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Suggested citation: Davis, John, et al., eds., *Earth First!* 9, no. 5 (1 May 1989).
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EARTH FIRST!

BELTANE EDITION

MAY 1, 1989

Vol IX, No. V

THE RADICAL ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL

THREE DOLLARS

OLD GROWTH vs. OLD MINDSETS

by Mitch Freedman

The Pacific Northwest is now embroiled in perhaps the greatest environmental controversy in its history. The rich biological value of old growth (ancient forest, and the Northern Spotted Owl's connection to the forests, were generally not appreciated until the mid 1970s. Since then, efforts to protect the ancient forests have been largely unsuccessful.

The Oregon and Washington Wilderness Bills of 1984 failed to protect much ancient forest. The Forest Service (FS) and Bureau of Land Management (BLM) have shown their intentions by logging some 8

square miles of old growth each month in Oregon alone. Therefore, the battle has been fought in the woods. Earth First!ers, seeing the futility of timber sale appeals, have put their bodies down in the Kalmiopsis, Middle Santiam, Swauk Meadow, Illabot Creek, Breitenbush and other threatened areas. At the same time, tree spiking has become increasingly frequent. Some estimate that as many as 30 FS timber sales in Washington alone have been spiked in the last two years.

Meanwhile, the national groups postponed petitioning the US Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) to list the Spotted Owl as Endangered (a small New England

group, Greenworld, finally petitioned in late 1986), or suing the FS for failure to meet viable population requirements of the National Forest Management Act (NFMA). The groups feared political backlash from Oregon's powerful and diabolical congressional delegation.

But now — as the lawsuits have been filed, restraining orders have been granted, the industry has been embarrassed by its exports of unprocessed logs to Asia amidst cries of US jobs, and the national media has begun following the whole issue — it seems something is about to give. For better or for worse, ancient forest legislation will happen soon.

HOW MUCH REMAINS?

Ironically, even with all the lead time to the present old growth frenzy, we still don't know how much remains or where it stands. For years, environmentalists have been requesting that the Forest Service inventory old growth on National Forests. With their own interests at heart (what good is an informed public?), the FS never performed the inventory.

Admittedly, 'old growth' is a troublesome term. Rarely is it clear to what people are referring when they say "old growth," or worse, and more recently, "ancient forest." The FS set up an "old growth definition task force" to finally define it. The task force published its findings in 1986, yet the FS, even in forest plans released after that year, failed to use its definition. The FS instead left each National Forest to provide its own meaning, generally based on timber inventory data, such as "largesaw timber" (greater than 21 inch diameter at breast height [dbh]). Moreover, there has been no formal effort to define 'old growth' for forests in the eastern two-thirds of Washington and Oregon.

This isn't just a matter of semantics. It's the difference between millions of acres of natural growth (never logged, though perhaps otherwise disturbed), and about 350,000 acres of classic old growth (contains several trees over 40" dbh per acre). A recent report published by The Wilderness Society found that the FS had, through inconsistent definitions and old data (disregarding recent logging), overestimated existing old growth by as much as 125%. Furthermore, most of what's left is high elevation and/or heavily fragmented. The Wilderness Society report estimated a total of 1.2 million acres of old growth on the 6 National Forests in the Pacific Northwest that contain the bulk of the remaining stands. Most of this is fragmented beyond usefulness as old growth habitat.

In a 1988 appropriations bill, Congress instructed the Forest Service to find its old growth. But we won't have the benefit of that information for a couple years, and our protection efforts must happen now. To maintain a viable ancient forest ecosystem will require more than just saving the majestic big trees; we must save all unfragmented mature stands, and restore those degraded, to achieve a matrix of habitat capable of supporting populations of old growth dependent species in perpetuity. This will be difficult, not knowing where the forest stands are.

THE LAWYERS TAKE OVER

A turning point in the old growth struggle was when the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund (SCLDF) opened a Seattle office in 1987. Volumes could be written on recent effective litigation, but I'll describe only those suits now pending.

When the Fish and Wildlife Service refused to list the Spotted Owl as Threatened or Endangered, two things happened: SCLDF filed suit against the FWS; and Congress's General Accounting Office, at the request of a House committee, opened an investigation of the agency.

In November of 1988, Judge Thomas Zilly, a Reagan appointee to the Seattle Circuit Court, ruled that the FWS had been "arbitrary and capricious" in their decision to not list the species. No biologist — includ-

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Stella Reed sits locked to a front-end loader at the site of a proposed pumice mine in the Jemez Mountains, NM. See page 20 for details.

THE JEMEZ: A Fragmented Jewel

by Rich Ryan

The Jemez Mountains lie approximately in the center of New Mexico. They are the predominant feature of the region when viewed from space. The huge caldera and its surrounding uplifts and lava flows stand out dramatically on satellite photos of the Southwest. Yet they are youngsters compared to the other ranges in the area. Even the adjacent Nacimiento Mountains, on their northwestern edge, are millions of years older, having uplifted about the same time as the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, 65 million years ago. Together the Jemez and Nacimiento comprise the western half of the Santa Fe National Forest and include some two billion years of geologic history, four climate zones and nearly 10,000 years of human endeavor. An estimated 40,000-50,000 Anasazi sites dot the area.

One million years ago, glacial ice, fed by permanent snow fields, encircled the base of what was possibly the largest mountain on the North American continent. The caldera in the center of the range, which includes the sprawling Valle Grande and four other large valleys, was formed when the magma chambers under a 27,000-30,000 foot volcanic peak erupted and collapsed. Eruptions over thousands of years spread ash over a 1000 mile wide area. The final eruptions sent out nearly 75 cubic miles of glowing ash, to become the massive tuff formations that now dominate the plateaus to the east and south. The force of the blast has been estimated as 600 times that of Mt. St. Helens in 1981, sending rocks the size of cars as far away as Kansas and Oklahoma, and creating a caldera almost 15 miles across and 3500 feet deep. This is at least three times as large as any eruption in recorded history. Later volcanic uplifts created

domes, including Redondo Peak, that now separate the valleys of the caldera. Eventually a deep lake formed in the great basin, but it in turn filled with debris and washed out, creating the Jemez River and San Antonio Creek. What remained was a fertile area with streams, verdant forest, abundant wildlife, adequate rainfall, mild temperatures, and a surplus of flint and obsidian for tools and good building materials. Ranging in elevation from 5500 feet to 11,561 feet at the summit of Tschicoma or Santa Clara Peak, the Jemez was more accessible and less severe than the San Juan Mountains to the north or the Sangres to the east and was speckled with hot springs. It was an oasis in an otherwise arid landscape.

The white men also appreciated these qualities when they arrived; and this is why, today, the West Half of the Santa Fe National Forest is one of the most used and abused forests in the Southwest.

The Jemez Under Attack

Logging, grazing, mining, road construction, fire suppression and powerline corridors have fragmented the varied ecosystems in the past 100 years. Much of the Jemez country was in private hands as late as the 1960s, owned by large logging interests such as the New Mexico Timber Company; 100,000 acres, known as the Baca Location #1, which includes nearly all of the caldera, remains privately owned. The US Congress traded this land to the Baca family in 1860 in exchange for them relinquishing their claims on land in the town of Las Vegas. It is the largest inholding in the National Forests of the Southwest.

These private interests created an extensive road network for logging and grazing that today is causing serious erosion problems. Craig Allen, a landscape ecologist

doing research in Bandelier National Monument, concludes that "the pinon-juniper woodlands are in a state of freefall. Thousands of years of soil are being lost right now that will never be replaced. The rocky mantle of the Earth ... is being exposed."

Now that most of the Jemez is in the hands of the Forest Service, it should be recovering; but unfortunately, the agency cares more about providing lumber than about the land itself. The West Half of the Santa Fe NF is slated for so much cutting that almost no area outside of designated Wilderness will be left uncut. Cable logging will be used on steep slopes (greater than 40% incline), where the last undisturbed portions of the spruce-fir ecosystem remain. New management techniques will create an even-age monoculture void of the diversity necessary for many species such as the Jemez Mountain Salamander and Mexican Spotted Owl. The spruce-fir could die out completely, as its narrow elevation range and slow growth rate limit its regeneration capability. The irony of this destruction is that, according to their own Congressionally mandated economic review, the Forest Service will lose 80 cents on every dollar it spends to provide this timber to the industry. Insofar as sales on the Santa Fe are "deficit sales," or "below cost sales," we the taxpayers are financing the timber companies and the devastation of our forest lands.

Looking at the map of the 10 year timber harvest plan for the Jemez country, one sees that the only areas not slated for cutting either have already been cut in the past 8 years, lie in private hands, or are under Wilderness protection. Local environmental groups, including Elk Mountain Action, Earth First!, Audubon, Save the Jemez, and the Sierra Club, have appealed

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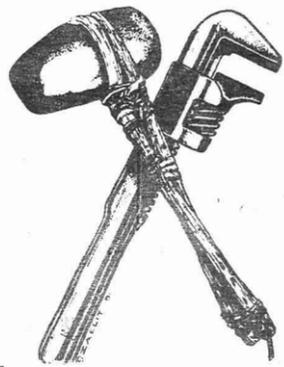
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ED ABBEY TO EARTH FIRST!

Mabon 1983

The undersigned deeply regrets that he cannot be here in the flesh — or what there is left of it. Pressing moral obligations and inescapable spiritual duties require my physical presence elsewhere — namely, floating down a river with some old cronies and a few dozen cases of beer in a godawful place called Desolation Canyon, Utah. Rejoice that you are here instead, under the blazing sun (or drenching rain) of the fairgrounds in Salt Lake City, Shithead Capital of the Inter-Mountain West. Although my feet, head, belly, etc., are out yonder, my heart is here with all of you posie-sniffers, toadstool worshippers, eco-freaks, earth-lovers, anti-nuke hardheads, environmental blowflies, FBI agents, innocent onlookers, Mothers for Peace and Winos for Ecology. You are the new salt of the Earth.

I am with you in spirit, whatever that means. And it does mean something. It means first of all that I wish to salute everyone who took part in the recent EF! road-blocking operations in the Kalmiopsis wilderness of Oregon. You are heroines and heroes and no praise for your courage, daring, and irrepressible good-will can express the admiration that we feel. I would like to name names, read the entire roll of honor, and if it were not for fear of overlooking somebody, I would do so. But you know who you are, and your pride in what you have accomplished should fill your hearts with a golden glow for the rest of your lives.

It is not enough to write letters to Congressmen, deliver sermons, make speeches, or write books. The West we love is under

violent attack; the Earth that sustains us is being destroyed. Words alone will not save our country or ourselves. We need more heroes and more heroines — about a million of them. One brave deed, performed in an honorable manner and for a life-defending cause, is worth a thousand books. At some point we must draw a line across the ground of our home and our being, drive a spear into the land, and say to the bulldozers, earth-movers, government and corporations, *thus far and no farther*. If we do not we shall later feel, instead of pride, the regret of Thoreau, that good but overly-bookish man, who wrote, near the end of his life, "If I repent of anything it is likely to be my good behavior. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well?"

Yes, we must continue to talk with one another and with our fellow citizens. We must continue to take part in political action, to reason with our adversaries, to think and meditate and develop a philosophy that gives moral justification to what we believe. But we must also be prepared to put our bodies on the line. Philosophy without action is the ruin of the soul.

We must stand up, speak out, talk back — and when necessary, fight back. The great powers ranged against us — industrial, governmental, military — may seem omnipotent. But they are not. If enough of us resist, fiercely enough and for long enough, the huge concrete wall of the Corporate State will begin to crack. Its dams are already beginning to crack — the very bedrock beneath them is crumbling — and someday soon, if the river of the water of life contin-

ues to flow, the State's dams will go down like dominos.

Concrete and asphalt and iron are heavy, oh, so terribly massive and heavy — but water is stronger, grass is stronger. So long as the light of the sun continues to shine, the green tough grass of life will continue to grow and to break through the dead heavy static oppressive barriers of the industrial prison-house. If we are on the side of life then life is on our side. And if we are wrong we might as well get down on our knees and crawl into our little separate cells in the Beehive Society of the Technological Superstate. But we are not wrong; the grass will overcome the cement. The continuity is all.

Meanwhile, a final homily: Let's keep our bodies strong and enjoy the world. Eat more crunchy granola. Climb those mountains, run those rivers, explore those forests, investigate those deserts, love the sun and the moon and the stars and we will outlive our enemies, we will piss on their graves, and we will love and nurture and who knows — even marry their children.

Turn on, tune in, take over. Let's keep our minds, our senses and our common sense strong also. Who's in charge here? We're all in charge: every man his own guru, every woman her own gurette. Who is our leader? We are all leaders. What is our program? Earth first, life first; power and profits and domination last.

Down with Empire! Up with Spring! We stand for what we stand on!

I thank you, partners.

—Ed Abbey

A VIEW OF THE VORTEX

Many readers have told us that 40 pages of *Earth First!* is the maximum they can stomach. Nonetheless, we have made this a 44 page issue, confident that the extra four pages devoted to Ed Abbey will be well received even by those inclined toward sloth.

Articles in this issue meriting special mention are too many to mention. So I won't. I will, however, recommend the letter to SFB by Lynn Jacobs and the anonymous essay in Ned Ludd. Lynn and Anon express views likely to become more common as conventional efforts to save ecosystems seem increasingly futile, and as civil channels are increasingly blocked by corporations and tainted by anti-abortion fanatics. Perhaps, as the two imply, it is time to start stressing the need for frequent monkeywrenching rather than stressing the need for monkeywrenchers to be cautious. Tactical monkeywrenching may in some situations be as appropriate as strategic monkeywrenching. Perhaps it is time for activists to speak openly (though vaguely and prudently) about ecodefense rather than talking about it in furtive tones as

though it were morally dubious. Maybe monkeywrenching needs to be made fashionable, so that *Outside* magazine will cease displaying muscular biathletes engaging in remarkably useless feats of physical prowess and instead display muscular monkeywrenchers showing their ability to, say, demolish an ORV with a sledgehammer in 90 seconds or desurvey a mile of road work in under 6 minutes. Perhaps *EF!* should be printing stories not about more mundane banner hangings but about the surreptitious exploits of roving bands of ecoteurs. On the West Coast, a few bands of this type seem to be afoot; but most parts of the country lack anything approaching guerrilla squads of ecodefenders in the tradition of the fictional (ostensibly) Monkey Wrench Gang and the real Eco-Raiders (active in Tucson in the 60s, until their leader was jailed after leaving a thumbprint on an incriminating postage stamp). The discussion on these issues generated by the aforementioned writings will be valuable for the movement. Consensus on these matters, of course, is not to be expected in *Earth First!* Indeed, to adapt the immortal words of Mitch Freedman, one of

EF!'s strengths is that it is both nebulous and multifaceted.

Along with Mitch and the usual West Coast rowdies, New York *EF!*ers are prominent in this issue. New York may soon become an *EF!* stronghold. In fact, so promising are the incipient *EF!* groups there that Kris, her husband Les, and I have decided to move to Upstate NY and open a new *EF!* Journal office. If plans materialize, after our August issue, you will be able to send all *EF!* correspondence and orders to one (!) address, in Canton, NY. Dale and Z will remain in the Tucson office and will continue to mail the paper and merchandise from here.

Our schedule will be abnormal for a spell. The RRR falls around the normal date for our Litha issue, so we'll delay that issue until after the fun, aiming to mail it by July 5.

Last issue we promised articles in this issue on Coors "Beer" by Tom Skeele, Wolf Action Group coordinator, and on the new *EF!*/Rainforest Action Network tropical timber campaign by Mike Roselle. Both Tom and Mike had to postpone their articles, however, so that they might be nearer their constituents: Tom has relocated to Montana; Mike has flown to Malaysia. Mike will later report on the rainforest conference there.

This issue, even more than most, leaves unsung the brave deeds of many activists. The recent actions on behalf of old growth forests in the Northwest and Southwest are too many to recount. So as you read the articles on Mt. Graham Breitenbush, Humboldt County and other areas under attack, realize that such stalwarts as Jean Ravine, Dwight Metzger, Karen Wood, and Darryl Cherney are creating conservation history, and their groups need your help to continue doing so.

—John Davis

Please send any newspaper clippings mentioning *Earth First!* or dealing with subjects of interests to us at POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703. Clippings about monkeywrenching of any kind would also be appreciated. Thank you!

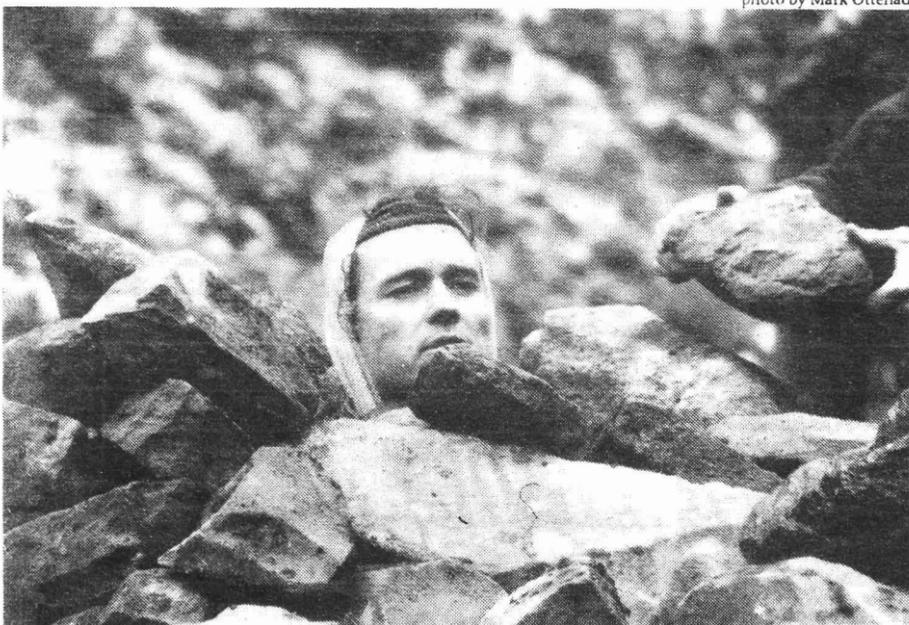


photo by Mark Ottenad

Leo Hund becomes one with the Earth in the Breitenbush blockade. See page 6 for details.

EARTH FIRST!
Beltane Edition
May 1, 1989
Vol. IX, No. V

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Although we do not accept the authority of the hierarchical state, nothing herein is intended to run us afoul of its police power. *Agents provocateurs* will be dealt with by the Grizzly Defense League on the Mirror Plateau.

Submissions are welcomed and should be typed or carefully printed, *double spaced*, and sent with an SASE if return is requested. Electronic submissions are even better, either on Macintosh disks or via Econer (login "earthfirst"). Art or photographs (black & white prints preferred, color prints or slides OK) are desirable to illustrate articles and essays. They will be returned if requested. **Please include explicit permission to reprint slides.** Due to our tight budget, no payment is offered except for extra copies of the issue.

Earth First! is indexed in the Alternative Press Index.

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Letters to the Editor, articles, photos, etc. for *Earth First!* should be sent to: *Earth First!*, POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703. Phone: (602) 622-1371.

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Mailing: Tucson *Earth First!* Group

SCHEDULE

Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal is published 8 times a year on the old pagan European nature holidays: Samhain (November 1), Yule (December 21 or 22), Brigid (February 2), Eostar (March 21 or 22), Beltane (May 1), Litha (June 21 or 22), Lughnasadh (August 1), and Mabon (September 21 or 22). Deadlines for articles are three weeks before the cover date. The newspaper is mailed Third Class on the cover date. Subscriptions cost \$20 a year. First Class delivery is available for \$15 extra a year. Surface delivery outside the USA is available for \$30; airmail delivery overseas is available for \$45 a year.

Dear Comrades,

Amidst the mourning and merry-waking, we make this warning:

The Biotic Baking Brigade of ¡Mirth First! first formed with the intention, among others, of delivering a lovely refried-bean pie unto the venerated visage of the late lamented author. However, he has since slipped our slapstick and is beyond the range of even more accurate pieflingers than the Relentless Fanatic. Heaven and Hell alike may turn him back at the border but the Earth will digest him as it does all. The frijole torte remains. It waits for the face of bigotry and fascism to show itself again, or for the crassest eulogist to the "anarchist" who loved borders. Nopale Ed knows no limits now. Neither do we.

Simply,

— Simon "Chico" Zapotes & BBB, ¡Mirth First!

Dear EF!

Ed was the writer, not me. But I feel the need to express my gratitude to Ed as an EFler. His support of the movement was invaluable. When I lived in Prescott, Ed came to do a reading for our group to raise money. We were fighting the Freddie and needed to draw the public into the process. He turned out a huge crowd, would not even accept gas money, and did a great reading - while feeling lousy with the flu, we later learned. Ed was totally committed to EF!, not only through his words. He did actions for EF! He put himself on the front line.

I have another tribute to make. I liked Clarke Abbey as soon as we exchanged hellos. My guess is that Clarke's love and support contributed heavily to the creation of the "Fat Masterpiece" (Fool's Progress), which was condensed from about 1500 pages. A long slow process since Ed did not use modern "complicators." He plunked out every word on an old manual typewriter. A labor of love. From both Ed and Clarke.

To both Ed and Clarke -- we're eternally grateful.

—Nancy Zierenberg

Dear Editor:

I must set the record straight. I did not write the letter to "Merde-Mind" published in your March 21, 1989 edition of Earth First! This letter is not correct nor does it reflect how I feel about your membership. It appears this letter was a cruel joke on you, your readers, and me.

It was wrong for the real authors to submit their personal beliefs under someone else's name. It was irresponsible that you did not verify that the letter was genuine.

— George M. Constantino, Malheur National Wildlife Refuge

Dear Shit fer Brains,

In Eostar SFB, Violet Martinez vehemently condemns the arson burning of the Dixon, CA, livestock auction building. At first glance, her letter seemed a sensible response to a senseless act. Upon closer inspection, I don't think so. Violet's defense of livestock producers has to make one question her priorities.

She argues that the sheep and hog producers who sell animals at the Dixon Auction run are just small-time, ma-and-pa operations. This just ain't so. Families may own most of them, but they are not harmless, folksy little enterprises. The environmental damage they do is extensive.

She infers that small producers necessarily cause a small amount of environmental damage. Consideration of historic China, Mexico, Italy, or Mississippi should dispel this myth. Whether people own a livestock corporation or those same people own farms and ranches individually, the environmental damage per unit of food is generally similar.

Violet also states that the Dixon Auction sells primarily sheep and hogs, which don't graze public lands. According to a source in Sacramento, the Dixon Auction sells some sheep and cattle from BLM and Forest Service lands in northern California.

Violet seems to infer here that a monkeywrenching target must have some public lands connection to be appropriate. Shit, half the world is privately owned, and this includes the Earth's most biologically important lands. Belief in the sanctity of private property is an invention by those who control and overexploit it for personal gain. Look at Central America, or California.

Indeed, California's private rangelands are the most abused of all ranches in the US, public or private. Even the US Soil Conservation Service says that 46% of California's private rangelands are in poor condition. Of the 50 states, Idaho is second with 29% of its private lands rated as being in poor condition.

Violet claims, "We need to support small farmers and owners of rangeland in California to help them resist the pressure for development." This is a standard song and dance of public welfare ranchers. How long shall we subsidize them before they sell

out? They usually sell out to larger agricultural interests, not developers, anyway.

Further, the bigger farming and ranching concerns are selling far more land to "the developers" than are the smaller. Should we support them, too? And the timber companies? And the oil and mineral corporations? And the thousands of small-time miners with patented claims. . . ?

Though we live in a growth-crazed system, it nevertheless necessarily relies largely on the principle of supply and demand. Whatever amounts of pork and lard the public demands, there will be that corresponding acreage in pig farms, somewhere. And, a certain level of growth will generate a certain level of development. Development stifled in one area invariably pops up in another.

The underlying monster isn't development, but human population growth together with unnatural modes of wasteful living. From these, all destructive human activities stem, including development, farming, and livestock raising. Farming and ranching are manifestations of humans' historic drive to conquer, acquire, and expand. In other words, farming and ranching are not alternatives to development, but additions to development.

Even while we oppose all new development, we must continue to ask the question: What kind of development will occur and where? I'd rather see a desolate sheep pasture filled with houses than a more natural area so filled. But, who says we have to accept one or the other?

Of course, from a stock animal's viewpoint, burning the Dixon Auction building was a fine action. Undoubtedly, the animals sold there were mistreated, during, before, and after the auctions. Granted, Violet's "puppy-lovers" are enough to drive one to pull wings off flies, but I get just as tired of people displaying their machismo(a), their "non-wimpyness," by callously accepting animal suffering so long as no wild carnivores are the victims.

All this is not to suggest that I consider the Dixon livestock auction building a high-priority monkeywrenching target. And, far be it from me to advocate anything illegal. Yet, consider the statement of Myron Openshaw, president of the California Cattlemen's Association, in response to the burning of the auction building and vandalism of CCA headquarters in Sacramento: "We condemn criminal activities of radical environmental terrorists in groups like Earth First! Property destruction is a criminal offense, and we hope these people are apprehended. Cattlemen are the true environmentalists and stewards of the land. Properly managed grazing practices help wildlife."

If you believe this crap, you may also accept Violet's lame arguments for giving ecotage against feral horses high priority. She claims feral horses and burros do "immense damage" in the Great Basin and Mojave Desert. Compared to that done by cattle and sheep, it's piddly shit. She claims horses and burros "range higher and further from water than cattle and thus are much more destructive of wildlife habitats." In reality, their wandering and herding nature, eating and other habits make horses and burros less destructive, head for head, than cattle. The riparian areas around which cattle — far more than horses — concentrate are the most biologically rich yet fragile habitats in the arid West.

She claims, "Feral horses are every bit as weedy and foreign to sagebrush country as are cattle." Wrong again. Horses actually evolved in North America (including sagebrush country, which was more grass than sagebrush until domestic stock were introduced) and disappeared only 8000 years ago — possibly at the hands of humans. Cattle are exotics in North America. There were an estimated 2-7 million feral horses in North America 200 years ago, and, together with perhaps 60 million Buffalo, 5 million Elk, 5 billion Prairie Dogs, etc., they did far less

damage than domestic stock do now. Today, there are less than 30,000 feral horses in the West.

Curiously, in her entire letter Violet has not an ill word for livestock overgrazing or range management. In the long-standing tradition of ranchers killing forage competitors to make room for more domestic stock, Violet advises readers to poison feral horses at water holes. I, too, advocate removal of feral horses and burros from the West's natural areas, but not before domestic cattle and sheep.

If you think the grazing industry needs yet another helping hand, follow Violet's advice. If you're looking for a more "honest ecotage target," consider the grazing industry.

— Lynn Jacobs, Tucson, AZ

Dear Earth First!

About a year ago I was defending deep ecology at the first Florida Green conference, and I was challenged by Ynestra King as to why I had never voiced my criticism of positions expressed in the *EF! Journal* that differed markedly from my own. My answer to her was that I had never felt the need of doing so, since all the fine diversity of opinion generally reflected fundamental convictions that I shared. Occasional crudities in the interest of humor are fine by me, and I somehow managed to tolerate Edward Abbey's sexism; and while I would not have taken the same stand for which Dave Foreman has been so widely condemned, I am so convinced of the centrality of the population issue in the problems we face that I have to admire his guts in dealing with it head on, something that too many leftists are afraid to do.

Over the course of the year, however, I have noticed certain trends that trouble me greatly, and I've decided I do have to speak out this time. My commitment to the Earth is both ecocentric and biocentric — in the end, I believe these attitudes are congruent. Meaning, I will fight to defend the biosphere, each component species, and individuals of those species all out of a profound respect for life, as a phenomenon we all share. I see life in balance as the goal we should aim for, and part of what that goal entails is a future reduction in the human population and in the populations of certain domesticated species which humans have unwisely expanded.

At the same time, however, I respect the lives of those individual organisms that are unwitting members of unsustainably large or inappropriately placed populations, from our own human societies to, yes, even the cattle on our public lands. Responsible solutions to our problems are going to be the result of intelligent human decisions to reduce these populations — including not only the elimination of welfare ranching but perhaps, someday, the phasing out of domesticated animals for human consumption altogether and their replacement on the lands they presently occupy by enhanced wildlife populations. Advocating wanton destruction of these creatures, however, such as the letter in the most recent *Journal* promoting the killing of wild horses (the horses? When the ranchers themselves hate them for competing with their profits and have already taken their numbers down to a few tens of thousands, while the cattle number in the millions? I don't deny horses may do damage in some places, and this should be prevented, but I recall an article by Craig Downer, in the *Journal* some years ago, in defense of wild horses; they were here for much of their evolutionary history, and they are living free — no wonder the ranchers hate them so much!) is a betrayal of the deepest value that I hold. Would those who propose the shooting or poisoning of horses, cattle, or whatever nonhuman species they choose to target advocate such an expedient solution for the problem of human overpopulation? If not, then their position is, ultimately, anthropocentric; if so, then it's simply barbaric.

Letters to the Editor



Letters to the editor are welcomed. Lengthy letters may be edited for space requirement. Letters should be typed or carefully printed and double-spaced, using only one side of a sheet of paper. Be sure to indicate if you want your name and location to appear or if you wish to remain anonymous. Send letters to POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703.

My understanding of "ecotage" is that it is a strategy of disabling the nonliving machinery of destruction — to buy some time until humans carrying out bad decisions with it can be reeducated — while conscientiously refraining from doing harm to living things, human or nonhuman. If "ecotage" comes to mean violent assault on life, then count me out.

— Ronnie Hawkins, Gainesville, FL

Dear Shit,

All taxpaying Earth First!ers should be outraged at how the federal government is spending their money at Glen Canyon Dam. In the top room of the visitors' building six video cameras have been installed. Two of them have infra-red. They operate 24 hours a day and photograph 360 degrees.

— Floyd Flood

Dear SFB,

As a frequent contributor to EF!, I sometimes receive postcards from someone called John Davis who apologizes for his "heavy editing" of my most recent masterpiece. Outrage yields to fear as for weeks until the next issue of EF! reveals how much "heavy" weighs. When I receive the *Journal*, as I did yesterday, outrage and fear become admiration and awe. You've done it again, John (whoever you are). You edited my gobbledy-gook and, lo and behold, it is a masterpiece (at least my mom thinks so)!

Seriously, folks, John Davis is a superb editor. If I ever write another book, I hope I can con John to edit it. Now, if only he'd eat raw meat. . . (he'll probably edit this last sentence).

— Jamie Sayen

Dear EF!

Dana Lyons' piece "Environmentalists & Big Game Hunter Consider Alliance" was a breath of fresh air. There are many people who hunt and eat what they kill who believe in deep ecology. You would be wise to tap into that source of support. We need all the allies we can get. You do not have to be a vegetarian to believe "no compromise in defense of Mother Earth!" Slob hunters are detested by the serious environmentalists among hunters. Most important was the point that habitat loss is the prime cause of diminishing wildlife, not someone who harvests a deer, butchers and eats it, tans the hide, carves the antlers, etc.

— E. King, Berkeley, CA

Dear SFB:

I am as distressed at what happened to Friends of the Earth as anyone. Yet I was considerably troubled by the essay by Hungry Coyote in the December issue: "The Corporate Takeover of Friends of the Earth — The Dream Is Over." The location of Coyote's heart is not at issue. Journalism, fairness, logic, and truth are.

Let me tick off some of the problems with the piece.

— "[Brower] led the Sierra Club's evolution from a genteel social club of 2000 hikers. . ." Gentility is in the eye of the beholder. The club's membership stood at about 7700 when Dave took over.

— "Brower's improbable choice [for a] successor, Edwin Matthews, a Manhattan corporate lawyer. . . with Coudert Brothers. . ." Ed Matthews was anything but an improbable choice, and he practiced law in Paris, not New York. Brower and Matthews had been friends and cooperators since the '60s, when they worked together to block construction of a restaurant in Central Park. Matthews had sparked the creation of FOE affiliate groups in France, England, and Sweden in the early '70s. He had always been a leading candidate to replace Dave when the day finally came. That his tenure ended in failure and he eventually turned against his former mentor doesn't change what went before.

— "In 1980, Brower yielded to the Matthews-led board faction and acquiesced to the appointment of former Capitol Hill lobbyists as FOE's administrators." Acquiesced is hardly accurate. The man who succeeded Edwin Matthews as FOE president was Rafe Pomerance, nominated by Brower himself.

— There are other trivial mistakes, not worth mentioning. Coyote does mislead readers by neglecting to report that throughout the '80s, FOE carried a large and growing debt, owed to members and various suppliers. Who was responsible for generating the debt, and how to extricate the organization from it, were topics that ate up hours of debate. I mention it because the main reason for the final laying-off of so many staff was ostensibly a need to pare back the budget. Political struggles went hand in hand with these debates, but the debt was real. Still is, for all I know.

In general, the piece is flawed by quotes that are attributed only erratically, by using only secondary sources (as near as I have

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Letters . . .

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been able to determine, el Coyote didn't actually interview anyone but relied on published accounts). It also gets into murky waters when it speculates on the motives of Edwin Matthews and his employer. If Coyote can prove his allegations, let him; innuendo and ad hominem attacks have no place in print.

As a life member and long-time employee of Friends of the Earth I remain distressed at the coup that drove Dave Brower and the rest of us out of the organization. I wish the organization well in its attempts at revitalization by way of a merger with the Environmental Policy Institute and the Oceanic Society.

As a journalist, I find the article at hand terribly irresponsible.

Coyote's reason for remaining anonymous, by the way, is horseshit.

— Tom Turner

The writer worked for David Brower from 1968-69 at the Sierra Club, got fired, then worked at Friends of the Earth from 1969 to 1986. He is currently staff writer for the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund in San Francisco.

Dear Shit fer Brains,

Been gazing at the ol' directory, and noticin' that there ain't much room left, and so been ponderin' what we talked 'bout some time back, that is, doing something different with the directory. Let me toss a couple'a ideas 'round. How 'bout if we just carry updates on a regular basis, then twice a year carry the whole shebang? In such case, let's say the equinox issues, spring and fall, would carry the full directory. The fall issue would be the cull issue, and those that notified me between rendezvous time and September First! (say, how 'bout a new calendar action group, the Calendar Radical Action Project, [CRAP]?) would be listed. Then each of the next three issues would just carry the new or added listings. People looking for a specific address would be advised in the heading to check the last complete listing, or contact me, preferably by postcard.

The other idea is to run more info on a line. There's a hell of a lot of wasted space on the directory page. If anyone has preferences on a mode of operation, let me know. Hope we can jog some alcohol-paralyzed brain cells loose in folks who will come up with other ideas.

— Bob Kaspar, Madison, WI

Dear Feces For Frontal Lobes:

I OBJECT to you giving valuable space to that life-hating Tom Stoddard on a regular basis. Those who read *EF!* are likely to be the convinced so far as ZPG and birth control are concerned. Those who need to hear that message are unlikely to read, or read English, or read *EF!*

What is invaluable about *EF!* are your excellent pieces on environmental struggles, with addresses we can write to. Half-assed "philosophy" a la Stoddard we do not need.

I am most concerned that *EF!* has been unable to find a source of recycled paper. No, I DON'T want it to be \$30 a year! I couldn't afford it and I know many others could not.

I am very aware of paper use, since I am a composer and writer by trade and hence a big user of paper. Let me urge you, BEG you, to do a MAJOR article SOON, not only on paper RECYCLING but also on POSSIBLE ALTERNATE METHODS OF PAPER MANUFACTURE. It is insane to be making paper out of trees when it can be made of any vegetable fiber — rice, flax, etc. I understand that in Cuba they make it from the bagasse, the inedible detritus from sugar cane.

This raises questions of land use and the retooling of machinery — and things like the use of toilet paper (not to mention sanitary napkins and throwaway diapers). In the Muslim world they wash instead of using paper — which is probably more sanitary.

These are questions of enormous changes — and I'd much rather see them raised than read Stoddard's ravings.

I'd like to see a discussion about FAX. I understand the transmission is very low power use. Perhaps, in the long run, FAX would be more energy-efficient to transport mail. I don't know — but let's have a discussion in *EF!*

— Joanne Forman, Ranchos de Taos, NM

Dear Editor,

The 'Human Horde' column by Tom Stoddard in the Eostar edition was an overdue class act on the subject. The single item which manages to have both the highest level of negative impact on the environment and the lowest level of attention in 'The Environmental Movement' is overpopulation.

It is also the area where many 'environmentally aware' people are most open to charges of hypocrisy. There are many of
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these people in the awkward position of having to profess a desperate need for worldwide population control and then having to defend their own irresponsible reproductive habits. It's a bit like claiming to be a pacifist and then being discovered to be a closet hunter.

The planet is grossly overpopulated now. All other global problems — environmental, political, and otherwise — can be resolved or significantly ameliorated by just reducing the population. (Reducing the rate of growth is not enough.) This is true even if we are so stupid as to take no other action regarding environmental issues.

The first change which must occur, and the one that has the most resistance to change, is that we must dismantle the social and religious justifications now in place which encourage our acting on the primal drive to reproduce. Irresponsible reproductive behavior (and this is any more than one child per couple for the lifetimes of each member of that couple) requires at minimum the same level of religious, social, and legal sanctions that we now accept, and indeed demand, to control the equally primal drives of irresponsible sexual and aggressive behavior.

At present we don't even have sanctions against irresponsible reproduction as strict as we have against irresponsible driving, even though in the long run irresponsible reproduction can kill the entire planet, not just a few folks on the L.A. freeways.

In addition to the need for religious, social, and legal sanctions against irresponsible reproduction, here are a few more 'modest proposals' to reduce the global population: All governments must financially reward all those who remain childless, or have at most, one child; and penalize those who do not. Rewards could include cash, land, tax breaks, etc., with the highest reward level going to those who voluntarily get sterilized and adopt children in need. Penalties could include higher taxes and the withholding of any government support for more than one child (except in the case of adoption). In extreme cases of irresponsibility, both parties involved would undergo mandatory sterilization. It is absurd to be able to legally remove a child from irresponsible parents, while not being legally able to prevent those people from becoming parents again. And, of course, all contraceptive measures should be free and readily available to all ages.

We claim to value the human being as the highest manifestation of life, but nothing that is over abundant is ever valued highly for long. If diamonds were as common as gravel, we would use them to line the leach fields of our septic tanks. So it is now with people. There are simply too many of us, for us to be diamonds.

I don't think enough of us on the planet are evolved or altruistic enough to make these choices and to accept the responsibility we have for the future of the planet. This, depressingly enough, may be the pinnacle of human evolution. Our only real hope may be that we will be visited by a benign race of aliens who are kind enough to put something in the water that makes everyone on the planet sterile for alternating twenty year cycles. (Any *EF!* biotechies out there on the 'Active Duty' roster?)

— Evan Stallcup, Flagstaff, AZ

Dear manure for cranial matter,

A lot has been alluded to in your mag about ditching technology and reducing consumerism so I thought you might like a few personally tried methods. Ditch your car — a monster of toxic metal and plastic. So you can't get to your job? Quit. You'll stay more in touch with your immediate biosphere and the poverty will keep the consumer addictions in check. In the city, squat, dumpster dive your food, clothes, everything! Trade your stereo for an instrument and make music. In the country, garden. Throw out your CFC laden fridge and dig a hole for carrots potatoes apples. Dry food. Can. Homebrew beer and wine. Homeschool. Home doctor. When you have to birth, home birth. Trade power tools for handtools and do some quaint craft for rich yuppies.

Without electricity you feel the seasons, taste the seasons and community supplants video fix. Not having a car when you live in the woods forces you to do all of the above.

We need technology as much as we need bigger oil spills. The choice is ours to make.

— Thatguy Yoonoe, Myra, W. Virginia

To the Editors:

In reaction to Exxon's role in the recent oil spill, I decided to return my credit cards and to boycott its products. I am hoping that this might become a mass tactic.

— Daniel N. Graham, Chapel Hill, NC
Those wishing to send nasty letters, dead salmon, shredded Exxon credit cards, or Exxon boycott announcements should write to: Law-

rence Rawl, Chairman, EXXON Corporation, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

Dear Shit for Brains,

Regarding Dolores LaChapelle's article "No I'm Not an Eco-feminist: A Few Words in Defense of Men" (Eostar 1989), thanks for setting me straight. I thought that ecofeminism was about recognizing and healing those nasty little connections between the oppression of the Earth and the oppression of women. Now I know, because you told me so, that eco-feminism is about out-competing the boys at eco-rape (you know — capitalism, etc...). I thought that feminism was about freeing women and men from sexual stereotyping so that we all had a chance to reach our potential — no matter what direction it led us. Now I know that feminists just want everyone to fit into the role of "mother-and-child." And thanks, Dolores, because now I know that since I am between the ages of 15 and 45 I am incapable of making good decisions that affect the future of a group, or the planet. So don't expect me to come to any more of those boring organizational meetings for that big action, I'm too paranoid. . .

Seriously, you may not like labeling, but it's obvious that when you read "feminist" a wall goes up in your brain and blocks your ability to fairly analyse what you are reading. Yes, like the environmental movement, the women's movement is very diverse and some feminists are blindly focused on playing the Industrial Growth Society's games, but don't throw out the whole movement on that account. After all, some people did manage to quit The Wilderness Society. Eco-feminists, a small part of feminism, are radically active in the vast effort to end the war against the Earth. We also understand that the oppression of women is directly related to that war. Raping women or forests, it's all the same attitude in Western society. Eco-feminists aren't against men, we're against the exploitation of women and of the Earth. The dominant paradigm, which devalues the Earth and women, must be subverted and rebalanced with an infusion of traditionally "female" values, like nurturing and worrying about the physical and emotional health of the group (and of the planet). In fact, the experience of parenthood may teach those values to people, instead just of making women paranoid like you suggest. What you term paranoia is simply the parent's new awareness that they are responsible for more life than just their own — a very healthy basis for making decisions that affect the future, and one lacking in our society as shown by the rate of deforestation.

Yes, Dolores, male and female energies and values need to be in balance, both in society and individually, but your article did not contribute in any constructive way to that end. Frankly, I found it to be incoherent nonsense that the editors should have had the sense to junk.

With all due respect,

— Jean Crawford, Albuquerque, NM

Dear *EF!* Journal & Faith Walker:

I was delighted to see the picture of Mt. Whitney and a jet in the Brigid Edition of our journal. This inappropriate use of wilderness space needs publicity.

When Ms. Walker appropriately came to the Ranger Station in Lone Pine I could have easily been the "Forest Ranger" she talked with. I hope I didn't sound uncaring, but if I did, it was born out of a feeling of frustration.

This "jetting" has been going on for a number of years. If I had the power the public seems to think I have, *Earth First!* would not be needed. But telling only me about the problems will not get the word to the appropriate "authorities."

I do tell visitors to write the District Ranger. I do know that the letters are read and then when they also deal with another jurisdiction (in this case Sequoia-Kings Canyon NP) they are sent on. I do know SKNP keeps a tally of these reports and does let the bases (not just China Lake) know the public reactions. Unfortunately getting the pilot's name, picture and jet ID, to really name and nail the lawbreakers, is impossible.

Why our District Ranger didn't respond, I don't know. He is one of the best DRs I've seen and is very concerned about wilderness impact and following the regulations that protect it from ourselves.

There is nothing more I can do but sympathize and write my own letters. I sure the hell won't do any "Jet Spiking" or shoot it down because then I'd get 20+ Sierra Clubbers wanting to troop in to clean it up and impact the area more than the jets flying over!

— Clark Trowell, Lone Pine, CA

Dear Shit For Brains,

I read with interest the article by Wild Rockies *Earth First!* in the Yule edition. Having grown-up in Billings (well that's not

really true — never have grown-up) Anyway where was I. Having lived in Billings (not true again, no one really lives in Billings) Well at least having spent a lot of time in Billings Montana I would like to put in my two bits about Mr. Conrad Burns, Montana's new junior senator. Please never underestimate him. He's the God fearing Luthern that got the Yellowstone County Commission meetings opened with a prayer. We all know the view of those God fearing politicians of this world!

Mr. Burns most disturbing character flaw may be his very close ties to the livestock industry. We're talking salavation on command. The "good old boys" in the grazing business have always paid his salary, so "he owes em." I'm sure Mr. Burns will start sucking-up the minute he hits old D.C. (As a matter of fact wasn't that our boy standing in front of the cameras the opening day of the new session with an opinion already?) Let's watch this clown real close, he deserves it.

One last plea. Since moving to north Idaho I've sort of lost track of any other *Earth Firsters* so if you need a place to stay while traveling this way look me up. Always got lots of room and the coffee is always on.

— Bill Bandel, 3245 Hwy. 95 N, Sandpoint, ID 83864.

Dear Shitfer -

David Abram's article on the NABC III congress in BC, Canada in the Samhain 88 *EF!* Journal brought the event alive for me. His report reflected impressions of the gathering that I had received second-hand.

The part of the gathering which made the greatest impression on the attendees seemed to be the cultural side of the convocation: the music, the masks, the communications between species. The actual business of the NABC III, rewording resolutions passed at previous congresses, did not seem to be the most inspirational part.

I consider myself part of the bioregional movement (whatever it may be) and thoroughly endorse the idea of bioregions and all the cultural ramifications that idea implies, and I think David accurately caught a flaw in the congress that reflects a problem in the bioregional movement as a whole. The last sentence of David's piece reads:

"While *Earth First!* does the urgent work of resistance, tossing monkeywrenches into the gears of the industrial juggernaut, bioregionalists are beginning to work out, slowly and by an often bumbling process of trial and error, the ways we might begin to live once the megamachine grinds to a halt."

The idea that bioregional people are putting together a cultural framework, which will magically spring into manifestation, fully developed and functioning, after the *EF!*ers "stop the machine" is idealistic and unrealistic in the extreme and would create a false dichotomy between the work being done now to save the Earth and the developing culture that will supersede modern-day industrialism. However, there seems to be a sense in the bioregional movement that we have the leisure to take that route.

Things just don't work like that. The bioregional culture of tomorrow, if there is to be one, is what is arising in the course of the actions of today. And the most important action today is saving *habitat* — wide expanses of uncontaminated land and water that are, first, the life support system for Gaia, our planet, and second, the basis for all life, wild and human, as it proceeds in its genetic evolution.

As it was for the native cultures of Turtle Island, the land will be the basis of the new bioregional culture, if there is to be one, and relationships with other species are what will give the new culture depth and meaning. The Indians were defeated when their land was taken away, and we also must have land. The forms of the human culture to come will be determined by the new values and relationships that are being established in the course of today's actions to preserve and restore ecological communities.

The idea of "bioregions" can be of great value in inspiring the process of change. Yet if we do not recognize that the actions we need to take today and the culture we will live with tomorrow are one and the same, we will doom the bioregional movement to irrelevancy — "death by diddling" — victims of our own mental masturbation. There is no place for an intellectual elite who remain aloof from the real action to "save themselves" virgin-pure for "after the revolution." There is no "after the revolution." Mahatma Mohandas Gandhi, one who definitely was willing to get down and dirty, said, "We must be the change we wish to create."

As bioregional people and deep ecologists, we will be able to work more effectively if we temper our cultural theories in action and reinforce our action with cultural change.

— David Wheeler, Katiah Province, Appalachia Bioregion

OLD GROWTH . . .

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ing the agency's own experts — had agreed with the decision to not list. The FWS has until May to reconsider.

In February of this year, the GAO issued its report. It found that high level officials within the agency and Department of Interior had interfered with the listing process for the owl. The GAO also found that, in conflict with the Endangered Species Act, nonbiological considerations (read "political/economic") had factored into the decision to not list. This report contributed to the removal of Frank Dunkle, Director of FWS, in March. Ominously, James Cason, Bush's recent appointment to Assistant Secretary of Agriculture (overseeing the Forest Service), has been fingered by Rolf Wallenstrom — then-Regional Director of FWS — as one of the high Interior officials who applied pressure to not list the owl.

It is now likely that the Spotted Owl will, come May, be listed at least as Threatened throughout its range, and Endangered in parts. Unfortunately, an actual recovery plan, which would protect habitat, is a long way off.

LAWYERS PART II:

TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY

Back in 1984, National Wildlife Federation appealed the Forest Service Regional Guide for Region 6. The appeal went all the way to then-Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Douglas McCleary (timber beast), who decided that the agency would have to do an environmental impact statement on the Spotted Owl, but that all other points in the appeal would be dropped. From that day on, the owl has taken all the heat for the old growth issue.

In December of 1988, the FS Chief finally signed a Record of Decision on the Spotted Owl EIS. Immediately, everyone and their lawyer appealed the plan. (Appellants included the state of Washington; but in the political heat after the state's appeal, Governor Booth Gardner — a Weyerhaeuser heir — changed his tune to pro-jobs, and the state never filed suit to follow-up their appeal.)

The Assistant Secretary of Agriculture denied all appeals — in effect, forcing the owl issue into the courts. So, the industry filed suit in Portland — saying that the plan will have too big an economic impact and is based on insufficient understanding of the owl's biology. SCLDF filed in Seattle, primarily basing its claims on NFMA violations — the plan would not provide for a viable population of owls. On February 17 in Seattle, Justice William Dwyer heard motions for injunctions from both sides.

Dwyer rejected the industry's arguments that the plan should not be put into effect. The conservationists asked for an injunction against the FS selling any more sales in Spotted Owl habitat until the suit could be resolved. Dwyer said he needed site-specific information, and wouldn't make a blanket ruling.

Within a week, SCLDF presented the judge with some 140 sales in owl habitat. Dwyer issued a Temporary Restraining Order removing all these sales from the agency's timber program until the case is heard in June.

SCLDF and others also have a suit against the BLM in Oregon, where that agency is destroying vast amounts of Spotted Owl habitat on re-vested O&C Railroad grant lands. This suit is based on restrictions in the Migratory Bird Act under which the owl is protected.

These legal actions, coupled with the massive log exodus to Asia (discussed below), have shocked old growth dependent mills — many of which were already fated to suffer timber shortages sooner than they'll admit. Timber prices are now being bid up

faster than in the late 1970s market boom. From mid March to mid April, log prices have nearly doubled.

THE STATE LEVEL

While all the above is occurring in the federal arena, the states also own and log forests, partially supporting school construction with the revenue. In Washington this has led to some interesting political dances.

About 5% of Washington's owl habitat is on state (Department of Natural Resources [DNR]) land. A crucial chunk of this amount is on the state's Hoh-Clearwater Block on the west side of the Olympic Peninsula. This area, ravaged by past decades of logging, is a critical habitat link between Olympic National Forest old growth to the north and south.

The Washington Department of Wildlife has been in a trench war with the DNR over timber sales in owl habitat in this 270,000 acre fragmented forest. The WDW Nongame Division is excellent on this issue; but the DNR, with its devious Commissioner, Brian Boyle, holds the cards. Even though Washington lists the species as endangered, the state has no endangered species act to give that designation teeth.

Undoubtedly, before the battle is resolved, some politicians on the national level will pose as old growth champions — and become popular doing so. The state governments of Washington and Oregon, however, being tied to the industry, will probably remain against the owl.

Indeed, in March, the Washington Senate considered a bill that would force the DNR to immediately log all its old growth. This is, of course, logistically impossible, but a watered-down version of the bill did pass. State representatives sent mailings to their constituents pitting "owls against kids." These mailings actually publicized a demonstration by loggers (which occurred in Olympia, and was countered by EFlers and others).

The WDNR is dominated by timber beasts. Several DNR employees entered an anti-owl float in the July 4th parade last summer in Forks, the so-called "logging capital of the world." Washington EFl has protested the DNR several times.

In Oregon, the state legislature has passed a ban on all whole log exports from state land. However, as trade is a constitutional issue, the US Congress must act to give the state authority to do this. Such an action has been initiated (see below).

MOUNTING TENSION

Amidst this fury, some have taken a pragmatic approach to stopping the logging holocaust. Spiking is rampant, but what is infuriating the loggers more is the equipment damage. In Whatcom County (west side of the North Cascades), several hundred thousand dollars of damage has occurred (several incidents) in recent months. Plum Creek (Burlington Northern) suffered considerable damage, supposedly near and on the weekend of the WEF! spring gathering.

Most of the damage has been at prime target federal timber sales. Yet much has also occurred on private lands, second growth operations, even gypo log shows. The latter is the sort of non-strategic "vandalism" that *Ecodefense* warns against; it comes with a cost.

Washington loggers are livid. Loggers have begun to organize here, as they had already in Montana and Oregon. In early April, 300 log trucks and several ranchers paraded through Omak (near last year's RRR site) against a lawsuit that has bound up most of the Okanogan National Forest cut and against monkeywrenching. The sheriff of Okanogan County, Jim Weed, appears to be using fear-of-EF! for his own political

ends.

Enforcement efforts have been redoubled, if press statements are to be believed. A vigilante trend is running through the logging community now. Lou Gold, in a recent appearance in Gifford Pinchot National Forest country, was greeted by scores of boisterous men *in suspenders!*

Loggers attended a recent talk I gave to the Audubon Society in Bellingham. Coincidentally, an article about the recent flurry of equipment damage ran in our local paper the day of my talk. I was quoted therein saying that monkeywrenchers aren't born, they are created by situations. The loggers didn't appreciate me blaming their forestry practices for the ecotage.

Communication between loggers and environmentalists has broken down in the past month. Even people like Robert Pyle, author of the excellent book *Wintergreen*, accustomed to good relations with neighbors in his small logging hometown in southwest Washington's Willapa Hills, have lately noticed relationships chilling. The sources of the tension are concerns about jobs, owls, spiking, and money, and loggers' fear that they face hard times.

The timber industry is eagerly aggravating this situation with propaganda campaigns in small communities. By directing their workers' eyes toward Spotted Owls and insensitive environmentalists, they're able to continue sneaking the last logs onto Asian ships.

On a recent radio broadcast, a logger said, "The people at Hanford (a nuclear plant now being shut down) are engineers — they can be retrained. Loggers can't do anything else." This is a real problem, and one that the corporations have no interest in resolving. If we are not sensitive to it, any protection for old growth will be short-lived.

LEGISLATIVE THREATS

Though our eventual hope for saving the remaining ancient forest is through the US Congress, there also lies our greatest danger. The faster the Northwest pot boils, the more likely it is that Oregon's Senator Hatfield will cook up some law to exempt the Spotted Owl from the ESA, or circumvent NFMA or NEPA (National Environmental Policy Act).

Even if Hatfield does not enact some such diabolical scheme, and even if favorable protection legislation passes, areas not contained in the bill will probably be destined for the mill. Unlike the Wilderness Bills, in which we've succeeded in getting "soft release" of areas not included (meaning that these places don't necessarily get cut; they must still be considered for wildlife and recreation value), a bill intended to finally put to rest the ancient forest issue will almost certainly contain "hard release" (read "clearcut") language.

The best way to combat both these threats (note that both come from the Northwest delegation) is to expand support for ancient forests nationally — even internationally. Already it's a national issue, with coverage in *Time*, the *New York Times*, TV news, etc; but this support must be solidified on the grassroots level. We need a national network of people ready to demand from their elected representatives the support for or squashing of ancient forest legislation.

That is the purpose of the Ancient Forest Rescue Expedition. Our networking of informed grassroots people, coupled with similar work by Lou Gold and others, will help us control the meddling of hostile politicians.

INTERNATIONAL ISSUE

Ancient forest is implicitly an international issue for two reasons. One is that Canada is destroying its old growth even

faster than the US. The other is the exports issue.

In British Columbia, Canada, because of the absence of environmental laws and the industry bias of the present provincial government (the Forest Minister is from an industry coalition), the situation is bleak. The issue revolves around "hotspots," specific places where environmentalists, such as Western Canada Wilderness Committee, can focus public education efforts.

Each of these places, including the Stein watershed, Carmanah Creek, Meares Island and Shelter Inlet (the latter two in Vancouver Island's Clayoquot Sound), is a story in itself. Most of them involve native land claims, because the laws relating to Indians are far stronger than those on environment. Though we can be optimistic about these specific battles, we're losing the general war in BC.

In that province, 95% of the land is "Crown land" — meaning it is owned by the provincial government. Those lands that are forested are granted to huge corporations in open-ended contracts called "tree farm licenses" (TFLs). The corporations, including MacMillan-Bloedel and New Zealand's massive Fletcher Challenger, then control the land, free. They cut the trees, then — in the few areas actually replanted — the province generally pays for replanting. In BC forests, there is a fine line between subsidization and corporate ownership of state.

Already, over 1/5 of the province is in TFLs. The Forest Minister is trying to get the balance divided. A recent article in the *Financial Times of Canada*, the nation's largest financial paper, said the industry is finally getting tough with tree huggers. This means multi-million dollar ad campaigns, and rampant government graft. It seems the industry fears changing times and attitudes and is trying to get its take before the reckoning.

Both Canada and the US export whole (unprocessed) logs, but the Northwest US exports a far higher proportion of its timber. Having a law limiting timber exports to surplus — beyond mill capacity — timber, only about 3% of BC's cut goes abroad; and in early April the provincial government slapped a 100% tax on any whole log exports. In contrast, the Northwest US exports some 7 billion board feet annually, much of it unprocessed.

Washington state is the leader in wood exports. Some 40% of our cut goes to Asia. Timber exports are now a matter of much debate in Northwest politics.

In 1988, Oregon Representative Peter DeFazio and Washington Representative Don Bonker introduced legislation in the US House that would have allowed states to regulate exports. The bill didn't even get out of the committee that Bonker himself chaired. Moreover, Bonker lost a bid for the Senate, and now is gone. Yet between last year and this, the issue has so intensified that legislation is likely to pass soon.

Such export restrictions, some say, would put more trees into American mills, reducing the jobs impact of old growth protection. Whether the common ground represented by export restrictions is real or imagined, it may allow some interesting alliances to form.

April 10 will be the West Coast-wide day of action against log exports. In Olympia, Washington, not only are Audubon Society members expected to take to the streets, but so too are millworkers and construction unions.

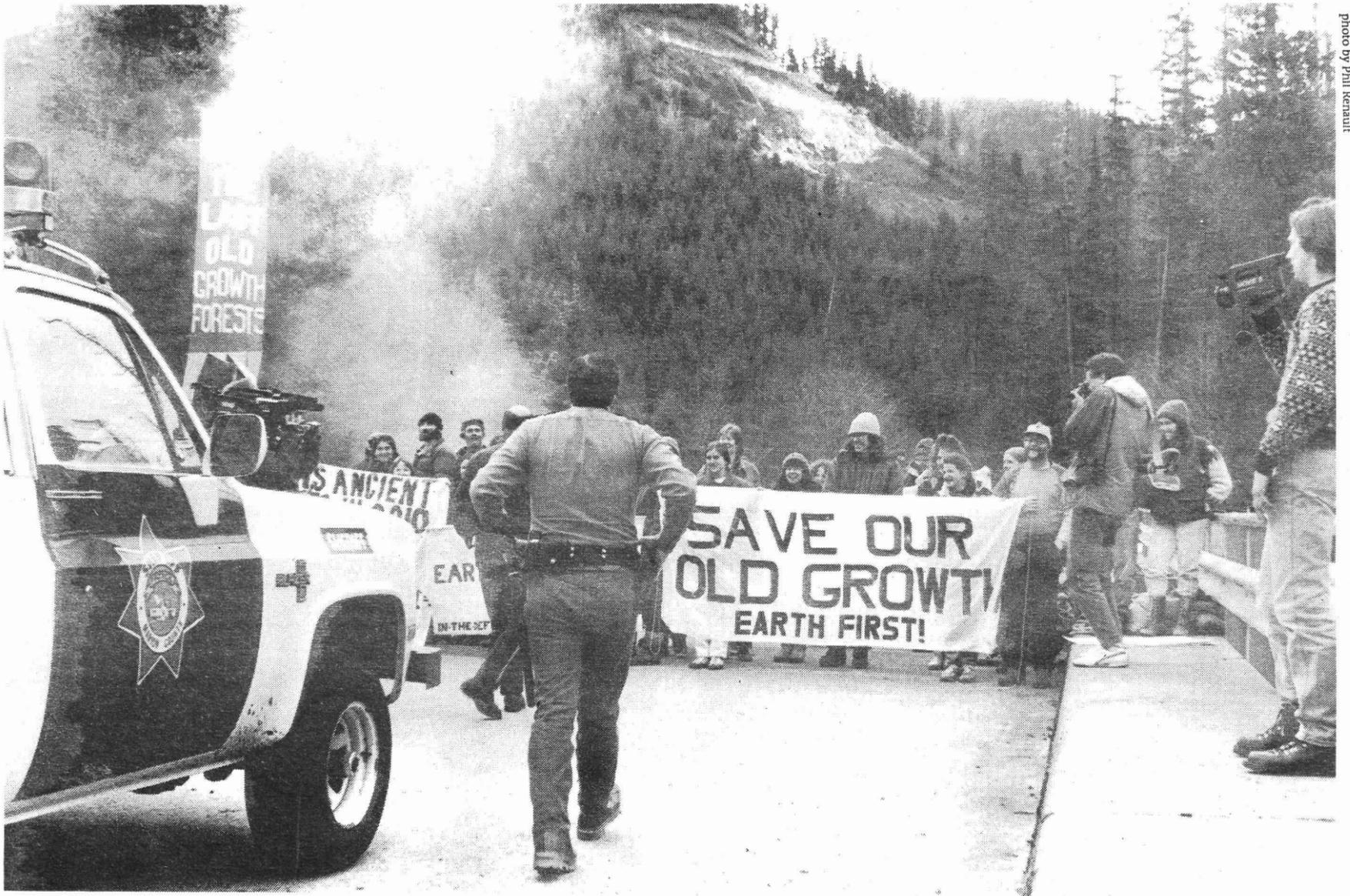
A major coalition was being built in Olympia, involving even the Pulp and Paper Millworkers Union. But last week, apparently, copies of falsified "minutes," from a meeting of environmentalists that never happened, were mailed to the industry-type groups of this coalition. The minutes allegedly mentioned planned sabotage. As of this writing, some of the groups are withdrawing from the coalition — the industry's paper monkeywrenching has worked.

CONCLUSION

Everything is happening so fast that the outcome remains unclear. It seems certain, however, that something big will happen by the end of this summer. The economy of the Northwest will be affected by changes in timber base and export policies, and some people — probably not the real villains, though — will suffer. In those areas that don't gain protection, nifty tricks will be needed to keep the forest standing.

Mitch Freedman and the Ancient Forest Expedition are now on the road. See last issue's Bulletins for their schedule.





Breitenbush defenders roll rocks on Easter morning.

Millennium Grove II Breitenbush Blockade Draws National Attention to Ancient Forests

by Paul Roland

Three years ago, Willamette Industries sent a virtual army of logging crews, with the usual Forest Service support team, into Oregon's Middle Santiam River watershed on Easter weekend to annihilate Millennium Grove, the state's oldest fir and hemlock stand. The Oregon timber machine repeated that Easter massacre a few weeks ago, some 20 miles northeast of the ghost of Millennium Grove, in the North Santiam River watershed, again in the Willamette National Forest — the biggest timber producer in the National Forest system.

This time, however, despite another secretive issuance of a new Operating Plan just two days before the cutting, and almost no advance notice of the cutting given to plaintiffs in a two-year old lawsuit contesting the North Roaring Devil Timber Sale, Earth First! was able to mobilize 50 people for an Easter Sunday blockade on the logging road. This halted logging for the day and, together with the protests over the next five days, greatly increased national media interest in the ancient forest movement. They felled the trees, but in this struggle to reach the public, being covered on CBS evening news, Good Morning America, The Today Show, and soon in *Life Magazine* and the *New Yorker*, could be even more significant than losing 40 acres of ancient forest.

In a grim sort of way, the timing was ideal: The courts had just issued injunctions on a host of timber sales in Spotted Owl habitat; the Fish and Wildlife Service had been caught distorting their legally mandated evaluation of the owl's status; the *New York Times* had earlier in the week published a front page article on rainforest destruction in North America; the Ancient Forest Alliance was growing. In short, the whole issue was coming to a head.

In the past four years, the Santiam watershed has been ripped to fragments of its former grandeur, another legacy to Senator Mark Hatfield's gutting of the 1984 Oregon Wilderness Bill and railroading of the allowable cut/appropriations process. One of the areas taken out of the '84 bill by political dealing, but that had until recently been spared the chainsaws, was the Breitenbush River's South Fork drainage, which flows out of the adjacent Mt. Jefferson Wilderness. Until October 1986, when road construction began into the North Roaring Devil Timber Sale, the South Fork was the longest unbridged river in the Oregon Cascades.

