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Mabon 2011

Earth First!

The Journal of Ecological Resistance



No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth!



Defend Blair Mountain

The Battle of Blair Mountain was the largest open class war in US History. For five days in late August and early September 1921, in Logan County, WV, between 10,000 and 15,000 coal miners confronted an army of police and strikebreakers backed by coal operators in an effort to unionize the southwestern West Virginia coalfields. Their struggle ended only after approximately one million rounds were fired, and the US Army intervened by presidential order.

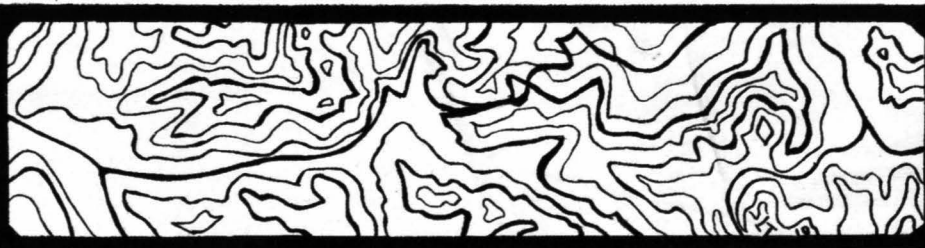


For more info visit: FriendsofBlairMountain.org
RampsCampaign.org
MountainJustice.org

Today, the Blair Mountain battlefield is the site of new conflicts due to proposed mountaintop removal operations at the site which threatens to erase both the wild and our radical history.

In June, 2011, following a five-day fifty-mile march from Marmet, WV to Blair, WV, over 1000 people rallied at the base of Blair Mountain. Participants, speakers, celebrities, musicians, scholars, artists, union workers, environmentalists and others called for the protection of Blair Mountain, an end to mountaintop removal mining, strengthened labor rights and a clean local economy for Appalachia.

DON'T LET KING COAL STRIP AWAY OUR HISTORY!



A Message from the Coal River Treetops

BY CATHERINE-ANN MACDOUGAL

I am certain that the Coal River Valley is precisely where I want to be. When the winter groundfreeze thaws, the forest floor proliferates with spring ephemerals: bloodroot, rue anemone, dutchman's breeches, cut-leaved toothwort, trout lillies, blue cohosh, and spring beauties. The ridgeline above the hollow I live in is like a path of the gods: wind, sun, rain, and snow can all besiege a trespasser along that path in the space of a few moments, but I would not shy from the violent beauty of that power.

Yet the fabric of these ancient and diverse forests is being torn apart.

I feel, with the keen urgency of extinction, that Alpha Natural Resources cannot be allowed to tear apart Coal River Mountain and allow all those living below it to suffer for their profits. Legal resistance to strip mining has been failing for decades; we can't allow ourselves to be gulled into believing that we should confine ourselves mildly to sanctioned channels for change while those who profit from exploitation set the terms.

We need to throw everything we can into the gears of big coal, costing them as much money and shame as possible. To this end, I am going to sit about fifty feet up in a tree for as long as I can.

After thirty days, the longest treesit in Appalachian history, Catherine was forced out of her tree due to a security quarantine and a lack of supplies. The Coal River treesitters are now being sued by Alpha Natural Resources. Since 2009 there have been more than 72 arrests in 10 seperate actions at Coal River Mountain. For more info check out RAMPSCAMPAIGN.ORG



Above: Banners hung at treesit: "For Judy Bonds" and "Stop Strip Mining"
Below: Approximate location of treesit at Coal River Mountain



FEATURES

11

Profiles of Provocateurs
by Kristian Williams
An analysis of three provocateurs, hired by the State, to entrap environmental and anarchist activists.

30

Evo on the Rocks: *Decepción* in Bolivia
by Chellis Glendinning
Full-tilt, high-tech, colossal-scale, high-capital modernization and social unrest in Madre Tierra.

STRATEGIES & TACTICS

22

An EF!ers Guide to Citizen Monitoring of Water Pollution Discharge Permits
by American Dipper

43

GPS Tracking: Discovering, Dismantling and Fighting Back
from the Ludd-Kaczynski Institute
How to get rid of those pesky tracking devices beneath your ride.

FROM the EDITORS

35

Designed to Kill, Border Policy and How to Change It: A Review and Invite
by Aguamala

63

Corrections, Apologies and other Assorted Groveling
by EF!J Collective

64

Blue Anarchy and the EF! Journal
by Jackie Eyrie

CAMPAIGNS & ACTIONS

1

A Message from the Coal River Treasit
by Catherine Anne-McDougal

4

Canopy Occupation Against Coal
by Cathy Birch
West Virginians with the RAMPS campaign take their fight to the trees

6

Mountain Justice and Solidarity for Virginia's Coalfield Communities
by Willie

18

Action Halts Snowbowl Construction on the Sacred Peaks
by Kyle Boggs

26

Hands Off Country
by Teri Shore
Gas madness and resistance in Western Australia

34

What is ALEC?
A call to action from O'dham Lands

40

The Battle of Millicoma
by Thrush
Forest defenders are back in the Elliot

42

Trans & Womyn's Action Camp Report Back: Lewddites Unite!



Earth First! Journal

Mabon • September/October • 2011

FICTION/POETRY/MUSIC

46

Loxahatchee

by Ettienne Doyle

An eco-terroristic science-fiction adventure of interplanetary insurgency and revenge.

58

Armed with Visions

Poetry of Lust & Wilderness

45

Casey Neill Interview

Find out what this former EF! campfire troubadour is up to now.

PRISONER PAGES

21

Prisoner Bio: Eric McDavid

51

Review of Deep Green Resistance
by Jan Smith

56

Prison Solidarity Hunger Strike

57

Political Prisoner Directory

SUPER FUN PAGES

53

Earth First!-Mad Libs

Use adjectives, nouns, adverbs, body parts and your favorite cuss words to complete the story *War for the Wild*.

33

Minimum Security Comics

by Stephanie McMillan

60

Dear Shit For Brains

CANOPY OCCUPATION AGAINST COAL

BY CATHY BIRCH

On July 20, 2011 on Coal River Mountain, West Virginia, Catherine-Ann MacDougal and Becks Kolins ascended 80 feet into the air to occupy a tulip poplar and an oak tree. This action was put on by RAMPS, Radical Action for Mountain People's Survival, in order to halt work on the Bee Tree Surface Mine by Alpha Natural Resources. RAMPS aims to end all forms of strip mining in Appalachia and believes that locally supported direct action is an effective tool in reaching that goal.

Strip mining is a common practice in Appalachia, affecting the health of residents and ecosystems alike. While the rest of America receives cheap energy, the people of Appalachia pay a high price. Water contamination and coal dust lead to cancer and other illnesses in the area. Junior Walk, a direct supporter arrested during the action, is a lifelong local resident that has witnessed first hand the health impacts that the coal industry has on the people of West Virginia. Not only has Junior lost friends and family to illness, he also suffers from health problems at the age of 21.

The movement against mountain top removal mining uses a variety of tactics, but many of the activists involved in the Coal River Mountain treesit feel that lobbying and appealing to government agencies has produced very few results. The coal industry has managed to influence these agencies so much that little in the way of environmental regulation actually occurs.

RAMPS activists believe that it is crucial to stop strip mining today, as the EPA and the Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) continue to release new documents that do nothing to protect the creatures that rely on these mountains to survive.

The area surrounding the mine is beautiful temperate deciduous rainforest, home to black bears, rattlesnakes and large nests of bees. As such, this terrain is never crossed by mine security, who were unable to locate the treesit for four hours after they were informed by the Office of Surface Mining. After locating the sit, two ground supporters were arrested and charged with trespassing.

The first two days of the treesit succeeded in preventing all work on the Bee Tree mine, which currently has disturbed around 200 acres of an 800 acre permit area. This permit is one of five active or applied for permits on Coal River Mountain. Although the treesitters couldn't actually see the blast sites, as long as they are within 1500 feet, all blasting is illegal. Later in the sit, blasting did occur, but it was outside the Mining Safety Health Administration (MSHA) regulations.

Severe weather, thunderstorms and biting bugs were some of the main challenges for the sitters, however

they remained in high spirits as they were able to traverse to each others platforms to enjoy peanut butter and jelly lunches. Visits from bears at the foot of the trees and tree mice on their platforms helped to entertain the sitters on long days and maintained their resolve, as Catherine Ann said from her tree, "these creatures need their mountains."

Becks Kolins descended from the treesit site after 14 days in order to make a statement about the injustice of the legal system, attempting to draw attention to the fact that the law sides with coal companies, accusing activists of trespassing while allowing coal companies to destroy mountains and poison people. Becks was charged with 13 counts of trespassing (which the magistrate reduced to one count), conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor, and *littering*. Becks was released on their own recognizance and intends to plead not-guilty on all counts.

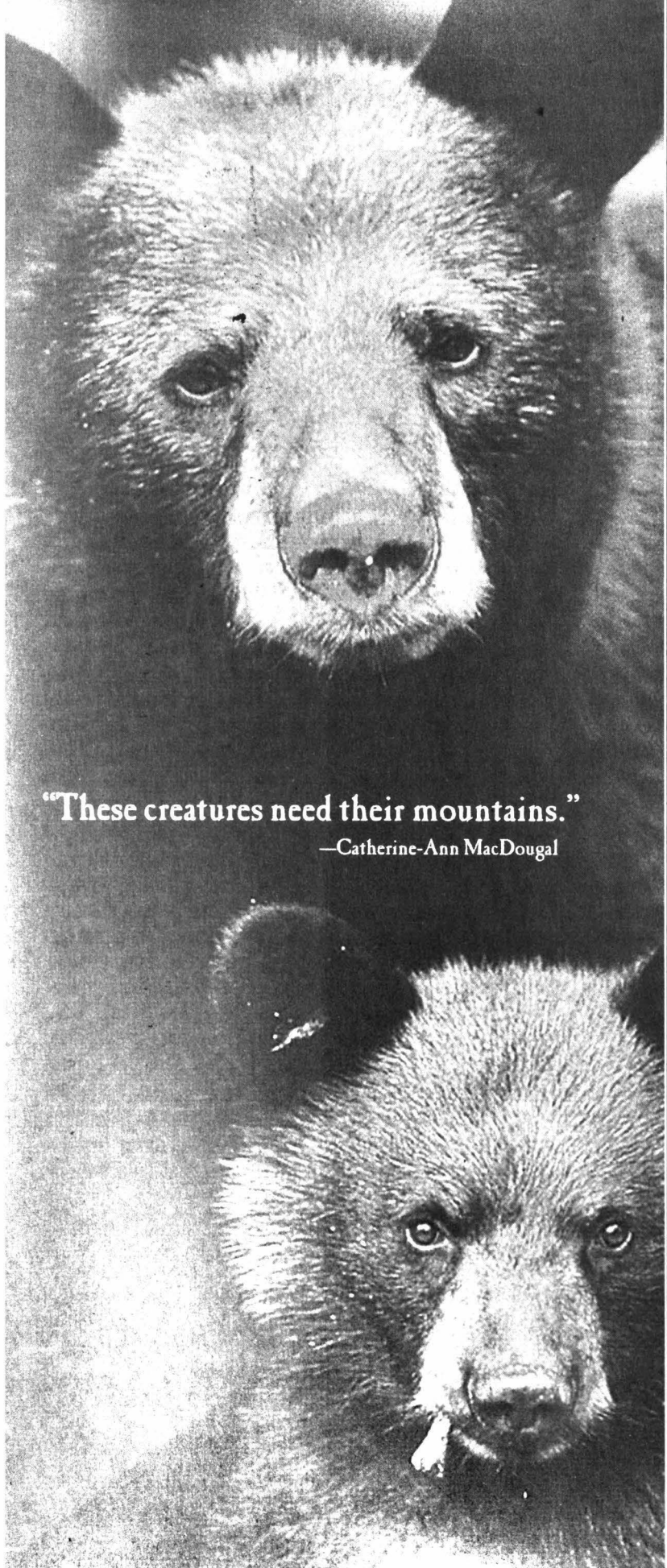
On the same day Becks descended, RAMPS representatives attended a meeting with community members and Alpha executives to discuss health impacts, water quality and flooding. RAMPS organizes these meetings with Alpha in order to enable discussion between community residents and mining companies, to develop solutions that are acceptable to local people. Paul Corbit-Brown of Pax, WV, noted: "Its long overdue that the people in the communities affected by this corporation have a voice. If these talks will create more livable conditions in the communities that are so terribly impacted, it will be hugely important."

The Bee Tree permit is currently up for renewal and during the sit supporters encouraged people to submit comments to the DEP in hopes that this regulatory body would respond to the wishes of citizens. Individuals from far and wide joined the call-in day on August 8. On August 9, a permit hearing was well attended by local residents opposed to the permit renewal. We believe in including government agencies in the dialogue around stopping mountain top removal, however we have little faith in their capacity to take action.

In the third week, Catherine Ann reported that Alpha was bringing in a generator, lights and an orange fence. Despite the enhanced security presence there was no use of night time floodlighting, or noise compliance techniques, which were tactics used by Alpha's predecessor, Massey, during previous treesits.

RAMPS would like to extend a big thank you to everyone who helped make this action a success. Support came in many forms from all over the world and we are most grateful. Donations of money, supplies, time or skills, were all greatly appreciated.

Be sure to follow RAMPSCAMPAIGN.ORG for more details and future actions.



Earth First! Journal

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The Earth First! Journal is a forum for the no-compromise environmental movement. Responsibility rests with the individual authors and correspondents. The contents do not necessarily represent the viewpoint of this magazine, the Earth First! movement, local Earth First! groups or individual Earth First!ers.

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, ablist, 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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Front Cover: *Luddites* by Michelle Waters

Back Cover: Photo by Trip Jennings

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"These creatures need their mountains."

—Catherine-Ann MacDougal



Gaia by Jeff Chapman-Crane

Mountain Justice & Solidarity for Virginia's Coalfield Communities

BY WILLIE

About sixty demonstrators marched through the town of Appalachia, VA, located in that state's southwestern coalfields on Friday, May 27th to protest a proposed mountaintop removal coal mine on Ison Rock Ridge. The march was organized by the Southern Appalachian Mountain Stewards (SAMS), a local group dedicated to halting mountaintop removal coal-mining and to catalyzing a shift towards more sustainable economic options for the area. SAMS has already generated enough pressure over the past four years that A & G Coal has had to rewrite their permit several times to address grievances brought forth by community members. This resulted in the permit being suspended indefinitely by the Environmental Protection Agency for an extensive review of impacts to the local watershed. While this action marked a huge victory for SAMS, the group is still pushing to get the proposed mine not only suspended, but denied outright.

The march was supported by allied community members from adjacent coal-bearing states and by Mountain Justice, who partnered with SAMS members on many aspects of planning and executing the demonstration. Several SAMS members spent the day prior to the march at Mountain Justice's annual training camp in Letcher County, KY constructing puppets and signs with Mountain Justice and Earth First! activists. One of these individuals told me in the course of the week's preparations that he had worked at a Redwood lumber mill in Northern California in the nineties, which was targeted by Earth First!. When I asked him how it felt to have spent the whole day making puppets with Earth First!ers, Mike told me, "It felt awesome! I've come full circle!"

The partnership between SAMS and Mountain Justice speaks volumes to the power that can be generated when mostly young, often transient networks of activists such as Mountain Justice and EF! commit to long-term, organizational (as opposed to

merely tactical) involvement in locally-led campaigns taking place in the communities that are hardest hit by environmental injustices. While Mountain Justice and Blue Ridge Earth First! were blockading the operations of Dominion Power back in '07 to protest expanding coal infrastructure (a campaign that was lost) and expanding nuclear infrastructure (a campaign that was won), these activists were also on the ground in the coalfields helping SAMS with organizing community meetings, water testing, turning local residents out to public hearings and the like. Since that time, many of Virginia's core Mountain Justice and Earth First! organizers have moved to the coalfields and set up a volunteer house and an internship program with one of the major goals being to support the on-going work of SAMS

This summer, the alliance between Mountain Justice and SAMS continues in projects such as the identification and registration of cemeteries within the boundaries of proposed mountaintop removal mines. Coal companies cannot mine within 100 feet of burial sites, so by identifying and registering cemeteries, we are able to punch their permits full of holes until they look like swiss cheese. It is our hope that this tactic will not only preserve small chunks of land but will in fact make certain mountains (which are pretty well speckled with old family cemeteries) not feasible to mine.

In other areas, Mountain Justice fills a similar role connecting willing and able activists with a variety of grassroots campaigns. Whether you want to fight mine permits through the regulatory agencies, sit in a tree to halt the advancing machines, or lend any other kind of support—it is needed and Mountain Justice can help you find the best way to pitch in. To find out how you can help, visit www.MOUNTAINJUSTICE.ORG and click on "Join Us!"

Willie lives in Kentucky when he has to, and Virginia when he can. But at the end of the day, he's a proud Appalachian, political borders be damned.

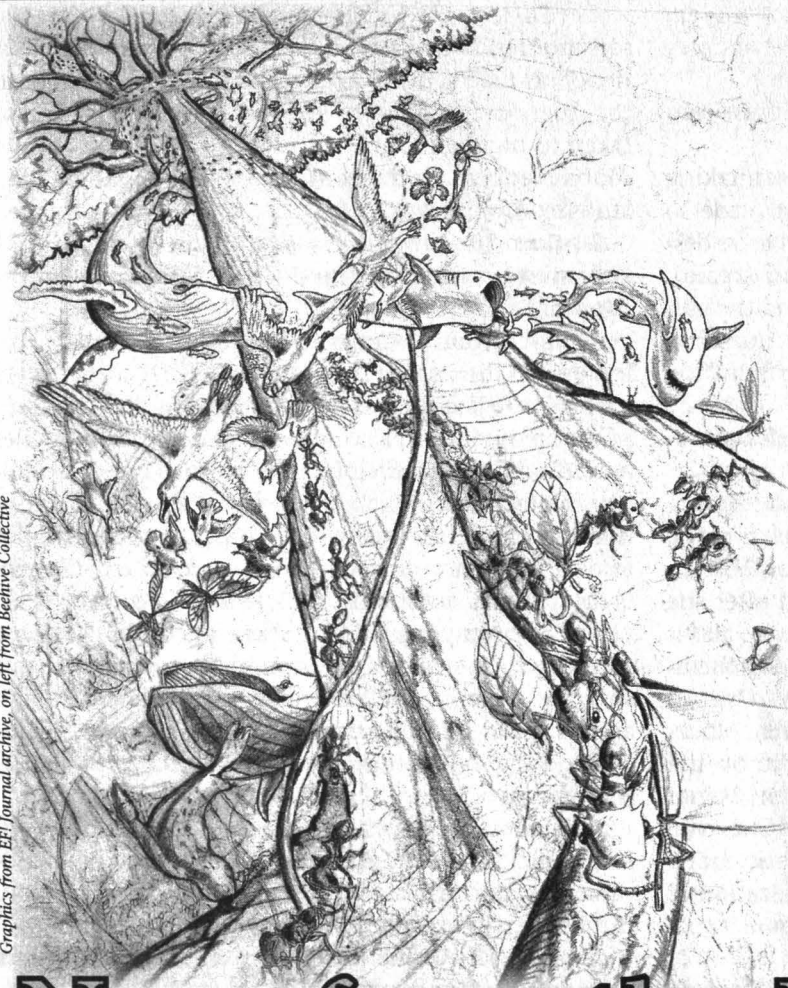
Earth First! News

"On the Frontlines of Ecological Resistance"

Number V

Lughnasadh

August 2011



Graphics from EF! Journal archive, on left from Beehive Collective

Lughnasadh marks the beginning of the noticeable descent of the Sun into the darkness of winter. Also called Lammass, it is the Celebration of Harvest and "the chase of Lugh".

Lugh is the Celtic Sun God who rains down upon the crops, living within the golden fields.

We give thanks to the Earth for its bounty and beauty. We remember and celebrate the sacrifices and efforts made in the past for what we harvest today. It is from these harvests that we eat through the upcoming winter.

This is a time to harvest the dreams planted earlier in the year. We hope to see you dorking it out at the Boston Anarchist Bookfair, resisting ALEC in Scottsdale, Arizona or supporting Black Mesa indigenous communities fight against big coal.



News from the Frontlines

COMPILED BY THE EF! JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

September 9- Women of Blood Tribe block Murphy Oil's fracking in Canada

Kainai Nation, Southern Alberta—Members of the Blood Tribe; Elle-Máijá Tailfeathers, Lois Frank and Jill Crop Eared Wolf arrested by tribal law enforcement and RCMP [Royal Canadian Mounted Police], after parking their cars in front of Murphy Oil's fracking development site and vowing not to move until plans of fracking for oil and gas are stopped. The women are part of the Kainai Earth Watch and have been active advocates to stop the fracking due to the major threat to human health, wildlife, livestock and the irreversible

damage to the land and water on the Blood Reserve and surrounding areas.

September 6- Turkish protesters halt power plant construction

Turkish residents and environmental activists barricade several roads leading to Yaykil village. Blocking the movement of construction crews from the Anadolu Group, which is partnered with McDonalds and Coca Cola, that is attempting to build a geothermal plant against local residents wishes. Activists and the police exchange rocks and pepper spray. Twenty-five activists and four police reported injured. Later, several activist

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homes were raided by police. Six activists were detained. On the night of September 6, a large drilling vehicle was completely destroyed by fire. Police are currently investigating the sabotage.

August 28-Three loaders torched in Gorky Park, Kharkov, Ukraine

One of the destroyed loader's market price was estimated as \$60,000. Since the beginning of construction in May, the site has seen numerous ecotage actions, expropriations of construction equipment and mass protests.

August 27- Save the Peaks! Actions continue in defense of sacred sites

For more than 2 months, activists have been taking part in actions. Twenty-six arrests have been made so far. The US Forest Service is allowing the Peaks to be desecrated so the Arizona Snowbowl ski resort can expand, violating community consent, sovereignty and the cultural integrity of the Apache, Dineh, Hopi, Hualapai, Yavapai and other Indigenous Nations who hold the San Francisco Peaks sacred.

August 26- Resistance to fossil fuel infrastructure continues in Western Australia

Protesters block the convoy of equipment heading to the massive fossil fuel infrastructure project in the Kimberley wilderness on the northern coast of Western Australia. A 57-year-old woman was arrested after she locked herself to a low-loader trailer. The convoy, about 30 trucks, was also blocked by two people locking themselves to heavy machinery and a concrete barrel. Over 30 people have been arrested this summer in similar blockades against the project, which is being forced on the community by the Australian government, on behalf of Big Oil, including Woodside Petroleum, Chevron, Shell and BP. A few weeks earlier 5,000 people attended a protest at Cable Beach against the industrialization of the Kimberley and the threat of turning Broome into a mining town.

August 26- More arrests for blocking tar sands megaloads bound for Alberta



1000+ arrested protesting tar sands, Washington, DC. August 2011.

A group of Moscow activists with Wild Idaho Rising Tide were arrested for blocking US 95 to protest a massive Exxon/Imperial Oil "megaload" shipment destined for the Alberta Tar Sands. In solidarity with the First Nations people of Canada and the thousand-plus people arrested in Washington DC this summer, they are calling for the denial of permits for construction of

the Keystone XL Pipeline, which would stretch from Alberta, Canada to the Gulf of Mexico (passing through Montana, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas).

August 24- More action and anger against Shell

Rosspport Solidarity Camp activists pull off another lock-down on the roadside in north Mayo, Ireland, where Shell works the Corrib gas project. Two protesters arrested. This blockade was part of an intensive series of on-road actions taken since Shell started works at the Aghooshe site during late July. The action was also taken to highlight Shell's recent oil spill at the Gannet Alpha platform, in the North Sea, off the coast of Scotland [reported August 10].

August 18- Incendiary attack on two vans of the energy multinational GDF Suez in Madrid (Spain)

Excerpts from Communique: Tonight two vans belonging to the energy multinational "GDF SUEZ" were set on fire... The techno-industrial system has been imposed on our lives in a brutal way, to colonize our bodies and minds... New developments, such as nanotechnology, biotechnology, robotics... stand as new forms of domination... they secure the murder of the earth, the total dependency on technology, a world where there is no space for autonomy, for freedom... For this we attacked the company... the attacks will continue against all that which enslaves us... from here, strength in your struggle, and may the insurrection that these days ravages England spread everywhere.

August 17- Bolivians march against development plan

Bolivian indigenous activists have started a long protest march, from the Amazon plains to the country's capital, against a government plan to build a highway through a national park in indigenous territory.

August 12- China orders petrochemical plant shutdown after protests

Chinese authorities have ordered a petrochemical plant to shut down after tens of thousands of protesters marched through the streets. The demonstration in Dalian is one of the biggest in a series of recent rallies against polluters in China. The protesters demanded a clear timetable for relocating the plant, with some refusing to leave until a plan is in place.

August 12- Fracking debate heating up in New Zealand

Climate Justice Taranaki, a protest group in the gas heartland of New Zealand, has called for a ban or moratorium on the practice, which it believes threatens aquifers with toxic chemicals. Taranaki is the first New Zealand region where there have been anti-fracking protests.

August 11- Nigeria oil spills have created ecological disaster, Shell again at the forefront

After half a century of oil spills, Nigeria's troubled



Sony in flames, UK riots, August 2011

Niger Delta is one of the most polluted places on Earth, according to a UN report. The report puts pressure on Shell Petroleum Development Co., the major operator during the period, which has had a bitter relationship with communities. It produces about 40% of Nigeria's oil in a joint venture with the Nigerian National Petroleum Corp.

August 11- Aung San Suu Kyi backs Burma dam protesters

Burma pro-democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi has joined forces with environmentalists, members of the Kachin minority groups and other affected communities in an appeal of a massive dam project on the Irrawaddy River. The Myanmar-China Myitsone Hydroelectric Project in northern Kachin state will displace villagers, upset the ecology of the important food source and is expected to flood an area the size of Singapore. Some 12,000 people from 63 villages have been relocated and have not been compensated. For decades, several ethnic groups have waged guerrilla wars for greater autonomy and control over resources in their regions. In March, fighting broke out between the 8,000-strong Kachin militia and the government. That fighting was related to dams and other large projects being built by China.

August 9- Cars, cops and corporations feel the heat of British riots

Racist cops shot and killed someone (Mark Duggan, 29 yrs old, father of four), and lied about it, again. Four days of riots followed. More than 1,100 people arrested in centers including London, Birmingham, Manchester, Nottingham, Bristol and Leicester. Groups of people evaded police, breaking into upmarket shops, setting chain stores and vehicles on fire. In Nottingham a police station and college were firebombed with more than 90 people arrested.

August 8- More bomb attacks against nano-technology in Mexico

The same group who took credit for anti-technology bombing in April has claimed more attacks. Mexico's Attorney General's Office announced that a suspicious envelope presumably containing explosives was found at Mexico's National Polytechnical Institute.

The group is calling itself "Individuals Tending to Sav-

agery [Individualidades tendiendo a lo Salvaje (ITS)]."

August 5- Protests against ALEC and British Petroleum (BP) in New Orleans

A march against the American Legislative Exchange Council (ALEC), creators of pro-corporate legislation, takes place in New Orleans. Environmentalists, social justice groups and anarchists take to the streets, with some spray paint and smoke bombs livening things up a bit. One person was arrested. Also in New Orleans, on August 4, Anti-BP Sit-In Protest ends with three arrests.

First week of August marks the 48th anniversary of the West Papuan struggle for independence from Indonesia. Thousands of Papuans take to the streets, raising their voice for the freedom and self-determination which they continue to fight for and asking for support and recognition from the International community.

August- ACLU requesting information on government surveillance

American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) announced launching a massive coordinated information-seeking campaign. Thirty-four ACLU affiliates are filing over 375 requests in 31 states across the country that seek to uncover when, why and how they are using cell phone location data to track people.

July 26- Mysterious fire destroys Colorado State University horse research lab

Unexplained fire hit the "Equine Reproduction Laboratory", with 20-foot tall flames engulfing the building. The fire completely destroyed the facility, and damages are estimated at \$9 million. The lab was described as a "total loss."

Earth First! News

Lughnasadh

August 1, 2011. Number V.

Earth First! News (EF!N) is a project of the *Earth First! Journal*. The intent of *EF!N* is to make Earth First! movement media more decentralized and more easily accessible by encouraging people to copy and distribute the publication.

