60 miles from the Moon's South Pole

"But, for myself, the Earth's records had taught me to look for widest ruin as the price of highest civilization."

—Edgar Allan Poe, *The Colloquy Of Monos And Una* (1850)

called Cabeus. Left unsullied by human presence for untold millennia,

lion (as Gil Scott-Heron lamented in 1974: "How come there ain't no money here? Hmm! Whitey's on the Moon").

NASA spin doctors declared the M-Day bombing a success, saying that spectrometric data from the kill zone detected iron, magnesium, mercury, and about 26 gallons worth of lunar ice, setting the stage for lunar colonization and resource extraction.

This so-called "NASA experiment" is a hostile act of aggression and a violent intrusion upon our closest and dearest celestial neighbor. Does any love song or poem or fairy tale worth its salt not mention the Moon? Who can take a walk in the Moonlight with a lover and not feel the romance to your very soul? The moon is our night light, our blanket, our grandmother, our mother—it is menstruation, circulation, the tides, the ocean.

We pledge

solidarity with the Moon and promise we will do everything that we can to help heal her and to prevent any further such stupid, short-sighted, self-serving acts of obscene violence against her.

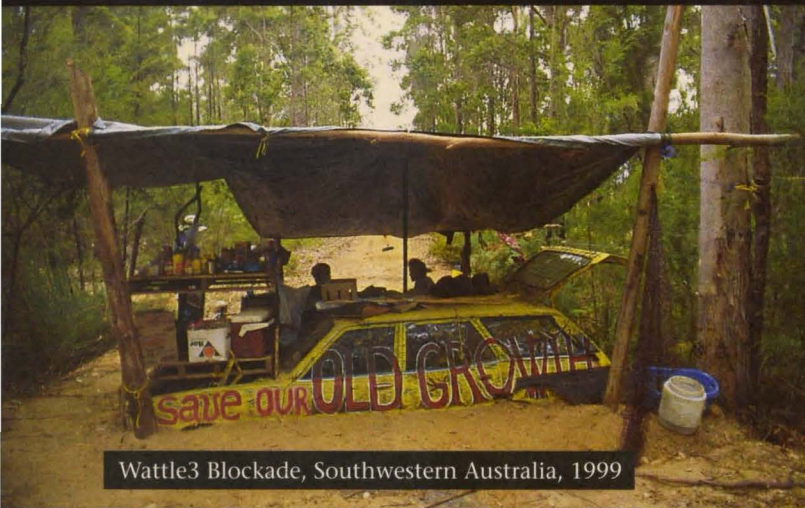
Cabeus is now littered with more than two and a half tons of mangled space junk from this preposterous experiment.

This violent hi-tech sci-fi spectacle cost anywhere up to \$600 mil-

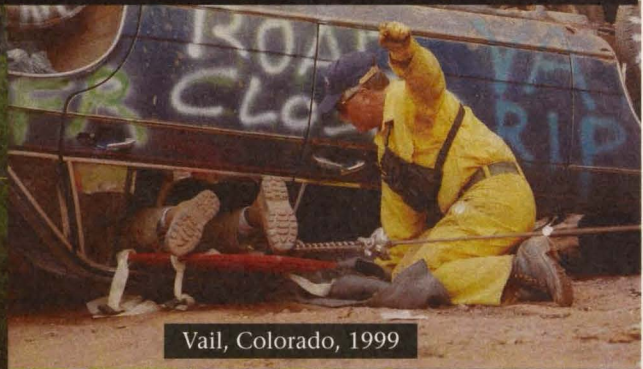


Image from the 1902 film *La Voyage Dans La Lune* by Georges Méliès

Earth First! Drivers' Ed



Wattle3 Blockade, Southwestern Australia, 1999



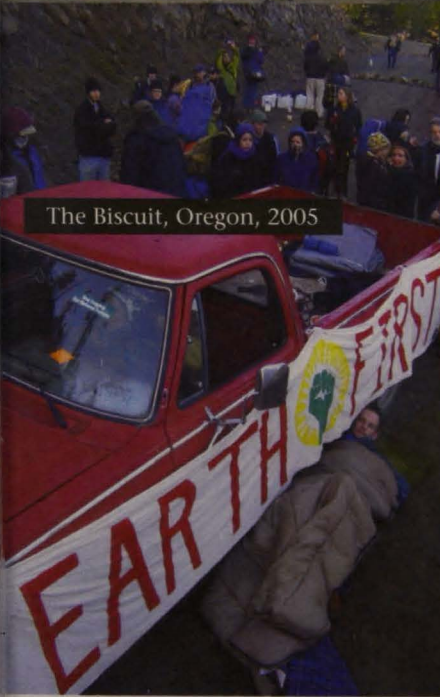
Vail, Colorado, 1999



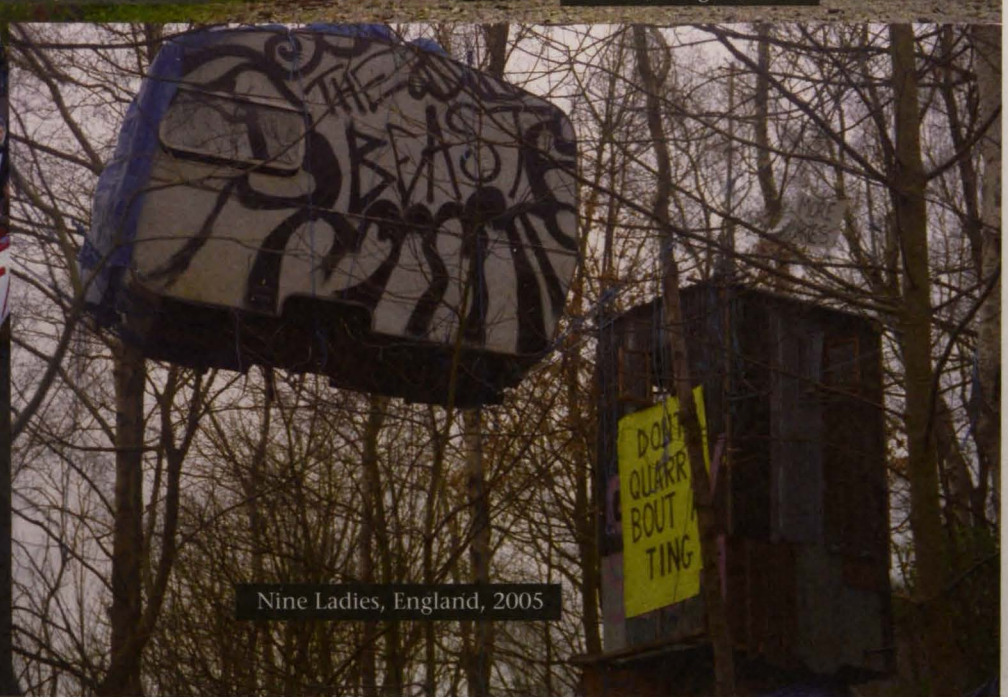
Albion, California, 1992



Elliott, Oregon, 2009



The Biscuit, Oregon, 2005



Nine Ladies, England, 2005

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