Despite valiant efforts by the Cathedral Forest Action Group, the riverbed was then forever altered by a log truck access bridge. This paved the way for the first of the sale's units to be logged the next spring, after US

District Judge James Burns of Portland gave the nod.

Oregon Natural Resources Council (ONRC) and Breitenbush Community filed suit at the time of the first direct action to halt logging and road construction, based on cumulative impact of all logging operations to the Breitenbush drainage, and violation of the Endangered Species Act. The area is known Northern Spotted Owl habitat.

Burns gave a Temporary Restraining Order on November 3, 1986, luring another climber and me out of our tree-perches, only to lift it two days later. For the next two years, this case went through the twisted administrative appeal and judicial processes. One favorable outcome was the Ninth Circuit's rejection of the Forest Service's policy of refusing to allow appeals of "buy-back sales" (those that Fat Freddie had generously repurchased from timber companies during the early '80's timber recession and then sold again, sometimes to the same companies, and often at a loss to taxpayers).

In January 1989, Bugaboo Timber Co. and the Forest Service filed notice of intent to log the rest of the sale "upon Spring thaw." The plaintiffs in the suit responded with a request for a full hearing on the merits of the case and asked that no logging be allowed until such hearing. Judge (Slash and) Burns never responded.

Soon we discovered that the FS had entered the sale area on snowmobiles, with falling crews close behind. Clearly, they were pulling another Millennium Grove.

To make a long story short, after Earth First!ers found the FS preparing for logging, there ensued a series of blockades by Oregon EFlers. Scores of activists marched, built road barricades, and blockaded the logging road.

Michael Donnelly, plaintiff in the two-year-old lawsuit, expressing his disgust with the Forest Service, gave an idea of why the direct actions were necessary: "I was never notified of any of this planned cutting. This violates the spirit of judicial review and is clearly an attempt to abridge our rights... You'd have to look long and hard to find a precedent where the USFS ferried fallers in by snowmobile to start cutting timber sale units not yet flagged. They're working over a holiday weekend to fall trees that they cannot even haul out for at least a month."

At the height of the blockades, papers throughout the US pictured Leo Hund, one of the original Santiam blockaders, buried up to his neck in rocks, blocking the road. Catherine Caufield (author of *In the Rainforest*) flew in to do a *New Yorker* story on the action. (She stayed long enough to attend a hearing on the proposed Opal Creek State

Park in Salem. Just a couple of drainages away from Breitenbush, Opal Creek is perhaps the most significant unprotected ancient forest watershed left in the Cascades. Unfortunately, the State Park proposal was killed by a 4-3 committee vote in the state legislature shortly after the hearing.)

Though the blockades hindered Bugaboo's efforts to fell the forest, the cutting did continue. Judge Burns rejected the ONRC request for a Temporary Restraining Order. So the next day, 60 people blockaded the logging road. Rocks and logs were strewn across the road for half a mile up from the barricade, further delaying the caravan of loggers, Freddie's, and deputies.

The deforestation crew encountered more surprises that day when they reached the logging site. A Bugaboo road grader had been tampered with, requiring at least six hours of repairs. Personally, I'm skeptical about the wisdom of mixing monkeywrenching with CD, considering the likelihood of compensatory and punitive lawsuits against the arrestees. Also, there are long-range considerations for the vulnerable Breitenbush Community, which must co-exist with the logging communities, Forest Service, and other locals.

And, according to Woody "Debris" Jackson, arrestee in Breitenbush actions and former Breitenbush Community resident, a group there has a long-term vision for the drainage, involving continued timber sale appeals and litigation, trail rejuvenation, and the increasingly popular "Concert in the Forest," held for the last two years near the North Roaring Devil Sale and including music, hikes, and ancient forest education.

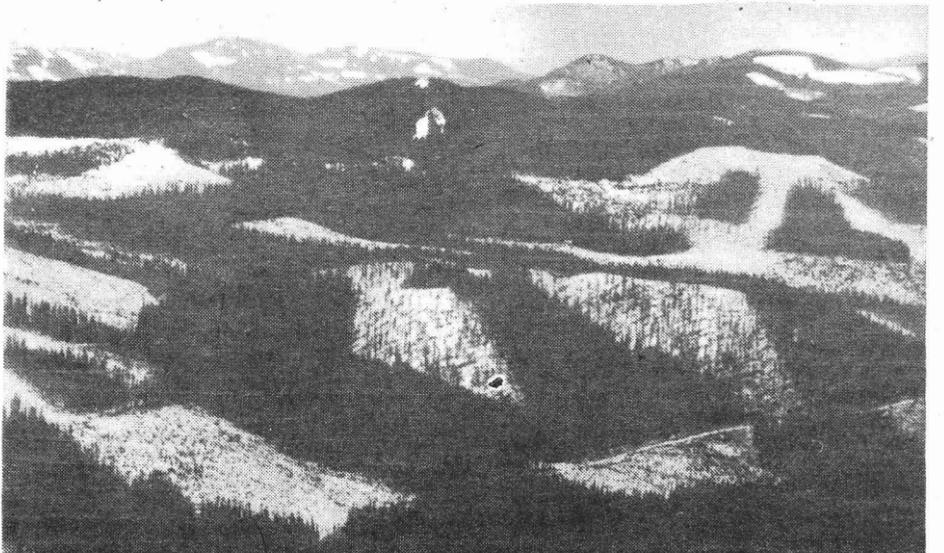
The final line of resistance of the Breitenbush blockades was six people chained around their necks to a tree in the closure area, by interconnecting kryptonite locks. They had to be cut free one by one. They brought to 32 the total number of arrests.

The Thursday after Easter, word came down that the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals had also denied a request for an emergency injunction, completing the Millennium Grove II scenario. The scenario was not altogether bleak, however. Referring to the media attention the timber sale got, ONRC's Andy Kerr commented "you win some, you martyr some.... This litigation and the actions at Breitenbush are another of those pivotal landmarks along the way to raising public awareness about the ancient forests. One thing it shows is how difficult it is to win in court once the area has already been sold. It was a Catch-22 situation."

There are movements afoot to again develop ongoing affinity groups for direct action in the Santiam "Cathedral Forest," especially the Breitenbush and Opal Creek drainages. The goal is to work toward truly large-scale, Franklin River-type blockades which, considering the ever-increasing interest in the ancient forests, may not be too far away. Perhaps that's what David Brower means when he calls for something more radical than Earth First!

Help is needed to cover legal costs for the defense of the 25 people arrested during this action. Please send donations made out to Earth First! and earmarked "Breitenbush" to S. Willamette EFl, POB 3499, Eugene, OR 97403

photo by Mark Ottenard



Clearcuts in the Breitenbush River watershed. These cuts, all made in the past five years, are rapidly fragmenting one of the last remaining Ancient Forests in North America.

Law Conference Draws Legal Ecodefenders

Did It Portend Litigious Sabotage?
by Daniel Conner

And you thought legal monkeywrenching was a contradiction in terms, didn't you? An oxymoronic absurdity, like *Jumbo shrimp*, or *Justice Rehnquist*.

If so, I am pleased to tell you of a hopeful sign — this year's Western Public Interest Law Conference, held at the University of Oregon School of Law in Eugene on March 3-5. Here hundreds of citizen activists gather annually to hone their skills and compare notes with lawyers about latest techniques to slow down the runaway industrial machine. This year's gathering was entitled "Community Activism and Global Preservation," and featured luminaries like David Brower, Brian Willson, and several wild-eyed EFlers. Everywhere was evidence that lawyers — usually a stuffy and conservative lot — are getting fed up, and are enlisting as warriors in the Earth's defense.

The Eugene public interest law conferences started modestly in 1983 with 75 attendees. But this year the registration exceeded 900, with some 100 panelists and participants from as far away as China and Australia.

Most law conferences are organized by bureaucrats for bureaucrats, with fat profits for the sponsors, and topics largely devoted to the minutiae of implementing existing law. At such gatherings no one dares talk about a fundamental rethinking of axioms.

This one is different. Organized by Land, Air & Water (LAW), a cadre of environmental law students at the University of Oregon Law School who are beholden to no one, it offers as much to activists as to lawyers and bureaucrats. And here, amazingly, lawyers can get Continuing Legal Education credits

for attending such non-conforming events as slide shows by Lou Gold or barn-burning speeches by Dave Foreman or Mike Roselle. (Don't tell my state bar association about this review, okay?)

Law students and recent graduates tend to be an idealistic and environmentally-sensitive lot who, alas, soon become entrapped by the intricacies of the tax code and sell their souls to the buttoned-up world of business practice. For them, this sort of gathering of the tribes is a chance to let out long-suppressed howls of protest.

Conferences like this also enlarge the vision of attending lawyers. We are inspired when Brian Willson delivers a fire-and-brimstone call to disobey unjust laws, and we soften our hard-ass legal logic a bit when Lou Gold leads us in a valedictory joined-hands chorus of "We Shall Save the Planet."

In conferences with multiple panels, people vote with their feet, going to the sessions that most interest them. If the numbers and enthusiasm of those who attended the various panels are indicative, then the civil disobedience wing of the environmental movement is on the verge of taking over the high ground from so-called mainstream environmentalism.

Especially well-attended was the civil-disobedience panel, where anti-war hero Brian Willson (who lost his legs in a 1987 protest when a munitions train ran over him) inspired us all. At this same session, EFl stalwarts Mike Roselle and Mary Beth Nearing issued rabble-rousing calls to action amid howls of approval.

Also well attended was the panel on intimidation lawsuits, where David Atkin, defender of the Sapphire Six [6 EFlers arrested for occupying equipment used to cut the Kalmiopsis], outlined the growing legal

hazards of direct action. Every dedicated activist is, of course, prepared to suffer criminal sanctions. But, as Atkin warned, the opposition is now using another weapon to silence us: civil suits designed to harass those who nonviolently exercise their constitutional rights. Atkin entreated lawyers to fight the mystification that the law too often engenders (i.e., to *eschew obfuscation*), and he urged eco-defenders to make the courts part of their direct action, by using them as a forum to air their beliefs.

In the interest of "balance," and because the conference is supported by public funds, every year forest industry apologists and Forest Service bureaucrats must be invited to present their point of view. So with polite applause we welcome industry apologists, but during the question-and-answer sessions we hold their feet to the fire. Of course, in a conference of this type, the quality of presentations varies widely. (I was disappointed with the keynote speech of Brock Evans of the Audubon Society, which was meant to inspire, but was riddled with the arrogant language of anthropocentrism: "We can do whatever we want; nothing can stop us.")

Last year's conference eulogized David Brower as the retiring "dean of the environmental movement," and conference sponsor John Bonine wondered aloud who might qualify as his replacement. This year Brower was back, at 77 showing no signs of retirement; and in his choice of a successor, Bonine announced the growing democratization and world-wide scope of the movement. "It's Meenakshmi Raman," he said pointing to the charismatic environmentalist lawyer from Malaysia. "It's Silvana Graf, Lou Gold, it's ... all of you."

The students of LAW and their spon-

sors John Bonine and Mike Axline are to be commended for providing a real public service, a forum for environmental activists free to the public, and cheap to lawyers. (For a directory of lawyers practicing environmental law in Western states, send \$5 to LAW, U of OR Law School, Eugene, OR 97403. Better yet, watch future issues of *EF!* for information about a directory of lawyers who will defend apprehended eco-defenders at cost or at substantially reduced rates. See my bulletin in this issue.) There was, however, one important oversight at the Law Conference. Speaker after speaker reminded us of what we already know, that overconsumption lies at the root of the environmental crisis. Though this is undeniably true, it is myopic to make it stand alone. It ignores a far greater threat to the planet's future.

Ten days after the conference, I attended a lecture at Oregon State University that was devoted to the other side of the eco-crisis equation. Stanford ecologist Paul Ehrlich, perhaps the world's most articulate and visible proponent of population control, provided a welcome contrast to the lawyers. He insisted that, even more than overconsumption, overpopulation lies at the root of worldwide habitat destruction. Ehrlich was gloomy about the future. "Within 30 or 40 years," he said, "it'll all be over but the shouting."

Why can't we get both sides of the equation together into one irreducible expression? Perhaps next year the students of LAW and the Western Natural Resources Law Clinic will invite someone like Ehrlich who can instruct us on the more intractable side of the problem — overpopulation.

Daniel Conner is an Oregon attorney and environmental activist.

Exxon Kills Prince William: A Cost of the Infernal Combustion Engine

At 12:04 AM on Good Friday, March 24, Mother Earth suffered another blow to her ecological integrity when the supertanker Exxon Valdez, carrying 1.2 million barrels of North Slope crude oil, was driven on the rocks of Bligh Reef (named for the infamous Captain Bligh), spilling over 10 million gallons of toxic goo into the pristine waters of Prince William Sound in south-central Alaska. Despite an alleged "oil spill contingency plan," Alyeska Pipeline Service Company's "Oil Spill Response Team" did not arrive at the scene 20 miles away until 14 hours after the spill.

The Exxon Valdez ripped open from bow to midships, spilling oil into Prince William Sound at a rate of 22,000 gallons per hour. When clean-up crews finally arrived at 2:30 PM, there was more oil on the water than all the oil skimming equipment in the world could handle, and only a tiny fraction of that equipment was in Valdez.

The crews accomplished little of substance, due to a lack of planning and inability of Alyeska management personnel to coordinate the minimal response capability at their disposal. Needed equipment had lain unrepaired for the previous six weeks. Offers of assistance from the local fishing fleet were refused. By nightfall on Friday, stinking crude oil covered the water over a foot thick. Helicopters stabbed the darkness with searchlight beams. Caustic smells, engine noise, ship's horns, marine radios penetrated the normally peaceful night air, in what been the most biologically productive area in Alaska.

Saturday night, after two days of calm, the winds rose to over 70 miles per hour, driving the oil throughout the islands and bays of the western edge of Prince William Sound. Within hours, hundreds of miles of shoreline were despoiled, including critical habitat for Sea Otter, Harbor Seal, Stellar Sea Lion and countless shore and water birds. Orcas and sea lions were seen surfacing in the slick and reports of dead animals poured in to the Bird and Mammal Rescue Center, established on the campus of Prince William Sound Community College.

The otters were the most immediately impacted, since they live on the surface of the water where the oil was most concentrated. The oil destroyed the natural buoyancy and insulation of their thick coats and they drowned and died of hypothermia by the hundreds. Those that didn't succumb immediately are now dying of kidney and liver failure caused by ingesting the toxic oil as they try desperately to clean their own fur.

Hundreds of sea birds died in the

first few days and thousands more will die in the months to come. Migratory wildfowl in the millions will soon be entering their nesting grounds around Prince William Sound, where they will find oil soaked shorelines and pools of mayonnaise-textured petroleum. The food supplies for these huge flocks will be tainted with oil for years to come.

Researchers from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration have expressed fear that the delicate food chain in these frigid waters may succumb entirely to the oil toxins and the entire ecosystem may collapse. No one knows the effects of a disaster of this magnitude on the phytoplankton at the base of the food chain. If they are eliminated for even one season, the basis for life in Prince William Sound may be totally removed. It will be at least ten years before the extent of the damage can be assessed and even longer before conditions may return to what they were before.

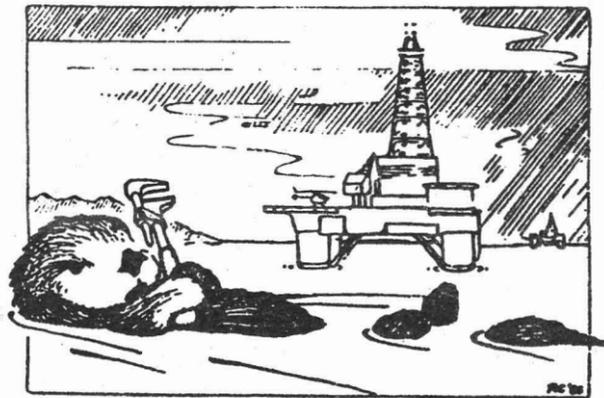
This disaster, comparable to the burning of the Amazon and species extinction in Africa, reveals the lie the oil companies have been feeding us since they proposed the Trans-Alaska Pipeline and the Terminal in Valdez. They promised they could safely develop and transport crude oil through these environmentally fragile areas.

The recriminations, charges and counter charges will fly through the courts for years, lining the pockets of lawyers and allowing Exxon and the other oil companies to continue their slimy deeds unchecked. The price of oil has risen, "due to the interruption of oil supplies to the Lower 48," and Exxon will end up profiting, even after paying hundreds of millions of dollars for a token clean-up.

Responsibility for this tragedy starts with Exxon Shipping President Frank Larossi and the Captain of the Exxon Valdez. The ripples of blame spread outward to Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, the United States Coast Guard, the state of Alaska, the government of the United States and ultimately each individual in the industrialized world.

We all make decisions day to day that create the demand for oil, giving companies such as Exxon Oil an excuse to drill for or transport oil in some of the biologically richest and most fragile areas of the world. Our consumer decisions are holding us hostage to these multi-billion dollar corporations.

Individuals throughout the world have been shocked by the carnage, but the media have moved on to other titillations;



Prince William Sound is already old news. We must keep the image before the people. We must write and call President Bush and demand that oil exploration in ANWR (Arctic National Wildlife Refuge), Bristol Bay and the Chukchi Sea be stopped. We must flood Congress with letters, telegrams and phone calls, demanding a halt to oil development in Alaska and all environmentally sensitive areas.

We must all change our lifestyles to decrease our impact on the planet and take the pressure off the oil industry to develop new resources. We must examine every consumption and purchase decision. We must live the alternatives, to lessen our own impact and show the way to others.

The image of a lifeless Prince William Sound must guide our actions for the rest of our lives. We must remember Prince William Sound every time we start our cars, picture oil-soaked loons as we buy plastic-wrapped produce. We can only stop Exxon and their cohorts by refusing to buy the products they wrench from the Earth.

WHAT YOU CAN DO: Walk, ride a bike, use public transportation, live close. Refuse to buy plastic. Use it up, wear it out, do with less, do without!

Contact your local, state and national government representatives and tell them how angry you are about the death of Prince William Sound. Insist that oil development in ANWR, Bristol Bay and Chukchi Sea be stopped. Ask them to support Wilderness designation for the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.

Write or call these Alaska officials. They are still considering development in ANWR.

Governor Steve Cowper, POB A, Juneau, AK 99811
Ted Stevens, US Senate, Washington, DC 20510

Frank Murkowski, US Senate (same)
Donald E. Young, House of Representatives, DC 20515

—Michael Lewis, Valdez, AK

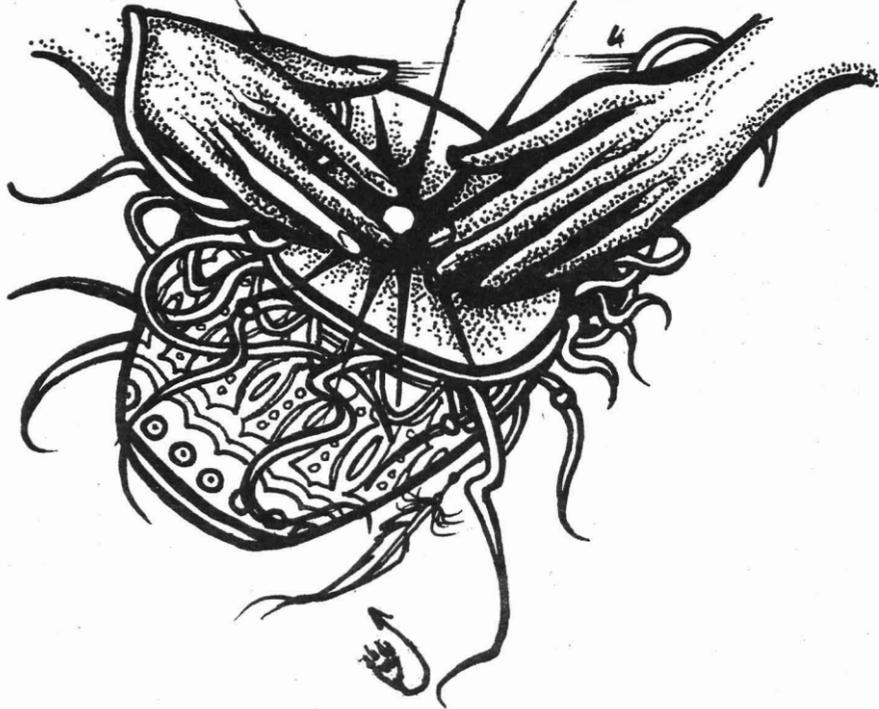
ATF/SFEF! Plan Huge Rally

The Alaska Task Force has started its first campaign. The trashing of the Prince William Sound has been the catalyst. Twenty years ago Alaska foolishly fell for oil corporation propaganda. Now oil drenched corpses wash up by the thousands on once pristine shores. Herring, sable fish, salmon ... Alaska's most productive fishing waters are all but lost. Bristol Bay is next; and once it has been despoiled, Alaska will have no choice but to turn to oil as an economic base, just as Senators Murkowski and Stevens and Representative Young have always wanted. To ensure that ANWR is opened to oil development, the trio have requested \$1.5 million — public money — to lobby in Washington DC. Alaska Senate bill 107 will give them this. Already, Alaska's entire north coast outside ANWR has been leased to oil companies, Bristol Bay and the Chukchi Sea soon will be, and Prince William Sound is awash in oil; these account for virtually the entire coastline of the state. The Alaska Task Force and San Francisco Earth First! are planning a march and a direct action against corporate polluters such as Exxon for the end of May. A press conference was held April 12 in front of Chevron headquarters to announce the campaign. To get involved, to plan a congruous action, to donate funds, or to get a press packet, write or call the Alaska Task Force or SFEF! (see *EF!* Directory).

SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS?

The Post Office does not forward Third Class Mail but they do charge us 30 cents apiece to send us your change of address. Please send us your change of address promptly so you do not miss an issue of *Earth First!* and we do not have to pay the Post Office to receive it. Some people using clever aliases are not receiving their copies of *Earth First!*. Be sure to notify your postperson that "Attila the Hun" or "The Animal" receives mail at your address.

TRIBAL LORE



ERUPTION APPEARS IMMINENT ON NON-VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN Mt. Graham Update

With dizzying speed, the Forest Service denied an appeal and signed a special-use permit to allow the University of Arizona and its Mt. Graham Project partners to begin their destruction of sky island old-growth for another unnecessary telescope complex. The 350-page appeal, filed by Wayne Woods of the Mt. Graham Conservation Project and the Earth First! Biodiversity Project, was rejected even as Tucson EF! mounted massive pressure on the project. (See accompanying article.)

Forest Service appeals officer Pat Jackson had said the delays could last 3 months, but it took Forest Service Chief Dale Robertson barely 2 weeks to demonstrate his concern about possible "hardships" on UA. The appeal described 15 violations of federal laws, mostly of the Endangered Species Act, to which there was no response.

The FS action allows "site preparation activities," surveying, brush removal and test drilling, to begin immediately on and around Emerald Peak in the Pinalenos. Forest roads 507 and 669 will be closed to the public. The Tucson press reported that new road construction could begin in mid-May and excavation for telescopes in mid-July, but given the recent haste in approval, it is likely that the process will be accelerated, and old-growth Engelmann Spruce and Corkbark Fir could be falling much sooner.

The Pinalenos are a wet sky island range rising to 10,720 feet on Mt. Graham's High Peak, more than 7000 feet above the desert floor, with 14 perennial streams and 3 cienegas. The range hosts the densest Black Bear population in the western North America, with food so plentiful that bears spend entire lifetimes moving up and down one drainage, following the season's ripening foods.

Now is the time to go to Mt. Graham! EF! activists will be there to stop the destruction of this relic Pleistocene spruce-fir forest. Tucson EF! plans to give status reports on a hotline at 602-797-0018. Please call to see how you can help save Mt. Graham.

—John Patterson, Arizona EF!

AZ EF! STORMS UA ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

On April 3, the University of Arizona and its partners got a bitter taste of what is certain to follow should they proceed with plans to destroy Mt. Graham's old growth for an observatory complex.

Capping a weekend of rallies and demonstrations, Earth Firsters descended with vengeance on the UA Administration Building to focus national attention on the unlikely and unholy involvement of the Catholic Church (!?), Smithsonian, Max Planck (West Germany), and Ohio State, who with the UA intend to site telescopes in this sky island wilderness.

Protesters hung banners and trashed a "mirror." Bear and squirrel ecoteurs wrecked a cardboard bulldozer. The UA spokesman drew a line and stated that protesters entering the building would be arrested. Dave Foreman evoked the ghosts of Thoreau and Emerson and with others entered the sacred halls, forcing the squirrel-killers to make good on the arrest threat. Five activists were led away in handcuffs, proud of their charges: interfering with the peaceful conduct of an educational institution. Visiting minstrel Dana Lyons inspired the 150 demonstrators with new "Burn That Dozer" refrains: "We're gonna smash those

mirrors."

Knowing that UA administrators had a red squirrel piñata they toted to parties for laughs, a Squirrel Firster, escorted by humans dressed in garish security costumes, went to the 7th floor, where she demanded a hostage exchange: squirrel piñata for UA administrator piñata. Denied a trade, she whacked the administrator in two with a bat.

The arrestees, Nancy Zierenberg, Dale Turner, Dave Foreman, Eric Twachtman, and Jim Malusa, later pled not guilty, thus gaining a jury trial. This will likely keep the issue in the public's eye.

Future demonstrations will also focus on the shaky partnership, as the loss of any other investors would jeopardize the 7-scope complex (the U of Chicago, U of Texas, and NASA came to their ecological and economic senses and pulled out last fall, though rumors have recently arisen that U of Chicago may still be somehow involved). Please write or call the contributing institutions now and tell them to pull out of this ill fated project before things get ugly.

*Dr Allen Biegel, UA, 602-621-5900

*Dr George Coyne, Vatican representative and astronomer, 602-621-3230

*Dr Peter Mezger, Max Planck Institute for Radioastronomy, 1, Ave Dem Huegel 69/5300, Bonn, WEST GERMANY

*Arcetri Astrophysical Observatory, Largo E Fermi 5/1-50125 Firenze/Florence, ITALY, Attn: Dir, Mt Graham Project

*Cardinal Sebastiano Baggio, Vatican Observatory, Vatican City, 00187, Rome, ITALY

*Dr Eugene Capriotti, Astronomy Dept, Ohio State U, 174 W 18th Ave, Columbus, OH 43210

*Dr Irwin Shapiro, Director, Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, 60 Garden St, Cambridge, MA 02138

Postcards overseas require 36 cents postage.

—John Patterson, Arizona EF!

Last-minute update: The battles on the mountain have begun. Two EF!ers, Jean Ravine and Dwight Metzger, were arrested April 20th after spending a day locked to road grading equipment on Mount Graham. The equipment was being moved to the mountaintop to improve access for the destruction to come (the freddies called it "routine maintenance"). The two protesters halted all road work for the day, and were rewarded with a night in jail and a \$1000 bill for lost work time. They are now out on bail, and others have taken their place in the mountain vigil. —DT

ADIRONDACKS BESET BY DEVELOPERS AND COMMANDOS Land Speculators

With hundreds of thousands of acres expected to come up for sale in the next few years, development companies have their sights set on northern New York's Adirondacks, the largest US wild area east of the Mississippi. The Patten Corporation has drawn legal heat recently in its bid to buy up and subdivide Adirondack Park. While much of this six million acre preserve is protected as designated state wilderness, vast tracts are still vulnerable to development. Over half of the Park is private land. Recent studies have shown that under current zoning restrictions, up to 500,000 new homesites are possible. Patten Corporation alone has bought over 14,000 acres in the last two years for subdivisions.

Patten's techniques were so shameful that the NY State Attorney General's Office became involved. After investigating a deluge of consumer complaints, Attorney General Robert Abrams decided that Patten was misleading customers, in addition to destroying the wild. He found that Patten was withholding information on land-use restrictions from buyers; promising prospective buyers that land prices would

rise quickly above its own inflated prices; lying about the suitability of lots for building; and having employees pose as prospective buyers to pressure clients into quick sales.

Part of the mild punishment dealt to Patten called for the corporation to buy back any land sold since August 1, 1982 from dissatisfied customers. This decision could cost Patten millions. Because of the undesirable attention Patten has received in New York and in Maine, other states in the Northeast have started investigations.

Even its employees' stomachs are soured by Patten's corporate ethics. Daniel Christmas, former regional vice president of Patten Corporation Northeast, Lake Placid, found the dirty tricks too much and has gone into business for himself.

Please write to Governor Mario Cuomo, State Capitol, Albany, New York 12244. Ask him to: 1. Push for an anti-speculation tax to curb large-scale, quick-turnover land sales. 2. Strengthen the Adirondack Park Agency Act to facilitate protection of lake shorelines and undeveloped areas. 3. Push for a real estate tax to provide funds for public land acquisition. 4. Impose a five year moratorium on large-scale developments to allow the state to develop more efficient means of protecting wild areas.

Soldiers

The recent expansion of Fort Drum on the northwestern border of the Adirondacks also threatens the park. Due to the influx of over 40,000 people, Fort Drum's 107,000 acres are allegedly no longer large enough for maneuvers. Thus, state land in the Adirondacks is being used for training exercises. Recently, hikers out to enjoy their favorite wild areas have been turned back by camouflaged soldiers carrying M-16s.

The thought of running into armed commandos when venturing into the woods can be disquieting. The legality of federal troops commandeering state land

with no advance notice is being researched; but local politicians are hesitant to confront the military. They have spent years trying to get the base enlarged and bring government money into this economically depressed area.

The increased military presence has also brought the deafening roar of B-52 and FB-111 bombers to wild areas. Designated wilderness areas, where all motorized traffic has been banned because New Yorkers don't want the noise, will now be subject to Air Force death machines flying as low as 400 feet above the ground. Proposed routes call for low flying over Jay Mountain Wilderness, Giant Mountain Wilderness, and Sentinel Range Wilderness. These flights will go directly over active nesting sites for Peregrine Falcons and Bald Eagles.

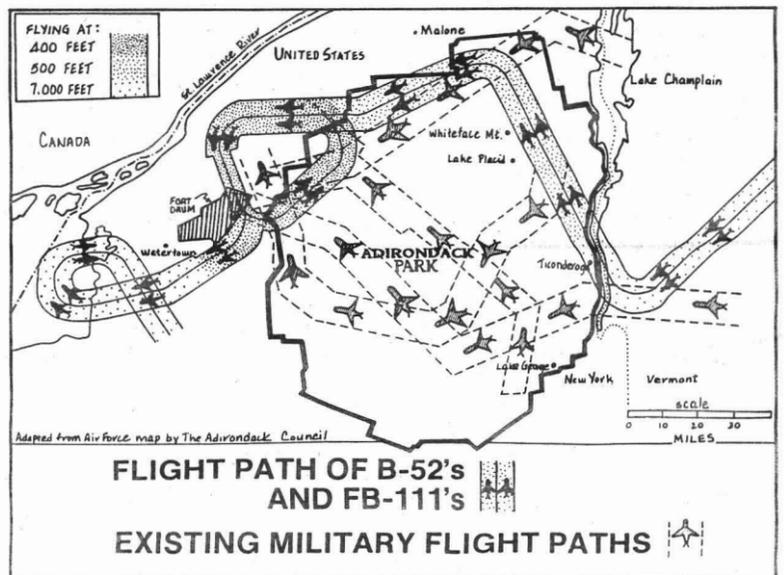
Please send letters to Senators Alphonse D'Amato and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, US Senate, Washington, DC 20510. Tell them you think this region is best suited as wilderness. Ask them to keep the Adirondacks from being turned into a military playground for land and air exercises.

The formal comment period for these proposed flights has been extended by the Air Force. Write to Strategic Air Command, Attn: Hugh M. Stirts, Director Environmental Management Division, DCS/Engineering and Services, Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska 68113. Ask him not to conduct any military flights over New York wilderness areas.

Drivers

While Moose have been gradually moving back into the Adirondack region on their own, other species, such as the Bald Eagle, Peregrine Falcon, and Canada Lynx, have needed help to become reestablished in their former habitats. Efforts to reintroduce Lynx into the Adirondacks suffered a setback recently when one of the reintroduced animals was killed by a car near the community of North Hudson.

—Gary Bennett, Rochester, NY



BUREAUCRATS ASSAIL SESPE RIVER

note: Many of the details contained in the following article were gleaned from a 20-page report produced by the Keep the Sespe Wild Committee, POB 715, Ojai, CA 93023. Send \$2 for a copy.

The Sespe is perhaps the wildest remaining free-flowing river in southern California. From the southern flanks of 6000 foot Pine Mountain the Sespe runs through 55 miles of wild country (including 51 miles of the Los Padres National Forest) before flowing out onto the orange grove-covered plain near Fillmore (see map). In its upper reaches the river is intermittent in dry years and is paralleled by Highway 33 (a recently designated scenic [?!] highway). After leaving the highway, the Sespe flows eastward, meandering through a broad valley and bordered by cottonwoods and an occasional willow thicket. Two Forest Service campgrounds provide the only access along this stretch. After joining Alder Creek, the Sespe turns south and pours into a riverine canyon, where it flows between house-sized boulders of smooth red sandstone and into pool after pool. The Sespe Condor Sanctuary borders the river on both sides. After squeezing through the narrow rock walls of Devil's Gate (from which protrudes driftwood stranded 30 feet above the present stream level by the floods of 1969), the Sespe flows into the Santa Clara River valley and loses its wildness.

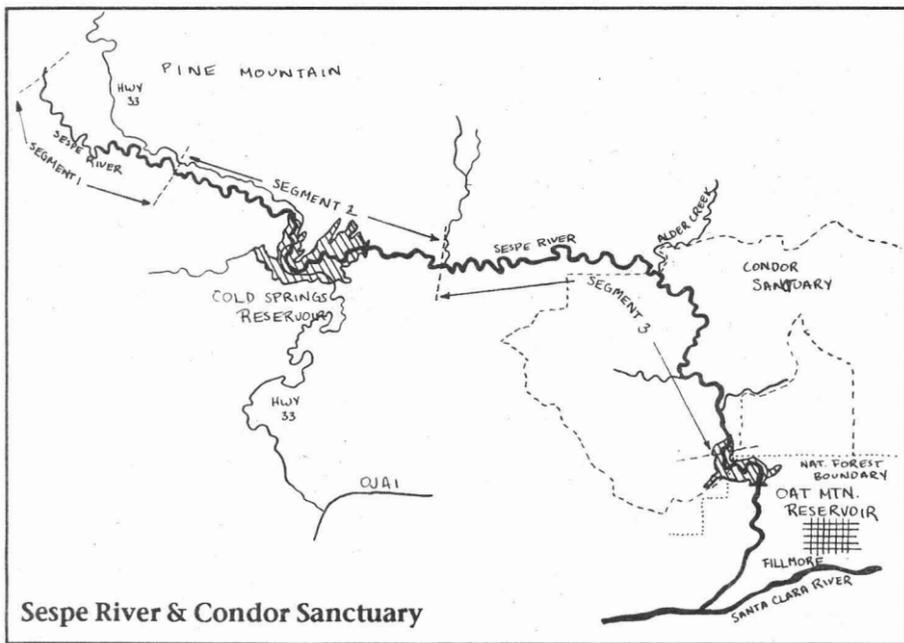
Besides being the last stronghold of the California Condor, the Sespe is home to a healthy Mountain Lion population, whose tracks often grace sandbars along the river, several Threatened and Endangered plant species, the federally Endangered Least Bell's Vireo, and a large enough native Rainbow Trout population to be designated in part as a wild trout stream. The Sespe was once inhabited by Grizzly Bears; the last

individual was reportedly seen here around 1913.

In 1985, the National Park Service surveyed the Wild and Scenic potential of the Sespe River as part of the National Rivers Inventory. Their survey reported that a 51 mile stretch (from the headwaters to the USFS boundary at Devil's Gate) had "remarkable values" in the scenic, recreation, geologic, fish, and wildlife categories. Yet the recently-introduced House Bill 4746 recommends a mere 27.5 miles of the Sespe for Wild and Scenic Designation. The reason for this is simple: dams.

The two dams currently being considered are the Coldsprings and Oat Mountain sites. A third dam below the Sespe's confluence with Alder Creek has not been seriously considered since 1965, primarily because of its location inside the Sespe Condor Sanctuary. The Coldsprings Reservoir would be built at a cost of \$180 million. Ecological costs would include the inundation of sites containing four Endangered plant species, potential condor habitat, and riparian habitat of the Least Bell's Vireo. The Oat Mountain Reservoir would cost at least \$88 million and would inundate two miles of riparian habitat (including one mile INSIDE the Sespe Condor Sanctuary) and block the upstream migration of anadromous Steelhead Trout. An engineering report evaluating the Oat Mountain site concluded, "It was considered reasonable to give no further consideration to this project alternative" in part because of high construction costs and low projected storage capacity. Similarly, a Ventura County hydrologist stated that both the Coldsprings and Oat Mountain projects would be "of marginal benefit, at best."

Despite the environmental costs and marginal economic benefits of these proposed projects, the Forest Service and local



main in the case of irresponsible ownership. We were told that if eminent domain were used, the first time would be the last. We said go ahead, use *all* available tools.

Leaving the meeting, we wandered to the Merrimack River. It was a gorgeous spring day, and we realized why our society *always* reaches ecologically disastrous policy decisions: The decisions are reached in sterile isolated meeting rooms. Excluded from participation is the Big Outside — the real world. Had the meeting been held along the sunny banks of the Merrimack, Mother Earth might have fared better.

Please write the NFLS, POB 520, Rutland, VT 05701, and insist on a legitimate biodiversity report. Tell them \$3 billion — less than the federal Land and Water Conservation Fund's unspent money — will buy the Northeast's 10 million acres of private timberlands likely to be sold soon. Tell them to outlaw clearcuts.

—Jamie Sayen, PAW coordinator

NY EFlers Beg for Wilderness

"Which street is the wilderness on?"

"A bulldozer took my home ..."

"Can you spare a dime for the wilderness?"

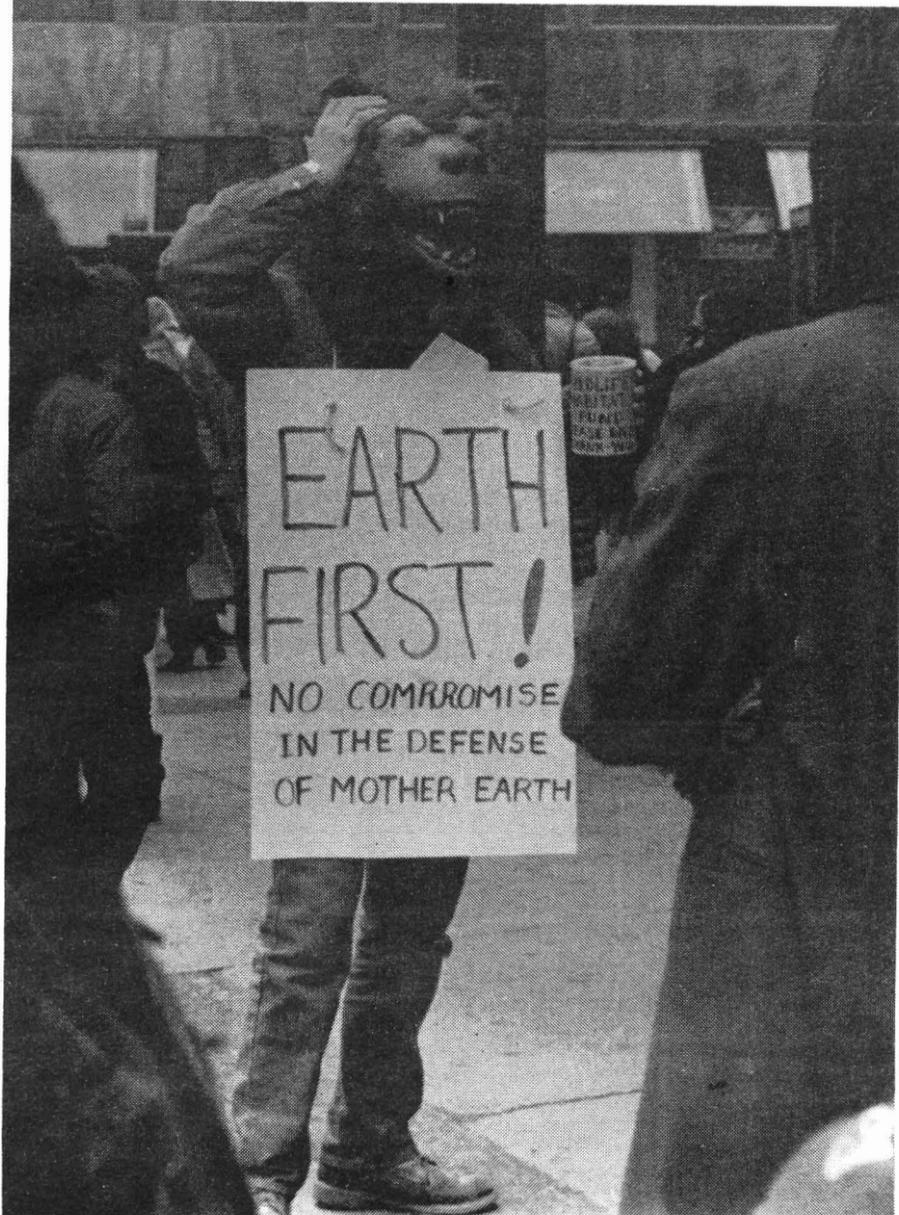
Eight neophyte Earth First!ers gathered outside Macy's department store in New York City on March 4 to panhandle for wilderness. Three men, wearing bear costumes and rattling donation cans, collected more than \$50 in one afternoon. Since this was the troupe's first stunt and the costumes had to be rented, the money will be used to pay for new, hand-made costumes — a downpayment on future activism.

Mark Kuprych (an IBM employee in Poughkeepsie, NY) delivered impromptu witticisms such as "If you think it's hard getting uptown now, wait 'til the tide rises 3 feet." Rich Conte (a fireman in Greenwich Village) waded into the stream of traffic and chatted with taxicab drivers.

Other participants included Scott Miller and Tracie Schmidt, frustrated Greenpeace canvassers from Connecticut; Karen Wood from Poughkeepsie; Jeane Porter from Scarborough, NY; Alfred E. Neuman (in spirit); and Brandon Mitchener, a graduate student at Columbia University. Several of these met at a deep ecology conference in Rowe, Massachusetts, in January, where EFl cofounder Dave Foreman encouraged the NY delegation to act.

The New York group christened itself March Forth! Earth First!, a rousing allusion to the date of its first action. Working through a network of activists at the new New York bar called the The Wetlands Preserve (owned by EFl enthusiast Larry Bloch), March Forth! plans a spate of coming-out-of-

photo by Brandon Mitchener



Mark Kuprych, far from his hibernation hole, looks lost on the sidewalk by Macy's. "Which way is the wilderness?"

congressmen have done their best to accommodate the interests of the dam builders. While the Los Padres Draft Management Plan found segments 2 and 3 (see map) eligible for Wild and Scenic River status, the final plan recommended only segment 3 and deferred a decision on segment 2 until the next planning period to allow the construction of the Coldsprings Reservoir, should it be authorized. Segment 1 was not recommended for Wild and Scenic status because it was not considered as having "resource values" different from those of surrounding areas. (So?) To add insult to injury, HR 4746, introduced by Congressmen Lagomarsino and Gallegly in June 1988, moved the Forest Service-recommended lower boundary of Segment 3 one mile upstream to accommodate the proposed Oat Mountain Reservoir.

The result of these political shenanigans is 27.5 miles of proposed Wild and Scenic River, 27.5 miles of unprotected river, and two proposed reservoirs. This is another example of spineless politicians trying to give a little bit to all interest groups, at the expense of biodiversity.

WHAT YOU CAN DO: Write Senator Wilson and Congressman Lagomarsino NOW and tell them to keep all of the Sespe WILD! Both have introduced legislation designating 27.5 miles of the Sespe River as Wild and Scenic. Tell them that protection of all 55 miles of the river is the only environmentally and economically sound alternative, and that the proposed Coldsprings and Oat Mountain Reservoirs should not be built.

Senator Pete Wilson, US Senate, Washington, DC 20510

Representative Robert Lagomarsino, House of Representatives, DC 20515

—Roland Knapp, ecologist, UCSB

NFLS Update:

Lions losing with 11 years to go in the 4th quarter ...

A dozen EFlers greeted members of the Governor's Task Force of the Northern Forest Lands Study (NFLS) with the message: "Biodiversity, not Clearcuts" in Concord, New Hampshire, on April 11. We then attended the monthly meeting of the Task Force to insist that the health of the Northern forests, not industry health, be the focus of the NFLS. (For background on the NFLS and the exodus of the forest products industry from the Northeast, see March EFl)

We were permitted to make a brief statement before the Task Force began its scheduled agenda: "the possible use of incentives to assist landowners who wish to manage land for wood fiber production."

Congress specifically charged the NFLS with assessing a number of values, including biodiversity. It did not direct the NFLS to devise a strategy to "protect industry profitability." The NFLS has given top priority to keeping the environment for industrial forestry healthy ... regardless of the health of the forests.

PAW and EFl have persistently asked about the NFLS biodiversity report. Coordinator Steve Harper told us that Carol Foss, NH Audubon biologist, was doing the "biodiversity" report. When I called her, she was surprised. No, she said, they asked me for a "wildlife resources report, not biodiversity, per se."

The draft report omits mention of biodiversity, acid rain, and climatic change. It does not assess the health of the region's lands. Natural processes like disturbance, recovery, hydrology and evolution are not mentioned. Needs of extirpated species are not addressed. In short, from Wolverines to mycorrhizal fungi, much is omitted from the "biodiversity" report.

In our comments to the NFLS, we cited three cases of endangered/extirpated

carnivores that any study of Northern forests should address:

1) The Lynx — The Foss report discusses the decline of the Lynx in the Northeast and concludes that there is so little information that we don't even know whether it is extinct or extant in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. A Lynx recovery program has been started in New York.

2) The Cougar — Cougars are not mentioned. Eastern Cougars were extirpated from the region before this century. Today anyone in northern NH (except NH F&G biologists) can tell you that the Cougar is back. There are sightings almost every month. The Cougar should be treated as a naturally recovering extirpate, needing large tracts of undisturbed habitat.

3) The Gray Wolf — The much ballyhooed recovery of Moose in New Hampshire and Maine has led to the reinstatement of Moose hunting in both states. But the real-life Moose ecosystem contains predators other than 4-wheel drive "sports." Moose (like mountains) require healthy predator populations. Moose need Gray Wolves. Wolves require even vaster tracts of wildlands than do Cougars. Not surprisingly, therefore, wolves receive no mention in the "biodiversity" report.

We stressed to the Task Force that you can't devise a strategy for future ownership and use of the forests if you have no idea of their health and needs, especially in light of the unprecedented stresses of acid deposition, ozone depletion and the greenhouse effect. The Task Force also lacks information on biomass in the region, yet nothing is said about regulating clearcuts.

For the next several hours, the Task Force listened to invited guests from the NY Forest Products Council and Champion International (1/6 of whose 6 million acres are in the Northeast). The timber industry boys were predictable, though inadvertently amusing. Regarding the exodus of the industry to the Southeast and Midwest, they said: "Capital goes where capital is loved." The industry, they explained, is in a highly competitive global market and needs help to compete. They failed to mention that one reason the industry is in trouble is that third, fourth, and fifth generation forest management yields less and less fiber. The forests need a rest, but instead, industry is accelerating the cut and seeking subsidies.

During discussion of funds for purchasing easements, talk centered on state bonds and public-private loans like the Diamond transaction (see last issue). All agreed that only a limited amount of money could be raised this way. I said we need to create a federal trust fund with \$3 billion in it to purchase lands as they come on the market. NFLS is not discussing the one hope for protecting these lands from developers and liquidation cuts — federal purchase.

Most enlightening for the EFlers were the occasional lapses into honesty by timber representatives. Some mentioned a decline in maple and White Pine. Champion's representative moaned about the loss of 15 years' supply of spruce-fir because of the spruce budworm. People outside the industry know that this is due to two centuries of mismanagement.

As the meeting ended, Steve Harper passed out reprints of the March EFl articles on the Northern forests. What a pleasure to see Ed Abbey's smiling face in the hands of timber barons!

After the meeting, it became evident that many Task Force members realize the industry is playing the NFLS against the developers to get top dollar — industry blackmail. One member said the Task Force must deal with the timber companies because the companies own the land, and private property rights cannot be questioned. We suggested that responsibilities go with rights, and we advocated the use of eminent do-

hibernation actions for the spring.

—Brandon Mitchener

Wetlands Rocks the Concrete

Three blocks from the Hudson River, amidst the cold concrete of Manhattan's Lower West Side, ducks, deer, birches, cat-tails and two-legged city dwellers converge in an unlikely new man-made watering hole called Wetlands.

But the only thing truly wild about Wetlands is its nightlife. Open since February 17, Wetlands has become Manhattan's most iconoclastic neighborhood pub. "I wanted to blend some passions in my life," said Larry Bloch, Wetlands creator. "One was a passion for the earth, another was a passion for music, and one was to be an entrepreneur but still be a service to people."

The ducks-and-deer wetlands scene forms a backdrop to a stage and continues around the dance floor in a mural reminiscent of Woodstock. In addition to the usual bar fare, a canteen dispenses organic coffee and vegetarian food.

An Earth Station provides space for progressive local and national environmental, social and political voices to display newsletters and petitions. Upcoming events listed on a huge wall calendar include a rainforest benefit concert, a Greenpeace anti-whaling demonstration, and a Greenwich Village Recyclathon.

While the club's environmental agenda demands attention, most patrons say they come for the unusual atmosphere. Patrons range from schoolteachers in their 40s to design students in their 20s.

Monday through Saturday, a disc jockey mixes reggae and blues with eclectic "world music." "I want to be more roots-oriented with the music," said Bloch. "I don't want to be urgent with it. I don't want to do boomph-boomph-boomph all night long." Live band nights have been drawing about 600 people; capacity is 400.

Every Sunday night, Wetlands hosts an ecological social club called Eco-Saloon. Bloch describes the encounter as a game of "Mission Impossible: Save the Planet!," where participants contribute videos, presentations and music. One recent guest, the city Parks Department's naturalist, "Wildman" Steve Brill, gave a show-and-tell with edible plants he had foraged from an empty lot in Queens.

—Brandon Mitchener, Columbia News Service

FS Sees Bean Mtn As Hill of Beans

Heavily wooded Bean Mountain divides the headwaters of the Little Buffalo River in northwest Arkansas. In the hollow to the west of the mountain, Stepp Creek

continued on page 10

Tribal Lore. . .

continued from page 9

flows north among ancient moss and lichen covered boulders. To the east, in a deeply forested, bluff walled 900 foot canyon, flows the East Fork Little Buffalo. The two streams join under the north point of Bean Mountain and flow northeast to the Buffalo National River. This is one of the least disturbed watersheds in the Ozarks, but that is changing fast.

The Forest Service plans clearcuts, roading and herbicides for Bean Mountain, in the Buffalo Ranger District of Ozark National Forest. The first cuts scheduled are known as the Union Grove sale and the road is #1227. (These are in compartments 163 and 755.)

We have found sensitive and rare plants and animals in the planned clearcuts and road right of way, including Alternate Leaved Dogwood, Ozark Chinkapin, Adam And Eve Orchid, Rattlesnake Orchid, Ginseng, Showy Orchis, Nodding Pogonia, Yellow Mandarin, Ozark Red-backed Salamander, nesting Red-shouldered Hawks and nesting Sharp-shinned Hawks. One of the planned clearcuts (with subsequent herbicide spraying) will destroy probably the highest Umbrella Magnolia grove in the Ozarks.

The Forest Service has been advised of this and they have told me these things are not significant enough to stop the destruction. Some of these plants are listed in the FS publication *Sensitive Plants of the Ozark-St. Francis National Forest*, which document states that the FS will alter their management to protect the plants if found. That is a lie.

Road 1227 will be suitable for 18-wheelers to haul out the carcasses of large Yellow Pine for poles, though the road is unnecessary for the first cuts this year, which are hardwood and can be hauled by small logging trucks on existing roads. The FS is nearly giving the hardwoods away to the contractor. This road is to be cut just across the ridge from the county road that accesses this mountain.

When we first learned of the sales and road, the FS agreed to defer them while we gathered evidence. They asked the Newton County Wildlife Association (NCWA) to produce a plan to help them manage the area sensitively. At the request of the NCWA president, I wrote the Little Buffalo Watershed Plan, with the welfare of Earth foremost in mind. When this was submitted to Buffalo District Ranger George Rogers, he exclaimed he was offended by it. NCWA then decided to "rewrite" the plan and eliminate the "editorializing." That's when I became finally disillusioned with NCWA.

A group of friends and I are taking the fight to the American public. WE NEED HELP! We are not organizers and we have no money. In 8 years I have learned not to expect help from NCWA, Sierra Club or the Arkansas Wildlife Federation. Yuppies won't fight FS greed. We are beginning to plan actions, including a demonstration at Buffalo Ranger office on John Muir's birthday, and we need people with organizing skills.

We ask everyone to write the following persons opposing Union Grove timber sales and road #1227, as well as supporting the Little Buffalo Watershed Plan.

George Rogers, Buffalo District Ranger, Ozark NF, Jasper, AR 72641
 Supervisor, Ozark-St. Francis NF, POB 1008, Russellville, AR 72801
 Regional Forester, Southern Region, USDA Forest Service, 1720 Peachtree Rd NW, Atlanta, GA 30367

Epilogue: Latest word is that the FS plans to offer the Union Grove Sale and road

1227 for bid in September 1989. Unless the FS receives massive opposition, the sale will proceed.

Eyewitnesses recently reported further grim news: On April 1, 1989, a crew of Latin American refugees was brought to Buffalo District to hand spray Velpar on sites totaling 96 acres. There was little supervision and the men didn't seem to understand what was required of them. They wandered about randomly, spraying the purple dyed chemical in a heavy wind, and sprayed into flowing spring branches. They put plastic bags around their waists to keep the leaking backpack sprayers from ruining their clothes. District Ranger George Rogers earlier told one observer that local people no longer wanted to apply herbicides so he had to hire Latin Americans. The workers did not speak English. They were trucked to the sites by a contractor from Hot Springs, Arkansas, and are probably used in the Quachita NF there.

—Doug Alexander, HCR 62 Box 319, Deer, AR 72628

FS Opposes Protection for East Fork Little Buffalo

The Forest Service is ostensibly considering the East Fork Little Buffalo River for designation as Wild and/or Scenic, but dismissed it in the draft document (*Wild and Scenic River Study Report and Draft Environmental Impact Statement on Thirteen Rivers in the Ozark National Forest*) as not wild enough because a short dead-end road near the top allows access. Yet elsewhere the FS says "the river was rated minimal in recreation values, low visitor use is attributed to the difficulties in accessing the river...." George Rogers, Buffalo District Ranger, is quoted on page F-9 C-2 about his opposition to designation: "designation would limit wildlife habitat management." For the FS here, wildlife management consists of bulldozing clearings in the hardwood forest, planting rye and fescue and bush hogging it periodically. They also gouge out small stagnant ponds, which benefit nothing except heavy equipment operators.

Please write a letter to Don Hurlbut, Rivers Study Team Leader, Ozark NF, POB 1008, Russellville, AR 72801, and request a copy of the aforementioned document. Tell him to immediately designate the East Fork Little Buffalo as Wild.

—Doug Alexander, Deer, Arkansas

Mining Troubles Boundary Waters

Kerr-McGee and Broken Hills Proprietary-Utah International Inc. are among over 30 mining companies that are quietly planning to mine nonferrous minerals near northeastern Minnesota's Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness (BWCAW).

The BWCAW's million acres of pine forest and interconnected clear lakes contain the largest virgin forest east of the Rocky Mountains. Wildlife here includes the Eastern Timber Wolf, Red Fox, Coyote, Black Bear, Bobcat, Lynx, White-tailed Deer, Moose, Mink, Sable, River Otter, Beaver, Muskrat, Snowshoe Hare, Bald Eagle, and numerous species of songbirds, waterfowl, hawks and owls.

Popular for camping and canoeing, the BWCAW is the National Wilderness Preservation System's most heavily used area. An estimated 180,000 people visited in 1987. The BWCAW is one of the country's few remaining clean water sources, with water here clean enough to drink directly from the lakes and streams. Being at the top of the watershed, this is source water for Canada's Quetico area and Hudson Bay.

BHP-Utah and Kerr-McGee have leases "to prospect for, mine, and remove copper-nickel and associated minerals." Kevin Proescholdt of Friends of the Boundary Waters recently explained (*Minneapolis*



Star & Tribune, 10-88) the weakness of the act that designated the Boundary Waters Wilderness: "The 1978 Act did not actually prohibit mining within the BWCA, and interest in gold and other precious metals has reached a fever pitch in the wilderness-edge area. The state Dept. of Natural Resources has leased state owned minerals within the Mining Protection Area for exploration and development."

Minnesota promotes mining. The Minerals Coordinating Committee budget in 1988 was \$1.6 million. The state has pledged 10 million acres of mineral rights. Mining interests invested \$13 million in 1988. Tests have revealed significant amounts of gold, platinum, palladium, copper, nickel, and zinc.

Northeastern Minnesota's Duluth Gabbro Complex contains a significant copper resource and the nation's largest nickel resource. Uranium is often found with copper and gold. A high potential for uranium in this area is indicated in the book *Uranium in Minnesota* by Dean Abrahamson, MD, PhD, U of MN: "The major concern of state agency personnel with drilling operations is the fear that local water supplies will be contaminated with radioactive material. While any uranium ore presently in the ground may already pose this threat, the drilling may bring other water sources into contact with this material."

At a recent public meeting, a concerned citizen questioned the location of leases in the BWCAW watershed. Bill Brice, DNR Mineral Division director, answered, "You can certainly mine within a watershed of the BWCAW and meet Pollution Control standards ... The Dunka River mine ... is in the BWCAW watershed."

The Dunka River mine referred to by Brice is an open pit taconite operation near Babbitt, MN. The gabbro — part of the Duluth Complex — was stockpiled on site in a cedar swamp adjacent to the Dunka River to access the underlying iron ore. The stockpiles, containing metal sulfide minerals, cover 320 acres and contribute over one ton of nickel into Bob Bay on Birch Lake, which flows through the Kawishiwa River, White Iron Lake, the BWCAW, and the Quetico. Concentrations of sulfite, nickel, calcium, magnesium, chlorine, copper, and alkalinity in Bob Bay were higher than regional average. Elevated metal concentrations were also observed in sediments and plant and clam tissues. Furthermore, when sulfide ore is exposed to air it oxidizes. This releases sulfur which combines with water and oxygen to form sulfuric acid.

The above problems would also be encountered with a nonferrous mining operation, as confirmed by tests at the Amax-Kennecott copper-nickel operation. This operation is near the Dunka mine, in a low swampy area, and there has been no apparent monitoring since the operation closed several years ago.

In this area, environmental contamination from mining also includes acid mine drainage and dissolved toxic metals. Mining large-volume low-grade gold ore requires vast earth-moving operations. Tailings from a single copper mill cover up to 20 square miles.

The state, mining interests and several environmental groups have formed Project Environmental Foundation (PEF) to address the problems in the mine permitting process. Simultaneously, Minnesota's Pollution Control Agency and its Department of Natural Resources are working on the state's Nonferrous Mineral Strategic Planning Project, to streamline the permitting and environmental review process for nonferrous mineral development.

The director of PEF indicated recently that he was not aware of the state's Planning Project and of mining promotion referring to PEF. The state apparently is

using information from PEF in its Planning Project and referring to PEF to lessen environmental concerns. Grassroots environmentalists are concerned that the large environmental groups involved in PEF may be compromising their positions.

Concerned citizens of the Boundary Waters area have formed a group to oppose the mining. NORTHSHIELD is a volunteer nonprofit group urgently needing support. You can help by writing letters to officials, spreading the word, and sending donations for supplies.

For a detailed report and footnotes, write Northshield, Box 233, Winton, MN 55796.

Manitobans Snag Snakes

Every summer, locals converge on Red-sided Garter Snake dens in the Interlake region of Manitoba, Canada, and catch snakes for cash. Private dealers buy and sell the reptiles to biological store-houses and pet shops in the US. Most of the snakes are later dissected in universities and laboratories.

Cathy Hummel, a wildlife analyst for the Manitoba Department of Natural Resources, has data showing that in 1987 alone 68,500 snakes were exported live to the US. Snake-pickers receive 50 cents per snake.

Wildlife conservation officers issue licences for snake-pickers and dealers, and thus not surprisingly they endorse snake picking. Birds of prey and other predators feed on garter snakes, and are adversely affected as snake numbers diminish.

To protest snake-picking write the following officials:

The Honourable Jack Penner, Minister of Natural Resources, 314 Legislative Bldg, 450 Broadway, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0V8

The Honourable James E Downey, Minister of Northern (Native) Affairs, 333 Legislative Bldg, 450 Broadway, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0V8

—D. Jones, Manitoba Animal Rights Coalition, Box 3193, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 0K2

Humboldt Action Update

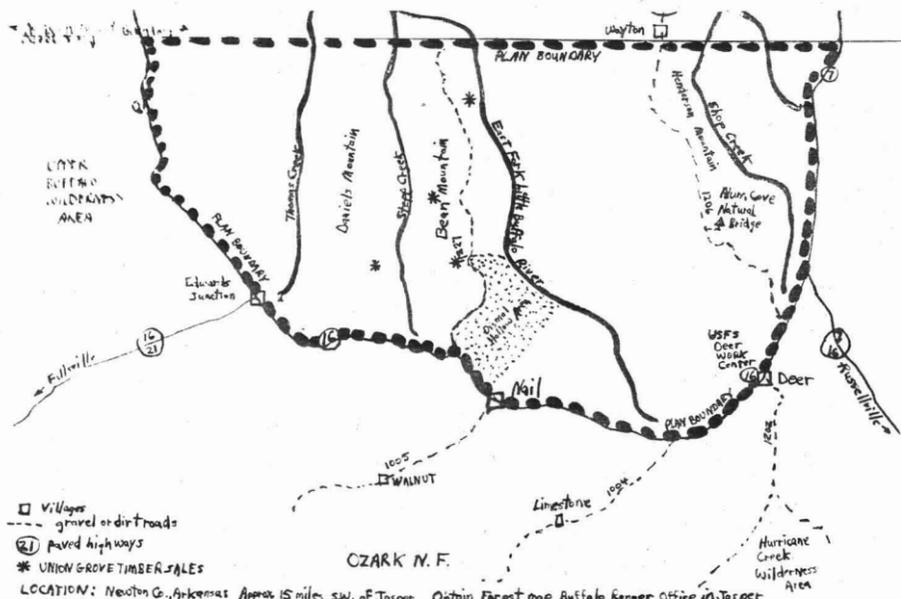
Each year, the direct action imperative becomes increasingly acute in Humboldt County, northern California, and 1989 is no exception.

Last year Humboldt Earth Firsters hung banners over freeways; blocked a Maxxam logging road; blockaded trucks at Simpson's pulp mill and at Eel River Sawmills; helped Mendocino County Earth Firsters shut down logging of Cahto Peak for three days until the Interior Department halted the illegal clearcutting; helped local residents occupy old growth at the Mattole River headwaters for two days (the same days as the Cahto action), until a judge issued a temporary restraining order that stopped logging; stormed a Maxxam-held virgin redwood forest, 60 strong, and stymied logging the entire day (after which a temporary restraining order arrived, halting logging entirely); and continued an information campaign. We also assisted actions in Oregon's North Kalmiopsis Roadless Area.

This year's scenarios will likely be similar. Humboldt EFlers need volunteers for direct action. To help, people should form affinity groups of three or more people and tell us when they can arrive and their preferred type of action. Groups or individuals should contact: EFl, Redwood Action Team, POB 1031, Redway, OR 95560. Financial contributions are also needed. All correspondence will be kept confidential.