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OCTOBER 11: SALEM, OREGON- RALLY WITH CASCADIA FOREST DEFENSE to the capitol. For more info please visit FORESTDEFENSENOW.COM, or contact ForestDefenseNow@gmail.com

NOVEMBER 11-13: BOSTON ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR at Simmons College: 300 The Fenway, workshops, vendor tables and more. For more info visit BOSTONANARCHISTBOOKFAIR.ORG

NOVEMBER 13: EARTH AT RISK: BUILDING A RESISTANCE MOVEMENT TO SAVE THE PLANET. WHEELER AUDITORIUM, BERKELEY, CA-Speakers include: Derrick Jensen, Arundhati Roy, Chris Hedges, Thomas Linzey, Waziyatawin, Aric McBay, Lierre Keith, Stephanie McMillan, and more. General Questions: tickets@calperfs.berkeley.edu, Ticket Office: 510.642.9988 For more info visit EARTHATRISK.NET

NOVEMBER 19-26: SUPPORT FRONT-LINE INDIGENOUS COMMUNITIES OF BLACK MESA, AZ, RESISTING MASSIVE COAL MINING- Join the Caravan in Support of Indigenous Communities Who Are in Their Fourth Decade of Resisting Massive Coal Mining Operations on Their Ancestral Homelands of Big Mountain & Black Mesa, AZ. For more info go to BLACKMESAIS.ORG

NOVEMBER 30-DECEMBER 2: MOBILIZATION TO RESIST ALEC (PHEONIX, AZ) SEE PAGE 36 AND VISIT: AZRESISTSALEC.WORDPRESS.COM

Submissions to the Journal encouraged! Articles, action stories, updates from your bio-regions, illustrations, art & featured artist profiles, photographs, poetry, tips, book/film reviews, short stories and more! Maximum of 3,000 words. Pictures and illustrations should be high resolution (300 DPI) or as close as possible. Send to: collective@earthfirstjournal.org



For Updates on Direct Action News from Around the World, check WWW.NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

Earth First! ToolBox:

Pros And Cons Of Burning Machinery

There are two main advantages of burning machinery and heavy equipment: It can utterly destroy the bulldozer, yarder, or whatever. And, a machine that has its engine compartment, oil intake, and so on protected by locks can still be burned.

Disadvantages include:

1. It is difficult to achieve a hot enough and extensive enough fire.
2. A fire is very noticeable and quickly attracts attention.
3. Burning something is considered arson and may carry stiffer legal penalties than non-arson ecotage. Law enforcement agencies may make a higher priority of investigating arson than sand in the crankcase.
4. Arson elicits a more negative reaction among the public than other methods of damaging heavy equipment.
5. Setting fire to a piece of heavy equipment is potentially dangerous to the monkeywrencher.
6. There is a chance that a burning piece of equipment could cause a forest fire.

Any Earth defender contemplating burning instead of other methods of decommissioning bulldozers and other heavy equipment should carefully consider these negative aspects of burning machinery.

From *Ecodefence: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*

Earth First! Directory

*For a more complete listing of EF! contacts, venues and affiliated groups, contact the Journal or check our online directory at: EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

US Groups:

California

Diablo EF! (Bay Area)
diabloearthfirst@gmail.com

EF! Humboldt
contactefhum@gmail.com

Sierra Nevada EF!
sierranevadaearthfirst@gmail.com

Colorado

High Country EF!
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Profiles of Provocateurs

BY KRISTIAN WILLIAMS

Recent case studies on the use of agents provocateurs; warning signs; practical advice

A recent article in Seattle's *Stranger* details a long-term police operation to monitor, infiltrate and entrap activists in Seattle. The story is long, convoluted, and more than a little absurd; it's all rather like the plot of a Coen Brothers' movie. But the short version is that an undercover Seattle cop infiltrated an after-hours party scene—what prosecutors called “underground illegal gambling enterprises (concurrent with illegal liquor sales).” The Seattle Police Department hoped to find some dirt on local politicians, the FBI hoped to find a connection to the Earth Liberation Front, and after two years they finally managed to hook someone with a drug scam.

“Bryan [Owens] had been pushing Rick [Wilson]—and everyone in their social set—for years to help him buy ever-larger amounts of cocaine. . . . he tried to play on people's greed. ‘He's like, “I can make you a millionaire,”’ Rick remembers. . . . ‘He said he would pay for the drugs and I would take no financial risk. I told him to go fuck himself. He kept pestering me. I did, to my eternal shame, help him out,’ Rick says. ‘I asked around to some people who asked around to some people who eventually gave him some.’”

Owens then asked Wilson to come along when the exchange happened, just in case things went bad. On the way, a SWAT team surrounded Wilson's car and arrested him.

It turns out Bryan Owens, purported trust fund kid and environmental activist, is really Bryan Van Brunt, Seattle Police Detective.

When Wilson was interrogated, the cops were particularly interested in asking about the ELF. They told him, “We have hundreds of hours of surveillance, wire, video. . . .” The *Stranger* adds, “SPD surveillance logs show that police were following the families of suspects, their sisters and mothers, and that some family members' homes . . . were raided and turned upside down for evidence.”

Wilson was convicted of the drug crime, and also of an unrelated offense he'd committed years

earlier—running guns to Chiapas for the EZLN. He was sentenced to 40 months. A handful of other party regulars were charged with “professional gambling in the first degree.”

The usual criticisms—that these sorts of operations waste money, only stop crimes that the cops themselves create, and threaten our freedom—have already been made elsewhere. So I want to turn instead to the question of how activists might avoid this sort of infiltration and entrapment. After all, it makes no difference whether you take technical precautions like encrypting your email if it is your co-conspirator who is collecting the evidence against you.

With this in mind, I will sum up three recent cases involving the use of provocateurs against the anarchist and radical environmentalist movements. And I'll point out some of the warning signs that should have made people wary.

Provocateur Profile #1 “Bryan Owens”/ Bryan Van Brunt

Looking at the Seattle story from the outside, and with the benefit of hindsight, one of the things that most stands out is the number of (if you'll pardon the phrase) red flags that should have signaled that something was awry. For example:

1. *Money issues:* Bryan's habit of throwing around cash meant that, even though a lot of people didn't like him and were annoyed by his “blustery bro-dude personality,” they were willing to put up with it. He bought drinks, he took people out to dinner, he helped people out with their rent. And it sounds like Bryan paid for everything concerning the party space: “Rent, paint, locks, lumber, drywall, new plumbing—it all came out of Bryan's pocket.” (At the same time he was “insisting that it turn a profit (when everyone in the group had been taking losses for the parties). Bryan also covered the expenses, including plane tickets, for a pair of activists going to St. Paul to demonstrate against the 2008 Republican National Convention.

2. *Legal questions*: Bryan had made plans to go to the RNC himself, but was escorted off the plane by the authorities. The reason wasn't clear: he never really explained, and nothing more seemed to come of the episode—no arrest, no charges. Of course, it turned out, he staged the incident himself to add to his reputation.

3. *Bluster*: "Several people remember Bryan bragging that he had a record and had been arrested for political action"—though again, the details were lacking.

4. *Questions about his personal life*: One friend recalls: "When I went to the bathroom [in his apartment], there was nothing in there. . . . You'd expect some soap or towels or something. I started asking how long he'd been living there, and he got all aggravated."

5. *Responding to normal inquiries with hostility*: (See #4).

6. *Pressuring others toward illegal action*: "Bryan kept pushing Brady [McGarry] toward more radical 'real militant action,' asked Brady to teach him how to make Molotov cocktails, and hinted that he wanted to 'make explosives' and do some 'property damage' at Weyerhaeuser or at CEOs' houses, Brady remembers. He wanted to talk about the Earth Liberation Front. Brady remembers telling Bryan to take it easy. 'It weirded me out,' Brady says."

Similarly: "Mia Brown . . . remembers Bryan as a guy who 'always ranted about how he hates cops' and who tried to talk an enlisted friend of hers . . . into stealing weapons from Fort Lewis."

7. *Warnings from others*: Several of Rick Wilson's friends told him something was wrong, including one person who reported being followed. But Wilson just blew them off.

Of course, none of these, on their own or even taken together, would prove that a person was a government agent. (And in one way, this case is unusual in that the infiltrator actually was an undercover cop, not an amateur recruited for the purpose). A person could easily exhibit some of these traits and behaviors and not be in the employ of the police agencies. And naturally, it's only human to assume the best of our friends and write off uncomfortable details as harmless eccentricities or minor flaws.

But several of these behaviors, characteristics, or inconsistencies would be a good reason to hold off on engaging in political work, crime, or other high-risk activities with the person involved. At the very least, it might make it seem like a good idea to check up on their background.

Of course, Rick Wilson is not the only person to pay the price for failing to take such precautions.

Provocateur Profile #2 "Anna"

Eric McDavid fell prey to a paid FBI informant operating under the name "Anna."

Anna entered the anarchist scene during the 2003 anti-FTAA protests in Miami, when at the age of 17

she infiltrated anarchist spokes council meetings as part of a class project. A fellow class-mate, a police officer, was impressed with her work and arranged a meeting with the FBI.

As the prosecutor in McDavid's case explained: "Over the next year or so she attends various functions where illegal protests are expected. The Republican National Convention, the Democratic National Convention, and the G-8 Summit. . . ." Ultimately she helped to put together—and then break up—a conspiracy to attack the "Institute of Forest Genetics, cell phone towers, Nimbus Dam and possibly the fish hatchery nearby."

Anna met Eric McDavid at a Crimethinc meeting in 2004—ironically, at a workshop on identifying undercover agents. She later testified, "At the time I thought he was inconsequential. I thought he was a college student and not of interest to the FBI." But he formed a romantic attachment to her, and she later used that emotional connection to join a "cell" involving McDavid and two others, Zachary Jenson and Lauren Weiner. Over the next several months, Anna moved increasingly into the leadership of the group. She organized meetings, kept notes, covered expenses, pressed the others onward when they had doubts, and urged them to solidify their plans.

As the *Sacramento News and Review* put it: "Documents from the investigation reviewed suggest that Anna provided much of the financial support, the encouragement and the know-how needed to turn their talk into action. They also show that whenever the group started to lose focus, or to have second thoughts, Anna badgered them about being all talk and not sticking to an action plan."

Anna was crucial to forming and sustaining the plot, pushing the others to get more serious, move faster, and make real plans. It was Anna, facilitated by the FBI, who provided the instructions and materials for making a bomb (no actual bomb was produced). Diane Bennett, one of the jurors from the case, described Anna's role: "providing all of the essential tools for the group; the cabin, the money, the idea, the books, everything."

It was Anna who provided the bomb recipe, and the materials, and was insistent on moving ahead with the plan, even when others were unmotivated or expressed reservations. As Lauren Weiner testified: "Anna was most concerned about keeping on schedule. . . . She wanted to speed things up." Or, as the prosecutor put it: "they discuss maybe slowing up this conspiracy, maybe going slower, so they don't have these mistakes. Anna is pushing to get more organized."

Jenson and Weiner pled guilty to reduced charges and cooperated with the prosecution. They got five years each. Eric McDavid was sentenced to twenty years. Anna was paid \$65,000.

Among the many clues that McDavid missed:

1. *Money issues*: Anna seems to have paid for nearly everything—food, the car, gas, tents, plane tickets, the cabin where they were arrested. Over the two year period, January 2004 to January 2006, Anna's expenses totaled \$35,000.

2. *Vague or inconsistent explanations*:

Lauren Weiner: "Anna always had—she had a lot of \$100 bills. . . ."

Q. "And she said purportedly that came from stripping, right?"

Weiner: "Yes. . . . Well, she also said that she had money from working in a chemistry lab over the semester while she was at school. That she had all these jobs. . . . She was very vague about it."

3. *Asking about previous arsons, and future illegal actions*: Anna testified: "I asked him if he had any involvement with the actions [an arson] that Ryan Lewis took over Christmas, and he denied it. I further asked him—I said, you know, I know a little bit about you. I think you might have been involved. It seems like something you'd be interested in. He says, no, I didn't do that. I have my own plans. . . . I asked him what his plans were. And that was when he stated that Ryan Lewis had made the mistake of doing the actions too close to home, and that McDavid's actions would take place nationwide. And I again asked him, well, what are you planning? And he said that he had gotten a bomb recipe for C4 from an individual in West Virginia. And his plan was to make little C4 bombs."

4. *Documenting incriminating evidence*: Anna was insistent that the group keep a notebook and write down all of their plans. "Anna introduces something that we'll come to know as the Burn Book. The Burn Book, she says, is something that the group can use to record their thoughts, their to-do lists, their—if they need to go buy chemicals, they can write a list of all the chemicals down there. . . . Why call it the Burn Book? Because a couple of the members of the conspiracy, specifically Lauren Weiner and Zachary Jenson, kind of bridled at the fact that we're writing all this stuff down. We don't want to commit any of this to writing. Anna solves that problem. She says, that's simple. We'll burn it at the end. After we're done, we're going to burn this book." (That's the prosecutor's description, and the Burn Book became important evidence in the trial.)

5. *Failure to follow agreed upon security protocols*: Weiner: "Well, it was stated by Eric back in November that absolutely nothing would be written down, and we all agreed with that. And then all of a sudden everything was being written down, and that was obviously very uncomfortable to me."

Also, Anna testified: "That night there was a discussion, and Jenson specifically mentioned that he was very uncomfortable with the fact that I still had my cell phone, as the rest of the members of the

group did not carry cell phones and had no desire to carry cell phones, and felt that cell phones were a method for law enforcement to track them. So they began to pressure me to get rid of my cell phone." (Anna used her phone to provide the FBI "real time" intelligence.)

6. *Pressure toward illegal action*: Weiner: "She was upset that there were no plans, and . . . I was upset because I felt like I didn't know where these plans were coming from."

7. *Discomfort of other team-mates*:

Q. "Do you remember the conversations in that car ride? . . . Were any of them about a feeling you had that she was leading you and the rest of the group into a trap?"

Zachary Jenson: "I do remember having a conversation about that. . . ."

Q. "Okay. And it was where you said something to the effect of, you know, I have this feeling that you, Anna, you're leading us into a trap, right?"

Jenson: "Yes."

8. *Discrepancies between stated intentions and actual activity*: Earlier, at a 2005 protest against the Organization of American States, Anna presented herself as a medic, but she had no training and never actually served in that function. Instead, she claimed specialized skills as a means to gain access to planning meetings and collect information.

According to Del Papa, one of the protest organizers, "Anna didn't seem very interested in offering medical care and comfort to protesters. She was more curious about the protest organizers. . . . She started asking all of these really specific questions about who was coming and how many people were coming. She got really aggressive about wanting detailed information about our plans."

At the demonstration itself, Anna then used her position to push tactics that were not only illegal, but contrary to existing plans and probably counter-productive: "During the march, Del Papa said, Anna started recruiting high-school students to stage a sit-in to block traffic, right in front of a large group of Broward County sheriff's officers in riot gear. Del Papa was sure the provocation would lead to arrests and to the police clearing protesters from the area. . . ."

9. *Discovering the bug*: Anna testified: "On the drive down into Auburn, there was—a wire had fallen out of the dash of the car, and as McDavid was fiddling with the wire, the recording device in the car fell out of the dash into his hand. . . . I took the recorder out of his hand, and I shoved it back into the dashboard. And I said, stupid old car, just a . . . piece of shit. . . . He let it go. He didn't question me further about it, but he acted strange as if somewhere in his subconscious he knew that that was a weird occurrence, but he never pressed me about it. . . . He had basically just found me out but didn't quite know it."

What's remarkable about this case is that McDavid and the others failed to challenge Anna on these behaviors despite their collective obsession with "security culture." The term shows up again and again in the trial, as an explanation of why they did certain things the way they did. They got new email accounts, they communicated in code, they used fake names, they went without cell phones (except for Anna)—and on and on. But they did not, apparently, think carefully enough about who they wanted to work with and what they wanted to do.

They clearly underestimated the level of technical skill their plan required, but more importantly, it seems they underestimated the level of risk involved, and therefore also the level of commitment and trust necessary. All four conspirators were working far outside the scope of their experience, and they don't seem to have seriously considered the basis on which they were working together. Anna, for instance, seems to have been invited in because McDavid had a crush on her.

In this sense, the conspiracy failed twice. It failed, first, because the group lacked a sound basis for working together, could not agree on a coherent

According to McKay, when they mentioned the molotovs to their affinity group, they were told in no uncertain terms, "what you are doing is ridiculous, stupid, and dangerous." At that point they basically gave up on the idea of using firebombs, and went to the demonstration without them. Later, though, Darby asked McKay what they planned to do with the bombs. "David says he didn't want to lose face with Brandon, so he made up a plan" about attacking a parking lot full of police cars. Darby simultaneously told McKay he didn't think he and Crowder were ready for that sort of action, goaded him toward it, and offered to help. They agreed to meet at 2 a.m., but McKay blew it off and stopped responding to Darby's messages. McKay was arrested in bed at 4:30 a.m.

We now know that Darby had been giving the FBI information since at least February 2007, and had actually been on the payroll since November that same year. It's not clear exactly when the collaboration began, and many people now cite suspicions about Darby from much earlier. Darby's own story is that he first approached the FBI after a Palestinian activist asked him to help raise money for Hamas and Hezbollah. That experience led him to reflect on his own views

We now know that Darby had been giving the

plan, didn't have the necessary technical proficiency to succeed, and finally—much to Anna's frustration—were too flakey to follow through on their ideas. It failed, again, because one of the four was an agent provocateur, and two later turned state's evidence. It's worth noting, though, that both sets of failures occurred for many of the same reasons.

Profile #3: Brandon Darby

Similarly, David McKay and Bradley Crowder got in over their heads with activist-turned-informant Brandon Darby.

Brandon Darby was a prominent organizer, originally in Austin. He went to New Orleans during the Hurricane Katrina disaster, and became a leader of Common Ground, a grassroots relief agency that provided free food, medical aid, legal assistance, and home repair—while also fighting home demolitions and police brutality.

In August 2008, Darby traveled with the "Austin Affinity Group," including McKay and Crowder, to St. Paul to protest against the Republican National Convention. When they arrived, police searched their van and seized home-made riot shields. Darby urged the group to escalate its tactics in response: "We're not going to take this lying down. You've got to do something about it." That evening, McKay and Crowder made some molotov cocktails, and stashed them in the basement of the house where they were staying.

about militancy, after which he called the FBI and volunteered to work as an informer. In 2008, the FBI put him to work as part of their campaign against the anti-RNC protests. In that capacity, he attended planning meetings and regularly wore a wire.

It was during this period that Darby met McKay and Crowder. The two younger activists looked up to Darby and sought to emulate his militancy, while he relentlessly razed them for being "tofu eaters" and "weaklings"—a dynamic that led them to feel that they had something to prove. McKay says: "We really didn't feel very comfortable about Brandon for a long time, but it always came into play that we had never done anything, anything like this, ever. . . . And that's everything that Brandon was. . . . With him we felt like we were legitimate."

Of course it was Darby who told the FBI about the riot shields and, later, the molotov cocktails.

The first attempt at a trial ended in a hung jury—the result of McKay's entrapment defense. Ultimately, however, both McKay and Crowder plead guilty to firearms charges. Crowder got two years. McKay got four. Darby was paid \$12,750, plus \$3,028 for expenses.

In this case, too, there were numerous clues that Darby was not to be trusted:

1. *Previous behavior:* The *Austin Chronicle* wrote: "ask around Austin activist circles. . . . Several local activists describe Darby as a troubled, paranoid man with a

volatile history with women, a penchant for violent rhetoric, and a strong authoritarian streak."

Similarly at Common Ground, Malik Rahim, recalls: "At the very beginning, he was helpful, but after [a point], he became harmful. . . . He did everything he could to destroy St. Mary's, which was where we were housing the majority of our volunteers, by letting a bunch of crackheads move in there. And he also drove a wedge between me and Lisa Fithian and eventually caused her to leave, too. He was doing everything you're supposed to do as a government agent in that situation. Divide and conquer."

2. *Demanding access to sensitive information he didn't need:* Fithian says that, during the RNC, Darby had to be asked to leave meetings where the details of actions were being worked out: "He said he was there to do medical, but instead he was at all the meetings." She recalls, "I actually asked, 'What the fuck is he doing here?' . . . I told him he needed to leave."

3. *Assumption of authority:* Scott Crow, one of the founders of Common Ground told *This American Life*: "He doesn't ask. A lot of time he just assumed that nobody knew what they were doing. And he was going to do it, even though he never organized anything—

9. *Machismo:* Fithian: "He did a lot of Wild West shit—Mister Macho Action Hero."

10. *Misogyny:* The Chronicle reports: "[O]ther sources . . . spoke of a particular romantic relationship in Darby's past that they describe as emotionally abusive and Darby as paranoid, jealous, and possessive."

Fithian says this behavior was poisonous to the culture at Common Ground: "He was a leader of the organization. . . and because of that, he was able to set some patterns in motion that I believe led to systemic issues of sexual abuse, sexual harassment, and violence."

11. *Bullying:* McKay: "We had a lot of discussions. . . where he was criticizing us about where we were physically. . . . He put [Crowder] in a choke hold out of nowhere just to test what Brad would do."

12. *Concerns raised by others:* People who knew Darby described him with words like: "megalomania," "manipulative," "very brash, very macho," "very confrontational," "violent at times," "crazy," "a wing nut," "hero complex," and "pathological liar."

Fithian adds: "I always said at Common Ground: If he was not a cop or an agent of the state, he was doing their job for them, creating division and disrupting

FBI information since at least February 2007

never organized, never organized anything. Zero."

4. *Exaggerating his own knowledge and experience:* Crow also told *the Chronicle*: "He inserted himself as 'co-founder'; he wanted that status, even as people were getting written out of the Common Ground history, people who did a lot of work organizing."

5. *Taking credit for others' work:* Crow, again: "If you look at the way Brandon tells it, he did the whole Lower 9th Ward with one hand tied behind his back, when really there were a lot of people who did the work, and the organizing too, who you'll never hear about because of Brandon's monopoly on the media."

He explains: "[Darby] made sure that the media followed him extensively and didn't interview other people. . . . So, did he do that just because he's crazy, or did he do that to get more credibility for himself so that he could gather more information?"

6. *The Hero Complex:* Lisa Fithian summed up Darby's attitude: "It's all about him. . . [and his need] to be the savior."

7. *Bravado:* Darby announced, regarding his plans to disrupt the RNC: "Any group I go with will be successful."

8. *Paranoia and tendencies toward violence:* Scott Crow: "I'm not a psychologist, but I would definitely say that guy's paranoid. I mean, he sleeps with guns under his pillow. This is not something I have been told; this is something I have seen. The guy has a cache of weapons."

our work."

13. *McKay and Crowder also should have paid attention to their own reservations:* McKay remembers saying to Crowder: "I hope this isn't one of those 'when keeping it real goes wrong' scenarios."

Commonalities

There's a broad pattern common to all of these cases: People passing themselves off as tough, militant, super-radical big shots manipulated, bullied, or guilt-tripped less experienced, more pliable people, and pushed them toward actions far beyond anything they were prepared for, tactically or politically.

In the Darby case this dynamic advanced through the medium of masculinity. Darby's presentation of himself centered on an image of a tough, decisive, bold, heroic "man of action," and he prodded his younger, more impressionable comrades largely by challenging their masculinity. McKay and Crowder, then, made some dumb decisions—not simply because they trusted the wrong person, but because Darby's influence helped them to wrongly conflate radicalism, militancy, and personal commitment with an exaggerated masculinity and the psychological need to be tough guys.

I realize that these cases may not count as "entrapment" in the narrow legal sense, but they certainly fit the commonsense meaning of the word: the government manufacturing a crime for the sake

of luring unsuspecting people into a conviction. In none of these cases would the plot have existed, much less been enacted, without the intervention of the provocateur.

I've chosen three cases involving the anarchist or radical environmentalist movements, but a similar pattern has emerged in FBI "terror" cases targeting Muslims. In 2009, the Islamic Center of Irvine discovered that the FBI had hired Craig Monteilh, using the name Farouk Aziz, to infiltrate numerous mosques in the L.A. area. His activity led to one arrest: Ahmadullah Niazi was charged with lying on his immigration application to hide the fact that his brother-in-law was Osama bin Laden's bodyguard. In this case, too, there had been plenty of reason to worry: Two years earlier the Council of American-Islamic Relations was so shocked by Monteilh's big talk about jihad that they reported him to the police and filed a restraining order against him.

Likewise, the 2006 plot to bomb the Sears Tower was a creature of two FBI provocateurs active in Miami's poor, black Liberty City neighborhood. That case went to trial three times before producing convictions. As Thomas Cincotta wrote in the *Public Eye*: "Previous juries viewed the FBI informant posing as a member of al Qaeda as the driving force behind the plot. Despite paying informants over \$130,000, the FBI produced no evidence of explosives, weapons or blueprints, only a videotape of defendants pledging an 'oath' to al Qaeda, recorded in a warehouse wired by the FBI."

Also in 2006, the government took note of a group of Albanians who had videotaped themselves riding horses, shooting guns, and shouting "Allah akbar." The FBI sent two untrained informants to befriend the group. One of the informants, Mahmoud Omar, quickly assumed a position of leadership, and offered to get them weapons. When they finally agreed, they were arrested.

More recently, in late 2010, the FBI arrested a Somali-born teenager for trying to bomb a Christmas tree lighting ceremony in Portland, Oregon. The young man, Mohamed Osman Mohamud, had tried to get in touch with jihadists online, but the FBI responded instead. Over several months, federal agents helped Mohamud concoct his plot, providing technical advice and financial assistance, and supplying both the (fake) bomb and the vehicle used to transport it. As Steven Wax, Mohamud's attorney explained: "The government provided the money, the government provided the transportation, the government was involved in the meetings."

The Standard Profile

In all these cases, the provocateurs shared some common traits which, one would hope, we might have learned to recognize by now. Way back in 1983, the Anti-Repression Resource Team and Midwest

Research Group studied the available information on dozens of infiltration and entrapment cases and created a standard profile of the provocateur:

"Extraordinary Agents-Provocateurs are individuals who are agents of the state, although not usually regular employees, who make a living out of destroying ongoing movement organizations by disruption and factionalizing a group to an extraordinary degree. These individuals are extraordinary action people, ready to deal with guns and armed struggle, ready to participate in direct action in all its forms and to be arrested. . . .

One of the telltale signs of an extraordinary agent-provocateur is the advocacy and use of excessive violence... Quite often, extraordinary agents-provocateurs gain their initial respect by procuring guns for a group. Others constantly urge the groups on to violent confrontations or armed actions which will be counterproductive.

Extraordinary agent-provocateurs are usually very close to one or more top leaders and make sure they get along well with them. But they are generally very difficult for others to get along with. Their usual social behavior is bad to atrocious except when leadership is around.

In addition to these characteristics, and those mentioned earlier in the case studies, we might also note that in most of these cases the militancy is accompanied by vague or inconsistent politics:

Very often their political lines change abruptly, without apparent reason or explanation. . . . Along with the political disruptiveness is a basic lack of solid political growth. When long experience with a particular issue does not lead to qualitatively better political understanding of the issue, there are grounds for security suspicions. Extraordinary agents-provocateurs are usually action-oriented and press ahead with more daring and more illegal activities without any increase in their political understanding of an issue. . . . [I]nformers often push their interests far beyond their political capacity. Quite often informers are at events that they cannot understand or explain politically."

Proceed with Caution

Here a word of caution is in order. It is totally conceivable, maybe even likely, that a person could fit this sort of pattern and not be a government agent.

There is a whole range of other possible explanations: He could be employed by a private agency. He could be sabotaging movement work for personal or ideological reasons. He could be well-meaning, but misguided, mentally ill, or merely very foolish. There is also the possibility that the state is not employing him, but has made a calculated decision to leave him alone while his behavior wrecks havoc in the movement. Or the cops might be biding

their time, monitoring him while they build as big a case as they can.

Usually, all we have to judge by is the actor's behavior, and so we just don't know what the full story is. It is important, therefore, not to jump to conclusions—and especially, not to jump to conclusions publicly. There is entirely too much mud-slinging, rumor-mongering, and trial-by-flame-war in the anarchist movement already. We can't afford to make it worse with premature denunciations or allegations we can't substantiate.

For one thing, it is a favorite trick of police agencies to make false allegations and spread such rumors themselves in order to neutralize leaders, sow suspicion, and generate rifts in the movement. "Snitch-jacketing" they call it.

For another thing, there is a real danger that by overstating the conclusion, one can inadvertently overshadow the real concerns that exist. If the allegation is "this guy's a fed," then the question becomes "Is he a fed?" If the evidence doesn't conclusively show that he is, the whole affair may be written off as false, even if there are genuine reasons to worry.

The answer, then, is to concentrate on the demonstrable evidence, rather than peddling conjecture. In practical terms, that means addressing the person's problematic behavior rather than leveling accusations about their intent.

*The point that really deserves attention is that, whether or not people matching this description are

provocateurs, their provocateur-like behavior ought to be enough to discredit them.