Maxxam Update
 Lawsuits have successfully blocked logging of 2000 virgin Coast Redwood acres, but a recent litigious move could soon open a vast portion of 3000-acre Headwaters Forest — the world's largest unprotected virgin redwood grove — to immediate logging. Recent research shows that Headwaters Forest is California's fifth most important habitat island for the Marbled Murrelet, a rare sea bird that nests only in old growth trees. If legal challenges fail, we will occupy Headwaters Forest.

While Maxxam is destroying virgin redwoods where logging has not been halted by lawsuits, Humboldt EFlers are watching Maxxam's Mattole River/Bear River stand, at 4500 acres the largest and most important biologic island left on California's Lost Coast. This land contains Douglas-fir forest broken by meadows — rare habitat these days in California.



Site of proposed timber sales in the Ozark National Forest.
 Page 10 Earth First! May 1, 1989

Snowmobilers Play on Steens Mountain

Steens Mountain is a spectacular fault block range in the Burns District, Bureau of Land Management, southeast Oregon. A loop road that goes up the west slope is the highest road in Oregon. The popular area is designated Steens Mountain Recreation Lands.

Under direction of the Steens Mountain Recreation Plan and Executive Order, portions of the mountain are closed to motor vehicle access. The winter closure includes the bulk of the mountain.

A few years ago, without going through due process, the Bureau of Land Management began allowing winter access. The key to the gate was available from Camper Corral, a private facility near the north loop road. Recently, snowmobilers asked for access and the designation of a play area on the mountain.

The proposed play area will extend from about 6000 feet to 8000 feet in elevation. The Steens Mountain Plan allocates lands up to 7000 feet as critical big game winter range. The proposed play area will invite trespassing into an Area of Critical Environmental Concern and Wilderness Study Areas.

—Don Tryon, POB 848, Bend, OR 97709

WHAT YOU CAN DO: Write to the BLM, Charles Luscher, State Director, POB 2965, Portland, OR 97208. Ask that they drop this snowmobile proposal, close all roads on Steens Mountain and declare it Wilderness.

Look Out for Lookout Mountain

The Lookout Mountain Special Management Area is in central Oregon's Ochoco Mountains, a southwestern extension of the Blue Mountains. The range is old and arid in comparison to the Cascade Range. The US Forest Service manages much of the Ochoco Mountains.

With elevations that vary from 3793 feet to 6926 feet, Lookout Mountain is the most ecologically diverse site on the Ochoco National Forest. At least 28 different plant communities exist within the Management Area. An ancient Ponderosa Pine stand is just inside the boundary.

Rocky Mountain Elk and Mule Deer abound on Lookout. In contrast to the surrounding forest, nearly two-thirds of the Area is old growth habitat, with healthy supplies of snags and down logs. The small streams contain native Rainbow Trout. Brush Creek also supports Brook Trout.

When the 16,577 acre Lookout Mountain Management Area was designated in 1979, roads within were closed. Signs were posted at access points. Management directives call for no regular timber harvest and no motorized access, except for snowmobiles when they do not conflict with other uses. Primitive camp sites, interpretive trails and other minor developments are allowed.

The Forest Service asked conservationists not to seek designation of this area as Wilderness during formation of the 1984 Wilderness Act. The FS told Senator Hatfield's office that management of the area would not change during the next round of Forest Planning. The Senator put special language in the Committee Report on the Wilderness Bill that encourages the FS to carry on current management. Despite that, in 1987 the FS designed a timber sale that resulted in cutting 500 year old Ponderosa Pines up to a quarter mile inside the Special Management boundary, and current FS planning documents propose that the area be roaded and logged.

—Friends of Lookout, POB 85, Powell Butte, OR 97753

WHAT YOU CAN DO: Ask Congress (senators, Senate, Washington, DC 20510; representative, House of Reps, 20515) to pass special legislation to protect the Area as Wilderness.

Montana Celebrates a Century of Cowpies

Montana plans to celebrate its centennial this year with a 6 day cattle drive, glorifying cowboys and cows all the while. The sponsors introduce the plan in a letter rife with colloquialisms:

...We're fixin' to start from Roundup, Montana, on Labor Day, September 4 of 1989 with a herd of 10,000 cattle and riders from every corner of the Treasure State.

The drive shapes up this way: our scouts, under Chief of Scouts Jim Wempner, will ride out ahead to clear the trail and set up our evening camps. Next will come the riders with "Colonel" Stan Lynde, followed by the wagons, led by Wagonmaster Jim Edwards.

A mile or so behind the wagons will be the greatest trail herd in living memory under Herd Boss Bob Shelhamer and 100 of the state's top hands.

Then, following the herd will be Drive Ramrod Barry McWilliams and his crew, riding drag on the whole shebang.

The drive is expected to cover about 10 miles a day through some of the most colorful cattle country anywhere, with wagons circled each night for feeding, conversation and entertainment....

Because this is an event designed to honor the cattle industry, initial registration will be open only to cattlemen, cattlemen, cattle kids, and working (or unemployed) punchers.

For the first two days, the trail is US 87, then it goes onto private land and parallels the road, at a distance of 1/4 to 3 miles. On the last day, the mighty herd of cattle will swim the Yellowstone River and parade through Billings.

The private landowners have given permission for the Drive to cross their land, and Montana has issued the permit to cross the Yellowstone River. So, the Drive may be hard to stop legally. Yet, there are ways to hinder it:

1) The Drive has run out of money once already — let's drive them bankrupt! Write or call and ask for information (addresses below). It costs them money to send out fliers. 2) Write the Montana State Centennial Office and tell them you oppose the Cattle Drive. This may lessen the chance of the state giving the Drive more money.

3) Use the tactic the Wolf Action Group used in British Columbia: Call the toll free Travel Montana number. Ask about visiting Montana, where the best hotels and restaurants are, and where to go. Ask about Centennial events. If they don't mention the Drive, ask about it. Be enraged by what they say! Tell them you will not visit Montana, and why, and ask that the head of the Travel Montana Office and the State Centennial Office be told about your call.

4) The state Historical Society is concerned about archeological and historical sites along the route that may be destroyed. Write if you agree.

5) The state Health Department is concerned about the wastes created by 10,000 cattle, 200 horse-drawn wagons and 5000 riders. Air and water quality may decline. Concerns have also been raised about where the 1000 tons of hay and the 1 million gallons of fresh water for the cattle will come from, and about effects on the Yellowstone River.

6) Write the Chambers of Commerce in the towns participating in the Drive and tell them you are boycotting their cities.

7) Write Governor Stan Stephens. Tell him you'll boycott Montana if the Drive is held.

These seven suggestions, economic sanctions so to speak, are only a start. Please write and tell your ideas. Would any one like to organize the Centennial Cattle Rustling Raid, or the Centennial Indian Attack, or the Centennial Stampede, or — most dangerous of all — the Centennial Homestead Reenactment. Climbing trees to keep sawyers from cutting them takes skill; sitting in front of bulldozers takes guts; but camping in front of 10,000 easily stampeded cows takes raw nerve.

The following are the places to write and call:

*Lattigo Corp., Directors of the Great Montana Centennial Cattle Drive, POB 1989, Billings, MT 59101-1989; (406)245-2655

*Governor Stan Stephens, Capitol Bldg, Helena 59620; 444-3111

*Leo Ellingson, Director, MT State Centennial Office, POB 1989, Helena 59620-1989; 444-1989

*Travel Montana, Dept of Commerce, Helena, MT 800-541-1447

*John Drynan, Director, State Health Dept, Cogswell Bldg, Helena 59620; 444-2544

*State Historical Preservation Office, Historical Society, Memorial Bldg, Helena 59620

*Chambers of Commerce: Roundup 59072, Broadview 59015, Acton 59002, Musselshell 59059, Billings 200 N 34, 59105

—Mitchell Frey, POB 6772, Bozeman, MT 59771-6772; 406-587-4897(h), 586-7846(w)

Pupfish Maligns DOE Characterization

The National Park Service has asked the Nevada Department of Conservation and Natural Resources to deny the application by the US Department of Energy for a water permit that DOE needs to start characterizing Yucca Mountain, Nevada, for a high-level nuclear waste repository. NPS worries that DOE's use of water may lower the water level at Devil's Hole (a detached unit of Death Valley National Monument), home of the endemic and Endangered Devil's Hole Pupfish. The request may result in development of a water-level monitoring program instead of a halt of the characterization. The 50-400 pupfish in Devil's Hole eat algae growing on rocks near the surface, and attain lengths of 1-1.5 inches. (Nuclear Fuel, 2-6-89)

Whidbey Islanders Plant Trees

On March 19, over 40 people, ranging in age from 2 to 75, replanted a 40 acre site that had been clearcut by Trillium Corp. of Bellingham over the protests of local citizens. The area, known as Big Muddy, largely consists of wetlands. Wetlands comprise over 60% of the 40 acre cut. As a result of our blockade last summer, Trillium left two small areas of trees and a 25 foot buffer along the stream. The buffer trees promptly blew down. In February, the Washington State Board of Forest Practices met on Whidbey Island and inspected some of Trillium's sites, including Big Muddy. Locals were upset to hear these officials congratulate themselves on how well the Timber, Fish, Wildlife negotiation process had worked.

Our original goal was to plant 4000 seedlings of alder, hemlock, willow, cedar, and Bigleaf Maple; but our digging crews got so enthusiastic that we planted over 4500 seedlings. Our second objective was to empower people. For a year now, people have been seeing Trillium Corp. destroy their favorite places and cow the county. The tree planting demonstrated that people can do what needs doing.

We also intended to challenge Trillium, and this one aspect leaves us with mixed feelings. Originally, we wrote a letter asking permission, assuming it would be denied. It was. Then one of our people took it upon himself to negotiate. They made various offers: "We'll give you permission if you'll stop vilifying us in the press." No dice. "We'll give you permission if you'll promise not to plant alder." No dice. Eventually our negotiator gained unconditional permission — and the media lost interest, as did some potential planters.

Those people who wouldn't come after we obtained permission asked, appropriately, "Why are you doing Trillium's work for them?" The answer is, we weren't working for Trillium, but to heal the land. We'll send Trillium a bill for services rendered. Besides a cash payment, we're asking Trillium to donate the Big Muddy site to the Department of Natural Resources' Natural Heritage Program as a laboratory in wetland restoration techniques.

We hope this tree planting will set a precedent. We hope to see people come together all over the country and plant trees where they are needed, regardless of who has nominal title to the land.

—Marianne Edain, Whidbey Environmental Action Network

Los Angeles EFi Update

This report, authored by several Los Angeles activists, is late due in part to forces unleashed by NO GROWTH DAY. On February 4, in the great desert landfill that is Los Angeles, 40 Orange County Earth Firsters demonstrated in the rain at the offices of the most prominent land raper locally — in front of a banner with the message "Irvine Company Leave the Land Alone!" A hard-hatted EFi'er drove his "bulldozer" over a screaming menagerie of threatened wildlife to demonstrate the effects of growth. The performance was repeated at half-speed to demonstrate the effects of slow growth. To demonstrate the satisfying effects of no growth, the driver got out of his "dozer." The crowd cheered. Interest has been expressed for future action and a solid Orange County EFi has developed from this soggy Saturday.

Also on February 4, L.A. EFi helped establish NO GROWTH DAY by holding a press conference and demonstration at Scholl Canyon Park, with the 40 participants taking shelter from the unusually heavy rain under a building with a view into the San Gabriel Mountains. Media coverage was good, including a dramatic TV interview with Mark Williams as the rain cleared, revealing the bulldozed hills.

A couple days earlier, on behalf of threatened oak trees at the famous Renaissance Faire site, we had unfurled an 85 foot banner in front of the L.A. Board of Supervisors' offices, reading DEVELOPERS GO BUILD IN HELL. This took a good TV pan shot next to the mock condos trashed by a monkeywrench wielder.

An indefinite alliance has been formed with anti-growth advocates statewide via a mass mailing done for L.A. EFi by Barbara Eales. Contact L.A. EFi for information.

About 70,000 African Elephants are murdered each year for ivory jewelry and trinkets. If this does not stop, in ten years the African Elephant will be extinct, as only 700,000 survive today. To fight the ivory market, L.A. EFi protested last December 17 with animal activists in front of Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills. Concurrent EFi demonstrations for elephants were held in Costa Mesa, CA, and Denver, CO. National and local radio and TV covered the actions. Nearly 20 policemen at the Saks protest were prepared for a confrontation that never occurred. The Saks store manager embarrassed himself by trying to convince the media that his ivory was legal. Later, in January, EFi's distributed leaflets at the California Gift Show, and harassed ivory importers displaying their wares.

At least four stores have stopped selling ivory as a result of our campaign. Call Tom Owen at 213-390-3706 or John Stodder at 818-247-9567 for information.

On Friday, January 13, we held a protest concurrent with and on the same public lands livestock grazing issues as the protest at the National Livestock Show in Denver. In front of the L.A. Federal Building, we hung a banner with the American flag torn to shreds on the horns of a cow's skull. Vic Forsythe was interviewed in Spanish by the Spanish-language TV station, which did a documentary on the protest, showing before-and-after photos from Lynn Jacobs' newspaper of lands damaged by grazing.

We are considering actions at the regional BLM headquarters in Riverside to spread this little-known message. For information, contact Vic Forsythe (who has a locally available slide show on grazing) at 213-839-4247.

Several of us, including Mark Williams and Peter Bralver, have been doing radio shows as EFi's, challenging ORVers and wimps on call-in, and putting in good words for Old Monkeywrench who battereth at the door.

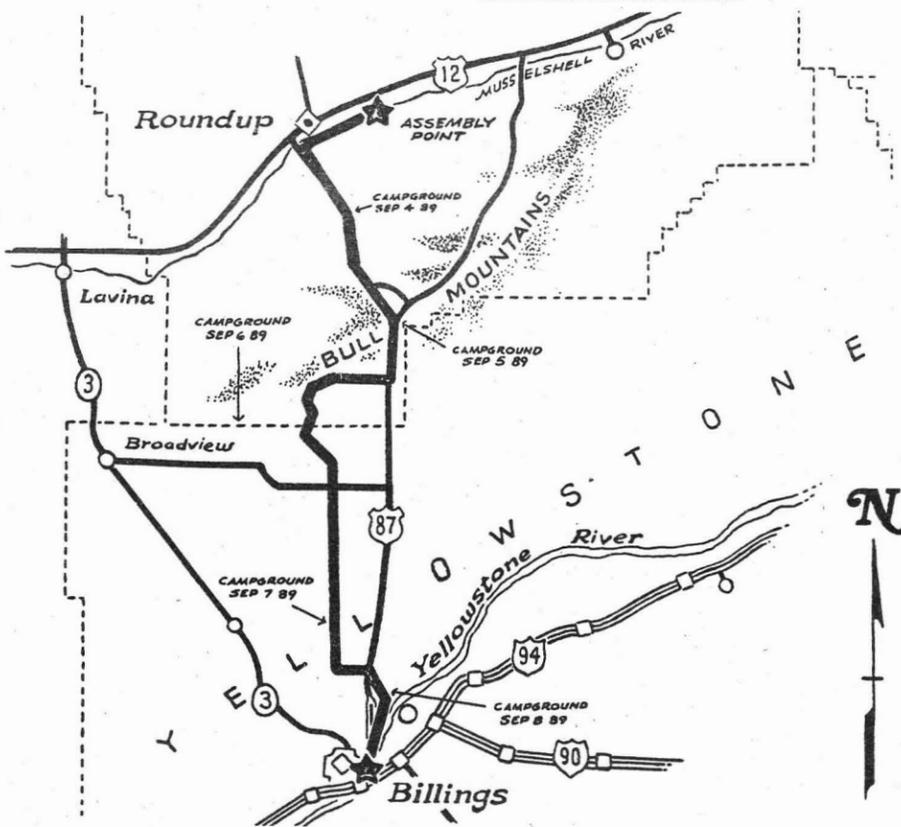
—the Condoreenos

"Hunters" Kill Yellowstone Bison

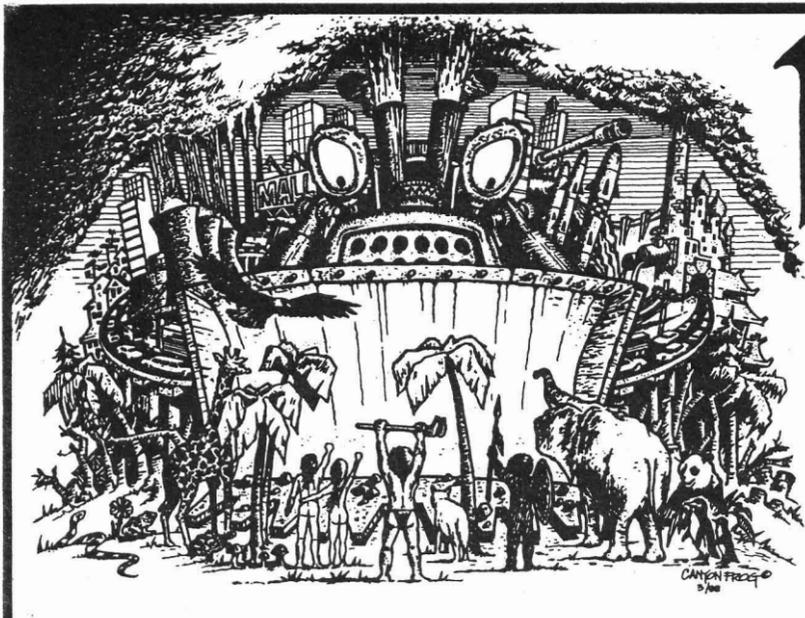
In the largest Buffalo kill of this century, Montana meat harvesters have gunned down more than 550 Buffalo straying out of Yellowstone National Park's protective boundaries. Often shooting the animals at point-blank range, the "hunters" had each paid \$200 to enforce a Montana law that any Buffalo moving outside the Park is to be shot. The law was passed to protect area ranchers, who fear that Bison will infect their cows with brucellosis.

The Bison were roaming in search of better winter range, since forage in the Park has been hard to find after last year's drought and fires. The kill has taken about half of Yellowstone's northern herd, but some 1800 remain in the Park's southern herd.

Poor forage conditions in the Park have also caused extensive starvation in the Elk population, which may be reduced by as much as a third before spring is over. (High Country News)



International News



AMAZON INDIANS MOVEMENT BROADENS

by Glenn Switkes

For sheer environmental eloquence, nothing in recent memory has matched Tura, a Kayapo Indian woman, naked from the waist up and surrounded by reporters, making her point by brandishing a machete against the cheek of the Chief Engineer of Brazil's State Electric Company.

The Altamira Indian summit, held the last week in February [see also report in last issue of *EF!*], brought together 600 Native people from throughout the Xingu River region to express their opposition to a series of hydroelectric dams slated for construction on the Xingu and Iriri Rivers. They declared, "It is necessary to respect our Mother Nature. We advise against destroying the forests. For a long time, the white man has offended our way of thinking and the spirit of our ancestors. Our territories are the sacred sites of our people, the dwelling place of our creator..."

Although Indigenous people comprise less than one-half of 1% of Brazil's population, nearly one-fourth of the Amazon rainforest is Indian land — that is, if their rights to traditional lands are recognized by the Brazilian government. In the face of mining and lumber projects, colonization schemes, and military programs, the Amazon Indians' fight for land legalization will determine the fate of millions of hectares of the world's largest tropical rainforest.

The 3000 Kayapo, their bodies ceremonially painted in geometric patterns of black genipapo and red urucum, and wearing green parrot-feather headdresses, are the most visible warriors of the Amazon Indian movement. When their land was invaded by gold miners in 1984, the Kayapo took over the mining area, posing menacingly with bows and arrows on the wings of the miners' airplanes. The miners and the government convinced them to settle for a small cut of the profits, and today their rivers are becoming polluted with oil and mercury.

In 1987, following the Goiania nuclear accident, where pellets of cesium 137 from a discarded x-ray machine killed four people and contaminated hundreds of others, Brazil's Atomic Energy Commission decided to dump the radioactive waste at Cachimbo, an Amazon military base where an underground nuclear test site is reportedly under construction. Following protests by the Governor of Para state, and war dances by the Kayapo in front of the Presidential palace, the government changed its plans.

In 1988, the Kayapo and 44 other tribes assembled in Brazil's Congress to "lobby" deputies writing the Indian text of the new Brazilian constitution. Through weeks of chanting, prayers, and a sophisticated campaign by support groups, the Native people turned back challenges to their rights mounted by development interests.

At the Altamira summit, hundreds of journalists and environmentalists joined the Indians. The Indians' protest complemented the campaign by international environmental organizations to change World Bank lending policies. (In late March, it was reported that a proposed \$500 million loan for the Brazilian electric power sector was withdrawn, and that the World Bank is instead considering loans to bolster the environmental protection capabilities of the Brazilian government. The denial of the electric power loan is expected to cause Brazil to proceed more cautiously with its Amazon hydroelectric network.)

With the Altamira summit and the appeal for international support by Paiakan and Kube-i, two young Kayapo leaders, many have come to believe that the Kayapo ARE the Indian movement in Brazil, and Kayapo support groups have sprung up in various cities in the US and Europe. Environmentalists need to realize that the Kayapo's vivid protests in defense of nature are part of a broader effort being waged by more than 100 Indian nations in Brazil, under the banner of the Union of Indigenous Nations (UNI).

UNI is Brazil's national Indian movement, formed at a Congress of Indian leaders in 1980. With headquarters in Sao Paulo, and backed by a network of Native support groups, UNI has assembled a pro-Indian caucus in the federal Congress, a legal advisory group in Brasilia, and is implementing sustainable development projects in Indian areas where ancient cultural traditions have been under assault by industrial technology. Through the work of UNI and its coordinator, Ailton Krenak, the Brazilian Indian movement has merged the power of the chiefs and shamans of the villages that dot the Amazon, into a powerful expression that has penetrated the Brazilian national consciousness. A Native cultural renaissance is under way.

In March, UNI delegates met with other populations of the Amazon — rubber tappers, fishermen, small farmers, and the landless — to formalize an Alliance of the Peoples of the Rainforest, which may

photo by Alex de Moura King



Kayapo Indians

broaden the resistance movement in the Amazon. Native people of the Amazon are also organizing internationally, through the Coordination of Indian Peoples of the Amazon (COICA), which includes the participation of Native organizations from Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Surinam.

In Brazil, the Indians' fight for land is a delicate issue. During the constitutional debate in 1987, conservatives labeled Indian supporters as lackeys of multinational mining companies, branding their efforts to protect Indian land from development as attempts to "reserve" valuable minerals for foreign interests. The conservatives' rhetoric nearly doomed the Indians' efforts at a critical moment. Following the Altamira meeting, right-wing Brazilian congressmen called for an investigation into a "foreign conspiracy" against Brazil, and a campaign for the Brazilian Presidency with the nationalistic pledge to defend "our Amazonia."

Efforts to support Amazon Natives should be closely coordinated with the grassroots and national Indian movement. Indian organizers at Altamira were reportedly irritated by the trip of British rocker Sting to Brasilia during their meeting to meet with Brazil's President Jose Sarney. Sting, who plans to raise money to buy land

and extend the boundaries of Xingu Indian Park, called Sarney a "true ecologist" for endorsing his proposal.

The murder of rubber tapper union leader Chico Mendes and the Altamira Indian summit have made the world aware that the people of Amazonia are on the front line in the fight to save the Amazon rainforest. Now everything depends on our willingness to listen to their message and support their struggle.

According to Paiakan Kayapo, "The groups trying to save the races of animals cannot win if the people trying to save the forest lose; the people trying to save the Indians cannot win if either of the others lose. The Indians cannot win without the support of these groups, but the groups cannot win without the support of the Indians who know the forest and the animals and can tell what is happening to them. No one of us is strong enough to win alone — together, we can be strong enough to win."

Glenn Switkes, filmmaker, co-produced "The Four Corners: A National Sacrifice Area?" and "The Cracking of Glen Canyon Damn" with *Earth First!*, and with Monti Aguirre is currently co-producing "Amazonia: Voices from the Rainforest" about the struggle of Amazon people to defend the rainforest.

Indian Villagers Strive to Save the Narmada

In India's Narmada Valley, a tribal revolution is quietly gathering. Along the banks of the Narmada River in the states of Madhya Pradesh, Gujarat and Maharashtra, the adivasis are vocalizing their grievances against their governments. Sick of being denied information and given only empty promises of future resettlement, the people are uniting to stop the Sardar Sarovar dam in Gujarat. This project, partially funded by the World Bank, is already in the early stages of construction, but it is not too late to stop it.

Sardar Sarovar is part of the Narmada Valley Project (NVP), a plan to construct 3200 dams along the Narmada River over a 100 year period. The whole scheme, if implemented, would uproot over a million people (many of these tribals), submerge 350,000 hectares of forest and 200,000 hectares of cultivated lands. The two most controversial dams, the Sardar Sarovar and the Narmada Sagar in Madhya Pradesh, would submerge 39,134 h and 91,348 h of land respectively, 56,547 of this now forest.

By 1985, India had 1578 major dams. While the United States has stopped building huge dams and European nations are reducing dam construction, the India government vows to continue with the NVP. As a result, opposition is mounting. A memorandum was recently submitted to Prime Minister Gandhi from numerous renowned people, including economists, scientists, and social activists. Also, 60 activists conducted a dialogue march, in which they traveled to 234 villages to talk with local people. Among the opponents educating villagers about the Narmada project are other villagers who have already been displaced by the government from their home lands because of the project.

International pressure on the officials involved could help stop the Narmada Valley Project. Direct letters of protest and questions to:

*Mr Qureshi, Senior Vice President of the World Bank, 1818 H St NW, Washington, DC 20443;
*Rajiv Gandhi, PM Secretariat, South Block, New Delhi 1100011;
*Mr Amarsinh Choudhary, Chief Minister, Government of Gujarat, Gandhinagar;
*Mr Sharad Pawar, Chief Minister, Government of Maharashtra, Bombay;
*Mr Arjun Singh, Chief Minister, Government of Madhya Pradesh, Bhopal;
For more information, write Narmada Campaign, c/o Rainforest Information Centre, PO Box 368, Lismore, 2480, NSW AUSTRALIA.

—Carol Sherman

Statement by Penan Leaders, 29 January 1989

ed. note: The following is excerpted from a recent public proclamation by the Penan people of Sarawak, Malaysia. As reported in past issues, the Penan have led a series of blockades to save their rainforest home from multinational logging firms.

We are the leaders and representatives of many Penan communities in the Baram district of Sarawak. Many of us were arrested between 18 and 21 January 1989. Altogether 105 were arrested in January 1989. These arrests are in relation to blockades of logging roads.

On 27 January, 27 of us were released on surety. Another 10 are still on remand because they were asked to put up bail of cash \$1000 each and we cannot raise this money for them. Another 24 from Long Bangan are expected to be charged in court early in February 1989.

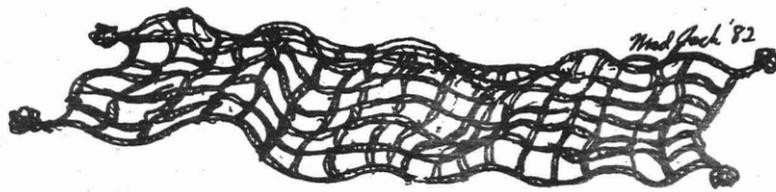
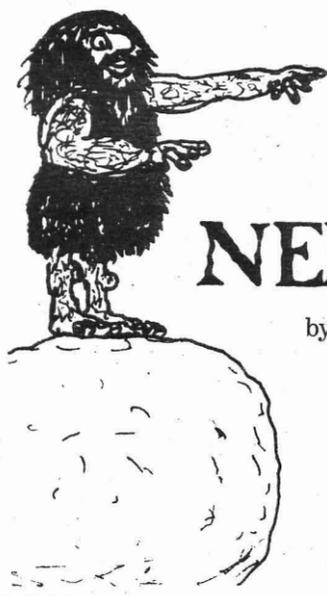
After our release, we made the following resolutions:

1. We feel it is not fair to ask 10 of our friends to put up \$1000 bail each. Since they are very poor, their families and friends cannot raise the money. So they remain in jail.

2. We wish to explain the background to the blockades that led to our arrest in January 1989. For a long time we have suffered from logging activities. Our forest resources are gone. Our food supply is reduced. The river waters are polluted. Our rice farms and fruit trees are damaged. The wild animals have run away. We sent complaints to the district office, the police and other state authorities but they did not listen. Some of us went to Kuala Lumpur to meet Ministers who promised to help. But nothing happened. Our blockades, which started in March 1987, were taken down by the authorities in October 1987. From October 1987 to August 1988 the situation worsened. The logging companies chopped the trees even faster. The state government introduced a new law to make it an offence to blockade logging roads, to prevent us from defending the forest.... The soil erosion caused by logging silted our rivers. Rivers that were once deep are now shallow. As a result there was serious flooding, and a lot of our food farms were damaged. So at the end of 1988 we were forced by our desperate situation to blockade again. Altogether there were around 10 areas with blockades. But now the forest officials and police have arrested us under the new forest law....

3. We love our land. Although a lot of the forest is already gone, we are willing to live here. Most of us have applied to the government to grant us communal forest. Under state land laws, we can ask for communal forest to be set aside for our use, in areas near or surrounding our settlements.

4. We have heard that the Thai government banned logging completely in January 1989 because logging destroyed people's environment and livelihood. We too request the Malaysian and Sarawak government to ban logging completely in Sarawak....



NEMESIS NEWS NET

by Australopithecus

Dolphins Rescue Surfer

In January, a school of dolphins chased away a large Tiger Shark who was attacking a 17 year old boy surfing off the north coast of New South Wales, 400 miles north of Sydney. The shark had destroyed the boy's surfboard and damaged his abdomen. The boy was rushed to a hospital, where he underwent minor surgery. A Sydney shark expert noted that he has heard of other instances of dolphins saving people from sharks. (*Daily Breeze*, 1-5-89)

However, we may reasonably expect a diminution of such incidents, due to falling dolphin populations. In 1986, Australian officials banned all high seas driftnet fishing in Australian waters, thus saving 3000 dolphins a year; but the Marine Mammal Protection Act, reauthorized last year by the US Congress, will allow 375,000 dolphins to be killed *legally* by tuna fishers over the next five years.

Buffalo Thwarts Snowmobiler

Donald Anderson, 48, of Geraldine, Montana, died on February 6 after colliding with a Buffalo on his snowmobile (Anderson's, not the Buffalo's) in Yellowstone National Park. He had been roaring over the landscape with friends, but had lost them in the dark. When they backtracked, they found his body and scattered clumps of Bison hair. The Bison was not available for comment.

Rancher Employs Disco Tech to Save Sheep

South Dakota rancher Kevin Parmely has invented a novel way to prevent Coyotes from eating his sheep. He has designed a device that fits around a sheep's neck and screeches and flashes for 10 seconds when the sheep acts agitated. This spook collar, which cost \$100,000 to design, is available from Parmely at \$625 for a set of 5, complete with strobe light. How Coyotes will react to these remains to be seen. There has been some speculation that the wily Tricksters will actually be attracted by these collars, and may repeatedly harass sheep so they can break-dance in the strobe lights.

This would be likely with the Coyotes of southern California, anyway, who are now preying upon domesticated mammals of a more urban sort. Coyotes in Beverly Hills are earning the enmity of southern California's upper crust by eating small dogs, cats, and garbage. Apparently, some are gaining a predilection for poodles. Electric fences are proving ineffective in deterring these adaptable canines. (*Seattle Times*, 12-4-88)

Goose Attack Triggers Suit

In January, Hattie Pitt's geese Goozie-Loosie and Ducky-Lucky got loosie and lucky and eagerly attacked this ailing Chesapeake, Virginia, woman's grandson as he came to visit her. While fleeing, he fell and broke 2 fingers. Subsequently he sued his 78 year old grandmother. The outcome of the suit remains uncertain, but the woman has sold her geese: they are no longer the Pitts'.

Businessman Convicted of Cutting Trees

A federal jury recently convicted Maryland businessman Isaac Fogel of felling over 100 trees on National Park land adjacent to his home. To improve his view of the Potomac River and the value of his property, Fogel had hired professional tree cutters to kill oak, locust, maple, ironwood, and persimmon trees along the C & O Canal and Potomac River. He is to be sentenced April 17, and faces up to 11 years in prison and \$350,000 in fines.

Lion Eats Lyons Poodle

Increasing numbers of Mountain Lion sightings — over 50 since last September — have been reported in the Boulder, Colorado area. The first lion predation of a domestic animal occurred recently: Fifi, 13, was eaten by a Cougar while standing on the deck of her Steamboat subdivision home, near Lyons.

Rats Ground Airliner

On a Japan Air Lines jumbo jet bound for New York recently, 25 rats, being imported for laboratory experiments, escaped. Employees found 23 of them, but the two remaining escapees posed a threat to cables, so officials grounded the plane and transferred its 300 passengers to another plane.

Trappists Resist Golfers

In Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, by the Shenandoah River 60 miles west of the nation's capital, 25 Trappist priests and brothers have cloistered themselves in the Holy Cross Abbey. Since 1950, the abbey has existed peacefully in the midst of the Central Appalachian hardwood forest. Soon, however, the peace may be shattered by developers. Golflinks Inc., a Virginia corporation, recently bought 150 acres of floodplain across the river from the abbey for \$650,000; and plans to build a \$2.8 million resort complete with golf course, pool, and clubhouse. In January the Trappists — citing noise pollution, pesticide runoff, sewage and water use problems, and disruption of the ecosystem — informed the Clark County Planning Commission of their opposition to the project. The Commission is considering a zoning amendment to allow Golflinks to proceed.

The US has over 12,000 golf courses. It also has 12 Trappist monasteries, one of which — St. Benedict's in Snowmass, Colorado — in 1971, together with environmentalists, blocked a ski resort.

Elk Attacks Game Officials

In late February in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, a large cow Elk drove a 74 year old woman and a policeman trying to rescue her into a house and held them at bay for 3 hours — attacking lawn chairs, cars, and wildlife officials all the while. It seems the Elk had been harassed by dogs the previous night and wished to express her disgruntlement with the dogs' human. After the Elk left the house, she blockaded the Denver & Rio Grande Western tracks, delaying a train for half an hour. She also kicked and dented a police car and leapt atop another parked car and stomped on it. Sadly, the 300-400 pound Elk was soon lured to the Colorado River, whereupon she drowned while trying to cross. (*The Daily Inter Lake Kalispell*, Kalispell, MT, 2-19)

Trees Communicate in W-waves

So says physicist Ed Wagner. Wagner explains that if you cut into a tree, adjacent trees send out an electrical pulse, which can be recorded on a strip chart. Wagner described the reaction of trees next to a tree being cut as "a tremendous cry of alarm." He said that people had known for several years that trees communicate but had attributed it to chemicals that trees produce. He believes the communication is too rapid to be explained by chemicals, for trees "know within a few seconds what is happening." Wagner has measured the speed of W-waves as about 15 feet per second through air and 3 feet per second through trees. This speed is much slower than that of electrical waves, leading Wagner to think they are an "altogether different entity." Predictably, Wagner's hypothesis is meeting skepticism among other scientists, but he is confident it will someday be accepted. (*Deseret News*, 2-12)

Crocodile Claims 13th Victim

A huge crocodile in Malaysia, named by local river bank people *Bujang Senang*, or King of Crocodiles, recently ate a fisherman — its 13th human in 10 years. Brian Tunging, 45, and four friends were fishing from boats in the River Muara Sungei Antek, 600 miles southeast of Kuala Lumpur, when the King attacked Tunging's boat. Tunging fell in the water and was quickly devoured by Bujang and two smaller accomplices. Locals say Bujang is about 23 feet long and 3 feet wide. In addition to the 13 he has eaten, he has wounded several people. Enmity has thus arisen among the villagers. In 1982, Malay witch doctors tried to charm the King into being shot, but to no avail. Sharpshooters searching the river in boats have failed to find him. He is distinguishable because of his size and because of a white tinge on his back above his forelegs. Other crocodiles in

Malaysia have solid gray backs. Crocodile experts have speculated that this beast is over 140 years old. Whereas in the local Iban language *Bujang Senang* means King of Crocodiles, in Malay it means easy-going bachelor. The venerable reptile has never been seen with a mate.

MT Wildlife Dept Paints Moose

Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks employees in helicopters are shooting Moose with "thumper guns." The gunners shoot vials of paint at the unsuspecting cervids in an attempt to paint their hides with blotches of safety yellow industrial polyurethane enamel. Department biologists then use a "survey observability factor" to estimate Moose numbers. This entails determining a ratio of visible to hidden Moose that will allow reasonable estimates of Moose populations to be made by means of annual overflights. More important than determining actual numbers will be tracking population trends, biologists say. To establish an index, biologists first use the capture/recapture method that is the conventional means of extrapolating population sizes from records of small portions of the population. On a recent flight over Tally Lake and the Libby area, one biologist marked 20 Moose in 90 minutes. (*Bozeman Daily Chronicle*, 1-13) One must wonder what effect coloring Moose in day-glo yellow will have on their survivability rate during hunting season.

Elephant Kills 5 Nepalese

In the latest in a series of attacks by Asiatic Elephants against burgeoning village populations in southern Asia, an elephant from southeast Nepal's dwindling tropical forests charged during several nights into villages near Gherawari village, 190 miles southeast of Kathmandu, killing 5 villagers. Apparently, suffering from destruction of its habitat, this rebel has been hit by the midnight munchies lately, and has sought to ally them at nearby villages. (*Bozeman Daily Chron*, 12-27)



Road sign in Washington state.

Pet Elephants Rampage, Too

Rogue elephants' captive comrades in the states may likewise be tending toward disgruntlement. In two ostensibly unrelated incidents this February, petting zoo elephants lost their tempers. At the Southwest Florida Fair in Fort Myers, a 4 ton, 15 year old female, used for paid rides, charged through a crowd and leaped into a lake while carrying three riders, including a child of 4. Eight people were sent to hospitals suffering from grease burns sustained as fryers in concession stands toppled on them. The elephant trainer who finally calmed down the pachyderm speculated that she had been shot with a pellet gun. Meanwhile, at Busch Gardens in Tampa, trainer Joseph Allen fared less well than the Fort Myers joy riders. A 3 ton, 17 year old male crushed Allen with his head. The elephant was one of two males among 22 Asiatic Elephants at Busch Gardens. This was the first fatality

caused by an animal at the Gardens, though last November a 400 pound Bengal Tiger mauled a caretaker. (*Washington Times*, 2-7)

Zoologists have recently discovered that elephants can communicate over distances of several miles by means of infra-sonic waves. Elephants, it seems, often signal other elephants far out of sight, and this helps the big bulls avoid each other, lessening confrontations between them.

Dislocated Sea Lion Returns 300 Miles

California Sea Lions feasting on fish in Washington's Strait of Juan de Fuca have earned the enmity of fishermen as fisheries have declined in recent years. The fishermen have pressured authorities to relocate or drive away the sea lions. Officials have trapped 18 of the pinnipeds in waters near Ballard ship locks, using a floating cage. Two of these died after being sedated for tagging. Another promptly swam 150 miles up the coast, 100 miles through the Strait, turned right and swam another 35 miles to reach the Ballard locks and renew its fishing. (*Washington Times*, 3-6)

New Breed of Trash Fisherman Evolves

If you see fishermen cutting fins off live sharks on the high seas, consider the merits of converting their boats into anchors. *International Wildlife* (3-4/89) reports that a growing demand for shark fin soup in the Orient is subsidizing the "finning" of sharks by American fishermen. Fishermen cut fins from live sharks, then throw the crippled animals back in the water, where they usually sink and bleed to death or starve. Finning is legal and economical: Dried shark fin nets \$22 a pound; shark meat brings only 50 cents a pound. The few mutilated sharks that do survive cannot reproduce, because fins are needed for mating, shark experts say.

Logging Helicopter Crashes

Perhaps choppers won't help choppers. That at least seems to be a message from the recent crash of a helicopter hauling 2500 pounds of logs from a timber stand near Greenville, Florida. The helicopter, owned by Green Mountain Helicopters (a Washington state company that has been accused of such ignominious deeds as flying weapons to right-wing forces in Central America), was pronounced dead by the FAA. The pilot escaped injury. The *Madison County Carrier*, which reported the incident (2-15), had the previous week lauded chopper logging, explaining how it would open previously inaccessible wetlands to timber harvest.

Truants Save Maine Tree

Six junior high school students cut classes late last month to block the planned felling of a 90-foot century-old pine tree in the western Maine town of Farmington. The tree was to be downed to allow road widening. As the feller sharpened his chainsaw, the students formed a ring around the tree, preventing cutting. Their assistant principal arrived to assign them a substitute teacher to ensure that they were properly supervised. Town officials soon agreed to spare the tree. (*Valley News*, 3-31)

Swan Overturns Boat in Oregon Lake

Perhaps thinking that the men were attacking his mate, a large male swan attacked 3 Bend city park officials trying to extract a fishhook from a female swan's throat. In the midst of the fray, their canoe capsized. The enraged male continued to attack the men as they floundered in the water, but they escaped injury. Workers finally captured the male. Soon thereafter they caught the female, removed the hook, and set the pair free.

Isopod Faces Tragic Denouement

The November/December 1988 issue of *Endangered Species Technical Bulletin*, published by the US Fish and Wildlife Service (Dept. of Interior, DC 20240), is, as usual, a litany of dwindling species. The FWS's flair for reporting high tragedy with bureaucratic coolness is perhaps best displayed in its update on the Socorro Isopod:

This past summer, the Socorro isopod (Thermosphaeroma thermophilum) had perhaps its closest brush with extinction in the past million years. Roots clogged the pipe leading to the cement horse-watering trough where the only known population of this tiny, water-dependent crustacean survived, thus drying the habitat. (Its natural habitat had already been lost.) The City of Socorro, New Mexico, subsequently removed the roots and restored the flow, but no isopods could be found. Fortunately, a refugium population had been established at the University of New Mexico under the guidance of Dr. Manuel Molles. Charles W. Painter, an endangered species biologist for the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish, has restocked 555 isopods into the renovated trough. If the refugium population had not existed, the Socorro isopod would now be extinct.

TAKING STEPS TOWARD

by Jamie Sayen

This is the irony of our age: "hands-on" management is needed to restore "hands-off" wilderness. — Reed Noss, landscape ecologist

Since there is nowhere enough wilderness to permit the full mystery of evolution to flourish, we, as a culture, must begin the daunting task of restoring vast tracts of damaged land to a condition where they can begin to re-wild themselves. To speak of ecological restoration by humans of ecosystems and species damaged by humans is to speak in paradoxes. Enter at your own risk. Bring a healthy dose of humility and recognize that you are attempting work that only Mother Earth can properly do. Be not deterred by the apparent absurdity of the task. The alternative is the collapse of the biosphere.

The only option left to us is to begin to live by an ethic that 1) preserves all remaining wildlands; 2) opposes all abuses to global and local ecosystems, including "mitigation"; 3) restores, in an ecologically appropriate manner, large tracts of lands that have suffered from human development; 4) restores human culture to natural succession; and 5) aggressively advocates the above points.

The newly-formed Society for Ecological Restoration and Management (SERM) held its first meeting in Oakland in January. I went with mixed feelings. Would this conference allow the corporate purchase of influence and the toleration of mitigation prevalent at last year's Restoring The Earth conference (*EF!*, 5-88)? Would "experts" speak to grassroots restorationists (the dirt-under-the-fingernail crowd)? Would the goal of the restorationists be acknowledged as natural recovery assisted by timely, ecologically appropriate intervention? And, finally, to which reality would SERM bow: long-term ecological reality or short-term political and economic reality?

By dint of its no compromise, biocentric ethic, Earth First! has often filled the role of critic of the mainstream environmental community. It is a role that has been forced upon us by the failure of other groups to acknowledge that environmentalism is no liberal parlor game — it's a struggle for survival. Nonetheless, learning to live in harmony with our local and global watersheds, not criticism, is what inspires our wild tribe.

This said, it is a pleasure to report that the SERM conference offers hope for a responsible restoration movement. If SERM avoids becoming mired in bureaucracy, it can become a progressive force in the environmental movement.

II

At last year's Restoring The Earth conference, Michael Fisher, Sierra Club executive director, said the "highest priority" of restoration environmentalists is the preservation of the remaining 10% of wilderness on Turtle Island. "Restore the 90%," he said, "but not at the expense of the 10%."

Fisher is rightly concerned that restoration will be used by mitigationists to justify the destruction of the 10%. He also fears that attention to restoration could distract activists from the fight to preserve wildlands.

Fisher's worries are well-founded but he is wrong to conclude that we must preserve all before we begin to restore. Preserva-

tion and restoration are inseparable. The values at the heart of the preservation movement — the intrinsic value of wildness and biodiversity — are at the heart of an ecologically responsible restoration movement. Preservation is the preventive medicine of restoration.

I considered this was the most critical issue facing SERM, yet after the first two days, it had not received much attention. Where, I asked fellow *EF!*ers Marianne Edian and Steve Erickson, was the sense of urgency? On the final day, we expressed our sense of urgency, and discovered that we were not alone.

That morning, Lee Hackeling, a geographer for the Army Corps of Engineers, delivered a paper titled "Ecological Restoration and Mitigation: A Relationship Worth Scrutinizing." She said it represented "an opinion from personal observation and not necessarily the opinion of the Army Corps." She asked a key question: Is mitigation a complement to or substitute for preservation? Mary Kantala of the EPA likewise asked: Do created wetlands replace the ecological functions of natural wetlands? Speaker after speaker answered these questions with a resounding "No." We can put back some of the pieces, but there is always a loss of biodiversity.

Hackeling warned that, by promising mitigatory actions and using the term 'restoration' to describe mitigation, developers have eroded public opposition to big projects. The whole concept of mitigation is tenuous, she added, because of human inexperience in creating natural systems. To make matters worse, there is usually no follow-up to see if mitigation plans get implemented (often they don't); there is little baseline data and little supervision. Although she did not directly say it, the implications are clear: mitigation is a scam to avoid environmental constraints.

The last scheduled meeting was titled "Future Directions of SERM." There, Steve Erickson asked the 100 assembled if SERM was prepared to repudiate mitigation, and to publicly advocate efforts to preserve Earth's remnants of biodiversity. Others raised doubts: Should SERM be political, or should it only provide the data for restoration work? Since most of the money is in mitigation — not restoration — work, could SERM afford to take such a stance?

Gradually, a group consensus against mitigation emerged. One person brought down the house when he called mitigationists "biostitutes." Steve said that he wants SERM to find a way to make restoration work pay so that restorationists are not forced to become biostitutes. Someone called for a Full-Employment Act for restorationists.

Initially, there seemed to be little support for SERM publicly advocating preservation of all remaining wildlands. One person said that other environmental groups are already doing this work, and SERM should concentrate on restoration, an issue not well addressed by other groups.

This argument should ring familiar to *EF!*ers who wonder if *EF!* should embrace issues beside wilderness preservation. The answer is that SERM, like *EF!*, should focus on its unique contributions, but not in a rigid, narrow sense.

Gradually, more and more people spoke for preservation. Finally, Bill Jordan III, editor of *Restoration and Management Notes*, said that "restoration implies preservation." I agreed with him, but stressed that



Volunteers rake in seed of rare native species in an attempt to restore a tallgrass savanna ecosystem near Chicago.

this implication would likely be lost on people outside SERM; we have to be explicit.

Although strong positions were not formally adopted, it is clear that SERM members are guided by a genuine desire to do what is ecologically responsible. No doubt *EF!*ers will continue to be gadflies at SERM gatherings, but if the Oakland conference is any indication, there will be genuine respect in the relationship.

III

There is no such thing as reforestation.... We can't fix nature.... We can put back pieces and allow nature to heal herself.

—forester Chris Maser, January 17, 1989

The search for appropriate restoration techniques leads to the realm of paradox. In *Conservation and Evolution* (p.126), O.H. Frankel and M.E. Soule write of "our abysmal ignorance of biological processes in complex ecosystems." With humility and patience, we can gain insights into the mysteries of nature, but our ignorance remains the dominant factor in our efforts "to save the world."

We must not, however, use ignorance as an excuse for inaction. We must act, but — to avoid the pitfalls of *hubris* — we must act with acknowledgement of our limits. All the restorationist can do is remove the human-created barriers to the natural healing process and guard against the creation of further barriers. As Don Falk said: "It is ourselves we are trying to manage, not nature."

This attitude rejects the analogy of the ecosystem to a machine. Even a complicated machine can be understood by the human mind. It can be taken apart and reassembled to working order. In contrast, no one can ever fathom the mysteries of natural systems. Numerous conference speakers acknowledged that systems reconstructed by humans are always biologically impoverished relative to similar natural systems, and are always more susceptible to invasion by exotics.

Efforts to recreate or replicate damaged ecosystems can never succeed. Even if we knew all the parts (down to site specific soil microbes and mycorrhizal fungi), we wouldn't begin to understand the web of relations. Furthermore, an undisturbed system today is quite different from what it was 100 or 1000 years ago. It may have the same appearance, but changes caused by climate, disturbance, succession, adaptation and evolution change it in ways no historian, archeologist, or ecologist can ever fully know.

The goal of restoration, therefore, must be natural recovery. Remove the destructive forces; restore as many native species, communities, and functions as possible. Collect data on patterns of species and communities, but don't get bogged down with useless data. Restore natural processes — the spirit of the place — not some static, idealized, pre-settlement condition.

Since the goal of restoration is the health of a system, not merely of any one species, a holistic view is required. Freeman House of the Mattole Restoration Council says his community's effort to restore salmon in the Mattole River revealed that it was not enough to supplement the salmon population, that the whole habitat must be restored.

Though we cannot know exactly what conditions prevailed in ecosystems before they were damaged, we can identify many critical components. Native and exotic species can be identified (the exotics, at least). In his superb "Recipe for Wilderness Recovery" (*EF!* 9-86), Reed Noss lists sources helpful in determining pre-settlement conditions: ecological literature, his-

torical narratives and photographs, early land surveys, analysis of sediments from lakes and bogs, soil analysis and mapping, analysis of packrat middens, and study of old growth remnants and of live and dead plant materials.

At the conference, Gary Nabhan described how analysis of packrat middens has helped identify pre-settlement species for Sonoran desert communities going back 20,000 years. By studying the pollen, insects, and small vertebrate bones found in pack-rat middens, and comparing this inventory with currently existing species, restorationists can begin to reconstruct elements of pre-settlement conditions. Of course, these inventories will necessarily be incomplete, and often difficult to date with precision.

Restoration must follow natural succession. (See Jeff Elliott's "The Bionomics of Tree Planting," *EF!* 11-88.) Restorationists must not allow aesthetic factors or time pressures to cause them to violate succession.

Dealing with exotics is critical. Ultimately, non-natives should be removed, if possible. But, immediate annihilation of exotics may be counter-productive. John Harrington says a steady decline of exotic populations in prairie restoration will be less traumatic, and will allow certain exotic flora to serve as cover crops or nurse plants to natives that may be vulnerable to desiccation. Steve Packard suggested that studying exotics is a good way to locate rare natives: when you encounter an unfamiliar species, it's probably a native.

One of the thorniest problems facing a restorationist is the issue of "exotic" genetic stock. Often, species replanted are native to an area, but the genetic stock is non-native (i.e., has grown in a different environment with different species). Constance Millar, a forest geneticist, gave a talk entitled: "Restoration: Disneyland or Native Ecosystem: Genetic Guidelines for Restoration." Her thesis was that the genetic nature of introduced stock has a profound impact on existing communities.

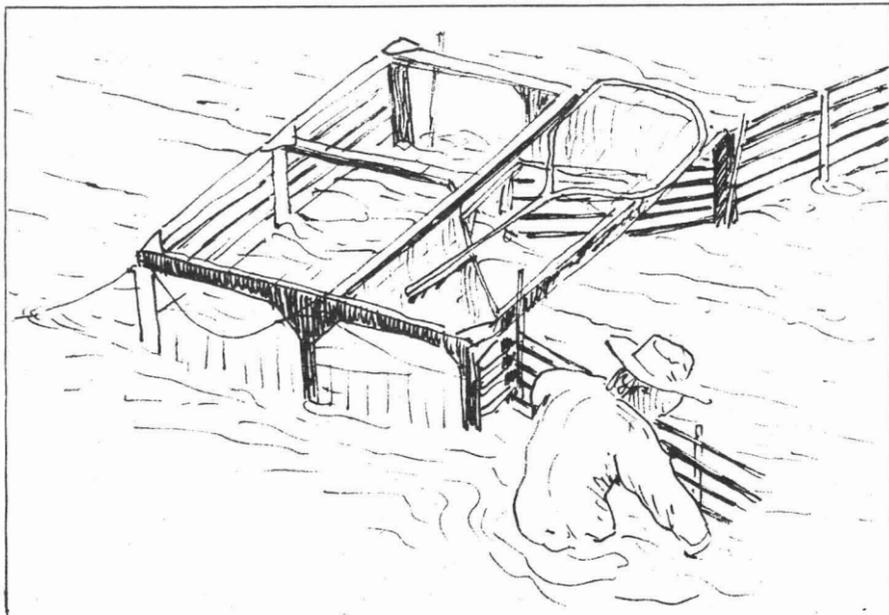
She explained that Redwood National Park, while still in private ownership, had been aerially reseeded with three native species: Sitka Spruce, Coast Redwood, and Douglas-fir. The seeds had come from Oregon and Washington, and each had been grown in isolation from the other two species. Thus, they were not adapted to the site or the biological conditions of the Park. They were exotics, and the result was the genetic pollution of native stock. "They were apparently real," she said, "but were not functionally real."

When her colleague proposed removing these exotics, the Sierra Club objected because it feared the precedent of logging in a National Park. Her colleague's response was to ask if the Club wanted a Disneyland or a native ecosystem.

Millar feels that the origin of planting stock is so important that it might actually be better to use a non-invasive exotic that can easily be removed later rather than use genetic exotics of native species. Clearly, this is an area to which restorationists must devote more attention.

Disturbance is another critical factor in any restoration effort. Disturbance (a natural process) differs markedly from disruption (from human activity). Chris Maser, noting that humans *disrupt* natural *disturbances*, clarified this distinction: "Nature always allows healing. We don't."

When disturbance and disruption are scrambled together, how do we identify the dynamics of the natural disturbance regime for the system under study? How do we reintroduce natural disturbance? How do we restore a natural fire regime? How do



Working a salmon trap in the Mattole River watershed.

A RESTORATION ETHIC

we bring in disease?

The issue of disturbance is further complicated by habitat fragmentation and preserves (or restoration projects) that are too small to survive natural disturbances. The Yellowstone fires revealed that even a large National Park is far too small to absorb the impact of a cataclysm like last summer's fires.

There is pressure on restorationists working with a tiny fragment to minimize disturbance. James MacMahon, a shrublands restorer, observed that "Restorationists tend to prevent at all costs disturbance to their projects." We need more and larger preserves so that we don't feel compelled to control natural disturbance.

Talks were given on mycorrhizal fungi. Mycorrhizae, or "fungus roots," are critical to the health of soils, plants, and trees. They are especially important to the survival of transplants. They promote rapid growth and increase drought resistance. They weather mineral grains and extract nutrients for their root hosts. They protect their hosts from pathogens.

Clearcuts and herbicides are death to mycorrhizae, and the fungi recover only very slowly. One cause of tropical rainforest decline is the rapid loss of mycorrhizal fungi after cutting.

Though plants can be grown by artificial means, without mycorrhizae, they become addicts, forever dependent on artificial nutrients. Studies have shown that two plants without mycorrhizal fungi interact very negatively, while plants with "fungus roots" interact very positively. Trees in old growth forests, with root systems linked by mycorrhizae, communicate with each other. "Is the forest not one?" Maser asks. "The system is giving us a lesson in togetherness and we are trying to give it a lesson in separateness."

We are just beginning to appreciate the importance of mycorrhizae to soil health. Gary Nabhan described how cactus nurse plants and mycorrhizal fungi interact to help desert plants survive. John Harrington said, "No one (prairie) community is exactly like any other." This suggests that mycorrhizal fungi may be highly site specific, which would imply that genetic adaptations are more local than previously suspected. If this is true, we must save every microenvironment to save biodiversity.

No one knows how prevalent herbicide use is now in restoration work. One project mentioned at the conference uses Garlon 4. Poisoning is not a viable restoration tool.

Joy Zedler reminded us that we mustn't just restore habitat; we must maintain it. This requires monitoring of both a quantitative and a qualitative nature — not only of species' populations, but of relationships and processes. Monitoring requires a long-term commitment to a project. Unfortunately, our political and economic systems pressure "experts" to get quick results. Ecological recovery is slow, and designers often disengage themselves from a project

long before the results are in.

The solution, Steve Packard urged, is for projects to be sustained by volunteers who live in the neighborhood (or watershed). (See sidebar.) The inhabitants will have the time to await the results of experiments.

It is probably appropriate for professionals, not watershed amateurs, to tackle big restoration jobs in "national sacrifice areas" such as the zone of refineries and chemical plants in northern New Jersey. These industrial blight zones probably have few healthy inhabitants, and it is beyond the scope of amateurs to deal with industrial pollution and poisoned aquifers. These areas do not attract reinhabitory people, but they must be cleaned up so that natural succession can begin afresh.

IV

Salmon is the totem animal of the North Pacific Range. Only Salmon, as a species, informs us humans, as a species, of the vastness and unity of the North Pacific Ocean and its rim. The buried memories of our ancient human migrations, the weak abstractions of our geographies, our struggles toward a science of biology do nothing to inform us of the power and benevolence of our place. Totemism is a method of perceiving power, goodness, and mutuality in locale through the recognition of and respect for the vitality, spirit and interdependence of other species. In the case of the North Pacific Rim, no other species informs us so well as the salmon, whose migrations define the boundaries of the range which supports us all.

For time without increment, salmon have fed and informed bear, porpoise, eagle, killer whale. For the past 20,000-30,000 years, salmon have fed and shaped the spirit of Yurok, Chinook, Salish, Kwakiutl, Haida, Tsimshian, Aleut, Yukagir, Koryak, Chuckchi, and Ainu — to name a few of those old time peoples who ordered their daily lives and the flow of generations according to the delicate time and thrust of the salmon population. —Freeman House, Totem Salmon

What is the relationship of restorationists to a restoration project? Are we outside the ecosystem, tinkering to repair it? Or are we working to restore human culture into a restored ecosystem? The role of humans in the ecosystem is one of the most divisive issues in the environmental movement.

Despite the malignancy of modern human culture, we are a species related to all other species. The quest to eliminate the malignant elements need not become a mission to eliminate our species. Humans have been a natural part of the system for 99% of our history. Modern human culture, Chris Maser said, is "separating human values from ecological values." Until we have a social, economic and political culture based on a "biologically sustainable system," he said, our crisis will worsen.

Stephanie Kaza suggested that the two challenges facing restorationists are repair work and establishment of a new way of relating to the planet. Without the latter,



photo by Steve Erickson

Volunteers planting trees in a clearcut on Whidbey Island, WA.

she said, restoration work is "emergency triage."

The highlight of the conference for me this year was again the presentation of the Mattole Restoration Council (MRC) by Freeman House and Randy Stemler. (See *EF!* May 88 article on Restoring The Earth Conference.) The MRC is the finest example I know of grassroots restorationists who also aim to restore human culture to natural succession. MRC members believe that a restoration ethic must be connected with day-to-day life. "The most valuable thing we are doing," says Freeman, "is influencing a shift in cultural attitudes."

The Mattole River Watershed, in the Klamath-Siskiyou bioregion, covers an area of 300 square miles. The river is 64 miles long, and is never more than 20 miles from the Pacific Coast. Its headwaters extend to within a half mile of the coast. Geologically, it is a remarkable area. Three continental plates jam together in the Cape Mendocino area just to the north. Because of its steep terrain and remoteness, the area is known as the "Lost Coast." The watershed receives 80-200 inches of rain a year. (Arcata, a short distance to the north, receives 30.)

The steep terrain, the heavy rainfall, and the cutting of over 90% of the watershed's old growth forests in the past four decades make the Mattole one of the most erodible watersheds in North America. Prior to 1955, the forest canopy extended to the banks of the river. A flood that year washed away the riparian forest. Now, in summer the shoreline bakes, and in winter, it floods. Erosion from road-building, grazing and

logging has silted up the river and its tributaries.

Until about 1970, the human population had been relatively stable for a century. Then, ranches began to subdivide, and an influx of "damn hippies" arrived. The watershed's population tripled to around 2000 and so did social tensions.

Some of the new settlers began to look at the river in the context of the King and Silver Salmon river runs, which had been as rich as anywhere along the Pacific. When their surveys found only a couple hundred King (Chinook) Salmon, they feared that the Mattole strain faced extinction. The salmon decline was due to logging, grazing and poaching.

Accompanying the watershed's declining health was a less tangible problem. "In retrospect," Freeman recalls, "the biggest problem was the despair that resided in the human population at the time."

A few people interested in restoring the totem salmon populations learned that streamside incubation practices were showing good results, whereas hatcheries were eliminating the local genetic strains and leading toward genetic monoculture. Only five or six native strains of King Salmon still survived in California; fortunately, the Mattole strain was one.

A decade ago, several residents began a backyard salmon propagation effort. After a year and a half of negotiations with the Department of Fish and Game, they finally received a permit to trap a small number of Mattole salmon.

Each October, King Salmon congregate at the mouth of the river. They cannot pass the sand bars until the rainy season raises the water level. This happens around Halloween, and it is a dramatic moment when the first wave of salmon enters the watershed.

The trapping is done in the headwaters and usually begins in mid-November. Two traps are watched every hour during the six week runs, and 10-20 female fish are taken annually. There is an optimum time of about two days when a female's eggs are ripe. The trappers feel the females' bellies for ripeness (the eggs roll around loosely in the belly cavity when ready for spawning).

Pacific salmon always die after spawning. Females die within two days of laying eggs. Nevertheless, Freeman says, "It disturbs our sensibilities" to have to kill them to extract the eggs. Unfortunately, as much as half of the eggs would be lost if the trappers squeezed them out of a live female. Males are not killed; they are "milked" for milt two or three times. Later, they are released to die in the wild.

Mattole restorationists designed "technologically simple" backyard hatchbox systems that work on gravity fed creek water. A layer of gravel is placed in the bottom of the hatchbox. Then a layer of eggs, another layer of gravel and eggs, and a third layer of gravel and eggs. A hatchbox can hold up to 35,000 eggs.

For 2-3 days after hatching, the fry feed in the hatchery trough. Then they are transferred to a larger rearing pool. As part of the elementary school curriculum, children put the eggs into the hatchbox and, later, release the young salmon into the

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THE REDISCOVERY OF THE TALLGRASS SAVANNA

At the SERM conference, Steve Packard presented "The Rediscovery of the Tallgrass Savanna" near Chicago. This "lost" ecosystem is rated G-1 (most endangered globally) by The Nature Conservancy (TNC).

Over a decade ago, Steve and some TNC volunteers began to try to restore a badly degraded 90 acre remnant of tallgrass savanna, a vegetation type that largely disappeared during the 1840s when settlers disturbed the natural fire regime and compounded this disruption by busting the sod and planting exotics. Having very little knowledge about tallgrass savannas, the volunteers experimented. "We didn't do it systematically," Steve said, "and we wouldn't have gotten the right answers if we had." Because of limited funds, they opted to attempt scores of small restoration projects scattered around the site to see what worked. By "tinkering," they often made exciting discoveries.

Steve insists that some people should do restoration work by this method. It costs very little and lures amateurs into the work. Well-funded scientific projects also get results, he said, but the cost is high, and there is pressure not to fail when big money is involved.

Restorationists, he noted, often need to bring back species perilously close to extinction very quickly, whether or not we have the proper scientific understanding. Tinkerers can play a key role in this process.

Steve showed a slide of an old oak

that formerly stood in the open in the tallgrass savanna, with its arms spread wide. Before the restoration work began, the oak had become surrounded by a tangle of trees and brush. No wide-spreading oak can continue to grow under such conditions.

By removing the trees and brush and instituting regular burnings, they began to restore the natural processes of the tallgrass savanna. For two years, nothing happened. The seeds of the native forbs and grasses had apparently been lost during the period of fire suppression, sod busting and development. In an early inventory of one area, Steve had found only one individual prairie plant.

How do you restore something when you don't even know its species composition? Dedication, detective work, and luck. Steve and his co-workers eventually discovered an article by Dr. Samuel Barnum Mead, published in 1846, that listed the plants of Illinois and indicated to which community each belonged. In the 19th century, doctors were also botanists because they relied on wildflowers to make medicinal potions. Dr. Mead referred to the tallgrass savanna as "barrens," which, already, were disappearing because of fire suppression and human settlements. The restorationists began to locate these rare "barrens" plants in thin ribbons alongside trails or roads that had been cut through savanna. Volunteers made gardens of these plants, and soon began plantings. After a year, rare native plants began to grow.

Steve says the tallgrass savanna is not

fully restored, and he suspects the current mix of species may change dramatically as restoration and succession proceed. Already, native insects, butterflies and birds are beginning to return. The uncertainty about pre-settlement and post-restoration conditions underscores the need to work to restore natural processes rather than futilely attempt to create a static pre-settlement picture.

As the tallgrass savanna began to recover, the restorationists — who previously had no idea what a tallgrass savanna looks like — developed a "search image." When they began, they thought none still existed; now that they knew what to seek, they discovered more and more remnants, which, though overgrown, were unmistakably tallgrass savanna.

One particularly important find was a 30 acre tract that a Nature Conservancy ecologist a few years earlier had judged to be of little ecological value. Now TNC is trying to buy the land, but at an inflated price.

What makes this story impressive is that a bunch of amateurs who love their neighborhood have succeeded in perceiving the wildness in a land that civilization had plowed under. What other wild wonders lie patiently under the crumbling infrastructure of industrial America? What extraordinary possibilities await the caring and curious inhabitant of even the most degraded regions? In the end, it all comes down to resiliency: resiliency of spirit and resiliency of Mother Earth — the One Great Restorer.

RESTORATION ETHIC . . .

continued from page 15
wild.

Early on, the salmon trappers realized that while their hatchery efforts were needed to prevent the Mattole strain from going extinct, these efforts were not enough. They saw the need to restore the entire salmon habitat, the entire Mattole watershed. They recognized the need for a structure to hold themselves accountable to the entire community. This, Freeman says, is an example of "how salmon organize human activity."

A number of watershed groups formed the Mattole Restoration Council in 1983. The MRC's goals were to improve the inhabitants' knowledge of the watershed; to identify the most important restoration projects; and to build a community of self-conscious restorationists.

The MRC views watersheds as a geographical unit all residents can easily identify, allowing them to take responsibility for their actions. Besides, the whole planet is divided into watersheds, and, Freeman says, "Every watershed in the world has a niche for a council of this kind."

The MRC seeks funding from government and private sources. Its budget is now \$50,000-100,000 per year. After years of proving their commitment to salmon restoration to the Department of Fish & Game, relations are now "quite good." Freeman and Randy believe that F & G will probably never build another centralized hatchery on the North Coast.

MRC's first project was an inventory of salmonid habitat throughout the watershed. Under the guidance of a local fisheries biologist, 20 residents walked 260 miles of the Mattole and its tributaries to map salmon habitat. The state-funded survey helped the council determine the extent and condition of spawning habitat and pool to riffle ratios.

They also located impediments to salmon migration upstream. In the early stages, Randy says, they probably removed too many log jams. Now they leave some jams for habitat and nutrient storage.

Another barrier to migration was road culverts at the inlets of tributaries with incorrect drop. Where the drop was too steep or the flow too fast, salmon were unable to travel upstream. MRC workers put in baffles to create turbulence and slower water so the salmon could rest on their way upstream.

The MRC does an annual carcass count along a five mile stretch of the main stem, which is the preferred spawning habitat for 40% of the salmon, and along some tributaries. They use a formula to estimate population size based on this count.

With 85% of the land in the watershed privately owned, MRC efforts to reduce siltation in the tributaries and the main stem have been as much educational as physical endeavors. Anti-siltation efforts include building log weirs and gravel beds and planting the shoreline and landslides. Small rocks in gullies armour the sides, reducing erosion. Dry stone masonry stabilizes stream banks. Most of the jobs require only a few people and light equipment. Jobs such as surveying and moving boulders have built community understanding among residents.

Other projects include annual surveys of stream cross sections taken at numerous points on the Mattole, and an inventory of the main sources of sedimentation. The stream cross sections will help the MRC

Bitterroot Ranger Displays Unusual Fortrightness

Near the end of a public meeting in which he was confronted by 47 angry citizens who wanted to halt clearcutting and to stop the imminent "Bear High" timber sale, Stevensville District Ranger (Bitterroot National Forest) Dale Thacker was asked if he would recommend to the Supervisor that the sale be canceled. He responded with remarkable candor: "I'm not going to be the point man for stopping this thing. I've got 3 more years in this outfit and I'd like to finish 'em."

Earlier in the meeting, Thacker had told the hostile crowd, "Clearcutting is the most efficient logging method, particularly when dealing with the steeper slopes."

Perhaps the solution to Forest Service sponsored land abuse is to encourage more "rangers" to speak in public!

discover when the river begins to slush out sediment faster than it accumulates. In both these projects, Freeman admits, it might be more efficient to hire outside professionals to do the job. However, Redwood National Park professionals have voluntarily helped MRC train watershed residents to tackle these jobs.

The Council expresses gratitude for expert assistance it has received, but believes that the community should lead the restoration work. It wants restoration work to become a significant part of the local economy — especially in light of Humboldt County's 25% unemployment rate.

Last year the MRC issued a map comparing the old growth forests in the watershed in 1947 with those remaining in 1987. The maps are arresting; only 9% of the old growth standing in 1947 has survived four decades of intensive logging. Since the map was issued and sent to MRC's 2000 Mattole residents and landowners, much of that has been preserved.

The Yule edition of *EF!* proclaimed a "Triple Victory" in northern California. One of the victories was the halting of illegal logging in the 900 acre Sanctuary Forest, a virgin tract of Coast Redwood and Douglasfir at the headwaters of the Mattole. In late October, 150 local residents, including some who belong to the MRC, blockaded logging operations. The Sanctuary forest has not yet been saved, but hopes are high that it will be.

What's the connection between wilderness defense and restoration? Ask the Mattole folk. They know how critical old growth forests are to the health of salmon. If we are to reinhabit the land responsibly, we must recognize preservation and restoration as inseparable.

Peoples who inhabited the North Pacific Range so successfully up until a few hundred years ago learned to eat fish from bears and eagles; learned to catch fish by wit and invention — bone hooks and seaweed lines, elegant weirs of hemlock root, spears and dipnets. The salmon were accorded the respect demanded by another people. When two peoples are bonded together by geography or find themselves at different levels on the same food chain, such respect is pragmatic rather than rhetorical. Fishiness is not alien, only different. Lines of communication between species are kept open and fresh by means of ritual, hunger tempered by respect on the occasion of each new spawning run. (Totem Salmon)

To join the Mattole Restoration Council, send \$10 or more to MRC, POB 160, Petrolia, CA 95558.

V

Recently, Daniel Janzen, frustrated by the narrow focus of research, told the National Science Foundation: "The most intellectually challenging issue in conservation biology is how to get the academic community to stop intellectualizing conservation biology to death and get out there and actually do something about it." Janzen advocates a "warlike mentality."

In the introductory chapter to *Conservation Biology: The Science of Scarcity and Diversity*, Michael Soule writes: "Many of the authors also appear to be suggesting that the perennial reluctance of scientists to discuss matters of ethics may imperil the very organisms and processes they hold most dear."

In the next two decades we could lose the ability to recover 4000 species in the wild in North America. Over 1000 are critically endangered now. Don Falk of the Center for

Plant Conservation, in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, said that the fates of over one-fifth of the flora in the US are of concern.

As Jasper Carlton has said, "America is dying." To avert this death, we must work for an Endangered Ecosystem Act, a Biodiversity Act, and a National Biological Preserve System, which system could begin with the lands now mismanaged by the US Forest Service. We must overturn local, state, and federal tax breaks and subsidies for developers. SERM must adopt a warlike mentality.

Finally, we must be guided by an ethic of humility, which acknowledges "our abysmal ignorance." Can-do optimism is a prescription for furthering the destruction caused by what conservation biologist David Ehrenfeld has aptly called "the arrogance of humanism."

Instead of attempting to control evolution or create ecosystems, we should work to restore the possibility of the evolutionary dance. We must rely upon the resiliency of Mother Earth, not on our species' cleverness.

The ultimate goal of restorationists should be to put ourselves out of business.

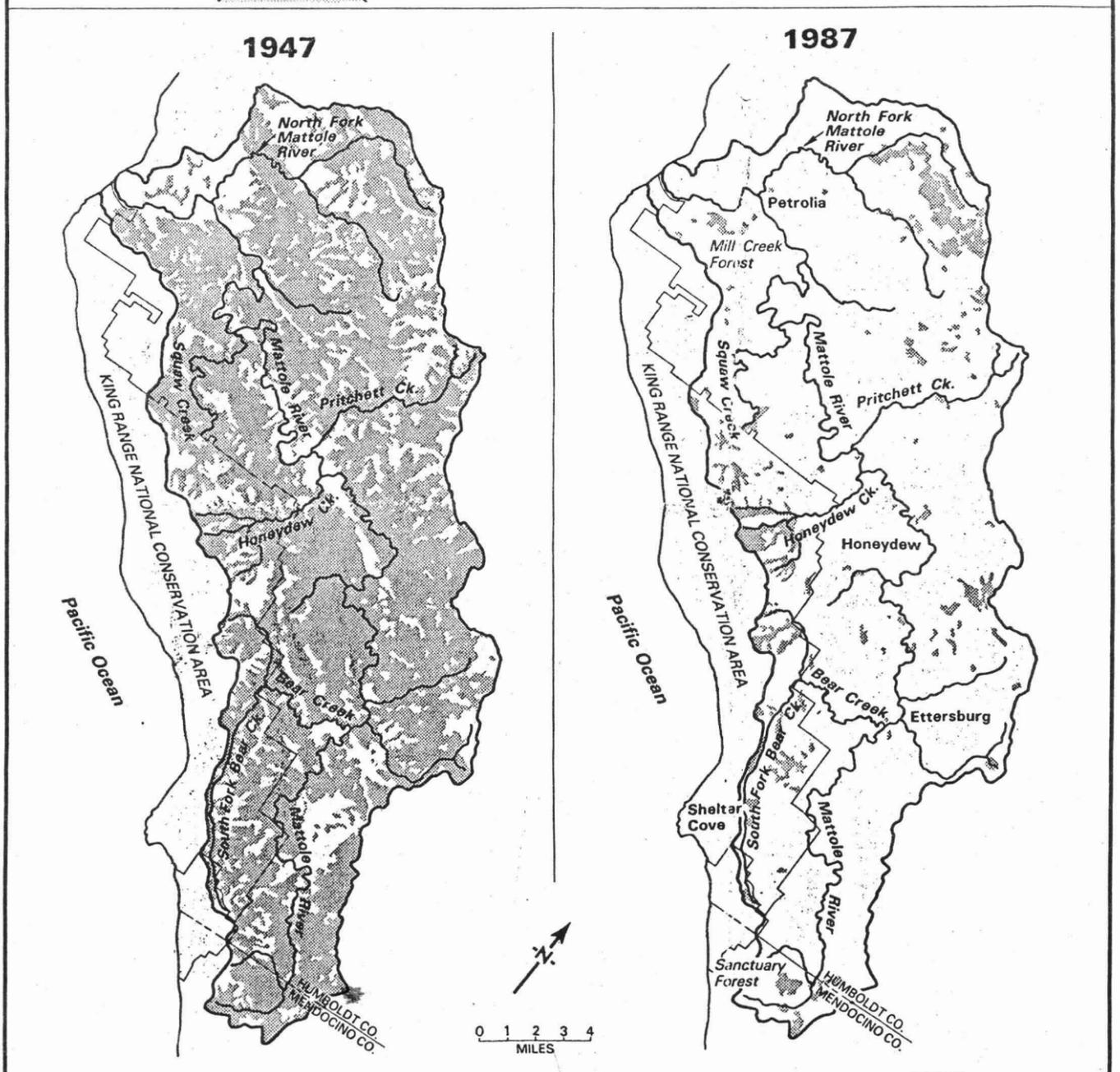
To join the Society for Ecological Restoration and Management, send \$25 to SERM, 1207 Seminole Highway, Madison, WI 53711 (608-263-7889). You will receive the SERM newsletter and the journal Restoration and Management Notes. If you support the tenets of the Restoration Ethic outlined above, write William Jordan III at that address and tell him so.

This article was made possible in part by the Earth First! Journal Research Fund. Persons wishing to contribute to this Fund can send checks to *EF!*, or (for a tax deduction) to the *EF!* Foundation earmarked to the Research Fund.

Disappearing Old Growth in the Mattole River Watershed



The Mattole River watershed in southern Humboldt County is a case study in the destruction of wild forest ecosystems in California. These maps plot the old growth forest areas in 1947 and in 1987; shaded areas reflect old growth. The cut-over areas are now mostly brush with conifers beginning to overtop it.



BIODIVERSITY UPDATES

COEUR D'ALENE SALAMANDER

The Coeur d'Alene Salamander (*Plethodon vandykei idahoensis*) is currently known to exist in only 48 sites in Idaho and an undetermined number of sites distributed among 5 isolated populations in Montana. A number of these isolated populations are directly threatened by road construction, stream diversion by proposed hydroelectric projects, and clearcuts extending to stream edges. Climatic changes in the form of warming and drying trends have historically been the biggest threat to the species in the past millennium.

The US Fish and Wildlife Service considered the Coeur d'Alene Salamander for listing as Threatened or Endangered. Nine of 29 known site populations had become extinct in the past 30 years, with most extinctions occurring in the past 7 years. Upon the location of 28 additional population sites, however, the FWS declined to list the species.

The salamander is listed as a Sensitive Species in Region 1 of the US Forest Service (includes northern Idaho and Montana), and by the Bureau of Land Management. Forest Service regulations state that its actions "must not result in loss of species viability or create trends toward Federal listing" (FSM 2670.32-4). The Montana Natural Heritage Program lists the species as globally threatened and imperiled in Montana. This listing, however, provides no legal protection.

The Coeur d'Alene Salamander is about 4 inches long and has a dark body with light specks and a green, orange, yellow or red dorsal stripe. Its snout is relatively short and its legs long. The salamander is found primarily in three basic types of microhabitats: 1) edges of streams, 2) talus (loose, fractured rock) in splash zones of waterfalls, and 3) spring seepages. It is believed to feed primarily on aquatic insects.

The Kootenai National Forest in Montana has found that "the scientific knowledge base about Coeur d'Alene salamander abundance and distribution in the northwestern US is currently extremely limited." Isolated salamander sites, however, continue to be destroyed or altered with the "effects on species viability unknown."

In the fall of 1988, the largest site within the largest of the five known salamander populations in Montana was subject to a contract for blasting and excavation during the widening of US Highway 2 between Libby and Troy, Montana. The FS allowed the project to proceed once the Highway Department had contracted with the Montana Natural Heritage Program to live capture an estimated 500-600 salamanders from the site. These salamanders are currently being held captive at Washington State University, to be returned to "any remaining habitat at the site once [highway] construction is completed."

In Idaho, where isolated salamander sites have been found from the Selway and Lochsa Rivers north to the Canadian border, the situation is as bad. At least two proposed dams would divert waterfalls from known salamander sites, in addition to an undetermined number of sites already flooded by Dworshak Reservoir. Campgrounds and other developments at springs, as well as logging — which removes essential canopy cover and necessitates road construction — continue to threaten this defenseless amphibian.

At present, about 80% of the known Coeur d'Alene Salamander sites are believed to occur on National Forest lands in Region 1. Obviously, a systematic survey of the status of the Coeur d'Alene Salamander, and the threats to it, is needed before another inch of its habitat is altered.

WHAT YOU CAN DO: Write to Regional Forester John Mumma, POB 7669, Missoula, MT 59807. Demand that he 1) undertake a systematic survey of the population status of the Coeur d'Alene Salamander, and 2) not undertake any activities that would affect the salamander to any degree until sufficient species-wide information exists for him to adequately determine, as required by FS Manual 2670.32-4, that his actions will "not result in loss of species viability or create trends toward Federal listing." Send a copy of your letter to David McMull, USFWS, 500 NE Multinoal St, Portland, OR 97232. Ask that the Fish and Wildlife Service participate in the population status survey.

—Keith Hammer and Steve Paulson, EF! Biodiversity Project

Sherman's Fox Squirrel

Sherman's Fox Squirrel (*Sciurus niger shermani*) is a subspecies of Fox Squirrel endemic to northern peninsular Florida, east of the Suwannee River and north of Lake Okeechobee. This large squirrel is up to 26 inches long, and looks almost like a cat as it bounds through the Wiregrass or scampers up pines. Five color phases occur, with tan the most common, but the top of the head is usually black and the nose and ears are white or tan. Sherman's Fox Squirrel is one of the most distinctive animals of this region's fire-maintained pinelands.

Like so many species of Florida upland habitats, Sherman's Fox Squirrel is declining rapidly toward extinction. Fox Squirrels depend on Longleaf Pine (*Pinus palustris*) seeds for food in the summer, and upon acorns of Turkey Oak (*Quercus laevis*) and other oaks during the remainder of the year. Longleaf Pine ecosystems are some of the most endangered in the Southeastern Coastal Plain, with declines since presettlement times estimated at 85-98%. In Florida, losses have been primarily to urban and agricultural development, over-harvest of pines, and through reduction in fire frequencies. Active suppression of fires, and habitat fragmentation that prevents the natural spread of fires, eliminate Longleaf Pine and its dependent creatures. When hardwoods close in after fire is eliminated for several years, Fox Squirrels are replaced by common Gray Squirrels.

Sherman's Fox Squirrel has been a Candidate for federal listing for many years, and is listed by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission as a Species of Special Concern. Federal and state agencies have failed to protect the Fox Squirrel, however, and populations are plummeting. The Game Commission maintains a three-month open season on Fox Squirrels, with a bag limit of two animals per day, in defiance of new evidence that this species is truly threatened.

In 1987, I reviewed the population status of Sherman's Fox Squirrels and a number of other vertebrates in peninsular Florida, on contract with the Florida Natural Areas Inventory. I interviewed knowledgeable field biologists and naturalists, searched museum collections, and conducted my own field investigations. The overwhelming conclusion, as agreed by all experts, was that Sherman's Fox Squirrel was much rarer than previously thought, and

may have no viable populations remaining. On the basis of this new information, I submitted a formal petition to Interior Secretary Donald Hodel on November 21, 1987, to list Sherman's Fox Squirrel as Threatened under the US Endangered Species Act (ESA).

The US Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) evaluated my petition, and found that it presented "substantial information indicating that the requested action may be warranted," and published this finding in the Federal Register (8-19-88). This finding converted Sherman's Fox Squirrel from a Category 2 to a Category 1 Candidate, meaning that available data qualify the subspecies for listing. As required by the ESA, the FWS then completed a second, 12-month finding. On November 30, 1988, FWS found my request to list Sherman's Fox Squirrel "to be warranted, but that immediate action on the petition was precluded by other pending actions..." The "warranted but precluded" finding is a reflection of the Reagan Administration's imposition of a listing quota of a mere 50 species per year. Controversial species are bypassed in the process. Sherman's Fox Squirrel is controversial because it inhabits some of the most developable habitat in Florida, and because it is a game animal. To have a game species listed as Threatened would reflect poorly on the wildlife management profession.

I conducted further field surveys for Fox Squirrels in 1988, again for the Florida Natural Areas Inventory, and found that the subspecies may be in a more precarious condition than when my petition was submit-

ted. I searched some of the best remaining habitats for Fox Squirrels, and found extremely low population densities. I then was contracted by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission to write a report on the vulnerability of upland vertebrates to development in north-central Florida. Through an analysis of life-history characteristics predisposing species to decline in fragmented landscapes, I concluded that Sherman's Fox Squirrel was one of five upland vertebrates most vulnerable to extinction in this region.

The Jacksonville Office of the US Fish and Wildlife Service is now conducting a one-year status review of Sherman's Fox Squirrel. Staff at that office assured me that "if the review leads to the conclusion that the species should be proposed for federal listing, we will prepare a proposal as quickly as possible." I trust this office to do a competent review, but worry that they may be overruled by higher levels in the Service, and that money will not be made available for critical habitat acquisition.

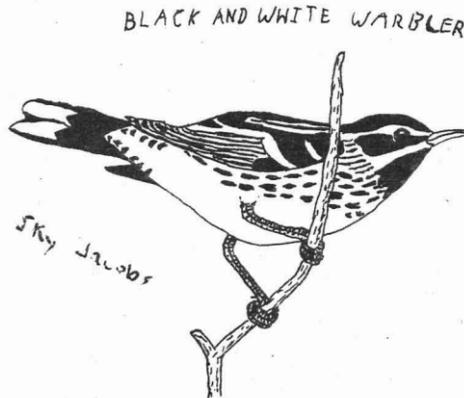
The Florida Game Commission, on the other hand, has not replied to correspondence on Sherman's Fox Squirrel, and has refused to remove it from the game list. Although hunting is not the major threat to this subspecies, any further mortality in such reduced populations is intolerable.

WHAT YOU CAN DO: a) Florida Earth First! and the EF! Biodiversity Project are prepared to file legal complaints, and go to court if necessary, if the Fish and Wildlife Service fails to expeditiously list Sherman's Fox Squirrel as Threatened. Donations are needed to Florida EF!, POB 13864, Gainesville, FL 32604.

b) Write John Paradiso, Acting Field Supervisor, USFWS, 3100 University Blvd South, Suite 120, Jacksonville, FL 32216. Urge him to propose listing of Sherman's Fox Squirrel as Threatened, or if the review confirms more substantial declines, as Endangered.

c) Write Col. Robert Brantly, Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Farris Bryant Bldg, 620 S Meridian St, Tallahassee, FL 32399-1600. Demand that they remove Sherman's Fox Squirrel from the game list, offer it full protection as Threatened or Endangered, and acquire and actively manage habitat to benefit Fox Squirrels and other denizens of Longleaf Pine communities.

—Reed F. Noss



THE POLITICS OF SEAGRASS

by The Lorax

Earth First! focuses on terrestrial matters. This is not surprising, since monkeywrenching arose in response to atrocities on land, and it is far easier to see the rapers when they are operating above mean low water. But following a year in which the oceans were perpetually in the news, it seems appropriate that we devote attention to problems afflicting our coasts.

Seagrass is vital to the health of estuaries and shallow coastal waters. Seagrasses are ubiquitous along our coasts, with various species distributed along both coasts of the lower 48 and Alaska.

The 47 species of seagrasses extant today are derived from terrestrial angiosperms which, in an evolutionary sense, returned to the sea and adapted to life underwater, while still living much as land plants do — even to the extent of flowering. Seagrass meadows provide critical nursery habitat for fish and shellfish. Numerous species require the shelter provided by seagrasses to escape predation and to reach reproductive age. The equation is simple: no seagrass = no seafood. Submerged vegetation fulfills another physical duty associated with land plants: it stabilizes sediment and inhibits erosion.

No species of seagrass is ready for the Endangered species list. However, seagrass habitat is being destroyed at an alarming rate, largely as a result of increasing human population. Seagrasses are restricted to shallow waters, since they require sufficient light for photosynthesis. Further, to become established the grasses need a low energy environment. Where currents are strong enough to carry sediment, young plants may be sandblasted out of existence or may succumb to heavy sedimentation. The plants are also sensitive to thermal and chemical pollution. These latter two factors probably account for much of the seagrass decline in the Chesapeake Bay, but the worst thing for grasses is dredging. Dredging is almost always necessary for the construction of marinas and access channels to the marinas.

Under the Clean Water Act's section 404 regulations, a federal permit must be obtained prior to any marine construction, including the building of docks, jetties, and marinas, and the dredging of channels. Part of this permitting process involves an on-site inspection, with the presence or absence of seagrasses in an area being a key factor in consideration of a permit proposal.

If people were honest, the permitting process could work admirably. Unfortunately, a system is rapidly evolving in which a developer pays to have all seagrass removed, under the cover of darkness, from his proposed marina site before he applies for a permit.

The way this destruction is practiced, at least in North Carolina, is nearly fail-safe. Along the southeastern coast, clams are commercially harvested by a method known as "kicking." For clam kicking, a boat is modified so that its propeller can be lowered into the sediment. The boat motors forward slowly, churning the bottom like a blender as it goes, and throwing any solid objects (like clams) into a bag towed behind the propeller. It is extremely destructive, and its use is restricted to specific areas where grasses are not established. The scam works like this: the developer pays sympathetic kickers to kick at night in his proposed marina basin or channel, and a wasteland is all that remains when the permit inspector comes.

This scenario was acted out at Broad Reach, North Carolina, in August of 1988. When the inspector arrived, the one acre site was a mud bowl. It is known from a previous inspection that grass had been growing in the basin. But the site permit was approved. At the time of this writing, a similar development is occurring at a site in Hatteras Village, NC, and, judging by the record of the developer involved, this same kicking scam will probably destroy the three acres of grass in the basin.

The problem lies in the permitting process. Permits should be issued or denied based on the future habitat value of the site,

or the historic habitat value of the site. The current system is based strictly on the presence or absence of grass at the time of inspection. Yet grassbeds are highly dynamic. In as little as one year, a bed may seed and become valuable fish habitat. Contrarily, one good storm can wipe out a bed. But under natural conditions that same bed will be restored in the process of marine succession.

Solutions to this problem are typically slow in coming. The states are involved at various levels in this permitting process, and some of our venal elected officials gain more from construction than from preservation. The Feds — principally the Corps of Engineers, National Marine Fisheries Service, US Fish and Wildlife Service, and Environmental Protection Agency — are becoming aware of the pitfall in their regulations, and are not happy about it. Eventually they may pass better regulations, but what's to be done in the meantime?

At Hatteras Village, a monkeywrench against the developer might help, but the notion that the area at Hatteras Village or any other proposed development site might be kicked is purely speculative. It would also be difficult to discover which boats are involved in the developer/kicker scam. It is significant that commercial fishermen seem to be of two classes. Many fishermen are shrewd observers and have a surprising amount of ecological savvy based on their years of scrutiny. Another group — the aquatic rednecks if you will — sport the "I can do what I damn well please" attitude. These ones take fishing regulations as an affront, and would happily destroy something so regulation-inspiring as a grassbed.

I propose no immediate solutions here because I have none. Hopefully an awareness of these events will produce a discussion on handling these modern day pirates. Perhaps we could then look forward to a new chapter in Ecodefense dealing with the assault on our coasts.

The Lorax is an ocean observer whose career requires anonymity here.

The Earth First! Directory

The Earth First! Directory lists the contact points for the international Earth First! movement. It is divided into four sections: 1) National EF! offices in the United States; 2) International contacts; 3) Active EF! Chapters or Groups; and 4) Contact persons where there is as yet no active EF! group. If you are interested in becoming active with the Earth First! movement, reach the folks listed for your area.

Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal is an independent entity within the international Earth First! movement, and is not the newsletter of the Earth First! movement. It does, however, provide a forum for Earth First!ers around the world. This directory is provided as a service to independent EF! groups. If you would like to be listed as a contact or as a group, PLEASE contact Bob Kaspar (305 N. Sixth St., Madison, WI 53704 (608)241-9426). Please send address changes or corrections to him also. If you do not have a phone number listed, please send it to him. Bob acts as coordinator for local EF! groups for the EF! movement.

LOCAL NEWSLETTERS: Addresses marked with a "*" produce either an Earth First! newsletter or regular mailings for their area or issue. Contact them directly to receive their newsletter or otherwise be on their mailing list.

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USUAL DISGUSTING PLEA FOR MONEY

The Earth First! movement runs on your financial support. We don't need as much as other groups since we are grassroots, volunteer, decentralized and have low overhead. Moreover, you get to select where your hard-earned money goes. Don't send your contributions to this newspaper, send them directly to one of these hard-working groups.

BULLETINS

YELLOWSTONE MEMORIAL DAY ACTION. Afraid you might read about the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem in the *EF!* Obituaries? Dreading a memorial service for one of the largest nearly intact ecosystems in the Earth's temperate regions? Then come and join the *EF!* fun, as we act on behalf of not just a single species but a whole ecosystem.

The NPS has adopted biodiversity as their interpretive theme for this year, and we should assist their educational efforts. *EF!* will demand at least the following of the NPS: 1) fulfill their responsibility to protect the Park by challenging all development (logging, road-building, etc.) outside Park boundaries; 2) halt any further development within the Park; and 3) rehabilitate areas already damaged by over-expansion (see Mabon 88 *EF!*). For if they won't, we will!

So join us for the weekend. Contact the Wolf Action Network at POB 6733, Bozeman, MT 59771 or call 406-587-3356 for details and carpool info.

NORTHEAST RENDEZVOUS. *EF!*ers from the Northeast plan to camp in the White Mountain National Forest, at Zealand Campground, over Memorial Day Weekend (May 26-29). Please join us. Bring water, food, gear and no dogs. Workshops can be arranged. Musicians, please bring instruments. Expect skeeters and black flies, cold nights and possibly rain.

Zealand Campground is about 3 miles west of Bretton Woods (ski resort and condos) on Rt.302.

Directions: From south, take I-93 north. Just north of Franconia Notch, take "Connecticut Lakes Region" exit. This is Rt.3. Go north on 3 for 6-8 miles to Twin Mountain. At the intersection of Routes 3 and 302, go east (right) on 302 about 2 miles.

Turn right at Zealand Campground and head down the FS road until you see signs "*EF!*" or "RRR."

From Vermont: Take I-91 north to Wells River then take 302 east to Zealand Campground. Or, take I-91 south to St. Johnsbury and pick up I-93 to Bethlehem, NH. Then take 302 east.

From Maine: Take Rt.2 west to Jefferson, NH. Take 115 south (a left off of 2) to Rt.3. Go south on 3 about 2 miles to the intersection of 3 and 302. Go left (east) to Zealand Campground.

For information, contact Mike Zwickelmaier, RR1 Box 393, Sharon, VT 05065; 802-649-2940. Or contact PAW (see Directory).

WALKIN' JIM SPRING TOUR. Walkin' Jim Stoltz began another musical tour in April. His future shows are as follows:

- May 13, Los Gatos, CA, 1st United Methodist Church, 7:30
- May 14, Riverside, CA, The Barn, U of CA Riverside, 7:30
- May 16, Weaverville, CA, Trinity Theatre, 7:00
- May 19, Arcata, CA, 707-826-1621
- May 20, Chico, CA, 916-894-7362
- May 21, Garberville, CA, 707-247-3320
- May 26, Bend, OR, 389-0613
- June 2, Seattle, WA, Camp Long, 8:00
- Tentative shows in Bellingham and Port Townsend, WA
- June 10, Rochester, MI
- June 17, East Stroudsburg, PA

PHOENIX *EF!* ORGANIZING. An organizational meeting for a "Valley of the Sun" Earth First! group will be held May 13 at 7 PM at the Villa Montessori School, 4535 N 28th St. If you live in Phoenix, Glendale, Scottsdale, Mesa, Chandler, Sun City, Tempe, etc. please attend. A Tucson *EF!*er will speak about Tucson *EF!*'s activities, then we will decide what issues we will address as a group: Arizona wilderness? rainforest destruction? uranium mining at the Grand

Canyon? cable logging in Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest? If you need more information or can't attend but want to participate in future Phoenix *EF!* actions, call Leslie at 395-0655. Leave your name, address and phone number so that we can contact you.

A JOURNEY HOME, a memorial service for Edward Abbey, Saturday, May 20, 7 AM. Words by Dave Foreman, Doug Peacock, Ken Sleight, Barry Lopez, Ann Zwinger, Wendell Berry, Terry Tempest Williams and others. Directions: 1 mile past Arches National Park Entrance, turn on old crumbly road that runs parallel to Hwy 161, then walk in drive one mile to the top of Moab Canyon. Followed by an open house at Pack Creek Ranch.

PRE-RRR CONCERT, June 16, 7:30 PM, Unitarian Church, \$3-5 admission; 505-983-5640. In a concert dedicated to the memory of Ed Abbey, Joanne Rand will perform her songs of the Earth before a pre-RRR crowd in Santa Fe. Joanne's voice has been described as "exuberant, steadfast ... sensual" with "the most unquestionably 'Deep Ecology' lyrics yet," by the *EF!* Journal.

FROM THE ARCTIC TO AMAZONIA: INDUSTRIAL NATIONS' IMPACTS ON TRIBAL LANDS, a 2 part conference. The New England Tropical Forest Project will host a conference on consecutive weekends in September 1989, in Northampton and Hanover, New Hampshire. Speakers at the first conference will include tribal representatives and environmentalists. The follow-up conference will focus on challenging the international rainforest movement to stand behind its assertions of the need to assist tribal peoples as the cultures in the best positions to show the rest of the world how to live in an environmentally sustainable manner. For information, contact: Erik van Lennep, Project Director, New England Tropical Forest Project, POB 73, Strafford, VT 05072; 802-765-4337.

LAWYERS NEEDED. Non-violent ecodefenders need legal defense at cost or at substantially reduced rates. If you're a lawyer, and would like to add your name to a list of lawyer eco-warriors (or would like to help compile such a list in your state), send details to Daniel Conner, 5579 Boundary Dr. S., Salem, OR 97306. Specify "free," "at cost," or "reduced," and areas of specialty.

GREEN WOODSTOCK. *EF!*ers and friends are invited to the first GreenWoodstock, July 4 in the woods outside Boulder, Colorado. We will feature *EF!* poets, painters and singers, including John Seed. If you'd like to do a gig, contact Mike Stabler at the RRR or by calling 303-494-0458, or writing Colorado *EF!*, POB 1166, Boulder, 80306.

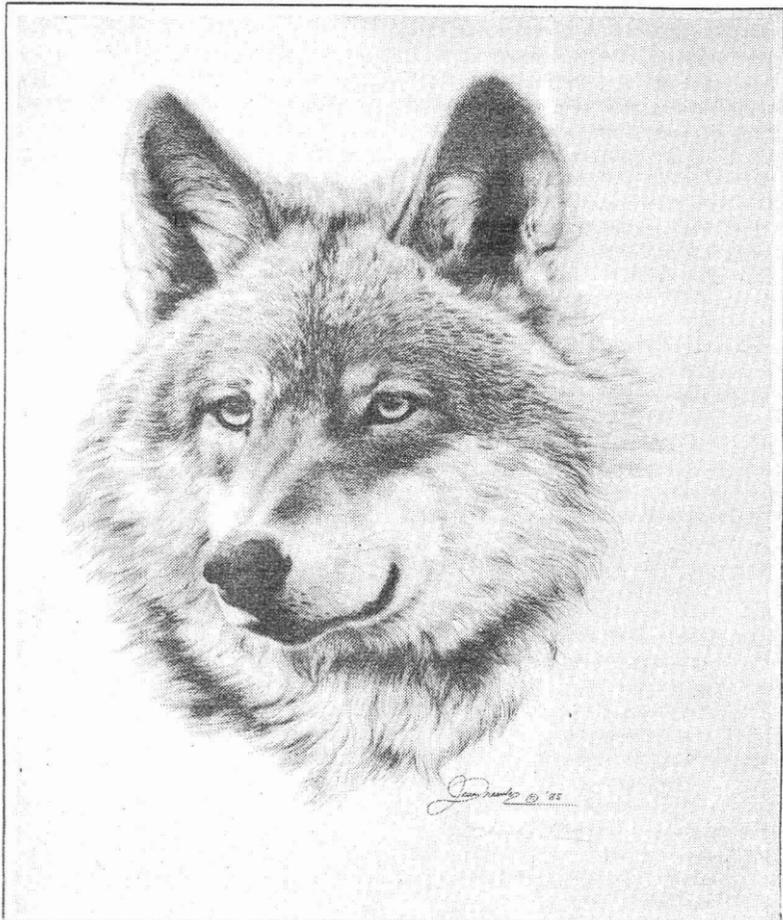
UNSPOILED VEGETATIVE COMMUNITY INVENTORY. I'm compiling an inventory of virgin forest and prairie east of the Rockies. If you know of any tracts that should be included, I'd appreciate a postcard or call telling what, where, and whether you can supply more details.

—Mary Davis, 213 Westmoreland Ct, Georgetown, KY 40324; 502-863-4267

DOLPHIN DEMONSTRATIONS. The International Whaling Commission will meet in the US for the first time, in San Diego, home port of the dolphin killing fleet. The *EF!* Dolphin Task Force will copponsor a series of demonstrations (with Earth Island and others) beginning June 12. Plans are being made to house people in a San Diego campground, and carpools are being arranged to San Diego from points in California. A number of us will carpool directly to the RRR from San Diego. This will be a unique opportunity to capture international media attention as reporters from around the world will be at the meetings. Call Earth Island's toll-free number for more info: 1-800-3DOLFIN or call direct in San Francisco (415-788-3666) or LA (818-886-5047).

A CENTRAL APPALACHIAN RENDEZVOUS will be held May 19-21 near Millboro, VA, on private land adjacent to George Washington National Forest. See last issue of *EF!* for map or contact: Bob Mueller (703) 885-6983 or Brenda Vest (703) 997-9448.

WOLF PRINTS TO BENEFIT WOLF ACTION NETWORK



Jean Drescher, known for her drawing which adorned the cover of the Grizzly Bear Tabloid, has donated full-color, 20" by 24" lithographs of this wolf to help the Wolf Action Network. For a donation of one hundred dollars or more, you will receive a print while providing a major contribution to the Network's efforts for reintroduction and/or protection of wolf populations all across North America.

***EF!* Wolf Action Network
POB 6733, Bozeman, MT 59771**



SAVE THE REDWOODS t-shirts

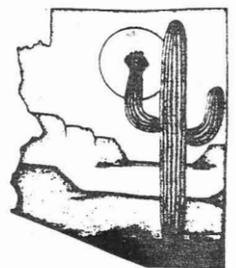
100% cotton. Available in M-L-XL.
Black ink on red, gold, silver, or lavender. \$10.

North Coast Earth First!
PO Box 368
Bayside, CA 95524



Ancient Forest Rescue Expedition
t-shirts, in ecru (sand) or light blue, are \$12 from:

Box 95316, Seattle, WA 98145



EARTH FIRST!

Arizona *EF!* Saguaro Fist

Blue on Ecru L XL
Silver M L XL
Aqua M L



New Design by Eric Twachtman

Black on Ecru M L XL
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Slate Grey L XL
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All shirts are \$11 postpaid from
AZEF!, POB 3412,
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THE JEMEZ: A Fragmented Jewel

continued from page 1

several timber sales. The Bonito sale, adjacent to the upcoming pumice strip mine, was recently remanded by the Forest Supervisor due to a successful appeal by Elk Mountain Action; but many other sales are going through.

Las Conchas Pumice Mine

Over the past 100 years, the Jemez has been mined for sulphur, gold, silver, and pumice. Pumice is still being mined and demand is up as the fashion craze for stone-washed jeans has provided an additional market.

On January 4, the Forest Service approved plans for a new 33 acre open pit strip mine 1/4 mile from the East Fork River by the Las Conchas campground along state highway 4. The abundant popcorn-like pumice was formed by volcanism in the crater called El Cajete on the south slope of Redondo Peak. It is visible in the roadcuts just west of the campground. The East Fork was recently proposed for Wild and Scenic River status by Representative Bill Richardson (D-NM).

The Copar Pumice Company has laid claims to 7000 acres in the area under the Mining Act of 1872. This law allows anyone to lay claim to public land and extract its mineral contents for virtually nothing. Phelps Dodge and Molycorp have irrevocably polluted rivers in New Mexico using this antiquated but powerful law.

The Copar Company has said this mine will operate for at least ten years, but with their adjacent claims, they could be mining here for the next hundred years. However, Henry Oat, a member of the team that developed environmental guidelines for the mine, has filed a notice of appeal on this action and has the backing of the Sierra Club, Elk Mountain Action and New Mexicans for Clean Air and Water. The groups'

stated grounds for opposition include irreversible impacts on the Wood Lily and the Jemez Mountain Salamander — two native species listed as endangered by the state of New Mexico — and the inadequacy of the cumulative impact studies for the long-term operation.

What Can Be Done?

Grassroots networking between the Native American, Hispanic and Anglo communities could build a solid lobbying force to convince our elected representatives that we want to preserve the Jemez. The Anasazi ruins, both excavated and unexcavated, are invaluable cultural resources — maps of human experience. Additionally, hundreds of shrines in these mountains, many in danger of obliteration, are important to the religion of surrounding Pueblo peoples.

Some groups are making pilgrimages to shrines and doing spiritual healing. Others are appealing decisions. Still others are going to mine and timber sale areas and learning about the land and planting ideas in neighboring communities. Some are writing letters. The radical are throwing monkeywrenches into the gears of the system, hoping to slow it down. A delay can buy time for educating oneself or others.

Go into the Jemez. Hike to San Antonio hot springs or Spence Springs, or onto her tuff formations. Follow her canyons to the Rio Grande or the Jemez River. Visit the San Pedro Parks Wilderness or the Dome Wilderness and Bandelier National Monument. In those quiet spaces, you will find yourself; and when you do, think like a mountain and do something!

3 NEW MEXICANS ARRESTED AT COPAR STRIP MINE

by Big Bark

Stella Reed, Gary Schiffmiller and Jim Hobson, supported by 16 other concerned New Mexicans, were arrested April 11 and charged with criminal trespass at a civil disobedience action that shut down the Copar Company's Las Conchas Pumice Strip Mine. The new mine is in the Santa Fe National Forest, in the Jemez Mountains, just west of Valle Grande and the East Fork River.

Copar, a small mining company from Espanola, began work on the 33 acre mine the previous day, despite a pending appeal filed by an environmental coalition in Santa Fe. Environmentalists have also filed for a stay of action but the the Forest Supervisor has not yet responded. The Forest Service has 30 days to respond. Sam Hitt of Elk Mountain Action, one of the appellants, explained that environmentalists were being denied due process: "Without the stay of action, the appeal is worthless."

"We are here to protect the Jemez Mountain Salamander and Native Wood Lily!" said Gary Schiffmiller, referring to identified endangered species that the mine would displace. Jim Hobson, alluding to the market destination of Copar's pumice, remarked that "Stone-washed blue jeans are not a necessity to life." Said Rich Ryan, "in 30 days the miners could level this place before a stay can stop them!"

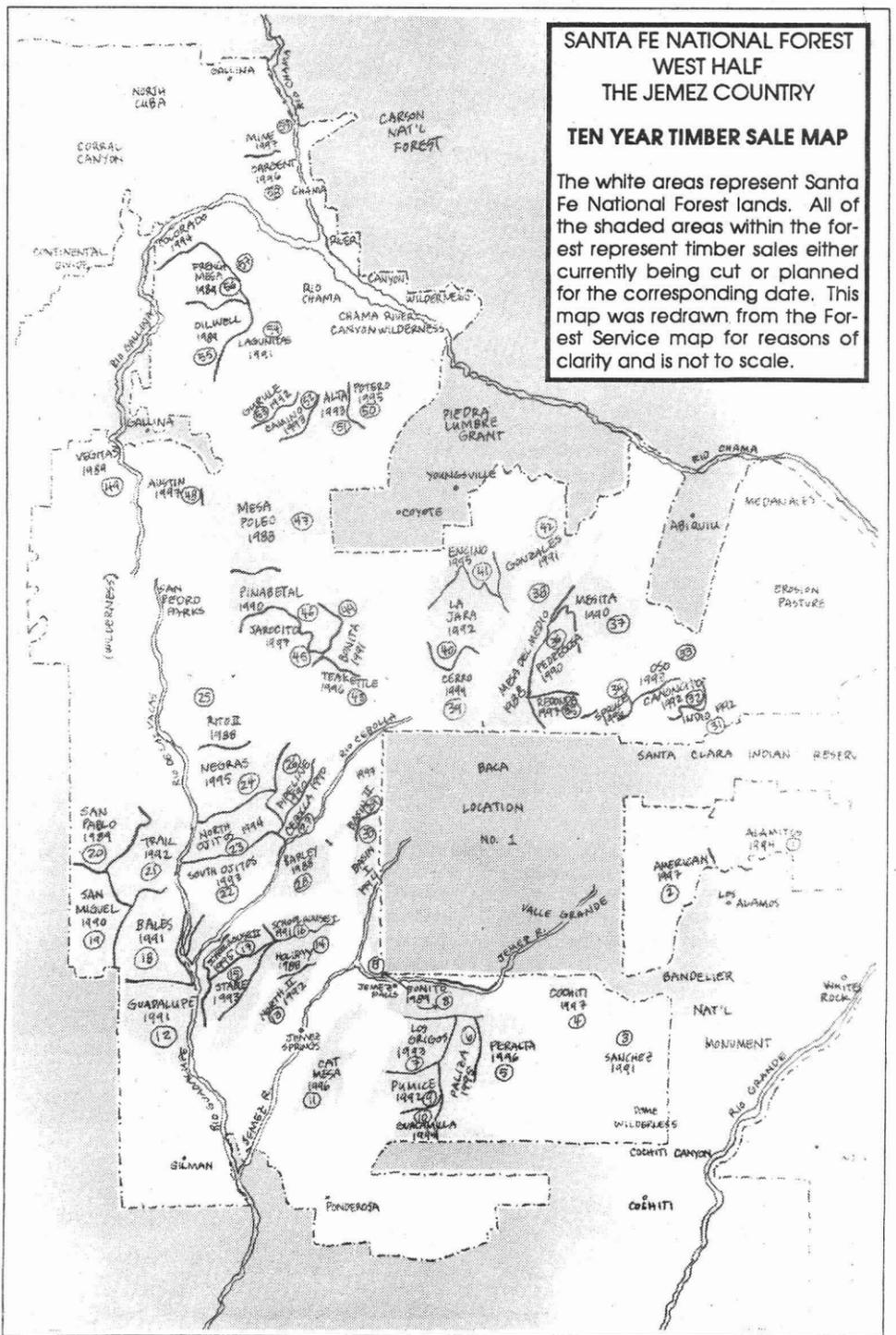
This mine is the first of many planned for this pumice-rich section of the

Jemez. Copar has claims on 6800 acres and 3 other companies are now filing additional claims.

The protesters had locked themselves to the heavy equipment on the site before the miners arrived at 7 AM. When a log skidder arrived at 8, Jim Hobson locked himself to the hydraulics before the owner could get out of the cab. Buffered in the early morning cold by the songs of Dana Lyons, who wrote a "Save the Jemez" song on site, the group's high spirits diffused the flaring tempers of the work crew.

After receiving threats of the renowned "Jaws of Life" to cut through the Kryptonite locks that the three had around their necks, consensus unlocked the arrestees. They were taken to the Bernalillo County courthouse and booked. Pleading no contest, they were sentenced to 90 days suspended and released without fine. Work was expected to resume the following day but the stay of action was rumored to be forthcoming.

Animosity toward environmentalists and EF! in particular is running high in the Jemez Springs area and rumors are being spread about the upcoming RRR. Caution is in order. Please do not agitate a difficult situation. We have recently been effective using appeals, non-violent CD, and theatrical tactics. Please respect the methods being used here, even if you do not agree with them!



NM EF! Wins Appeal of Mesa Del Medio Timber Sale

The recent string of appeal victories continued last month as appellants were notified from Washington DC that Forest Chief Dale Robertson had remanded the decision to cable log the Mesa Del Medio site in the northern Jemez Mountains.

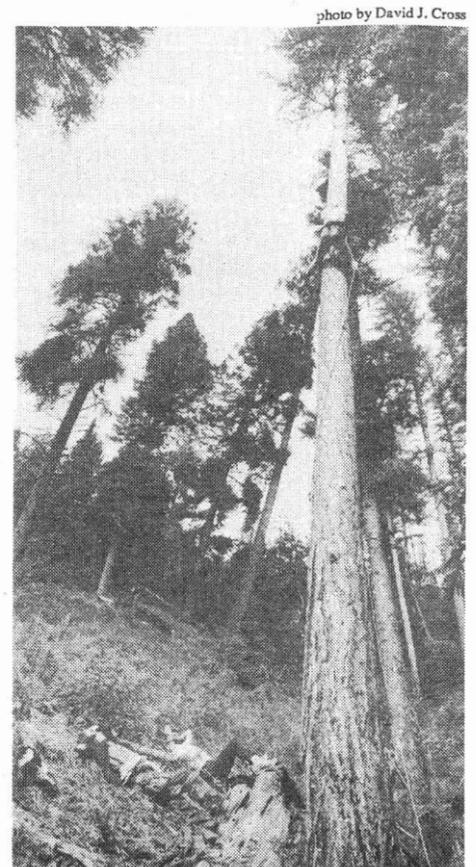
The appeals of Earth First!, Elk Mountain Action, Sierra Club, Audubon Society, and Save The Jemez, which had been consolidated, were rejected at the regional level by Southwest Regional Forester David Jolly. But after a year of bureaucratic wrangling

and a court injunction, the appellants, represented by the Doug Meiklejohn of the New Mexico Environmental Law center, won.

Mesa Del Medio had been scheduled as the first steep slope timber sale in the Santa Fe NF to be logged using the controversial "Skyline Cable Yarding" method. Other recent environmental appeal victories include Elk Mountain in the Sangre de Cristos, the Bonito sale in the Jemez, and Hail Peak in the Gila.



Endangered Species Game at the 1987 Round River Rendezvous.



Tree-climbing practice at the 1988 RRR.

Edward Abbey — A Tribute

Goodbye, Ed

by Dave Foreman

March 20, 1989. I'm sitting in a cheap motel room somewhere in the unzoned international airport district of Houston, Texas. We are swallowed by a national monument to free enterprise. Nancy and I have just returned from Belize, where we spent 10 days snorkeling and bird watching, exploring the interface of coral reef and tropical rainforest, studying the destruction and the protection of Central America. I'm coughing up fat, green lungers. The Caribbean Sea waged a dreadful assault on my sinuses. Nancy, the nurse, is worried. She thinks I may have pneumonia. "As soon as we're back in Tucson tomorrow, you're going to see Herb," she nags. I nod a resignation to let her take me to my doctor, with whom I've become too well-acquainted thanks to a Brown Recluse Spider bite last fall.

While I concentrate on a particularly nasty glob somewhere down in my bronchial tubes, Nancy calls the *Earth First! Journal* office in Tucson to let John Davis know we're back in the states. I know as soon as the hellos are said. Nancy's face is grey. John isn't known for his delicacy.

Ed Abbey is dead.

It's as though the last redwood has been cut down. It's as though the Grand Canyon has been dammed. It's like a monstrous oil spill in Prince William Sound. Sitting on the bed in the Houston motel room, I remember eleven days earlier, the night before Nancy and I were to leave on our long-planned trip to Belize. We're at the *Earth First!* office in Tucson for a local EF! meeting. The phone rings. It's Clarke Abbey: "Dave, could you come over? He's bleeding again."

Nancy and I jump in the car, dash across the Santa Cruz River, nearly get lost (the eternal construction of Tucson has torn up the road by Abbey's house). Ed's in the bathroom. He passes out. Nancy and I carry him to our car. Doug and Lisa Peacock arrive. Lisa takes the kids. Doug and Clarke follow us in Doug's car. Flashing blinkers, weaving in and out of traffic, pushing red lights, I'm trying to get Ed to the hospital. Nancy monitors his pulse. She warns me, "The last thing we need is a car wreck. He's hanging in there. Slow down."

Outside the emergency room, Peacock and I smoke a cheap cigar and drink warm beer. The strong ones, Nancy and Clarke, are inside. Two hours later Ed is in intensive care. Nancy and I divide the night — she'll take the first shift until 3 AM; then I'll come in.

I sit in intensive care, in the semi-darkness of Ed's room, watching him sleep. Heart monitor. Tubes in his veins. Constant attention from the critical care nurses. Is this where Ed Abbey belongs? Is this where he should die? *Why have I brought him here?* The author of *Desert Solitaire* here in this temple of technology, this ultimate expression of our alienation from the food chain? Could I have ever dreamed this insanelly ironic moment in 1971 when I first read *Desert Solitaire*? Maybe it's not happening. It can't be happening. It's a nightmare, an acid flashback.

Did I do the right thing? Should I have instead driven west? Out to Papago Well, Ajo Peak, across the border to Elegante Crater, the Gran Desierto? That's where we belong. Not here.

But even this night passes.

In the morning, Ed's awake, but weak. We talk. He wants to know my opinion on the operation — the portal shunt — the only thing that can save him. I encourage him to do it. Nancy, always the critical care nurse, returns and explains it to him. Ed trusts this strong woman, my wife. He's a good judge of character. She encourages him.

Tests determine that the necessary vein for the shunt exists. Nancy and Clarke talk about it in the corridor. Ed is wheeled by. He and I grip hands and look eye to eye. And then Nancy and I leave to catch a plane. To Houston for the night, then on to Belize. The next morning from Houston, Nancy calls the hospital and talks to the nurses. The operation was a success. Our guilt evaporates. We enjoy Belize.

Back in Houston the guilt returns. I took him to the hospital. I helped talk him into the operation. Is it my fault that he died hooked up to machines in a sterile hospital instead of in the desert?

Except for a splitting sinus headache, I'm a zombie on the flight to Tucson. After landing, we hear the good news. The operation was a success. What killed Ed was a complication a couple of days later. But the operation bought him time — time to go home, time to sit in the desert, time to die in peace at night in his study, alone with the cries of coyotes, free from the science fiction technology of the intensive care unit. Time to die like a man, like an animal. With dignity.

At the wake the next morning I am thankful for my sunglasses. They hide my red, puffy eyes. Chuck Bowden and Jack Dykinga try to talk to me. I croak out a reply beneath my damp cheeks. Chuck mumbles and says we'll talk later, then stumbles off. It's only nine o'clock in the morning but the beer and wine and tequila and Jack Damage are flowing at Sus Picnic Area, Saguaro National Monument West Unit. Desert rats, monkeywrenchers, Park Service employees, literati — the eclectic world of Ed Abbey has come to say goodbye and carry out his last wishes.

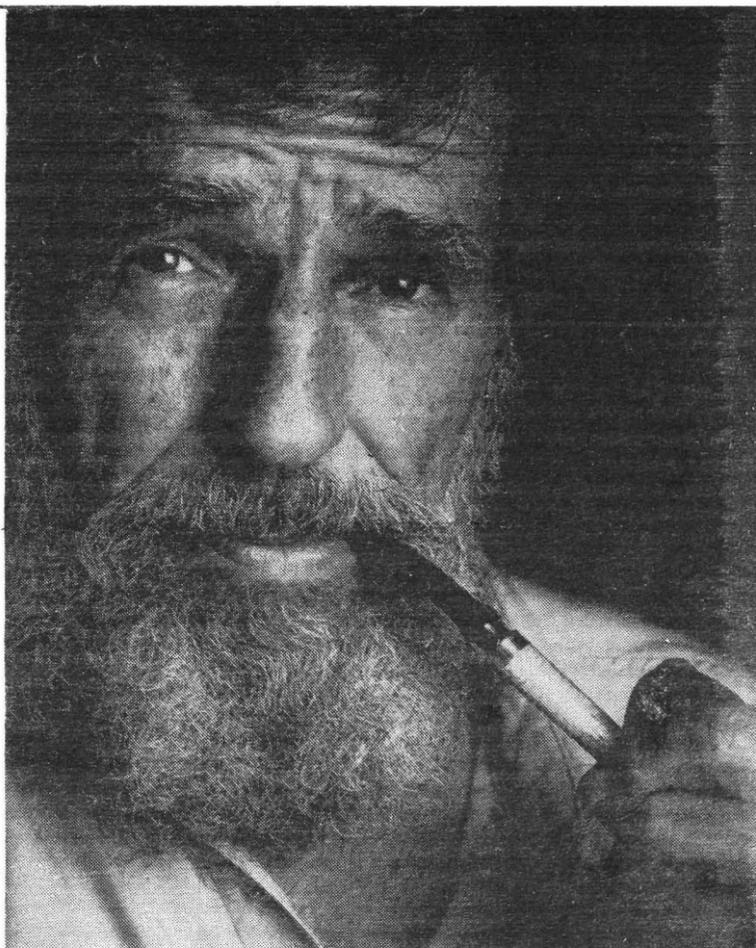
I realize how important ritual is, how necessary it is for journeying through one's grief at a time like this. Susie Abbey, 20 years old, with a different hair color than the last time I saw her, is reading something on anarchy that her father wrote. I envy her strength, her clear voice, her straight carriage. It's obvious whose daughter she is. I look at Clarke. How is she able to hold up through this? Susie finishes. Clarke rises, turns to the desert and yells, "Jack, go for it!" From far out in the desert, Jack Loeffler plays taps on his trumpet. My beer tastes of hot salt. Is it anguish or a pneumonic cough that's got hold of my lungs?

With the dying notes of Jack's trumpet, with the draining of that salty beer, with the retching up and spitting out of something from deep in my lungs — the grief is gone. Cried out. Now it is time to talk and laugh and drink and swap Ed Abbey stories. The rumor makes its rounds through

Whether we live or die is a matter of absolutely no concern whatsoever to the desert. Let men in their madness blast every city on earth into black rubble and envelope the entire planet in a cloud of lethal gas — the canyons and hills, the springs and rocks will still be here, the sunlight will filter through, water will form and warmth will be upon the land and after sufficient time, no matter how long, somewhere, living things will emerge and join and stand once again, this time perhaps to take a better and different course.... On this bedrock of animal faith I take my stand, close by the old road that leads eventually out of the valley of paradox.

Yes. Feet on earth. Knock on wood. Touch stone. Good luck to all.

photo by Jack W. Dykinga



person. So don't forget your guitar! Best regards, Ed Abbey
Ajo, Ariz

Now it has a name — THE LORD'S WORK!

OCTOBER 1969 — We go to Organ Pipe, spend a day and two nights with Ed and wife Judy, his mom and dad. Wonderful, generous, gracious folks. Susie is in her crib and Judy in Tucson, part of our stay, taking courses at the University. We sit under the stars. I sing for hours. Ed smokes and listens (Christ, what a listener! — they don't make 'em like that any more); he smiles and with that dry wit, offers up the ingenious remarks I have tried for years to invent about dam builders, greedheads and puss brains. Brandy and I hate campgrounds, so Ed tells us about a road inside the park where nobody will bother us — "Don't blame you, campgrounds are for birds," he says. "Come back for breakfast."

JUNE 1970, Tucson International Airport — I'm returning from a gig in Princeton, NJ. My husband, Brandy, and I run into Ed en route to claim our baggage. He looks haggard, worried, but smiles when he sees us.

"Where're you off to, Edwardo?"

"My wife is very sick, don't know what's wrong. She's at her parents in the east, I'm going back — it sounds serious."

"Oh Christ, Ed, that's real bad news." My exuberance at seeing him suddenly turns to sorrow when I think about Judy, whom we've seen only once, and the baby, Susie. What a helluva thing it will be if he should lose her. I ask to be kept posted on developments and we drive up home to Sedona in a depressed mood.

JULY 1970 — Dear Katie —

Thanks for your letter.

Judy did not make it. She died early in the morning, July 4th. Acute leukemia — the poor kid never had a chance. Send a copy of your protest letter to the Escalante Wilderness Committee. They want to make sure all such letters are included in the record. Best, Ed. North Rim.

Ed zipped while I zagged and it was almost a year before I saw him again. Our notes to each other were about protest meetings, wilderness hearings, how convenient it would be if someone blew up the Glen Canyon Goddam, and a mention or two about my MS of the "river book" I'd started in 1964 but hadn't been able to finish — for many reasons. The pain of beauty gone forever, the bitter anger and pure hatred I felt for the assholes who'd done my river in, and lack of confidence in my writing ability — I couldn't turn the trick. "How do you say it funny, Ed? Goddamnit, the whole thing is SICK, not funny!" At least, he never told me to go take a writing course.

MAY 1971 — Home from the North Rim.

Edwardo —

Hey, it was nice up there in the cool, watching from your Ivory Tower. Not since the Glen have I come upon a more poignant moment than walking up (not knowing you played anything, let alone the flute!) to hear that completely right and woodsy sound leafing down through the aspen and conifers ... like much-needed rain. I lay there on the porch of the old cabin for a long time, hearing old things I used to know, have forgotten, and wonder why I have. Bless you for offering to read my MS when you have so many things of your own going (writing *Black Sun*, in love again), but you saw the river like it was once. I lived on the river like it was once, and my life has been changed by its destruction. Don't be easy with me. I'm a severe critic and I expect the same back. Publishers and agents tell me it won't fly, but they don't tell me why. I gotta have reasons.

Have some Brandy ... he says "Hi" Luv, Canyon Kate
AUGUST 1971 — Dear Katie —

I agree with your agent. Re-write the book as a straightforward autobiography. Why? Because the truth in this is more interesting than your fictional version. Best, Ed.

Shit! That is not what I wanted to hear. I put it in the trunk and walked away, no longer able to even think about it. I wanted to write like Ed Abbey and knew I couldn't, so what was the use?

I did a US tour for the National Humanities Series for a year, went to live in La Paz with Brandy, the only place he could breathe, and didn't come back to stay in Arizona until he died of emphysema, on St. Pat's day, '73.

MAY 1973 — Dear Katie —

—Desert Solitaire

Sorry to hear about Brandy. I know exactly how you must feel. I'm off to Navajo Mt. and Escalante Monday, back in about a month. Call me at Aravaipa if you come this way. Ed.

Sometime in August of that year, I show up at Ed's Aravaipa Game Refuge trailer with Bruce Berger in tow (author of "There Was A River" — a journal of his first and our last run down The Glen in '62). We get drunk. Ed's had the last confrontation with rednecks with guns he's willing to risk and will be gone when we return from our hike, so we talk long under shifting stars about books, loved ones gone, rivers, pricks and princes, and how to put a hole in GCD — just talk, y'understand. He signs my hardback copy of *Desert Solitaire* that brought us first in touch and chuckles about how and where we read it, accentuating the flare of sun wrinkles that frame his honest eyes.

APRIL 1975 — Hi Old Lee —

I'm very happy to know you like the MONKEY book. I liked Berger's story very much, altho I missed the celebrated account of how you escaped from the big pothole. Sorry I can't join you on the Slickhorn hike but hope to see you at the Glen Canyon wilderness hearings in Page or Kanab. Love, Ed.

MAY 1975, Kanab — I am there. We pass on the stairs at recess. I tell him I've tried to write it out like he does, but I can't compose the thought and stick to it without some vitriol leaking out in an aside and ruining my cool. Cool is not my thing unless I'm singing, and this ain't no gig. He doesn't berate me for getting emotional and pissed like my other wise friends do on occasion, like I berate myself, knowing full well that the way to get a point across is to keep fact and frustration separate. He just tells me I should say what I know about the place and its singularity, beauty and restorative qualities — insisting that I probably know more about it than anyone there. Wishes me well. I try. God knows, I try to impress upon that group how prohibitive the cost, how unnecessary roads in that area will be, but I'm talking to a wall of stone faces, and when this fart gets up and says he wants to be able to take his mother over to the edge of that canyon in a car because she's old and can't walk around like these rich young backpackers, I blow it. She's lived there all her life, right? Why didn't she go see it when she could walk? — it's been there since the ground was put in. What was she so busy doing? — raising 48 kids? Let them carry her over there if she's so hot to see it now! Aw, hell, what's the use. But you're there Ed, thank God, and you say it right, like always — say it like you write it.

SEPTEMBER 1976 — Dear Ed —

... publisher says they're jamming for release of my book before Xmas ("Ten Thousand Goddam Cattle"), should be out in November. Have you seen the T-shirt "Hayduke Lives"? And I love this:

Hai'duk (hi-dook), n. Also Hey-duck, -duke, -duc, etc. (G. hai-duck, heiduck, fr. Hung. hajduk, pl. of hajdu brigand). One of the bandit mountaineers among the Balkan Slavs; also, in Hungary, one of a class of mercenary foot soldiers who received privileges of nobility and local independence in 1605. Ain't you smart! Write. Love, Katie.

OCTOBER 1976 — Moab. Dear Katie —

You're the first — so far as I know — to discover the key to Hayduke's name. Ain't you smart! Love, Ed.

Confession: Berger found it in the dictionary by accident one day when he was looking up something else, he passed it on to me. I later confessed to Ed that I wasn't that smart.