Conclusions

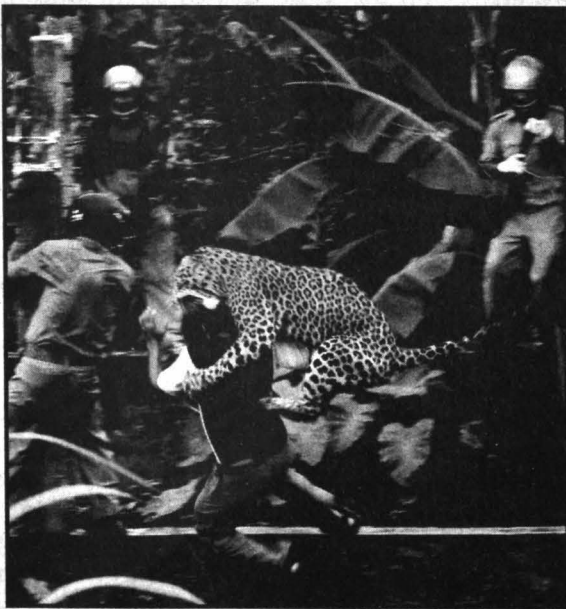
The people entrapped in these recent cases got into trouble partly by trusting the wrong people, but also by needing too much to impress them, trying too hard to please them. ("I was always trying to impress her," Lauren Weiner testified.) But most of all, I think the victims here failed to trust their own better judgment.

The conclusions ought to be commonsensical: Know the people you do political work with. The more risky the work, the better you need to know them. Be realistic about your skills, experience, understanding, and limitations—and those of the people you work with. Use your own judgment in deciding what sort of work to pursue, what tactics to adopt, and the level of risk to accept. Don't let yourself be bullied, guilt-tripped, or baited into anything that seems to you like a bad idea. And don't shrug it off if something seems wrong.

Of course, that still may not be enough to keep you out of jail. But it seems to me like the least we can ask of the people we work with—whether we're doing anything illegal, or not.

Kristian Williams is the author of Our Enemies in Blue: Police and Power in America and American Methods: Torture and the Logic of Domination (both from South End Press).

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ARTICLE & PHOTOS BY KYLE BOGGS

It was an especially beautiful morning on June 16, when at least 15 people participated in a direct action on the San Francisco Peaks that temporarily halted construction of a pipeline on the mountain. Six mainly indigenous youth were arrested during the coordinated action and another was cited for trespassing.

On December 1, 2010, Federal Judge Mary Murguia ruled in favor of Arizona Snowbowl Limited Partnership, approving the construction of a 14.8-mile reclaimed wastewater pipeline from Flagstaff to the ski resort, among other developments. The water is to be used at Snowbowl to make artificial snow. While many ski resorts around the world use a percentage of reclaimed wastewater to make snow, the resort would be the only one in the world that would use a 100% mixture of wastewater in this way. Prompted by concerns from the scientific community and others who assert the likelihood of health risks associated with the use of reclaimed wastewater, the Environmental Protection Agency is currently conducting a national multi-year study of the water to be completed in 2013.

The case itself, brought on by the Save the Peaks Coalition and nine concerned citizens, is currently under appeal in the Ninth Circuit. The Hopi Tribe has filed their own separate lawsuit citing a first amendment violation of their religious freedoms in association with further development.

The San Francisco Peaks are held sacred to at least 13 regional Native American tribes and the impact of construction has been emotional. A prayer gathering was held at the base of the San Francisco Peaks a few days after construction began, where Navajo Nation President Ben Shelly addressed the crowd declaring, "We have got to stop the construction." Kelvin Long, director of ECHOES (Educating Communities while Healing and Offering Environmental Support) stated, "We're going to protect our mountain, we're not going to allow snowmaking to happen." Steve Darden of the

Navajo Nation Human Rights Commission and former Flagstaff City Council member added a specific message to youth. "In our Hogans and sweat lodges we are offering our prayers, we're relying on you young ones to step up."

And so they did.

On the morning of the action, as the full moon faded and the sun rose, two demonstrators chained themselves to the wheel well of a large excavator while two pairs of women sat back-to-back deep inside the six-foot-trench, bound to each other by the neck with U-locks. The action occurred a few miles up Snowbowl Road where construction had been in progress since May 25, 2011.

The first to respond on the scene was Snowbowl. The security vehicle, a blue Mercedes, screamed up and down Snowbowl Road apparently trying to locate those involved in the action. By 6 AM more than 15 armed agents arrived on the scene, as well as the Coconino County Sheriff's Department, City of Flagstaff Police, and the FBI.

At the same time a group of at least eight demonstrators gathered at the bottom of Snowbowl road, blocking access. Five demonstrators wore white hazmat suites in a symbolic "quarantine" of the resort, stretching banners across the road that read, "Protect Sacred Sites" and "Danger! Health Hazard—Snowbowl." Caution tape was stretched across the width of the road along with other objects, forming a makeshift blockade.

The demonstrators engaged in a multi-varied approach to what is very much considered a multi-layered issue. The complexity of the controversy was illustrated in the diversity of demonstrator's chants, echoing from the base of the mountain, from those locked to construction equipment, and from voices deep from within the trenches. "Protect Sacred Sites, Defend Human Rights!" "No desecration for recreation!" "Stop the cultural genocide! Protect the Peaks!" "Human health over corporate wealth!" "Dook'o'osliid [the traditional Diné name of the San Francisco Peaks], we've got your back!"

By 7:30 AM, assisted by county Sheriffs, the Flagstaff



Trench lock-down in resistance to Snowbowl desecration of sacred sites, Flagstaff, AZ.

Fire Department began aggressively cutting demonstrators from their various lockdown devices. Evan Hawbaker and Kristopher Barney were chained to the same excavator. "The police's use of excessive force was in complete disregard for my safety. They pulled at my arms and forced my body and head further into the machine, all the while using heavy duty power saws within inches of my hand," said Hawbaker.

Rather than negotiate, as the demonstrators were cut, it was clear that the police and firemen preferred to use scare tactics. "We don't want to cut your arm off," repeated one of the firemen several times to which Hawbaker finally responded, "I don't want you to cut my arm off either." Hawbaker said the fireman looked dead serious, "well, we will if we have to."

The firefighters used a Sawzall to cut the PVC pipe lengthwise. When the blade hit the metal rod, it rattled the chain violently. Hawbaker depicts, "Those who cut us out endangered our well being ignoring the screams to stop. They treated our bodies the way they're treating this holy mountain."

One of the women in the trench described an action taken in which one police officer would attempt to stand them up while another officer moved the other demonstrator another way. Because U-locks bound the women by the neck, they were choked. "Nobody even bothered to ask what it would take to get us out voluntarily. Finally they just started hurting us," said Ms. Del Callejo. "I'm here to protect the mountain, I said, and you're hurting me. You're choking me." The police responded in a way that did not sugar coat their lack of experience in dealing with nonviolent demonstrators.

"That's your own fault."

"Our safety was prioritized second to Snowbowl's demands. I was not aggressive. My lock was sawed through, inches away from both of our heads, secured solely and recklessly by the hands of a deputy. The police's response was hasty, taking about ten minutes in total—it was dehumanizing," said Hailey Sherwood, one of the last demonstrators cut out.

One at a time, as demonstrators were removed from their locking devices, they were treated by paramedics, and arrested for trespassing. Those two demonstrators that were bound to minors were also charged with "contributing to the delinquency of a minor," and another charged for "endangerment."

On the Monday after the lockdown, the *Arizona Daily Sun* published an editorial reaction entitled, "Monkeywrenchers Marginalize Cause of Native America." Besides the fact that the term, "monkeywrenching," is entirely misrepresented in the editorial, as it is well documented that demonstrators took great care not to damage any machinery, the editorial itself reads more like an attempt by the paper to, in fact, marginalize the history of social and environmental movements.

The editorial explained that demonstrators' comparison of their actions to Rosa Parks is a false analogy on the grounds that when Ms. Parks refused to move to the back of the bus, segregation was illegal. Said the editorial, "civil rights activists were seeking to uphold the law." Here it sounds like the writers of the editorial would not have found the actions of Ms. Parks to be meaningful, courageous, or ethically sound if she had acted before segregation laws were abolished. It would be a curious



Blockade in resistance to Snowbowl desecration of sacred sites, Flagstaff, AZ. Photo from Indigenous Action.

task for the writers to name one social movement in the history of the world that did not result in illegal actions and arrests. "Throughout history, acts of resistance and civil disobedience have been taken by young and old against injustices such as this. This action is not isolated but part of a continued resistance to human rights violations, to colonialism, to corporate greed, and destruction of Mother Earth," added Del Callejo.

The editorial goes on, "The Snowbowl protesters are focusing on a religious dispute and don't have the law on their side." If the last 40 years of lawsuits have revealed anything, it should be clear that confronting a Eurocentric court system that is structurally incapable of making connections between environmental and human rights concerns has been a challenge for native people from the get-go. If the *Daily Sun* thinks the only issue here is "a religious dispute" that has nothing to do with the environmental integrity of the mountain and is not connected to the cultural survival of our native neighbors, they have truly exposed how out of touch they are on this issue. "The Holy San Francisco Peaks is home, tradition, culture, and a sanctuary... and all this is being desecrated by the Arizona Snowbowl Ski Resort," said one of the demonstrators.

In the city council meetings related to choosing a water source for Snowbowl last summer, at least three-fourths of those hundreds of people in attendance submitted public comments in opposition to development, most of which urged the council to cancel the water contract with Snowbowl all together.

Furthermore, early in the morning of the demonstrations, word got out on [public radio] KNAU about what was happening, folks from all over Flagstaff came by and offered their support. A demonstrator remarked, "One woman came by with her daughter. She gave us all a

bunch of Gatorade and offered to cook us all meals if it went on throughout the day. Many other folks grabbed signs and joined in the rally at the bottom of the mountain." Furthermore, activists began to call from all over the country, as far away as Hawaii. A group from New Mexico said they were on their way to Flagstaff.

"How can we be trespassers on our Holy Site?" questioned Barney. "I do not agree with these and the other charges; we will continue our resistance."

[There have now been over 23 arrested for resisting construction of the pipeline which began along Snowbowl Road in late May of this year].

Mountain Jam 2012 :

We have a very simple way to let Snowbowl know how we feel about them. Join us this Christmas vacation and again on Martin Luther King Holiday Weekend (and every Saturday at 10 a.m. for the rest of the summer, as well as any big snow day). We are going to have a sacred circle next to the Snowbowl parking lot. We will pray, sing, laugh, love, recreate and share stories about the mountain. Please come! Or even better organize your own friends and allies into your own "recreation" groups (hike, camp, pick mushrooms, etc). There are currently 17 basecamps set up at Snowbowl, and even a public cook shack and medic team. You can go up and visit or even camp if you want to support the mountain jam more long-term. We have lots of food and gear. Come help out.

For more information, please visit www.INDIGENOUSACTION.ORG and www.TRUE SNOW.ORG. News and updates are also available at BSNORRELL.BLOGSPOT.COM

Support Eric McDavid

Prisoner Bio

Eric McDavid (D) was arrested in January 2006 after being targeted by an undercover informant for his politics and his strong belief that the environmental devastation happening all around him had to be stopped.

The informant spent a year and half drawing Eric in, creating a "crime," and entrapping Eric in it. No actions were ever carried out — Eric was indicted on a single count of "conspiracy" (thought crime) and is now serving out an almost 20-year sentence in federal prison.

How you can help:

Eric has a new book list up on his website, www.SUPPORTERIC.ORG. Please make sure you contact INFO@SUPPORTERIC.ORG to let us know which books you have ordered, so we can update the list. Eric would also like to receive news and information about things like the recent uprisings in the middle east, Spain, England; forest defense campaigns; etc. Any news or analysis from a more radical perspective is incredibly hard to come by in prison and would be much appreciated.

Write to Eric (always keeping in mind that all mail is read by the authorities) at:

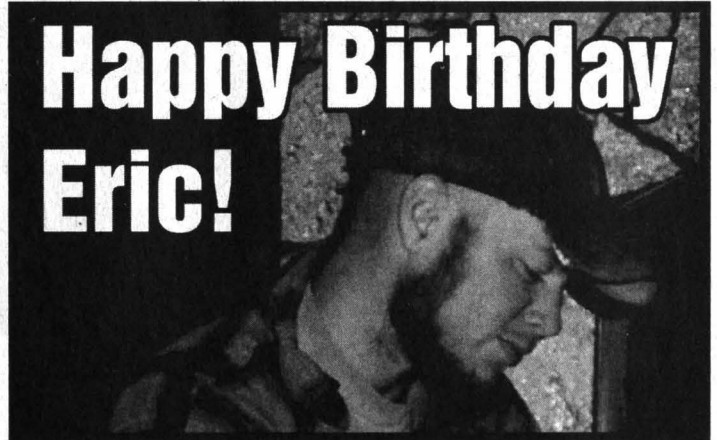
Eric McDavid 16209-097
FCI Victorville, Medium II
Federal Correctional Institution
PO Box 5300
Adelanto, CA 92301

For information on how to donate to Eric's support fund, please visit his website at www.SUPPORTERIC.ORG.

A Note from Eric (D)

write'n 4 this kind'a thing feels like walk'n against the Wind - so bear w/me... 1st off, my Spirits R High & my Heart is Grounded, thanx 2 all the Support i've been receiving over the yrs... i'm currently opening some space 4 myself 2 study more pedagogy & yoga, as well as a lot more writing/zine play... my Beautiful Partner is always on top of posting any requests of mine on the web-site when they come up, & Honestly we're always open 2 monetary aid N getting hir down 2 C me... ... my biggest Wish is 4 folx 2 seriously study & learn from our Past - through the Paths of those who came B4 us... the 2nd closest thing 2 my Heart is 4 folx 2 explore & learn Healthy Communication Patterns - very few R provided ways 2 hear others & express ourselves N ways that nurture authentic community... Please take care of Urselves & the relationships which Nurture & Sustain U...

w/a longing Heart
much love,
d

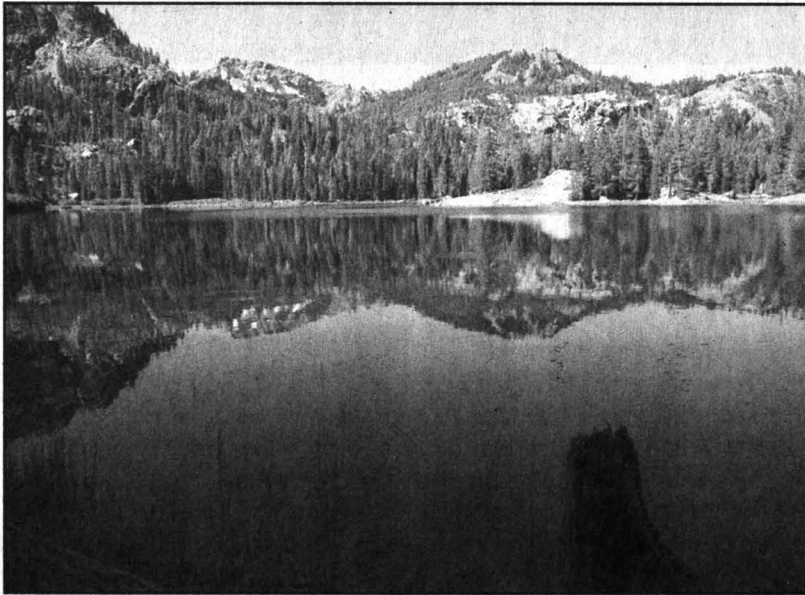


Eric's birthday is October 7th.

A Poem from D

Where does the confusion & pain wash away 2?
is there a residue left behind?
Does it bite?
impale?
sicken?
Why is it the trauma always arises?
can there B reprieve?
breath?
maybe something longer than an
exhale?
Can we find solace?
what of our children?
grand-children?
great grand-children?
How many paths must we walk
B4 the paths R no longer necessary?
1 step at a time
aiding the moment w/motion
Letting go of the past
open 2 the future
Nurtured by the authentic
relations defining us at the
core
Releasing the confusion & pain... ..

An EFlers Guide to Citizen Monitori



Marble Mountain Wilderness, California.

ARTICLE AND PHOTOS BY AMERICAN DIPPER

Do you like clean water for salmon, sturgeon, lamprey, otters, manatees, gators, osprey and dippers? It's also the stuff those bi-pedal fuckers with thumbs drink to live, so it's possible that might appeal to you. Or not, I'm also down with misanthropy. As you no doubt have figured out, the water throughout the world ain't always that clean. The streams, wetlands, oceans and critters would really like it to be cleaner though, and so would I.

Unlike stopping logging trucks, blocking water pollution is difficult to do with a tripod. You can however harass the companies making money from butchering the earth and on a good day stop them, without your bandana and bike lock. Maybe I just sold out, that's possible too. In the United States we've got this pretty keen law called the Clean Water Act (CWA), which set out to entirely get rid of pollution in our waterways by 1985. Clearly that failed, but it's still one of the more powerful environmental laws we've got, right up with the Endangered Species Act and the National Environmental Policy Act and, as we say, is another tool in the toolbox.

The super short version of the CWA and why it's relevant:

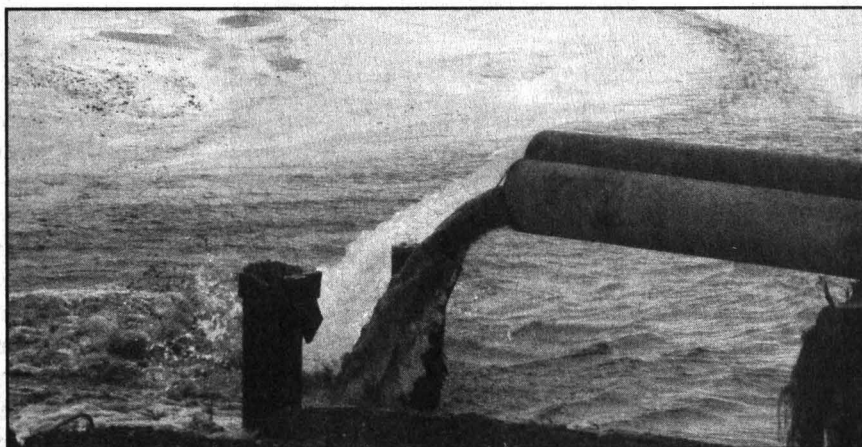
The CWA makes un-permitted discharges of pollutants

illegal, and to discharge legally companies are required to get a National Pollution Discharge Elimination System (NPDES) permit, which sets some limits on how much they can pollute. Pretty shitty right, they just have to get a permit to pollute? It's true, this is way less than perfect. Thing is all these permits have rules, often people issued those permits break those rules, and sometimes there are even consequences for breaking those rules. You gotta know the rules to catch them though. If you catch them breaking the rules you can tattle to the government agencies, which might even do something about it (especially if they know someone is watching), or you can find a lawyer and sue them for violating the CWA. Sure it isn't perfect, but it's a place to start the fight. Ah fighting, now you're listening I see.

Who's In Charge?

The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) is responsible for implementing the CWA, and delegates that authority in most of the 50 states to a state agency with a name something along the lines of Department of Environmental Protection, Department of Environmental Quality, Department of Ecology... etc, you get the idea. In some states the EPA is still in charge, it just depends. To further confuse things, there are two types of NPDES permits. General permits are written

f Water Pollution Discharge Permits



Coal ash pipeline.

“It’s ok to snitch to the state on polluters. Document the violations carefully with photographs and descriptions. Use the language from the permit specifically that they are violating.”

to apply to broad swaths of common industry (suction dredging, log mill pond, construction or industrial stormwater, etc), and individual permits are for things that might be more complex. This is wonky, but important if you’re going to go through the steps below and try to monitor a permit.

Step By Step

Step 1: Figure out who is responsible for implementing the CWA in your state. If all else fails, call the EPA and ask “Is implementation of the Clean Water Act delegated to a state agency in my state and if so which one?”

Step 2: Got a least favorite industry you want to grind your axe on? Speak with said state agency and find out what permits regulate that industry, and get a list of permittees in your area. In some states this information is all available online where you can download their entire database of NPDES permits, in others you may have to file a public records request. Usually these are pretty easy, but it helps if you have some sort of organizational backing for them to hand over the info with a smile. Think about volunteering with an aggressive water protection organization if you’ve got one around.

Step 3: After identifying what permit (which often have weird numbers or letters) you want to focus on, find a copy and read it. You can usually get these online from your state agency. Bust out your highlighter and look for items that you yourself can monitor.

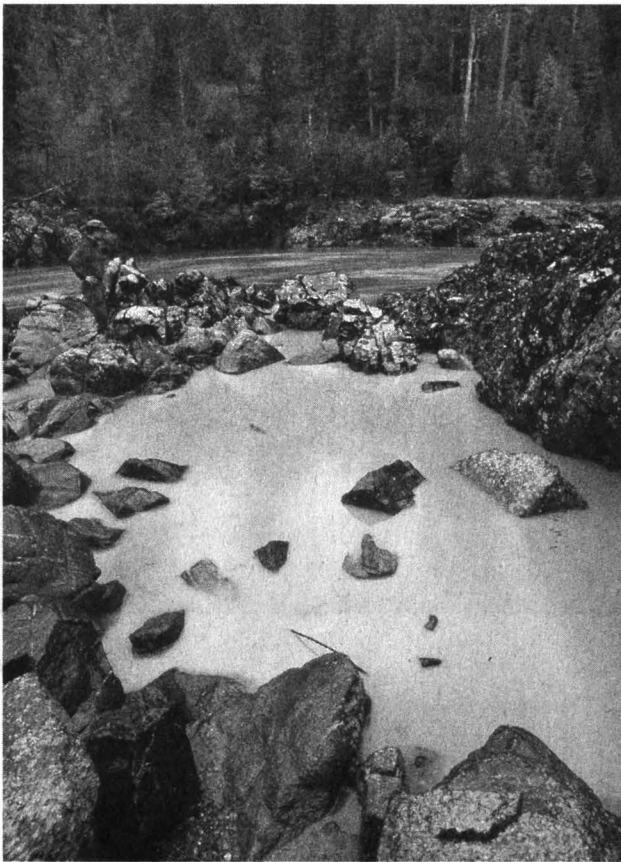
Some have limits or benchmarks for things you’d need expensive equipment for, but others have simple visually identified items, or are only allowed to discharge under very specific conditions. Perhaps there’s a Best Management Practice (BMP) that they’re required to be doing and they’re not? Any of the requirements they’re not doing should be a violation of the permit, with possible fines.

Step 4: Go find your target facility, and find their outfall or whatever you think they’re doing wrong. Look for violations.

Step 5: Find some? It’s ok to snitch to the state on polluters. Document the violations carefully with photographs and descriptions. Use the language from the permit specifically that they are violating. Call the agency responsible for the CWA in your state, and ask who you talk to about violations of an NPDES permit. Send them all the info you got, make sure they will keep you in the loop on any actions they may take.

Step 6: Did they do anything about it? If not, bother the agency more and send them more documentation. They are slow to move and usually underfunded beyond belief, also sometimes in bed with the bad guys or just incompetent.

Step 7: Sadly, if nothing happens through the complaint process... it’s time to find a lawyer that wants to sue for violations of the CWA (there’s a citizen suit option in this law) and perhaps think of something to lock down to.



Erosion and dirty water, Illinois.

CLEAN WATER ACT UNDER ATTACK

Some Permit Examples

Just for the sake of conversation, let's walk through a few items from some various permits round the country.

Oregon 700PM Suction Dredging Permit:

Suction dredging is a crappy process where you run a noisy gasoline dredge to suck up the bottoms of streams and rivers and spit it back out looking for gold. This creates turbidity, leaks oil and gas, and creates unstable gravel beds that salmon will spawn in, only to have their eggs blown away in winter flows. Bad news.

This permit is administered by the Oregon Department of Environmental Quality, and stipulates some key points that dredgers frequently violate. If you catch em, report it to DEQ and the State Police. Miners are crazy, and often armed, so be careful:

- No sediment plume visible more than 300' downstream
- No overlapping sediment plumes between multiple dredges
- No fuel stored within 25' of the water, and spill protection required while fueling
- No dredging into the bank, or moving logs or boulders that are tied into the bank
- No dredging in State Scenic Waterways
- No dredging outside of the in-stream water work period (check with Oregon Department of Fish and Game for this schedule in your area)

One of the most critical legal tools in our fight to preserve and restore our ecosystem, the Clean Water Act, is currently facing an unprecedented attack. Not surprisingly, these efforts to weaken the Clean Water Act are being promoted by coal and chemical companies, timber interests and other industries that make more money when they pollute our public waters. As expected, CEOs get rich while fish and people suffer.

Here are the three biggest threats to the Clean Water Act, currently making their way through Congress, that we need to stop.

The Dirty Water Act

The Clean Water Cooperative Federalism Act of 2011 (HR 2018), also known as the Dirty Water Act, would reverse many key provisions of the Clean Water Act by appoint-

ing the states, rather than the EPA, as the ultimate arbiter of water quality standards and the final authority on Clean Water Act permits. The result would be a patchwork of state water quality standards in which the EPA would be powerless to interject, even if they found a state-issued Clean Water Act permit to be questionable. The bill severely limits the long-standing federal responsibility for keeping water protection consistent across all states. On July 14, the US House approved the bill, which was written in response to EPA actions around specific mountaintop removal coal mining and nutrient pollution problems. The bill now awaits action in the Senate.

Drinking Pesticides Act

The Reducing Regulatory Burdens Act of 2011 (HR 872) would

exempt pesticide applications in and around public waters from the protections and safeguards of the Clean Water Act. Yet, treating pesticides as pollutants is common sense. Pesticides are designed to be toxic to living things, are responsible for significant harm to waterways, and have caused real harm to public health and ecosystems. Pesticides discharged into our waterways directly harm fish and amphibian life in particular. They also move up the food chain and contaminate drinking water. On March 31, 2011, the US House approved the bill, and now it awaits action in the Senate.

Dead Salmon, Dirty Streams and Dangerous Landslides Act

Sediment-laden stormwater from logging roads is the leading cause of water pollution from forest-

Florida Multi-Sector Generic Permit for Stormwater Discharge Associated with Industrial Activity

Industrial activities have all kinds of fun stuff going on that can wash off the site and into streams, rivers, wetlands and swamps, and mess 'em up good. They're supposed to have plans to manage them and make it not be so bad. Sometimes it works, often it doesn't. Many of these types of permits require submitting monitoring reports, it may be very helpful to review the public files on the facilities in your watershed and see which ones are meeting the requirements they're monitoring for and which aren't. Hell, some places haven't submitted a monitoring report in 20 years, which can be good to know too, and uh, is a violation in and of itself.

This is an EPA general permit that has been adopted and implemented (to some limited and half-assed degree) by the Florida Department of Environmental Protection. The very same DEP that for failing so miserably to implement the CWA, big green groups are suing to have their CWA responsibilities taken away and given back to the EPA. Ouch.

This permit is sprawling and complex, as it is supposed to apply to the entire country, and every single Standard Industrial Classification (SIC) code out there. So this permit applies to rock mining, trucking yards, timber facilities, chemical plant runoff, coal mines, etc. Anything at all where water could run off of the facility into a waterway.

Get a copy of their Storm Water Pollution Prevention Plan, on file with DEP, and check if they are imple-

menting all of the Best Management Practices (BMPs) that they claim to be doing.

Get copies of their Discharge Monitoring Reports (DMRs), see if they are meeting their numeric effluent limitations, and their benchmarks. Failing these are a no-no.

Check the monitoring requirements for the industry type, see if they are meeting those requirements.

Any of the above are violations of the CWA and are lawsuit fodder.

Look for any evidence of runoff with visibly dirty water, floating trash, oily sheen or a distinctive smell. That ain't good or allowed.

If you have connections to a university or organization with access to monitoring equipment, consider monitoring some of the easier parameters yourself. Likely you'll be less inclined than the company to sample when you suspect the levels will be low.

Good Luck

I'm fairly sure I made that out to be way worse than it actually is, but I wish you luck getting your feet wet and crafting that wrench from paper. Give em hell.

American Dipper can be found flying along steep, clear, cold streams throughout mountainous west from Panama to Alaska and their presence is considered an indicator of decent water quality.

[For PDF versions of permits look for on-line version of this article at EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG]

lands, and is known to suffocate salmon spawning habitat and degrade drinking water. Much of this sediment is delivered directly to streams from pipes and ditches that the Clean Water Act requires be controlled through the same kind of permit system applicable to other industries. A recent court ruling from the US 9th Circuit Court of Appeals has confirmed that sediment sources from logging roads are subject to stormwater discharge requirements. In response, a few Senators, including Oregon's Ron Wyden, introduced the Silviculture Regulatory Consistency Act (S 1369) in July to turn back the clock on clean water protection, and exempt erosion and sediment discharged by logging roads from the Clean Water Act. Worse, this exemption for logging road sediment also applies to a host of other

industrial timber sources, undermining recovery efforts for Pacific salmon.

Let Them Know It's A Bad Idea

Think about letting your local congress and senate critters know how you feel about their betrayal of our ecosystems and the people that depend on clean water. I'm sure they'd be thrilled to have you in their office, or at their press events, or town halls, did I mention their office?