JANUARY 1977 — My book's release was late November, and one of the first to get a copy was Ed. He sent back a response I still use today, sent it so fast I'm not sure he even read it. Once, years later I intimated that he probably hadn't — that was the only time I ever got the "curmudgeon look" so many others seemed to know about. He growled, "Certainly, I read it." I never probed further. His quote: "You've done a beautiful job — exact, comprehensive and witty — it should remain a basic history of the subject (American Cowboy in Song, Story and Verse) for many years to come."

AUGUST 1977 — Dear Katie —

Come visit. Bring self, guitar beaucoup vin du paris. We're up on Aztec Peak L.O., Tonto NF, about 20 mile south of Young off 288. Will be here til October, probably. Love, Ed & Renee

AUGUST 1977, Aztec Peak — I arrive in the VW Safari about sundown loaded with gallons of the grape and a hiking buddy. We stay for two days, hiking the mountain, singing, goofing around. I take his MONKEY book out to the privy, sit down on the hole and have him take a picture of me reading it, then coax him to take the same seat, reading mine; I don't think he was too keen about the idea, but he humored

me just the same. Ed autographed my copy of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* with treasured words: "Here's to Katie Lee, artist and fighter, from a friend and admirer, Ed Abbey, Aztec Peak '77."

The next morning I am wakened by the magic flute. What a privilege to hear it again! I look up to see the glass tower shimmering in the rising sun through a kaleidoscope of thankful tears and realize how many glass towers in beautiful places I have seen and heard sing a flute's song — all because of Ed Abbey.

SEPTEMBER 1983, Jerome — Many rivers have been run — separately, I never got to take a trip with Ed — many talks, a meeting once or twice a year. We have a film program going for the Jerome Historical Society and want to show "Lonely Are the Brave" — I call Ed to ask his fee for giving a before n' after talk with the film.

"Hell, Katie, I don't want a fee. When is it? I'd like to see old Jerome again."

"October, Ed, you and Clarke can stay in our 'tower' — c'mon, at least let us pay your travel expenses, honorarium, something."

"No, just buy me a drink."

I ask him to send me a photo for the press. "What do you want us to say about you in the releases? (He hates this kind of shit and I hate asking him.) Long sigh ... "I'll write it out."

SEPTEMBER 28 — Dear Katie,

Here's a photo, as requested.

You can say that I'm the author of the *Brave Cowboy*, *Monkey Wrench Gang*, *Good News*, *Down the River*, *Desert Solitaire* and some other books. My next book is *Beyond the Wall* and will appear sometime in Spring '84, Deo volente. What else? Well — I live near Oracle, Az., have a wife, children, house, bills to pay, the whole catastrophe, and am looking forward to becoming a mean, nasty, ugly, wise old man. Love, Ed.

ENOUGH! — I never meant to do this, but when I got out his letters, notes, photos — the file, I thought sharing his words with others who cared about him might show how much time, patience, guidance he freely gave to those of us who could use his help.

I've thought of little else but Ed, Ed and his family, and have been able to do nothing since his "so long." My Aussie and I were in Baja when we heard the news and I flat refused to believe it. The last picture I have is of him and Clarke (his last, best wife and a truly great little mother — taking on someone else's teenage daughter, think about that for a while) with Ben-in-arms, posing arms about, on their porch in Tucson, '84-85. (He was sick then, but Clarke couldn't get him to go to the doc.)

The knowledge that he was my friend I will carry with great pride.

His last written words, on the usual postcard, are pinned above my desk, supportive to the last, giving ... giving ...

JUNE 1988 — Dear Katie,

Quote me: "Anyone who loved the living Colorado River (pre-damnation by the swine who run America) will love these songs by pioneer Glen Canyoneer Katie Lee." Love & Luck, Ed Abbey

He hadn't even heard the new cassette.

When you have a talent, not great but good enough, and you seek to make it better, you go to the best there is for advice. You don't fuck around with the mediocre, egocentric inbetweens. Edwardo is the best there is and he took the time to assist me as a writer — something much harder for me than singing. The day of that last photograph, he asked me again about *All My Rivers Are Gone* — the title of the "river book."

"What are you doing with it?"

"Nothing. I can't write it as an autobiography, no matter what you say — who could give a shit about my life?"

"It's about the canyon too. Lots of people give a shit about Glen because they never saw it — they're beginning to know what they missed."

"I can't write in the first person. I don't know the tricks — too self conscious."

"Then write an 'autobiographical novel', whatever that is, but write it."

"Easy for you to say. Easy for you to do, I can't."

"Bullshit."

IT IS 1989 — I am more than half way through, Ed. I think I might make it before the end of the year. Jesus-God! Have you any idea how I thank you?

But now I'm talking to the hawks. What a generous heart you have given them! I'll never see a zopilote or an eagle without thinking of you and smiling. (I remember telling you once how I wanted to go, if I could make sure to come up beside a houseboat party on reservoir Fowell in a hideous, glutinous mass, leering into their faces so they all jumped overboard and drowned ... I would allow my remains to be deposited in that rotten blood clot of our planet. But I can't be sure.)

If my philosophy of "Pass-it-On" holds up, Ed, there'll be a whole bunch of people with enough of your kind of love for our Southwest to hold back the tide. None may say it as well, mind you, but the desire to act will grow ... Dave Foreman ... Chuck Bowden ... EF!

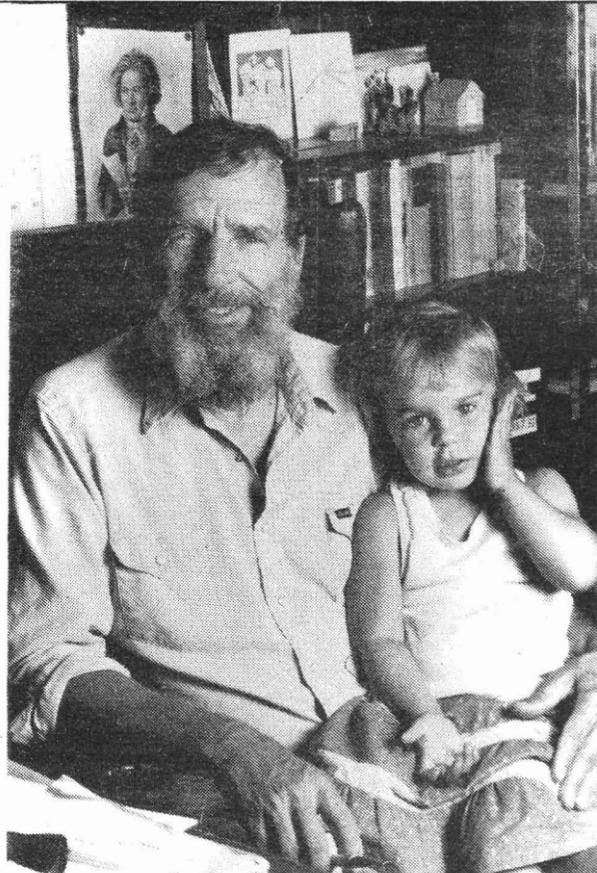
THE LORD'S WORK ... KEEP UP THE LORD'S WORK!

We all feel a terrible emptiness with you sailing off like that on your own. It's as if someone stole the monuments from Monument Valley. They're gone! My favorite winding slot canyon has been zipped up, leaving a void. The desert has been wiped clean.

This too will pass.

You are a "Giant Still Among Us." Your last gift — Your heart to the Hawks!

—Katie Lee
Jerome, AZ, April 13, 1989



Ed and Becky Abbey, in Ed's study.

photo by Jack W. Dykinga

ETHICS

Fortunately, there were no big moments. But sometimes I worry that he may have managed to poison me with a fatal dose of, well, ethics. I'm not certain of this diagnosis — tests are still being run — but I'm kind of fretful about the results.

I remember one night going to a tree-hugger rally down at the El Rio Neighborhood Center. The evening chugged along with the expected dose of environmental pep talks, sensitive poetry readings, and we-ain't-going-to-take-this-anymore war cries. The audience was wall to wall waffle stompers and plaid flannel shirts, the women had long hair and no makeup. Then Abbey's turn came and he pulled some pages out of his pocket and started reading a long shaggy dog story about his earlier days in Albuquerque, about roaring down the road with a pal, tossing beer cans out the window and firing a pistol wildly into the countryside. I could feel the crowd get edgy. Abbey droned on seemingly oblivious, and his text somehow segued into the charms and joys of various sorority girls encountered in those college adventures. I sensed a sullen steam begin to rise up off the audience. Suddenly he was finished and the evening promptly returned to environmental proprieties.

I thought: you don't pander.

Then there was the time he called me up and asked if I'd be interested in going to Mexico City. *Architectural Digest* had commissioned him to assess some fancy mansion designed by a leading architect and there were nice crisp dollars to finance a reconnaissance. I thought, what the hell. A few weeks later, the trip was off. They'd sent him pictures of the house and he couldn't stand the way it looked. He told me he couldn't write about an obscene thing like that.

I thought: well, you don't just do it for the money.

And of course, he was always harping at me about *City Magazine*, "that silly magazine." He'd never spell it out in words, he'd just make it plain that there were more important things to be doing in this life.

I thought: you've got to make the days count.

A month or so ago, in February, he was showing me his toy, an old, red Cadillac convertible. I said, "Christ, Ed, you've got no shame." He gave me a look like I'd made his day.

And then he died. So I'm left with you don't pander, you don't roll over for money, you don't waste whatever time and talents you've got. And you drive any damn thing you please.

I'm hoping that if I go through one of these new detox centers, I can maybe flush this dose of ethics out of my hide before it makes a mess of my life.

—Charles Bowden

(This piece first appeared in the Tucson Weekly.)

A FRIEND

I spend more time on my dead than I would want anyone to know. Part of it is just keeping their lives alive in memory: a fragile wackiness — partly from war — as if your not forgetting somehow meant they did not die for nothing. Ed was different because he was famous. So that isn't at issue. Yet, all my life I've wondered how to pay tribute or honor my dead friends. Of course, I put feathers and clay balls and animal skulls and wild flowers and things like that on their unmarked graves or memorials, but that never seems enough. These things are so personal and private, we do most of our grieving and all of our dying alone, so I wonder about the appropriateness. For example, it strikes me as unfitting that so much mainstream printed attention should now be bestowed on a man whose work was often treated lightly by the power brokers of the literary establishment. I could not for a second pronounce judgment on the life and work of a friend; that judgment lives outside friendship. Besides, I've never been able to explain my own life, let alone others. I think we should all share this hole in the sky as much as we can and draw comfort from one another. Myself, I mourn slowly and spit out my losses in tiny bits over long periods of time — sometimes decades. That well sometimes temporarily dries up.

So what can I say: my friendship with Ed was the most difficult close friendship I ever had. We were 15 years apart and that was hard to dismiss: there was a paternalistic edge to our fraternalism. We competed but never seriously.

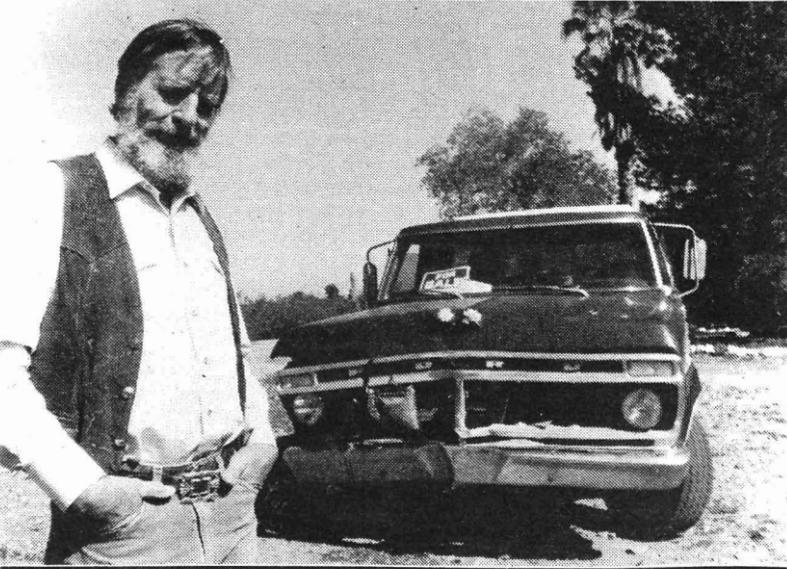


photo by Jack W. Dykinga

A few tips on desert etiquette:

...#5. Always remove and destroy survey stakes, flagging, advertising signboards, mining claim markers, animal traps, poisoned bait, seismic exploration geophones, and other such artifacts of industrialism. The men who put those things there are up to no good and it's our duty to confound them. Keep America Beautiful. Grow a Beard. Take a Bath. Burn a Billboard.

—The Journey Home

I had the 15 years but he was unstoppable at scrabble. We quarreled over a magnum pistol: I appropriated it and sent it away and he was justly angry. But from that moment on, the paternalism disappeared for good and the depth of my commitment to what long ago we carelessly referred to as "friendship" was clear. There were a couple weeks left and they were good ones of simply caring, with all the bullshit stripped from love, although in my dreams I still come up with different endings. Toward the end, I tried to persuade him into things that might have saved his life and with all of my talents; I felt a twinge of guilt, then remembered we were together in that I was now executing his last wishes. The last night he spent in the hospital, I was called in and was almost brought to my knees: it was in his eyes — in their lucidity everything else evaporated. "You look so goddamn good," I said. He did. Duty is great at times and the utterly necessary is welcome. Lives are lived carelessly and we lack generic purpose.

And at the end, some of his life went into my own and I thank him for that. When the dirt fell on Ed, I felt the lid slam shut on a huge chunk of my life. We fight and die alone. In times of relative flabbiness, he makes me strong. And anger. Our anger. A big deal since neither got over it except I got over it for him. My anger yet looms large toward others: slimeballs and charlatans of many varieties — I piss on you all from a considerable height.

He might say this: You must nourish the soul. This takes time. What you create — your art — you leave behind. Children, joy, love, and wildness are the real stuff of life. Your life will transcend your causes. Go alone into the wilderness. You must take time to nourish the soul.

—Douglas Peacock

Abbey's Trailer and Other Mythical Places

Once many years ago, a great man was taken from us, before the world was prepared to live without him; a poet wrote, "... so today we shall mourn him, and tomorrow and tomorrow, we shall miss him." I know that the last thing Ed Abbey would want is for us to mourn his death. Well... I'm sorry Ed, wherever you are, I just can't help it. No other single person on this planet helped me define and understand the kind of life I thought was important, like Edward Abbey. The void left by his death is one that can never be filled. I took daily comfort in knowing that somewhere out there, Abbey was tilting at windmills, shaking and rattling bureaucracies, challenging "established truths," and otherwise making life more interesting.

Abbey began to have a profound effect on me a full decade before I even heard of him. When I was about ten, I remember being at home alone one night, parked in front of the TV. I watched a movie called "Lonely Are the Brave." Although I was just a kid, I was touched and at the same time troubled by this lovely, lonely little film. Years later, when I discovered it had been based on *The Brave Cowboy*, all I could do was smile; of course, I thought ... it had to be Abbey.

A friend of my father gave me my first copy of *Desert Solitaire*. I was just out of college, unemployed, confused; I read the book, and found myself saying, yes, that's what I felt, but could not express. I read it again. I memorized long passages. I've probably bought *Desert Solitaire* 50 times to give to friends that I thought would understand. I gave a copy to my parents, hoping they would better understand me.

In 1975, I moved to Utah. Rolled up in a cardboard mailing tube was a cartoon drawing of a demolished Glen Canyon Dam. It was my mission to find Edward Abbey and present him with this doodle of mine. The dust jacket on *The Monkey Wrench Gang* said he lived near Wolf Hole, Arizona. So I dutifully drove to St. George and headed down the bumpy, rutted dirt road to find my hero.

Abbey wasn't there. Nobody was there. Nobody lives in Wolf Hole, Arizona. A few months later, back in Moab, I learned that he'd been living in Utah all along. A friend one night arranged for me to meet him and give him the drawing. When I walked in the door, there were 10 or 15 people there, but I knew already who Ed Abbey was. Ed Abbey looked like Ed Abbey. The big man with the magnificent salt and pepper beard and broad toothy smile walked up and introduced himself.

"So you're the guy who traveled all the way to Wolf Hole to give me a picture."

I nodded.

"Tell me," he grinned, "What's it like down there?"

I recall how struck I was by his softspokenness, his graciousness. The writer of outrageous novels, the no compromise defender of the land, the man who through his books could provoke such a broad spectrum of emotion, was a gentleman — a gentle man.

Not long afterwards, I went to work as a seasonal ranger at Arches. I lived at the Devil's Garden in a trailer, and though I should have known better I somehow was expecting "an Edward Abbey/*Desert Solitaire*" type of experience. I was quickly disillusioned by swarms of tourists, motorhomes, and Ed Abbey groupies. People knocked on my door constantly, looking for Ed. I finally hung a sign on the door that read: "This was NOT Edward Abbey's trailer."

Abbey visited me in my bunker from time to time. He seemed more amused by the crowds than disturbed by them. Once, on a particularly insane day, I thought if I saw one more goofy tourist in Bermuda shorts, I would go mad. Abbey showed up and saw my frustration. "Jim," he said, "remember, in 50 or 60 years, most of these people will be dead, and so will we. So don't take all this too seriously."

In 1978, Ed left Moab and moved back to Tucson. I never got to spend the time with him that I wanted after that, but we stayed in touch. We didn't always agree on things, but that was ok. He preferred a good argument to blind, unthinking allegiance to his point of view.

Abbey reveled in being contradictory, in keeping people off guard. He liked to make us think. He despised indifference and complacency. He had the strength to stand behind an unpopular cause, or speak up when everyone else had lost their voices. And now, the world is a little less interesting. That voice that spoke from the wilderness and from the wilderness is gone.

Very few people are ambivalent about Edward Abbey; he has been praised by many, reviled by others. But you didn't have to agree with the man to respect him. He had

One final paragraph of advice: Do not burn yourself out. Be as I am — a reluctant enthusiast ... a part time crusader, a half-hearted fanatic. Save the other half of yourselves and your lives for pleasure and adventure. It is not enough to fight for the land; it is even more important to enjoy it. While you can. While it is still there. So get out there and hunt and fish and mess around with your friends, ramble out yonder and explore the forests, encounter the grizz, climb the mountains, bag the peaks. Run the rivers, breathe deep of that yet sweet and lucid air, sit quietly for a while and contemplate the precious stillness, that lovely, mysterious and awesome space. Enjoy yourselves, keep your brain in your head and your head firmly attached to your body, the body active and alive, and I promise you this much: I promise you this one sweet victory over our enemies, over those deskbound people with their hearts in a safe deposit box and their eyes hypnotized by desk calculators. I promise you this: you will outlive the bastards.

a great passion for life, and great passion for justice. In his mind, if something was right, why compromise? He lived by that philosophy throughout his life. How many of us can claim the same?

A hundred years from now, the world will be reading Ed's books, analyzing both the Man and the work he left behind. History will have a very special place for Edward Abbey.

—Jim Stiles

SAYING FAREWELL TO EDWARD ABBEY FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

Edward Abbey died today. Here in Hong Kong where I am, printing my 1990 calendars, it's already tomorrow, March 15 — the Ides of March. A fateful day. Edward Abbey died today and here on the other side of the world, in a place Ed had never been (nor would have wanted to go) already, instantly, I know. The facsimile bearing the news was waiting for me at the printer's this morning; it was there along with the proofs of the Western Wilderness Calendar, an odd, fateful kind of coincidence. Ed Abbey was the inspiration for my first calendar, the original Edward Abbey Western Wilderness Calendar, back in 1981. That first calendar was inspired by and based upon his writings, and the photographs were by photographers with whom Ed had collaborated on books — Philip Hyde, John Blaustein, David Muench — or were of places in the Southwest that he wrote about: the Colorado Plateau, Sonoran Desert, Colorado River, Basin and Range ... Abbey country. After that first year I couldn't come up with another single author to follow Abbey; hence, every year since then I've used a dozen different authors, one per month. And Edward Abbey was one of those authors almost every year from then until now ... including this year's calendar with quotations from his fat masterpiece, *The Fool's Progress, An Honest Novel*.

Ed wasn't fond of the technology that enables me to learn of his death so quickly from so far away. Nor am I fond of such technology; less so of the tidings it brings. I read the fax, over and over again. Stunned, I cannot really comprehend the meaning of those words, cannot accept their implication. And so I write these words — not so much for Ed, but in a feeble attempt to articulate my own grief, and bring personal meaning to the passing of a man who, in life was larger than it, and in death, transcends life. Edward Abbey died today, and I'm here in Hong Kong, all alone, surrounded by six million people who are unaware of the passing of a legend.

If the death of Buddy Holly was the day the music died, in like manner the death of Edward Abbey is the day the passion died.... Not that Ed would have liked the analogy, he disliked rock music with a passion, preferring instead Bach and Beethoven, Bruckner and Wagner and Charles Ives ... and hillbilly music. He was a passionate man who aroused the passions of others. From his first novel, *Jonathan Troy*, in 1954, to his last, *Hayduke Lives!*, the sequel to his classic *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, to be published in 1990, more than 35 years of words, wisdom, ideas, ideals, truth, wit, joy ... and above all else, passion. Passion for his friends and the things he loved; passion against those who would destroy them. Edward Abbey, the author, always spoke and always wrote the truth, whether railing against the entire techno-military-industrial complex (a favorite theme), or against a single injustice perpetrated against a solitary individual, or wild creature or wild place. He wrote about the last remaining wildness on our planet and the continuing onslaught against it: from Baja to Wolf Hole, from the Australian Outback to the Sonoran Desert; but Home to the man from Home, Pennsylvania was always the desert: the American Southwest, the Colorado Plateau, Slickrock, Canyon Country, the Land of Standing Rocks, the Green River, the San Juan, the Colorado ... and the once living heart of that country, Glen Canyon.

And, like Glen Canyon before him, Edward Abbey has now been taken from us. But his words live on. His voice still comes strident out of the wilderness, speaking for the blank spots on the map that have no voice; and by doing so giving voice not just to the wild country that was so much a part of him, but to all of us. His words raged off the pages of his books like the hot desert wind, and his passionate prose seared its way into our hearts and our minds. "Growth is the ideology of the cancer cell," he said; and we listened ... and we knew.

Here in Hong Kong no one mourns the death of Edward Abbey, save one. But Ed wouldn't have minded; he wouldn't have la-

mented the demise of Hong Kong, either. Rather, he would have celebrated its passing. "Good News," Ed would have said, "we've lost another over-populated, polluted tentacle of the techno-military industrial complex."

But alas, we haven't lost Hong Kong, or Phoenix, or Tucson, or L.A., or Salt Lake. Instead we've lost one of our heroes, one of our warriors, one of our best and most passionate voices — an American original, crying out for the wilderness, from the wilderness. To my mind, not since the jungle novels of B. Traven in the 1920s has such passion been captured on the printed page. Not since the days of Henry David Thoreau has such complexity of thought and emotion been expressed in such lean and simple prose, with such wit and intelligence.

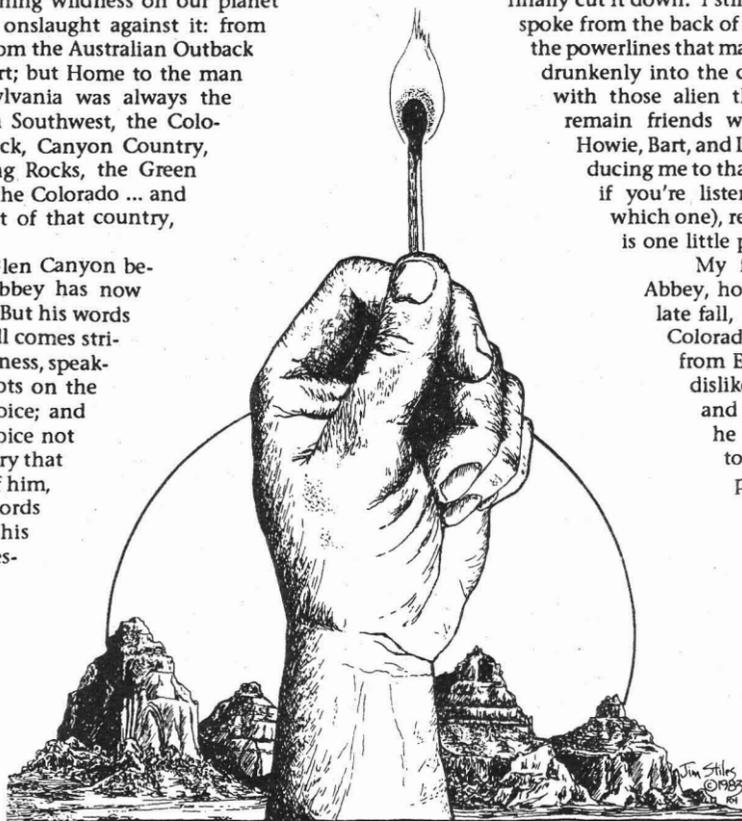
Like Joseph Heller's *Catch 22*, Edward Abbey's *The Monkey Wrench Gang* added a new dimension to our language with the term 'monkeywrenching'. 'Monkeywrenching' ... 'ecotage' ... 'ecodefense' are now commonly-used terms to describe non-violent forms of environmental sabotage perpetrated against bulldozers, roads and other non-living entities. And like Hunter S. Thompson's unique contributions — "greedheads" and "land-raping scum" — our language, our culture, and our planet are the richer for it.

It's up to those of us left to continue the good fight, to keep on speaking out for and fighting for the last remaining wild places and wild things on the planet, with the ardor and passion that Edward Abbey inspired in us all. The debt must be repaid.

On the long flight back from Hong Kong to L.A., I am slumped in my seat, unable to sleep, not knowing whether it's night or day, contemplating the death of a friend ... jumbled recollections flashing through my mind ... bits and pieces of memory from days gone by... For beyond the power and the passion of the written works of Edward Abbey, the author, more than those faded spines and well-read pages on my bookshelf, it is Edward Abbey, the man, whom I remember now, and those memories make me feel his loss all the more keenly.

... That fateful day just prior to the Spring Equinox in 1981, a brief phone call from Abbey to say he'd be up at Lone Rock Campground on Lake Powell for some kind of "spring rites." On my way to the Maze for a week anyway, I left a few days early and drove down to Lake "Fowell" in my old Chev truck to see Ed, and first met up with Earth First! instead. Three bearded scowling men stood next to a broken-down buckaroo of a VW bus. Atop the bus was a weirdly shaped lump of black plastic protruding from all sides. A classic standoff ... they wanting to know who the hell I was and what I was doing there ... me, never having responded well to authority, stubborn, uncooperative. To meet a friend was all I would reply. There we stood, four bearded men, on that bleak windswept shore, wondering who the hell the other was, neither side giving an inch. Conversation was minimal, but as the night wore on and large quantities of beer were consumed, more bearded men and unbearded men appeared, and even more beer was consumed. Eventually Ed and Clarke arrived, the ice was broken, more beer was consumed and hostilities ceased. The next morning dawned, and impulsively, I helped Ed and my new found friends "crack" Glen Canyon Dam with a 300 foot black plastic crack (the blob atop the bus). We retreated to the safety of the parking lot, where Abbey spoke, before all hell broke loose and the long arm of the law appeared. I'll never forget the sight of one of the rangers, using the occasion to get his copy of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* autographed. The crack looked good too, until they finally cut it down. I still can hear Ed's voice as he spoke from the back of my old Chev, pointing at the powerlines that marched away from the dam drunkenly into the desert: "I feel no kinship with those alien things..." To this day I remain friends with Dave, Mike, Louisa, Howie, Bart, and Leon. Thanks Ed, for introducing me to that bunch of lunatics ... and if you're listening, God (I don't care which one), remember, all we need here is one little pre-cision earthquake.

My fondest memories of Ed Abbey, however, are on the river ... late fall, down the Green and the Colorado. I'd get a phone call from Ed (I rarely called him, he disliked talking on the phone and unless he had something he wanted to communicate to you, talking to Ed on the phone was somewhat of a zen-like experience), and a few days later we'd meet down on the river somewhere, Ed in his orange plastic bathtub of a boat, the sportyak, and me in the *Everett Ruess*, a 20-foot Salmon with a Kokopelli painted on the bow. Abbey was always a few days ahead of me; we were alone, but still together, each pursuing whatever solitary whim we fancied.



Carry a torch to burn, to ignite.
Since quietude is like mire
Risk your blood and your soul.

—Vladimir 'Zev' Jabotinsky

Eventually I'd overtake the bright orange bathtub, always before Cataract Canyon I figured; Ed wasn't keen on the idea of navigating the Big Drops in his little boat on a cold November day with only Richard Quist somewhere down below on Lake Powell to rescue him if a mishap should occur.

I'd row the monster Ruess down the river until around some bend or the other I'd catch sight of Ed's boat. We'd camp for a few days more and make all-day expeditions into the country above and beyond us — that long, vertical climb up to the Dollhouse every morning, returning late at night, by moonlight, if any.

I recall one adventure vividly. Gaining the Dollhouse by mid-morning, I had talked Ed and my friend Sarah into cutting across Ernie's Country to the Fins (a short-cut, of course) with promises of a beautifully-sculpted slot canyon waiting for us at the end of our hike. Mid-afternoon, Abbey paused and surveyed the jumbled and broken landscape around us and remarked that he was gratified to find that the Fins looked about how he had imagined when he wrote *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. Ed confessed that until that day he'd never gotten to that part of the country before!

We spent the rest of that day enjoyably, hopelessly lost in the slickrock labyrinth of the Fins, and at dusk, Sarah, the mountain goat, found a crack atop a talus slope that allowed us back on the rim. Our sweat-chilled bodies shivered in the gathering darkness. After drinking the last of our water, we plodded on wearily toward the Dollhouse, silent in the dark night, to our camp on the river far below. Ed and Sarah teased me unmercifully about not finding that slot canyon that day; I maintained that an adventure wasn't an adventure without a little adventure thrown in, and an adventure at any rate, wasn't successful unless you did get lost.

Though Abbey and I went down the river again, we never did make it to that slot canyon. And last November, we didn't make it back on the river. You were in the middle of that grueling autograph tour for *The Fool's Progress*; and I, well, I thought I was too busy to go. I'm going down the river this fall, Ed, and somehow, I feel that you'll be with me. ED ABBEY LIVES the Anasazi shamans have painstakingly carved into their thousands-of-years-old rock art panels; ED ABBEY LIVES whisper their drums and flutes ... ED ABBEY LIVES.

The best history is mythology, Wallace Stegner wrote. In life, Edward Abbey was a mythic figure. In death, his presence on the land and in our hearts can be felt all the more keenly. In death, he casts a shadow longer than the saguaros in his backyard at sunset, more solid and imposing than the sandstone walls along the river, and taller than the plywood flashing used in 1983 to keep the waters of the Colorado from creating what will one day become the largest rapid on the river: Dominy Falls — temporarily serving as a 700-foot tombstone to Glen Canyon.

Like Kokopelli and Everett Ruess before him, Edward Abbey has now entered the mythology of the Colorado Plateau. "I have not yet tired of the wilderness" wrote Everett Ruess, and Kokopelli's flute, like Gabriel's trumpet, will forever herald his presence in the canyon country.

So next time you find yourself wandering out in the desert — never mind which one — alone and lost, with no particular destination in mind, and blowing out of nowhere on the desert wind a sweet and gentle sound comes wafting within earshot and then, it's gone — you pause, the soft sound of another flute — and as quietly as the wind, they're both gone ... pause again and listen to the silence and remember these things lost.

—Ken Sanders

Postscript from Salt Lake City: I've returned from Hong Kong to find one of those infamous Ed Abbey postcards waiting for me on my desk ... a painting by an old Abbey friend, John DePuy, one one side ... and that distinctive scrawl on the other ... "See you in April, in Moab," it said. Yes, Ed, I'll see you in April in Moab, and in May, and on the river this summer, and anytime, and every time I go to the desert ... until I die ... "If I live that long" ... you said ... I'm going to find that slot canyon, I said ...

Dream Garden Press will be reissuing the R. Crumb edition of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* in a special memorial edition in 1990 to coincide with the publication of its sequel, *HAYDUKE LIVES!* For this memorial edition, the publisher would appreciate receiving any photos, artwork, or literary contributions about Ed Abbey from his friends and fellow authors to be included in the book. Please send to MONKEY WRENCH GANG MEMORIAL EDITION, DREAM GARDEN PRESS, POB 27076, SLC, UT 84127.

In addition to his lasting literary legacy, Edward Abbey has left a widow with 2 children, in Tucson, and rather formidable hospital bills. Contributions may be sent to the family via POB 628, Oracle, AZ 85623.

Some Thoughts on True Believers, Intolerance, Diversity, and ... Ed Abbey

One of the pitfalls of being a political activist is that of becoming a True Believer. A True Believer loses her sense of

"All you're asking for is a counter-industrial revolution."

"Right. That's all."

"And how do you propose to bring it about?"

Hayduke thought about that question. He wished Doc were here. His own brain functioned like crankcase sludge on a winter day. Like grunge. Like Chairman Mao prose. Hayduke was a saboteur of much wrath but little brain. The jeep meanwhile sank deeper into Kaibab National Forest, into the late afternoon. Pine duff rose on dusty sunbeams, trees transpired, the hermit thrushes sang and over it all the sky (having no alternative) flourished its borrowed sun-down colors — blue and gold.

Hayduke thought. Finally the idea arrived. He said, "My job is to save the fucking wilderness. I don't know anything else worth saving. That's simple, right?"

—The Monkey Wrench Gang

perspective, often becomes egotistical, excessively critical and impatient of others; falls into patterns of overwork and believing that she is indispensable, that no one else can do the job.

The primary trait of the True Believer, however, is a loss of tolerance for other approaches, for anyone whose ideas are not "politically correct." The True Believer not only believes she has the best approach, but that she has the *only* valid approach. Those who are not on the True Believer's path are either foolish dupes or conscious agents of evil.

The self-righteous surety of True Believers notwithstanding, diversity in social and political causes is as important as it is in ecosystems. To face the extraordinary challenge posed by human destruction of biodiversity and by the concomitant domination and exploitation of people by an elite and brutal oligarchy, diversity is particularly essential. The problems facing us are so vast, so multifaceted, that there is no one true path, no perfect answer. We need many paths; we need to ask many questions. Numerous styles are available and appropriate; there are countless tools suitable for tackling different aspects of the problem.

We did not form Earth First! with the thought that we had the only proper approach — that of confrontational civil disobedience, monkeywrenching and uncompromising advocacy. We founded Earth First! because these particular tools were not being used in defense of natural diversity. Just as Earth First! and its approach to the global ecological crisis are important, so are those of The Nature Conservancy, Sierra Club, Audubon Society, Wilderness Society, Defenders of Wildlife, Earth Island Institute, Rainforest Action Network, Cascade Holistic Economic Consultants, Society for Conservation Biology, Negative Population Growth, Natural Resources Defense Council, Citizens Clearinghouse on Toxic Waste, Worldwatch Institute, Greenpeace, Cultural Survival, bioregionalists, Green parties, and countless local groups. We may have suggestions for making these other approaches more effective, but purchasing land for conservation purposes, lobbying Congress and agencies on ecological issues, filing environmental appeals and lawsuits, conducting scientific and economic research into the value of wild nature, and developing alternative soft-path lifestyles are all valid and necessary methods, just as are the hardass, court-of-last-resort avenues of the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society and Earth First!.

We need more diversity, not less, in the effort to preserve three and a half billion years of evolution from the depredations of the short-sighted, greed-motivated, international industrial growth society. Every available tool needs to be employed, every style from business suits and laptops to camouflage and tree spikes needs to be encouraged. The conservationist spectrum needs to be fleshed out and thoroughly filled. More questions need to be asked; more provocative, original answers offered.

As a practical matter, however, diversity under one roof has its limits. That is why many independent groups are needed. We've learned, I think, that consensus decision making works only when there is general agreement on worldview and proper approach. If a group is too diverse, then too much time is wasted debating strategy and philosophy, and too little real work is done. For example, even though The Nature Conservancy's and Earth First!'s goals of saving natural diversity are similar, our techniques are so different, our styles so divergent, that the two could never federate into a single group!

In some cases, as a group grows, it becomes more and more diverse, spreading its umbrella farther and farther afield to include more styles and tactics. When this diversity becomes counterproductive (i.e., when there is no longer general agreement on philosophy, style, strategy and tactics), when there is continual bickering between different factions, when internal dissension prevents the real work from being done, then it is time for a no-fault divorce. The different elements need to go their separate ways, without recriminations, without anger, each recognizing the worth of the other's position, but realizing real differences exist. As a specific example, five years ago in the civil disobedience campaign to save old growth forest in Oregon, there was an excessive gap between adherents of philosophical nonviolence and rowdy Earth First'ers. The Cathedral Forest Action Group separated and did good work. If we had all tried to stay together under the Earth First! banner, energy would have been wasted in endless discussions between people not sharing fundamentals.

But what does any of this have to do with Ed Abbey?

Edward Abbey was not a True Believer.

Ol' Cactus Ed had strong opinions, yes. He was wildly in love with the wild. He believed in defending what he loved, and in defending it to the hilt. He loved a good argument, and he loved deflating pompous True Believers.

But Ed did not take himself too seriously. He poked fun at himself as much as he poked it at others. He created a caricature of himself. And the humorless, self-righteous True Believers with their one true path never understood what Ed was saying.

Two decades ago, I had the good fortune to live in Zuni Pueblo for two years. I often found myself the only Anglo in a cramped carload of Zunis drinking Spañada outside of Witch Wells or Crockett's (the two bars on opposite borders of the reservation). I laughed at their jokes, and I eventually became able to make Zuni jokes that would have been flat and unintelligible outside of a Zuni worldview. I went to Zuni ceremonies and learned more than I had in all the Sundays I spent in church as child and teenager. I particularly learned from the Mudhead Kachinas.

While the most sacred rituals were being performed, the Mudheads were there cutting up, making fun of everyone. This is horrifying to the good Moslem or Catholic or Baptist, but it is perfectly natural to the Zuni or any other member of a still-natural society.

It wasn't until after Ed's death that I flashed back to my Zuni days, to a frozen Shalako night in early December, to the Mudheads.

Ed Abbey was the Mudhead Kachina of the conservation movement, perhaps of the whole goddamned social change movement in this country. He was Coyote. Farting in polite company. Enraging pompous twits, prudes and prigs. Goosing the True Believers. Pissing on what was politically correct.

And thereby doing sacred work.

Ed understood deeply the need for balance. He wrote: "Be as I am, a part-time fanatic, a half-hearted zealot." Whenever we are overworked, overwhelmed, whenever we lose our balance, our perspective, we need to read that wise advice from Abbey.

So now does all this gibberish, this coyote scratching in a dusty wash, apply to the Earth First! tribe in this, its tenth year?

To begin, we need to laugh at ourselves more. We need more humor in the *Journal*, we need to take ourselves less seriously.

We need to accept other conservation groups, other approaches. We're doing important work, yes, but so are others.

We need to realize that Earth First! isn't the entire environmental movement or even the entire "radical" environmental movement. We have a particular niche; our turf should not be fenced too widely.

If excessive diversity is splitting the seams of Earth First!, if there is fundamental disagreement on tactics, style, philosophy, archetypes and so forth within our tribe, it is time for a no-fault divorce. I'm not right, you're not wrong. We're just different and we can accomplish more and be happier when we aren't trying to share the same bedroom. Good luck, darlin'.

While maintaining a confrontational, no-compromise, hardass approach, we need to beware of the tarbaby of "us vs. them." (This deserves much more consideration and reflection than I am able to offer here. I hope to delve more deeply into this in a future essay.)

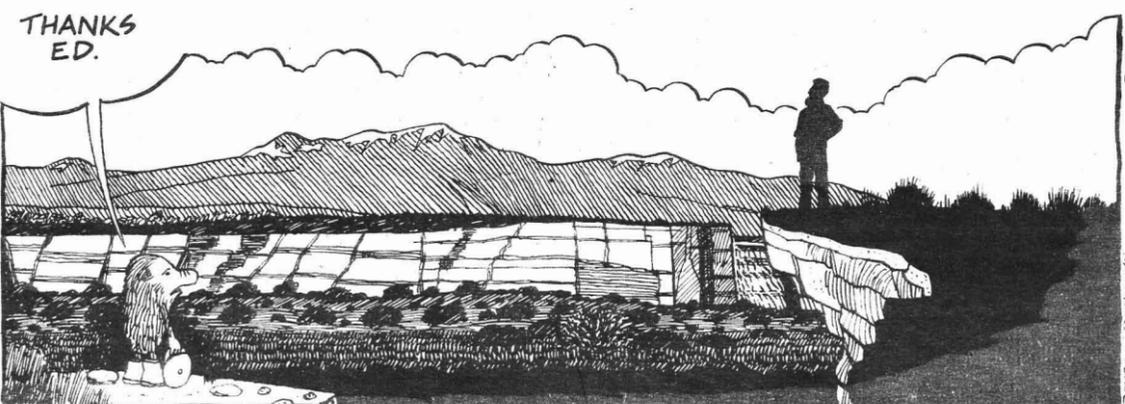
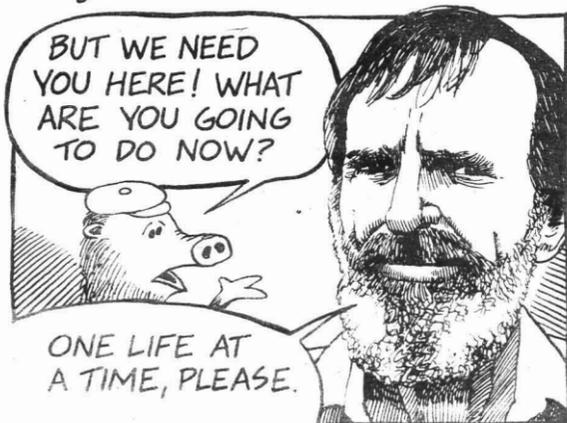
We especially need to take our philosophy, our worldview with a grain of salt. "Deep Ecology" is not a perfect, cast-in-concrete dogma. If ever it becomes that it will be worthless — just another rigid gospel. William Catton warns in his masterful book *Overshoot* against making Deep Ecology a cult. It is advice well worth taking. Nonetheless, we absolutely need a mythology to guide us in our work. (We are, after all, only human. Let us not deny anthropology.) In Earth First!, our mythology is Deep Ecology or Biocentrism. But no matter how valid it is, how deep it is, we must constantly acknowledge that it is still an abstraction. It is a good, workable basis by which to operate. But it is not infallible scripture. Like any abstraction, like any articulation of reality, the Deep Ecology philosophy is just a map. And the map is never the territory.

Finally, we do need to take Cactus Ed's advice: Run those rivers, climb those mountains, encounter the Griz ...

And piss on the developers' graves.

—Dave Foreman

Beyond the Slab



10th ANNUAL ROUND RIVER RENDEZVOUS

June 19-25, 1989, Jemez Mountains, New Mexico

To begin, we apologize if our sense of humor caused people to think RRR Committee members are elitists. Climbing gear is not needed to reach the Rendezvous site. We decided to disallow such gear so that we could start to alleviate the overpopulation problem. Also, there is a walking path to the site. Persons opting for that route, however, must first pass through the Vasectomy/Tubal Ligation clinic.

Next, there are serious topics that we need to consider:

Time: This year's Rendezvous is breaking an old tradition of having the RRR center around the 4th of July. This year's dates encompass both a full moon and the Summer Solstice.

Water: New Mexican mountains are dry! There is no immediately available fresh water, so bring your own.

Camping: Camp wherever you want (who started this state by state campsite shit?). Integrate! Interstate EFlers don't bite!

Camp fires: Be frugal; the Jemez are dry and fragile! Use communal fires to minimize impact.

Dogs and kids: Bring the kids! There will be day long activities for all ages. Don't bring dogs! Dogs and kids and (unfortunately) some EFlers don't mix.

Clothing: Nights can be cold in the mountains of New Mexico. Bring warm clothes.

Workshops: OF COURSE! The

Earth First! RRR is nothing but an educational event!

Speakers and music: Contact the Committee if you wish to perform.

Rides: If you want a ride, contact the appropriate ride coordinator. National - Greg Kyde, 303-440-4899; East Coast - Gail Youngelson, 516-584-8245; West Coast - Alex Grey, 415-324-3931; Wild Rockies - Scott Sala, 303-831-6093; Albuquerque Airport - Jean Crawford, 515-256-9184.

Money: The Committee asks that everyone give a (mandatory) donation of \$25. It costs a lot to put this thing on.

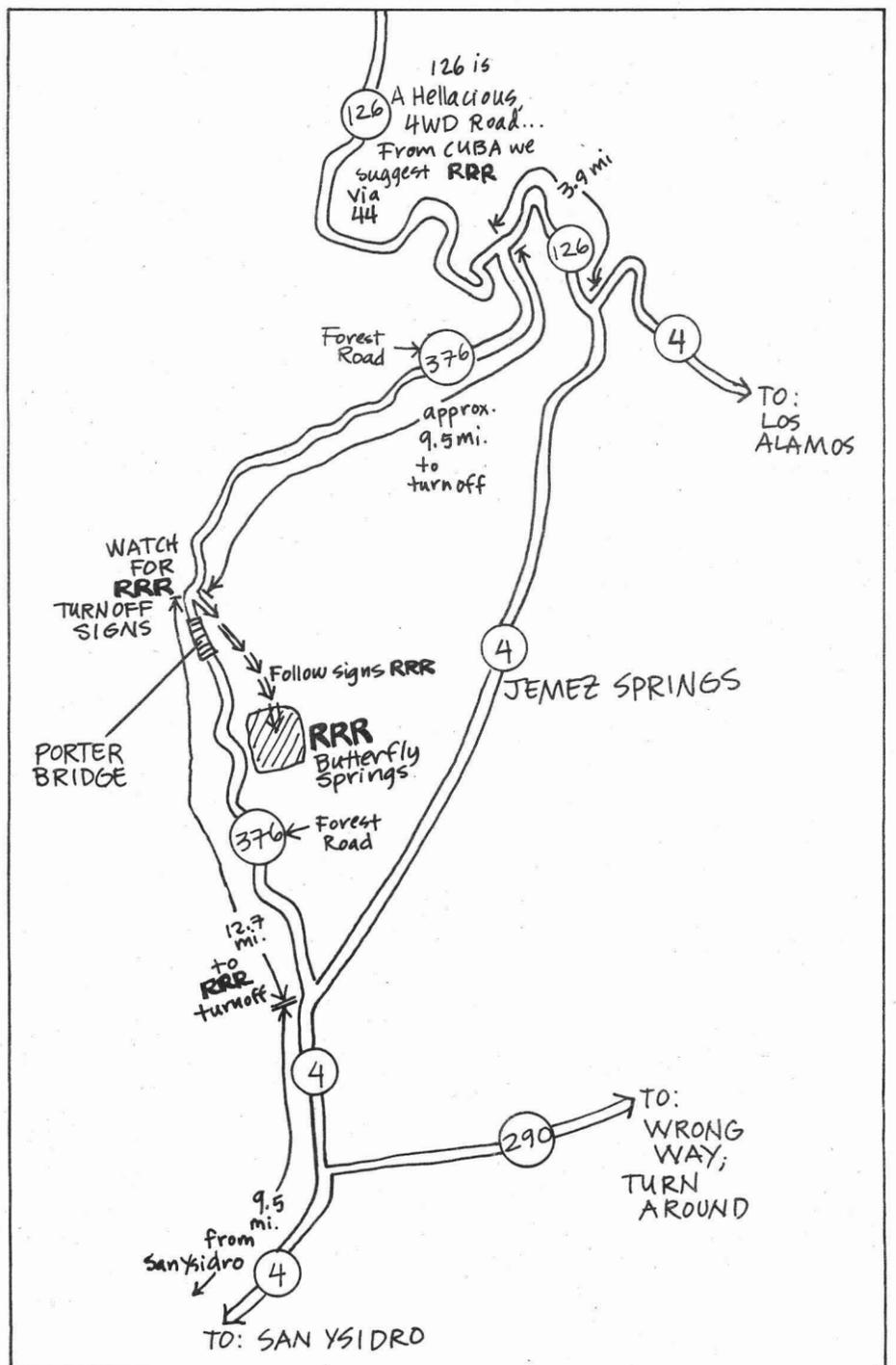
Volunteers: A table will be set up with lists of events that need help. When you arrive, please volunteer.

Establishments in Santa Fe to visit: The following businesses support the RRR. The Wilderness Exchange, 513 W Cordova Rd; New Wave Rafting Co, 107 Washington Ave, 984-1444; The Market Place, W Alameda St and Early St; Environmental Control (recycling), 2903 Aguafría; New Earth Tracks, POB 173, 87504, 505-982-2586; The Ark Bookstore, 133 Romero, 87501, 988-3709.

Questions: If you have questions about the RRR, call Bradd at 505-521-1699 or the numbers listed in the Journal as New Mexico contacts. Do not call the EF! number in Tucson.

Bring booze and save time for the party following the Rendezvous!

—RRR Committee



Detail Map

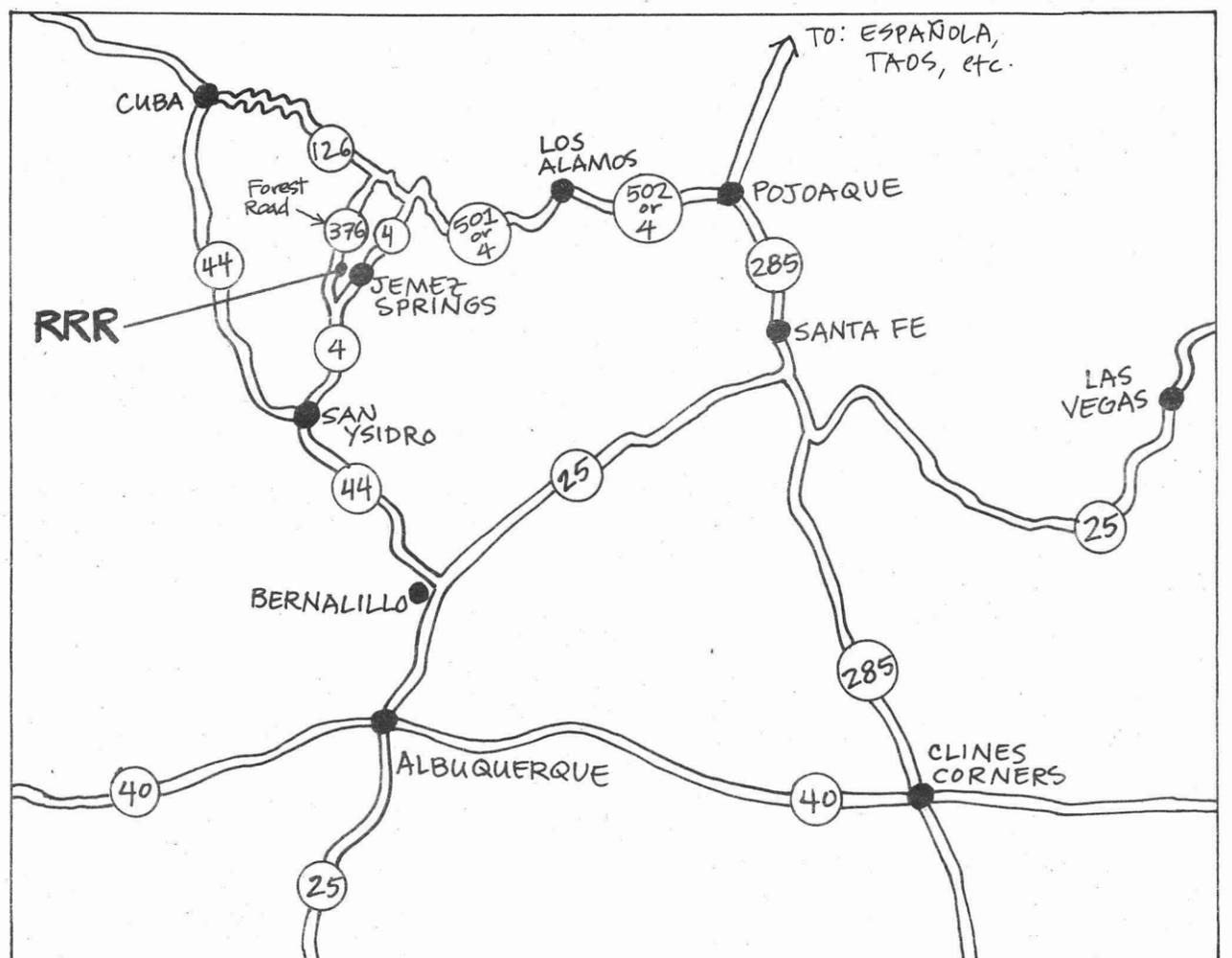


WORKSHOP INVITE

There will be a controversial addition to this year's informative workshops: "Beyond Debate — Shared Actions: Ecofeminism, Anarchy & Deep Ecology." Since 1987, with the flaccid attacks by a miffed "Alien-Nation" and the Murray Bookchin/Dave Foreman exchange, both Earth First! and "deep ecology" have been criticized by bioregionalists, eco-feminists and anarchists. The debates have been clouded by the personalities involved. While the *EF! Journal* went back to covering ecological issues and wilderness defense, the dialogue progressed, with valuable critiques printed side by side with our ecocentric responses, in recent issues of *The Fifth Estate*, *Anarchy* and others, and at least superficial coverage in every imaginable environmental periodical. Even *Utne*, the McDonalds of the alternative press, headlined the controversy, but they left out the clarifications and shared insights as well as real differences involved. With your help we can join the varied elements of our wild revolution, true to the "diversity" we proclaim.

We hope to spend very little time on labeling "distinctions" and "ideologies." These various forms of rethinking and changing the world share the passionate desire for both expanded wilderness and a wilder expression of our beings. No one fears the actions that could result from an alliance more than the private and government agencies sending their paid informants.

—Lone Wolf Circles, '89 RRR Committee



Area Map

The Effect of Rising Sea Levels on Coastal Wetland Ecosystems in Washington State

by Rhys Roth

This paper examines the impact of rising sea levels on the coastal wetland ecosystems of Washington state. The oceans are expected to swell following global warming from an intensified greenhouse effect. The consequences discussed here represent merely one aspect of a very wide range of damages society may experience from a destabilized climate. As the eminent geophysicist Wallace Broecker has said:

The (human) inhabitants of planet Earth are quietly conducting a gigantic environmental experiment. So vast and sweeping will be the consequences that, were it brought before any responsible council for approval, it would be firmly rejected (Wolkomir, 1988).

It is called an "experiment" because there is uncertainty as to the rate at which the climate will warm and how weather patterns (including storms, hydrology, cloud cover, and temperature) will be altered regionally. There is broad scientific consensus, however, that the danger of rapid climate change is real and that such climate shifts could wreak havoc on social and ecological systems.

Proving conclusively that pollution from human activities is changing the climate is not feasible in the short term because weather patterns are subject to natural variations. As climatologist Stephen Schneider has said, it "can't be proved to everyone's satisfaction except by 'performing the experiment' on the real climatic system" (Wolkomir, 1988).

The danger is that irreversible damage will be unavoidable before scientists conclude that we are indeed altering the climate. Current evidence of global warming consists primarily of the fact that records dating back 120 years indicate an increase of 1.1 degree Fahrenheit in globally averaged temperature. Additionally, the six warmest years on record have all occurred in the 1980s, the two warmest being 1988 and 1987.

Part I: Rising Seas

A recent report from the US Environmental Protection Agency on the consequences of global warming caused by the greenhouse effect concluded, "... Rising sea level will drown many coastal wetlands, inundate lowlands, increase coastal flooding, erode beaches, and increase salinity in estuaries" (Smith & Tirpak, 1988).

Increasing atmospheric concentrations of gases that trap and radiate heat downward are expected to raise global temperatures. Increased air temperatures would speed the melting of glaciers, ice caps and ice sheets. More water and less ice raises the level of the oceans. A warmer ocean will also expand thermally and will increase melting from beneath the ice shelves that surround the Antarctic continent, both further raising sea levels (Thomas, 1986).

Computer models that predict how the greenhouse effect will change planetary conditions are supported by historical data in suggesting that polar regions will heat up much faster than the global average. If the average warming by 2050 is 2-4 degrees Celsius, which is in the range of prediction for most models (assuming humans continue current behavior), then we should expect temperatures at the poles to increase 6-8 degrees C. Warmer oceans would evaporate more, presumably leading to greater snowfall at the poles, but not enough to counter the increased melting (Henderson-Sellers and McGuffie, 1986).

Utilizing paleoclimatic data, it is possible to estimate past air temperatures and sea level. There is no evidence that the Greenland or the large East Antarctic ice sheets have disintegrated completely in the last 2 million years; yet during the last interglacial (100,000 years ago), when temperatures were just 1-2 degrees C warmer than now, sea levels were 5-7 meters higher! Conversely, just 18,000 years ago, the extensive glaciation of the northern hemisphere locked up enough water to lower the sea by 100 meters (Titus, 1987a).

Heating the entire ocean by 1 degree C would result in an estimated thermal expansion of the seas of about 60 centimeters (Henderson-Sellers & McGuffie, 1986). In total, alpine glaciers contain enough water to raise sea levels by 30-60 centimeters, while the vast Greenland and West Antarctic ice sheets each hold the equivalent of a 7 meter sea level rise. Were the immense East Antarctic ice sheet to melt, it alone would raise the ocean by 60 meters (Titus, 1987a). This does not bode well for future Miami Beach retirees (Davis, 1989).

West Antarctica may be more vulnerable than the other ice sheets because it is not grounded to the sea floor but instead

"supported by many submarine mountains or hills, like pillars holding a massive ice roof" (Henderson-Sellers & McGuffie). Most scientists feel complete disintegration would take three to five centuries (Titus, 1987b), but we must keep in mind that scientists have never directly observed a rapidly changing global climate on which to base predictions.

To gain a sense of the awesome quantities of water required to change the level of the oceans, consider the chunk of ice that broke off of Antarctica's Ross Ice Shelf in October 1987. It was 98 miles long by 25 miles wide, larger than the state of Delaware, and 750 feet thick. Though it represented less than 3/100ths of 1% of the Antarctic continent, it contained enough water to supply the needs of the city of Los Angeles for 675 years! This ice chunk was just one of several extremely large blocks that broke from Antarctica in the record-breaking heat of 1987 and early 1988 (Wolkomir, 1988).

Assuming a 3 degree C average warming by 2050, many scientists predict that sea level will rise 0.9-1.7 meters by the year 2100. Initially the rise will come slowly, and probably not be detectable before 2020. If the climate heats up faster than expected, however, the margins of error become great because models assume little change in Antarctica. Should conditions in the Southern Ocean change dramatically, the melting of Antarctica could propel an unexpectedly rapid sea level rise (Thomas, 1986).

Part II: Effects on Wetlands

Across the United States, the term 'wetlands' has been defined in over 50 different ways (Ecology, 1988). In this paper, I will discuss coastal wetlands in particular, ecosystems that "are generally found at elevations below the highest tide of the year and above mean sea level." They include most of the land that lies less than a meter above sea level (Titus, 1987a).

At least 212 animal species in western Washington depend on wetlands for feeding, nesting, and/or breeding habitat. These ecosystems are essential to many shell fish species as well as marine and anadromous fish, such as salmon and Steelhead, which find vital nutrients and escape cover for their young in coastal wetlands. Millions of shorebirds rest and feed there during fall and spring migrations to and from Central and South America (Ecology).

Rising seas threaten coastal wetlands worldwide. In this country, for example, a "preliminary nationwide analysis" predicts that a sea level rise of about 2 meters would result in the loss of 30-80% of this country's coastal wetlands. If levees and bulkheads are created to protect seaside developments, wetlands would be prevented from migrating inland, and total wetland loss would increase to 50-90% (Titus, 1988).

The ecological damage of such a loss would be severe. "The fates of over 2.5 million seabirds, including pelicans, herons, and cormorants, rest on the health of the remaining coastal wetlands of the United States.... Most of the world's fish species also depend on wetlands at some point in their life cycle." Loss of these wetlands would jeopardize 70% of the \$5.5 billion commercial coastal fishery (Goldstein, 1988).

Rising seas could disrupt coastal wetlands in three major ways: inundation, erosion, and saltwater intrusion. Two factors may offset the shrinking wetland area: the flooding of coastal areas now dry, thereby creating new wetland; and the accumulation of sediment. Wetland "migration" would either be limited by structural restraints for protecting development, such as bulkheads, or would come at the expense of low, dry inland ecosystems. Sediment accumulation has kept pace with the very slow sea level rise of the last few thousand years but is expected to be overwhelmed by the rapid rise predicted for the next century (Titus, 1988).

Erosion and Storms

While some shoreline will be directly inundated by the higher sea, the incessant surf will erode away the generally steeper slope of new shoreline to a flatter form. The loss to erosion is generally much greater than the amount of land inundated directly. In San Francisco Bay, for example, the shoreline may retreat 2-4 meters for each 1 centimeter sea level rise (Titus, 1987a).

The greenhouse effect is expected to increase frequency and intensity of storms (de Sylva, 1986). Storm waves "can cause havoc to shore creatures. Their enormous force on impact can crush and dislodge delicate animals or abrade them with suspended sand and stones. Waves pummel, buffet and erode with their load of flotsam, and bury shore organisms in deep sedi-

ments" (Carefoot, 1983).

Ecological understanding of shoreline ecosystems is limited. Not much is known, for example, about the larval stages of most species of Pacific coast intertidal invertebrates. Thus, the relatively rapid and drastic alteration of coastal ecosystems and storm patterns could precipitate unanticipated biological changes.

Estuaries

Estuaries form where rivers meet the sea. They are vital to the juveniles of many fishes and crustaceans. Zooplankton abound there, and estuary edges serve the needs of large populations of shorebirds and waterfowl (Carefoot). Estuaries are a critical habitat in the life cycle of 66-90% of US fisheries (de Sylva).

Though it is impossible to predict region-specific changes at this time, it is clear that river patterns would be altered by global warming, because the timing and intensity of snowmelt, rain, and storms would change. Also, the rising sea would widen and deepen estuaries and saltwater would penetrate further upriver, particularly during droughts. Salinity in estuaries and in coastal aquifers would increase (de Sylva, 1986; Smith & Tirpak, 1988; Titus, 1987a & 1988). This could have serious consequences for aquatic ecology:

The temperature, salinity, food, substrate, and protection found in estuaries is balanced for a host of organisms to carry out their life cycles, and this optimum combination cannot be found in environments that are more saline or less saline ... many estuarine-dependent fishes, and probably invertebrates, respond to very slight gradients on brackish waters, turbidity, or dissolved oxygen compounds to give them olfactory cues that trigger their migrations (de Sylva).

Additionally, certain "nuisance organisms" normally excluded from estuaries because of low salinity may increase their presence. And with increased sea temperature, tropical species may invade [temperature] estuary ecosystems (de Sylva).

Part III: Effects on Wetlands in Western Washington

The oceans do not rise in a uniform manner. In the past century the sea has risen one foot along the Atlantic coast, six inches in the Gulf of Mexico, and just four inches on the Pacific coast. In Alaska, sea level has actually dropped four feet as glaciers have melted, lightening the burden on land in a process known as "glacial rebound" (Wolkomir).

Land near Seattle has sunk at a rate of 0.7 millimeters per year, while Astoria, Oregon, has risen 1.7 mm/yr. In Astoria, uplifting of the land has outpaced the gradual sea level rise of the last century (estimated to be about 1.2 mm/yr), resulting in a net lowering of sea level for the area. In Seattle, land subsidence has supplemented rising seas, increasing the net sea level rise to 1.9 mm/yr (Titus, 1988).

Washington's 2400 miles of shoreline ecosystems include key estuaries such as Willapa Bay and Grays Harbor along the Pacific coast, as well as Puget Sound (Ecology). Steep, rocky slopes dominate the coast and thus coastal wetlands are not as extensive in Washington as in other areas of the country (Titus, 1987b).

It is estimated that over half the coastal wetlands of the United States have been lost to dredging, dumping, filling, and other human actions (Goldstein, 1988). This is also true of Washington's wetlands. Cities such as Seattle, Tacoma, Aberdeen, and Everett were established at the mouths of major rivers, and up to 90% of the critical estuarine ecosystems have been sacrificed in such places (Ecology).

Due to the relatively undeveloped "adjacent lowland terraces" of our coast, an initial study of rising seas indicated that salt marsh would expand in total area in our region as lowlands are flooded. If existing structures are abandoned rather than protected by bulkheads and the like, coastal wetland area could expand by as much as ten times by 2100 (Titus, 1988).

The study was limited, however, relying on just three sites in Washington: one in Grays Harbor and one each in northern and southern Puget Sound. The shoreline of Puget Sound is particularly complex, and these preliminary findings may be misleading. Marshes immediately beneath cliffs, for example, are likely to be drowned without replacement (Titus, 1988).

The ecosystems sacrificed by salt marsh migration would be the currently dry lowlands. If no shoreline developments are protected, a 1 meter sea level rise is predicted to result in the loss of 900 square miles of dryland along the US Pacific coast. If devel-

opments are protected, the flooding of dryland would be reduced to 800 square miles (Smith & Tirpak).

Garbage dumps and toxic waste sites around the sea's edge may be exposed to the corrosive properties of saltwater or to erosion caused by rising sea levels (Williams, 1985). This would further threaten aquatic ecosystems.

Part IV: Two Types of Responses to the Threat

Our society is beginning to consider measures to protect coastal development in the event of a long-term, but historically rapid, rise in sea level. Certain responses may aggravate stresses on coastal ecosystems, both now and following sea level rise, while others may decrease such stresses. The following examples illustrate the difference.

Technology to the Rescue

The National Research Council suggests that an "armoring" of sea coasts may be necessary to protect industrial constructs. The "dikes, storm gates, diversion channels, and pumps designed and constructed by Dutch engineers over the centuries may become the model for the country." A researcher from City University in New York and another from Columbia University have proposed sucking water from threatened coastlines into inland basins such as Canada's Rocky Mountain Trench and the Caspian and Dead Seas. They also suggest weakening the encroaching sea by depriving it of major rivers that would be feasible to divert somewhere else (Wolkomir).

Ecologically Sensible Responses

In contrast, the state of North Carolina has established a shoreline buffer zone of no construction. In Maine, new buildings must not encroach upon the 100-year erosion boundary (Wolkomir). Though these measures may not be sufficient to protect existing constructs, they provide benefits to coastal wetland ecosystems whether sea level rises or not.

Conclusion

Rising sea levels are likely to combine with other changes triggered by the greenhouse effect (e.g., altered ocean temperature and circulation, snowpack and timing of melt, river peaks and lows, storm intensity) to shock coastal ecosystems. These systems are too complex and too poorly understood for conclusions about the full consequences of rapid climate heating. It is clear from what we do know, however, that ecological costs will be high. If the greenhouse theory is right, preservation of coastal wetland ecosystems depends upon the prevention of rapid global warming.

Rhys Roth is a biology student with a concentration in Preservation of Terrestrial Ecosystems. For a copy of his complete greenhouse effect report (a painstakingly documented yet lucid paper), send \$5 to No Sweat Campaign, POB 6107, Olympia, WA 98502.

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This article was made possible in part by the Earth First! Journal Research Fund. Persons wishing to contribute to this Fund can send checks to EFi, or (for a tax deduction) to the EFi! Foundation earmarked to the Research Fund.



MOUNTAIN AND ROCK FORMATIONS -
SOUTH COLORADO -
BEFORE "DEVELOPMENT"
NOW CALLED "PIKES PEAK AND
"GARDEN OF THE GODS."

MIXED TIDINGS FOR COLORADO ECOSYSTEMS

South Platte River Wins Key Battle Bad Compromise Offered On Wilderness

William Reilly, the new head of the Environmental Protection Agency, initiated the first step in a complex legal dance required to veto Two Forks Dam. This precedent-setting use of the EPA's powers under the Clean Water Act reflects the biggest tangible victory of the 1988 elections: While we were unable to elect an environmentalist to the Presidency, environmental issues became so important to the public that Bush was forced to follow up on his rhetoric and appoint one real environmentalist.

In the wake of Reilly's announcement, Colorado's four Republican members of Congress went apeshit, as it were, and pressed Bush to "save" Two Forks. The four Democrats refused to press Bush on the issue, thus indicating their (reserved) support for the South Platte River. Bush refused to intervene, so the project appears dead for now.

But just to keep the pressure up, Earth First! visited the Fort Collins office of Hank Brown, an anti-river Republican (un)representative running for Senate. Brown has complained about the "environmental devastation" that would result if Two Forks is *not* built. So EF! put two forks on his carpet, spread a pound of seeds of Kentucky Blue Grass (the non-native grass that Denver suburbanites worship), and watered it. Jill Smith described Hank to reporters as "an environmental buffoon" who had confused agribusiness with the natural environment. Glen Ayers told the receptionist he hoped she'd be able to get a lawn mower up to the office when the grass grew high.

Danger remains, for two reasons. First, Denver has been planning Two Forks since the 1920s and has spent over \$40 million on it, so they won't abandon it now. A new administration, or a key shift in Colorado's congressional delegation (unlikely in the next few years) could revive it administratively or legislatively. Second, the mainstream environmental community has endorsed smaller water projects instead of Two Forks! So, less popular rivers and creeks would be dammed and water would still be diverted from the West Slope of the Rockies to feed Denver. This would damage entire riparian ecosystems, and push several Endangered Colorado River fish closer to extinction.

The underlying cause of river destruction in Colorado is, of course, growth. As long as Denver keeps expanding, no stream in the state is safe. And the prospects for halting growth in Denver are grim.

All indications are that Denver's new airport will win at the polls in May, thus ensuring convenience to businesses thinking of moving here. Highway construction onto undeveloped land continues as well, despite the rejection of part of the highway system. No "respectable" environmentalist in Colorado is willing to say "no more growth." Former Governor Lamm comes closest, but even he is endorsing Colorado's Winter Olympics bid (his opposition to

which, in 1976, won the election for him).

The Colorado wilderness bill is also in trouble; ironically, because Senator Bill Armstrong now seems willing to endorse a bill before he retires, and it will probably be bad. Already, Senator Tim Wirth has offered to drop the 61,480 acre Piedra roadless area in the San Juan National Forest from wilderness consideration, because it lies below a potential water diversion site (see Eostar 89). In exchange, he has added several other areas to his proposal, some of which are threatened with oil drilling, mining and ORV destruction. Wirth will probably include most of Rocky Mountain National Park, a noncontroversial area, boosting his proposal to approximately 1.4 million acres.

Meanwhile, EF! has a May 5 date with Representative David Skaggs to ask him to introduce our 13 million acre Wilderness and Wilderness Recovery proposal. Skaggs has not yet decided whether to run for the open Senate seat that Armstrong is vacating.

—Michael Robinson, Boulder, CO

CO EF! Proposes 13 Million Acres New Wilderness

The lands of Colorado are rich in variety and beauty. Elevation goes from less than 4000 to over 14,000 feet. Climate and topography change from the Great Plains in the east, through the peaks, valleys and montane parks of the Continental Divide ranges, to the wild canyons, plateaus and lonesome high desert out west.

But here, as everywhere, the natural patterns have been disrupted. Many of our ecosystems, especially prairie, river valleys, and lower elevation forests and shrubland, are not adequately represented in existing or proposed Wilderness. Studies in conservation biology show us that existing nature preserves are simply not big enough to accommodate such renewing natural forces as fire, climate change, or insect incursion. The lack of protected habitat corridors between them leaves areas isolated from other plant and animal populations. Thus we witness the increasing loss of wide-ranging species and less charismatic species from our Western wilds. The absence of viable popu-

lations of Gray Wolves, Grizzly Bears, Lynx, and Wolverines in Colorado is forceful indictment of our management of Nature.

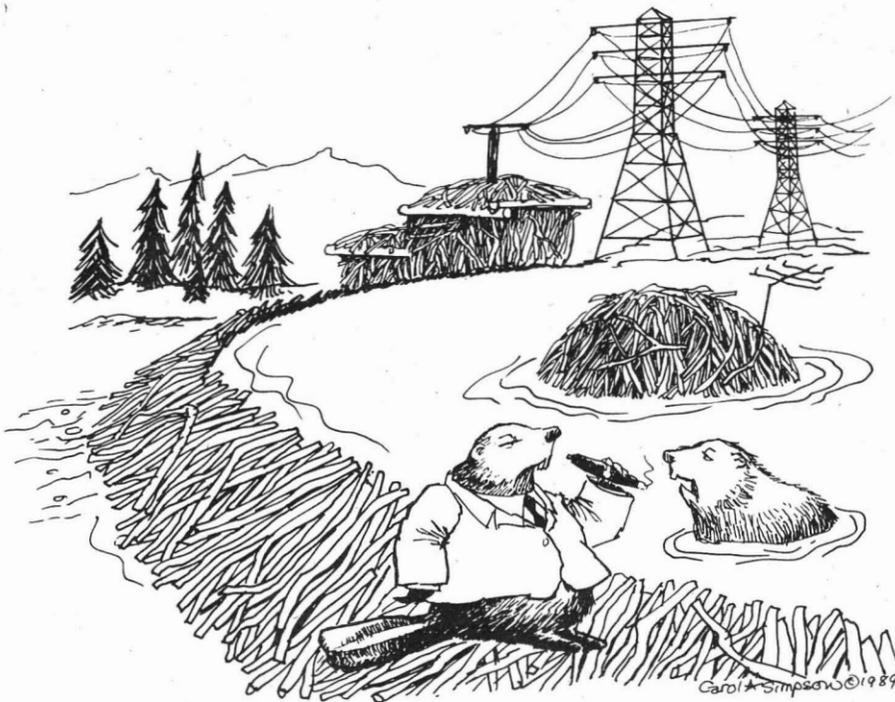
But how big is big enough? In Yellowstone Park, 2 million acres are not providing adequate for Grizzly Bears. The more intense the manipulation of Nature becomes, the more clear it is that management is no substitute for space. In the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem, which includes National Forests adjacent to the Park, available habitat of about 5 million acres would provide a more reasonable framework for a Wilderness preserve, where Gray Wolves, Elk, Beaver, Moose, and wildfire could thrive.

For Colorado, a self-sustaining network of Wilderness preserves should include at least 5 ecosystems of over 5 million acres: the Plains, the San Juan Mountains, the Central (Elk, West Elk, Sawatch) Ranges, the Southwest (Hovenweep, Dolores Canyons, Uncompahgre Plateau), and the Northwest (Dinosaur, White River, Piceance Basin). Connecting the big preserves would be accomplished by designation of a system of smaller Wilderness Areas, and of most of Colorado's rivers as Wild, to serve as wildlife migration/dispersal corridors.

The 23 million acres of public land (Forest Service, 14 million; Bureau of Land Management, 8 million; National Park Service, 1 million) in Colorado are managed now under the doctrine of Multiple Use, which views them as so many slices of pie, to be distributed among "users." Earth First! proposes a fundamentally different philosophy of management in which the guiding principle is to preserve the biological integrity of entire ecosystems. Ultimately the stability of natural areas should render management unnecessary, except for management of humans.

The 13 million acre Earth First! Proposal calls for immediate protection of over 8 million acres of Forest Service and National Park lands, with a permanent ban on construction of new roads, and closures of many now existing. On the 4 million plus acres of BLM land we've marked for Wilderness, many existing "ways" (dirt roads) and range improvements such as stock tanks, fences and reservoirs, would be eliminated. Most riparian habitat on BLM land is in dire need of restoration and this should be pursued. We also propose that the 600,000 acres of National Grassland in Colorado be adopted as a massive restoration project with the goal of replacing surrounding farms and ranches with pre-settlement short-, mid-, and tallgrass prairie, in what is now the most severely altered landscape in the state. We hope that one day the Buffalo and Buffalo Wolf will reclaim their rightful place under the big skies.

—Kathy Hands and David Lucas



"Okay, how much did the Corps of Engineers pay you off?"

A NEW SAGEBRUSH REBELLION

by George Wuerthner

Much of the conflict on United States public lands centers on where and when timber harvest and livestock grazing should occur. Environmentalists, and the nation as a whole, are locked in a paradigm according to which public lands are necessary for domestic timber and forage production. This paradigm ought to be rejected. Nationally, opportunities are abundant for production of these commodities on private lands. In fact, the public subsidization of these activities on public lands competes with the private domain and limits the ability of the private sector to produce these commodities.

While there exist many short-term motivations for timber and livestock forage production on private land, there is little incentive for consideration of long-term needs such as preservation of biological diversity. While it is possible to produce timber on a woodlot or pasturage on a few hundred acres, wide-ranging animals like Gray Wolves and Grizzly Bears cannot maintain viable populations on small parcels of private land, nor can ecological processes like wildfires run their course in such units.

The public interest, and particularly the interest of future generations, would be better served if most of our public lands were withdrawn from such traditional uses as livestock grazing and commercial timber harvest and devoted to the preservation of wildlife habitat, ecological integrity, and compatible outdoor recreation.

Statistics help define the present situation. In 1987, only 13% of the timber harvested in the US was cut on National Forests. Another 7% was cut on all other public lands including BLM lands, National Wildlife Refuges, and state lands. The rest came from private lands.

This is a reflection of past acquisition — often illegal — which resulted in the privatization of the best timber producing lands. What remained as Forest Service, BLM and other public holdings were the steeper and less productive sites. For this reason, in order for timber harvest on public lands to be competitive with private lands timber harvest, the federal government often must directly and indirectly subsidize the economic development through publicly financed access, such as capital investment and purchaser credit roads. Public subsidization also includes fire suppression on most timber stands, which for the most part benefits the timber industry. Such subsidization leads to declines in water quality, wildlife habitat, scenery and wildlands. These losses are seldom considered in the cost-benefit analyses of public timber harvest, or for that matter private timber harvest.

Though there might be some initial shortfall in timber supply if all public lands were withdrawn from timber harvest, there should also be a corresponding increase in production and profitability on private lands, particularly for small woodlot owners, and one could expect the management of all timberlands to improve as the cost of timber rose. In addition, cost of wood increases would force a change in the way we use wood products, perhaps making recycling paper more profitable and hence more common.

Of course, the transfer of timber harvest from public lands entirely to private lands could bring its own ecological damage, primarily because we do not require timber harvest on private lands to meet the same environmental standards expected of public lands harvest. However, this does not indicate a flaw in the concept of shifting all timber harvest to private land; rather it indicates a flaw in our laws, which still allow private lands to be treated as if the owners had no responsibility for environmentally sound management of their holdings. Land-beating should be considered as unacceptable as wife-beating, and any individual or corporation that abuses its lands should be subject to public confiscation thereof.

While elimination of public lands logging is clearly defensible, an even more compelling argument can be made for elimination of public livestock grazing. At present, 80% of FS and BLM lands in the West are grazed by domestic livestock, yet less than 2% of the nation's meat is produced from these lands. As with timber, the best rangelands were privatized long ago and what remain in public ownership are the driest, least desirable lands west of the 100th meridian. As much meat is produced in humid Florida as in all the Western states combined.

At present, 30,000 ranchers depend upon the public lands to meet some part of

their annual livestock grazing needs. Since the federal government spends far more to manage these rangelands than it receives in grazing fees, the public is subsidizing these public lands livestock operations, which compete with livestock operators who must utilize private lands to feed their animals. [Fees for leasing private lands for grazing are generally several times as high as those on FS and BLM lands.]

Yet the monetary losses of the federal grazing program are only the tip of the iceberg. Considering the documented widespread soil erosion, depletion of wildlife habitat, destruction of native vegetation and loss of recreational opportunities incurred as a result of domestic livestock grazing, it is easy to see that this grazing of public lands is not in the national interest.

In addition, the production of livestock in the US, particularly in the West, requires damming and diversion of rivers for irrigation. Many of the irrigated acres are devoted to crop production of hay and grains, fed to livestock during the part of the year they are not grazing public land and when they go to feedlots for final fattening.

When the expense for publicly funded water projects is added to the direct subsidy in the form of low grazing fees, any possible justification for the continued public support of Western livestock interests vanishes. Ending public lands grazing would make no difference in the availability of meat, for private lands production could be increased to meet the demand.

Such shifts in economic and biological priorities would have profound impacts on the economies of many small communities that presently depend upon the exploitation of public lands. [Part of the fees paid by lumber industries to cut timber on FS lands are directed into the school budget of the county from which the timber was cut.]

Some people would lose their jobs. However, the resulting dislocations would be no different than when a mine closes down as the ore gives out or a factory shuts down because it is obsolete. Loggers in Idaho, for instance, might find it necessary to move to Oregon or Georgia where increased private lands production might provide them with employment.

Furthermore, the impact of this change in land use priorities could be softened by reallocating the billions of dollars we presently spend on subsidies — including water projects, below cost timber sales, below cost grazing, and range "improvements" — to maintain workers and assist communities to retrain workers for new jobs, or to assist relocations to other areas where their present skills are needed.

In addition, new jobs would likely be created by such a shift in public priorities. For example, instead of employing thousands of foresters and road engineers, government agencies could employ biologists and others who deal with biological preservation. Moreover, comparatively benign industries, like tourism and outdoor recreation, which presently have a lower priority in land use decisions than the old exploitative industries, would grow.

Of greater import than economic questions is the question of whether preservation of biological diversity, wildlife habitat, and ecological processes is not ultimately the best use of our public lands. I submit that it is, especially since these concerns are not easily addressed by private landholders. Present financial incentives do not reward long-term benefits.

But even if private landowners wanted to preserve the biological integrity of their lands, size and proximity of preserves would be a problem. For example, it would be extremely difficult to preserve old

growth forest ecosystems on private holdings since it is necessary to have large areas of such timber in close proximity to each other for them to be effective biological units. Excepting with the largest corporate landowners, this would require an incredible coordination effort on the part of many landowners. Only on public lands can this preservation be realistically accomplished.

Finally, there is a tremendous scientific need to manage large parcels of public land primarily for their biological value. Where are there entire river drainages unimpacted by human exploitation? Where are there large ecosystems intact from lowlands to the highest peaks? Where do relatively undisturbed wildlife populations survive? One of the first tenets of good scientific experimentation is to have a "control," in this case a large area where human manipulation is minimal, and to compare this to the experimental area. Such potential control units are almost non-existent in the US and the few that might serve this purpose, such as the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem, are under siege. Our country is conducting a major alteration in the ecological fabric of the entire country without any attempt to preserve "controls."

Ideally, our public and private lands should both be managed with ecological processes in mind. However, this would require a complete change in our attitudes about private property and what constitutes responsible stewardship. Until this change occurs, perhaps the best we can hope for is to preserve these natural processes on our public lands. This is the highest and best use of our collective heritage.

George Wuerthner is a Montana-based environmental journalist who writes regularly for the Journal.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S MONEY

by the Wild River Rambler

"Look at the little fingers of timber reaching up into those cliffs."

It's January and we're skiing down the river ice into the heart of wildest Idaho. I'm pointing up to the crags where the Forest Service foolishly fought a fire in the summer of 1988.

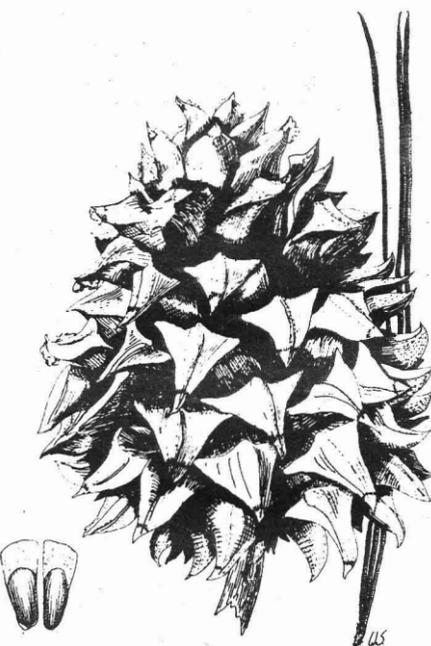
In over a decade of Forest Service employment in the Idaho backcountry, I've seen a lot of different forest fire behavior. One season I inventoried habitat types, fuel loads, natural fire breaks, etc. The mosaic of habitat types, in their various stages of succession resulting from fire, was wonderful to see. I became a proponent of the "natural burn" fire policy in an agency dominated by good old boys with Smokey on the brain.

Fire seasons range from summers when the fire crews have to be quick to get to the fires before they go out — many lightning strikes, even during a dry summer, result in nothing more than a couple charred trees — to summers like 1988 when almost every ignition takes off. I've been on fires where the challenge was to keep the fire going and stay dry through the night in the rain. I've also been on fires where the challenge was to survive digging line up steep rocky slopes while dodging rolling rocks and logs on hot, south facing mountainsides; and where, after 12 hours of this work, we watch in dismay as the fire races across our line and up the other mountainside.

When the fire lookouts radio in smoke columns, the Forest Service throws out the rules regarding wilderness management. Every available technology that makes firefighting feasible is applied.

Helicopters are dispatched and after locating the fire, the pilot and heli-tack foreman find a helispot and land. Two or three people get out with backpacks, pulaskis (standard axe-hoe line digging tool) and chainsaw. The first task is usually improving the helispot — cutting down adjacent trees for return flights. On the fire, the chainsaw goes first in line, cutting down connecting canopy, "ladder fuels," and sawing through down logs. The pulaskis and shovels come next, digging a trench around the fire. The chainsaw goes back and drops burning snags, a high risk activity, and cuts a clearing for the helicopter to drop in sling loads of water, etc.

Even without bulldozers, putting fires out does more damage than letting them burn. Once the helicopters are on the district, they get used for routine tasks that have nothing to do with initial attack of fires — from giving trail crews a lift, to re-supplying lookouts. The chainsaws get used to cut down snags and saw firewood around wilderness guard cabins and to clear trail after a



fire has gone through. Fire management officers spend hours flying airplanes and helicopters over the wilderness looking at the fires.

Eleven years after I walked in and mapped the wilderness for a prescription fire plan, the let burn policy, having never been fully implemented, is still controversial. Taking political heat for the policy, the Challis National Forest in 1988 suppressed 25 fires for every one it let burn within the Frank Church - River of No Return Wilderness.

In 1988, starting in early July from lightning and burning until the snows of November, the Battleaxe Fire burned almost 50,000 acres and threatened 2 Forest Service guard stations, 5 bridges, 2 private developments, three fire lookouts, and a ranger station — within the Wilderness. Millions of dollars were spent to prevent the fire from burning these sites.

The private developments, or "ranches," are gross examples of private in-holdings. On the Middle Fork of the Salmon is a resort owned by the company that owns Holiday Inns and for sale at \$3 million. It's as big as some towns in Idaho and has geothermal heating and satellite TV. The other "ranch" is a subdivision with 28 separate owners and buildings. Both have airstrips. Based at the guard station in between, hundreds of firefighters boarded helicopters and worked to prevent the fire from reaching the ranches.

Inherent to the nature of firefighting

and to the nature of government is waste. Sleeping bags, including disposable paper sleeping bags, are thrown away after a few days of use, along with huge quantities of unused food. Tools with broken handles are discarded rather than repaired. Merchants and caterers charge the highest possible prices. Bored personnel on standby to firefighters on the line claim the maximum allowable hours no matter how little time they worked. Overhead (overfed) teams of Freddie's with the requisite G.S. (gut size) levels create detailed plans — from which crew goes where, to what flavor of ice cream goes with supper.

Inefficiency permeates the entire Forest Service. In region 4, which includes Idaho south of the Salmon River, the FS buys banana chips and gorp (trail mix) in 3 ounce packages. They go through the tiny foil packages by the thousands each summer. Purchasing in bulk would save the government (taxpayers) much money.

The Forest Service's failure to purchase in bulk pertains to the heavy Mormon influence in the agency. The region 4 forester's office is in Ogden, Utah. Utah is predominantly Mormon. A few years ago, the Mormon Church was pushing food storage for the faithful. Enterprising church members entered the dried food business. The FS, in Utah, buys its over-packaged dried foods from a company run by Mormons.

For far less money than the Forest Service spends monitoring, reclassifying and fighting fires in the Wilderness, they could buy the "ranches," close the administrative sites, remove the outfitter camps, leave the helicopters in town, and let the fires burn. The problems with the natural burn fire policy are not biological, but political. Fire is natural function of the evolutionary process in the forests of the Northern Rockies, yet is still being fought at tremendous cost both to the land and the taxpayers.

In the summer of 1988, notice was given that even our largest Wilderness Areas are too small and too developed. That notice was delivered by fire.

ed. note: Readers should write Forest Service Chief Dale Robertson (USFS, Interior Dept. Washington, DC 20240) and their Congresspersons (senators, US Senate, DC 20510; representative, House of Representatives, 20515) urging them to seek to bring RNR inholdings into public ownership and protect them as Wilderness. Remind them that Land and Water Conservation Fund surplus money could easily buy all RNR inholdings. Also write the head of the Church of Latter Day Saints asking him to amend the Book of Mormon to forbid the selling, by persons within the Fold, of packaged foods in smaller amounts than 16 ounces. —JD

Big Wilderness is Ecological Wilderness

by Howie Wolke

ed. note: The following essay is Chapter 2 of The Big Outside, a new publication from Ned Ludd Books.

Merely a few centuries ago, the land we now call the United States of America was a wilderness paradise, vibrant and diverse, cyclical yet stable, pure and unpolluted. Within its mountains, deserts, prairies, tundras and forests lived a diversity and abundance of life that staggers the imagination. It was home to an estimated 60 million Bison, billions of Passenger Pigeons, 100,000 or so Grizzlies ranging from the Pacific Coast nearly to the Mississippi, and Gray Wolves, Mountain Lions, Elk, Bighorn, Prairie Chicken, Eskimo Curlew, anadromous salmon and other wild animals in nearly unbelievable profusion.

So great was the pre-Columbian American wilderness that the fragmented remnants which we today call "wild" pale in comparison. The most diverse temperate forest on Earth blanketed the eastern third of the country, gradually becoming interspersed with the lush Tallgrass Prairies of the Mississippi Valley. To the west, the Mid- and Shortgrass Prairies supported a post-Pleistocene megafauna second only to that of Africa's Serengeti. And the rugged front of the high Rockies rising above the grassland sea was the fortress of a rich wilderness of soaring peaks, towering conifers, glacial lakes, deep canyons, broad river valleys, and thriving populations of Elk, Bison, Bighorn, Mountain Goat, Mule and Whitetail Deer, Black Bear and Grizzly Bear, Mountain Lion, Gray Wolf, Lynx, Bobcat, Wolverine, Beaver, River Otter, Fisher, Bald and Golden Eagle, Peregrine Falcon, Pileated Woodpecker, Whooping Crane, Trumpeter Swan and many more species.

The Great Basin was an unblemished world of bunchgrass, sagebrush and Pronghorn, broken by conifer-clad island mountain ranges. The mighty Colorado River formed a 2,000-mile-long oasis, gouging precipitous canyons through some of the world's most spectacular and colorful sedimentary rocks. And in the Northwest, an unbroken forest of coniferous giants — unlike any other on Earth — guarded the rugged peaks of the Coast Range, the Olympics and the Cascades.

In pre-Columbian America, those humans whom we now call Indians hunted Bison, Elk, deer and bear, foraged for roots and berries, set fire to forests and prairies to improve the hunting, and, in some places, grew crops. But the wilderness was huge and diverse, and all life — including human — was subservient to the overwhelming forces of nature.

Today, the American wilderness is under attack and vanishing rapidly. Most of America's wild places are on public lands managed by various federal and state agencies. But rather than protecting these sacred bastions of natural diversity, public agencies most often promote their destruction. For example, with unguarded arrogance, the US Forest Service (FS) brags that it has been eliminating between one and two million acres of wild, unroaded country each year, and that the devastation will continue well into the next century. That agency plans to construct a minimum of 100,000 miles of new roads in inventoried Roadless Areas alone! There are already about 375,000 miles of constructed roads in our National Forests, not including state, county, and federal rights of way. Road construction in the National Forests proceeds at the rate of about 10,000 miles per year.

Similarly, the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) is allowing exploiters to destroy wilderness at nearly the same rate; the National Park Service is too often wedded to industrial tourism at the expense of preservation; and the US Fish and Wildlife Service (and most state wildlife agencies) frequently can't differentiate between a game farm and a natural ecosystem. (For example, in order to provide motorized access for hunters to herds of Desert Bighorn Sheep, the agency recently bladed roads into the heart of its wildest unit, the Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge in Arizona's Sonoran Desert.) On the public lands as a whole, wilderness is disappearing at the rate of at least two million acres a year. That is an area roughly equivalent in size to Yellowstone National Park!

Today, perhaps 700-800 Grizzlies survive south of Canada. Only 30 or so Florida Panthers remain in the wild, and the few scattered reports of Cougar elsewhere in the East suggest that no viable populations remain. The Tallgrass Prairie no longer exists except as tiny relict museum patches surrounded by crops and suburbs, or as heavily grazed and fenced cow pastures. The Passen-

ger Pigeon is extinct. So are the Carolina Parakeet, Heath Hen, Great Auk, Eastern Elk and Sea Mink. Ivory-billed Woodpeckers are probably extinct on the North American Continent, though ornithologists think that several survive in Cuba. The Red Wolf was extinct from the wild; a small population has been reintroduced to Alligator National Wildlife Refuge in coastal North Carolina. The Black-footed Ferret and California Condor survive only in captivity. (With several of these extirpated species, occasional reported sightings do lend a small degree of hope that a few last individuals survive in the wild, but even if the sightings are valid, the remaining individuals do not constitute viable breeding populations.)

Only a few remnants of the Eastern Deciduous Forest survive relatively intact. The Great Plains are barren of Elk, Gray Wolves, Grizzlies, Bison and wildness. The Rockies are laced with roads, clearcuts, ski resorts, condominiums and mines. The Great Basin is a huge overgrazed cow pasture of sagebrush, dirt and exotic plants — Cheatgrass, Crested Wheatgrass, Halogeton and Russian Thistle (tumbleweed). Except for a few scattered stands, the great Pacific conifers have been milled into two-by-fours for condominiums, hot tubs, homes, offices and picnic tables. Real wilderness in chunks big enough to support all native species, all native predator-prey relationships, all natural perturbations (such as fire, insect outbreaks, drought, flood) — no longer exists in the United States outside of Alaska. That's the sad truth of the 1980s.

In the American West, several areas are perhaps large enough and natural enough in and of themselves to almost be considered real wilderness. They are few and far between, and include the River of No Return and Selway-Bitterroot Wildernesses of central Idaho and extreme western Montana, the Bob Marshall complex of northwestern Montana, the South Absaroka complex of northwestern Wyoming, and the Cabeza Prieta and Organ Pipe Cactus country of southern Arizona. But on the whole, wilderness in America survives only as small scattered remnants, biologically impoverished to varying extents, geographically isolated, frequently polluted by exotic species; yet still sublime, diverse, eminently salvageable. The surviving wildlands provide our last hope in a world of ecological despair; our only chance to balance humanity's insane destruction of the natural world with sane ecological policy.

Today, approximately 10% of the land area of the contiguous 48 states is still "wild" — that is, in a wilderness condition as defined by America's only federal Wilderness law. Section 2(c) of the 1964 Wilderness Act defines wilderness as an area "untrammelled by man . . . retaining its primeval character and influence . . . which generally appears to have been affected primarily by the forces of nature, with the imprint of man's work substantially unnoticeable . . . [and which] has at least 5,000 acres of land. . ."

To put this in perspective, 5,000 acres equals about eight square miles. That's not very large. At an average walking pace in gentle terrain, one could cross a 5,000-acre square in about an hour. Today, most of America's remnant wildlands are wild only relative to the industrial wasteland surrounding them. Even most of today's ostensible big wildernesses — areas of 100,000 acres or more (50,000 in the East) — are far too small to be considered wilderness in the real, biological sense of the term. One hundred thousand acres is about 156 square miles, or the equivalent of a 12 mile by 13 mile rectangular block of country. That is not nearly large enough — unless adjacent to other wildlands — to harbor a complete representation of native flora and fauna, including top trophic level carnivores, such as wolves, Mountain Lions and Grizzlies. To illustrate the smallness of even our biggest wildernesses, there is no place in the contiguous 48 states farther than 21 air miles from a constructed road. The farthest point from a road, outside Alaska, is along the Thorofare River in Wyoming's Teton Wilderness, part of the 2 million acre South Absaroka wilderness complex. Even in the huge Bob Marshall and River of No Return Wildernesses, there is no place more than 18 air miles from a road.

Nonetheless, all remaining wildlands, however small and incomplete, are important and should be protected. Despite their indigence, they still provide habitat for a multitude of species that cannot tolerate logging, mining, roads, agriculture, and other forms of industrial development. They still provide reservoirs of genetic diversity, and they still provide the opportunity for species to evolve under a wide range of ecological conditions. In addition, they still

provide opportunities for human creativity and enlightenment.

From a biological standpoint, big means diverse. Not only is it likely that a big chunk of wilderness will include more kinds of habitats — and thus, more species — than will a small wilderness, but we're learning too, that even in comparable habitats, bigger is better with regard to native diversity. Scientists studying the new discipline of Island Biogeography are learning that in most any given biological region, large blocks of habitat can support more species than can smaller blocks. Small blocks of natural habitat that are isolated from other parcels of wild country are particularly vulnerable to species extinctions, while big wildernesses, particularly if adjacent to or connected via corridors with other wild areas, are best able to support the full array of indigenous species in a given region. Protecting *natural diversity*, then, must be the major goal of the wilderness movement. In the highest sense of the term, natural diversity means that all indigenous species must be free to evolve under natural conditions, in as many different natural habitats as possible. It also means that land managers and citizen activists must pay particular attention to wilderness-dependent species such as Grizzly, Mountain Goat and Wolverine, and species of late seral stages such as Marten, Fisher, Spotted Owl, Prairie Chicken and Red-cockaded Woodpecker. These species, nowadays, are rare, especially when compared with early successional species and those that readily adapt to civilization, such as Whitetail Deer and Song Sparrow.

Maintaining natural diversity means that Grizzlies and Gray Wolves should be allowed to thrive and evolve in the Southern Rockies and on the Shortgrass Prairie, that Elk should be allowed to thrive and evolve on the prairies and in the eastern hardwoods, that Bison should no longer be restricted to Yellowstone Park and a few other tiny enclaves, and that kangaroo rats should be allowed to evolve free from human assault in big chunks of wild country where cows and sheep haven't devoured the native bunchgrasses.

Managing for natural diversity in a holistic sense is the biocentric antithesis of anthropocentric over-manipulation. Managing in accordance with the concept of natural diversity means all native species of a particular bioregion (and on a larger scale, of the biosphere), including top trophic level predators and omnivores, must be allowed and encouraged to thrive under natural conditions. Thus, all management — passive or active — should be designed to promote the goal of maximum *natural diversity*. This does not necessarily mean that each acre — or even each square mile — should be managed to maximize the number of species within it. Nor does it mean that it is sound policy for bureaucrats to create artificial mosaics of different communities, as the Forest Service now does by interspersing clearcuts with standing forest. Such manipulations tend to benefit "weed species" that are adapted to disturbed areas and that are abundant elsewhere. Exotics also benefit from such misguided manipulations. Again, it is wilderness-dependent and late-successional species that usually are in short supply. They benefit from wilderness and suffer from artificial manipulation and habitat fragmentation.

To promote maximum *natural diversity* for the biosphere, humans must protect big wilderness wherever it survives. As I've mentioned, large wild areas naturally include more different kinds of habitats and more species, than do smaller ones. Thus, large wildernesses are inherently more valuable than are small ones. Furthermore, big wilderness offers a buffer not only against the effects of industrial civilization, but against periodic natural catastrophes as well. Forest fires, insect infestations, volcanoes, floods, earthquakes, and even ice ages fuel the fires of evolution, but only if ample undisturbed areas exist to serve as refugia, and only if there remain corridors of natural habitat to provide for migration, recolonization and gene flow. It is sad to note that in the conterminous United States there is no individual wild area nearly large enough to incorporate a shifting mosaic of habitats controlled by natural disturbances.

Nonetheless, the preservation of big wilderness provides us with at least a measure of insurance against the continued biological and genetic impoverishment of this magnificent planet, and these last vestiges of natural diversity can become the building blocks for a wilderness system that resembles the primordial wonderland that once spanned the continent.

Big wilderness also provides refuge for those of us desperate to periodically escape

the industrial juggernaut; the preservation of all big wilderness can thus ameliorate the deterioration, due to human overcrowding, of National Parks and other popular wild areas. Furthermore, big wilderness is self-protecting. Its core is buffered against the ill effects of civilization by its outskirts. It is important that we protect all remaining wild country, but it is *absolutely critical* that we protect all remaining big wilderness.

Unfortunately, timber companies, mining companies, real estate and ski area developers, some cattlemen, and at least four huge federal bureaucracies (especially the Forest Service and the BLM) are working diligently to make certain that wilderness in America — big or small — is not protected. Thus far, they are winning. The developers have powerful allies in Congress, unfair laws and regulations that are inherently biased against the preservation of natural diversity, and the deadweight momentum of intransigent bureaucracy in their favor. Moreover, humans have been destroying wilderness since well before modern agriculture, industry and bureaucracy. Today's destruction, then, can also be viewed as an illogical but predictable extension of a very old trend. And, until now, the modern wilderness despoilers have had another important advantage — the political demarcation of American lands.

The history of America's public lands is complex and sordid. Today's resulting ownership patterns and administrative boundaries make little biological, ecological or economic sense. For example, in many Western mountains, the Forest Service administers the high forests, meadows and peaks. These habitats are primary summer ranges for various migratory or wide-ranging mammals such as Elk, Bighorn and Grizzly, and various migratory birds such as Mountain Chickadee and Townsend's Solitaire. But the low elevation habitats that are critical winter ranges for Elk, Bighorn, Mule Deer and other species including Mountain Chickadee and Townsend's Solitaire, often fall under BLM, state or private jurisdiction, or a mixture of all three. Furthermore, National Forest boundaries often follow hydrographic divides along the crests of rugged mountain ranges. Such administrative divisions as these often effectively subdivide coherent wildland units so that the organic whole — the cohesive undivided wilderness — loses its true identity and appears to be much smaller than it really is. There are scores of examples of this throughout America's public lands. In addition, National Park boundaries frequently bisect ecological systems by artificially following lines of latitude and longitude. Scattered sections (a section is a square mile: 640 acres) of state land, or of private or corporate lands so resulting from 19th century railroad grants, lie imbedded within the boundaries of National Forests and other public lands. Privately owned wildlands, controlled by developers, timber companies, miners, ranchers and others, contain enormous ecological wealth, but are being severely degraded. This also impoverishes adjacent public wildlands. Generally speaking, land ownership patterns in the US make development easy, preservation difficult.

Too often, wilderness advocates allow themselves to be constrained by artificial bureaucratic and administrative boundaries. They accept agency boundaries as the limits of what might be protected rather than defining and defending an entire unroaded wildland entity, regardless of the artificial political boundaries lying within. As the last big wildernesses edge toward oblivion, it is imperative that eco-activists develop and advance proposals for wildland ecosystem protection that utterly disregard political and bureaucratic boundaries and jurisdictions. The biological whole is the overriding entity to which politics must become subservient.

Let us advocate wilderness as if wilderness mattered. Aldo Leopold once said that "the first rule for intelligent tinkering is to save all the parts." On a micro scale, that's true for genes. On a macro scale, it's true for wilderness. But first we must begin to recognize all the parts. This inventory is an attempt to do just that. We hope it will be a step toward the recognition of wilderness as an organic whole — not as a political subdivision — and toward the preservation of *all* that remains wild. The destruction of wild country must stop. Period. No qualifier. Already there is too little wilderness remaining, and even our remaining big wilderness is too small.

The Big Outside is now available from Ned Ludd Books — see ad on page 32 for details. Buy now; it's disappearing fast and may soon have to be renamed The Mid-Sized Outside.

WHITE HATS

Field Notes From a Dedicated Environmental Attorney

As a kid in the Long Island suburbs, I learned all the names of the plants of our disappearing pine barrens. I was active in scouts. By high school I became fascinated with the environmental issues around me: the Shoreham nuclear power plant, eroding shorelines, oil spills in the harbors. In college I was a political science/public policy major with a minor in environmental policy. I worked for a county legislator who was adamantly correct on environmental issues and lead the way for the county government opposition to Shoreham.

It was through this county legislator's office that I came into contact with "environmental law" proper. I drafted legislation and dealt with administrative agencies. I began to notice that at public hearings, boards would sit up and take notice when an attorney addressed them. When everyone else seemed to be screaming that their kids wouldn't have a place to play, the attorneys would testify about some mystical set of regulations that was not being followed, and somehow their comments were the only ones that made sense to the hearing boards and would be acted on.

I became convinced that, although I would much rather be a forest ranger, becoming an attorney was the ultimate path to preserving the sanctity of Earth. I decided to go to law school, join EPA or a state agency, and save the world.

My experience at Vermont Law School was probably not that different from other starry-eyed "L" types. As classmates vied for law review spots and took unpaid internships with fancy city firms while living off their trust funds and taking Christmas breaks in St. Moritz, I waitressed and worked on political campaigns. After one semester of Environmental Law (and finding the *EPA Journal* and *Ecodefense* in the

school library) I decided that working for a state agency or the EPA was *not a good thing*. Which was just as well since, in effect, the Reagan administration disbanded the EPA while I was in law school, and many states, overburdened with the constraints of the Reagan miracle economy, were doing similar things to their own agencies.

Despite my abandonment of my original plan, I continued to sneer at classmates who were going to work for corporations, with visions of changing the system from within. I continued to sneer until, while studying for the bar exam forced me to be unemployed for a few months, I discovered that I had about \$30,000 worth of student loan debts, my applications for positions with environmental groups were being returned because I was "overqualified," and no one will hire an activist lawyer who refuses to work for bad guys and has a respectable but not notable academic record.

Being averse to starvation, I hung out on a shingle. I had only a few simple rules: I don't do divorces, I don't do criminal law, I do as much environmental law as possible, and I DON'T WORK FOR BLACK HATS. I figured that developers and industries would come to me begging for advice on how to handle environmental regulations. I rehearsed countless "I don't serve your kind" speeches. I never had to use one.

Bit by bit, some folks in white hats did drift my way. It was then that reality reared its ugly head and I learned two lessons. First, the good guys are usually far more concerned about things like their pocket books, their property values and even keeping "them" out of the neighborhood, than they are about Earth. Environmental and land use laws are a convenient way for humble citizens to yell loud, make

friends, meet the mayor, and influence people. Second, folks wearing White Hats have no money.

I had forgotten about a simple equation: Clients Broke=Lawyer Broke. I had set my rates at half the going attorney's charge, but every good guy that walked through the door said, "we're doing a good thing, why don't you work for us for free — you can write it off on your taxes, and we'll get you good publicity and lots of clients." At first I would fall for this line, but I soon learned that good guys don't know people with money so paying clients aren't waiting just over the horizon.

Most groups end up going to wealthy corporate lawyers who can spare a few hours of free time, even if they don't know anything about environmental law and also represent land rapers. My ethics and dedication mean nothing in the face of having to earn a few hundred dollars in cash.

The battle stories are many, and they still evoke migraines. One group, which told me for six months that they were raising the money they owed me and would pay next week, now claims that I volunteered the thousands of dollars worth of hours I spent working night and day to help them block a development. I'm having to pay a mean business lawyer mean business rates to try to recoup at least the money that I spent out of my own pocket producing reports, interviewing experts long distance, buying supplies. Other groups disbanded without telling me, while I was hard at work for them, and when I went to present them with my legal work and their bill, I found they no longer existed. Time and again I get late night and early morning calls from people who are so glad I am not a "real" lawyer with a stuffy office so they feel free to call me whenever they want.

I'm broke and frustrated. I will never break my last rule. I care too deeply about this Earth to work for her destroyers. But the other three rules will have to go. This has been a grand experiment, this attempt to practice ethical, independent environmental protection law. The end result of the

experiment is that not many people are willing to pay a reasonable wage to a lawyer willing to zealously fight their environmental legal battles.

But there has been another end result as well. I came into all this thinking that THE LAW was THE WAY to protect the environment. Civil rights laws forced people to open their businesses to people of races other than Caucasian. But even today many people find subtle ways to cause as much damage as blatant segregation caused. Environmental law is the same. You can make a company write an environmental impact statement before they plow something down, but they will still plow it down. Many people are even more hateful of the environment because of this added layer of nonsense they must go through. Sure, many projects have been stopped — but only because the legal fights would have been too expensive and time consuming, not because any developer has ever realized: yes, after careful review I have found this meadow to be too ecologically beautiful to be a shopping mall. It is a long, slow, costly war, fighting one drawn out battle over one tiny piece of Earth at a time. Nearly every battle results in a "compromise," which means that Earth only gets raped a little instead of a lot.

I would much rather work toward solving unavoidable long-term problems than to apply myself to fighting each little new problem. It's no wonder that the massive world problems of energy supply, population, food, species extinction, and so on aren't being solved — all of us who care are too busy risking financial security to stop one small development.

There is no happy ending. I'm just a disillusioned environmental activist who foolishly thought she could make a living doing something she truly believed in. I've been applying for jobs for the last few months, and every week I've set my sights and my moral requirements for the jobs a bit lower. Anybody need a lawyer?

—Cindy Ellen Hill, 25 Main St., Northampton, MA 01060

View from the Outhouse

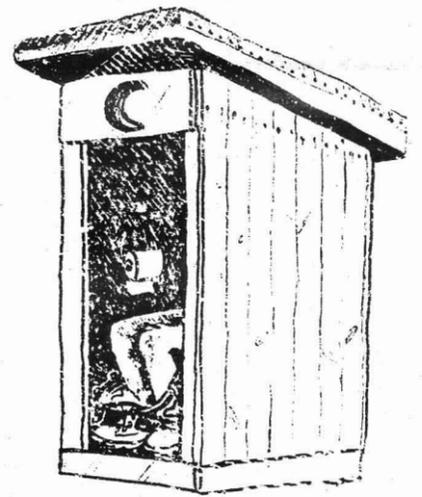
A Column for Rushdie

Rarely in my column do I comment on matters in the mainstream news, particularly matters that hundreds of columnists will dissect from coast to coast. I prefer writing that reveals and celebrates our physical relationship with the environment, the seasons; places where culture makes room for rattlesnakes and wolves, and an old man plowing a field with his horse. George Will does not write about that, and I wish Wendell Berry wrote a daily column, but all columnists (and other writers) without exception must write a Salman Rushdie column. And for fear that what follows has been said before, I'll say that your freedom to read elsewhere is equivalent to my freedom to write.

I am not free to make libelous statements, to unjustly defame another person. I am free, however, to be critical of another person's ideas; religious, political or otherwise. What is sacred to some is silly to others, and the questions will always be there: "Are you certain that Jesus never made love with a prostitute?" Sanctity is fine in a mind that leaves room for questions, and I suppose even in a mind that does not, as long as that person realizes how insignificant his or her thoughts may be on a universal basis. Freedom of speech is the right to hold anything sacred, and the right to hear it questioned and criticized.

S. Nomanul Haq wrote a critical, thoughtful letter to Rushdie in the *New York Times*, saying "Free speech is a tricky issue and cannot be taken too literally. What do you think the response of black Americans would be if you were to mock the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr? Or the reaction of the Jewish community if you were to eulogize Hitler? Or the anger of a pious Hindu if you were to present a graphic description of the slaughtering of a cow?" If free speech should not be taken "too literally," then how should we take it, Mr. Haq? I celebrate the right to eulogize Hitler if I so please, or to tell a pious Hindu that I wish (and I do) every cow grazing on public lands in the US would be slaughtered and left for the Ravens and Coyotes. Using that freedom can be dangerous and unwise, but to deny that freedom is the most dangerous act of all.

Mr. Haq also says that a responsible

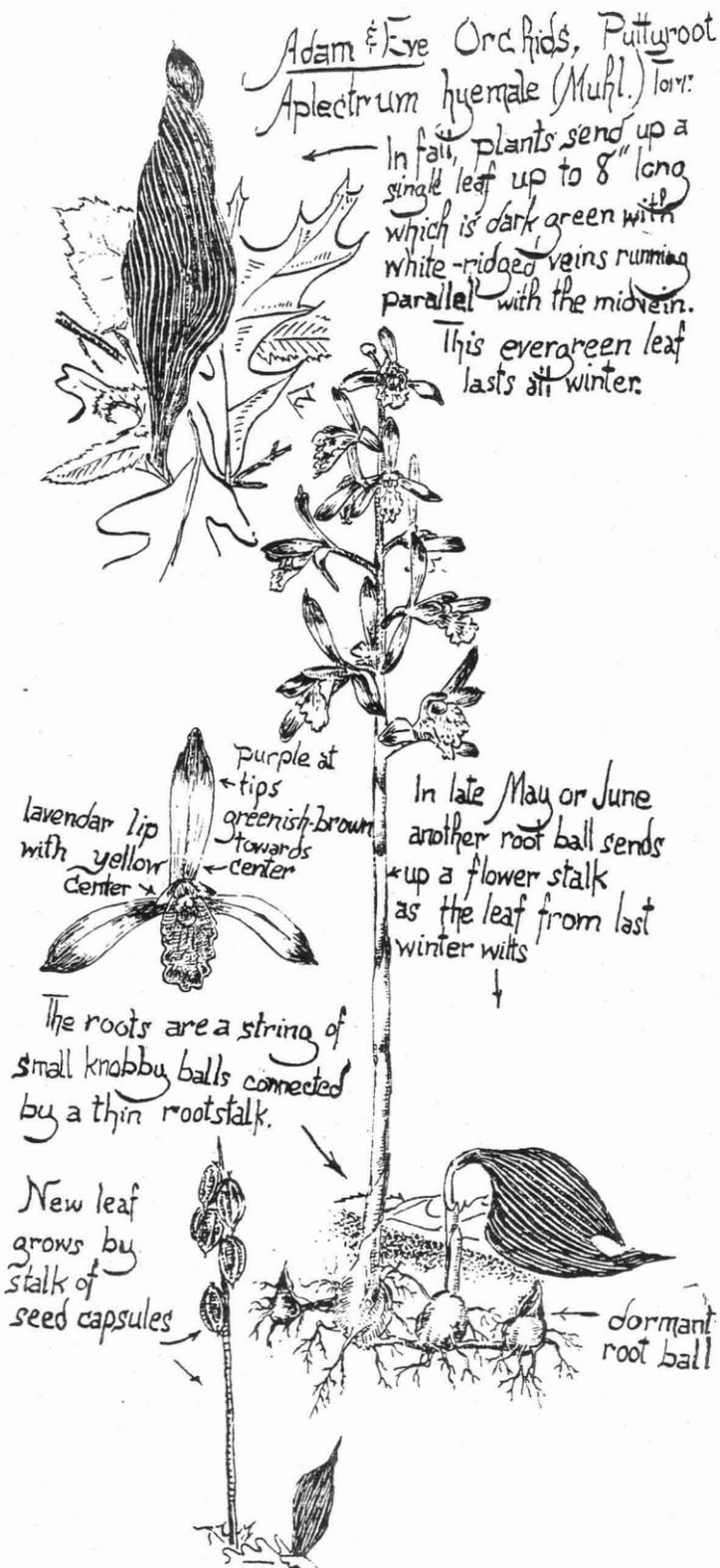


artist does not, unless there exists a mammoth justification, disregard the "sensibilities and sensitivities of his own milieu ..." Some of the finest writing on this planet has come from writers who have thoroughly disregarded the sensitivities of the bulk of their audience. Mark Twain is a classic example. There is nothing better than a bowl of blasphemy now and then.

When a writer begins to self-censor, to write only what the audience can "handle," then freedom of speech is lost and we move one step closer to becoming a cornfield culture, devoid of diversity and highly susceptible to any threat. In the natural world, diversity is the key to a healthy ecosystem. A forest with 30 species of trees is more likely to survive and thrive than a man-made "forest" (tree farm) of one species. The US Forest Service equivalent of censoring freedom of speech is clearcutting an Oregon forest that is centuries old, and replacing it with an even-aged stand of Douglas-fir, or clearcutting a northern Wisconsin forest and replacing it with a Red Pine plantation. The forest loses; freedom of speech loses.

Indeed, I hold sacred this freedom of speech, the freedom to write whatever I wish regardless of what the Ayatollah, George Bush or my mother would deem appropriate. Their sensibilities do not always count when my pencil meets paper, and it is only with the purest practice of this freedom that the clearcutting of both forests and words will someday cease.

—Robert Streeter



This is Pro-Life?

by R. Wills Flowers, Entomology,
Florida A&M University

author's note: Florida A&M does not accept responsibility for the views expressed herein, which are those of the author and should not be attributed to any other member of the Florida university system.

"The Summer the Earth struck back" saw environmental problems make front page news. For the first time in almost two decades, the mainstream media are giving extensive coverage to ecological degradation. *Time* even named Earth "Planet of the Year". At the same time — and due in part to that same national media — we are on the brink of a great leap into accelerating ecocatastrophe. That increasingly probable leap is the evisceration of *Roe v. Wade* — the famous court decision that established women's right to legal abortions.

The furor over abortions in the United States may seem a distant issue to some environmentalists. Since *Roe v. Wade*, birth rates have been dropping, even in most of the Third World (though not as much as needed); public support for abortion rights remains firm; and, among the Earth First! tribe, some (e.g., Miss Ann Thropy in *EF!*, 11-86) believe that the "progressive" agenda of education, family planning, and reproductive freedom for women is by itself not a sufficient response to overpopulation. However, by the time George "A Quail is not an Animal" Bush leaves office, the availability of abortion may be much more restricted than it is today. Does it really matter? Yes, for two reasons. The first (and lesser) is that abortion prevents 1.5 million extra births in the US each year. Those 1.5 million less Americans are equivalent to up to 150 million prevented births in the Third World in terms of consumption of resources. That's more than the entire population of Brazil. Like others concerned with overpopulation, I agree it would be better if abortion were never needed. I look forward to when abortion as a medical procedure is as arcane and old-fashioned as bleeding with leeches. Until other options of family planning are widely used, freely available, and free of harassment, however, abortion will remain a necessary part of birth control.

This brings us to the second and far more important reason to support *Roe v. Wade*: abortion is not and never has been the true objective of the religious/right-wing forces intent on sandbagging *Roe v. Wade*. For them, outlawing abortion is just the thin edge of the wedge to outlaw all forms of birth control. Today the clinic, tomorrow the drugstore. Pronatalism is the real game and the abortion debate is just the opening hand. The Vatican as ringleader of the pronatalists has never hidden its desire to outlaw birth control; Protestant sects have been more coy but over the years have regularly dropped hints that they too intend to go beyond banning abortion. Since 1984 the pronatalists, using abortion as an excuse, have tried to undermine family planning efforts and, with the connivance of the Reaganauts, have had some success. If *Roe v. Wade* falls, the full well-heeled weight of the pronatalist movement will fall on the right to choose any form of birth control. In some respects, we are back where we were 20 years ago when Paul Ehrlich wrote *The Population Bomb*, facing the same battles all over again.

One reason things have slipped is that pronatalists have played a sly public relations game. Take that best-known of pronatalist slogans: "right to life." Although they use rhetoric about "choosing life," being "pro-life," etc., Pope & Falwell Inc. express no concern for all the non-human life being exterminated by excessive human activity. Indeed, there has been only scant concern for the women, families and human communities forced to cope with children beyond their abilities to care for them. "Life" includes the whole biosphere with its 30 million or more species. Only those who subscribe to a biocentric world view are entitled to call themselves a "right to life" movement. Yet, by falsely claiming to be "pro-life," pronatalists have been able to move beyond their power base of right-wing fanatics and enlist a surprising number of liberals. The Marxist concept of Useful Idiot is a fitting description for the latter.

In recent years a parade of "pwogwessives" (of the Nat Hentoff ilk), "pro-life feminists" (whom other feminists have called the Feminist Fifth Column), and plain kooks with left-wing credentials (such as former California governor Jerry Brown) have seized the spotlight proclaiming their "uncomfortability" with abortion. They suspect that women may be using abortion

as — gasp! — birth control, and that women have abortions for "frivolous" reasons (though providing no evidence for this sexist charge). While the polemics of the Useful Idiots lack the underlying misogyny of the fanatic Right, and are long on syrupy phrases like "life-affirming," they demonstrate no sympathy for non-human life nor even much awareness of the simplest principles of biological reality. There is also the "conservative-pronatalist" school that wants increased breeding to fulfill their geopolitical fantasies. Ben (America-can-spawn-its-way-to-Greatness) Wattenberg has taken over Julian Simon's place as media darling of this group. Most of these recent converts loudly proclaim their devotion to freedom, tolerance and the liberal agenda even as they goose-step to the tunes called by Jerry Falwell and the Vatican autocrats. Pusillanimous lefties, Wattenbergites, and a great crowd of the ethically confused and biologically ignorant — they are the new Spawning Lobby.

Media hype has also played a significant part in the "New Civil War" (as *US News & World Report* calls the fight over reproductive freedom). Coverage of the recent "pro-life" traveling circus (soon to perform at a clinic near you) and other recent confrontations can be excused as necessary news gathering. But the media have been egging on the Zygotes-R-Us crowd in more subtle ways. In "new technology" stories, for example, we get portrait shots of fetuses along with the tedious pontifications about how the latest gizmo has really "blurred the question of when life begins." Life began sometime in the Pre-Cambrian; there is no evidence of repeat performances. Alert Ted Koppel. Controllers of the mass media also seem fascinated by fertility — the extremes to which some people go to have children make good copy nowadays. Career women are now being urged to play Beat the Biological Clock — drop everything and have that kid before it's too late! This is not to suggest that the issues underlying some of these stories should be ignored; what's objectionable is the pronatalist spin put on almost every story relating to human reproduction, with no mention of the problems caused by too many people and by unwanted children.

To be sure, NOW, Planned Parenthood and many other liberals have been working hard to thwart a pronatalist *putsch*. However, they may have made a critical error in tactics: they have rested their entire defense of legal abortion on the issue of a woman's right to choose — "pro-choice." Granted, this is an important point — in fact, among animals that care for their young, one sex usually provides most of the care and that entails regulating the number of offspring in conformity with the resources available for rearing them properly. Humans are one of the few animals (maybe the only) where the sex that is largely uninvolved in day-to-day rearing operations exercises dictatorial power over the reproductive options of the rearing sex. At least, that was the case until recently and that's

what the pronatalists seek to restore. However, as noted already, the Spawning Lobby has trivialized the pro-choice argument with a devious campaign portraying any woman who chooses an abortion as a frivolous bimbo. They have managed to frame the issue as "freedom of choice" vs. "baby killing." This has put pro-choice advocates on the defensive, endlessly apologizing for women's aspiration for something besides the "captive breeding program" of patriarchal domesticity. Planned Parenthood could hold the moral high ground more easily by adopting a broader, more ecological advocacy. To begin, having that US baby will lower the living standards of 40-100 Third World babies. While there is no way to be precise about it, we can confidently predict that at least several of those babies will die each time a confused American teenage girl is badgered into "choosing life." Among non-humans, of course, the death toll wrought by humanist "life-affirming" posturing is much higher. While the Zygotes-R-Us gang jabbars about a "holocaust of abortion," the real holocaust is what excess human breeding is doing to the rest of life.

It may be that a hyper-sensitivity over "coerciveness" and "elitism" has led defenders of *Roe v. Wade* to avoid mentioning overpopulation and chain themselves to their pro-choice positions. Unfortunately, there is still a tendency, even by people who should know better (like the staff of *Time*) to portray overpopulation as a Third World problem and birth control as something "they" need. Perhaps the best way for Planned Parenthood and its allies to protect women's freedom of choice is to stop defending choice and start attacking the holocaust of pronatalism and the immorality of our own contributions to overpopulation. Such a stance would not be so easy to dismiss with glib smear tactics.

Ironically, aside from the threat of pronatalists, the population situation is relatively promising. Everywhere that women are given even minimal control over their lives, birth rates are falling. In Africa (where everyone is supposed to want huge families), a recent AID (US Agency for International Development) survey found that women overwhelmingly want to either take longer intervals between child bearing or stop having them altogether. Far from falling in behind the Reagan pronatalist party line exhibited at the 1984 Mexico City population conference, and despite attempts at undermining by the Reagan Administration, many countries have developed their own population control policies. At present the biggest obstacle to further progress in the battle against overpopulation is the US Spawning Lobby. Nullifying their hegemony over public policy should be a top priority for any environmental group, mainstream or radical.

We should lobby politicians against pronatalist laws as much as Zygotes-R-Us Inc. lobbies for them. The Hyde Amendment, and its numerous clones in both fed-

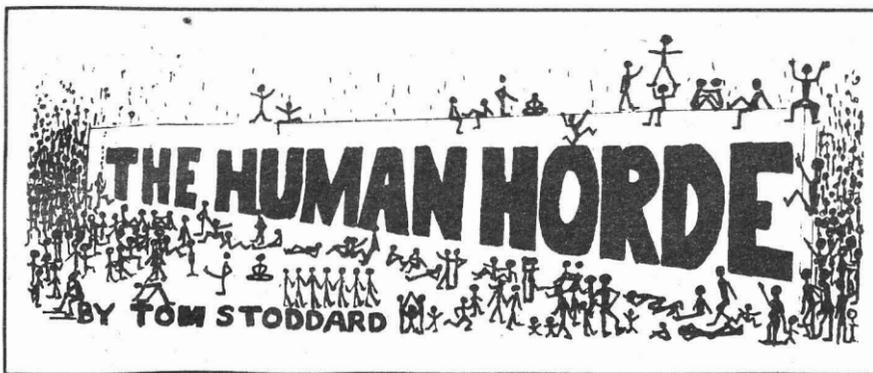
eral and state legal systems, forbids spending public funds for abortion but allows it for childbirths. The "pay the poor to have kids" legal system needs a legal abortion. It is insane to spend taxpayers' dollars to subsidize breeding. Tell your elected representatives that. Frequently.

Cowardly corporations also need attention from us. The recent international flap over the firm Roussel-Uclaf and RU 486 shows how far the pronatalists have penetrated. When a company has a socially responsible product or program and shows signs of caving in to the pronatalists, they need to hear from us that they will lose business by pandering to the Spawning Lobby. The worst of the corporate panderers are the major broadcasting companies. Everyone but the most fanatical of the pronatalists agrees that birth control is superior to abortion. Yet the broadcast media refuse to take advertisements for birth control. In their own way, ABC, NBC, and CBS are as environmentally destructive as Brazil and Maxxam. We need to harass these corporate unworthies, particularly when they have to apply for license renewals.

In the judicial arena, pronatalists are creatively finding excuses to obstruct reproductive freedom — "fetal rights," "daddy rights" and the like. It is here they are looking for their biggest score: getting the Supreme Court to backslide on *Roe v. Wade*. An ideal course for us would be to somehow intervene (maybe even at the Supreme Court level) on behalf of Earth and force judges to weigh environmental issues in their decision. If that's not possible, let's at least bring "national" issues to bear: security, economic health, resources — all adversely impacted by extra consumers.

The coming months may decide whether Earth has a chance of survival or whether it will eventually choke on human surplus. Will the Lifelong Environmentalist continue to grovel before the pronatalists (as he has since the Republican convention) or will he think back to his Langley days and recall that the National Security Council has identified overpopulation as a threat to national security?

I conclude with a short parable for the well-meaning but ecologically confused in the pronatalist ranks. The Reagan Administration has evidently convinced many that it is "pro-life" with attacks on Planned Parenthood and legal abortion. Are the Reagan people blind to the security threat of overpopulation? Not at all and they have a plan to deal with it. The plan, to be administered by the Pentagon, is called LIC — Low Intensity Conflict. LIC is now being tried in Nicaragua, Angola and El Salvador, and plans are much more encompassing. In fact, LIC will become the mainstay of US policy for dealing with Third World instability — an instability universally acknowledged to be aggravated by overpopulation. Thus, the Reagan Plan: make sure they get born, then kill 'em if necessary. It's a perfect paradigm of pronatalism — a contrived compassion that begins at conception and ends at birth.



**An estimated 10,000 extinctions of plants and animals occur every year, and 90,000,000 net new humans join Earth every year, or 1 extinction per 9000 additional humans. Today, 246,575 additional humans joined the planet.