The following congressional representatives and senators are particularly in need of reminding:

Sponsors of S 1369

Sen. Michael Crapo [R-ID]
Sen. Ron Wyden [D-OR]
Sen. Richard Burr [R-NC]
Sen. Susan Collins [R-ME]
Sen. Kay Hagan [D-NC]

Sen. Olympia Snowe [R-ME]

Sponsors of HR 2018

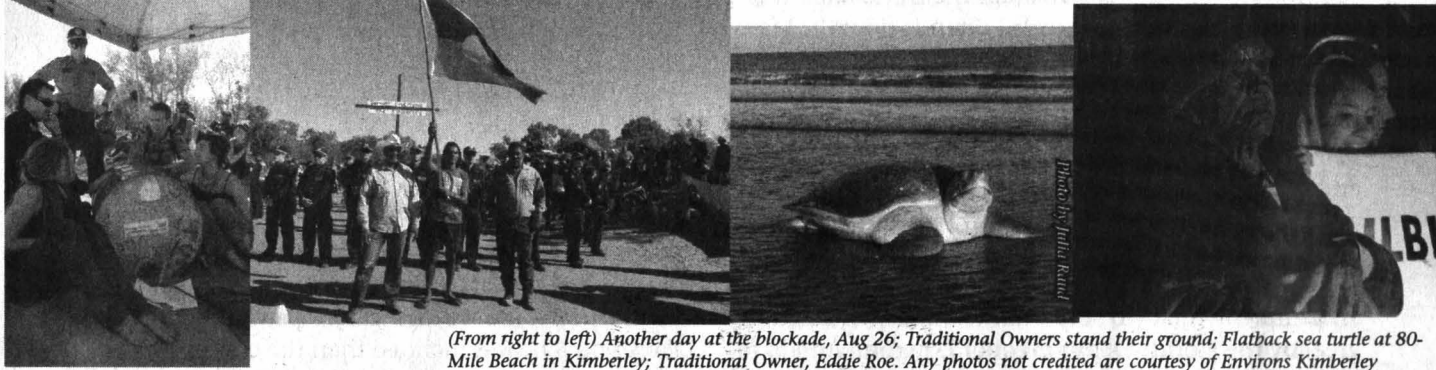
Rep. John Mica [R-FL]
Rep. Shelley Capito [R-WV]
Rep. Howard Coble [R-NC]
Rep. Duncan Hunter [R-CA]
Rep. David McKinley [R-WV]
Rep. Gary Miller [R-CA]
Rep. Nick Rahall [D-WV]
Rep. Dennis Rehberg [R-MT]
Rep. Steve Southerland [R-FL]

Bob Gibbs [R-OH] (sponsor of HR 872)

For more senators and representatives that could use an old fashioned Earth First! thanks, check out GOVTRACK.US and look up the bill numbers.

HANDS OFF COUNTRY

GAS MADNESS AND FOSSIL FRENZY IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA



(From right to left) Another day at the blockade, Aug 26; Traditional Owners stand their ground; Flatback sea turtle at 80-Mile Beach in Kimberley; Traditional Owner, Eddie Roe. Any photos not credited are courtesy of Environs Kimberley

BY TERI SHORE

My heart is breaking for the wild and sacred red rock country known as the Kimberley. Here Big Oil is mounting a fossil fuel assault on an unspoiled coastline in the remote northwest of Australia.

I fell for this land as I sweated and swooned on a curve of isolated beach while counting and measuring nesting flatback sea turtles last year. The endemic Australian flatback is one of four sea turtle species that breed and feed along this little-known coast. After a week consorting with the ancient ones, activist friends Louise, Franz and Nigel took me to the "bush" in an old Land Rover to visit Walmadan—named James Price Point by white settlers. There I was stunned by the sight of sun-burned cliffs, white sands and aquamarine waters. On the way, we viewed shell mounds and rock shards left by indigenous families thousands of years ago. Today people camp and fish here. Franz guided us by instinct and memory through grassland, soggy billabongs and stringy paperbarks. Leggy stork-like jabirus swooped and shadowed us.

It is here, at Walmadan outside of the tiny tourist town of Broome, that the Australian government is pushing new offshore drilling, a pipeline, Liquefied Natural Gas (LNG) tanker port and massive processing plant to tap into distant gas reserves under the ocean in the Browse Basin. The \$30 billion Browse LNG Joint Venture is bankrolled by Australia's Woodside Petroleum, BP, Shell, BHP Billiton and California-based Chevron.

If approved, the Browse Basin gas hub, as it's called, would destroy endangered sea turtle and dugong habitat, cut through humpback whale calving areas and shorebird flyways, impose severe and irreversible impacts on a range of unique and threatened species and pristine natural ecosystems, and shred the social fabric and economic future of the Kimberley region—which currently thrives on low-impact tourism such as whale watching, outback tours and local pearls.

Broome and the Kimberley are thousands of kilometers north of Perth, the biggest city in the state of Western Australia, which itself has been described as one of the most isolated cities in the world. It is this distance away from everything that has mostly spared this spectacular expanse of ocean and shoreline from development and pollution. But now it is under siege by oil companies.

A frontline resistance movement is now also underway, with men, women, elders, traditional owners, activists and artists blockading the access road to Walmadan and locking down on bulldozers rolling in to clear the land, shouting "Hands Off Country." Resisters stopped Woodside from clearing the bush near Walmadan for over a month this summer and actions continue.

"The Kimberley is recognized as one of the last large, intact wilderness areas on the planet. Gas refineries on the coast would inevitably lead to the large scale industrialization of this region," said Environs Kimberley Director Martin Pritchard. "An extremely damaging 30 year 'forest war' is coming to an end in Tasmania. [See *EF!! Journal*, *Beltane 2011*] The Prime Minister and Environment Minister Tony Burke have seen firsthand how damaging this has been environmentally, socially and economically. What we are seeing here now is the beginning of the fight against large scale industrialization of the Kimberley."

A final decision will be made soon by the federal Environment Minister Tony Burke, who was recently welcomed into protestors' camps on a token visit to meet with the community. But there are no buyers for the LNG yet and a final investment decision is still pending. The unpopular and divisive fossil fuel project can still be stopped.

Traditional Owners Divided

The Browse Basin project has divided the Kimberley Aboriginal community. In 2009, a delegation of

Aboriginal Traditional Owners met with proponents of the Browse Basin gas hub to make clear their opposition to the Kimberley project and outline the problems with what they see as ineffective and non-inclusive consultation processes.

Walmadan is part of the traditional lands of the Jabbar Jabbar and Goolarabooloo Aboriginal people and is subject to a joint native title claim by both groups. Many of these Traditional Owners signed a declaration opposing the project, declaring: "We do not consent to the development of a LNG precinct on our land. As native title claimants our views, opinions and desires regarding our land and culture have not been represented. We will not allow our land to be taken from us. We will fight for our land in court."

However, in June 2010 Western Australian Premier Colin Barnett threatened compulsory acquisition of lands and land rights if an agreement was not reached, what the head of the Kimberley Land Council called "negotiating with a gun to your head." In September 2010, Premier Barnett went ahead with his threat and commenced compulsory acquisition proceedings against the Traditional Owners for 20,571 hectares of land and sea—an area far larger than the government had said was required. In June 2011, Jabirr-Jabirr and Goolarabooloo people voted in favor of the gas hub under threat of compulsory acquisition of their homes and lands in exchange for a \$1.5 billion package of promises over the 30-years operation of the plant for jobs, health care, education and other "benefits" that the government has the responsibility over but has failed to offer the community.

Save the Kimberley co-chair and indigenous opponent of the project, Neil McKenzie, said the vote was split

roughly 60-40, and he vowed to fight on against the project through the Supreme Court, declaring the decision an "embarrassment for all."

The Thin Edge of the Wedge

As they say Down Under, this project is just the "thin edge of the wedge." The unpopular and divisive project in the Kimberley is one of multiple oil and gas projects proposed for the Northwest of Australia, including three by Chevron, that are being fast-tracked by complicit politicians, particularly West Australia's Premier, a mini-me model of Dick Cheney. He is the one who chose Walmadan as the site for the Browse Basin gas plant without fully considering other options. He described the spot as "an unremarkable beach" and sees destroying the Kimberley as leaving a legacy.

Premier Barnett is also behind Chevron's massive Gorgon and Wheatstone projects to the south in the already exploited Pilbara region. Last year, Chevron broke ground on the controversial \$43 billion Gorgon natural gas plant and pipeline on a nature reserve and sea turtle rookery at Barrow Island, recently scaling up plans by 50 percent without a revised environmental review and over the objections of leading conservationists and the state Environmental Protection Authority (EPA). Now Chevron is pushing to add another refinery to that project.

"Already we have seen the failed resettlement of endangered species—which were eaten by feral animals once moved onshore from Barrow, the impact of vessels sinking and colliding with reefs, and the introduction of pest species," said Western Australia Green Party Representative Robin Chapple, slamming Chevron's plan to expand Gorgon.

ABOUT THE KIMBERLEY

The Kimberley will soon be given National Heritage listing in Australia because of its unique characteristics and biodiversity, which has been compared to the Amazon for sheer numbers of species and for new species being discovered still. An endangered bilby, a rabbit-like nocturnal marsupial was recently filmed burrowing in the area of the proposed gas hub. This sighting invalidated \$80 million worth of studies by Woodside claiming no resident bilby colonies were found at the project area. Other species, communities and values at risk if the Browse Basin natural gas refinery is approved include:

- The nursery and calving grounds of the world's largest population of humpback whales
- Up to five species of marine turtles including the endemic Australian flatback
- Endangered dugong and the rare, endemic Snubfin dolphin
- Seagrass beds, unique coral, sponge and filter-feeder communities
- Threatened remnant rainforest ('monsoon vine thicket')
- Internationally significant records of dinosaur footprints
- Aboriginal songlines of immense cultural value and the associated Lurajurri Heritage Trail
- Massive freshwater use, potentially draining local aquifers
- Dredging of millions of tons of seabed each year to establish and maintain a shipping channel for LNG tankers
- Over seven million tons per year of greenhouse gas emissions
- Continuous and unavoidable marine and atmospheric pollution of a pristine environment
- The risk of major oil spills and other toxic accidents similar to the Gulf of Mexico BP catastrophe
- Major social impacts on the communities of Broome and the Dampier Peninsula



(left to right) Turtle tracks at Walmadan; author Teri Shore; Kimberley beach photo by Damien Hirsch

Sacrificing Sea Turtles for Oil Profits

These natural gas projects are being sited along a marine highway for flatback sea turtles, which nest exclusively in Australia. An estimated 1,000 Australian flatback sea turtles nest on Barrow Island every year with 95 percent of them laid within 4 km of Chevron's Gorgon project. Recent satellite tracking has determined that after nesting, these turtles head to marine waters near Walmadan in the Kimberley to feed. Thus, Chevron is not only destroying nesting beaches, but also ruining critical marine habitat—a recipe for extinction.

Last summer, Chevron reported its first dead sea turtle at Gorgon. A juvenile hawksbill turtle was sucked into a dredger that was digging out the sea bottom for a shipping channel and port.

Chevron's pledge of a token \$1.5 million per year in turtle blood money to the Western Australian government to "offset" the decimation of the sea turtle nesting beach on Barrow Island has not yet materialized, nor has the required turtle conservation plan been drafted.

Chevron's proposed Wheatstone refinery, nearby Gorgon, was given environmental approval to move forward despite huge negative harm to sea turtles as spelled out by the EPA of Western Australia, which stated: "insufficient weight has been given to the status of the species as protected species" and that "there is already, or could be in the medium term future, a high risk of extinction of the species."

Greenhouse Gas Emissions to Soar

Chevron's Wheatstone will be among the biggest carbon polluters in the world, increasing Australia's greenhouse gas emissions by 1.7 percent compared to 2006-07 levels.

If the Browse Basin LNG Project goes ahead, it will be the most intensive carbon polluting LNG project in the world, emitting 0.65 tons of carbon dioxide for every ton of LNG gas produced. As intensive carbon polluters, Wheatstone will surpass Gorgon by emitting 10-15 million tons of carbon while processing 8.9 million tons of LNG every year. Chevron is hell bent on slashing open the ocean bottom to siphon off gas reserves no matter what the cost to marine life, people or the planet.

Together these projects could catapult Australia past Qatar as the world's biggest LNG supplier.

Saving the Kimberley with Direct Action

More than 40,000 people have contacted decision-makers in Australia, expressing opposition to the Kimberley Browse Basin Gas Hub. More than 11,000 people sent submissions opposing the Browse LNG Precinct to the environmental authority conducting the impact assessment, a flawed document that was released at the end of 2010 and is now pending final approval.

In December 2010, my organization Turtle Island Restoration Network circulated and delivered a "Kimberley statement of global support" signed by 25 international conservation groups including Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth and Cetacean Society International, each representing millions of members, warning of "severe and irreversible" impacts on the environment if the project went ahead. I handed it over to Neil McKenzie of Save The Kimberley and the Broome community at an action that drew about 30 people.

Since then, fifteen hundred people have marched through the streets of Broome in opposition to the refinery, a town of 15,000 residents.

While peaceful demonstrations have occurred throughout Australia over the past two years, blockades got underway on the road to Walmadan mid-way through 2011 when Woodside Petroleum sent in a fleet of bulldozers and earthmovers to begin clearing land, without permits and ahead of project approval. Since June 2011 more than 30 people have been arrested at the blockade and Woodside's dirty work has been slowed.

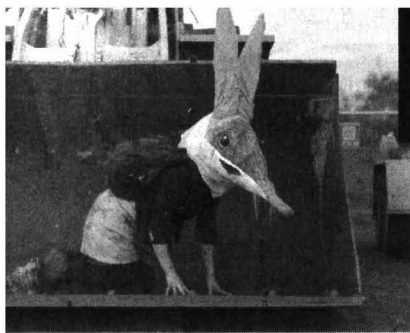
While I cannot be there right now to join my mates in protecting the Kimberley, my goal is to sound the alarm in the US and generate international support to expel Big Oil from their front door. If you plan a trip to Australia, please make a point to go to the Kimberley, see it and join the resistance. Otherwise, please write to Australian Federal Minister Tony Burke, join the network of international groups and contact me directly if you'd like to engage here in the US.

My heart is breaking for the Kimberley, but it heals a little each time an activist stands up, the news is covered, Big Oil is set back, and a sea turtle clamors on the beach to lay its eggs.

Teri Shore is program director at Turtle Island Restoration Network, SEATURTLES.ORG. This story was written with input from Jill St. John of The Wilderness Society in Perth, Western Australia, WILDERNESSSOCIETY.ORG.AU and Martin Pritchard of

FOR THE KIMBERLEY

A GLIMPSE OF RECENT RESISTANCE



A giant bilby blocks a bulldozer headed for Walmadan

Environ Kimberley, ENVIRONSKIMBERLY.ORG. Footnotes available.

JUNE 7: Broome community surveillance see Woodside's private security, Hostile Environment Services, hurtling down the highway, and follow to find a bulldozer on the back of a loader heading out to Walmadan. Word goes out and the bulldozer convoy is stopped 10km short of its destination by a lone protestor standing in the road.

Moments later, someone locks himself onto the bulldozer. Following negotiations between Traditional Owners and police, the person unlocks at the request of the Traditional Owners. Police issue a move-on order. The convoy precedes a further 5km.

Meanwhile, a car body has mysteriously appeared on a stretch of road too narrow for the convoy. Fifty protestors from all directions and walks of life—Traditional Owners, business people, musicians, artists, tourists, grey nomads, and filmmakers—have now turned up. One slips under the bulldozer and locks on again. Goolarabooloo woman Theresa Roe says to the gathered media throng: *"We don't want the money, we want that country alive. I want to see it for my grandchildren. I gotta fight!...Turn that tin can around and take it back to town!"*

JUNE 8: After 27 hours, two people are taken to the Broome police station for processing. Back at the blockade, everyone gets their swags out for another night under the stars.

JUNE 9 & 10: Police negotiators arrive. Negotiations continue for 7 hours. Police warn that move-on notices will be issued if any attempt is made to impede the unlawful work. The convoy is allowed to proceed to a side track 500 meters short of its destination. The road is still blocked with people. The dozer is parked south of Walmadan, where it remains surrounded by a crowd of Broome community members.

JUNE 10: Woodside arrives at dozer to find it covered with banners and still surrounded by people refusing them access. Stand-off continues all day. Woodside goes home, while police warn of arrests.

JUNE 11: About 100 people blocking entry. The protest is led by indigenous women, who invoke the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People on matters of free, prior and informed consent; cultural responsibility; and the rights of indigenous peoples to uphold their Law. Neither the police nor Woodside are prepared to move the women aside. The women declare: *"you don't recognize our law; we don't recognize yours."* Woodside turns around and heads home.

JUNE 17: Musician John Butler and the gathered crowd

of over 70 people sing the sun up and await the arrival of Woodside and the police. Goolarabooloo Law Boss Joseph Roe urges the crowd to "stand strong for country." The regional and local papers, and TV Channels arrive. The camp phone rings off the hook all morning with radio programs around the country. The story goes national. In a surprise move, West Australian Premier Colin Barnett defends the right to protest and says he has no plans to intervene: *"What this is about is preliminary work on the site and look, people have got a right to protest, if they want to sit out on the road for a while they can do that."* Later that day, the Premier announces a \$63 million 'conservation' package for the Kimberley, but environment groups question \$3 million earmarked for identifying potential new mines.

JUNE 18-20: Woodside workers are met each day by the roadblock, and following negotiations, turn around. A community meeting and a letterwriting workshop are held at the blocakde to help people express their opposition to federal Environment Minister Burke.

JULY 5: Woodside pressures the police riot squad to assist them in carrying out their 'lawful' duties, to clear pristine wilderness in endangered bilby habitat, along the Lurujarri Heritage trail and within culturally sacred burial ground sites, without consent from Traditional Owners, permits or approvals from the government. There are 25 arrests of old, young, indigenous and non-indigenous activists. Woodside breaks through the protest nearly running over a camera man.

AUGUST 1: A man is arrested after locking himself to the axle of a vehicle near the blockade site, which stopped the clearing of land at the site for more than six hours while police worked to remove him.

AUGUST 2: Thirty protesters greet Australian Federal Minister Tony Burke as he stepped onto the red cliffs of Walmadan—first trip to the Woodside gas site. Earlier, three more were arrested, including a former Broome Shire Councilor, at the blockade site. Later, bout 50 protestors blocked the intersection at Manari and Cape Leveque Road and police issued move-on notices.

AUGUST 26: 50 protesters blocked a convoy of 30 trucks under police escort from making its way to the site. A 57-year-old woman was arrested after she locked herself to a low-loader trailer. Protesters clashed with police. The convoy was also blocked from the site with two people locking themselves to heavy machinery and a concrete barrel...

EVO on the Rocks:

Decepción in Bolivia

By CHELLIS GLENDINNING

COCHABAMBA, Bolivia—A poster of “Guernica” was bursting from the wall and the umpteenth Latin American rendition of “My Way” was booming from the record player. I was sharing a hand-carved table in a Cochabamba cantina with a cowboy from the *Chapare*, an anti-capitalist immigration officer, an anarchist surgeon, and a *barbacoa*-restaurateur. All had been supporters of President Evo Morales’ *Movimiento al Socialismo* (MAS).

The conversation was fiery and, as is normal here in the Andes, its topic was politics.

Despite this particular crowd’s claim to the middle class, the agreement among them echoed a truth of Bolivian culture: a tendency to view things from the perspective of the collective, rather than solely from one’s perceived interests.

And indeed, this conversation echoed other *charlas* I’d had with *campesinos*, taxi-trufo drivers, and union members—and I need to be straight with you: things are not going well for the government of Bolivia’s first indigenous leader in 500 years. It was only a matter of filling in the details—and, in between gulps of *Auténtico* beer and Cuban mixed drinks, said details were pouring forth at the cantina.

Then the question was put to me. What did citizens of the United States think? I had to admit two answers: 1) if my daily dip into *The New York Times* provides any indication, people in the US are basically uninformed about goings-on in Bolivia; and 2) for US leftists, environmentalists, and climate-change activists, the aura of hope unleashed by the 2005 election of Evo Morales lingers like perfume from a Cochabamba jasmine bush.

I offer, then, a sweep of an overview of what's happening and what some cowboys and *campesinos*, taxi drivers, and rank-and-file, are thinking.

Forked Tongue I: Madre Tierra

Out of one tine of what has become the Morales administration's two-sided tongue come blood-stirring proclamations like the president's empassioned *grito* "¡Planeta o Muerte!" at the 2010 Cancun climate change talks. Brilliant. Then there is the stark refusal, that not even Cuba or Venezuela would match, to sign on to the watered-down agreement at said talks.

And now comes the nation's new law proclaiming the rights of *Madre Tierra*—to some minds, a legal-philosophic leap forward that, a few decades ago, only bioregionalists, primitive-anarchists, and traditional Native peoples could imagine.

But, sorry to say, the other spine of the eco-fork must be noted:

- the launch of genetically-modified agriculture into a countryside presently free of GMOs;
- two under-construction hydro-electric dams 300 percent bigger than the US's Hoover Dam at a cost of \$13 billion, slated to channel water to Brazil in exchange for monies to boost Bolivia's petro and plastic industries—this, in a country where many communities have no potable water and water-borne illnesses are rampant;
- in a nation uncontaminated by nuclear radiation: uranium mining, with future plans for nuclear power plants—aided by Iran;
- blankets of electromagnetic radiation in the form of WiMAX over urban landscapes—with the state telecommunications corporation bragging of 1350 radiobases in an area the size of Texas and California combined, with many more to come;
- commodity-transporting highways bulldozing through protected nature reserves whose treasures, in the case of the Villa Tunari-San Ignacio de Moxos road, include 11 endangered species and three Native groups in 60 communities living their traditional hunter-gatherer-fishing lifeways;
- new oil excavations;
- new gas excavations;
- in partnership with Mitubishi, Sumitomo, South Korea, and Iran: massive lithium development—threatening leeching, leaks, emissions, and spills in the world-treasure salt flats;
- Bolivia's own Made-in-China satellite;
- with the help of India, the construction of humankind's largest iron mine;
- 900 miles of pipeline slated to transport natural gas to Argentina; and
- an explosion of airport and high-rise construction.

In other words: full-tilt, high-tech, colossal-scale, high-capital modernization—on a *Madre Tierra* in which such expansion has already been shown to be The Problem.

Forked Tongue II: Democracy

Regarding governance, from one side of Bolivia's forked tongue is spoken the legal language of *plurinationalismo*. After centuries of dictatorships, neoliberal governments, and military *juntas*, the 2009 Morales-initiated Constitution legitimizes a form of decentralized federalism: a reinstatement of decision-making to local communities, whether defined by place, indigenous heritage, or worker identity.

But, from the other tine of the fork, we encounter unabashed state centralism—and the stringency of an If-You're-Not-With-Us-You're-Against-Us mentality to reinforce its dominion. A blazing example of such top-down musculature is the 2010 Christmas Time *Gasolinazo: Decreto Supremo #748* in which Vice President Alvaro Garcia Linera abruptly announced that gasoline and diesel prices had been jacked up—by as much as 83%. ("Joy to the World" notwithstanding, the violent uprisings that followed rerouted the government's hurry to a slower pace of inflation.)

But the truth remains: ever since the immediate threat from the right wing subsided following Morales' 2009 re-election by 62 percent, a chronic refusal to listen to the very social movements the president promised to follow has posed a disturbing blow to adherents of participatory democracy.

When indigenous groups protest the bulldozing of their lands for the construction of freeways; when state workers call for increases in salaries against the reality of galloping food prices, when media workers fight for freedom of the press against regulations threatening fines and license suspensions, state control of 20% of the media, and state ownership of all of it—the administration's reaction is knee-jerk.

Whether by the vice president or the president himself, citizens questioning the government's dictates are received with neither concern for their suffering nor gratitude for their participation; they are boldly dismissed as instruments of US imperialism, middle-class whiners, out of touch, and/or dupes of the right wing.

The Who's famed rock 'n roll declaration, "Meet the New Boss, Same as the Old Boss," comes to mind, and the long-standing trade union congress *Centro Obrero Boliviana* (COB) is now seeking to unseat the vice president for just such a pronouncement aimed at workers.

Meet the new problems, same as the old problems

At the same time, Bolivia is rife with chronic problems that, according to some street-level opinion, the government has failed to address.

Corruption within government is an age-old theme. During the Morales administration, the most spectacular example occurred in February 2011: the US-Chile-aided arrest of the national *jefe* of police, former head of the *Fuerza Especial de Lucha Contra el Narcotráfico*, and founder of the *Centro de Inteligencia y Generación de Información*, General René Sarabria Oropeza—caught in the act of opening up cocaine routes to Miami. His accomplices included a mayor, a military colonel, and a captain.

Another revelation of corruption, more so perhaps for spiritual interest, was the June 2010 arrest of Valentín Mejillones, the *amauta*-priest who had led the purification ritual of Evo Morales' inauguration at Tiawanaku in 2006—for hosting a cocaine purification factory in his El Alto home.

According to Diego Rada Cuadros, a lawyer whose family was forced to flee the country during the 1980s dictatorships, in the nation-state boasting the severest poverty in South America and—save Haiti—all of Latin America, a position in government that may last but six years (or, most probably, less) is a one-shot chance to amass some longer-lasting *plata*.

Too, while Bolivian coca has been sold for cocaine manufacture since Vietnam War days, the country is fast becoming a global fount of cocaine—and this development also feeds popular discontent. In the tropical *Chapare*, where the leaf used for cocaine is grown, every family has a tale of relinquishing food crops to grow the more valuable produce, giving up agriculture all together to work in a lab, or loaning out a youth to play lookout at a staggeringly high salary of \$200 a month.



Decepción and protest

Curiously, in Spanish, the word for “disappointment” is *decepción*—a term that, to the English-speaking ear, does not merely name a feeling; it proposes a dynamic between inner and outer by citing the presence of an impacting source.

In Bolivia popular *decepción* was measured in a *Radio Fides* poll in February 2011. The sample was conducted in the barrios of La Paz that are normally a MAS stronghold, and yet a whopping 84% of respondents reported loss of confidence in the government of Evo Morales, with 80% saying they'd go for a change.

In other words, the red-blue-white *chompa*-sweaters emulating the one Morales wore on his 2005 foreign-policy tour—that every Tomás,

Ricardo, and Hari was sporting in 2006—are now totally and completely... out.

Also reflecting growing disappointment is the fact that today's Bolivia exists in a near-constant state of disruption due to non-stop *huelga*-strikes, *paros*-stoppages, *bloqueo*-road blocks, and *manifestacion*-demonstrations. Such extreme tactics were honed during the military dictatorships of the 1960-'90s to force demands by taking the economy hostage—but they fell off during the early, hope-for-the-best years of the Morales administration.

As I pen this essay, the post office is closed down and a road block has halted overland travel between Cochabamba and Santa Cruz. Before that, in April, COB threw nationwide marches and *paros* seeking increases in state medical worker, teacher, and retired incomes to keep up with inflation.

During a (read: peaceful) demonstration by doctors, nurses, and educators in La Paz, a university professor nearly lost his eye when a tear-gas canister shattered his glasses. After multiple surgeries—performed by an on-strike eye doctor in an act of solidarity—he is now waiting to find out if his sight will return. His comment about the event: “This is my personal tragedy, yes. But it's not isolated. It shows how really bad things are in Bolivia—for all of us.”

From December 2010 through March of 2010, during the worst global-warming-induced *storma*—when for months rain gushed as if being thrown from a bucket and floods washed over communities like raging rivers—the taxi, *trufi*, and bus *choferes* and *transportistas* shut down what was left of the water-logged economy with *paros*,

bloqueos, and *manifestaciones* in all the major cities of the country.

Earlier, in October 2010, when the government began to whittle away at guarantees for freedom of the press via *La Ley Anti-Racismo y Toda Forma de Discriminación*—ostensibly geared to fight racism and sexism, but also containing two articles initiating government control over content—the nation's *periodistas* hit the streets with coffins bearing microphones and reporter tablets, wrote protest placards with their own blood, hung like Christ figures from the balconies of buildings, collected thousands of signatures, and appealed to international press associations.

And in July and August of 2010, the city of Potosí—normally a MAS bastion—presented Morales with

demands to be included in the promised *proceso de cambio*—process of change, mounting hunger strikes, *bloqueos*, and mobilizations of up to 100,000 protestors.

The clutches of 'Guernica'

I understand that the information I am laying out may be difficult to take in—and please know that activists in Bolivia have asked me to tell their *compañeros* in the US what is happening here.

In a world laden with fires, tornadoes, hurricanes, tsunamis, volcanoes, earthquakes, and technological disasters; unending wars over land, oil, and water; the unfolding of Peak Oil and, frankly, of what scholar Richard Heinberg calls Peak Everything; a refurbishing of nuclear technologies and fears of nuclear war; swathes of electromagnetic radiation from consumer and military installations; increasing corporate power; decreasing social liberties; out-of-hand control by drug cartels; cancer epidemics; mass addictions; and growing social chaos—in this world, hope is a precious thing.

When my essay "The Techno-Fantasies of Evo Morales" came out in *CounterPunch* (December 24-26, 2010), the messenger was held guilty by a few—to me, revealing the distress at losing, or at least calling into question, the pure promise that Evo Morales' Bolivia had once offered.

Such distress is not unknown to me. I left an established life in the US to be part of history in Bolivia, and when I arrived in April 2010, my heart clawed at my throat upon encountering the cynicism and despair that had replaced 2006's enthusiasm.