***"Anyone who believes exponential growth can go on forever in a finite world is either a madman or an economist." — Kenneth Boulding, economist

**Sir Edmund Hillary has proposed a 5 year ban on climbing Mt. Everest to allow the peak to recover from the heaps of "rubbish and junk ... left on the mountain" by "too many expeditions." Certainly Mt. Everest deserves a rest from the human horde, but it is unlikely the projected additional half-billion humans on Earth 5 years hence will create a cleaner and gentler race. With overpopulation, time doesn't heal; it aggravates.

**Negative Population Growth, Inc (NPG), founded in 1972, has as its goal a return to a US population of 100-150 million and a world population of 2 billion. They print a newsletter, *Human Survival*, thrice yearly (16 E 42nd St, Suite 1042, NY, NY 10017; \$25 /yr tax deductible dues).

**Nearly all California growth since 1975 came from legal and illegal immigration. California absorbs 26.7% of this country's legal immigrants, 39% of refugees, and an estimated one-half million illegals a year. (Californians for Population Stabilization, 9-10/89)

**By 2100, Nigeria and Pakistan will be the 3rd and 4th most populous nations on Earth, up from 9th and 10th presently. Neither promotes birth control. (NPG, summer 88)

**Legal immigrants to the US totaled

601,516 in 1987. They come primarily from nations with failed population policies. In order of highest number of immigrants they are: Mexico, Philippines, Korea, Cuba, India, China, Dominican Republic, Vietnam, Jamaica, and Iran. The US acts as a safety valve for these nations, keeping their pressure cookers from exploding, relieving the pressure on them to deal with social, economic, religious, political and birth control problems. (NPG, summer 88)

**The US Congress bowed to the religious fanatics on 13 September 1988 when it voted to deny Medicaid funding for abortions for victims of rape and incest. (California Abortion Rights Action League, 3rd quarter 88)

—Tom Stoddard

Beltane and Money: Reflections on the Industrial Growth Society

by Dolores LaChapelle

Beltane, the name of the Celtic ritual of lighting bonfires on Mayday, comes from the Gaelic word, *tein-eigen*, meaning "need fire," and *Belenos*, the sun god. Lighting sacred fires encouraged the sun's life-giving force so that mother earth could bring forth new life in spring.

Beltane or Mayday was still celebrated in Britain's countryside as late as the 19th century. Young people went "a-maying" (sleeping together overnight in the woods) and then brought back blossoms to share with others in the village. People danced on the green around maypoles decorated with hawthorn blossoms.

But now, Mayday is a grim occasion for workers to show their "international solidarity." It glorifies not real work, but mere jobs, most of which harm the earth and sky.

How did what had been a celebration of earth and sky change so drastically? That story gives insight into the present destruction of human nature and the rest of nature as well.

In a book about her beloved England, *A Land*, Jacquetta Hawkes tells us: "For the medieval peasant eight weeks of the year were holy days when a service in the parish church was followed by freedom for rest and celebration." These church rites were still tied to the age-old pagan celebrations of the wheel of the year. "No countryman could have celebrated them away from his own cottage, fields and animals, his neighbours and his church, for they were important threads in the fabric of life where all these things were woven together in a single design.

"Now the sharp division of work from play and the natural from the supernatural has turned holy days into holidays, and the compelling restlessness and ugliness of towns has made holidays an occasion for escape from home." (Hawkes, p. 209) Thus we have mass migrations of rootless people searching for "entertainment."

The change began in 1644, when the Puritans forbade maypoles and only allowed children to go a-maying. Yet the Stuarts restored the maypole in 1661, and not until this century was Mayday turned around from a celebration of life to a workers' protest. In the beginning stages of communism, the Second Internationale adopted May 1 as its political holiday. Its object was to stop a world war, should it start. Of course, World War I did begin and Lenin dissolved the Internationale. In March 1919, the Third Internationale was formed. Since then, Mayday has been for "the international solidarity of workingmen." Throughout the world, Mayday is the time for labor demonstrations, often leading to violence. In most countries Mayday is also Labor Day, but in the US and Can-

ada, Labor Day comes in September; so in 1961, through the efforts of the American Bar Association, Mayday became "Law Day" when Congress established it by a joint resolution. Now, instead of spontaneously celebrating life as the sun reinvigorates the earth, we honor "laws," designed by humans to impose human purposes onto all of nature. Ancient China did not have a word for law; instead they followed the patterns (li) of nature.

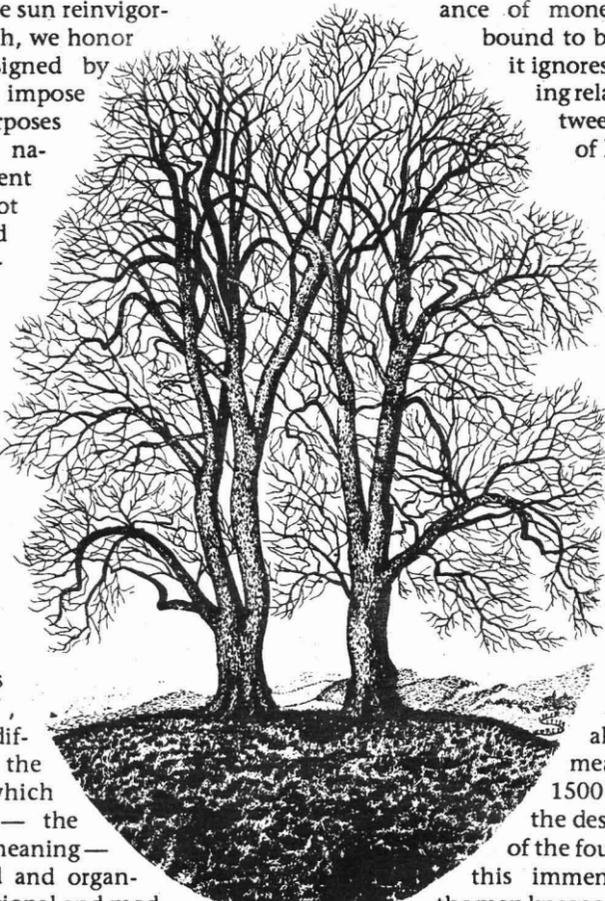
The difference between Mayday in days of yore and contemporary versions thereof, points to differences in the ways in which knowledge — the medium of meaning — is conceived and organized in traditional and modern societies. "Sacred Knowledge" refers to "postulates in their nature neither verifiable nor falsifiable but nevertheless taken to be unquestionable." These pertain to the very sources of our life — earth, air, water, sun, etc. In his book *Ecology, Meaning and Religion*, Roy Rappaport states that "The order of knowledge has been inverted in the course of history. Ultimate knowledge has become knowledge of facts."

As we come to know more and more about increasingly limited domains, according to Rappaport, "the domains themselves become ever more isolated, and ever less meaningful to whatever lies outside of them...if higher order meaning lies in the perception of deep similarities underlying apparent distinctions, then, paradoxically, meaning has been diminished as knowledge of fact — empirical knowledge — has increased."

He notes that as mere facts become more and more important, money becomes an ever more important marker of value. "If meaning is fragmented by fact it is dissolved by money." Money makes the many differences among types of things "irrelevant, which is to say meaningless, from the beginning. The application of a common monetary metric to dissimilar things reduces their *qualitative distinctiveness* to the status of mere *quantitative difference*. The most appropriate answer to questions of the type 'What is the difference between a forest and a parking lot?' becomes so many dollars per acre." Evaluation or meaning becomes limited to addition and subtraction of amounts of money. "Right and wrong, perhaps even true and false, are reduced to, or displaced by, more and less."

Money not only degrades meaning, it degrades the natural world. "Living systems require a great variety of distinct and incommensurable substances to remain viable." Money, when applied to all things, makes everything the same. When decisions are

based on money alone, there is no understanding of any deeper meanings, thus those systems on which life depends are trivialized. Rappaport stresses that "the deployment of large amounts of mindless energy under the guidance of money is almost bound to be brutal," for it ignores the underlying relationships between all aspects of life.



For an example of how traditional sacred knowledge works, the Australian aborigines in the Gadjar cycle of the Walbiri reenact the dream-time journey of the Mamandabari Men along a "path meandering for 1500 miles across the desert." In each of the four localities of this immense distance, the men know only their own region — no one knows the whole.

Thus the Gadjar "creates a set of understandings that no individual fully possesses but in which many individuals participate. Interdependence is intrinsic to the ways in which sacred knowledge is distributed among Australian aborigines."

"Given the complexity of natural ecosystems it is unlikely that we will ever be able to predict the outcome of all the actions we undertake in any of them." Thus "knowledge will never be able to replace respect in man's dealing with ecological systems." Rappaport is referring here to two different cognized models. One is based on narrow, rational thinking and "facts"; the other emphasizes ritual or festive celebrations. In his summary, Rappaport writes: "But, as the impoverishment of meaning deadens life and threatens its continuity, so may the richness of life be enhanced and its continuity abetted by cognized models that permit distinctions to multiply, metaphors to prosper, and the experience of unity to flourish. A cognized model that is 'true,' is one that provides an order of understandings that leads those for whom it is meaningful to act in ways that are in harmony with natural processes." (pp. 129-141)

Gregory Bateson approaches the problem of money in another way when he says that living systems of nature do not have monotone values. "A monotone value is one that either only increases or decreases." Things that are in some way "good" for a living being — such as food, warmth, sex and so forth — "are never such that more of the something is always better than less of the something." Instead there is always an optimum amount which is good. Above that quantity, it becomes toxic.

This basic characteristic of life "does not hold for money." "The philosophy of money, the set of presuppositions by which money is supposedly better and better the more you have of it, is totally antibiological." (Bateson, p.54)

The distinguished scholar on Chinese science, Joseph Needham, equates the use of money in double-entry bookkeeping with the beginnings

of Newtonian science in Europe: "The reduction of all quality to quantities, the affirmation of a mathematical reality behind all appearances, the proclaiming of a space and time uniform throughout all the universe; was it not analogous to the merchant's standard of value? No goods or commodities, no jewels or monies there were, but such as could be computed and exchanged in number, quantity and measure."

The first explanation in writing of double-entry bookkeeping was in a mathematical text book dated 1494; and the first application of double entry bookkeeping to public finance and administration was in the works of engineer-mathematician Stevin in 1608. The equality symbol was first used in about 1557. (Needham, v.3, p.166) All of this led to the idea that a money value could be put on everything. Clean air and water at that time were ubiquitous, so they were not even considered. Now, 400 years later, we finally realize they are not "free," but we still have no real way to put a monetary value on these "eternal verities."

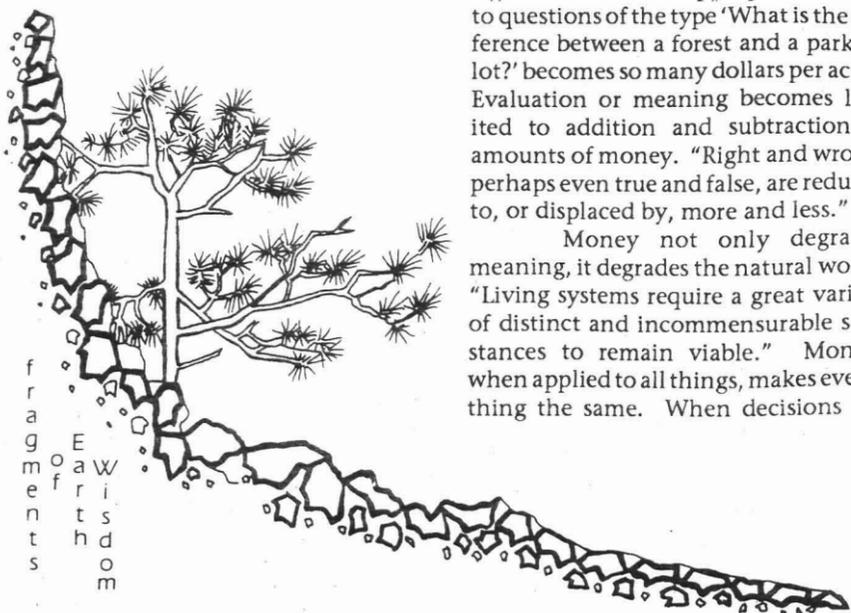
To return to Jacquetta Hawkes, the 18th century "was for all classes one of the best times to have been alive in this country [England]." She explains: "Once men were concerned with the quality of life as a whole and with their relation to the universe; they could assume, for example, that the ritual and revelry of Twelve Days of Christmas were of infinitely greater value than the small material gains to be won by working for those twelve days." (p. 216) Those twelve days were dedicated to helping the sun make its perilous "turn-around" of winter to begin its journey toward summer. As mentioned above, Mayday, when the Beltane fires greet the sun's returning vigor, is another celebration of the "wheel of the year."

Rappaport's words are apt again: "Participation in rituals may enlarge the awareness of those participating in them, providing them with understanding of perfectly natural aspects of the social and physical world that may elude unaided reason." (p.237)

Sadly, Mayday now glorifies the rootless masses dehumanized by the Industrial Growth Society with its creation of an abstract "one-world" proletariat that provides a convenient market for its products. Rather than contribute to the IGS denigration of humanity's real work into "jobs" that destroy the environment, let us all go a-maying — sleeping out together in nature on Mayday eve and experiencing the "blossoming" of human nature within all of nature that D. H. Lawrence writes of:

"They had met, and included in their meeting the thrust of the manifold grass stems, the cry of the peewit, the wheel of the stars...To know their own nothingness, to know the tremendous living flood which carried them always...If so great a magnificent power could overwhelm them, identify them altogether with itself, so that they knew they were only grains in the tremendous heave that lifted every grass blade its little height, and every tree, and living thing, then why fret about themselves? They could let themselves be carried by life..."

For further reading see: 1) *Mind and Nature: A Necessary Unity* by Gregory Bateson, 2) *A Land* by Jacquetta Hawkes, 3) *Sons and Lovers* by D. H. Lawrence, 4) *Science and Civilization in China*, v. 3 by Joseph Needham, 5) *Ecology, Meaning and Religion* by Roy Rappaport.



PERFECT KIVA

by Terry Tempest Williams

excerpted from *Coyote's Canyon*, publication date April 1, 1989, Peregrine Smith Books

In a poorly lit corner of a restaurant in Moab, a woman draws a map on a napkin and slips it to a man. The man studies the paper square carefully and asks her a few questions. He thanks her. They pay for their meals and then part ways.

The man stops at a gas station, fills up his truck, then walks to the corner pay phone and makes three calls. Within hours, he meets five friends in Blanding, Utah, at the Rainbow Cafe. They conspire under the plastic jade lanterns, eating Navajo tacos and egg rolls.

"It's called Perfect Kiva. We'll camp on top of the mesa tonight, then hike into the canyon tomorrow. The site is on our right, up high, the third ledge down. I have the map."

The six left Blanding in three trucks. The man with the map led them in the dark across miles of dirt roads that crisscrossed the mesa. In a sense, he had blindfolded them. That was his plan, and his promise to the woman in Moab.

Their camp appeared as a black hole in the desert. Each person drew out his flashlight and checked the ground for cow pies and scorpions. One by one, they threw down their sleeping bags and fell asleep. Dream time was kept by the rotation of stars.

Dawn came into the country like a secret. The six had burrowed so deep inside their bags that they emerged like startled ground squirrels after an eight-hour hibernation. The black hole of the previous night had been transformed into a bevy of pinon and juniper. A few yards beyond was a cut in the desert a quarter mile wide.

Camp was erased. Cars were locked. Water bottles were filled and packs put on. The pace was brisk as they descended into one of the finger canyons. For two hours, they walked in and out of morning shadows, until, finally, they stood on the slickrock in full sunlight.

The man with the map studied cliffs, looking for the perfect alcove with the perfect kiva. Placing their trust in the leader, the others kept walking and found pleasures in small things like blister beetles and feathers snatched from the air by sage. The desert heat loosened the muscles and spirit of the group. Joy crept in and filled their boots. A few ran up and down boulders just to see if their courage could hold them. Others focused on birds — a lazuli bunting here, an ash-throated flycatcher there. But the man with the map kept looking.

A raven flew out from the rocks.
"There it is!" cried the leader. "The third ledge down. I'll bet that's our alcove."

The six began to climb where the raven flew. They hiked straight up, some on hands and knees, through the sandstone scree, until finally, breathless, they encountered the ruins. Upright and stable, in spite of the thousand feet below them, the friends stood in wonder. They had entered an open-sided hallway of stone. Pink stone. Stone so soft that if held it would crumble.

There were figures with broad shoulders and wild eyes staring at them from inside the rock — petroglyphs that not only seized the imagination but turned it upside down. Animals with bear bodies and deer heads danced on the overhang. Walls made of dry-laid stones divided the ledge. Most of them had tumbled with time: no mortar had been used, just the careful placement of stone against stone to house the Anasazi.

Beyond the walls were mealing bins, standing stones that corralled the corn. The manos and metates were gone, but images of women chanting corn to meal were as real as the shriveled cobs piled inside the granary.

Perfect Kiva was more subtle. It was recognizable only by the fraying juniper bark that had shown through the eroded sand. The six sat outside the circle until calm. The kiva seemed to ask that of them. Five slabs of sandstone framed the entrance, which appeared as a dark square on the ledge floor. A juniper ladder with rungs of willow led to the underworld. They paused. The ladder that had supported the Ancient Ones might not support them. They chose not to use it. Instead, they jerry-rigged a sling out of nylon cord and carabiners and anchored it around a boulder. They moved the ladder aside and, one by one, lowered themselves into the kiva. Perfect Kiva — round like the earth. Hidden in the earth, the six sat.

It took a few minutes for their eyes to adjust. Cobwebs dangled from the wooden ceiling, most likely black widows spinning webs of the cribbed logs and pilasters. Walls bricked, then plastered, created the smooth red circumference of the ceremonial chamber. Four shelves were cut into the walls. Each was lined with juniper lace and berries. Two full moons, one green and one white, faced each other on the east and west walls. A green serpent of the same pigment moved on the north wall, west to east, connecting the circles.

No one spoke. The six remained captive to their own meanderings, each individual absorbing what he was in need of. An angle of light poured through the hole in the ceiling as the dust in the air danced up the ladder. They breathed deeply. It was old, old air.

The longer they sat in the kiva, the more they saw. There was a hearth in the center, a smoke vent to the south, eight loom anchors, and the fine desert powder they were sitting on. But the focus inside the kiva was on the sipapu — the small hole in the floor that, according to Hopi myth, promised emergence. In time, each one circled the sipapu with his fingers and raised himself on the slings. They untied the rope from around the boulder and placed the Anasazi ladder back where it had been for as long as ravens had a memory.

A few months later, in a poorly lit corner of a restaurant in Moab, a woman speaks softly to a man.

"They took the ladder, put it in a museum, and stabilized the kiva. It's just not the same," she whispers. "They fear aging and want it stopped like an insect in amber."

He studies her face and asks her a few questions. He thanks her. They pay for their meals and then part ways.

The man stops at a gas station, fills up his truck, then walks to the corner pay phone and makes three calls. Within hours, the six meet in Blanding at the Rainbow Cafe.

"It's called theft in the name of preservation," he says. "The ladder is held hostage at the local museum. It belongs to the desert. It must be returned."

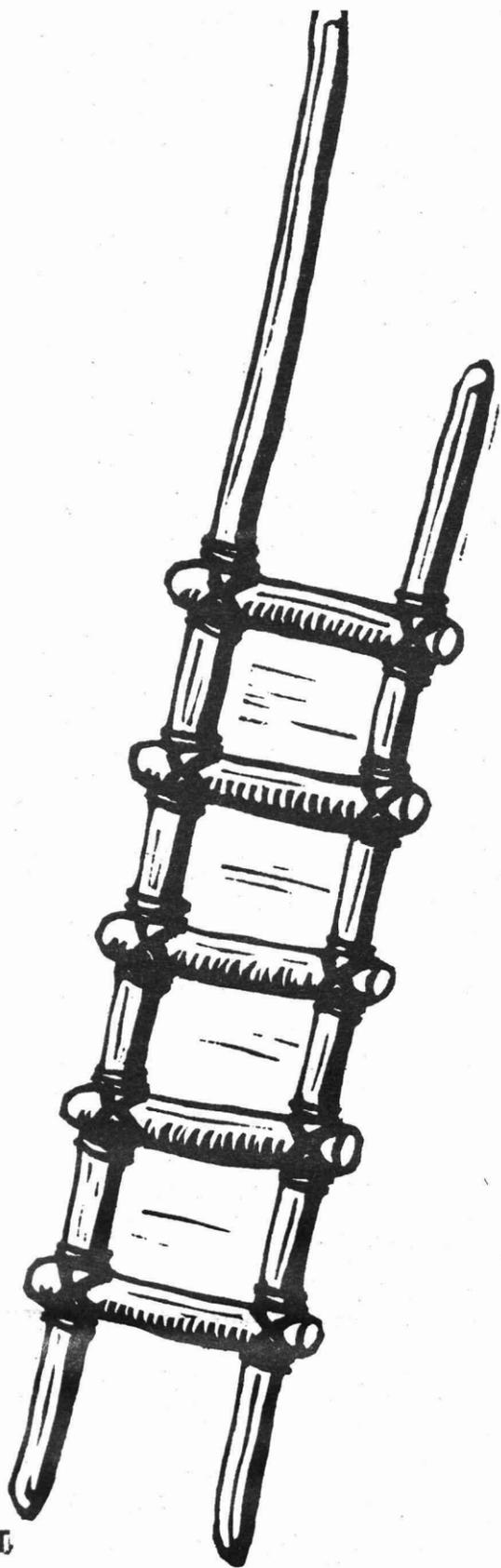
The friends move closer around the table.

"Tomorrow —" he says.

"Tonight," they insist.

Dawn came into the country like a secret.

Terry Tempest Williams is naturalist-in-residence at the Utah Museum of Natural History in Salt Lake City. She is the author of several books including Pieces of White Shell — A Journey to Navajoland (1984), which won a Southwest Book Award for creative non-fiction; and The Secret Language of Snow (1984), which received the Children's Science Book of the Year Award by the New York Academy of Science. She lectures on writing natural history and the female voice in writing. Her collection of stories from southern Utah entitled Coyote's Canyon is to be published this spring, and Refuge — Meditations on Great Salt Lake in the fall.



ST,

ABBEY ON BOOKS — AND GURUS

Samhain 1982

A reading list for Nature Lovers, resistance fighters, wild preservatives, deep ecologists and regular environmentalists — why not? The literature is immense and old as civilization; I have read but a small part of it myself. One could range across the world, from ancient China — the writings of Lao-Tse and his disciple Chuang-Tse — to the surviving fragments of certain pre-Socratic philosophers — Democritus, Heraclitus, Diogenes — to the sermons of St. Francis, and such modern Europeans as the novelists Knut Hamsun and Jean Giono, the historian Toynbee, the philosophers Spinoza (for his pantheism), Santayana, Heidegger, Naess. But for the sake of brevity I shall confine myself to American writers, some obvious, some little known:

Thoreau (of course); John Muir (dull but important); William Bartram; John C. VanDyke; Farley Mowat; Raymond Dasmann; Garrett Hardin; Barry Lopez; Murray Bookchin (see Our Synthetic Environment, which anticipated Rachel Carson by several years); Bernard DeVoto; William O. Douglas; Rene Dubos (but only in part, with major reservations); Loren Eiseley; Paul Ehrlich; William Faulkner (in The Big Woods, Go Down, Moses); Colin Fletcher; Charles Bowden (Killing the Hidden Waters); the poets Walt Whitman, Robinson Jeffers, Robert Frost, Gary Snyder, Robert Bly, Wallace Stevens, James Dickey, Theodore Roethke, Jim Harrison, Peter Wild — to name but a few; Sigurd Olson; Wallace Stegner; Wendell Berry; Joseph Wood Krutch; Aldo Leopold (basic); Jack London (for his Call of the Wild); Annie Dillard, Ann Zwinger, Mary Austin, Rachel Carson; Paul Shepard; David Ehrenfeld (The Arrogance of Humanism); several others I'll think of too late; and Lewis Mumford who provided us, in such books as The Myth of the Machine, The Pentagon of Power and The City in

History, with the best critique yet of our modern military-industrial culture — Mumford, in my opinion, is the one living American author who fully deserves the Nobel Prize for literature. No, two: Mumford and Stegner.

Ah well, many books. Of the making of books there is no end. I will close by reminding myself and others that writing, reading, thinking are of value only when combined with effective action. Those I most admire in the conservation movement are those who act: such men as David Brower, Paul Watson, and the legendary Bulgarian brigand Georges Heiduk. Sentiment without action is the ruin of the soul. One brave deed is worth a hundred books, a thousand theories, a million words. Now as always we need heroes. And heroines!

Down with the passive and the limp. Avoid the Swami Moonbeams and the Roshi Bubbleheads and all other gurus whether native American or imported, that swarm of fakes and fakirs who pander to and fleece the foolish, the gullible, the sick, the desperate. Be your own guru. Little is gained by gaping at a blank wall in a stupor of meditation. If it's enlightenment you want, then seek the company of those who do real work in the real world — e.g., woodcutters; oldtime rangers and wildlife biologists; midwives, nurses and school teachers; farriers, bootmakers, gunsmiths, stone masons, veterinarians, carpenters, gardeners; astronomers and geologists; old soldiers and veteran seamen.

As my Aunt Minnie used to say, back in Stump Crick West Virginny, "Too much readin' rots the mind."

Fraternally,

—Edward Abbey, Oracle, Arizona



THE HISTORY OF THE SIERRA CLUB, Michael Cohen, Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1988.

It has frequently been said that the Earth First! movement was founded partly to make the Sierra Club and other mainstream environmental groups seem moderate. Earth Firsters should remember that the Sierra Club was considered radical, uncompromising and "inconsistent" during much of the 1950s and 60s by its opponents — and some of its most committed members.

Michael Cohen has written an objective and honest history of the Sierra Club. This is a lively, at times gossipy, intensely researched narrative history from the perspective of the national Board of Directors of the Sierra Club. That is, Cohen focuses on the Board as the policy making body in the Sierra Club. The positions of Board members on specific conservation issues and their appraisals of each other reveal the institutional development of the Sierra Club from 1892 through the early 1970s, shifts in philosophical orientation, and also the human side of the Club — the personalities of major Club leaders.

This will be a standard history of the Club for many years to come. As the Club approaches its centennial in 1992, many environmentalists will be interested in the roots of this organization which has been one of the most consistent advocates for wilderness during the 20th century. Cohen's book provides much needed detail on the history of the American environmental movement, complementing Stephen Fox's *John Muir and His Legacy: The American Conservation Movement*.

As organizations go, the Sierra Club has been remarkably consistent through its history in allowing different opinions on issues to be discussed in Club forums. But discussion within the Club (as within EF!) has not always led to consensus or to respect for opposing opinions.

Cohen does not provide exhaustive detail on the battle over Hetch Hetchy (that has been provided by Holway Jones in his book *John Muir and the Sierra Club: The Battle for Hetch Hetchy*), but he does review what he calls the lessons and legacy of Hetch Hetchy which were to be learned several times again during the 20th century. "First, the Club learned that solidarity would always be a problem when a regional conservation organization tried to support national interest at the expense of local economic growth. Second, the Club's lack of solidarity could be quite detrimental to its ability to act in the public interest.... Third, the effort of carrying on such an arduous campaign was itself extremely difficult for an amateur organization." The legacy of Hetch Hetchy was that it severed relationships between preservationists and utilitarian conservationists, although into the 1970s most Club leaders called themselves conservationists.

Most of this book is devoted to the 1950s and 1960s. Cohen devotes many pages to the tangled relationship between David Brower and members of the Sierra Club Board of Directors. Because Brower has been one of the most famous leaders of the environmental movement since 1952, wearing, to many people, the mantle of John Muir himself, the sometimes tumultuous relations between Brower and Board members are of special interest to historians. Cohen handles the decisive Club election of 1969, and events leading to Brower's resignation as Executive Director of the Club shortly thereafter, with fairness and thorough understanding of the complex situation. Cohen reports that more than one Board member accused Brower of seeing conspiracies in the Club where there were none, and of engaging in confrontational politics with federal agencies such as the US Forest Service instead of the gentlemanly discussions favored by Board members in the pre-Brower era.

Two major themes emerge from Cohen's narrative. One concerns the internal structure of the Club, the development of ever more complex structure to cope with growing membership after 1952 and increasingly complex demands — publications, membership services, legal staff, and IRS regulations. The Club was never a self-

proclaimed movement the way Earth First! has claimed to be. It lacks the flexibility of a grassroots movement, but it has responded effectively to major changes in its constituency and organizational problems, especially in the 1950s and 60s.

The second theme is the relation of the Club, through the Board of Directors and the Executive Director (Brower), with major federal agencies, especially the National Park Service, Forest Service and Bureau of Reclamation. Brower, as portrayed by Cohen, was one of the first Club leaders to suspect that federal agencies were speaking doublespeak, that some agency directors would withhold information, direct campaigns of misinformation and use rhetoric to muddle reasonable discussion of controversial public issues. In a chapter entitled "Sawlog Semantics" Cohen documents the growing disenchantment of Brower (and others in the Club) with the Forest Service. While disenchantment with federal agencies seems conventional to anyone who witnessed the revelations about the CIA, FBI and other agencies during the 1970s, the anguish of men who considered themselves gentlemen and professionals when they had to openly criticize officials of the NPS and FS shows how much Sierra Club leaders believed in the democratic principles of this nation.

Reading Cohen's book one is reminded again and again of Muir's anguished statement after attending some legislative hearing early this century: "Politics saps at the heart of righteousness."

As Brower came to distrust some federal agencies during the 1950s, so he came to distrust science and rampant technology. Cohen describes the struggle over the proposed nuclear electric generating plant at Diablo Canyon, California. This is a tangled story. When Brower completes his autobiography, we will know more fully his perception of the situation. We do know that Brower and many Club members (though not all the Board members) became active opponents of nuclear energy in the early 1960s.

Brower began to question not only specific decisions by regional Forest Service directors but also some of the major assumptions of the American nation — progress, economic growth, and technology in the service of corporations.

Articulation of a new philosophy of nature based on ecology and ecological consciousness, Cohen concludes, came particularly out of discussions at the biannual wilderness conferences. At these conferences Paul Ehrlich and Garrett Hardin began talking about population growth; and biocentric as well as humanistic arguments for wilderness were discussed. With the publication of the exhibit format book *Not Man Apart* in the mid-1960s, it seemed the Club was moving toward a deep ecology kind of philosophy.

Robinson Jeffers's philosophy of "inhumanism" did not sit well, however, with humanists on the Board. The Club backed away from asking deeper questions and remained apart from the vital dialogues of the 1970s and 80s over new philosophies of nature. Not until 1988 did Sierra Club Books begin to publish a series on new philosophies of nature. Brower was able to present his own vision of a green society only after he founded Friends of the Earth and in the mid-70s published *Progress as if Survival Mattered*.

Cohen discusses the continuing tension between humanism and biocentrism in the 1950s and 60s, and concludes that different members of the Board at different times expressed both humanistic and biocentric arguments, but that the Club managed to integrate both types of arguments in major conservation issues. The biocentric, deep ecology position, however, has not been consistently proclaimed by the Club.

Time and again during the past century, Club leaders have been placed in situations that they felt required a political compromise. In making a political deal, the Club repeatedly found itself compelled to renew the fight again, because what the Club was trying to save was threatened by the very compromise to which the Club agreed. Glen

Canyon, Grand Canyon, Diablo Canyon, the redwoods, the Wilderness Act — these are some of the issues that Cohen explores to find the sometimes conflicting loyalties, perceptions, and philosophies of Board members.

Cohen provides a collective history of the Club. David Brower dominates the stage during much of the 1950s and 60s, but there are many voices in the Club. If this reviewer has a favorite among them, it is Martin Litton. Whatever the issue, Litton never let consistency stand in the way of direct action. Litton was neither a gentleman professional nor a mountaineer. He was a new kind of leader who emerged in the 1960s and who, in my estimation, tends toward an Earth First! perspective. Litton was not bound by the niceties of bureaucratic discourse. He was proactive rather than reactive. Brower shares some of these traits.

During the first part of the century, Cohen concludes, the mountaineer or outings leader was most admired in the Club. After World War II, the professionals, such as engineers and scientists, became the New Men of Power in the Club. In the late 1960s, the lawyer became the leader most respected. In certain ways Brower bridged the mountaineer to the professional era and added a radical outsider style of leadership to the Club. Cohen does not discuss the 1970s and 80s when the smooth administrator and negotiator became the reigning star of the Club.

The continuing tension between humanism and biocentrism and between the politics of compromise and the politics of affirmation ("no compromise in defense of Mother Earth") led in part to the rise of the Earth First! movement in the early 1980s. While many EFers rightly criticize the Sierra Club on many grounds, there are lessons to be learned from the history of the Club. First, environmentalists need not always be consistent on the stands they take, but they must be persistent because the agencies are persistent. Second, never give away something you haven't seen (e.g., Glen Canyon). Third, be proactive rather than always reactive. Fourth, use the rhetoric of humanism when you must to win arguments and influence legislators but never deny biocentric affirmation.

Reviewed by Bill Devall.

BORDERING ON TROUBLE, Janet Welsh Brown and Andrew Maguire, editors, Adler & Adler and The World Resources Institute (Bethesda, MD), 1986, 448pp, \$14.95.

THE MODERN CRISIS, Murray Bookchin, New Society Publishers and The Institute for Social Ecology, 1986, 165pp, \$7.95.

ed. note: Readers may wonder why we devote so much space to a critique of a mainstream conservation report. The reason is simple: The World Resources Institute is among the wealthiest and most influential conservation organizations in the world. WRI was founded by a former chair of the CEQ (Council on Environmental Quality, an advisory committee to the President) and has received multi-million dollar grants from the MacArthur Foundation. Its annual budget exceeds \$5 million. For better or worse, WRI plays a major role in determining how the superpowers will divide the world's wealth. WRI defines itself as follows:

The World Resources Institute (WRI) is a policy research center created in 1982 to help governments, international organizations, the private sector, and others address a fundamental question: How can societies meet basic human needs and nurture economic growth without undermining the natural resources and environmental integrity on which life, economic vitality, and international security depend?

In contrast, the Institute for Social Ecology is an educational institute working for social change at the grass roots. It seeks to improve peoples' relationship with the natural world. — JD

The World Resources Institute's anthology, *Bordering on Trouble*, appears to be about saving the Latin American environment. But read through the clarifying lens of Murray Bookchin's *The Modern Crisis*, we see that WRI's book is really about the United States maintaining control over ideology and resources around the globe.

For Bookchin, "The greatest single illness of our time is disempowerment." He challenges us to "recover an image of the public good in a world that increasingly makes its choices between one 'lesser evil' and another." He further urges that, "The highest realism can be attained only by looking beyond the given state of affairs to what should be ..."

In these essays, Bookchin outlines an ethical politics, where decisionmakers and citizens who are one and the same can take "reconstructive steps ... to remove in a creative way the causes of disempowerment, ecological breakdown, the nuclear arms race, poverty ..." "The function of our poli-

tics," he writes, "must not only be to mobilize, but also to educate, to use knowledge for the empowerment of people, not for their manipulation."

Bordering On Trouble is written from the perspective of the manipulators, that minority "destined" to be key players: government officials, bankers, engineers, developers, owners. While the book offers much information on Latin America's environmental problems, it encourages extremely low expectations. In fact, these essays constitute a paean to "lesser evils," to sundry "inevitable" that happen to be unjust. Excepting Walter LaFeber, Marc Reisner, and Ronald McDonald, the writers and editors are careful not to call things by name. They do not identify sources of destruction, much less call for their removal. They resist the logical conclusions that leap from their own pages.

In the introduction, the editors note that "the book neglects minority populations such as the 50% of the most oppressed Guatemalans who are Indians, and Brazil's 40% black underclass that is left out of decisionmaking. Although inequity is raised again and again, Paraguay's deep class divisions and the oppression of the poor by the rich are not."

In truth, this book ignores oligarchic domination in all countries, or else declares it to be well-meaning. Direct resistance by the landless, the poor, the Indians — against businesses, foreign governments, armies and local elites — is not considered. "The revolution and war in Nicaragua ... are left to other analysts," as are similar revolts in Chile, El Salvador, Guatemala, Cuba. "Nor is the role of Latin women in economic life and resource management" — not to mention in politics, culture and organizing — "given attention."

Bordering On Trouble simply excludes the masses of disempowered people. It does not suggest that these disempowered may possess valuable knowledge and perspectives. It does not suggest that if united they could bring about significant changes in policies. Domination has rendered these masses invisible, and invisible they remain throughout this book ... except of course for the mysterious "pressures" they "exert" upon the environment.

Tad Szulc, in "Brazil's Amazonian Frontier," forecloses fruitful discussion by simply declaring: although 45% of Brazilian farmland is owned by 1% of landowners, "Brazilian politics of the foreseeable future rule out a comprehensive reform program." The editors reinforce Szulc's outlook: "If we accept the author's assertion that the Amazon will be developed, that it is only a matter of how, then what principles of resource management should apply?" They do not also inquire what "principles" should apply if we do not accept Szulc's assertion.

Nor does the book examine decision-making in the US, despite what the book acknowledges as the "long-standing nature of US involvement in resource exploitation in Latin America." LaFeber deftly reveals Kennedy's Alliance For Progress as a conscious effort to increase North American political and economic control. But the editors choose not to explore changes in policymaking, production, consumption or empowerment in our own country that could stop destruction in Latin America while helping the disempowered there gain some power.

This is unfortunate given that chapter after chapter provides evidence that actions and investments decided here in the name of "economic growth," "jobs," and "national security" have brought devastation there to the land and people; have inhibited political, cultural and economic independence; and have created institutions that perpetuate injustice. The writers wriggle free from this illogic by dismissing devastation and injustice of yore as "resource mismanagement" which no one understood at the time; as "side effects" of what were "benevolent" intentions.

The writers and editors then advocate more benevolence ... that is, more "growth." This time, they say, the growth is to be "sustainable" and "balanced." But these adjectives are never defined. And if they were defined by WRI, the definitions would not be about broadening participation in decisionmaking or achieving independence from foreign interests. Despite the history of US/Latin American relations, salvation, for WRI, still lies in helping the Latin countries maximize resource use and "promote US values."

In "Rethinking Ethics, Nature and Society," Bookchin explains how the concept "For every 'advance', humanity must pay a penalty" provides a "monumental apologia for all the ills of our time." Fostering such a notion causes "ethical standards" to "dissolve into techniques of accommodation." *Bordering On Trouble* is rife with such techniques. Here again is Szulc: "... the price paid for new civilizations is always great. The urge and surge to con-

quer the North [Amazon Basin] will cost countless more millions of dollars in huge errors ..." But there is nothing anyone can do.

What about past devastations? The editors assure us that "We should not blame ourselves, or anyone else, too strongly In Lyndon Johnson's day, no policy maker anywhere was thinking of environmental costs." Anywhere?

It is advisable, as the editors suggest, to go beyond blame. But how can we change the ability of a small number of people and institutions to wreak destruction if we do not identify them and explain how they have operated? How are environmentalists to learn to think strategically when our conservation "experts" offer compounded untruths such as this: "Given this relatively recent recognition that mismanaging resources exacerbates poverty ..." Recent? Has WRI not heard of the Dust Bowl, of Appalachia? Has WRI not noticed that vacu-uming of resources creates and institutionalizes powerlessness ... and poverty?

Toward the end of *Bordering On Trouble*, the editors ask: "Can any doubt that it is in the US national interest to foster ... basic tenets of western democracy?" This appears at first blush to be a question whose answer is so self-evident that people who seek environmental progress in Latin America need not bother with it. But Bookchin's work warns us that this is yet another of the subtle manipulations that accommodation and apology breed.

The answer turns out not to be self-evident at all. The three transnational corporations that control 75% of the world banana trade doubt. The four transnationals that control 75% of the sugar trade doubt. The banks that hold billions of dollars in Latin debt doubt. Indeed, looking at the recent history of US relations with Chile, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Venezuela, Mexico, etc., it is apparent that many North American policy makers — Democrats and Republicans — do doubt.

In WRI's book, domination and obfuscation go to the very end. Bookchin helps us distinguish between manipulation and empowerment, revealing the manipulators themselves as the true troublemakers. Reading *Bordering on Trouble* with Bookchin at our side, we realize that as long as US citizens do not restrain our own government's long arms, close its bottomless maw, and demythologize its relentless ideology, the Latin countries will be the ones who will continue to be bordering on trouble.

Reviewed by Richard Grossman, editor and publisher of *The Wrenching Debate Gazette*, 1801 Connecticut Ave, NW, 2nd Fl, Wash., DC 20009; 202-387-1000.

THE RIGHTS OF NATURE: A History of Environmental Ethics, Roderick Nash, U of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1988.

Is Dave Foreman a liberal reformer in the tradition of Thomas Jefferson, William Lloyd Garrison (the great abolitionist leader of the 19th century) and Martin Luther King Jr? Are animal liberationists who liberated Chimpanzees from university experimental farms working in the tradition of abolitionists who helped slaves escape from southern plantations in the 1830s?

Is the Earth First! movement a logical extension of the human rights movement? Using only the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, Garrison and the abolitionists in the 1830s began a campaign to resurrect slaves as human beings endowed with inalienable natural rights. The abolitionists morally discredited the claim of slaveowners to their property rights in slaves.

Similarly, many EF! advocates discredit the property rights claims of owners of wildlife habitat. Nature has intrinsic value and a "right" to exist regardless of human property rights, they aver.

Roderick Nash, a professor of history and environmental studies at University of California at Santa Barbara, addresses these questions in his history of environmental ethics. Nash says, in his preface, that he wrote this book partly in response to George Sessions's call for "a philosophically perceptive history of the shift from 'conservation' to 'ecological consciousness' in the 1960s and 1970s." Nash says he wrote the book as a historian, not a philosopher, and that he was interested in ideas as they were expressed, the context in which the expression occurred, and the consequences for further thought and action.

Nash focuses on the period from 1960 through the mid-1980s, but searches in British history for 19th century antecedents of contemporary environmental ethics. Nash's thesis is that we are experiencing a "widening circle" of moral concern. First, women, then slaves, children, and some domesticated animals were granted rights in Western philosophy and, to some extent, in law. The claim that nature has rights, he asserts, marks the farthest limit of American liberalism. Thus, the claim of rights for trees and mountains is not a radical departure

from American tradition but a fulfillment of that tradition. He concludes that "... the goals of the ethically oriented environmentalists may be more feasible within the framework of American culture than even they themselves believe."

Nash traces the American liberal tradition to 1215, to Runnymede England where the barons forced concessions from King John in a document that has come to be known as the *Magna Carta*. He briefly recounts the rise of Natural Rights theory in Western Europe and suggests that the frontier of Natural Rights in the 20th century became nature itself.

Nash concludes that some Englishmen were far ahead of Americans in the 19th century in seeking humane treatment for animals. Americans during that century were still preoccupied with securing the rights of people. He compares the abolition movement of the 19th century to the van-

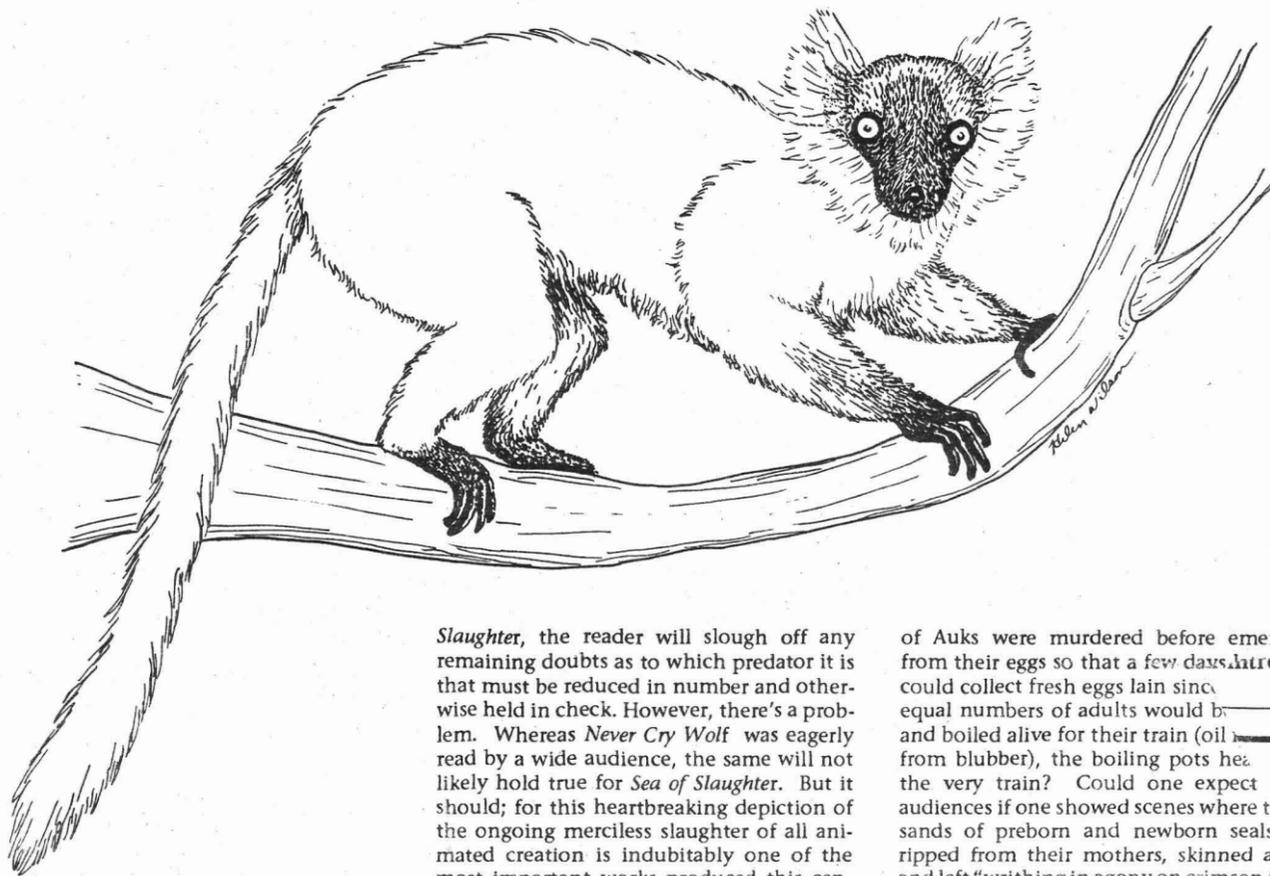
beliefs and behavior no matter how vigorously the radical environmentalists insist. If this situation, with its intellectual and political similarities to antebellum America promises once again to endanger domestic tranquility, it is not the fault of history."

Nash's bibliography and footnotes are almost 60 pages in length. The quality of other histories of the 1960s and 1970s will be measured against this book.

Reviewed by Bill Devall.

SEA OF SLAUGHTER, Farley Mowat, 1984, Bantam Books (666 5th Ave, NY, NY 10103) 437pp. \$11.50.

In *Never Cry Wolf*, Farley Mowat explodes the myth of the cruel and rapacious wolf. Consequently many people worldwide now hold suspect all agencies and "sportsmen" who would have us blindly accept their views about the need to destroy this predator. After reading *The Sea of*



guard of environmental activists seeking to liberate whales and rivers in the second half of the 20th century. He uses this comparison to suggest that actions seen as radical in present society may be accepted by later generations as necessary.

In a chapter entitled "Ideological Origins of American Environmentalism," Nash romps through the 19th century, dropping many names on each page. This is a history of ideas, however, not of social movements. Stephen Fox's excellent history of the American environmental movement, *John Muir and His Legacy*, is a useful companion to Nash's book for readers unfamiliar with the people discussed by Nash.

In his chapter "Ecology Widens the Circle," Nash summarizes the views of Aldo Leopold, Rachel Carson, and other ecologists. In "The Greening of Religion," Nash reviews Lynn White's famous thesis concerning the impact of Judeo-Christian religion on contemporary attitudes toward nature and then shows that significant dialogue has occurred among Christian thinkers attempting to develop a new theology that includes environmental ethics. He does not, however, include the work of Thomas Berry, who has made one of the strongest affirmations of the rights of nature from a Christian perspective.

Nash shows how ideas have been translated into action. "Liberating Nature" is a slogan that can unite animal liberation, Earth First!, the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society and Greenpeace. Nash quotes Dave Foreman, Mike Roselle, and other EF! activists. Mike Roselle explains that tree-spiking is derived from traditional American liberalism: "Look at the Boston Tea Party — it's celebrated on a postage stamp. Someday we'd like to see tree-spiking celebrated that way."

Nash sees a possible union of the peace movement and environmental movement. "When and if nuclear war is widely defined as a violation of the rights of nonhuman species and of the planet as well as of human rights, the potential for mass participation in ethically impelled environmentalism would increase enormously. On the other side are advocates of anthropocentric ethics and environmental exploitation who, like the 19th century exploiters of black people, derive substantial material benefits from their limited ethics. Some of them will not voluntarily abandon their

Slaughter, the reader will slough off any remaining doubts as to which predator it is that must be reduced in number and otherwise held in check. However, there's a problem. Whereas *Never Cry Wolf* was eagerly read by a wide audience, the same will not likely hold true for *Sea of Slaughter*. But it should; for this heartbreaking depiction of the ongoing merciless slaughter of all animated creation is indubitably one of the most important works produced this century — probably the final century for most of Earth's species if its warnings aren't heeded. For those who can read between the lines, it's also a heartrending story about the suffering of one of the world's most beloved and trusted naturalists; and the combined effect of reading it on both levels stirs up fierce desires for action.

The source of the problem of *Slaughter* not gaining a wide audience is that it's not fun to read like *Wolf*, not even for a moment. Scene after scene of human carnage is depicted by an outraged Mowat. It's as though the words were written with the blood and tears of the author and the countless creatures destroyed. This is no *Wolf*, with all its wit and charm and other beguiling tricks used to involve us. And Farley, alas, is no longer a robust man who obviously delights in living. Instead, we find him contemplating the beauty of planet Earth minus *Homo sapiens*. The "consequences of unbridled greed unleashed against animated creation" lead him to say, "If, in making myself their advocate, I appear somewhat misanthropic, I offer no apologies except to say that it is not my business to offer even token exculpation or justification for the bicidal course that modern man has steered ... is steering still."

Farley Mowat has joined the ranks of Twain, who sarcastically concluded that man has created a thousand luxuries and turned them all into necessities. But unlike the humanist Twain, whose rancor and contempt pertained to man's inhumanity to man, Mowat concerns himself with humanity's inhumanity to all other creatures. Because of the luxurious lifestyle of Euro-Americans, this book is not just about some animal extinctions of the last 500 years, but "about a massive diminution of the entire body corporate of animate creation." We're shown that while some species have already been extirpated, the vast majority are suffering a "horrendous diminishment" that if not stopped can only mean the end of us all. We're told that though "I restricted my study to ... the north eastern Atlantic seaboard ... the destruction of its creature life [since about 1500] reflects ... the exploitation of such life throughout the entire domain of modern man. ... What happened in my chosen region is happening on every continent and in every ocean."

No, *Slaughter* is not another *Wolf*. You'll find no scenes like when the wolves crunch and swallow mice — tails, innards and all. Instead you'll find endless scenes of

greed-induced butchery. You'll find no magical and mysterious communication with wolves or any other creatures, no characters like Ootek to admire. Instead you'll find accounts of perverted naturalists and collectors who knowingly kill the remaining members of a species for their displays. No movie will ever be made of this report. What director could conjure up the grotesque sensations of what it's like to be a bird slaughtered solely for its feathers, the best feathers pulled off while it's still alive, "then tossed aside to finally die of exposure"? Who could communicate what it was like to be a Minke Whale, stuck with arrows "dipped in vats of putrid meat ... so virulent that the infected minke would die within three or four days, its bloated body a seething mass of gangrene and septicemia. Meat from the corpses ... of course, useless, but the blubber ... unimpaired"? How would one adequately depict scenes where millions

of Auks were murdered before emerging from their eggs so that a few days later could collect fresh eggs laid since equal numbers of adults would be and boiled alive for their train (oil from blubber), the boiling pots heat the very train? Could one expect audiences if one showed scenes where thousands of preborn and newborn seals ripped from their mothers, skinned alive and left "writhing in agony on crimson ice"

Over 200 species in the Northeast Atlantic Seaboard region were drastically diminished and several were obliterated, all in an evolutionary blink. One wonders of what great despair the author has known, how deeply — as Leopold put it — he has been alone with his wounds. The reader too is left wondering if his or her own life, as one of the extirpators by virtue of his or her consuming habits, is justified.

I recall only a few moments of expressed hope. Mowat obviously enjoyed reporting on actions by Paul Watson and the Sea Shepherd Society, reporting on the sinking of a renegade whaler by unknown environmentalists, and praising Brian Davies for his exceptional performances on behalf of seals.

With *Wolf*, he monkeywrenched the unwary and ignorant; with *Slaughter*, he's going for the collective consciousness and conscience of the literate world. But if you're an Earth Firster, you can handle it — you have your outlets! And send a copy to a bureaucratic environmentalist friend — it should incense him or her into uncompromising action.

Reviewed by Jim O'Connor.

DOWN BY THE RIVER: The Impact of Federal Water Projects on Biodiversity, Constance E. Hunt with Verne Huser, Island Press (1718 Connecticut Ave NW, DC 20009), 1988, \$34.95 cl, \$22.95 pa, 250pp.

If you are not yet convinced that major federal water projects are invariably ecologically destructive, or if you are and want to know why, read *Down by the River*. Given the subtitle and theme of this excellent book, it might equally well have been entitled *Down the Tubes*, for thither has gone, in a literal as well as figurative sense, much of this country's biodiversity, due to the designs of the Army Corps of Engineers, Bureau of Reclamation, Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, and sundry pork barrel politicians.

After a surprisingly weak foreword by Jay Hair, president of National Wildlife Federation, Constance Hunt dispassionately but convincingly shows that dams are death on diversity. Cleverly calling the Columbia a "piqued river," Hunt begins with its history of defilement. A telling bit of this history concerns the Washington Department of Game assessment of phase II of the Bonneville Dam. The Department coolly estimated that "town relocation and power-

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house construction would impact 998 acres of fish and wildlife habitat, resulting in a loss of 8,798,036 animal unit years over the life of the project." (p.47) Hunt summarizes the effects of hydroelectric dams on the Columbia River thus:

Hydropower reservoirs have inundated half a million acres of floodplain and river valley land in the state of Washington alone. Jack Howerton, a biologist with the Washington Department of Game, estimates that hydroelectric projects have submerged more than 268,000 acres of prime wildlife habitat along the Columbia River and its tributaries, excluding the Snake. Many wildlife populations have declined as a result of the gradual destruction of riparian zones, but the losses remain largely undocumented and unmitigated. (27)

(From reading Hunt's book, one suspects that in terms of sheer numbers of acres and animals and plants lost, and despite their huge costs, dams and concomitant reservoirs offer almost unparalleled cost/detriment ratios. As evidence, the Lower Snake River Project inundated 140 square miles of land, destroyed habitat for 33,400 breeding and 92,500 wintering non-game birds, eliminated 120,800 upland game animals, and drastically reduced populations of Bobcats, Coyotes, skunks, reptiles, and amphibians — all for less than the cost of the Stealth Bomber.)

Hunt similarly documents the destruction in the Lower Colorado River Basin, including Arizona's Verde and San Pedro Rivers; the Upper Colorado River Basin, including Utah's Green and San Juan Rivers and Colorado's Gunnison River; the Missouri River Basin, including Nebraska's Platte, Wyoming's North Platte, and Colorado's South Platte Rivers; the Upper Mississippi River Basin; and the Lower Mississippi River Basin, including Missouri's St. Francis and Louisiana's Red and Atchafalaya Rivers. Later she discusses the dangerous proliferation of small hydropower projects in the Northeast, and she concludes by presenting

riparian restoration and creation of roots and ecosystems Act.

Down by the River is a desperately needed book. Along with *Endangered Rivers*, it is one of the most important books of recent years.

Reviewed by John Davis.

THE FOREST AND THE TREES: A Guide to Excellent Forestry, Gordon Robinson, Foreword by Michael McCloskey (Sierra Club chairman), Island Press (1718 Connecticut Ave NW, DC 20009), 1988, \$34.95 cl, \$19.95 pa, 252pp.

The Forest and the Trees is "a polemic in support of a return to uneven-aged management of our national forests." It is thus not sufficiently radical, from the standpoint of Earth First!ers, in its plea for saving the National Forests. Nonetheless, though many EF!ers favor a return to no commercial timber harvesting on the 190 million acres of forests that now constitute the National Forest System, as opposed to uneven-aged management of the timber on those lands, this book will aid EF! as well as mainstream forest activists.

The author, Gordon Robinson, is described in glowing terms by Michael McCloskey in the Foreword: "Almost single-handedly Gordon revived the tradition of idealism and courage in forestry — the tradition of Gifford Pinchot, Aldo Leopold, and Bob Marshall; the tradition that had made foresters important in conservation in the decades earlier in this century." (vi) "More than any single factor, Gordon enabled the environmental movement to become competitive in this field during the period 1966-79. He enabled us to penetrate the veil of professional expertise." (vi) Moreover, despite Robinson's apparent acceptance of foresters' presupposition that forests should be managed, he describes himself as a forester who loves the forest and would prefer to see no trees cut.

The format of this book befits its aim of arming activists fighting unsound forest plans. Part 1 outlines the history of forestry in the US. Robinson shows it to be a history of increasing Forest Service acquiescence to the wishes of the timber industry. Part 2 describes "excellent forestry." Excellent forestry entails sustained yield, long rotations, uneven-aged management, ecological balance, preserving the natural biota, and care to avoid damaging the soil. Robinson laments the fact that even-aged management (clearcutting, usually, also shelter-wood cuts and seed tree cuts) rather than excellent forestry dominates the National Forests. Part 3 introduces the statistics of forestry — board feet, rotation schedules, etc. — and suggests ways to use the numbers in addressing forest plans. Part 4 provides almost 400 brief summaries of research and educated opinion on multiple-use forestry. This sec-

tion too gives information helpful for opposing forest plans and tree farming in general.

Though not writing from a biocentric perspective, simply by lucidly explaining facts about forests and describing the harmful results of prevailing forest management, Robinson confirms the insights of deep ecologists. In his book, wilderness preservation is affirmed by default.

Reviewed by John Davis.

SAVING THE TROPICAL FORESTS, Judith Gradwohl and Russell Greenberg, 1988, Island Press (1718 Connecticut Ave NW, DC 20009), \$24.95, 190pp.

Saving the Tropical Forests is a Smithsonian Institution project of great value for environmentalists, radical and mainstream alike. With tropical moist and wet forests being obliterated at a rate of over 1% a year, and having already been reduced from 1.6 billion hectares to 1.1 billion hectares, a book describing projects to restore or sustainably utilize tropical forests is overdue. Gradwohl's and Greenberg's book effectively fills the void.

In describing reserves, sustainable agriculture projects, natural forest management, and restoration projects, the authors make it clear that defending forests in the tropics requires different strategies from defending forests in North America. A fundamental difference between temperate and tropical forests is that most of the latter are still inhabited by native peoples. Thus, the concept of wilderness reserves that allow no human habitation or resource extraction is not likely to ever gain acceptance in tropical nations. The authors cite the Kayapo people of Brazil's Amazonia region as an example of a tribe that has utilized the forest so efficiently and extensively that biologists cannot even determine what would be the faunal composition of the forest had not these Indians been planting, clearing, and harvesting trees for centuries.

A partial list of projects described conveys an idea of the scope of this book: La Amistad Biosphere Reserve in Costa Rica, Manu Biosphere Reserve in Peru, Korum National Park in Cameroon; Mayan agriculture in Central America, Javanese home gardens in Indonesia; sustainable silviculture in Surinam, harvesting flood plain forests in Brazil; Xiaoliang water and soil conservation in China. As this list may suggest, the authors do not promote a purely preservationist perspective. The pragmatic ap-

proaches they present, however, may be the only hope for sparing the planet's most beleaguered forests.

Reviewed by John Davis.

THE WATER PLANET: A Celebration of the Wonder of Water, Lyall Watson with photographs by Jerry Derbyshire, 1988, Crown Publishers (225 Park Ave. S, NY, NY 10003-1673), 200 pp. \$30 hardback.

The Water Planet is an exquisite portrayal of the universal solvent, that agent without which life appears to be impossible. Through Watson's potent words and Derbyshire's moving photos, the reader learns of the geological, biological, chemical, historical, ecological, and mystical significance of the 3% of our planet's 326 million cubic miles of water that is fresh.

Water, this book makes clear, is a miracle. Consider the improbability of H₂O:

Water cannot come to be without hydrogen and, by all the laws of physics, there should be none of that gas left on earth. Hydrogen is the lightest of all elements and a planet of our size simply doesn't have enough gravity to hold on to it. Most hydrogen has, in fact, escaped into space. But just enough, around 1 percent, was captured and condensed and held in combination with other heavier elements such as carbon and silicon and sulfur. And it stayed there until the planet had cooled to a point where it was exactly the right density and size to hold on to free hydrogen seeping from the rocks of the crust — as long as each pair of such fleeting atoms was anchored to a single, heavier atom of oxygen, as water.

And the coincidences don't end there. To keep wet, earth had not only to be the right size, but had to fall into orbit at precisely the right distance from our particular sun. (pp.8,11)

The need for care in our dealings with water is a current running through these pages. Only the most obtuse could finish this volume without appreciating the gift of water. This is the type of book which cultivates in readers an ecological ethic — in this case a water ethic even more than a land ethic — not through elaboration of philosophical norms (which usually fall upon philistine ears anyway) but through truthful description of the glories of Nature.

This book reminds us that we are citizens of a water planet, with bodies 70% water, and cells filled with the same ocean fluid as that which surrounded us 10 million years ago.

Reviewed by John Davis.

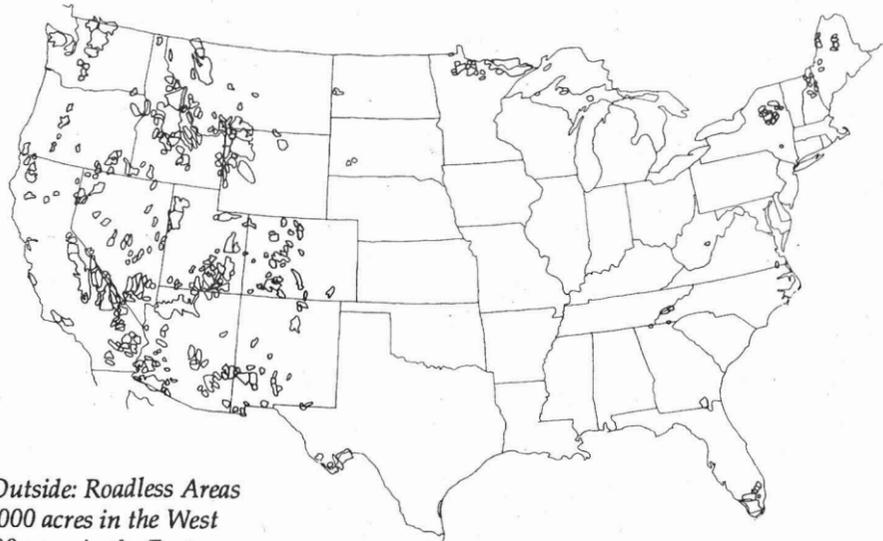
THE BIG OUTSIDE

BY DAVE FOREMAN AND HOWIE WOLKE

Not since Bob Marshall inventoried the largest roadless areas of the United States in 1936, has anyone inventoried America's roadless areas regardless of managing agency or ownership. For the past 7 years, Dave Foreman and Howie Wolke, with the help of grassroots experts in every part of the country, have been inventorying the large roadless areas of the 48 coterminous states. Every roadless area of 100,000 acres or more in the West and 50,000 acres or more in the East — 368 areas total — is included in this groundbreaking book. National Forests, National Park Service units, National Wildlife Refuges, BLM lands, military lands, Indian reservations, state parks and other state lands, and private lands are all covered. Descriptions of each area include ecological and topographic highlights, endangered species, status of protection, citizen and agency proposals for preservation, and threats. Introductory chapters discuss the history of preservation of large roadless areas, why big wilderness is ecological wilderness, and what factors, from logging to wildlife mismanagement, are destroying big wilderness today. Foreman and Wolke strongly argue that designated Wilderness Areas should not be considered outdoor gymnasiums or scenic backpacking parks, but rather repositories for natural diversity, preserves for continuing evolution. They offer visionary proposals for combining large roadless complexes into ecological wilderness preserves that are large enough for wide-ranging top trophic level species. This is a book every wilderness lover will want!

DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME

Page 32 Earth First! May 1, 1989.



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ABBEY

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Ed Abbey you're trouble
go to heaven, they need you
not easy, not pretty
a problem, a pity
I forget sometimes
just how much you loved
these four corners
and just how
right you made it
to scream at machines
or quietly by night
to act in ways
in or out of the laws of man
but ever so close
to the heart of the matter

John Fago
Telluride

One Breath

One of your breaths contains
all the air
a Mayfly breathes
in its life.

Antler
Milwaukee



Driving the Last Coyote

-from Cheater's Paradise (1989)

Damn fool I thought
out this late in the morning
in Sacramento,
running the levee road.
The coyote knew too
what danger the daylight brings
and ran low
nose down, hurried.
It saw me thirty feet ahead,
veered away,
but our eyes met long enough
to see what the sun had come up on
some old rugged race that nips
the haunches of our mind
driving the last coyote before us
across the field, tail raised
and laughing, saying:
"look at your destination."

John Kain
Sacramento Delta

The Art of Getting Lost

-for Ed

losing it
look closely
it's the place
that takes you away
it's dangerous Piñon
that takes you away
it's Mancos Shale
that takes you away
& you're suddenly just another
neopagan zenmother Buddhada
learning pandemonium
toking pure chaos
Cougar in the headlights
takes you away
Venus Kali clone
takes you away
take Luna in the mushrooms & quackgrass
rolling in it on Sheep Mountain
that first green-eyed summer
or take that infamous hike we took
to the San Miguel Cañon petroglyph
that scribed a hoop in the earth
& led us back to our beginning
Shandoka's lightning & ice
takes you away
clambering hands & knees up Lone Cone scree
takes you away
getting so lost
you find yourself



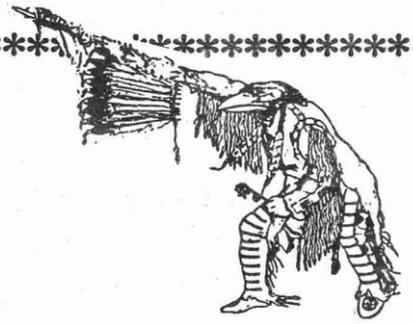
Canyonland cliff shelf narrowing to Goat hold
takes you away
Uncompahgre's Tabeguache Pine scratched by Bear
takes you away
always dying
& being reborn
Big Sur hot spring crotch-of-the-Redwood
takes you away
Salt Point combers in a storm slamming down fists
takes you away
letting go enough not to panic
but to play it like a tune
whistled & hummed
as a hymn to the Mother

Haleakala's charms
takes you away
eating lost mangoes & making love in the cave at Kalalau
takes you away

this is my religion
I believe in being lost
& everything I find
on the way
is miraculous

adventure not predicament
chaos as much as calm
the straightest lines in nature
are the bomb's trajectory
the bullet's compass
so, scam pathfinders surveyors engineers
gimme the Loon's zigzag walk
let me lose it
I know how to use it

Art Goodtimes
Cloud Acre

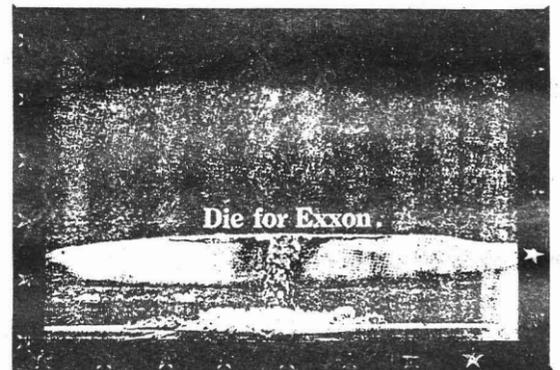


Arctic Requiem

May you rot in Hell, Exxon.
May the death of an ecosystem
Damn you and yours
And your house and your heirs
For eternity.

Nothing
can restore that sanctuary.
Nothing
Can breathe life back
Into oil-soaked birds, otters, whales.
Grief and despair wash over me
Suffocating as black crude.
Damn you forever, Exxon.

Mary de La Valette
Peabody



A woman
believes in ecology
because
she has given birth,
like her sister,
the earth.
She doesn't want
to see
her family die.

Susan Urban
Durango

Yukon Time

It's earlier in Alaska,
One hour earlier than California,
Three times that for Illinois,
Masses earlier than New York
And far behind the days of Europe.
Grizzlies still forage in the thousands,
Eagles pass like common reluctant hawks,
The hills are still forested
And the roads are still finite,
Both magic and madness are on Alaska time;
California before the gold rush.
The northerly push,
The parched crowds below.
The time warp - ice freezes and holds
The advance of decay.

Jenny Hoegler
Villa Park

DEAR NED LUDD

DEAR NED LUDD is a regular feature in *Earth First!* for discussion of creative means of effective defense against the forces of industrial totalitarianism. Neither the *Earth First!* movement nor the staff of *Earth First!* necessarily encourage anyone to do any of the things discussed in DEAR NED LUDD.

DO IT!

Chapter 1 in *Ecodefense* states that monkeywrenching should be aimed at specific, worthwhile targets and that priority be given to the most destructive developments. I generally agree, and also believe, as stated in the book, that this form of environmental defense should never become "cavalier," "mindless," or "vandalistic." Undoubtedly, many targets should be studied in great detail before any action is taken.

Yet, there are strong arguments for not becoming too involved or specialized in choosing monkeywrenching targets. Because the prevailing system of exploitation/growth/progress is overwhelmingly destructive, most developments in natural areas (public lands especially) are good candidates for monkeywrenching. It's not necessary, for example, to exhaustively study most barbed-wire fences, backcountry roads, clearcutting projects, and such to determine if they should be eliminated or decommissioned. In most cases, it's obvious.

Most serious monkeywrenching is probably carried out as individual actions planned in detail far in advance. Much time, effort, and, in some cases, money, may be expended, often to achieve only a small measure of success. Sometimes the intensity and complexity of the planning actually increase the danger of security failures. Certainly pre-planning is advisable for well-guarded or highly complex developments, but most monkeywrenching targets don't fit this description.

An average trip through public lands affords dozens of good monkeywrenching opportunities — mining equipment, claim markers, signs, roads, road-building machinery, culverts, ranching fences, windmills and stock watering developments, salt blocks, livestock, logging equipment, stakes, flagging, etc.

Have your tools ready. Whether by vehicle, animal, or foot, travel slowly and methodically, watching for these developments. When you find one, promptly but accurately determine its suitability as a target, carefully scope out the area, quickly and quietly do the job, immediately leave the vicinity in the most expeditious and innocent-looking manner possible, and look for the next target. To baffle authorities, jobs can be done in one or many locations, all at once or over long periods of time, in a sporadic or evenly-spaced, erratic (never sloppy) or deliberate manner, to similar or dissimilar targets, utilizing different *modi operandi*, and so on. As long as one stays careful and moving, chances of being apprehended are minimal.

By traveling and monkeywrenching in areas far from home (preferably in other states), risk of arrest is further minimized. So doing, it would be much less likely that evidence gathered by police could establish a known resident environmentalist as the perpetrator of a "crime." An informal work trade agreement could be developed between ecoteurs (who know and trust each other) in different states or regions.

The above strategy could be termed "diffuse guerrilla hit-and-run" tactics. It won the war in Vietnam and, in terms of overall positive impact to the environment, is probably the most effective monkeywrenching strategy available. In the hundreds of times I've used it, I've yet to come close to arrest, and in only two cases did the chosen target later turn out to be questionable.

We needn't read about environmentally destructive developments in periodicals or ruminate over them at length to establish their worthiness as monkeywrenching targets. Earth-wrecking exploitation is all around us. Our goal is to save what remains of progressive creation on this 5 billion year old planet. We'd be much more effective with less procrastination and more action.

The author is one of the most experienced and active monkeywrenchers in the United States.

Dear Ned Ludd,

How can I discourage low level jet bomber training flights? The Air Force has recently invaded the sky over some of my favorite spots.

— Still A Skunk

Dear Skunk
Good question. Do any readers have suggestions? Keep in mind that in dealing with the military, one goes beyond monkeywrenching and faces far more drastic penalties.
— Ned

Dear Ned
Monkeywrenchers should read Mao Tse Tung's Basic Tactics. This book contains vital info on security, camouflage, and movement. Much of it is applicable to monkeywrenching.
— The Ozark Action Clan

Dear Ned
Eyeglasses provide excellent protection against branches damaging the eyes while running through the woods during either night or day. If you don't wear prescription glasses, try plastic safety glasses such as are used in machine shops. They will help the monkeywrencher escape at top speed with confidence and quiet (because branches will not have to be pushed aside).
— MW

Dear Ned
A mistake was made in the Yule Ned Ludd column in "Monkeywrenching News." The item about Tongass Trees being spotted referred to trees in China Poot Bay of Kachemak Bay. This is a long way from the Tongass National Forest.
— Homer

Dear Ned
I found several reams of unused US Forest Service stationary while dumpster diving behind the local Freddie office. If anyone would like any of this letterhead for whatever purpose, send me a legal size SASE and I'll return some. My supply is finite (since I don't expect to find more), so this is a limited offer.
— Colorado Springs EF!, 528-C North Tejon St., Colorado Springs, CO 80903

Yo Ned!
About those increment borers: It is important to clean the bores after each use so as not to spread disease from one tree to the next. This was a problem at one ecology study class in East Texas where Dutch Elm Disease has all but wiped out the population of elms. Simply dipping the borer in a bleach solution should do the trick.
— Spike Calvin

Dear Ned
The most important part of the slingshot is the ammunition. Through four years of experience, I've found that the best overall ammo is the marble. Marbles fly true and usually travel up to 200 yards. They are easy to obtain and are very inexpensive.

With a few alterations, you can make a marble even more effective against targets.

Put a small frying pan on the stove and heat it until it is very hot. Place a few marbles onto the heated pan and wait at least one minute. Fill a bowl with ice water. After the marbles are hot, carefully pour them into the water. They should crack. If they don't crack, heat them more before putting them in the water. The cracked marbles should continue to hold their shape without breaking. When shot from a slingshot, the marble will shatter upon impact. You may find this effective for certain targets. Experiment with the amount of heating.
— Ammo

Dear Ned
While "de-staking" road surveys, it might be helpful to re-locate the reference points (R.P. — see *Ecodefense* p. 60-62) rather than totally removing them. The resurvey crew may blow some valuable time trying for a resurvey based on bogus R.P. locations.
— Chain Man

Dear Ned
Here are some ideas (some field tested) on "culvert" road work:

✓ Plug culverts on newer roads that haven't been fully compacted. These wash out more easily.

✓ Plug culverts in road sections that have substantial fill on the outlet side. It is more difficult to repair these wash-outs.

✓ Since round corrugated metal culvert pipe comes in 2" increments from 6" on up, it makes sense to use round stuff to plug 'em:
* Volleyballs (@ 8"), soccerballs (@ 9")



and basketballs (9"+) can be used to plug 8" to 12" culverts. Partially deflate the ball, shove it into the culvert inlet a short distance, then "over-inflate" it in place with a small, portable, foot-operated tire pump (available at Sears with pressure gauge, 100 psi maximum, for under \$10).

For 10" and 12" culverts, wrap the ball with absorbent material such as cotton toweling to make up the diameter difference. Cover the ball with debris and rocks, but not past (outside) the pipe opening. All this stuff can be easily backpacked, and tire pumps and sports equipment are not unusual items to have in your car or truck (the Freds are getting real snoopy these days). No fingerprints!

A partially inflated tire innertube shoved in and pumped up to fill the voids might also work. It would be more flexible for various culvert sizes, but would require more pumping.

Plastic 5 gallon buckets with lids are a common sight in dumps and along the roadways. They are about 12" in diameter at the top, and could be wedged into a 12" culvert, tapered end first, then filled with rocks and debris. The round black plastic planter buckets available in nurseries also come in 2" increments (12", 14", 16"...) and could be used in the same way.

* Large culverts 16"+ can be plugged with sandbags, which are routinely used for bank stabilization and temporary road sign ballast. Pick up a few and put 'em in your car trunk or truck bed. The extra weight will give you better traction to get to those hard to reach culverts. Unless you're built like Hayduke, it's not advisable to backpack sandbags.

✓ The idea is to plug the culvert inside the inlet opening so the plugging is not visible to road maintenance crews peering down from the road while leaning on their shovels.

— Road Worrier

Dear Ned
A modest suggestion on lock jamming:
(a) Dip the end of a chrome-steel 1/16" drill bit into your tube of Liquid Metal as you near the lock.

(b) Insert the bit into the key channel and ram it home with a quarter, then snap it off flush.

(c) Repeat until you've exhausted the entire length of drill bit.

If the door is really not to be open for business-as-usual, substitute a titanium bit for @ \$2.49. A lock so equipped is not conveniently drilled, much less picked.

— Ted Bundy, Vice-President for Environmental Operations, World Bank, 1818 H St. NW, Washington, DC (202)477-1234

Dear Ned
One way of dealing with the companies who persist in selling garments made of fur is to grab as many of their credit card applications as possible when you're in their store. Across the form on the inside, write a message like "STOP SELLING FURS!" Then seal them and mail them. The company has to pay for postage on these business reply envelopes and it costs them between 35¢ and 65¢ apiece depending on volume. Good targets are major department stores that sell furs. (American Express, by the way, put out a special fur catalog to its members.) This will work if enough of us do it! (I had a rubber stamp made with an anti-fur message and I stamp about 200 applications a night while I watch teevee.

— Bless the Beasts

Good idea. By the way, all of you business reply mail returners should know that the Post Office is bright enough to dump business reply mail envelopes taped to bricks, etc.

— Ned

Dear Ned
A quick note on the philosophical aspects of monkeywrenching. There are people who argue that destruction of property is violence. I see destruction of living ecosystems as violence, and actions taken in the dark hours as *accelerated recycling*. It is important that those elements removed from Earth to build machines be returned. Accelerated recycling moves this process

along.

— Auntie Em

Of course. A bulldozer is made out of iron ore, which comes from the Earth. By decommissioning a 'dozer, one is merely helping it find its true dharma nature.

— Ned

Dear Ned

Let me tell you a modest success story on how a monkeywrencher can make a difference. Over the last two or three years I have been working to get a marginally-profitable cattle operation out of a wonderful Sonoran desert valley.

I worked mostly with the water supply and limited my activities to things that would cost the rancher the most and threaten my security the least. I plugged plastic pipe on numerous occasions, blew holes in metal pipe and stock tanks with the 12 ga. during hunting season (what, doesn't everyone hunt quail with buckshot?), and did some fence cutting and road spiking. Unfortunately, the well is located near the ranch house and is a difficult target. A windmill was used to pump the water into a tank, then a generator-supplied electric pump sent the water out to distant tanks over 1-2 miles of pipe. Only once did I pay a visit to the pumps. Even though I was sure no one was home, I realize in hindsight that this was a stupid risk.

Because I have no desire to get shot, I tried to remain very unpredictable in my activities. Attacks took place only about 4-5 times per year at random intervals and occurred both day and night. I varied my techniques and did not do the same thing twice in a row.

The bottom line is that it appears to have worked. The cattle operation has pulled out. Subtle conversation with a local BLM employee revealed that the operators were just not making enough money to keep going. For the first time in memory, this 10,000+ acre valley isn't being overgrazed. I know someone's cattle will be back someday in the future — but so will I.

— Kangaroo Rat

Dear Ned

I don't know how big your arms are, but it's damned hard to saw up a lot of road spikes from rebar with a hand hacksaw. Any building supply store will sell "metal cutting blades" (Vermont American Brand @ \$3.65 ea.) that are made to go in circular power saws instead of the regular wood cutting blade. One metal cutting blade will cut quite a bit of rebar in a short period of time. Dispose of the metal dust that will accumulate from repeated cuts. Wear eye protection.

— General Contractor

Dear Ned

The use of codes can be important to monkeywrenchers. I highly recommend as a source book one published in 1967 by MacMillan: *The Code Breakers* by David Kahn. It's available in many libraries or from inter library loan.

— Jim

Dear Ned

Ceramic pins are hard to find. I wonder if it is legal to commercially produce and sell such useful items to enthusiasts who lack the means to make their own supply.

— Jessie Larkspur

Dear Jessie

Funny you should mention that. We're currently considering acting as the distributor for such items (for use as knick-knacks only). Watch this column.

Dear Ned

With monkeywrenching on the increase, so are death threats to folks like us. It may be wise to take a few defensive measures while out in the field.

A flak vest (body armor) is a good investment but beware of cheap ones like military surplus which afford very little protection. A high price (\$300 or so) is common for good ones. The most likely weapon you will encounter is a .357 magnum. Be sure your vest will do the job

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Back Issues of the *Earth First! Journal*

Order back issues from EFi, POB 2358, Lewiston, ME 04241 for \$2 apiece (\$1 apiece for 5 or more different issues).

YULE December 21, 1981 (Vol. II, No. II) First Earth First! Road Show, Oil Leasing in Wilderness Areas, EFi Preserve System, many early photos of Earth First!

EOSTAR March 20, 1982 (Vol. II, No. IV) Mardie Murie Interview, Canyonlands Nuke Dump, EFi meeting in Eugene, LITHA June 21, 1982 (Vol. II, No. VI) Little Granite Creek, Moab Roads a BLM WSA, Chim Blea on Babies, Dinky Creek & McKinley Sequoias, What To Do As An EFl'er, Caribou in Maine.

BELTANE May 1, 1983 (Vol. III, No. IV) Bald Mt Blockade, GO Road, Howie Wolke on Moderation, EFi Wyoming Wilderness Proposal, Canyonlands Nuke Dump, Maze Tar Sands, EFi Smashes Earth Last!, Ned Ludd on Helicopters, CA Desert Sellout by BLM, Otter G'Zell on Whales, Mama Rue on Beltane, Review of *Reenchantment of the World*, John Seed on Australia Rainforest Direct Action, Bigfoot Interview.

LITHA June 21, 1983 (Vol. III, No. V) Wilderness War in Oregon, Bald Mt Blockade's Personal Accounts, Mama Rue on Summer Solstice, EFi Wilderness Preserve System and Map, Head of Joaquin on Utah, EFi Glen Canyon Demonstration, Franklin River Victory in Australia, Ned Ludd on Radios, GO Road Stopped, Reform of the Forest Service, Ed Abbey on Conscience of the Conqueror.

BRIGID February 1, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. III) Oregon RARE II Suit, EFi Idaho Wilderness Proposal, Tuolumne, Forest Service Arrogance, Ned Ludd on Smoke Bombs, Head of Joaquin on Trapping, Coors in Shenandoah.

EOSTAR March 20, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. IV) Burger King Protest, Shipwrecked Environmentalism, Solomon Island Rainforest Action, Bald Mt Road Crumbles, Southern Utah Wilderness, Dave Brower/Euclid's Disciple by Bill Devall, Ned Ludd on Tree Spiking & No Evidence, Mama Rue on Enlightenment, 1984 Road Show, Buried Daintree Protesters.

BELTANE May 1, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. V) Cabinet Mts Grizzlies & Mining, Forest Service Appeals Form, Wolke on the Role of EFi, EFi Owyhee Wilderness Proposal (ID, OR, & NV), Angel Dunting Grizzlies, Middle Santiam, CO Recreation Dollars, EFi AZ Wilderness Proposal, Arctic Wildlife Refuge Violated, Bolt Weevils, Devall on the Australian Environmental Movement, Ned Ludd on Survey Stakes & Disabling Vehicles, Deep Ecology & Reproduction, Save the Tuolumne Rally.

LITHA June 20, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. VI) Middle Santiam Blockade, Chim Blea on the Big Outside, Cabinet Mts & Grizzly, Coors in Shenandoah, Saguaro National Monument Mine, Murder on Key Largo, Burger King Demonstrations, Daintree Rainforest, Ned Ludd on Rising & Falling Birds, EFi Protests Canyonlands Nuke Dump, Sterile Forest Review, Basic Principles of Deep Ecology, Sinkyone Continues.

LUGHNASADH August 1, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. VII) Middle Santiam Blockade, EFi Occupies Montana Senator's Office, North American Bioregional Congress, Round River Rendezvous, Montana on Civil Disobedience, Petroleum Conflicts with Wilderness Analyzed, Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About the Forest Service Part 1 by Bobcat, Sacred Cows, Foreman on Professionalism, Hunting the Wild Life, Devall and Sessions on the Books of Deep Ecology.

SAMHAIN November 1, 1984 (Vol. V, No. I) EFi Occupies Oregon Regional Forester's Office, Hardesty Avengers Spike Trees, Old Growth Rally, "What Do You Expect To Accomplish?", Cop Raid on Bald Mt, Your Taxes Destroy Rainforest, Down (With) the Amazon, Green Politics, Elbustlers, Roxby Downs in Australia, Wilderness — the Global Connection, Ned Ludd on Water & Machines, Forest Service Appeal Form, Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About The Forest Service Part 2 by Bobcat, Direct Action by Devall & Sessions, Gary Snyder: *Song of the Taste*, Beyond Sacred Cows, Stiles in Defense of Dogs.

YULE December 21, 1984 (Vol. V, No. II) Texas Wilderness Logged, 30,000 Miles of Road in RARE II Areas, Bridger-Teton Forest Supervisor, Alaska: Kadashan Denali & Johnny Sagebrush, Middle Santiam Trials, Japan Grizzly, German Nuke Dump, Chipko, Solomon Islands Rainforest, Daintree Rainforest Buried Protest, Environmental Professionalism Discussion, 1984: Wilderness Boom or Bust?, A National Range Service, Non-Game, Devall on Whither Environmentalism?, Cecelia Ostrow on Deep Ecology, Hardesty Mt Tree Spiking, Ed Abbey on *Ecodefense*.

BRIGID February 2, 1985 (Vol. V, No. III) Meares Island, Military Land Grab in West (Supersonic Overflights), Mission Symposium, FS Employment Tyranny, National Park Mining, Florida Panther, Shooting Wolves from Air, Cathedral Forest Petition, North Kalmiopsis, Criticizing the Environmental Movement, End of the Yellowstone Grizzly?, In Defense of Western Civilization, Stop Planting Trout, Ned Ludd on Bigfoot.

EOSTAR March 20, 1985 (Vol. V, No. IV) Rocky Mtn Gas Drilling, EFi Gives DOE Nuke Waste, Montana Wilderness Demos, Yellowstone Grizzly Management, Texas Demo, Rainforest Report, Swedish River, Wayne NF, Southern Utah, King Range, Arctic NWR Desecrated, Joseph Canyon, John Day Mining, Great Exchange, Acid Rain, In Defense of Humor, Wolke on Hunting, Nagasaki on Symbols & Lifestyles, Biocentrism of Western Civilization, Ned Ludd on Advanced Billboarding.

BELTANE May 1, 1985 (Vol. V, No. V) Yellowstone's Watergate, Snowmobiles in Yellowstone, Alabama Wilderness, Denali Mine, Grand Canyon Mine, Middle Santiam, Welfare Ranchers, Great Exchange, Welcome to Earth First!, Critters Protest Bighorn NF Plan, RNR Management, Beaverhead NF, Pine Beetles, African Parks Poisoned, Real Environmental Professionalism, Dark Side of Wilderness, Review of *Fragmented Forest*.

LITHA June 21, 1985 (Vol. V, No. VI) Road Frenzy, Tree Climbing Hero, Old Growth Actions in Oregon, EFi Guide to NF Planning, Aircraft in Grand Canyon, Mt. Graham Observatory, Jarbidge Elk, Hells Canyon, Grand Canyon Mine, Rainforest Insert & Ten Questions, King Range, Mike Frome on Fat Cat Conservationists, Reviews: *Meeting the Expectations of the Land*, *In the Rainforest*, Strategic Monkeywrenching, Advanced Tree Spiking, Tyrone (WJ) Nuke.

LUGHNASADH August 1, 1985 (Vol. V, No. VII) Battle for Millenium Grove, 3 Bears in Yellowstone, Oregon Overview, Montana (Hall Creek Well, RARE II bill, Swan Range Motocross), Yellowstone Bison, Mike Frome on Yellowstone, Washington Rendezvous, Ozark NF, Stikine River Dams, Mogollon Rim Logging, Salmon River, Mt. Rainier Shit, '85 RRR, Dreaming Big Wilderness, Jeff Sirrmon, Tree Spiking & Moral Maturity, Deep Ecology & Life Style, Blade Ruiner: Tree Pining, Wolke Busted, Fire Stops Logging, Hands-On Forest Planning, Valve Lapping Compound, Lone Wolf on Animal Music, Reviews: *Emerald Forest*, *Green Politics*, *Chuang Tzu*, *Intert'l Envir. Policy*.

MABON September 22, 1985 (Vol. V, No. VIII) Arizona EFi (Overview, Mt. Graham, Grand Canyon Mines & Helicopters, Cliff Damn, Cocconino Roads), Texas Wilderness Logging, Militarization of the West, Nevada Wilderness, France Sinks Rainbow Warrior, Notes from a Maturing Tree-Hugger, Utah BLM Wilderness, Gila Wilderness, Stikine River, Florida Wilderness Recovery, Eastern Forest Preserves, Natives & Natural Peoples, Ecological Decay/Political Violence, Blade Ruiner: Ceramic Spikes, Lone Wolf on Country Music, Reviews: *Who Speaks for Wolf*, *Seeing Green*, *Parable of the Tribes*, *Natural Alien*.

YULE December 21, 1985 (Vol. VI, No. I) Highjacking of FOE, Colorado EFi, Texas EFi, EFi in Southern California, Bay Area EFi, Maine (Big A Damn, Straight Bay Damn), Sinkyone, Congress on Griz, Pinnacles Pigs, SS Watt, Japan, British Columbia Wilderness Logging, Thinking Like a Rainforest, Big Mountain Relocation, Australia Update, International Rainforest Conference, Blade Ruiner: Quartz Tree Spikes, Trapping, Wolves & Moose in Alaska, Bioregional Approach to Wilderness, Montana Sellout, Spotted Owls, Lone Wolf Circles on Indian Music, Reviews: *Turning Point*, *Nuclear Battlefields*, *Declaration of a Heretic*, *Death of Nature*, *American Hunting Myth*, *Parable of the Tribes* reply.

BRIGID February 2, 1986 (Vol. VI, No. II) Cutting the Tongass, Dian Fossey, CO EFi, '86 RRR, Gallatin NF, Oregon Update, Colo. Aspen, Calif. Condor, Desert Eagles, Hall Creek Protest, Bruneau Snail, Bleeding Utah, EFi Acid Rain, Texas Boggy Creek, Designer Genes, Seed in India, South Moresby, World Rainforest Report #5, Foreman on Cowboys, Stoddard on Death, Feb. Pagan Festivals, Wuerthner on Forest Fire,

Technology & Mountain Thinking, Spiking Refinements, Lone Wolf Circles on Gary Snyder, Stephanie Mills: RRR Thoughts, Reviews: Books on Mountain Lions and Grizzlies. **EOSTAR March 20, 1986 (Vol. VI, No. IV)** Howie Jailed; Yellowstone Supt: "Shove It!"; Fishing Bridge Suit; Montana Road Show; Flathead NF Plan; Nat'l Old Growth Campaign; Hells Canyon; Tahoe NF Plan; Taxes & Forest Destruction; Hierarchy & Grassroots in Sierra Club; Suwannee River; Snoqualmie River; Texas Pipeline; Cheyenne Bottoms; Restoring Salmon Streams; Howling Wilderness?; Gourd of Ashes; Desertification & Plant Genetic Resources; Wagon Wilderness; Suburbanizing the Bush; Public Interest Law Liability; Lone Wolf Circles on Folk Music; BC Rejects Native Management; Reviews: *Sacred Paw*, *Gifting Birds*, *Restoring the Earth*, *State of the World 1985*, *The Earth Speaks*, *Language of the Birds*, *Mad Max & Streetwise*, *Fire From the Mountain*; Ned Ludd: Radios, Mountain Bikes; Legend of Tiny Tonka; Desert Rivers; Notes from Ultima Thule.

LITHA June 21, 1986 (Vol. VI, No. VI) Idaho Compromise; World Bank Demos Set; 4 Arrested in Texas; Internat'l Law & Monkeywrenching; Fishing Bridge Protest; Grand Canyon Aircraft; Stanislaus NF Protest; Long Island (WA) Cedars; Massachusetts EFi; Florida Panther; AZ & CO Acid Rain Actions; Mt. Graham Demo; Millennium Grove Update; North Kalmiopsis; Restoring Colorado Wilderness; Green Conf. Mired in Anthropocentrism; World Rainforest Report #6; Hawaiian Native Rights; Chicken of the Desert; Diversity?; Lone Wolf Circles on Katie Lee and Cecelia Ostrow; Chim Blea on Deep Ecology vs. Animal Rights; Wilderness Restoration in Appalachians; Animal Thinking; Reviews of *Promised Land*, *Vegetation Changes on Western Rangelands*; Devall reviews new books on Muir; The Future Of Monkeywrenching.

MABON September 23, 1986 (Vol. VI, No. VIII) Sea Shepherd in Faroes; Wyoming Oil Protest; Mining Threatens Wilderness System; Alberta Kills Griz; Sheep Kill Grizzlies; Boating in Yellowstone; Exxon in Northwoods; Wenatchee NF Protest; EFi Spills Uranium at Grand Canyon; EFi Foundation; Ohio Wilderness Recovery; NABC II; Virginia Wilderness; John Zaelt In Memoriam; World Rainforest Report #8; Los Padres NF Wilderness; Nukes in Bavaria; Cows in Capitol Reef NP; Wolves Return to Montana; Sustainable Agriculture?; Noss on Wilderness Recovery; Holistic Range Management; Lone Wolf Circles reviews Kate Wolf, Bill Oliver, Greg Keeler, and Nightcap cassettes; Review of Gary Lawless poetry; Ask Ned Ludd; Deep Ecology name.

SAMHAIN November 1, 1986 (Vol. VII, No. I) World Bank Protests, Four Notch Godzilla, EFi NM BLM Wilderness Proposal, Kaibab NF, Grand Canyon Uranium, Mt. Graham Scopes, New England Rendezvous, California Rendezvous, Technology Free Zones, Inyo Ski Area, Wetlands, Yellowstone Griz March, Fishing Bridge, Biodiversity Forum, WA EFi, Controlled Burning, Technology & Mortality, Shays Rebellion, Predator Control, Mike Frome on Denali, Grey Seals, Gaia Meditations, Devall on "Environmental Agenda for Future," Zu Zaz's Close Shave, LWC on Poetry, Nukes in Scotland, Japan's Bird Islands, Reviews of *Working the Woods Working the Sea*, *Glint at the Kindling*, *Dwellers in the Land*, *Killing the Hidden Waters*, *Conserving Biological Diversity in N.F.s*.

EOSTAR March 20, 1987 (Vol. VII, No. IV) Kalmiopsis, Grand Canyon Denver Action, Bugis Cargis, Douglas Smelter Closed, Wolves: BC-NM-WI, Montana Wilderness, California Mountain Lions, Mt. Diablo Grazing, LA EFi, French Nuke Olympics, Phuket Riot, EFi at Nevada Test Site, Midgetman, EFi Foundation, Egin-Hamer Road (ID), Merrimack River, Two Forks Dam, Clearwater NF, Wilderness for Old & Young, Montana Wilderness Vision, Ron Coronado on Iceland, Watson Replies to Roselle, Virginia Wilderness, MWA Wimps, Forest Service Lies, Stoddard in Africa, Overpopulation & Sourdough, Foreman on Vision Passion Courage, Overpopulation & Industrialism, Genetic Engineering, Secret Life of Muir, Lone Wolf Circles on Dakota Sid & Lounge Lizards, Anarchy is Baggage, Reviews of *Realms of Beauty*, *On Seeing Nature*, *Muir Among the Animals*, *Wolf of Shadows*, *Nature's Unruly Mob*, *Uncertainty on a Himalayan Scale*, *The Plumed Serpent*.

BELTANE May 1, 1987 (Vol. VII, No. V) Grand Canyon Uranium, Kalmiopsis Action, White Mt NF Smog, CA Mountain Lions, Mt. Graham, MAXXAM, Quebec Hydro, Whopper Stopper, Florida Stinkholes, Seal Slaughter, Japanese Pirate Whaling, Arctic NWR, Tongass NF, Six Rivers NF, Coca Cola in Belize, WRR #9, Wuerthner on Alaskan Natives, End of American Wilderness, Appalachian Mts Wilderness Vision, Is Deep Ecology Deep Enough?, Third Wave Environmentalism, Population & AIDS.

LITHA June 21, 1987 (Vol. VII, No. VI) MAXXAM Protests, Strawberry Liberation Front, Washington EFi Update, Kalmiopsis Actions, Two Forks Dam (CO), Last Concord, Santa Rosa Sewage, Mountain Lions: CA-NM-AZ, Griz & ORVs, Burr Trail, Mt. Graham Red Squirrel, Appalachian Rendezvous, Council of All Beings, Penan, North Pacific Driftnets, Whopper Stopper, California Desert EFi Proposal, Grand Canyon Uranium Map, SW Lobo, Dark Side of Wolf Return, Animas Mts (NM), Indian

Ned Ludd . . .

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against this round. Some states restrict the purchase and use of such devices to law enforcement officers, so you may have to buy yours in a different state.

Another thing to look for is a good set of military jump boots. These boots typically have flat bottoms with no tread and are somewhat less conspicuous than socks pulled over your tennis shoes. A piece of duct tape on the bottom of the boots will also cover up any distinguishing marks.

In choosing clothing it may be to your advantage not to wear your hot pink Patagonias out on a mission. Military attire known as BDUs (Battle Dress Uniform) may be in order. Stay clear of commercial camos since they are not nearly as good as military ones. Get the right pattern for the area in which you'll be working: Woodland for hardwood and dense softwood forests; Desert for desert, prairie, low density forest and open country; Jungle (or Tigerstripe) for extremely dense forests, rainforests, and marshland.

You should always wash BDUs with care and *never iron them as this will make you highly reflective to infrared energy, which is used in conjunction with night vision equipment, and defeat the purpose of wearing camouflage!*

While shopping for such things in an Army surplus store keep an eye out for military manuals. These books cover every topic from how to hang up flags to survival, evasion, resistance and escape.

— Ho Chi Mihn Trail Committee

Monkeywrenching News From Around the World

Ecoteurs Create Toxic Hoax — New York State Department of Transportation workers near Angelica, NY, recently discovered several 55 gallon drums on the median

Rainforest Park in Panama, Deer & Wolves, Wolverines, Bones, Greens-Deep Ecology-Animal Rights, Mark Hatfield Exposed, Gary Snyder: Alaska, Lone Wolf Circles on Women's Poetry, Nagasaki on Spiking, Potato Liberation, Chim Blea Reviews "The Mission," Reviews of *Idaho Mountain Ranges*, *State of the World*, *Birds of Prey*, *Beaches Are Moving*, *Bombs in Backyard*, *Cadillac Desert*.

LUGHNASADH August 1, 1987 (Vol. VII, No. VII) Grand Canyon Uranium, Kalmiopsis Shutdown, Bruce Boccard, Elk Mt (NM), Yellowstone Griz, Biotech in Wisconsin, Elwha Dams (WA), Arches NP Burning, EFi Biodiversity Project, Seed Road Show, Michigan UP Wilderness, Prescott NF, MAXXAM Redwoods, 87 RRR, WRR #10, Wuerthner on Ecological Indian, Foreman on Bioregionalism, Chim Blea on Spirituality, Conservation Spectrum, Junk Mail, Religion of Science, Devall on Primal People & Deep Ecology, Species & Standing, Bearshit Poetry, Lone Wolf Circles on Orca Music and Paul Winter, DH Lawrence & Deep Ecology, Reviews of *Eyes of Fire*, *Earth Dreams*.

MABON September 23, 1987 (Vol. VII, No. VIII) Redwood Tree Climbers, Washington Old Growth, Elwha Damn Crack, Washington Griz Road Closures, San Bruno Action, MAXXAM Sues, Driftnetters Flee Sea Shepherd, Kalmiopsis Kangaroo Court, Return of the Wolf, Elk Mt, Aerojet Land Swap, Maasai, Wolf at the Door (short story), Free Our Public Lands!, Grazing Action, Anarchists vs. Schmookler, George Sessions on The New Age, Gary Snyder on Reinhabitation, Prioritize Letter Writing, Drawing the Line According to Wilderness, LWC reviews Jeff Poniewaz & Walkin' Jim Stoltz, Reviews of *Rise of Urbanization*, *Green Alternative*, *Utah Wildlands*, *Voices From Wollaston Lake*, *Altars Of Unhewn Stone*, *The Wolves Of Heaven*.

SAMHAIN November 1, 1987 (Vol. VIII, No. I) Hodel At Hetch Hetchy, Texas Freddie Gestapo, Four Notch, Rogue Griz Sanctuary, Helicopter Buzzes Grizzlies, Black Bear in S. Appalachians, World Bank Blockade, World Wilderness Conference, Alpine Lakes Mining, Lou Gold Escapes Bald Mt, Yellowstone Wolves, CA Lions, Siskiyou NF Plan, Virginia FS Demo, Mt Diablo Cows, Woodpeckers Rebellion Pow Wow, Tarzan & Jane in Redwoods, Alien-Nation, Whither EFi?, Taking Up Bookchin's Challenge, Chim Blea on "Why The Venom?," Foreman on Sanctuary, World Rainforest Report #11, Reviews of *Conservation Biology*, *Desert Smells Like Rain*, *Arctic Dreams*, Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, North Woods Preserve, Boundary Marking, Folly Bear, Lone Wolf Reviews Keeler/Lyons/Cherney, Streeter on Leopold.

YULE December 22, 1987 (Vol. VIII, No. II) Malaysia Crackdown, Fishing Bridge EIS, National Day of Protest Against FS, Letters Re: "Whither EFi?," BLM vs. Pygmy Forest, Box-Death Hollow Drilling, Mexican Wolf Re-intro Killed, Wolf Actions, Yellowstone Wolves, Icelanders Oppose Whaling, Grand Canyon Uranium, Mt. Graham Sellout, Elk Mt (NM), AZ Welfare Rancher Protest, NM BLM Wilderness, AIDS & Gaia, Miss Ann Thropy to Alien-Nation, Devall on "Deep Ecology and its Critics," EFi Tabloid, Review of *Tierra Primera*, Judge Blasts MAXXAM, Court Spares CA Cougars, Lone Wolf Reviews Mokal/Wells, Ned Ludd on "Safe Typing of Communiques."

BRIGID February 2, 1988 (Vol. VIII, No. III) Stop the Forest Service by Howie Wolke, Barstow-Vegas Race Sabotaged, David Gaines RIP, Dinky Creek, Challenging CA Timber Harvest Plans, Montana Wilderness Association Sell-out, Alaska Parks Wilderness, Hydra ORV Race (CO), Kalmiopsis Fire, Spanish Waste Dump, Ocean Garbage, Oldman River Dam, Wackersdorf, FS Attack on Gila NF (NM), EFi AZ BLM Wilderness Proposal, Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, White Mt NF Plan (NH), Randall O'Toole on "Reforming the Forest Service," Lone Wolf Reviews Amerindian Music, Deep Ecology & Magic, Natural Areas Conference, Wilderness Recovery, Technology & the Rumford Effect, Reason & Time, Behaviorism & Environmentalism, Reviews of Robinson Jeffers, Byrd Baylor, *Kingdom in the Country*, *Environmental Effects of ORVs*, *Ley Hunter*, *Monarch Butterfly*, *Pagans for Peace*, *New Catalyst*, *Katuah*, *Edward Abbey* and *Wendell Berry*, Ned Ludd on Spiking Paper Pulp/Water Pipelines/Advanced Road Spiking, EFi From a European Perspective.

EOSTAR March 20, 1988 (Vol. VIII, No. IV) Forest Service Primer by Howie Wolke, BC Wolf Kill Protests, Roselle Sentenced, Fish Town Woods, Salvage Logging in N. Kalmiopsis, Dolphin Slaughter, Sea Shepherds Return to Iceland, EFi Activists Conference, Stumps Suck!, Gallatin Forest Plan Appealed, Animal Damage Control Program, Byrd Baylor on ADC, Realm of the Bog Lemming, Alaska Land Grab, EFi CA Redwood Wilderness, Reviews of *The Whale War*, *The Natural Alien: Humankind and Environment*, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, *Sabbaths*, *Diet For A New America*, *Of Wolves And Men*, Notes From Nee-Beel-Ha, Greek Language Problem, Ned Ludd on anti-spiking legislation/balloons threaten powerlines/butyrlic acid/healthy tree spiking.

BELTANE May 1, 1988 (Vol. VIII, No. V) Jaguar (El Tigre) in the Southwest, Undeveloped Land In New England For Sale, Atlantic Salmon, Quebec Ski Area, Idaho Wilderness Bill,

of Interstate 17. Initial plans had the workers merely moving the drums, marked as containing nuclear waste, to the local dump, but the arrival of a local member of the media (after being tipped off) insured that the drums would be handled in a safer, more procedural manner. State police and state and local health departments were called in, as was a Hazardous Materials Response Team from Buffalo.

The drums were found to be harmless but dramatized what can happen during transportation of toxic wastes. The prank was blamed on monkeywrenchers trying to publicize an upcoming community meeting concerning a proposed low level nuclear waste dump.

The stunt apparently worked. Later that day the small community of Belfast hosted over 3000 people for the meeting. New York is trying to solve the problem of what to do with low level nuclear waste. So far the suggestions are the usual — find a rural community willing to take the junk, and truck it there.

An EFi mole working in a state agency reports employees were quite taken with this monkeywrenching. They found it thought-provoking and amusing, and it made them realize all the bullshit they will have to go through if an accident really does happen.

Utah Gold Mine Wrenched — Last September, all of the equipment associated with a controversial placer gold mining operation in the Henry Mountains near Hanksville, Utah, was sabotaged, according to the miner, Darys Ekker, writing in the *Garfield County News* this January. Ekker claims \$175,000 worth of damage was done to his operation by the perpetrators, who poured a grinding compound into the oil reservoirs of all of his equipment, including a large generator, loader, compressor, hauling equipment, D-6 Cat and even a "small chain saw used for cutting firewood."

Roselle on Deep Ecology & the New Civil Rights Movement, Nerthus - Paganism, Logger's Diary, John Muir Another Edison, Review of *Fear At Work*, Conservation Biology and the Greater North Cascades Ecosystem, Ned Ludd on wolf poster/lock jamming/cow poisoning, Neanderthal Gene, Restoring the Earth Conference, Nevada Wilderness Bill, Springtime in the West Fork.

LITHA June 21, 1988 (Vol. VIII, No. VI) Day of Outrage Shakes Forest Service, Great Basin National Park, Sea Shepherd Samurais, G-O Road decision, MAXXAM Battles, Environmental Sabotage in Western Europe, Flat-spined Three-toothed Land Snail, Darter Diversity in Peril, River of No Return for Salmon?, responses to *Reforming the Forest Service*, Reviews of Jim Harrison, *Public Lands Council Newsletter*, *Methods for Evaluating Riparian Habitats*, *Incident at Hawk's Hill*, *A Wilderness Original*, *Minding the Earth*, Foreman on Growth in EFi, Canyon Wingbeats, Ghost of Matthew Kidder, Lone Wolf on Tribal Voice, Ned Ludd on radio communications/strategic monkeywrenching.

LUGHNASADH August 1, 1988 (Vol. VIII, No. VII) Okanogan NF Demonstration, Threatened Snail Protected, Wolf Campaign on 3 Fronts, Mt. Graham, Salmon Revival Runs the Connecticut River, Ecological Preserves for Central Appalachians, Conservation Biology in Florida, Sierra Club and Grazing, Bighorns Menaced by Sheep, NACE vs. Kerr-McGee, RRR photos, Critical Mythology of Civilization, Replace Mythology With Ecology, Thank God for the Carnage, Virgin Islands, Waiting for the Ice Age, Revise the Big Open, Ecoavengers - A Mediterranean Cruise, Wilderness Music, Lone Wolf reviews *American Falls*, Reviews of Robert Service, *Survival of Civilization*, *Words From the Land*, Amazon, Ned Ludd on military targets/slow elk/plugging culverts.

MABON September 22, 1988 (Vol. VIII, No. VIII) Kalmiopsis Tree-Sitters Targeted, TX EFi Fights for Vireos and Bugs, Mt. Graham, Tuna Industry Lies Refuted, Endangered Snakes - From the Garden to the Roundup, Mexican Biosphere Reserve, Timber Management Is Not Wildlife Management, Ranchers and 3 Refuges, Fruitless Past of Allan Savory, Burning, Looking for Land, EFi Proposes Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem Preserve, Stockman, The Last Detail, Lone Wolf on Animas Rock, Reviews of *Simple in Means*, *Rich in Ends*, *Thinking Like a Mountain*, *Earth First!*, *Villy Sadness*, *Gaia: An Atlas of Planet Management*, *Solace of Open Spaces*, Ned Ludd on spiking/heavy equipment/culverts/footprints/butyrlicdehyde.

SAMHAIN November 1, 1988 (Vol. IX, No. I) TX Cavebugs Saved, Mt. Graham Loses in Congress, CA Rendezvous, Kalmiopsis actions, Midwest Headwaters EFi, B.C. Wilderness, Snake Campaign, Northwest Forestry & Old Growth, Global Warming Shrinks Biodiversity, Scientists Dig Into Biodiversity, 3rd Bioregional Congress, Local Group Newsletters, Steps to Protect Public Lands, Restoring Earth Kinship, Bionomics of Tree Planting, *Out of Weakness*, *On Becoming Homo Ludens*, Falling Leaves, Reviews of *Sacred Land Sacred Sex*, *To Govern Evolution*, *Big Sky Fair Land*, *Mountains Without Handrails*, *Battle for the Wilderness*, *Ancient Science of Geomancy*, *Deadly Defense*, *Economics As If The Earth Really Mattered*, *Endangered Rivers*.

YULE December 21, 1988 (Vol. IX, No. II) Triple Victory in CA, FL EFi Saves Paynes Prairie, Yellowstone: Out of the Ashes, Sapphire Six Fined \$25,000, Wolf Update, WIPP; Pandora's Box, Park Service Sues Dooom To Denali, Wildlife in France, CA's White Mtns, Reweaving Web of Life, Chestnuts, Corporate Takeover of Friends of the Earth, Monkeywrenching Mainstream Education, Off the Cow, Wheeled Bane of Nature, How Far Should We Go?, Growth and EFi, Reviews of A.B. Guthrie, Alston Chase, Ambient Music, *Ages of Gaia*, *One Life At A Time*, *Please, A Place For The Winter*, *Last Stand of the Red Spruce*, *Tribes*, Circle of Time, Coyote & the Monkeywrench.

BRIGID February 2, 1989 (Vol. IX, No. III) CO EFi Fights Welfare Ranching, National Livestock Refuge System, Alaska: Keep It Wild!, Real Destruction of Yellowstone, Traditional Asian Medicine, New Guinea Nature Reserve System, Flathead Forest Roads Inventory, Perceptual Implications of Gaia, Challenge to Environmental Education, Earth First - Space Second, LaChappelle on Play, Reviews of *Redesigned Forest*, *Victory Without War*, *Owning It All*, *Shandoka*, *Permaculture: A Design Manual*, *Fool's Progress*, *Cassandra Conference*, *Diet For A New America*, *Secrets of the Old Growth Forest*, Ned Ludd on tree spiking, culverts, & signs.

EOSTAR March 21, 1989 (Vol. IX, No. IV) Race for Northeast Timberlands, Timber Sale Threatens RNR Wilderness, FL National Forests, Wild Rockies EFi Demands Equal Rights for All Species, Log Exports Demo, FS Appeals Process, Colorado on the Edge, Kararac: A Dam Called War, Coca Cola in Belize, Wolf Update, Mind in the Biosphere, Reports from DAF, RAT, and EFi, Antarctic Future, The Cull, Sapiens & Sourdough, LaChappelle in Defense of Men, Reviews of Earth Goddess music, *Audubon Wildlife Report 1988/89*, *Quiet Crisis & The Next Generation*, *Animal Thinking*, *Biological Diversity*, Ned Ludd on anti-spiking legislation.

US Telecommunication Vulnerable?

— The chairman of a telecommunications committee for the National Academy of Sciences, John McDonald, told a US Senate hearing on February 7 that public telecommunications networks are vulnerable to serious disruption from sabotage. He said that "a few well-placed hand grenades would crash major portions of the domestic long-distance networks." The threat is high because the development of fiber optics and other technologies foster heavy concentrations of equipment and data. A government official pooh-poohed the possibility as "highly unlikely."

Freddies Threaten New Hampshire Activist — A New Hampshire forest inspector recently warned a local conservationist that he might end up under a skidder tire if he continued to associate with Earth Firsters.

White Mountain NF Sweats Ski Area Bomb Threat

— Mike Hathaway, Supervisor of New Hampshire's White Mountain National Forest, reported threats to the expansion of the Loon Mountain Ski Area in a February 13 meeting with local officials. The \$27 million expansion of the already huge ski area has provoked extreme controversy, including two phoned-in bomb threats from the "Mother Earth Group," the Supervisor claimed. He also said that Earth First! had hung banners on highway bridges against the ski area expansion.

Ecodefenders Hit Kitt. Just before going to press, word came to us from a reporter that two powerline poles had been cut down the night before, knocking out power to Steward Observatory's astronomical complex atop Kitt Peak in southern Arizona. A person had called the reporter, claiming responsibility in the name of "Scope Busters," and saying that it was a warning against construction of telescopes on Mt. Graham.



Annotated and Introduced by Dave Foreman

The hardcover price of books makes many of them out of reach for the typical low-income Earth Firster. Whenever possible, we look for inexpensive, softcover editions of the books we offer. I'm happy to report that three of my favorite books, previously available only in expensive hardcover editions, are now available in softcover — Rivers of Empire, Quaternary Extinctions, and Plagues and Peoples. These are all excellent books and I highly recommend them.

We have dropped some of our previous selections to make room for new titles. Because of the large number of new titles this issue, I'll keep this short so I have room to introduce our new books. Again, asterisked books in our Backlist of Titles will be dropped when supplies are exhausted. Buy them now as they will not be offered in the future.

All prices below are postpaid. Order directly from Earth First!, POB 2358, Lewiston, ME 04241. Good reading!

NEW BOOKS

PLAGUES AND PEOPLES

By William H. McNeill. This book, originally published in 1976, and by one of America's most distinguished historians, helped launch the current trend of ecological histories. His revolutionary thesis is that one of the major actors on the stage of history has been epidemic disease and, in fact, only disease can account for such events as the conquest of Mexico by Cortez. Moreover, McNeill undertakes a historical and ecological analysis of the role of macro- and micro-parasites in human society. Paperback, 291 pages, index, footnotes, appendix. \$8.

QUATERNARY EXTINCTIONS

A Prehistoric Revolution

Edited by Paul Martin and Richard G. Klein. Whodunit? 12,000 to 10,000 years ago, dozens of genera of large mammals and birds became extinct. In this impressive anthology, 38 scientific papers analyze whether climatic change or overhunting by humans caused the demise of mammoth, mastodon, smilodon, cave bear, cave lion, giant beaver and others in North & South America, Australia, Oceania, Eurasia and Madagascar. This is a book of crucial importance in understanding the impact of our species on the rest of nature. Paperback, index, footnotes, references, 892 pages. \$37.50.

RIVERS OF EMPIRE

Water, Aridity & The Growth of The American West

By Donald Worster. Although this excellent history by Worster (author of Dust Bowl and other ecological histories) covers the same events and personalities as Marc Reisner's Cadillac Desert, it goes beyond it in placing the history of water "development" in the arid West in the context of a theory of history — that of "hydraulic civilization." Worster clearly believes that hydraulic civilizations are societies built on sand. A comment near the end gives a good indication of how biocentric this book is: *groups as diverse as the Papago Indians and the Chinese Taoists seem to have met that requirement [learning to think like a river], and there is much we can learn from them.* Index, footnotes, paperback. \$14.50.

SECRETS OF THE OLD GROWTH FOREST

By David Kelly with photographs by Gary Braasch. Unlike many beautiful "coffee table" books of outdoor photography, this one is as important for its text as for its photos. Kelly masterfully surveys the current state of knowledge about the endangered old growth forest of the Pacific Northwest and makes a winning case for its preservation. Gary Braasch's color photographs are not just hauntingly lovely, they capture the intricate relationships of the old growth community. A must for forest activists. Reviewed in *EF!*, Brigid '89. Bibliography, 99 pages, oversized hardcover. \$32.

RESPECT FOR NATURE

A Theory of Environmental Ethics

By Paul W. Taylor. Can an argument for biocentrism and the intrinsic worth of all living beings be painstakingly and rationally developed within the context of western philosophy? Dr. Taylor, Professor of Philosophy at Brooklyn College, has done it. Although this work is not easy reading, and his argument is somewhat abstract, this is an important book for those interested in arguing for biocentrism. I personally do not agree with Taylor's view, which is based on ethical relationships with individuals (I keep company with Aldo Leopold's holistic community approach), but I applaud Taylor for a fine contribution to the biocentric cause. Index, bibliography, footnotes, 329 pages. Paperback. \$14.

YELLOWSTONE AND THE FIRES OF CHANGE

By George Wuerthner. The coverage of the 1988 Yellowstone fires by the American news media was superficial, irresponsible and sensationalistic without peer. Enough bullshit! Fire ecologist and nature photographer George Wuerthner provides in this much-needed book a sensible ecological appraisal. With authoritative text and 90 full-color photos, Wuerthner covers the fire fighting efforts and analyzes the impact of the fires on Yellowstone's wildlife and ecosystems. If your member of Congress is talking out of his/her ass about the Yellowstone "disaster," send 'em this book! Bibliography, maps, 64 pages, paperback, oversized. \$10.

THE BREAKDOWN OF NATIONS

By Leopold Kohr. This thought-provoking book argues convincingly that gargantuan growth has brought on wars, depressed living standards, and blocked social progress. E.F. Schumacher, author of *Small Is Beautiful*, said Kohr taught him more than anyone else. Foreword by Kirkpatrick Sale. Index, bibliography, appendices, paperback, 250 pages. \$6.

STATE OF THE WORLD 1989

By Lester Brown and Worldwatch. The sixth annual examination of the world's health looks at land degradation, ozone depletion, overreliance on automobiles, the global AIDS epidemic, militarism and refugees. It also includes a global action plan for tackling these problems. Although Worldwatch is overly optimistic, resource-oriented and thoroughly reformist, no one is analyzing the current state of the world better. Index, footnotes, 256 pages, paperback. \$11.50.

LAST WORDS

By Antler. Books of poetry do not sell. That is a sad commentary on America's intellect today. This collection of poems, including the monumental "Factory," deserves to be read. The author, Antler, is an Earth First! supporter who Allen Ginsberg describes as "one of Whitman's 'poets and orators to come.'" Paperback, 191 pages. \$6.

NED LUDD BOOKS RELEASES

(Published by Ned Ludd Books and available from Earth First!.)

THE EARTH FIRST! LIL' GREEN SONGBOOK

78 terrific Earth First! songs by Johnny Sagebrush, Cecelia Ostrow, Bill Oliver, Greg Keeler, Walkin' Jim Stoltz and others from Australia and America. Guitar chords are included with most songs. An absolute must for every true-green EFler to sing along with our minstrels or to play the songs yourself. Dealer inquiries welcome. \$6 postpaid, \$4 postpaid special to Earth First! subscribers only! (\$3 plus shipping for prepaid wholesale orders of 5 or more).

ECODEFENSE

"A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching — 2nd Edition" edited by Dave Foreman and Bill Haywood with a Forward! by Edward Abbey. Greatly expanded and revised to 308 pages of detailed, field-tested hints from experts on Tree-spiking, Stopping ORVs, Destroying Roads, Decommissioning Heavy Equipment, Pulling Survey Stakes, Stopping Trapping, Trashing Billboards, Hassling Overgrazers, Leaving No Evidence, Security... and much more. Heavily illustrated with photographs, diagrams, and cartoons. \$13.50 postpaid. (Important Note: Ned Ludd Books and the *Earth First! Journal* are now separate entities. While the *EF! Journal* will continue to sell Ecodefense to readers and wholesale it to local EF! groups, all commercial wholesale orders must go directly to Ned Ludd Books, POB 5141, Tucson, AZ 85703.)

BACKLIST OF TITLES

THE FOOLS PROGRESS "An Honest Novel" by Edward Abbey. Hardcover, 485 pages, \$22.

THE MONKEY WRENCH GANG By Edward Abbey. \$6.

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DESERT SOLITAIRE By Edward Abbey. 255 pages, hardcover, \$28.

DESERT SOLITAIRE By Edward Abbey. Paperback, \$4.50

FREEDOM AND WILDERNESS "Edward Abbey Reads From His Work" 2 cassettes (2hrs. 52 minutes). \$18.50 postpaid first class.

THE JOURNEY HOME "Some Words in Defense of the American West" by Edward Abbey. Illustrated by Jim Stiles. \$10

SLICKROCK By Edward Abbey and Phillip Hyde. \$27

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*FROG MOUNTAIN BLUES By Charles Bowden with photographs by Pulitzer Prize winning photographer Jack Dykinga. Hardcover. \$22.50

THE GRIZZLY IN THE SOUTHWEST "Documentary of an Extinction" by David E. Brown, with a foreword by Frank C. Craighead, Jr. Hardcover. \$22.

THE WOLF IN THE SOUTHWEST "The Making of an Endangered Species" David E. Brown, editor. \$11

TOPSOIL AND CIVILIZATION Revised edition, by Vernon Gill Carter and Tom Dale. \$13.

OVERSHOOT "The Ecological Basis of Revolutionary Change" by William R. Catton, Jr. Index, glossary, references, 298 pages. \$12

THE PATHLESS WAY By Michael Cohen. \$14.50

HOW NATURE WORKS "Regenerating Kinship with Planet Earth" by Michael J. Cohen (a different Mike Cohen than the author of "The Pathless Way"). 263 pages. \$12.50.

ECOLOGICAL IMPERIALISM "The Biological Expansion of Europe, 900 - 1900" by Alfred W. Crosby. Index, references, maps, illustrations, 368 pages. \$13

SIMPLE IN MEANS, RICH IN ENDS "Practicing Deep Ecology" by Bill Devall. 224 pages, bibliography. \$12.50.

DEEP ECOLOGY "Living As If Nature Mattered" by Bill Devall and George Sessions. 263 pages. \$11.50

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DOLPHIN LEAPING IN THE MILKY WAY By Jeff Poniewaz. \$8

CADILLAC DESERT "The American West and Its Disappearing Water" by Marc Reisner. \$11

*FOREST RESOURCE CRISIS IN THE THIRD WORLD From Sahabat Alam Malaysia (Friends of the Earth Malaysia). Illustrated, 510 pages. Proceeds to SAM, the leading conservation group in the Third World. \$20.

MOUNTAINS WITHOUT HANDRAILS "Reflections on the National Parks" by Joseph L. Sax. \$9.50

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A note on tapes: We've had trouble with production quality on two Keeler tapes — "Bad Science Fiction" and "Post-Modern Blues." We have changed to a new tape production company, but some bad copies went out before we caught on. If you received a tape that is not complete, please mail it back with a note and we'll gladly send you a good copy. Our apologies.

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MAPS

We are offering several fine US Geological Survey maps — all suitable for wall mounting, as well as being necessary reference tools for wilderness activists. Prices listed are postpaid. Maps are mailed folded (although they can be sent rolled for an extra \$2 per order, except for the Wilderness System map).

NATIONAL WILDERNESS PRESERVATION SYSTEM This full color, large map (40" x 25") shows all designated Wilderness Areas by agency in the US (including Alaska and Hawaii), plus a list of all the Wilderness Areas by state with their acreages. Scale is 1:5,000,000. Information is current to January 1987. Rivers, state boundaries, and major cities are also shown. \$3.25.

US POTENTIAL NATURAL VEGETATION A beautiful multi-color map showing 106 different vegetative types in the US. This is the Kuchler Ecosystem Map the Forest Service used in RARE II. The reverse side shows Alaska and Hawaii and offers a fairly detailed essay about the map and potential natural vegetation. A National Atlas Separate; scale is 1:7,500,000 (28" x 19") \$3.25.

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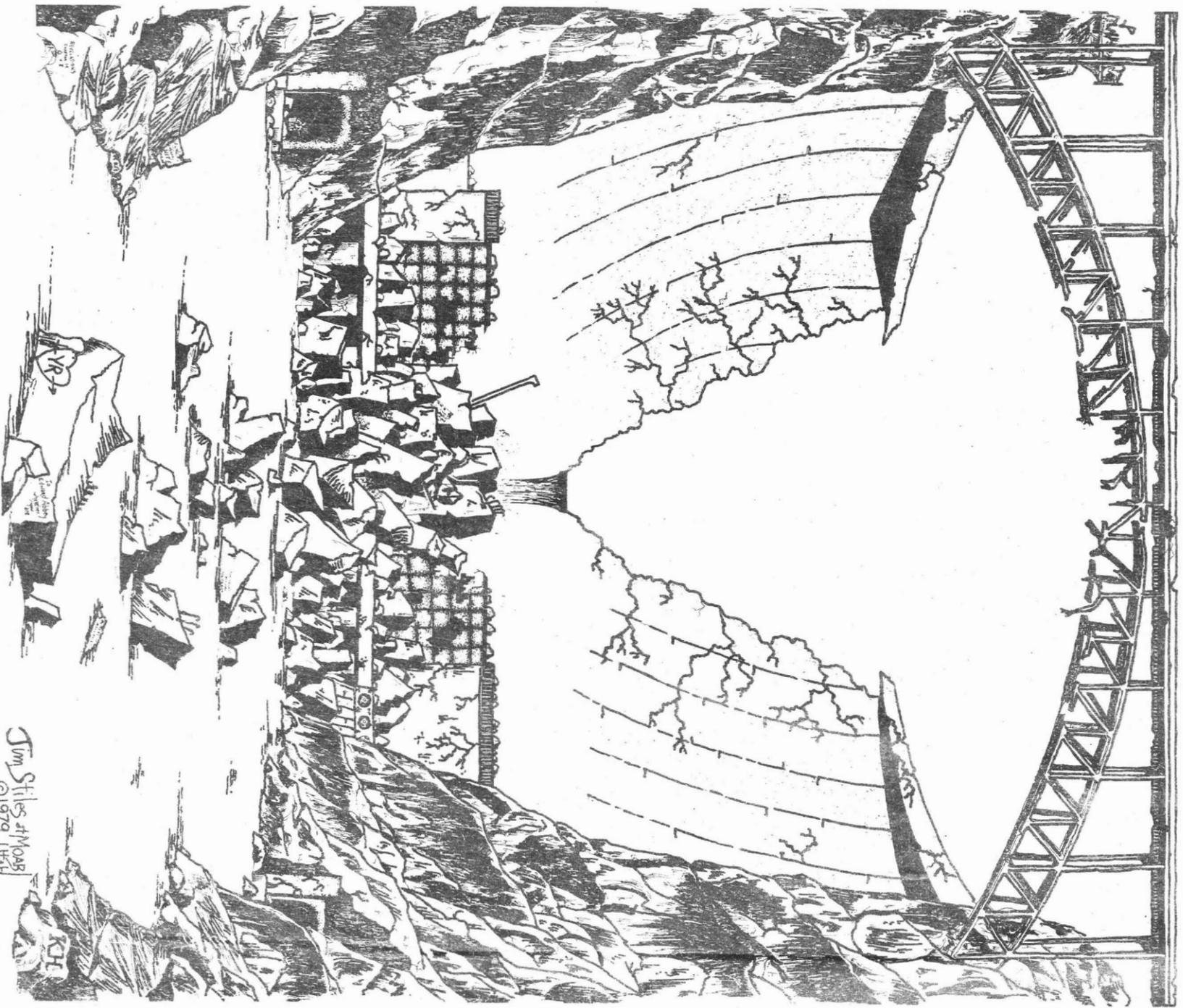
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