But now, if I may muster an iota of the courageous perspective my friend, the injured professor, has managed: the predicament isn't isolated. It shows how bad things are—for all of us.

Indeed, the politics of the socio-techno-psychoeconomic aggregate known as empire have had their way. As the scholar Edward Said has noted, no one in this world has escaped the impacts of imperialist conquest. And yet, if we acknowledge that a better—and perhaps evolutionally built-in way of being human—is possible, we might also grasp that the conflicts, contradictions, and conundrum created through centuries of ripping people from roots in land and community, whether by force or seduction, have us by toe, throat, and tail.

Yes, ours is a world writhing in the clutches of "Guernica," in which too many are dancing to the individualism of "My Way." In such a world, how does the beautiful, spirited human being blossom out of the militaristic politics, oversize scale, sterile alienation, and brash egoism that have, in one way or another, infected every one of us and every institution in our midst—including in a mountain land called Bolivia?

I don't ask my question seeking The Answer—for, after a lifetime of participation in the political, cultural, and psychological movements of our times, I am aware of the multitude of intelligent projects afoot. I ask my question rather that—if only for a moment—we may bring awareness and compassion to the sad reality of our world.

Chellis Glendinning is the author of five books, including the award-winning Off the Map: An Expedition Deep into Empire as well as the Global Economy and Chiva: A Village Takes on the Global Heroin Trade and My Name is Chellis and I'm in Recovery from Western Civilization. She is Writer-in-Residence at Asociación Jakaña in Cochabamba. This article was also published in the June 1-12, 2011 issue of CounterPunch.

CODE GREEN



To Find more eco-revolutionary comic strips and comic books by Stephanie McMillan visit stephaniemcmillan.org

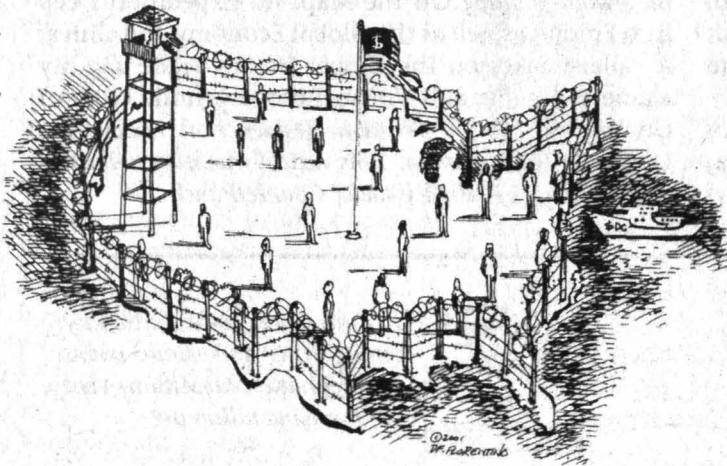
What is ALEC?

CALL TO ACTION FROM PROJECT BALDWIN &
ADDITIONS BY *EF! JOURNAL*

They meet in secret. They write our laws. And they want us silent.

The American Legislative Exchange Council (ALEC) is a massive body that brings corporations and legislators together to draft "model" legislation. ALEC is a conservative think-tank run by right-wing politicians and corporate members from within big oil and gas, banking, pharmaceutical, private prison and deportation industries, amongst others.

For example, racist AZ Senator Russell Pearce and Corrections Corporation of America (CCA), the nation's largest private prison firm, have been members for years. With British Petroleum and the Koch brothers as some of their funders, ALEC finalized the model legislation which became, almost word for word, Arizona's SB1070. It's the latest in the historical pattern of colonization, slave codes, convict leasing, and the drug war, that creates crimes and therefore criminals, for profit.



ALEC has pushed for Three Strikes and Mandatory Minimum sentencing, as well as the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act (AETA, originally titled the Animal and Environmental Terrorism Act). In the Midwest, the attack on public servants had the same source. In Indiana, ALEC provided the text for a state resolution calling for an end to much federal environmental regulation. In Wisconsin its members were pushing for union-busting laws and in Ohio ALEC is promoting voter ID laws that will disproportionately disenfranchise students.

In 2009 alone, ALEC was behind over 800 laws written for state governments. More than 200 of ALEC's model

We're calling for four days of action...

here in occupied Onk Akimel O'odham lands, from November 29 to December 3, 2011, with an emphasis for action on November 30th (N30!).

We encourage a creative diversity of tactics on N30, the 12th anniversary of the Seattle uprising against the WTO. No matter the acronym, ALEC is no different than all the other gangs of businessmen, politicians, and bureaucrats that we've been resisting for over 500 years.

bills became actual laws throughout the country over the past year—Laws which are designed to create profit for corporations and politicians from the systematic destruction of the environment, the criminalization, incarceration and deportation of people, the separation of families and the division of indigenous communities.

ALEC thinks they're meeting in Scottsdale, AZ this November...

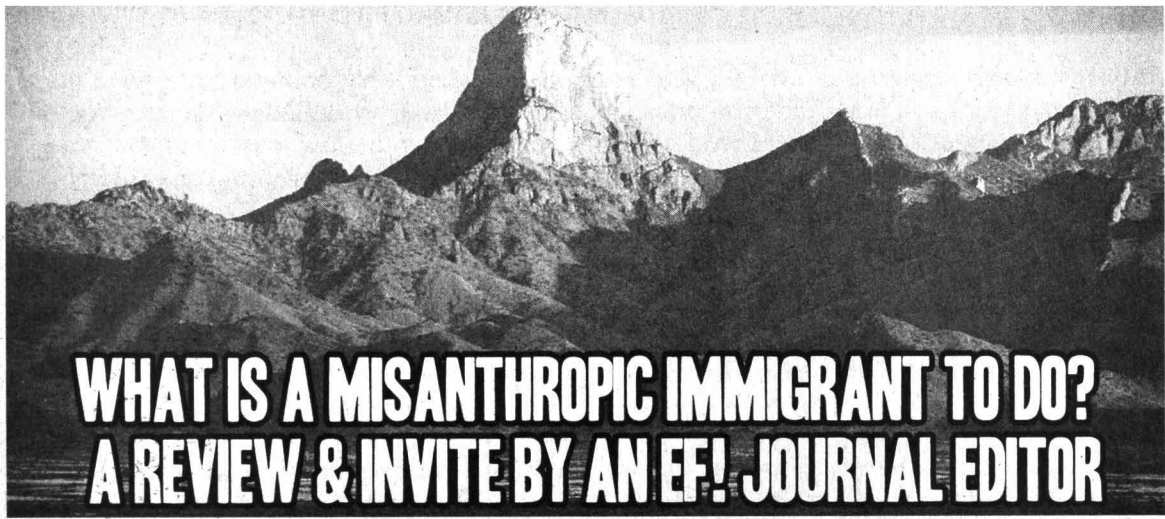
We're a group of people in occupied Indigenous lands, now called Arizona, who demand the end of SB1070 and 287g, the criminalization—and then the incarceration—of migrants, and the militarization of the border. We oppose private prisons, detention centers, and security companies, not simply because they are private, but because we are sickened by profiteering on human misery. ALEC desires "free markets" and "limited government," which means they use the state to support profit-making, the continuance of colonization, and neo-liberal policies (NAFTA, CANAMEX, etc.) that draw lines, make laws, build freeways and prisons to exploit labor and the earth. Whether maintained by the state or corporations, we're against all systems of control. We are for freedom of movement for all people and life.

In solidarity with everyone locked up and locked down in AZ, and all O'odham, Yaqui, Lipan Apache separated by the border, anyone dispossessed by the wealthy and powerful and all those fighting the earth-brutalizing capitalist machine...

Project Baldwin &
additions by the *EF! Journal*

For more information visit AZRESISTSALEC.WORDPRESS.COM and contact projectbaldwin@riseup.net,
For additional research on ALEC visit:

ALECPOSED.ORG, SOURCEWATCH.ORG, ALECWATCH.ORG/REPORT.HTML



WHAT IS A MISANTHROPIC IMMIGRANT TO DO? A REVIEW & INVITE BY AN EF! JOURNAL EDITOR

Baboquivari Peak, near No More Deaths camp, Arivaca, Arizona

BY AGUAMALA

For a majority of my life, I hated humyns. My first memory of becoming aware of this was on a highway in Los Teques, Venezuela, when I crossed eyes with a cow being transported, probably to a factory-farm. As we glimpsed into each-others eyes I felt the injustice of human supremacy and an over-whelming sense of pain. I was sixteen years old then and as I look back on childhood memories I can recall hundreds of times, since I was very little, when I cried over street-dogs, skinny cats, over friends who owned monkeys and kept them in cages or tied up, over cousins who thought it was funny to throw birds' eggs down from trees to reveal their dead unborn or laughing about stabbing crabs on the rocks at the beach. Animals have always been my deepest passion and animal suffering has been a handicapping source of agony for me since I can remember. Just a few years back I was rocking slogans such as, "Love the planet? Kill Yourself." Now I find myself constantly arguing with my previous comrades in anger and sorrow about issues of over-population, immigration and the environment. My change in attitude started with an anti-racist reading group which we took on as a community, then became more solid as I began to organize with immigrant rights coalitions resisting the historical and on-going violence against migrants, traditional communities and people of color. It became complete as I read into environmental racism and the sentiment grows stronger the more I learn about free trade and what global capitalism is doing to our planet, indigenous and land-based communities and our perishing comrades from the wild animal kingdom. The argument which I offer to my buddies in the misanthropic sphere remains the same... For the most part, that I have yet to see a dialogue on over-population which is sensitive to and responsible in how it accounts for issues of class, white-supremacy and colonization.

I cannot think of a more transparent example of the over-lapping nature shared by these injustices than is presented by the border. For this reason, we are highlighting the following excerpts from *Designed to Kill: Bor-*

der Policy and How to Change It. This review is for all those folks who are making the connections between environmental and social justice, anyone organizing with the understanding that biocentrism includes such, that these can never be separate as the forces that destroy, exploit and oppress are the same and that addressing them in isolation is not only short-sighted but ineffective... for anyone who cares about freedom of movement and life on earth. If your soul aches from these realizations and your body yearns to make these connections, you should place *Designed to Kill* high in your reading list.

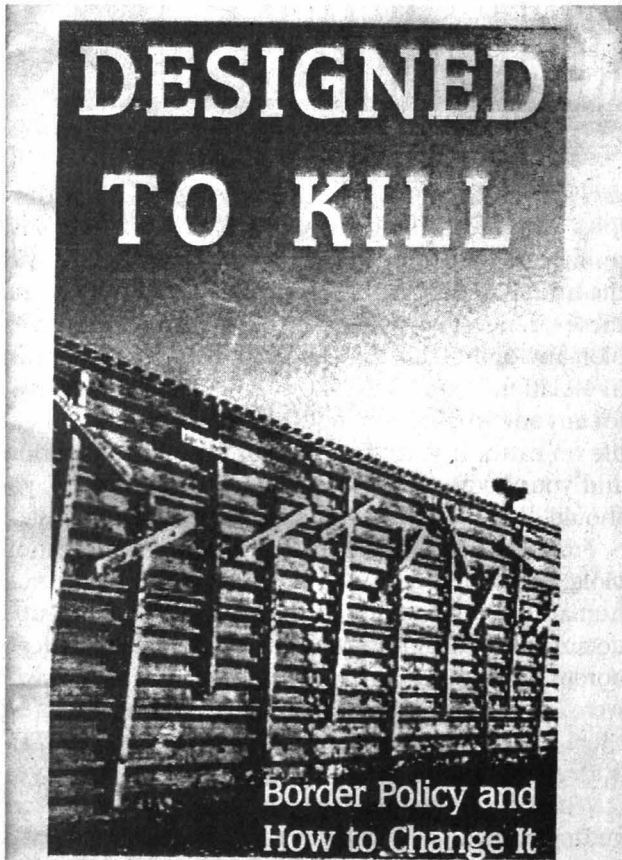
From the frontlines of environmental fragmentation, violation of indigenous sovereignty and the current human rights crisis around immigration, springs up a document that shines a light into the shady dynamics of border policy. This review is for *EF! Journal* readers who were left thirsty for more knowledge on the work of No More Deaths after reading "*Borders & Bodies*" (See *EF! J* 30th Anniversary Edition, Vol II, pg. 56).

While the Everglades Earth First! folks were in Arizona getting trained on how to run and inherit the legacy that is the *Journal*, a couple of its new editors, myself included, had the opportunity to work with No Mas Muertes [No More Deaths], an organization doing humanitarian aid work along the militarized border in the desert south of Tucson. No More Deaths volunteers face the heavy responsibility of saving lives along the ugly, deep scar which is the border. This insidious wound burdens and restrains our precious earth, its land-based and native communities and wildlife migration and until it is done away with there will be no environmental justice. *Designed to Kill* is one of the most important documents to raise awareness on the dynamics surrounding the border and immigration policy. It provides an analysis exploring how the actual effects and objectives of US border control policy differ from its purported purpose.

The following are excerpts and highlights from this document in hopes to give you a taste and encourage you to read the full article at CRIMETHINC.COM or contact the Earth First! journal if you are interested in ordering a zine version.

Political borders are ecologically devastating. I encourage folks to submit articles on how borders are affecting the environment, and land-based and indigenous communities near arbitrarily designated politico-economic borders all around the world.

DESIGNED TO KILL: BORDER POLICY AND HOW TO CHANGE IT



For everyone who didn't make it, and for everyone who did

For a number of years now I've worked in the desert on the Mexican-American border with a group that provides humanitarian aid to migrants who are attempting to enter the United States—a journey that claims hundreds of lives every year. We walk the trails, find places to leave food and water along them, look for people in distress, and provide medical care when we run into someone who needs it.

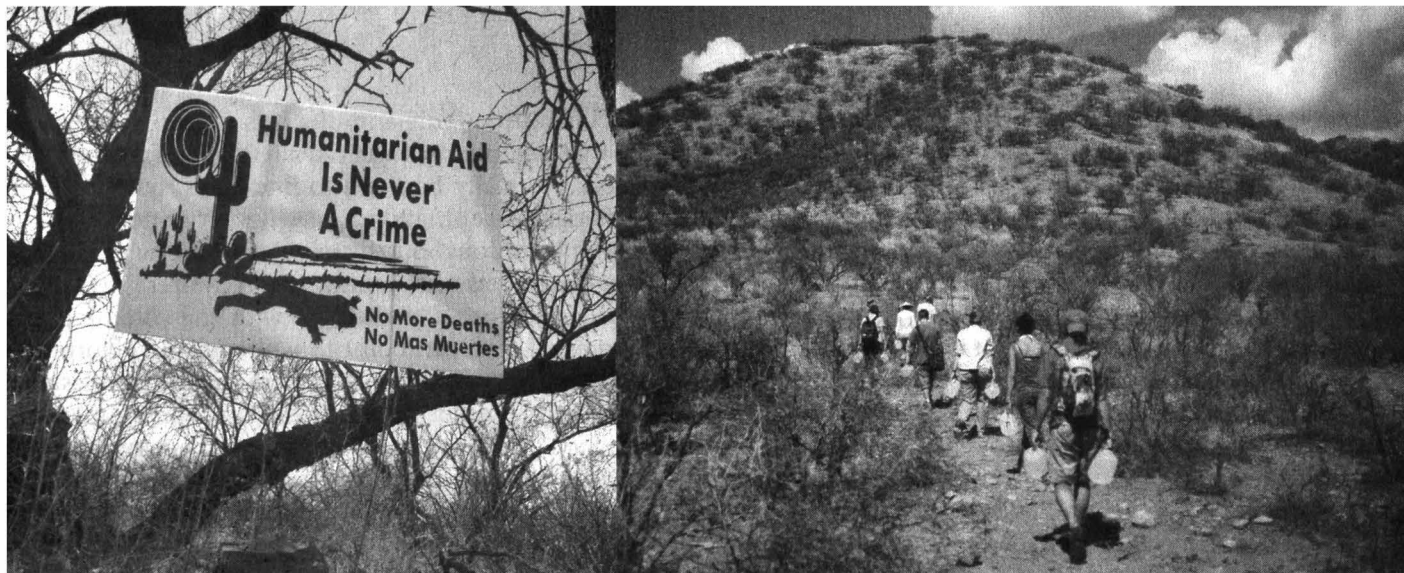
... During this time I've been a part of many extraordinary situations and I've heard about many more. Some of the things I've seen have been truly heartwarming, and some of them have been deeply sad and wrong. I've seen people who were too weak to stand, too sick to hold down water, hurt too badly to continue, too scared to sleep, too sad for words, hopelessly lost, desperately hungry, literally dying of thirst, never going to be able to see their children again, vomiting blood, penniless

in torn shoes two thousand miles from home, suffering from heat stroke, kidney damage, terrible blisters, wounds, hypothermia, post-traumatic stress, and just about every other tribulation you could possibly think of. I've been to places where people were robbed and raped and murdered; my friends have found bodies. In addition to bearing witness to the suffering of others, I myself have fallen off of cliffs, torn my face open on barbed wire, run out of water, had guns pointed at me, been charged by bulls and circled by vultures, jumped over rattlesnakes, pulled pieces of cactus out of many different parts of my body with pliers, had to tear off my pants because they were full of fire ants, gotten gray hairs, and in general poured no small amount of my own sweat, blood, and tears into the thirsty desert.

... The border is a sick farce with a deadly conclusion. The goal is to make entering the country without papers extremely dangerous, traumatizing, and expensive, but possible. The point isn't to deter people from coming—far from it. It is to ensure that when they do come, the threat of deportation will mean something very serious. It means spending a ton of money. It means risking your life to return. It means that you may never see your family again. This is supposed to provide American employers with a vast and disposable pool of labor that is kept vulnerable and therefore easy to exploit—and this in turn drives down wages for workers with American citizenship, which is why the old saw about the "illegals coming to our country and taking our jobs" is so convincing. Like many good lies, it's powerful because it omits the most important part of the truth.

... Here's one last clue: much of the legislation that becomes government policy is written by the corporations that stand to profit from it. Arizona's State Bill 1070, which among other things would require police to lock up anyone they stop who cannot show proof of having entered the country legally, was drafted in December 2009 at the Grand Hyatt hotel in Washington D.C. by officials of the billion-dollar Corrections Corporation of America (CCA), the largest private prison company in the country. This took place at a meeting of the American Legislative Exchange Council (ALEC), a membership organization of state legislators and powerful corporations [See What is ALEC? on page 36]. The law, which was partially overturned but may still go into effect, could send hundreds of thousands of immigrants to prison, which would mean hundreds of millions of dollars in profits for the companies such as CCA that would be responsible for housing them.

... Now... to January 1, 1994, the day that the North American Free Trade Agreement went into effect, and thousands of indigenous people in southeastern Mexico famously rose up in arms in response. Calling themselves Zapatistas after the Mexican revolutionary, these people predicted that this agreement would mark a final deathblow to their way of life if they failed to resist. Their analysis of the situation quickly proved exceedingly



Banner near NMD camp and volunteers carrying water and humanitarian aid onto migrant trails

cogent, their ensuing project of indigenous autonomy has yet to be defeated, and their actions sparked an entire generation of resistance to global capitalism: a whole different story that is thankfully not over yet.

In addition to its ruinous effects on American industrial communities, NAFTA's aftermath in Mexican agricultural communities was truly catastrophic. As part of its preparation for the agreement, the Mexican government amended Article 27 of its own constitution to allow for the privatization of communally-held *campesino* and indigenous land. NAFTA then permitted heavily-subsidized American agribusiness giants like Cargill and Archer Daniels Midland to flood the Mexican market with cheap imports of corn and other agricultural products, undercutting nearly all small-scale Mexican farmers. Exactly as the Zapatistas predicted, this drove millions of rural Mexicans, many of whom were already living in desperate poverty, off the land and straight into the abyss. This in turn set off a massive wave of migration as millions and millions of people left their homes to find work in Mexican cities, in sweatshops primarily owned by American corporations in northern Mexico, and in the United States.

Within the year, the Clinton administration launched Operation Gatekeeper, a program that massively increased funding for Border Patrol operations in the San Diego sector of the border in California. The federal government greatly stepped up enforcement in this sector and built a fourteen-mile wall between San Diego and Tijuana. Operation Gatekeeper roughly marks the beginning of a two-decade-running process of ever-increasing border militarization that has continued steadily throughout the Clinton, Bush, and Obama administrations. This has meant that every year there are more Border Patrol agents, National Guardsmen, helicopters, fences, towers, checkpoints, sensors, guns, and dogs along the border. Understanding the nature of this militarization will go a long way towards clarifying what's actually happening and why.

... This complex and slightly perverse strategy has numerous compelling advantages. It allows politicians

to look tough for the cameras while still providing the American economy with the farm-workers and meat-packers it depends on. It provides ample opportunities to swing huge government contracts to giant corporations: for example, to Wackenhut to transport migrants, to Corrections Corporation of America to detain them, to Boeing to build surveillance infrastructure. It justifies the hefty salaries of the 20,000 people who work for the Border Patrol. And it has other beneficiaries, who I will get to momentarily. On the whole, border militarization is best seen as a massive government pork and corporate welfare project that is possibly only surpassed in the last twenty years by the war in Iraq.

... As a result of border militarization, prices have risen now to the point that it costs around five thousand dollars for a Guatemalan to be brought into the United States through the networks, and about six thousand for Salvadorans. Fees for Mexicans vary widely, but they are far from cheap. You won't be surprised to hear that many people who wish to migrate do not actually have six thousand dollars lying around. The cartels have developed a variety of inventive solutions to this problem, often involving kidnapping and indentured servitude. I've met people who spent years working in the United States simply to pay off their initial fee, some while held in conditions of outright bonded labor. I've met others who made it through the desert and were immediately held for ransom by the same groups that brought them in. The ones who were able to raise a few thousand dollars more were allowed to go. The ones who weren't able to were beaten for days and then driven back out to be left in the desert, where within minutes they were picked up for deportation by Border Patrol agents who clearly had some sort of working arrangement with the kidnappers. I'm not kidding. It's scandalous.

... In general, however, the arrangement on both sides of the border is not so crude that there always or even usually has to be direct personnel overlap between, say, the Corrections Corporation of America, the Border Patrol, the Gulf Cartel, and the Mexican Army. What's most important is that all of these organizations have

interlocking interests, benefit from each other's activities, and generally act in a way that keeps the others in business. This unholy trinity of government, corporations, and organized crime—three ways of saying the same thing—is a formidable opponent to anyone who hopes to see the death in the desert end any time soon.

... The border doesn't end at the border, and the hardships that undocumented people face don't stop there either. The border cuts through every city and state; it cuts through many of our own bodies. The line in the sand is neither the first twist nor the last of the meat grinder that global capitalism has prepared for people without papers. After making it across the border undocumented people enter a world in which they cannot legally earn money; they have compelling reasons not to call the ambulance, go to the hospital, get health or auto insurance, drive a vehicle, open a bank account, use a credit card, apply for a mortgage, sign a lease, or rely on any number of other options that people with citizenship can fall back on. If for any reason you have made it a practice to live a portion



Shrine made up of personal items left behind on migrant trails, NMD camp

of your life off the books, you might be able to appreciate how hard it is to do this full-time in this society.

... In any case, the wheels are coming off the bus. We live on the same small planet as everybody else. The way of life we inherited has proven disastrous for the biosphere and for the long-term prospects of human survival within it. As others have pointed out before me, my generation is perhaps the first group of white Americans that not only have an ethical mandate to turn away from this path but also an urgent self-interest in doing so. Left unchecked the current arrangement is guaranteed to cannibalize what is left of our land base within our lifetimes and leave our children with nothing but the bones.

Admittedly, this is complicated. Groups of humans have subjugated other groups of humans and destroyed their own land bases since long before the social construct of whiteness ever existed, and it is clearly not only people of European ancestry who are capable of doing either of these things. White supremacy is not the only lynchpin holding this all together, but it is a significant one. At this point in time, I don't think we can hope to stop the devastation of our planet without contesting the structures of white supremacy—or vice versa.

So the answer is not for white Americans to continue to defend the indefensible at the price of our souls, or

to crawl into a hole and die. It is for those of us who fit that description to think carefully about where our allegiance really lies, and to find ways to act on it in materially meaningful ways. Believe it or not, there are examples throughout history of people who did just this—members of oppressor and colonizer groups who decided to throw in their lot with the colonized and oppressed. You can point to white people involved in the Underground Railroad during slavery, gentiles who sheltered Jews during the Holocaust, white Americans who took part in the civil rights movement, white South Africans who resisted Apartheid, Americans involved in the Sanctuary movement during the wars in Central America in the 1980s, and Israelis resisting the occupation of Palestine today, among others. It's a good story

to be part of. Those of us who are positioned to do so should embrace it and be proud of it.

... Working on the border has shown me time and again that you can't really extricate one part of the equation from all the other parts. Once you start untangling one thread you start to see how it's tied into the rest of the noose. The killings in Juarez will

not end without structural change throughout Mexico, which will not happen without structural change in Colombia and the other cocaine-producing countries, which will not happen without structural change in the United States, and so on. You can reverse the order of these statements or add others and they will still be true. Fighting internal deportations and fighting border militarization are not two different things. This ultimately has global implications, but it is especially true in the case of Mexico, the United States, and their devil-child The Border. Nothing will get better on the border without things changing in both countries, and the problems in one country will not be solved without addressing the problems in the other.

... New volunteers sometimes ask me what I think a just border policy would look like. I tell them that there is no such thing; it is a contradiction in terms. I am not interested in helping the authorities figure out how to fix the mess they've created. Ultimately the only hope for a solution to the border crisis lies in bringing about worldwide systemic change that ensures freedom of movement for all people, rejects the practice of state control over territory, honors indigenous autonomy and sovereignty, addresses the legacies of slavery and colonization, equalizes access to resources between the global north and the global south, and fundamentally

changes human beings' relationship to the planet and all of the other forms of life that inhabit it. That's a tall order! Where to start?

... With that caveat, dear reader, please allow me to address you directly. The death in the desert is not the only messed up thing in the world. But it is pretty bad, and it is very close to my heart. I would really like to see it end. I encourage you to find a way to get involved. I can't tell you exactly how to do this. Coming to work in the desert is one way. There are many others. There are communities of undocumented people in nearly every part of the country. What is the situation in your area, and what might you have to offer? There are corporations that benefit from this whole catastrophe in nearly every part of the country, as well. What might you be able to do?

... The desert is full of places that are sacred to me. There is the last place I saw Esteban, the place I found Alberto, the places where Claudia and Jose and Susana and Roberto died, Jamie's rock, Yolanda's hill and Alfredo's tree. It is overwhelming for me to think that as many of the stories as I know—as many as anyone will ever know—it is just a drop in the bucket of all that has happened there. The objects that people leave behind are a constant reminder of this to me, a physical manifestation of all of the best and worst that human beings

have to offer. I am not a particularly spiritual person, but the weight of these remnants is immense and often oppressive. I love the desert. It breaks my heart that it has played host to such terrible suffering. It gives me some solace to know that someday—even if it is only because there are no more human beings left on the planet—there will be no more United States, no more Mexico, no more helicopters, no more walls, no Border Patrol and no border. The plastic will break down, the memory of these things will fade, and the land will finally have a chance to heal under the blue sky and the merciless sun.

"Las paredes vueltas de lado son puentes. Walls turned sideways are bridges. Graffiti on the south side of the Border Wall, Nogales, Sonora

About the author of *Designed to Kill: Border Policy & How to Change It*: Skunk Pig is a medium sized mammal whose preferred food consists of roots, grass, seeds, fruit, and cacti.

For more related information visit: nomoredeaths.org, kaosenlared.net, elenemigocomun.net, narconews.com, up-sidedownworld.org, oodhamsolidarity.blogspot.com, chapparralrespectsnoborders.blogspot.com, firesneverextinguished.blogspot.com, solidarity-project.org, blackmesais.org

WILD HORSES & THE BORDER FOR FULL ARTICLES VISIT NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG

Wild Horse Round Ups, Prison Labor and the Border

In a new trend that connects the taming of the wild, the prison complex and the militarization of the borderlands between the US and Mexico, wild mustangs brutally rounded up throughout the Southwest are being sold to prisons in Nevada and Colorado. Once there, prison inmates are put to work taming the mustangs that will in turn become tools of Border Patrol to track down and arrest migrants crossing the border.

According to Rafael V. Garza, horse patrol commander in Laredo, Texas, tamed mustang-mounted Border Patrol agents arrested over 500 migrants in the first year of the program. "Its the intimidation factor," Garza said. A perfect system of racist and speciesist domination.

And in other Wild Horse News

Advocates can't stop the controversial round-up of more than 2,000 wild horses and 200 wild burros along the California-Nevada border. The federal appeals court in San Francisco rejected a year-old motion for a restraining order and injunction to halt the round-up in the Twin Peaks Herd Management Area as moot.

The nonprofits In Defense of Animals and Dream-catcher Wild Horse and Burro Sanctuary have been battling the Bureau of Land Management since 2009 to halt the round-up, which they claim violates the Wild

Free-Roaming Horses and Burros Act and the National Environmental Policy Act. The agency has maintained that the round-up is necessary to keep the herds sustainable. A lower court denied the groups' motion in August 2010. A motions panel of the 9th Circuit rejected an emergency move for injunctive relief a few days later and the round-up went forward, according to the ruling. "The horses are currently offsite and the remainder of the plan is apparently going forward," the panel found, promising that "any further appeals in the underlying action shall be expedited and calendared before this panel."

Writing in dissent, Judge Johnnie Rawlinson argued that the issue was not moot because the court can still offer relief by ordering that the horses be returned to the range. "It is undisputed that the BLM rounded up all the horses on the range and then decided which horses should be released back into the Twin Peaks area and which should be transported to holding areas," he wrote. "This would be a different case if the horses who were rounded up had all been dispersed. But that is not what happened. The horses that were rounded up are currently being kept in various holding areas throughout the southwestern United States. As easily as the horses were transported out of their natural habitat, they can be returned... Relief is available and the request for injunctive relief is not moot."

The Battle of Millicoma

A report from the Cascadia Forest Defenders



Photo by Trip Jennings

Elaborate roadblockades give the timber industry and their government lackeys a pain in the ass once again in the Elliott State Forest.

BY THRUSH

To tell of what happened after this summer's Cascadia Forest Defenders action camp in the Elliott State Forest, there should be a bit of background for those who haven't heard the story of the post-Rendezvous action in 2009.

Before the Rondy in '09, few people had even heard of the Elliott State Forest, even though it is home to the most atrocious logging practices on public lands in Oregon. The timber sale that was chosen had only one road in, and that was blocked by a gate. On the last night of the Rondy, a group of EFers! worked to erect a blockade of epic proportions. There was an enormous bi-pod, and a sky-pod anchored to the gate, as well as barrel lock downs and a flipped-over van. The blockade lasted three days and resulted in 27 people being arrested. [For a full description see "Cascadia Free State Held For Three Days" in Mabon '09 and "Free State Analysis" in the 30th Anniversary Part I of the EF! Journal.]

Two years and a lot of tactical conversations later, Cascadia Forest Defenders (CFD) decided to throw an action camp in the Elliott and make that our new primary campaign. Auspiciously, there was a State

Land Board meeting the first day of camp, where the Oregon Department of Forestry (ODF) was going to tell the Board why it is such a great idea to nearly double the amount of clear cutting happening in the Elliott, from 500 acres to an annual increase of up to 1000 acres per year. So we showed up with some friends and a couple of banners and stated exactly why the idea was full of crap, shooting holes in their arguments in both personal experience and scientific jargon. The rest of the camp took a focus on backwoods direct action, keeping oneself safe in the forest, backwoods stealth, climbing, and of course, swimming. Our goal was to come out of this camp with an action that would kick off a continual campaign to end all clear cutting on the Elliott and public lands in Oregon.

The plan that came out was admittedly a little ambitious. There was one road that accessed four timber sales we were looking at, with one in particular that we were not willing to give ground on. So the last night of camp, three affinity groups went out to set up separate blockades that locked down over four miles of road on all the separate sales.

On the north end, a platform was anchored to traverses that criss-crossed the road, making it

impossible to drive that end of the road without dunking the platform. In front of that were four large slash piles. At about 10:30 a.m. a bulldozer came tearing up the road without warning and plowed through the slash piles. Despite attempts by direct support people to stop the bulldozer, it tore through the pod's support lines and dunked the platform. With luck no one was seriously injured. One bit of satisfaction was that, somehow in the process, the bulldozer's windows mysteriously got broken.

The south blockade, named Ladies' Night, was an all women-and-trans planned, executed, and occupied blockade. It started with the most epic slash pile ever seen, constructed at the end of a narrow bridge. Then, shortly up the road was a platform approximately 100 feet in the air that was anchored through a culvert in the road, blocking the road from any entrance. Since neither blockade would work without the other, and with less people each day, we decided to pull Ladies' Night on the second night and consolidate both gear and people.

Hill Top was where we were digging in. This was the third blockade. It blocked the only landing spot for the Elk Horn Ranch Timber sale—a planned clear-cut of huge native forest on steep slopes, leading directly into a critical fish-bearing river. Before the blockade was a large trench in the road and three slash piles. The blockade itself was a dunk platform 105 feet high anchored through 30 feet of steel piping to unoccupied "sleeping dragons" (concrete-filled tubes) anchoring the support rope into the road.

ODF came by the first two days and photographed the blockade. On the second day, a group of state troopers with video cameras escorted the head ODF forester to Hill Top. They told us we had until noon the next day to leave, then handed over a cease-and-desist order and a map with one area in the Elliott circled that we could be in.

Not only did we have a deadline, but they knew exactly what we had. So in an attempt to throw them off, we shot lines with what little daylight we had left. We decided to rig a static platform to give the blockade some aerial support, and with the hope of setting up something that might be more long term. Then while the rigging was happening, mountain beavers went to work digging at the trench. The little beavers managed to dig up a section of culvert in the road creating a trench that was approximately four feet by four feet and spanned the width of the road.

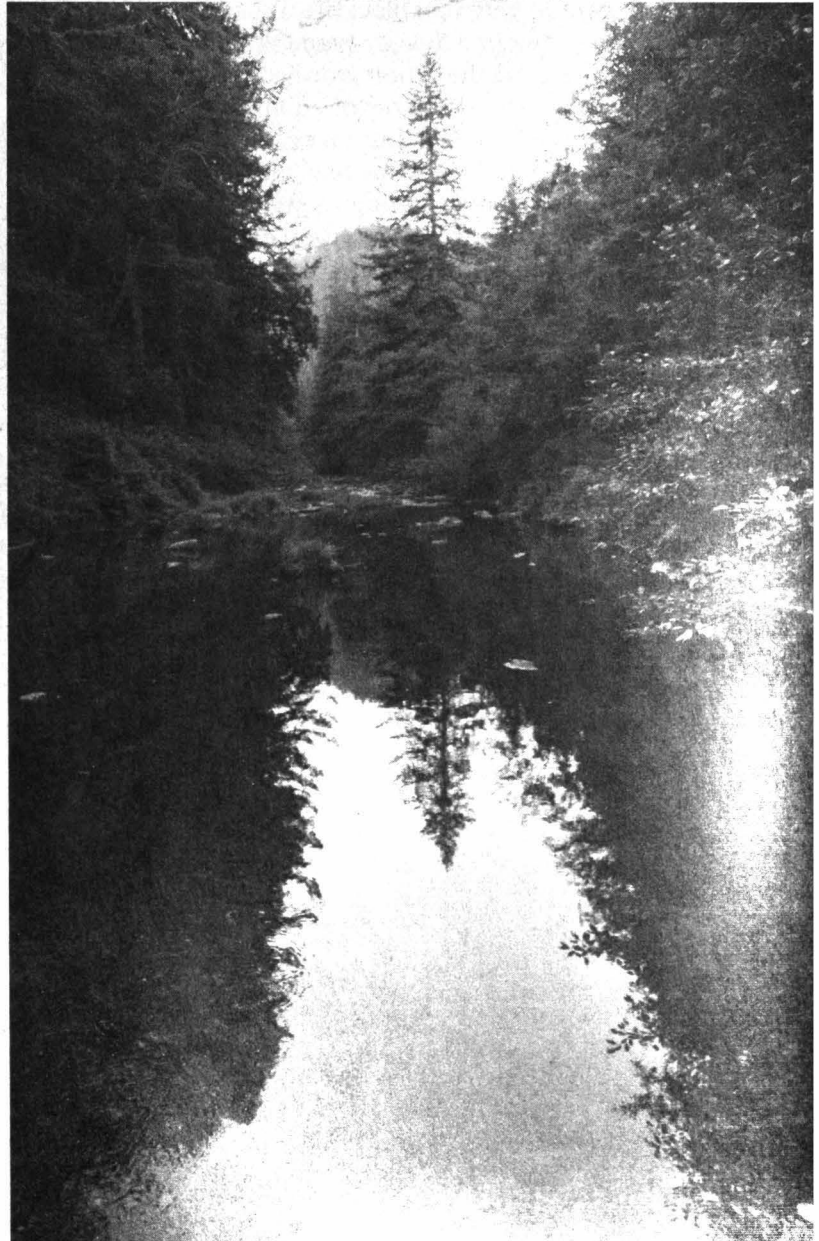
We had learned some lessons from two years ago. More arrests doesn't mean your blockade stays up longer. So all of us who

weren't in trees headed out to scheme the next steps.

First, they didn't allow any media or legal observers past the trench. Then, they partially filled the ditch in, and bulldozed the slash piles. Next they brought in the biggest cherry picker they could get, which almost wasn't enough. To re-anchor the lines they went above the piping, then the cherry picker went up to the sit. They limbed every branch below the platform. With access to the platform they got the sitter down, then attempted the same with the blockade. The sitters there climbed higher than the cherry picker could reach and demanded to talk to media. The cops finally agreed and the sitters got their story out directly into the news. However, with the picker at their platform and all of their supplies stolen, the blockade was gone. The last sitters were evicted.

That happened on a Thursday, the following Monday a bike brigade rode straight to the ODF office outside of Eugene with a list of demands. The cyclists brought

"Why we're fighting for the Elliott"; Photo by Trip Jennings



the party, and held it strong outside their offices, reminding them that when we said we were back, we meant to stay.

That same day was also the end of the Trans and Womyn's Action Camp (TWAC), a week long camp created to hold space for marginalized identities within the environmental, animal, and social justice movements. TWAC threw down with glitter, sparkles, and a vengeance, in what has been called "the sassiest thing to ever hit Molalla, Oregon!" Three individuals locked down inside the ODF offices outside of Portland and a dance party held strong outside the offices. They held the office from 10 a.m. until closing.

Since the protests in 2009, we've seen a shift in public reaction. While there was little-to-no support immediately following that blockade, the momentum eventually resulted in a Eugene-based environmental nonprofit taking on the Elliott as one of their main campaigns. This year, the show of public support was dramatically different. For instance, as soon as the blockades were announced we had multiple groups spreading the news and offering to organize food for the sitters. Before 2009 direct action forest defense wasn't happening in the Elliott; that action sparked motivation. Since then there has been active forest defense each year and the capacity is growing.

The blockades are down for the moment, but our commitment and tenacity are higher than they have been in years. We're back in the Elliott and we're not going anywhere.

See you in the woods...

To contact CFD go to FORESTDEFENSENOW.COM

Photo by Trip Jennings



TWAC

2011 Report Back

BY LEWDDITE UPRISING

This year's third annual Trans and Womyn's Action Camp (TWAC) culminated in an occupation of the Oregon Department of Forestry (ODF) office in Molalla—basically, it got taken the fuck over! In solidarity with the resistance in the Elliott State Forest, TWAC brought the fury and glitter in a way that the environmental movement has not yet adopted. Picture a business-as-usual day at the ODF, a quaint little office in small-town Oregon, about to get bombarded with the most queer-as-fuck, sex-positive action ever!

Lady and trans folk, with support from our allies, occupied the office in pink fishnets, underwear, and so much sass and glitter. Three folks locked down while the queerest takeover swallowed the hallways and main front desk. When the bomb squad, Homeland Security, and 75 percent of Clackamas County's law enforcement threatened arrest, all but three of the occupiers left and moved the party to the front. People draped themselves around poles in front of the office, sissy-bounced, and temporarily stopped a logging truck, causing a road closure. Chants included "Beavers and Divas are our natural allies" and "We're a bunch of queer fucks, we don't want your clear cuts." Three arrests followed suit (the arrestees are now dubbed the Rebel Bitchez) and the office remained shut down for the rest of the day.

Basically, TWAC threw down hard in solidarity with friends holding it down in the Elliott. Bottom line, industrial violence will be met with glittery rage—you fuck with the forests, you fuck with our friends, you fuck with TWAC.

See you queers in the woods next year!

For more info: TWAC.WORDPRESS.COM

GPS Tracking

Discovering, Dismantling, and Fighting Back

From the desk of THE LUDD-KACZYNSKI INSTITUTE OF ANTI-TECHNOLOGY



Smash that cellphone! All the kids are doing it!

The war on "eco-terrorism" is still trudging along and, whether we like it or not, those of us that are passionate about defending the environment are on the frontlines. One of the most quintessential tools that law enforcement have against us is the virtually unlimited capabilities of Global Positioning System (GPS) tracking. Tracking devices are easy to use, relatively easy to install, and the information collected is often admissible in court. Anyone can buy a GPS tracking device, without any credentials.

Legally speaking, the use of GPS tracking devices as evidence is in a bit of a gray area. The supreme court, at the urging of past and present US presidential administrations, are debating the use of warrantless GPS tracking as admissible evidence. President Obama is currently pushing for the use of warrantless GPS tracking, even though lower courts have ruled such measures unconstitutional.

Under current laws, a warrant is obtained to plant a GPS device. Still, tracking devices have many uses outside of courtroom scrutiny. Using a GPS device to track someone's movements without the intention of using it as evidence, but rather to keep the person under surveillance, is highly plausible since GPS devices are readily available on the consumer market.

GPS tracking devices can be best summed up by two different categories: Passive and Active tracking

Passive Trackers

The easiest trackers to discover and identify are passive trackers, which gather data, such as mileage, locations visited, speed, and time. They store the data internally and typically require a battery pack. These trackers are easy to install and reliable for the information they present. However, real-time tracking is virtually impossible, as the information is stored, typically requiring the device to be plugged into a computer to retrieve the information. The passive tracker will be most effective when attached to the outside of a car, for instance on the undercarriage or behind a bumper, because of the relative ease of retrieval.

Active Trackers

Active GPS trackers are the "dystopian futurist" surveillance technology which most of us have been dreading. Not only do active trackers gather location, mileage, speed, and time, but they broadcast this information via cellphone towers. This means that someone can be tracking your movements in real-time, from any computer. Active trackers typically require more than a battery pack to ensure their long-term reliability. One option for powering the device is splicing the wires into the car's electrical system. Although the installation of these more advanced trackers is made easier by having access to the inside of a vehicle, it does not rule out placement outside of the car. Finding electrical wires to splice a device onto without gaining access to the interior of a car can be done with relative ease, especially around the undersides of the trunk and engine, and anywhere near the battery.

Cellphones

Cellphones have had GPS tracking in them from the very beginning. They are considered active trackers. As you move between cellphone towers, your phone registers itself at those towers and your movement can be tracked by just that alone. With more cellphones on the market having built-in GPS mapping, tracking someone's movements has never been easier. Although there is a lot more red tape for law enforcement to break through before they can track us by our cellphones alone, never underestimate the concessions being made to catch "eco-terrorists."

Steps you can take to find and disable GPS tracking

First and foremost: take the fucking battery out of your cellphone! If you are going somewhere and you don't want a potential someone finding out about it, take the battery out. If you don't want a conversation to be monitored, take the battery out. It's the first line of defense that you have. Always be mindful of that damned cellphone. For GPS devices on cars, the process is a little more involved. Start on the outside of the car, examining every crack and corner. Try to get your car on a lift to really get a good look at the undercarriage. If a lift is not available, you can use a regular car jack, flashlights, and mirrors. A GPS device is generally going to be a mounted box, often plastic, and sometimes small. Anything that matches this description is suspect, and removing it yourself is a must. Having a friend help you out with the discovery and removal of a GPS device is a big help, but make sure this person is someone you have a close affinity with. There is always a chance that, if you discover a GPS device, there is a warrant backing that device up, and, if so, its removal can be a crime.

On the inside of the car, check everywhere! Lift up the floor carpeting, remove the glove box and inspect behind the dash, thoroughly inspect the trunk and spare tire compartment, pop the hood and get in really close to the engine (preferably when the car is not in use and has cooled off). If you can, try to get a hold of a Radio Frequency (RF) scanner. This device will, under most circumstances, detect any broadcasts by active GPS trackers coming from your car.

Make sure your car is in a remote enough area away from cellphones, cellphone towers, and other cars. Some active trackers will only send out information intermittently, so a good way to test for this is to take a drive out to the country (if there is any left near where you live), preferably with a friend you can trust, so a full scan of the car can be preformed.

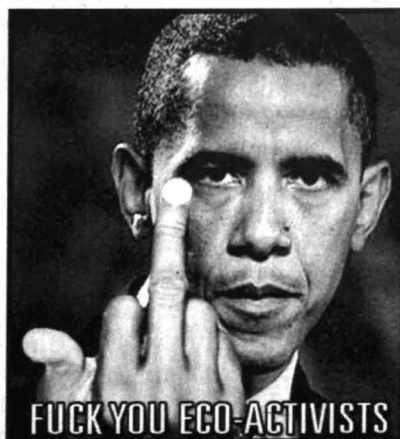
Fighting Back!

Destroying the device is a possibility with little immediate repercussions. Run it over or do something equally inconspicuous, *as if it fell off on its own accord*. Again, taking the device off, if backed by a warrant, can result in criminal charges and possibly more intimidation and threats from the FBI. It's not a good idea to take any pictures of the device if removed. It's especially not a good idea to post the pictures on the Internet, unless you are prepared for the FBI or local authorities to pay you a visit. If the device is there, chances are whoever is tracking you knows quite a bit about your personal life. The best possible solution is to get in contact with a lawyer.

Two cases of the removal and handling of GPS devices

come to mind: Kathy Thomas and Yasir Afifi. In 2005, an active member of a Food Not Bombs chapter (who has gone by the pseudonym Kathy Thomas in the media) discovered a GPS device placed on her car and handed it over to *Wired Magazine*, who sent it to an Internet-based company called IIFIXIT.COM for inspecting. The website IIFIXIT.COM posted their findings of the device. The FBI reacted and began putting pressure on her. Kathy obtained her FBI file by request and it made clear the surveillance was part of a nationwide investigation of activists connected with Earth First!, the Earth Liberation Front, Animal Liberation Front, and groups that the FBI considered "left-wing anarchists." In the end, no charges were brought against her. Moreover, there had recently been a federal case against the FBI brought on by a student named Yasir Afifi for the placing of a GPS device on his car, which he and a friend discovered while at an auto shop getting an oil change. A friend posted pictures of it on news website REDDIT.COM and soon after the FBI showed up at Afifi's home, demanding the return of the device. Afifi sought legal council and built a case against the FBI, citing he had no ties to radical, environmental, or political groups, it was just his race, as an Arab-American, which had been the reason the FBI was targeting him. The FBI continued their harassment of Afifi throughout the investigation, and eventually Afifi dropped the suit and handed over the GPS device to the FBI. Entering the realm of the FBI often has very unfortunate circumstances surrounding it. While fighting them in court seems like it could incur more harassment and scrutiny by the feds and local law enforcement, there are a few Green Scare cases that have been dropped (AETA 4, 2010) and outright won (Connor Cash, 2004). There are also those folks continuing to resist the FBI and the grand juries who are paying dearly for their continuing resistance. They deserve our support. No compromise!

In short, the best ways to prevent being tracked by a GPS device is by taking the battery out of the cellphone (or by ditching that cellphone), and by ditching that car! Ride a bike, take a bus, use a wheelchair, or walk.



Where Are They Now: *EF!* Musician

Interview with Casey Neill

The new "Where Are They Now" feature of the Journal seeks to reconnect artists and activists of earlier generations in Earth First! culture with those newer to the movement. Please send us your ideas of people to interview for future issues.



Casey Neill and the band

Photo Credit: Reverbnation.com

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

CN: As a teenager I worked for Greenpeace and educated myself on the global ecological crisis. I ended up in Olympia, Washington in 1989. A friend and I went backpacking in the Hoh. We met a woman who sat down at our campfire and gave us the rundown on the entire Northwest old growth issue. She wore an EF! shirt and seemed very involved. I never saw her again. I like to think she was this shadowy Bonnie Abzug character. The juxtaposition of the old growth rainforest and the clear cuts out there tore our hearts out. Within a month my friend was involved in Eugene and I was going to Cheetwoot EF! meetings in Olympia. Then Dakota Sid and Roger Featherstone came through on the Greenfire roadshow and that was really inspiring as well.

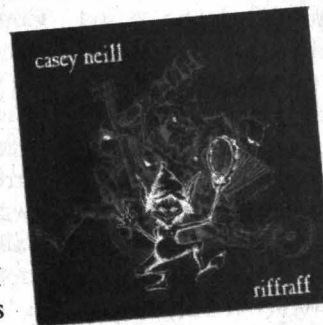
EF!J: When did you stop being involved with EF!? Was it a conscious decision? If so, why?

CN: I stopped being involved as an activist in '95 or so when 'Riffraff' was released and I began to really focus on music. Ironically that's when the broader movement came to know me through the songs. Meanwhile, my close friends in Oly all drifted away from on the ground activism after many years of good work. Touring was taking

over as were various musical obsessions of mine. The post-hardcore music scene and Irish traditional music were things I got really into, which both have strong radical threads to them. I started chasing different musical and cultural veins. I was singing at Union rallies, the WTO, rock clubs, infoshops, basement shows, universities, and folk societies in addition to enviro protests and events... The musicians I came up with, like Robert Hoyt, Danny Dolinger, and Alicia Littletree, all had different but similar trajectories. The folks before us like Dakota Sid, Bill Oliver, and Cecilia Ostrow all were elsewhere in their lives by the time we were involved. The guy who has always been there is Darryl Cherney. Darryl took me on tour before I could shave. He is Earth First!'s Joe Hill. I just saw clips of the movie he's been working on about Judi Bari and it's incredible.

EF!J: Would you come to another Rendezvous? If not, why not? If so, when?!?

CN: I don't know. Every Summer, the weekends get packed with gigs, social obligations, and the desire to be home occasionally. But never say never.



Still Wild! The 30th Anniversary EF! Music Compilation

Check out a recent song of Casey's on the Still Wild! Compilation, which also features new and classic tracks from: Peg Millett, From The Depths, Tre Arrow, Grant Peeples, Son Del Centro, Blackbird Raum, Marie Mason, Rye'n Clover, Strawberry Jam, Las Krudas, Citizen's Band, Here's To The Long Haul, Gedden Cascadia, Longneck Lula & Jill Lavetsky, Autumn Springs, Thistle, and Automooog

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Loxahatchee

by Etienne Doyle

July 3031

It traveled faster now, a bureaucrat's trick, milky panes and faces, the smell of plastics. Isabel sat by her father's leg. She was not trembling. Her eyes were soft. There was not a thought about her father's life and his soul unnourished. He was looking out the window and there weren't the wood storks he was thinking of. Tropical dusk pierced the falsely preserved.

Things were not simple in the world beyond the window. Out over the rim of the top pane of glass, satellites complicated the sexuality of stars. Isabel sat drawing heads of cows, coyotes, marsh rabbits. She drew a cloud that looked like a barred owl. She passed jokes at her small plasticine robot, the toy worm companion Mr. Condorcet, who in turn made passes at her skin with a water color brush.

Playful black compost in the hot shade outside wanted to look in. Her father mumbled, "there are many that have nothing to say until it disappears. That is the thing." He lifted his hand. Isabel sang a small soft song, made up, about the edges of her drawing paper. "My drawing paper has no voice it only speaks through me," she sang. She was sure that moths would be coming later. She was sure Mr. Condorcet would be afraid of them again.

She looked at her father's boots beside him. They looked like an old deep layer of an old man, lying like they were not breathing but were supposed to. In the house it was quiet.

The clouds outside the window were enormous. Isabel sat, like under trees, by his leg peering up to his face with all the odd grown hairs. It was June. The sound of the Loxahatchee river failed to exist. His eyes were hard in his face like dry lines from a dead river running into the brow. His ears listened for the Loxahatchee.

Her father's leg was not going anywhere. Violent

weight pushed down on his shoulders. The unbreathable life of civilization choked him. Still, his leg. His eyes above his leg. The prison of the leg, quiet and flesh and gator-like. He killed for the river. He hated passionately for the river. After a long silence she sat in the carpet as he rose and went to the door to listen hard at it. And she was always watching him listen hard at it. The house was surrounded by agents. The spirits in the house sat silent with their waning magic. Small whispers. Mr. Condorcet listened to the spirits.

Her father's eyes grew. She watched them grow. He was afraid. Human noises scuffled in the front yard. Cops in armor took positions behind thousand year old cypress trees, the last of their kind.

The bullhorn called her father. He had murdered two power company PR executives from off planet for the death of the Loxahatchee. He was smiling and looking terrified. His strong knobby fingers shook under their own weight. He armed himself with his shotgun and walked to the door. He felt the door and then walked back to his chair. He looked at the carpet and looked at Isabel. His eyes were red and cloudy. A small dark orb in the back of his eye squirmed around like a moon drowning in a flooded universe. He walked to the door again and sat before it, counting something in a way that seemed like prayer. He stood up, felt the door, opened the door and walked outside.

Isabel thought, from the depth of the carpet, that she could hear the limpkins rushing off from the loud cracks of gun fire that followed. The sounds pushed through and beyond her father into her ears—metal, bone, wind. There were tiny tiny ghosts in each noise, fragmenting into tinier pieces. She heard her father's gurgle, his throat reaching out for himself which was winding up from his body. She knew he would have wanted alligators to eat his body. She knew he was already working his way under the house. She knew



he wouldn't make it. She knew they'd take his body away and that the worms in the yard would be sad.

"How sad are the worms?" Mr. Condorcet asked Isabel, his paneled mouth display in a frenzy. "Sadder than you or me," she replied. Isabel pocketed Mr. Condorcet and ran up the stairs of the house to the brown hallway of the second floor. Agents were swarming in through the front door. She entered her parent's old room, the one they used before her mother died. Isabel remembered her mother, Rosa, and father fighting the night Rosa blew herself up while bomb building. Her parents old room was a cold room, simple, critical of weakness, but with a strange radiance like staring into a cup of tea. They had been in love in the room. It smelled like that. Spirits lived in the room.

Isabel feared she would be taken to prison if the agents found her. She feared the authorities would find video in Mr. Condorcet's files of her masturbating late at night and she felt too old and too young to be masturbating. She feared her body and she feared confinement and the cold cities of the people who funded the authorities. Besides, there wasn't a way to say it. Not a way. Things accumulate that are unspeakable. There are many worlds. And sometimes there are none. Isabel knew of no other world but the Loxahatchee and if that world were to die to her she would want all the worlds to die. She knew her mother had learned to hate her father, that her father never learned to hate her mother, that they both loved the river, that her body was tired, that she and Mr. Condorcet and the spirits must flee. She knew her father was dead and she wasn't sad. She knew she would go. She knew she would detonate her parent's old room, taking the agents that had covered the yard of cypress knees, everything in the area in fact, the hydro station and café, to a charred and restful beginning. Her father's body would burn up here.

Adrift on an Insurgent Starcraft

October 3039

The stars. Country tried to find Isabel's hand, a thin hand, found her hand on her waist, found it amazingly strange, the movement of skin, the bulbous round movement from the ribs inward to the hip, to the bone, to the pant line. Isabel's underwear line was something unexplainable to the body, to both bodies. Just around the edge of the shadow folding over was heartache, history, heartbeat, the counting of time. Isabel pulled her hand into Country's shirt, feeling the spine, the hair in the curvature of the lower back, the smell of old sweat, old tear drops, and the old false wood of the chamber loft seeped into her back muscles.

Three days of cuddling as the worlds collapsed beyond the craft. Cities run on empty, time opening up. The thin separating shades that one learns staring through a window, feeling love and sadness remade in quiet and panic.

Country had a hurting hip bone, lying on her side on the flat plastic bed, arm across the belly of Isabel, fingers touching each other, not wanting to move even for comfort. The toes moving the way they do. Two planets circulated in and out of the window. Both were shimmering and dying. Neither was Earth. Country, with her thin hair, rolled away from Isabel toward the ships interior to witness the sterility and the rose color of the furniture. She wept. It was quiet. Mr. Condorcet was busy doing an internal systems check on his data file, leaning against a small stack of old plastic books.

"When we found you we tried to feed you bottles of fruit but you wouldn't eat. You were just looking at me without expression. There wasn't a way for us to communicate," Country told Isabel, scratching her leg like a cat, running her fingers into the hairs. "We couldn't get you to stop masturbating. You seemed otherworldly in your fits."

"I didn't want anyone to see me. I don't want you to see me do that," Isabel whispered. It had been eight years since Isabel's father was killed, since she had detonated her parent's home, since she had eluded her identity to become part of the underground. Clear plastic moths fluttered around the ceiling space of the chamber loft.

The light of the loft burned amber in the wings of the moths as they turned and dipped in play. Isabel's eyes were peeling backwards into themselves, calling on some spirit she had forgotten. She fluttered into daydream and back, towards the vision of the white and rose ceiling. She imagined the cities of the worlds. Each city must draw power from the ghosts of birds. She thought she knew it. She thought each city was circumambulated by a web of thinnest design to catch the fresh and frightened spirits of birds who died en masse. She saw the small bird ghosts flailing in the webbing and looked deeper, seeing even tinier spirits, the spirits of the bird's hearts fluttering out to escape their panicking host. She watched into near infinitude as ghost died into smaller compartmentalized nano-ghosts, until each was trapped into smaller and smaller webbing and converted into energy for the cities. Country swallowed all her saliva with despair in the middle of a forgotten breath and choked up for a moment. Isabel didn't notice.

Isabel left the room as a sun loomed in through the window. She didn't motion at all to Country. She walked down a long corridor of white to a mess hall. She opened a box of sweetened corn stars and poured a cup of synthetic coffee. A tall man sitting at an adjacent table stared into his coffee with a smile on his face. He was one of the insurgent bomb technicians on the inconspicuous tourist class ship hovering over planet Liberty.

Liberty

It seemed late. Isabel was afraid of the way the broken glass rested under the neon light advertising a diet energy drink. Steam wasn't evacuating from the glass but Isabel felt a fever looking at it. It was perfect. The glass must have had a ghost now. She hadn't been in a city in sometime. Cars rolled by with the smell of chaffed bulletproof plastic. There were lights everywhere. The smell of people was visual. She had memorized the address of an office downtown, section 7. She hailed a taxi.

"The sun catches the advertisement just right, eh?" the driver, a short male with a friendly set of eyes said, pointing up at a teleboard. A woman with long legs was hunched over on her knees. Her head was out of view and hidden by the angle of the image that focused on her ass. Three men stood before her, their faces below the nose covered in foam. They were shaving. It was unclear what she was doing but her genitals were shaved. The sun made a beam that lighted on her ass. Isabel pretended not to notice. The air was pushing all around the cab. "Where you going?" the driver asked.

"10003 Nextera Towers," she replied.

"You from this part of the city?"

"No," she responded. It would be an obvious lie to say she was. She had studied the style and culture of Liberty and especially the five-hundred mile sector of city she would be working in but she could not chance pretending to be a local. "I'm from Earth."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"No, don't be. I have done well for myself there. I have no regrets."

"I would say so. You seem healthy. You work for Nextera?" he asked, looking into the rearview. "They say we are next. I hear our crops are failing now," he went on.

"I wouldn't worry," she said, "The authorities have set up an effective quarantine." She watched the city. Suddenly Isabel imagined her mother near the window of a building hovering above the taxi. She saw her mother some fourteen stories up downing a bottle of cough syrup, smiling. Her mother was beautiful and young. Stars filled her eyes. This had happened before. The advertisement inducers had reached her, often with less clarity and more static, as a child growing up on Earth. They were very strong and effective on Liberty.

"Infinity Sigh Cough Syrup," the driver said, "I love that advertisement. It allows me to see my mother again." Isabel closed her eyes. The advertisement was drawing from Isabel's brain receptors the appropriate childhood jingle to blend more nostalgia into the product placement. It was a tune her father played on the banjo, the *Battle of Loxahatchee*. Isabel wondered what the driver's mother looked like.

"Your mother still alive?" he asked.

"No, Yours?"

"Yes, but I have no time to visit. That's why I take this toll-way. I can see her two, sometimes three times a day. I don't know how she can drink so much of that cough syrup without getting drunk though. Ha!" He amused himself. Isabel saw the Nextera building in the distance. It was twice as tall as any of the others.

Nextera

The smell of diesel and males getting off, candy, the sound of motionless tires. Lights inside the ears of passersby. Isabel looked up at the building. She pulled out her notebook, flipped to an empty page and drew a portrait of a dream reduced to pure density. It looked like a bullet hole. *Let's be done with thinking of new ways forward. Let's come back. Let's come back to your hand. Sometimes it touches mine. We can build from this a way out of the clock. There is a brilliance in our loving decay, the red lifting of our bodies when the dying gets goosed and the controls are found weakened. Lets move in this direction, clenching and biting each other out of the clock.* Isabel felt the metal walkway beneath her. She felt her feet. There was a bright green light behind each of the windows. All of the curtains looked like meat. The building seemed to escape beyond the planet. In her side bag Mr. Condorcet wiggled for comfort.

Dawson Herero

"I'm here to see Mr. Herero," Isabel said with a soft voice to the woman behind the visitors' booth in the lobby of the Nextera building. "I have an appointment."

"Your name please."

"Insi. I am from Earth." Isabel replied.

"One moment please." The receptionist turned to her computer. Well dressed executives filled the lobby, some chatting, most moving through with great speed. Isabel felt the architecture press against her. There were lights in everyone's eyes. There were small affirmations of beauty, a wisp of perfume, part sanitation part field of stars, a woman in a milk-yellow dress, a quirky shadow that wouldn't go away with its creator. Under a pink and vermilion gate in the center of the lobby there was an art installation. It was sensuous almost wet but meaningless.

The receptionist gazed at Isabel. "Mrs. Lee, correct, Mrs. Insi Lee?" *I take as my dawn the white moon. I take as my car the green star. "Mrs. Lee?" I take as my exercised demon the fresh black plum. I take as my state the chewed rind.* Her outside body was turning pale and she was motionless. *I take as my control the half-sleeping cat. "Excuse me, ma'am?" I take as my dream the ejection seat. I take as my take the impatient abyss. I take as my enemy the specter of operations.* "You can proceed this way Mrs. Lee. Mr. Herero will see you." *I take as my fear the will of ten-thousand doors. I take as my love the field of beings.* The receptionist tapped Isabel on the shoulder, her painted face nearly touching Isabel's face. Isabel almost vomited. The burning liquid fell back down her throat.

"Hello Mrs. Insi. Welcome to Liberty. I hope your trip was pleasant." Dawson Herero, CEO of Nextera Energy, grabbed Isabel by the arm as though an old time companion. It wasn't aggressive. It was familiar. They had never met. His face was wide, partially invisible. It couldn't completely be looked at.

"It was. It's great to be off Earth."

"Please, let's speak on my balcony. I'll have a meal prepared." He glanced at Isabel and motioned her forward through his living room. There were red flowers, real ones, on an end table. There was a tiny garden of amaranth and lavender in the center of the room. Over a fire place hung an enormous painting. It was a famous piece by Bovatol, the neo-futurist. In the center of several thousand concentric rings the word "collaborator" sat in simple font. It was the core of the universe and the soul and an example of high art on Liberty.

"Insi, look there." Herero gestured to the balcony. "Look at the way the light pulls in. You can see the edges of it." It looked to Isabel like a vortex of spirits pulled from all angles toward the edge of the balcony. "This is some view Mr. Herero," Isabel said moving through the door onto the balcony.

"The brilliant light of empire. It all gathers here. I've had a special attractor placed along the edges of my office." He ordered food and wine from a thin woman

that had been standing statuesque near the balcony entrance. Isabel and Herero stared at the vortex. The layers of the city hit up into the sky like a barelegged boy bearing an urn in one hand and his penis, newly discovered, in the other. One building deep below looked like a milk bottle.

"Have you ever been to Olitic, Indiana Mrs. Lee?" Herero's face changed expression. "And have you seen the Empire quarry, the one the stones the Empire State Building were quarried from?"

"Yes," she responded wondering the point. Her father had taken her across the wastelands of the east coast to Olitic when she was young.

"Did you throw anything into the quarry Mrs. Lee," he asked?

"Yes, I suppose I did."

"What did you throw in the Empire quarry Mrs. Lee?" His face was stoic and dispassionate.

"Well, let me think. A rock I suppose, or, yeah. I threw a rock in."

"Did you know that the rock that was excavated from that pit as well as the rock you threw in are remnants of black stars, older than God?"

"Yes." Isabel felt nervous.

"Why did you throw the rock into the pit Mrs. Lee?"

"No reason. I guess I just wanted to hear the sound of it hitting water."

"Did you want to jump in yourself?"

"Yes. What is this about? These are odd questions. I'm hear to discuss Nextera's project in the Everglades."

"Look over the balcony Mrs. Lee."

"No."

"Why not?"

"This is ridiculous." Isabel turned away from the balcony. Her head was dizzy. Herero's apartment was more than three-hundred stories up.

"I'm sorry. Please, I'll change the subject. I haven't been to Earth since I was a young man. I miss it. I was very fond of Olitic. The Empire quarry is perhaps the first chasm I ever stared into. I find that the view from my balcony gives me a similar sensation. I'm very neurotic about it. I apologize."

Just then the servant woman brought out a tray of food. Another servant, a short man with wire glasses, brought out a bottle of wine.

"And so, you are here about the PR position for the aquifer mining proposal?" Herero had changed character from morose to hungry at talk of mining operations.

"Yes, I am from Earth. I am from Florida, in fact, and I know what the people need to hear. I am familiar with water and energy issues. Many have turned to the insurgents and such invasive operations in their water supply will only make that worse. I am well trained in public relations as my resume explains."

"I see. And how much would you request in salary?"

"30 million a year."

"That seems reasonable. I have looked over your files."

You seem to me to be a perfect fit for the job. Of course, I had your background checked with the local authorities in Florida. They say you are who you say you are. Your references check out. But there is one thing," Herero broke off and walked to the food tray and opened the bottle of wine. "Tell me about your parents."

Though Isabel had an air tight guise, complete with narrative, and false family history, she sensed that Herero knew something. "My parents were part of the insurgency. They were terrorists. They died when I was very young."

"Intriguing," he poured two glasses of wine. "That isn't mentioned in your files."

"I didn't think it would help me with the position. My father killed Nextera representatives with the help of my mother," Isabel returned.

"I did know this of course. You have your toy with you, do you not?"

"My toy?"

"Mr. Condorcet, am I correct? It was with you when your father was killed. It was with you when you trained for this operation."

"But..."

"We have watched your files for a long time Isabel. I know what you plan to do. We can intercept your toy's visual data."

"I only came to gather information. I..." Isabel reached into her belt and pulled a large blade hidden along her thigh. A guard grabbed her arms from behind and another smashed her hand with a baton. She dropped the knife.

"You fucker!" Isabel shouted. He had been so close. Two guards shackled her arms and legs and started to carry her off.

"You intended to kill me, Isabel. You and the

insurgency want me dead. I don't blame you." Isabel kicked and screamed as she was dragged through the room towards the door. "Oh, Isabel, wait a moment," Herero called playfully. "I almost forgot. I am going to keep Mr. Condorcet. I am aware of some very personal image data recorded there," he grinned. "Well, I'm happy to inform you that the data has already been accepted for a new advertisement. You'll be a star."

The guards dragged Isabel out of the apartment and into an elevator. "I can't wait to see that ad," a guard said to Isabel.

Mr. Condorcet

"Take it to the lab and get all the files," Herero said, handing the plastic robot, its segmented worm body writhing, to one of his assistants.

Three miles away the security van transporting Isabel to the police station came under heavy small arms fire. "Goddamit. They want the girl. Let's just give her to them," one of the guards shouted. But it was too late. The front of the van peeled inwards with an explosion and then folded out with an enormous blast. Moments later the back of the transporter flung open. It was Country. Isabel leapt up and kissed her. "What did they find on you."

Isabel stared into the distance at the Nextera building. "They were onto us from the beginning. Someone with us had been keeping them apace."

"But now they have images of you."

"It doesn't matter," Isabel responded.

"But Mr. Condorcet?"

"Mr. Condorcet was a good companion. especially when outfitted with C4" Isabel said smiling. In the horizon Country saw the Nextera building collapsing in a cluster of explosions.

the Earth First! Fiction Writer's Guild
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send all submissions to russ@earthfirstjournal.org

Deep Green Resistance

BY JAN SMITH #M14206
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Jacksonville, IL 62650

The environmental movement must get its ass in gear and *Deep Green Resistance* is the transmission. A fierce green rage has to burn within us—and this book is the lighter. I have to admit that initially I was skeptical. I thought the book was being falsely presented, that the authors would merely reword the arguments against civilization we've already heard and only offer ambiguously timid ideas of what a serious resistance movement to save the biosphere could look like. Holy Earth was I wrong!

This book pulls no punches; I would go so far as to say that it is the boldest and most important work ever published. Cheers to Seven Stories Press and the authors for their *chutzpah*.

Deep Green Resistance demonstrates step-by-step how the dismantling of civilization can and must be achieved through underground and above ground tactics that compliment each other. Too many people think legal and illegal tactics are mutually exclusive. But that is not the case. Now, this isn't to downplay the absolute necessity of ubiquitous large-scale industrial sabotage; in my mind this is the single crucial element of saving the planet. However, it's not for everyone. I'm disabled, which automatically excludes me (unless I want to come back to prison or die for a single action, which would overall be counterproductive to the movement). So thank Earth—this book lays out explicitly and at length strategies anyone can use to effectively create a culture of resistance and undermine civilization, no matter what their *modus operandi* is. It accomplishes this in part by analyzing the successes and pitfalls of numerous liberatory efforts, including John Brown's raid on the Harper's Ferry armory, the Underground Railroad, French resistance to the Nazis, the Sobibór death camp uprising, womens' suffrage, the Weather Underground, the IRA, and the most important and instructive one for us—which happens to be ongoing,

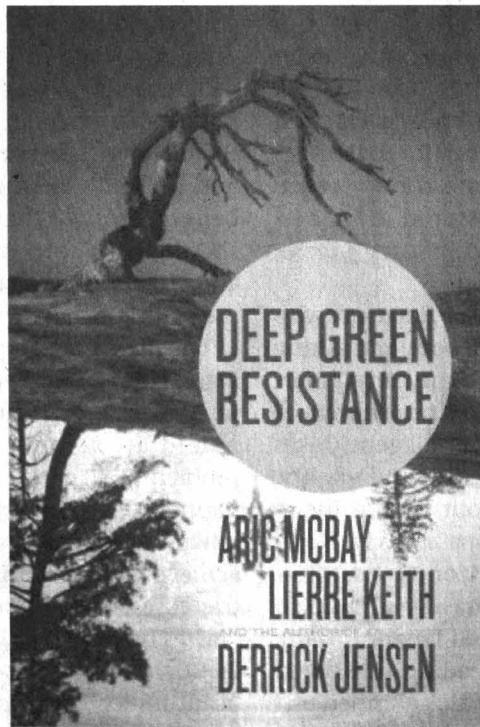
and which every environmentalist should study—MEND, the Movement for the Emancipation of the Niger Delta.

Deep Green Resistance leaves no real room as a whole for contrary arguments, anticipating and answering all objections in a thoroughly thought-out manner.

One great instance of this is where the authors refute the common argument that bringing down what I refer to as *syphilization*, would cause immediate suffering and death of wild animals. Chernobyl is used as a case study. Even though it was a catastrophic environmental disaster, the simple lack of humans has had a profoundly positive effect: bison and wolves and endangered birds have returned and flourished, and the ecosystems damaged by human occupation are recovering, all on their own. As Lierre Keith writes, "Even a nuclear disaster is better for living creatures than civilization... this planet could repair herself if we would just *stop destroying* [emphasis added by author of review] (226)."

Aric McBay brilliantly shows the fallacy in both Daniel Quinn's "plane" analogy and Richard Heinberg's lifeboat analogy for civilization, and how neither think we should actively resist. McBay provides his own alternative analogy. He writes, "Civilization is more like an out-of-control, accelerating streetcar. It is filled with civilized humans; the streets are dense with pedestrians being run-down—a representation of all the nonhuman and indigenous life on Earth. Some passengers are concerned: 'Not to worry,' one man tells them. His calculations show that the bodies piling up in front of the streetcar will eventually slow the vehicle down and cause it to safely come to a halt" (456).

Of course, no book is without its faults. Lierre Keith names horizontal hostility as one of the main detriments to a radical resistance, yet she engages in it throughout the book. The authors define horizontal hostility as scathing critiques of actual or potential



comrades, "often accompanied by hyper-analysis of the victim's language use or personal lifestyle choices" (138).

But Keith herself hyper-analyzes and critiques the personal lifestyle choices of a broad range of people who could very easily be allies, from vegans to anarchists to tax resisters to pot smokers to squatters. Why risk alienating them? Most of my friends and I fall into one or more of these categories. I am a vegan pot smoker and former tax resister. After all, I am in prison for attempted delivery of 4-10 pounds of marijuana (at least that is what I plead out to). I planned to use the tax-free revenue for propagandizing, publishing my anti-civ novels, and buying/restoring land. But I guess trying not to give my hard-earned money, obtained through extremely risky behavior, to a corrupt and murderous government shows not my personal lifestyle choice or morals, but rather my "entitlement" and "stupidity" (154). Keith informs us that pot smokers "aren't known for their virulence against anything but regular bathing" (124). She also goes on to call some foods served at potlucks (beans and rice, dumpstered mangoes, chips and hummus) "poverty food." Sorry Lierre, not all of us can afford wealth food.

She calls vegans "extreme ideological fanatics" who couldn't possibly continue on "such body-punishing fare for any length of time" (157). Funny, my fiance will soon be 30—she's been vegetarian since the age of 13 and vegan since 17. She is super intelligent, bikes 20-30 miles a day, and a picture of health and vitality. This is just one personal example out of the literal dozens I could give. How could these passages by Keith be interpreted as anything but horizontal hostility? According to her, I am a smelly parasite, a childish mooch, a brain-damaged malnourished fanatic. Thank Earth I was already anti-civ before reading this book! Even someone as open-minded and thick-skinned as I could have been turned off by such hostility. Does this movement really have the mass appeal and numbers to be alienating potential allies? The authors claim to have a zero-tolerance policy for horizontal hostility. Why, then, do they tolerate Keith's? They write that if we encounter someone practicing horizontal hostility, we should explain to them the problem with it, and ask them to stop. If that doesn't work, excommunication from the movement should be considered.

Aric McBay provides a much better way of looking at lifestyle choices on page 258. It gets the point across without being patronizing or pejorative in the least. "Pre-Civil War abolitionists would not have owned slaves. But this was an implicit result of their morality and political philosophy rather than a means of change." See, isn't that infinitely much better? It's instructive without being off-putting.

Another problem is when Jensen claims that there

is no alternative media that would support serious resistance. What about the *Earth First! Journal*? I would hope and think they would! I know *Green Anarchy* would. How about CrimethInc? And Submedia?

None of this is to say that *Deep Green Resistance* should not be read and studied and reread. The organizational diagrams of different structures that underground and aboveground groups can take are brilliant and incredibly helpful and thought-provoking (294-300). The section on *Decisive Ecological Warfare (DEW)* is worth the price of the book alone. It lays out an in-depth plan of how a movement to dismantle civilization could look, including concrete tactics for all stripes of activists, from strictly legal weekend warriors to serious full-time direct actionists. A big excuse for people who think civilization should be brought down is that they have no idea how they could help make it happen. The authors' bold *Decisive Ecological Warfare* obliterates these objections. The difference between *DEW* and every other strategy that has been laid out for saving the planet is equivalent to the difference between Einstein's theories of relativity and a child's narrow-sighted navel-gazing. In fact, I believe strongly that this 50-page section of the book should be photocopied and distributed for free at anarchist and radical environmental gatherings. That is how important it is.

The book ends on an appropriately spectacular note. Lierre Keith's chapter section called "A Story" imagines what the next decade or so could look like if we do indeed act accordingly, given the seriousness of the problems at hand. She wonderfully describes what happens as the electrical grids crash, power lines are downed, logging ceases, dams are taken out, women achieve greater status, population is ethically reduced, the forests regenerate, wetlands restore themselves, grasses break through the concrete, and self-sustaining, democratic, human-scale communities form. It is so beautiful and poetic and life-affirming and exciting. It brought me to tears both times I read it. This is monumental, given that I'm in prison, living with 19 other men in one room. I've cried half a dozen times in my year-plus of incarceration, and only maybe two other times from joy rather than sorrow.

Get this book. Read it. Study it. Learn it. Live it. Pass it on. Distro it. It may very well be the key to the final struggle that must happen for life on Earth to continue.

Jan Austin Smith (#M14236) is currently serving a four year sentence at Jacksonville Correctional Center in Illinois, on a conviction for marijuana possession with intent to distribute. He is hard at work, and nearing completion on his epic novel, The Liberators. His website (if it has not been shut down) is WWW.THEREWILDWEST.COM. He has a support site at WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/SUPPORT_JAN

Earth First! MAD Libs

Quick Review

Because you may have forgotten what adjectives, nouns, adverbs and verbs are, here is a brief review:

An ADJECTIVE describes something or somebody. Lumpy, crusty, crypto-fascist, feathery, messy, vegan, beautiful, and delicious are adjectives.

A NOUN is the name of a person, place or thing. Bathtub, coyote, sunglasses, stick 'n' poke tattoo, bike co-op and nose hair are nouns.

An ADVERB tells how something is done. It modifies a verb and usually ends in "ly." Haphazardly, meticulously, greedily, stupidly and carefully are adverbs.

A VERB is an action word. Sabotage, swim, kiss, fly and dream are verbs. [This story doesn't use -ing verbs]

You may also be asked to enter a NUMBER, a COLOR, an ANIMAL or PLANT, a CURSE WORD, a TYPE OF ECOSYSTEM or a PART OF THE BODY.

Hey, did you know our biggest readers make less than a buck a day? Please donate a subscription of the *Journal* to a prisoner! Fill out the form below and note that you want it donated to a prisoner. We'll do the rest.

Fill in the blanks below and then transcribe them to the story *Lonely Rider* on the next page.

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- Ecosystem _____
- Adjective _____
- Adjective _____
- Noun _____
- Noun _____
- Adjective _____
- Number _____
- Adjective _____
- Adverb _____
- Verb _____
- Adjective _____
- Adjective _____
- Body Part _____
- Drink _____
- Plural Noun _____
- Plural Noun _____
- Adjective _____
- Plural Noun _____
- Adjective _____
- Noun _____
- Verb _____
- Animal _____
- Animal _____
- Curse Word _____
- Verb _____
- Verb _____
- Body Part _____
- Noun _____
- Curse Word _____
- Adjective _____
- Noun _____
- Verb _____
- Verb _____
- Color _____
- Noun _____
- Plural Animal _____
- Body Part _____
- Color _____
- Adjective _____
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Lonely Rider

You couldn't quite believe it. You were stuck in the middle of the _____ with two _____ so called comrades that were so _____ they couldn't even find a _____ in a _____. Everything seemed to turn out _____. You had been through _____ direct action trainings and you thought your _____ affinity group was finally ready to _____ that _____ lumber company. You had plenty of rest. You fell asleep as soon as your _____ hit the pillow the night before. You didn't even drink any _____ in the previous 24 hours. You were sure to bring two _____, four _____ and lots of _____. Besides, if anything went wrong you always had your _____ to protect you.

When you saw one of your comrades attempt to _____ a wild _____ you knew things were not going to go well. " _____," you said, "We are here to _____ the wild not _____ the wild, now put your _____ away." Your affinity group barely made it to the logging site before the _____ came up over the horizon. A security guard spotted you and yelled, " _____ you, you _____." Your two comrades jumped up and began to _____ as fast as they could, not stopping for breath. They left you in the bushes all alone. The guard approached the area where you had decided to _____. Luckily you were wearing a _____ and he couldn't see you. By the morning ants, ticks and _____ had chewed you up. Your _____ had turned _____. You noticed that the guard was gone and that several pieces of logging equipment were left unattended. Fortunately for you your two _____ friends were gone and you were able to _____ the machines without anyone knowing.

For your daily dose of eco-resistance: WWW.NEWSWIRE.EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.ORG



Check out these great links for radical gear:

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WWW.HUNGRYKNIFE.COM



A Love for Wild Places

A passion for wild places and pristine lands runs deep in every fiber of my being.

In fact, this passion runs so deep that I committed 15 years of my life organizing and educating numerous non-profits which worked towards the creation of a world where there was justice for the people, planet, and all living things.

When I came to Mountain Rose Herbs, I made sure that we would use all of our resources to help protect and defend the natural splendor and majestic beauty this world has to share.

This is why I guarantee that Mountain Rose Herbs will always work towards the enhancement and sustainability of our natural world, and we will remain the leader in green business initiatives to protect this glorious land we call home.

*Shawn Donville
Vice President*


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Prisoner Solidarity Hunger Strike

In the spring of this year, prisoners inside Pelican Bay State Prison contacted prisoner-rights and anti-prison activist organizations announcing 50-100 prisoners would begin a rolling hunger strike on July 1, and that they needed support making sure their voices and demands were heard and acted on outside prison walls. At least 6,600 prisoners across the state of California joined them in solidarity across prison-manufactured racial and geographical lines. The prisoners at Pelican Bay ended their hunger strike the evening of July 20, on the basis of CDCR's top level administrators' interactions with their team of mediators and prisoners directly wherein they agreed to accede to a few small requests immediately as a tangible good faith gesture to assure that all of the other issues would receive real attention, with meaningful changes being implemented over time. Since the CDCR has failed to meet their end of the agreement and continue to keep prisoners in abhorrent conditions, the hunger strikes will resume on September 26.

This courageous action falls within a long legacy of prisoner-led resistance throughout the world, including inside both men and women's prisons in the US. As such, these struggles are connected to global struggles against inequality and powerlessness, for self-determination and liberation.

The changes the prisoners are demanding are standards in other "supermax" prisons, which supports the prisoners' position that CDCR's claim of such demands being a threat to safety and security are exaggerations. Below is a summary of the five, straight-forward core demands the hunger-strikers released in April:

1. End Group Punishment & Administrative Abuse – This is in response to PBSP's application of "group punishment" as a means to address individual inmates rule violations.

2. Abolish the Debriefing Policy, and Modify Active/Inactive Gang Status Criteria.

• The practice of "debriefing," or offering up information about fellow prisoners particularly regarding gang status, is often demanded in return for better food or release from the SHU. Debriefing puts the safety of prisoners and their families at risk.

• The validation procedure used by the California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation (CDCR) employs such criteria as tattoos, readings materials, and associations with other prisoners (which can amount to as little as greeting) to identify gang members.

3. Comply with the US Commission on Safety and Abuse in America's Prisons 2006 Recommendations Regarding an End to Long-Term Solitary Confinement — CDCR shall implement the findings and recommendations of the US commission on safety and abuse in America's prisons final 2006 report regarding CDCR SHU facilities as follows:

- End Conditions of Isolation
- Make Segregation a Last Resort

• End Long-Term Solitary Confinement.

• Provide SHU Inmates Immediate Meaningful Access to: i) adequate natural sunlight ii) quality health care and treatment, including the mandate of transferring all PBSP/SHU inmates with chronic health care problems to the New Folsom Medical SHU facility.

4. Provide Adequate and Nutritious Food – cease the practice of denying adequate food, and provide a wholesome nutritional meals including special diet meals, and allow inmates to purchase additional vitamin supplements.

5. Expand and Provide Constructive Programming and Privileges for Indefinite SHU Status Inmates.

Examples include:

• Expand visiting regarding amount of time and adding one day per week.

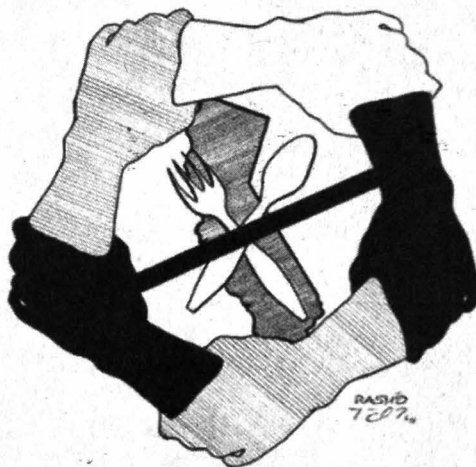
• Allow one photo per year, a weekly phone call, two (2) packages per year, hobby craft items, sweat suits, watch caps, wall calendars and correspondence courses that require proctored exams.

• Expand canteen and package items allowed. Allow us to have the items in their original packaging the cost for cosmetics, stationary, envelopes, should not count towards the max draw limit

• More TV channels.

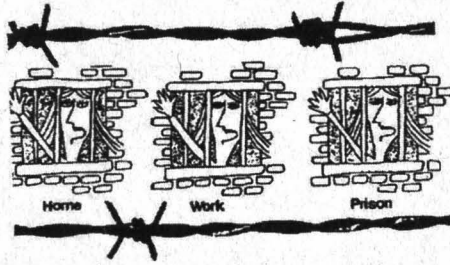
• Allow TV/Radio combinations, or TV and small battery-operated radio

• Install pull-up/dip bars on SHU yards.



"At the dawn of industrialism, factories were modeled after prisons; in its twilight, prisons are now modeled after factories." —Os CANGACEIROS

ECO-DEFENSE & ANIMAL LIBERATION PRISONERS IN THE US



***Grant Barnes** #137563, Arrowhead Correctional Facility, POB 300, Cañon City, CO 81215-3000. (Please note new mailing address.) Arrested 2007 for setting fire to SUVs, serving 12 years. GRANTBARNES.WORDPRESS.COM

***Nathan "Exile" Block** #36359-086, FCI Lompoc, Federal Correctional Institution, 3600 Guard Road, Lompoc, CA 93436. Serving 7 years and 8 months for ELF arsons.

***Marie J. Mason** #04672-061, FMC Carswell, Federal Medical Center, POB 27137, Fort Worth, TX 76127. Serving near 22 year for her involvement in an ELF arson and 12 other ELF actions. SUPPORTMARIE.MASON.ORG

***Daniel McGowan** #63794-053, FCI Terre Haute, CMU, PO Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808. Serving 7 years for ELF arsons.

***Steve Murphy** #39013-177, FCI Beaumont Medium, POB 26040, Beaumont, TX 77720. Serving 5 years for an attempted arson on a townhouse construction site in 2006. SUPPORTSTEVE.ORG

***Michael Sykes** #696693, 10274 Boyer Road, PO Box 5000, Carson City, MI 48811. Serving 4 to 10 years for anti-sprawl arsons, graffiti and attempting to chisel through the cement in his jail cell.

***Joyanna Zacher** #36360-086, FCI Dublin, Federal Correctional Institution, 5701 8th St, Camp Parks, Unit F, Dublin, CA 94568. Serving 7 years and 8 months for an ELF arsons.

***Justin Solondz** #98291-011, FDC SeaTac, PO Box 13900, Seattle, WA 98198. Awaiting trial on alleged ELF actions.

***Walter Bond** #2011-03339, Davis County Jail, POB 130, Farm-

ington, UT 84025-0130. Currently Awaiting sentencing on October 13, 2011 in Salt Lake City. Arrested summer 2010 for the "ALF Lonewolf" arsons in Colorado and Utah. SUPPORTWALTER.ORG

***Tim DeChristopher** #16156-081, Herlong FCI, Federal Correctional Institution, PO Box 800, Herlong, CA 96113. Sentenced to 2 years for bidding on oil and gas leases on public land to stop fossil fuel extraction. BIDDER70.ORG

***Fran Thompson** #1090915 HU 1C, WERDCC, POB 300, Vandalia, MO 63382, USA. Serving Life for killing a stalker in self-defense. Before her imprisonment Fran was an eco, animal & anti-nuke campaigner.

INDIGENOUS RESISTANCE

***Leonard Peltier** #89637-132 USP Coleman I, US Penitentiary, POB 1033, Coleman, FL 33521. (Please note new mailing address.) American Indian Movement activist framed for the death of two FBI agents during 1975 Pine Ridge siege. LEONARDPELTIER.NET

***Bryon Shane of Chubbock Clan**, #07909051, Usp Lewisburg US Penitentiary, POB 1000, Lewisburg, Pa 17837 Also known as "Oso Blanco." Serving 80 yrs for charges related to bank robberies to funnel money from banks to Zapatistas in Mexico.

***Wayne Spears** #64289080, PO Box 52020, Bennettsville, SC, 29512-5220. Native activist convicted of "explosives and counterfeiting US currency."

For a more complete online list of prisoners that the EF! Journal supports, check out: EARTHFIRSTJOURNAL.COM.

PRISONER BIRTHDAYS

Send a birthday card to these political prisoners. It's an easy way to help remind these freedom fighters that they aren't forgotten. If you make one, remember- don't use anything like white-out, stickers, tape or glitter on it. We also recommend that you put your name and address and their name and prisoner number on the card, lest the authorities "lose" the envelope and forget where it is going. If you would like to add a birthday or sign up for our poster mailing list, email us at ppbirthday@rise-up.net. Brought to you with love by the Chapel Hill Prison Books Collective. PRISONBOOKS.INFO

***Michael Davis Africa** #AM4973, SCI Graterford POB 244, Graterford, PA 19426-0244

Birthday: October 6, 1955

***Edward Goodman Africa** #AM4974, SCI Mahoney, 301 Morea Road, Frackville, PA 17932

Birthday: October 21, 1949

Michael and Edward are two of the people who make up the MOVE 9. There are currently eight MOVE activists in prison each serving 30-100 years after being framed for the murder of a cop in '79. The ninth, Merle, died in prison in '98. MOVE is an eco-revolutionary group dedicated to liberation struggles. ONAMOVE.COM

***Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin** #99974-555, USP Florence ADMAX, POB 8500, Florence, CO 81226

Birthday: October 4, 1943

Also known as H. Rap Brown, Al-Amin came to prominence in the '60s as chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and the Justice Minister of the Black Panther Party.

***David Gilbert** #83-A-6158, Auburn Correctional Facility, POB 618, Auburn NY 13021. **October 6, 1944.** Weather Underground member. Arrested '81, in a Black Liberation Army action.

Singular, indivisible, exactly itself,
a hummingbird awakens
in its nameless nest
what a moment to ponder!
that agonizingly slight moment
when the still bird
stirs, that mystic shy happening
across the careful nest,
when that particular creature,
in that particular tree,
in that particular wood,
rises to enter the deepening light.

NUMEN

by Teddy Macker

Armed With Visions

Clear as Cut Glass and Just as Dangerous

Through Seablood Islands
by Sara Watson

at the Shoal of Black Hair
the back and forth drift of the corpse of the bull shark
and the circle of moonlight
trapped in her eye

at the Bay of Fermented Coco Plum
the mournful song of the Chuck-Will's-Widow
and the panty smell of the black mangrove density

at the Estuary of Veins
a flash from the bioluminescence
agitated by our keel
and the purple wet brains
of mosquitos learning from us (miles away
our blood will fly through space)

at the cleansing of Salt-Killed River
several fat creeks singing of malaria
and two skies of withholding rain.
black vultures and black squalls
breaking the surface of midair

at the Key of Return
my companion's eyes are two manic jellyfish—
a .22 in the v birth—
laughing faces in the wind-stripped scrub trees
pointing, still after a long spell, away from a big wind



Using the Redwoods
by Steve Toth

The first redwood felled by humans
happened something like this
Some people were out taking a look
at the most magnificent tree in the grove
when they felt challenged to bring it down
First because no saws were big enough
to cut across the mammoth trunk
they put a crew together
of five determined men armed with augers
but they couldn't reach deep enough

Then their numbers swelled to twenty-five
driving wedges into the holes
which the augers had bored
but they couldn't pound hard enough
So they hung logs from the lower branches
& pounded the wedges with them
Two weeks later the tree still hadn't budged
until a moment when the workers were off site
on a meal break & a rogue wind gust blew it over

Then came the problem of how to use it
They smoothed off the stump & held
a Fourth of July cotillion there with 16 couples dancing
a band of musicians & twelve onlookers
all fitting nicely on its surface
Much of the wood had shattered when the tree fell
otherwise they could have built 22 five-room houses
They did build a hotel a bowling alley
& a flight of stairs to climb a fallen section

A lithograph of the cotillion was made & distributed
but the place never caught on
They never could figure why not

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dear shit for brains

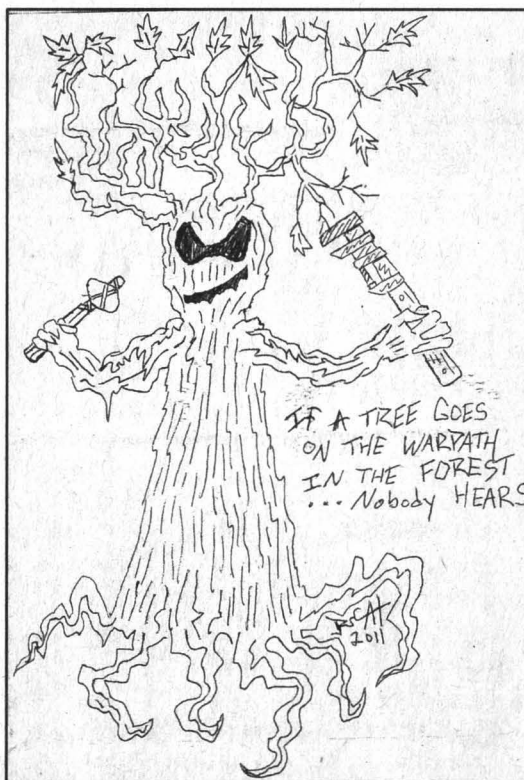
please keep letters to the editor to 300 words or less

Dear EF! J,

I got a notice in the mail to say how hard it has been for the *Journal* to come up with the necessary cash to do prisoner subscriptions. I will try to get money to you all, as I know how much the *Journal* is a life-line for me and is probably just as important for a number of other folks. Times are tough, everyone needs money and there's not much to be had. But print projects are and always have been a sinkhole for resources, and yet indispensable as a democratic, grass-roots outreach tool. Gotta have a voice for the movement, so we gotta make that happen. I want to help if I can and will try to send money from somewhere to cover my own costs at least, though it will have to wait a minute. I'm tapped presently, but not permanently.

As far as how the *Journal* looks, it's never looked so posh and it was chock full of history (it was nice to see things put into context and to see how campaigns developed over time), a mix of old and new stuff.... As always, I'm so proud of Earth First! and all it's achieved over the years, how many storms it's weathered (internal disputes), and yet saddened that despite our best efforts—we've had to face the fact of our losses. And even so, in the face of that, we know we can never give up.

We don't have the right to the luxury of despair; too much rests on continuing to fight. That makes me even more proud to have been a part of that (as Buffulo Trace EF! in Bloomington, Massasauga EF! in Michigan, and years before, the Zebra Mussel Alliance, a little group in Cincinnati fighting the Rockford Woods development). It was a beautiful piece of literature



and history that you made, and I thank you all for it. Thanks, too, for doing a page on me. That was really touching to be remembered like that.

Alright, well I'm going to try to catch the guard's attention at his round to get this in the mail tonight. So, thanks for everything and take care and please keep in touch when you can. You are my heroes!

Love,

—MARIE MASON #04672-061
FEDERAL MEDICAL CENTER, CARSWELL
PO Box 27137
FT. WORTH, TX 76127

Dear SFB,

From the death of fossil fuels and nukes and the birth of relocating electric grid internet blackouts, will emerge the 2nd American Revolution at a similar 18th Century tech level and hence an almost exact

replica of the 1st American Revolution!

The ecological American Revolution requires the abolition of the internet! But this can prove difficult when prominent, anarcho-primitivist theoreticians like johnzerzan.net, et al, claim they are underground.

Only offline can be underground and truly revolutionary. Offline American Revolutionary Benjamin Franklin founded the American Postal Service, which is more difficult and costly for the internet fascist authorities to surveil compared to the telephone and the internet.

Hand written letters (which are automatically historic documents) are the underground currency of the 1st and 2nd American Revolutions.

Love Live Anarchy!

—DAVID G. PEARSON

Friends!

Thanks for your beautiful and inspiring Beltane 2011 Issue. EF! is special to me because no one underestimates how low the fuckers go to harass, intimidate, eliminate those of us who actively oppose plundering the planet. I love to read about folks camping out in the woods, swamps, and deserts. I used to hike 20 miles at night and be laughing all the way home! But not any more. Not to be too paranoid, but look out for ticks—they're spreading a lot of diseases.

Timing on the Rony in the Northern Rockies is eerie with the oil in Yellowstone. How Terrible! I have few regrets, but one is I wish I had traveled to the Rockies and seen the Grand Canyon before I got sick. Enjoy it, *amor*.

From a tree grove surrounded by clearcuts,

—KW

SUCKERS... YOU'RE DOOMED!



submitted by Reality Check

Dear SFB,

Greetings! My name is Rachel Rakita I am currently incarcerated at SCI Cambridge Springs. I happened to find a copy of *Earth First!* in our recycle bin, and let me just say that it was love at first sight!

—RACHEL RAKITA #ON1484
451 FULLERTON AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA 16403

Dear SFB,

Poverty and the global crisis are related. The Earth is angry and it's beginning to strike back. The term Global Warming is an understatement. It's more like Global Turbulence, and that doesn't even cover it. Humanity is like a virus to the Earth. Your *Earth First! Journal* was like a breath of fresh air—I live in the Boston area, fresh air is hard to come by because of second-hand exhaust.

I support the *Journal* because I know it goes to a good cause. I'm working for a publication myself, besides being an Eco-Warrior in my own small ways. So we'll all hang in there and do the best we can. Every little bit helps; every spike, every blockade, every toasted SUV, every bicyclist too—like me, still pedaling at the age of 65.

Yeah, I'm one of the older people in the movement and I've seen the Earth change for the worst since

Dear SFB,

I've received the *Earth First! Journal*. Thank you so much! I am with other eco-prisoners here in Switzerland, and we are organizing a hungerstrike inside and with friends outside some initiatives against bio and nanotech and the techno-industrial domination. Inside/outside one struggle!

Thanks for the *Journal!*

A big hug,
—“BILLY” LUCA BERNASCONI
C/O REGIONALGEFÄNGNIS THUN
ALLMENDSTR. 34
3600 THUN, SWITZERLAND



I was young. But it's still my Earth and if it wasn't for Her I wouldn't be here. None of us would. She took care of us. Now it's our turn to take care of Her. Any way that we can.

For the Wild,
MARC
GOLDFINGER

To The Tribes,

The invader has no tribe so his roots can't go deep enough in the ground to reach the soul of the Earth so there isn't anything to keep him from going crazy. He thinks we surrendered to his war, but he's wrong. The invader can do a lot of things but he can't make his idea of the world make sense and he can't get people whose roots reach the soul of the Earth to surrender to those people whose roots don't go that deep. Now, when his idea of the world is breaking down, is a good time to win the war and give the Earth back to itself. Win the war by telling the truth and that's all. The invader thinks he already won the war. Now he won't be so sure.

The invader broke his word off the circle of life so he doesn't know words belong to the Earth. Tell him to put his word back on the circle before he talks the life out of everything. Don't let him talk until he puts his word back on the circle of life. If you let him talk, you're making a mistake.

Tell him if he breaks his word off the circle it will lose all its medicine so it can't heal anything. Maybe that will get him to talking. If he stops talking, the Earth has a chance. Tell him what a word is. If he doesn't know what a word is, he's only pretending to know how to talk anyway. Tell him if he stops pretending, he'll see the real Earth and that will heal him. Then when he learns to talk again his words will have their medicine. Then he can find his tribe. I want to talk about making a sacred village to heal the Earth and heal the people's wounds. Maybe it's time to sit down together in a circle and talk about what's real.

—SILENT THUNDER (M. BRIDGE)

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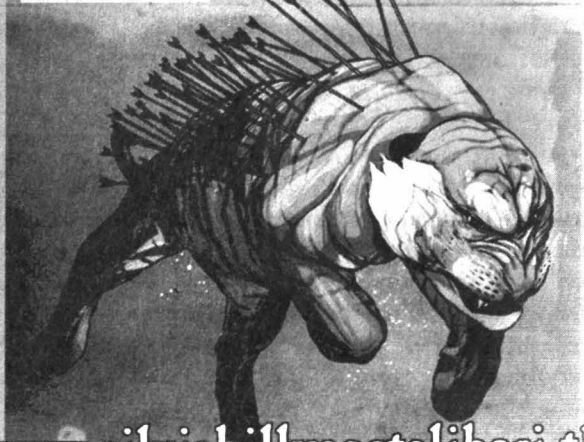
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corrections, apologies and other assorted groveling

From the desk of your humble Earth First! Journal Editorial Collective...

Corrections from Beltane 2011

Alright folks, if you haven't noticed, we are still getting the hang of this journal publishing thing down here in the Florida office. We might as well start with the most glaring mistakes: So, first off, the last issue, Beltane 2011, was only Volume 31, Number 3, contrary to what issue it said it was in three different locations; next, the Derrick Jensen book quoted on the inside front cover is called *Endgame* (not 'Endame'); the awesome artwork on page 50 was by Roger Peet of the JustSeeds Artists' Cooperative; the snare that caught the jaguar Macho B was set by Arizona Game and Fish Department, not the federal Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS), as a photo caption suggested; and finally, the amazing poet on the Armed with Visions page who wrote "Instructions To My Poem" is Lucille Lang Day (an apology also goes out to John Felstiner, who it was accidentally attributed to, just in case you've been trying to pass off as the author on that!)

Printing the Journal and EF! News

Some of you might have noticed that the last issue was not perfect-bound (meaning, with a spine, like the previous two issues) as we had hoped for. Nor were we able to get the *Earth First! News* out in the mail as anticipated. We are hoping another collective or accountable individual may take on this project. As it turns out, our dire financial situation has us cutting corners anywhere we can find. At this point, the *EF! News* will appear printed in the *Journal* and online four times a year. Our apologies go out to our subscribers without internet who were hoping for this

supplemental publication to keep them filled in.

For better or worse, our self-imposed austerity measures have yet to result in riots burning down the office (although some swamp-starved editors have their fingers crossed that a flame will catch a stack of edits-to-be-entered and send us running for the rope swing into the Loxahatchee River!)

Mad Props

We want to give a huge *thanks so damn much* to all the people who have stepped up to keep us going in this tough transition. It's tempting to name names, so you all can buy these people beers or take them out for burritos, but we find most *Journal* supporters aren't doing it for the recognition (plus they change names all the damn time anyway.) So, you know who you are. The Earth First! movement wouldn't be reaching out to hundreds-of-thousands of activists, revolutionaries, academics, prisoners and computer nerds through the *Journal*, and our online newswire, without you. Please, keep it coming. If you want to see a report of our current circulation, get in touch.

The sad truth about EARTHFIRST.ORG

And last but not least, if you have ever given money to EARTHFIRST.ORG, you should ask for it back and get it to an EF! project that is accountable to the movement. The person who runs that website has been discrediting us for years with out-dated, and often irrelevant, content. He continues to refuse movement participation in the website or transparency with the 'donations' he collects. Unfortunately, his site is the main place that comes up for people searching us out online. We're asking for your help in changing this. Again, you can contact us if you want more details.

ECO-ACTION CLASSIFIEDS

Looking to get your group, project or business exposure in the Earth First! movement? Send us a classified. Keep them to 30 words or less. If you'd like to get a larger ad space, write: ads@earthfirstjournal.org or call 561-249-2071.

WildEarth Guardians is on the frontline protecting wolves and other imperiled wildlife throughout the American West. We use science, the law, and grassroots pressure to demand environmental protection from decision-makers. Find out more at: WILDEARTHGUARDIANS.ORG

Ocean Defenders Alliance is grassroots nonprofit conservation organization based in Southern

California making coastal waters safer for marine wildlife primarily through the removal of derelict commercial fishing gear that threaten numerous species. For more info: OCEANDEFENDERS.ORG

New Voice in EcoPrisoner Support There is a newly formed organizing group of people working with non-cooperating individuals incarcerated for their actions in defense of the wild: *EF! Prisoner Support Project*, POB 163126, Sacramento, CA 95816. Email: EFpris@riseup.net

Looking for Journal editors! If you have movement experience and skills related to producing a publication, please contact us: collective@earthfirstjournal.org

Blue Anarchy & The Earth First! Journal

an editorial

I relocated to Lake Worth around the same time the *Journal* moved here, in November of 2010. I had ended an eight month stretch of traveling and was as unsure of my future then as I was when I started. I wanted to learn how to sail, and after reuniting with friends from Lake Worth at the 2010 summer rondo in Maine, I chose Lake Worth to pursue that desire.

The community here took me in, and I started volunteering at the *Journal* office. I spent half of my time helping out on the publication, and the other half trying to get a free sailboat. Because yuppies abandon their boats, derelict boats are often given away for free, anywhere with a bit of coast.

All of winter was spent squatting, sleeping on friends' floors, fighting pneumonia, and helping out with the Organizers' Conference at Fisheating Creek. It still amazes me that these Everglades Earth First! folks were able to relocate the *Journal*, publish the second edition of the 30th Anniversary issue, organize the OC and post-rondo action, all in the span of about 3 months.

Towards the end of winter, I was asked to be the newest short-term collective member. Also around this time, I got a sailboat and started living on it.

The boat I live on is a 26ft (8m) sloop, named *Witch of the Waste*, and is anchored in the Intracoastal Waterway, which stretches almost continuously from Miami to Maine. As long as a boat is not within the red and green channel markers, it can be anchored for free anywhere up the entire coast. I use a photovoltaic panel to charge a battery that I use for electricity, I live without refrigeration, and use a small fan. It's the closest thing to off-the-grid autonomy I have been able to attain. I have begun to scoff at amenities.

The more time I spend in the water, the more disdain I have for powerboats. Every day an innumerable amount of them speed through the waters I live in; their fast motors destroying everything in their path. It's a problem a well

placed hole in the hull just below the water line would take care of. Maybe a few thousand sunken ships would aid in the regrowth of the only living coral reef system in the US, the Florida barrier reef.

Sailing has been my reconnection with nature. The feel of wind rushing through the sails on a close-hulled tack, how truly blue the deep ocean is, the moment of panic as a squall approaches, the feeling of insignificance against an unwavering sea..... For me, it is not about mastering the seas, but rather working with them and adapting to them. I willingly lay myself before the mercy of the ocean.

Recently, three of us *Journalistas* took to a sailing trip in the Florida Keys to help move a friend's boat, *S.V. Dolphin*, up to Lake Worth. Being the only one of us with sailing experience, I was a bit nervous about our potential success. We encountered squalls, choppy seas, and cold rain. Panagiotti and I spent most of our days throwing up, as the heavy waves lapped against the starboard side. At one point, I lost nerve climbing the mast in the tumble, to re-rig the foresail halyard. It befell Russ to climb to the top, and his legs shook nonstop for three hours afterward.

Despite how it may sound, everything went well. Clouds kept the blistering sun obscured, there were steady, cooler winds, and at night the sky was full of stars, unobstructed by city lights.

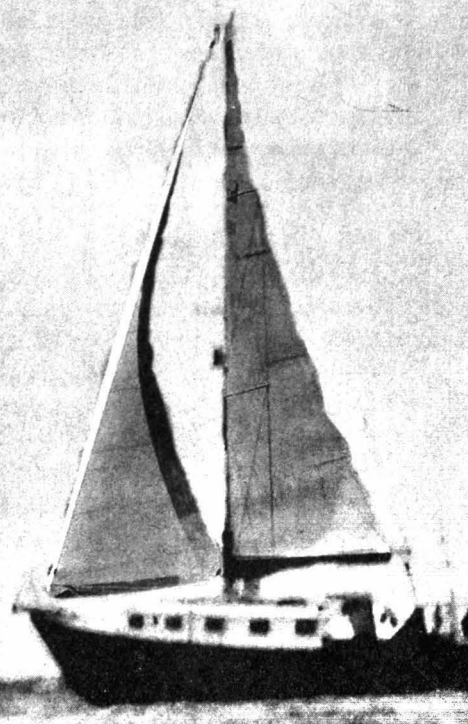
On the second night of our sail, we encountered a squall that pushed us over a shallow rubble pile. The rudder was damaged and our ability to steer was greatly hindered. We took a tow and spent the rest of the weekend in a boat yard. Through sheer determination (and the assistance of an unlikely yard employee that lived on-site) we labored on, tirelessly. In the end, the boat was fixed, and all things considered, the boat's owner, Brenna Bean, was pretty fucking cool about our tribulations.

Sailing is fucking hard, but it is absolutely beautiful, and I will

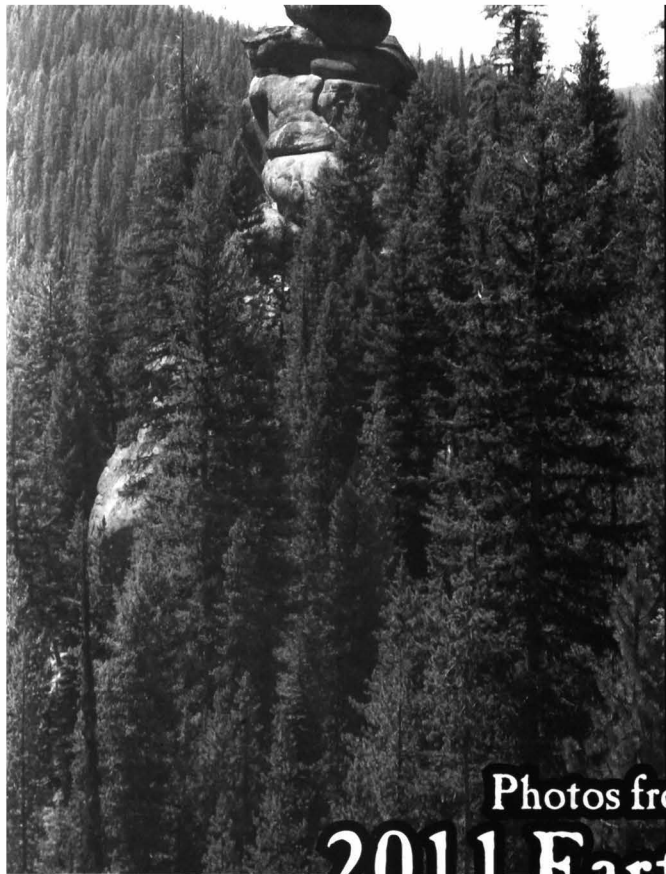
always think first about how it felt to be there, with friends, sailing by the light of the moon.

One day I will leave Lake Worth, and sail off into whatever troubles await me. For now, I gladly toil away many, unfathomable hours hunched over a computer in the darkest and hottest corner of the back room office. Working on the *Journal* affords me the unique opportunity of corresponding with my heroes, both in jail and out, reporting on the actions of our friends all around the world, taking an active role in one of the best functioning consensus processes I've encountered, and at the end of every day there is a part of me that believes, with conviction, that we are making a difference. So please, keep sending us your letters, we will keep getting your voice out there.

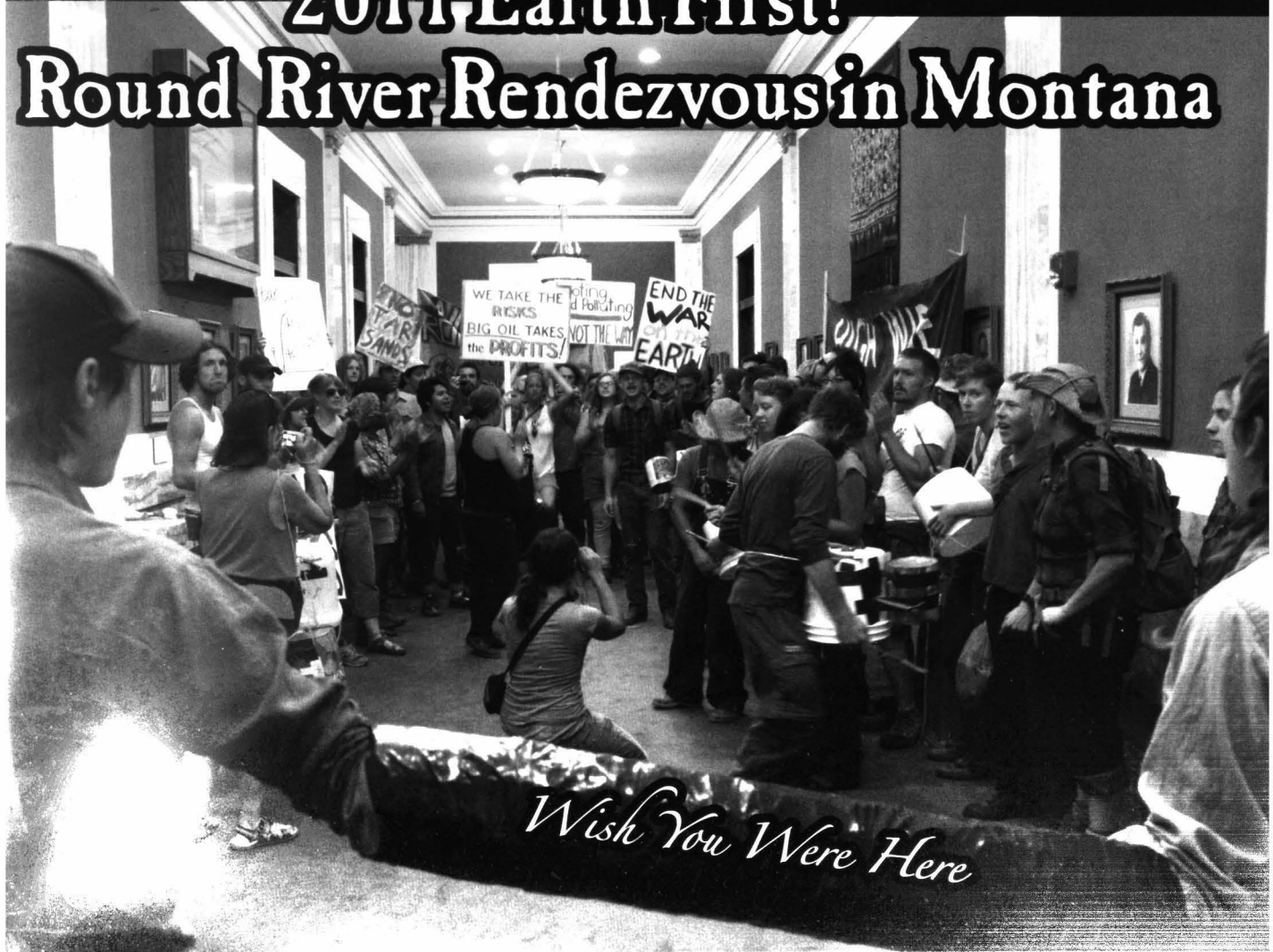
Fair Winds,
—Jackie Eyrie



photograph of *S.V. Dolphin*, courtesy of Brenna Bean



Photos from the
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